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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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A STREET WAIF.

A NOBLE WORK OF RESCUE.

Dr. Thomas J. Barnardo and His Many Homes for England's Child-Waifs—Thousands Lifted from the Slums.

WHILE the philanthropies of London are commensurate with its size and vast population, they are still sadly inadequate, as far as affording general relief to the great majority of the poor and distressed of the English metropolis is concerned. Among the noblest of those philanthropies, and one that strikes at the very root of the vice and misery common to all great cities, is that conducted by Dr. T. J. Barnardo, who, for many years has devoted his energies and means to the care of the homeless and helpless children. What the late Rev. Charles. L. Brace, of the Children's Aid Society, did for the waifs and strays of New York, Dr. Barnado has done for those of London and many other cities beside. So widespread are his charitable projects that he is known throughout England as the "Destitute Children's Friend," and it would be hard indeed to find, in Victoria's little kingdom, one more worthy of this title of affectionate admiration.

Thomas J. Barnardo was born in Dublin, Ireland, forty-seven years ago. He was converted in his nineteenth year, and resolving to consecrate himself to the Lord's work in the mission field, he went to London with the view of securing the medical and other training necessary to the work of a missionary in China. His father—a good but worldly man—strongly opposed this project, believing that such a course would be the wasting of a career of promise. Young Barnardo, however, was resolute and entered London Hospital in 1866 as a medical student. During the years he spent in this capacity, he became acquainted with the poor of the modern Babylon, his duties taking him much among them. It was not long before the serious-minded young student recognized that his real field of duty lay near at hand, instead of in distant China. It was one of the indications of Divine leading, so frequent in the lives of those who have consecrated their time and talents to the Master's service.

Dr. Barnardo, who was then about twenty years of age, during his medical rounds visited hundreds of the low East-end lodging-houses. In one of those dens he saw a sick boy whose only hope of rocovery lay in being immediately removed to a hospital. When he attempted to take the boy away, the keeper of the place—a drunken and heartless virago—refused to let him go until his arrears of rent were paid, and she even seized his clothing to secure herself against loss. But the kind-hearted Christian student was not to be balked in his Samaritan purpose; he wrapped the sick lad in his own greatcoat and bore him off to healing and restoration. After this touching experience, he spent his evenings in searching through the foulest and lowest nooks of the great city, seeking and saving the lost, and the scenes he there witnessed so convinced him of the urgent necessity of rescue work, that if he had ever hesitated about his call to that special field, he hesitated no longer. One mid-winter night, he saw no less than seventy-three ragged and homeless children lying under a piece of old tarpaulin at St. Paul's wharf, packed together, big and little, like sardines in a box. He soon became aware that thousands of others were faring just as badly and were growing up to a godless and criminal manhood, if they escaped death by starvation or accident meanwhile

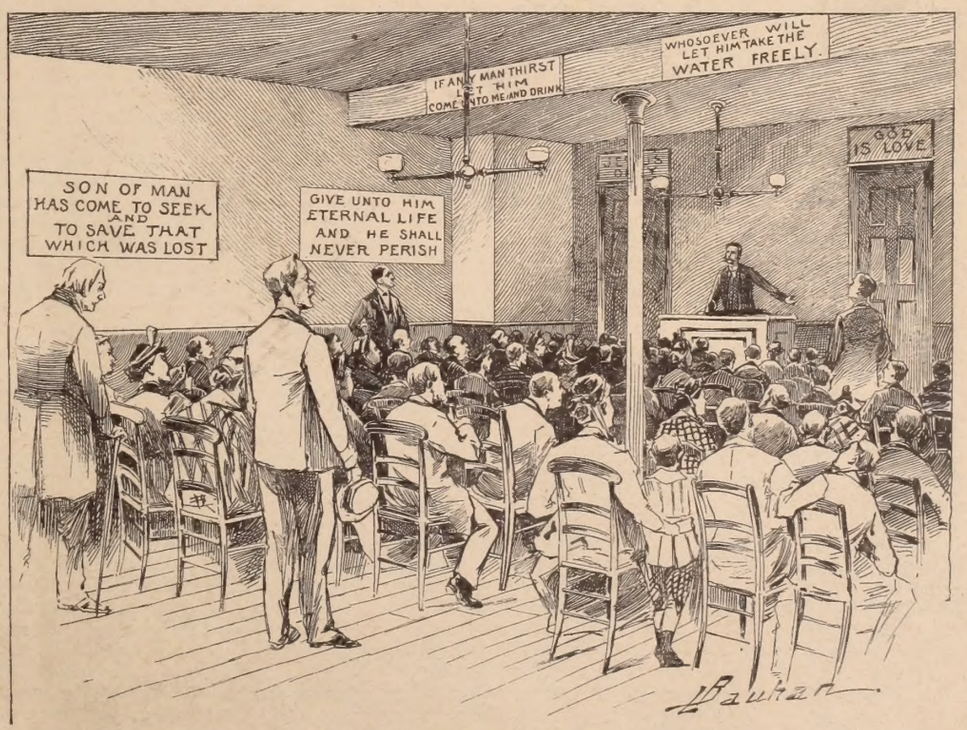
In 1870, Dr. Barnardo made an effort to put his rescue schemes into practical operation, and to provide a home for the waifs. In the intervals of his medical studies, he had devoted himself to rescue work and preaching the Gospel; indeed the one insensibly led to the other. He was a qualified graduate of the Royal College of Surgeons, and a medical practitioner also. On submitting his rescue project to the public, it met instant and spontaneous encouragement from many Christian people and he was quickly enabled to provide a shelter for some of his homeless army.

He rented an old house in Stepney Causeway which was soon transformed into a most cheerful and attractive "Home for Destitute Lads," and filled with a number of children gathered in from the dark alleys, railway arches, fruit markets and river front, where they were surrounded by vicious and criminal associations. From this beginning the rescue work yearly expanded until at the present time Dr. Barnardo's philanthropies include, besides the Boys' Home already mentioned, the Girls' Village Home, opened in 1873, the Little Boys' Home, the Infirmary for Sick and Destitute Children, the Labor House for Destitute Youths, and the Leopold House Orphan Home for Little Boys. All except the first of these institutions were opened between 1873 and 1883. There are also a number of other agencies under his direction and control, including the Servants' Free Registry and Home, the Wood-Chopping Brigade, the Union Jack Shoeblack Brigade, City Messenger Brigade, two Coffee Palaces and Mission Halls, Ragged Schools, Free Day and Sunday Bible Schools, Deaconesses Houses, Cab Shelter, Creche, a Home for Cripple Waifs and another for old women.

There is seemingly no limit to the energies and resources of this wonderful Christian worker. So universally trusted and beloved is he by the benevolent people of London and other English cities, that every new project he proposes for the physical betterment and moral elevation of the wretched poor commands instant attention and support. He is in many respects like the late Dr. Cullis of Boston, whose splendid record of a life devoted to Christian charity was recently outlined in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Both men began by conversion and consecration, and both, with nothing save a mighty faith in God and a burning zeal to do his work among the poor and suffering, achieved a name and fame that will outlive mere earthly honors.

In his latest annual report, Dr. Barnardo explains some very interesting features of his work. Up to the present time, nearly 20,000 poor boys have been rescued from privation, suffering and moral peril and a large proportion of them placed in Christian households. He proposes to establish in different provincial centres, new receiving-houses, with ever-open doors, where application may be made on behalf of destitute children. This has been rendered necessary by the fact that a considerable proportion of the applicants are from other cities than London, and that they, too, would inevitably drift into the great tribe of hopeless and helpless waifs, were not a rescuing hand held out in time. Every year new branches of the Homes are being opened. New Lodging Houses, Mission Centres, Young Helpers' Leagues, and Adult Helpers' Associations are projected and the work promises to extend widely throughout the United Kingdom. It has also taken root in Australia, where the Rev. Walter J. Mayers has laid the foundation on the model of Dr. Barnardo's plans.

When application is made by a child, or in its behalf, Dr. Barnardo's system allows of no delay, his motto being "admit first, inquire afterwards." No payment or patronage is necessary; only the really destitute are admitted to the Homes, and no distinction of creed is made, as they are entirely undenominational. The inmates are trained industrially as well as educated, the girls for domestic service, and the boys in any one of fourteen trades which they may select as a future vocation. During the last year, nearly 2,000 children were admitted to the Homes. The infinite variety and pathos of the stories of the rescued would fill many volumes, but they are all treasured up by Dr. Barnardo, who knows the sufferings of each of his little charges. Deserted children, the progeny of tramps, the orphaned children of respectable parents, street arabs, "wharf-rats," motherless girls, cripples (some even legless or armless), little girls rescued from dire moral peril, little sleepers in wagons or alleyways, the blind, deaf and dumb, the hunchbacks and every conceivable variety of waif are to be found there.


WHOSOEVER WILL LET HIM TAKE THE WATER FREELY.
IF ANY MAN THIRST LET HIM COME UNTO ME AND DRINK
GOD IS LOVE
SON OF MAN HAS COME TO SEEK AND TO SAVE THAT WHICH WAS LOST
GIVE UNTO HIM ETERNAL LIFE AND HE SHALL NEVER PERISH

A SCENE IN DR. BARNARDO'S MISSION CHAPEL, LONDON.

Since 1882, nearly 5,000 girls and boys have been sent out in organized parties to Canada, and a large number of young emigrants to Australia and South Africa by the Barnardo Homes. Many of the children who have been reared in these homes, are now grown men and women, earning an honorable livelihood for themselves in different parts of the world. It is ascertained that over 98 per cent. of all who have been trained in the homes, and afterwards started in life under their auspices, are doing well—some in Canadian homesteads, other on Australian ranches, and still others on their native soil. About seven years ago, Dr. Barnardo acquired about 9,000 acres of land near Russell, Manitoba, for the purpose of starting an industrial farm. Buildings were erected and a number of young lads sent out under the care of a competent superintendent. The farm now includes about fourteen square miles of the most fertile prairie land in the dominion. Nearly 100 young graduates of the Homes live on it; their conduct has been a

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The Tabernacle Pulpit

THE MARCH OF YEARS.

Dr. Talmage's New Year's Day Sermon, "The Chronology of the Bible, or God Among the Centuries." Deut. 32: 7: *"Consider the years of many generations."*

AT twelve o'clock last night, while so many good people were watching, an old friend passed out of our homes and a stranger entered. The old friend making valedictory was 1892; the stranger arriving is 1893. The old friend was garrulous with the occurrences of many days, but the stranger put his finger over his lip and said nothing and seemed charged with many secrets and mysteries. I did not see either the departure or the arrival, but was sound asleep, thinking that was for me the best way to be wide awake now. Good-bye, 1892! Welcome, 1893!

As an army is divided into brigades and regiments and companies, and they observe this order in their march, and their tread is majestic, so the time of the world's existence is divided into an army, divinely commanded: the eras are the brigades, the centuries are the regiments, and the years are the companies. Forward! into the eternity past, out of the eternity to come. Forward! is the command, and nothing can halt them even though the world should die. While obeying my text, "Consider the years of many generations," I propose to speak of the "Chronology of the Bible, or God among the Centuries."

Six Divine Steps in Chronology.

We make a distinction between time and eternity, but time is only a piece of eternity, and chronology has been engaged in the sublime work of dividing up this portion of eternity that we call time into compartments, and putting events in their right compartment. It is as much an injustice against the past to wrongly arrange its events, as it would be an injustice if, through neglect of chronological accuracy, it should, in the far distant future, be said that America was discovered in 1776, and the Declaration of Independence was signed in 1492, and Washington born on the 22d of March, and the Civil War of the United States was fought in 1840. As God puts all the events of time in the right place, let us be careful that we do not put them in the wrong place. The chronology of the Bible takes six steps, but they are steps so long, it makes us hold our breath as we watch the movement. From Adam to Abraham. From Abraham to the exodus out of Egypt. From the exodus to the foundation of Solomon's Temple. From the foundation of Solomon's Temple to the destruction of that Temple. From the destruction of the Temple to the return from Babylonish captivity. From Babylonish captivity to the birth of Christ. Chronology takes pen and pencil, and calling astronomy and history to help, says: "Let us fix one event, from which to calculate everything. Let it be a star, the Bethlehem star, the Christmas star." And from that we go back and see the world was created 4,004 years before Christ, the deluge came 2,348 years before Christ, the exodus out of Egypt occurred 1,491 years before Christ, and Solomon's temple was destroyed 586 years before Christ. Chronology enters the first chapter of Genesis and says the day mentioned there is not a day of twenty-four hours, but of ages; the word there translated as "day," in other places meaning ages, and so the Bible account of the creation and the geologists' account of the creation are completely harmonious. Chronology enters the Book of Daniel, and says that the words "time and a-half" mean a year and a-half. Chronology enters at another point and shows us that the seasons of the year were then only two—summer and winter. We find that the Bible year was 360 days, instead of 365; that the day was calculated from six o'clock in the morning to six o'clock at night; that the night was divided into four watches, namely, the late watch, the midnight, the cock-crowing, the early watch. The clock and watch were invented so long after the world began their mission that the day was not very sharply divided in Bible times. Ahaz had a sun-dial, or a flight of stairs with a column at the top, and the shadow which that column threw on the steps beneath indicated the hour, the shadow lengthening or withdrawing from step to step.

Ancient Time-Measuring.

But the events of life and the events of the world moved so slowly, for the most part in Bible times, that they had no need of such timepieces as we stand on our mantels or carry in our pockets in an age when a man may have a half dozen or a dozen engagements for one day and needs to know the exact minute for each one of them. The earth itself in Bible times was the chief timepiece, and it turned once on its axis and that was a day, and once around the sun and that was a year. It was not until the fourteenth century that the almanac was born, the almanac that we toss carelessly about, not realizing that it took the accumulated ingenuity of more than five thousand years to make one. Chronology had to bring into its service the monuments of Egypt, and the cylinders of Assyria, and the bricks of Babylon, and the pottery of Nineveh, and the medals struck at Antioch for the battle of Actium, and all the hieroglyphics that could be deciphered, and had to go into the extremely delicate business of asking the ages of Adam, and Seth, and Enoch, and Methuselah who, after their three hundredth year wanted to be thought young. I think it must have been in recognition of the stupendous work of making an almanac that all the days of the week are named after the gods. Sunday, after the Sun, which was of old worshipped as a god. Monday, after the Moon, which was also worshipped as a god. Tuesday, after Tuesco, the god of War. Wednesday, after Woden, the chief god of the Scandinavians. Thursday, after Thor, the god of thunder. Friday, after Frea, the goddess of Marriage. And Saturday, after Saturn. The old Bible year began with the 25th of March. Not until 1752 did the first of the month of January get the honor in legal documents in England of being called the first day of the year. Improvements all along have been made in chronology until the calendar and the almanac and the clock and the watch seem to have reached perfection, and all the nations of Christendom have similarity of time calculations and have adopted what is called "New Style," except Russia, which keeps what is called the "Old Style," and is twelve days different, so that, writing from there, if you wish to be accurate, you date your letter January 1st and January 12th, or December 10th and December 22nd. It is something to thank God for that the modes are so complete for calculating the cycles, the centuries, the decades, the years, the months, the days, the hours, the seconds. Think of making appointments, as in the Bible days, for the time of the new moon. Think of making one of the watches of the night in Bible times a rooster's crowing. The Bible says, "Before the cock crow thou shalt deny me thrice"; "If the Master cometh at cock crowing;" and that was the way the midnight watch was indicated. The crowing of that barnyard bird has always been most uncertain. The crowing is at the lowest temperature of the night, and the amount of dew and the direction of the wind may bring the lowest temperature at eleven o'clock at night or two o'clock in the morning and at any one of six hours. Just before a rain the crowing of chanticleer in the night is almost perpetual.

Truth of Bible Chronology.

Compare these modes of marking time with our modes of marking time, when twelve o'clock is twelve o'clock, and six o'clock is six o'clock, and ten o'clock is ten o'clock, and independent of all weathers, and then thank God that you live now. But, notwithstanding all the imperfect modes of marking hours or years or centuries, Bible chronology never trips up, never falters, never contradicts itself, and here is one of the best arguments for the authenticity of the Scriptures. If you can prove an alibi in the courts, and you can prove beyond doubt that you were in some particular place at the time you were charged with doing or saying something in quite another place, you gain the victory, and Infidelity has tried to prove an alibi by contending that events and circumstances in the Bible ascribed to certain times must have taken place at some other time, if they took place at all. But this Book's chronology has never been caught at fault. It has been proved that when the Hebrews went into Egypt there were only seventy of them, and that when they came out there were three millions of them. "Now," says Infidelity, with a guffaw that it cannot suppress, "what an absurdity! They went down into Egypt seventy and came out three millions. That is a falsehood on the face of it. Nations do not increase in that ratio." But, my sceptical friend, hold a moment. The Bible says the Jews were 430 years in Egypt, and that explains the increase from seventy persons to three millions, for it is no more but rather less than the ordinary increase of nations. The Pilgrim Fathers came to America in the *Mayflower*, one small shipload of passengers, less than 300 years ago, and now we have a nation of sixty million. Where then is the so-called impossibility that the seventy Jews who went into Egypt in 430 years became three million? Infidelity wrong and Bible chronology right.

The Ages in Review.

Now, stop and reflect, why is it that this sublime subject of Bible chronology has been so neglected, and that the most of you have never given ten minutes to the consideration of it and that this is the first sermon ever preached on this stupendous and overwhelming theme? We have stood by the half day or the whole day at grand reviews and seen armies pass. Again and again and again on the Champs Elysees, Frenchmen, by the hundreds of thousands, have stood and watched the bannered armies go by, and the huzza has been three miles long and until the populace were so hoarse they could huzza no longer. Again and again and again, the Germans, by hundreds of thousands, have stood on the palaced and statued Unter den Linden, Berlin, and strewn garlands under the feet of uniformed hosts led on by Von Moltke or Blucher or Frederick the Great. When Wellington and Ponsonby and the Scots Greys came back from Waterloo, or Wolseley from Egypt or Marlborough from Blenheim, what military processions through Regent Street and along by the palaces of London and over the bridges of the Thames. What almost interminable lines of military on the streets of all our American capitals, while Mayors and Governors and Presidents, with uncovered heads, looked on. But put all those grand reviews together and they are tame compared with the review which on this New Year's Day you from the pew and I from the pulpit witness. Hear them pass in chronological order; all the years before the flood; all the years since the flood; decades abreast; centuries abreast; epochs abreast; millenniums abreast: Egyptian civilization, Babylonian populations, Assyrian dominions. Armies of Persian, Grecian, Peloponnesian and Roman wars: Byzantine empire, Saracenic hosts, Crusaders of the First, the Second, Third and the last—avalanche of men: Dark Ages in sombre epaulettes and Brighter Ages with shields of silver and helmets of gold: Italy, Spain, France, Russia, Germany, England and America, past and present: dynasties, feudal domains, despotisms, monarchies, republics, ages on ages, ages on ages, passing to-day in a chronological review, until one has no more power to look upon the advancing columns, now brilliant, now squalid, now garlanded with peace, now crimson with slaughter, now horrid with ghastliness, now radiant with love and joy.

A Chronological Study.

This chronological study affords among many practical thoughts, especially two—the one encouraging to the last degree and the other startling. The encouraging thought is that the main drift of the centuries has been toward betterment, with only here and there a stout reversal. Grecian civilization was a vast improvement on Egyptian civilization, and Roman civilization a vast improvement on Grecian civilization, and Christian civilization is a vast improvement on Roman civilization. What was the boasted age of Pericles compared with the age of Longfellow and Tennyson? What was Queen Elizabeth as a specimen of moral womanhood compared with Queen Victoria? What were the cruel warriors of olden times compared with the most distinguished warriors of the last half century, all of them as much distinguished for kindness and good morals as for prowess; the two military leaders of our Civil War on Northern and Southern side communicant members of Christian churches, and their home life as pure as their public life? Nothing impresses me in this chronological review more than the fact that the regiments of years are better and better regiments as the troops move on. I thank God that you and I were not born any sooner than we were born. How could we have endured the disaster of being born in the eighteenth or seventeenth or sixteenth century? Glad am I that we are in the regiment now passing the reviewing stand and that our children will pass the stand in a still better regiment. God did not build this world for a slaughter-house or a den of infamy. A good deal of cleaning house will be necessary before this world becomes as clean

and sweet as it ought to be, but the brooms and the scrubbing brushes and the upholsterers and plumbers are already busy, and when the world gets fixed up as it will be, if Adam and Eve ever visit it, as I expect they will, they will say to each other: "Well, this beats Paradise when we lived there, and the pears and the plums are better than we plucked from the first trees, and the wardrobes are more complete, and the climate is better." Since I settled in my own mind the fact that God was stronger than the devil, I have never lost faith in the emparadisation of this planet. With the exception of a retrogression in the Dark Ages, the movement of the world has been on and on, and up and up, and I have two jubilant Hosannas—one for the closing year and the other for the new year.

Time Robbers.

But the other thought coming out of this subject is that biblical chronology, and indeed all chronology, is urging the world to more punctuality and immediateness. What an unsatisfactory and indefinite thing it must have been for two business men in the time of Ahaz to make an appointment, saying: "We will settle that business matter to-morrow when the shadow on the dial of Ahaz reaches the tenth step from the top," or, "I will meet you in the street called Straight in Damascus in the time of the new moon," or, when asked in a court-room, what time an occurrence took place, should answer: "It was during the time of the latter rain," or, "It was at the time of the third crowing of the barnyard." You and I remember when ministers of the Gospel in the country, giving out a notice of an evening service, instead of saying at six or seven or eight o'clock would say, "The service will begin at early candle-light." Thank God for chronological achievements which have ushered in calendars and almanacs and clocks and watches, and at so cheap a rate all may possess them. Chronology, beginning by appreciating the value of years and the value of days, has kept on until it cries out: "Man, immortal; woman, immortal; look out for that minute; look out for that second!" The greatest fraud a man can commit is to rob another of his time. Hear it, ye laggards, and repent! All the fingers of chronology point to punctuality as one of the graces. The minister or the lecturer or business man who comes to his place ten minutes after the appointed time commits a crime, the enormity of which can only be estimated by multiplying the number of persons present by ten. If the engagement be made with five persons, he has stolen fifty minutes, for he is ten minutes too late and he has robbed each of the five persons of ten minutes apiece, and ten times five are fifty. If there are five hundred persons present, and he be ten minutes too late, he has committed a robbery of five thousand minutes, for ten times five hundred are five thousand, and five thousand minutes are eighty three hours, which make more than three days. The thief of dry goods, the thief of bank bills is not half so bad as the thief of time.

Vain Regrets.

Doctor Rush, the greatest and busiest physician of his day appreciated the value of time, and when asked how he had been able to gather so much information for his books and lectures, he replied: "I have been able to do it by economizing my time. I have not spent one hour in amusement in thirty years." And taking a blank book from his pocket, said, "I fill a book like this every week with thoughts that occur to me and facts collected in the rooms of my patients." Napoleon appreciated the value of time when the sun was sinking upon Waterloo, and he thought that a little more time would retrieve his fortunes, and he pointed to the sinking sun, and said: "What would I not give to be this day possessed of the power of Joshua and enabled to retard thy march for two hours?" Voltaire, the blatant French infidel, appreciated the value of time, when, in his dying moments, he said to his doctor: "I will give you half of what I am worth if you will give me six months of life," and when told that he could not live six weeks, he burst into tears, and said: "Then, I shall go to hell." John Wesley appreciated the value of time when he stood on his steps waiting for a delayed carriage to take him to an appointment, saying: "I have lost ten minutes forever." Lord Nelson appreciated the value of time when he said: "I owe everything in the world to being always a quarter of an hour beforehand." A clock-maker in one of the old English towns appreciated the value of time when he put on the front of the town clock the words: "Now or when?" Mitchell, the astronomer, appreciated the value of time when he said: "I have been in the habit of calculating the value of a thousandth part of a second." They best appreciate the value of time whose Sabbaths have been wasted and whose opportunities of repentance and usefulness are all agone, and who have nothing left but memories, baleful and elegiac. They stand in the bleak September, with bare feet, on the sharp stubble of a reaped wheat field, crying: "The harvest is past," and the sough of an autumnal equinox moans forth in echo: "The harvest is past!"

The Passing Years.

But do not let us get an impression from chronology that because the years of time have been so long in procession they are to go on forever. Matter is not eternal. No, no. If you watch half a day, or a whole day or two days, as I once did, to see a military procession, you remember the last brigade and the last regiment and the last company finally passed on, and as we rose to go we said to each other: "It is all over." So this mighty procession of earthly years will terminate. Just when, I have no power to prognosticate, but science confirms the Bible prophecy that the earth cannot always last. Indeed there has been a fatality of worlds. The moon is merely the corpse of what it once was, and scientists have again and again gone up in their observatories to attend the death-bed of dying worlds, and have seen them cremated. So I am certain, both from the Word of God and science, that the world's chronology will sooner or later come to its last chapter. The final century will arrive and pass on, and then will come the final decade, and then the final year and the final month and the final day. The last spring will swing its censer of apple blossoms, and the last winter bank its snows. The last sunset will burn like Moscow and the last morning radiate the hills. The clocks will strike their last hour, and the watches will tick their last second.

No incendiaries will be needed to run hither and yon with torches to set the world on fire. Chemistry teaches us that there is a very inflammable element in water. While oxygen makes up a part of the water, the other part of the water is hydrogen, and that is very combustible. The oxygen drawn out from the water, the inflammable hydrogen may put instantly into conflagration the Hudsons and Savannahs and Mississippis and Rhines and Urals and Danubes, and Atlantic and Pacific and Indian and Mediterranean Seas. And then the Angel of God descending from the Throne, might put one foot in the surf of the sea and the other on the beach, and cry to the four winds of heaven: "Time was! But time shall be no longer!" Yet, found in Christ, pardoned and sanctified, we shall welcome the day with more gladness than you ever welcomed a Christmas or New Year's morn.

When wrapt in fire, the realms of ether glow,
And heaven's last thunder shakes the earth below;
Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruin smile,
And light thy torch at nature's funeral pile.

Won From Suku to Jesus.

How the Children of the Heathen Biheans are Trained by the Missionaries.

PROBABLY the most important work that is now being done by Christian missionaries in Africa is among the little children. Wherever the Gospel of Jesus is preached, schools have been opened and thousands of dark-skinned boys and girls are being trained in the Christian faith and elevated from a condition more or less savage to a certain degree of civilization and culture. It is impossible to over-estimate the good that must result from this devoted work for the Master when these young folks, grown to manhood and womanhood, mingle with their people and disseminate among them the precious truths they have learned in the mission schools.

A GROUP OF BIHEAN CHILDREN.

On this page is an illustration showing a group of children in Bihe, West Africa. On coming to the mission schools they are usually nude little savages, having a vague notion of their terrible national deity, Suku, whom their parents worship. After a short attendance at school, they wear garments like those shown in the picture, and become generally well behaved and earnest little students. The group is from a photograph taken by Rev. Walter T. Currie, whose interesting story of his six years' missionary experience in Equatorial Africa appeared in last week's CHRISTIAN HERALD.

"Polygamy prevails everywhere in Bihe," Mr. Currie explained. "A man marries a free woman and afterward has as many slaves as he can afford to keep as additional wives. There is a peculiarity about this: the children of the free wife are not supposed to belong to the father, but to the mother *and her brothers*. The children of the slave wives belong to the father. There will be less difficulty in eradicating polygamy there than in other parts of Africa, however, when the Gospel is thoroughly disseminated. We have as yet organized no church there; but when we do, we shall not admit to membership any man who has more than one wife. This will involve no hardship for the women; they are slaves, and will be glad to be set free. The children at our school at Cisamba are bright intelligent little fellows.

"We have a large part of the Scriptures now translated into the language of the Biheans. Mr. Stover and Mr. Sanders did the translating and it was printed on a press we had at Bihe. The mission was started about twelve years ago with three stations in the interior. Cisamba had no station until we came. After laboring there five years, I had to return home for my health. I was also anxious to study medicine. Having some slight knowledge of medicine, I treated about twenty people while in Africa. Among them was one of *Kundundu's* priests, who was ill with pneumonia. I treated him with medicine from home and he recovered. When *Kundundu* was asked how it was that the white missionary had been able to heal his priest, he replied that 'he cured him with the white man's medicine.' When another priest was taken sick, a number of the priests came and said that '*Kundundu* had sent them to the white man to give his servant medicine.' I did so and the invalid got well. The second case of sickness was a serious one and the people thought the man was dead. After his recovery they declared that 'the white man had put life in him!'

"The men of Bihe have stopped wearing skins and braiding their hair and many of them wear European clothes. The women wear a cloth skirt only, except in the cold weather, when they throw a cloth over their shoulders, shawl-fashion. The temperature sometimes falls below the freezing point in the cold season. Bishop Taylor's missionaries are to the north of us. Mr. Arnot's missionaries had to pass through Cisamba on their way to their station at Garenganze.

"The Biheans belong to the powerful tribe of the *Ovimbundu*, and are a part of the great *Bantu* family. Their government is patriarchal. There is a headman over every village who is responsible to the *osoma* of the district and he again is responsible to the king of the whole Bihe country. Beer-drinking is the great curse we have to contend with. Biheans make beer from native herbs and some of it is very intoxicating. When they go to the coast, they frequently bring rum back with them, but they are afraid to use it to a great degree lest they should become degraded and stupid and lose their country. Still, there are some among them so besotted that they would sell their wives and children for rum. We had a war before I left the country, and the Bihean chiefs collected all their troops to fight against the Portuguese forces, and drive them out of the country. Afterward, the Portuguese sent officers of their own army with Dutch Boers and black soldiers and burned the *umballa* or capital of Bihe, a place called *Akobondo*. They killed about 125 men in capturing the place, which struck such terror into the hearts of the people that the invaders had no difficulty in subduing the whole country. They built a fort and established themselves there. During the troubles, we were frequently called upon to act as umpires and the Portuguese officers would send their orders to us and we would translate them into the Bihean language and return the answer. The Portuguese still hold the country. I have personally been well treated by them. There is no question that the whole province is within the sphere of Portuguese influence, under the Treaty of Berlin.

"Justice in Bihe is simple and practical. When a man has committed a crime, a charge is laid before the village headman. The complainant gives a pig or some cloth to have the case tried; the headman summons all the old men of the village as a jury, and the complainant and accused can appear either personally or by counsel. If either is dissatisfied with the result he can appeal to the *osoma* of the district and again to the king. As a rule substantial justice is done. I have known a man who was charged with stealing a dove have to pay, before he was through, as much as the value of an ox!

"After a time I won the confidence of the people to such an extent that I have been frequently invited to act as judge and arbitrator in their disputes. I have gone for them as envoy to another tribe in cases of dispute. On one occasion, when the chief of a neighboring tribe died, his people sent to ask my advice as to the choice of a successor.

"I received a warning that a certain tribe meant to waylay and plunder me; but when the chief, Kapoko, heard of it he placed his young men at intervals along the road by which the raiders might be expected, and also around my hut. He assured me that each would give his life rather than that harm should befall me."

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ENCOURAGING THE PEOPLE.

S. S. Lesson for Jan. 15, 1893. Haggai 2 : 1-9. Golden Text, Ps. 127 : 1. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

"THE good fight of faith" 1. Tim. 6 : 12, admits of no truce with the enemy. It may seem sometimes as though he had the advantage, and even prevailed against God. It is not for the children of God in such times to give in to the pressure of circumstances, and to take for granted that nothing can be done. Every difficulty, every impossibility, is a God-given opportunity for men of faith to prove, and to testify to others, by their restful faith in him, that our God is Almighty. When the enemies of Israel had succeeded in making the Jews cease from building the temple, "by force and power," there was still a possibility of making an appeal from the earthly powers that be to the heavenly powers that be; from kings' courts to the court of heaven. But the people took for granted that the thing was beyond their power, they

Accepted the Situation

from man; and after the wonderful intervention of God in stirring up Cyrus, and then in stirring up the captive Jews to return and rebuild their temple, they failed, at this moment of crisis, to endure "as seeing him who is invisible," (Heb. 11 : 27.) Some fifteen years passed over them, a new generation grew up, and it was not until God prepared and sent prophets among them, that they awoke out of their apathy, and discovered that they had not to wait until God made another move, but that he was waiting for them to rise to the occasion, and trust him. He had commanded them to rebuild their temple, he had stirred up the king himself to authorize them and make it possible; he had not withdrawn his word, and had they obeyed God rather than man, as the disciples did in Apostolic times, he would most certainly have stood by them.

In their supineness, they had come to the conclusion that it was not God's time for the building of the temple! (Hag. 1: 2.) A favorite excuse for unbelief is this. Why had God commanded it if it was not his time? But the Lord stirred up mightily the spirit of his prophet Haggai, and he appealed to them: "Is it time for you yourselves to dwell in your ceiled houses, while this house lieth waste." (R.V.) God has called you into the land of promise for his temple's sake, and because of an opposition which he can easily deal with, you excuse yourselves from the work of his temple, and turn eagerly to your own interests! It was no wonder that God could not bless them. A selfish man, a selfish family, a selfish church, a selfish mission, a selfish nation, cannot have the blessing of God. It is the invariable principle of Christ's kingdom that "he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them and rose again." (II. Cor. 5: 15.)

Haggai was not alone, God inspired also Zechariah the son of Iddo, and these two men on whose hearts God had laid his cause in the midst of the prevailing indifference, did not speak in their own name, they "prophesied unto the Jews that were in Judea and Jerusalem in the name of the God of Israel, even unto them." (Ezra 5: 1.) Two hearts were specially penetrated, these men were Zerubbabel, the governor, and Jeshua, the priest; they obeyed the voice of the Lord their God, and, as a certain result, "the people did fear before the Lord." (Hag. 1: 12.)

No sooner was there a move among the people than our merciful God sent them a message of encouragement: "Then spake Haggai, the Lord's messenger in the Lord's message, unto the people saying:

I am With You,

saith the Lord." When God's children yield to discouragement through getting their eye on circumstances, the devil often tries to persuade them that God is not with them, that the Lord hath forgotten to be gracious. But the moment a returning prodigal is fairly on his way back to his Father's house, he finds out that that Father is as full of love as ever he has been, and that he has never for one moment left him alone. "I am with you." This is power, this is success, come what may.

With spirits stirred up by God to an enthusiasm of his own kindling, the people came together and "did work in the house of the Lord of hosts their God" (Hag. 1: 14); "and with them were the prophets of God, helping them." (Ezra 5: 2.) Message after message came to them through the two prophets, Zechariah, who saw wondrous visions of God's power and love and purposes, and the practical Haggai, who dealt closely with the people, and told them how they might repent, and do their first works. The circumstances were unaltered; their enemies were unchanged in their opposition, the decree of Artaxerxes to make them stop the work was unrepealed; and yet the work went forward. God gave Zechariah

To Understand His Secret Thoughts

and to tell them out for the encouragement of those who were standing on God's side, and on the side of his temple. He saw in vision God's sentinels walking to and fro through the earth, and he knew that nothing escaped the eye of God. He heard the message of an angel to him: "Cry thou, saying: Thus saith the Lord of hosts, I am jealous for Jerusalem and for Zion with a great jealousy. And I am very sore displeased with the heathen that are at ease: for I was but a little displeased, and they helped forward the affliction." (Zech. 1: 8-15.) It was a revelation to Zechariah, and he understood that God was indeed on the side of his people; while their enemies despised, and looked down on them, the Lord esteemed and cherished them. And when he further learned that the Lord would "yet comfort Zion," and "yet choose Jerusalem," that he would "be a wall of fire round about her," that he that touched her touched the apple of his eye, so sensitive was he to all that concerned her, and that the Lord declared that he would dwell in the midst of her, he was ready to trust, and to encourage the people to trust, all contingencies into the hands of God.

Of course their enemies were not asleep; Tatnai and Shethar-boznai, with their companions, came to institute an official inquiry, and to take the names of those who dared to go on with the building; "but the eye of their God was upon the elders of the Jews, that they could not cause them to cease, till the matter came to Darius." (Ezra 5: 5.) None may lay a finger on his children without his leave. Then these hostile governors, in order to carry the cause to king Darius, demanded their names, the only names they had to give were: "We are servants of the God of heaven and earth," and their answers to

The Commission of Inquiry

found a glorious testimony to their God, and an honest acknowledgment of their own sinfulness. Such an official memorial, so fully recognizing the hand of God as dealing with the sins of his people, and as using the kings of the earth as his instrument, is a sadly rare thing. It was a witness to Darius that the true God, the God of heaven and earth, had a people who believed in his power, and in his wise and just intervention in the affairs of men, and the memorial ended: "Now therefore, if it seem good to the king, let there be search made in the king's treasure house, which is there at Babylon, whether it be so that a decree was made of Cyrus the king to build this house of God at Jerusalem, and let the king send his pleasure to us concerning this matter."

How easy everything was now that the eye of the people was upon their God, but how difficult, how impossible, while their eye was upon themselves! It was not a question now whether these heathen governors who hated them, or whether the despised Jews, would have the most influence with the king. The great matter to men of faith was: "On which side is God, the Lord of hosts? Haggai was the messenger who should answer this question, he calls upon the few who had seen the house of God in its former splendor, and says: "Yet now be strong, O Zerubbabel, saith the Lord; and be strong, O Jeshua, the high priest; and be strong, all ye people of the land, saith the Lord, and work; for I am with you, saith the Lord of hosts: according to the word that I covenanted with you when ye came out of Egypt, so my Spirit remaineth among you; fear ye not."

With such a word, how could there be anxiety about the issue of their memorial to the king? What were kings compared to the Most High God? Only instruments which he could use or lay aside at pleasure. But his people, the people chosen to be his inheritance, a special treasure to himself, the people whom he was educating, whom he had formed for himself, he could not, he would not forsake.

What induced Darius to have his royal book searched? Human influence? No: it was God who disposed his heart to it. To the great surprise of Tatnai, and all his associates, Darius the king not only discovered the decree of Cyrus, but endorsed it, and commanded them, first, to let the work alone, and, secondly, to apply the revenue which accrued to the king from their provinces, to the expenses of the work, and that "day by day without fail; that they may offer sacrifices of sweet savor unto the God of heaven, and pray for the life of the king, and of his sons." And he further threatened punishment upon all who should molest the Jews in this work of God. Thus our God sustains those who really trust in him. God on our side, who can be against us? "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man; it is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

THE building of the temple, the foundations of which were laid, as we saw in last week's lesson, was delayed for fifteen years. There was opposition from the peoples around, jealousy at the Persian court, the rise of a king there unfavorable to the enterprise and other obstacles. The people lost heart. They set to building their own houses and beautifying them, but work on God's house was stopped. The altar had been reared and sacrifices were offered, but all around was ruin and desolation. Again the time came for the Feast of Tabernacles to be kept. The people were assembled within the ruined walls. Then Haggai, the old prophet who had seen Solomon's Temple, stood up and urged the people to resume the work of building, assuring them that he had received a message from God full of encouragement. His message is the subject of the lesson.

The word of the Lord by the prophet. When a hearer is convicted under a sermon or the conversation of a friend and becomes aware that something he is doing is a sin, or something that he is neglecting is a duty, he ought to realize that what he has heard is the word of the Lord by the person uttering it. In the town-hall of Nyekoebing, Sweden, the portrait of a minister hangs in the place of honor. The name of the minister was Jessen. The cause of his portrait being hung there dates back to the time of King Charles Gustavus. The king had ordered a levy on the people of Nyekoebing of a large sum of money. They were unable to raise the sum demanded, and the king, thereupon, ordered the town to be burned. On Sunday, Jessen denounced the impending destruction as an act of cruelty and oppression. Some officers were present, who reported to the king what the minister had said. The king listened and sent for the clergyman to ascertain whether he had really said what had been reported. Jessen replied that he had, and went on to tell the king to his face how iniquitous was the thing he contemplated. Those who knew Charles Gustavus expected to hear him order the minister to prison, if not to death. But instead of doing so, the king thanked the clergyman for showing him that what he was about to do was displeasing to God and countermanded the order for the burning of the town. The delighted people honored the clergyman whose boldness had saved the town by ordering his portrait hung in the town-hall, where it now is.

The house in its first glory. It was the old men who were discouraged. As sixty-six years had elapsed since the temple was destroyed none but the very old could remember it. But they were not likely to forget such a sight if they had once seen it. Its magnificence was almost beyond the power of fancy to imagine. It was ablaze with gold and precious stones. It has been estimated that the pure gold which covered the Holy of Holies was alone worth twenty-one million dollars. As the old men realized their weakness and poverty and thought how comparatively poor must be the house they could now raise, it seemed scarcely worth the doing. But Haggai told them that God commanded them to make the effort. When the city of Chicago was smoldering in the ruins of the great fire, which had consumed the beautiful house of the New England Church and the homes of every family in it, the pastor, searching among the ashes within its walls for some memento, found a charred leaf of the pulpit hymn-book on which he was able to decipher these words:

> Daughter of Zion, awake from the dust,
> Exalt thy fallen head:
> Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
> And send thy heralds forth.

That hymn was sung at the first service in the rough board tabernacle erected upon the same spot.

For I am with you. Think of the stimulus there was in this assurance that God would be with them. A Highland chief of the noble house of M'Gregor, fell wounded by two balls at the battle of Prestonpans. Seeing their chief fall the clan wavered and gave the enemy an advantage. The old chieftain, beholding the effect of his disaster, raised himself on his elbow, and cried aloud, "I am not dead my children; I am looking at you to see you do your duty." The words revived the sinking courage of his brave Highlanders. There was a charm in the fact that they still fought under the eye of their chief. It roused them to put forth their mightiest energies, and they did all that human strength could do to turn the dreadful tide of battle.

The desire of all nations. The Messiah was needed not by the Jews alone but by all peoples, as is seen from the success which attended the preaching of the Apostles to the Gentiles. It is recorded that Socrates endeavoring to satisfy the mind of one of his disciples on the subject of acceptable worship, said: "It is therefore necessary to wait till some one may teach us how it behooves us to conduct ourselves both toward the gods and men." To this the disciple answered: "When shall that time arise, O, Socrates? and who shall that teacher be? Most eagerly do I wish to see such a man."

The glory of this latter house shall be greater. History tells of a young noble who wasted his property in gambling and dissipation. Ruin came, and the castle which his forefathers had lived in for many generations was sold. The priceless works of art and the heirlooms of the family and the vast library accounted one of the finest in the possession of any private owner in the country, were all sold to satisfy the claims of the creditors. The young noble went to live in a cottage which had belonged to his mother. All his friends deserted him and for a time he was utterly disconsolate. Then in his loneliness he began to read and study. At first it was only to divert his mind, but afterward the desire of knowledge grew in him, and having renounced his evil ways, he studied uninterruptedly. He became a noted scholar and the fame of his learning spread throughout the land. The king heard of the change in him, and resolved to send his eldest son and heir to him to be taught. The youth came every day and gained not only book learning but lessons on the evil of youthful sins and temptations. The king was so pleased with the training his son was receiving that he visited the scholar himself and delighted to pass hours in conversation with him. "I have lost my beautiful castle," said the scholar, "but this humble cottage has had greater honor than the castle, for here I have entertained royalty which neither my forefathers nor I ever did at the castle."

Sir Astley Cooper, the eminent surgeon, on visiting Paris, was asked by the surgeon-in-chief of the Empire how many times he had performed a certain difficult operation. He replied that he had performed it thirteen times. "Ah," said the Frenchman, "I have done him one hundred and sixty times. Did any of ze patients live?" Sir Astley Cooper replied that eleven of the thirteen lived and fully recovered, "What was your experience?" The Frenchman said, "Ah, Monsieur, they all die. Not one live through it, but ze operation was brilliant." So it is in some churches. The architecture is classic, the windows are beautiful, the seats comfortable, the singing exquisite, the preaching eloquent, but souls are not saved. While in some dull, ugly church where things are all common and poor but where the Gospel is preached simply and earnestly, many are won from the world for Christ and the glory of the latter house is greater than that of the former.

A NOBLE WORK OF RESCUE.

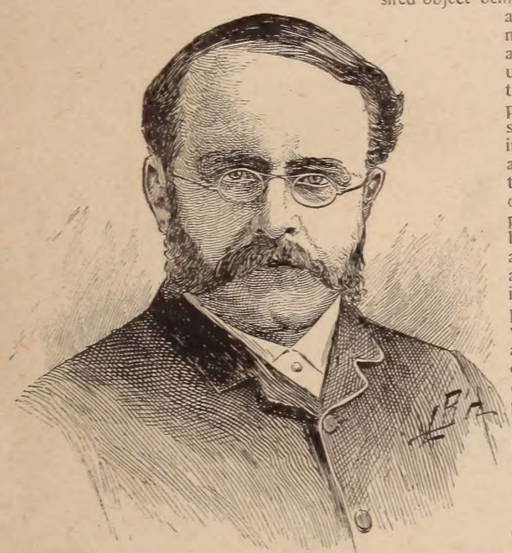
(*Continued from first page.*)

admirable, and the general prosperity and prospects of the settlement are all that could be desired.

The work of these institutions, both in England and abroad, is wholly dependent upon the voluntary contributions of a circle of friends which is now world-wide. The Homes have no endowment, and they receive no State aid; yet the fact that every year shows an extension of the work, is conclusive evidence of the generosity with which they are supported. Nearly $7,000 have been received in contributions from the first start up to the present time; the annual offerings now averaging over half a million dollars. Over 5,000 orphans or destitute children are now in the various institutions in London and the English Provinces.

Dr. Barnardo writing of his work says: "The eye turns with hope and expectation to the children of to-day, who will be the workers of to-morrow. With this hope full in view the Young Helper's League now 9,000 strong has been established in order to draw into vital sympathy with children of the Waif and Stray class, boys and girls of the upper classes under 18 years of age.

"From the beginning, the Homes have been conducted on definitely religious lines. They



DR. THOMAS J. BARNARDO.

took their rise in a Sunday ragged school. They are, as they always have been, Christian institutions—their work being the practical outcome of the Gospel spirit. But they have ever stood outside the camps of mere sect and denomination; in their operations all Evangelical Christians, by whatever subsidiary names they may be described, may do and join hands. They are, of course, Protestant, but no shibboleth of creed or of party can claim their work exclusively for its own.

"These Homes are essentially on the broadest Christian basis, consistent with loyalty to the truth, and are undenominational. Out of the very large number of waifs and strays—5,426—who have been under my care during the year, of whom a large number were under five years of age—only 34 have died, being at the rate of but 6.27 per thousand per annum, or less than half the rate of mortality of our healthiest cities. Assuredly here is a special cause for devout and hearty thankfulness.

"My heart has been filled oftentimes with unspeakable gratitude to the Lord as signs and tokens of the good hand of God among the Children have been brought to light, and as evidence has been forthcoming of the Gospel of the Grace of God preached among the masses havrng been in the power and demonstration of the Holy Ghost."

WORK AMONG THE CHINESE.

A new Christian mission for the Chinese was opened in New York on Dec. 19. It is an outcome of some very earnest and self-denying work on the part of Miss Helen F. Clark and other ladies. The mission is at 17 Doyer Street, near Chatham Square close to the most densely populated Chinese quarter. The dedicatory services were conducted by Rev. H.L. Moorehouse, D.D., Secretary of the American Baptist Home Missionary Society. A reading-room is attached to the mission which is sure to prove a strong attraction to the Chinamen, and will serve as an introduction to distinctively religious work amongst them.

HOW A PRAYER WAS ANSWERED.

FOR some years past, a large number of the poor of New York and Brooklyn have been taken into the country or to the seaside by Rev. D. M. Heydrick, the well-known city missionary. The excursions cost a large sum of money and Mr. Heydrick has too many calls upon him and too willing a heart to have funds of his own for the purpose, but they have been supplied every year by Christian people who knew what he was doing. Much good has been done by the excursions, for those who went generally came from the tenements and many of them were sick and in need of fresh air. Sometimes it was a party of children, sometimes a party of aged people—always the poor whom Christ left as a special charge to his people. Mr. Heydrick has often wished that there was some house in a salubrious spot to which he could take some of the more feeble of them who could remain for a week if necessary instead of having to bring them back to their stifling homes in the evening. Some two months ago just such a house was for sale. It was adapted for the purpose in every way, but the price was over $3,000. Many large sums have come to this believing worker in former days in answer to prayer, but none so large as this. He is not however a man who limits his prayers because of the desired object being a great one. This matter, according to custom was committed to the Lord in prayer and several friends of like faith united with him, believing that the Lord would fulfil his promise that "if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them." Earnest prayers were offered and the promises pleaded. They have now been answered. A few days ago a gentleman who had also heard of the house being in the market and knew the purpose for which it was wanted, paid the whole amount of the purchase money and placed the house at the disposal of these friends of the poor as an offering to the Lord. "According to your faith be it unto you," was Mr. Heydrick's comment on the result. "They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing."

THE KIND OF RELIGION.

A HINDOO opinion of the kind of religion which will touch the Hindoo character was given in the course of a lecture by a learned pundit not long ago. He said: "The religion of the future in India must be one which will call out the mysterious faculty of faith, which is the characteristic, par excellence, of the Hindu nature; and which shall discover and worship a divinity in mountain, river, tree; in man and animal; in fire, wind, and sky; in every striking object of nature. It will also be conspicuously ritualistic; for rites, ceremonies, symbols of all kinds, parables, and allegories, bells, vestments, incense, flowers, and ornaments have an indescribable charm for the Hindu mind. It will be emotional, exuberant, ecstatic, inebriatic; for a monotheism of reserve and respectability, a cold, polite, formal religion will never suit the Hindu race."

Sir Charles Atchison presided at the lecture and at its conclusion he remarked, "There have been national religions which have decayed, and I do not think that mere national sentiment and unity will be found to be an element of permanency in any religion. What strikes me is this, that what we require is not only to have the true monotheistic idea, but we require to grasp the truth in the relation of that idea to the individual mind. We are required not only to know the true God, but to know his relations to the individual soul; and that religion which shows how the life which is besmirched with evil can be purified, how the proud heart can be humbled, how the wicked will can be made wholly pure and righteous—in proportion as a religion strikes the truth in regard to these relations, that religion promises to be not only the religion of India, but the religion of the whole world."

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Feeding the Lambs.

George Muller's Great Work and How it Has Been Divinely Prospered.

IT was characteristic of the late Pastor Spurgeon that, whenever the treasury that contained the funds for the support of his Orphanage began to fall short, and whenever the larder was depleted, he would "draw upon the bank of faith," as he aptly expressed it, and the draft was unfailingly honored by Him to whom belong the gold and silver and the cattle on a thousand hills. This implicit faith in God's providence has been the leading feature in the whole career of George Muller, of whose orphanages at Ashley Down, England, nearly every Christian has heard. Fifty-eight years ago, Mr. Muller began his philanthropic work (which has at different times been described in these columns), and in all that time he has never made an appeal for funds, either to the public or to private individuals. He has built orphanages costing nearly $600,000 and maintained them till now, by the exercise of faith in the liberality of God's people, and although there have been times without number when the grim shadow of want hung over the thousands of orphan children under his care, he would call his flock together and earnestly implore help from above. And there has never been an occasion when those prayers have passed unanswered.

In his latest annual report, just issued, Mr. Muller sheds some light on his work of supporting two thousand orphans by faith and prayer.

"As to funds," he says, "at the end of the year 1891–2, $10,000 more was expended than had been received; and there was likewise due to matrons, teachers, and other helpers, in the orphan work, salaries for the last three-quarters of a year, amounting to $8,500. All the servants of the institutions were paid in full. This is, within the past fifty-eight years, the second time only that the income was not equal to the expenses. For fifty-eight years and nine months this institution has been carried on, and we have never appealed to man, but simply prayed to God. Without anyone having been personally applied to for anything by me, $4,250,000 has been given to me for the orphans, as the result of prayer to God, since the commencement of the work, which sum includes that amount received for the building fund for the five houses. Every shilling has been obtained entirely as the result of prayer and faith, not a single donor having been asked for anything. To the living God we appealed, and he spoke to the donors, influencing them to help us."

A striking illustration of Mr. Muller's faith and its results is related by himself. One winter morning, several years ago, he found on awakening, that an accident had happened to the steam pipes in the orphanages, caused probably by the severe frost. The pipes had frozen and finally burst in several places, doing considerable damage. The most serious feature of the case, however, was the danger of pneumonia to the two thousand and more little inmates, the entire heat supply having suddenly been cut off. The rooms were like ice-houses, no fires could be made, and the situation seemed almost desperate. The orphanages are located several miles from Bristol and the number of men necessary to do such extensive repairs in a short time could not be found near at hand.

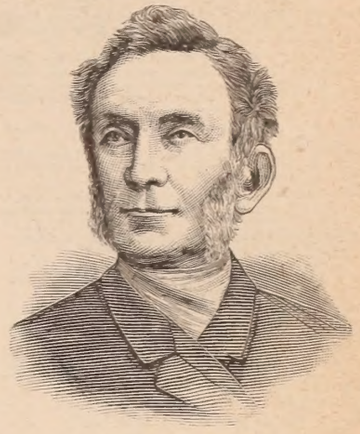
But Mr. Muller did not hesitate in this trying emergency. He directed the bell to be rung and the entire "family," large and small, children and attendants, were soon assembled in the main hall, where the aged founder, in a most fervent prayer, submitted the case to God, and pleaded for divine light how to proceed. They had just finished and were retiring from the hall, when one of the attendants informed Mr. Muller that a gentleman had called and wished to see him. He was shown into the reception room.

"I have been for a long time promising myself the pleasure of a visit here," he began, "but till now have been unable to come, being a very busy man. But this morning a large number of my workmen, who are dependent upon the progress made by the masons and carpenters on one of our large public buildings now going up, are made temporarily idle. The other tradesmen have been stopped to-day by the sharp frost and my men have to wait for them, you see. So I thought I would drive over here and see the Orphanages."

"You are very welcome," said Mr. Muller, cordially shaking his hand. "And what is your own business, might I ask?"

"I am a plumbing contractor," was the reply. "But it strikes me, Mr. Muller, that you have it very cold indoors here. Don't you?"

Mr. Muller inwardly thanked God that his prayer had been heard, for here, in this man's presence at the Orphanages, was the answer. In a few words he explained the situation, and told the visitor that he felt that the Lord had sent him there that morning. With tears the contractor avowed his readiness to help.



MR. GEORGE MULLER.

"Then," said Mr. Muller, "send your men here. You say they are idle for the time being, since the frost has stopped the masons and carpenters. Here, in a few hours, they can do what will make all these little ones comfortable, and may save many precious lives besides."

The workmen were soon busy at the Orphanages, and in a few hours the danger was passed. Worldly persons would have pronounced Mr. Muller's way of meeting this trouble a mere waste of time; they would have declared that, instead of spending precious moments in praying, he should have gone to Bristol for aid. But such is Mr. Muller's sublime faith, that as he himself expresses it, the shortest way to accomplish anything is to lay it before the Throne. His experience has convinced him that time spent in prayer is time gained—not lost.

Some of the letters Mr. Muller receives bear internal spiritual evidence of Divine influence at work in the orphans' behalf. One gentleman writes:

"A day or two ago, the Master bid me send you a cheque and told me what its value should be." Another says:

"I was not thinking specially of you when I retired to rest last night, but awoke this morning with the following words ringing in my ears. 'Send Mr. Muller help to-day!' I cannot run the risk of allowing this to be an unheeded voice, and therefore have much pleasure in enclosing you a cheque."

The expenses of maintaining the orphanages average $8,500 per month, and this is supplied from many sources and by Christian donors in many countries who have learned of Mr. Muller and his work. It is a work that has enlisted the sympathies of godly men and women everywhere and whose results cannot now be estimated.

A PRAYER.

LORD, make my heart a garden;
Till now it was a tomb,
Where withered hopes were buried,
On earth no more to bloom.

But e'en the sandy desert
At thy life-giving breath,
will blossom like the rose-tree
And life arise from death.

Breathe o'er my barren spirit,
And make this heart of mine
Abloom with Eden flowers,
And every grace divine.

There let the Rose of Sharon
His fragrance sweet distill,
Till all my life is perfumed,
And conquered every ill.

May rills of heavenly mercy
With showers of grace combine;
So give new life and beauty
To every plant divine.

Lord, make my heart a garden,
Free from the weeds of sin;
And as thou walked through Eden,
So come and walk therein.

—SARAH CONGER ROBINSON.

Nyack-on-Hudson, N. Y.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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Letters should be addressed

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

A GRAND CRUSADE.

TO-DAY—not in the millennium, but to-day—the Church holds the balance of power in America; and if Christian people—the men and the women who profess to love the Lord Jesus Christ and to love purity and to be the sworn enemies of all uncleanness and debauchery and sin—if all such would march side by side and shoulder to shoulder, the drink evil would soon be overthrown. Think of 300,000 churches and Sunday Schools in Christendom marching shoulder to shoulder! How very short a time it would take them to put down this evil, if all the churches of God—trans-Atlantic and cis-Atlantic—were armed on this subject!

I indict this evil as the regicide, the fratricide, the patricide, the matricide, the uxoricide of the century. Yet under what innocent and delusive and mirthful names alcoholism deceives the people! It is a "cordial." It is "bitters." It is an "eye-opener." It is an "appetizer." It is a "digester." It is an "invigorator." It is a "settler." It is a "night-cap." Why don't they put on the right labels—"Essence of Perdition," "Conscience Stupefier," "Five Drachms of Heart-ache," "Tears of Orphanage," "Blood of Souls," "Scabs of an Eternal Leprosy," "Venom of the Worm That Never Dies"? Only once in awhile is there anything in the title of liquors to even hint their atrocity, as in the case of sour mash. That I see advertised all over. It is an honest name, and any one can understand it. Sour mash! That is, it makes a man's disposition sour, and his associations sour, and his prospects sour, and then it is good to mash his body, to mash his soul, and mash his business, and mash his family. Sour mash! One honest name at last for an intoxicant! But through lying labels of many of the apothecaries' shops, good people, who are only a little undertone in health, and wanting of some invigoration, have unwittingly got on their tongue the fangs of this cobra, that stings to death so large a ratio of the human race.

Whether you live in New York, or Chicago or Cincinnati, or Savannah or Boston, or in any of the cities of this land, count up the saloons on that street, and see they are far out of proportion to the population. You people who are so precise and particular lest there should be some imprudence or rashness in attacking the rum traffic, will have your son some night pitched into your front door dead drunk, or your daughter will come home with her children because her husband has, by strong drink, been turned into a demoniac. The rum fiend has despoiled whole streets of good homes in all our cities. Fathers, brothers, sons on the funeral pyre of strong drink! Fasten tighter the victims! Stir up the flames! Pile on the corpses! More men, women, and children for the sacrifice! Let us have whole generations on fire of evil habit; and at the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer let all the people fall down and worship King Alcohol, or you shall be cast into the fiery furnace of the rum power.

CROSSING THE LINE.

THERE are men in mid life, or in early life, or in old age who so aggravatingly reject the Gospel that God lets them alone. They slam the door of the soul in God's face and tell him to begone. Eternal affront is given, and in the book from which no erasures are made their name is recorded among the doomed. Let a man cross the line which separates God's mercy from his indignation, let a man cross that line one inch, and he is as badly off as though he had gone ten thousand furlongs beyond. Oh, before the door is shut, enter! Before the ship sails, get on board! "The King's business requires haste—haste!" Beside that, this truth comes upon me with the greater force when I remember that our earthly stay is uncertain. How I was thrilled when a little piece of paper was handed to me one morning, announcing the departure of one who only a little while before had as much life and health as we have! We are all living on borrowed capital, and know not when it may be called in. There is no map of the great future into which we are traveling. No explorer has gone there and come back to tell us how it is. We feel our way along, knowing not when the lion may spring upon us from the jungle.

There are so many ways of getting out of life; by fall, by assassination, by overwork, by malaria, by insidious disease, by misplaced railroad-switch, by rotten bridge, by fractious horse, by falling wall. Suddenly the curtain falls and the lights are put out, and we go so quickly. Our passage from this life to the next is quicker than I could drop my handkerchief from one hand to the next. The clock ticks one moment and we are here. The clock ticks the next moment and we are in eternity. And what if we die not prepared? Can there be any sorrow greater than that? Who can imagine the horror of that undoing? If I have had—for I make it a personal matter with myself—if I have had twenty, thirty, forty years of opportunity for repentance, and have not genuinely repented, what then? There can be no rectification of blunders beyond the dead line.

POOR VALETUDINARIANS.

WE notice that many have a mania for talking of their ailments. One question about their health will tilt over on you the great reservoir of their complaints. They have told the story so often that they can slide through the whole scale from C above to C below. For thirty years their spine has been at a discount, and they never were any better of neuralgia, till they took the rheumatism. At first you feel sympathy for the invalid; but after awhile the story touches the ludicrous. They tell you that they feel so faint in the morning, and have such poor appetite at noon, and cannot sleep nights, and have twitches in their side, and lumbago in their back, and swellings in their feet, and ringing in their ears, and little dots floating before their eyes; and have taken ammoniacum, tincture of cantharides, hydragogue julep, anthelmintic powder, golden syrup of antimony, leaves of scordium, and, indeed, all hepatics, carminatives, antifebriles, antiscorbutics, splenetics, anthritics, stomachics, ophthalmics; they have gargled their throat with sal ammoniac, and bathed their back with saponaceous liniment, and worn discutient cataplasms. That very moment they are chewing chamomile flowers to settle their stomachs, and excuse themselves for a moment to take off a mustard-plaster that begins to blister. They come back to express the fear that the swelling on their arm will be an abscess, or their headache turn to brain fever. They shake out from their handkerchief delicate odors of valerian and assafœtida. They are the harvest of druggists, and the amazement of physicians, who no sooner clear the pain from one spot than it appears in another. If one joint loses the pang, another joint gets it, and, the patient having long ago resolved never again to be well, it is only a question between membrane and midriff.

At times we should talk over our distresses, and seek sympathy, but perpetual discourse on such themes wears out the patience of our friends. You always see the young people run from the groaning valetudinarian; and the minister fails in his condolence, for why speak of the patience of Job to one who says that boils are nothing to his distresses. The hobby he rides is wounded and scabbed and torn with all the diseases mentioned in farriery, glanders, bots, foot-rot, spavin, ring-bone, and "king's evil." Incurable nags are taken out on the commons and killed, but this poor hobby jogs on with no hope on the other side of the Red Sea of joining Pharaoh's horses. The more it limps, and the harder it breathes, the faster they ride it.

SMALL LIBRARIES.

WE never see a valuable book without wanting it. The most of us have been struck through with a passion for books. Town, city and State libraries to us are an enchantment. We hear of a private library of ten thousand volumes, and think what a heaven the owner must be living in. But the probability is that the man who has five hundred volumes is better off than the man who has five thousand. The large private libraries in uniform editions, and unbroken sets, and Russia covers, are, for the most part, the idlers of the day; while the small libraries, with broken-backed books, and turned-down leaves, and lead-pencil scribbles in the margin, are doing the chief work for the world and the church.

For the most part, the owners of large collections have their chief anxiety about the binding and the type. Take down the whole set of Walter Scott's novels, and find that only one of them has been read through. There are Motley's histories on that shelf; but get into conversation about the prince of Orange, and see that Motley has not been read. I never was more hungry than once while walking in a Charleston mill amid whole harvests of rice. One handful of that grain in a pudding would have been worth more to me than a thousand tierces uncooked. Great libraries are of but little value if unread, and amid great profusion of books the temptation is to read but little. If a man take up a book, and feel he will never have a chance to see it again, he says: "I must read it now or never," and before the day has past has devoured it. The owner of the large library says: "I have it for myself, and any time can refer to it."

What we can have any time we never have. I found a group of men living at the foot of Whiteface Mountain who had never been to the top, while I had come hundreds of miles to ascend it. They could go any time so easily. It is often the case that those who have plain copies of history are better acquainted with the past than those who have most highly adorned editions of Bancroft, Prescott, Josephus and Herodotus.

Use to the utmost what books you have, and do not waste your time in longing after a great library.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

HOW YOU LOOK AT IT.

I MEAN the problem of carrying the Gospel to every one alive, of this generation. It all depends upon how you view the case. A half dead and alive Christian will get the big end of the telescope to his eye, and see the thing so dimly, in the far distance that you can count on his doing nothing, except it be to vote for some resolution, or second some motion, or criticise some worker; then he will have to ride home in the horse-car, and get some one to pull off his boots. He keeps an alarm-clock, too.

A worker,—you can tell him by the cut of his conversation, will have but little to do with long drawn-out motions and resolutions, and every night when he sleeps, he knows that there is more light in this dark world than there was twenty-four hours ago; for he has been letting some in.

Wake up Cross.

I've been trying to do some "waking up" of late, and this is my experience. Some Christians, like some babies, wake up cross. I'd rather have a howling church, than a dead or sleeping church. The trouble is, some churches are dead from desk to door. If any stir is done, it must be by the devil or an angel; and as to the first named, he could not be persuaded to interfere with his own work being so well done; and whatever power an angel has, I've yet to discover one who undertook a job of this kind. Our only hope is, that God himself will resurrect some one therein, and he shake the rest till all awake. Some laughing, some crying; the very noise will result in good.

Reader, are you really awake? Noise does not always determine it, for some people snore.

Reformation Needed.

Talk about getting sinners converted, there is need to begin nearer at home. Some preachers could stand it, and some official church members, too. Here is a dose for you.

Not long since, at a meeting of Sunday School superintendents, in a city where rum has ruined tens of thousands, they had Roman punch served with their refreshments. Those men, and there were some preachers gathered in the throng, need a lesson on avoiding the appearance of evil, mixed with some straight truth on setting good examples. If you can serve Roman punch to the superintendents, why not add it to the bill-of-fare for teachers and scholars.

I thought most folks of the Protestant church at least, knew by this time, that rum and ruin go together.

Don't be a Fool.

I mean that for the preachers, and on this line. To get up in the desk and cry out in thunder tones against the rich and getting of riches, and then close with a begging match, smiling on those who, by frugality and work, are able to contribute large money. That, in my opinion, is playing the fool.

In the first place, there is no sin in getting wealth—some would think there is, by the prattle of certain prophets. I know lots of wealthy men, and they will tell you that the love for their money is not in them, but in a lot of others who would like to spend what they have neither brains nor muscle to make.

I'm no friend to a stingy rich man, nor am I to a growler at wealthy, good folk. Money has its place in this world, and millions couple it with mercy; and daily it is an angel, doing what kind words could never do. To the rich let me say—give. To the poor let me say—get.

Trust the People.

It is very seldom you find an audience that cannot be trusted. If you deal with them justly and frankly they will respond nine times out of ten.

They wont stand any tricks. Neither will they be deceived. An individual is not half so quick in detecting fault as an audience. Perfect honesty is necessary on the part of any speaker or leader who leads for any length of time a crowd. If he does not have this, he wont long have the crowd.

Because an audience fails sometimes to do what is expected is not always their fault. The leader may be to blame. I have known this to be true over and over again.

My brother, if you are a leader, let me say trust the people, put confidence in them, they like it. They will not betray you.

Of course there are exceptions. I too have known when an audience became worse than a balky horse.

Using a club won't make them go.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE CRISIS IN FRANCE.

FRENCH society has been shocked and public confidence disturbed by a scandal which affects the reputation of men high in office. It is openly charged that statesmen of the first rank who have sat in the cabinet and been at the head of the administrative departments of the Republic have accepted enormous bribes. Deputies occupying the position of our Representatives in Congress are also charged with the same offence. The first hint of exposure came with the collapse of the Panama Canal enterprise in which small investors all over France had risked their savings. The government had been to some extent sponsors of the enterprise and had to share in the responsibility. An investigation by a committee of the legislature was demanded, there being a suspicion that the funds intrusted to the Canal Company had not been legitimately used. The reluctance of the government to appoint the committee confirmed the suspicion and gave rise to a rumor that it wanted to shield some of its own members. The sudden death under suspicious circumstances of Baron Reinach who had held high office and the discovery that he had spent the evening before his death in burning private papers was another disturbing disclosure. Eventually M. Andrieux, who has been at the head of the Police department came to the front and made the direct charge that the Canal Company had bribed statesmen, members of the legislature and journalists in large numbers to assist in securing government support for the canal project, and he gave their names. The people were shocked and disgusted, and for a time it was thought that a revolution was imminent, which would not only sweep the besmirched men from office but overturn the Republic. The people were incited to rescue the country from a gang of corrupt swindlers and to place the government in the hands of the descendant of the old monarchy, by calling an Orleans prince to the throne. The fact, however, that no one had aspersed the President, M. Carnot, and that his integrity had not been questioned did much to restore confidence, though the situation is still critical and the danger of an upheaval is not yet passed. The investigation is now proceeding, and will doubtless be a thorough one. The noble families of France may now ask in the words of the prophet, "Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? He that walketh righteously, and speaketh uprightly, he that despiseth the gain of oppressions and that shaketh his hand from the holding of bribes" (Isa. 33: 14.)

An Elephant on an Indiana Farm.

A FARMER living near Crawfordsville, Ind., was astonished a few days ago, on going out in the morning, to find his fences broken, the corncribs gutted and everything about the place flung about. The cause of the mischief was a mystery until night, when the farmer resolved to watch for the return of the intruder. Shortly before midnight he heard a noise which showed that a repetition of the previous night's devastation was in progress. The farmer sallied out to protect his property, but quickly returned when he saw a huge elephant in his yard. He watched the beast from an upper window and saw him satisfy his appetite on various kinds of provender, and then tear down a straw-stack and make a bed on which he lay down to sleep. The farmer feared to disturb him lest he should attack the house. He watched all night, wondering how long his unwieldy and unwelcome guest would stay with him and whether he had any friends who could pay his board. Early in the morning he was relieved by seeing a party of men who evidently came in search of the big brute. They tracked his footprints to the yard and then dexterously secured him with strong chains. It appeared that he had escaped from a circus which had been exhibiting at Waynetown. The circus-men were as glad to regain possession of the animal as the farmer was to be rid of him. He was a source of profit to them, while to the farmer he brought only loss. They knew how to control him while the farmer did not. If the farmer sees the same elephant in the circus he will probably be surprised at the docility of the animal; he would be still more surprised if he were to go to India, by seeing elephants engaged profitably in farm work. Vast strength may be made as useful as it may be destructive. It is so with human beings. The energy and force of character which may make a man a formidable foe to religion will make him, after he is converted, a more effective servant of Christ. Saul of Tarsus, who was "a chosen vessel" to God, was the man who "made havoc of the Church." (Acts 8: 3.)

A Timely Rescue.

A STEAM tug arrived at Vineyard Haven, Mass., on December 24th, having on board the captain and crew of the schooner *Fish*. The tug had been in the storm and was thickly coated with ice from the top of the pilot-house to the water-line. Her captain said that the gale on the previous night had been so fierce that he had been obliged to anchor at a point about three miles south of Nantucket Shoals. Early on the following morning he saw distress signals thrown up and went in the direction of them to see if he could render assistance. He found the *Fish* in a sinking condition. She was on her way to England with a cargo of coal from Perth Amboy, but had been blown out of her course. She had anchored, but in straining at her anchors under the stress of the hurricane, she had sprung a leak. For thirty-six hours the crew had been working at the pumps without doing more than keeping the water from increasing in the hold. They were utterly exhausted, but they knew that if they ceased working the ship would speedily fill and go down. They would have taken to the boats if the weather had permitted, but it was so cold that they knew they should perish in an open boat. When the tug arrived they were giving themselves up for lost. The captain and crew were speedily transferred to the tug, but before they were out of sight the *Fish* had settled until the deck was level with the sea and the waves washed over it. The crew were very glad to cease their weary work at the pumps when there was a refuge at hand. They did not act as some do, who, when they know they are in danger of perishing, persist in trying to save themselves instead of flying to Christ the Refuge provided for them. (Rom. 4: 5.)

M. CARNOT,
President of the French Republic.

A Wedding Twice Deferred.

A PRESS dispatch from Norwich, Pa., describes a double disappointment which befell a party of wedding guests. They assembled on Dec. 7, at a farm-house near that town to witness the marriage of the farmer's daughter to a young man, to whom she had been engaged nearly five years. Punctually, the minister rose to begin the marriage service and the guests ranged themselves around. The bridegroom was in his place but the bride was absent. Her girl friends had seen her earlier in the evening and congratulated her. After waiting a few minutes, her mother went to her room to call her. She found the door locked and heard the sound of weeping within. To her mother's appeal the only answer she would give was, "I'm too nervous! I'm too nervous! I can't come! It must be put off." She would not unlock the door and when her father came up and told her that the guests and the minister and her future husband were all waiting, she gave him the same answer, adding as a message to the bridegroom that she would surely marry him in ten days. There was no resource but to inform the guests that the ceremony must be postponed. The bridegroom seemed greatly mortified but he begged that all would come on the day fixed by the bride. On that day the same party assembled and this time the bride was on hand, ready for the ceremony. But the bridegroom was absent, and at the last moment he sent a note excusing himself. The ceremony, he said, must be deferred indefinitely. "I am not nervous," he wrote, "but my nerves will not permit me to go on with this affair." So the guests were again dismissed without witnessing the wedding. The girl's humiliation, being so public, must have been extreme and if she really loved the man she must bitterly regret her conduct. So it will be with some who postpone their union with Christ on frivolous grounds. The time will come when he will not listen to them and will treat them as strangers. (Luke 13: 25-27.)

Ploughed up a Treasure.

A SINGULAR discovery has been made by the son of a farmer in Indiana. The farm is near Bedford and in rather a hilly neighborhood. The soil being poor, most of the two hundred acres of which it consists was used for pasturage. One of the farmer's sons, however, persuaded him to let him cultivate a small portion which seemed of better quality than the rest. On the first day of his ploughing he struck a snag. Before turning the plough aside he tried to work out the snag. By dint of considerable hard work he succeeded in dragging out a log which had covered a hole. Groping in the hole he found a quantity of coins, gold, silver and copper. Among them were rare old French coins, a number of Mexican dollars and some American dollars of the Revolutionary period. Their face value was about five hundred dollars, but as many of the pieces are very old and scarce, their market value will be many times that amount. It is supposed that they originally belonged to some settler who, dreading an attack by Indians, secreted his savings in the field, and was killed in some raid without having an opportunity of revealing the hiding-place. The farmer would not have been so reluctant as he was to have that field ploughed, if he had suspected that a treasure might be found there. It is so sometimes with the Church. Many a treasure which God will have in the day that he makes up his jewels has been found in a sphere that was not thought worth cultivating. (Mal. 3: 17.)

A Village in a Temple.

A CHRISTIAN gentleman who has just returned from a tour in Oriental lands gives a description of a strange sight he witnessed in a historic temple. He had read of the remarkable beauty of the ancient temple of Baal and determined to visit it that he might see how much of its ruins might still be standing. He found a huge wall seventy-five feet high enclosing a quadrangle 470 feet square. Part of the wall had fallen down but had been clumsily repaired with the old materials from the interior. Two sides, however, were perfect. Its pilasters were singularly beautiful and here and there was a fluted Corinthian column of rich, creamy-colored limestone, rising in stately grace with entablatures unbroken and capitals of exquisite moulding. But the strange feature of the scene was that the quadrangle was full of mud huts placed as close together as they could be crowded. They were full of Arabs living in squalor and filth. Looking up, the visitor saw the graceful columns and the walls adorned with sculpture; looking down he saw the wretched mud huts and the dirty Arabs of the village of Tadmor. The Arabs were using the place not because of any idea of sanctity about it, but because the walls afforded them shelter and were a protection from robbers, and they had not the grace to live cleanly there. There is reason to fear that many people are in the Christian Church from similarly interested motives. They are there for the advantages to be obtained by a religious connection and not because they desire to work for Christ and, like the Arabs, some of them do not lead cleanly lives. Christ foresaw that such a time would come. (Luke 13: 19.)

A Veteran Army Nurse Dead.

AN old lady died in Bellevue Hospital, New York, on Dec. 10, who had an eventful history. She was born in Ireland many years ago and was of a good family. She married an officer in the British army who, shortly after the birth of their child, was ordered with his regiment to the Crimea. He was wounded in one of the early battles of the war and his wife hearing that he was in a hospital, and likely to be a long time recovering, scraped together all the property they had and went out with her child to nurse him. In the first battle that occurred after the man was able to rejoin his regiment, he was killed. His wife volunteered as a hospital nurse and remained till the close of the war. The hospitals were horrible places and the fever broke out in them, killing many who would have otherwise recovered from their wounds. The nurse's child sickened with it and died. When at last the war was over and she returned to her native land, her loneliness and the suffering she had borne and witnessed preyed on her mind and she became melancholy. Eventually she came to America to seek a brother who was settled here. But she could not be happy in his home and left it to live in a wretched attic-room in a back street in New York. She had a small fortune made up of gifts from officers she had nursed in the Crimea and on this she managed to live. She was very morose and seldom went out of her room and never admitted any one to it. One day her landlord went up to collect her rent and found her at the point of death. She had been ill for two weeks without doctor or nurse or any one to attend to her wants. She was taken to Bellevue, where she died in a few hours. It was sad that she, who had soothed so many dying beds, should have passed away in loneliness and wretchedness, but it was the penalty of the isolation she had voluntarily sought. The good deeds of our past lives, like our evil deeds, may lose their effect by a reversal of the principles that have governed them. (Isa. 1: 16-18.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Presbyterian Mission Board issues a caution against giving to individuals who are soliciting money to pay for the education in this country of young men from Persia and representing that they are connected with the Oroomiah Presbyterian College.

The Protestant Episcopal City Mission in New York spent $65,203 during the past year in religious and philanthropic work among the homes and public institutions of the city. This is the sixty-first year of its history. Its work is "to preach the Gospel to the poor and to relieve the unfortunate."

A conference is being held this week in New York of representatives of the Presbyterian, Reformed and Collegiate Reformed Churches with the view of arranging a plan for practical co-operation in foreign mission work especially in Brazil and Corea. On Jan. 13, a conference is to be held to which representatives of all the Protestant foreign missionary societies will be invited for a like object.

Dr. Charles F. Deems, pastor of the Church of the Strangers, New York, is seriously ill. On Dec. 17, while writing at his desk, his right hand suddenly became useless. On the following morning he was unable to preach and a friend occupied his pulpit. In the evening he preached sitting in a chair, being too weak to stand. His physicians have prescribed absolute rest for several weeks. Dr. Deems is in his 73d year.

Mr. J. P. Thompson, who is laboring among the Choctaws in the Indian Territory, writes that many of them who can read English have no religious reading of any kind. Copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD which he has been able to distribute have been much appreciated and have done much good. He would be thankful to receive copies from any reader who does not preserve them for binding. His address is McAlester, Ind. Ter.

The State of Maine is taking the lead in the union of the denominations for aggressive Christian work. At a meeting held recently at Lewiston to formulate "a code of comity" and a plan of co-operation every evangelical denomination in the State was represented. Addresses were made by Dr. Paine, president of the Bangor Seminary; President Whitman, of Colby University; Dr. Summerbell, Freewill Baptist; Rev. J. M. Frost, Methodist; Rev. O. J. Hancock, Christian, and E. R. Stilson, agent of the Maine Bible Society.

A number of citizens of New York have signed a call for an Anti-Gambling mass-meeting to be held in Chickering Hall, January 8, 1893, when steps will be taken looking to the organization of a national society for the suppresssion of the gambling evil. This is the outcome of the agitation that has resulted from the Anti-Gambling crusade of John Philip Quinn, the converted gambler. In his railroad car, *Roanoke*, he has visited hundreds of places in different States during the last few months and addressed many audiences, with marked effect. A large number have signed the anti-gambling pledge. Mr. Quinn may be addressed at 21 Times Building, New York.

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

AN IRRESISTIBLE MAJORITY.

A Sermon Preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York, last Sunday, January 1st, 1893, by Dr. R. S. MacArthur.

"Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." II. Kings 6: 16.

We stand to-day on the threshold of a new year; and we would be more or less than human did not solemn thoughts fill our souls as we thus stand. We look backward with regret because of our many failures, but with gratitude to God because of his many mercies. We look forward with anxiety and yet with trust and hope. What of joy or sorrow has the year in store for us? God alone knows. Wisely does he hide the future from our gaze. The knowledge that either great sorrow or great joy was before us would unfit us for present duty. Strange forebodings will at times come upon us; dark shadows will at times fall upon our homes and our hearts. Doubtless some who begin the year with us will end it with God; but we shall not borrow trouble, "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." With our hand in God's we humbly and joyously step over the boundary line between the old year and the new. In this spirit we listen to the echoes of the dying past, and we hear the notes of the living present and of the hopeful future. With high hopes beating in our hearts we stand a moment on the boundary to sing with the now glorified Tennyson:

> [illegible]
> The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
> [illegible]
> Ring in the Christ that is to be.

It has been my custom for some years, as many of you know, to select for the first Sunday of each year a passage of Scripture which may be a motto-text for the year. Sometimes this text has been a divine promise, sometimes a human resolution, and sometimes it has been a command from God, or a prayer to God. This year the passage selected is a union of a comforting command and

A Reassuring Promise.

The text is: "Fear not; for they that be with us are more than they that be with them."

Let us attend for a little to the historic connection. Benhadad, King of Syria, warred with Jehoram, King of Israel. We know not what was the cause of the war. The close proximity of the tribes, the ill-defined border of their countries, and the predatory habits of the people were sufficient reasons for hostilities at any time. It is possible that Naaman was dead; or if not dead, he may have lost part of his influence with his master because of his allegiance to the prophet and the God of Israel. The war progressed, but all Benhadad's plans resulted in defeat. His enemy anticipated and frustrated all his designs. Bendadad soon suspects a traitor in his camp. He hastily summons his officers; he imperiously demands a [illegible] of the facts. He is told that Elisha, [illegible], is the cause, and learns that the prophet is in Dothan. He takes immediate steps to arrest him; and for that purpose a host is sent in the night. Silently and unobservedly the soldiers take their places on the heights [illegible]. His servant goes out and gazes in dismay on the horses, chariots and hosts which surround the city. The young man exclaims, "Alas, my master! how shall we do?" The prophet, strong in his God, answers, "Fear not; for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." How could this be? The youth sees the prophet defenceless, and he sees [illegible], and immediately his prayer is answered. The young man's eyes are opened; "And behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots [illegible]."

This material universe is but a small part of the resources of the Almighty. There are those who think that this world is all. They consider its interests as the only proper subjects of their study; its obligations the only ones to be met, and its rewards the only ones to be desired. These men rob themselves of the noblest elements of human life. They judge themselves to be unworthy of eternal life; they divorce themselves from spiritual life, from eternal realities, and from the life and love of God. They are willing to be merely animals of a higher order and finally to die as the beast dieth. Seeing only this world, they conclude that this world is all. They would measure the eternities with their pocket tapeline. They would banish God, and would rob the world of its beauty, and manhood of its glory. "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision." "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." These are solemn words of holy Scripture. Only a fool would say "there is no God," and he says it in his heart, for the head of even a fool knows better. Like the prophet's servant many men now

Need to have their Eyes Opened.

There are, as the great dramatist said, more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in their philosophy. Believers, rejoice in the truth of the prophet's declaration. If there are hosts of enemies around your path, there is a God of hosts beside you. Heaven is nearer than you dream. The very air is filled with the messengers of Jehovah sent forth to protect his people. Fear not, however weak you are in yourselves; fear neither man nor devil. The Apostle Peter triumphantly asks, "Who is he that will harm you if ye be followers of that which is good?" No weapon formed against you shall prosper. Satan is strong; but Christ is stronger. Satan is mighty; but Christ is almighty. Heaven is above hell; the promise is that we shall bruise Satan under our feet shortly. Those on our side are more both in number and in power than those opposed to us. Let us consider the facts.

All God's people on earth and in heaven are on our side. We belong to "the noble army of martyrs;" we claim an interest in "the goodly fellowship of the prophets;" we are in a true sense the successors of "the glorious company of the apostles;" we have our share in the peerage of heaven, and our part in the elite of the earth. Some have crossed the flood; some are crossing now, but it is still one army of the living God. Over all floats the banner of our conquering Lord. Every noble man is our brother; every Christly woman is our sister. Wherever there beats a heart filled with Christ's love, there beats

A Heart in Sympathy

with our own. Every man who has been washed in the blood of Jesus, whatever his color, creed, or condition, is our blood relation. A bond of love stronger than death, more enduring than time, girdles the world. Heart responds to heart; every victory won by Christians anywhere and at any time is won for Christians everywhere and in all times. Was there ever such a companionship? See the "great cloud of witnesses" watching from the crystal battlements of heaven. Moses and David, Peter and Paul, James and John, Ambrose and Augustine, Clement and Chrysostom, Luther and Latimer, Bunyan and Baxter, Wesley and Whitefield—parts of the mighty host of the redeemed. There are the thousands who stained the Alpine snows with their blood, men and women of whom the world was not worthy. There are the thousands of Covenanters, who with weary feet trod the glens and climbed the hills of Scotland, and finally went up to glory and to God. Once they hid in dens and caves of the earth, now they walk in triumph the golden streets. Think of the thousands who went by fire and by sword into glory from Smithfield and the Grass Market; think of the thousands of brave Huguenots, who fell on St. Bartholomew's Day! Oh men and women, ours is a glorious fellowship; to-day the feeblest saint is in company worthy to rank with angels.

But think of the men and women who are still in the fight. They are the best men; they are the noblest women on God's footstool. It is an honor to associate with them; it is a glory to be one of them. They are the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty; they are heirs of glory. Christ called his people the salt of the earth; the salt has not yet lost its savor. Christ called them the light of the world; that light has not gone out; it shall continue to shine more and more until the perfect day. Let Christ's friends be our friends.

The unfallen angels are on our side. The Scriptures always represent the angels as numerous and mighty; and not as the painters do, of meek, gentle, and benign appearance. The painters emphasize their beauty; the Scriptures their might. Their is no notice in the Bible of angelic appearances until after the call of Abraham. During the time of Moses and Joshua there is no account of the appearance of created angels, but they are often mentioned during the period of the Judges and the Captivity. These were periods of transition. The former period was destitute of prophetic guidance; and the latter period was a time of peculiar trial from heathen associations. It was thus of special importance that the people should have full and accurate information as to their

Heavenly Helpers.

The coming of the Christ marks a new epoch in angelic ministration. The Master had come; the servants followed him. From the Word of God we know that the angels take a deep interest in man's redemption. Even in the Old Testament it is said, "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." The writer of the epistle to the Hebrew asks, "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" Did not Christ himself say, "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth?" Of Christ's little ones it is said, "In heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father who is in heaven." It was an angel that told Mary that she should be the mother of Christ; it was angels who sang, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men," as the stars silently looked down on the plains of Bethlehem on the night when our Lord was born. Angels came to minister to Christ when in the garden he sweat as it were great drops of blood, and when in the agony of spirit he took the cup which it was not possible for his Father to remove from his quivering lips. Angels sat in the sepulchre, one at the feet, and one at the head of the place where our Lord lay. Angels told the glad tidings of his resurrection to the weeping women; and angels told the lingering disciples as they gazed wonderingly and longingly up into the heavens that as he had been taken up from them into heaven, even so he would come in like manner as they had seen him go into heaven.

Angelic Protection.

They also appeared in the earlier day from time to time for the defence and protection of God's people: "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him and delivereth them." Two came to hasten Lot from the cities of the plain, when God's wrath was poured out upon them in fire and brimstone. One opened the prison door for the apostle Peter. To-day they help us to resist temptation and to escape from the snares of the evil one. Evil spirits, we are told, roam at large seeking whom they may devour; good spirits, we may be sure, are seeking whom they may protect from the devourer. Man was tempted by a fallen angel; why may we not be helped by an unfallen angel? Angels bear the souls of the redeemed into paradise; Christ himself taught us that Lazarus was borne by angels to the bosom of Abraham. There is nothing absurd in the idea that angels help us. True, they are unseen, but so are many other benefactors. Day by day angelic beings are about us. Oftener than we think they are our deliverers. Let us rejoice in this truth, and go forth fearlessly and triumphantly into the untried scenes of this new year.

The triune God is for us. We may well triumphantly ask with Paul, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" In II. Chron. 32: 7, 8, we read:

"Be Strong and Courageous,

be not afraid nor dismayed for the king of Assyria, nor for all the multitude that is with him; for there be more with us than with him. With him is an arm of flesh; but with us is the Lord our God to help us and to fight our battles." The Psalmist in Psalm 55: 18, thus rejoices in his God: "He hath delivered my soul in peace from the battle that was against me; for there were many with me."

Let us look for a little at the part each Person in the Trinity takes on our behalf. The Holy Spirit is our Guide and Helper. He is our Teacher and Inspirer. In the very dawn of revelation the Holy Spirit is revealed as co-operating in creation. He is the Source and Sustainer of life; he is the Author of skill and supernatural knowledge; and in prophetic times his presence is clearly marked as inspiring all prophetic utterances. In Christ's time His agency is everywhere recognized; and the ascension of Christ marked a new epoch in the history and manifestation of the Holy Spirit.

The Spirit Incarnate.

The new dispensation is especially his dispensation. It is his office to enter into and to dwell with every believer. Believers are the temples of the Holy Ghost. This is a marvelous thought. There is an incarnation of the third Person of the Trinity as truly as of the second. The third Person is incarnated in the bodies and hearts of true believers. This truth sublimely exalts the Christian life. The Spirit applies and completes the great work of redemption. His inspiration leads us into all truth, and gives us all true knowledge by taking the things of Christ and making them known to us. He unites all believers into one body. The Holy Spirit not only brings us into the light of truth now but by him God will bring us into life from the grave. It is he which strengthens, sanctifies and seals our souls unto the day of the complete redemption. The emblems by which he is represented in the Scripture are very suggestive. He is represented by water which cleanses, refreshes and fertilizes; by fire which purifies, enlightens and ennobles; by rain which comes from above and revives and beautifies; by dew which gently falls and richly blesses. The Spirit comes as a dove, timid, gentle, meek and innocent. He is represented as a voice which warns, guides, rebukes, teaches and comforts. He is the divine Paraclete who intercedes with us for God as Jesus Christ is the divine-human Advocate who intercedes with God for us. Let us beware how we quench this holy flame-like Spirit, how we grieve this dove-like messenger from heaven. Happy are they who are led by the Spirit; they and only they know that they are truly the children of God!

The Head of the New Race.

Jesus Christ is on our side. He is for us in his glorious and divine humanity. Christ was not a Jew, not a Roman, not a Greek, not *a* man, he was *man*. He was the head of a new race. In him was all the nobility of man, and all the sweetness of woman. He was the centre of a new humanity. In him the plant of humanity blossomed into a perfect flower. He was and is the sun of the moral universe. He belongs to no clime or civilization, because he belongs to all climes and civilizations. He was recognized as the ideal of humanity. He is still the ideal of humanity. The world cannot outgrow him; it still sits at his feet learning of him. He loved men in masses because he loved them singly. "He had compassion on the multitude," but he had a peculiar and discriminating compassion for doubting Thomas and for boastful Peter. He longed for all at Jericho; but he called Zaccheus, the publican, and Bartimeus, the beggar, to himself. His work of atonement was for us poor and lost sinners; for he came to seek and to save the lost. His prevailing intercession shows that he is still for us. The ascended Lord was tempted, and he knows how to succor those who are tempted. Oh, men and women never despair, never give up,

Take Fresh Heart To-day.

The Friend of publicans and sinners is now on the throne of the universe. The Christ who was as loving as a mother and is mighty as God, is for us. God gave him for us, and how shall he not with him freely give us all things? Lean harder on his mighty arm. Who can resist him? To him "the kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents; the kings of Seba and Sheba shall offer gifts. Yea, all kings shall fall down before him; all nations shall serve him." Thank God, "His enemies shall lick the dust."

God the Father is for us. Then all is for us. The stars in their courses fought against Sisera, and God out of his infinite resources can still make all the forces of nature fight for his people and against his foes. O, child of God, you are safe. "A thousand shall fall at thy side and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee." God will gird his children with strength and garland them with glory.

We learn here the folly of limiting our faith to what we can see. Elisha did not pray that God's chariots and horses might surround the mount; they were there already. What the youth needed was that his eyes be opened. O men, you need not more evidence of God's power and love, of God's grace and of God's glory; but you need to have your eyes opened. You need eyes to see. In vain do I offer music to the deaf, or exhibit paintings to the blind; equally in vain is all God's mercy and loving-kindness to those who are blind and can-

not see them. The scales of ignorance, prejudice, pride and self-righteousness must fall, then shall you see the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ; and, like Moses of old, be enabled to endure as seeing him who is invisible.

We see also the folly of opposing God. He who works against God works his own ruin. The man who strikes at God strikes in vain. Well has it been said, "If he takes a heavier hammer and tries to strike a harder blow the blow will rebound and fall with crushing force upon his own head." God is sovereign and he must reign until he has put all his enemies under his feet.

All true success is to be found in working with God. There can be no enduring, no honorable earthly fame when men oppose God. Some one has suggested that we can learn much if we "compare the measure and permanent results of the work of Pharaoh with that of Moses, of Celsus with that of Origen, of Voltaire with that of Luther, of Thomas Paine with that of William Carey, of Byron with that of Judson." Satan's cause is

A Lost Cause.

It is doomed. God's cause must stand. It is stated that "Gibbon, Voltaire and Chesterfield labored to overthrow Christianity, but God has overruled their purposes. In Gibbon's house at Lake Leman there is a room where Bibles are sold. The printing press from which Voltaire's infidel works were issued has been appropriated to printing the Word of God; and Chesterfield's parlor, formerly an infidel club room, echoing with profanity and gibes at the Christian religion, is now a vestry where the prayers of the penitent go up to God." Thomas Paine on his return from France, sitting in the City Hotel on Broadway boasted that in five years there would not be a Bible in America. How we smile to-day at such prophecies. The time will soon come when the boastful words of another infidel will provoke only a smile of pity or an expression of contempt. God lives and reigns, and his cause must triumph. It is a fearful thing for one to live in opposition to God. Is there one in this audience who

Lives to Oppose God?

Did you so live during the year 1892? All through its months and days you were dependent on God's bounty, and living in disobedience to his command and in contempt of his love. How dare a man so live? In God we live, move and have our being; in his hand is our breath, and his are all our ways. And we dare to withhold from him the homage of our hearts and the consecration of our lives.

Hear the echoes of the last notes of 1892! They are bearing their record to the throne of God. The books are closing not to be opened until we stand before the great white throne. Send up the prayer now for pardon and cleansing through the precious blood of Christ. Carry not into this new year the burden of unforgiven sin, the blackness of an uncharitable heart, the mountain load of unbelief against God! Too long have you rejected the offers of mercy; too long turned a deaf ear to Christ on his cross and on his throne. Oh submit to the pleadings of his love to-day! My heart longs for your salvation. Give your heart to God now. In return for his "unspeakable gift" give him that poor heart to be cleansed and made fit for his dwelling-place. Then you shall sweetly learn in life and death "that they that be with us are more than they that be with them."

WORK IN INDIA.

IN a recent letter to the *Baptist Missionary Magazine*, the Rev. P. M. Johnson, who is laboring at Hanamaconda, in India, gives an encouraging report of the progress of the Gospel in that region. He says: I have had the joy of baptizing fourteen men since last Thursday. We made the first short tour of the season, visiting Nalgonda, a village about thirty miles from Hanamaconda. There we found considerable interest concerning Christianity, and five believers awaited our coming to be baptized. Many others in that part of the field declare their belief in Christ as the only true God and Saviour. The native preachers give most encouraging reports of many villages and hamlets, and we have strong reasons to hope for a great blessing about Nalgonda in the future.

On Friday we returned to Hanamaconda to make further preparations for more extensive touring. Sunday morning an unusually large number gathered into our Sunday School and a stronger manifestation of God's presence and power I have never seen in a native congregation in India. We turned the preaching service into prayer-meeting, at the close of which twelve newly converted souls joyfully confessed Christ and desired to be baptized at once. They were all gladly received by the Church, and then in our new baptistry, under the shade of two margosa trees, they were baptized.

Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

O Beautiful Sea.

FANNY J. CROSBY. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Beau - ti - ful sea, O beau - ti - ful sea, Be - yond the dark
2. Beau - ti - ful sea, O beau - ti - ful sea, Thy glo - ry shall
3. Beau - ti - ful sea, O beau - ti - ful sea, By faith we can
4. Beau - ti - ful sea, O beau - ti - ful sea, We long on thy
val - ley of time; O - ver thy gen - tle, mur-mur-ing tide The
nev - er de - cline; O - ver thy waves that si - lent - ly flow, The
sometimes be - hold; Vis-ions of thee, so love-ly and bright, They
bo - som to rest; Floating a - way, still float-ing a - way, A -
CHORUS.
bells of e - ter - ni - ty chime.
beams of e - ter - ni - ty shine.
fill us with rapt - ure un - told.
way to the isles of the blest.
Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful
o - cean of light, Re-flect-ed from E - den a - bove, Where they that are
wash'd in the blood of the Lamb A - bide in the smile of His love.

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HEAVEN'S GREATEST JOY.

Written for "The Christian Herald."

WHAT is the crowning bliss of heaven?
I ask a mourner whose sad eyes
Are wet with tears shed o'er the grave,
Where her heart's dearest treasure lies.
She answers, "Heaven will be sweet,
Because I know I there shall meet
The loved ones gone before."

What is the crowning bliss of heaven,
I ask the sick ones, racked with pain,
From whose pale cheeks the glow of health,
Has fled ne'er to return again.
And they reply with kindling eyes,
"In that fair land beyond the skies,
No sickness e'er can come."

What is the crowning bliss of heaven?
I ask my own immortal soul,
Are there no greater joys than these,
To bless us while the ages roll?
My soul responds "Heaven's greatest bliss
Will be to see Him as He is,
And worship at his feet.

—AMARANTH.

WAITING.

ART thou coming, my Beloved,
Art thou coming once again?
Not a man of tears and sorrows,
But a "King of kings" to reign.
And to rule in regal splendor
Where such sorrow pierced thy heart:
Can it be our best Beloved,
Coming never to depart?

Oh, the thought begets a transport
Of delight that buoys the soul,
As we watch and struggle onward
Past the darkness to the goal.
And when winds and waves chastise us,
Having drifted from the lee;
We must surely sink and perish,
But for hope of meeting thee.

The hope that makes the wilderness
To blossom as the rose;
The hope that make the desolate
Sincerely to repose;
The hope to see thee as thou art
And lean upon thy breast,
Has overcome my soul to-day
With deep unfathomed rest.

—E. MCRAE.

THE CLOSING DISPENSATION.

A Clue to the Time of the Consummation in the Mystery of the Body.

BY WARRAND HOUGHTON.

IF the readiness of a great many Christians is to be the criterion of the nearness of the Lord's coming for his Church, that event must be very far off just now. What desire there was a few years ago to look into these things was, perhaps, only limited to some four or five thousand souls, and to-day the estimate would be probably for below that figure.

To be dead to the world, alive in Christ, and waiting for his coming, are alike matters of doctrine, as of prophecy. But if, nevertheless, those who can see that certain predicted events are apparently on the point of taking place, and yet know from Scripture that they cannot do so until the Lord has come for his Church, it becomes an imperative duty to give great prominence to the Lord's coming in all teaching. The man of God must reprove, rebuke and exhort. It never was more needed than to-day. Awful things are coming upon the world. The world knows something of this; but many Christians are in dreamland.

It was when Israel was corrupt, rotten from the sole of the foot to the head, that God announced comfort to Jerusalem in the person of his servant, the Holy One of Israel. But just as in the days of Malachi, there were those who feared the name of the Lord and looked for the coming of the Sun of Righteousness with healing in his wings, so now there are people hoping for his coming as the only remedy for the failures of the Church of Israel, of governments, of society. "My thoughts are not your thoughts neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord." (Isa. 55: 8.)

Let us see, then, what thoughts God has revealed to us in regard to times of failure, and see if the present time in any way corresponds to dispensational changes spoken of in his Word. Let us turn to Matt. 24. There is a great dispensational break referred to in this chapter after verse 6. The Lord began his great prophetical discourse in Matt. 24. "Many shall come in my name, saying, I am the Christ; and shall lead many astray. And ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars; see that ye be not troubled, for these things must needs come to pass; but the end is not yet." The false christs of the first two centuries, the wars and rumors of wars, nay, the destruction of Jerusalem itself, did not herald in any way the End of the Age. Thus the Lord tells his disciples, "The end is not yet."

Then, if the end was "not yet," what was to come in the interval? We must turn to later Scripture. The mystery of the One Body. That was committed to Paul only. It was some time after Pentecost that he received it, and even then it was fourteen years before he could get Peter, James, and John to accept it as from God. Of its nature, its origin, its purport, its value, its internal economy, we have no revelation whatever outside the epistles he addressed to the assemblies of believers dwelling in seven Gentile cities, and to their pastors. Were those epistles taken out of our Bibles, the remainder would stand as a consistent whole, and those epistles are complete in themselves. Nevertheless, there is a link; for, the Book of Acts shows us how Paul came on the scene, while the Epistle to the Romans is the counterpart, showing how the mystery of the One Body displays in all its completeness the righteousness of God in his dealings with man from Adam down to date.

But when the interval is over, and the work revealed to Paul completed, as regards its earthly aspect, by God bringing with Jesus those laid to sleep by him, and the living being changed, then will take place what the Lord Jesus, in our twenty-fourth of Matthew, is going on to describe from verse seven onward, in order that all Israel may be saved through the believing remnant, as represented by his disciples then with him on the Mount.

It is, in fact, clear that this Scripture stands out from the rest of the Word in such marked prominence, that even the most ignorant persons in the professing church know that such signs are to determine the last days of the times of the Gentiles.

There have always been wars and rumors of wars; but when, till now, have there been armed nations? When, till now, has it been possible for nation to rise up against nation? Nor can we help noticing the throes of Israel as exemplified in the revival of anti-Semitic feeling in northern and eastern Europe. Is not the eagle stirring up her nest? Speaking of the rising up of nation against nation, in connections with famines, pestilences and earthquakes, the Lord uttered these remarkable words: "These are the beginning of sorrows."

MR. MOODY'S MEDICAL HEARER.

AT one of Mr. Moody's meetings in Glasgow, a young physician, notorious for his profligacy, was present. His father, also a physician had mourned for years over his erring but brilliant son. All his appeals, however, had been unavailing. The young man scoffed at religion, ridiculed the idea of any life after this, and declared that he would have all the pleasure he could get while he was alive. It was evident that it would not be much, for his excesses and his heedlessness had undermined his constitution, and his own medical knowledge apprised him that a fatal disease was already making rapid progress in his system. The fact, however, did not solemnize him. He was still bent on spending the short time he had to live in dissipation. He went to Mr. Moody's meeting to see what it was that attracted so large a crowd and also to have some fun by ridiculing it to his associates afterward. Like many others met with during that time of blessed awakening, "he went to scoff, but remained to pray." As he listened to Mr. Moody's address, the wickedness of his life came before him, and under an overwhelming conviction of sin he was constrained to flee to the Cross, and there implore pardon. Leaving the building a saved man, he went forth determined for the remainder of his life to be a zealous soldier of Christ.

What joy there was in his father's house that the prodigal had returned! For the next three weeks, at every meeting to which he could get, the young doctor was present; but even when absent on his professional duties, he was utilizing his time for his Master's service. At the end of three weeks he went on a visit to his father. It was clear then that the sands of life were fast running out. But the father's grief over the loss of his son was not what it would have been a few weeks before; for now the lost was found for all eternity. He grew worse, and speedily realised that death was near, but was not alarmed. He tried to cheer those who stood around his bed, assuring them that though loth to leave his loved ones he was happy to go to Jesus, his only regret being that he has given him so little of his life; and his last words as his soul took its flight were, 'Oh, how happy I am, how glad I am that I took Jesus as my Saviour.'"

PROGRESS IN UGANDA.

THE African kingdom in which Alexander Mackay labored so long and which is hallowed by the blood of the martyred Hannington, is now the scene of an extensive outpouring of the Holy Spirit. The king M'Wanga is the same treacherous unprincipled man that he has always been, but his people are turning to God in large numbers. Bishop Tucker, who is Bishop Hannington's successor, writes: "How shall I find language to describe the wonderful work of God's grace which has been going on in this land? Truly the half was not told me. Exaggeration about the eagerness of the people here to be taught there has been none. No words can describe the emotion which filled my heart as, on a recent Sunday, I stood up to speak to fully 1,000 men and women who crowded the church of Uganda. It was a wonderful sight! There, close to me, was the Katikiro—the second man in the kingdom. There, on every hand, were chiefs of various degrees, all Christian men, and all in their demeanor devout and earnest to a degree. There was a second service in the afternoon, at which there must have been fully 800 present. The same earnest attention was apparent, and the same spirit of devotion."

GRANDMOTHER'S BIBLE

SO you've brought me this costly Bible,
With its covers so grand and gay;
You thought I must need a new one
On my eighty-first birthday, you say;
Yes, mine is a worn out volume;
Grown ragged and yellow with age,
With finger prints thick on the margin—
But there's never a missing page.

And the finger prints call back my wee ones,
Just learning a verse to repeat;
And again, in the twilight their faces
[illegible]
It has pencil marks pointing in silence
To words I have hid in my heart;
And the lessons so hard in the learning,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] of gold.
[illegible]
I shall keep it till death; but the old—
[illegible]
And I'll read a sweet psalm from its pages
[illegible]

THE SOURCE OF STRENGTH.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Jan. 15, 1893. Haggai 2: 4; Colossians 1: 9-11.

WEAKNESS is so common in spiritual matters that no revelation could be more welcome than that of a source of supernatural strength available for men. In business and in worldly society, the Christian, especially the young Christian, is in a position very similar to that of the feeble band of Jews who were striving to rebuild their fallen temple. They were opposed and scoffed at by the people around them and their spirit was depressed by a long captivity. It seemed too great an undertaking for them, as the effort to lead a consistent Christian life among scoffers has often seemed to a young convert. To him, as to them, what an inspiring word is that which God utters, "Be strong, for I am with you!" It is also an inspiration to Christian effort. The vice and squalor and misery of the cities are so huge and the indifference of the professing church so depressing, that individual effort seems impotent. What can one, or a score, do against such odds? "Be strong, for I am with you!" The strength of omnipotence is pledged to the support of those who work for God. "Patience and long-suffering with joyfulness," are the results which the Apostle looks for from a knowledge of the fact. And, truly, they are a natural result.

He who is assured of ultimate triumph can afford to be patient as well as joyful. The assurance nerved Moses to confront Pharaoh, David to meet Goliath, the three captives in Babylon to brave the furnace seven times heated, the early Christians to speak before rulers and kings, the martyrs of the Reformation era to go to the stake, and all, though consciously weak, were strong in the strength that came from the sense of God's support. None knew better than Paul himself what that strength could do. It had borne him up in the Ephesian arena, had helped him to bear the lash, had kept him firm under stoning and supported him under aspersion, jealousy and opposition. "Patience, long-suffering with joyfulness," were words he had a right to use and he makes no secret of the source of his strength. And the promise is still in force. The most obscure and the weakest Christian, wherever he may be, can draw upon that inexhaustible store for the performance of his daily duty and according to his faith will be the measure granted to him.

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THE GERMAN EPWORTH LEAGUE.

THE German speaking members of the Methodist Episcopal Church have taken as heartily to the Epworth League as their English speaking brethren. But they have made modification in its constitution to adapt it to their own needs. The *Epworth Herald* thus describes the League as it exists among them:

The first organization was effected at the Lakeside (Ohio) Assembly two and a half years ago, and a general rally has taken place at the same place each summer since. The officers are: Rev. Henry Liebhart, D.D., president; H. A. Schroetter, secretary; Louis Busch, treasurer. There are now nearly three hundred chapters. Most of the presiding-elders' districts are already organized. The local constitution differs somewhat from that in use among the English speaking Chapters. There are three departments, instead of six, viz.: 1. Spiritual life and missionary work. 2. Literary work. 3. Social life. The officers of the Chapter are a president, one vice-president, a secretary, and a treasurer. *Haus und Herd*, the German Methodist magazine, has a League department of several pages, and is the organ of the German branch. A series of booklets is being published which makes an excellent reading course. The little volumes are clearly printed, strongly bound in heavy paper covers, and are sold at ten cents per copy. Those so far issued are: "History of the United States," "History of the Methodist Episcopal Church," "My Bible," "The Life of Jesus," "Popular Astronomy," and "A Book of Declamations." They are attractive, both in matter and mechanical appearance, and are already proving very popular.

Dr. Liebhart, the President, was born in Germany 58 years ago. He came to the United States in 1854. His conversion was brought about by a little Sunday School girl who handed him an invitation to attend church. He went to church, and was awakened by the sermon of a local preacher. Some time was spent in preparation for the ministry, and subsequently he united with the New York conference. When *Haus und Herd* was established he became editor. That magazine has been conducted with marked ability. It has a circulation of nine thousand, or one to each seven members of the German Methodist Church. The doctor has a vigorous mind, is a fluent speaker, a popular writer, and a most genial companion. He has rendered valuable service as a member of the League Board of Control, and is now a member of the General Cabinet.

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ONE OF THE C. E. PIONEERS.

AN honored name in Christian Endeavor circles is that of Mr. Eli Manchester, of New Haven, Conn., whose portrait by the courtesy of the *Golden Rule* appears on this page. It is a comparatively easy matter in these days when the value of young people's societies has come to general recognition to stand in the front of the movement, but it was different ten years ago when the movement was in its

MR. ELI MANCHESTER, OF CONNECTICUT C. E. UNION

infancy. Mr. Manchester was at the front then. The Christian work that he was doing prepared him to perceive and appreciate the possibilities of usefulness contained in the Christian Endeavor idea. He was assistant superintendent of a large Sunday School and an active worker in the Young Men's Christian Association, and so was brought into constant touch with young people. He became one of a committee which organized the first Christian Endeavor Society in New Haven in 1883, and became its secretary and afterwards its president. At the Lowell Convention of 1884, Mr. Manchester was the sole delegate from Connecticut. As the number of the Societies grew, he suggested a State Union, and under his management the organization was effected. In this matter, Connecticut was the pioneer State, its Union of Socteties being the first on record. Mr. Manchester was its first Secretary, and he held office for four years. He has never wavered in his confidence in the value of the movement. In a recent letter he declares, "Whatever I may have been able to do in church, Sunday School, or Endeavor work, is due largely to the help and training received in the Christian Endeavor Society. I consider it the very best of training-schools for young Christians."

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THE INDIANA B. Y. P. UNION.

AN enthusiastic convention of the Baptist Young People's Unions of Indiana has been holding its sessions at Huntington, Ind. The following report of its proceedings which was sent to the *Young People's Union* indicates that the Union in Indiana is in vigorous health and activity.

Rev. G. L. Conley, Huntington, welcomed the delegates and response was made by Rev. B. F. Cavins, D. D., Peru. The Sunrise Prayer Meeting Friday morning, was led by Hattie Severance, Huntington. The first session was opened with a paper on "The Necessity of the Spirit of Self Sacrifice in Our Young People," by Miss Tillie Potter, Fort Wayne. An animated address was given on "The Centennial Year," by Rev. H. H. Smith, Decatur. He said we live in a "grand and awful time." "Grand," because we have such great opportunities for doing good. "Awful," because of that which might happen if we did not embrace these opportunities. An address on "The Outlook of Missions," was given by Mr. Hicks. He noted the fact that it was a matter for thankfulness to God that although Congress passed laws against Chinese immigration China continued to let American missionaries enter its country. "An Appeal to our Young People for more Consecration," was the subject of an earnest paper read by Miss Hattie Severance, Huntington.

During the afternoon the Junior Question was discussed. "The Committees and Their Work," by Miss Anna Philley, Fort Wayne, was a very interesting and instructive paper. At four o'clock the Question Box was conducted by Mr. J. H. Scott of Chicago.

The organization of the District Union then followed. The officers who were elected were: President, Rev. G. L. Conley, Huntington; Vice-President, Miss Emma Moro, Warsaw; Secretary, Mr. Wm. W. Gunter, Oswego; Treasurer, Miss Norris, Eel River Church, Whitley.

In the evening after Scripture Reading and Prayer, a paper entitled "The Future of our Young People and the Church," was read by Miss Lydia J. Meredith, Rochester, after which followed an address on "The Local Society," by J. H. Scott, Chicago. The Consecration Meeting led by Miss Philley was very impressive and solemn and many renewed their vows to their Lord and Master.

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THE membership of the Young Men's Christian Association at Cape Town, South Africa, is shown by the last annual report to be 580. The Association is in an excellent financial condition, and is, we learn, doing an extensive work.

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THE Young Men's Christian Association of Liverpool, England, holds a public meeting every Saturday afternoon, at which there is good music, entertaining speeches, recitations, readings from poets and novelists and other cheerful occupations. The object is to attract men from the saloons and vicious resorts to which they have been in the habit of going, having a half-holiday on Saturday with their week's wages in their pockets.

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The report of the Dublin Young Women's Christian Association and its Institute and Home shows that during the year, 347 members and friends have been staying in the Home: the Bible classes have increased in numbers and power—over 300 attending. The educational classes go on well. The interest in missions has increased. The Bible class members support two Bible-women in Foochow, and altogether the work of the branch is in a flourishing condition.

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SMYRNA, TURKEY, has an active Circle of King's Daughters busily engaged in practical charitable work. By sewing, embroidering, scrubbing floors, blackening shoes, or any work for which money would be paid, they have distributed rice and coal among the poor, visited the sick, educated children, provided medicines, paid rents, and done other similar acts of charity. On holidays they divide into committees for the purpose of decorating the rooms where poor families live and providing small remembrances for the children.

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THE half-yearly meeting of the English National Council, of Young Men's Christian Associations, held at Exeter Hall on Dec. 2, celebrated the close of ten years' work. The first meeting of the Council was held at Birmingham, in December, 1882, when there were 188 associations in England, Ireland and Wales, and 316 including Scotland. Now in the English union, which comprises Ireland and Wales, there are over 400 associations, and the work is represented at over 500 centres. This is very largely the result of the direct operations of the Council, through their agents traveling over the entire country, developing the work in new centres, and bringing about generally a greatly improved organization.

The Family and Home Circle

ROYALTY AT HOME.

A Glimpse at the Family Circle of the Czar —The Czarina and Her Children.

SO MUCH has been said and written of late regarding the ruler of the Russian Empire, and so many diverse opinions are formed concerning his character and habits, that the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD may be interested in knowing how the "Autocrat of all the Russias" looks and acts when at home with his own immediate family. Rev. Dr. Talmage has presented a very pleasing picture of the home life of the imperial family, and we are assured by others, who have had extensive opportunities for observation that the domestic surroundings of the Czar are very different from what many persons seem to imagine. Notably this view is corroborated by the experience of Mr. Lathrop while United States Minister to Russia, and by individuals who have been attached to the royal household in important capacities, whose duties brought them into constant contact with all the members of the home.

Alexander III. is in the best sense a man of domestic tastes. He loves his family and devotes to them all the time he can spare from the duties of government. None of his predecessors have been above reproach, morally, while he has led a life remarkably free from the faults that usually characterize men in his position. The Czarina, who was formely the Princess Dagmar of Denmark, is an amiable, sweet-natured woman, devoted to her children, Nicholas, the heir-apparent, George, Xenia and Michael, to whose education in its early stages, she gave personal supervision. The Princess Xenia, though not a beautiful girl, is bright and witty and a general favorite. She is something of an artist, and is her father's favorite, while Nicolas is his mother's. The younger folks have governesses and can write and converse in English, French and Russian with almost equal fluency, and know something of Danish, their mother's native tongue. Both parents share the sports of their children, riding, walking, shooting and playing tennis with them, just as any American parents might do. When they were quite young, the Czarina used to go to the nursery, evenings, and read Danish stories to them from the same books she used when a child. She even made their baby hats and dresses with her own hands, although she had a dozen or more dressmakers at command. At different times she has made vestments for the Metropolitan; the head of the Russian Church. Seldom is the father separated from his household, even for a day. In all the Czar's outings some of the children accompany him.

Their home in St. Petersburg, is not much larger than the White House, and is rather plain, architecturally, than otherwise. It contains a good library, drawing-rooms and the usual suites of apartments, including a specially cosy and home-like sitting-room for the Empress. The palace is, as a whole, much more home-like than most palaces in Russia or elsewhere.

Our illustration (which is engraved from a photograph brought from Russia by Rev. Dr. Talmage), shows the view to be seen from the windows of the imperial palace at Peterhof, looking toward the Gulf of Finland. It is a scene of marvelous beauty. The shining canal or basin that leads from the palace steps to the open waters of the gulf beyond; the famous Samson fountain in the immediate foreground, where from the lion's mouth a broad stream of water rises fifty feet in the air and falls in glistening pearls into the basin below; the marble embankment on each side of the canal, rich with costly sculpture and enlivened with fountains shooting up from bowls of spotless Sicilian marble, the whole bordered by pine trees, beneath whose branches wind inviting paths and drives. At the further end of the canal, in the Gulf, lies the royal steam yacht, in which the Editor and Publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD were conveyed from the Capital to Peterhof on the occasion of their visit last summer. There are few places in the world for which art has done more than it has accomplished here, transferring a bleak place into a veritable fairyland. Yet the location of Peterhof is superior to that of Tsarskoe-Selo, as it has at least the advantage of a fine marine prospect.

Since the death of his father, it is said, the present Czar has not entered the palace at Tsarskoe-Selo, so sad are the memories that surround it. He prefers Gatschina or Peterhof. The Czar has strong religious views and scrupulously attends church. He does more work than most of his ministers and is an early riser. Toward his enemies he is said to be more lenient than the police and has often shown his generosity in this respect. He does not know fear and is probably happier in his home relations and less apprehensive of trouble than many of the high officials around him.

A VIEW FROM THE PALACE WINDOWS AT PETERHOF.

(From a photograph secured by Rev. Dr. Talmage during his recent visit to Russia.)

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A Home Secret.

THE ideal home is where a firm father, a loving mother, brave boys and gentle girls blend together in one harmonious whole. A home with cosy rooms, and dainty nooks and corners. Every object on which the eye rests, breathes of home. A workbasket with mother's knitting, a table with shaded lamp for father's books and papers; an open piano, with scattered sheets of music and a brother and sister uniting their voices in a simple ballad, while father and mother rest and enjoy it all. Love and discipline go hand in hand. Love breathes in every glance of the eye and in every tone of the voice. The father takes into his hands the Holy Bible; he reads, and then giving utterance to the feelings of the little group, with uplifted hands he prays that the home circle may be bound together in love to serve God by living their lives to his glory. That prayer, that hope, that love, constitute the secret of the ideal home.

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Loyalty in the Family Circle.

LOYALTY in the home circle is not as often considered as it ought to be; it should be held as part of the family honor never to speak slightingly of any member of the household to outsiders. The old and somewhat vulgar proverb, "Wash all your soiled linen at home," contains the gist of an obvious truth. Parents should impress this family loyalty upon their children, and teach them that it means dignity and strength and happiness to be the guardians of their own hearth, as it were, the staunch defenders of the honor of each and every member of the family.

Brothers and sisters should never allow themselves to say anything derogatory of each other to their acquaintances, whatever may be their private differences. Husbands and wives would do well to remember that "nagging" at each other, or even what is called "running each other in public," is not only disloyal to the family dignity, but is in very bad taste, and is, moreover, exceedingly tiresome to any one who may be with them. Mothers—even good, loving mothers—have an unwise way sometimes of bringing every trivial fault to the surface before anyone who happens to be present.

HOW LITTLE IT COSTS.

HOW little it costs, if we give it a thought,
To make happy some heart each day!
Just one kind word, or a tender smile,
As we go on our daily way.
Perchance a look will suffice to clear
The cloud from a neighbor's face,
And the press of a hand in sympathy
A sorrowful tear efface.

One walks in sunlight, another goes
All wearily in the shade;
One treads a path that is fair and smooth,
Another must pray for aid.
It costs so little! I wonder why
We give it so little thought;
A smile—kind words—a glance—a touch!
What magic with them is wrought!

—MARY D. BRINE.

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BABY FAITH'S FINGER.

BABY Faith came to me with a little sore on her finger, and wanted me to kiss it and "make it well," as I am in the habit of soothing her griefs in this way, writes Carrie Judd Montgomery. I kissed it, but it did not seem to have the desired effect, so she returned every few minutes to have the kiss repeated, each time making a pitiful little sound as though she were sympathizing with herself. Finally, I said, not half thinking that she would understand me,

"Baby, ask God to make the finger well."

Then I put my hand to my eyes, and she did the same, while I asked God in simplest words to make Baby well. But as soon as I had finished, she ran to a chair, laid her little head down upon it, and with all the earnestness of a grown person, she said, "God! God! God!"

She can scarcely speak the word plain, but the tone of pleading and the spirit of real prayerfulness with which she did this, made me realize that it was a real petition which ascended to the throne. A friend was in the room with me, and we looked at each other in great astonishment. Surely, God has hid these things from the wise and prudent and revealed them unto babes. She is not yet eighteen months old, and yet God has taught this tiny child to reveal a real need to him in prayer.

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A Wee Girl Led Them.

REV. A. C. MCMAIN, of Mattoon, Wis., sends us the following beautiful incident:

"Recently in a meeting conducted by Rev. Myron M. Gable the following anecdote was related which did our soul good, and I trust that it may help the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Among the people gathered for worship one evening was a little girl of not more than seven summers. Yet she was destined to be the leader in that meeting. When it seemed as though no one wanted to speak, sing or pray, the little girl arose to to her feet, and with one little sentence she broke the spell that bound us by simply repeating these words, 'I love Jesus.' It was enough. We had testimony after testimony, song after song and prayer after prayer, until the very windows of heaven were opened and the Lord came down. It beautifully illustrates the fact that we are to become as little children, if we would enter into the kingdom."

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No Need to be Gloomy.

IT is worth every man's while to study the important art of living happily. Even the poorest man may by this means extract an increased amount of joy and blessing from life. The world need not be a "vale of tears" unless we ourselves will it so. We have the command, to a great extent, over our own lot. At all events, our mind is our own possession; we can regulate and control our tempers and dispositions to a considerable extent. We can educate ourselves, and transmit the blessings of a faithful example to our successors.

ROSEMARY AND RUE

BY

JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

A STORY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HOME

[illegible] "The Christian Herald"

Summary of Preceding Chapters.

[illegible] story is to warn young [illegible] hasty and premature marriages. The [illegible] Dora and Doris Maple, [illegible] seventeen years. They resided with their uncle Barlow, who had taken care of them since their father died, and their [illegible] years before. Dora becomes acquainted with Pierce Denham, a man several years her senior and marries him in spite of her uncle's opposition. She discovers, within a few days of the marriage, that Denham is a professional burglar; and determines to take the first opportunity [illegible] his power. She [illegible] him at a hotel and takes refuge with an uncle named David Rupert living at Buffalo. He and his wife Lois, with their son Richard and his wife, Margaret, receive her kindly and she becomes a member of their household. She obtains employment as governess with the family of John Cardiff, a contractor, who has several children, the eldest of whom is Philippa, a girl of ten. Dora's elder sister, Eloise Maple, becomes infatuated with Cecil Grafton a teacher of elocution, and marries him. While in Buffalo, where she has gone after her marriage to see Dora, she discovers that her husband's real name is Russel and that he has a wife and two sons living. She and the wife confront the bigamist and he makes his escape to avoid arrest. Eloise becomes a friend to the wife and children of the man by whom she had been deceived. Other characters in the story are Edgar Sayce, a nephew of John Cardiff, who has married Nora, a light frivolous woman, whose neglect of domestic and maternal duties is a source of trouble to him. An accident renders Nora an invalid and Dora manages his house for a time, until he can secure a regular housekeeper. Another family is that of Jean Marot and his wife who keep the hotel at which Dora and her husband were staying when Dora escaped from him, and at which the Cardiffs were also boarding at the time.

CHAPTER X.

BACK TO THE MOUNTAIN.

ANOTHER summer had come, and the chief proposed to take his family up to Hotel Marot for the season.

"You will have no society there," said one of Mrs. Cardiff's friends.

"It is better for the children to be by themselves, and run wild," said John Cardiff. "We shall take the house for ourselves and the Ruperts. Miss Maple is going with us."

"But Philippa is past twelve. She is too old to run wild like a boy."

"It is healthy for her to be like a boy, if you mean by that running and climbing about. Why should she not have the full use of all her muscles? I don't mind her being like a boy."

"It is all right, if it don't last too long," said the friend.

"I don't see any too long about it. We shall have a delightful summer company. Uncle David and Aunt Lois Rupert, full of wisdom, genial as they are venerable, mines of rich information gained from experience. Margaret and Richard Rupert will set before my young people the model young couple, beautiful examples of the conjugal and parental relation. Dora will relieve Mrs. Cardiff of some of that higher care of the children which the nurse cannot take, and our new baby has a right to its share of country life. Hotel Marot will give me more chance to be with my family than most other places. But don't recommend it to other folks; we are a close corporation there."

"And your two private clerks are going with you?"

"Tim MacGregor and young Frick? Yes. I feel that I owe my young men domestic as well as scientific and business instruction. The case of our young men is becoming desperate in these evil days. I wonder where we shall find decent husbands and fathers for the next generation! MacGregor and Frick are [illegible] clean fellows, and I mean to keep them [illegible]."

"Papa," interposed Philippa, "in speaking of our model company at Hotel Marot, what will you do with Mr. Marot and Madame? What kind of teaching are they to give?"

"We'll use them for light-houses, warnings of the reefs and quicksands, where matrimonial [illegible]."

"Pshaw Mr. Cardiff. Very few indeed make such a match as those Marots. She just walked in and ordered him to marry her because she thought it looked better to be Mrs. than [illegible]."

"And he married her, because she ordered him to, and he had not grit to say no. Many women marry in that way; and many people marry for a home, or a support, or a nurse, or a housekeeper, or for money, or because someone else does. Until people cease to marry on false grounds, there will be unhappy marriages, divorces, separations. And the very worst and lowest of all motives is animal passion."

"Some people uphold that motive, out of Scripture," interrupted Dr. Grant who was sitting by."

"Oh, Book of God!" cried John Cardiff, smiting with his hand the Bible lying near him on the table, "how many enormities are advocated, in thy most holy name!"

"Mr. Cardiff," said his wife, "I am truly thankful that Philippa and Rodney have left the room."

"Do not let us be afraid of truth," said Dr. Grant. "What is the proper ground for marriage? God taught Adam that it was not good for him to be alone, by giving him a chance to get lonely. He found himself the only intellectual animal with an articulate speech. There were capacities in him for something far higher then could be reached by the brute creation about him; he looked not down but up. He needed a nature matched to his, alike yet different, to supplement his lack, and in the union of the two, present one nature rounded to its fulness, and highest possible. To make humanity its best and highest; to continue humanity nobly and not recklessly; to crown creation with God's human servant in his loftiest estate, is the true reason of marriage. The human being has a triple nature, body, brain, soul, and not one, but all of these are to be met in marriage, and when a man talks of what he sacrifices of ease and enjoyment, in taking upon himself the duties and responsibilities of the head of a family, he talks like an egotist, who has no true idea of his best estate in life."

"You are right, doctor," said John Cardiff, "and until this idea of companionship, of supplementing in both men and women what is lacked by each, is given its full weight; and woman is expected to have morally, physically, intellectually, in every direction, equal rights with men, and an equal development of her individuality, then the true ideal of marriage cannot be met. When we get a generation or two, trained rightly in that way, then we shall have an end of hearing of divorces demanded on grounds of incompatibility, neglect, desertion, and so on, and so on."

John Cardiff was always glad to meet some one of his way of thinking on this subject. But if he could not do so, he was quite capable of going his way alone.

Preceded by a load of sundries to supply the most crying needs in Hotel Marot, the Cardiff and Rupert families, on a glorious June day took possession of the hotel, which since their former occupancy had had scarcely any other inhabitants than Jean Marot and Madame and Peg and Bet. The two girls looked leaner and more discouraged, Jean was smaller and more cowed, and madame more shrewish than ever. Dora peeped with a shudder into the square room where she had left Peirce Denham asleep on the patch-work covered bed, when she fled away out of the window. What a horrible day that had been! She could scarcely realize that she was the girl who had been capable of committing the enormous folly of eloping with a stranger. And Margaret had told her, Uncle David and John Cardiff also, that that man was her husband, and she was as firmly bound to him as if he were the truest and most congenial man on earth! "That seemed hard—cruel," she told Margaret.

"But," said Margaret, "what would become of the home or the state, if the marriage bond were less rigid? The car that carries others safely, has run over you, my poor Dora, because you put yourself under, and not over the wheels."

"I'm sure," said Dora, "that no word in the language is so hateful to me as that word 'marriage.' I wish I could never hear it mentioned, nor see a man as long as I live! I'd like to live in a country, or a world, peopled entirely by women. I think we would have a much nicer time in it!"

"I think I should object to a world without Richard in it," smiled Margaret, "and my little David. And we could ill spare such men as David Rupert, and John Cardiff."

"Yes; we might like to have them in our world," said Dora, "but there are few like them. At least three women have had enough of marriage and want to be free of it forever, myself, Eloise and Anne Russel."

But the world about Hotel Marot was so beautiful that it banished care. The quaint garden luxuriant in its old-fashioned bloom; the riot of roses, honeysuckles and clematis, the orchard full of fruit, and of birds that feasted on the fruit, and left plenty for wingless bipeds, the dark grand woods that skirted the mountain, and went down, down, to the bank of the glorious river not then desecrated by a railroad running along its brink.

Over the woods sprang the tall light Marot Tower, foolishly built as an attraction for guests who were not attracted away from the gaieties and glories of the falls.

Upon the top of the tower was a square room, overlooking miles of country. In the window were fitted slides of glass of various colors, and great was the joy of the children, when having climbed the long ascent, they could at will produce a landscape buried in snow, or brilliant in vegetation, golden, crimson, blue or purple.

The young folks were up in the tower one evening when looking far along the road, they saw Jean Marot and his mare. Jean seemed in a great state of excitement, throwing his hat up in the air, and when he saw the group on the top of the tower at the open slides, he guessed whom it might be, and wildly waved his handkerchief. Jean had been gone for a fortnight, and it was understood that he was off at some races where he hoped to win money by the bay mare.

The year before he had won a very little, and had hidden it in some recondite fashion from Mrs. Marot, so that he might have the means to go to these other races this year. Mrs. Marot had been heard to say what she should do with the money, if Jean brought any home this year.

Seeing Jean returning jubilant the party at the top of the tower swarmed down the stairs, and met him at the gate. The next instant Rodney rushed in exultant—"Hurrah for us. Jean's mare won a thousand dollars! What luck."

"Bad luck," said the chief, "Jean will never be willing to do a day's honest work again, and he was lazy enough before."

At Rodney's proclamation, Mistress Marot came out of her room all eagerness, and Peggy and Betty left their cooking, a gleam of hope in their eyes.

"Did you win a thousand dollars, Jean?" cried Mrs. Marot.

"I did that."

"Where is the money?"

"Where you won't get it," said Jean doggedly.

"Then its where it will be wasted, for I'm the only one who knows how to take care of money, in this house."

"Well, you won't take care of this," said Jean, aggressively.

"We'll see," said madame, resistless and remorseless as fate.

That evening the voices of Jean and his wife were heard late. Then Jean retired to the barn and courted sleep alongside the stall of the mare.

The next day there were some furtive interviews between Jean and his nieces. Finally, at four o'clock the mare was harnessed to a small spring wagon. Jean put therein a portmantau containing all his earthly possessions, and Betty and Peggy appeared in their poor, shabby "good clothes"—Betty carrying a geranium growing in a pot, and Peggy a brindle cat and a white hen. They said, "Uncle Jean, we couldn't get our trunk downstairs. Come and help us," and put geranium, cat and hen in the wagon.

Jean went back to the house with them, and when they were gone, Mrs. Marot, also in her best, came out, mounted to the front seat and took whip and reins.

"Jean," said Mrs. Marot, when her husband, the girls and the trunk appeared, "where shall I drive?"

"What are you in here for? Where are you going?" cried Jean.

"To share your fortunes, Jean, as I have a right to do, and as I said I would."

"But you can't leave the boarders!"

"Do you think I'll let you and the girls flourish off on that thousand dollars?" said madame firmly. "Not for any boarders!"

"It's a case of we're a flittin'," whispered Phillippa to Tom.

"Yes: he might as well stay. He can't get rid of his Brownie." But now John Cardiff appeared [illegible] Jean's prize. "Naboth

"Mrs. Marot, you surely cannot abandon this house with eighteen boarders in it. Why, who will cook for us?" "I don't know; but I can't do it alone."

"That is true; but with Jean, Peggy and Betty to do their share, you can get on nicely. Now, see here, girls: your aunt has kept a home over your heads this three years, and you have neither frozen nor starved. She has not given you much, but she has not much to give. It is better than the poor-house, and not worse than going out to service. Jean, your wife has kept your house neat, your clothes mended, and something to fill your mouth, since you were married. You could not have got on without her."

"I can get on now; I have a thousand dollars," said Jean.

"You think that will last forever. By the time you have clothed and boarded yourself and the girls, and boarded the mare, and bought ice cream and candy every night, and gone to every circus and minstrel show that comes along for three months, you will find yourself without a cent. Then what will you do?"

"Three months!" cried Jean scornfully, "gone in three months!"

"It won't last him two. I know him," said Madam.

"I'll tell you what will happen," continued the Chief. "In three months Jean, you'll have used up your money, the mare will be held for your debts, the girls will be taking places as slaveys in some hotel kitchen, to do the drudgery they complain of here, and ten times as much of it. You'll be on the streets without a coat to your back or a crust to eat. Mistress Marot is rather sharp on you all, but she keeps you together in a decent home. She is your wife, and she has a right to share in your good fortune, whatever it is."

"The long and short of it is, that if he don't stay, why I am going with him. He shan't go gallivanting off with them silly girls, to devastate that money like a lot of children," said Madam.

"You'd better give in, Jean," said Tom. "Madam has the right of it, and she is the stronger party and will get the best of you."

"And let her have all the money?" cried Jean.

"Better that, than to throw it away, as you will," said Tom.

"See here," said John Cardiff, "let me invest that money for you, then you will always have something sure."

"And she'll get all the interest, and me and the girls never see a dime of it."

"Well, see here," said the Chief, "you and the girls do look pretty shabby. Suppose you take a hundred to fit yourselves out with, and let me invest the rest, so you can't spend it."

"I'll agree to that," said Madam; "but as to letting you go off alone and all that money, mark my words, I won't do it!"

"If the case of a man be so with his wife, it is not good to marry," said Frick aside to Tom MacGregor.

"Come now," said the Chief, "all of you go in and get supper, and to-morrow morning I will take you all in my carriage to the Falls, and you can do your shopping, and have the rest of the cash invested. You'd better take Mrs. Marot along to do the shopping, Jean. She'll get five times as much out of the money for you, as you will. Madame is a good hand at a bargain."

The idea of new clothes consoled the girls, they wiped their eyes, returned geranium, cat and hen to the house, took their trunk, and set about getting supper.

"Confound that trunk," growled Jean, "if it hadn't been for that we'd have got off without you."

"No, Jean," said Madam tranquilly, "you would not. I'd have seen to it."

The next day with the Chief for driver, the entire Marot family went off in the highest spirits. The boarders agreed to take their dinner *en pic-nic*, in the orchard. The Marots came home at evening loaded with parcels. The Chief had treated them all to ice cream and soda water, and Jean had given them dinner in a restaurant. They all had new clothes including a grand dress and gown for Mistress Marot, and each of the girls had a silver dollar, and Jean had a new five dollar bill. The rest of the money was invested, and Mrs. Marot was in possession of the securities.

The prediction of the Chief was fulfilled, Jean Marot never did another day of fair work—he perferred to race horses, but—the bay mare died that winter, and Jean Marot never won another thousand dollars.

"I don't see how Jean Marot can get along with the Madam," said Tom MacGregor to Dora, "and I don't see how the helpless creature could get along without her."

(To be Continued.)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Constant Reader, Carlisle, Pa. We cannot give the desired information.

Subscriber, Newark, N. J. By sending $2 you can secure the Oxford Teacher's Bible and your subscription will be extended to June, 1894.

A Subscriber, Buffalo Gap, Texas, writes: "My dear father, the oldest minister in the Buffalo Gap Presbytery, died December 3d. He was a great admirer of your paper, and rejoiced at the good work it was doing for the unsaved. I told him two days before he died, that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD had come. He said: 'Daughter, write to Dr. Talmage and tell him I read his paper with much pleasure, but that ere another number comes, I'll be reading the news of heaven, and shall expect to meet him there.'"

Mrs. Annie Reeve, Louisville, Ky. Who was the first Gentile?

The word Gentile (a people) was employed by the Hebrews to designate any other nation or people than themselves. The original term used was *goyim* or barbarian, implying that all others were more or less barbarous. It is impossible to tell to whom the term was first applied.

A Catholic pastor writes us from Dodgeville, Wis.:

Your beautiful Bible received and I must thank you very much for it. As a Catholic, of course, I shall have to go by our own Bible, although the difference between the two don't seem to me so very great. But the additional part of your Teachers' Bible I like very much and no doubt it will prove quite valuable and useful to me. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD I have got several times already. It is in my judgment a very good Christian paper, which to read would not hurt any priest or even Bishop, and which I have already repeatedly praised before both Catholics and Protestants.

Maud McKenney, La Salle, Col. How did the custom of using Christmas trees originate?

Their origin dates before the Christian era, to a time when trees, gayly lighted and decorated, were used in religious festivals in Germany and elsewhere. Many of these ancient usages passed over from heathenism to Christianity. The first Christmas-trees in the Christian era were called Christ-trees.

G. W. E. Why does the church continue to administer baptism and the Lord's Supper when Christ gave no authority to the disciples to endow their converts with the right to administer those sacraments?

Are your sure of the fact? Christ's injunction to his disciples just prior to his ascension appears to cover the case. They were to teach all nations "to *observe all things* whatsoever I have commanded you." The Apostle Paul states explicitly (1. Cor. 11: 23-26), that he had received a revelation from the Lord, a part of which was that the celebration of the Lord's Supper was to be a commemoration of his death, "*till he come.*" Beside this, when Christ said, "This do in remembrance of me," all who love him gladly do it in compliance with what was practically a dying request.

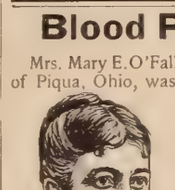
Sid J. Hare. What passages in the Bible give authority for changing the Sabbath of the Fourth commandment from Saturday to Sunday?

There are no passages explicitly authorizing the change. The practice of holding religious assemblies on the first day of the week commenced in the early Church and you will find several references to it in the New Testament. If we were Jews, living under the law, we should still observe the seventh day, making it a Sabbath—a day of rest, as commanded. Being Christians, we observe the first day, making it a day of spiritual activity and calling it "The Lord's Day." We thereby celebrate not the rest of creation, nor the Exodus from Egypt, but an event which lies at the basis of the Christian religion—the resurrection of the Lord, which occurred on that day.

Subscriber, Winchester, Va. No.—Subscriber, Orilla, Ia. We have only the "Authorized Version."—Nello, N. Y. City. It is an Arabic proverb, not Scripture.—Thomas Owens, Carlisle, Ky. No.—F. F. Phillips, Somerville, Mass. Read Stoddard's book entitled "Across Russia."—Mrs R.S. Briggs, Urbana, Ill. The laws of consanguinity or blood-relationship forbid such marriages.—Inquirer, Boone, Ia. Your questions could hardly be answered in an entire page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Besides, some of them are merely speculative.—J. P. Anderson, Concord, Mass. We never heard of any.—D. C., Racine, Wis. 1. It does not seem consistent, yet it is a part of the present trading system. 2. There may be such a law in some States. No other than current coin of the realm is a legal tender.—Zeeland, Mich. 1. In all countries and ages there have been men who were doubtless under Divine inspiration. 2. No. 1 South Oxford Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Rebecca Rhiver. The author of the saying: "But for the grace of God, there goes 'calling himself by name,'" is believed to have been Rev. John Bradford, a Puritan of Cromwel's time. It has been attributed to others since his day, however.—Mrs. E. C. H. Newberg, Oregon. 1. We see nothing to prevent it. 2. There are no modern cases of religious trance or exaltation sufficiently attested to be worthy of belief.—J. H. B. Black, Ga. The phrase "cutting the Gordian knot" arose from an incident when a man named Gordius tied a knot in a heathen temple which none could untie. Alexander the Great severed it with his sword.—E. B. Holmes, Exira, Ia. One may take part in lyceum performances, provided they are of a proper character.

Blood Poisoning

Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon, a very intelligent lady of Piqua, Ohio, was poisoned while assisting physicians at an autopsy 5 years ago, and soon **terrible ulcers** broke out on her head, arms, tongue and throat. Her hair all came out. Her husband spent hundreds of dollars without any benefit. She weighed but 78 pounds, and saw no prospect of help. At last she began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and at once improved; could soon get out of bed and walk. She says, "I became perfectly cured by



Mrs. M. E. O'Fallon.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and am now a well woman. I weigh 128 pounds, eat well and do the work for a large family. My case seems a wonderful recovery and physicians look at me in astonishment, as almost **like one raised from the dead.**

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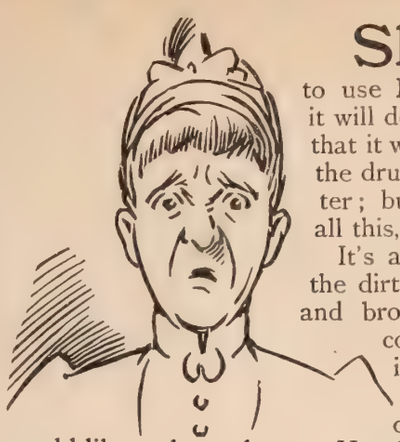

She is afraid

to use **Pearline**. She admits that it will do just what is claimed for it, that it will save her time, take away the drudgery, and do the work better; but she argues that, if it does all this, it must ruin the clothes.

It's a poor argument. Because the dirt is loosened and separated and brought out, why need harm come to the fabric that holds it? It's a delicate matter to arrange — but **Pearline** does it. All its imitators would like to know **how.** Hundreds of millions of packages of **Pearline** have been used—by millions of women. If it had been dangerous to anything it would have died long ago.

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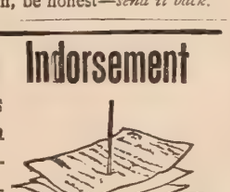

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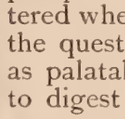

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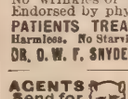

A LETTER

From the most eloquent Preacher, the Late

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon

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DEAR MR. CONGREVE:—As a rule I have no faith in advertised remedies; but it must now be some twenty-five years since first I saw in the person of one of my students the effects of your remedy. He seemed at death's door, but he lives now, a strong, hearty man. Since then I have seen in many, very many instances, the most happy results following your medicine. I do not go by hearsay, but I testify to what I have seen with my own eyes. I believe that you have saved numbers from Consumption. I have friends with coughs and weak lungs, who speak of your medicine with sincere gratitude. Personally, I find it most useful in the case of wearing cough. Very reluctantly do I give testimonials for publication; but I send you this as your due. What I have seen of God's healing power through you, demands of me that I speak for the good of others. I have those around me whose health I value, and they are living witnesses that yours is a very beneficial preparation. Yours heartily,

(Rev.) C. H. SPURGEON,

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HOW AN ISLAND WAS NAMED.*

Philip men came aboard, and they drifted down the stream. At the north of the Rappahannock there were many shoals, and the tide being out, their barge grounded on one of them.

"Here we must abide until the next tide comes to float us," said Smith to his companions. As Smith gazed into the shallow water, he spied fishes swimming among the reeds, and he and Philip began spearing them with their swords. All the crew followed their example.

"Look, captain!" cried Philip. "What a curiously shaped fish!" He pointed to a long fish resembling a thorn-back, with a tail like a riding-whip.

"Pierce it with your sword, Philip," said Captain Smith.

Philip made a thrust, but missed. Dr. Russel next made an effort to capture the fish, but it escaped him, and ran directly under Smith, who sent the keen point of his sword into its side, and pulled it wriggling and writhing into the boat. As he went to pull the fish from the point of his sword, it suddenly wrapped its tail about his left wrist, and stuck its poisonous sting an inch and a half into his flesh. Though no blood issued, the pain was intense, and, dropping the fish into the bottom of the boat, he gave utterance to a groan. Dr. Russel examined the wound, but only a blue spot could be seen; but in three or four hours his arm and shoulder were so swollen that his life was despaired of, though Dr. Russel continued to apply his remedies.

"It is useless, doctor," said Smith calmly. "You have done what you could to save my life, but I must die. Take me to the island and dig my grave." Smith was carried by his sorrowing companions and laid upon some robes under a tree, while his companions proceeded to dig his grave. Dr. Russel and Philip Stevens remained at his side. The moon rose slowly and looked sadly upon the scene. The doctor, not wholly despairing, still applied remedies to his patient, and when the grave was finished, he was still alive. The captain fell into a fitful slumber, which after a while became more quiet, and all supposed it would result in death. At midnight the doctor reported the welcome news that the swelling had begun to subside.

"Are you quite sure, doctor?" Philip asked.

"I am.

"And is the danger over?"

"No; but it grows less."

Smith slept until morning, when he was able to rise and walk about. He expressed his regret that he had given his friends the trouble to dig his grave. Next day they were able to leave the island, which they named Sting-ray Island, after the fish which had nearly caused the death of Captain Smith. That name it bears to this day.

EASTERN AMULETS.†

THE charms which were worn in ancient times by all peoples and also by the Jews are called in the Talmud, Qameoth. We shall see further on how the word originated and how it was used by the authors of the Talmud. Since the amulet had to be worn exposed to view, in order that the spirits should see their inscriptions and keep away from the wearer, they in the course of time developed into ornaments. The rich made them of gold, silver, bronze, and precious stones, while the poor contented themselves with parchment, pieces of linen or woolen cloth, lace or embroidered fillets made by the women to embellish their qumeah (amulet), for women also wore charms for protection as well as for ornament. Not only did the materials vary, but there was also exhibited a multiplicity of shapes. Some were in the form of plates worn on the fore-

[illegible] were round like a ball; while others had the form of small square cases with their outside faces covered with inscriptions. That the fillets also had a variety of designs may easily be [illegible] for the frontlets were fastened by [illegible] the forehead to the occiput, and the [illegible] were fastened by means of a fillet encircling the head, making a knot at the occiput and falling down over both shoulders upon the breast. The Hindoos and the Persians call these charms, talismans; the latter also hamalete. The Romans called them amulets (amuleta), the Mesopotamians teraphim, the Basilians abraxas, and the Greeks phylacteria or "stoicheja." The Egyptians and the ancient Hebrews also totaphoth, and the Chaldees (seruche) tephulim. The shapes and inscriptions varied with the different nations and religions, also with the taste of the wearer; but the belief in their efficacy for warding off evil spirits and for breaking their spell was common to all nations.

Besides the above qualities their wearers ascribed to them the power of bringing them success in their undertakings and of preserving them from various diseases. Special amulets existed for use in time of epidemics, and such are found even to-day among the lower classes. The Hebrews also, like many other nations, believed them to be conducive to the prolongation of human life.

[illegible]

A STRANGE PLEDGE.*

I was in my church at a joyous festal occasion. Flowers, beauty and bright faces made the hour one of surpassing delight. I was summoned to a side room by the bustling sexton. "A couple to be married, dominie," he whispered with a smile. As he introduced me he said: "The dominie is enjoying a welcome reception from his church. He is in a capital state of mind to marry people. You've hit him at the right time." When we were alone the man said: "We are not here to get married; we are married. I have brought you my wife to have her sign the pledge." I looked at her in surprise. She was a comely young woman, neatly, although very poorly dressed. She returned my glance with defiance as she turned upon her husband, saying, "If I sign the pledge you've got to promise you'll not beat me. You taught me to drink and now beat me because I won't stop." Sullenly the man told his story. He had been intemperate. He had abused his wife, until in desperation she had taken to drink. When he learned that his wife, too, was a drunkard he had reformed, but had tried in vain to induce her to give up the drink. She had been arrested a score of times. She had been to Blackwell's Island twice.

"We were at your church last night and determined to try and begin a new life. Will you not write a pledge for both of us?"

I drew up a pledge; they signed it. We prayed together, and they passed out. I looked at the signatures. I read, "Harry and Maud ———." The next day I called at the address given me. They had moved, no one knew where.

* From *The Pulpit to the Poor House*, and other incidents of the Methodist Itinerancy, by J. Benson Hamilton, D.D.; pp. 204; price $1.00; Hunt & Eaton, New York and Cincinnati, publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Story of the Toad, by the Rev. Alfred J. Church M. A., cloth; pp. 314; price 50 cents; MacMillan & Co., New York, publishers.

In the Service of Rachel Lady Russell, a story by Emma Marshall; cloth; pp. 341; price $1.50; MacMillan & Co., New York, publishers.

Junior Songs, a criticism of Sacred Hymns and Songs for use in meetings of Junior Societies, Sunday-Schools, etc.; pp. 192; price, 35 cents; $3.60 per dozen; published by John J. Hood, 1024 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Changing Diseases.

In that delightful book, "Rudder Grange," the husband of Pomona gives as his reason for not removing from a malarial neighborhood, that it don't do for a man at his time of life to go about changing his diseases, and adding, that there are diseases incident to almost every locality, and he likes a disease he is used to.

Now, in case of malarial diseases, aside from the unwillingness of patients to "change diseases," it is generally not convenient to change their residences. If this were done in every case, some of our most thriving communities would be depopulated.

Nothing is left to do therefore but to fortify oneself against malarial influences. For this purpose Drs. Starkey & Palen's Compound Oxygen has proved itself in the past 23 years, the most efficient thing in the world. We [illegible] letters [illegible] hundreds [illegible] Starkey & Palen.—We are situated in the midst of one of the worst malarial regions, where microbes wait you at every breath, and low typhus [illegible] and [illegible] from [illegible] Grippe reigns supreme. Unfortunately this winter, being out of [illegible] Grippe [illegible] but [illegible] with pain [illegible] toms of paralysis, and all the discomforts of influenza. [illegible] Compound Oxygen, and in three days after its reception I was bounding upward like a gazelle. Grippe free, whilst many were dying in our neighboring towns and the [illegible] Other [illegible] through week of [illegible] and in five weeks pronounced out of danger by the physicians. The first inhalation removed the sciatic pain, also paralytic [illegible] Compound Oxygen. I would not fear a trip through Africa [illegible] with a supply of Compound Oxygen. [illegible] to try it thoroughly. [illegible] Ind. Near Buckland, Ohio."

Any person desiring to observe directly for good health should write us a plain statement of their case, when, if possible, the way will be pointed out. The [illegible] me in [illegible] always. Address Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, or Chicago, San Francisco, New York, and Toronto, Ont.

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WORDS OF

A Great Preacher.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 28th, 1892.

ROBERT A. GRANNISS, Esq.,
Vice-President, etc.,

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This should be done, not to secure his favor, but to show our love for the favors he has shown us. Christianity is a living, active principle; it arouses man to action, and sets on fire the noblest faculties of the mind and the purest emotions of the heart. It manifests itself in kind and benevolent acts and falling tears, which ever carry with them a power that awakens and strengthens the best within us. Therefore, to carry out its design, whatever we do for its Author, should be our best endeavor, and whatever we give in his name ought to be our choicest treasures.

There is not half the pleasure in giving what we do not want, as in giving what we prize most highly. Jesus gave the best he had for us. We ought to esteem it a favor to give the best we have for him. When we place our offering in the contribution box let it be the best we have.

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Let us think before we do any such thing again. For if we bestow our alms as we ought, we worship God. And to lie in acts of worship, is the worst kind of lying.

Jesus will make his abode with the poorest, and cheerfully shares the best he has with them; but he will never enter the kitchen of the rich, unless he can have a hearty welcome in their parlor also. A sincere desire to please God in our thoughts, words and acts will bring to the front the best we have as an offering to Jesus, our Best Friend.

Take my love; my God I pour
At thy feet its treasured store:
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee

LOOKING BACKWARD

THE journal of a missionary society whose work has been chiefly in the South Seas presents a brief summary of results of the labors of fifty years. It says: When James Calvert went to the Fiji Islands, his first duty was to bury the skulls, hands, and feet of eighty different persons who had been sacrificed at a cannibal feast. He lived to see the very people who had taken part in that atrocity gather about the Lord's table, celebrating his death. In 1885 there were 1,300 churches in the Fiji group alone, and out of a population of 110,000, 104,000 were habitual attendants at places of worship. When Dr. Geddie landed in Aneityum in 1848, there were no Christians; when he left in 1872, there were no heathens. Take the twenty-two years of John Williams, from 1817 to 1839, when he fell as a martyr at Erromanga. Hear him, when he wrote in 1834, five years before his death, that the Gospel had been carried over a radius of two thousand miles in every direction from the island of Tahiti, and not only had every considerable group of islands been evangelized, but every considerable island in the groups, and the people had turned from idols and brought them to the missionaries, while the balustrades of pulpits were composed of the spears that had been used in their former warfare, and Ore, the great war-god, was used as a wooden prop to sustain the roofs of the out-houses.

THE RESULTS OF TRANSLATION

A GERMAN missionary in St. Petersburg was engaged in translating the New Testament into the language of the Tartar tribes on the Chinese border. His acquaintance with the language being small, the work made slow progress. At last he heard that some Tartar chiefs were in St. Petersburg studying the Russian language and the civilization of the capital. He succeeded in persuading them to help him in translating. As they went on with their work, they often asked the missionary questions about Jesus the Saviour, and the truths which he taught. When the translation was finished the two chiefs seemed unwilling to leave the missionary. "Have you any questions to ask, my friends?" said the missionary. "None," was the answer; "but we wish to tell you that we are converted to the religion of that book," pointing to the New Testament. "We have lived in ignorance, and been led by blind guides. We have read those books which tell us about the religion of our country, but the more we read them the less we understand them, and the more empty our hearts remained. But in reading what that book tells us about Jesus, it is very different. The more we read the words of Jesus the better we understand them. It seems as if he himself were talking to us. Now we know how to get our sins pardoned."

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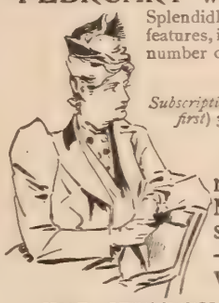

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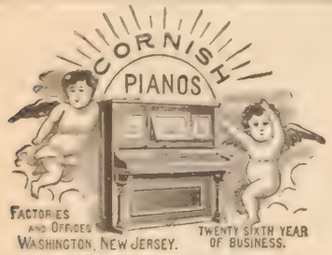

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REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 11, 1893.

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"THE TRAVELERS' CLUB."

A Unique Feature of the Christian Work of the Eighth Avenue Mission, New York—Idle and Homeless Men Fed, Sheltered and Helped to Better Lives.

ONE of the most novel features of Christian work that has ever been undertaken in this country is that in connection with "The Travelers' Club," which was organized only a few months ago by the veteran preacher and philanthropist, Rev. Stephen Merritt, founder of the Eighth Avenue Mission, New York. Mr. Merritt, who has already devoted the greater part of a lifetime to works of charity and helpfulness, and who is widely known and loved throughout the Union, was deeply impressed by the wretchedness of the great army of the homeless unemployed in the metropolis, and cast about to find new ways of aiding them. The result was the Travelers' Club, whose members he unfailingly greets every morning before 6 o'clock, and to whom he talks with a view to their spiritual and material encouragement, while they eat the welcome breakfast of steaming coffee and bread. In these talks, Mr. Merritt is in his brightest vein; indeed, he strives to help the members of the Club to begin the day cheerfully and to carry with them, in their wanderings around the city, a pleasant recollection of the shelter and hospitality there afforded. It is needless to explain that the membership of the Travelers' Club is composed of the very poorest, lowest and most wretched of unfortunates—men who have drank misery's cup to the dregs and who have almost lost all hope in life. To this class the helping hand extended by the Club, the warm nutritious food, the comfortable rooms, and above all, the kind words of welcome and God-speed, come like a benison from heaven itself. In its founder they recognize their good angel, sent to point them back to paths of purity and happiness and to relieve their immediate distresses. In the article below, Rev. Mr. Merritt himself tells the story of this remarkable Club, with a simple directness and freedom from ostentation that will arouse a responsive feeling in every true Christian heart.

***

HOW THE TRAVELERS' CLUB WAS FORMED.

BY STEPHEN MERRITT.

THERE was no other time that I could possibly give to the work of the Eighth Avenue Mission connectedly except, between the hours of 5 and 7 A. M., all my other time being fully occupied. So, at the beginning of the cool weather this year, without any notice being given, I commenced to preach at 6 o'clock mornings and at the same time to give coffee and bread to the homeless wanderers who gathered in the Mission Hall to listen. Before the week was out, the place was crowded and we formed ourselves into a Travelers' Club. No name could be more appropriate in view of the fact that almost all who came there were unemployed and without food or shelter.

This Club is comprised of men of all nationalities, creeds, colors; homeless, friendless, penniless; who meet together every morning to breakfast with each other, to pray, to read God's Word, and to talk over matters pertaining to the life that now is and that which is to come. We have perfect order, unselfish decorum; everyone esteeming the other better than himself, and all pleasant and harmonious. We have plenty of good, fragrant coffee and wholesome bread, and two days in the week, meat, all of the very best.

Where there is so much good feeling and pleasant brotherliness, it might naturally be expected that the members of the Traveler's Club would feel like raising their voices in a joyful hymn; but we are not permitted to sing. That would be breaking the law, and we live in constant fear that the police will make a raid on us and scatter our beloved Club: for where thousands of tramps gather in one neighborhood in the early hours of the morning, most people would regard it as a menace and a nuisance. The members of our Club are continually being scattered, by securing employment and returning to their friends. The work of salvation is going on unceasingly, among us, not obtrusively, but silently and sweetly. We are not on exhibition, and as our hours are rather unseemly, we are left very much to ourselves.

REV. STEPHEN MERRITT.
FOUNDER OF THE EIGHTH AVENUE MISSION AND "THE TRAVELERS' CLUB."

Our club-room has every convenience—closets, bath, kitchen, meeting-room and dining-room; well lighted, well warmed, well ventilated. There is no club-room in New York more homelike than ours. Everything is cheerful; there is no cant, no sanctimoniousness, no hypocrisy. Every man is esteemed as a man, and no one is coarsely spoken to, or allowed to have his feelings hurt. This tender respect for others is characteristic of every member of our Club.

There is no written law for the government of the Travelers' Club, but we have usages that amount to law, one being that no member is expected to wash before breakfast, and another that all treating should cease, and still another that a helping hand should be given to any one in distress. The great unwritten law of the Club, however, is that we should pray for and love one another.

There is no president of the Club; Stephen Merritt is the caterer, and all the waiters and cooks and, even the *chef* himself, are members of the Travelers' Club. We do not stand on the formalities that are usually found in other clubs, and everyone is invited to sleep at any time he pleases during club hours, and to retire whenever he wishes to do so.

Many of the members of the Club are well-read men; not a few are college graduates, and quite a number are able to read the Word of God in the original tongue. The intellectuality of the Travelers' Club will measure up with that of any club in New York. There has never been any unpleasantness through inebriety, and not a member of the Club has ever been brought up on charges, or expelled from membership. A mellowness of feeling runs through all the Club's sessions, and real, pure, sweet and undefiled religion has the right of way. The men see things in a new light. They are rising out of bondage to light and liberty and joy. It is, indeed, a unique gathering. None say: "I am holier than thou;" but fifty, of a morning, will rise and say: "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" The presence of Him who had not where to lay his head, and who had to perform a miracle to pay his taxes, is continually among us, to cheer and comfort and strengthen. Much good of marked permanency has been the result of the first forty day's experience of the Club.

It takes from $15 to $20 a day to supply the commissariat of the Travelers' Club. It is a plain but substantial and satisfactory commissariat, and the members learn to like it and to rejoice and be content, even without the use of wine and tobacco. On this line we compare favorably with our sister clubs on the other avenues. If our members come here with a headache or a heartache, they go away without either; while the members of the other clubs carry with them hearts that throb with anxiety, and shame, and pain. The tendency of the Travelers' Club is uplifting, whatever may be the tendency of other clubs.

Our Club is not without its patronage, and among the godly men who frequently give it the light of their presence and countenance are Anderson Fowler, Richard Grant and Dr. Lowry. They preach and teach and give liberally and continuously. As compared with the churches, the work of the Club in the salvation of its members is in the ratio of ten to one in its favor, and the permanency of the spiritual change in those it brings into the fold, compared with those who unite with the church, is at least equal.

This is not Travelers' Club Number One: it is *The* Travelers' Club, the "Tramps' Paradise." But there is room for a hundred like it in New York, and for dozens in every other city in the Union. There are 75,000 homeless men who walk the streets every night, subject to the club of the policeman, and all they want—for they are our brothers and fellow-citizens—is a kind word of cheer, a gentle look of affection, a bite of something to eat and a mouthful to drink.

Oh, the good we all can do,
As the days are going by!

The day is passing when men will gather and leave their millions without accomplishing any good for the bodies or souls of their fellowmen, and the great question among the successful men to-day is: "How can I best employ my money for the glory of God and the good of mankind?" There is an increasing interest and

(*Continued on page 26.*)

The Tabernacle Pulpit

GOD AMONG THE BIRDS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon on "The Ornithology of the Bible, or God among the Birds." Text: Matthew 6:26: *"Behold the fowls of the air."*

THERE is silence now in all our January forests, except as the winds whistle through the bare branches. Our Northern woods are deserted concert-halls. The organ-lofts in the temple of nature are hymnless. Trees which were full of carol and chirp and chant are now waiting for the coming back of rich plumes and warbling voices, solos, duets, quartets, cantatas, and Te Deums. But the Bible is full of birds at all seasons, and prophets and patriarchs and apostles and evangelists and Christ himself employ them for moral and religious purposes. My text is an extract from the Sermon on the Mount, and perhaps it was at a moment when a flock of birds flew past that Christ waved his hand toward them, and said: "Behold the fowls of the air." And so, in this course of sermons on God Everywhere, I preach to you this third sermon concerning the Ornithology of the Bible, or God among the Birds.

Most of the other sciences you may study or not study as you please. Use your own judgment, exercise your own taste. But about this science of ornithology we have no option. The divine command is positive when it says in my text, "Behold the fowls of the air!" That is, study their habits. Examine their colors. Notice their speed. See the hand of God in their construction. It is easy for me to obey the command of the text for I was brought up among this race of wings and from boyhood heard their matins at sunrise, and their vespers at sunset. Their nests have been to me a fascination, and my satisfaction is that I never robbed one of them, any more than I would steal a child from a cradle, for a bird is a child of the sky, and its nest is the cradle. They are almost human for they have their loves and hates, affinities, and antipathies, understand joy and grief, have conjugal and maternal instinct, wage wars, and entertain jealousies, have a language of their own, and powers of association. Thank God for birds and skies full of them. It is useless to expect to understand the Bible unless we study natural history. Five hundred and ninety-three times does the Bible allude to the facts of natural history, and I do not wonder that it makes so many allusions ornithological. The skies and the caverns of Palestine are friendly to the winged creatures, and so many fly, and roost, and nest and hatch in that region that inspired writers do not have far to go to get ornithological illustration of divine truth. There are over forty species of birds recognized in the Scriptures. Oh, what a variety of wings in Palestine! The dove, the robin, the eagle, the cormorant, or plunging bird, hurling itself from sky to wave and with long beak clutching its prey, the thrush which especially dislikes a crowd, the partridge, the hawk, bold and ruthless, hovering head to windward, while watching for prey, the swan, at home among the marshes and with feet so constructed it can walk on the leaves of water plants, the raven, the lapwing, malodorous and in the Bible denounced as inedible, though it has extraordinary headdress, the stork, the ossifrage, that always had a habit of dropping on a stone the turtle it had lifted and so killing it for food, and on one occasion mistook the bald head of Æschylus, the Greek poet, for a white stone and dropped a turtle upon it, killing the famous Greek, the cuckoo, with crested head and crimson throat and wings snow-tipped, but too lazy to build its own nest and so having the habit of depositing its eggs in nests belonging to other birds, the blue jay, the grouse, the plover, the magpie, the kingfisher, the pelican, which is the caricature of all the feathered creation, the owl, the goldfinch, the bittern, the harrier, the bulbul, the osprey, the vulture, that king of scavengers, with neck covered with repulsive down instead of attractive feathers, the quarrelsome starling, the swallow flying a mile a minute, and sometimes ten hours in succession, the heron, the quail, the peacock, the ostrich, the lark, the crow, the kite, the bat, the blackbird and many others with all colors, all sounds, all styles of flight, all habits, all architecture of nests, leaving nothing wanting in suggestiveness. They were at the creation placed all around on the rocks and in the trees and on the ground to serenade Adam's arrival. They took their places on Friday as the first man was made on Saturday. Whatever else he had or did not have, he should have music. The first sound that struck the human ear was a bird's voice.

Yea, Christian geology (for you know there is a Christian geology as well as an infidel geology), Christian geology comes in and helps the Bible show what we owe to the bird creation. Before the human race came into this world, the world was occupied by reptiles, and by all styles of destructive monsters, millions of creatures loathesome and hideous. God sent huge birds to clear the earth of these creatures before Adam and Eve were created. The remains of these birds have been found imbedded in the rocks. The skeleton of one eagle has been found twenty feet in height, and fifty feet from tip of wing to tip of wing. Many armies of beaks and claws were necessary to clear the earth of creatures that would have destroyed the human race with one clip. I like to find this harmony of revelation and science, and to have demonstrated that the God who made the world made the Bible.

Moses, the greatest lawyer of all time and a great man for facts, had enough sentiment and poetry and musical taste to welcome the illumined wings and the voices divinely drilled into the first chapter of Genesis. How should Noah, the old ship carpenter, six hundred years of age, find out when the world was fit again for human residence after the universal freshet? A bird will tell and nothing else can. No man can come down from the mountain to invite Noah and his family out to terra firma, for the mountains were submerged. As a bird first heralded the human race into the world, now a bird will help the human race back to the world that had shipped a sea that whelmed everything. Noah stands on Sunday morning at the window of the Ark, in his hand a cooing dove, so gentle, so innocent, so affectionate, and he said: "Now, my little dove, fly away over these waters, explore, and come back and tell us whether it is safe to land." After a long flight it returned hungry and weary and wet, and by its looks and manners said to Noah and his family: "The world is not fit for you to disembark." Noah waited a week, and next Sunday morning he let the dove fly again for a second exploration, and Sunday evening it came back with a leaf that had the sign of just having been plucked from a living fruit tree, and the bird reported the world would do tolerably well for a bird to live in, but not yet sufficiently recovered for human residence. Noah waited another week, and next Sunday morning he sent out the dove on the third exploration, but it returned not, for it found the world so attractive now it did not want to be caged again, and then the emigrants from the ante-diluvian world landed. It was a bird that told them when to take possession of the resuscitated planet. So the human race were saved by a bird's wing: for attempting to land too soon, they would have perished.

Aye, here come a whole flock of doves—rock-doves, ring-doves, stock-doves—and they make Isaiah think of great revivals and great awakenings when souls fly for shelter like a flock of pigeons swooping to the openings of a pigeon coop, and he cries out: "Who are these that fly as doves to their windows?" David, with Saul after him, and flying from cavern to cavern, compares himself to a desert partridge, a bird which especially haunts rocky places, and boys and hunters to this day take after it with sticks, for the partridge runs rather than flies. David, chased and clubbed and harried of pursuers, says: "I am hunted as a partridge on the mountains." Speaking of his forlorn condition, he says: "I am like a pelican of the wilderness." Describing his loneliness, he says: "I am a swallow alone on a housetop." Hezekiah, in the emaciation of his sickness, compares himself to a crane, thin and wasted. Job had so much trouble he could not sleep nights, and he describes his insomnia by saying: "I am a companion to owls." Isaiah compares the desolations of banished Israel to an owl and bittern and cormorant among a city's ruins. Jeremiah describing the cruelty of parents toward children, compares them to the ostrich, who leaves its eggs in the sand uncared for, crying: "The daughter of my people is become like the ostriches of the wilderness." Among the provisions piled on Solomon's bountiful table, the Bible speaks of "fatted fowl." The Israelites in the desert got tired of manna and they had quails—quails for breakfast, quails for dinner, quails for supper, and they died of quails. The Bible refers to the migratory habits of the birds, and says: "The stork knoweth her appointed time and the turtle and the crane and the swallow the time of their going, but my people know not the judgments of the Lord." Would the prophet illustrate the fate of fraud, he points to a failure at incubation, and says: "As a partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them not, so he that getteth riches and not by right shall leave them in the midst of his days and at his end shall be a fool." The partridge, the most careless of all birds in choice of its place of nest, building it on the ground and often near a frequented road, or in a slight depression of ground, without reference to safety, and soon a hoof or a scythe or a cartwheel ends all. So says the prophet, a man who gathers under him dishonest dollars will hatch out of them no peace, no satisfaction, no happiness, no security. What vivid similitude! The quickest way to amass a fortune is by iniquity, but the trouble is about keeping it. Every hour of every day some such partridge is driven off the nest. Panics are only a flutter of partridges. It is too tedious work to become rich in the old-fashioned way, and if a man can by one lie school make as much as by ten years of hard labor, why not tell it, and if one counterfeit check will bring the dollars as easily as a genuine issue, why not make it? One year's fraud will be equal to a half a lifetime's sweat. Why not live solely by one's wits? A fortune thus built will be firm and everlasting. Will it? Ha! build your house on a volcano's crater; go to sleep on the bosom of an avalanche. The volcano will blaze and the avalanche will thunder. There are estates which have been coming together from age to age. Many years ago that estate started in a husband's industry and a wife's economy. It grew from generation to generation by good habits and high-minded enterprise. Old-fashioned industry was the mine from which that gold was dug, and God will keep the deeds of such an estate in his buckler. Foreclose your mortgage, spring your snap judgments, plot with acutest intrigue against a family property like that, and you cannot do it a permanent damage. Better than warantee deed, and better than fire insurance is the defence which God's own hand will give it.

But here is a man, to-day as poor as Job, after he was robbed by Satan of everything but his boils; yet, suddenly, to-morrow he is a rich man. There is no accounting for his sudden affluence. He has not yet failed often enough to become wealthy. No one pretends to account for his princely wardrobe, or the chased silver, or the full-curbed steeds that rear and neigh like Bucephalus in the grasp of his coachman. Did he come to a sudden inheritance? No. Did he make a fortune on purchase and sale? No. Everybody asks where did that partridge hatch? The devil suddenly threw him up and the devil will suddenly let him come down. That hidden scheme God saw from the first conception of the plot. That partridge, swift disaster will shoot it down, and the higher it flies the harder it falls. The prophet saw, as you and I have often seen, the awful mistake of partridges.

But from the top of a Bible fir tree I hear the shrill cry of the stork. Job, Ezekiel, Jeremiah speak of it. David cries out: "As for the stork, the fir tree is her house." This large white Bible bird is supposed without alighting sometimes to wing its way from the region of the Rhine to Africa. As winter comes all the storks fly to warmer climes, and the last one of their number that arrives at the spot to which they migrate is killed by them. What havoc it would make in our species if those men were killed who are always behind. In oriental cities, the stork is domesticated and walks about on the street, and will follow its keeper. In the city of Ephesus I saw a long row of pillars, on the top of each pillar a stork's nest. But the word "stork" ordinarily means mercy and affection, from the fact that this bird was distinguished for its great love to its parents. It never forsakes them, and even after they become feeble, protects and provides for them. In migrating, the old storks lean their necks on the young storks, and when the old ones give out, the young ones carry them on their back. God forbid that a dumb stork should have more heart than we. Blessed is that table at which an old father and mother sit. Blessed that altar at which an old father and mother kneel. What it is to have a mother they know best who have lost her. God only knows the agony she suffered for us, the times she wept over our cradle and the anxious sighs her bosom heaved as we lay upon it, the sick nights when she watched us long after everyone was tired out but God and herself. Her life blood beats in our heart and her image lives in our face. That man is graceless as a cannibal who ill-treats his parents, and he who begrudges them daily bread and clothes them but shabbily, may God have patience with him; I cannot. I heard a man once say:

"I now have my old mother on my hands." Ye storks on your way with food to your aged parents, shame him!

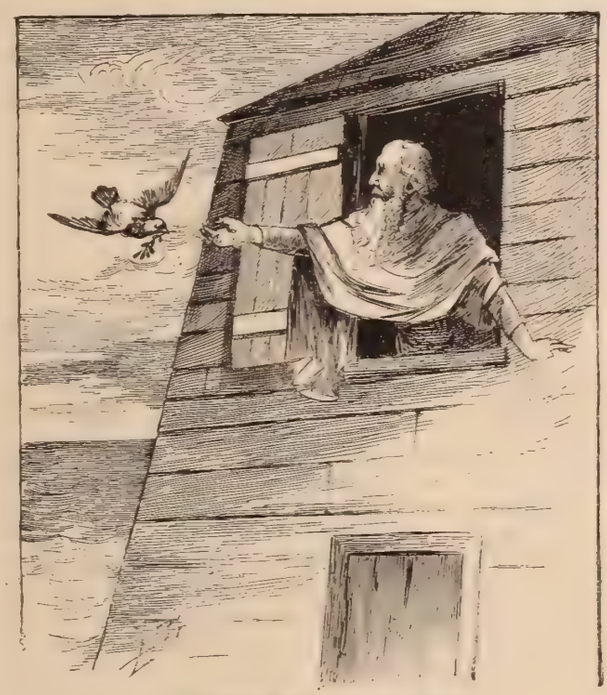
But yonder in this Bible sky flies a bird that is speckled. The prophet describing the church cries out: "Mine heritage is unto me as a speckled bird, the birds round about are against her." So it was then; so it is now. Holiness picked at. Consecration picked at. Benevolence picked at. Usefulness picked at. A speckled bird is a peculiar bird, and that arouses the antipathy of all the beaks of the forest. The Church of God is a peculiar institution, and that is enough to evoke attack of the world, for it is a speckled bird to be picked at. The inconsistencies of Christians are a banquet on which multitudes get fat. They ascribe everything you do to wrong motives. Put a dollar in the poor box, and they will say that he dropped it there only that he might hear it ring. Invite them to Christ and they will call you a fanatic. Let there be contention among Christians, and they will say "Hurrah! the church is in decadence." Christ intended that his church should always remain a speckled bird. Let birds of another feather pick at her, but they cannot rob her of a single plume. Like the albatross she can sleep on the bosom of a tempest. She has gone through the fires of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace and not got burned, through the waters of the Red Sea and not been drowned, through the shipwreck on the breakers of Melita and not been foundered. Let all earth and hell try to hunt down this speckled bird, but far above human scorn and infernal assault, it shall sing over every mountain-top and fly over every nation, and her triumphant song shall be, "The Church of God! The pillar and ground of the truth. The gates of hell shall not prevail against her."

But we cannot stop here. From a tall cliff, hanging over the sea, I hear the eagle calling unto the tempest and lifting its wing to smite the whirlwind. Moses, Jeremiah, Hosea and Habakkuk, at times in their writings take their pen from the eagle's wing. It is a bird with fierceness in its eye, its feet armed with claws of iron, and its head with a dreadful beak. Two or three of them can fill the heavens with clangor. But generally this monster of the air is alone and unaccompanied, for the reason that its habits are so predaceous it requires five or ten miles of aerial or earthly dominion all for itself. The black-brown of its back, and the white of its lower feathers, and the fire of its eye, and the long flap of its wing make one glimpse of it as it swings down into the valley to pick up a rabbit or a lamb or a child and then swings back to its throne on the rock, something never to be forgotten. Scattered about its eyrie of altitudinous solitude are the bones of its conquests. But while the beak and the claws of the eagle are the terror of all the travelers of the air, the mother eagle is most kind and gentle to her young. God compares his treatment of his people to the eagle's care of the eaglets. Deuteronomy 32 : 11 : "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreading abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings, so the Lord alone did lead." The old eagle first shoves the young one out of the nest in order to make it fly, and then takes it on her back and flies with it, and shakes it off in the air, and if it seems like falling, quickly flies under it and takes it on her wing again. So God does with us. Disaster, failure in business, disappointment, bereavement, is only God's way of shaking us out of our comfortable nest in order that we may learn how to fly. You who are complaining that you have no faith or courage or Christian zeal, have had it too easy. You never will learn to fly in that comfortable nest. Like an eagle, Christ has carried us on his back. At times we have been shaken off, and when we were about to fall, he came under us again and brought us out of the gloomy valley to the sunny mountain. Never an eagle brooded with such love and care over her young as God's wings have been over us. Across what oceans of trouble we have gone in safety upon the Almighty wings. From what mountains of sin we have been carried and at times have been borne up far above the gunshot of the world and the arrow of the devil. When our time on earth is closed, on these great wings of God, we shall speed with infinite quickness from earth's mountains to heaven's hills, and as from the eagle's circuit under the sun, men on the ground seem small and insignificant as lizards on a rock, so all earthly things shall dwindle into a speck and the raging river of death so far beneath will seem smooth and glassy as a Swiss lake.

It was thought in ancient times that an eagle could not only moult his feathers in old age, but that after arriving to great age, it would renew its strength and become entirely young again. To this Isaiah alludes, when he says: "They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings of eagles." Even so the Christian in old age will renew his spiritual strength. He shall be young in ardor and enthusiasm for Christ, and as the body fails the soul will grow in elasticity, till at death it will spring up like a gladdened child into the bosom of God. Yea, in this ornithological study, I see that Job says: "His days fly as an eagle that hasteth to its prey." The speed of a hungry eagle when it saw its prey a score of miles distant was unimaginable. It went like a thunderbolt for speed and power. So fly our days. Sixty minutes, each worth a heaven, since we assembled in this place, have shot like lightning into eternity. The old earth is rent and cracked under the swift rush of days and months and years and ages. "Swift as an eagle that hasteth to its prey." Behold the fowls of the air. Have you considered that they have as you and I have not the power to change their eyes so that one minute they may be telescopic and the next miroscopic. Now seeing something a mile away, and by telescopic eyesight, and then dropping to its food on the ground, able to see it close by, and with microscopic eyesight.

But what a senseless passage of Scripture that is, until you know the fact, which says "The sparrow hath found a house and the swallow a rest for herself where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts my King and my God." What has the swallow to do with the altars of the temple at Jerusalem? Ah! you know that swallows are all the world over very tame, and in summer time they used to fly into the windows and doors of the temple at Jerusalem, and build a nest on the altar where the priests were offering sacrifices. These swallows brought leaves and sticks and fashioned nests on the altars of the temple, and hatched the young sparrows in those nests, and David had seen the young birds picking their way out of the shell while the old swallows watched, and no one in the temple was cruel enough to disturb either the old swallows, or the young swallows, and David bursts out in rhapsody saying: "The swallow hath found a nest for herself where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God!"

Yes, in this ornithology of the Bible I find that God is determined to impress upon us the architecture of a bird's-nest and the anatomy of a bird's-wing. Twenty times does the Bible refer to a bird's-nest: "Where the birds make their nest." "As a bird that wandereth from her nest." "Though thou set thy nest among the stars." "The birds of the air have their nests," and so on. Nests in the trees, nests on the rocks, nests on the altars. Why does God call us so frequently to consider the bird's nest? Because it is one of the most wondrous of all styles of architecture, and a lesson of Providential care which is the most important lesson that Christ in my text conveys. Why, just look at the bird's nest, and see what is the prospect that God is going to take care of you. Here is the blue-bird's nest under the eaves of the house. Here is the brown-thrasher's nest in a bush. Here is the blue-jay's nest in the orchard. Here is the gross-beak's nest on a tree-branch hanging over the water, so as to be free from attack. Chickadee's nest in the stump of an old tree. Oh, the goodness of God in showing the birds how to build their nest. What carpenters, what masons, what weavers, what spinners the birds are! Out of what small resources they make what an exquisite home, curved, pillared, wreathed. Out of mosses, out of sticks, out of lichens, out of horsehair, out of spiders' web, out of threads swept from the door by the housewife, out of the wool of the sheep in the pasture field. Upholstered by leaves actually sewed together by its own sharp bill. Cushioned with feathers from its own breast. Mortared together with the gum of trees and the saliva of its own tiny bill. Such symmetry, such adaptation, such convenience, such geometry of structure.



THE RETURN OF THE DOVE TO THE ARK.

Surely these nests were built by some plan. They did not just happen so. Who draughted the plan for the bird's nest? God! And do you not think that if he plans such a house for a chaffinch, for an oriole, for a bobolink, for a sparrow, he will see to it that you always have a home? "Ye are of more value than many sparrows." Whatever else surrounds you, you can have what the Bible calls "the feathers of the Almighty." Just think of a nest like that, the warmth of it, the softness of it, the safety of it—"the feathers of the Almighty." No flamingo outflashing the tropical sunset, ever had such brilliancy of pinion: no robin red-breast ever had plumage dashed with such crimson, and purple and orange and gold—"the feathers of the Almighty." Do you not feel the touch of them now on forehead and cheek, and spirit, and was there ever such tenderness of brooding—"the feathers of the Almighty." So also in this ornithology of the Bible God keeps impressing us with the anatomy of a bird's wing. Over fifty times does the old Book allude to the wing, "Wings of a dove," "Wings of the morning," "Wings of the wind," "Sun of righteousness with healing in his wings," "Wings of the Almighty," "All fowl of every wing." What does it all mean? It suggests uplifting. It tells you of flight upward. It means to remind you that you, yourself, have wings. David cried out, "Oh that I had wings like a dove that I might fly away and be at rest." Thank God that you have better wings than any dove of longest or swiftest flight. Caged now in bars of flesh are those wings, but the day comes when they will be liberated. Get ready for ascension. Take the words of the old hymn, and to the tune unto which that hymn is married, sing:

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wing,
Thy better portion trace.

Up out of these lowlands into the heavens of higher experience, and wider prospect. But how shall we rise? Only as God's Holy Spirit gives us strength. But that is coming now. Not as a condor from a Chimborazo peak, swooping upon the affrighted valley, but as a dove like that which put its soft brown wings over the wet locks of Christ at the baptism in the Jordan. Dove of gentleness! Dove of peace!

Come Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love
And that shall kindle ours.

A CONVERTED FAKIR.

IN a letter from Hoshyarpore, India, to the *Church at Home and Abroad*, the Rev. K. C. Chatterjee, a native Presbyterian evangelist, says: "Inquirers have daily come to me for instruction and advice. One of these named Ramgir, I baptized. He was a Rajput Hindu and left his home and family twelve years ago and became a Fakir in quest of peace and true happiness. For these he vainly sought in the ascetic practices of the country. He was at last persuaded to look for them in Christianity and visited me for this purpose. After reading one of the Gospels his mind was satisfied and he found that peace which Jesus alone can give and which the world can neither give nor take away. He looks happy and continues to study the Word of God."

"IT IS I."

WILD winds of Galilee
Sweep o'er the restless sea
Responsive to the gale;
Wild wave of the deep sea
Toss each quiv'ring sail.

Dark night in angry sky;
And frightened clouds flit by,
Pursued by furious storm;
And Death is hovering nigh
In grim and shadowy form.

But lo! a strange scene thrills
The dark lake of the hills:
A wondrous footstep braves,
A Voice of power stills,
The rage of winds and waves

To many a bitter cry
Of fear and agony,
Amid the storms of life,
He answers, "It is I,"
And stills the awful strife.

Wonderful rest and calm
When Jesus pours the balm
Of peace into the soul:
Love sings her noblest psalm,
And finds her highest goal.

Buena Vista, Va. —B. C. MOONAW.

JOSHUA, THE HIGH PRIEST.

S. S. Lesson for Jan. 22, 1893. Zechariah 3. Golden Text, Heb. 4: 14. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE working of the Holy Spirit by his chosen instruments in the Old Testament dispensation was as diverse as the gifts of the Spirit to his people in the New Testament. "There are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. And there are differences of "ministries" (marg.), but the same Lord. And there are diversities of operations ("workings," R. V.), but it is the same God which worketh all in all." The prophets Haggai and Zechariah were very dissimilar and Joshua or Jeshua, the son of Jozadak the high priest was again unlike the two prophets. Each had his several ministry, and each was a helper to the other in

The All Absorbing Work

of reinstating the worship of, and witness to, their God in Jerusalem. Joshua and his fellows were equally "men wondered at" (or "men which are a sign," R.V.), just as Isaiah and his children were for signs and wonders (Isa. 8 : 18), and Ezekiel was "a sign" (Ezek. 4:3; 24:24, 27). The Old Dispensation was always foreshadowing the New, every sacrifice, every miracle, all the making of the tabernacle and building of the Temple, and all the Psalms of David also, pictured or sounded out the coming Messiah. And thus the rebuilding of the temple could not but point over to and prefigure the "spiritual house" built of living stones (1. Peter 2 : 5), Christ's inheritance in his saints. Like Enoch, Zechariah foresaw the coming of the Lord, he had more opportunity than Enoch to study the Scriptures, while Enoch's walk with God gave him the advantage of getting at the Lord's mind before the Scriptures were written. Doubtless Zechariah was one of those of whom it is written: "Of which salvation the prophets have inquired and searched diligently, who prophesied of the grace that should come unto you; searching what, or what manner of time the Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify, when he testified beforehand of the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follows."

Pastor Stockmayer remarks, "What a shame and reproach it is to us, on whom the ends of the world are come that these old prophets should have been so diligent in Scripture study, searching the Scriptures,

Not for Themselves, but for us

while many, even converted people in the present day, do not know the Scriptures which concern the Lord's coming as well as these saints of old knew them, who had only half our Bible." Daniel and Zechariah, more than any other Old Testament prophets saw the coming of the Lord, of course, very specially, in relation to their own people, the Jews: Do we see the coming of our Lord in his call to his Bride the Church, the subject of which the angels desire to look into?

Joshua the high priest, was an intimate friend of the prophet Zechariah. But a man who is full of the Spirit of God, sees all men and all things in the light of God, and in his friend and companion the high priesthood of [illegible] anointed and prophetic eye of the man of God. God was revealing his secrets to his [illegible]nt the prophet through an angel which talked to him. O how few there are whom [illegible]n! Even Paul was in danger of [illegible]ved by them. (II. Cor. 12: 7.) This [illegible] priest, standing before the angel of the Lord, and Satan standing at his right hand to resist him (or to be his adversary.) Heaven and hell, the powers of light and the powers of darkness, were being opened to the prophet's eye. He no longer saw the children of Israel and their enemies in conflict, the battle ground had changed, it was a warfare in the invisible world, and also another High Priest than Joshua stood before him in his vision. How [illegible] Priesthood of Christ, it is difficult to say. Perhaps only gleams of light broke through upon his mind of Christ's priesthood after the order of Melchisidek, an unchangeable priesthood, "not after the law of a carnal commandment, but after the power of an endless life." (Heb. 7:15,16.)

Zechariah was still; the angel had commanded: "Be silent, O all flesh, before the Lord; for he is raised up out of his holy habitation;" and he could hear the "still small voice" saying: "The Lord rebuke thee O Satan; even the Lord that hath chosen Jerusalem rebuke thee: is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" "Now Joshua was

Clothed With Filthy Garments,

and stood before the angel." What can this mean? The sacramental garments of Aaron were of the purest white linen, his very girdle was to be of white linen, or he could not minister within the veil, he must be without blemish, and his garments without spot. Unless the heart of Zechariah had been very fully fixed to listen to the Lord, unless his mind had been fully open to receive all he would say to him, his Jewish prejudices would have got the better of him, and he would have refused to recognize the high priest under the filthy garments. But God was leading his attentive prophet within the veil, to see in the coming Messiah One on whom should be laid the iniquity of us all. Up to this time, Zechariah, in common with all others save the high priest, had been excluded from the holy of holies, none but the high priest might enter there, and he himself might not enter without blood, because of sin. But the filthy garments? Could a Jew understand how Christ should redeem us from the curse of the law, "being made a curse for us?" Could he see that the filthy garments were the taking upon him of a character which he knew not,

"Made Sin For Us,"

that he clad himself with the ruined character and lost reputation of sinful man that in that character he might bear our sins in his own body on the tree. O what a revelation of grace to this man of God! What should Satan the accuser say? "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Yes; he did die, the just for the unjust, bearing the filthy garments in Gethsemane, and upon the Cross, until his Father's face was hidden. But as he stood before the court from which there is no appeal, the command went forth: "Take away the filthy garments from him." He is "a Priest forever after the order of Melchisidek," let him have his priestly garments. But how? "I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee, and I will clothe thee with change of raiment."

Only the Most High could speak thus. In this vision, the prophet did not yet see the death of Christ. Later on, he saw glimpses of a suffering Messiah, the lowliness of Christ's entrance into Jerusalem, riding upon the ass (Zech. 9: 9, 10), sold for thirty pieces of silver (11: 12, 13), the Messiah as one "whom they have pierced" (12: 10), and afterwards he sees "a fountain open for sin and uncleanness" (Zech. 13:1), and the sword of Jehovah awaking against his Shepherd, the Man who is his Fellow. (13: 7.) And the reign of Christ, his second coming, was the consummation of all things to this Old Testament man, whose long sight penetrated the new Covenant. He sees Jerusalem answering God's thought regarding her, "city of truth, a holy mountain," because God dwells in the midst of her, and God's ancient people no longer a curse, but a blessing (Zech. 8: 1–3, 13), the dominion of Christ universal (9: 10), and in the later chapters he sees the coming troubles of Israel, and the ultimate glory under the headship of the Lord Jesus, their Messiah.

Turning back to chapter three, we see how in all things God deals with his people in the High Priest The angel of the Lord protested with Joshua, saying: "Thus saith the Lord of hosts: If thou wilt walk in my ways, and if thou wilt keep my charge, then thou also shalt judge my house, and shalt also keep my courts, and I will give thee places to walk among these that stand by." O how many an one who has been brought to know Christ as his Saviour has felt: My life is impossible, I know I ought to be different, but there is no probability, I cannot go against all my family, I cannot run the risk of injuring my business, I cannot go counter to all the customs of society; there seems no place to walk, if I would follow Jesus truly. If you are in this difficulty, know that provision is made for you. "Places to walk" are guaranteed to your High Priest and Shepherd, and wherever he can tread, it is broad enough for you to tread with him, only be firm in taking no single step which he could not tread, only "walk in his ways," and he will make the most impossible things possible. Our glorious High Priest is at the right hand of God, ever living to make intercession for us. He has a will about every detail of our lives. It is his glory to extricate us in difficult moments. Trials are the greatest gains to us, because they are such opportunities for his intervention. Joshua, the earthly high priest, needed this assurance for himself, that he might walk in wisdom in the rebuilt temple, and reorganize aright the worship of Jehovah. We who are looking for the coming of the Lord, have the greatest need to have every step shown us and guaranteed by our Lord, because we are of the kingdom which is not of this world. Every step we take in following our Lord is in a current just the reverse of the world around us, we have nothin common with those among whom we live as "strangers and pilgrims." (1. Pet. 2: 11.)

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

THIS chapter so enigmatical and unmeaning to us was full of instruction to the people who first listened to it. Imagine their circumstances. They had been exiles in the magnificent city of Babylon. Most of them had been born there and knew nothing of Palestine, but from the reports of their fathers who had told them of its fertility and the glories of its capital. They return when the king gives them permission. They find everywhere heaps of ruins. They begin to build the temple, but the work is vast; they are few and unskilled. Around them are the heathen mocking them. There are difficulties with the government, and they grow discouraged, discontinue the work and go back to their places and build their own houses. They are disappointed in their harvests year after year. Troubles of all kinds come upon them, and they wonder why God brought them back and then apparently deserted them. Perhaps he is not pleased at their leaving off building his temple. After fifteen years they resume the work. But it is weary and discouraging labor. Haggai encouraged them as we saw in last week's lesson. After they had worked a month Zechariah, a younger man than Haggai, but a prophet like him, comes to see them at their work. He tells them that he has had a series of visions. Then it seems God has not forgotten them, and they listen eagerly. He tells them that in his dream he saw their high-priest standing before the angel. Satan was also there resisting him. It is like a prisoner, dirty and ragged in one of our police-courts, with a clever lawyer there prosecuting him. It looks as if it would go hard with the accused, but the prophet sees God looking kindly on him, recalling that this was a brand he had plucked out of the fire, and clothing and purifying this representative of the people, and giving him cheering messages of what should be done for them if they would quit their sins and walk in his way, and the promise of the branch, that stem out of Jesse's rod which is Jesus Christ.

He showed me Joshua. The name of Joshua, means the Lord, the Saviour. To show the world Jesus is to show the way to peace and happiness. The Scriptures are full of him. He is represented there in many forms according to the offices he fills, saving, cleansing, loving and blessing men. No one can be lost who trusts in him. A traveler, following his guide amid the awful Alpine heights, reached a place where the path was narrowed by a jutting rock on one side and a terrible precipice on the other. The guide holding on to the rock with one hand, extended his hand over the precipice for the traveler to step upon and pass around the jutting rock. He hesitated, but the guide said: "That hand never lost a man." He stepped upon the hand and passed on safely. The child of God who takes the Saviour as his guide in this world of darkness and danger has the help of an untiring hand.

Satan standing to resist him. He does not wish souls to be saved and he has a variety of means to prevent it. Sometimes he attacks those who are trying to save others and brings discredit on them. Dr. Guthrie said: Some years ago, I went to see the light-house, which, standing on Dunnet Head—the Cape Orcas of the Romans—guards the mouth of the Pentland Firth. On ascending the tower, I observed the thick plate glass windows of the lanthorn cracked—starred in a number of places. I turned to the keeper for an explanation. It appears that it is done by stones flung up by the sea. The wave, on being thrown forward against the cliff, strikes it with such tremendous force as to hurl the loose stones at its base right up to the height of 300 feet. So are the great light-bearers, by the exposure of their position, and in spite of the elevation of their characters, liable to be cracked and starred by the violence of the world.

A brand plucked out of the fire. Nearly destroyed but not quite. Having had a narrow escape is in need of special care. A dissipated man who was reclaimed under the preaching of the Gospel was urged by one of his old companions to join in some festivity. "No," he said, "I am a brand plucked from the fire." "What do you mean?" asked the tempter. He replied: "Why, there's a great difference between a brand and a green stick. If a spark falls on a green stick there's no great danger; but if it falls on a brand that has been partly burned, it is very likely to flame up again. I'm a brand and I won't go where there are sparks of temptation flying as there will be at that saloon."

Clothed with filthy garments. It was so that the prodigal son returned to his father. If he had waited until he was able to get clean new clothing and take off the dirty clothes smelling of the swine and dirty with his horrible associations he might never have got back at all. Cowley tells the story of a gentleman who was fighting for King Charles I. and was in a camp that was surprised by the enemy. Opportunity was given for escape, a house being near at hand where loyalists would be safe. The soldiers ran immediately, but this gentleman looked at his clothes and saw that they were muddy and torn. He stayed to put on a better suit but while he was making the change the enemy took him prisoner and he was put to death. Christ wants sinners to come to him just as they are. He will have the filthy clothes removed and has the pure clothes of his righteousness ready to put on the sinner.

I will remove thy iniquity. When we think how many sins we commit this is a great promise. A minister was trying to convince an old woman of his church that God would keep his promise; but she shook her head despairingly, and pointing to a pan of sea sand at her feet, she said: "Ah, sir, my sins are like that, they cannot be numbered." "Where did you get the sand?" the minister asked. "At the Beacon." "Go back, then, to the Beacon and take a spade with you. Dig, dig and raise a great mound; shovel it up as high as ever you can, then leave it there. Take your stand by the sea shore, and watch the effect of the waves upon the heap of sand." "Ah, sir," she exclaimed, "I see what you mean. The blood of Christ! that would wash it all away."

If thou wilt walk in my ways. The way of God which leads to all the blessings here enumerated is the way of obedience. Everyone can walk in that way whatever his station, whether he be shoeblack or a millionaire. It is said of Henry of Bavaria that at one time becoming weary of court life he determined to enter a monastery. When he presented himself to Prior Richard, the faithful monk gave him the strict rules of the order. The king listened eagerly enthusiastically expressed pleasure at the prospect of such complete consecration. Then the prior insisted that obedience, implicit and uninquisitive, was the first requisite of sainthood. The monarch promised to follow his will in every detail. "Then go back to your throne and do your duty in the station God assigned you," was the prior's word to him. The king took up his sceptre again and from then until he died his people said of him, "King Henry has learned to govern by learning to obey."

Places to walk in. Sometimes the way of a person trying to do right seems closed up. He does not how to act or what to do. Every course open to him seems to involve trouble to himself or others. Gosse, in his "Romance of Natural History," tells us of certain animals which inhabit the coral reefs. So long as they keep the passage to the surface clear, they are safe; but this neglected, the animal finds the coral has grown around it, and enclosed it in a living tomb. And so it is with the life of the soul of man here upon earth. The world is around us everywhere; the danger is when we let it grow between our souls and God.

NEW YORK'S NEW CATHEDRAL.

The Ceremony of Laying the Corner-Stone of the Magnificent Edifice, the Cathedral of St John the Divine.

A CEREMONY that will be ever memorable in the history of the Protestant Episcopal Church took place in New York on Dec. 27. It was the laying of the corner-stone of the great cathedral of St. John the Divine. The

RT. REV. H. C POTTER,
Bishop of New York.

day in the ecclesiastical calendar is marked as St. John's day and was therefore the most appropriate that could have been chosen for the ceremony. For more than twenty years the bishop and clergy of New York have been looking forward to the time when the erection of this magnificent edifice for the worship of God should be commenced. In spite of the wealth and consecration of the United States, no great Protestant cathedral has yet been built in the country. Beautiful and noble churches may be found in all our large cities, but no edifice in any of them corresponding to the imposing structures which are the glory of the cities of the old world. New York has taken the ititiative in this matter and has commenced the great work which, when completed, will stand as a monument to all future generations of the devotion and munificence of her people. It has been said that men do not build cathedrals in these days because they have become too materialistic in their disposition and too sceptical in their minds to undertake a work so costly and so elaborate. But this beautiful temple will be a concrete refutation of the reproach. It will prove that there are still among us men who, like the man after God's own heart, are not content that their own dwellings should surpass in splendor and architectural beauty any pile reared as a house of God.

So far back as 1873, a charter was granted for "the establishment, erection and management of a cathedral church and its appurtenances in the city of New York, in accordance with the doctrine, discipline and worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church together with such incidental cathedral foundations, schools, faculties, and other religious or charitable works as may be properly connected therewith in and for the said diocese." A site was selected and several large subscriptions were promised at once; but the business panic and subsequent commercial depression which ensued caused the enterprise to fall into abeyance. Bishop Horatio Potter wisely decided that to press so large a project at the time on the attention of the people would be injudicious and might divert their gifts from objects more urgently in need of help. The site selected at Sixth Avenue and fifty-eight Street was allowed to pass into other hands and the idea of the cathedral slumbered for twelve years. But it was not dead. In 1886, the aged bishop who originated the project lay sick and near to death. He begged that a meeting of the surviving trustees might be held at his bedside. Only eight of the original seventeen were living, but they were sought and assembled round the death bed of the venerable prelate. Then he solemnly charged them to labor unfalteringly for the realization of the project which had so long been near his heart. He received their assurance of fidelity and soon afterward died in peace, confident that his cherished hopes would be fulfilled.

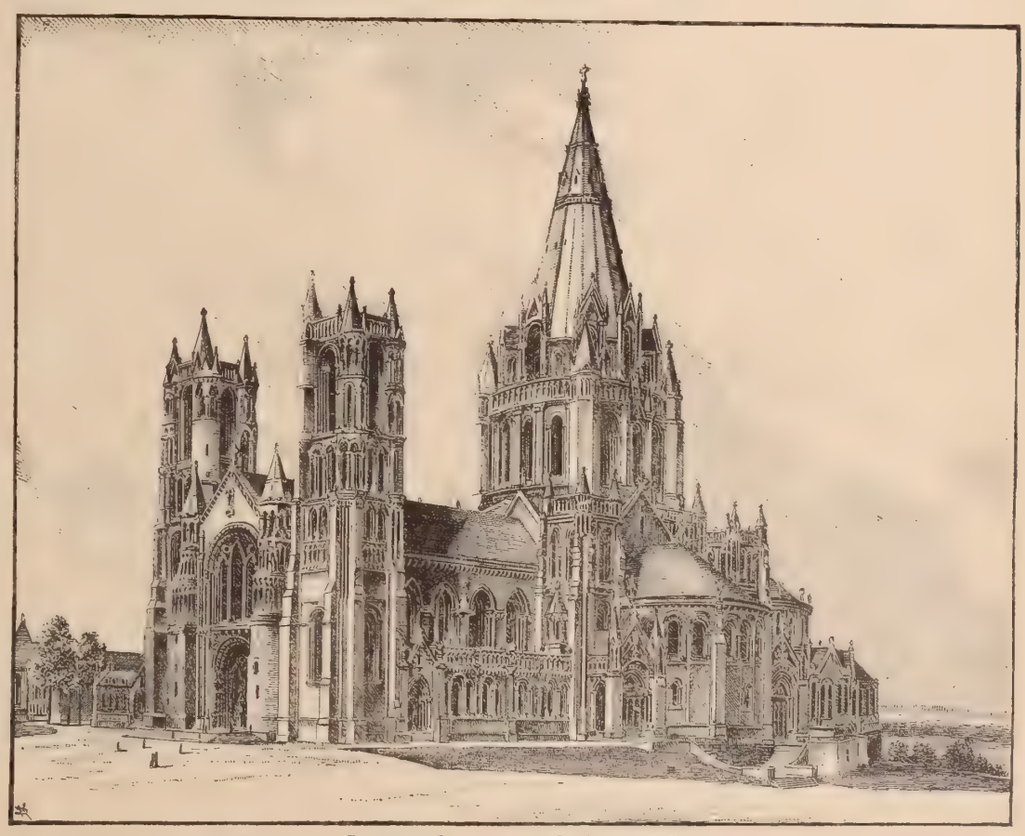
His nephew, Dr. Henry C. Potter, the present bishop succeeded him and early the following year he recalled public attention to the project, and suggested that there could be no better memorial of the exemplary life and unwearied labors of the late Bishop than would be the completion of the undertaking in which he had taken so much interest. The board of trustees was reconvened and an eloquent appeal for funds was issued to the public. In this appeal, Bishop Henry C. Potter presented his conception of what the cathedral should be, and how it would promote the religious life of the whole diocese.

It should, he said, be "the people's church, in which no rights can be bought, hired, or held on any pretext whatever. It will be the rightful centre of practical philanthropies, having foundations or endowments for the mission work of a great city, and especially for the education of skilled teachers and workers in intelligent as well as emotional sympathy with our grave social problems. It will have a pulpit in which the best preachers within its command from all parts of the land, and of various schools of thought, may have a place and opportunity, thus bringing the people of the great metropolis into touch with the strongest and most helpful minds of the age, and affording presentations of truth wider, deeper, and larger than those of any individual teacher. It will be the fitting shrine of memorials ot our honored dead, the heroes, leaders, and helpers whose names have adorned the annals of our country, and whose monuments will vividly recall their virtues and services." It would be the symbol of those great religious ideas in which the foundations of the Republic were laid and of which our open Bible, our family life, our language, and our best literature are the expression.

In some way the idea had become prevalent that a Cathedral was an un-American institution. Bishop Potter effectually combated that notion. He argued that there was nothing more un-democratic or exclusive among us than the ordinary church with its rented pews. It is, he contended, a clear departure from the teaching of Christ to reserve places in the house of God for those who can afford to pay for them. "If we are to teach the great lesson of brotherhood," he said, "of the absolute equality of all men before their Father who is in heaven, how more expressively can we teach and affirm it, than by rearing a sanctuary in which nowhere and under no conditions shall there be any reserved rights, any locked pews, any hired sittings, any proscription on the one hand, or any favoritism on the other?" In proof of his contention the Bishop referred to the congregations to be found in the great cathedrals of Europe where from five to six thousand workingmen often gathered and were free to take the best places, to hear the best preaching and unite in the most sublime service in the country.

The bishop could have taken no better way of commending the project to the American people. He was, it is true, urging the erection of a magnificent building, but it was magnificence accessible to and enjoyable by the poorest citizen. Subscriptions began to pour in. Large gifts came from the Astors, the Vanderbilts and other millionaires, and one gift of half a million dollars was sent by an unknown donor. The amount of the fund soon justified the trustees in again selecting a site and the block north of One Hundred and Tenth street and Ninth avenue was chosen. It is a commanding eminence and in a district eminently suitable for the imposing building. The price of the block was $850,000, and as nearly the whole of this sum was in hand, the work was at once commenced. Since the purchase was made, other large donations have been received which suffice not only for the completion of the payment, but leave a substantial sum for the work of construction, which, it is estimated, will not fall below ten millions. It is proposed to build first those parts of the cathedral known as the choir and ambulatory, and for those portions $1,425,000 are still required, less the amount contributed at the ceremony of laying the corner-ttone. That the required sum will be promptly furnished there is little doubt. The many gifts which have come from persons not belonging to the Episcopal Church shows that the project appeals to civic spirit and that there is a common desire that the city should have a religious building worthy of its wealth and influence. It was not Episcopalians alone who were pained by the reflection publicly uttered by a famous European agnostic, who remarked on his return from a visit to New York, that there was at least one great city which spent its money on commercial edifices and not on ecclesiastical buildings and arguing from the fact that there was little religious life in the city.

The plan of the magnificent edifice as at present determined is that shown in the illustration on this page, though the trustees have reserved the right to make changes and modifications as the work proceeds if it is found desirable. Many firms of architects competed for the honor of designing the structure but the prize fell to two young and comparatively little known men, whose plans harmonized more fully with the ideas of the trustees and committee of experts than those of their competitors. The design is a compromise between the two great styles of Gothic and Byzantine architecture. It will be of the enormous length of 520 feet and its central tower will rise to a height of 445 feet. The interior of the dome will be 253 feet from the pavement, the width of the nave 92 feet and the length of the transepts 296 feet. These figures show that the architects have departed from European models with the effect of providing a much larger space for preaching purposes than is usually to be found in the old cathedrals. Seven chapels to be known as "the Chapels of Tongues" are included in the design. They will be devoted to services in the seven different languages which the Protestant Episcopal Church uses in our cosmopolitan city. When they are built, citizens of seven different nationalities will be able every Sunday to join in the service and hear a sermon in their respective languages. The choir, which is to be the first portion of the vast structure to be erected will have a seating accommodation for 1,500 persons and the entire Cathedral if erected according to the present plans will hold 10,000.



THE PROPOSED CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE.

The services on Dec. 27, at the laying of the corner-stone were of an imposing character. Bishop Potter, whose portrait appears on this page, was naturally the most prominent figure and he was supported by eight other bishops and a large number of distinguished laymen. The President of the United States was unable to attend on account of recent bereavements but Chief Justice Fuller of the Supreme Court was present and took part in the exercises. Gen. Tracy, Secretary of the Navy, was also there with other well-known men, beside more than three hundred clergymen. An interesting feature of the ceremonies was the depositing in the cavity of the stone of a number of articles which, should they ever again see the light of day, will furnish the finder with accurate and exhaustive information of the religious situation in New York at this period. A copy of the Bible, the Book of Common Prayer, the hymnal, various minutes of conventions, sermons and addresses relating to the Cathedral, the religious and secular newspapers of New York and the ecclesiastical almanacs of the year and a set of coins were all laid in the cavity. With them was deposited a single relic. It was a fragment of Spanish brick from the ruins of the first Christian Church ever erected on this continent—the church built by Columbus in 1493 on the Island of Hispaniola. These deposited in their resting place, the upper stone was lowered over them, Bishop Potter uttering the words as he struck it with the mallet, "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid which is Jesus Christ." The proceedings of the day closed with an eloquent address by Bishop Doane of Albany, in the course of which he said: "It is like a dream and a vision to look on to the coming day when with the old college which recalls the days of the Revolution and the names of the patriot scholars of those times, and with the hospital that enshrines the sweet name of Muhlenburg, the cathedral, the material seed of Bishop Potter's episcopate, shall lift its beauty from corner stone to cross topped spire, and with Christian science and philosophy and Christian works of healing and of mercy; with a Christian ministry of prayer and praise shall help on even the fulfilment of the splendid prophecy of the dear Lord's kingship when he reigned from the tree, 'I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me.' I believe the stone laid this day is a stone of witness that we set here and a magnet of mighty attraction.

"And still more this building shall be the bond of unity among Christian people of this city. Already there has been marked evidence of the fact in this that one of the greatest and most generous of the gifts which made possible this beginning comes from one belonging to another Christian body. I am glad to say there is some good Presbyterian money in my own cathedral; not so much as here, because there is not so much money in the whole; but it is a most hopeful sign of the recognition of what this church may come to be."

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T. DeWitt Talmage
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PLUMB-LINE RECTITUDE.

THE solid masonry of the world has to me a fascination. Walk about some of the triumphal arches and the cathedrals, four or six hundred years old, and see them stand as erect as when they were builded, walls of great height, for centuries not bending a quarter of an inch this way or that. So greatly honored were the masons who builded these walls that they were free from taxation and called "free" masons. The trowel gets most of the credit for these buildings, and its clear ringing on stone and brick has sounded across the ages. But there is another implement of just as much importance. Bricklayers and stonemasons, and carpenters, in the building of walls, use an instrument made of cord, at the end of which a lump of lead is fastened. They drop it over the side of the wall, and, as the plummet naturally seeks the centre of gravity in the earth, the workman discovers where the wall recedes, and where it bulges out, and just what is the perpendicular. God is represented as standing on the wall of character, which the Israelites had built, and, in that way, testing it. What the world wants is a straight up-and-down religion. Much of the so-called piety of the day bends this way and that, to suit the times. It is horizontal, with a low state of sentiment and morals. We have all been building a wall of character, and it is glaringly imperfect, and needs reconstruction. How shall it be brought into perpendicular? Only by divine measurement.

The whole tendency of the times is to make us act by the standard of what others do. If they play cards, we play cards. If they dance, we dance. If they read certain styles of book, we read them. We throw over the wall of our character the tangled plumb-line of other lives and reject the infallible test. The divine plumb-line needs to be thrown over all merchandise. Nothing would make times so good, and the earning of a livelihood so easy, as the universal adoption of the law of right. Suspicion strikes through all bargain-making. Men who sell know not whether they will ever get the money. Purchasers know not whether the goods shipped will be according to the sample. And what with the large number of clerks who are making false entries and then absconding to Canada, and the explosion of firms that fail for millions of dollars, honest men are at their wits' end to make a living. He who stands up amid all the pressure and does right is accomplishing something toward the establishment of a high commercial prosperity. I have deep sympathy for the laboring classes who toil with hand and foot. But we must not forget the business men, who, without any complaint or bannered processions through the street, often endure a stress of circumstances terrific.

To feel right and to do right under all this pressure requires martyr grace, requires divine support, requires celestial reinforcement. But you will be wise to preserve your equilibrium and your honesty and your faith, and throw over all the counters and shelves and casks, the measuring line of divine light. The question for me should not be what I think is right, but what God thinks is right. This perpetual reference to the behavior of others, as though it decided anything but human fallibility, is a mistake as wide as the world. There are ten thousand plumb-lines in use, but only one is true and exact, and that is the line of God's eternal right.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

WITH many of us it is a bright, sunshiny day of prosperity. There is not a cloud in the sky, not a leaf rustling in the forest. No chill in the air. But we cannot expect all this to last. He is not an intelligent man who expects perpetual daylight of joy. The sun will after a while near the horizon. The shadows will lengthen. While I write, many of us stand in the very hour described in the verse, "For it is toward evening."

Oh, then, for Jesus to abide with us! He sweetens the cup. He extracts the thorn. He wipes the tear. He hushes the tempest. He soothes the soul that flies to him for shelter. Let the night swoop and the euroclydon toss the sea. Let the thunders roar—soon all will be well. Christ in the ship to soothe his friends. Christ on the sea to stop its tumult. Christ in the grave to scatter the darkness. Christ in the heavens to lead the way. Blessed all such. His arms will enclose them. His grace comfort them, his light cheer them, his sacrifice free them, his glory enchant them. If earthly estate take wings, he will be an incorruptible treasure. If friends die, he will be their resurrection. Standing with us in the morning of our joy and in the noonday of our prosperity, he will not forsake us when the lustre has faded and it is toward evening.

The words quoted are pertinent to us, from the fact that we are nearing the evening of death. I have heard it said that we ought to live as though each moment were to be our last. I do not believe that theory. As far as preparation is concerned, we ought always to be ready; but we cannot always be thinking of death, for we have duties in life that demand our attention. When a man is selling goods, it is his business to think of the bargain he is making. When a man is pleading in the courts it is his duty to think of the interests of his clients. When a clerk is adding up accounts it is his duty to keep his mind upon the column of figures. He who fills up his life with thoughts of death is far from being the highest style of Christian. But there are times when we can and ought to give ourselves to the contemplation of that solemn moment when to the soul time ends and eternity begins. This ought not to be a depressing theme.

On earth with many of you the evening is the happiest part of the twenty-four hours. You gather about the hearth. You talk and laugh and sing. You recount the day. You plan for the morrow. You have games and repartees. Amid all the toil of the day, that is the goal for which you run, and as you take out your watch or look at the descending sun, you thrill with the thought that it is toward evening. So death comes to the disciple! What if the sun of life is about to set? Jesus is the day-spring from on high; the perpetual morning of every ransomed spirit. What if the darkness comes? Jesus is the light of the world and of heaven. What though this earthly house does crumble? Jesus has prepared a house of many mansions. Jesus is the anchor that always holds. Jesus is the light that is never eclipsed. Jesus is the fountain that is never exhausted. Jesus is the evening star, hung up amid the gloom of the gathering night.

TIRED PEOPLE.

THE world is full of tired people, merchants tired of business, farmers tired of tilling crops, mechanics tired of building houses, housekeepers tired of preparing food, operatives tired of the rushing wheels. Pass along the road or street and see how tired three-fourths of the people look. How shall they get rested? Some say "By fewer hours of work!" But some of them have no work at all. Others might prescribe easy sofas, and more arm-chairs and soft beds. But some of the people who have the weariest look, have plenty of good furniture and luxurious upholstery. Now we offer a pillow not curtained with golden tapestry, nor stuffed with the down of angel's wings.

But a man who puts his head on it gets rid of his cares, and aches and anxieties. It is a pillow stuffed with the promises, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

It is astonishing how much is accomplished by some persons physically disadvantaged. When the right kind of religion takes hold of a man, it seems to give him additional eyes, additional ears, additional feet, additional hands, or to provide a substitute for having no eyes, or ears, or hands, or feet at all. There are great hulks of health floating about unserviceable, either to Church or State, while others with gout, or partial paralysis, or dim eyesight that can only distinguish between light and darkness, or limping by the aid of two crutches, who are every day making a subtraction from human sorrow and an addition to human comfort. It is a shame to have hands or feet or eyes and not employ them for good service. It was evidently intended that the race should average for each man two eyes, two ears, two feet, and two hands. But as through causalty so many lose one or more of these organs, the plain suggestion is that those who have full equipment of limbs should make them do a surplus of work for three who lack. So if there should be a small community of these persons, and one of them should be blind and feetless, the two with complete faculties must each take the work of three eyes and three feet in order to supply the defect of the unfortunate. In a word, the burdens of life must be divided, less weight put upon the invalid and more on the athlete. If this were done there would be no use of almshouses and orphan asylums, and the world would be set on many leagues toward the millennial day.

WOMAN'S CHARITY.

THERE is a kind of work that men cannot do for the poor. Here comes a group of little barefoot children to the door of the Dorcas Society. They need to be clothed and provided for. Which of these directors of banks would know how many yards it would take to make that little girl a dress! Which of these masculine hands could fit a hat to that little girl's head? Which of the wise men would know how to tie on that new pair of shoes? O Christian young woman, if you would make yourself happy and win the blessing of Christ, go out among the destitute! A loaf of bread or a bundle of socks may make a homely load to carry; but the angels of God will come out to watch, and the Lord Almighty will give his messenger hosts a charge, saying, "Look after the woman; canopy her with your wings and shelter her from all harm."

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

IT WILL COME.

YOU ask what? Why, the pulling of my ears; for I'm going to hammer away at these lazy, good-for-nothing, so-called Christian workers. They are no more fit to bear the name, than a pig is fit for a pet. "Work!" They don't know what the word means, let alone the fact. To call going to the weekly prayer-meeting, and making a prayer, or saying a verse, or speaking a moment, to call that Christian work, is like calling a day's work done, by the wagging of one's jaws to eat breakfast. Pshaw! Why not see the incongruity at once, and rate Christian work the same as other work. Where the element of toil and service and sacrifice enters; where by strength expended, something is accomplished. Let me give you a bit of Christian work:

1st. Take some things out of your pantry to the poor.

2d. Visit some sick person; take some fruit and cheer them with Scripture and prayer.

3d. Ask your pastor for seven names of folks who have not been to church lately, and go see them and help them.

4th. Call on some stranger in town and invite him over to your house to tea.

5th. Think of some one who may be in trouble, and go and relieve him.

6th. Raise the wages of men who are worth more than you are now paying them.

7th. Think out some good thing, that well digested and given to the people at prayer-meeting, will help them.

8th. If it's hard work to be brief in your prayers and addresses—be brief—that will tell mightily.

9th. See the church is cleaned up, if you have to sweep yourself.

10th. Learn by heart Psalm 91. There is work that will tell big.

Illustrate Your Truth.

I want to put in a big plea that teachers, preachers and evangelists illustrate their truth more. I get this from a close study of the methods of Jesus. He constantly enforced his teachings by illustrations so apt that to this day, in repeating them, you can see how full of life and power they were. To study the thirteenth chapter of Matthew or the fifteenth chapter of Luke will reveal what I mean.

I don't believe one can be guided by the Holy Spirit and not use illustrations to some degree at least in their work. I find all through the Bible God-led men are forever appearing to men in that way.

I believe in this theme is the secret of filling empty pews and getting more converted than we are now doing.

Hunt for good illustrations like a hunter seeks for game.

A Nice Family.

It's so good to meet a nice family. I found one not long since. It was Mr. and Mrs. Pulwell. They live on Content avenue; Have a number of children; one of them, Grace, as fine a girl as ever was born, and her sister Ruth is the delight of everybody.

I noticed this: they all pulled one way Mrs. Pulwell seemed to think her duty in life was to be a home-maker; and he, that is Mr. Pulwell, thought so, too, and he helped, and she helped, and they all helped together till, I declare, you could not find a cross thing in the house. Even the stone pipes in the cellar took a graceful turn, instead of swinging suddenly off at right angles. I noticed the kitchen girl, as well as the upstairs maid, wore contented looks, as though things pulled straight with them, too. You ought to know that family.

Where to Go.

There is a little fellow who was neglected, or forgotten at Christmas, and I want my friends of the THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to look him up quick and care for him.

It won't be a pleasant visit from outward surrounding, and you will need to fill up with grace before you start, and fill your pockets, too. When you find him, he will be so uncouth and ragged that it will take all there is of you, to get out smiles and cheery words and faith, to believe your visit will do any good; but it will—just be your true, Christian self in the visit: let yourself out. And when you are in heaven, a hundred years from now, he will be there likely, to surprise you with the change. He lives in your town, and his name is Tommy Dirt, of Tangle Foot Alley.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE UMBRIA'S MISHAP.

DELAY in the arrival of the Steamship *Umbria* of the Cunard line caused much anxiety and alarm to a large number of people during the Christmas week. She was expected to arrive at New York from Liverpool on Christmas day, but not until December 28th did any news of her reach land. It was then learned that she was disabled at sea. A passing ship had seen her lying helpless on the waves, and understanding from her signals that she was not in need of assistance had gone on her course bringing the news. It was not until December 30th that the big vessel reached port. Her captain reported that on December 23d, when one hundred and twenty-five miles from Sable Island a flaw had been discovered in the shaft of the propeller. But for the early discovery the shaft might have broken and damaged the hull of the ship as happened recently to the steamer *Spree*. The engines were immediately stopped and the engineers began the work of repairs. During the day, the *Bohemia* of the Hamburg-America line was sighted and undertook to tow the disabled vessel to port. A heavy steel hawser was passed to her, and with this the work of pulling the Cunarder commenced. A furious storm was raging, and the strain of pulling the great ship through the sea in the teeth of the wind and snow was enormous. In a short time the hawser parted, the *Bohemia* passed out of sight and the *Umbria* was left alone. On the evening of December 25th the *Gallia* of the Cunard line was sighted on her voyage from New York to Liverpool. She rendered no assistance and excused herself from waiting by signalling that she was carrying mails. It is probable, however, that she misunderstood the *Umbria's* signals. Meantime the engineers on the *Umbria* had succeeded in patching the flaw in the shaft and the voyage was contined at less than half speed. When the end of the hawser which had attached the *Bohemia* to the disabled ship was examined, it was noticed that one of the wires looked as if it had been cut. It appeared to indicate that the officers of the *Bohemia* finding that the ship herself was in danger with so heavy a burden in tow, had cut a wire in the hawser and so weakened the hawser that the strain soon parted it. The *Umbria's* officers do not blame them for doing it, as it may have been necessary for self-preservation. They recognize that self-preservation must be the first consideration in such circumstances. Nearly every one acts on that principle in the affairs of life; but it is the glory of Christ that he reversed it and yielded himself as a sacrifice that the world might be saved. (Matt. 27: 42.)

A Noble Prisoner.

A REMARKABLE man was released from prison at Memphis, Tenn., on December 28th. He was convicted seven months ago of stealing a watch and was sentenced to five-years' imprisonment. One of his companions was under suspicion, but there was no direct evidence against him. The other man had pawned the watch after the theft, so the case against him was strong. He altogether refused to implicate his companion, and though he pleaded "not guilty" at his trial he made a feeble defence, and would not say even to his lawyer how the watch came into his possession. People who knew the two men believed that he was innocent and was shielding his companion who was guilty. There was no evidence to support the opinion and the man went to prison in due course of law. Six months ago news reached the prisoner that his companion was dead. Then he told his story. It was as the neighbors had said. He had pawned the watch for his friend not suspecting that it was stolen and when the fact of the theft came out and he was arrested, he held his peace, because, while he was a single man, his friend had a wife and a young family dependent on him. He said he should have maintained silence to the end of his term, if the other had lived, but now that he was beyond reach of the law, no harm could come of telling the truth. A petition for his pardon was drawn up and signed by the judge who tried the case and by other influential men and the Governor on hearing the facts, granted him a pardon. Few men, even for a very dear friend, would have been willing thus to sacrifice their good name and their liberty. It is not surprising to learn that he has the respect and admiration of all who know him. But it is surprising that men hear without emotion of that infinitely greater sacrifice in which they are directly interested. "God commendeth his love toward us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." (Rom. 5: 8.)

The Birds' Instinct.

AT the recent meeting in Pittsburg, Pa., of the State Ornithological Association, Dr. Hazzard reported a remarkable instance of the intelligence of American song-birds. He said that about seventeen years ago the Allegheny Park Commissioners imported a number of English sparrows. These multiplied fast, but their pugnacity resulted in driving the song-birds from their old haunts. Orioles, blue-birds, robins and other birds esteemed for their plumage or song, fled precipitately to save their lives from the foreign savage aggressor. Soon, there was not a bird's nest left in the park, and the sparrow reigned undisturbed. Last fall, however, the Professor noticed a number of the song-birds in the park, and they were followed by others. He feared they would soon be driven away, but they have remained and built nests. The peculiarity of their proceeding is, that whereas they usually build near the ground these birds have built in the loftiest perches of the trees. It is supposed that they made the discovery that their enemies never made high flights and made a practical use of it by building their nests above his reach. However it may be, they have changed their habit and are holding their own. So will the Christian survive who is beset by enemies, and trials and temptations from the great enemy of souls, if he makes his refuge in the Most High and lives above the clamor and strife of the world. (Psalm 91: 9-10.)

Where Lightning Strikes.

A COLLECTION of statistics as to the trees that are struck by lightning has been made by Dr. D. Jonesco, the results of which he sends to a scientific journal. He finds that certain kinds of trees are more liable than others to suffer from an electrical discharge. In a dense forest where trees of various kinds grow near together the lightning will strike a particular one and leave the others unscathed. Among the sufferers the most frequent is the oak, while the tree most seldom struck is the laurel. The professor has arrived at the conclusion from his study that the more oil a tree contains the more it is protected from lightning. The laurel contains much oil while the oak has scarcely any. The rule holds, the professor says, in every case he has investigated. In every group of trees in which one has been blasted, he has found that the injured tree contained less oil than any other member of the group. It is not explained why the electric fluid avoids trees impregnated with oil, but doubtless a scientific reason will be found. A spiritual counterpart of the phenomenon, however, is easily understood. When Satan's shafts are hurled against the Church in the shape of false doctrine, worldliness, or temptation in any form, those who fall are always they who have least of the oil of the Holy Spirit in their hearts. (1. John 2 : 27.)

An Abandoned Vessel Saved.

A VALUABLE little schooner was brought to New York on Dec. 31, by three daring sailors who will make a little fortune by their effort. It was the schooner *Neva* from Jamaica bound for Providence, R.I., with a cargo of logwood. When she was near Nantucket Shoals on Dec. 24 it was discovered that the severe storms she had encountered since leaving Jamaica had strained her timbers and the hold was filled with water. The pumps were immediately set going, but one of them was choked with the cargo and the handle of the other broke off short. The captain and crew were in despair and sent up distress signals. The American bark *Redman* saw them and went to the rescue. The *Neva's* captain and crew reported the vessel sinking and asked to be taken off. A storm was raging and it was difficult to get them transferred, but eventually it was successfully accomplished. When the captain told his story, the mate of the *Redman* asked permission to go to the abandoned ship and see if he could save her. Both captains tried to dissuade him, assuring him that the risk was too great and he would in all probability lose his life. The mate, however, persisted and at last, permission being reluctantly given, he, with two sailors, went on board the *Neva* and they were left to their fate. The three men soon had the pumps in working order and the hold was cleared of water. The buoyancy of the cargo helped them and they finally succeeded in reaching New York. The schooner and cargo will sell for $12,000 which the three brave men will divide between them. It is much to be wished that the reward God promises to those who will go to the rescue of the lost and outcast whom the world and the church have abandoned to their fate, would encourage more Christians to engage in the work of bringing them safely into the haven of God's love. (James 5 : 20.)

Writing on the Clouds.

THE opinion of electrical experts in New York has recently been sought on the feasibility of a novel system of advertising. Some experiments recently made by a French electrician suggested the possibility of throwing a reflection on the clouds, and the practical American mind perceived the use to which such an achievement, if practicable, could be put. Prof. F. B. Crocker, of Columbia College, when asked for his opinion, said that he believed it would be quite possible under certain circumstances to throw an image or words on a cloud, so that the picture or the writing would be perfectly clear to spectators over an area of several miles. It could, however, only be done when the clouds were not too far away. A powerful search light can throw a clear illumination on an object a mile away, and it would be easy, by making the light pass through a slide, on which a picture or some writing was traced on a dark surface, to reproduce the object which is on the slide in enlarged characters on a cloud. It was merely the magic-lantern on a large scale, with the clouds for a sheet. Other experts said that with a light sufficiently strong and lenses properly focussed, there would be no difficulty in having dissolving pictures on the clouds, if they were near enough to the earth to be reached by the search light. If the idea is executed, it will doubtless surprise many people, who will not know how it is done, to see such appearances in the heavens. They will soon see, however, by the character of the announcements that will appear, that it is a money-making device and not a revelation from heaven. If the same test had been applied to other utterances which people believed came from heaven, neither the Pope, nor the founder of Mormonism nor the spiritualists would have had many dupes. The Apostle recommended just such a test. (1. John 4: 1-3.)

A Clergyman's Dilemma.

THE complaint of a lady at Knoxville, Ia., is causing a clergyman there considerable embarrassment. For about a year he has manifested a marked preference for her society and his church fully expected to hear in course of time that a wedding was in prospect. They did get the news, but, to the general surprise, they learned that the clergyman's bride-elect was not the young lady with whom his name had been coupled for twelve months past. The latter lady lost no time in presenting her complaint, averring that the pastor had proposed marriage to her and had been accepted. The pastor met the assertion with a categorical denial. He declared at the church trial, which ensued, that she was a most untruthful person and called witnesses to prove that she was not suitable for a clergyman's wife. Now the pastor's opponents are urging that if his statement is true, he ought to be tried for associating on intimate terms with an untruthful young lady. He seems to have landed on a dilemma, either horn of which will impale him. Though the charge which he denies is the graver one, the other implies conduct explicitly forbidden in the Bible. Unhappily the fact is too often forgotten by professing Christians, that when they are often seen in worldly society, the world is apt to conclude that they find it congenial and are of the same spirit. (II. Thess. 3: 6.)

A Musical Receiver.

A SCIENTIFIC journal reports on the authority of Prof. Tyndall the remarkable result of an experiment in the transmission of musical sounds. A piano stood on the first floor of a building of which the third floor was the professor's lecture hall. The music of the piano could not be heard in the hall. A wooden rod was connected with the sounding-board of the piano and extended to the platform of the hall. Still the music could not be head by the professor's audience. A violin was then placed upon the end of the rod, and instantly the music of the piano was given out in the lecture room. A guitar and harp were substituted for the violin, and with the same result. The vibrations of the piano strings were communicated to the sounding-board, they traversed the long rod, were reproduced by the resonant bodies, the air was carved into waves, and the whole musical composition was delivered to the listening audience. So it has sometimes appeared in the church. Sensitive and sanctified natures have given utterance to thoughts and words not their own, but communicated to them from heaven. (1. Cor. 2: 7.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. C. H. Yatman has commenced a series of daily noon Prayer-mettings in the Union Square Theatre, New York.

Gen. T. J. Morgan, who has held the office of Indian Commissioner in this administration has been elected Secretary of the Baptist Home Missionary Society.

The total number of Protestant Christians in India, according to the last census (omitting Burmah and Ceylon), is 540,000. The number of communicants is now about 175,000.

A Cape Town colporteur writes: "During four months I have sold about 800 Bibles and Testaments for the sum of $400. I have generally received a hearty welcome in going from house to house. The natives flock round you like a flock of bees, and spend their last sixpence in purchasing a Bible."

Dr. Edwin E. Bliss, who has been laboring at Constantinople under the auspices of the American Board for nearly forty years, is dead. Dr. Bliss was appointed in 1743, and was stationed first at Trebizond, than at Morsovan, and lastly in Constinople where he has done much important pulpit and literary work.

Rev. F. E. Smiley is holding meetings at Marion, Ind., after which he will go to East Liverpool, O., Wasington and Kittaning. He expects to spend the Spring in Jacksonville and other Florida cities. His second Evangelistic tour of Southern churches just concluded has been a continuous season of blessing.

Prof. Charles A. Briggs was acquitted on Dec. 30th by the Presbytery of New York on all the six charges of heresy made against him. The presbytery voted on each charge separately. The majority varied from seven on the first charge to twenty-one on the fifth. It is expected that the prosecution will now appeal to the General Assembly.

Rev. Thomas Harrison opened his revival campaign at Jane Street Church, New York, on the night of Dec. 31, with a watch-night service commencing at eight o'clock and continued till after midnight. At the first invitation to seekers persons arose in all parts of the house many hastened to the altar and several happy conversions took place. At every service thus far held there have been marked manifestations of the Spirit's power. The outlook is now very bright for a great harvest of souls.

Among the communications from foreign lands which were presented to the Board of Managers of the American Bible Society at its recent meeting were letters from Mr. Penzotti and Mr. Norwood relating to plans for a journey to Central America; from Dr. Wood, giving a detailed statement of the burning of Bibles at Ayacucho, in Peru, and from Mr. Loomis, announcing the publication of the entire Japanese Bible in the Roman letter and speaking of progress made in Korea in Bible translation.

Dr. Charles F. Deems has suffered another attack of paralysis. On Dec. 27 a stroke deprived him of his power of speech. He was about to go to a sanitarium for rest and treatment for his first attack, when the second seized him. The journey was given up and he was taken to the home of his daughter, Mrs. Marion J. Verdery, in Ninety-fifth street, New York. His mind continued perfectly clear and at last reports the doctors gave hope that he would soon be able to articulate, but they insist on a long period of immediate and absolute rest.

Writing of the results of the visit of Rev. B. Fay Mills to Omaha, the Rev. A. R. Thain of that city says: The number of cards signed was 4,320, but the benefit which our city has received cannot be stated in arithmetical terms. On the last day of his stay, fully 7,000 different persons heard him speak. There were four preaching services, at each of which the hall was thronged, and during each of which there was greater manifestation of interest than anything that had gone before. It was evident to all the pastors present that the work would not close with the departure of Mr. Mills, but that for weeks and months to come every Christian worker in all of our churches will find ample and profitable employment in leading forward to the point of decision many persons whose hearts have been made tender by these union services, but who have not yet accepted Christ as their personal Savior.

THE SAVIOUR'S TEARS OVER THE SINNER'S LOSS.

Sermon Preached in the Clarendon Street Baptist Church, Boston, Mass., by Rev. A. J. Gordon, D.D.

"And when he was come near, he beheld the city and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes." Luke 19: 41, 42

REV. A. J. GORDON, D.D.

TWICE and twice only in our Lord's earthly ministry do we read of his weeping; and in neither instance was it because of a personal affliction. The Man of Sorrows borrowed his grief, even as he borrowed his sin from the world which he had come to save. Therein the Son of Man differed from all the sons of men, that while they shed their bitterest tears over their own griefs, he shed his only tears over the griefs of others. He wept at the grave of Lazarus because he stood face to face with the greatest woe of the world, that of death; he wept over Jerusalem because he was contemplating the greatest sin of the world—the rejection of the Son of God. And because this last sorrow is clearly related to our day and destiny, I ask you to consider it this morning. 1. Christ's tears over our

Forfeited Opportunity.

"If thou hadst known in this thy day." Do you not remember the singular answer which Jesus gave his disciples when they warned him of the Jews' intention to stone him? "Are there not twelve hours in the day?" he replied. "If a man walk in the day he stumbleth not, because he seeth the light of this world." As though he had said: "My opportunity is sacred and secure. Nothing can harm me while the time allotted me by my Father lasts; but if I let the time slip by unimproved, then I have no assurance of safety. "If a man walketh in the night, he stumbleth."

In another saying of Jesus recorded by John, he expounds this parable about the day, and applies it to himself. "Yet a little while is the Light with you," he says. "Walk in the light while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you; for he that walketh in darkness knowest not whither he goeth. While ye have the light believe in the light that ye may be the children of light." You see from this that it was the presence and ministry of Christ that constituted the day of the Jews. For three years and a half he stretched forth his hands unto them with offers of grace. His importunity was their opportunity; his open arms was their open door; his shepherd call, "Come unto me" was their salvation chance; "and ye shall find rest to your souls." But because they knew not the time of their visitation, they rejected and put to death the only One who could have brooded them under his wings, and the Roman eagles whom his prophetic eye saw poised above them ere long swooped down in awful doom upon them and their devoted city.

The Fountain of Youth.

And because Christ is in the world acting in grace toward men by his Holy Spirit, the present is our day, just as that was Israel's day. "Now is the accepted time," cries the Scripture; and I contend that the teaching of human consciousness harmonizes upon this point with that of the Word. Whence originated that enchanting dream of the Fountain of Youth? And whence the impulse which has led men to make distant voyages over sea and land in hope of discovering this fountain? Faithful Christians and fruitful saints look forward, not backward; they seek not the fountain, but for the ocean, longing for the day when they shall come into the harbor of Jerusalem the Golden. But there are so many who have idled through life's spring-time, without sowing any good seed for eternity, that they are almost frantic over their loss. They long to turn back the wheel of the rolling seasons; they want to unravel the web of life that they may pick up the dropped stitches; they thirst to drink once more of the Fountain of Youth, that they may retrieve their squandered opportunity. But, have you learned that any one has discovered the Fountain of Youth? Tell me if you have, and I will bring him scores of

[illegible]

for a drink. No! But here is the Fountain of Life; and here is Jesus standing by and calling: If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink." Our life's journey is taking us rapidly past this fountain, and I cannot promise you that there is any second probation; any renewed opportunity of grace for those who have lost their chance here. Our "Now" is the bulb of time from which our Eternity is to blossom; and if it be a "Now" of faith and self-denial, it will bear an eternity of blessed fruition. Our present tense will determine our future state.

The Closing Days

But I do not speak of opportunities of grace alone, but of opportunity for service. We are wont to say that man's extremity is God's opportunity. What if we invert the saying, and say reverently that God's extremity is man's opportunity? And such is the day in which we are living. God's affairs have reached a crisis, and the consummation of the ages is upon us. Has not speed quickened a hundred fold in our century? Let the telegraph and the lightning express answer. And think you that God does not keep up with men? That he alone is willing to move slowly while all the world is making haste? I profess to know something of what is going on in the religious world, and I venture to say that there was never a time since the Christian era dawned, when the chariot of the Lord moved with such speed as now. It moves rapidly because it is getting near the end of its course. Well has a wise man said: "Opportunity is but another name for the nineteenth century."

"And about the eleventh hour," i. e., near sunset, says Jesus, the husbandman "went out and found others standing idle, and saith unto them, 'why stand ye here all the day idle?" They say, 'because no man hath hired us.' He saith unto them, 'go ye also into the vineyard, and whatsoever is right ye shall receive.'" Who were these

Eleventh-hour Workmen?

We are accustomed to them as idlers, who were so slow in getting around, that they only reached the vineyard at the last moment. But this is not said. "No man has hired us" is their story. But now at sundown they are set to work. What a picture of the eventide of the time in which we are living. The Lord is hiring in those who before have not been set to work. Laymen and laywomen, mechanics and ploughmen, converted drunkards and pugilists, Salvation Army lads and lasses, unlettered gospelers, and plain Bible readers. We do hear them speak in their own tongue the wonderful Gospel of the Son of God. The church has been slow to employ such, but in the hurry of the final ingathering, the Lord has set them to work. It is because the crisis of the battle is coming on, that God is calling out the recruits.

So my word to you is that of Scripture: "Brethren the time is short." Therefore responsibility presses a hundred pounds to the square inch, where formerly it pressed one. The heart must beat faster for Christ to-day than ever before; the blood must bound quicker. It is now heart-throbs for a perishing world, or it is spiritual apoplexy. The veins and arteries of the church cannot stand the pressure of the stagnant blood of religious inertia much longer. She must do or die. I speak the truth and lie not. Ecclesiastical corpses lie all about us. The caskets in which they repose are lined with satin; they are decorated with solid silver handles and abundant flowers; and like other caskets, they are just large enough for their occupants, with no room for strangers. These

Churches have Died

of respectability and been embalmed in self-complacency. If by the grace of God, this church is alive, be warned to use your opportunity, or the feet of them that buried thy sisters will be at the door, and will carry thee out. "If thou hadst known." Do you know your opportunity, my brother? Oh, if you would only open your eyes to see what your Lord sees! You would crowd about him asking, "Lord, what will thou have me to do?" For myself, my daily cry to heaven is, O Lord, give what thou wilt, or withhold what thou wilt; but do not suffer me to be blind to my "day," and so people my grave with the haunting spectres of forfeited opportunity.

II. Christ's tears over our forfeited peace. "Oh, that thou hadst known . . . the things that belong to thy peace." "Duty done is the soul's fireside," says Joseph Cook. The quiet rest, the homelike contentment which come from the sense of having been faithful to our opportunity, is beyond all price. "What did you get for your trouble?" asked a companion of George Whitefield, after the latter had risen one night at an inn, to rebuke a profane swearer, against the advice of his friend. "What did you get for your trouble?" "A soft pillow for my head to-night," replied the great preacher. An approving conscience makes

The Soft Pillows

known. Those who depend upon the upholstery of luxury and self-indulgence to make them an easy couch, never find it. The self-loving, the worldly, the luxurious, the pampered sons of fashion — thousands of them sleep on hard beds, beds mattressed with discontent and self-condemnation. Be faithful to the claims of God and the monitions of conscience, if you would be at peace with yourself. How then can we miss the peace which is appointed for us?

By not knowing our duty when we might have known it. I shall meet you again in the life beyond, my brother, and then you will say, "Why did you not tell me?" And I shall reply, "I did tell you." The hearer becomes deadened by constant hearing; his ear-drum is turned into a wall of defence instead of a means of communication; so that having ears, he hears not. You are a Christian, and that means that you are to be a man of prayer, a man of charity, a man of the Cross. It will not do for you to be just as worldly, just as devoted to pleasure, and just as covetous as your next door neighbor who makes no claim to be a Christian. If you are, the Lord will say to you, "I never knew you," when the time of reckoning comes. And in the surprise of a sudden waking to your condition, you will say, "Why did you not tell me so?" I did, a hundred times, and you heard it, and yet did not hear it. "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life," says Jesus. And when you stand before the judgment-seat, and are sent away into outer darkness, you will say, "Why did you not tell me so?" I did, a thousand times, in a thousand sermons, but

You would not Hear.

I saw a pilgrim journeying through an unknown country, in search of a city, the name whereof is "Peace." And as he traveled on, I saw one come out and warn him saying: "This is the way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death;" and he thanked his informant with a smile, and kept on. A little farther another stopped him and said: "Turn back, turn back, for this is the way whose steps take hold on death," and again he thanked him and said: "Your words are eloquent, and charm me, as a very lovely song, of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument," and so he journeyed on as before. A hundred times he was thus accosted, and a hundred times he bowed politely and pursued his way. And at last when he came into the land of darkness and despair, he looked around with astonishment, and asked, "Why did no one tell me?" And as though from a thousand voices breaking forth all the way along, I heard the reply: "He that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be cut off, and that without remedy." Not to know when you have been told a multitude of times, —this is the sorest of all condemnations.

Our Not-Doings.

By knowing and not doing we may miss the peace which has been provided for us. "To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not to him it is sin." Photographs are made by means of negatives; and so our wrong-doings are produced by means of our not-doings. Men have invented a distinction between sins, dividing them into "sins of omission" and "sins of commission." But God has made no such fine distinction. "Sin is the transgression of the law," is his definition. What difference is there in his sight, whether when he says "thou shalt not," I answer "I will," or when he says "thou shalt," I say "I will not." In either case there is disobedience, and by disobedience is condemnation. But you reply: "I have never said I will not." But you have acted it. And action is the loudest and most emphatic form of utterance. Not to believe is to believe not; not to obey the Gospel is to disobey it.

What wonder that our Lord should grieve over our forfeiture of peace? To lose our peace is to lose our power; to lose our peace is to lose our privilege of blessing the world. It is a great thing surely to be in harmony with God, to be assured that the quarrel of sin has been settled, and that "being justified by faith we have peace with God." But how great the honor of being peace-makers with men on God's behalf; to carry joy and comfort and hope to a lost world! What wonder that the prospect of losing such an opportunity should draw tears from the Redeemer's eyes. His sigh is but an echo of one that was heard very anciently: "Oh, that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments! Then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea;" like a river which purifies and sweetens the towns and cities along which it flows, which makes green and fertile all the banks which it waters; and which takes up the great ships upon its bosom, and bears them out upon the deep. True picture is this of a Christian reconciled to God, and reconciling men to God—enriching, blessing, and beautifying a lost world. What wonder we ask again that our Lord should sigh over the possibility of our losing such a peace and all the gracious opportunities of blessing flowing out from it.

III. Christ's tears over our

Self-inflicted Blindness.

He said: "But now they are hid from thine eyes." Sight becomes quenched through long disuse. As the eyeless fishes in Mammoth Cave are believed to have had organs of sight originally, and to have lost them by dwelling in perpetual darkness, so our faculty of spiritual discernment may be destroyed through want of exercise. This is one of the most unquestionable facts of human experience. Therefore let us remember that the excuse, "I did not know," will be absolutely worthless at the judgment seat, if it be merely the expression of wilful ignorance. Better be a pagan at the last day, who can say, "I did not know because I could not know," than a Christian who must say, "I did not know because I would not know."

My appeal to you is: know what you may before it be too late. "Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace." To know God is the surest and only way of knowing yourself. In his holiness you discover your sins; in his truth you discover your error; in his commandments you discern your duty. But if you neglect to obey God, you will become more and more insensible of his claims upon you.

How Christ sorrows over blind sinners, whose blindness is self-inflicted! The sublime vision of glory, honor, immortality and eternal life, which is ever before his eyes, is utterly unknown to them, because their eyes are holden of unbelief and disobedience.

My hearers, let the tears of Jesus fall upon your sightless eyes this morning! Call upon him now, "Lord that I may receive my sight!" Believe on the Son of God; accept him now as your Saviour and Lord, that hereafter you may see him as the "King in his beauty."

A BAPTISM IN BURMAH.

THE baptism of the first convert won from among the heathen of Meiktila in Burmah is reported by Dr. J. Packer, who is laboring in that Burmese city. The event occurred on the Sunday previous to the despatch of his letter to the *Baptist Missionary*. A pretty cove with grassy sloping shore and sheltered by a beautiful copse of shrubs and wild, flowering vines, with here and there a good-sized tree, forming a part of the northern boundary of our grounds, furnished as perfect a baptistery as one could wish. The few believing hearts present were filled with thankfulness for this first trophy of redeeming grace from Meiktila, none more so than the candidate himself, whose face beamed with sober joy. Only Mrs. Packer and one or two inmates of the household witnessed the interesting ceremony. "Of others," says Dr. Packer, "not a neighbor, friend, or relative, not even wife or child, was there to show by their presence their interest or good will toward him. Their absence, indeed, was only too significant of that ill will and bitter opposition they had already made him feel on hearing his intention to be baptized, one and all having declared their intention that they would have nothing to do with him, either in a business or social way, if he did so; so that it was for him a literal forsaking of the world for Christ.

His wife, a strong-minded woman, though no longer having any confidence in Buddhism, and who some time before had professed to desire his baptism much, now when his mind was made up strenuously opposed him, for worldly considerations doubtless, being, like so many Burmah women of her class, a small bazaar trader, and so fearing her business, on which the support of the family depended, would suffer thereby, a very natural feeling under the circumstances, we must allow, especially as the husband's health is not good. The knowledge of this gave the occasion not only a pathetic but also a solemn judicial import, illustrating and enforcing, as it did, Christ's own extreme test of fitness for discipleship. "If any man come unto me and hate not his father and mother, and wife and children, and brethren and sister, yea and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple."

Gospel Needs in New Mexico.

A Correspondent Writes of the Spiritual Wants of the Mining Districts.

FROM the heart of New Mexico, the following letter, descriptive of the progress of Church work in that distant part of the continent, has been received. The writer, Mr. John Bennett, is a warm friend and old-time subscriber of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

KINGSTON, SIERRA CO., N. MEX., Dec. 10, '92.

In renewing my subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, I send three other yearly subscribers, and I take advantage of putting down a few thoughts, for your paper. Ours is a wonderful camp in many respects. The former home of the Apache, full of game and rich deposits of mineral, which the Indians carefully guarded until the death of Nana and Victoria, the old chiefs, the camp's history is very interesting.

Church-work has not been a success in the camp—all mining towns are called camps in the Western country. But in this respect it differs little from other work; not, however, because the field is not a good one.

In going or coming to town for mail and supplies, I cross a spur of the Black Range, one of the highest mountain ranges in New Mexico, which juts out from the great Continental Divide. We live in the heart of one of the finest mineral and pastoral sections in the world. To the west is Silver City, some twenty miles away—a well-built little town nestled in a beautiful valley at the foot of the Continental Divide surrounded with millions in the shape of mineral, on every side. Hillsboro is a gold camp, and is the older town. Kingston is mostly silver, and is the larger by about 1,000 inhabitants. It started with a boom in 1880, and millions in silver and gold were almost literally shovelled out of prospect holes into wagons and hauled off to mills, reduction-works, and smelters, without hoisting-works or getting below the water level.

The ore has to be removed and refined. As to gold the miner often puts it into his pocket in the daytime, and spends it at night. Yet more poor men have struck fortunes in this camp than probably in any silver camp ever found. But when water was struck and hoisting became expensive, and silver was legislated down, our camp became dull.

Often as I ride across home, and look back toward the valley, and see the now abandoned ruins, dismantled machinery and smokeless chimneys, I am reminded how the Church often does her work — especially in this Western country. Some young, or weak brother is sent out to do the work, and like that of the young or inexperienced mining superintendent, when the returns come in there is nothing to show. The labor has been unskilled, and the workman did not know how to seperate the precious metal from the gangue, and often what he gathered and put into the sack was waste, worse than what he threw over the dump. In the case of the Church laborer, he often gathered in the hypocrites, the weak-minded, or those who had been worn out in sin, and like the ore shipments, the returns did not even pay the freight, and left the miner in worse condition than before; and so the Church laborer leaves the field in worse condition often than when he found it.

How often the Church laborer gathers into the sack for saving, the waste, while he throws, or allows the more precious material to go over the dump: out into the gulches and ditches of sin, into the saloons and waste places of life. As I look down into the valley at the millions that must lie beneath the surface or the mountain side, from the indications and croppings on top, I realize that in a mining way, things are not as they should be. And as my thoughts run back to the gilded saloon and noisy street which I have just left, and the many noble hearts, "square fellows" that I meet in the gay crowd, and the little band gathered in prayer-meeting at the only church in town, I feel that things are not as they should be.

JOHN BENNETT.

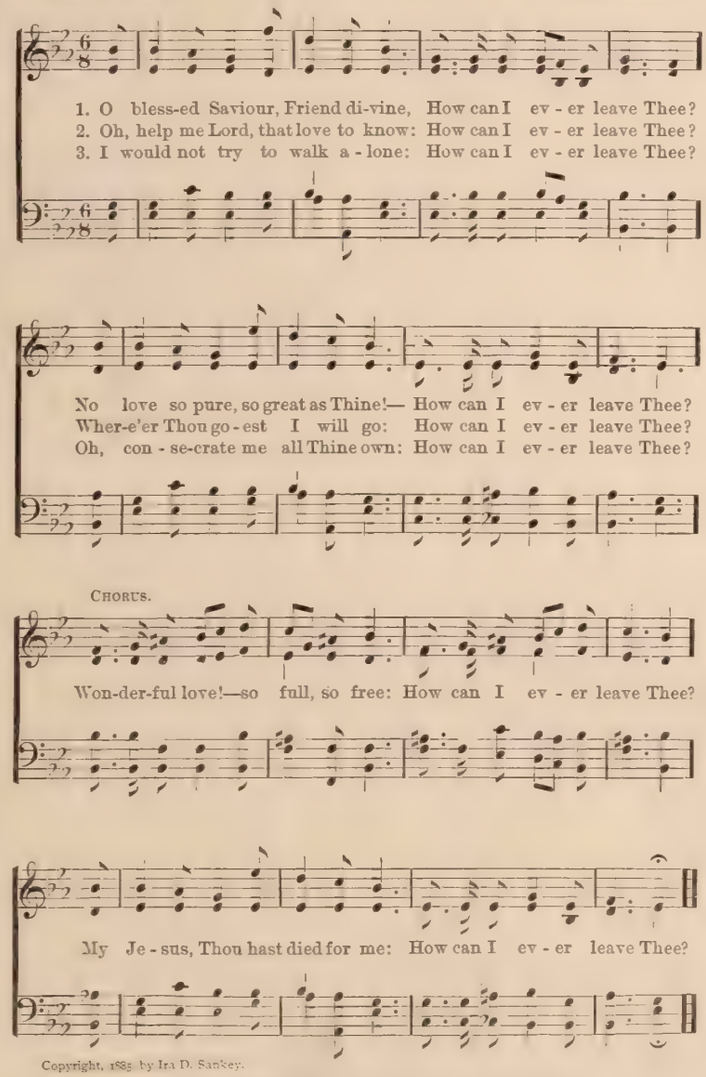
CONVERSION TESTED.

A SOLDIER in the East Indies, a stalwart man who had been a prize-fighter, was a terror to his regiment. He was converted, and the lion became a lamb. Two months afterward in the mess-room some of those who had been afraid of him before began to ridicule him. One of them threw a basin of hot soup over him. The whole company gazed in breathless silence, expecting that the offender would be murdered. But the former bully merely wiped off the mess. But after he had torn open his waistcoat and wiped his scalded breast he turned round and said, "This is expected when I became a Christian."

Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

O Blessed Saviour, Friend Divine.

FANNY J. CROSBY. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. O bless-ed Saviour, Friend di-vine, How can I ev - er leave Thee?
2. Oh, help me Lord, that love to know: How can I ev - er leave Thee?
3. I would not try to walk a - lone: How can I ev - er leave Thee?
No love so pure, so great as Thine!— How can I ev - er leave Thee?
Wher-e'er Thou go - est I will go: How can I ev - er leave Thee?
Oh, con - se-crate me all Thine own: How can I ev - er leave Thee?
CHORUS.
Won-der-ful love!—so full, so free: How can I ev - er leave Thee?
My Je - sus, Thou hast died for me: How can I ev - er leave Thee?

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WATCH, PRAY, AND SING.

For The Christian Herald.

WATCH.

WATCH! watch! the enemy looks on,
And serpents charm to catch;
Watch, pilgrim, watch until you've won
The journey's prize. Watch! watch!

PRAY.

Pray! pray! for strength to fight your foe,
For Grace of Christ each day;
Use swords of prayers as you go—
Take hold of God. Pray! pray!

SING.

Sing! sing! the journey is not long,
To meet our Heavenly King;
Let's end the race of life in song:
Watch! watch! pray! pray! sing! sing!

—TALBEN WILLIAMS.

THE WHYS AND WHEREFORES.

LET us take up the whys and wherefores,
The questions and doubts and fears,
That are veiling our God's face from us
Like a star that is seen through tears.

Let us take up and bring together
All we cannot understand,
And lovingly, trustingly place them
In our Heavenly Father's hand.

'Tis a proof of his own great wisdom
That we, though ever so wise,
Cannot always divine the message
He sends to us from the skies.

When we stand with him in his kingdom,
All we who are blind shall see;
So let all the whys and wherefores
Be adjourned to eternity. —J. E.

"O LORD, THOU KNOWEST."

THOU knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
Of the sad heart that comes to thee for rest.
Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,
Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed.
I come before thee at thy gracious word,
And lay them at thy feet, thou knowest, Lord!

Therefore, I come, thy gentle call obeying.
And lay my sins and sorrows at thy feet,
On everlasting strength my weakness staying,
Clothed in the righteousness of faith complete:
Then rising and refreshed, I leave thy throne,
And follow on to know as I am known.

—JANE BORTHWICK.

THE COMING KINGDOM.

Its Nature and Manifestation Misunderstood Now as it was in Christ's Time.

BY GEO. H. PEMBER, M. A.

WAEN the Pharisees asked Christ, when the kingdom of God should come, he told them that it came not with observation, but was already among them (Luke 17 : 21). Do you, he practically says, inquire concerning the Kingdom of God? It will never come as you expect it: and when its first manifestation does take place, the circumstances will altogether preclude men from saying, Lo, here! or, Lo, there! You are looking for an outbreak of rebellion against the Romans, in this locality, or in that, and for the appearance of some great military chieftain to be your Messiah. You imagine that he will lead you on from victory to victory, and that, although your sins are still upon you, the prophecy will nevertheless be fulfilled;—"Five of you shall chase a hundred, and a hundred of you shall put ten thousand to flight: and your enemies shall fall before you by the sword."

You are altogether mistaken: you will never see anything approaching to such an ideal. Nor is it possible that the Kingdom should be discovered by such watching as yours: for even now it **is in** the midst of you, and yet with all your observation you have failed to perceive it.

We need be at no loss to understand the significance of the last sentence. The Lord himself, around whom both the Pharisees and his own disciples were at the moment clustered, was at once the King and the embodiment of the Kingdom. In him was centred, not only its authority, but its life, its righteousness, its wisdom, and its power; and those who would become partakers in it must do so by believing in him, and abiding in him, until the day of instantaneous and glorious manifestation should have come.

And yet many Christians have been wont to misinterpret this answer, and then to quote it as if it included all that the Lord had to say upon the subject. See, they have urged triumphantly, the Kingdom comes not with observation, but is internal and spiritual: therefore, all your hopes of the personal return and reign of Christ are vain. They confuse the temporal with the spiritual as the Jews did.

Could there be a more striking example of the way in which the will of man overrides his reason? And in this instance the false doctrine is altogether without excuse; since the Lord at once, and on the spot, turned away from the Pharisees to his own disciples, to whom he immediately gave a vivid and thrilling account of the manner in which the outward manifestation of the Kingdom should take place. For they had already received him into their hearts: they had sworn allegiance to the King: they were abiding with him in his temptations. It was for them that the Kingdom was appointed: they should know of its outward manifestation, and of all else that concerned it.

Accordingly, the Lord unveils the future to their wondering gaze. Until the Kingdom come, there will be suffering and depression for those who are to enjoy it, and many endeavors on the part of Satan to draw them aside by means of false hopes. But, at last, a glorious deliverance shall break like lightning through the gloom—a deliverance, however, which must deeds be preceded by the rejection and suffering of him who shall bring it. Meanwhile, the dwellers upon earth will be absorbed in the pleasures and occupations of this short life, and, by reason of selfish indulgence, will grow so blind and deaf and insensible to everything spiritual, that the coming of the Son of Man will be to them as an unexpected knell of doom suddenly resounding over the broad earth, and spreading the wildest consternation and despair. Let the disciple then, beware of lapsing into the world's insensibility; for when the summons of the Lord goes forth, there must be an instant response. If any man hesitates but for a moment, he may, like Lot's wife, be involved in the destruction, even though his conveyance out of danger should be already in progress. And the great cause of hesitation will be love for the things of this life, which the believer must, therefore, eschew. For when the unknown time arrives, the Lord will, without a moment's warning, separate between the nearest relations and most intimate companions, and take to himself those only whom he finds faithful and watching. As to the world, wherever the rebellious or persistently indifferent may be, thither the ministers of vengeance will descend as vultures swoop upon the prey.

"THE TRAVELERS' CLUB."

Continued from last page.

desire that the capitalists and the unfortunates may be brought close together in love; and here is a field where a little capital can accomplish immense results, and bring joy and gladness and blessing as well to the heart of the giver as to the receiver.

The Travelers' Club is composed of about a half thousand men who stay in New York, and meet every day except the Lord's Day, at 208 Eighth Avenue. Mr. Merritt has preached to the members every morning during the last two months. Writing recently of the Club, Mr. Merritt thus described its sessions:

"We preach each morning at 6 o'clock. This is early, but what an audience! Most of them have carried the banner, walked the streets all night, without a cent, or a friend, or a hope, or a home, in darkness, doubt and desolation. They are so glad to get in where it is warm, so pleased to have a kind word of encouragement, of counsel, of cheer. So delighted to appease their hunger and thirst by a couple of bowls of hot, excellent coffee, and a brace of rolls, so ready to receive the sweet truths of the Gospel on a full stomach instead of an empty.

"Men, all men, not a woman in the place. Men, our men, born in the same ward, taught in the same schools, played the same games with me. Men, men from the country, true men, but stranded in this immense city. Cultured, but ashamed. Men from over the ocean, wrecked here, such wrecks, seemingly hopelessly ruined, by misfortune, debauchery, drink. Men for whom Jesus died, and whom the Holy Spirit loves as a mother loves a bright, wayward boy.

"Men whose wives, children and homes are desolate through their wrong-doing, but to whom a kind word, a loving hand-shake, a tender caress is invaluable in this the time of their extremity and despair. So orderly, so thankful, so receptive are they, of the truth spoken in love. They cannot stand sanctimoniousness, they see clearly through any Phariseeism, and are too witty to be taken by any craft to get them into the Gospel net through the loaves and fishes. True hearts win them, unselfish purposes amaze them, they are attracted, drawn by an uplifted Christ that is presented in a simple loving manner, but they shun those whose object is applause or gain in the work of the Lord. They are indeed worth saving, and will measure up with any other class of men, man for man, in use-

"THE TRAVELERS' CLUB" IN SESSION.

[illegible], holiness, steadfastness. They are in-[illegible] them, [illegible]

"Oh what a garden spot for God is the Eighth Avenue Mission, before day-light, in [illegible] We ask no one to come! The body as well as the soul is looked after, just as the Master used to do. It would be a mistake, a loss, to separate them, and his work for them, as we (too many) do to-day. Oh, what a wonderful Saviour is Jesus to-day, if we will only work on his lines and in his way! 'Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these my disciples' ye do it unto me.'"

[illegible] is the work of the Traveler's Club, [illegible] like in the field it occupies. Would there were a thousand like it!

GOD'S COVENANT.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Jan. 22, 1893. Zech. 3: 7; John 15: 7, 8.

PERFECTLY reasonable from the human standpoint is the covenant God makes with men. We act toward our fellows on that basis and would resent any imputation of unfairness in doing so. Obedience, intelligence and an effort to conform to right rule and order are the conditions which the most indulgent employer demands of those in his service. "If thou wilt walk in my ways" is the Old Testament word; "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you," is Christ's stipulation. Both are of one kind. He who abides in Christ must be necessarily walking in God's ways, as he walked. Special rewards are promised to all who comply. But apart from reward, reason tells us that there is no way to happiness but that of conformity to the will of God. Our engineers and inventors have attained all their successes by studying the laws of nature and applying them to the problems to be solved. The steam engine, the electric telegraph, the suspension bridge are the triumphs of conformity to fact and law, which are only other names for God's methods of governing the material universe. By the same path must we travel in the spiritual world. God's way is the way of peace, but the way of the transgressor is hard. The rebellious child, the insubordinate servant have no comfort or rest in opposition, nor does reward fall to them. Sin is always loss. It weakens and demoralizes, and if persisted in, eventually destroy all the noble elements of being. The way of God is the way of growth and development. This covenant, therefore, brings its own reward to those who comply with its conditions; and over and above that fruit comes the special promise of God's favor and fatherhood with all that they imply.

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WORK FOR KING'S DAUGHTERS.

AN appeal for help in founding and supporting a much needed institution is made to the King's Daughters by Miss Helen Richardson who is about to set out for India to resume charge of the work. She has been for several years at the head of the Rescue Mission in Bombay which was established to reclaim fallen women among the natives and the foreign population of the city. So much good has been done by the institution that the managers are anxious to enlarge it and to open branches in other cities. It is the only work of the kind in Western and Southern India. Miss Richardson has labored steadily there without salary or compensation of any kind since January, 1887. She has now purchased six acres of land on a healthy site near Poona, on which she is anxious to erect a new building. There the women will have a better prospect of physical and moral restoration than in Bombay. Miss Richardson asks Circles of King's Daughters who take an interest in Foreign Mission work to consider a suggestion that this form of helpfulness is especially appropriate to them and within the sphere of labor cultivated by daughters of the King. She promises that all contributions received for the purpose will be devoted without any deduction to the work, as there are no charges for printing, traveling expenses or any other administrative operations. Miss Richardson's address, for the present, is 250 West Forty-fourth Street, New York. Any Circles disposed to consider her appeal, would do well to communicate with her at once, before her return to India and obtain from her a full statement of facts and details.

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THE TORONTO B. Y. P. U.

THE Young People's movement in the Baptist Churches of Toronto has taken hold with great power. The city union has just been celebrating its first anniversary. Three hundred representatives of the various unions in the city assembled in the Walmer Road Church on the occasion. Mr. H.L. Stark was re-elected president for the year. Mr. H.R. Jenkins was elected secretary and Miss Kerr, treasurer. Three hours were devoted to a conference on methods of work and plans of co-operation and aggressive efforts for the coming year. Rev. O.C. Wallace gave an illustration of an Outline Study on the life of Christ which was followed throughout with deep interest. All the young people were enthusiastic in their devotion to the Union and full of hope for the good results of future effort.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

A LEAGUE of two hundred and thirty members is reported in connection with the Eighth Avenue M. E. Church of Oakland, Cal. From North Lawrence, Kans., comes the news of the formation of a League as a result of a series of Revival services in the church there. The League in Missouri is flourishing. At the Union meeting recently held at St. George two more churches reported the formation of Leagues, making eight in all in that city. Indiana is making a record for itself in the movement. At Indianapolis the fifteen Leagues of the city and vicinity held a large mass meeing in which the Christian Endeavor Societies united. Short cheering testimonies and good music combined to make the occasion one of delightful interest. In the Sante Fe Chapter considerable attention is being given to literary matters. This has had an encouraging result in attracting members and in binding the young Christian people in closer fellowship in their studies. In Massachusetts there is remarkable activity in the Lynn District. At the recent quarterly meeting which was held at Chelsea, one Chapter reported having supplied the barbers' shops with religious journals; another having established an Italian mission; another has a boat which visits vessels in the harbor distributing tracts and Bibles and inviting the sailors to church, and still another has contributed $1100 to the church treasury during the past year. The new secretary, Dr. Schell, has been at Ellenville, N.Y., inspiring the Convention of the Leagues of the Newburgh District to increased effort.

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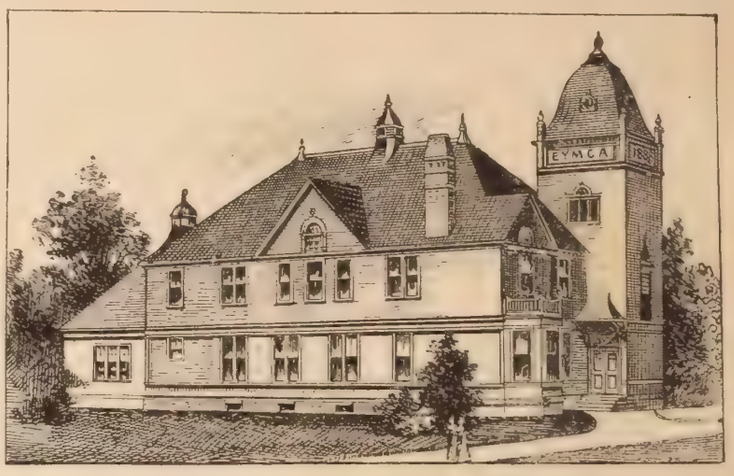
A NEW ENGLAND ASSOCIATION.

THE pretty and tasteful building, a picture of which appears on this page, is the home of the Young Men's Christian Association of Everett, Mass. The town has a population of about 13,000 and the fact of its having such a building is an indication of the devotion and enterprise of its young men. The Association was founded eight years ago and has now attained a membership of 370. It has a Library, Reading-room and Gymnasium. The cost of the building with its site was $20,000, more than half of which sum has already been paid.



THE Y. M. C. A. BUILDING AT EVERETT, MASS.

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A VIRGINIA C. E. SOCIETY.

IT is gratifying to learn that the Christian Endeavor Societies in the vicinity of Norfolk, Va., belonging to various denominations, have formed a union for co-operation in Christian work. it is only another instance of the growth of the consciousness of Christian brotherhood between Christians of different creeds which has followed the development of the Christian Endeavor movement. The union just formed in Virginia, which is to be known as the Tidewater Union, comprises Christian Endeavor Societies from Presbyterians, Methodist Episcopal, Disciples, and other churches. The meeting at which the Union was organized was held at the Church of the Disciples, when the model constitution was adopted and the following officers elected: President, Mr. A. M. Eley, of Norfolk; Vice-President, Mr. A. F. Odenhall, of Norfolk; Secretary, Mr. Emmett Deams, of Portsmouth; Treasurer, Mr. Joseph Parks, of Buckley. It was decided to hold a general meeting on Feb. 12 in the Monumental M.E. Church, Portsmouth, and regularly afterwards at intervals of two months. The meeting of the Virginia State Union takes place at Norfolk on Jan. 27.

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TWENTY-NINE new C. E. Societies were registered in the British section during the month of November.

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MR. R. MCCANN, the new traveling secretary of Y. M. C. A. was warmly welcomed at a crowded meeting held in the Apollo Bunder Rooms, Bombay.

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THE annual meeting of the Anglo-American Y. M. C. A. in Paris has just been held, the Rev. E. G. Thurber, D.D., occupying the chair. The twenty-fourth annual report, read by the general secretary, Mr. Herbert E. Kinsley, recorded a very successful year's work.

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SINCE the meetings held in Dublin by Mr. Moody and continued by Mr. McNeill the Dublin Y.M.C.A. have increased their membership roll by about sixty, and every department of the Association is throbbing with new life. The Bible-classes have increased in numbers and power; both the spiritual and educational branches have been well sustained.

THE DARK.

OH! never fear the dark my child,
'Tis a precious gift from heaven,
And earth would be a tiresome place
Had not this boon been given.

'Tis well to close the weary eye
And see no sight around,
'Tis well to rest the tired ear
And hear no common sound.

'Tis only in the dark we win
Refreshing, perfect rest;
When nature sleeps, and human ears
By noise are not oppressed.

Think not that God is farther off
In darkness than in light,
Or that he gives the evil one
A special power by night.

Then never fear the dark, my child
For God who made the light,
In love has left 'twixt day and day
The welcome rest,—the night. —F. E. R.

Ezra, the Editor-Prophet and Poet.

His Reputed Tomb in Persia—His Writings that have lasted through the Ages.

THE first editor of whom history, either sacred or secular, contains any record is Ezra, the scribe, a Hebrew priest of the line of Zadok. Before him there had been a long line of prophets, poets, historians, and men divinely inspired, who contributed to the literature of the Hebrew nation; and in other lands men had lived and died whose genius as shown in their writings still thrills the world with admiration. But to Ezra belongs the distinction of being the first, as far as we have any record, who collated and edited any of the books of the Old Testament. He was undoubtedly the author of the books of I. and II. Chronicles, and the books of Esther and Ezra, as well as the Book of Esdras in the Apocrypha. Besides, there is internal evidence to show that he also edited the first five books of the Old Testament Scriptures, known as the Pentateuch, arranging, transcribing and adjusting, with a view to chronological sequence, the various ancient manuscripts that had been handed down among the Israelitish priesthood since the time of Moses.

Ezra or Esdras, the Scribe, was the son of Seraiah, and according to Josephus, was a high priest of the Jews who were left in Babylon. In the year 458 B.C., we find him mentioned in Hebrew records as a man of great learning, zeal and authority, enjoying the confidence of his fellow-countrymen, his companions in exile, and also of the king of Persia, Artaxerxes Longimanus. Babylon had meanwhile come under the rule of the Medes and Persians. At this time, the period of the Jewish captivity was nearing its close and the condition of the exiles was much better than it had been in the beginning of the Babylonian sojourn. Their priests and princes were honored and accorded a wide freedom among their people in Babylon, besides enjoying the privilege of friendly intercourse with their compatriots in Jerusalem, and even making occasional pilgrimages there. Ezra's father was one of the first victims of the Babylonian oppression, having been slain at Riblah, by Nebuchadnezzar's orders.

History does not explain how Ezra, the Scribe, became influential with the Persian king. He was, however, sufficiently in favor with that monarch to obtain leave, about B.C 459, to go to Jerusalem, taking with him a company of Israelites, priests, singers and carriers, nearly 2,000 in all. These returning exiles were allowed to take with them many vessels of gold and silver besides considerable coin, some of which had been contributed by the Jews in Babylon and a portion by the king and his counsellors, and these offerings were used for the adornment and service of the temple and for the purchase of sacrifices. Besides, Ezra came back to the holy city clothed with authority to appoint the magistrates and judges in Judea and with the power of life and death over all law-breakers. He was also empowered to draw upon the treasury of Artaxerxes for such moneys as he might need to conduct the ministry of the temple and the government of Judea. That the Persian king, despite the fact that his subjects worshiped strange gods, was convinced of the supremacy of the God of Israel and entertained a fear of the Divine displeasure is evident from the language of the decree, concerning Ezra which said "And whatsoever is commanded by the God of heaven, let it be diligently done for the house of the God of Heaven; for why should there be wrath against the realm of the king and his sons?"

On the return, Ezra and his company made a three days' halt on the banks of the river Ahava, where they fasted and humiliated themselves before God. Ezra declared that he was ashamed to have an army escort, because he had trusted to God for safe guidance, and had committed the treasures to be carried to twelve of the chief priests, fearless of plunderers, and believing that God would protect the pilgrims. On their return, there was great rejoicing in Jerusalem. Ezra took steps to effect a religious reformation among the Jews of Palestine, and to bring them back to the observance of the law of Moses which had long been neglected, and to compel them to discard heathen wives and idols. A great assembly of the people took place at which he made in their behalf a public confession of sin, while the multitude wept tears of penitence. These prolonged days of confession and repentance were a memorable stage in the history of Israel.

REPUTED TOMB OF THE PROPHET EZRA, ON THE TIGRIS.

Ezra, on his return, had a double evil to contend with. Those Jews who had gone into captivity, together with their descendants, had become infected with Babylonish superstitions, while those who had been left behind—and who were the very lowest class of the population—had mingled with the Philistines and the neighboring tribes to such an extent that the religion of Jehovah and the moralities were almost forgotten. Indeed, the Israelites had almost reverted to heathenism. This was the condition of affairs when Ezra summoned the assembly and produced before them the books of Moses, which he read for their instruction and which they solemnly bound themselves to follow. Two generations had passed since the captivity, and the Israel of the reunion had never heard of the books, and were strangers to their precepts. Ezra, during the long years of exile, had availed himself of all the learning and traditions of the priesthood, and of the many historical documents in their possession, to edit and compile the books composing the Pentateuch. These he now for the first time presented to the people of Jerusalem, in a form which, save for occasional revisions and alterations of an immaterial character, is preserved to this day. Some authorities have held that he was simply a copyist or transcriber; but others, with probably greater reason, regard him as not only the editor but the author of much of the writings in the five books, and as a prophet and independent legislator besides. Whatever his true position and character, it is certain that he rendered not only to Jerusalem, but to the world an incomparably valuable service in this work, since the Pentateuch, and especially that part of it which contains the Mosaic code, has been universally accepted as the basis and foundation of all civilized legislation.

After effecting the moral and spiritual reformation of his nation and delivering to them the Mosaic laws, Ezra seems to have returned to Babylon and to have ended his days there in comparative retirement. In Nehemiah's narrative of the building of the wall, Ezra is not mentioned, but when the work was near its completion, he assisted at the dedication of the wall. According to tradition, he died in Babylon at the great age of one hundred and twenty years, in the town of Zamzumu, on the river Tigris, where he was stricken by a fatal illness, while going to Susa to see Artaxerxes about the affairs of the Jews. His reputed tomb, according to Benjamin of Tudela, is at Zamzumu otherwise known as Nehar-Samorah. Another building, also said to be the tomb of Ezra, is shown on the banks of the Tigris, near a point where it joins the Euphrates. This is shown on the illustration on this page. It is a handsome building with enameled dome.

The first object of interest, to the traveler moving up by boat from Margil to Baghdad, at the point of junction of the Tigris and Euphrates, just above, on the latter river, is Korna, alleged to be the site of the Garden of Eden. Here are some scattered mat and mud hovels exceedingly dirty, trees and vegetation, a leaning minaret, and little else to attract attention. Somewhat higher up the river is a bank of gardens; and here the traveler sees realized a charming picture of Mesopotamian village life and scenery, the bright green produce of the soil forming an agreeable contrast to the brown, orange, and magenta dresses of the women moving through it.

The mosque of the Kazimain or two Kazims; the tomb of Sultana Zobiede; the madrasahs or colleges; the singular ruin of Aggarkuf; and the Bazas are usually visited by the sight-seeing traveler whose journey has led him to Baghdad; and above all he should take advantage of the occasion to ride sixty miles south to Hillah, and visit the site of ancient Babylon.

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Flowers as Emblems of Innocence.

WHAT can be more innocent than flowers? They are like children undimmed by sin. They are emblems of purity and truth, a source of fresh delight to the pure and innocent. The heart that does not love flowers, or the voice of a playful child, cannot be genial. It was a beautiful conceit that invented a language of flowers, by which lovers were enabled to express the feelings that they dared not openly speak. But flowers have a voice for all—old and young, rich and poor. "To me," says Wordsworth,

> The meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

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The Value of Sunshine.

SUNSHINE has both a moral and a hygienic value. "Basking in the sun," says a scientific writer, is in itself of real and considerable benefit, and it is no compliment to our human intelligence to find that cats and dogs understand that fact much better than we do. Even the "blue glass" craze had a truth underlying it, and owed such success as it achieved to the proportion of sunlight which penetrated its colored medium.

The love of sunshine is naturally one of our strongest instincts, and we should be far healthier and happier if we followed and developed it, instead of practically ignoring and repressing it. How a sparkling, sunny morning exhilarates us and makes us feel that "it's too fine a day to spend indoors," and yet how few holidays are taken for that reason. The wealth of the sunbeams is poured out lavishly around us, and we turn from it to struggle for a few pitiful handfuls of something else that is yellow and shining, but not half so likely to bring us happiness.

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THE CHILDREN'S BLESSING.

CHILDREN are the salvation of the race. They purify, they elevate, they stir, they instruct, they console, they reconcile, they gladden us. They are the ozone of human life, inspiring us with hope, rousing us to wholesome sacrifice. If, in the faults which they inherit, they show us the worst of ourselves, and so move us to a salutary repentance, they also stimulate our finer qualities; they cheat us of weary care; they preach to us, not so much by their lips as by their innocence; their questions set us thinking, and to better purpose than the syllogisms of philosophers; their helplessness makes us tender; their loveliness surprises us into pure joy.

A child is a sunbeam on a winter sea, a flower in a prison garden, the music of bells over the noise of a great city, a fragrant odor in a sick-room. If any one thinks this exaggerated, I am sorry for him. It is literally true of me, and for tens of thousands who have far more right to it, say a gentle-hearted writer. These fingers tingle with a kind of happiness while I am writing about them here. My chilly friend need not have my joy if he does not believe in it, or care for it; I will not force it on him, but he shall not take mine from me.

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Simple Living.

A DETERMINED return to simplicity of living on the part of well-to-do families would be of immense service as a contribution to the problems of social science. The ambition for display—tawdry enough but intensely human—has much misery laid at its door, and many sins for which it furnishes the ruling motive, remarks the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*. There are persons spending thousands a year who assure us that they had just as much comfort and a great deal more happiness when their scale of living was not a tithe of its present dimensions, and when their income was counted by tens instead of hundreds. It may be that times have changed, and that the manner of life could never be reduced to the simplicity of earlier times, but that is no reason why it may not be much more simple and inexpensive than it is. When it is, the temptation to extravagance, that bane of social life in all ranks and in all countries, will be reduced to a minimum; and moderate incomes, the inevitable lot of a great majority, will be ample for all reasonable wants.

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Helpfulness is Happiness.

A LADY was once asked to define her ideal of happiness, says the Boston *Congregationalist*, whereupon she set herself to answer the question and found it a more difficult matter than she had supposed. After studying the problem in all its bearings she concluded that, upon the whole, she could stand by this definition: "My ideal of happiness is the helping of somebody up." Is not this a strong, safe, blessed working rule? It covers all circumstances and applies to the doing of the "nexte thynge," whether it be soothing of a wailing child, the sweeping of the kitchen floor, the leading of a great cause, or the lightening of a spiritual doubt or burden. Each alike may come within the range of our daily duties and give ample opportunity for helping somebody "up."

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Napoleon's Mother.

SOON after Napoleon's assumption of the imperial purple he chanced to meet his mother in the gardens of St. Cloud. He was surrounded by courtiers, and half playfully held out his hand for her to kiss. "Not so, my son," she gravely replied, at the same time presenting her hand in return: "It is your duty to kiss the hand of her who gave you life."

Public attention does not seem to have been directed to Napoleon's mother until her son was proclaimed Emperor in 1804. She then received the title of Mme. Mere and an income of 10,000. was settled upon her. She frequently solicited favors of her son for others, and was happy whenever her exertions met with success.

ROSEMARY AND RUE

BY

JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

A STORY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HOME

Written expressly for "The Christian Herald"

CHAPTER XI.

YOUNG MACGREGOR.

"HERE'S a letter for you, Miss Maple," said Rodney, arriving at Dora's room by the method of scaling a grape-vine frame, and putting his head in at the leaf-draped window.

"Rodney," said his mother, who was sitting with Dora, "never be guilty of putting your head into a lady's-room in that unannounced fashion again. Come to the door so that you may knock."

"She don't mind," said Rodney, "she's used to it. I come up here every day, and if she don't want me in, I find the curtain down, and then I sit and whistle till she pulls it up."

"Dora," said Mrs. Cardiff, "you are far too easy with the children. When I was a child parents and teachers were much more strict. Young people stood in awe, and were not so familiar."

"This is the 'Children's Age,'" cried Rodney, "children to the front! Children rule the world now! Frick says so. She's crying!"

Mrs. Cardiff hastily looked around at Dora, referred to as "she."

"What is the matter, my dear?"

"This letter is from Plymouth, from Anne Russel. She says she received a letter from Mrs. Lane, where Eloise boards, saying that Eloise was sick. Mrs. Lane found a letter lying on Eloise's table addressed to Anne Russel, and she slipped a note in and sent it off, saying she was quite sick and some of her friends ought to be with her. So Anne went. Here is what she says: "I knew you were busy and it would be very hard for Mrs. Cardiff to spare you; and also I have much more experience than you have, if Eloise should be very sick, and need skilled nursing. I am a capital nurse. But do not be frightened, she is going to escape without a course of fever, I am sure. She has worked too hard, and then, she is not happy, her trouble sticks to her, poor child! When I sit and look at her, and think that she really loved my husband, and cannot get over his deception, I cannot understand it. I too loved him very much, I thought, but I have cut my heart entirely free from him. She cannot do that, though nothing would induce her ever to see him again. Do not worry because I am here. I had a month's vacation; our establishment closed the work-rooms for six weeks. I shall be better for a change. I had a little money laid by, plenty for the trip. I cannot tell you how good Eloise has been to me all this year: she has borne all the boys' expenses, and sent me presents beside. My aunt urged me to hurry to Eloise at once, and she would take care of the boys. I know Eloise likes to have me here. People would say that we two ought to be enemies, but we are not. No sister could be better to me and the boys than she is. This is a very lovely old town, and the weather is cool and delightful. I will write to you often. Eloise sends love. I shall stay for a month."

"That seems a queer friendship," said Mrs. Cardiff. "I see no cause for worry, Dora, Eloise will no doubt be all right. You can go to Buffalo to-morrow and bring the boys here for the rest of the vacation, if you choose to take a little trouble in looking after them. I know Mr. Cardiff would say so: he is never so happy as when he can make a free hotel of his home, or any place where he is. If Mrs. Russel thinks the boys are in your care and enjoying themselves, she will feel better. As she is looking out for your sister, you must see to her sons."

The next evening as Tom MacGregor was in the Buffalo station, waiting for the train for Niagara Falls, he saw a young woman coming down the platform with a jolly little lad, jumping and dancing on each side of her; and now she turned her fair, smiling face to one, and now to the other, sharing their joy.

This picture of woman and child, is the picture which has won the heart of the world in all ages. In it meet all sweet harmonious thoughts, all innocent graces. Tom MacGregor looked upon the picture, and for him the hour of love struck. He had thought Dora most sweet and fair ever since she came into John Cardiff's house. Always the music of her voice and the graces of her manner, had grown upon him, and now, when he watched her coming along the platform with the little lads, his heart filled with love toward her, and she seemed the one woman in all the world to him, and he felt as if earth must needs prove a paradise, if he could walk through it, hand in hand with her.

He hurried toward her, extending his hands: Dora gave him her hand, not as enthusiastically as she might to her ideal of a man—John Cardiff—but cordially as to one of the family that in ministering to her sorrows had become hers.

MacGregor was a joyous, generous, warm-hearted young fellow, the clasp of his big hand was always like a vise. Dora detected nothing new as he held her gloved fingers firmly and lingeringly, while he demanded when she had come to Buffalo, and, took possession of her shawl strap; and poured forth his delight at meeting her.

"Much happens in three days," cried Dora. "Mrs. Cardiff sent me after the Russel boys, as their mother has gone to stay with my sister Eloise, who is not well."

Tom had been gone three days! She remembered it! Had she missed him? Had she counted the days? O joy! A mist came over his eyes as he looked at her, so fair, so sweet, so frank and gracious. Three days! surely she had missed him!

But no. There was not a man in the world whom Dora would have really missed. John Cardiff perhaps most of any, for he seemed as a tower of strength and shelter in all doubt and disaster. Uncle Rupert and Richard also, she cared for, but not so much as for Margaret and Aunt Lois.

Thus it happened that this party of four went to the Falls, and then drove over to Hotel Marot, in all the beauty of the summer evening. Dora very gleeful and enjoying thoroughly the company of the happy boys, and Tom MacGregor fascinated by Dora, and taking to his heart the notion that some of her gay freedom and brightness might be due to pleasure in his society. From that day there was a new light in Tom MacGregor's eyes, as he looked at Dora. As for Dora she did not see the light, she scarcely ever looked into Tom MacGregor's eyes, they were not worth looking into, in her present mood in which all men were bearing the sins of one.

Dora was in danger of seeing much of Tom, and taking carelessly a great many attentions. As for the elders, Margaret, Aunt Lois, Mrs. Cardiff, had each a partner in life to wait upon her, and MacGregor took his place by Dora, while Frick was general utility man for the whole party. Dora fell into the habit of taking little services from Tom—even of expecting them.

One moonlight evening early in August, John Cardiff and his wife were sitting on the porch of Hotel Marot. Near at hand, just across the lane, was a field of ripe wheat, ready for cutting, and shining under the moonlight like a silver sea, rippling in the breeze. On the other hand, the orchard grass lay dark under the shadows, and there myriads of fire-flies were keeping up a continuous flashing and splendor, while here and there, zig-zagging among the mimic fire-works went the white-clad forms of Philippa and Rodney, catching the fire-flies in wide mouthed-bottles, in order to have an illumination in their rooms, when they were sent to bed. Up and down the lawn moved Richard Cardiff and Margaret side by side, keeping even pace, her hand upon his shoulder.

"There goes," said John Cardiff to his wife, "to my mind a model couple. Like-minded and growing more and more like—all their interests one. Theirs is the loftiest and ripest form of human friendship—that which is love in its truest sense. Distance, disaster, sickness, death, would only deepen a love like theirs. Such a pattern of married life is a lesson of incalculable value to the young men, MacGregor and Frick, and to our children."

"Our children are too young for lessons of that kind. But there is another couple I wish you to observe. The girl is sitting on that garden-chair. The young man is perched on the gate-post."

"Dora and Tom? Yes. Dora has until fifteen minutes ago, been catching fire-flies with Philippa."

"And these fifteen minutes, and others like them, Mr. Cardiff, are drifting Tom into a fool's paradise. Tom is falling or has fallen, in love with Dora."

"I'm sure you are mistaken, my dear. She is married."

"The little fact of a husband, whom he has never seen, and who is never mentioned has passed out of his mind. And I am not mistaken. I have seen all Tom's soul in his eyes of late when he looked at Dora. What are you going to do about it?"

"Whether you are right or mistaken, my dear, there will be no harm in warning Tom. But here! When her husband came with her, a little over two years ago!"

"Two years is an eternity to a young man, and when he sees fit to fall in love, he does not consider."

"But Dora, has she fallen in love with Tom?"

"Dora thinks she hates men, and that nothing is more odious than marriage. Therefore Dora is just in the state of fancied security, where she may drift into love without knowing it."

"My dear, you are very astute."

"I have need to be, Mr. Cardiff, when you are so very reckless in your talk before young people. Rodney should be sent to bed."

"I think I'll be safe now, by calling both Philippa and Dora here to discuss what they have read this week."

"They have read Sir Walter Scott: his 'Ivanhoe,' 'The Monestery,' and 'The Antiquary,' and 'St. Ronan's Well.' You told them to read Scott, if you remember. I think girls of Philippa's age should read nothing about love."

"Then they'll think the more about it; and Dora is a safe companion in reading love stories; She has been behind the scenes. Rod! Let us have the pleasure of wishing you good night, and happy dreams. Philippa! Come here with Miss Maple, and make a report on your week's reading. Tell me what you think of Sir Walter."

"The first thing that I think, said Philippa, leaning on her father's shoulder, "is that he is very foolish to represent women or girls as falling sick of love, and pining away with broken hearts. Dora says that when women have plenty to do, and plenty of study and solid things to think of, they don't fall ill over love, and that such stories fitted better in ages when women did nothing but embroider and sing love songs. Now when they have to study mathematics, and natural science, and very often earn their own living, they need be no more silly over love affairs, than men are."

"It is wrong, in my view, for a child of your age to be speaking about love," said Mrs. Cardiff, indignantly.

"But one cannot help forming opinions about everything," said Philippa.

"And what is needed, is to have the opinions sound," said the Chief, "and they are most likely to be sound if they are brought forth to be examined and assisted by maturer judgments. As for love, my dear, she cannot help thinking of it. Everyone in this world falls in love, more or less. It is human fate. Love desires the highest good of its object: it is reverent and clean: love grapples with selfishness and weakness, and growing strong in the contest, stands upright with these beneath its feet. It is time we made an end of cherishing weakness, idleness, viciousness, and calling the product love. Philippa, never be deceived into believing the false, the true."

"We are better off with neither false nor true," cried Dora.

"The plot, the situations were splendid—they were so exciting, and we sat and read, until the tower over there, seemed some great frowning castle, and the hotel here a monastery, or palace; and we listened for the crash of arms, and felt shivers of terror, and peeped out into the roadway expecting to see whole files of cavaliers, and doughty knights riding lance at rest, and in the sunshine helmets and halberds and pennons flashing and blazing."

"And instead, we only saw the children playing at soldiers; Peggy and Betty chasing doomed chickens; the grocer's-wagon rolling up the lane, and such every-day young men as Mr. Frick and Mr. MacGregor, coming in hungry for roast beef and peach pie for dinner," cried Dora merrily.

"Dear me, I wish Frick and I were not kept busy all day, we could be introduced to fairy land's miraculous show, by means of Scott's novels! We should feel as our parents did, when the world waited for a new production of the Wizzard of the North, and a Romance by him was the event of the day," said Tom.

"We don't want any company in our reading, do we Dora!" cried Philippa. "It is nicer by ourselves, isn't it?"

"Indeed it is," said Dora heartily.

"What is so selfish as happiness?" sighed Tom.

"Sorrow," said John Cardiff, "that is more selfish still."

The next morning John Cardiff and Tom MacGregor were hard at work on certain maps and calculations. Finally, but for them the office was empty. John Cardiff dropped a pair of dividers. "See here, Tom; honor bright, are you falling in love with the children's governess?"

Tom flushed—started, recovered himself.

"I think she is the nicest girl I ever saw in my life!"

"See here, my lad; don't forget that her niceness can make no possible difference to you. She is a married woman!"

"Oh Mr. Cardiff! You don't think of holding her to that foolish, unfortunate mistake of so long ago?"

"I hold her, boy? What are you talking about! Common law holds her, as well as God's law. She was regularly married. I have her marriage certificate among my papers."

"Who knows but he may have been married to two or three other women, and her marriage is as void as her sister's!"

"Who knows that it is so? As far as she has any information she is a lawful wife, and as far out of your reach as any other married woman."

"But Mr. Cardiff, what are you talking of? Here is a burglar, a man who lives by swindling, who marries her to help on a robbery, and expects to train a lovely innocent girl to be a sort of stool-pigeon or decoy for him, gaining for him in communities where he wishes to perpetrate crimes, a standing and confidence that would be denied to him personally. Would you force a girl to live with such a monster?"

"Certainly not. But being, unfortunately, married to him, she cannot marry another man. The validity of the marriage does not depend on either his or her character."

"But Mr. Cardiff she has only to bring her case into any court, to get a decree of divorce."

"No doubt that is true. But if she sues for a divorce because she wants to marry someone else, the real ground of the divorce is not the man's character, but a change in her own affections."

"She ought to get free of him, any way," cried Tom, "and then be free to love and marry when the right man worthy of her appeared."

"The better way is for her to think no more of marriage, but honorably and patiently bear the burden she has imposed upon herself, by her own folly."

"Oh, Mr. Cardiff! That is so cruel."

"Cruel? possibly. But just—and if Draconian justice such as this, were adhered to, marriage would be a more sacred, better respected, more enduring tie than it is now. And the greater danger and disgrace of numerous divorces would be done away. I think Tom, the laxness with which the marriage bond is regarded, is one of the greatest dangers of the present age. It will bring in upon us a demoralization of individuals, of the home, of society, which will assure the destruction of the State. The process may be a long one, but if it continues, it will be a sad one."

"You seem to forget that if Miss Maple and others, situated as she is, make this sacrifice of maintaining as sacred such a heavy boudage, they may sacrifice others with them, others who can but love them for their lovableness. I love Dora—am I to be sacrificed because she married that scoundrel?"

"Yes, you are Tom; most assuredly—and I feel less pity for you, because you knew all the time that she was married, and yet have allowed yourself to trade on the notion that you could persuade her to get a divorce. If you had fallen in love with her, believing her to be single, I should have felt very much pity for you, and taken myself to task for allowing her to be called 'Miss Maple.' Now you are to blame—as there's a divinity which doth hedge a king—so there is an inviolable sacredness, setting apart a married woman from being fallen in love with by any man—but one."

"At least," said Tom, "seven years abandonment by that man will free her, and I can serve seven years for her, as Jacob did for Rachael."

"And have an Enoch Arden case later, with the kind of Arden who walks in upon you and bawls out his claims, eh?"

(To be Continued.)

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Subscriber, New York. Should a person who does not believe in a God and who thinks the Bible a fable, be allowed to hold a position as Notary Public?

He should not be allowed to hold such an office, or any office connected with the administering of judicial oaths, since he is morally disqualified; but unfortunately the law regulating such matters takes no cognizance of religious belief or disbelief.

Mr. C. M., Yarmouth, writes:

Will you have the kindness to print in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the poem of Rowland Hill, one of the verses of which is the following:

"And when I'm to die,
Receive me I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why,
But this I do find,
We two are so joined,
He'll not be in glory and leave me behind."

Possibly some of our readers may be able to to supply the remaining verses of the poem referred to.

Willing Servant. 1. Do missionaries get pay for their services? 2. Could two girls go the same place as mission workers? 3. What education is needed for such work? 4. Is there any place in the world where Christ is not now preached? 5. Do missionaries teach school or preach the Gospel?

1. Some are paid while others are self-supporting. 2. Yes. 3. Write to Rev. A. B. Simpson, 692 8th Avenue, N. Y. City, for this information. 4. Doubtless there are several, probably in Central Africa and Central Asia. 5. Both, and they practice medicine also, where necessary. Teaching, preaching and healing are all parts of a missionary's duties in some foreign fields.

Mrs. E. D. McPherson, Fowler, Mich., writes:

Have noticed the reply of A. Humphreys, Wooster, O., to the question whether there were recorded other cases of blood-sweating than that of the Saviour. He pointed us to a disease known as ecchyrmoses. But he did not mention what to me is of inte. est—that our greatest and latest medical authors such as Gunn, Osler and others, assert that in extreme cases of snake bite, the patient sweats drops of blood. Osler says, "The virus of snakes produces with great rap dity extravasation of blood." These facts lead us back in thought to the advent of sin into the world which was brought to Eve in the garden of Eden by a serpent. To the children of Israel the serpent was an emblem of sin.

"Subscriber," California. 1. Can you direct me to a good book on the archæolgical evidences of the Bible, that contains the latest discoveries? 2. Is it right for a man to take a contract from the government to carry mail which obliges him to travel on Sunday? 3 Did Hume, Voltaire or Paine repent before death? 4. Are there scientific evidences to show that man existed before the Bible teaches that he did?

1. The latest is *Ten Years Digging in Egypt*, by William Flinders Petrie, published by Fleming H. Revell & Co., New York and Chicago. 2. Only works of absolute necessity or mercy are justifiable on the Sabbath. 3. There is no authentic information to that effect, although such statements have been widely published. 4. Scientists and geologists claim that man has existed on the earth much longer than 6,000 years.

Elizur Cook, Hartford, Conn. Write to J. F. Jewett, Bookseller. Bible House, N. Y., for the story of *Aleph* in book form.—Subscriber, N. Y. The very best gift for a young man studying for the ministry would be an Oxford Teachers' Bible, containing all the Helps and Concordance, Maps, Subject-Index, etc. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD gives one of these beautiful Bibles to every new subscriber forwarding $2. which entitles the sender to the paper for one year and the Bible premium.—S. A. P., San Diego, writes: If the "Constant Reader, Brighton, Mass." in CHRISTIAN HERALD of Dec. 14), will give the name and address of the invalid who is collecting a million stamps I will send her my collection which I have on hand.—T. O., Carlisle, Ky. 1. Yes. 2. No: it could not be so considered. The fact of his humanity and his Divine appreciation of and compassion for our infirmities makes him all the more approachable.—E. A. No: decidedly not. Such conduct is frivolous and sinful and unworthy of a professed Christian.—Orpah Morgan, New Sharon, Ia. We have not heard from them since their arrival.

Mrs. Fraser, Forestville, Cal. Who was Melchisedec and what are we to understand about him?

He was the King of Salem and Priest of the Most High, who went to meet Abraham, on his return from battle. He was a type of the regal high-priesthood to which the Messiah should belong. Even Abraham paid tithes to him. The Jews alleged that this regal priest was Shem, the most pious of Noah's sons. Theological writers have indulged in many conjectures concerning his identity, some declaring him an angel. He was probably a descendant of Noah, eminent for holiness and justice and therefore capable of discharging both the priestly and kingly functions (characters sometimes united in the remote ages,) and Abraham took this opportunity of testifying his gratitude to God in the manner then common, by offering a tenth of the spoil he had taken from Chedorlaomer and his allies.

MR MOODY'S OFFER.

The Arrangements Mr. Moody has Made to Enlarge the Facilities of the Women's Training School.

MANY inquiries have reached this journal in reference to the Women's Training School, established by Mr. D. L. Moody at Northfield, a full description of which we published recently. The following statement which we have just received from the Institute will give all the information needed and its publication will gladden the hearts of many who are seeing just the help in Christian work that this school is designed to afford:

Ths term just closing is the most successful and encouraging in the history of the school. This cheering fact has moved Mr. Moody to urge an enlargement of the school in order to extend its benefits and blessings to greater numbers of students. He has decided to open more rooms for new applicants, without change of term, the regular rates per term of three months being fifty dollars, which includes comfortable room, board and tuition. He has also concluded to continue his offer to Christian Endeavor Societies, to admit students of their selection, to the number of twenty-five, at the reduced rate of thirty-five dollars each per term.

In order to extend still further the opportunities of the school and increase the number of trained workers, Mr. Moody now announces that a friend has offered to give ten free scholarships for the use of worthy applicants for the next term of school.

The course of instruction given in the Training School has been found to meet the requirements of Christian women who aspire to greater usefulness in the service of Christ. They have found that increased knowledge of the Bible and methods of Christian work, reinforced by practical experience and acquired skill in dress-making, cooking and household science, will enable them to get nearer the people whose welfare they seek, by loving exhibition of practical Christianity, and will greatly increase their power of service. Ladies who are interested in Sunday Schools, Christian Endeavor societies, home missions, or any and every department of church work or home service, and who desire to do more and better work for the Master, will find this a great opportunity to join the company of earnest Christian ladies in the Northfield Training School and to enjoy the religious and social privileges of this favored place.

Application by letter should be made to Miss Lilly L. Sherman, the Principal at East Northfield, Mass.

"MY JESUS."

AN evangelist who was conducting a prayer-meeting asked the congregation to repeat after him one word, just one word. All listened to hear what the one word should be, when, in the solemn moment of deep quiet, the brother said, "Jesus." From all over the house came the responses, "Jesus." "And now," he added, "I would have you say after me two words." All listened as he said, solemnly and reverently, "My Jesus," with a stress on the monosyllable my. Many responses were heard, but not so many as before. Not a few present could say, "My Jesus," but some could not.

The Conducting of Pleasure Tours.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company, through its personally-conducted tourist system, has gained an enviable reputation in the conducting of its pleasure tours, inasmuch as they send out with each individual tour an experienced tourist agent and chaperon, whose sole duty is to cater to the wants and pleasure of all in their charge. All destinations of the tours are selected with the view of giving to the tourists the most delightful territory for recreation, pleasure and sight-seeing. The rates quoted for each tour are in accordance with that liberality for which this enterprising company is noted. There will be a series of five tours to Washington, D. C., during the winter and spring of 1893, dates for which have been fixed as follows: January 19th, February 9th, March 23d, April 13th, May 4th and 25th. In addition to the above-mentioned tours the company has arranged a series of five to the famous winter resort, Florida, leaving New York and Philadelphia January 31st, February 14th and 28th, March 14th and 28th, 1893. The first four tours allow a stay of two whole weeks in the Flowery State. The rate quoted from New York, $50, and from Philadelphia, $48; covers transportation, Pullman berth and meals *en route* on special train in both directions for first four tours, while tickets for the fifth tour are good to return by regular trains until May 30th, 1893, but do not cover Pullman charges or meals north-bound.

For those desiring a prolonged tour of pleasure and sight-seeing no better trip is afforded than one of the Pacific Coast tours arranged by this company, three of which will be run from New York and Philadelphia during the year 1893, departing on the following dates: February 8th, March 2d, and March 29th. The rate will cover transportation in a palace vestibuled train in both directions, meals *en route*, carriage drives, and side trips to prominent points of interest in California. For information regarding any of the tours, or for detailed itineraries, application should be made to the Tourist Agent, Pennsylvania Railroad Company, 849 Broadway, New York, or 233 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

Among the latter was a lady advanced in years who had never given her heart to the Saviour, and she had not the happy assurance that she possessed Christ. She rose from her seat, and, looking at the leader of the meeting said: "Oh, sir, pray for me. I could say 'Jesus,' but I cannot say 'My Jesus.'" The leader prayed for her, and as the prayer was offered she cast herself as a sinner upon the all-sufficient Saviour, and rose from her knees rejoicing in Christ as her Saviour.

THE OPEN GATES.

Written for "The Christian Herald."

ALONE in the Silent City,
Alone with the quiet dead;
Alone with the green graves underneath,
And the blue sky over head;

I stood of an Autumn evening,
And looked to heaven afar;
When in fancy I saw, with the setting sun,
The heavenly gates ajar.

I watched the beautiful vision,
And it made my sight grow dim,
As I thought of the dreary journey,
Before I could enter in.

But we never should grow weary
As we our lives pursue;
For the end is straight before us,
With the beautiful gates in view.

Then, when your feet feel weary,
You can do as I have done,
And in fancy see the vision
With the setting of the sun.

Grass Valley, Cal. —LAVINIA SCOBLE.

I Lost 62 lbs

In 8 months, and was a misery to myself and all about me, from indigestion and liver complaint. Physicians here and in Huntingdon failed to help me, and when I had been confined to the house two months, I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. In six days I began to relish food, **gained 38 pounds in 34 days,** can eat well, sleep good, don't have that tired feeling. In fact my experience is that for indigestion and liver troubles and that tired feeling

Mr. Houpt.

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TAKING BY FAITH.*

NO two hearts are alike or need the same thing. I have difficulties and trials that never touch you, and you perhaps have sorrows that never come into my experience. But there are the outstretched wings that shall fall on every sorrow and difficulty and distress that ever yet came into a human heart. It is not a shadow we want to-day, but a person, a real living Christ, and he says, "Take." Do not look for an abstract blessing, and say, I wish I had what somebody else had, but simply take Christ. He covers all the need of your soul, and metes out to you in proportion as you need a blessing.

You may long and long for Jesus till you are gray, or till your eyes close in death for an experience you wish you had. You may say, I want a baptism of the Holy Ghost that shall lift me out of all these troubles, and set me so firmly upon a rock that I shall be unmoved. And yet your eyes may close in death before you get it unless you take. He offers as freely as the sun's rays rest upon the earth today the fullness of his love; you are not to purchase it; it is without money and without price; you are simply to take. He says, "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek."

The great difficulty is, people do not appropriate what God gives to them. It is exactly as when a father leaves his money in his will to his children. You have only to take it. You say that your father has left you so many thousands of dollars, but you are as poor as ever. Why? Because you do not take what he has given to you. We are here as God's dear children, washed in his precious blood, knowing what it means, I trust, to be cleansed, and yet some of you are waiting for a definiteness of experience you have never yet touched. You say, "I have given all to God, made that surrender, and I have tried and tried to have this experience." I say, cease trying; do not live upon that surrender, but simply take what you need, that is the Lord Jesus Christ to be an indwelling power in your very being. And you, having the Christ-life within, shall step out on these promises, full and rich as they are, and know what it is to be rich, to take of the things of God, and hide them in your own heart. The Spirit of God will make you rich as he reveals to you the hidden mysteries of God, and you become what you ought to be, a grand man or woman for God.

Take it by faith, for it is the only way we receive anything from the Lord. "What things ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." Just believe now; give yourselves to him, a complete surrender. Believe that God gives himself to you, and just appropriate the Holy Ghost, the Comforter; then you will know what power is. It is the fire under the boiler; it is the very life that makes a man to think and live altogether for God and to work for God.

THE PRESS AND THE FAITH.†

In considering the attitude of the press toward the faith, we are not without encouragement. There never was a time when ecclesiastical news occupied more space in the public press than it does at present. Its value has been discerned, and even intelligence about foreign missions seems to find a ready market. The tone has changed as well as the substance. Where once the evangelistic effort at home or abroad would have been dismissed with a covert sneer, it is now discussed with sympathy and intelligence. In regard to foreign missions the change is most conspicuous. Despite some serious assaults their methods and results are to-day chronicled and discussed in a tone for which we shall in vain explore the newspaper file of twenty years ago. There is good reason to believe that both in London and the country, the papers growing in power and popularity are the papers which see the value of satisfying popular interest in Christian faith and work. So far, then, it is possible to view the position and tone of the newspaper press with great thankfulness to God. But there are some important qualifications to make. The average newspaper, morning or evening, is still far from what the devout Christian would wish it to be. He must take exception to much of its news and to some of its comments. In two particulars its news is contrary to good morals. Without exception it supports and feeds the twin vices of betting and gambling. Horse-racing, save as a vehicle for betting, is practically non-existent; and the entire space devoted to the record of racing and the discussion of coming events is so much food for a passion which Christian teachers, with rare exceptions, unite in denouncing. There are papers in which on some days scarcely less than a sixth of the text is devoted to sport allied with betting. Occasionally the advertising columns, even of some otherwise respectable journals, are opened to the promises and wiles of the advertising bookmaker and the racing tout. It is impossible that the Christian churches, whilst they unite in condemning betting and gambling, should view this with unconcern.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

A Perplexed Philosopher; a critique on Herbert Spencer's utterance on the Land Question by Henry George pp. 319; price in cloth, $1; in paper, 50 cents; published by Charles L. Webster & Co., New York.

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HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES

Agents Wanted. Catalogue free. Cline Mfg. Co., 67 W. Wash. st., Chicago.

FROM HEATHENISM TO FAITH.

Gospel Progress among a Heathen Tribe in Western Africa.

BISHOP FERGUSON of Cape Palmas, whose portrait appeared in this journal on June 1, sends to the *Spirit of Missions* an interesting story of the gradual reclamation of the people around Hoffman Station from heathenism under the labors of Rev. H. C. Merriam and a band of native teachers. "There are five heathen villages," he says, "almost contiguous and the gospel-seed has been sown in all those villages. Although the returns have not seemed commensurate with the labor spent, still they have been a sufficient encouragement for us to press on. The darkness of heathenism has not been able to withstand the light of Christianity and civilization. The well-known and heart-rending trial by the 'sassawood' ordeal has been abolished by this tribe through Christian influence. Last year we succeeded in getting them to give up the old custom of having 'doctors' (demon-men) to 'make medicine' (fetich) to insure the success of their rice-farms; and instead thereof to join us in asking God's blessing on their work. As soon as they consented to this, we insisted that to secure the blessing sought, they should not work on the Lord's Day. It was not without considerable hesitation and a sharp contention that they yielded this point also. A law was made by themselves compelling all to observe Sunday. They found that they lost nothing by it, but rather, through the blessing of God, gained an abundant harvest. A day of public thanksgiving was observed after all had gathered in their crop. But a trying time soon came when a neighboring tribe waged war against them. Surely they must now have the best 'doctors' to 'make medicine' that they may succeed. Again we urged the claims of Christianity, and showed that God could do for them what no doctors in the world had the power to do. They took our advice and gave the demon-men no employment. But we must needs follow up our victory, and so advanced a step further. In a small enclosure in the house of the 'bodio' (high priest)—regarded a most sacred spot—was kept the fetich of the tribe. They were urged to give them up also and thus come out wholly on the Lord's side. Thank God, they not only yielded that point but were further induced to repeal their restrictive laws with regard to the high priest and his wife. The gree-grees that were enshrined in the bodio's house have been sent to me, and I am keeping them as trophies of vietory.

"It was proposed to them that they should raise money among themselves by a general contribution to purchase a large Bible for the tribe to take the place of the gree-grees. To my surprise (not that they consented to having the book; bul that they should agree to pay for it themselves, everything appertaining to the Gospel having been a free gift heretofore), they adopted the proposal, and I was recently summoned to Bigtown to meet the king and chiefs, in order to receive the collection which they had made. The king said the amount was not as much as he wished, for the reason that a voluntary contribution for such an object was preferred to an obligatory one. He then delivered to me $9.64 in silver coin, with the request that I would order such a Bible as I deemed suitable for the purpose. Although this change alone would be sufficient to cause the friends and supporters of the African Mission to rejoice and praise God, there is still further eneouragement. The chiefs requested us to build a chapel in their village (Bigtown), and for the purpose gave us a spot right in front of the high priest's house and only a few yards from it, where sacrifices had been regularly offered to the devil. Here the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving is henceforth to be offered to the true and living God."

FIRST DAYS IN COREA.

THE early days of a missionary's experience of life in the field of his labors are always a time of interest, as he sees for the first time the city and people among whom he is to work. This is especially so in a land like Corea which presents so marked a contrast to our own country in almost every characteristic. It is therefore interesting to read in a letter from Seoul to the Presbyterian Board the first impressions of the Rev. S. F. Moore who had just arrived there when he wrote. He says: "The heathenism of Korea is more unadulterated, the climate more invigorating, than we had expected. Tuesday noon, with the in-rolling tide, we steamed up the river Han. After an hour's tramp through the suburban streets (street is hardly the word, as in some of them one can stand in the centre and touch the wall on either side with the elbows) we came to the gate. The gates close at eight o'clock and the penalty for opening them to a tardy stranger is decapitation. A small hole at the bottom allows the dogs (privileged characters in Korea) to come and go at all hours. Baby Brown was the only one of our party small enough and humble enough to enter through the dog hole. The rest of us, with the aid of a rope let down from above, scaled the twenty foot wall without much difficulty, as there are many crevices which answer for foot holds. The six days of waiting in Yokohama were a sort of introduction to Orientialism. We spent one day at Kamakura where we saw the great Dai Butsu—one of the largest images of Buddha in the world, ninety-seven feet in circumference. The image, like Buddhism, is hollow, and we went inside and climbed up to the top of the great bronze casting. We saw a pilgrim worshipping there, and in the temple at Tokio we saw the people throw their money into the box, clap their hands to attract the gods attention and then kneel muttering prayers, a million heathen in that one city alone, and a handful of missionaries! Truly the harvest is great and the laborers are few!"

AN AMERICAN WITCH.

A GENTLEMAN who has traveled on foot over many States, says that he was astonished during a journey in Lancaster county, N.Y., three years ago, to find in a lonely hut in the woods a woman who claimed to be a witch. What was more remarkable was that the people for miles around believed in her powers. Asking about her of his host for the night, the man said: "She will, for a fee, give an applicant a charm to ward off lightning from his buildings, confound his enemies by bewitching them, making their wells run dry, or bringing any dire punishment upon them that the applicant will pay for. She will undertake the job of stunting the growth of a baby, destroying a rival's beauty, separating man and wife, or settling lovers' quarrels. Husbands take their wives, fathers their children, and young men their sweethearts to her for treatment for all ills and the removal of evil spells, and to obtain charms that will be potent in love and business.

If a child is deformed, demented, blind, tongue-tied, or naturally afflicted in any way, it is taken to her at once. In her healing operations she uses no medicines, but depends upon her 'charms,' which consist of breathing on the afflicted parts, waving the hand over them, accompanied by a few muttered words, the purport of which no one understands. The condition without which she will not consent to perform an operation on an applicant is explicit faith in and reverence for the operator." When that condition is complied with results follow which science cannot explain. It is evident, however, that the people are not cured by the woman but by their own faith, which would have cured them just as certainly if it had been exercised in a piece of wood or an image of stone or a bottle of Lourdes water. The sad fact is that men are willing to believe even to credulity, yet they will not believe on him who can give salvation for soul and body. (Mark 11: 22–24.)

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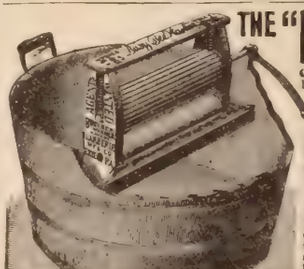

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NEW YORK, JANUARY 18, 1893.

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Missionary Easton Writes of his Twenty-Years' Experience in Persia and the Caucasus — Braving Imprisonment and Danger for the Truth—How the Seed has Borne Fruit—His Native Helpers and their Heroic Efforts to Spread the Gospel.

KASHA MOSHY.
(Dr. Easton's Native Helper.)

IN 1870, Persia as a mission field was transferred from the American Board to the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. Up to that year, the work had been restricted to Oroomiah, and to the Nestorians dwelling in that part of Persia; but thereafter came a new departure and the mission to the Nestorians became the mission to Persia. In 1872, the station at Teheran was occupied by the Rev. James Bassett, and in 1873, I began missionary work at Tabriz. Previous to this, however, in 1869, the Church Missionary Society had commenced work at Ispahan, in the very centre of Persia. Since that time two other stations have been established, at Hamadan and Salmas, the last named being between Tabriz and Oroomiah.

In beginning the work in Tabriz, I did so on the basis of the Lord's commission—the Gospel to be preached to every creature, teaching to observe all things whatsoever Christ had commanded. Tabriz is the largest commercial city in Persia, with 150,000 population. The people are almost entirely Mohammedan, but of Turkish race, although those Turks are

Wholly Persianized

in their customs and manners. But, although one in race, they are entirely opposed to Turkey and the Turcomans in religion—being Shiahs and not Sunnis. Between these two sects there is a greater difference than between Protestants and Catholics. In addition to the Turkish-speaking people, there are in Tabriz from 2500 to 3000 Armenians belonging to the old Armenian Church, and also a very small official European element—the latter probably aggregating not over a hundred persons altogether. While all, except the Europeans, are called Mohammedans, we may say they represent really two religions rather than one. Turkish Mohammedanism may be called, with truth, a bastard Judaism, or Judaism with the Messianic element omitted, and yet with all the local elements that characterize that religion. Like the Jews, the Turkish Mohammedans have a special temple of their own. On the other hand, Persian Mohammedanism may be called a mongrel Christianity, but having a universal element, with a doctrine of the atonement, regeneration, etc., and declaring itself to be the only absolute religion, of which all others are but a mere passing phase. The Persians are divided into numerous sects, and on this account there is much more religious liberty among them than in Turkey. In January, 1874, I received a letter inviting me to call at the house of a leader of one of the sects. I went there, thinking to make merely a friendly call, and found that he had gathered together a number of his people. He proposed a discussion on the points at issue between Christians and Mohammedans. On that and the two following Fridays, discussions were held in different parts of the city, each week at a different house, and each meeting lasting six or seven hours. The government heard of the matter through private parties, and I was informed that they intended to arrest those men who came to the meetings. About two weeks later a descent was made on our Sabbath service and through information obtained from some of them, a leader of this sect and some of his friends were brought before the Chief *mujtehid*. The leader was so terribly beaten that for six months he was unable to stand, and he ultimately

Died of his Injuries.

Others were thrown into prison, and it was rumored that they would be kept there until executed; but through friends at the British Embassy in Teheran, an order was sent commanding that these men be set free and directing that thereafter no person should have anything to do with the missionary. For three months no one dared to recognize me, even in the bazaars. After that, the people no longer came to the meetings as formerly, for fear of arrest; but they came freely to make calls. For a while, I had all I could do to entertain the callers. This, I may say, has been the history of the Tabriz mission from that time on. There are times when the Sabbath and other congregations are thronged and there are other times when, from intimidation and other causes, very few attend public services. In 1877, the congregation was perhaps from 120 to 130 of whom 80 or 90 were Moslems. The government seized eighteen of the worshippers, put them in prison for a time, and fined them and thus again broke up the services. In 1889 the attempt was made not merely to forbid men from coming to the services but even from calling at the missionary's house In order to meet this, I adopted a new line of tactics. Taking out of their own religious books those things which were in correspondence with the Scriptures and separating them from the errors with which they are connected in their books, I composed a series of tracts with the idea of showing that even, according to their own religious standards, they were condemned before God, in that they did not that which they themselves knew they ought to do. I hoped in this way the law would be the schoolmaster to lead them to Christ.

REV. P. Z. EASTON.
(Missionary to Persia and the Caucasus.)

The Persians, like the Athenians of old, are exceedingly curious with regard to anything new, and on this occasion, just as on the occasion of the first opening of the services, there was at the start a great rush to get these tracts, and the whole city was full of rumors regarding them. For a time they were the common topic of conversation, from the palace of the prince to the hut of the poorest inhabitant. Several thousands were circulated, some being sent to distant parts of the country, people begging for themselves and for relatives, among whom they were to be distributors.

In addition to the tracts, the work of preaching, and calling and receiving calls, another line of work is among the Bazaars, where there were opportunities of meeting the people in little groups, and speaking to them. At the beginning of the mission in Tabriz, the missionaries did not venture to take up this bazaar work at all, and it was done by native helpers. Of late years, and especially in connection with the tracts, I have done a great deal of work in the bazaars personally. Still another class of Gospel work is the itinerancy in the villages. Here, at first, the missionary met with a warm reception in almost every case, as long as the work was new and comparatively unknown. A large crowd gathered around me everywhere, many being drawn by the hope of receiving help in their sicknesses, the idea being that every *Frangi* must be a physician. In this way much has been done to sow the seed of the Gospel broadcast amongst the people. Another class of work to which the missionaries of the Presbyterian Board have devoted a great deal of attention of late years is school teaching Schools for boys and girls and theological students have been established in Tabriz and much care has been devoted to this field of labor. As regards converts from among the Mohammedans there have been a considerable number, but of these few have proved faithful. It is to be borne in mind, however, that according to Persian law, anyone turning from Mohammedanism is to be put to death. Although that sentence has never been put in execution, yet persecution, loss of property and imprisonment have followed in a number of cases among those who professed Christianity. While the great bulk of the professed converts have turned out false, there have been a few cases in which

Grand Testimony

has been given for Christ. In 1888, I was living with my family outside the city walls. A man came to me from a village thirty miles south, who, through reading the Scriptures, had been led to Christ. This man was with me as a gardener about a year and a half. He was a man of no special ability, but wonderfully zealous. He begged that I would give him daily two hours from his work and this time he employed in going about in the bazaars

SAH SEYYID
(A lineal descendant of the Prophet.

and even in the courtyards of the mosques, preaching Christ. After a year and a half he was arrested and imprisoned for a night, and although he was delivered from the prison, yet I found it quite impossible to continue him in employment and therefore allowed him to return to his family in the village. Thence he was driven out, after about ten months, and returned to me and was with me about a week when the English Consul advised me that it was best not to keep him any longer. I sent him to another part of the country; but he was not permitted to live even there, and he finally made his way to Russia, where he has been for the last three years, and there, as elsewhere, gives brave testimony to Christ as his Saviour, by word of mouth, and by a pure and holy life.

To-day imprisoned at Tabriz, is a Moslem convert confined who has dared all things for the sake of Jesus. He may yet be called upon to give up his life for the faith. His name is

Meerza Ibrahim.

Such cases encourage us and give the hope that it may not be long before many such can be found. They also have a great influence upon the people, who, up to this time commonly believed that those who professed to be Christians were merely seeking their temporal welfare, but whose mouths are now shut in view of the fact that men are willing to sacrifice everything for the sake of the Christian faith. From 1874 to 1885 I did

Missionary Work in Russia.

In 1875, I made my first visit to Tiflis, the capital of the Caucasus. Almost as soon as I had crossed the border, I found very important differences between the Persian and Caucasian Mussulmans. The former are always eager to discuss religious subjects, but when it comes to paying out money to buy religious books, it is very hard work to induce them to make even a small outlay. On the other hand, the Russian Mohammedans are eager to purchase books, not from any spiritual motive, but in order to advance themselves in reading.

On the way to Tiflis, I stopped over for a Sabbath at Erivan, at the foot of Mount Ararat. Here I had a most instructive experience with some evangelical Armenians. We sat in the post-house on the Sabbath, and I was astonished to see several of the men come into my

(Continued on page 37.)

The Tabernacle Pulpit

THE CIRCLE OF THE EARTH.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, preached last Sunday Morning at Atlanta, Ga. Text: Isaiah 40: 22: *"It is he that sitteth upon the circle of the earth."*

WHILE yet people thought that the world was flat, and thousands of years before they found out that it was round, Isaiah, in my text, intimated the shape of it, God sitting upon the circle of the earth. The most beautiful figure in all geometry is the circle. God made the universe on the plan of a circle. There are in the natural world straight lines, angles, parallelograms, diagonals, quadrangles; but these evidently are not God's favorites. Almost everywhere, where you will find him geometrizing, you find the circle dominant, and if not the circle, then the curve, which is a circle that died young! If it had lived long enough, it would have been a full orb, a periphery. An ellipse is only a circle pressed a little too hard at the sides. Giants' Causeway in Ireland shows what God thinks of mathematics. There are over thirty-five thousand columns of rocks—octagonal, hexagonal, pentagonal. These rocks seem to have been made by rule and by compass. Every artist has his moulding-room, where he may make fifty shapes; but he chooses one shape as preferable to all others. I will not say that the Giants' Causeway was the world's moulding room, but I do say, out of a great many figures, God seems to have selected the circle as the best. "It is he that sitteth on the circle of the earth." The stars in a circle, the moon in a circle, the sun in a circle, the universe in a circle, the throne of God the centre of that circle.

When men build churches, they ought to imitate the idea of the Great Architect, and put the audience in a circle, knowthat the tides of emotion roll more easily that way than in straight lines. Six thousand years ago God flung this world out of his right hand; but he did not throw it out in a straight line, but curvilinear, with a leash of love holding it so as to bring it back again. The world started from his hand pure and Edenic. It has been rolling on through regions of moral ice and distemper. How long it will roll God only knows; but it will in due time make complete circuit and come back to the place whence it started—the hand of God—pure and Edenic.

The history of the world goes in a circle. Why is it that the shipping in our day is improving so rapidly? It is because men are imitating the old model of Noah's ark. A ship carpenter gives that as his opinion. Although so much derided by small wits, that ship of Noah's time beat the *Majestic* and the *Etruria*, and the *City of Paris*, of which we boast so much. Where is the ship on the sea to-day that could outride a deluge in which the heaven and the earth were wrecked, landing all the passengers in safety?—two of each kind of living creatures, thousands of species. Pomology will go on with its achievements, until after many centuries the world will have plums and pears equal to the Paradisaical. The art of gardening will grow for centuries, and after the Downings and Mitchells of the world have done their best, in the far future the art of gardening will come up to the arborescence of the year one. If the makers of colored glass go on improving, they may in some centuries be able to make something equal to the east window of York Minster, which was built in 1290. We are six centuries behind those artists, but the world must keep on toiling until it shall make the complete circuit and come up to the skill of those very men. If the world continues to improve in masonry, we shall have after a while, perhaps after the advance of centuries, mortar equal to that which I saw last summer in the wall of an exhumed English city, built in the time of the Romans, sixteen hundred years ago—that mortar to-day as good as the day in which it was made, having

THE GIANTS' CAUSEWAY.

outlasted the brick and the stone. I say, after hundreds of years, masonry may advance to that point. If the world stands long enough, we may have a city as large as they had in old times. Babylon, five times the size of London. You go into the potteries in England, and you find them making cups and vases after the style of the cups and vases exhumed from Pompeii. The world is not going back. Oh no! but it is swinging in a circle, and will come back to the styles of pottery known so long ago as the days of Pompeii. The world must keep on progressing until it makes the complete circuit. The curve is in the right direction, the curve will keep on until it becomes the circle.

Well now, my friends, what is true in the material universe is true in God's moral government and spiritual arrangement. That is the meaning of Ezekiel's wheel. All commentators agree in saying that the wheel means God's providence. But a wheel is of no use unless it turn, and if it turn, it turns around, and if it turn around it moves in a circle. What then? Are we parts of a great iron machine whirled around whether we will or not, the victims of inexorable fate? No! So far from that, I shall show you that we ourselves start the circle of good or bad actions, and that it will surely come around again to us unless by divine intervention it be hindered. Those bad or good actions may make the circuit of many years; but come back to us they will as certainly as that God sits on the circle of the earth. Jezebel, the worst woman of the Bible, slew Naboth because she wanted his vineyard. While the dogs were eating the body of Naboth, Elisha the prophet put down his compass, and marked a circle from those dogs clear around to the dogs that should eat the body of Jezebel the murderess. "Impossible!" the people said; "that will never happen." Who is that being flung out of the palace window? Jezebel. A few hours after, they came around, hoping to bury her. They find only the palms of her hands and the skull. The dogs that devoured Jezebel and the dogs that devoured Naboth. Oh, what a swift, what an awful circuit!

But it is sometimes the case that this circle sweeps through a century, or through many centuries. The world started with a theocracy for government; that is, God was the president and emperor of the world. People got tired of a theocracy. They said, "We don't want God directly interfering with the affairs of the world; give us a monarchy." The world had a monarchy. From a monarchy it is going to have a limited monarchy. After a while, the limited monarchy will be given up, and the republican form of government will be everywhere dominant and recognized. Then the world will get tired of the republican form of government, and it will have an anarchy, which is no government at all. And then, all nations finding out that man is not capable of righteously governing man, will cry out again for a theocracy, and say, "Let God come back and conduct the affairs of the world." Every step—monarchy, limited monarchy, republicanism, anarchy, only different steps between the first theocracy and the last theocracy, or segments of the great circle of the earth on which God sits. But do not become impatient because you cannot see the curve of events, and therefore conclude that God's government is going to break down. History tells us that in the making of the Pyramids it took two thousand men two years to drag one great stone from the quarry and put it into the Pyramids. Well now, if men short-lived can afford to work so slowly as that, cannot God in the building of the eternities afford to wait? What though God should take ten thousand years to draw a circle? Shall we take our little watch, which we have to wind up every night lest it run down, and hold it up beside the clock of eternal ages? If, according to the Bible, a thousand years are in God's sight as one day, then according to that calculation the six thousand years of the world's existence have been only to God as from Monday to Saturday.

But it is often the case that the rebound is quicker, and the circle is sooner completed. You resolve that you will do what good you can. In one week you put a word of counsel in the heart of a Sabbath School child. During that same week you give a letter of introduction to a young man struggling in business. During the same week you make an exhortation in a prayer-meeting. It is all gone; you will never hear of it perhaps, you think. A few years after a man comes up to you, and says, "You don't know me, do you?" You say, "No, I don't remember ever to have seen you." "Why," he says, "I was in the Sabbath School class over which you were the teacher; one Sunday you invited me to Christ; I accepted the offer; you see that church with two towers yonder?" "Yes," you say. He says, "That is where I preach," or, "Do you see that governor's house? That is where I live." One day a man comes to you, and says, "Good-morning." You look at him and say, "Why, you have the advantage of me; I cannot place you." He says, "Don't you remember thirty years ago giving a letter of introduction to a young man—a letter of introduction to Moses H. Grinnell?" "Yes, yes, I do." He says, "I am the man; that was my first step toward a fortune; but I have retired from business now, and am giving my time to philanthropies and public interests. Come up and see me." Or a man comes to you, and says, "I want to introduce myself to you. I went into a prayer-meeting in Atlanta some years ago; I sat back by the door; you arose to make an exhortation; that talk changed the course of my life, and if I ever get to heaven, under God I will owe my salvation to you." In only ten, twenty, or thirty years, the circle swept out and swept back again to your own grateful heart.

But sometimes it is a wider circle, and does not return for a great while. I saw a bill of expenses for burning Latimer and Ridley. The bill of expenses says:

One load of firs fagots,	3*s.* 4*d.*
Cartage for four loads of wood,	2*s.*
Item, a post,	1*s.* 4*d.*
Item, 2 chains,	3*s.* 4*d.*
Item, two staples,	6*d.*
Item, four laborers,	2*s.* 8*d.*

That was cheap fire, considering all the circumstances; but it kindled a light that shone all around the world and aroused the martyr spirit, and out from that burning of Latimer and Ridley rolled the circle wider and wider, starting other circles, convoluting, overrunning, circumscribing, overarching all heaven—a circle.

But what is true of the good is just as true of the bad. You utter a slander against your neighbor. It has gone forth from your teeth; it will never come back, you think. You have done the man all the mischief you can. You rejoice to see him wince. You say, "Didn't I give it to him!" That word has gone out, that slanderous word, on its poisonous and blasted way. You think it will never do you any harm. But I am watching that word, and I see it beginning to curve, and it curves around, and it is aiming at your heart. You had better dodge it. You cannot dodge it. It rolls into your bosom, and after it, rolls in a word of an old book which says, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

You maltreat an aged parent. You begrudge him the room in your house. You are impatient of his whimsicalities and garrulity. It makes you mad to hear him tell the same story twice. You give him food he cannot masticate. You wish he was away. You wonder if he is going to live forever. He will be gone very

soon. His steps are shorter and shorter. He is going to stop. But God has an account to settle with you on that subject. After a while, your eye will be dim, and your gait will halt, and the sound of the grinding will be low, and you will tell the same story twice, and your children will wonder if you are going to live forever, and wonder if you will never be taken away. They called you "father" once; now they call you the "old man." If you live a few years longer, they will call you the "old chap!" What are those rough words with which your children are accosting you? They are the echo of the very words you used in the ear of your old father forty years ago. What is that which you are trying to chew, but find it unmasticable, and your jaws ache, and you surrender the attempt? Perhaps it may be the gristle which you gave to your father for his breakfast forty years ago? A gentleman passing along the street saw a son dragging his father into the street by the hair of the head. The gentleman, outraged at this brutal conduct, was about to punish the offender, when the old man arose and said: "Don't hurt him; it's all right; forty years ago this morning I dragged out my father by the hair of his head!" It is a circle. My father lived into the eighties, and he had a very wide experience, and he said that maltreatment of parents was always punished in this world. Other sins may be adjourned to the next world, but maltreatment of parents punished in this world.

The circle turns quickly, very quickly. Oh, what a stupendous thought that the good and the evil we start come back to us. Do you know that the judgment day will be only the points at which the circles join, the good and the bad we have done coming back to us, unless divine intervention hinder—coming back to us with welcome of delight or curse of condemnation.

Oh, I would like to see Paul, the invalid missionary, at the moment when his influence comes to full orb—his influence rolling out through Antioch, through Cyprus, through Lystra, through Corinth, through Athens, through Asia, through Europe, through America, through the first century, through five centuries, through twenty centuries, through all the succeeding centuries, through earth, through heaven; and at last, the wave of influence having made full circuit, strikes his great soul. Oh, then I would like to see him. No one can tell the wide sweep of the circle of his influence, save the one who is seated on the circle of the earth. I should not want to see the countenance of Voltaire when his influence comes to full orb. When the fatal hemorrhage seized him at eighty-three years of age his influence did not cease. The most brilliant man of his century, he had used all his faculties for assaulting Christianity; his bad influence, widening through France, widening out through Germany, widening through all Europe, widening through America, widening through the one hundred and fifteen years that have gone by since he died, widening through earth, widening through hell; until at last the accumulated influence of his bad life in fiery surge of omnipotent wrath will beat against his destroyed spirit, and at that moment it will be enough to make the black hair of eternal darkness turn white with the horror. No one can tell how that bad man's influence girdled the earth save the one who is seated on the circle of the earth—the Lord Almighty.

"Well now," say people in this audience, "this in some respects is a very glad theory, and in others a very sad one; we would like to have all the good we have ever done come back to us, but the thought that all the sins we have ever committed will come back to us, fills us with affright." My brother, I have to tell you God can break that circle, and will do so at your call. I can bring twenty passages of Scriptures to prove that when God for Christ's sake forgives a man, the sins of his past life never come back. The wheel may roll on and roll on, but you take your position behind the Cross and the wheel strikes the Cross and is shattered forever. The sins fly off from the circle into the perpendicular, falling at right angles with complete oblivion. Forgiven! Forgiven! The meanest thing a man can do is, after some difficulty has been settled, to bring it up again; and God will not be so mean as that. God's memory is mighty enough to hold all the events of the ages, but there is one thing that is sure to slip his memory, one thing he is sure to forget and that is pardoned transgression. How do I know it? I will prove it. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." Come into that state this morning, my dear brother, my dear sister. "Blessed is the one whose transgressions are forgiven."

But do not make the mistake of thinking that this doctrine of the circle stops with this life; it rolls on through heaven. You might quote in opposition to me what St. John says about the city of heaven. He says it "lieth four-square." That does seem to militate against this idea; but you know there is many a square house that has a family circle facing each other, and in a circle moving, and I can prove that this is so in regard to heaven. St. John says: "I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the beasts and the elders." Again he says: "There was a rainbow round about the throne." The two former instances a circle; the last, either a circle or a semicircle. The seats facing each other, the angels facing each other, the men facing each other. Heaven an amphitheatre of glory. Circumference of patriarch and prophet and apostle. Circumference of Scotch Covenanters and Theban legion and Albigenses. Circumference of the good of all ages. Periphery of splendor unimagined and indescribable. A circle! A circle!

But every circumference must have a centre, and what is the centre of this heavenly circumference? Christ. His all the glory. His all the praise. His all the crowns. All heaven wreathed into a garland round about him. Take off the imperial sandal from his foot, and behold the scar of the spike. Lift the coronet of dominion from his brow, and see where was the laceration of the briers. Come closer all heaven. Narrow the circle around his great heart. O Christ, the Saviour! O Christ, the man! O Christ the God! Keep thy throne forever, seated on the circle of the earth, seated on the cirle of the heaven.

On Christ, the solid rock I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

A COREAN BIBLE CLASS.

A SIGNIFICANT and encouraging feature of the work among the Coreans is their readiness to study the Bible itself and to ask questions of the missionaries. The Rev. Samuel A. Moffett, who writes to the Presbyterian Board from Eui Ju says: I find great encouragement in being able to report five or six men who seem to have a real hold on the truth and are rejoicing in it, and in the fact that large numbers of people have learned what the Gospel is; many are quietly searching the Scriptures and there is an evident conviction on the part of many that this is the truth. I heard of quite a number who had given up the worship of evil spirits and I feel that a great deal has been done towards getting the people to think about and talk over this new doctrine. I have enrolled several applicants for baptism, one of whom gives me great joy because of his perfect willingness to let it be known that he is a Christian. He has given up the worship of evil spirits and now every night he assembles his household to hear him read from the Gospels or other Christian books. He charged me to tell the people in Seoul that he had become a Christian. I look upon the Bible class as the most profitable part of my work and the one which will have the greatest effect in preparing for a harvest. A class of twelve men from eight towns and villages were with me for fifteen days and they were taken through a course of instruction on the main doctrine of Scripture.

GOSPEL TROPHIES IN ITALY.

Lives and Homes Transformed by the Preaching of the Gospel Among the Italians.

THE best evidence of the power of the Gospel is such facts as the following which are reported from his own experience by Pastor Mariani, of Bari, Italy, who has done much evangelistic work in the country districts:

"One evening while I was preaching Jesus to a large auditory in our chapel, I was delighted to see a man particularly attentive. Since that evening he has never failed to come, Sundays and week days. In talks with him I learned that the word of grace had wrought deeply in his heart. He was a very wicked man, and a complete slave to drunkenness, blasphemy and lust. No sooner was the change wrought in his heart, than he took steps to give up his sinful practices. The woman with whom he lived sought the same Saviour, and nightly, with the New Testament in hand, he explained the Gospel to her. They were then married, a child which they had abandoned was recovered from a foundling home, and, in happy family life, they witness for Christ, and with encouraging fruit

"Another man, some time after his conversion, was unable to rest under the accusing of conscience. He remembered that some years previously he defrauded a poor shopkeeper of about twenty francs. In days gone by he felt no remorse, but now he was in deep trouble. He remembered the case of Zaccheus, and exclaimed, 'If I wrongfully exacted aught of any man, I will restore forefold.' At last, having some money in the savings-bank, he took from it a hundred francs, confessed his dishonesty to the shopkeeper, and obliged him to accept the sum in the name of Jesus, who had changed him and given him an invaluable treasure.

"At Brindisi recently, while on an evangliization tour, I heard a voice in the street crying, 'Down with the Protestant!' I was surprised, because I was known by nobody in the place, and had no special dress that could make me known as a Protestant. I soon perceived that the threat was not addressed to me, but to a poor man who was approaching me with a small box, asking to clean my shoes. He was an old acquaintance of mine! He was formerly a man well acquainted with all the prisons of the Puglia, where he lived several years to expiate woundings, murders, and other crimes. About five years ago he lived at Bari, and was well known as a man to be shunned.

"One evening I saw his frightful countenance among the hearers in our chapel. At first he seemed to laugh to scorn the Word of God, but at last he became more serious, and at the end of the service he went out quickly, so that I had no time to catch him. He attended the next meeting, and afterwards never failed to come to every service.

"I had many and long conversations with him. A complete transformation took place in his whole being; even his countenance became more human. He used often to say: 'I don't recognize myself, and how love has taken the place of hatred in my heart! I have lost all my strength, and feel unable to kill a fly. I was a lion, and am a lamb, I do not understand how Jesus could love such a scoundrel as I am; but it is a fact, and is enough.' Sometime after his conversion he left Bari for another town, and I lost sight of him. Now I was glad to meet him at Brindisi, and as soon as he recognized me he embraced me and wept for joy. I am very delighted to say that he is a faithful, unwearied, and fearless witness for Jesus in that town. All day long, and wherever he is, he cannot help speaking of him who transformed his life and saved him."

A SOLITARY WITNESS.

CHRISTIAN work is often likened to a battle and there are some incidents which show that Christ's soldiers need all the heroism of those who bear arms for their country. One such story comes from Inhambane in Africa where Mr. G. H. Agnew is laboring under many discouragements. He says:

This place is full of people without God and without hope. It has a mixed population of probably three or four thousand, including a few Europeans (mostly Portuguese), Mohammedans, Hindoos, half-castes, and natives of different tribes. The place boasts of a Roman church and a "padre," whose business it is to say masses, baptize children, and probably once in two or three years perform a marriage ceremony.

All classes unite in selling intoxicating liquors to the natives, but very little is imported, as sugar cane, palm and cashew trees all grow here in abundance, and out of these the natives are kept more than supplied all the year round. Some of the Mohammedans pray four or five times daily, and the call to prayer is heard early in the morning, but they go forth from their devotions to cheat, deceive, and sell rum to the natives; for although they do not drink themselves, still they have no compunction whatever, apparently about selling it to others. Very little is known about social purity, and marriage is almost totally disregarded. Agents come here from Europe, leaving their wives and families at home and lead immoral lives.

With the help of Bibles and other Scripture portions, and tracts in Portuguese and Arabic received from the Religious Tract Society, I am endeavoring to confess the Lord Jesus before this emphatically "wicked and adulterous generation." I have an interesting school, and being alone in the work, between doctoring, teaching, visiting, etc., manage to keep pretty well employed.

A SMALL BEGINNING.

IN a letter recently received from Rev. Geo. W. Sharp THE CHRISTIAN HERALD missionary of the American Sunday School Union, he recounts the following pleasant experience of a visit to a church which has grown out of one of the farm-house meetings he is still holding in the country districts of Missouri:

In the progress of my travels I have been delivering numerous sermons and addresses, and have come to a community which was the scene of great blessing in my early ministry. I refer to a meeting which was begun at a dwelling where a farmer opened his house for preaching, which was well attended by his neighbors. At the close of the first sermon eight persons became inquirers. The meeting after a few days was transferred to a small school-house in the neighborhood. The attendance was so great at the first appointment that there was not standing room for the people. To accommodate them an arbor was prepared, covered with brush, in a beautiful grove nearby; and temporary seats were arranged by laying plain plank on equally plain supports.

Service began each day about 11 A. M., and closed about 4 P. M., with an intermission for dinner, which the people brought in abundance every day, mostly in baskets, and was eaten on the ground. Such services are not uncommon in summer in the West, and are called "basket meetings." The intermission between services afforded time for dinner, and for social and religious conversation, which proved to be very pleasant, and helpful to the one great object in view—the salvation of sinners.

The meeting I am describing continued about thirty-three days, and is widely known as the "grove meeting" from its having been held in a grove. People attended for miles around, Christians of all denominations worshipped and labored together in happy fellowship. The conversions were clear and bright and included old and young. It was God's work. The fruits of that meeting have been glorious and permanent in those who turned to the Lord, as shown in their useful and faithful lives, and in the triumphant deaths of those who have fallen asleep. It has been often remarked how well the converts "held out," a proof that they were born of the Spirit.

The total number of conversions is not known. Ninety-four are known to have united with churches, some of whom were very old people. I remember five who were said to be between sixty and seventy years of age; and three who were over seventy.

A notable case was a very profane man who was seventy-seven years old. God's grace completely changed him. He was ever afterwards free from any semblance of profanity, and during the remaining years of his life exhibited an amiable, gentle and lovely Christian character. Many in the endless bliss of heaven will remember the blessing received in the "Grove meeting." It shows how God can turn a little beginning (as in that farm house) into glorious and wide-spread results.

SUNRISE.

A restless city entombed in sleep,
A silver fringe on the mountain steep,
A pale blue tinge on the starry deep,
And the sky-lark's soaring song.

A flash of flame on the eastern sky,
A world of starlets grow dim and die,
Gay boats on the river rippling by,
And the whistling shrill and strong.

A noiseless tread o'er the desert street,
A silence dead, save the watchman's beat,
An echoing stir from sin's retreat,
And the city's moving throng.

A fading star in the paling west,
A crown of gold on the steeple's crest,
A ray of light on the river's breast,
And the sunshine all day long.

—M. J. MCLEOD in *Mid-Continent*

THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD.

S. S. Lesson For Jan. 29 Zech. 4: 1-10. Golden Text, Zech. 4: 6. By Mrs. M. Baxter

THE inner eye of Zechariah the prophet was focused to see things in the light of God. Living as he did, nearer the time of Christ's first coming, the suffering Messiah was in some things more clearly revealed to him than to any of his predecessors. Isaiah saw indeed that Jesus would be the Sin-bearer; but Zechariah discovered details concerning the Messiah in the light of prophecy, which none other saw. Again, it was given him to see the Holy Spirit and his works more fully than any that were before him. As with Ezekiel and with Daniel, a messenger from heaven, "an angel of the Lord," was sent to talk with him, freely and distinctly, of those things which were hidden from men in general. Our Lord himself said, in speaking of the Holy Ghost:

"Whom the World Cannot Receive,

because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him." (John 14: 17.) And again Paul says: "The things of God knoweth no man but the Spirit of God." (1.Cor. 2: 11, 18.) It takes the Spirit of God to understand all which is of a spiritual nature, just as it takes the organ of sight to perceive all which is visible. We can no more see with our ear, or hear with our hands than we can understand what is of God with our intellect,apart from the Spirit of God.

It is significant that when the angel who talked with him came to Zechariah to teach about the Spirit of God, he found him asleep, and had to waken him. The whole church of God is as fast asleep about the Holy Spirit as the prophet was, and needs indeed an angel, or a thousand angels, to awaken her to the fact that without the Spirit she is the dead and powerless thing which we see she is everywhere, to stand against the world and the flesh and the devil.

It is a wonderful conversation between a heavenly being and an earthly being. The prophet saw every preparation that the candlestick might give light, but is utterly silent as to whether any light shone from it. The candlestick, the type of the church (Rev. 1: 20), was there; the bowls for holding oil, the pipes for conveying oil, the very olive trees which produce oil were there, and yet

No Light!

In how many a church is it thus. The building is there, the minister is there, the congregation is there, the preaching is there, the prayer-meetings are there—but the Holy Ghost is not there, and nothing is accomplished; souls are not brought out of darkness into God's marvellous light. The preaching produces, not conversions, but either the flattery or the criticism of those whom it is meant to bring conquered to the feet of Jesus. The very pride, which should be slain before the Word of God, feeds upon the kind of preaching, or the form of the church, and thus that which is an offence to God grows like a rank weed in the pulpit and in the pew, and the candlestick gives no light; the light which is in her is darkness. What is lacking? Just that which the angel spoke of; the Spirit of the Lord: "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." O the mockery of God, O the bitter disappointment of man, O the delusion and mistake of those who attempt to substitute anything else for the power of the Holy Ghost! "Without me ye can do nothing." (John 15: 5.) "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore." O if men could only learn the old truth, which was taught by a man filled with the Holy Ghost: "A man can receive nothing except it be given him from heaven;" how they would cease from their own works! Only God can do divine things; he may do them through us if he will, but it is he that worketh in us to will and to do of his good pleasure. He may give us spiritual gifts, but these very gifts "worketh that one and the self-same Spirit." (1. Cor. 12: 11.) He is ever, the Worker, the Originator of all which is divine, all which is

"Incorruptible,"

and nothing else has any intrinsic value, it is only running uncertainly, and beating the air; nothing for eternity is accomplished by it. Men cannot work themselves into the power of the Holy Ghost by getting up a great deal of fervor in prayer. In this, as in all else, "a man can receive nothing except it be given him from heaven." Preaching is powerless to do any real good except the words are as the Spirit gives utterance. Paul's speech and preaching was "not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power. That your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men,but in the power of God."

How it grieves and dishonors God when men put human eloquence, human fervor, human energy, in the place of "the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven!" It is like the insolent presumption of Cain's altar! Christ's death demands our death to ourselves and to all we are: only as crucified with Christ can we so live that Christ lives in us by the Holy Ghost. If the very Son of God could not speak except he received from heaven the words he should utter, if the Holy Ghost also does not speak of himself, but, like the Son of God, speaks that which he hears, who are we that we should flatter ourselves that we have a power in speaking which the very Godhead does not claim independently? God teach us the need for the Holy Spirit.

The Glory of the Old Covenant

was that God was with his people; the glory of the New is that God is in his people. But as the golden calf, the imitation of God's presence with his people, was the sin and curse of the Old Testament, so, if one may so put it, the imitation of the power of the Holy Ghost, by every conceivable means, is the terrible sin of the Church of this day. Men will kindle false fire on the altar, and get filled with their own happy feeling, be full of self-satisfaction, and intoxicated with their own success; and they will mistake this for, and actually call it by the name of, the Spirit of God, who glorifies not man but Christ!

How then may we know the power of the Spirit? By his work, which discounts the resources of man. "Not by might, nor by power." By his showing the greatness of God in every emergency. "Where art thou, O, great mountain? Before Zerubbabel . . . a plain. . . . For who hath despised the day of small things? For they shall rejoice, and shall see the plummet in the hand of Zerubbabel, even these seven; they are the eyes of the Lord, which run to and fro through the earth." In the light of the Spirit of God, all things are seen in their relation to him. The Holy Ghost sees God in everything,and shows us God in everything. A man who has only his finite reason to guide him may well flee when none pursueth, and muster all his forces to ward off real and imaginary evils from mind and body. The man who trusts in God, and who sees in the light of the Holy Ghost, sees God in everything.

The enemies of the Jews opposed the building of God's house; all seemed lost, the authorities were arrayed against God's little flock. But the Most High must have his word in the matter; the decree had gone forth from a mightier than they who troubled Israel: "The hands of Zerubbabel have laid the foundation of this house, his hands shall also finish it." "He shall bring forth the headstone thereof with shoutings, crying, Grace, grace unto it." And thou shalt know that the Lord of hosts hath sent me unto you. "All may look utterly impossible,but God cannot speak in vain. "Hath he said, and shall he not do it? Or hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good?" Zechariah believed that everything was possible to his God, and he lived half in heaven,to bring messages to Joshua and Zerubbabel who stood in the front.

In the time of the tribulation, spoken of again and again as lasting "three years and a half," "a time,times and a half a time," "forty-two months," and "twelve hundred and sixty days," these two "sons of oil" seen by Zechariah (4:14), reappear. "I will give power unto my two witnesses, and they shall prophecy a thousand two hundred and three score days, clothed in sackcloth. These are the two olive trees, and the two candlesticks standing before the God of the earth." Are these the resurrected saints of God, Moses and Elijah? We shall yet see. They "have power to shut heaven, that it rain not," like Elijah of old; they have "power over waters and turn them into blood, and to smite the earth with all plagues." (Rev. 11 : 3-6.) In any case, the lesson we have to learn is, that anointed men, Holy Ghost filled men, are the channel of light and blessing to the Church of God, and through the Church, to the world. Men such as Moses, who knew God "face to face," are needed in the Church and in the Mission field,and men like Elijah, who would stand before kings and witness for God before an assembled nation of idolaters to prove his divine power by sending fire down from heaven. Oh, for anointed ones; Oh, for true sons of oil!

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

AS the people engaged in rebuilding their Temple needed more encouragement, Zechariah was commissioned to give it. He brought two messages veiled in imagery which their own ritual enabled them to understand. He said that an angel had shown him a great gold lamp-stand with seven branches, each bearing a light. The older men had seen just such a lamp-stand in the former temple—a lamp-stand which according to our estimate of the value of gold was worth $28,000. But in the prophet's vision there was a peculiarity. A provision was made there for the lamps burning perpetually. Planted beside it were two olive trees and pipes conveyed the oil from them to the bowl and kept it always replenished with oil. The people knew that God was telling them by this vision that the light they were to hold up to the world would never be extinguished. The second message was about their leaders, in whom apparently they were losing confidence. Assurance was given that in spite of difficulties and the slowness of the work that the men who began it should finish it. And why? Because such work did not depend on might or on power but on God's Spirit, which in the earlier vision had been promised.

The angel came . . . and waked me. The prophet had fallen asleep and the angel waked him to give him the message, but there are some people whose spiritual slumber is so deep, who are so oblivious of spiritual truth, so absorbed in business or pleasure, that it would seem that nothing but an angel could wake them. Sometimes the angel brings trial for the purpose. A great writer tells of a wealthy merchant who had two children, a son and a daughter. The daughter was a lovely character,gentle and affectionate,but her father took no notice of her and seemed scarcely conscious of her existence. All his attention was given to his business and his son who would inherit his wealth. His son died and his business was ruined. Then, when in his old age and in poverty,his daughter was his comfort and joy, he wondered that he had not perceived her worth before. When a man is waked by trial or any other means to the beauty and value of religion, he wonders that he did not realize it before. The help needed to awaken a man to the hope of a better life sometimes comes from a godly man. Few men in this generation had such influence over the criminals of London as the late Earl of Shaftesbury. He always labored in hope. One man went to him after his release from prison to seek his counsel. Years afterward,when redeemed to God and humanity,he was asked when his reformation began. "With my talk with the Earl," he replied. "What did the Earl say?" "It was not so much anything he said; but he took my hand in his,and said,'Jack,we'll make a man of you yet.' It was his touch that did it."

A candlestick all of gold. Therefore precious to its owner as well as useful to those who get light from it. It symbolizes Christ's church on earth in both particulars. Among the old records of the city of London is one that shows how the city was lighted in the olden time and it would appear from it that the citizen had not done his duty when his own house was well lighted. He was expected to have some concern for the people outside in the streets. At sunset the watchmen who did police duty in those days called out as they went their rounds, "Hang out your lights." That is what every one should still do. However feeble the light may be it should be hung out. It may light some one who otherwise might stumble. But the old record goes on to say that Bow Church had lanterns all the way up its steeple and lights were placed in them at night "whereby travelers to the city might have better sight thereof and not miss their ways." So what the householder did for those at hand the church did for those at greater distance and its spiritual duty remains the same. But the individual duty must not be forgotten. Dr. Oswald Dykes says: "As I have seen the glowworm at late evening, by the silent side of an empty lane, mount some tall spike of grass and turn up its tiny lamp, content to hang, head downwards, itself unseen, so that the exquisite soft green light which God had given it might be visible in its loveliness; so may one find in this world's lowly and unfrequented paths Christ's light-bearers, who shed each his own sweet love-light round a narrow circle of the dark.

By my Spirit saith the Lord. No other power will serve instead of this in any work for God. Mr. Spurgeon used to compare the difference between churches which had the Holy Spirit from those without him to a difficulty about a locomotive. The locomotive would not move. They put on a new driver and said,"he will make it go," but the wheels were motionless. They painted and decorated it, but it remained stationary. They tried the experiment of changing a wheel here and another there, but without success. Then some one breaks through the crowd and exclaims, "The engine does not need new wheels, or decorations, or a new driver. The fire is gone out. You must have fire and the engine will travel. The fire of the Holy Spirit is indispensable to the success of a church.

"Suppose," says Dr. Arthur in his *Tongue of Fire*, "we saw an army sitting down before a granite fortress, and they told us they intended to batter it down. We might ask them, How? They point us to a cannon-ball. Well, but there is no power in that. It is heavy, but not more than a hundred-weight, or half a hundred-weight. No, but look at the cannon. Well, but there is no power in that; it is a machine, and nothing more. But look at the powder. Well, there is no power in that; a child may spill it, a sparrow may pick it up. Yet this powerless powder and this powerless ball are put into this powerless cannon; one spark of fire enters it, and then, in the twinkling of an eye, that powder is a flash of lightning, and the cannon-ball is a thunderbolt, which smites as if it had been sent from heaven. So it is with our church machinery of the present day. We have our instruments for pulling down the strongholds, but they can do nothing until the Spirit gives them power.

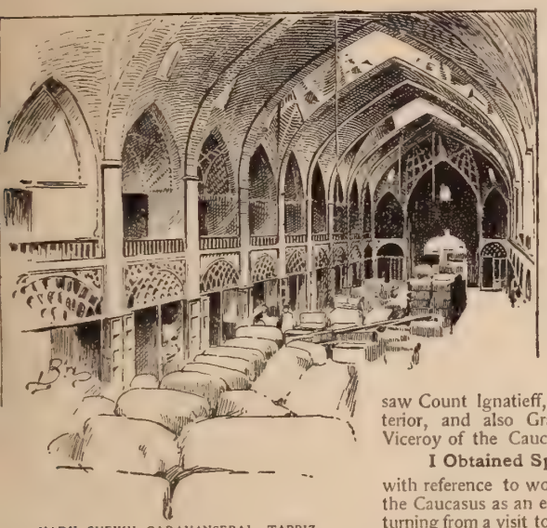
Despise the day of small things. It is never wise to do that. Small things may grow, or, if they remain small they may exercise a far-reaching influence. When the air-balloon was first launched a matter-of-fact gentleman contemptuously asked Franklin what was the use of it. He answered the question by asking another: "What is the use of an infant? It may become a man." What if we and our work should be small, God can cause grand issues to result from them. A Methodist local preacher preaching in a little country church one snowy morning, may have thought his service was of no account. There were very few people there, but among them was a young man desiring to know the way to God. He preached earnestly and faithfully to the handful of hearers and his sermon was the means of converting that young man, whose name was Charles Spurgeon, the great preacher whose sermons have pointed thousands to Christ.

"I remember," says Mr. Moody, "hearing of a person who was always trying to do some great thing for the Lord, and because he could not do a great thing, he never did anything. There are a great many who would be willing to do great things if they could come up and have their names heralded through the press. I heard of a man's dream in which he imagined that when he died he was taken by the angels to a beautiful temple. After admiring it for a time he discovered that one stone was missing. All finished but just one little stone was left out. He said to the angel, 'Why is this stone left out?' The angel replied, 'That was left out for you, but you wanted to do great things, and so there was no room left for you.' He was startled and awoke, and resolved that he would become a worker for God; and he worked faithfully after that."

Persecuted for Christ's Sake.

(*Continued from first page.*)

oom, looking here and there in every direction s though they feared something. On my ask- ng for an explanation, they told me that they were evangelical Armenians who had come to see what could be done to gain some religious liberty for the evangelical work in the Caucasus. The outcome of the visit was that I found in the Senate a copy of a firman issued some years before by the Czar, granting special privileges to the Caucasus as a district apart from the rest of the empire. In 1878, while returning from Tiflis to Tabriz, I struck upward to the Caspian, visiting Baku and Shamoki, where there are flourishing communities of evangelical Armenians. In 1881 I came up from Tabriz, by the way of the Caspian, preaching at Baku and Shamoki, and then visiting for the first time Shusha, in the district of Karabagh, where there is also an evangelical Armenian community. I was so much encouraged that I made a second visit to St. Petersburg, where I saw Count Ignatieff, then Minister of the Interior, and also Grand Duke Michael, the Viceroy of the Caucasus, and from the latter



HADJI SHEIKH CARAVANSERAI, TABRIZ.

I Obtained Special Permission

with reference to working in the provinces of the Caucasus as an evangelist. In 1883 on returning from a visit to the United States, I made a third trip to St. Petersburg. A change had taken place in the government, the Caucasus having been annexed to Russia, and having now become a part of Russia proper. This made it necessary for me to obtain a further paper authorizing my work. A moral change had also taken place, and the principal men, including such as Tolstoi and Pobedonostoff, were bitterly opposed to all kinds of evangelical work, and, although I succeeded in sending a petition to the Czar (which was handed to him through the kindness of a friend at court) yet I could obtain no concession in regard to work in the Caucasus.

In 1884 I came back to Tiflis, and in the spring of 1885 made a visit to the other side of the Caspian to the Turcoman country, which had lately been brought into the Russian dominions. Here I found people different from all the other Mohammedans I had ever met. In fact, they were little more than Mohammedan in name, having no regular form of prayer, few set places of worship and very little to mark them as distinctively Mohammedan. They regard Christians in a very different way from the other Moslems, making no distinction between them in their salutations. Here was a most hopeful field of labor, and I was planing to return to it at some future time, when I was required by the Russian government to leave Askabad in forty-eight hours. I returned to Tiflis and thence went to Tabriz. In 1886 I had no opportunity to visit Russia, but in 1887, before I could do so, a command came from St. Petersburg entirely shutting me out of the Caucasus. Even now, on my return journey from Persia to America, it was only on account of the illness of my wife that I was able to obtain permission to travel through the Caucasus. One thing, however, seems to me certain in reference to the growth of the Kingdom of God in Russia —that the work has gone too far and is too deeply rooted to be destroyed or even fatally injured.

A TURCOMAN TENT OR "KIBITKA."

Baron Americhanjanz, whom I have previously mentioned, together with two Elders of the Baptists, in 1887 was banished to Siberia for preaching the Word in Russia. The baron was released in 1890, but the two Russian preachers, Pauloff and Voronin, were kept until 1891, and on returning to Tiflis, were confronted with a paper demanding that they promise thereafter to have nothing to do with preaching the Gospel to the people. Voronin signed the paper, but Pauloff refused and he was immediately returned to Siberia. What has been done in these cases is done in multitudes of others. In this way the seed is being scattered. Just as the Caucasus has been evangelized by sending the Molochans there, so Siberia, the furthest limits of the Russian Empire is being evangelized throughout its length and breadth by the action of the government in persecuting these Christians.

PETER Z. EASTON.

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The Rev. Peter Z. Easton, who has furnished the foregoing valuable contribuition to the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and whose portrait appears on the first page of this issue, is a native of New York City, where he was born in 1846. He entered the New York City College in 1860, and was graduated in 1865, and from the Union Theological Seminary in 1870. During the next year (1871), he preached in Long Island, and in 1872 he left for Persia to labor there under the auspices of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. Before beginning work in his new field, he stopped eight months at Constantinople on account of his wife's feeble health. In July, 1873, he finally arrived in Persia, and in September of the same year settled in Tabriz, which has since been the centre of his missionary efforts over a very extensive tract of Asiatic territory and also over the Russian dependencies in the Caucasus. Up to 1880, Mr. Easton was working in connection with the Presbyterian Missionary Board, but from that year up to the present time, he conducted the work upon an independent basis.

ARMENIAN GIRLS.

The illustrations accompanying the article are from photographs taken in Persia and the Turcoman country. One of these (on the first page) is a portrait of his faithful native helper at Tabriz, Kasha Moshy, who has been with him for 19 years and is a most successful worker among Moslems. Another shows a caravansary or Asiatic warehouse, while still others are a portrait of a Seyyid, a lineal descendant of the prophet, a kibitka or Turcoman tent, and two young native Christian women of Armenia, in the peculiar dress of that country. Mr. Easton intends to return to Persia during this year.

THE PASTOR REMINDED.

AMONG the many anecdotes of Pastor Spurgeon which have come to light since his death is one that he related to some friends to show how truth may be obscured by moods and physical depression and how comfort was once administered to him in a strange manner. He said that once after an illness he was very weary and sad at heart and went down into the country, and went into an old Methodist church. The preacher on the occasion was an engineer, and during the delivery of the sermon he (Mr. Spurgeon) was moved with the deepest emotion. At the close of the service he went to the preacher and thanked him, when the preacher at once asked who the inquirer might be, and when he was informed he exclaimed, "Oh, it was one of your sermons that I preached." Mr. Spurgeon replied, "Yes, I know it was." In telling the story, Mr. Spurgehn said he felt greatly relieved after hearing the sermon, and was glad to think that one of his own sermons had had such an effect, and he earnestly trusted other hearers were affected in a similar way.

The Ministry of Flowers.

AS I passed through the conservatory of a friend this afternoon we came to the long beds of chrysanthemums lifting their sturdy faces to the sun as it came beaming through the transparent panes of glass. I thought how many blessings we have in life we scarcely thank the dear Father for, but accept them just as though they belonged to us; and then I thought of a little mission which this same flower only a short time ago had helped one perform.

We were going to have our Mother's Supper at the Florence Mission. So I said to my friend: "Can you give me a few of your flowers to make into bouquets for these poor women who have so little sunshine in their lives and oh so few flowers?"

"Yes," she said. "I will send you a boxful; you can do with them just as you please."

True to her promise, the treasures came. So we carefully assorted and made them up into twenty tiny bouquets. One for each poor weary mother, whose life had been made bright within the last few years by a knowledge of the Father's love. They were beautiful to look at. I thought I had never seen flowers whose petals were so pure and white, such perfect emblems of the life of him who had arrayed them in their pure garments. We took them, each bunch tied up in a delicate golden ribbon, and never did I see flowers give so rich a blessing. I told them how these plants, as they turned their life-giving leaves, with their myriads of imperceptible little breathing pores to the sun, were as we, turning our hearts to the sunshine of God's love, that we might blossom and grow in his Kingdom, and the humblest little flower in the most secluded place, was but an emblem of that sweet life which is to come.

Then I let them each choose their own little bunch. Some wanted those whose back ground was of soft green fern; others preferrsd the sweeting jasmine; but all were pleased, and they hold them as a queen might a rich jewel. One said: "Let me smell yours;" another said: "Look at mine." And each mother carried this message of love to dark and desolate homes:

God bless all gentle ministers
That brighten life's sad homes,
The tender word, the kinkly act,
The ministry of flowers—
That breathe their life out frequently,
In homes of want and care,
Reminding anxious hearts of him,
Who clothes the lilies fair.
And, listening, they can hear these words,
Sweet words of love so true,
He clothes the lillies of the field,
Will not he care for you.

LOLA D. BARBOUR.

New Brunswick, N. J.

A NEW MAP OF JAPAN.

C. HACHIRO KAJIWARA, a Christian native of Japan, has recently compiled a large map of his native country—a work on which he has been long occupied. Mr. Kajiwara is a student in Princeton College, and has a desire to give Americans a more accurate knowledge of Japan. He is now being educated for the ministry, and intends to become a Christian preacher in his native land. The map is 52 x 54 inches and is very complete, showing railroads, highways, post-offices, ancient battle-fields, local governments, historical places, Buddhist and Shinto temples and mission centres of all Christian denominations. The number of inhabitants of each town or village is indicated. Those of our readers who are interested in the progress of Christianity in Japan, can address Mr. Kajiwara at 27 North Edwards Hall, Princeton College, Princeton, N. J.

THE WONDROUS SECRET.

I HAVE learned the wondrous secret,
Of abiding in the Lord:
I have found the strength and sweetness
Of confiding in his word;
I have tasted Life's pure fountain,
I am drinking of his blood,
I have lost myself in Jesus,
I am sinking unto God.

All my sicknesses I bring him,
And he bears them all away;
And my fears and griefs I tell him,
All my cares from day to day,
All my strength I draw from Jesus,
By his breath I live and move;
E'en his very mind he gives me,
And his faith and life and love.

For my words I take his wisdom,
For my works his Spirit's power,
For my ways his ceaseless presence,
Guards and guides me every hour.
Of my heart, he is the portion,
Of my joy the boundless spring.
Saviour, Sanctifier, Healer,
Glorious Lord and coming King.

—REV. A. B. SIMPSON.

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THE SOUL'S DAYSPRING.

WE will never capture this world for God by any keen sabre of sarcasm, by any glittering lances of rhetoric, by any sapping and mining of profound disquisition, by any gunpowdery explosions of indignation, by sharp shootings of wit, by howitzers of mental strength made to swing shell five miles, by cavalry horses gorgeously comparisoned pawing the air. In vain all the attempts on the part of these ecclesiastical foot soldiers, light horsemen, and grenadiers.

Let each Christian go to the forest of God's promise and invitation, and hew down a branch and put it on his shoulder, and let us all come around these obstinate iniquities, and then, with this pile, kindled by the fires of a holy zeal and the flames of a consecrated life, we will burn them out. What steel cannot do, fire may. And I announce myself in favor of any plan of religious attack that succeeds—any plan of religious attack, however radical, however odd, however unpopular, however hostile to all the conventionalities of Church and State. We want more heart in our song, more heart in our alms-giving, more heart in our prayers, more heart in our preaching.

One night I went down to the African Methodist meeting-house in Philadelphia, and at the close of the service a black woman, in the midst of the audience, began to sing a hymn, and all the audience joined in, and we were floated some three or four miles nearer heaven than I have ever been since. I saw with my own eyes that "fountain filled with blood"—red, agonizing, sacrificial, redemptive—and I heard the crimson plash of the wave as we all went down under it:

[illegible]
Lose all their guilty stains.

The Gospel is not a syllogism; it is not casuistry, it is not polemics, or the science of squabble. It is blood-red fact; it is warm-hearted invitation; it is leaping, bounding, flying good news; it is efflorescent with all light; it is rubescent with all glow; it is arborescent with all sweet shade.

I have seen the sun rise on Mount Washington, and from the Tip top House; but there was no beauty in that compared with the day-spring from on high when Christ gives light to a soul. I have heard Parepa sing; but there was no music in that compared with the voice of Christ when he said: "Thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace."

Any new plan that makes a man quit his sin, and that prostrates a wrong, I am as much in favor of as though all the doctors, and the bishops, and the archbishops, and the synods, and the academical gownsmen of Christianity sanctioned it.

IS IT WELL WITH THY SOUL?

A MAN may be sound in body, and he may have luxuriant investments, and have high social position, and yet instead of it being well with him there may be everlasting diseases wasting his soul, and awfully and overwhelmingly it may be ill with him. All those estates will go out of your hands, all these friends will vanish from your earthly association; but God has planted in you a light which will burn on after the last ember of a consuming world is trampled out and extinguished.

There is a life that always lives,
There is a death that never dies.

Considering the fact that you are so invested, and that eternity presses on toward you, and that soon your naked soul will step out and up into the presence of the eternal God in judgment, ought not the momentous question resound through the deepest depths of your immortal nature while I cry out: "Is it well with thy soul?" You have an undefined lodging in your soul. You tried money-making; that did not satisfy you. You tried office under Government; that did not satisfy you. You tried pictures and sculptures; but works of art did not satisfy you. You are as much discontented with this life as the celebrated French author, who felt that he could not any longer endure the misfortunes of the world, and who said: "At four o'clock this afternoon I shall put an end to my own existence. Meanwhile, I must toil on up to that time for the sustenance of my family." And he wrote on until the clock struck four, when he folded up his manuscript, and, by his own hand, concluded his earthly life. Grace alone satisfies the soul with a high, deep, all-absorbing, and eternal satisfaction. It comes, and it offers the most unfortunate man so much of this world as is best for him, and throws all heaven into the bargain.

The wealth of Crœsus, and of all the Stewarts, and of all the Barings, and all the Rothschilds is only a poor, miserable shilling compared with the eternal fortunes that Christ offers you to-day. In the far East, there was a king who used once a year to get on one scale, while on the other scale were placed gold and silver and gems; indeed, enough were placed there to balance the king; then, at the close of the weighing, all those treasures were thrown among the populace. But Christ to-day steps on one scale, and on the other are all the treasures of the universe, and he says: "All are yours—all height, all depth, all length, all breadth, all eternity; all are yours."

THE ONE CHANCE.

IT would not be safe for this world if men had another chance in the next. If it had been announced that, however wickedly a man might act in this world, he could fix it up all right in the next, society would be terribly demoralized, and the human race demolished in a few years. The fear that, if we are bad and unforgiven here, it will not be well for us in the next existence, is the chief influence that keeps civilization from rushing back to the semi-barbarism and semi-barbarism from rushing into midnight savagery, and midnight savagery from extinction; for it is the astringent impression of all nations, Christian and heathen, that there is no future chance for those who have wasted this.

Multitudes of men who are kept within bounds would say, "Go to, now! Let me get all out of this life there is in it. Come, gluttony, and inebriation, and uncleanness, and revenge, and all sensualities, and wait upon me! My life may be somewhat shortened in this world by dissoluteness, but that will only make heavenly indulgence on a larger scale the sooner possible. I will overtake the saints at last, and will enter the Heavenly Temple only a little later than those who behaved themselves here. I will on my way to heaven take a little wider excursion than those who were on earth pious, and I shall go to heaven via Gehenna and via Sheol." Another chance in the next world means free license and wild abandonment in this.

Suppose you were a party in an important case at law, and you knew from consultation with judges and attorneys that it would be tried twice, and the first trial would be of little importance, but that the second would decide everything; for which trial would you make the most preparation, for which retain the ablest attorneys, for which be most anxious about the attendance of witnesses? You would put all the stress upon the second trial, all the anxiety, all the expenditures, saying, "The first is nothing, the last is everything." Give the race the assurance of a second and more important trial in the subsequent life, and all the preparation would be post-mortem, post-funeral, post-sepulchral, and the world with one jerk be pitched off into impiety and godlessness.

This idea lifts this world up from an unimportant way-station to a platform of stupendous issues, and makes all eternity whirl around this hour. But one trial for which all the preparation must be made in this world, or never made at all. That piles up all the emphases and all the climaxes and all the destinies into life here. No other chance! Oh, how that augments the value and the importance of this chance!

UNAPPRECIATED BLESSINGS.

THIS age is no more characterized by wonders of disaster than by wonders of blessing. Blessing of longevity. The average of human life rapidly increasing. Forty years now worth four hundred once. The average life practically greater now then when Noah lived his 950 years, and Methusaleh lived his 969 years. Blessing of intelligence. The Salmon P. Chases and the Abraham Lincolns and the Henry Wilsons of the coming time will not be required to learn to read by pine-knot lights, or seated on shoemaker's bench, nor will the Fergusons have to study astronomy while watching the cattle. Knowledge rolls its tides along every poor man's door, and his children may go down and bathe in them. If the philosophers of the last century were called up to recite in a class with our boys at the Polytechnic, or our girls at the Packer, those old philosophers would be sent down to the foot of the class because they failed to answer the questions! Free libraries in nearly all the important towns and cities of the land. Historical alcoves and poetic shelves and magazine tables for all who desire to walk through them or sit down to them.

Blessing of quick information; newspapers falling all around us thick as leaves in a September equinoctial. News three days old rancid and stale. We see the whole world twice a day—through the newspaper at the breakfast-table, and through the newspaper at the tea-table, with an "extra" here and there between.

Oh! you dead churches, wake up. Throw back the shutters of stiff ecclesiasticism and let the light of the spring morning come in. Morning for the land. Morning for the sea. Morning of emancipation. Morning of light and love and peace. Morning of a day in which there shall be no chains to break, no sorrows to assuage, no despotism to shatter, no woes to compassionate. Oh Christ, descend! Scarred temple, take the crown! Bruised hand, take the sceptre! Wounded foot, step the throne! "Thine is the kingdom."

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

REACHING THE MASSES.

THE way to reach the masses, is to reach them.

I want to give THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers a sight of what I call a successful meeting. It was not in church or hall, not in house or home, but in a great factory. The largest glass-works in America. The De Pauw Co., at New Albany, Ind. It was arranged by the officers of that company, all Christian men, who were present at the service. A hand-bill was printed by them and scattered freely to the men.

The service was at noon. An improvised platform was built in one of the large open spaces in the works. Around were some few seats. As we filed in we found many there and after the first song they came by hundreds till a great crowd stood close by and were as attentive and as orderly as in any sanctuary.

The singing was a big feature. The clear tones of a woman's voice singing the Gospel won them. Then they heartily joined in a verse of "Nearer My God to Thee."

There was absolute silence during prayer, and then came the Gospel address. I put in plenty of the brightness, and from first to last it was not creed or church or even Christianity but Christ. I tell you it did my heart good to see the way those men listened. Many of them as godless as sin, seldom if ever in a church, but as interested as men could be, and when at the close I asked them to say it aloud, "Christ for me," it was a perfect shout from nearly all, and twice they repeated it. The whole service lasted less than a half hour, but the warm hand-shakes afterward told the story of success. No wonder the following Sabbath many were at the meetings in the churches. This is but a sample of others held, for the same thing, was repeated in the Marion Car Shops, the woolen mills, the steel rail mill, the iron works, the Bent Work factory and others, and in every instance the crowd was large and as attentive and as eager in listening and full of thanks at the close. I am convinced there are literally thousands of factories where such gatherings could be held and the result would be glorious.

A Letter.

Mr. Turnback. My dear sir:—I desire to call your attention to a portion of God's Word, where it tells of "a man putting his hand to the plough," and turning back, is not fit for the kingdom of heaven. It is my plain and painful duty to tell you, you are not fit for the kingdom, and only people get in, who are fit.

You had grace at meals once—now, no more.
You had family prayers once—now, no more.
You read your Bible once—now, no more.
You prayed in prayer-meeting once—but have backslidden there.
You once gave in proportion to your income—now you rob God.
You once longed for grace and glory—now you long for gumption and gold.
You were once a winner of souls, but since your financial prosperity, there has been less and less of it, till now, no one joins the host of God from your work.
You once chided yourself for lukewarmness, but even that is passed, and, if indications point anywhere, they point to the pit towards which you are hastening.

Had thee not better turn back?

Your friend, A. TRUTHFUL.

Stumbling.

A blind man was met at night, carrying a lantern, in one of the big Western cities. A friend met him and said, "See here, what are you carrying that lantern for; it won't keep you from stumbling over people."

"No, no," was the reply, "but it will keep them from stumbling over me."

I thought to myself, if more people would carry their Christian light, less stumbling would abound.

It's written, "they fall deepest who fall backward into hell," and I don't want anyone to fall that way over me.

About one of the cleanest cut portions of Scripture for sinful Christians to read, is Ezek. 33

* * *

Christian life is Christian warfare.

Our weapons must be adequate for the foe and fray.

We must have swords for hand conflicts and long range guns for citadels.

The foe within dislodged—pride, selfishness.

The foe without vanquished—tempter and temptations.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A FAMOUS BIOLOGIST.

THE recent death of Sir Richard Owen removes from the world one of the most distinguished biologists of modern times. Not only in England, where his work was done, but throughout Europe and in this country, his learning and talents won for him profound veneration. He was in his eighty-ninth year and was living in retirement though continuing the researches, the results of which have given his name world-wide fame. He was a disciple of Cuvier, under whom he studied, as a young man, in Paris. From that great master he imbibed a taste for the study of comparative anatomy, and so far did he prosecute his studies that it was said he could fully describe the shape and habits of an animal he had never seen, if he was shown any part of it. He held that the different parts of an animal were always in so close an agreement that one part would never exist without the corresponding parts necessary to adapt it to its sphere of life. Thus he was able to classify and describe the antediluvian animals, parts of whose fossil skeletons have been exhumed. He has left behind him a library of learned works in which he described his researches and which are among the text-books of our greatest universities. It is gratifying to notice that all his books are pervaded by a deep religious spirit, and more than once he pauses in his description, to point out how the wonders he has been explaining manifest the infinite wisdom of the Creator. He never ceased to oppose that teaching of evolution which would exclude the idea of a Divine Being as the origin of all things. Like the wise king of old he believed that "the hearing ear, and the seeing eye, the Lord hath made both of them." (Prov. 20: 12.)

Mother and Daughter United.

A HAPPY meeting took place in Albany, N. Y., a few days ago, between a mother and her daughter. The former gave a pathetic account of the incidents that led to it. She said that she had been married eighteen years before, to a man who had deserted her after their daughter was born, and she afterward found that he had a wife living when he married her. She was completely destitute and found herself unable to secure employment while she retained her baby. A family offered to adopt it if she would finally and fully renounce all claim to it. She was very reluctant to make the promise but, believing that she was consulting the child's interests as well as her own, she consented and the transfer was made. She succeeded in earning her living and was eventually married to a gentleman in Boston. She scrupulously kept her promise not to see her child, though her heart yearned for her. One day recently, however, she read in a newspaper a letter which was evidently written by the daughter she had not seen in seventeen years. The writer described the longing of her heart for the mother of whom she knew nothing, but whose love she craved. The mother did not know what to do; she wanted to keep her promise but could not resist the pleading of her own heart and of her daughter's longing. Finally after consulting her husband she decided that maternal duty was paramount to every other consideration, and she went to Albany and claimed her daughter. Sometimes men feel that God is far off from them and does not concern himself about them; but he who has said that his love surpasses that of a mother is never unheeding when his children call upon him. (Isa. 49: 15.)

To Evade the Law.

A LAW extremely unpopular among Chinamen is that requiring them to affix a photograph of their features to their certificates of residence. The object of the law is to prevent a Chinaman returning to China and permitting another Chinaman to come back instead of him on his certificate. A detective in Philadelphia recently discovered an ingenious plot to defeat the law. Seeing a photographic camera being carried into the Chinese quarter, he followed it and found that a photograph gallery was to be opened there. The proprietor has been taking lessons and has become an expert. He has also learned a secret connected with the art for which there is generally no demand. It consists in spreading a colorless solution over the picture after it has been printed which causes it to fade after a few months and renders it entirely unrecognizable within a year. A Chinaman may have his portrait taken by his countryman, affix it to the signature on file in the Collector's office and depart safe in the knowledge that by the time his substitute presents himself, the picture will be so indistinct that identification will be impossible, and so a man who has never acquired residence here may be admitted. It would appear, by the way some men act who believe in a heaven and hope to be admitted there when they die, that they are indulging in a similar hope. But they cannot be too often reminded that only those who belong to Christ here will be admitted there. "The Lord knoweth them that are his." (II. Tim. 2: 19.)

A Bridge Dragged Away.

A DISPUTE between two railroad companies in New Jersey led to a strange incident a few days ago. The New Jersey Central Railroad Company recently obtained permission to replace an old bridge across the Morris Canal in Jersey City with a new iron bridge. There would have been no opposition to that change, but the concession included a change of grade. The old bridge was about twenty feet above the canal, with an inclined approach at each end. The company proposed to have the new bridge on the level, with a draw to permit the passage of canal boats. To this arrangement there was strenuous opposition on the part of the Lehigh Valley Company, which owns the canal. The new bridge was put in place on January 5, but the anchorages were not firmly fixed when the men left work at night. During the night, while only one watchman kept guard over the structure, a locomotive and two cars drew up on the Lehigh Valley road. A number of workmen alighted and fixed strong chains around the bridge. They were attached to the locomotive, and it was started. With a mighty pull the heavy structure was dragged from its place and fell in a slanting position, one end resting on the bottom of the canal, and the other on the towpath. The bridge is ruined, and the courts will probably have to decide the dispute between the two companies. As there were to be no tracks over the bridge, but only a roadway for vehicles and foot-passengers, the inconvenience resulting from the Lehigh's high-handed proceeding will fall on the public. It is unfortunate that the jealousies and quarrels of two corporations should incommode people who have no interest in their disputes; but excited disputants often forget or ignore the consequence to others of their proceedings. If it had not been for God's omnipotent power, infidels would long ago have pulled away the bridge by which multitudes pass safely over the chasm of death into the eternal home. (Psalm 46: 2.)

THE LATE SIR RICHARD OWEN, THE FAMOUS BIOLOGIST.

Breaking into Prison.

A CURIOUS case of burglary was reported in New York on Jan. 6. Some thieves broke into the Tombs prison and made an unsuccessful attempt to force open the iron safe in the clerk's room. Entrance to the prison, which as a rule, burglars find more easy than they wish, was effected by climbing over the iron gates in the rear, and prying open the outer door with a jimmy. The locks on the inner doors were picked and then the burglars had access to the safe. The combination disk on the safe door was pried off and a hole was drilled in the mechanism. At this point the burglars seem to have become alarmed and to have decamped. The safe door was not opened, but the men made their escape, taking their tools with them. It is supposed that they at some time have been involuntary guests in the Tombs and have seen the clerk deposit in the safe the money collected in fines in the court and have expected to make a large haul. Their knowledge of the location of the safe confirms this theory. It shows how persistent men will be in evil courses when imprisonment fails to cure them of wrong-doing. The same persistence is often displayed by people, who, although they obey human law, continue to violate the law of God in spite of frequent admonitions and the judgments which God sends to bring them to repentance. (Prov. 29: 1.)

A Strange Christmas Present.

A LADY who was buying Christmas gifts just before the holidays, surprised her escort by saying that for her last purchase she would have to go to a drug-store. On her arrival she asked for six bottles of cod-liver oil, and they were made into a package for her. "I think," her escort said, "that is a Christmas gift that will not be duplicated in the city." The lady replied, "That may be, but there will be none more acceptable. The poor girl, who will get this, has been ordered to take the medicine, and the physician says that nothing else will save her life. She has not a cent to spare to buy it, so I could not send her anything she has more need of. It is not very appetizing, but she will take the oil, and that is my chief concern. But it does not look so nice as a box of bonbons would." The lady showed her wisdom in sending the girl the medicine that would do her good, rather than a present that would be simply pleasant. Every one recognizes the fact, but not all can do so when the dispensations of God's providence fall upon them, although we are assured that the chastenings which seem grievous for the time, "afterward yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby." (Heb. 12: 11.)

A Daughter's Rights.

A DECISION was handed down in the Court of Common Pleas in New York last week, defining the rights of a daughter in her father's house. The suit arose out of a quarrel with a stepmother. About a year ago the owner of a house in the city was declared insane and was taken to a lunatic asylum. His wife and his daughter by a former marriage lived in the house. The latter was nearly twenty years old. She had never been on good terms with her step-mother and, after her father's removal, the antipathy between the two ladies increased. There were frequent quarrels and eventually the elder lady turned the younger out of the house. The daughter appealed to the courts and Judge Bischoff has now decided that she is entitled to the use of a good room in her father's house and to be reimbursed with the cost of her board between the date of her expulsion and the day on which she came of age. Thus the girl's right to a home under her father's roof is legally established. Doubtless, she will now take advantage of it and not rest satisfied with knowing that it is her right. In doing so she will be wiser than some Christians who although sons of God do not exercise the privileges of sonship which are assured to them. (Gal. 4: 7.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. E. P. Marvin has been holding meetings at North Evans, N. Y. His recent meetings at Syracuse and Oneida were greatly blessed.

Miss Frances E. Willard in company with Lady Henry Somerset received an ovation at the famous English racing town of Doncaster, where they addressed two large audiences on temperance.

The new series of Sunday Theatre services in Brooklyn opened on Jan. 8 with a service in the Grand Opera House in Elm Place conducted by Rev. A. C. Dixon of the Hanson Place Baptist Church.

An English lady who has been making a tour of the world, recently sent a large donation to the British and Foreign Bible Society with the remark, "The more I have traveled, the more I have seen the good Bible Societies are doing and also the need of that work."

A large meeting called in response to a numerously signed requisition was held Jan. 8, in Chickering Hall, New York, to listen to John Philip Quinn's anti-gambling exposures. It is probable that an anti-gambling association will be the result of Mr. Quinn's work in the city.

Rev. Francis E. Smiley is conducting union meetings at East Liverpool, O. On Jan. 29, he goes to Bound Brook, N. J., for ten days and thence to Bradford, Penn., commencing there on Feb. 8. Mr. Charles Alexander of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago is associated with Mr. Smiley as director of the musical exercises.

Evangelist H. W. Brown has been laboring for several weeks in the churches of Seattle, Wash. The *Post-Intelligencer* of that city reports large meetings and striking results. More than three hundred persons have made a profession of faith during Mr. Brown's stay in the city. At the Y.M.C.A. meetings for men only, the evangelist made earnest addresses on social purity and organized a White Cross League.

Rev. Thomas Harrison's meetings in Jane Street Church, New York, are developing in interest and power. There have been several remarkable conversions including those of prominent business men. On Sunday, Jan. 8, the church was crowded from pulpit to entrance. Many persons were enquiring the way of salvation. Mr. Harrison's engagement was for one week of reunion meetings, but the interest has been so marked that he has been urged to prolong his stay with the church.

The Cremorne Mission, established by the late Jerry McAulay, in Thirty-second street, New York, celebrated its eleventh anniversary on Jan. 12. Mr. J. N. Stearns presided, and among the speakers were: Dr. A. Kittredge, Rev. A. B. Simpson, pastor of the Gospel Tabernacle; F. A. Palmer, president of the Broadway National Bank, and several superintendents of other missions in New York. Miss Louise Shepherd of Mr. Simpson's church sang to her own accompaniment on a zither. It was stated that $4,000 was urgently needed by the mission. A collection amounting to $1,000 was taken up.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman formerly of Bethany Church, Philadelphia, has been much blessed in his labors in Lincoln, Neb. In the early days of the meetings Dr. Chapman spoke as often as five times daily. For several evenings overflow gatherings were necessary and Dr. Chapman addressed audiences in both places. On Sundays services were held in the new Opera House. The Lincoln correspondent of a contemporary writes: "More than 2,000 men were present at one meeting. Hundreds who never thought much of such things stood up, and Dr. Chapman himself declared he had never had a more satisfactory and cheering audience of men."

The union services in Dayton, O., conducted by Dr. L. W. Munhall, have resulted in a large ingathering of souls. No less than 413 cards have been signed by persons who have been under religious impression during the revival, declaring their faith in Christ and indicating the churches of which they will become members. About a dozen denominations are represented in the list. Presbyterians and Methodists are at the head. Each of those churches will receive ninety accessions from the revival. The Reformed Church has 58, the United Brethren 48, the Baptist 44, the Lutheran 28; the remainder are scattered among various denominations.

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

POWER AND PEACE.

A Sermon Preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York, last Sunday, January 15th, 1893, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D. D.

"The Lord will give strength unto his people; the Lord will bless his people with peace." Psalm 29: 11.

THE twenty-ninth psalm is a striking illustration of the majesty and glory of God as displayed in a thunder storm. It would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to find in any other literature so sublime a description as this of a storm of thunder and lightning. Perowne calls attention to the fact that we have here the suggestion of the storm marching from north to south, the desolation and terror which it causes, the peal of the thunder, the flash of the lightning, the gathering of the storm, and finally the lull of the elements when the storm has passed. He also emphasizes the thought that the psalm consists of five parts: a prelude, the body of the psalm, consisting itself of three divisions, and the conclusion.

All expositors are impressed with the artificial elaboration and symmetrical structure of the psalm, some affirming that there is no specimen of Hebrew poetry in which these features are more marked; but all are agreed, at the same time, that this elaboration in composition does not check the force and fire of the poet's native genius or his divine afflatus. We see that he moves in

Majesty and Freedom

as he describes the rising and progress of the storm. He sings throughout the psalm a strain of triumphant exultation. At once our thoughts are lifted from earth to heaven as the psalm opens by an appeal to the angels who stand before the throne of God, and who are summoned to praise him who reveals his glory in the rolling thunder and in the flashing lightning. Beginning with the third verse and going to the end of the ninth, we have the main body of the poem. This portion of the psalm consists of three strophes, and the critics call attention to the fact that they are so constructed that the first, consisting of verses three and four, gives us the beginning of the storm. Its low, faint muttering in the distant heavens is heard in these stanzas. In the second strophe, verses 5-7, we have a description of the storm at its height when it crashes the cedars and shakes the lofty mountains in its fury. In the last strophe, verses eight and nine, we see the storm passing over the country to the forest of Kadesh, where it dies away in silence and peace.

Still more striking is the fact that the characteristics of these three strophes, forming, as we have said, the main body of the psalm, are found in each strophe in itself. A careful examination of each, and especially the reading of the psalm in the Hebrew, will bring out these characteristics with equal clearness and beauty; and the psalm thus studied becomes musical and beautiful beyond description. We may hear one peal after another, reverberating along the sky, the storm reaching its

Gigantic Strength

and then becoming silent as it blends in the music and songs of the heavenly host in the temple singing glory unto Jehovah. When we reach the conclusion of the psalm we are beautifully reminded that Jehovah, who raises the storm to its wildest uproar, can also still the elements into a sabbatic peace; that he, whose mighty power was seen in the march of the tempest, is seen also in the stilling of the storm and in giving strength and peace to his people. Delitzsch has finely said that the psalm begins with a *gloria in excelsis* and ends with a *pax in terris*.

The psalm teaches that when the thunder rolls over the sea and the land, and the lightnings flash along the sky, religion keeps the soul in perfect peace, lifting it up in adoring contemplation and filling it with calm trust in him, who can control this elemental strife. All these fierce storms are under the direction of a hand of infinite love and power. They [illegible] not governed by caprice; they are raised and hushed at the voice of Jehovah, a very sweet expression seven times uttered in this sublime psalm.

Looking more closely at the text, you see that it is the conclusion and application of the thought which underlies the entire description. It teaches that the God who controls the storm is able to defend his people; that he will use his amazing power to protect his chosen; that his children need not fear when the thunder rolls, when the lightning flashes, nor when the trees are broken in the forest, for God rules over all nature and the stormy wind simply obeys his mighty word. This is the argument of the psalmist.

That is a very superficial exposition which finds here only a description of a thunder storm, sublime and majestic. Grand as is the description it is not given for its own sake; nor for mere poetical effect. It is rather a ground of hope and

A Sure Consolation

to believers that this mighty God, who is thus audible and visible in nature, "who presided at the flood and is to reign forever," is pledged to use his great power for the good of his people. The text really gives the keynote of the whole psalm, which may have been composed during a great storm.

Two great blessings are here promised to the people of God—strength and peace. The people of God are in need of daily strength for the performance of daily duty. They have to contend against enemies who are numerous and powerful, while in themselves they are weak and unworthy. They have to contend against Satan and all his hosts. Their conflict is not against flesh and blood; such a conflict would be serious in the extreme. But the Apostle Paul, in writing to the Ephesians, clearly teaches us that we wrestle against the rulers of the darkness of this world, and against spiritual wickedness in high places. The devil is not dead; he is still a mighty adversary going about seeking whom he may devour. He is at the head of a wide and powerful empire; he leads on the hosts of darkness against the children of God.

Every Christian is a Soldier

who must endure hardness and fight valiantly. Satan attacked our Lord himself, and we may be sure that he will repeat the attack upon all the true followers of Christ. Over the children of the world he rules with absolute dominion; they are taken captives at his will, but Christians are rebels against his authority; they have escaped from his tyrannous sway. Against them, therefore, he hurls his fiery darts with the utmost fury, malice and malignity. But let not the children of God be discouraged. In Jesus Christ we are promised we shall come off more than conquerors. He defeated Satan in the wilderness, hurling the crown from his brow and striking the sceptre from his hand. Satan has never recovered from the completeness of that defeat. The promise given at the gate of Eden is that the seed of the woman shall bruise the head of the serpent. The day is coming when that promise shall be literally fulfilled; the time will soon arrive when we shall completely bruise Satan under our feet, when we shall rejoice in a transcendent victory over the last of our foes.

Christians have also to contend with the world. It is not the friend of God, indeed it never can be. It is as unwilling to-day as ever it was to make an unconditional surrender to Jesus Christ. It cannot, it is true, break out in the old forms of pagan and papal opposition to the saints of God; but the spirit of enmity to the truth still exists. There is

An Irrepressible Conflict

continually raging between the king of darkness and the God of light, between the children of God and the children of the world. Often the world's smiles are more dangerous than its frowns; often its promises are more hurtful than its threatenings. When it cannot allure Christians from their fealty, it charges them with being hypocrites, and thus attempts to win them from their loyalty. When it cannot induce them to desert the ranks of loyal soldiers, it will load them with reproaches and hold them up to scorn; but great as is the power of this worldly opposition, and subtle as is the spirit of this secular life, the world is still a defeated foe. Our triumphant Lord before leaving his disciples, said: "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." In God we, too, may overcome the world. This truth is also clearly taught us when it is distinctly said: "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." In the midst of this wildest storm of worldly opposition, a storm fitly represented by the crash of elements in this 29th Psalm, we may be assured that peace will come to our souls, as truly as this fierce hurricane was hushed and as a sweet calm followed. Jesus, the mighty God, will be our peace. We shall triumphantly sing even amid the thunder, because we know that soon it will be succeeded by the calmness which the world can neither give nor take away, "but thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

The Enemy in the Citadel.

Christians have also to contend against their remaining depravity. Large portions of the heart are still at times occupied by the enemy. Although the enemy has capitulated he is not exterminated; there is danger that he may still revive and again assert his power. It is true that the new life is implanted, but the old is not entirely destroyed; the old man is dying but is not yet dead. He is crucified, but he dies slowly as well as painfully. The believer joyfully affirms that the sin within him is not dominant sin, but he must also at the same time painfully admit that it is not dormant sin. The Apostle Paul teaches us that there is a fierce conflict between the old nature and the new; that as there is a dual nature within us there is often also a fierce duel within us. He cries out that when he would do good evil is present with him, and that there is a law of sin warring against the law of the mind and drawing him into captivity. Painful and humiliating is his cry, "O, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" But glorious is his note of triumph as he passes from the seventh to the eighth chapters of Romans chanting, "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

The Source of Power.

We thus see that the believers have great need of strength. They are led because of their conscious need to lay hold of the sweet promise given in the text; they are able thus rightly to estimate this precious promise. Conscious of enemies without and traitors within, they rejoice to know that "Jehovah will give strength unto his people." They shall be delivered from this present evil world; they shall still occasionally be hindered by sin, but it shall not have dominion over them. They shall still be tempted, but not above that they are able to bear. With his right hand God will uphold them amid the trials of life and the sharp pains of death; and by his power he will keep them through faith unto salvation in time and in eternity.

The next blessing promised in this precious text is God's own peace. Peace is the great blessing of the Gospel. The angels sang the song of peace the night when Christ was born. Peace was the legacy which Christ promised his disciples just before his crucifixion, and his resurrection salutation was, "Peace be unto you." God by the Apostle also is beautifully described as the "God of peace."

The believer has peace with God. We are born in sin and so are the children of wrath even as others. We are enemies to God by wicked hearts and wicked acts. Sin is the thing which God hates with a perfect hatred. It is opposed to all his glorious attributes and gracious promises; it justly merits his wrath and assuredly will be visited with his sore displeasure. Men and women in their natural state cannot have

Peace with God.

It is affirmed by God that there is no peace, no true and abiding peace, to the wicked. We are commanded to acquaint ourselves with God that we may enter into his peace. When Christ had forgiven the sins of the wretched woman before him, he said, "go in peace." She had never known genuine peace until her sins were forgiven and her soul was made white by the cleansing power of Christ. Jesus Christ is our true peace. He makes peace between a sinful soul and a holy God. Out of Christ God is a consuming fire; but Christ heals the breach which sin has made; extinguishes the fire of justice and fills the soul with the peace of God. By his cross he has slain the enmity between God and man; and he has reconciled man to God by his own blood. By his stripes we are healed; on him our sins were laid, and by his infinite sacrifice divine justice was appeased.

True Christians also have peace with themselves. There is war in the heart of every unconverted man. Sin brings guilt and guilt brings shame and fear. Sin and sorrow are related as are substance and shadow. So long as men sin, in this life or in the life that is to come, they must suffer. No human ingenuity can interrupt the operation of the law that sin brings suffering. There are times when conscience will arouse itself; times when its thunder will roll and its lightnings flash and burn. "A wounded spirit who can bear?" At such a time,

When the Soul Seeks Christ,

he comes with his pardoning mercy; as the balm of Gilead he comes to the wounded heart; with his love he heals the bruised spirit and with gentle power he binds up the broken heart. He speaks peace unto his people and to his saints; he gives to them beauty for ashes; the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. We are distinctly taught in Scripture that the work of righteousness is peace and that they who love God will have great peace, while the wicked are like the troubled sea whose waves can never be at rest but cast up mire and dirt. Oh sweet blessing of peace for the tired soul! Not more marked was the stillness that followed the storm as it swept to the south and rolled over the forest of Kadesh, than is the peace which comes from a sense of forgiveness after the soul has been tortured by a sense of sin. True Christians may have peace through all the trials of life. Trials must come; they are inseparable from the experiences of life and duty. Every life has its own sorrow and every heart its peculiar cross. Every believer must enter some furnace for

The Consumption of the Dross

and the purification of the gold in his Christian character. Christians are not promised exemption from trial; but they are promised a final victory over trial. They shall not be kept from trial; but they shall be kept in trial. Those who have cast all their sin upon Christ learn also to cast all their care upon Christ. They "know that all things work together for good to them that love God;" they know that though they are troubled on every side, they shall not be cast down; though perplexed, they shall not be in despair. Death to them has no terrors, for they know that precious in the sight of God is the death of his saints; they know that God will keep in perfect peace those whose trust is in him. How sweet are the secrets between God and his people. How glorious is the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us!

The text suggests the character of the persons to whom this peace is promised. It is clear that the promise is not to all men irrespective of their character and their relations to God. These blessings are for those who are the people of God. The Bible gives us many texts by which they may know who are truly God's people. True ministers of Christ must rightly divide the word of instruction; they must cut it straight, as the language of the apostle really means; they must not give to the foes of God the promises intended only for the friends of God; they must not apply the comforts of the Gospel to those who need first its warnings. Only those who really feel their need of strength will seek

The Blessing of Peace.

The mere worldling is unconscious of the power of his spiritual foes, and so he does not seek the necessary spiritual strength. If you know to-day that you are not one of God's people, then the blessings of strength and peace are not yours. You have neither part nor lot in either blessing; you are without strength and without peace. You may say "peace, peace"; but it is a false peace. It is a peace which comes from a pacified but seared conscience. You may lull conscience to sleep now, but it will some day have a fearful awaking. Oh that God would arouse you to-day! Oh that he would strike conviction to your heart now! In the words of Scripture we would warn you that to-day you harden not your hearts. Seek God with all the heart and his peace will be yours; give him your trust and he will give you his peace.

In the psalm which we have discussed there is a sublime description of God's power in a thunder-storm; but this power is only a faint shadow of that which he will display on the great day when "the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up." Oh, to-day seek Jesus Christ as your personal friend and Saviour; then shall you be found in him, having that peace which he alone can bestow; then you will sweetly experience in life and death, in time and eternity, that Jehovah will give strength unto his people; that Jehovah will bless his people with peace!

"LOVING GOD."

WHILE a theological student at Rochester, writes Mr. W. C. Wilkinson, I undertook a quasi-pastoral charge for a time, of a small country church some twelve miles distant, too poor to maintain a resident minister. As I could command leisure for the purpose, I used to visit the people of the community, from house to house, with the errand of the Gospel in free and familiar personal talk.

It was near nightfall of a lovely summer Saturday, that I called at the house of a prosperous young farmer, of whom I had previously heard as a man of excellent moral character, but whom I had never met before. I found him frank and friendly in manner, and there was no obstacle to easy conversation.

After a few preliminary commonplaces exchanged between us, the transition was natural enough to the benevolence of God as displayed in the bounty of nature. My sentiments on this topic met a cheerful and ready response.

"Strange," said I, "that so few of us love God, when we all of us think him so good. Do you love him?" I asked suddenly and bluntly, just as I would have asked any other question which could imply no offence.

"Why, as to that," said he, "I should consider that everybody ought to love God."

"Yes, no doubt of that. Still the obligation to love him and loving him are not quite the same. You admit you ought to love him; now do you love him? How as to that?"

It was rather closer quarters than he had prepared himself for But he made up his mind to face his dilemma.

"Well—yes—I believe I do love God," he answered, manfully resolved to take a step forward without well knowing whither it would lead him.

"You still answer a little uncertainly. You believe you love God. We generally know when we love any one. There are several pretty sure signs."

"What signs?"

"The signs of love are not difficult to recognize. You easily perceive a mother's love for her children or a boy's love for his mother. If you ask a good husband if he loves his wife he would scarcely be likely to say, 'I believe I do.' He would *know* that he did. Why does the father or the mother look so sad? Their child is sick and they are afraid they will lose it. Do they love it? You see they do. Then there are other signs.

"For instance, if we love any one we think of that one often. This is so much the case that it has come to be an equivalent phrase. We say of one that we love, 'I think a great deal of so-and-so.' Isn't this so?"

"Yes. I am even more apt to say I think a great deal of a person than that I love him."

"Well, now apply that test to your love for God. Do you think a great deal of God?"

The man hesitated.

"Have you thought of him to-day?"

"Can't say that I have."

"This week?"

"Couldn't be certain that I have."

"Within a month?"

"Well, yes. I should say that I have thought of God within a month."

"And do you suppose you average a thought of God once a month?"

"I think I do."

"Is thinking of God twelve times a year thinking a good deal of God—is it loving him."

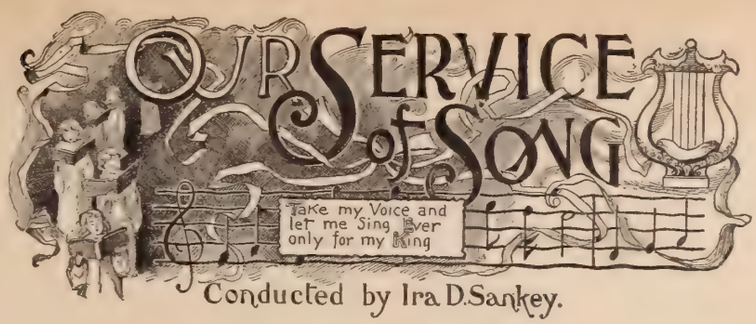
The man was silent.

"There is another test. We are certain to talk of those whom we love. A mother knows who are her son's favorite companions at school—he has so much to say about them. You can consider within yourself how much you spontaneously talk about God."

Something in the spirit of our conversation, I suppose it was, or perhaps it was wholly a heavenly influence breathed into the man, that made him not merely patient under this cross-examination, but even desirous, apparently, to feel the probe thrust deeper yet into the quick.

"One more test of love," I said. "We are fond of doing things for those whom we love. You are industrious, honest, truthful, kind-hearted, your neighbors say. Why are you so? Have you a thought in it of pleasing God? Do you say ever to yourself, 'Now this I will do because it will please God, for I love him?'"

That candid witness against himself confessed that he could not remember having ever in the whole course of his life done a single act for the sake of pleasing God. The evening drew on, and I bade him good-night. I never knew whether he found out afterwards how industry, honesty, truthfulness, and kindness, became transfigured from a task into a delight, when they are animated with the loving spirit of a conscious personal love to a personal God revealed and accessible in Christ Jesus.



Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

*The Christian's "Good-Night."

It is said: The early Christians were accustomed to bid their dying friends "Good-night," so sure were they of their awakening on the "Resurrection Morning."

* As sung by Mr. Sankey at the funeral of the late Rev. Chas. H. Spurgeon.

SARAH DOUDNEY. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Sleep on, be - lov - ed, sleep, and take thy rest; Lay down thy
2. Calm is thy slum - ber as an in-fant's sleep; But thou shalt
3. Un - til the shad-ows from this earth are cast; Un - til He
head up - on thy Saviour's breast; We loved thee well, but
wake no more to toil and weep: Thine is a per - fect
gath-ers in His sheaves at last; Un - til the twi - light
Je - sus loves thee best—Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!
rest, se - cure; and deep—Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!
gloom be o - ver - past—Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

4 Until the Easter glory lights the skies;
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,
And He shall come, but not in lowly guise—
Good-night!

5 Until made beautiful by Love Divine,
Thou, in the likeness of thy Lord shall shine,
And He shall bring that golden crown of thine—
Good-night!

6 Only "good-night," beloved—not "farewell!"
A little while, and all His saints shall dwell
In hallowed union, indivisible—
Good-night!

7 Until we meet again before His throne,
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own,
Until we know even as we are known—
Good-night!

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HELP THE CHILDREN.

[The following lines were suggested to the writer as he was walking about the streets of West Kansas City looking into the faces of hundreds of little children who have never heard of a Saviour's love.]

WE are toiling without ceasing,
For the souls in distant lands;
Oft forgetting those so near us,
Those who plead with outstretched hands.

Let us not forget the children
Who are living at our door,
As we teach the distant heathen;
Sending them of God's rich store.

In our cities great and sinful,
There is labor for us all,
To reclaim the lost, forsaken;
Is the "special work" and "call."

In our cities fields are ripening,
Whitening for the reaper's hand;
Shall we let the grain be wasted,
Heeding not our Lord's command?

In our cities many children,
Know not of a Saviour's love,
Know not that he died to save them;
For a brighter home above.

Let us gather in the children,
Sinful outcasts though they be,
Tell them of the blessed Jesus;
How he died to make them free!

Liberty, Mo., W. F. C. —JACOB HENN.

A MESSAGE FROM PARADISE.

WHAT mean you by this weeping
To break my very heart?
We both are in Christ's keeping,
And therefore cannot part.

What if the clouds surround you,
You can the brightness see,
'Tis only just a little way
That leads from you to me.

I was so very weary,
Surely you could not mourn,
That I a little sooner
Should lay my burden down.

Then weep not, weep not, darling;
God wipes away all tears,
'Tis only yet a little while
Though you may call it—years.

—Faith and Works.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

T. L. J. 1. How is the name of Mr. Klopsch, the publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, pronounced? Pronounce every letter, except the C.

W. W. Bean, Nockamixon, Pa. What was the population of Jerusalem at the time of its destruction in the year 70, A.D., and the number of slain, both Jews and Romans?

It is said to have had a population of about 200,000. The number of slain on either side has never been accurately determined.

Robert De'gaty, Bayfield, Ontario, Can. Is there any duty on the Oxford Bible?

Yes; twenty-five per cent. duty is paid by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on every Oxford Teachers' Bible. These Bibles are printed by the Oxford University Press in England, imported to this country and are sent as premiums to every yearly $2 subscriber to this journal.

D. R. Taylor, Northampton, O. As Satan is usually symbolized as a serpent how can the serpent of brass raised by Moses appropriately represent Christ as it is usually represented as doing?

It was Christ, himself, who originated the comparison. See John 3; 14. He was teaching Nicodemus the nature of faith and he reminded him of an event in the national history when such faith as he demanded was exercised with saving effect.

Nellie Boessnecker, Oswego, Ills. Which is the proper form in quartets: for the alto singer to stand by the bass and the soprano and tenor together, or that the alto and tenor singers stand together and the bass and soprano?

Mr. Hubert P. Main, who is recognized as an authority in musical matters, gives the following as the correct position: Bass on the right, alto next, soprano next, tenor last, on the left.

A Subscriber, Newark, N. J. It may be done with perfect propriety. Such object lessons are becoming popular and need contain nothing to offend good taste or morals.—Y. A. King, St. Martins, N. B. Such recreations, under proper restrictions, may be innocent and proper. There are enough harmless amusements for young folks, to choose from, without indulging in those that Christian people hold to be doubtful.—Reader, Lyons, N. Y. Any encyclopedia will suppty the information you ask.—O. G. Tinglof, Manchester, N. H. One of the best is the Jamieson-Fausett-Brown Bible Commentary, published by Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and Chicago.

E. G. H Philadelphia, Pa. In your reply to H. G. C. in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD you say, "A true Christian will recognize the duty of identifying himself with the Church, wherever possible." Please tell us what church you mean by *the* Church?

We mean by this expression, the Christian Church without regard to denomination or sect—any branch of it that recognizes Christ as the head of his Church on earth. This includes all believers, whether Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists or belonging to any other Protestant denomination.

L. E. Penland, Helix, O. 1. What became of the Tabernacle and tables of stone? 2. Were sacrifices offered after Christ was crucified.

1. We are not informed as to the Tabernacle. It is probable that some of its material was used in the temple. The tables of stone were put in the Ark and were removed to the Temple. They with the Ark were lost. It is supposed that the priests buried the Ark when the temple was in danger of being taken and died without revealing the hiding-place. It may be found yet. 2. Sacrifices were offered for about thirty-five years after he was crucified until the Temple was destroyed by the Romans.

Ella J. Welsh, 31 Bow Street, Mass. After reading, you might send your CHRISTIAN HERALD to Rev. Mr. Bateman, Chaplain Army Post, Fort Assiniboine, Mont., who needs such literature for use among the troops.—Ida L. McWilliams, Axle, Ala. Little Ruth Cleveland is about two years old.—Thomas J. Ashby, Pasadena, Cal. We may, at some future time, take up the topic you have suggested.—J. W. Carroll, Ind. They are first cousins.—L. N. Arnold, Hanly, Kan. St. Paul was not married. See 1 Cor. 7: 7-8.—A. T. Cole, Waverly, Ia. The railroad from Joppa to Jerusalem was built by a French syndicate, which obtained concessions from the Turkish Government. —A. M. W., Newark, N. J. 1. There are no civilized Christian countries where plural marriage is permitted by law. In a large proportion of the Oriental countries, however, it still prevails and has existed from patriarchal times In some few countries including Thibet, parts of the Himalayas, and in the Canary, Alentian, and some Pacific Islands. It also prevails among the Orinoco tribes. Wives are permitted to have a pluralitv of husbands. 2. The largest library of the present day is that of the Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris, which has nearly 2,000,000 volumes.—O. G. Tinglof, Manchester, N. H. 1. One of the best Bible Commentaries is that by Jamieson, Fausett & Brown, published by Fleming H. Revell. 2. Peloubet's Bible Dictionary, published by Porter & Coates, Phila. 3 We do not know the book you mention.—H. B., Newark, N. J., and J. L. Vinson, Valloma, Ind. The Palestine Cabinet is a neat and compact collection of articles peculiar to Palestine. It contains a number of boxes, with mica covers, in which are pulse, mint, hyssop, incense, eye powder, manna, camphire, cummin, myrrh, tares, ground corn, cassia, wild honey, sack-cloth, etc, the whole being of special value and interest to Sunday-School teachers and others engaged in Bible work. The Cabinet will be sent for $1.

THE PREDICTED RESTITUTION.

What the Characteristics of the Millennium will be According to Scripture

THE anticipation of some sort of blissful change to come upon this sad and sinful earth after its long-continued storms and sorrows is, in one form or another, very general. Even those who despise God's word and rely on human prognostications or scientific researches for their date, prophesy with greater or less distinctness of meaning a future Millennium. This belief is indeed so general that the coming of the Millennium has even passed into a current newspaper phrase. With all those who take God's Word for their guide, the expectation of such a time of coming blessedness, in some form, is universal. But what is to be the character of the change? How far is it to affect this earth and the race? What are its attendants and its time?

Let no one suppose, from the existing great diversity of views, that the Scripture expressions concerning this event are meagre or doubtful. On the contrary, they are very striking and comprehensive. They arrest attention at once.

It is called first a "Regeneration," a new creation, a second birth—Palingenessia. Surely this implies a vast and comprehensive and thorough change, and a change on the habitable earth. Again, it is so vast and comprehensive that the whole creation is depicted as groaning and travailing in pain, waiting to be admitted into "the glorious liberty of the children of God" (Rom. 8 : 21–22). And it is represented as so glorious, that even believers also with the firstfruits of the Spirit are groaning and waiting for this day; the day of the redemption of the body; when they shall be manifested to be the Sons of God. It is called by the Apostle Peter a "restitution of all things" (Acts 3: 21), implying that there is no department of creation that has been impaired which will not feel the influence of the restitution. It is represented both by the Old Testaments (Isaiah 65: 17–66–22) and New Testament apostles (II Peter 3 : 13 ; Rev. 21: 1) as "a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness;" a complete, all-pervading, blessed, abiding change. And to close all: In the prophecy which foreshadows it as accomplished, the change is represented as total as it is glorious; and we hear the voice of the king on the throne saying, "Behold I make all things new."

1. There is promised a thorough renewing, physical and spiritual, of the earth and the race; "a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousuess;" "a kingdom of God under the whole heaven that shall abide forever." For so the Prophets Isaiah and Daniel distinctly declare, and the Apostle John sets it forth in symbol just as plainly.

2. That this kingdom of God, promised from the beginning, is identified with, and must not be expected independently of, this earth on which we tread. For Isaiah and all the prophets, in every prophecy, speak of Israel when restored as abiding here for ever. They testify that all the nations of the earth from generation to generation are to worship the Lord in this renewed earth, and the Apostle John in the Book of the Revelations makes no note of any other condition of things up to the very last chapter.

3. That this regeneration is to take place in the visible presence of God's King, the Lord Jesus, who "shall reign in Mount Zion and before his ancients gloriously." For to his presence, not only Isaiah witnesses but Daniel also, and Jeremiah and Zechariah, as already shown, speaking of him sometimes as David's Son, sometimes as the true David, sometimes as the Lord, our Righteousness. So does Christ himself witness, for he says he will personally come to the earth, and will cast out of the kingdom all that offends; and "then the righteous shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." And none can mistake the Apostle John's declaration that it is in the visible presence of the returned Christ that the reign on earth shall take place.

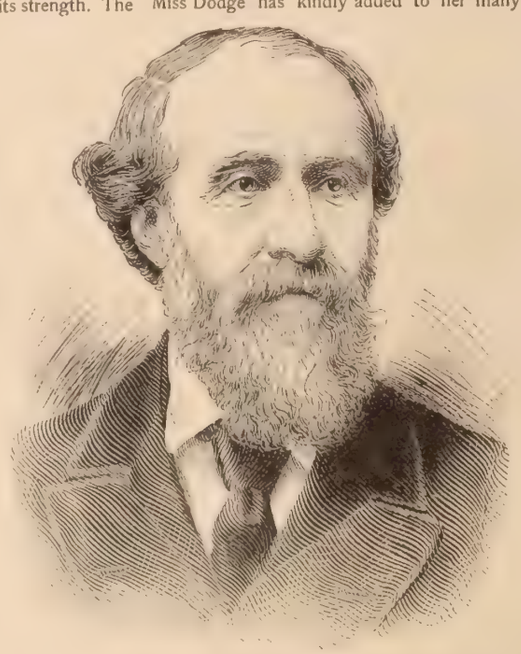
4. That the saints of God from all ages shall reign with Christ over the nations of the saved, the dead saints being raised in the first resurrection, the living saints changed, and both caught up and glorified. For so the Prophet Zechariah declares: "The Lord my God shall come and all the saints with him." So Enoch testified before the flood. (Jude 14, 15.) And so Paul declares: "If we suffer we shall reign with him"—that is, reign when he reigns. So Christ declares: "He that overcometh shall sit with me on my throne." So John declares: "They lived and reigned with

(To be Concluded.)

THE SMALL BEGINNING.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Jan. 29, 1893. Zech. 4: 10; Job 8: 5-7.

NO better illustration of the truth set forth in the passages selected for the topic could be found than in the movement the birth of which we celebrate this week. Very small and insignificant was the little gathering which twelve years ago inaugurated the Society which has spread over Chistendom. Comparatively small as the mustard-seed to which the Master likened the kingdom of God, it has grown until it is the wonder of the world. But while we rejoice in the mighty organization which with its Baptist and Methodist sisters is working for Christ in the world, we must not forget the source of its strength. The two olive trees which the prophet saw standing by the golden candlestick were the sources of its light. The wealth and influence of the Society, like the gold of the candlestick do not suffice for light-giving. If the connection with the source of strength is severed the candlestick, though it be of gold, will not fulfil its mission. The words addressed to Job show what that connection is. "If thou wert pure and upright." Purity and integrity are essential to continued usefulness. God does sometimes use impure men to accomplish his purposes, but they are his tools, not his sons, and they are cast aside when the work is done. It is not of those that the passage speaks the promise, "thy latter end shall greatly increase." We are too apt in these days to lay greater stress on creed than on conduct, but creeds may have little influence on life and it is the life that the world sees and by which it judges. The principle of growth is the same in the individual soul in the organization and in nature. There must be life and nourishment and these can come to us from only one source, and in only one way. He that began the good work is able to perfect it and he will continue to perfect it so long as it preserves its purity and integrity. When it ceases to perform its functions with a single mind to the advancement of Christ's kingdom within us and around us, it will soon cease to be. Therefore, the prayer offered this week should be for more of God's Spirit rather than for increase of numbers. That will come in God's way and time.



MR. GEORGE WILLIAMS, THE PIONEER OF THE Y. M. C. A. MOVEMENT.

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THE FATHER OF THE Y. M. C. A.

NEARLY fifty years ago a young man in the employ of Messrs. Hitchcock & Co., the dry-goods merchants in St. Paul's churchyard, London, was holding a prayer-meeting of the young men of the establishment in an upper room of the building. It was then a startling innovation, but the head of the firm countenanced it and great good resulted. That beginning made, the young man became concerned about the spiritual condition of other young men in the city, of whom there were at least 150,000 engaged in banks or in trade, and sought to help them. A society was formed for "Improving the Spiritual Condition of Young Men." The Society changed its name afterward to the Young Men's Christian Association by which it and the multitude of societies which are its offspring are known in every Christian land. The name of the young man who established the prayer-meeting and organized the Society was George Williams, and his portrait, no longer representing a young man, appears on this page. Mr. Williams rose to a partnership in the house which he entered in humble capacity as a boy and he is now one of London's most respected merchants; but with increased demands on his time and attention, his interest in the organization over whose birth he presided, has never waned. He is deeply concerned as ever in the welfare of the Association, and many a liberal gift from his pocket has relieved struggling institutions in provincial towns of their burdens, and given encouragement to their friends to redouble their efforts.

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THE TENEMENT HOUSE CHAPTER.

IT is gratifying to learn that the Tenement House Chapter of the King's Daughters in New York have been enabled to arrange for the opening of the long desired kindergarten. Miss Dodge has kindly added to her many benefactions by giving the Chapter the furniture and appliances requisite for the institution. The first report of the work recently presented by Miss Clara Field indicates not only how much good has been accomplished but how urgently such work was needed in the great city. She says: "We have kept up a large Fresh Air Work, and have found our back-yard an invaluable play ground. Some forty children a day; twenty in the morning and twenty in the afternoon, have found it a welcome change from the noisy streets, narrow alleys, and crowded tenements. Its influence became apparent in the neighborhood, and the children were overheard saying one to another, 'If you do this,' or 'If you do that, they won't let you into "The King's Garden."' A meagre little spot, it seemed to us, who had come from the beautiful country, to claim such a blessed name, but if it was doing the King's work, it was worthy of the name. Even now, when the weather is so dark and chilly, the children are only too happy to gain access to it.

We have just started a Penny Provident Fund, and it is interesting to see the little things coming in with their pennies and going off with their bank-books as proud as the owners of fortunes. We hope very soon to draw the little girls into a Saturday morning sewing-class, and an afternoon club for the boys is projected. We are negotiating for a lease of the whole house, in order to control it, subletting the two upper floors, until we can afford to keep them for our own use, and we are very happy now in the prospect that Miss Dodge's Annex Working Girls' Club will use our rooms and take in our girls, which will give us at once all the benefits of their experience and a well organized, successful club, and add to our income as well.

Our special needs now, next to personal work and money, are for warm clothing, shoes, stockings, and flannels; warm outside garments and some thick dresses for children; anything in the way of fruits and vegetables and delicacies for the sick; bandages, lint, and old linen for the injured, and picture books and toys for the children—all are welcome." They may be sent to our headquarters, 77 Madison St., New York.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

THE Epworth League is intended for a spiritual force in the work of the church, being something more than a mere social and literary club. It does do social and literary work, but its chief aim is to reach out and save the perishing. At the late session of the Illinois conference one brother reported that of 1,000 conversions which had occurred 800 of them had been through the instrumentality of the League. In some churches the League has greatly helped in financial matters. Grace Church Chapter, Thankakee, Ill., has pledged $100 toward the payment of the church debt, being one dollar per member. In Norway, the League is making rapid advance. Chapters have been organized at Stockholm, Upsola, Talm, Norberg and Laxa. The annual Epworth excursion to the home of the Wesley family in England, will be postponed this year on account of the World's Fair and the International Epworth Convention. Many Chapters have arranged for a series of entertainments through the winter season. Rev. J. J. Hill recently gave a lecture entitled "A Talk to Young Men" to the Chapter at Claysville, Pa. It was much appreciated by all those that heard it.

A beautiful incident, which deserves to be an example widely followed, is reported to the *Epworth Herald* by a correspondent who says: A delightful reception was recently given by the chapter of Trinity Church, Newburgh, N. Y., Dr. J. J. Reed, pastor, to the "old folks." It was Dr. Reed's suggestion, but the young folks worked it. They invited to dinner those who, in days long gone by, had toiled and sacrificed and prayed for Trinity Church. Carriages were sent for all over seventy years of age, and more than seventy-gve of the veterans responded, including some who were present at the corner-stone laying of the original church. After the dinner a beautiful address of welcome was spoken by the president of the league, and half a dozen of the guests responded with brief and touching reminiscences.

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A FLOURISHING UNION.

THE eleventh anniversary of the Baptist Young People's Union of Philadelphia, recently celebrated, shows it to be one of the most vigorous as well as one of the oldest in the country. In point of age it is antedated only by the Union in Brooklyn, N. Y. There are at present 56 churches and missions represented in the Union with a total registration of 3,670 members in Young People's societies. The following gleaned from the annual report, published by the *Young People's Union*, will show some of the activities of the organization: There are seven districts. Six are officered and working ; five of them very successfully. In these five districts 148 visits have been made to Young People's prayer-meetings by 1,241 visitors, an average at each meeting of 9; ten of these being revival meetings. During these meetings there have been 55 requests for prayers and 9 conversions. 6,500 tracts and 350 Testaments have been personally distributed.

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AT the twenty-fifth annual meeting of the Y. M. C. A. of New Hampshire held at Concord recently, the subjects discussed were: The Association Idea of Physical Culture, The Young Men's Congress, The Claims of the Y. M. C. A. on the Time of a Busy Man, Does It Pay to Have an Association Building? Educational Classes, Social Work, Efficient Committeemen, The Personal Factor in Association Work, Business methods and Spiritual Equipment. A mass meeting for men was held in the Opera Hourse and addressed by J. L. Gordon of Boston. It was announced that an arrangement had been made whereby R. H. Shelton will assume the State Secretaryship of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, giving to Maine six months and the other two States three each. The Y. M. C. A. of Concord has purchased a corner lot and is moving to secure subscriptions for the erection of a suitable building costing from $50,000 to $75,000.

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WE shall be glad to receive from readers who are members of Christian Endeavor Societies, the King's Daughters, etc., reports of the progress of the work in their localities and of any new methods which have been found successful.

The Family and Home Circle

A Mohammedan Festival.

How the Moslems of India Celebrate the Buckra Ede or Prayer Festival—An Imposing Spectacle of Devotion.

NOT a few of the Mohammedan festivals are identical in their origin at least with similar observances among the Jews. One of the most imposing of these celebrations among Moslems all over the world is held in commemoration of the faithfulness of Abraham and his willingness to sacrifice his son Ishmael (the Isaac of the Bible) at God's command. In India where this festival is observed with extreme fidelity by Orthodox Moslems, it is known as the Buckra Ede or Festival of Prayer and Sacrifice. The illustrations on this page give the reader an idea of the public character of the celebration in that country. These groups—each numbering over one thousand

MOHAMMEDAN WORSHIPPERS AT THE BUCKRA EDE FESTIVAL.

Moslems—assembled during the recent celebration at Naini Tal in the northwest provinces of India, many of them coming from a great distance to participate in the Feast of Sacrifice, which is held on the day of Zul Hijja and forms the last scene of the great annual pilgrimage to Mecca. It has many other names, some calling it the *Baqr-i-id*, others the *Id-ul-azha*, and the Arabs giving it an appellation which means, translated, "the Great Feast."

Concerning this festival, a writer in the London *Graphic* explains: "Although later commentators have identified this sacrifice with the one contemplated by Abraham in Jewish history, the origin seems to have been merely the recognition that the shedding of blood must be an essential feature of the remission of sin, and in the Mohammedan rite either a cow or a sheep, a goat, or a camel may be slaughtered, provided that it is without blemish. Jellaluddin Suyty was the first Mohammedan commentator who declared that the festival was instituted in commemoration of Abraham's willingness to sacrifice his son. He states that when Ibrahim founded Mohammedanism the Lord desired him to prepare a feast for him. Upon Ibrahim (the friend of God!) requesting to know what he would have on the occasion, the Lord replied, "Offer up thy son Ismail." A more common version is to the the effect that Ibrahim, being a good man, was called upon to make a sacrifice. He first made one of a camel, the next morning one of a horse, the next a goat, and so on for one hundred mornings. Still God required more of him and, according to the legend, said he must bring his best beloved object, when he brought his son.

At Mecca, and in India the people assemble for prayer at the Idgah. After prayers they return to their houses. The head of the family then takes a sheep, or a cow, or a camel to the entrance of the house, and sacrifices it repeating the words, "In the name of the great God," and cutting its throat. The flesh of the cow or other animal is then divided, two-thirds of it being retained by the family, and one-third going to the poor in God's name.

The Buckra Ede Festival is celebrated throughout Mohammedan India with not less fervor than by the pilgrims at Mecca. A certain number of the audience or congregation have performed the pilgrimage themselves, and they set an example of devotion to those who have not. The Buckra Ede is the nearest resemblance in Mohammedanism to the Christian doctrine of the Atonement, and bears a striking similitude to the sacrifices in the Old Testament.

Among the ordinances of Islam may also be reckoned the *Saghir*, or minor, and the *Kebir*, or great festivals. The first (*Al-Fetr*, or breaking the fast), following immediately upon the Ramadan, begins on the first day of the month of Shawal, and lasts three days. The second (*Eed Al-Kurban*, or sacrifice) begins on the tenth day of Dsu'l Heggeh, when the pilgrims perform their sacrifice, and lasts three or four days. It is intended to be the most important of the two, but the people have in most places changed the order, and now make the lesser festival following the Ramadan the most joyful and the longest. The day set aside for the weekly day of rest is Friday, not, as is generally supposed, because both the Jewish Sabbath and the Christian Sunday were to be avoided, but because, from times long before Mohammed, the people used to hold public assemblies for civil as well as religious purposes on Friday.

The celebration of the Moslem day of religious solemnity is far less strict than is the custom with the other eastern religions. After service the people return to their worldly affairs, if they cannot afford to give themselves up to pleasure for the day.

MOHAMMEDANS AT PRAYER AT THE BUCKRA EDE CELEBRATION.

Beautiful Lives.

EVERY man feels instinctively, wrote James Russell Lowell, that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action; and that while tenderness of feeling and susceptibility of generous emotion are accidents of life, permanent goodness is an achievement and a quality of the life. "Fine words," says one homely old proverb, "butter no parsnips;" and if the question be how to render those vegetables palatable, an ounce of butter would be worth more than all the orations of Cicero. The only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity is that he gives himself for a principle. Words, money, all things else, are comparatively easy to give away; but when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practice, it is plain that the truth, or whatever it may be, has taken possession of him. From that sincerity his words gain the force and pertinency of deeds, and his money is no longer the pale drudge 'twixt man and man, but, by a beautiful magic, what ere-while bore the image and superscription of Cæsar seems to bear the image and superscription of God.

* * *

LIFE'S LESSONS.

INTO each heart the evil thoughts will steal,
And rob the beauty from the purest life;
Leaving the soul with bitter, sorrow rife
And causing wounds that time can scarcely heal

No chain is stronger than its weakest link,
In word and deed we build for good or ill;
A sudden strain will swerve the stoutest will;
Our acts no better than the thoughts we think.

We fall, but rise again; if we but seek
New courage and a higher ideal live,
Each failure use to step above, and give
New hope and trusting faith to hearts still weak.

Thus day by day, life's lessons we are taught,
In weakness gaining strength of mind and heart,
Ready to speak the works and act the part
Of heroes who a life long fight have fought.

* * *

"Trying to Help God."

HERE is a charming little incident which illustrates the thoughtfulness of childhood—a quality we are apt very much to undervalue. A little girl seeing the servant throw the crumbs into the fire, said:

"Don't you know that God takes care of the sparrows?"

"If God takes care of them," was the careless reply, "we need not trouble ourselves about them."

"But," said the little girl, "I had rather be like God, and help him take care of the little birds, than scatter or waste the food that he gives us."

She carefully collected what was left of the crumbs and threw them out of the window. In a short time several little birds flew eagerly to the spot, and picked up the crumbs she had scattered. After this she every day collected the crumbs that fell around the table, and threw them out of the window for the little birds; and during all the winter these little creatures came regularly after each meal to partake of the food thus provided for their support. This was her idea of "helping God."

* * *

Korean Mothers and Daughters.

THE Koreans have no schools for their daughters, but high-class girls learn to write and read the Enmoun at home, says a correspondent of *Woman's Work for Woman*. They are taught by their mothers, grandmothers and sometimes by their fathers. This knowledge is of little use, however, as all their epistolary correspondence is simply an exchange of compliments and their books of any value are written in the Chinese character. It is a rare thing for a Korean lady under fifty years of age to pay a visit or to call, even on her own mother, and as they do no fancywork, no drawing, painting or piano playing, and have only the simplest kind of housekeeping to look after, it is hard to see just how the high class women kill time. When visiting from house to house, I have always found them either smoking, sewing or doing nothing.

ROSEMARY AND RUE

by

JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

A STORY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HOME

Written expressly for "The Christian Herald"

CHAPTER XII.

THE PASSING BELL.

RICHARD RUPERT was walking along a street in Louisville, the street on which stood Uncle Barlow's house. Richard had not been in Louisville since the night when he took the penitent Dora back to her foster-father, only to find her rejected and banished. Now he had business in the city, and resolved to call on the deserted old man, who having "washed his hands" of every one who displeased him, found toward the end of life, his hands very cold and empty, indeed.

It was a warm September day. Upon the mountain, at Hotel Marot, the children were rioting in orchards loaded with peaches, plums, sweet apples and golden pears. All the wealth of Pomona seemed to be poured out on tree and vine, and a rich, spicy fragrance rolled out upon the mellow air. But here was Uncle Barlow's home, dark and silent, with closed shutters, and in a back parlor where sun seldom shone, sat Uncle Barlow alone beside the fire, and looking worn, shrivelled, miserable.

"O, yes; Richard Rupert. I remember you, though I have not seen you very often. Sit down, I'm glad to see you."

"And I am sorry to see you looking so poorly, Mr. Barlow. What seems to be the matter?"

"Nothing in particular and everything in general. A break up, I suppose. I've been running down since Christmas. We must all come to it, I know. Human fate, and I haven't any energy to fight against it."

"Come, come," said Richard, "cheer up. You are not so old a man as my father, by ten years, and he is hale and hearty. I think what keeps him up is, that he interests himself in things, has his family about him, keeps at his work, and goes out into the sunshine regularly."

"Well, he's different from me. I don't interest myself in anything, I live alone, except for three old darkies to do the work. I gave up business long ago. I had enough for myself, what did I want to accumulate for?"

"Accumulation itself is a pleasure to some people; but my father does better than that, he gives largely, and he can say as Job: 'When the ear heard me then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me it gave witness to me. Because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me; and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.'"

"I suppose he has had children that were some comfort to him. I had none, but I was fool enough to take my two nieces instead, and you see how they turned out."

"They are turning out to be noble and useful women. It is true that they made very foolish unfortunate marriages, but you remember that they were deprived of the example, advice and care of a good mother, and in the matter of their associates and lovers they were left to themselves in the most dangerous period of life. It is between fifteen and eighteen that girls are likely to be led into some matrimonial folly. If they arrive at twenty or twenty-one, with unperverted judgment and taste, they are likely after that to choose wisely for themselves."

"I reckon I looked after the girls as well as their own mother would have done, or as most mothers do."

"Many mothers are very deficient in this regard, but most of them are not. I am sure you [illegible] have felt as if you were very poorly rewarded. [illegible] but you should feel corresponding joy in seeing [illegible] the girls becoming useful and admirable women."

"No," said Uncle Barlow, "I have washed my hands of them. I don't care any more about them, or what they do."

"See here," said Richard, "it is a bad look-out to harbor anger when we are on the verge of eternity, with surely only a little time to do our undone work. If I were you, I should now live in the Lord's Prayer spirit. 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.' Call one of those girls home, to be your friend and nurse. Open your home to air and sun; drive out every day with your niece; see your friends; invite them in; visit the poor as you drive around, carrying the sick and needy little comforts. You will be happier, live longer, and so fill up your last days with bounty, that many shall mourn your dying."

Uncle Barlow shook his head. "You can't teach old dogs new tricks. I found humanity a bad lot and washed my hands of them long ago."

"Pilate washed his hands, if you'll remember, but did not get them the cleaner. We have a duty toward humanity."

"I've done my duty in every particular," said Uncle Barlow testily. "A great deal better, too, than most people you see. My hands are clean. There's no use to talk to me of changes, I won't change; and if you came to beg me to take one or both the girls back—I won't do it. There, that's flat."

"I came on no such errand," said Richard "Neither of the girls need help from any one. They are independent, self-supporting women. Dora lives with us, and gets a good salary as a daily governess. Eloise is in Plymouth, where she makes more than a living teaching music and elocution. Neither of them knew I was coming here. I did not know it myself yesterday morning."

"Have either of them heard from her husband again?"

"Not a word. Each one lives under her own name. Dora is no doubt a lawful wife, but has a terrible dread and dislike for the man she married. His true character revolted her exceedingly. Eloise passionately loved the man she married, but her moral sense would prevent her ever wishing to see him again, as he has another—I mean a real wife."

"She was infatuated by that fellow's baritone voice. It was a complete craze. From a child such a voice moved her deeply. Her mother was just that way. She would never have eloped with the man she did, if she had not been beguiled by his singularly beautiful voice. Nothing I could say or do prevailed on Eloise to abandon that Grafton, and I'll do him the justice to say, he really tried to escape her, and seemed to fear to marry her. I could see it. She would not, the idiot!"

"It is all past now, think no more of it," said Richard soothingly.

"I'm glad you came. I have a few words to say about my property. There is not so much: all sold and all told, thirty thousand. I have meant to make a will, and leave what little I have to some institutions, but the institutions suit me as little as the girls do. They'll all make ducks and drakes of it, so why not the girls as well as any other? The property can't do me any good after I'm dead, so I wash my hands of all effort to take care of it! When you hear I'm dead, you'll know I died intestate, and the girls are my only heirs. You can come if you like, and take possession of what is left in their behalf. Then they can throw it away as fast as they please."

"Take my word for it, Mr. Barlow, they will use it well. But why not have one or both the girls back, be as happy and live as long as you can?"

"I tell you I won't. All I want is to be let alone."

So Richard went away. He told the girls of their Uncle Barlow's state and they each wrote to him, but he did not answer their letters.

October found Hotel Marot still occupied by its summer guests. Dora looked after the studies of all the children in the mornings, and read with Philippa after tea. The rest of the time the entire party, except Mrs. Cardiff, Aunt Lois and Uncle David, spent wandering in the woods, nutting, gathering autumn leaves and thoroughly enjoying the delicious, bracing air of October. They husked corn, gathered apples and were jubilant. The Russel boys were still with the others, and Anne Russel was long since back at her work, and Eloise again busy with her teaching.

One day Dora received a telegram from her Cousin Richard, telling her that her Uncle Barlow had died the previous night, and that she should come on to Buffalo at once, to go with him to the funeral at Louisville, look over her uncle's papers and close up his affairs. Eloise was too far away to reach Louisville in time for the burial, and sent a despatch saying that she preferred that things should go on at Louisville without her.

The next fortnight passed like a turbulent dream to Dora, so much there was to do in closing up the records and disposing of the possessions of a lifetime. Dora felt as if an ancient funeral pyre would be desirable, where thousands of old relics once loved by the dead, meaningless and worthless to any other, could be given honorable ending. Richard had written to Eloise that she had inherited from her Uncle Barlow about sixteen thousand dollars, and half the household effects. "If either you or Dora have a home to furnish," he said, "these household goods need not be sold." Eloise telegraphed back "I shall have a home to furnish, send my share to me."

"She might as well have my share, too," said Dora," as I have no place for it. We can sell some of the things, and that will pay for the moving expenses. But I wish I knew what Eloise means by 'having a home.' I hope she will do nothing rash."

"If you will stay here without me, for five or six days, and go on with the work, I will make a dash to Plymouth to investigate."

Richard accordingly reached Plymouth on a bright October afternoon.

"As you wouldn't come to me," said Richard to his cousin, "I have come to talk over affairs with you."

"Let us go where we shall be entirely private," said Eloise.

She led the way along the streets, turned up a steep ascent into an ancient cemetery, climbed to the highest point, and so on Burial Hill, on the site of the first block house or fort built by the pilgrims, she sat down beside Richard. Before them, at their feet, lay the quaint historic town; beyond it the smooth expanse of the land-locked bay guarded by the twin lights of the Gurnet; the green oval of Clark's Island, and the long grey sand spit, the natural breakwater of Plymouth Harbor. All about them lay the dead fathers and mothers of the land; the heroic leaders of a forlorn hope that dared and conquered.

"Richard," said Eloise, "it is a lovely scene, is it not? The air is bracing, all the suggestions of the place are strong and true and faithful. This is far from, and very unlike the home where I lived as a girl, a very headstrong foolish girl. I have resolved to make this the home of my life."

"Yes," said Richard cautiously, "that may be well. Tell me what you have planned."

"I can make an income here, and you tell me I have from Uncle Barlow, about sixteen thousand dollars. I have four thousand. Twenty thousand makes me rich in this quiet town. I can buy one of these home-like homes overlooking the bay. I can live here among memorials of those who were great and unselfish and brave."

"And how will you live? Not alone in your home?"

"No; perhaps you think I should send for Dora; but then Dora has as much money as I have, and can set up her own home, and she has formed close ties in Buffalo, with you and the Cardiffs. My household shall be of those who need me, and have suffered with me—Anne and the boys."

Richard started. "You will send for Anne Russel, and the boys, to make with you a family?"

"Yes. It seems to me that they are nearer to me than any others in the world. I am better educated than Annie, and I can do more than she can for the education of the boys. But Anne is sympathetic, companionable, faithful. I find her a person that I like to be with. The boys are the sons of a man I truly loved. The only man I shall ever love. You cannot tell me, Richard, anything that I do not know, about his unworthiness, but I love him in spite of it all. I consecrate a love which I cannot kill—consecrate it by sharing it with his wife and his children. Anne was wronged by me. If I had not persisted in marrying Cecil, he might never have gone so far in his desertion of her. Some day he might have repented and gone back."

"She is better off without him," said Richard, savagely.

"No doubt she is, and so am I. He is the sort of man that any woman is better without. Yet he has some ways that make him beloved. I hope it need never be said, that Anne and her boys would be better off without me. Anne loves me, although I have helped to wrong her. Now I will do the best I can for her and hers. I have picked out a house that will suit me. As you are here, I wish you would look at it with me, and give me your opinion. Help me for a little in my business arrangements, Richard. I want to be all settled by Thanksgiving day, with a home and a family."

"Eloise," said Richard, taking her hand, "I am proud of you. There is something in you very noble and strong. God bless you Eloise."

"He has," said Eloise with shining eyes, and a steadfast smile. "Since I made this plan, my heart has known the sweetest peace and rest of all my life."

"I suppose," said Richard, as they walked to Eloise's boarding place, having looked through the cosy little home she proposed to buy, "that I may first ship you the goods and then the family."

"Yes. Anne and the boys will enjoy helping to settle the house."

"The home is all that can be desired, and is a very reasonable bargain. I feel sure that you will be very happy in it."

Back went Richard to Louisville, and the work went on, Uncle Barlow's house was dismantled and sold: the goods were shipped to Eloise. Richard and Dora were left alone in the empty library. Dora sat on a kitchen chair, Richard on an upturned box.

"I hope this home will hereafter see better fortunes," said Dora with a sigh. From it her unhappy mother had fled; from it she herself had eloped, and here Eloise had made her disastrous marriage. Richard desired to turn her thoughts to other channels.

"Eloise has mapped out her own life," he said; "what changes shall you make?"

"None, immediately. I had promised Mrs. Cardiff to stay with the children another year, and so I shall. I do not want to be idle, and I don't know what a woman situated as I am, can do. I hope, Cousin Richard, that you carefully kept out of the papers all about Uncle Barlow's money and so on."

"Yes; Uncle Barlow's money was too little for the papers to trouble themselves about."

"And I don't want any one to know that I have money. I don't want to live as if I had any. I want to live as a working woman, too poor for people to bother themselves about. That man thought Uncle Barlow was quite rich. He may be waiting until he hears that I have money, and then he will come back to trouble me. I am afraid of him, Richard!"

Dora was trembling; her eyes were dark and large and full of terror. She seemed to see Peirce Denham starting from some shadowy corner to seize her.

"Do not be afraid, child," said Richard, "If that man comes near you, we will find out where he is wanted by the police and have him taken care of."

"Think of the hideous exposure," sobbed Dora.

"It may never come. Poor girl! you are paying dear for a rash act."

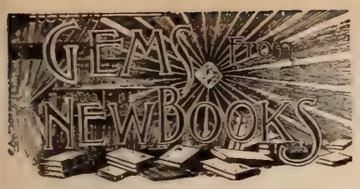
"Richard," said Dora, getting close to his side, "let me tell you that I am never without fear. I never like to go out alone in the streets when it is dark. I often tremble when I hear a bell ring. I dream that that man has kidnapped me and carried me off. He is equal to anything! If I did not keep busy, and keep my mind from dwelling on this thing, it might drive me crazy. I try my best not to think these thoughts, to fill my mind with other things, so that my face shall not be stamped with fear. I have seen faces, Richard, where fear lies as a brand."

"What girl, Dora, who could hear you speak, would ever be persuaded into a hasty or secret marriage! Where is there any other act which bears such bitter fruits!"

They went back to the mountain. It was then and there, when Tom MacGregor came in and unexpectedly found Dora standing alone in the hall, hanging up her hat, that he held out both his hands to greet her, love-light shining in his grey eyes, and illuminating all his strong features. That was such a look as Dora had never before met on any face. Her eyes fixed on MacGregor, her hands in his grasp, she knew what the look meant, that she was dearer than all else in the world to him. They stood near together, and betweeu them, as if written on the air in letters of fire, Dora read her marriage certificate—married to Peirce Denham! Lines that like a wall of flame, shut her out from an honorable love. She must rebuke this love, she saw it on the instant, drive it back on itself without a question as to whether she could ever share it.

Her woman's wit came quickly to her rescue. "You here, McGregor! I had almost forgotten you! How is Mr. Frick?"

(To be Continued.)



AN ALASKAN WEDDING.*

KUN-UL-KOOL'S betrothal trial of six months in the family of his chosen bride is at an end, and with mutual congratulations the friends of the couple meet again in the house of Shans-ga-gate to ratify the marriage agreement. For many days the snow had been falling heavily and continuously, and the Kutwulhtoo people have come up by trail on snow-shoes.

The short journey had been a carnival, filled as the people always are, with child-like joy and exuberance of spirits at the appearance of early winter snow; the young men with their light and slender snow-shoes have run races with each other the entire distance over the broad white valley—all minor obstacles being hid far beneath its surface. Servants have carried the packs of blankets and skins which go to Shans-ga-gate and Sha-ga-uk, the parents of the bride. The groom's father and mother with their friends follow, with merry speech and laughter.

And now, leaving their snow-shoes at the door, that no ill-luck might enter the house, the friends gather about the great pile of blazing logs in pleasant sociability. Messengers have been sent with strict etiquette to bid those of the village who are expected to come. The goods have all been looked over and approved by the recipients, who, on the other hand, make quite a display of Kahsteen's handiwork.

A man of years, with whitening head, who is a relative to neither family, but a friend to each, has been called upon to speak. Without rising, he responds by addressing first the groom, who has taken a more prominent place in the company than on the occasion of his betrothal:

"Kun-ul-koo, son of the Bear, you have been allowed your eyes and your ears, your smell and your taste in this household for six moons—is your heart still the same? Is your desire still for the daughter of Sha-ga-uk?"

In a clear voice, and with a straightforward look, the young man makes answer:

"Ah, ah! my friend! The heart of Kun-ul-koo is made strong!"

Then to the young bride turns the old man: "Kahsteen, daughter of the Ravens, is your heart filled? Do you cry for no other?"

Blushing and shy she draws back still more behind her mother. Her answer is too low to reach the company.

"She wants him," speaks the mother; at which the old man turns to the parents:

"This new man and woman have not changed their hearts in the sight of each other for six months. Sha-ga-uk and Shans-ga-gate, are your hearts for this? Is this young man what you want for your daughter's husband? Are you and your friend satisfied with his gifts?"

"His gifts are good! He is a good man!" answer the mother and father of Kahs-teen, while Kin-da-shon adds:

"Kun-ul-koo is my mother as I am, and to my father as his brother."

Then to the parents of Kun-ul-koo the old man speaks:

"Have you anything against this woman?" and they answer:

"She is my choice."

Now there is a loosening of tongues among the assembled company—merry laughter and noisy chatter soon dispel all shadow of ceremony.

A GODLESS HOME.†

"WHAT is the Bible, Paul?" I asked, for I had seen the name often in my reading.

"Oh Agnes Wendover! Don't you know?" Paul cried in astonishment. "Why, the Bible is God's book."

"Did he write it?"

"No, he did not write it himself, but he told some good men what to write and they did it. That is where we find out about God, Agnes."

"I never knew anything about God, Paul."

"Poor Agnes," he said, in a tone of pity. "I will find a Bible, and you can read it for yourself." And he began to scan the shelves. After a long search he sat down again. "I can't find any," he said sighing. "I must ask Miss Wendover to get me one. I have some money to pay for it. I had a Bible, but when they packed my clothes to come away with Mr. Bishop they forgot it. But I dare say Miss Wendover will get me one, and then we will have such nice times reading. Do you know, some of the Bible seems just like poetry, and that makes me like it so? Do you ever make poetry, Agnes."

"No," I said. "I never knew anybody who did. Do you?"

"I make it sometimes," said Paul modestly. "Of course it isn't so good as the poetry grown-up folks make, but it jingles just like theirs."

"Oh Paul you are very clever," I said admiringly. I can't do the things you can. I am very stupid; I can only study the things in books."

At luncheon Paul began, "Miss Wendover, will you get me a Bible?"

Aunt Wendover looked aghast, and Hawkins stood still, holding a plate between his napkined thumbs as the clear voice rang through the room.

"I have some money that Mr. Bishop gave me, and I wish you would take it and buy me a Bible. I wouldn't trouble you about it, only there don't seem to be any stores on the Island. Agnes and I want a Bible very much, and we couldn't find any in the library."

A curious expression came over my aunt's face, and I waited to hear what she would say. But her closely shut lips did not open, so Paul began again.

"Perhaps you would be kind enough to lend me a Bible till I can get mine. Agnes and I want to read it this afternoon."

He looked at her, and smiled pleasantly. To my surprise she said, "I dare say nurse Hillyer will loan you the book you want. You may ask her after lunch."

"Thank you, Miss Wendover, I will give you my money when you are ready to go to the store."

We got the Bible from Nurse Hillyer after some parley, but not till she made a short journey to my aunt's room. We spent the whole afternoon reading the book that was so strange and mysterious to me. I shall remember that afternoon as long as I live, for then I first heard about Christ and his mission, and I began to see that God was our Father, a being to be loved as well as feared. Paul read from the parts he called poetry, and his sweet, childish voice read Psalm after Psalm, I listened enchanted, feeling that he had been sent to comfort me.

*From *Kin-da-shon's Wife*, an Alaskan story, by Mrs. Eugene S. Willard; cloth; pp. 281; price $1.50. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, publishers.

†From *Wendover House*, by Adelaide L. Rouse, a beautiful story of a home transformed and several lives brightened under the influence of a godly child; pp. 269; price, $1; published by the American Sunday School Union, New York and Philadelphia.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Paul's Prayers and other Sermons, by Alexander MacLaren, D.D.; cloth; pp. 322; price, $1.50; Alexander & Shepheard, 21 Furnival Street, Holborn, London, publishers.

Tuesday Afternoon Talks, by Charles Cullis. A volume of reports of the short addresses with which this eminent servant of God was wont to open the consecration meetings held every Tuesday either in his house or the church; pp. 197; price, 50 cents; published by the Willard Tract Repository, Boston, Mass.

The Czar's Consumptive Son.

The Grand Duke George, the Czar of Russia's second son, was recently obliged to return from India because of serious pulmonary trouble, and has since that time been undergoing a very remarkable course of treatment in the Caucasian Mountains. The walls of his apartment are bare and unpapered, the furniture of plain wood without upholstering or covering of any kind, while his bed has only the thinnest kind of a mattress. During the coldest weather, only a very low fire is kept up, while the windows are continuously open. This treatment has caused his attendants dreadful suffering, but his medical advisers hope by this means to destroy the bacillus and prevent the formation of tubercle, and they predict that in two years their distinguished patient will be restored.

Even should this very unusual treatment of consumption prove a success, it seems very unlikely that it will ever become popular. People in any stage of Pulmonary trouble, who have neither the time, money, nor fortitude to have the disease frozen out of them, should interest themselves in the natural cure, by which thousands of persons have been cured of Consumption, right in their own homes. We refer to the Compound Oxygen Treatment of Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, which has been before the public twenty-three years, founded on common sense, inviting the closest scrutiny, and in the possession of thousands of such letters as this:

"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.:—Your Compound Oxygen is all you claim for it, and more too. Not only in my own case, but in W. B. Hinton's case it has done wonders. We were both given up by our friends and physicians as *hopeless consumptives*: to-day, after two-months' use of your Compound Oxygen Treatment we are almost as well as ever in our lives. Dr. Hicks, a friend of mine, tells me he has used your Compound Oxygen Treatment with the best results. Through the blessing of God it has saved my life and restored me to health.

L. A. PEACOCK, M. D., Smithville, Ga."

Persons with pulmonary trouble should lose no time in writing to Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, or Chicago, San Francisco, New York, and Toronto, Ont.

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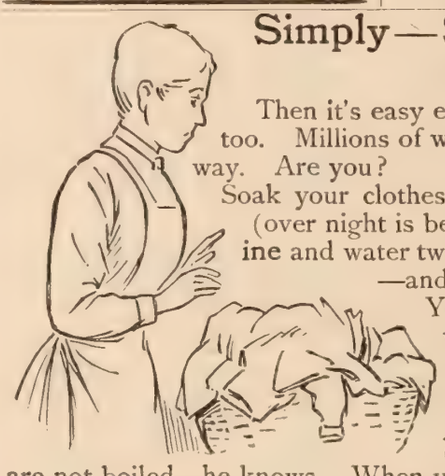

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CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor. Offices, Bible House, New York. NEW YORK, JANUARY 25, 1893. PRICE, 5 CENTS. Annual Subscription, $1.50.

TRAINING CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

The Chicago Evangelization Society and its Mission in Educating Consecrated Young Men and Women for the Gospel Field at Home and Abroad—How the Bible Institute, Founded by Mr. Moody, is Conducted—A Noble Work that reaches out to the Ends of the Earth.

A LITTLE SOLOIST.

THE great problem that confronts the leaders of Christian thought and action in the world to-day is "How shall we reach the masses?" The means and methods for most effectually spreading the glad tidings at home and abroad, constitute the overshadowing moral topic of the times in which we are living. Consecrated lives, full of devotion to the cause of Christ's kingdom, are not wanting; but every succeeding year discloses more clearly the need of training and system as essential to the progress of the warfare against sin. In this warfare should be enlisted all the agencies that Christian intellect and experience can command. One such agency is the Christian Evangelization Society of Chicago, whose yeoman work for the Master has already won for it a glorious record among the annals of Gospel effort in America.

The Chicago Evangelization Society has various forms of Christian work, one of the most important being the Bible Institute. About five years ago, Mr. Dwight L. Moody, the well-known evangelist, conceived the plan of founding a school where men and women could be educated in practical Christian work. It was two years before this plan could be carried into successful effect. Three roomy buildings on La Salle Avenue, immediately north of the Chicago Avenue Church, constitute what is known as the Woman's Home, and just back of those, facing what was formerly called Pearson Street, but is now known as Institute Place, is the Men's Department of the Bible Institute. Rev. R. A. Torrey, is the superintendent, and is assisted by D. Baines-Griffiths. When the Institute was first opened, Miss Gertrude Hulbert was put in charge of the Ladies' Department. This position was soon afterwards assumed, however, by Mrs. S. B. Capron, who for thirty years was a missionary in India. Miss Emily S. Strong is Mrs. Capron's assistant and Mrs. Harper is the housekeeper of the Home. The full course of instruction covers about two years, but is varied to suit the needs of the students. The regular course of study is as follows:

I. Biblical Introduction. This is taken in four divisions, i.e., Inspiration and Authority of the Bible; Principles of Biblical Interpretation; Methods of Bible Study, and a general survey of the authorship, purpose, contents, etc., of each book of the Bible.

II. Exegetical Study in sections and books: which includes the Life of Christ in the four Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, Pauline Epistles, General Epistles, Revelation of Jesus Christ and the Book of Psalms. In this study the general plan is to carefully scan the authorship of the several books, analyze the circumstances under which they were written, the modes of the people for whom they were intended and the reasons for thus writing to them. The central thought is then decided upon and the results classified.

III. Biblical Typology, which refers to the Tabernacle, sacrifices, priesthood, etc; Prophecy—where the prophecies of the Old Testament are carefully studied, especially those relating to the Messiah; History which shows the student something of the life of the Jewish people; and Biography, under which all of the principal and some of the minor characters of the Bible are studied.

IV. Biblical Doctrine, which treats of the doctrine of God, of Christ, of Grace, of Man, etc. This work the students are expected to do as much as possible by themselves, with frequent suggestions from the teachers.

V. Study of the Bible with immediate reference to its practical use, which is certainly an invaluable branch of the institution.

VI. Study of the best methods of Construction, and Delivery of Bible-readings, Gospel Talks, Sermons, etc. This work is done in the class-room where the topics are taken upon the black-board, and the student presents sermons and Bible-readings of his own preparation.

VII. Study of the best method of work; which includes lessons in conducting various kinds of meetings, visitations and missionary work. The students relate their various experiences and profit by one another's trials and triumphs.

VIII. The Study of Music. Mr. Moody believes that the Gospel should be sung as well as preached. He is the "guiding star" of all the good work at the Institute. Both vocal and instrumental music is taught. Prof. H. H. McGranahan is Director of this department, and is the teacher of voice culture and singing. Prof. W. Coffin, formerly of the Imperial Quartet, also teaches voice culture and singing. Last winter there was a chorus class of five hundred students. The members came from fifty-one different churches, representing nine different denominations.

The work is wholly undenominational, which does away with the obstacle in some missionary work, as in China, where so many different sects have sent missionaries to the multitudes that the heathen are frequently confused by the conflicting testimony. Able lecturers are secured for the Institute, such as Rev. R. F. Weidner, D.D.; Prof. T. M. Hawes, Rev. F. B. Meyer, D. D., and Major D. W. Whittle.

During three months of the year, tent-work is carried on by the Institute, and much good is done in this way. Each tent is supplied with musical talent from the Institute, an organ, organist and choir leader. There is generally a choir of ten or twenty voices, and the people who visit the tents are greatly pleased with the vocal and instrumental music.

THE BIG TENT OF THE CHICAGO EVANGELICAL SOCIETY.

Cottage Meetings are conducted by the students during all but the summer months of the year. Permission is obtained from some one living in a poor neighborhood, to hold a meeting in a parlor—which is frequently both kitchen and bedroom also—the neighbors are invited in and the students come with Bibles and hymn-books and infuse into the minds of their audience, some idea of a better and happier life. Seeds are sown in this way which spring up and grow much better than might be expected amid such misery, the wretchedness of some of these homes being indescribably pitiful. The energetic students find many ways of improving the surroundings also, which practical way of illustrating their teachings makes a much more lasting impression than any amount of grammatical expounding of religion could do. There is sometimes an audience of fifty at these meetings. An average of thirty-five Cottage Meetings is held during each week of the winter.

Children's Meetings are also held, with an average atendance of two hundred, and Mothers' Meetings, to which a picturesque if not, at first sight, attractive class come, and are given friendly advice as to the guidance and education of their children. Many come to these meetings simply to beg, and some very touching stories are told of destitute homes, fatherless children, and sickness and worries of every description. The people at the Institute have learned by experience to thoroughly investigate these stories before believing them. The unselfish students spend liberally out of their own pockets to provide for the many needy ones they visit and converse with.

The main object of the Institute is, of course, a study of the Bible, but it is wonderful how much outside missionary work is done by the students, when we consider that lectures must be attended, studies prepared, music lessons taken and practiced, and regular hours kept. The students make reports of their work, and statistics show magnificent results. Each student is allotted a share of the house-work to do which generally occupies an hour each day. This work is performed in such a systematic and considerate manner as to be a pleasure rather than a task.

There is an average of about one hundred and fifty students in all; about fifty of whom are ladies. In their department, the "rising bell" rings at a quarter to seven in the morning, every day except on Sunday and Monday, when it sounds at 7–15. Breakfast at 7–30, then devotions, usually in the parlor; but if there is any special work on hand which calls for extra time, they are held in the dining-room directly after the meal. The devotions are led by Mrs. Capron and all the students are expected to attend and take part. Lectures are always held in the morning, and the after-

(*Continued on page 53.*)

REV. DWIGHT L. MOODY, *Founder and President.*

REV. R. A. TORREY, *Superintendent.*

MRS. S. B. CAPRON, *Superintendent, Ladies' Department.*

H. H. MC GRANAHAN, *Musical Director.*

THE CHICAGO BIBLE INSTITUTE AND ITS WORK.

THE WALL OF HEAVEN.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon on "The Precious Stones of the Bible, or God Among the Amethysts." Text: Revelation 21: 19: "*The foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones.*"

SHALL I be frank and tell you what are my designs on you to-day? They are to make you homesick for heaven; to console you concerning your departed Christian friends by giving you some idea of the brilliancy of the scenes in which they now commingle; to give all who love the Lord a more elevated idea as to where they are going to pass the most of the years of their existence; and to set all the indifferent and neglectful to quick and immediate preparation, that they may have it likewise. Yea, it is to induce many of our young people to study a volume of God that few ever open, but, without some acquaintance with which it is impossible to understand the Bible—I mean the precious stones; their crystallization, their powers of refraction, their cleavage, their fracture, their lustre, their phosphoresence, their transparency, their infinity of color and shape, and what they had to do with the welfare and doom of families and the destiny of nations; aye, the positive revelation they make of God himself.

My text stands us in the presence of the most stupendous splendor of the universe, and that is the wall of heaven, and says of its foundations that they are garnished with all manner of precious stones. All the ancient cities had walls for safety, and heaven has a wall for everlasting safety. You may say that a wall made up of all manner of precious stones is figurative, but you cannot understand the force and significance of the figure unless you know something about the real structure and color and value of the precious stones mentioned. Now, I propose this morning, so far as the Lord may help me, to attempt to climb, not the wall of heaven but the foundations of the wall, and I ask you to join me in the attempt to scale some of the heights. We shall only get part of the way up, but better that than to stay down on the stupid level where the most of us have all our lives been standing. We begin clear down at the bottom and where the wall begins.

The first layer of the foundation, reaching all around the city and for fifteen hundred miles, is a layer of jasper. Indeed there is more of jasper in the wall of heaven than of any other brilliant, because it not only composes a part of the foundation but makes up the chief part of the superstructure. The jasper is a congregation of many colors. It is brown; it is yellow; it is green; it is vermilion; it is red; it is purple; it is black; and so is striped with colors that much of it is called ribbon-jasper. It is found in Siberia and Egypt, but it is rare in most lands and of great value, for it is so hard the ordinary processes cannot break it off from the places where it has been deposited. The workmen bore holes into the rock of jasper; then drive into these holes sticks of dry birch wood, and then saturate the sticks and keep them saturated until they swell enough to split the rock, and the fragments are brought out and polished and transported and cut into cameos and put behind the glass doors of museums. The portraits of Roman emperors were cut into it. The finest intaglio ever seen is in the Vatican museum, the head of Minerva in jasper. By divine arrangement, jasper adorned the breastplate of the high priest in the ancient temple. But its most significant position is where it glows and burns and darkens and brightens and preaches from the lowest strata of the wall of heaven. Glad am I that the very first row of stones in the wall of heaven is jasper of many colors, and if you like purple it is purple, and if you like brown it is brown, and if you like green it is green, and if you like ochre-yellow it is ochre-yellow, and if you like vermilion it is vermilion, and if you like black it is black. It suggests to me that heaven is a place of all colors—colors of opinion, colors of creed, colors of skin, colors of taste.

But we must pass up in this inspection of the foundations of the great wall of heaven, and after leaving the jasper, the next precious stone reached is sapphire, and it sweeps around the city fifteen hundred miles. All lapidaries agree in saying that the sapphire of the Bible is what we now call lapis lazuli. Job speaks with emotion of "The Place of Sapphires," and God thought so much of this precious stone that he put it in the breastplate of the high priest, commanding, "The second row shall be an emerald, a sapphire, and a diamond." The sapphire is a blue, but varies from faintest hue to deepest ultramarine. It is found a pebble in the rivers of Ceylon. It is elsewhere in compact masses. Persia and Thibet and Burmah and New South Wales and North Carolina yield exquisite specimens. Its blue eye is seen in the valley of the Rhine. After a burial of thousands of years it has been brought to sight in Egyptian monuments and Assyrian cylinders. At Moscow and St. Petersburg and Constantinople, I have seen great masses of this sapphire commonly called lapis lazuli. The closer you study its veins, the more enchanting, and I do not wonder that the sapphire is called into the foundation of the wall of heaven. It makes a strong stone for the foundation, for it is the hardest of all minerals except the diamond. Sapphire based on jasper: a blue sky over a fiery sunset. St. John points to it in Revelation, and says: "The second, sapphire;" and this suggests to me that though our earth and all its furniture of mountains and seas and atmospheres is to collapse and vanish, we will throughout all eternity have in some way kept the most beautiful of earthly appearances, whether you take this sapphire of the second layer as literal or figurative. The deep blue of our skies and the deep blue of our seas must not, will not, be forgotten. If a thousand years after the world has gone to ashes, you or I want to recall how the earthly skies looked in a summer noon, or the mid-ocean in a calm, we will have only to look at the second row of the foundation of the wall of heaven. Oh, I am so glad that St. John told us about it! "The second, sapphire!" While we are living in sight of that wall, spirits who have come from other worlds, and who never saw our earth, will visit us, and we will visit them, and sometime we will be in converse about this earth when it was yet a-float and a-swing, and we shall want to tell them about how it looked at certain times, and then it will be a great object lesson for all eternity, and we will say to our visitor from some other world, as we point toward the wall of heaven: "It looked like that stratum of foundation next to the lowest." John, 21st chapter and 19th verse: "The second, sapphire."

A step higher and you come to chalcedony, another layer in the foundation of the wall and running fifteen hundred miles around the heavenly city. Chalcedony! Translucent. A divine mixture of agates and opals and cornelians. Striped with white and gray. Dash of pallor blushing into red and darkening into purple. Iceland and the Hebrides hold forth beautiful specimens of chalcedony.

But now we must make a swift ascent to the top of the foundation wall, for we cannot minutely examine all the layers, and so putting one foot on the chalcedony, of which we have been speaking, we spring to the emerald, and we are one-third of the way to the top of the foundation, for the fourth row is emerald. That I would judge is God's favorite among gems, because it holds what seems evident is his favorite, color on earth, the green, since that is the color most widely diffused across all the earth's continents—the grass, the foliage, the every-day dress of nature. The emerald! Kings used it as a seal to stamp pronunciamentos. The rainbow arounn the Throne of God is by St. John compared to it. Conquerors have considered it the greatest prize to capture. What ruthlessness when the soldiers of Pizarro pounded it with their hammers. Emeralds have had much to do with the destiny of Mexico. Five of them were presented by Cortez to his bride, one of them cut into the shape of a rose, another into the shape of a trumpet, another into the shape of a bell, with tongue of pearl, and this presentation aroused the jealousy of the throne and caused the consequent downfall of Cortez. But the depths of the sea were decorated with those emeralds, for in a shipwreck they went down off the coast of Barbary. Napoleon wore an emerald at Austerlitz. In the Kremlin Museum at Moscow, there are crowns and sceptres and outspread miracles of emerald. Ireland is called the Emerald Isle, not because of its verdure but because it was presented to Henry the Second of England with an emerald ring. Nero had a magnifying glass of emerald through which he looked at the gladiatorial contests at Rome. But here are fifteen hundred miles of emerald sweeping around the heavenly city in one layer.

But upward still, and you put your foot on a stratum of sardonyx, white and red, a seeming commingling of snow and fire; the snow cooling the fire, the fire melting the snow.

Another climb and you reach the sardius, named after the city of Sardius. Another climb and you reach the chrysolite. A specimen of this, belonging to Epiphanus, in the fourth century, was said to be so brilliant that whatever was put over to conceal it was shone through, and the Emperor of China had a specimen that is described as having such penetrating radiance that it makes the night as bright as the day.

A higher climb, and you reach the beryl. Two thousand years ago the Greeks used this precious stone for engraving purposes. It was accounted among the royal treasures of Tyre. The hilt of Murat's sword was adorned with it. It glows in the imperial crown of Great Britain. Luther thought the beryl of the heavenly wall was turquoise. Kalisch thought it was chrysolite. Josephus thought it a golden-colored jewel. The wheels of Ezekiel's vision flamed with beryl, and were a revolving fire. The beryl appears in six-sided prisms, and is set in seals and intaglios, in necklaces and coronets. It was the joy of ancient jewelry. It ornamented the affluent with ear-drops. Charlemagne presented it to his favorites. Beautiful beryl! Exquisitely shaped beryl! Divinely colored beryl! It seems like congealed color. It looks like frozen fire.

But stop not here. Climb higher and you come to topaz, a bewilderment of beauty and named after an island of the Red Sea.

Climb higher and you come to chrysoprasus, of greenish-golden hue and hard as flint.

Climb higher and you reach the jacinth, named after the flower hyacinth and of reddish-blue.

Take one more step and you reach the top, not of the wall, but the top of the foundations of the wall, and St. John cries out: "The twelfth, an amethyst!" This precious stone, when found in Australia or India or Europe stands in columns and pyramids. For color it is a violet blooming in stone. For its play of light, for its deep mysteries of color, for its uses in Egyptian, in Etruscan, in Roman art, it has been honored. The Greeks thought this stone a preventative of drunkenness. The Hebrews thought it a source of pleasant dreams. For all lovers of gems, it is a subject of admiration and suggestiveness. Yes, the word amethyst means a prevention of drunkenness. Long before the New Testament made reference to the amethyst in the wall of heaven, the Persians thought that cups made out of amethyst would hinder any kind of liquor contained therein from becoming intoxicating. But of all the amethystine cups from which the ancients drank, not one had any such result of prevention. For thousands of years the world has been looking in vain for such a preventitive amethystine cup. Staggering Noah could not find it. Convivial Ahasuerus driving Vashti from the gates could not find it. Nabal breaking the heart of beautiful Abigail could not find it. Belshazzar, the kingly reveller, on the night that the Chaldeans took Babylon, could not find it. Not one of the millions of inebriates whose skulls pave the continents and pave the depths of the sea could find it. There is no such cup. Strong drink from hollowed amethyst imbrutes the same as strong drink from pewter mug. It is not the style of cup we drink out of, but that which the cup contains which decides the helpful or damning result of the beverage. All around the world last night and to-day, out of cups costlier than amethyst, men and women have been drinking their own doom and the doom of their children for this life and the next. Ah, it is the amethystine cups that do the wildest and worst slaughter. The smash of the filthy goblets of the rummeries would long ago have taken place by law, but the amethystine chalices prevent—the chalices out of which legislatures and congresses drink before and after they make the laws. Amethystine chalices have been the friends of intoxication instead of its foes. Over the fiery lips of the amethystine chalices is thrust the tongue of that which biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. Drunkenness is a combination of apoplexy and dementia. The four hundred million victims of opium come out to meet the one hundred and fifty million victims of alcohol, and the two agents take the contract for tumbling the human race into perdition, but whether they will succeed in fulfilling the contract depends on the action of the amethystine cups, the amethystine demijohns, the amethystine ale pitchers, the amethystine flagons, the amethystine wine cellars. Oh, Persians! Oh, Assyrians! Oh, Greeks! Oh, Egyptians! you were wrong in thinking that a cup of amethyst would prevent

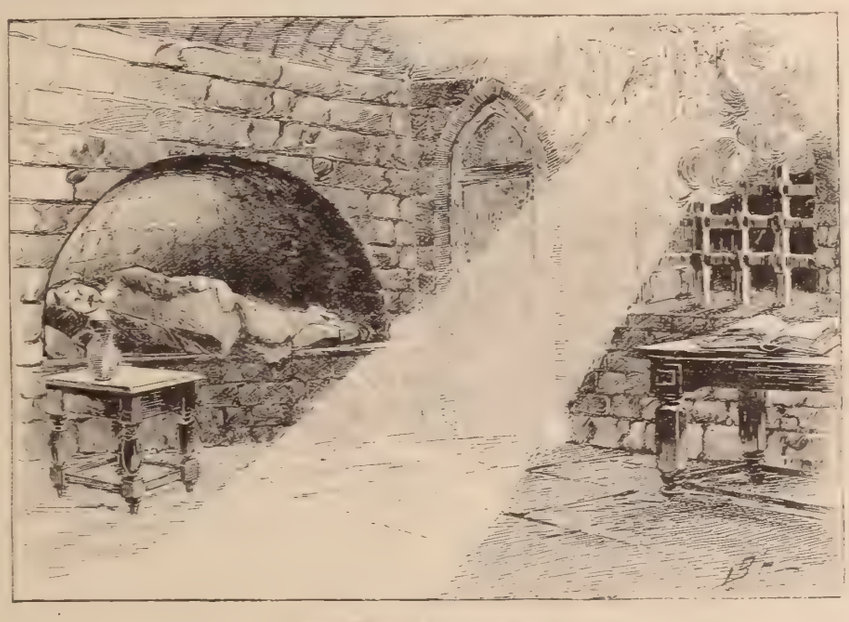
ebriation. But standing on the top of is amethystine layer of the foundation the wall of heaven, I bethink myself the mistake that many of the ancient ebrews made when they thought that e amethyst was a producer of pleasant reams. Just wear a piece of amethyst ver your heart, or put it under your illow, and you would have your dreams lled with everything beautiful and en-ancing. No, no. The style of pillow will ot decide the character of the dream. The nly recipe for pleasant dreams is to do ight and think right when you are wide wake. Conditions of physical disease ay give a good man a nightmare, but man physically well, if he behave him-elf aright, will not be troubled with bad reams. Nebuchadnezzar, with eagle's own under his head and Tyrian purple ver it, struggled with a bad dream that nade him shriek out for the soothsayers nd astrologers to come and interpret it. Pharaoh, amid the marble palaces of Memphis, was confounded by a dream n which lean cows ate up the fat cows nd the small ears of corn devoured the even large ears, and awful famine was prefigured. Pilate's wife, amid clouds of richest upholstery, had a startling dream, because of which she sent a mes-sage in hot haste to a court-room to keep her husband from enacting a judi-cial outrage. But Jacob, at Bethel, with a pillow of mountain rock, had a blissful dream of the ladder angel-blossoming. Bunyan, with his head on a hard plank of Bedford jail, saw the gates of the celestial city. St. John, on the barrenest island of the Ægean Sea, in his dream heard trumpets and saw cavalrymen on white horses and a new heaven and a new earth. No amount of rough pillow can disturb the night vision of a saint, and no amount of ame-thystine charm can delectate the dream of a miscreant.

But, some one will say, why have you brought us to this amethyst, the top row of the foundation of the heavenly wall, if you are not able to ac-cept the theory of the ancient Greeks, who said that the ame-thyst was a charm against in-toxication, or if you are not willing to accept the theory of the ancient Hebrews that the amethyst was a producer of pleasant dreams? My answer it, I have brought you to the top row, the twelfth layer of the foundation of the heavenly wall of fifteen hundred miles of circling amethyst, to put you in a position where you can get a new idea of heaven; to let you see that after you have climbed up twelve strata of glory, you are only at the base of the eternal grandeurs; to let you, with enchantment of soul, look far down and look far up; and to force upon you the conclusion that if all our climbing has only shown us the foundation of the wall, what must the wall itself be; and if this is the outside of heaven, what must the inside be; and if all this is figurative, what must the reality be? Oh, this piled-up magnificence of the heavenly wall! Oh, this eternity of decoration! Oh, this opalescent, florescent, prismatic miracle of architecture! What enthronement of all colors! A mingling of the blue of skies, and the surf of seas, and the green of meadows, and the upholstery of autumnal forests, and the fire of August sunsets. All the splendors of earth and heaven dashed into those twelve rows of foundation wall. All that, mark you, only typical of the spiritual glories that roll over heaven like the Atlantic and Pacific oceans swung in one billow.

Do you not see that it was impossible that you understand a hundredth part of the suggestiveness of that twenty-first chapter of Revelation without going into some of the particulars of the wall of heaven, and dipping up some of its drip-ping colors, and running your eye along some of its wondrous crystallizations, and examining some of the frozen light in its turquoise, and feeling with your own finger the hardness of its sapphire, and shield-ing your eyes against the shimmering brilliance in its beryl, and studying the fifteen hundred miles of emerald without a flaw? Yet all this only the outside of heaven, and the poorest part of the out-side; not the wall itself but only the foot of the wall, for my text says: "The founda-tions of the wall of the city were garnish-ed with all manner of precious stones." Oh, get down your harp, if you can play one. Get down a palm branch, if you can reach one. Why it makes us all feel like crying out with James Montgomery:

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?

Oh, my soul! If my text shows us only the outside, what must the inside be? While riding last summer through the Emperor's park near St. Petersburg, Rus-sia, I was captivated with the groves, transplanted from all zones, and the flower beds, miles this way and miles that way, incarnadined with beauty, and the fountains bounding in such revel with the sunlight as nowhere else is seen.



BUNYAN'S VISION IN BEDFORD JAIL.

I said: "This is beautiful. I never saw anything like this before." But when I entered the palace and saw the pictured walls and the long line of statuary, and aquariums afloat with all bright scales, and aviaries a-chant with bird voices, and the inner doors of the palace were swung back by the chamberlain, and I saw the Emperor and Empress and princes and princesses, and they greeted me with a cordiality of old ac-quaintanceship, I forgot all the groves and floral bewitchment I had seen out-side before entrance. And now I ask, if the outside of heaven attracts our souls to-day, how much more will be the up-lifting when we get inside and see the King in his beauty and all the princes and princesses of the palaces of amethyst? Are you not glad that we did not stop in our ascent this morning until we got to the top round of the foundation wall of heaven, the twelfth row, the amethyst? Perhaps the ancient Hebrews were not, after all, so far out of the way when they thought that the touch of the amethyst gave pleasant dreams, for the touch of it this hour gives me a very pleasant dream. Standing on this ame-thyst, I dream a dream. I close my eyes and I see it all. We are there. This is heaven! Not the outside but the inside of heaven. With what warmth of wel-come our long-ago departed loved ones have kissed us. My! How they have changed in looks. They were so sick when they went away, and now they are so well. Look! Yonder is the palace of our Lord the King. Not kept a moment outside, we are ushered into the throne room. Stretching out his scarred hand, he says: "I have loved thee with an ever-lasting love," and we respond: "Whom have I in heaven but thee?" But, look! Yonder is the playground of the chil-dren. Children do not want a throne. A throne would not fit a child. There they are on the playgrounds of heaven—the children. Out of the sick cradle of earth, they came into this romping mirth of the eternal playgrounds. I clap my hands to cheer them in the glee. Yonder are the palaces of the martyrs, and before their doorway the flowers crimson as the bloody martyrdoms through which they waded up into glory. Yonder is Apos-tolic Row, and the highest turret is over the home of Paul. Here is Evangelist Place. Yonder are the concert halls in which the musicians of earth and heaven are taking part—Handel with or-gan and David with harp and Gabriel with trumpet and four and twenty elders with voices. And an angel of God says to me: "Where shall I take you? On what street of heaven would you like to live? What celestial habitation would you like to occupy?" And I answer: "Now that I have got inside the wall made up of all manner of precious stones, I do not care where you put me. Just show me where my departed loved ones are. I have seen the Lord and next I want to see them. But here are those with whom I toiled in the Kingdom of God on earth. They are from my old parishes at Belleville and Syracuse and Philadelphia and Brooklyn, and from many places on both sides the sea where I have been permitted to work with them and for them. Give them the best places you can find. I will help steady them as they mount the thrones. I will help you burnish their coronets. Take these my old friends to as good rooms as you can get for them in the House of Many Mansions, and with windows looking out upon the Palace of the Great King. As for myself, anywhere in heaven is good enough for me. "Hallelujah to the Lamb that was slain." But I awake. In the ecstacy of the moment my foot slipped from the layer of amethyst, that so-called producer of dreams, and in the effort to catch myself, the vision vanished. And lo! it was but a dream!

A BUDDHIST TEMPLE.

ONE of the most interesting books of the season is entitled *The Japs at Home*. It is written by Douglas Sladen and published in England, and describes entertainingly the life and customs of that peculiar people. The picture of a Buddhist temple on this page is from a drawing in Mr. Sladen, book and furnishes a very accurate idea of the ornate appearance of those houses of worship. This quaint edifice is the type of thousands of similar structures found all through China and Japan at the pres-ent day. The Buddhists are the greatest build-ers of temples and monasteries in the world. In the mountains of Thibet and Ceylon, in the islands south of Asia, in the provinces of China as well as in Niphon, those stately edifices stand in the most beautiful sites that

A BUDDHIST TEMPLE IN JAPAN.

could have been chosen for such a purpose. The immediate surroundings of the temple are garden spots of loveliness, and are cultivated with the greatest care by the religious attend-ants. In summer, they are the coolest retreats that can be found, and are specially attractive to Buddhist pilgrims on that account. The Buddhist priests in Japan depend largely on the revenues collected from the pilgrims and on gifts from the peasantry, having no income from the State, as a rule.

Buddhism was introduced from Japan and Corea 1,400 years ago, and many of the tem-ples still standing are very old. In some, high up in the mountains, monks have found homes for centuries past, their ranks being replenish-ed by recruits from different parts of the em-pire. Their lives are very monotonous, more so even than those of the Catholic priesthood; they eat, drink, take no thought of worldly affairs, chant their orisons at daylight and sing their vespers at sunset. Their is apparently little study or meditation in their lives, al-though there have been some beautiful exam-ples of enlightened Buddhists, who have add-ed to the riches of the world's philosophy. As a rule, however, the Buddhist monks have done nothing for the intellectual or moral de-velopment of Japan. Buddhism contains noth-ing to elevate mankind as the religion of Christ has done.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

"The day-spring from on high hath visited us to give light to them that sit in darkness . . . to guide our feet into the way of peace."

AFTER the darkness and hush of the night,
The shadows are chased by the day-dawn of light,
And the glorious morning bursts full on our sight;
But brighter than the morning,
Fairer than day,
Is Jesus my Saviour,
The life and the way.

Sorrow and weariness, doubting and fears,
All of life's troubles and all of earth's tears,
Will fade into gladness when Jesus appears.
For brighter than the morning,
Fairer than day,
Is Jesus my Saviour,
The life and the way.

Of earth the Redeemer, of heaven the King,
Angels and men now rejoicingly sing;
Unto him our hearts purest offerings we bring.
For brighter than the morning,
Fairer than day,
Is Jesus my Saviour,
The life and the way.

Ye who from the light of his love hold aloof,
Oh come in your manhood and come in your youth;
Acknowledge Christ Jesus, the way and the truth.
For brighter than the morning,
Fairer than day,
Is Jesus my Saviour,
The life and the way.

—*Christian Standard.*

DEDICATING THE TEMPLE.

S. S. Lesson for Feb. 5. By Mrs. M. Baxter. Ezra 6: 14-22. Golden Text, Ps. 122: 1.

WE have seen how, in the rebuilding of the Temple, the Lord sought to resume his old nearness to, and intimate contact with, his people. Just as in his deliverance of his people from Egyptian slavery, the direct intervention of God was the remarkable thing in their history, so was it now. The plagues of Egypt, the passage of the Red Sea, the bread from heaven, the water from the rock, the passing of the Jordan, the fall of Jericho, and the wondrous fact that forty years wear had not made their raiment wax old (Deut. 8: 4), was not more miraculous than God's raising up of Cyrus, the king of the mightiest heathen land of that day, for the restoration of his people to the land of promise. As long as their contact with God was maintained, the power of God went with them, even in the face of the greatest impossibilities. It was ever true of his people of old, as of his people now:

"Greater is He that is in You,

than he that is in the world." (1. John 4: 4.) Zerubbabel was, no doubt, a gifted leader, but his power and talent told for nothing. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." Joshua, the high priest, probably, a very decided and spiritual man of God, but even when God commanded his prophet Zechariah that crowns of silver and gold should be made and placed upon the head of Joshua, it was not to glorify him. The angel that talked with the prophet said: "Speak unto [Joshua] saying: Thus speaketh the Lord of hosts, saying: Behold the man whose name is the Branch, and he shall grow up out of his place, and he shall build the temple of the Lord: even he shall build the temple of the Lord, and he shall bear the glory, and shall sit and rule upon his throne; and he shall be a priest upon his throne, and the counsel of peace shall be between them both." Both! Yes; the Branch and prophet, the king and the priest, Christ and his Church. Joshua was nothing except as his life set forth Christ. It is difficult to arrive at the exact meaning of the passage but, in any case, it means the union between God and man in the building of his temple of living stones to be "an habitation of God through the Spirit. He cannot dissociate his priestly cares from himself, or himself from them, wonderful, glorious, solemn, eternal union! No sooner did the people of the Lord take God's side, and leave him to deal with their enemies, than they found their enemies conquered, and actually turned into helpers of the work. (Ezra 6: 6-13.) When his children trust him, kings, peoples, enemies, difficulties, mountains, are disposed of with the greatest ease. "The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord as the rivers of water; he turneth it whithersoever he will." (Prov. 21: 1.) "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God." When they had the decree of the powerful Cyrus on their side, and yet they allowed themselves to be discouraged by the persecution of their enemies, all went wrong. God did not raise up another Cyrus to make a yet stronger decree, but two prophets, two men who saw things from above, and who put God's claims before the people. His people must learn to understand him, then he could deal for them with men and things.

"And the elders of the Jews builded, and they prospered through the prophesying of Haggai the prophet, and Zechariah the son of Iddo: and they builded and finished it." The power for God's building is not so much architectural talent; he is his own architect:—it [illegible] "master-builder," and a wise one. He built "according to the grace of God" which was given unto him, and the work which he built was not man's but "God's building." (1. Cor. 3: 9-10.) The prophets had more to do with the building of the temple than the workmen, because they maintained the contact with God which was the most essential requisite for the work. And consistently with this fact it is distinctly stated that the people builded, first, "according to the commandment of the God of Israel;" secondly, "according to the commandment of Cyrus, and Darius, and Artaxerxes, king of Persia." God first, God's side of supreme importance! Oh when will his children learn this invariable law of his divine economy?

Is God really first with us? Have the prophets of the Lord, and have his messages in his Word more authority with us, and do we let them have more command of our time than men of business, or any earthly consideration? Alas! we have often seen that the consideration of

Money or Reputation

involved in a new building for the service of God has made it of immensely more importance in the eyes of many of God's servants than the spiritual condition of the worshippers. "We must have our church," many say, "we are pledged to erect it, we have signed the contract; it must go on." But many a contract with God to live as living sacrifices, to come out from the world and be separate, to deny themselves, to take up their cross and follow him, to count all things but loss for his sake—is disregarded, put in the second place, and finally forgotten. It is good when the prophets in a Christian community have the leading place. "Despise not prophesyings," (1. Thes. 5: 20) is an exhortation which runs alongside that solemn one: "Quench not the Spirit." Prophets are those who are the Lord's messengers speaking in the Lord's message (Hag. 1: 13); they are only false prophets who speak their own message. To despise the Lord's message is to despise him who sends it. While the prophets, who "spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost" were given their true place by the people, God could say to them: "My Spirit remaineth among you." Blessed is that church, blessed is that mission, blessed is that institution to which the Lord can say:

"My Spirit Remaineth among You."

The temple finished, the dedication must take place. God had looked after the money, they were not in debt, and they kept the dedication of the house of God with joy. No wonder; for they determined to be right with him. Instead of trying to stir up some rich heathen to come and patronize them, they went in strongly for a national sin offering, a burnt offering. The whole nation must come under the cleansing blood, the whole nation be represented by the burnt offering. Then they could worship, "the priests in their divisions and the Levites in their courses." This was a dedication after the heart of God: confession of, and purification from sin, a calling together of the worshippers for God to search, and try, and judge, and cleanse, and restore; this is a true dedication: this brings God into a building. There are beautifully built churches in which all the service is as cold and hard as the stones they are built with. There is nothing of God in the singing, it is all performed; nothing of God in the prayers, they are all manufactured; nothing of God in the preaching, it is all man-made;

No Touch of God

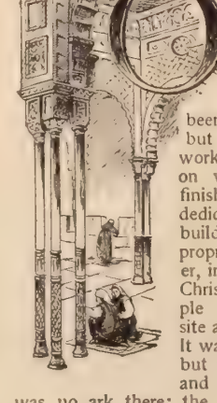
in it all. There are other places; some perhaps quite unsightly, where the very atmosphere is full of God, where every prayer, every hymn, every word, every silence, seems to say: God is here. This was the kind of dedication which took place in the temple at Jerusalem which God had caused to be rebuilt.

The passover, the great national feast, was kept. The priests and the Levites were purified together; all of them were pure, and killed the passover for all the children of the captivity, and for their brethren the priests, and for themselves. And the children of Israel which were come again out of captivity, and all such as had separated themselves unto them from the filthiness of the heathen of the land, to seek the Lord God of Israel, did eat, and kept the feast of unleavened bread seven days with joy.

Confession, separation, cleansing, consecration: this is the true dedication of a house of God. The brick or stone work can be of no value to him who built the universe; but he seeketh to worship him human beings who will be his temple, and who will manifest the life of Christ in their mortal bodies. "The life was the light of men" in our Lord's time, and is so still. The outcome of the cleansing and purification of the people was joy, those who are right with God, and can count fully upon him are a happy people, no pangs of an uneasy conscience weigh them down, they are free as a bird which is escaped from the snare of the fowler. The Lord had made them joyful, and had turned the heart of the king of Assyria to them to strengthen their hands in the work of the house of God, the God of Israel. They had learned the precious truth that when God was for them none could be against them. And the money? there was no lack; it poured into the treasury. So will it ever be where God is honored and trusted.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



OUR lesson to-day is one of a rejoicing people. After twenty years of waiting the temple was finished. Fifteen years had been spent in inaction, but having resumed work, the building went on vigorously and was finished in four years. The dedication of the new building took place appropriately at the Passover, in the year 515 before Christ. This second temple occupied the same site as that of Solomon. It was a larger building, but inferior in splendor and decoration. There was no ark there; the tables of stone, the pot of manna and Aaron's rod were all lost. The golden shields were gone, but they had been permitted to bring back the golden vessels of incense. Those who had seen the first temple must have lamented the sins which led to its destruction. So does the sinner who comes to God late in life and dedicates himself as God's living temple to his service grieve over the wasted energies and lost strength which are gone beyond recall. He dedicates an inferior temple, but it is the best he can do. Happy the child who in the days of his youth consecrates himself to God while his strength of mind and body are unimpaired.

Prospered through the prophesying. When the people had lost heart and discontinued their work for a long time, they were encouraged to resume and complete it by the words addressed to them by the two prophets. People would be more frequently helped in their duties if they applied to themselves the messages God's servants give. A poor woman once went to hear a sermon in which the minister spoke of false weights and measures, and the sin of using them. Being questioned as to what she remembered of the sermon, she said she had forgotten much that was said. "But," she added, "one thing I remembered—I remembered to go home and burn my bushel."

Builded and finished it. God had promised that they should complete the work that seemed as if it would never be done, so many and formidable were the difficulties in the way. That is so with all spheres of God's service. Men must not idly wait for God to fulfil his promise, but must work, and he will bless their effort and give them success. On the keystone of a bridge over a stream in a beautiful Scottish parish, are the words, "God and We." The tale is interesting. A girl in danger of perishing in a storm, when the stream was in flood, vowed that if God would save her life and help her in the future, she would build a bridge over the dangerous chasm. Her prayer was heard. She lived to build the bridge, and to leave an endowment for the poor of the parish. The inscription on the bridge gives the secret of success. It is not God alone; that would mean human idleness; or "We" alone; that would mean human presumption. It is not even "We and God;" that would be human pride; but "God and We" gives the Scriptural way of success.

The priests in their divisions and the Levites in their courses. There is a place and a work for every one in God's service. No matter how humble and obscure one may be ther is something he can do. That duty shoul be found out and done. He who does it i doing something far better than envying th position of the minister or missionary, an criticising the way they do their work "Men," says a great writer, "are like work men, set each by the architect upon som single bit of carving. One has given him t fashion a fragment where incompletenes breaks a promise of beauty. Another has se him only level lines and surfaces of blank mo notony. To one it falls to carve a head with out a body; to another, a lovely face; to an other, a grotesque visage; to most, pattern seemingly of little grace or meaning. But th task of each demands long labor and utmos care. At last, the various blocks are put to gether, and lo, there rises a glorious cathedral filling eye and heart with its majesty and love liness, stirring the soul with heavenward mo tion, destined to draw to it, and shelter within itself, one generation after another of devou worshippers. So the temple of the living God the heavenly Jerusalem, is building through the ages. Whoever, in high place or lo place, is living the life of fidelity and love, i carving a stone for the fabric."

The Children of the Captivity kept th Passover. To them it must have been lik the Passover kept by their ancestors whe they came out of Egypt—the first of all th Passovers. In the year 1830 on the night pre ceding the first of August, the churches o Jamaica, W. I., were filled with colored peo ple. An edict had been passed that on Augus 1, every slave should be free. The night wa passed in singing and prayers of thanksgiving They did not go to bed all night. Some o their number were sent to the top of the high est hill to look for the dawn. As the firs rays of the rising sun shot above the horizo they shouted the news to others on the plai and so the glad word passed from one to an other until it reached the churches and th joyful cry, "We are free," went up with gla acclaim to God for his goodness.

All of them were pure. The defilement o captivity and of association with the heathe had been taken away by the appointed means before they joined in the ceremony and ate th passover. Half-and-half Christians never ac complish much. Sin must be put away an the whole heart single in its desire to serv God before a man can be signally used of Go in his service. Some brittle gold, having bee accidentally melted with a quantity of wel refined and tough gold, was found to hav rendered the whole mass brittle with a highl crystalline fracture, and therefore useless fo coinage. The impurity causing brittleness in th whole 75,000 ounces was a small fraction o an ounce, probably one three-hundred-thou sandth, or less, of the original weight. So, i metallurgy as in morals "a little leaven leaven eth the whole lump."

Such as had separated themselves. Go wants his people to be separate from th world. They are in the world and associate with it in business, but they must be separat in spirit and their connection with it shoul always be used to draw others to Christ's ser vice. Every Christian should take care to le it be known in whose service he is. A famou picture by Millais represents a young Protest ant talking to a lady on the eve of the massa cre of St. Bartholomew. She is binding aroun his arm the symbol of the Romish Church s that when the soldiers who are going to sla the Protestants see it they will think he is Catholic and leave him unharmed. The youn man is kissing her for love, but with his dis engaged hand he is tearing the badge from h arm refusing to be numbered with the Papists even to save his life. Moses, doubtless, love Pharaoh's daughter for saving his life and ca ing for him through boyhood and youth, bu he refused to be called her son.

The bell of a church in the Isle of Wight as tonished the people a few Sundays ago b giving out a clear musical note. Its note be fore that time had been dull and harsh. Th people said that it was cracked and they tol how nearly a hundred years ago, when th bell was first hung in the steeple an awfu storm raged and the lightning struck the spi and cracked the bell. That explanation ha been given to strangers for many a year an it sufficed. But one day, recently, one of th church officials went up into the belfry to e amine the bell. He found that it was no cracked at all, but its vibration was stoppe by a large block of wood which had been di lodged in that old time storm and was restin on the bell. When it hung clear it gave forth its true tone. So a bad companion, or an ev habit may prevent the ringing utterance a fo lower of Christ should give for him. The goo work comes from "such as have separate themselves."

RAINING CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

(*Continued from first page.*)

oon and evening are devoted to practical mis-onary work. The ladies are each assigned ork for the week, which consists largely f visititing the poor and sick—each being al-otted a particular territory in the poorest arts of the North-side. They have also more r less teaching in the Sunday Schools and issions. In this way, a great deal is done oward relieving the suffering and brightening he lives of the poor, distributing garments mong the thinly clad in the winter and plan-ing health-giving and recreating trips to the ountry in the warmer months.

The plan of work in the Men's Department much the same as in the Woman's Home. The nen, of course, do the roughest of the mission-ry work. They take a little folding organ and o in parties of three or four to saloons, and, voiding the wary bar-keeper, call out:

"Want a song, boys?"

They are seldom refused the privilege of inging, for the class of men whom they un-ailingly find there, are always ready for some liversion. After a few temperance songs have een sung, with the unusual vigor of those who know they are working for the right, the ingers find opportunities to talk with many a runkard and lead him out of the path of ruin.

The Woman's Home is kept spotlessly lean and neat and the visitor at the Men's Department is surprised to see the students erving the meals in a style that would do redit to professional waiters.

Passing back of the Woman's Home to the nain building, a visitor finds many things o admire. The entrance to this building opens nto a hall where a handsome oak stair-case eads up to the men's dormitories and the pri-vate departments of Mr. Moody, Mr. Torrey, Mr. McGranahan and Mr. A. T. Gaylord, the Business Manager. On the main floor, to the ight of this stairway, is the men's parlor, which presents a homelike and cosy appear-ance. Opening off the parlor is the music oom, and back of it a large dining-room and erving-room, where there are many conveni-ences for keeping the meals warm, and wash-ing the dishes, and where the students study the art of table-serving. To the left of the entrance is a reception-room where the eye of the visitor is at once attracted to a long, an-tique oak table, standing conspicuously in the centre. On either end of the table are the in-itials D. L. M.; indeed, one sees everywhere references to the godly man who founded the school. Mr. Moody, however, is very modest about receiving the credit of the work.

The building is arranged in the form of a hollow square, and thus light is obtained in every room. Two new stories have lately been added to accommodate the increased number of occupants. The expenses of the students are made as light as possible, and thus many who are anxious to become participants in the good work, and to go out as teachers and ministers, are enabled to study. The Institute has a constant, call for workers to go to all parts of the world, and missionaries have been sent to China, Africa, Turkey, South America, Bulgaria, Japan, Persia, Burmah, and also to the North American Indians. Other schools of the kind are now being established, Mr. Moody's plan being to have similar insti-tutions all over the country.

In answer to hundreds of inquiries as to "what this Institute is," we may answer in Mr. Moody's own words: "It is a school where the Bible is studied under competent teachers, both of America and Great Britain, and where training is given in all kinds of practical Christian work, and where the stu-dents are taught music to fit them for Gospel service. Every student is required each day to do personal work in missions, tents, homes, and elsewhere, under competent supervision."

It seems a pity that there are not more of these schools. There are thousands of young men and women who are eager to be ener-getic workers in the Christian field, and who desire to fit themselves as teachers. The har-vest is ripe and waiting but the laborers, even yet, are far too few.

Some of the scenes enacted at the meetings are especially interesting. In the big tent on Milwaukee Street, during the season just closed, Mr. Scheveria has been holding meetings to crowds of from 1,000 to 2,000, who are seat-ed on canvas benches. As the audience enters, they present a motley appearance. First, a hesitating group of ragged little ones, then some young "toughs," with mischief in their faces, are passed from one usher to another. Next a mother with a baby in her arms, a laboring man in colored shirt and no collar, and fathers and mothers with their little ones. The bluecoat of a policeman seen at the door makes it easy to preserve order. A Gospel hymn opens the meeting, and how these peo-ple sing! A solo from an Institute worker, full of the Gospel message, then a hymn, a duet, a prayer, and the evangelist begins to speak. Tenderly, lovingly, he deals with the people —unsparingly he deals with their sins. After the address, there is more singing—possibly a solo by some little girl—and then the speaker invites those who wish to turn from a life of sin to rise. Here and there men and women in the crowd rise to their feet. The main audience is dismissed, but the seekers are requested to stay, and usually hundreds remain. The work-ers thread their way among them, sitting down by those who have risen, and trying from the Word of God to show the way of salvation, often finding among those who linger deep conviction of sin, without the courage to rise and manifest the interest felt. At a late hour, after once more singing the Lord's songs, the meeting closes. This is a fair illustration of the general character of the Institute's tent-work in Chicago.

Two young girls were found in the back of the tent one night, one of whom was crying. The evangelist spoke to her about her soul's salvation. She had nothing to say. A night or two later he again spoke to her, when she an-swered, "I am only a rumseller's daughter." "But Jesus loves rumsellers' daughters and is ready to save them." She answered, "I can never forgive you, you called my father a thief, and that he stole the joy and peace out of our home, and stole manhood and money from the customers." "Well, isn't that true?" She looked up into the face of the evangelist, and

THE CHICAGO BIBLE INSTITUTE.

bursting into tears, said, "Oh, yes, it is true."

She was urged to take Christ as her Saviour and try to bring in father and mother, and in a groping fashion tried to do so. The next night an Institute lady was on her knees with those two girls, and so manifest was the pow-er of God that it seemed as if the whole place about them were holy. Later the girl met the evangelist and said, "It is all right now. I am trusting Jesus and my friend is, too."

The tent-work has now been in operation six years, and is under the direct superinten-dence of Rev. R. A. Torrey. During the com-ing season, on account of the crowds that are expected to visit Chicago while the World's Fair continues, the number of tents will be in-creased.

Mr. Torrey is thirty-three years old, and is a native of New Jersey. He studied at Yale Theological Seminary. He is a very earnest and energetic Christian and was for some time a worker at Mr. Moody's meetings in the East. Entering the Congregational ministry, he had charges at various places. For a time he pur-sued his studies abroad under distinguished professors, and on returning to this country, became Superintendent of the City Mission-ary Society at Indianapolis. He was called by Mr. Moody in 1889 to assume the Superin-tendency of the Bible Institute in Chicago, where his skilful management and organizing powers have been of the greatest service in successfully directing the training of the stu-dents, and in pushing the spiritual work into avenues hitherto uninvaded by the pioneers of the Gospel. His aids are all consecrated men, peculiarly fitted for the duties of their various posts and who have contributed materially to the success of the Institute.

DESOLATED HEATHENISM.

A Swiss journal publishes a letter from Del-agoa Bay on the east coast of Africa. It is sent by Mr. Grandjean who has just returned there from a journey in Gazaland. He gives sad ac-counts of the ravages wrought by King Gun-gunyana in that region. The country he des-cribes as beautiful, but an unnatural and awful stillness reigned wherever he went. The vil-lages were deserted and only a few old or sick men remained to tell the story of the raids in which Gungunyana's followers had killed the men and carried off the women and children of the region. The few who were spared, on hearing that a boat had come up the river, fearing some new enemy, fled from the villages to the neighboring hills. On one occasion an old man in his terror tried to flee, but on dis-covering that Mr. Grandjean was not one of Gungunyana's men, he cried out to the others: "Come back; he is a missionary! He will not catch you. He will tell us the words of God." About fifteen persons returned and gathered about Mr. Grandjean, who says: "Surprise and joy and incredulity were depicted by turns up-on their faces when I told them their country also should have the Gospel and that peace should reign there. The simple statement that the inhabitants would one day labor with the assurance that they should themselves eat the harvest appeared to them extraordinary." This account corroborates the statement made by the Church Missionary Society's agents who have visited the northern section of Gaza-land. It is distressing to think of the desola-tion and woe which King Gungunyana has caused throughout one of the fairest regions of Africa

WONDERFUL LOVE.

(Written for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on the receipt of the beautiful Oxford Teacher's Bible from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office.)

WONDERFUL things in this Bible are told,
Wonderful words that can never grow old;
Wonderful story of God's love for all,
Wonderful love in the Saviour's call.

Wonderful things that a sinner may know,
This wonderful plan to save us from woe;
A wonderful gift to poor fallen man,
A wonderful God prepared the great plan.

Love for the fallen one, wonderful thought;
Wonderful price, from heaven it is brought.
Paid on the Cross by the Wonderful One
Who gave his own blood for our sins to atone.

Wonderful story, I'll read it once more:
Wonderful promise God's love to restore;
Though fallen in sin, salvation is free;
Rejoice and be glad, 'tis heaven's decree.

Junction City, Ore. —F. W. A. CRAIN.

SHOW YOUR COLORS.

BY REV. C. H. MEAD.

I WAS riding on the train through the eastern section of North Carolina. Noth-ing can be flatter than that portion of the country, unless it be the religious ex-perience of some people. The rain was pouring down fast, and, for a person so inclined, not a better day and place for the blues could be found. Looking out of the car windows, brought nothing more interesting to view than pine trees, bony mules, and razor-back hogs. Groups of men, white and black, gathered at each station to see the train arrive and depart. Each passenger that entered, brought in more damp, moisture, and blues.

Two men at last came in and took the seat in front of me. Shortly after, one of them took a bottle from his pocket, pulled the cork, and handed the bottle to his companion. He took a drink, and the smell of liquor filled the car. Then the first one took a drink, and back and forth the bottle passed, until at last it was empty and they were full. Then one of them commenced swearing, and such blasphemy I never heard in all my life. It made the very air blue—women shrank back, while the heads of men were uplifted to see where the stream of profanity came from. It went on for some time, until I began talking to myself. I always did like to talk to a sensible man.

"Henry, that man belongs to the devil."

"There is no doubt about that," I replied.

"He is not ashamed of it."

"Not a bit ashamed."

"Who do you belong to?"

"I belong to the Lord Jesus Christ."

"Are you glad or sorry?"

"I am glad—very glad."

"Who in the car knows that man belongs to the devil?"

"Everybody knows that, for he has not kept it a secret."

"Who in the car knows you belong to the Lord Jesus?"

"Why, no one knows it, for you see I am a stranger around here."

"Are you willing they should know who you belong to?"

"Yes; I am willing."

"Very well, will you let them know it?"

I thought a moment and then said, "By the help of my Master, I will."

Then straightening up and taking a good breath, I began singing in a voice that could be heard by all in the car:

There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins:
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

Before I had finished the first verse and chorus, the passengers had crowded down around me, and the blasphemer had turned round and looked at me with a face resembling a thun-der cloud. As I finished the chorus, he said:

"What are you doing?"

"I am singing," I replied.

"Well," said he, "any fool can understand that."

"I am glad you understood it."

"What are you singing?"

"I am singing the religion of the Lord Jesus."

"Well, you quit."

"Quit what?"

"Quit singing your religion on the cars."

"I guess not," I replied, "I don't belong to the Quit family; my name is Mead. For the last half hour you have been standing by your master; now for the next half hour I am go-ing to stand up for my Master."

"Who is my master?"

"The devil is your master—while Christ is mine. I am as proud of my Master as you are of yours. Now I am going to have my turn, if the passengers don't object."

A chorus of voices cried out: "Sing on, stranger, we like that."

I sung on, and as the next verse was finish-ed, the blasphemer turned his face away, and I saw nothing of him after that but the back of his head, and that was the handsom-est part of him. He left the train soon after, and I am glad to say I've never seen him since. Song after song followed, and I soon had other voices to help me. When the song service ended, an old man came to me, put out his hand, and said, "Sir, I owe you thanks and a confession."

"Thanks for what?"

"Thanks for rebuking that blasphemer."

"Don't thank me for that, but give thanks to my Master. I try to stand up for him wher-ever I am. What about the confession?"

"I am in my eighty-third year. I have been a preacher of the Gospel for over sixty years. When I heard that man swearing so, I wanted to rebuke him. I rose from my seat two or three times, to do so, but my courage failed I have not much longer to live, but never again will I refuse to show my colors anywhere."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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SUNRISE.

THE Bible tells of an army who pitched their tents toward sunrising. It would be wise for us all to do the same. Let our tents open toward the east instead of toward the west. The world is going on toward six o'clock in the morning instead of six o'clock at night. Instead of listening for the night-hawk and the whip-poor-will on the edge of the darkening woods, let us be watching for the getting up of the lark. Oh, for more tents pitched toward sunrising!

There are many who think society and the world are rapidly going to pieces. Drunkenness will drown the cities; fraud will swamp the government; free-loveism will whelm the family institution. So you pitch your tent toward the dark ages. But we look toward the east, and lo! Scotland is burning, and Ireland is burning, and soon all the earth will be burning with the bonfires of Christian victory! The submarine telegraph will some morning announce that a nation has been born in a day. We are only just planting our batteries on the coast of China, Japan, India, and Africa, and when the Lord once opens the fire all along the line, you will see such a complete rout as the Midianites experienced when they mistook the splitting of Gideon's pitchers for the smashing of everything. Day-dawn for the dark places of our own land! Day-dawn for all the islands of the sea! Day-dawn for all the continents! Stand out of our way with your soporifics, and give us a few drops of double distilled exhilaration! We pitch our tent toward the sunrising.

PEACE ON EARTH.

THAT was a beautiful thing when the Germans had fifty tons of gun-metal that had been captured in war transformed into church-bells. This is the best possible use for cannon. They may not in that way may make as much noise, but the sound they do send forth will be more melodious and grateful. How much transformation will be necessary before we can turn our arsenals into asylums and our fifty-four pounders can so change tone and shape as to be fit for our church towers?

There is an enormous amount of fight in human nature. Two urchins at school with fists lifted in juvenile pugilism, one of them coming off with black eye and the other with torn coat, are Von Moltke and MacMahon on a small scale. Lord Wellington while looking at the Eton boys wrestling on the play-ground, said, "It was there that the battle of Waterloo was won." The fight is born in us and nothing but divine grace can take it out. In literature, art, science and theology is the same spirit of combat. Closterman, the painter, viciously denouncing the pictures of Godfrey Kneller, the Church of England pounding John Wesley, the *Edinburgh Review* caricaturing Washington Irving, the battle of quills, the battle of crayons, the battle of chisels, the battle of base-viols, show in all ages the spirit of fight. We want a hundred Christmas days to dawn at once. We want fewer things to kill men, and more things with which to save them: and as spears are gone out of date so that we cannot turn them into pruning-hooks, we want by some command of the King all the gun-metal of the earth changed into church bells, and then good strong arms to ring them for a thousand years with "Peace on earth, good will to men."

OUR CHILDREN.

THE grasp which the child has over the parent's heart is seen in what the parent will do for the child. Storm and darkness and heat and cold are nothing to you, if they stand between you and your child's welfare. A great lawyer, when yet unknown, one day stood in the court-room and made an eloquent plea before some men of great legal attainments; and a gentleman said to him afterward: "How could you be so calm standing in that august presence?" "Oh," said Erskine, "I felt my children pulling at my skirts crying for bread." What stream will you not swim, what cavern will you not enter, what battle will you not fight, what hunger will you not endure for your children? Your children must have bread though you starve. Your children must be well clothed though you go in rags. You say: "My children shall be educated though I never had any chance." What to you are weary limbs, and aching head, and hands hardened and callous, if only the welfare of your children can be wrought out by it? Their sorrow is your sorrow, their joy your joy, their advancement your victory. And O, when the last sickness comes, how you fight back the march of disease, and it is only after a tremendous struggle that you surrender. And then when the spirit has fled, the great deep is broken up, and Rachel will not be comforted because her children are not, and David goes up the palace stairs crying: "O Absalom, my son, my son, would God I had died for thee, O, Absalom, my son, my son."

There is not a large family, or hardly a large family, in any land to-day that has not bent over such a treasure and lost it. In the family fold is there no dead lamb? I have seen many such cases of sorrow. There is nothing sad about a child's death save the grief in the parent's heart. You see the little ones go right out from a world of sin and suffering to a world of joy. How many sorrows they escape, how many temptations, how many troubles! Children dead are safe. Those that live are in peril. We know not what dark path they may take. The day may come in which they will break your heart; but children dead are safe—safe forever.

THE LAMP ABOVE THE GRAVE.

IT is a grand thing to go to sleep at night, and to get up in the morning, and to do business all day feeling that all is right between my heart and God. No accident, no sickness, no persecution, no peril, no sword can do me any permanent damage. I am a forgiven child of God, and he is bound to see me through. He has sworn he will see me through. The mountains may depart, the earth may burn, the light of the stars may be blown out by the blast of the judgment hurricane; but life and death, things present and things to come, are mine.

Yea, farther than that—it means a peaceful death. Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Sigourney, Dr. Young, and almost all the poets have said attractive things about death. There is nothing beautiful about it. When we stand by the white and rigid features of those whom we love, and they give no answering pressure of the hand and no returning kiss of the lip, we do not want anybody poetizing around about us. Death is loathsomeness, and midnight, and the wringing of the heart until the tendrils snap and curl in the torture, unless Christ be with us. I confess to you to an infinite fear, a consuming horror, of death unless Christ shall be with me. I would rather go down into a cave of wild beasts or a jungle of reptiles than into the grave, unless Christ goes with me.

Will you tell me that I am to be carried out from my bright home and put away in the darkness? I cannot bear darkness. At the first coming of the evening I must have the gas lighted, and the farther on in life I get the more I like to have my friends around about me. And am I to be put off for thousands of years in a dark place, with no one to speak to? When the holidays come, and the gifts are distributed, shall I add no joy to the happy time?

Ah, do not point down to the hole in the ground, the grave, and call it a beautiful place; unless there be some supernatural illumination. I shudder back from it. My whole nature revolts at it. But now this glorious lamp is lifted above the grave, and all the darkness is gone, and the way is clear. I look into it now without a single shudder. Now my anxiety is not about death; my anxiety is that I may live aright, for I know that if my life is consistent, when I come to the last hour, and this voice is silent, and these eyes are closed, and these hands with which I beg for your eternal salvation to-day are folded over the still heart, that I shall only begin to live.

Death at last may lay siege to your spirit, and the shadows of the sepulchre may shake their horrors in the breeze, and the hoarse howl of the night wind may be mingled with the cry of despair, yet you will shout in triumph from the ramparts, and the pale horse shall be hurled back on his haunches. Safe in the refuge! To this castle I fly. This last fire shall but illumine its towers; and the rolling thunders of the judgment will be the salvo of its victory.

MINISTERS' REST.

IT is a great folly for ministers of the Gospel to do all their resting in summer vacation. Sabbath being to the pastor a day for hard work, he must insist on getting a free day somewhere else in the week. Let it be Monday, or Wednesday, or Saturday, if you choose; but have one day of entire mental quietude. Every pastor must have a weekly rest. When so much is to be done, it requires the force of a mighty resolution to stop twenty-four hours; but better do that than stop altogether. The great sin of many of the clergy of this day is that they get no day of entire rest. The scrupulous abstinence from work of all kind one day in seven would result in more service for God. Our pastors would have a steadier pulse, clearer brain, stronger efficiency, and longer life.

Some of the pastors are dying through sheer indolence. They are too lazy for methodic exercise. They cannot make up their minds to put on their hats and start for the fields. They imagine that lounging is recuperation. No. The stream does not stop and stagnate because it has got past the millwheel, and has got through grinding corn. It skips and jumps and runs all through the meadows, and so is the better prepared for the next mill-wheel and the next grinding of corn. What our pastors most need is not a summer vacation, but a vacation fifty-two times a year.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

GIRLHOOD AND WOMANHOOD.

TO cover the whole range of a woman's life, one must needs write of babyhood, girlhood, womanhood, wifehood, motherhood, grandmotherhood, and sainthood. That is about the order of God's usual call to the gentler sex; but now I write of girl and womanhood alone.

Ruth or Orpah—Which?

Three women stand together, in a strange, far-off land. It's a queer little group, and like as women often do, they are weeping. One of them, the oldest, has a very sore heart; ten years ago she came to this land with a husband and two sons; famine drove them away from their home. They found food, but alas, for this poor heart, a greater famine came, and three graves mark the ground where sleep her dead, Elimelech, Mahlon, and Chilion. The reaper Death has stolen the wheat of her wifehood, and carried off the harvest of her motherhood. Husbandless and childless, Naomi stands there in the land of the Moabites, facing the homeland again; for the grain is growing once more, and bread from one's own table is sweeter than from another's. Sorrow, too, is not so bitter, nor the wine of astonishment so awful, when

"At Home."

Be it cold, be it cheerless,
Be it childless and lone;
For hearts full of anguish
There's no place like home.

So to Bethlehem, Judah, she turns her face. It's long, long before the One who comforted those with heart-aches, came. Over thirteen hundred years before he was born; and, too, the "Widow's Chapter," Isaiah 54, was not written till six hundred years after Naomi's sorrow.

Mahlon and Chilion, her boys, had both married Moabitish girls. The name of the one was Orpah and the name of the other Ruth. They, too, are widows now; each of them has a grave, where she put away a husband and hope. Naomi is bidding them good-bye, and bids them return, each to her mother's house, saying: "The Lord deal kindly with you, as ye have dealt with the dead and with me."

The love of Naomi, their mother-in-law, for them, begat love in return, and standing now together, with a common sorrow, they weep.

Now comes the test of love. It always comes. Ruth, you and Orpah face a future big or little, as your choice is, this hour, by the side of Naomi.

The story is a sad one and a glad one. Orpah kisses her mother-in-law, and returns to her people and her gods; "but Ruth clave unto her."

"Return thou after thy sister-in-law." Ruth said, "Entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

It is written, that all this was at the time of the barley harvest; true, but it was more of a sowing than of a reaping time, as we shall see.

Ruth sowed wheat. Orpah sowed chaff.

From the hour when Orpah kissed Naomi and turned away, her name and place are forgotten; but Ruth, is blessed amongst women. Wherever the story of the Bible goes, this name, this character goes, standing for virtue, love, endurance, and goodness, and mothers weave the woof and warp of thought around her that the darling one may be like unto the one who became the grandmother of David.

Hearken, girls! Shall your life prove to be a Ruth or Orpah—which?

Naomi stands for Christ, and two classes are truly represented by these two women.

The Christlike and the Christless. All know that the status of womanhood is the status of civilization; and no girl in this Christian country but will give at least the kiss of recognition unto Christ; for all the privileges you enjoy are by the blessings of his life.

Go to the Orient where Jesus holds no sway. What is the condition of girlhood, of womanhood? There—thousands will tell you, and literally believe it, that woman has no soul. She is counted, on that line, with the cows of the field. All you enjoy here in the blessings of society, is secured to you by the uplift Christ gave to your sex.

(To be Concluded.)

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

IS IT THE LAND OF OPHIR?

MASHONALAND, the new and fertile section of Central Africa which is now being opened up to civilization and Christianity, is proving a land of wonders. Its ruined cities are attracting the attention of antiquarians and scientists everywhere. Mr. J. T. Bent, an extensive author and traveler, who has lately made a tour of Mashonaland, has written a book on these wonderful ruined cities. The country contains evidences of a civilization that dates back beyond the reach of history. There are some who believe it to be Ophir of olden times, which was famous for its rich gold mines. The cities of Mashonaland seem to have been strongly fortified, if one may judge from the character of the ruins. On this page we reproduce from the *Illustrated London News*, a picture showing one of the peculiar large round towers found among the circular ruins at Zimbabwe. These towers were presumably built by some people who came from a distance for some special purpose and who took extreme precautions to fortify themselves against attack. It is inferred that they may have been gold-seekers from Arabia. No inscriptions are found to give the slightest clue to their nationality, but as there are traces of Semitic blood in the population of that part of Africa, it is not impossible that that fact may be sufficiently significant to help the ethnologists. If they were merely seekers after gold, it is not surprising that their identity has been lost. It is with nations as with individuals. The man who devotes his life to the pursuit of wealth passes away and is forgotten. Those whose memory the world cherishes are they who have rendered it the best service and of the righteous, God says he will "make their name to be remembered in all generations." (Psalm 45: 17.)

A Hint to Builders.

A COMMON mistake on the part of builders is pointed out in the current number of the *Operative Builder*. It says that in the selection of a kind of stone for building purposes it is well to pay attention to other qualities beside hardness. It is not always the stone that offers the greatest resistance to crushing, that is the most durable. Stone which is porous in any degree will not wear so long, however hard it is, as a stone which has a close and firm texture, as the rain or the moisture of the atmosphere penetrates it and when the frost comes it reaches deeper into the stone and disintegration is apt to take place. For a similar reason a plain smooth surface to the stone is better than a rough one, as the proturberances, however small, afford a convenient resting place for moisture and dust which often contains pungent acids. The most durable buildings are those built of stone of fine close texture with a smooth vertical face. The hint may be useful to other kinds of builders. The living stones which are being built into the temple of Christ should be impervious to worldly influences. He who endures best is he who, like his Master, does not fear when temptation approaches because it can find nothing to take hold of in him. (John 14: 30.)

Richer than He Seemed.

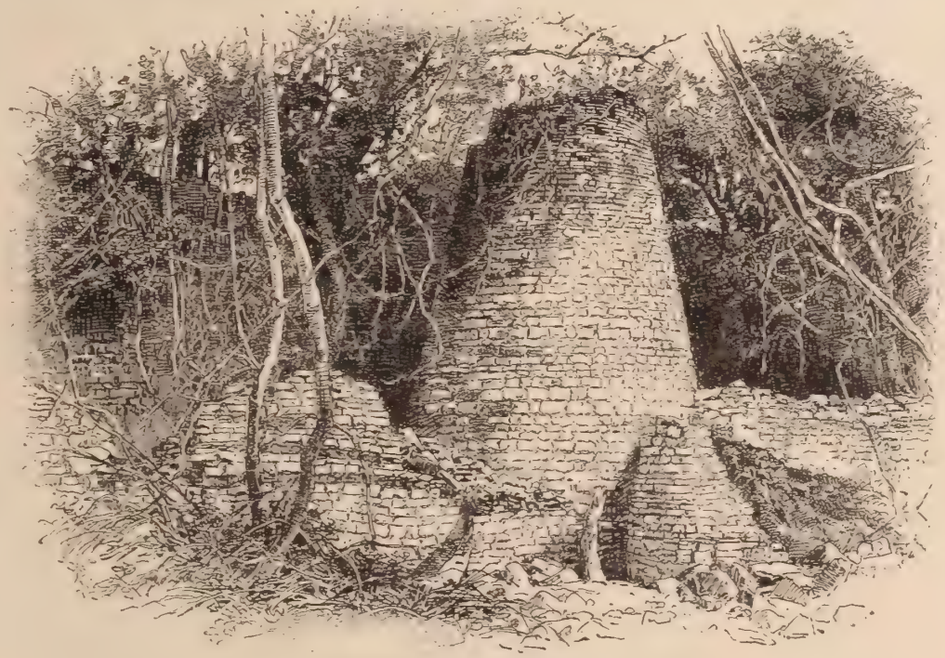
AN undertaker's assistants made a strange discovery at Stonington, Conn., on January 5. An eccentric, old man, who was well known in the town, died the previous day. He was apparently quite well in the morning and went about his work as usual, but about mid-day he left his work and went to the old house, where he had lived alone for nearly forty years, sat down in his chair and died almost instantly. A neighbor, looking in a few minutes after he entered the house, saw him sitting there dead. He had been an industrious man, working steadily in the quarries along the coast, always paying his way and living quietly, but spending little. His extreme carefulness in making his little purchases and his reluctance to buy new clothes, even when his old ones were worn and patched until they were scareely decent, led the neighbors to believe that he was very poor. None of them expected, when they heard that he was dead, that he had left enough money to pay for funeral expenses. The man, however, had to be buried, even if at the public cost, and an undertaker was summoned. There was some talk of burying him, dressed as he was, but finally his old, shiny, patched garments were removed, and then a discovery was made. Tied with soft, strong cords around his body next to his skin were seven savings-bank books, showing that the old man had deposits in each, aggregating thirty thousand dollars. If it had been known how much money the old man had, he would have been treated with more consideration and have had more friends. But no one suspected how large a fortune was under those old clothes. There are many men who are treated unceremoniously now because of their apparent poverty, who are more truly rich than the millionaires, but there is no fear of their treasure being carried to the grave with them. They are "rich in faith and heirs of a kingdom." (James 2: 5.)

A Misleading Signal.

A STRANGE cause is assigned for the recent railroad collision at Motthaven, N. Y. At the time of the collision a red light ought to have been shining from a certain signal post. If it had been shining and the engineer of the rear train had seen it and heeded its warning that there was danger ahead, the accident would not have occurred. The engineer, however, insisted that a white light showed, and concluding that the road was clear he went forward. It appears that the light is in a lantern of white glass, and attached to the signal-post is a metal disk with an aperture filled with red glass. The lever by which the switchman changes the switch is connected with the disk and the same movement that closes the switch causes the disk to cover the light and thus causes it to give a red gleam. An automatic signal in the lever cabin tells the switchman whether the switch is properly set. On the night of the accident the switchman set the switch and saw by the return signal that it was right. An investigation, however, after the accident, showed that, although the switch was right, the light was not. The door of the lantern had not been properly closed, so that when the lever attachment released the disk, it did not fall, but rested on the door of the lantern. Thus, there was the white light of safety where there should have been the red light of warning; and the engineer, knowing nothing of the hitch, went on and struck the train ahead. The chief merit of an automatic contrivance is that it is more reliable than human agency, but this incident shows that it may fail. Though we are continually improving our laws to prevent men being victimized, moral catastrophes are of daily occurrence. The really effective warning of danger is that of the voice of the preacher or Christian worker pleading with those who are on the way of destruction to turn to God and live. (1. Cor. 1: 21.)

Could not Prevent the Wedding.

AN appeal was made to Justice McMahon, in New York, on Jan. 12, by a young Italian, who wanted him to prevent his sister being married. The girl and her lover had been brought to court pending the justice's decision. The facts as stated by the girl's brother were that the two had been engaged in Sicily. The young man came to America two years ago, promising that as soon as he had saved enough money to provide a home, he would send for her. He got on well, and last November he sent the money to pay for the girl's passage. He sent it to her mother, formally asking her consent to the marriage. The mother wrote to her son, who was in New York, that she was sending his sister out, but he was not to allow her to marry, but get her a situation in some business house. When the girl arrived, the brother insisted on carrying out his mother's instructions, but the girl objected. Her lover, too, protested that as he had paid for her passage, he was entitled to have her for his wife. The brother feared they would evade his vigilance and get married in spite of him, so he invoked the aid of the law. The Justice, however, declined to interfere, and told him that as the passage-money had been accepted and used, the remainder of the arrangement ought to be carried out, if the girl was willing. She said she was, and the lovers went out of court and were married that morning. It was the girl's decision that settled the question, and her husband must have been glad that she was true and did not listen to the counsel of her mother and brother. It is much to be wished that a like fidelity was always manifested by members of the Church which is represented as Christ's bride. Though he gave his precious blood for them, they are sometimes tempted to take service in the world instead of giving themselves wholly to him. (1. Peter 1:18–19.)



PRE-HISTORIC ROUND TOWERS, AT ZIMBABWE, CENTRAL AFRICA.
Supposed to be the Ancient Land of Ophir.

A Disagreeable Duty.

A FARMER living near Atchison, Kans., has been placed in a dilemma, which owing to his kindly but weak nature, he finds decidedly unpleasant. The Atchison *Globe* says that sometime ago the farmer's wife wanted to invite some of her relatives to visit them, and her husband consented. The invitation was not accepted until Christmas, when they came. There were a man and his wife and five children and two dogs in the party. The farmer's wife has fallen sick and has been getting worse. The doctor finally said that she could not get well while there was so much noise about the house, and advised the farmer to get rid of the visitors. But the farmer "hated to say anything to them; they were her folks," he said, and it would be "mean to tell them they were not wanted." Yet the man loves his wife and is anxious for her recovery. At latest accounts the visitors were still there, and there was no diminution of the noise. It is not often that a husband will show so much consideration for the feelings of others when his wife's health is in question; but it is not at all uncommon to find a man evading a duty if it is disagreeable to him. The church has often suffered through those who are in charge of it not having the courage to tell some who are with it, but not of it, that they are hindering the work. (Ezra 4: 4.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Evangelist E. P. Telford commenced a series of Revival services last Sunday in Jersey City, N. J., in Emory M. E. Church of which Dr. Lowrie is pastor. Mr. Telford has just finished a very successful work at W. Fitchburg, Mass.

Madame Tel Sono gave an address on January 15th to the Sunday School of the Brooklyn Tabernacle. This was her last service before her departure for England whence she will sail in May for Japan to begin her missionary work in her native land.

Rev. Thomas Harrison has been induced to continue his meetings at Jane St. M.E. Church, New York. The service on Sunday night, Jan. 15 was one of remarkable power. Persons in all parts of the house were crying out under conviction and many went away rejoicing in Jesus.

Rev. B. Fay Mills has been having a wonderful time of blessing at Sioux City, Iowa. Every day the Opera House was crowded almost to suffocation and many were unable to gain admission. On January 4th, the majority of the business houses closed and a mid-week Sabbath was observed. At latest accounts seven hundred cards had been signed by persons pledging themselves in Christ's strength to live henceforth to his service.

Rev. A. B. Simpson sailed on Jan. 14 on the S. S. *Servia* for England, whence he will start on a tour of the mission stations of the Alliance in Palestine, India, China and Japan. He hopes to return by way of San Francisco and be back in New York by the middle of August. Farewell services were held in the Gospel Tabernacle prior to his setting out. Many prayers will be offered all over the country for his safety and health during his journey and for a blessing on his visits to the missionaries.

Mr. D. W. Potter of Chicago is in New York holding services at Trinity M. E. Church. He commenced on Jan. 15 and there was a remarkable outpouring of the Spirit the first day. No less than forty persons were at the altar and gave themselves to Christ. This is Mr. Potter's first work in the East, though he has done much work in the Northwest at St. Paul, Minn., Dayton, O., Sandusky, O., and other cities. He is an earnest consecrated business man well-known in Chicago and has been much blessed wherever he has gone.

There are in Japan 725 missionaries belonging to nearly forty Christian denominations, including the Roman Catholic.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's services at Newcastle, Pa., have stirred the whole neighborhood. The First M. E. Church and the First Presbyterian Church were not large enough to hold the crowds which have flocked to hear the evangelist. The Bible Readings in the Y.M.C.A. have also attracted great throngs of young men. All the evangelical churches in the city are joining in the movement and Dr. Munhall has frequently had audiences of two thousand persons. Prof. Birch has charge of the musical exercises and a choir of 150 voices has been organized to assist him.

Dr. Edward Judson is holding the dedicatory services this week of his beautiful Memorial Church in Washington Square, New York. We have already published a picture of the church and a description of the work Dr. Judson is conducting there. It has awakened a deep interest among the pastors of the city by its original methods and the sublimity of its aims. The services continue all the week and Dr. Judson is being assisted by clergymen of several denominations. Dr. Henry C. Mabie, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Bishop Henry C. Potter, Dr. W. S. Rainsford, Dr. Geo. Dana Boardman and other eminent men are taking part in the exercises.

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

THE ORDEAL OF A SOUL.

A Sermon Preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York, last Sunday, January 22, 1893, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D.

"And the Lord said, Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you, that he might sift you as wheat; but I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not; and when thou art converted strengthen thy brethren." Luke 22: 31, 32.

THIS text ought to be studied carefully as it is given in the Revised Version which runs thus: "Simon, Simon, behold, Satan asked to have you, that he might sift you as wheat: but I made supplication for thee, that thy faith fail not; and do thou, when once thou hast turned again, stablish thy brethren." There is no passage in that version, at least so far as I have examined it, which brings out at several points the exact thought of the original more clearly than does this one. Every one at all familiar with the Word of God in the original, in reading these two verses in the Revised Version will get the full flavor of the original text. This translation brings the reader very near to the lips of the great Teacher, and gives the thought nearly as he intended it should be received.

Apostolic Rivalry.

If you look at the 24th verse of this chapter, you will see that there was an unseemly and sinful strife among the disciples as to who should be the greatest. It is supposed by many that this strife gave occasion to the words that I have selected as the text this morning. If we go back and inquire concerning the occasion of the strife, we may accept one of two answers. It is supposed by some that it arose from the request preferred by the mother of James and John, that one of her sons should sit on Christ's right hand and the other on his left, when he should come into his kingdom. This request, it would seem, caused a strife more particularly between Peter on the one hand, and James and John on the other. Or, perhaps, the occasion for the strife may be found in what is recorded in the 16th and 18th verses of this same chapter. The disciples thought Christ spoke of a temporal kingdom, as their minds were full of ideas of earthly glory, and these ideas engendered worldly ambition and unholy strife.

As I have said, the strife was more especially between Peter on the one side, and James and John on the other. The younger disciples do not seem to have participated in this ambitious contention. These two sons of Zebedee were favorite disciples of Christ. Peter would be jealous of their position and influence he would plead his seniority; and the special promise which Christ had made to him, as a reason why he should be supreme rather than they. Christ had distinguished these three disciples by peculiar marks of his favor; and he now teaches them

A Needed Lesson.

He refers to himself and says that he is greatest who is humblest. This is our Lord's teaching evermore; this is our Lord's example evermore. Christ seems to say to them, "If you indulge this unholy spirit, the question soon will not be [illegible] shall be greatest among you, but the question shall be whether any of you belong to my kingdom." Christ seems to say to them, "If you indulge that spirit, Satan will soon get you all, and you shall belong to the [illegible] rather than to the kingdom of God."

Out, then, of this strife, caused either by one or the other of the occasions of which I have spoken, comes our text. It is quite possible that Peter was responsible for this contention and hence he is rebuked by name.

I ask you in the first place, to notice Christ's rebuke. "Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you." You will observe in this warning that the apostle Peter is reminded of his natural weakness. It is observable also that this reminder comes partly in the very title which Christ uses in addressing him,—"Simon, Simon." That was Peter's old name; that was Peter's unconverted name; that was the name which he had before his call to discipleship; this you will see if you refer to the time when Christ first called Peter. Did you ever stop to think that Peter was the first convert that Christ made during his public ministry? He was Christ's first trophy among those who were to be numbered among his chosen twelve. He was the first person brought to Christ by one who was to be numbered among the twelve; and Peter's name at that time was not Peter but Simon; and Christ's prophetic words to Peter were that his name should be changed, and instead of being Simon, son of Jonas, it should be Peter, the rock. Those words were still prophetic, for Peter was not firm, not stable, not immovable. And you will remember that after Peter had denied his Lord, and was so

Severely Tested,

Christ does not call him Peter, but says, "Simon, lovest thou me?" So by the use of this name Christ reminds Peter of his natural weakness, of his old man, of his human frailty. "Simon, Simon, behold, Satan demanded or asked for you." The repetition of the name is a mark of personal love as well as of emphatic warning; it is love shown by the warning. We need often to be reminded in the same way of our old name and of our natural weakness. We profess to belong to Christ, we profess to have surrendered the whole territory of our being to the Lord Jesus; but we are obliged to confess that we often find that parts of the territory are still unsubdued, and so we are exhorted to watch and pray lest we enter into temptation. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

But the warning also reminded Peter of the wiles of his adversary. "Satan asked to have you." I give here the rendering of the new version, because it brings out the true thought, which is not even suggested by the version in common use. There we have "Satan hath desired to have you." That is simply an unspoken thought an unuttered desire. But the desire is not unspoken; it is earnestly and verbally voiced. "Satan asked to have you," or, as it is in the margin, "obtained you by asking," which is a still stronger expression; this is surely

A Striking and Startling Fact

which is here announced. And it suggests the case of Job. When the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, Satan came also; although Satan is a fallen angel, yet he is obliged to come into the presence of Jehovah to report. He charged Job with serving God for gain. God gave Satan leave to test Job up to the point of simply sparing his life. God still maintained control over Satan, practically saying, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further." Satan is powerful but he is not omnipotent; he is wise but he is not omniscient. His power is limited, and it is delegated. Now we see from the original of our text, and also from the Revised Version, that a somewhat similar transaction took place in the case of Peter. Satan prayed that he might have all the disciples. He already had Judas; he nearly got Peter, and he desired all. He charged Job, as we have seen, with serving God for mercenary purposes; and now he brings the same charges against the disciples. He virtually says, "You want to be governors of a vast territory, you want to have great temporal power, and you are willing to serve the Lord for the loaves and fishes of worldly good." The real meaning of the word Satan is a deceiver, an adversary, and the word devil means an accuser, a slanderer. Satan slanders God to men, and men to God. He is represented in the book of Revelation as "the accuser of our brethren." And no doubt he is accusing you and me to Christ this morning, and is also misrepresenting Christ to us. We all need all the power of Christ to deliver us from Satan's wiles.

But, furthermore, Christ's warning to Peter illustrated the kind of temptation to which he was exposed. Peter stood then on the border of a great temptation and a great fall, and Christ saw his danger and solemnly and lovingly warned him. Satan's prayer was that he might sift the disciples as wheat. Now, we know that sifting is a cleansing and purifying process; it separates the chaff from the wheat. But I cannot think that Satan desired to remove the chaff and retain the wheat. There are two meanings to this part of Satan's prayer—he might have simply desired to bring the chaff to view, to prove, if possible, that there was no wheat, and that all was chaff; or another meaning is the more likely; it is that Satan desired now to annoy the disciples, to disturb Christ, and in the end to secure the utter apostasy of the disciples.

There was much in Peter that ought to be removed. There was much in Peter which perhaps we may not call positive sin, but which was

An Element of Weakness.

Some one has said that Peter was too bulky and needed to be reduced in size. In spiritual life, "the half is often far more than the whole." As John Bunyan quaintly says, "Peter needed to be very much tumbled up and down." The "old man" was here brought into remembrance. This perhaps was helpful to Peter; it is helpful, occasionally at least, to us all. There is much in the process of growth that is not necessary after the growth has been secured. We use the word "chaff" as the synonym of what is worthless, but if you will look at the growing wheat you will see proofs of the divine wisdom in the protection of the grain by the chaff. We ought uot to despair when we find young Christians sometimes quite too much elated with pride; when we find them too bulky with chaff. There is a good deal of chaff in the best of men; but the Lord Jesus will blow it away with the wind of some sort of trial. I can name men who thirty or forty years ago were considered harsh and severe, bulky and inflated, who now are known to be sweet and mellow, soft and beautiful, reduced and humble.

Doubtless Christ intended to overrule Satan's temptation of Peter, so that the chaff of Peter's life should disappear, and so that the pure wheat should remain. We may be sure that this result was partly secured. He probably was the oldest of all the disciples; he probably was chiefly responsible for the strife. He must therefore, personally receive his Lord's rebuke. May we all learn the lessons Christ would teach us in all

The Trials of Our Lives!

I want you to notice in the second place, Christ's great encouragement to Peter—"but I made supplication for thee, that thy faith fail not"—this is the more correct rendering. O, how comforting it is to know that Christ makes supplication for us! Christ's prayers are a strong wall about his people. In that wonderful chapter of John, the true Lord's Prayer, the 17th, we have an illustration of Christ's intercessory prayer on behalf of his people. He prayed not only for the disciples who had witnessed his temptations, but for all who should believe on him through their word, and this petition included all true believers to-day.

I want you to observe that this is a personal prayer. There is a change in the pronoun between the early and latter part of the text. This personal and discriminating element in Christ's prayer and sympathy is tender and beautiful in his relations to his tempted and suffering ones. He comes into close personal relations with each one of us. You think that your circumstances and relations in life are peculiar, that no one was ever tried as you are, that no cross was ever so heavy as yours. Christ comes to you and says, "I know it all, I understand your case perfectly, and I have prayed for thee." It is beautiful to see how Christ came into contact with individuals all through his ministry. I could dwell long on this feature of his work and sympathy. I have often alluded to it. It is to me a very precious thought. For each bruised heart he has a special balm; for every burdened life he has special strength;

To Every Tempted Soul

he gives peculiar deliverance. This truth is delightfully brought out in the text. Satan asked for "you"—you all. The word in the original is in the plural; it included all the disciples as well as Peter. Then we read, "I have prayed for thee." The pronoun is now in the singular; a suggestive contrast surely this is between you and thee. The self-reliant Peter especially needed the prayer of Christ, and Christ prayed for him then as if he alone in the world needed his prayers. This is wonderful love and divine condescension! Was this special prayer for Peter because Peter was so sweet and beautiful in his character? Was it because Peter was more equable in his disposition, more loving in his nature, more charitable in his judgments? Far from it. Peter was at times egotistical, self-reliant, boastful, uncharitable, dogmatic. Was not the prayer chiefly because of his weakness, because of his inconstancy, because of his liability to fall? Was not his very weakness a plea to the heart of the Almightiness of Jesus Christ? Was not the painful future that was opening before Peter, a reason for Christ's prayer?

Our Lord also asks for a particular grace. He does not pray that Satan's power might be destroyed; he does not pray that the thorn should not enter Peter's flesh; he does not pray that he may not be tossed on the sieve. But he prays that his faith may not utterly fail; that he may not fall into Satan's possession and power. We have often been reminded that there are two ways by which we may be helped to carry our burdens. One is to make the burden lighter, and the other is to give us more strength. Christ seems to say, "No, no, Peter, Satan must sift you; but I have prayed that thy faith fail not entirely." Faith is the shield that will ward off the fiery darts of Satan. If faith stands,

The Man Will Stand.

It is easy to exercise faith in Jesus when the air is sweet, when it is perfumed with the breath of praise and prayer, when joy and peace reign in the home, and the sympathy of brethren is manifested in the church; easy when it is the rare month of June in heart, home and church. But when December comes and the winds are bleak, and "flecked with snow," and we are chilled to the bone; when business is bad and friends fail us, O, then it is hard to have faith. Now Christ prayed as being the most important grace of all, that Peter's faith fail not. What kind of faith? Faith in God, faith in purity, faith in love, faith in truth, in virtue, in honesty, in character and right, in a word, faith in God and in ourselves as his children, as the objects of his care and the heirs of his glory. We may be standing to-day on the border of a great temptation. O, Christ! Thou Son of God and Son of man! pray for us this morning. Keep us by thy grace. Bring us off more than conquerors!

There is just one other thought in connection with that prayer, and I have time now only to touch upon it,—Christ's prayer was prevailing prayer. It is as if Christ had said, "Satan is praying and I am praying; there is a contest here, Peter, for your soul." Peter's soul was in the public mart; It was in danger of being secured by Satan; but the Lord Jesus prays. It is a great comfort sometimes to know that the church is praying for us. The late James T. Brady came across the Atlantic in a steamer which encountered a violent storm. Standing on the deck of the steamer he was quiet and self-possessed in the midst of the terror of those about him. Someone asked him why he was so calm when other men on every side were praying and crying in such excitement. He replied, "Because I know that if the vessel should go down, the whole Catholic Church would pray for my soul." We would all say that this fact alone was not a sufficient reason for comfort, but it had weight with him. For years in my ministry I was greatly helped by the knowledge that

My Mother Prayed for Me

daily. I knew every Sunday when I entered this pulpit that her prayers were ascending to God. And when she went home I was conscious of a great loss, conscious that an element of life and power must henceforth be wanting. At times there is a great hunger in my heart for her love and in my life for her prayers. But when I know that Christ, who himself said of his prayers to the Father, "I know that thou hearest me always," when I know that he prays for me, neither life nor death can have power to terrify me. It is certain that although there may be failings in a believer's faith, there shall not be failure of the believer's faith. Although his faith may be sadly shaken, it shall not utterly fall. If left to themselves Christians would certainly fail; but they are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation. Peter's case is no exception to this universal and blessed law. He was badly weakened, but he did not entirely fall. The prayer offered by Christ on his behalf was literally answered. Until I discovered from a study in the original the exact word translated "fail," I was troubled by

The Apparent Contradiction

between the prayer of Christ and the conduct of Peter. It once seemed to me as if the prayer had not been answered; it seemed as if Peter's faith did fail. But the more careful study recently given shows the perfect harmony there is between the prayer and the fulfilment. The word translated "fail" is a very strong word.

It is the ordinary word fail with a preposition added which gives it the meaning of failing utterly, entirely, completely. This added meaning fully explains the whole case. Peter's faith did partially fail; but it did not fail utterly, he did not fall off; did not apostatize; did not forsake his Master fully and finally as did Judas. It is interesting to observe that the word here translated "fail" is used in classic Greek of the eclipse of the sun. We may say that Peter's faith was for the time under an eclipse, but though eclipsed it was not extinguished. Christ's prayer did prevail. Blessed are they for whom he is the Advocate: Blessed are they who are included in his prevalent intercession! Let all who listen to my voice now beseech Jesus Christ to become their Advocate with the Father!

The First Duty.

And now, very briefly, the last thought; Christ's practical command to Peter. "When once thou hast turned again, establish thy brethren." When a Christian man has wandered from God, he must return to God, or he cannot be either happy or useful. You can never return to the Christian path after wandering, where you ought to be had you continued on it. You must go back again and do your first works, if you have left your first love. He who goes away from God must go back to God. The technical ideas associated with the word "converted" obscure the true thought here. It is simply turned, turned back, from thy wandering, restored to duty after wandering in folly and sin. O that all who have wandered would to-day go back to God! Am I speaking to any who like Peter have denied their Lord? Who perhaps have crucified their Lord afresh in the house of his friends, and put him to open shame? O come back to your crucified Lord again. The Father waits to meet and greet you; and to put on your cheek the kiss of love and forgiveness.

You see there was an obligation attaching to the fact that Peter had been saved from his wandering, so that he was now to strengthen others. The thought is, "When once thou hast turned again, establish thy brethren." That is God's plan. Whoever receives consolation from God is to comfort others. This duty is not to be done in pride, not in ostentation; but in humility and in simplicity; not to honor yourself, but to glorify God. The bitter experience of wandering gives men power to help others who have wandered. God often overrules our sins that

We May Help Other Sinners.

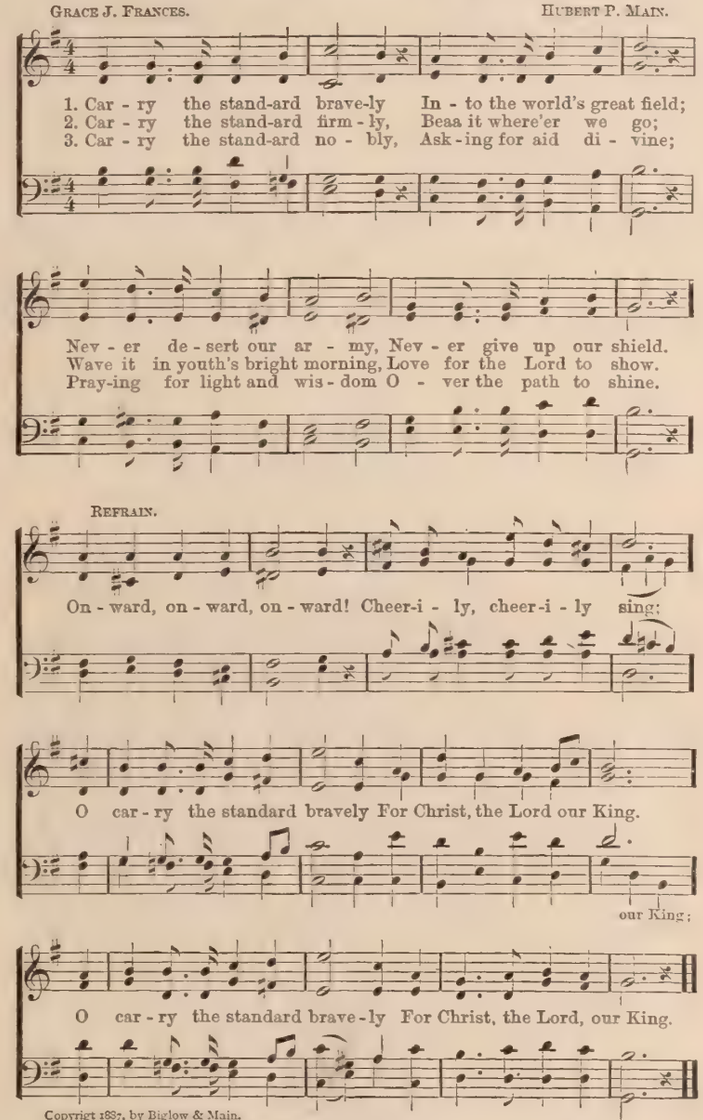
If you would know the curse of drunkenness, you cannot learn it fully from me, because I have never known its power; but if I could put into this pulpit a man who had been its victim, his words would have a mighty power. I cannot tell you the awfulness of fire, because I have never been burned; but if I should come to you out of the fire, singed and blackened, I could then tell you of its terrible pain and power. I should know by a personal experience whereof I spoke.

Peter had been grieved at Christ's implied doubt of his fidelity, and had protested his own constancy even unto death. But although he continued for a while with Christ, when the first shade of personal danger fell upon him, he denied him with oaths three times repeated. But a little while after he went out into the gray dawn of the morning, weeping bitterly, and Christ did not see him any more until after his crucifixion and resurrection. If there was a broken-hearted man in Jerusalem during the awful period which followed the denial that man was Peter; and now the resurrection day comes and Christ appears, first to Mary Magdalene, and then to the other women; and sometime about noon or early afternoon, somewhere, somehow he appears to Peter. Doubtless Peter was on his mind and in his heart all the morning, for the angel told the women to go and tell the disciples "and Peter." Who gave the angel this message? Christ out of his loving heart. The Holy Spirit has drawn a veil over Christ's meeting with Peter. Perhaps the meeting was too tender, too sacred for the particulars to be given to the world. Oh how Peter would fall in his penitential tears at Christ's feet, and how Christ would forgive, cleanse and strengthen him! Wonderful moment! Blessed penitence and divine forgiveness! Oh wanderers, will you go back to Christ this morning? Will you now fall in deep humility at his pierced feet, telling out your penitence and receiving his full and free pardon? Then come back to the church, resume your neglected vows, and take your place at the table of the Lord; begin at once to work for others and thus strengthen the brethren. If you have never come to Christ before, come now. He will be your Saviour to-day, your Advocate with the Father, your Prophet, Priest and King.

Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

Carry the Standard Bravely.

GRACE J. FRANCES. HUBERT P. MAIN.


1. Car - ry the stand-ard brave-ly In - to the world's great field;
2. Car - ry the stand-ard firm - ly, Beaa it where'er we go;
3. Car - ry the stand-ard no - bly, Ask - ing for aid di - vine;
Nev - er de - sert our ar - my, Nev - er give up our shield.
Wave it in youth's bright morning, Love for the Lord to show.
Pray-ing for light and wis - dom O - ver the path to shine.
REFRAIN.
On - ward, on - ward, on - ward! Cheer-i - ly, cheer-i - ly sing:
O car - ry the standard bravely For Christ, the Lord our King.
our King;
O car - ry the standard brave - ly For Christ, the Lord, our King.

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ON THE THRESHOLD.

(Written for "The Christian Herald.")

ONCE I had a little brother,
But he crossed the stream;
Was his life, as they say mine is,
Only just a dream?
Can we meet no more where glory
Gilds the shining way?
Did he sink and sink forever
In the grave that day?

There's a great and gleaming city,
Where the Saviour dwells;
There we hear no sighs of parting,
And no sad farewells:
There a throne of glowing crystal
Stands above the stream;
There there is no one to tell us
Life is but a dream.

Over there my little brother
Stands and waits for me;
Over there the blessed angels
Sing of love that's free.
Tell me not the life I'm living
Only is a dream;
For I long to meet my brother,
Just across the stream.

So I stand upon the threshold
Of the great unseen,
And I wait for death to carry
Me across the stream.
There's a blessed hope in meeting
Dreams can never tell;
'Tis the hope of never parting
With a sad farewell. —J. N. GORTNER.

Evanston, Ill.

EVERY YEAR.

YES, the shores of life are shifting
Every year;
And we are seaward drifting
Every year;
Old places changing fret us,
The living more forget us,
There are fewer to regret us
Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher
Every year,
And its morning star climbs higher
Every year,
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And its heavy burdens lighter,
And the dawn immortal brighter,
Every year.

THE PREDICTED RESTITUTION.

What the Characteristics of the Millennium will be According to Scripture.

BY REV. CHARLES K. IMBRIE, D.D.

Concluded from page 42.

THIS Regeneration which takes place at the Millennium is to be preceded by a sweeping away of all moral evil from the earth—the almighty act of vengeance on the part of the King against the wicked powers of the earth. For almost every prophecy which portrays the coming glory, testifies to the "indignation of the Lord against all nations" (see the prophecy in Isaiah 24 to 27.) So also Christ testifies, that at his coming, "He will send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend and them who do iniquity." And also Ezekiel shows at length (chap. 39.) And so the Revelation testifies that Christ, attended by heaven's army, shall go forth in battle against the Beast and the False Prophet and their armies. (Rev. 19.)

The earth is to be purified by fire. Isaiah, the prophet, testifies: "The Lord will come with fire and with his chariots, like a whirlwind, to render his anger with fury, and his rebuke with flames of fire. For by fire and by sword will the Lord plead with all flesh, and the slain of the Lord shall be many" (chap. 66: 15, 16.) The apostle Peter also testifies "that the elements shall melt with fervent heat," and thence the new heavens and new earth shall emerge. And lest any should doubt whether God can save any alive under such circumstances, the apostle points, in his second epistle, to Noah saved and to Lot saved amid a general destruction, in order to show that "the Lord knows how to deliver the godly out of trial, and to reserve the unjust unto the day of judgment to be punished."

After the desolating judgments with which the returning Lord and King will visit the nations, there will still be some left when the storm has passed by, who will doubtless form the source from which the nations will spring who shall dwell on the earth during the succeeding millennial era. For so Isaiah testifies as to this spared remnant in the midst of the widespread destruction on the earth (chap. 24: 5, 6, 13, 16, 21, 22.) And so Zechariah declares, also, that some shall escape of the nations destroyed of the Lord when they come against Jerusalem, and that these shall afterwards serve him (chap. 14: 16.)

This Regeneration shall be attended by the national repentance and conversion of the Jewish people, their gathering to their own land, and their perpetual residence there, exalted as a people to be a blessing in all the earth. This many passages already quoted declare (see Isaiah 61: 7-9; 60: 9-14.)

In the "Regeneration," therefore, there will be living men in the flesh, distinct from the glorified saints who rule with Christ, and these men will be organized as nations. For so Isaiah speaks of the remnant who are escaped of the nations after the Lord's judgment of the ungodly. So John speaks of the nations of the earth as walking in the light of the New Jerusalem.

To bring about this blessed condition of things the Spirit shall be poured out in an unprecedented manner on all flesh. So the prophet Joel declares (chap. 2: 28-32) pointing, by his predicted signs, to the end of this dispensation of the Spirit, and to the conversion of the Gentiles, a pregnant prophecy that takes in the whole Messianic time, as one vast period, the beginning and end of which are foreshortened into one and the same picture.

All the nations shall be holy. So Isaiah says to Israel: "All thy children shall be taught of God." "None shall say to another, know the Lord, for all shall know him." "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea."

The race, on earth then made holy, will continue on the earth, in perpetual generations. For so Psalm 72 intimates, as already quoted (ver. 5, 7, 8, 17.) So God declares that the earth will abide safe from destruction by flood under his everlasting covenant, throughout "perpetual generations." The curse shall be removed from the earth, and inanimate creation will participate in the joy of the "sons of God." So testify the prophets. Thus the Regeneration will be a blessed change affecting the whole earth and the race living upon it. The long winter has indeed stripped off the foliage and made it for a long time waste and barren. But the reviving spring is soon to come and bring forth a "summer" of glory.

The articles on Prophetic subjects by Dr B. O. Kinn ar which have from time to time appeared in our columns, have been issued in book form with a quantity of new matter on "the time of the end." The announcement of the book appears in our advertising columns this week.

SOLDIER AND STATESMAN.

IN the death of Benjamin F. Butler, which occurred in Washington last week, the country loses one of the gradually narrowing phalanx of men of strong character and ability who came into prominence during the troublous times of the Civil War. Benjamin Franklin Butler was born at Deerfield, Mass., in 1818. He received a collegiate education, studied and practiced law, and entered politics in 1853. He entered the Union Army as a brigadier-general at the outbreak of hostilities in 1861, was made a major-general in 1862 and served with distinction until the close of the war. In 1868 he went to Congress from the Fifth Massachusetts District and from that time until 1874 he was an active and prominent legislator. In 1882 he was elected Governor of Massachusetts, and in 1884 he accepted the Greenback nomination for the Presidency. Thereafter he devoted himself to law practice in his native State and

GEN. BENJ. F. BUTLER.

so continued while he lived. The immediate cause of death was heart trouble.

Gen. Butler's career was full of peculiarities and surprises. Aggressive and resolute by nature, he made friends, money and worldly reputation at the bar. He carried the same character into his political life and on whatever side of a debate or political contest he happened to be engaged, his sturdy persistency won him the warm admiration of his friends and the bitter opposition of his enemies. During the Rebellion he produced a powerful moral effect on both North and South by declaring fugitive slaves coming within the Northern lines to be "contraband of war." This was really the first actual step toward emancipation.

Many incidents are related of Gen. Butler's kindly heart and generous nature, especially to the poor. It is not on record that he ever turned an impoverished client away for lack of a fee, and his charitable gifts, unostentatiously made and unheralded, were many. Though not a professing Christian, he had many excellent traits of character that will be remembered kindly by those who knew him best, and with gratitude by the nation he served well and faithfully in its period of trial.

SIN'S SNARES.

Written for The Christian Herald.

SIN caught my feet in countless snares
And flung me on the earth to die;
The Priest and Levite both passed by,
Intent upon their studied prayers.

Then came to me, ere hope was dead
One who unloosed my swollen feet,
And gave me drink and food to eat,
And soothed, with gentlest hand, my head.

Sight slowly came to my faint eyes,
And looking upward I could see
The Saviour bending over me,
And listening, heard him say, "Arise!"

I feebly to my feet arose;
I took his hand and soon grew strong;
And now throughout my whole life long
I'll follow him where e'er he goes.

I'll labor uncomplainingly,
Day in, day out, from morn till night,
When harvest fields are broad and white;
For he is wondrous kind to me.

—WILL A. DAVIS.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

JOY IN SERVICE.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Feb. 5. Ezra 6: 16; Rom 14: 16-19.

JOY is not the element in the Christian life and service that it ought to be, and would be, if we realized more fully what the blessings involved really are. If one who had visited the poor in their homes, had witnessed their privations and sufferings and sympathized with them, acquired a secret which would remove poverty from the world, his heart would bound with joy as he went to impart it. If a beloved friend were in imminent danger of death by a fatal disease, and one witnessed his family stricken with grief at the approaching separation, with what joy we would carry to the family the news that a sure remedy had been discovered that would restore the loved one to health and strength. Who would not rejoice to be the bearer of a pardon to a repentant criminal on the eve of his execution? Yet the message of the Gospel is more than any of these. It is the news of eternal life, of godliness which is profitable for the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come. Yet we often hold our peace, or speak of our secret in a perfunctory manner, as a duty that we ought to perform, but which it would be more pleasant not to do. It is not surprising that the world does not believe that religion is the glorious thing it really is, when there is so little joy in our life and service. It does not appear to the outsider a desirable thing when they who possess it are not evidently happier for its possession. If we try to conceive of what society would be if Christianity were withdrawn and the whole world were given over to godlessness, the blessings of its influence become apparent. But when we go farther than this and consider what our own lives would be if in our trials and sorrows and bereavement we were deprived of the comfort and support of personal religion, then we realize the value of the news it is our privilege to communicate. Then we can take up the song of the angels on that glorious night and say to all with whom we come in contact, we bring you glad tidings of great joy.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION OF DETROIT, MICH.

THE Y. W. C. A. IN NEBRASKA.

THE principle of associating young people in Christian work has taken hold and its value has been heartily appreciated in Nebraska. One form in which it has thriven is the Young Women's Christian Association. Miss Eleanor K. Brace writing from Lincoln to *Faith and Works* gives the following encouraging report of its progress: In addition to the parent Association, with its several departments, we now have a Young Woman's Branch, strong, helpful, energetic and enthusiastic. They have recently placed a piano in the Young Woman's Boarding Home. One needs only to see the bright faces clustered around it every evening to know that it is appreciated. But another item of greater interest is the occasion of this letter. Outlined against the blue hills, several miles distant, stands a stately building, the home of the Western Normal College, which has opened within the year and now numbers nearly a thousand students from many States. One day there came a request for the organization of a W. C. A. branch among the young women of the college. Our President explained to the college authorities the plan of the International Board to which we belong, and left them to decide if they would be identified with this body. They announced their desire to belong to the W. C. A. as represented by the International Board, consequently a Branch was organized in the college with a charter membership of seventy. The young ladies are much in earnest and they are being trained to take up their share of the world's work.

THE DETROIT Y. M. C. A.

AN energetic, active association is that of Detroit, Mich., a picture of whose building appears on this page. It added to its membership last year one hundred and twenty young men, some of whom had the best of all reasons for joining it, in the fact that during the year the Association had been their spiritual birth-place. At one of its recent meetings four young men took part in the exercises who not along ago were without Christ in the world, but were rescued through accepting an invitation to the rooms of the Association. It stands in a central position on the corner of Griswold Street and Grand River Avenue and is a commodious and well-arranged building. The cost of it, including the site on which it stands, was $150,000. It has a membership of 1,605, of whom nearly one-half are on the active list. It has a well-equipped gymnasium, a library of over eight hundred volumes and a large and well-furnished reading-room, of which over five hundred young men make use daily. Five educational branches are conducted with efficient teachers, besides the spiritual work, which is properly made the chief feature of the Association's work.

EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

IT is gratifying to notice the energy manifested by an Iowa League. At Shell Rock, recently, the members began an aggressive evangelistic movement, which promises good results. The town was mapped out in districts and the League was divided up in parties, each of which was assigned to a district. Families were visited and invited to the church, and in some instances religious services were held. A little later the outlying country districts were taken in hand and some interesting meetings were held in centrally situated farmhouses, to which people who had been notified by postal-card came from other farms. The young people were cordially received and invited to repeat their visit.—The League at Fairfield, Ill., also, has canvassed their town and is encouraged to continue the practice.—At Cleveland, O., the League at the Franklin Avenue Church has had entire charge of Revival services and has had the happiness of introducing many probationers.—At Lebanon, O., the aggressive work is chiefly concentrated on the students of the University, from among whom several bright active recruits have been enlisted. A committee of the League pays regular visits to the County jail and holds interviews with the prisoners in their cells.—At Carlisle, Pa., the League has 262 members. It has added a Chautauqua L. & S. circle to its other attractions, and forty members have joined it.—From all quarters testimony comes from pastors and people that the Epworth League is arousing in the young people an earnest, devoted Christian spirit, quickening their own spiritual life and interesting them in church work. In many churches the majority of the new probationers come either from the League or through God's blessing on its efforts.

A GREETING FROM DR. CLARK.

STEAMER CHINGTU, ON CHINA SEA
NEAR HONG KONG, November 11, 1892.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—So often have I thought of you all while at the other ends of the earth from you that I am moved to write you a brief letter concerning some matters that have been much upon my mind. And first I wish to express my deep gratitude to God, who has made my journey thus far so much more encouraging and productive than I dared hope. Evidently "Christian Endeavor" means the same thing in Australia that it means in America. In God's hands Christian Endeavor is a world-wide movement, and is proving itself adapted not only to every evangelical denomination, but to every nation on the face of the globe. Thus our fellowship is extending and our brotherhood is to some extent answering our Lord's prayer "that they all may be one."

But the space of this letter will not allow me to write more of the things I have seen. In *The Golden Rule* and other papers I shall write to many of you full particulars of these things which interest us.

As I am looking forward to the Week of Prayer (it may have passed when you read this letter), I am hoping and praying, as I know you are, that this may be a year of great spiritual blessings and of many conversions. Let us do all we can to answer our own prayers, remembering the vow which so many of us took at New York last July "to endeavor to bring one soul to Christ during the year."

Again let me urge you to make this a year memorable for a missionary advance movement. Dedicate, will you not, Christian Endeavor Day, February 2, 1893, to this effort, and, so far as possible, let me ask you to have a Self-Denial Week immediately before that day, so that your Christian Endeavor Day thank-offering to missions may cost you something, and be in a sense "extra," over and above what you would otherwise give.

From the hundreds of replies that came to my office before I left home in regard to the proportion of Christian Endeavorers who attend their own Sunday evening and midweek services, I was glad to find that 85 per cent. of our active members attend regularly and habitually the Sunday evening service; and that 64 per cent. attend the midweek church service,—in each case fully twice as large a proportion as attended these services from the whole church, old and young. But let us not be satisfied with these figures. They are not as large as they should be. Let us not be satfied until *all* our active members are faithful in their support of all the other services of the church, as well as of our Christian Endeavor meetings, unless they are "prevented by a reason that they can conscientiously give to the Master."

Again praising God for his wonderful mercies to our cause during the past year, and thanking him, also, upon every remembrance of you all, and hoping to meet and greet many of you personally at our great convention in Montreal next July, I am, whether in Australia or Asia, Europe or America, Always your sincere and devoted friend, FRANCIS E. CLARK.

THE Jerusalem Y. M. C. A. which the missionary secretary for Egypt is visiting, shows signs of much activity and blessing. The secretary, Mr. Frank T. Ellis, of Mount Zion, is exerting himself for the formation and resuscitation of associations in several other centres of the Holy Land—Jaffa, Nazareth, etc.

The Family and Home Circle

A MESH AT A TIME.

JUST a mesh at a time, my child!
It's not so hard as you think:
Slip in the shuttle, draw up the loop
Without a knot or a kink
So, one by one, those tiresome holes,
That seem so many to mend,
Will all be done, though you'll hardly guess
Just how, when you come to the end.

Just a mesh at a time! Oh, child,
In this work-a-day world of ours
There are nets to mend, and fish to catch
For us all, with our varied powers.
If we may not be like the learned and great
That toil with the brain and pen,
We may do their work to whom Christ said,
"I will make you fishers of men."

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A ROYAL WEDDING.

Queen Victoria's Granddaughter and the Future King of Roumania.

WHILE European skies are ominous with portents of war, it is pleasant to record an event that tells of happiness and peaceful affection. Such an event was the recent wedding, at the old Hohenzollern Castle of Sigmaringen, near Stuttgart, of Prince Ferdinand Victor Albert Mainard, heir apparent to the throne of Roumania, and Princess Marie Alexandra Victoria, eldest daughter of Prince Alfred of England and Marie Alexandrowna, daughter of Czar Alexander II. of Russia.

Princess Marie, the bride, is a girl of eighteen, of a warm, generous temperament, good-hearted and with many excellent qualities. Like all the other English princesses, she has received an education in which heart-culture has not been overlooked. Ferdinand, who was born in 1865, is the second son of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, the head of a great princely house of which Emperor William represents the younger branch. Carlos, King of Roumania, is his father's younger brother; but, having no heir, Ferdinand stands next in succession. He was made Crown Prince by royal decree three years ago.

Ferdinand some time ago caused no little perturbation in Roumania by his apparent determination to marry Mlle. Nellie Vacaresco, one of the ladies-in-waiting to the queen. King Carlos forbade the match, which, had it been allowed to take place, would probably have resulted in the resignation of his entire cabinet, who protested against it. The queen (who is widely known as Carmen Sylva, the eccentric poetess), was greatly mortified, since she had set her mind upon the marriage, and after the mandate prohibiting it, she left Roumania with Mlle. Vacaresco for a time and lived in Venice.

Sigmaringen, where the wedding took place, comprises besides the little town itself, an estate of fourteen square miles of country. Representatives of all the reigning houses in Europe were present in the little Lutheran chapel where, after the first formal cermony, the knot was tied by a clergyman of the Anglican Church. The young pair were pleasantly surprised at the outset of their wedded life to be invited by Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, to visit the Vienna Hofburg, before settling down to domestic life in Roumania. Thus England, Germany, Russia and Austria especially, and other European royalties by representation, came together in friendly relations when all thoughts of war and conquest must have for a time been banished from their hearts and thoughts and when the Gospel of love and good-will must have reigned supreme. Happy, indeed, would it be for Europe if such amicable relations could last!

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The Sin of Fretfulness.

You will see in the world chiefly that for which you look, writes Dr. Talmage. A farmer going through the country chiefly examines the farms, an architect the buildings, a merchant the condition of the markets, a minister the churches; and so a man going through the world will see the most of that for which he especially looks. He who is constantly watching for troubles will find them stretching off into gloomy wildernesses, while he who is watching for blessings will find them hither and thither extending into harvests of luxuriance. Like most garments, like most carpets, everything in life has a right side and a wrong side. You can take any joy, and by turning it around, find troubles on the other side; or you may take the greatest trouble, and by turning it around, find joys on the other side. The gloomiest mountain never casts a shadow on both sides at once, nor does the greatest of life's calamities. The earth in its revolutions manages about right—it never has darkness all over at the same time. Sometimes it has night in America, and sometimes in China, but there is some part of the earth constantly in the bright sunlight. My friends, do as the earth does. When you have trouble, keep turning around, and you will find sunlight somewhere. Amid the thickest gloom through which you are called to pass, carry your own candle. A consummate fret will, in almost every instance, come to nothing. You will not go to such a merchant's store, nor employ such a mechanic, nor call such a minister.

A ROYAL MARRIAGE—PRINCE FREDERICK AND PRINCESS MARIE.

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A Sunny-tempered Girl.

IF it is your good fortune to go to the World's Fair, be sure you see there the quilt made by a girl without any hands. It is said to be beautifully embroidered, with many dainty designs, though Miss Burdena Sweet, its cunning artificer, had both her hands amputated at the wrist. The disaster came to her about four years ago, in one of those terrible western blizzards whose very memory chills the blood. She was then eighteen years old, an industrious, merry-hearted girl, on her way to her brother's wedding. But the terrible suffering that took away her hands did not deprive her of her sunny cheerfulness, nor of her pluck and enterprise, nor even of her usefulness, as this quilt will prove to the world. She sews with a leather strap, on which a cushion is fastened, banded tightly to her right wrist. She pushes the needle with the strap, and pulls it out with her teeth. She can write, crochet, make button-holes, shell peas, sweep, run a sewing machine, and do many other things—without hands.

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"The Christian Herald" in the Home.

WE are constantly in receipt of many letters from all parts of the world, telling us how welcome a visitor THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is in the home circle. One of our readers, writing from Gainesville, Ga., says:

"I find great help in it; in fact, next to my Bible comes THE CHRISTIAN HERALD; not having even a small library, I make a library of the paper itself, for I get a good deal of instruction. My chief object in life is to try and spread the good news of salvation, and I do not know of a better way than sending forth THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, for I can put it in places where I could not go myself. I do not like to talk about myself; and you will find a good many mistakes in my grammar, but it is the best I can do; but I did not make a mistake when I came to Jesus! It is the best remedy I know for facial blemishes; it has cured me of a red nose, and bleared eyes and has taken the appetite for drink and tobacco from me. I am three years old in Christ, but I am forty-five years old naturally. I mention this because it makes my heart bound for joy when I read in the columns of your paper about the good men and women that are working so faithfully in the Master's vineyard to bring such as me to the loving Saviour."

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A Father Who Always Helps.

I ONCE knew a young man, says a reverend writer, who by an unfortunate combination of difficulties found himself in financial straits, without knowing which way to turn or what to do to escape adversity. It so happened that his father learned of his difficulty and sent him a few words by telegraph that put joy in his heart as soon as he received the message. All the telegram said was, "Draw on me for what you need," but every word was the same as gold to the needy son, because he knew his father, and knew that he would never send him such a message as that unless he meant it. And so with his father's word in his hand he set out for a bank at once and proceeded to act upon it. How many heartaches and weary days it would save us, if we would only receive our Heavenly Father's words with the same faith. There would not be so many precious promises in the Bible for God's children if it were not intended that they should use them. "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man." No matter if that man be our father.

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A Helping Hand to Young People.

I HAVE a friend who is pastor in a country parish, says a writer in *The Advance*. Like all country churches this one is continually sending its young men to the cities. On a recent Sabbath I heard him say in public, "If any of my people are going away, I shall be glad to give them a letter to the pastor of the church which they will attend." It has been his custom for years to do this for any who wished it, and sometimes he sends in addition through the mails a letter to the same pastor, asking him to look up and take an interest in a person or family going from his congregation, whether members of the church or not. A young man recently went from his church to a Southern city. The Year Book showed that there were three Congregational churches in the city. So he wrote a letter of introduction to each of these two pastors, and gave both to the young man. In less than a week a cordial letter came from one of them in which was this sentence: "If pastors, whose members come southward, would follow this excellent plan, we should lose fewer of our own people, and the opportunity to extend courtesies would be oftener afforded than now." I am permitted to pass the suggestion on for the benefit of other pastors, and other young men and women and migrating families.

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CHILDHOOD'S FAITH.

THERE is no need of trying to implant faith in a child's nature, for it is there to begin with, writes H. Clay Trumbull. But there is need of training a child's faith, so that it shall be rightly directed and wisely developed. Every child has the instinct of faith, as surely as it has the instinct of appetite. The inborn impulse to seek nourishment is not more real and positive in a normal child, than is the impulse in such a child to cling to and to trust another. Both instincts are already there, and both need training.

The faith here spoken of is that faith that rests on a person, not that miscalled "faith" which applies to an assent to a series of dogmas. True faith, indeed, always rests on a person. Any other use of the term is only by accommodation, and is liable to be misleading. One of the best definitions of Christian faith is, "That act by which one person, a sinner, commits himself to another person, a Saviour." Even before a child is old enough to learn of a Saviour, the instinct of faith is one of the child's qualities. While the instinct of faith is innate in the child, a knowledge of the One on whom his faith can rest with ultimate confidence is not innate. A knowledge of God comes to man by revelation; and whoever has responsibility for a child's moral training, has the duty of revealing to that child a knowledge of God. But a child can understand God, and can grasp a true conception of him, quite as easily as the profoundest philosopher can. A child does not need to be led by degrees into a knowledge of God. As soon as he is capable of learning his voice can be heard by his loving mother or his loving father in another room, he is capable of learning that his voice can be heard by a loving Father whom he has never seen; who is always within hearing, but never within sight; who is the loving Father of his father and mother, as well as of himself and of everybody else; who is able to do all things, and who is sure to do all things well.

If you plainly tell a child that God knows what is best for us, better than we know for ourselves, and that, while God is glad to have us come to him with all our wishes and all our troubles, we must leave it to God to decide just what he will give to us and do for us, the child is ready to accept this statement as the truth; and then his faith in God is not disturbed in the slightest degree by finding that God has decided to do differently from his request to God in prayer. On every side, children are being taught to have faith in prayer, rather than to have faith in God; and, in consequence, their faith is continually subject to shocks which would never have disturbed it if it had been trained to rest on God.

THE COMING DAY.

"The redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion: and everlasting joy shall be upon their head; and sorrow and mourning shall flee away." Isa. 51: 11.

OH, the day of joy that's coming,
When the reign of sin is o'er,
And this earth renewed and ransomed,
Paradise shall bloom once more.

Righteousness and truth forever
Fill the world with love and light,
And the reign of wrong and error
Vanish in the endless night.

Eyes that wept shall shine with rapture,
Hearts once broken sing for joy,
And the peace that passeth telling
Fill each heart without alloy.

Ay, that day is coming, coming.
Sing, my soul, rejoice and sing,
Like a "bride prepared" to meet him,
Who is coming as thy King.

ROSEMARY AND RUE

BY

JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

A STORY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HOME

[illegible] "The Christian Herald"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE QUESTION OF DIVORCE.

HAVING so flippantly greeted MacGregor, Dora skipped off to her room, with an exhibition of indifference. MacGregor left to himself, stamped his foot, gnashed his teeth, clenched his fist, and tramped into his room, growling that it was a beastly shame! She appeared to have forgotten him in three weeks! She put him on a level with Frick, as an acquaintance."

After silence and solitude had calmed him a little, up spoke common sense, "What would you have? Should this woman greet you as a lover? Is she not married? What right have you to expect to hold to her a different relation from that of Frick or any other? Would it not be a thousand pities, if being married to Denham, she loved you? Would she rise or fall in your esteem if she appeared to care for you other then as an ordinary friend? Are you right to stay here and tempt her to love you, by showing your own love? What good in praying 'deliver us from temptation' and yet open-eyed going into temptation? Go back to your rooms in Buffalo; keep out of this fair woman's way; be an honest man, else you are unworthy of anyone's love. Get to work. Work is a good antidote for misplaced love."

The first supper-bell rang. MacGregor went into the hall and met the chief.

"Hullo, MacGregor!" said John Cardiff, "What's wrong?"

"The wrong is that I'm a fool," said MacGregor. "Send me as far off as you can, will you, on the hardest work you can scare up for me?"

"All right," said John Cardiff, "pack your luggage to-night. I was wondering whom I should send into Michigan for three or four months. It will be cold enough there before you get away, to freeze all the nonsense out of you."

The evenings were now chilly, and a wood-fire blazed on the hearth of the sitting-room of Hotel Marot. Around this fire the family gathered when all the little ones had been escorted up-stairs by the nurse. Mrs. Cardiff would sometimes have preferred to go up-stairs, too. She was not a woman who cared for conversation; but then it was necessary for her to stay below and restrain the too vigorous expression of the chief's opinions. She therefore sat knitting or tatting, and betimes, remonstrating.

"This evening," said John Cardiff, "I have seen a man: A true man is not such a common sight that one need not congratulate oneself on meeting him. He is strong, and knows how —

[illegible]

He gave a little look which none but Tom MacGregor caught; but it refreshed the young man, as cold water does a thirsty soul.

"I wish," continued the chief, "that there were more true men; that all men were true, then affairs would go more smoothly in this world. I find, by an editorial in a newspaper, that one day last month one Court granted sixty divorces, another ten, another twenty-five; another forty, and finally, one a hundred and ten. Cases were stated where a couple had been divorced from, and remarried to each other, two or three times. Yet the Scripture expressly says if that is done, 'Such a land shall be greatly polluted.'"

"What," said Frick. "Suppose they see that in an hour of anger they have made a mistake. Is there no room for repentance?"

[illegible]

said the Chief.

"But not re-marry?"

[illegible]

"I also in this editorial, remarked a case where one woman had been divorced and married four times, and three women living in the same town all married to one man and from whom each had been divorced. Now shall not God, the Covenant-Keeper, surely visit vengeance on such a land as this."

"Mr. Cardiff," remonstrated his wife, "you do discuss such objectionable themes."

"It is time somebody discussed them," cried the Chief.

"But, my dear, not before the young people."

"What good of discussing these themes before Mr. David Rupert or Aunt Lois? Or before Margaret and Richard? Do you and I need warning? I trust not. But these young folks have their lives before them and all their mistakes to make. I want to save them from some enormous ones."

Mrs. Cardiff sighed and knit a round or two on a silk mitten. The Chief would pursue his objectionable way.

"If you are wishing for good men, as a preventive of divorce, why not wish for the reasonable women, too," said Aunt Lois. "I presume there is wrong on both sides, and women are as much to blame as the men."

"I doubt if they are as much, or as often to blame," said Richard. "Of course, in some cases they are the only ones to blame or they are equally to blame, but in the majority of cases, man is the transgressor in one way or another. By neglect, desertion, unkindness, or the constant exasperation of small annoyances he wears out the affection which he might have fostered. What does this incompatibility mean, but irritation arising from a thousand little worries and slights and spites, which finally accumulate into a mountain of misery too great to be borne? I think if men were manly, considerate, attentive, grateful for the multitudinous little attentions they constantly receive from their wives, that we should hear little of incompatibility. A man aggravates and irritates his wife, year after year, by a thousand little nettle stings of neglect or annoyance, and when she has exhausted all her stock of patience and affection, the cry is—incompatibility! There are some folks whom no one can be compatible with, not even themselves."

"I ask for information," said Frick, when the laugh produced by Richard's vehemence had quieted. "What is the chief fault—of these little faults, on which married life is wrecked?"

"Selfishness," said Cardiff, "one or the other, the man generally, takes up the notion that the home is entirely for his own use, behoof and pleasure. The other people in it are simply there to wait upon his whims. Prompt to blame, and almost never thinking to praise; finding fault; loading other people with all his own trivial annoyances. 'We'll have this. I like it.' 'We'll not go there. I don't like it.' 'I want quiet.' 'I hate company.' 'Shut that door, the draught is on me.' 'Find my things.' 'Close that window I don't like it open.' 'Open that door, I'm warm.' 'This is too cold, that is too hot.' Querulous complaining forms the staple of conversation. If this has been an idol, the gilding is soon worn off, and the poor clay is very apparent."

"Thank you," said Frick, "I have often seen such men and I believe you are right."

"I know I am," said Mr. Cardiff. "It is often thoughtlessness. Men do not mean to be selfish but they don't think."

Tom MacGregor had sat silently listening and stealing a look at Dora now and again. He wondered if she meant to hurt him by that remark she made when they met. Perhaps she meant it in kindness to save him from indulging vain hopes. If there was no hope for him it was well he should know at once. But he felt that he should never forget her.

It was getting late and a silence fell on the party which was broken by Dora and Philippa rising to retire. Then Tom rose, too. Holding out his hand to Dora, he said: "I am going away on the early train with the Chief, and am not coming back. I am going to Michigan, to stay until spring."

"I'm glad he is going," said Dora to herself, after she and Philippa were in bed. "I'm sure he liked me a great deal I make up my mind now, never to get acquainted so well with any other young man. I might learn to like him a great deal, or some other such dreadful thing might happen."

Then she fell to wondering what life might have been, if she had waited until now, without trifling with love and marriage, and had met some brave, honorable, generous, true fellow, like Tom McGregor for instance, and had become a happy, trustful wife. Would she not have been glad to have her own home—like Mrs. Cardiff—to have someone who loved her better than all the world beside, as Richard did Margaret?" She gave a great unconscious sigh.

"Dora, are you awake?" said Philippa.

"Yes."

"Dora—I have been thinking—do you mean to get a divorce?"

"No! I have done one wrong, that is bad enough, I will not try to mend it with another."

"Dora. If you were divorced, you could marry a nice person—like—say, Tom McGregor."

"I don't care enough for being married, to commit a wrong for the sake of it," said Dora, "and I should not think a man would be very happy with a woman, when he reflected that somewhere around the world she had another husband."

"Well, nothing would induce you ever to see that man again"

"No, nothing!" said Dora with great energy.

When John Cardiff came to Hotel Marot a day or two later, he said, "Dora, I have an invitation for you. Will you accept it?"

"First tell me from whom it is."

"It is from Edgar Sayce. He says he would give anything if you would go there for a little while to cheer up Nora. She gets lonely lying in the room all day, with nothing to do, and no company but Mrs. Jenkins. Mrs. Jenkins is the best creature in the world, a model nurse and housekeeper, and takes splendid care of Robbie, but she don't know how to amuse either Robbie or Nora; she attends strictly to business, and her business is not telling stories or singing songs, or making bright little jokes. Nora misses your daily call, Clara"—to Mrs. Cardiff. "Sayce says the other friends are not as thoughtful and considerate as you are."

"Poor Nora was always so selfish she made very few friends and her family all live so far away in New York and Washington. She had a sister with her for a while, but her sister was so much like herself, that she did her harm rather than good," said Mrs. Cardiff.

"And helpless and nervous and hopeless as she is," said Cardiff, "for the first time Edgar Sayce now really loves her. Her present condition does not jar on him as her lazy, luxurious selfishness did. Her misfortunes and sufferings arouse his sympathy, his tenderness, the paternal element which is largely developed in Sayce. It is wonderful how devoted he is to her, and how he thinks of her, and for her, and contrives little pleasures for her."

"There's one thing," said Mrs. Cardiff, "his home is really far more comfortable and his child is better taken of than ever before. He is not constantly irritated by little omissions or great selfish neglects."

"And now, Dora, as we have discussed our neighbors, will you go there and make matters more lively for a while?"

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Cardiff."

"Stay a week, and then bring Robbie out here for a fortnight, it will do him good, and his mother will enjoy him more when she gets him back," said Mr. Cardiff.

Dora went to the city next day. Before she appeared at Mrs. Sayce's she had bought one or two books, light amusing reading, a few new dainties from the confectioners, and a couple of games and puzzles. She also armed herself with a new illustrated Mother Goose, and a nursery story for Robbie.

"Dear me," said Nora softly, "how fresh you look—just as if it wasn't a hot day—and how briskly you came up stairs. I never can walk again!"

"Don't let us think of that. Who knows, doctors are not always right; some day you may astonish them all. Guess what this is, something real delicious! And now while you eat it, and I show Robbie this game let me tell you all the news about everybody and everything; and then I have a book to read to you."

"I don't care much about being read to."

"You'll like me to read to you; and I shall be sure to choose amusing things. I'm going to contrive a table for you so that you can play some new games I have."

"I don't care for games."

"These games are quite new, easy and amusing. Let me tell you what I heard of a young girl, who was hurt just as you are, five years ago. She belongs to a poor family in the country, and she makes most of her own living."

"Oh, she cannot."

"Indeed she does. I read about her various contrivances for tables, and book-rests and so on, and I laid them up for you to help you entertain yourself."

"Dora, you're in mourning—what for? Is, is that man you married, dead?"

Dora turned white. "I don't know. I have never heard anything of him. My Uncle Barlow is dead."

"And why are you in black for him? Did he leave you his money?"

"He left me some money. I am in black for him, because he was very kind to me, and like a father, and it seemed respectful, and Eloise and I were his only relations."

"Now you've got money, I suppose you'll not be a governess."

"For a while I shall. I don't like to be idle, and I think it is a duty to be useful."

"What slaves some folks are to that word duty. I never could see why Edgar made so much of it! It never seemed to mean much to me. But do you know I like Edgar better than ever I did since we were first married? When we were lovers, we did not see much of each other, I lived in New York, and he lived here. When we were first married he was always admiring my appearance, and my dress. Then he began to find fault. I couldn't see what was wrong, I was just the same as I had been, but he grumbled so much. If I hadn't been so good-tempered I suppose we should have had trouble. But now he never finds any fault, and he tries to please me, and brings me things, and do you know I think he is really fond of me."

"Of course he is," said Dora. "Mr. Cardiff said so last night."

Nora looked gratified. "He comes in and sits with me, and tells me things about his business, which I didn't at all understand—and offers to read the paper to me. I can't bear the paper, it is very dull stuff I think."

"Suppose," said Dora, "that you remember all he tells you about business, and think hard about it, and learn to understand it, and understand the paper. It would be nice to be real company for him when he comes in to sit with you."

"Company," sighed Nosa, "you can't guess how little company I have, now your folks are away. Hardly any one comes in. Calls used to bore me, and I hardly ever made them, now I wish I could have the chance to go."

"Suppose we fit up your room attractively with flowers and pretty things and you begin to give little teas here for three or four at a time? How would that do? We must try and make up a little now we have the chance."

Dora remained a few weeks with the invalid and before she left her had brought some little brightness into her dreary life. Not much, for Nora's disposition could not be changed, but she was led to make an effort and was surprised to see how much happier she was. Then Dora went back to her duties at Mr. Cardiff's and resumed the even round of her daily life.

A year, two years passed away. Tom MacGregor had not in these years felt sure enough of himself to return to the circle of enchantment which surrounded Dora Maple. He had convinced himself that John Cardiff's view of the situation was the right one; he cared for no other wife than Dora, and as she was not to be had, he decided to forget her as far as possible and live single.

Sometimes he caught himself wishing that Pierce Denham had broken his neck as he tore down the mountain after the fugitive Dora. But then he might by virtue of the mutilated harness, have felt himself responsible for Denham's death!

Finally Tom came home again. Frick was to be married, and McGregor was in demand as best man. He came. He had been busy in South America and in Australia. He had grown and developed and improved in every way. A strong man, a noticeable, handsome, trust-inviting man was Tom McGregor, when he and Dora met at Frick's wedding. Dora looked at him and was glad that he had gone away, and hoped that he would go again. O, why had she at seventeen thrown away all her chances of happiness! O, folly of an hour, to repent of for a lifetime!

Tom looked at Dora in all the bloom and loveliness of her twenty-second year, and concluded that if he was to be a true disciple of Sir Gallahad he had better set out on his travels on the morrow.

"What a grand looking couple McGregor and Miss Maple make," said Frick's mother to Margaret Rupert. "They seem born for each other. Are they blind, that they don't fall in love with each other?"

"That Miss Maple is a regular icicle," said Frick's sister.

Poor Dora! if she was an icicle, she was an icicle melted into a warm rain of tears, when she was alone that night.

(To be Continued.)

Questions Answered

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Subscriber. 1. What is the belief and worship of the Jews of the present day? Do they offer sacrifices anywhere? 2. What is the best help one can get in his work as teacher of a Bible class in the Sunday School?

1. The Jews of the present day are divided into two great parties which are widely separated in belief and practice. The Orthodox Jews observe the dietary laws and the feasts and fasts prescribed in the Levitical law. They still look for a Messiah and expect a return to their own land. The Reformed Jews have abandoned the dietary laws, are not expecting a Messiah, nor a return to Palestine. They regard themselves as a race, not as a nation. Like the Orthodox Jews, they practice circumcision and are generally opposed to inter-marriage with Gentiles. They regard Jesus as a great teacher who, being in advance of his time, died a martyr's death, but they reject his claim to divinity. No sacrifices have been offered since the destruction of the Temple. 2. There are many expositions of the lessons published, but none so able or practically useful as those published weekly in the *Sunday School Times* of Philadelphia.

C. Mynatt, Hall's Cross Roads, Tenn. 1. What is the most concise and reliable history of the Christian Church? 2. Is "the Lord's Day" mentioned Rev. 1: 10, Saturday or Sunday?

1. That by Philip Schaff published by Funk & Wagnall's, New York. 2. Probably Sunday. It was identified by the name of the Lord's Day in the writings of the early Fathers and the name was doubtless in use in the time of John.

Mrs. Geo. Waldron, Addison, Vt. Has the Gospel been preached to all the nations on the earth?

Although there may be, and doubtless are, tribes in remote parts of the world—in Central Asia, Central Africa, or the regions beyond Kamschatka, and lying south of the Pole—who have not yet come under Gospel influences, the Word can be said to have been preached to every nation known to exist at the present day. The Gospel is now printed in nearly 150 different languages and spoken by missionaries and others in still more.

William Hatch, Farley, Iowa. Was Christ born on Dec. 25? The fact of shepherds being in the fields at the time make it unlikely.

There is nothing in the New Testament to guide us in fixing the date. The festival of Christmas does not appear to have been observed in Apostolic times or those immediately after the apostles. The fact of the shepherds being in the fields, however, does not disprove the contention of Christ having been born on Dec. 25. In the climate of Palestine there would be nothing to prevent them being in the fields at that time.

Jame W. Morrow, Greenville, Tenn. Possibly the guides might point out the pillar, but the identification would not be worthy of belief. To your question as to the finger, we answer, no it would not come back.—J. J. Allen, Grand Junction, Colo. It has been published several times in this journal. The last time on October 5, 1892.—Mrs. P. W. Whitener, Newtown, N. C. You can get card and all particulars by writing to Mr. C. A. Jamison, 209 North Monroe St., Peoria, Ill.—Mrs. J. Murley, Montserrat, Mo. Conviction came on the road and there was complete surrender, but his mind must have been in a confused state until in the city he had further teaching.

J. D. F., Howard, Kan. Is the command in Acts 15: 29, as to abstinence from things strangled, still in force?

There is a difference of opinion on the question. The majority of Christians, however, regard it as obsolete. The primary occasion for the decree was to establish harmony in the early Church. It was intended to prevent Gentile Christians from unnecessarily offending their Jewish brethren by a practice peculiarly offensive to them. The occasion which gave rise to the command having passed away, the command itself has not been generally observed in modern times. Some Christians, however, still are very careful to obey it.

R. W. Hastings, Independence, Oreg. If the Father and the Son are one, how can the Father know of the date of an event of which the Son is ignorant?

Christ explicitly stated the fact (Mark 13: 32.) In what way or to what extent, if at all, the incarnation limited the divine attributes cannot be defined. Although Christ said (John 10: 30), "I and my Father are one," yet he said, too, "My Father is greater than I" (John 14: 28) and the fact of his praying to his Father indicated that in the days of his flesh there was a distinction between them that is incomprehensible to us. As we cannot explain the mysterious connection in our own being of the mind and the brain, we cannot understand the greater mystery of the Trinity.

A. H. Briggs, Chicago, replying to the inquiry of C. M. Yarmouth, in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of Jan. 11, sends the following: I find this hymn in an old collection, used by the M. E. Church at an early day, previous to 1850. I could almost repeat it from memory, as I sang it many times in Central New York, when I was a young man, before I was converted. It was a favorite of my mother.

Oh, tell me no more of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;
A country I've found where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determined on that happy ground.

The souls that believe in Paradise live.
And me in that number will Jesus receive;
My soul, don't delay—he calls thee away,
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

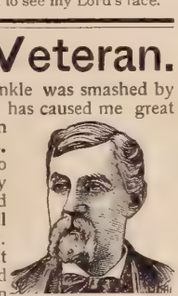
No mortal doth know what he can bestow,
What light, strength and comfort; go after him, go!
So onward I move to a city above,
None guesses how wond'rous my journey will prove

Great spoils I shall win from death, hell, and sin,
'Midst outward affliction shall feel Christ within:
And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.

But this I do find, we two are so joined.
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind:
So this is the race I'm running through grace,
Henceforth—till admitted to see my Lord's face.

A War Veteran.

"At Gettysburg my ankle was smashed by a bullet. The wound has caused me great suffering, breaking out in terrible sores at intervals. Physicians made two amputations. At last my blood became poisoned and sores broke out all over my face and body. One day I read about Hood's Sarsaparilla and decided to try it. Soon my wife in dressing my leg, said the wound looked better and in a few months, thank God, the sores all over my body healed, and now four years later, have never shown any sign of reappearing." GEO. M. HAMMOND, 219 Magnolia st., Syracuse, N.Y.



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A STORY is told of General William Clarke, engaged in his time in the work of safeguarding the settlers' lives and interests among the roving Indians of the western plains, which shows that difference of race sets up no barrier to the sway of a personal magnetism. Clarke was unmistakably a strong man, upright, kindly, full of resource, and brave as pioneer needed to be in wilds that swarmed with wily foes. As a rule he managed very well by diplomacy. But an occasion arose that put him in ugly straits. It seemed as if sanguinary strife must inevitably break out, and the situation was peculiarly awkward, because, when the crisis came, the General had at his command only a handful of men and in his commissariat very scanty supplies. The Indians were aware of both these facts, and were exultant accordingly. They meditated cutting off the whole band of white men by a treacherous massacre. For the moment they failed to reckon with the force of General Clarke's personality. Yet this strange power thwarted their hate. The General called a council with the Indians, and, contrary to all precedent and etiquette, the savage warriors appeared on the scene fully armed. Clarke was ill-prepared to resent the menace, but though as yet silent, he lost nothing of his grim, calm dignity. The Indian chief drew from under his blanket a rattlesnake's skin stuffed with powder and ball and flung it towards the General. It was a dramatic declaration of war, and at any instant the tomahawks might leap into the air. Clarke had in his hand only an ordinary riding whip. With this he curiously turned the snake-skin over and over, and drew it nearer. Already his demeanor was producing its effect. A weird stillness prevailed, until at length the white leader had succeeded in coiling the heavy skin around his whip; then with an adroit movement Clarke cast the symbol of war back to the chief, and said quietly, "If the Indians want war they can have war." The unflinching courage, the wonderful mesmerism of individuality, mastered the fierce braves. They were cowed. Their vindictive passion was held in leash by an inexplicable moral influence. This, and the belief that recruits must be near, or the General would have been less daring, caused them to withdraw from the council and the fort, and so the thunder clouds rolled away; not a blow was struck.

It is the same mark of manliness, taking a slightly different shape, that has caused the character and career of Andrew Marvell to be so often quoted as an example to youth. A sturdy defender of political honesty in a corrupt time, Marvell did not mind being singular for conscience's sake. He could not trim and pare his convictions to the popular pattern. He was himself every inch a man. The ministers of the second Charles attempted to bribe him. Marvell was member for Hull, and much too careful for the taste of his constituents' interests. An old school-fellow, now Lord Treasurer Danby, was the selected go-between. Danby called at Marvell's house, discoursed on various topics, and at leaving slipped an order on the treasury for a thousand pounds into his friend's hand. Marvell called him back and said bluntly as he returned the paper, "The ministry may seek men for their purpose; I am not one."

Fatal Negligence.

There was, some years since, a rich banker in a great English city, a man who was noted for his large gifts to charities, and for his kindly disposition. He was hurriedly asked one day to go to the succor of an unfortunate shoemaker who had attempted suicide. The appeal [illegible] had goaded the father to the rash act. The banker went to the indicated house, and came face to face with a sad scene of which to his startled surprise his own conduct turned out to be a cause. "It is not my husband's fault," said the weeping wife, "my husband is a hard-working, sober man. But we have been without work for days, for he could neither get work nor the money for that which he had done. To-day he went for the last time to collect a debt due by a rich family, but the gentleman was not at home. My husband was weak from fasting, and it ended—that way." The banker hurried to his own house, opened his desk, and took out a file of bills that should have been punctually paid, but through sheer carelessness were not. Amongst them was an account made out in the name of the poor cobbler he had just visited. It was the rich man's neglected debt that had nearly done an irretrievable mischief.

Livingstone in a Crisis.

Grit was one of the qualities that made David Livingstone great. His first notable journey of exploration into Central Africa is a marvelous chapter in the romance of perseverance. "I say what that man has done is unprecedented," was the judgment passed afterwards by Sir Thomas Maclear. Fever was upon him, enemies were on every side, the country was unknown and perilous, yet Livingstone pressed forward and reached his goal. To the last stage success was uncertain. The spirit of mutiny was rampant amongst the servants and the escort. "Some of my men proposed to return," says Livingstone, "and the prospect of being obliged to turn back from the threshold of the Portuguese settlements distressed me exceedingly. After using all my powers of persuasion, I declared that if they now returned I should go on alone; and returning into my little tent, I lifted up my heart to him who hears the sighing of the soul. Presently the head-man came in. 'Do not be disheartened,' he said, 'we will never leave you. Wherever you lead we will follow. Our remarks were only made on account of the injustice of these people" (rapacious surrounding tribesmen). Others followed, and with the most artless simplicity of manner told me to be comforted 'They were all my children; they knew no one but Skeletu and me, and would die for me; they had spoken in bitterness of spirit, feeling they could do nothing.'" The tedious journey, with its twenty-seven attacks of fever, its heavy toil and wearing anxieties, reduced the brave traveler to a skeleton. But by faith in God and dogged determination he conquered.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Book of Judges, with map, introduction and notes by John Southerland Black, M. A., a continuation of the series, The Smaller Cambridge Bible for Schools; cloth; pp. 116; price, 30 cts.; Cambridge University Press, London, publishers.

The City and the Land, a course of seven lectures on the work of the Palestine Exploration Society; cloth; pp. 237; price, $1.25; Macmillan & Co., New York, publishers.

The Defense of Prof. Briggs before the Presbytery of New York. Pp. 193; price, 50 cents; published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 745 Broadway, New York.

Round London. Down East and Up West, by Montague Williams, Q. C. Pp. 244; price, $1.25; published by Macmillan & Co., New York.

My Three-Legged Story-Teller; by Adelaide Skeel, vellum; pp. 203; price $1.; paper covers, 50 cents; Rufus C. Hartranft, Philadelphia, Publisher.

Criminology; by Arthur MacDonald, with an introduction by Dr. Cesare Lombroso; cloth; pp. 416; price $2; Funk & Wagnalls, New York, Publishers.

In Paradise, or the State of the Faithful Dead; a Study from Scripture on Death and After-death, by Charles H. Strong, A. M., cloth; pp. 120; price $1; Thomas Whittaker, Publisher, New York.

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THE STORY OF A SONG.

BY H. B. GIBBUD

WE all want to do big things, we long for great talents, and instead of using what we have, we stand idly wishing we could preach like Moody or sing like Sankey, and souls are slipping by us and down to hell—

Lost for want of a word,
A word that we might have spoken.

I heard Mr. Sankey say, that when Mr. Moody and he were holding meetings in a certain place, the church was filled, and a great multitude gathered outside. In order that all might hear the singing, the organ was placed on the steps of the church, and Mr. Sankey sang the famous, "Ninety-and-Nine."

On a distant hill-side a man was sitting on a veranda, out of sorts with his wife and daughter, because they had gone to the meeting.

He had no interest in such things.

As he sat there, one verse of the song carried by the breeze reached his ears:

None of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed: [through
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.

It was an arrow that pierced his soul and led to his conversion. What a grand thing to sing the Gospel, and win souls in that way! But we need not be able to sing like Mr. Sankey to win souls, as the following story will show:

One of the workers at the Rescue Mission, sat at the window sewing. She is not a grand singer; in fact, scarcely ever sings in the meeting, but alone by herself sings the Gospel songs. She was singing:

Oh to have no Christ, no Saviour;
How dark this world must be.

When she had finished, she heard some one calling and saw two girls looking over a neighboring fence.

One said, "Won't you please sing that again?"

I am afraid some of us would have begun to make excuses, and say we were not singers, etc., but this good soul sang it over again, praying God to bless the song, and then went to talk with them. She recognized them as inmates of a place of wickedness, and asked permission to call on them. They would not grant this, but the next day one came to the Mission, and threw herself into the arms of the singer.

"I have been so unhappy," she said, "since I heard you sing; you remind me of my mother, and the days when I was innocent and good; I had a good home, but quarreled with my mother, ran away, and got into a life of sin; I am tired of it. Won't you pray for me?"

They had prayer, and the poor wandering one was led to the Saviour. She said,

"I'll never go back to that place again; I'm going to the poor-master, and ask him to send me home."

The worker furnished the money to pay her fare to her home in a neighboring city, and she went away rejoicing. This was some time ago. Last week, the girl accompanied by her father, paid a visit to the Mission. She was happy in Christ, and had led eleven souls to him, her father and mother being among the number. Her father was full of praise and thanksgiving to God for what he had done to his erring child and the rest of his family, and tears ran down his cheeks as he thanked the singer for the song and for the help she had been to his daughter.

Her desire is to work among the fallen, from whom she has been rescued. What encouragement for weak workers!

Let us sing a song to some poor soul, speak a word, give a tract, or visit some sick and dying one, lead some one to Christ.

God says, in 1 Cor. 1:27-28, that there are five things he will use, namely, "Foolish things, weak things, base things, despised things and things that are not to bring to nought things that are." God will take "a worm to thrash a mountain."

The trouble with us is, we want to be some "lord of the forest," and are not willing to be the worm. Put yourself in God's hands to be used, and he will use you.

If we use what talents we have he will give us more. "For whosoever hath, to him shall be given, but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath." It is either use or lose.

A JESUS HOUSE IN AFRICA.

The name sounds quaint, but very significant. It is the name given by the natives of a Western African village to the little building Mr. Woodside, of the American Board, is rearing near Chysamba. He writes: "I spoke in one of my previous letters of our desire to build a house at the ombala. We went up the other day and spoke to the king about it. He very readily gave his consent, and said I should come the next day and he would show me where to build. I did so. He selected a spot in Muenekalia's enclosure, near where we have been holding our Sunday services. We could hardly have chosen a more desirable spot ourselves. As I was leaving the ombala that day one of the old men came out and called to me as I passed his place. He said he just wanted to greet me, and then asked me if I had been up to the king's, and if he had shown me where to build the *onjo ya Yesu* (the Jesus house.) That is the name they have already given to the house we propose to build."

MAJOR WHITTLE IN IRELAND.

A DUBLIN journal says: the American evangelists have brought to a close the most successful mission that has ever been held in Wexford. Major Whittle, assisted by Miss Whittle and Mr. Stebbins, has held meetings in the Young Men's Christian Association. Large audiences attended twice each day.

When it was announced that he was coming many timid people feared that the scenes which disgraced the town on his visit over nine years ago would be re-enacted. Then there was a riot, houses were wrecked, police had to be drafted in to keep order, and great expense was incurred in making good the damage done by the mob. On this occasion everything was changed, and with one solitary exception not an offensive act or word was offered to anyone connected with the undertaking. The occasion referred to was on Sunday. About three o'clock the Major and his party went along the quay giving books and tracts to all who took them, and were received most courteously by the people, except by one respectably-dressed man, who, putting out his hand for a book, took it, tore it in pieces, and, flinging the torn fragment into the face of the giver, turned round to receive the applause he no doubt expected, but which the people, with one accord, refused to give, showing their disapproval in no uncertain way.

On Tuesday evening the large hall of the association was crowded to excess, and the singing of Miss Whittle, who was assisted by a choir of forty voices, and the singing and playing of Mr. Stebbins, were greatly appreciated. The Major was in his best form, and before closing asked a blessing on all—on the Protestant ministers, the parish priests and all whose exertions were for the good of the poor. On Wednesday the mission party left for Dublin, being accompanied to the railway station by a large number of friends, who joined in wishing them a speedy return.

AT LAST.

CHRIST will be the living splendor,
Christ the sunlight mild and tender,
Praises to the lamp we render,
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Broken death's dread bands that bound us,
Life and victory around us;
Christ the King himself hath crowned us,
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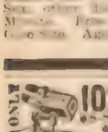

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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"SHUDDER NOT TO PASS THE STREAM,"

SONGS OF THE JORDAN.

"VENTURE ALL THY CARES ON HIM."

HONORED and sacred above all other rivers, the Jordan is inexpressibly dear to the Christian as it is not only closely associated with the events of our Saviour's life on earth, but is the accepted type of the "river of life and death" that flows between the material and the spiritual worlds. To the pilgrim to Palestine it is, next to Jerusalem and Bethlehem, the object of deepest interest and veneration. As he stands upon its banks, which are glorified at many points along its course with the richest vegetation, he calls up the many memorable events recorded in Scripture concerning it: the crossing of Naaman; the baptisms of John and Jesus, and many other instances that invest the river with memories so sacred as to stir the emotions of all hearts. He traces its course, now rushing swiftly between high, precipitous banks, sterile and rock-fronted, and anon flowing gently and peacefully over a broad channel between deep borders of verdure, fragrant with the odor of flowers and spices, or through ancient forests resounding with the notes of the nightingale, the bulbul, and the turtle-dove. These frequent transitions from narrow rapids, rocky channels and forbidding surroundings to a broad and noble stream, such as is shown in the photograph, with banks splendid with vegetation and color, are referred to in Scripture as the "swellings of Jordan," since at such points the river attains its full width and uninterrupted volume in its course southward to the Dead Sea. Even yet, its wooded banks are the haunts of the lion, the leopard and the jerboa, while the coney is found among its rocky fastnesses almost as numerous as in the days of David and the prophets.

There are many fordable places in the Jordan, for, compared with most of the rivers of our own land, it is a comparatively small and shallow stream. It is, however, the great river of the Bible. Thrice were its waters rolled back by the power of the Almighty, and it was on one of those occasions, when the Ark of the Covenant, followed by the hosts of Israel passed over, that the Jordan was for the first time immortalized in song:

Jordan was driven back.
What ailed thee, Oh, thou sea, that thou fleddest?
Thou Jordan, that thou was: driven back?

Since that day the harps of many nations and kindreds have been attuned to sing the praises of the sacred river of Palestine. Prophets, psalmists, crusader-minstrels, and Christian poets have in turn embalmed in immortal verse and song its glories and its memories. In the later centuries, it has been the inspiring theme of the singers of the Cross. The hymnology of the Jordan is almost universal. It

(*Continued on page* 69.)

ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER JORDAN.

(*From a photograph secured by Rev Dr. Talmage during his visit to Palestine.*)

of the great host of the Israelites under Joshua, against Jericho; the crossing of Elisha and Elijah, before the aged prophet passed up to Paradise in the heavenly chariot; the wash-

The Tabernacle Pulpit

THE SUNSHINE OF RELIGION.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, preached last Sunday Morning in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Text: Prov. 3: 17, *"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."*

YOU have all heard of God's only begotten son. Have you heard of God's daughter? She was born in heaven. She came down over the hills of our world. She had queenly step. On her brow was celestial radiance. Her voice was music. Her name is Religion. My text introduces her. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

But what is religion? The fact is that theological study has had a different effect upon me from the effect sometimes produced. Every year I tear out another leaf from my theology until I have only three or four leaves left. In other words, a very brief and plain statement of Christian belief.

An aged Christian minister said: "When I was a young man, I knew everything; when I got to be thirty-five years of age in my ministry I had only a hundred doctrines of religion; when I got to be forty years of age, I had only fifty doctrines of religion; when I got to be sixty years of age, I had only ten doctrines of religion; and now I am dying at seventy-five years of age, and there is only one thing I know, and that is, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." And so I have noticed in the study of God's Word, and in my contemplation of the character of God and of the eternal world, that it is necessary for me to drop this part of my belief and that part of my belief as being non-essential, while I cling to the one great doctrine that man is a sinner, and Christ is his Almighty and Divine Saviour.

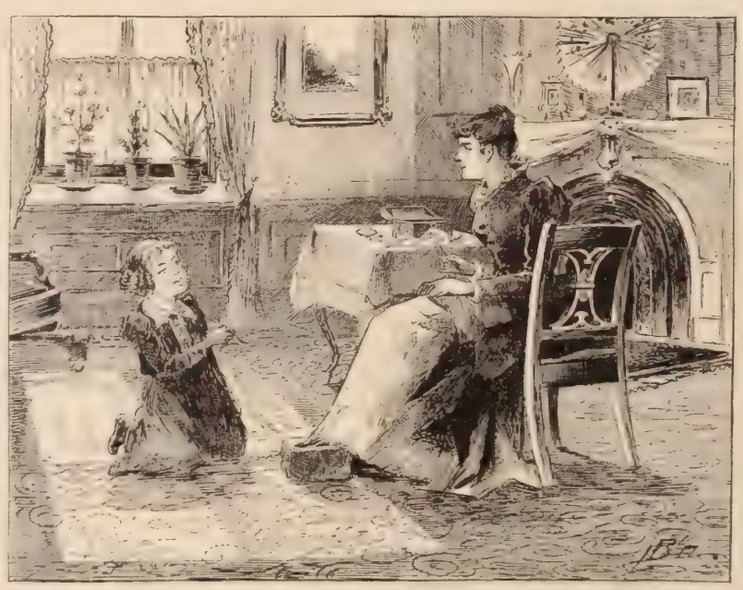
Now, I take these three or four leaves of my theology, and I find that in the first place, and dominant above all others, is the sunshine of religion. When I go into a room I have a passion for throwing open all the shutters. That is what I want to do this morning. We are apt to throw so much of the sepulchral into our religion, and to close the shutters, and to pull down the blinds, that it is only through here and there a crevice that the light streams. The religion of the Lord Jesus Christ is a religion of joy indescribable and unutterable. Wherever I can find a bell I mean to ring it.

If there are any in this house this morning who are disposed to hold on to their melancholy and gloom, let them now depart this service before the fairest and the brightest and the most radiant being of all the universe comes in. God's Son has left our world, but God's daughter is here. Give her room! Hail! Princess of Heaven. Hail! daughter of the Lord God Almighty. Come in and make this house thy throne-room.

In setting forth this idea, the dominant theory of religion is one of sunshine. I hardly know where to begin, for there are so many thoughts that rush upon my soul. A mother saw her little child seated on the floor in the sunshine, and with a spoon in her hand. She said: "My darling, what are you doing there?" "Oh," replied the child, "I'm getting a spoonful of this sunshine." Would God that to-day I might present you with a gleaming chalice of this glorious, everlasting, Gospel sunshine!

First of all, I find a great deal of sunshine in Christian society.

I do not know of anything more doleful that the companionship of the mere funmakers of the world—the Thomas Hoods, the Charles Lambs, the Charles Matthews of the world—the men whose entire business it is to make sport. They make others laugh, but if you will examine their autobiography, or biography, you will find that down in their soul there was a terrific disquietude. Laughter is no sign of happiness. The maniac laughs. The hyena laughs. The loon among the Adirondacks laughs. The drunkard dashing his decanter against the wall, laughs.



"I'M GETTING A SPOONFUL OF SUNSHINE."

There is a terrible reaction from all sinful amusement and sinful merriment. Such men are cross the next day. They snap at you on exchange, or they pass you, not recognizing you. Long ago I quit mere worldly society for the reason it was so dull, so inane, and so stupid. My nature is voracious of joy. I must have it.

I always walk on the sunny side of the street and for that reason I have crossed over into Christian society. I like their mode of repartee better, I like their style of amusement better. They live longer. Christian people, I sometimes notice, live on when by all natural law they ought to have died. I have known persons who have continued in their existence when the doctor said they ought to have been dead ten years. Every day of their existence was a defiance of the laws of anatomy and physiology; but they had this supernatural vivacity of the Gospel in their soul, and that kept them alive. Put ten or twelve Christian people in a room for Christian conversation, and you will from eight to ten o'clock hear more resounding glee, see more bright strokes of wit, and find more thought and profound satisfaction, than in any merely worldly party. Now, when I say a "worldly party," I mean that to which you are invited because under all the circumstances of the case it is the best for you to be invited, and to which you go because under all the circumstances of the case it is better that you go; and leaving the shawls on the second floor, you go to the parlor to gve formal salutation to the host and the hostess, and then move around, spending the whole evening in the discussion of the weather, and in apology for treading on long trails, and in effort to keep the corners of the mouth up to the sign of pleasure, and going around with an idiotic he-he about nothing, until the collation is served, and then after the collation is served, going back again into the parlor to resume the weather, and then at the close going at a very late hour to the host and hostess and assuring them that you have had a most delightful evening, and then passing down off the front steps, the slam of the door the only satisfaction of the evening.

O young man! come from the country to spend your days in city life, where are you going to spend your evenings? Let me tell you, while there are many places of innocent worldly amusement, it is most wise for you to throw your body, mind, and soul into Christian society. Come to me at the close of five years and tell me what has been the result of this advice. Bring with you the young man who refused to take the advice, and who went into sinful amusement. He will come dissipated, shabby in apparel, indisposed to look any one in the eyes, moral character eighty-five per cent. off. You will come with principle settled, countenance frank, habits good, soul saved, and all the inhabitants of heaven, from the lowest angel up to the arch-angel and clear past him to the Lord God Almighty, your coadjutors.

This is not the advice of a misanthrope. There is no man in the house to whom the world is brighter than it is to me. It is not the advice of a dyspeptic—my digestion is perfect; it is not the advice of a man who cannot understand a joke, or who prefers a funeral; it is not the advice of a worn-out man, but the advice of a man who can see this world in all its brightness; and considering myself competent in judging what is good-cheer, I tell the multitudes of young men in this house this morning that there is nothing in worldly asssociation so grand and so beautiful and so exhilarant as in Christian society.

I know there is a great deal of talk about the self-denials of the Christian. I have to tell you that where the Christian has one self-denial the man of the world has a thousand self-denials. The Christian is not commanded to surrender anything that is worth keeping. But what does a man deny himself who denies himself the religion of Christ. He denies himself pardon for sin; he denies himself peace of conscience; he denies himself the joy of the Holy Ghost; he denies himself a comfortable death pillow; he denies himself the glories of heaven. Do not talk to me about the self-denials of the Christian life. Where there is one in the Christian life there are a thousand in the life of the world. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

Again: I find a great deal of religious sunshine in Christian and divine explanation. To a great many people life is an inexplicable tangle. Things turn out differently from what was supposed. There is a useless woman in perfect health. There is an industrious and consecrated woman a complete invalid. Explain that. There is a bad man with thirty thousand dollars of income. There is a good man with eight hundred dollars of income. Why is that? There is a foe of society who lives on, doing all the damage he can, to seventy-five years of age; and here is a Christian father, faithful in every department of life, at thirty-five years of age taken away by death, his family left helpless. Explain that. Oh! there is no sentence that oftener drops from your lips than this: "I cannot understand it. I cannot understand it."

Well, now religion comes in just at that point with its illumination and its explanation. There is a business man who has lost his entire fortune. The week before he lost his fortune there were twenty carriages that stopped at the door of his mansion. The week after he lost his fortune all the carriages you could count on one finger. The week before financial trouble began people all took off their hats to him as he passed down the street. The week his financial prospects were under discussion, people just touched their hats without anywise bending the rim. The week that he was pronounced insolvent, people just jolted their heads as they passed, not tipping their hats at all; and the week the sheriff sold him out all his friends were looking in the store windows as they went down past him.

Now, while the world goes away from a man when he is in financial distress the religion of Christ comes to him and says, "You are sick, and yonr sickness is to be moral purification; you are bereaved: God wanted in some way to take your family to heaven, and he must begin somewhere, and so he took the one that was most beautiful and was most ready to go." I do not say that religion explains everything in this life, but I do say it lays down certain principles which are grandly consolatory. You know business men often telegraph in ciphers. The merchant in San Francisco telegraphs to the merchant in New York certain information in ciphers which no other man in that line of business can understand but the merchant in San Francisco has the key to the cipher, and the merchant in New York has the key to the cipher and on that information transmitted there are enterprises involving hundreds of thousands of dollars. Now the providences of life sometimes seem to be senseless rigmarole, a mysterious cipher but God has a key to that cipher, and the Christian a key to that cipher, and though he may hardly be able to spell out the meaning, he gets enough of the meaning to understand that it is for the best. Now is there not sunshine in that? Is there not pleasure in that? Far beyond laughter, it is nearer the fountain of tears than boisterous demonstration. Have you never cried for joy? There are tears which are eternal rapture in distillation.

There are hundreds of people in this house who are walking day by day in the

sublime satisfaction that all is for the best, all things working together for good for their soul. How a man can get along through this life without the explanation is to me a mystery. What! is that child gone forever? Are you never to get it back? Is your property gone forever? Is your soul to be bruised and to be tried forever? Have you no explanation, no Christian explanation, and yet not a maniac? But when you have the religion of Jesus Christ in your soul, it explains everything so far as it is best for you to understand. You look off in life, and your soul is full of thanksgiving to God that you are so much better off than you might be. A man passed down the street without any shoes, and said: "I have no shoes; isn't it a hardship that I have no shoes? Other people have shoes; no shoes, no shoes," until he saw a man who had no feet. Then he learned a lesson. You ought to thank God for what he does, instead of grumbling for what he does not. God arranges all the weather in this world — the spiritual weather, the moral weather as well as the natural weather. "What kind of weather will it be to-day?" said some one to a farmer. The farmer replied, "It will be such weather as I like." "What do you mean by that?" asked the other. "Well," said the farmer, "it will be such weather as pleases the Lord, and what pleases the Lord pleases me."

Oh! the sunshine! the sunshine of Christian explanation. Here is some one bending over the grave of the dead. What is going to be the consolation? The flowers you strew upon the tomb? Oh no! The services read at the grave? Oh no! The chief consolation on that grave is what falls from the throne of God. Sunshine, glorious sunshine. Resurrection sunshine.

Again: I find a great deal of the sunshine of this Bible and of our religion in the climacteric joys that are to come. A man who gets up and goes out from a concert right after the opening voluntary has been played, and before the prima donna sings, or before the orchestra begins, has a better idea of that concert than that man has who supposes that the chief joys of religion are in this world, We here have only the first note of the eternal orchestra. We shall in that world have the joy of discovery. We will in five minutes catch up with the astronomers, the geologists, the scientists, the philosophers of all ages who so far surpassed us in this world. We can afford to adjourn astronomy and geology and many of the sciences to the next world, because we shall there have better apparatus and better opportunity. I must study these sciences so far as to help me in my work; but beyond that I must give myself to saving my own soul and saving the souls of others, knowing that in one flash of eternity we will catch it all. Oh! what an observatory in which to study astronomy heaven will be—not by power of telescope, but by supernatural vision; and if there be something doubtful ten million miles away, by one stroke of the wing you are there, by another stroke of the wing you are back again, and all in less time than I tell you, catching it all in one flash of eternity.

And geology! What a place that will be to study geology, when the world is being picked to pieces as easily as a school-girl in botanical lessons pulls the leaf from the corolla! What a place to study architecture, amid the thrones and the palaces and the cathedrals—St. Mark's and St. Paul's rookeries in comparison.

Sometimes you wish you could make the tour of the whole earth, going around as others have gone; but you have not the time, you have not the means. You will make that tour yet, during one musical pause in the eternal anthem. I say these things for the comfort of those people who are abridged in their opportunities—those people to whom life is a hum-drum, who toil and work, and toil and work, and aspire after knowledge but have no time to get it, and say, "If I had the opportunities which other people have, how I would fill my mind and soul with grand thoughts!" Be not discouraged my friends. You are going to the university yet. Death will only matriculate you into the royal college of the universe.

What a sublime thing it was that Dr. Thornwell, of South Carolina, uttered in his last dying moments! As he looked up he said, "It opens; it expands, it expands." Or as Mr. Toplady, the author of "Rock of Ages," in his last moment, or during his last hours, looked up and said, as though he saw something supernatural, "Light!" and then as he came on nearer the dying moment, his countenance more luminous, he cried, "Light!" and at the very moment of his departure lifted both hands, something supernatural in his countenance as he cried, "Light!" Only another name for sunshine.

Besides that, we shall have all the pleasures of association. We will go right up in the front of God without any fright. All our sins gone, there will be nothing to be frightened about. There our old Christian friends will troop around us. Just as now one of your sick friends goes away to Florida, the land of flowers, or to the South of France, and you do not see him for a long while, and after a while you meet him, and the hollows under the eyes are all filled, and the appetite has come back, and the crutch has been thrown away, and he is so changed you hardly know him; you say, "Why, I never saw you look so well." He says, "I couldn't help but be well. I have been sailing these rivers and climbing these mountains, and that's how I got this elasticity. I never was so well." O, my friends! your departed loved ones are only away for their health in a better climate, and when you meet them they will be so changed you will hardly know them; they will be so very much changed, and after a while, when you are assured that they are your friends, your departed friends, you will say, "Why, where is that cough? Where is that paralysis? Where is that pneumonia? Where is that consumption?" And he will say, "Oh! I am entirely well; there are no sick ones in this country; I have been ranging these hills and hence this elasticity. I have been here now twenty years, and not one sick one have I seen,—we are all well in this climate."

And then I stand at the gate of the celestial city to see the processions come out, and I see a long procession of little children with their arms full of flowers, and then I see a procession of kings and priests moving in celestial pageantry—a long procession, but no black-tasselled vehicle, no mourning group; and I say, "How strange it is! where is your Greenwood? where is your Laurel Hill? where is your Westminster Abbey?" And they shall cry, "There are no graves here." And then listen for the tolling of the old belfries of Heaven, the old belfries of eternity. I listen to hear them toll for the dead, but they toll not for the dead; they only strike up a silvery chime, tower to tower, east gate to west gate, as they ring out, "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Oh! unglove your hand and give it to me in congratulation on that scene. I feel as if I would shout. I will shout Hallelujah! Dear Lord, forgive me that I ever complained about anything. If all this is before us, who cares for anything but God and Heaven, and eternal brotherhood? Take the crape off the door-bell. Your loved ones are only away for their health in a land ambrosial. Come Lowell Mason; come Isaac Watts; give us your best hymn about joy celestial.

What is the use of postponing our heaven any longer? Let it begin now; and whosoever hath a harp, let her thrum it; and whosoever hath a trumpet, let him blow it; and whosoever hath an organ, let him give us a full diapason. They crowd down the air, spirits blessed, moving in cavalcade of triumph. Their chariot wheels whirl in the Sabbath sunlight. They come. Halt! armies of God! Halt! until we are ready to join the battalion of pleasures that never die.

O, my friends! It would take a sermon as long as eternity to tell the joys that are coming to us. I just set open the sunshiny door. Come in, all ye disciples of the world who have found the world a mockery. Come in, all ye disciples of the dance, and see the bounding feet of this heavenly gladness. Come in, ye disciples of worldly amusement, and see the stage where kings are the actors, and burning worlds the footlights, and thrones the spectacular. Arise ye dead in sin, for this is the morning of resurrection. The joys of heaven submerge our soul. I pull out the trumpet stop. In thy presence there is a fullness of joy; at thy right hand, there are pleasures forevermore.

Blessed are the saints beloved of God,
Washed are their robes in Jesus' blood;
Brighter than angels, lo! they shine,
Their glories splendid and sublime.

My soul anticipates the day,
Would stretch her wing and soar away;
To aid the song, the palm to bear,
And bow, the chief of sinners, there.

Oh, the sunshine, the glorious sunshine, the everlasting sunshine!

THE VOICE OF THE MASTER.

Written for "The Christian Herald."

WE have heard his voice in the morning,
When tenderly over the hills
The first faint gleam of sunrise
Kissed valleys and murmuring rills;
And it said, in the softest of whispers:
"I love thee; now what will you bring
This day as a token of service
And love, to thy Friend and King?"

And oh, how we answered the whisper
With joy and with eyes ashine:
"Much fruit will I bring, dear Master,
To prove I am wholly thine."
But earth, with its joys, pressed closely,
And murmured, "There's time and to spare!"
We listened, and lo! in the twilight
No offering of love was there.

Then again came the tender whisper:
"I love thee; what gift wilt thou lay
At the foot of the Cross, in token
That thou art mine own, this day?"
And we vowed, while tears were streaming:
"My all I will lay at thy feet."
We meant what we said, but the tempter
Came wooing with promise so sweet.

Of glory, and honor, and pleasure,
We listened, not meaning to stay,
Afar from our King till the gloaming
Had ended the long, bright day.
But, waiting, and tasting, we tarried
'Till twilight was drooping her wing,
And not one gift had we carried
To lay at the foot of the King.

Once again came the tender whisper,
As sunset was dyeing the West
In the chill of the early autumn,
When the meadows in russet were dressed:
"I love thee; what gift wilt thou bring me
To show that thy love answers mine?
The long, fruitful summer is ended:
No sheaves in my garner are thine."

We answer: "If thou wilt but help me,
Wilt grant me thy strength and thy might,
Even yet some proof that I love thee
I'll bring ere the fall of the night.
But hold me, dear Master, and fill me
With love from thine own throbbing heart;
That I may be strong for thy service,
Nor yield to the tempter's art."

Oh! help us, dear Father, to bring thee
Some fruit as the proof of the love
Our lips are so fond of repeating—
Give courage and strength from above!
And spare us from hearing the sentence
While heaven with music is rife,
As slowly the darkness o'erwhelms us:—
"An empty and useless life."

—MAY M. ANDERSON.

THE LATE BISHOP BROOKS.

The Distinguished Massachusetts Divine Passes Away—His Splendid Career.

IN the death of the Rt. Rev. Phillips Brooks, the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts, the Christian Church in the United States sustains a severe loss. He was born in Boston in 1835, and came of a line of distinguished ancestors, being a descendant of John Cotton, the famous Puritan minister of the seventeenth century. He was educated at the Boston Latin School and subsequently at Harvard College, where he graduated in 1854. After a short experience as a teacher, he entered the ministry, first taking a course of theological study at the Episcopal Divinity School of Alexandria, Va. His first charge was as rector of the Church of the Advent in Philadelphia, from which he afterwards went to the Church of the Holy Trinity in the same city, returning in 1869 to Boston, as rector of the famous Trinity Church.

Few clergymen in America attained such high eminence in Christian work as Phillips Brooks, who was long known as the best pulpit orator of the Broad Church Episcopals in this country, and whose fame won him hosts of warm admirers in Europe as well. During his vacations, when he visited England, he preached in St. Botholt's Church in the Chapel Royal, London, in Westminster Abbey, in

THE LATE BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Christ Church by invitation of Dean Stanley, and in almost every one of the grand Christian temples of Great Britain. Tall, (he was over six feet in height), and of splendid physique, he possessed a rich, sonorous voice and a magnetic style of oratory that carried his audience with it, in a resistless and impetuous torrent. His discourses were characterized by a clearness of logic and a unique force of argument seldom found in or out of the pulpit. During the years of his service as rector of Trinity Church—which was built and decorated expressly for him, at a cost of over $1,000,000—its pulpit grew to be a moral influence which was felt throughout the Union. His Christianity was of the broadest character, and he was always ready to aid other religious organizations and even to preach the Word in their churches. He had the widest sympathy with every effort that had the elevation or evangelizing of the masses as its object. As a result of this liberal spirit he was in almost universal demand as a platform speaker and pulpit orator; indeed, these outside demands were much greater than those of his own parish. He was a most conscientious correspondent and devoted several hours every week-day to answering letters from all parts of the world, a great proportion of them being from entire strangers.

In April 30, 1891, he became Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts, succeeding Bishop Paddock. The office brought him no greater remuneration; indeed, his income became smaller. The duties included the oversight of many churches, a larger burden than he had as rector of Trinity. But his untiring energy and systematic industry accomplished what a less vigorous, less consecrated shepherd of so vast a flock would not have dared to undertake.

Bishop Brooks belonged to a clerical family, three of his brothers having been ordained in the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He has published a number of books, chiefly compilations, sermons and lectures, among them being a volume of "Lectures on Preaching," delivered before the Yale Divinity School in 1878; "The Influence of Jesus," a series of lectures delivered in Philadelphia in 1879; "Baptism and Confirmation," written in 1880, and others. His writings and lectures have been widely disseminated and rank high in theological literature.

NEHEMIAH'S PRAYER.

S. S. Lesson for Feb. 12. By Mrs. M. Baxter
Neh. 1: 1-11. Golden Text, Ps. 30: 10.

CAN we ever thank our God enough for leaving on record for us some glimpses of the inner life of his children? Had we been permitted to listen when Abraham, Moses, David, Elijah, etc., prayed, and God spoke back to them, should we not have esteemed the privilege above anything earthly which we have known or experienced? God has permitted that some of the prayers of his children should form part of that holy, blessed Book which is able to make us wise unto salvation. (II. Tim. 3: 15.) And this for a practical end. He would have us to "be followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises." (Heb. 6: 12.) One of the victories of the men of faith was that they "obtained promises" (Heb. 11: 33); and God places this in the same category as "subdued kingdoms . . . stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire," etc.

Real Prayer

is an intelligent entering into the revealed will of God, and uniting with it. Elijah would have been guilty of the worst presumption in praying for the resurrection of the widow's son, if he had not been quite sure beforehand of the will of his God. Even when Moses withstood God, and God had to say to his interceding servant: "Let me alone," Moses knew beforehand (Ex. 3:, 19: 4-6), that he had purposed to deliver his people, and to bring them into the land of Canaan, and that anything which seemed to contradict his own Word must be a test of his servant's faith.

Eleven years had elapsed since the dedication of the rebuilt temple. Ezra had come up to Jerusalem, he was "a ready scribe in the law of Moses, which the Lord God of Israel had given; and the king granted his request," that he might go up to Jerusalem "according to the hand of the Lord his God upon him." This man had "prepared his heart to seek the law of the Lord, and to do it, and to teach in Israel statutes and judgments." (Ezra 7: 6, 9, 10.) To seek, to do, to teach! This was one of God's anointed ones indeed; and the knowledge of God increased among his people. At the same time, the heart of king Artaxerxes was turned towards the people of God; so that he furnished them with money, remitted all taxes levied on the priests and Levites, and gave orders that the law of the God of Israel should be taught and enforced. Ezra was a man of faith, and trusted his God for all the needs of his journey and was ashamed to depend on man (Ezra 8: 21-23); and thus the knowledge of God increased among the people, and a great work of cleansing and of consecration took place. (Ezra 9: 10.) Only eleven years, and the people were

In Need Again:

spiritually they had made progress, but like the children of God in all times, they were a tried people. Nehemiah, one of the captive Jews, had obtained the office of cupbearer to the king Artaxerxes who had been twenty years upon the throne when Hanani and other Jews just arrived from Judea paid a visit to [illegible]. Naturally Nehemiah asked after the welfare of the Jews in Palestine and after the beloved city Jerusalem, and received the sad reply: "The remnant that are left of the captivity there are in great affliction and reproach; the wall of Jerusalem also is broken down, and the gates are burned with fire."

It was a matter of importance to Nehemiah how it went with the city of his God. His own position was an honorable one, and lucrative; as far as the world was concerned he was well situated. But it was Babylon, not Jerusalem, the city of the world and not the city of the great king; and his servant took pleasure in her stones, and favored the dust thereof. It went to his heart, and took hold of him: he "sat down and wept, and mourned certain days, and fasted and prayed before the God of heaven." There are some believers who think that God has a kind of satisfaction in efforts which we make to pray, to fast, to be sad, and grieve over sin, etc., as though we could some way propitiate the Lord by something proceeding from ourselves. There are so many who cannot understand

Quiet Waiting upon the Lord.

They think if they spend time with God they must be talking to him all the time, and when they have given him a large amount of information which he knew better than they did before, they assail him with a whole host of petitions, which are mostly bows drawn at a venture; many of them extravagant and unreasonable demands, for which they have no warrant in the word of God. Of course they remain in a state of the greatest uncertainty as to whether their prayers will be answered or not. But is this prayer? Is it dealing with God? or is it beating the air? Into whose hands are such prayers committed? Are they definitely or unmistakably placed in the hands of God? If they were, there could not be this uncertainty; "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass" (Ps. 37: 5), something will come of it. How many prayers of human manufacture are never really committed to God, never accompanied by a trust in him, and therefore he cannot bring to pass the matter in question! How many think only of what they want, of the words they utter, of the fervency with which they prey; and God is hardly in their thoughts at all! He sees that those who pray thus are not really dealing with him at all.

Nehemiah's prayer came out of his going apart to wait upon his God about his people at Jerusalem. He began by taking the measure of the God he had to deal with: "O Lord God of heaven, the great and terrible God." Therefore certainly capable of all things here on earth. No self pity, no complaint, but free open confession in which he took a personal part! Had there been any special departure from God since the time of the dedication of the temple? On the contrary there had been a separation unto the Lord as never before; the Levites and the priests had separated themselves from the people of the lands and divorced the heathen wives which they had taken. Why then this confession? There had been a real searching, and learning, and laying to heart of the Word of God among the people. Nehemiah undoubtedly had studied the Word in Babylon as his brethren did in Judea. And as the holy light of God's two edged sword pierced to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit and of the joints and marrow, and discerned "the thoughts and intents of the heart" (Heb. 4: 12), the man of God saw sin where he had not seen it before, and in the presence of his God he was broken and humbled at what came out in that all revealing light. "The spirit should fail before me, and the souls which I have made" (Isa. 57: 16), says our holy God, and that is no real intercourse with God which does not bring us broken to his feet. Nehemiah pleads no excuse, no palliation. We have dealt very corruptly, and have not kept the commandments . . . which thou commandest thy servant Moses." And then he pleaded the promises by which his God had bound himself, and said,

"Remember them, O Lord."

The Revised Version here is very forcible; in his quoting of God's promises: "though your outcasts were in the uttermost part of the heaven, yet I will gather them from thence, and will bring them into the place that I have chosen to place my name there." Gathered by God, brought into place by God, covered with his name, this is our prerogative in Christ. "Now these are thy servants, and thy people whom thou hast redeemed by thy great power, and by thy strong hand." Then he pleaded, "Prosper, I pray thee, thy servant this day, and grant him mercy in the sight of this man."

Little did Artaxerxes know, when Nehemiah, by virtue of his office, presented wine to the king while his face was full of sadness, that the God of heaven, with whom he had been communing, was there unseen, turning his heart whithersoever he would, yet so it was. "Why is thy countenance sad, seeing thou art not sick?" said the king. "This is nothing else but sorrow of heart." "Let the king live forever: why should not my countenance be sad, when the city, the place of my fathers' sepulchres, lieth waste, and the gates thereof are burned with fire?" "For what dost thou make request?" was the king's reply. Could it be? Had God so overruled that he had only to frame his petition, and it should be granted? The very greatness of God's answer to prayer only made his servant more dependent upon him. "So I prayed unto the God of heaven, and I said unto the king: "If it please the king, and if thy servant have found favor in thy sight, that thou wouldest send me to Judah, to the place of my fathers' sepulchres, that I may build it." A bold request, but divinely authorized: and God justified it, and morover gave Nehemiah courage to request government letters to the rulers of the province and to the keeper of the forest that the expenses of his journey and the timber needed for the work might be forthcoming. God had shewn him during that time of waiting on him how far he might go, and he knew that he was on safe ground. He had not to think of how such requests might appear to the king, or how any of the courtiers might regard it. He had to deal with God more than with man, and God stood by him. "The king granted me according to the good hand of my God upon me." Such is real prayer—so really, so willingly, so wondrously does God answer!

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

A Persian Cup-bearer.

ABOUT seventy years after the events of our last lesson, some of the Jews who had settled in Jerusalem were in Persia, probably on business, and had an interview with Nehemiah, a Jew who held the position of cup-bearer to the king. We are not to suppose that he was in any sense a domestic servant; the office was similar to the modern one of a Lord-in-waiting at a European court, which is conferred as a distinction on a man of high birth. The king was Artaxerxes, the son and successor of Xerxes, the Ahasuerus of the Book of Esther. Nehemiah asked these Jewish travellers how the people in Palestine were getting on. The report was a sad one. The people were in great affliction. We are not told anywhere in the Bible what the events of the greater part of that seventy-year period were, nor what had brought the people into that condition; but that the travellers told Nehemiah the facts we infer from his prayer, which is the subject of the lesson.

I was in Shushan the Palace. It was a dangerous place for a godly man to be. He would be surrounded by wicked men and many temptations. It requires special grace to live faithful to God in such a place. Some visitors were down in a coal-mine. On the side of the gangway grew a plant. It was perfectly white. They were astonished that, amid the coal-dust, this little plant should be so pure and white. A miner who was with them took a handful of dust and threw it upon the plant, but not a particle adhered. Every atom of dust rolled off. If God can keep that herb in the coal mine pure and white can he not keep the heart as white as snow?

The wall is broken down and the gates burned. Gangs of robbers from the surrounding country could come in and kill and murder and destroy. There was no peace nor security. A garden without a wall is in a bad condition; dogs may enter it and spoil the flower-beds; but worse than all is to have a mind and heart without walls where evil thoughts and imaginations enter freely and pollute it. An aged Christian minister who did much good all his life, once said in talking to young men. "Be careful what talk you listen to, and what books you read. One day when I was a boy at school a companion put an infamous book into my hands. I had it only fifteen minutes before I returned it to him, but that book has haunted me like a spectre ever since. I have often asked God on my knees to obliterate from my mind the words I read there; but I shall carry with me to the grave the spiritual damage I received in those fifteen minutes."

"You have seen," said Spurgeon, "the great reservoirs provided by our water companies, in which the water to supply thousands of houses is kept. Now the heart is the reservoir of man, and our life is allowed to flow in its proper season. That life may flow through different pipes—the mouth, the hand, the eye; but still all the issues of hand, of eye, of lip derive their source from the great fountain and central reservoir, the heart; and hence there is great necessity for keeping this reservoir in a proper state and condition, since otherwise that which flows through the pipes must be tainted and corrupt."

I wept and fasted and prayed. That was Nehemiah's way of acting when a great sorrow fell upon him. Sometimes consolers who come to us in trouble, tell us to "bear it like a man." The manly way of bearing trouble is not to curse and swear, not to spend the time in repining but to do the best left to us to repair it. Nehemiah was going to remove this trouble, but first of all he spent some time in confession and prayer, and doubtless through that prayer the king was influenced to favor his desire, and so the help that he most needed was afforded him. "There is no use in keeping the church open any longer; you may as well give me the key," said a missionary in Madras, as in the course of a journey he passed through a village where once so many of the natives had professed Christianity that a little church had been built for them. But the converts had fallen away, returned to their idols, and there only remained faithful the one poor woman, to whom now the missionary was speaking. "Oh, sir," she pleaded most earnestly, "do not take away the key! I at least will still go to the church and go on praying that God's light may visit us again." So the missionary left her the key, and presently the time came when he preached in that very church crowded with repentant sinners; the harvest of the God-given faith of that one poor Indian woman.

God that keepeth covenant. This is a grand description of character. It is sometimes forgotten both as to his promises and threatenings. When in trouble people do not go to him though he has promised to help them. They forget that he is God who keepeth covenant. When people sin, knowing that God has warned them that he will punish the sin, they, too, forget that he is God who keepeth covenant. It is a God-like characteristic to be particular about keeping covenant. While the late English General, Sir. William Napier, was walking one day in the environs of a town, he saw a little girl, of about five years of age, who was sobbing bitterly, while gazing in dismay at the remains of a broken dish lying at her feet. "I was bringing my father his dinner," she said, "and I shall be beaten when I go home for having been so careless." But on seeing the benevolent expression on the old soldier, a ray of hope revived, and she said to him, with all the *naivete* of youth, "Can you not mend it for me?" The general could not undertake to do that, but he said he would give her the money to buy another, and took out his purse for that purpose. Unfortunately, it happened that there was no small change in it, and so he promised to come back there the next day, at the same hour, and give her the promised sum; and the child went away quite comforted, and trusting to his word. On going home, the General found an invitation to dinner for the following day in a distant town to meet some friends whom he was very desirous of seeing. But he could not avail himself of the invitation without disappointing the little girl. Under these circumstances he declined the invitation on the score of previous engagement, thus preferring to lose the pleasure of seeing his friends to breaking faith with the little girl who had trusted him.

If ye turn to me I will gather you. God has a father's heart. When his children have done wrong and confess it with sorrow, he is ready to forgive and receive them. A father had a stubborn son, who ran away from home with a large sum of money. Some time afterwards the old man received a message saying that he was sorry for what he had done. The son was then in a miserable house, ill and neglected. The father thought, "Shall I go to see him there?" At length, he went. He was horribly disgusted when he entered the house. But when he looked upon the bed, and saw the young man asleep, he noticed his eyelash tremble, and then there came from under it a tear. This moved the father's heart, and he said, "I am his father; he is my child!" The old man put from his mind his disgust at the whole surroundings, and, awaking his son, looked tenderly upon him, saying, "My poor boy, will you come home?" The wretched youth whispered, "Father, if you can forgive me, take me away from here." It was a sad coming home, but all the way the old man said, "He is my boy!" and the youth said, "It is my father!"

Happy "Good-Will Farm."

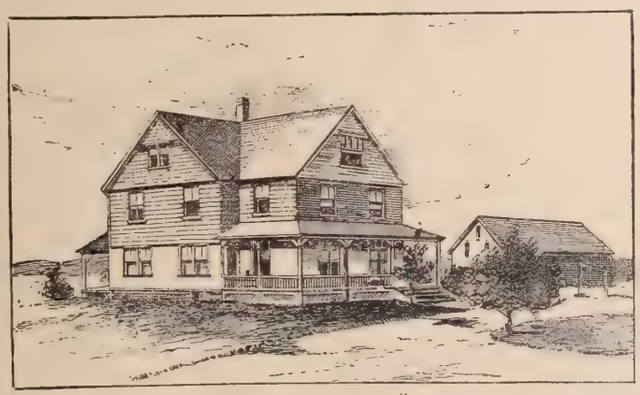
How God has Prospered a Humble Plan to Rescue and Help Needy Boys.

EVERY man and every woman has a mission to perform. To some, the realization of this truth comes early in life, to others late, and to many, alas! seemingly not at all. There are many bright souls among us in whom the spirit of helpfulness is so graciously developed that their lives become a ministry to others. Of such it may be truthfully said that when they have passed beyond the memories of their good works

Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

Such men and women are an influence for time and eternity.

The Rev. G. W. Hinckley of East Fairfield, Me., several years ago, while traveling in that State, conceived the idea of providing for deserving and needy boys what he had lacked in his own boyhood. His early years had been a hard struggle and he was in a position to appreciate the dangers that surrounded growing lads in similar circumstances. "Since I was fifteen or sixteen years of age," he says, "every important step that I had taken in life has been influenced by the wish to help the boy in need or in danger. So when I entered the Normal School in Connecticut and three years later entered the ministry and then resigned my pastorate in the state of Connecticut, I believed that each of these steps was bringing me toward the accomplishment of my purpose in life. Work in the mission rooms in Hartford, Conn., and among needy boys in other places, served to strengthen this purpose. I resigned the pastorate of a church in Windsor, Conn., and came to Maine, and made my headquarters in Bangor to engage in Sunday School work under the American Sunday School Union. I had been in doubt as to where the work which I had undertaken should be carried out, but upon receiving the commission from the American Sunday School Union I had not a doubt that somewhere in the State of Maine I would find the foundation for my work."



"GOOD-WILL COTTAGE."

As the plan matured in his mind, he cast about for a site on which to begin his experiment. His first step was to pledge to the work all his income above what was needed for his actual personal necessities. In 1885 he began to save and with the aid of friends who knew of the project, soon had the nucleus of a fund for the purchase of a small farm. Then followed an experience which is best told in his own words:

"In order to settle the matter once for all whether, with my slender means, I would be able to accomplish my purpose, I asked a token from God. I covenanted with him that I would take the neediest boy I could find into my own home, clothe him, feed him and send him to school one year. If in addition to one-tenth of my own income which I would devote to his needs, I should receive unsolicited gifts enough to meet all his expenses and could have at the end of the year $100 left in the bank as a surplus with which to begin further operations, I would never again question that God would bless my undertaking if I should have the courage the start out with it. At the end of the year all the lad's expenses had been met, and I had $200.65 in the bank, so I had received a double token. I then spoke to some of my friends about the matter and they asked why I didn't tell people of my purpose and needs. I thought if I could say I had $500 toward such a project I would then be willing to talk about it. In February 1888, I had $500. Then I said if I only had $1,000 I would dare say something, but it seemed absurd to talk of such a matter when I had so little towards it. One morning a Bangor lady informed me that she had so arranged her papers that I would receive the interest on $500, invested at 6 per cent. for my boy's fund, during her lifetime and at her death the $500 would become a nucleus of an endowment fund for my proposed work for boys. So I had my $1,000, and began to think it time to do something."

Soon after, he succeeded in securing a farm in East Fairfield. It had a dwelling and two somewhat dilapidated barns, but these were repaired and brightened. In the work he had the assistance of several clubs of children called Good-Will Clubs and in honor of their willingness to aid in the work, the place was named after them—The Good-Will Farm. It is pleasantly situated on the west bank of the Kennebec river, six miles from Fairfield. In a few weeks, Good-Will Cottage was ready for occupation and fifteen boys from the Children's Home in Boston came on for a six weeks' vacation. Mr. Hinckley, although he undertook their support during that time, had not a dollar in the treasury; but like Dr. Cullis, Pastor Spurgeon and George Muller, he had faith in the Almighty Banker, and sufficient money came in from friends to pay all the bills and even to leave a small balance in his hands.

His first boys, who were to become permanent inmates of the Home, were taken from this party. With Miss Hinckley, his sister, as matron and Miss Gertrude Higgins of Fairfield as her assistant, he took up housekeeping on absolute faith. Soon four more boys were added, all of the really needy and deserving class. Then Christian men and women throughout New England began to take an active interest in the project. The Home was incorporated and soon memberships were in demand, and funds were generously contributed. At the present time there are over 100 annual members contributing.

More boys came and the work enlarged so quickly that it was found necessary to build more accommodations. There are now three cottages at Good-Will Farm, each with its happy family of bright boys who are being trained to habits of industry and a Christian life. These boys, whose ages range from seven to fourteen, have four terms of school each year, three in the classes and one on the farm. They are taught to perform their duties promptly and faithfully. Last Summer the older boys did nobly on the farm, raising eighty bushels of grain, one hundred of potatoes, eighteen of turnips and other vegetables besides cutting twenty-five tons of hay. As many duties as possible are divided among the boys, each duty lasting two weeks. Besides farm work, indoor work, and the hothouses, there are tool-houses for those who have mechanical tastes, where the rudiments of a trade may be acquired. The boys also print and issue a paper, entitled *The Good-Will Record*.

The boys who are now being trained on Good-Will Farm are neither criminals, invalids, nor imbeciles, but lads who from various causes are in danger of drifting into immoral lives. Some have dissolute parents, others are orphans, while still others have acquired vicious habits; but all are intelligent and healthy. Home life at the farm is modelled as closly as possible after the average New England Christian household. What will become of those boys after they leave the Good-Will Homes? They will enter different walks in life. They will not leave the old homestead the same day or year. One by one, as they came, so they will go into the world to fill such positions as, with the aid of good friends, they can obtain. The fact that they came from a Christian home, from country living, and the sparsely settled districts, are all in their favor. So if these boys go to the city, one by one, or to the large villages, they will meet the city boy on his own ground. Trained, equipped for life, they will go out, some to the farm, some to the carpenter's bench, some to the pulpit. And the world will be brighter and better because Good-Will Farm was consecrated to the cause of needy boyhood.

SONGS OF THE JORDAN.

(*Continued from first page.*)

is by no means confined to the languages of modern civilization, for in many Oriental tongues its fame is celebrated; but it has remained for the followers of the lowly Nazarene to give to the Jordan that tuneful immortality which no other river on earth has received. The Hindus have chanted, in mournful cadence, the splendid sadness of the yellow Ganges; the Damascenes sang of Abana and Pharpar; the Nile, the Tigris, the Euphrates have all been equally celebrated by nations now passed away. One of the later poets has written of the valley:

Where Alph, the sacred river ran,
Thro' caverns, measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea.

But those strains have perished with the singers, while the songs of the Jordan have grown in volume and intensity with the passing centuries, and to-day, jubilant and triumphant, they stir the Christian heart throughout the world.

Without a trace of sadness, they partake rather of the nature of the heroic chant of Miriam and the children of Israel, after their passage in safety across the Red Sea; for the Jordan is to the true believer what the narrow arm of the Arabian Gulf was to the hunted tribes of Israel—a stream on the thither side of which lies safety and blessedness. It has entered so much into the songs, the prayers, the rejoicings and the contemplations of Christian people that it may be said to have become a fixed and a very precious type, indicative of the boundary between the present life and the life to come.

One of the noblest and most inspiring of the songs of the Jordan is that penned, about a hundred years ago, by Samuel Stennett, D.D., an English divine, member of a family noted for its piety and consecration:

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wistful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

Stennett's beautiful lines have cheered and inspired the hearts of innumerable Christians the world over. It is related of an aged lady, Miss Barbara Jewitt, that on the day of her death she was sitting in the chair in which she had sat for three weeks, and broke out into singing in a loud tone the words of this hymn. Her relatives were alarmed, for she had only been able to converse in whispers for weeks. She sang half an hour and urged her friends to join with her. "Sing on! Sing on!" she called to them; and then, as though turning to angelic spirits, she said, "Stay, stay, I am not ready yet." Even when sight failed her, she still urged her friends to come nearer and keep on singing. At last she fell back in her chair and her pure spirit fled.

Jordan was also a favorite theme with Isaac Watts. The great hymn-writer frequently alludes to the sacred stream as typifying the boundary between this life and the life above. He sings:

Sweet fields beyond the swelling floods
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood
While Jordan rolled between.

In his hymn on the "Miracles in the Wilderness," Watts writes of the Israelites that

Jordan beheld their march and fled
With backward current to his head.

Dr. Doddridge strikes this exultant strain:

Our grateful souls, on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear in his bright courts above
Inscriptions of immortal love."

Toplady thus beautifully adjures the dying Christian:

Shudder not to pass the stream,
Venture all thy cares on him;
Him whose dying love and power,
Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar.

Charles Wesley too had a similar idea when he wrote:

One family we dwell in him
One church above, beneath
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death;
One army of the living God
To his command we bow,
Part of his host have crossed the flood
And part are crossing now.

And Phœbe Cary, one of the sweetest Gospel poets, gives us this picture in her famous hymn, "One Sweetly Solemn Thought:"

Nearer the hidden stream,
Winding through shades of night,
Rolling its cold, dark waves between
Me and the world of light.

Jesus! to thee I cling:
Strengthen my arm of faith;
Stay near me while my way-worn feet
Press through the stream of death.

H. W. Lanning wrote in a similar strain:

The Jordan is rolling between me and home;
I stand on the margin, the summons has come.

Nearly sixty years ago, Rev. David Nelson of Connecticut, wrote the familiar hymn—which Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was wont to declare the sweetest in the world—whose chorus runs:

For O we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And, just before, the shining shore,
We may almost discover.

Rev. John Atkinson expresses the same beautiful idea in a charming hymn which Mr. Hubert P. Main has set to popular music:

We shall meet beyond the river,
By and by, by and by;
And the darkness shall be over,
By and by, by and by:
With the toilsome journey done,
And the glorious battle won,
We shall shine forth as the sun,
By and by, by and by.

Miss Fannie Crosby, the blind writer of many of our most beautiful spiritual songs says of the Jordan in her hymn entitled, "Jesus Keep Me Near the Cross":

Near the Cross I'll watch and wait
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.

And in the well-known hymn, "My Faith Looks Up to Thee," R. Palmer sings:

When ends life's transient dream;
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove:
O bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.

Thirty years ago, "In the Christian's Home in Glory," was a favorite revival hymn, and is still sung in many churches. The chorus contains these lines:

On the other side of Jordan
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

In his familiar hymn, "Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah," H. Williams thus expresses the feelings of the dying Christian:

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.

And Rev. J. Haskin, conveying the same idea, writes thus comfortingly of the crossing of the river:

I know I'm nearing the holy ranks,
Of friends and kindred dear,
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks,
The crossing must be near.

Many others, too, whose names have been forgotten, though their strains have lived, have sung of the Jordan. Among those unidentified lyrics, the following fragments deserve to be recalled:

Over the river from shore to shore.
Mortals each moment are passing o'er;
From every land and from every clime
Passing the limits and bounds of time—
Ask you whereto can their mission be?
All for the boundless eternity.

A similar sentiment is thus expressed by another poet:

We too, shall come to the river's side,
One by one, one by one;
We are nearer its waters each eventide;
Yes, one by one.

And here follows a harbinger of the heavenly peace:

When we pass through yonder river,
When we reach the farther shore,
There's an end of war forever,
We shall see our foes no more.

And this a foretaste of the jubilation to be enjoyed by Christ's redeemed:

He in his own body,
Hath opened a Fountain;
To cleanse all our sins,
Tho' high as a mountain—
Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Who brought us a pardon;
We'll praise him again
When we've passed over Jordan.

A most comforting strain is this, by still another unknown Christian singer:

Over Jordan! over Jordan!
Yes, we'll rest our weary feet,
By the crystal waters sweet,
Over Jordan, over Jordan;
When the peaceful shores we'll greet
Over Jordan.

And the high hope of the believer is thus quaintly expressed by another writer:

When we pass o'er death's dark river,
We shall see Him as he is,
Resting in His love and favor
Owning all the glory His.

Who can forget this beautiful picture in "Gates Ajar":

Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love him more in heaven.
Oh, depth of mercy! can it be
That gate was left ajar for me?

The negroes of the Southern States, during the exciting days of the war, found expression for their emotions in a memorable hymn, which is still sung at their camp-meetings:

Roll, Jordan, roll,
I want to go to Heaven when I die,
To hear Jordan roll.
Oh brothers, you ought to have been there,
And here's my Lord a-sitting in the kingdom—
Roll, Jordan, roll; etc.

Such is a glimpse of the Jordan, as celebrated in Christian song.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. de Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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DANGEROUS PLEASURES.

SYBARIS was a great city, and it once sent out three hundred horsemen in battle. They had a minstrel who had taught the horses of the army a great trick, and when the old minstrel played a certain tune the horses would rear and with their front feet seem to beat time to the music. Well, the old minstrel was offended with his country, and he went over to the enemy, and he said to the enemy: "You give me the mastership of the army and I will destroy their troops when those horsemen come from Sybaris." So they gave the old minstrel the management, and he taught all the other minstrels a certain tune. Then when the cavalry troop came up and the old minstrel and all the other minstrels played a certain tune, and at the most critical moment in the battle when the horsemen wanted to rush to the conflict, the horses reared and beat time to the music with their forefeet, and in disgrace and rout the enemy fled. Ah! my friends, I have seen it again and again—the minstrels of pleasure, the minstrels of dissipation, the minstrels of godless association have defeated people in the hardest fight of life. Frivolity has lost the battle for ten thousand.

How many people in America have stepped from the ball-room into the graveyard! Consumptions and swift neuralgias are close on their track. Amid many of the glittering scenes of social life in America diseases stand up right and left and balance the chain. The breath of the sepulchre floats up through the perfume, and the froth of Death's lip bubbles up in the champagne.

THE DEAR BISHOP.

MY mind goes back to the time when Bishop Brooks and myself were neighbors in Philadelphia. He had already achieved a great reputation as a pulpit orator. The first time I saw him was on a stormy night as he walked majestically up the aisle of the church to which I administered. He had come to hear his neighbor as I often afterward went to hear him. What a great, and genial soul he was! He was a style of man that people in the street stopped to look at, and strangers would say as he passed, "I wonder who that man is?" Of unusual height of stature, and with a face beaming with kindliness, once seeing him he was always remembered. But the pulpit was his throne. With a velocity of utterance that was the despair of swiftest stenographers, he poured forth his impassioned soul, making every theme he touched luminous and radiant.

All the world knows what he thought about everything that is worthy of thought. Putting no emphasis on the mere technicalities of religion, he made his pulpit flame with its power. He was the especial inspiration of young men, and the disheartened took courage under the touch of his words and rose up healed. It will take all time and all eternity to tell the results of his Christian utterances.

But the giant is dead. He puts off the robes of the Bishopric and puts on the robes of eternal triumph. We hail the conqueror! The salutations of heaven met him at the gate. Honored on earth he is crowned in heaven. Other men have been adorned by the office of a bishop, he adorned the office. We are glad that we ever knew him, that we ever heard him, and that for many years we have loved him. There were some who thought that there was here and there an unsafe spot in his theology. As for ourselves we never found anything in the man or in his utterances that we did not like. The Gospel of Jesus Christ is kindness, and Phillips Brooks was as grand an exponent of that as any man we ever knew. All intelligent Christendom mourns his going. We shall not see his like again. His name will be held in everlasting remembrance.

BLESS THE DENTISTS!

WE remember seeing a dentist's advertisement in which he promised to pull teeth without pain, and giving the list of some of our best clergymen whom he had relieved of distressing molars. May the remaining incisors and bicuspids of these brethren be spared, and the time be long distant when Solomon's description shall apply to them, "The grinders cease because they are few."

We now seriously call the attention of all young clergymen to the importance of ecclesiastical dentisty. When a minister's teeth begin to decay, his theology, is apt at the same time to suffer. Poor teeth result in poor mastication; poor mastication in poor digestion; poor digestion in poor spirits; poor spirits in poor theology.

Keep out of your mouth all poisonous dentifrices; do not wear off the enamel with pen-knife or pin; annually submit yourself to the inspection of a wise dentist; twice a day at least, with strong brush, keep your mouth as pure as the Gospel that drops from your lips. An untidy minister, neglectful of a full-length bath, his finger-nails unscraped, his knuckles begrimed, his collar looking as if it had lost its way to the wash-tub, and his teeth tobacco-stained, is as disgusting to us as the Egyptian mummies in the British Museum.

There might seem to be some excuse for the wicked postponement of dentistry if it were as excruciating as it used to be. In boyhood, after our crying all night, laudanum and camphor and everything else having failed, father took us to the village doctor. The doctor led us to his back piazza, and we sat down on the step. Whether we were promised candy or a ride or a pair of new boots, we do not remember, but suffice it to say the inducement did not seem adequate to pay for the sufferings proposed. The doctor brought out a long pair of forceps. There were in its very looks twists and grips and clutches which made the toothache instantly stop. Then we argued the uselessness of extraction, because it did not ache a bit. They did not allow us to finish the argument. We were never more logical in our life. We had laid down the two propositions of a syllogism. First, painless teeth ought not to be extracted; secondly this is a painless tooth; but before we could draw the conclusion the doctor had begun to draw the tooth. We sitting on the step, and he standing back and above us, took our head between his knees, one knee tight against each ear. The memory of those knees will never fade away from us. They seem to us the *ne plus ultra* of all knees. He had hard work to get into our mouth, for it was full of exclamation, or what the boys call "holla," a word so expressive that we never found its synonym. But getting his hand on one side the unrestrained yell, and his turn-key on the other, he went at it. At last the cold steel was laid aside the sore gums, and while we were clutching the doctor's arm, and biting his fingers as hard as we could, and kicking indiscriminately in all directions, and giving him a look as much as to say, "Old fellow, if I live to get over this, won't I give it to you," the doctor, with knees still more tightly braced, gave one resolute pull, and it seemed as if the roots of the neck had given way, and the jaw-bone had forsaken its socket, and everything, down to the last joint of the toe, had been dislocated, grubbed out, smashed, caved in, and annihilated with a general convulsion.

The operation was successful. The dentist only did his duty, and has been for some years in the good place where teeth never ache and they never use forceps; but my memory of him is not ecstatic. We do not take him into our hope of future recognition. We can think of five hundred people whom we would rather meet than he.

But in this day things are made easy. According to the advertisement, tooth-drawing has passed into the luxuries, and the dentist's chair is almost as easy as the editor's. You can take the cholo-form and see visions.

CHOICE OF ASSOCIATES.

IF you have a choice when you go out in the world as to whether you will be associated in business circles with men who love God, or those who are hostile to the Christian religion, you might better sacrifice some of your financial interests and go among the people of God than risk the interests of your immortal soul. Jehoshaphat knew it was unsafe for his men to go in one boat with the men of Ahaziah, and you cannot have business associations with those who despise God, and heed not his commandments. I admit the fact that a great many men are forced into associations they despise, and there are business circles in which we are compelled to go which we do not like, but if you have a choice, see that you make an intelligent and safe one.

This principle is just as true in regard to social connections. Let no young man or woman go in a social circle where the influences are vicious or hostile to the Christian religion. You will begin by reproving their faults, and end by copying them. Sin is contagious. You go among those who are profane, and you will be profane.

It is always best to keep ourselves under Christian influences. It is not possible, if you mingle in associations that are positively Christian, not to be made better men or women. The Christian people with whom you associate may not be always talking their religion, but there is something in the moral atmosphere that will be life to your soul. You choose out for your most intimate associates eight or ten Christian people. You mingle in that association; you take their counsel, you are guided by their example, and you live a useful life, and die a happy death, and go to a blessed eternity. There is no possibility of mistaking it; there is not an exception in all the universe or ages—not one.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

GIRLHOOD AND WOMANHOOD.

(*Continued from page 54.*)

WHERE there is no Gospel, woman is the plaything of man, unto him as his gun, his horse, or his dog. Let the story of the Zarillia, the harem, the Zenanas, be told; why, you know how in China, for instance, when a girl-babe is born, there is no joy: nothing but lamentation and tears.

No, no! You cannot help giving at least the kiss of recognition to Christ. But it's not an Orpah I want you to be, but a Ruth. Listen! and let me tell you some things I know.

First—To be a Ruth, means for you to be a Christian; not only to give Jesus, the Christ, the kiss of loving faith, but the life of love's following. To say unto him, "Whither thou goest I will go: . . . thy people shall be my people, thy God my God." It means all the depth, and length, and breadth, and height of that beautiful Psalm, the forty-fifth, which may well be called the "Woman's Psalm of the Bible."

To be a Ruth, to be a Christian, is to shine brighter than the stars, and keep thy lustre, when they have gone to sleep forever.

Tell me—wilt thou be a Ruth? It is with thee to choose. Like Orpah, you may give but a simple kiss of recognition, and then return to the world of sinful pleasure, and grow up godless, instead of godlike; or you may be all I plead for. But I must stop my preaching and tell that tale I set out to give.

It's about a girl in her teens, just coming into full bloom of years, where character is fixed. But she was not a Christian, and she knew she ought to be. So when the preacher one day asked all who would be followers of Christ, she, with some others, said modestly, but earnestly, "I will." Then and there she became a "Ruth," though her name was Mary. She married a noble man; made a beautiful wife, and a true home. Unto her were born six children; and it's about one of them I want to tell you. She called him "Laddie," though that was not his name; but he was bad — he went astray — he was the prodigal—the black sheep. Years passed by, he got away from the truth, from the church, from the Bible, from prayers, from all that's good. One day he thought of suicide, or rather one night. Everything was so dreary and black; and in that hour, what was it that saved him? His mother. The thought of her, her hopes, her prayers, her love; that, and that alone, kept him from the waters rolling by. Had she not said, "Laddie, thee can never get away from mother's prayers, nor thy mother's God; and some day thee will work for Jesus, too." And true it was; for there the full force of her life, her faith, her petitions, her love, met him and turned him to the path that led to the Cross; and to-day he writes unto you for that was my mother, and I'm "Laddie." Had she not been a Ruth, I might have been in the bottomless pit this hour.

See you now, why I plead?

Maybe this story of "Ruth or Orpah" will go deeper in your heart if I tell you a wee bit more.

Back there in the days gone by, there were five young men who played together, who fished together; they rode and laughed and gunned together; all had about the same hopes for a long life. Now, where are they?

Bob—well, big-hearted Bob sleeps 'neath the sod: his grave watched by his widow and his boy. And George—he, too, is in the grave. Eddie, the bright, smart fellow, engaged to be married to the finest girl in the town: where is Ed? Ah! well, there is a woman who mourns him, a widow at heart: for she married him not; for the angels came and called him home. And Will, the fourth, where is he? Gone! Gone like the rest. We carried him out to the city of the dead, to await the resurrection morning. And who will be the next? I will be the next! I am the only one left of the five. And it's by the blessing of God, given me through her who verily was a Ruth, that I can now look back upon seventeen years of Christian life; and the sweetness of it all is coupled with the fact, that when my call comes, I shall pass out and up and in, there to meet the best woman I ever knew—my mother; and in memory of her, I write thus to you

C. H. Yatman

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

AN OTTOMAN SACRIFICE.

A STRANGE scene was witnessed recently in the Holy Land, vividly recalling the ancient rites and ceremonies of the Mosaic dispensation. It was a part of the inaugural ceremony of a new railroad enterprise. As already reported in this journal a railroad has been cut from Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, to Jerusalem and it is now in operation. A much longer and more ambitious effort to increase traveling facilities is now being made. By special permission of the Sultan and under direct Turkish auspices another railroad is being cut from Haifa on the Bay of Acre to Damascus in Syria. Its route lies across Galilee through scenes hallowed by the footsteps of Jesus, through Nazareth, Cana, Nain, Bethsaida, past the sea of Galilee, across the Jordan and terminates at Damascus the most ancient city of the world and the scene of Paul's conversion. When the first sod of the new line was turned there was an imposing ceremony at which the Governor presided. As a preliminary a sacrifice of fifteen sheep was offered. The Turkish official brought the first to the sod that was to be first turned and there its throat was cut and its blood soaked the soil. The other fourteen were slaughtered near by and then the first sod was solemnly turned. To Western minds it was a strange way of beginning so prosaic an enterprise as the cutting of a railroad; but to the Oriental it was perfectly appropriate and he would not have considered the ceremony complete without it. But each has something to learn from the other. The Oriental sets us the example of recognizing God in all the affairs of life, while we may tell him of the great Sacrifice offered once for all which renders all further sacrifices superfluous. (Heb. 10: 10.)

Bodies Unburied for Years.

A stable at Haverhill, Mass., which has been unused for some time was rented recently to a business man. In getting it ready for occupation, his men were horrified by finding the bodies of two children, enclosed in rough pine cases. The police were notified and made an investigation. It was fonnd that the stable had formerly been used by an undertaker, and he was found and asked to explain the prescence of the two corpses. He said they had been given to him for burial by two families whom he named, but, as he could not obtain from them the money for expenses already incurred, he had held the bodies as security until he was paid the whole cost of a funeral. As the money was not forthcoming he put the bodies in his stable and had forgotten them. Reference to the town's vital statistics showed that one of the children died two years ago and the other three years ago. It was a ghastly security for a debt. Happily his hold on the dead children could extend only to their bodies. Their souls could not be affected by their parents' inability to pay their debts. There is, however, reason to fear that many a soul has been captured and held captive by Satan that would not have fallen into that evil case had the parents fulfilled their obligations to it and to God. "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." (Prov. 22: 6.)

Midnight Cries from a Vault.

A WATCHMAN in Woodland Cemetery at Cleveland, O., while going his rounds about midnight on Jan. 3, heard a muffled cry. He went in the direction from which it came and as it was repeated he had no difficulty in locating it. It came from a vault in which, during the previous day, two bodies had been placed, ready for interment. The cries increased until they became shrill screams, but the watchman was too much alarmed to approach the entrance to the vault. He went to the office and ascertained the names of the undertakers who had been in charge of the respective funerals. After considerable delay, owing to the late hour, he succeeded in getting telephone communication with them. He begged them to come quickly as one of the corpses had come to life and wanted the coffin opened. The undertakers were mystified, but after securing the protection of two policemen, they went to the cemetery. During the delay, the shrieks continued. Some one was making piteous appeals to be let out. The door of the vault was opened and out came a lady fully attired, but in a hysterical condition. She had attended one of the funerals early in the day, and, being very tired and overcome with grief, she sat down in a dark corner of the vault and during the service fell asleep. She did not wake when her friends went away. The door of the vault was shut and locked, but she slept on. At last she awoke feeling dreadfully cold and numbed and unable to realize where she was. When she did find out she was horrified and tried to get out, but the door was locked. She shouted, but there was no response. She heard the clock strike midnight and feared she would be kept there until morning. No one would like to spend a night amid such surroundings, though there could only be a superstitious cause for the lady's abject terror. The memory of that night's experience will probably keep her from ever voluntarily entering a vault again and will certainly keep her from yielding to somnolence if she should do so, before she is carried there for her last sleep. It may be hoped that she will so live that when that event occurrs, her awakening on the resurrection day will be one of joy and not of terror. (Daniel 12: 2.)

A Soldier Discharged.

A NOVEL plea for the discnarge of a young man from military service has been urged by his family and has been accepted by the authorities at Halifax, N. S. The young man was a drummer representing a prominent business firm in Canada and went to Halifax on his usual trip. He walked into the brigade office and offered himself for enlistment. He said that his family were in comfortable circumstances, but he had conceived a love for military service which would not be satisfied by anything but enlisting. He was examined and passed and duly entered on the roll. A few days afterward his manner changed. He professed that he had no recollection of having entered the service and was surprised to find himself in barracks. He sent for his father, who, on his arrival, told the authorities that the young man was subject to fits of temporary insanity and that he did not know what he was doing when he enlisted. He pleaded for his son's discharge and it was granted on his paying a fine of fifty dollars. He may still be a good citizen and a faithful subject, though he did withdraw from the Queen's service, but it is not so in Christ's kingdom. He says that none who "draw back are fit for the kingdom of God." (Luke 9: 65.)

Notice of Derelicts.

THIS month's issue of the pilot-chart of the Hydrographic Office in Washington contains the warning that no less than eight abandoned and water-logged vessels are drifting in the steamship lanes of the Atlantic. One of them, which has a cargo of mahogany on board and is level with the water's edge has been drifting about since March, 1891. The perils of collision at sea have been reduced since the steamship companies adopted what is known as the lane routes. Now, the route a steamer follows after leaving this port is fifty miles away from the route taken by steamers bound west. One steamer therefore is little likely to meet another and come into collision with her. But these abandoned ships, not being under control and carrying no lights are a continual source of danger. The gulf stream carries them northward and then eastward and the captains of incoming ships have warned the government of their whereabouts. One of them has been cut in two and the two halves are drifting in company. Happily, so far, they have been seen in the day time and avoided, but any day we may hear of a steamer striking one of them in the night and being injured if not wrecked by the blow. The government is doing a service by publishing the periodical notice to captains of the probable position of the derelicts. It would do a still better service by destroying them, as was suggested in Congress recently. The human derelicts, of whom there are so many drifting in society, are as much to be dreaded, for "one sinner destroyeth much good," but in their case it is not their destruction that is to be desired, but that they may be rescued and through Christ brought into the haven of God's forgiveness and a reward is promised to all who engage in that work. "Let him know, that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." (James 5: 20.)

Reclaimed by Heroism.

THERE was a drowning fatality at Easton, Pa., on Jan 5. Some boys were skating on the Lehigh River when one of them fell through the thin ice. He tried to get out but the current was too strong at that place and he was being drawn under. He shouted loudly for help and his cries attracted the notice of a man who was passing. The man procured a rope and begged a boy to go out on the ice, which might bear him, but would not bear the man, and throw the rope to the struggling boy. But the lad would not venture. Then the man tried to throw the rope, but it fell short. Rather than let the boy drown he ventured a few yards on the ice and threw it again. But by that time the current had carried the boy under and beyond the reach of help. Again the ice broke and the man fell in. A crowd had gathered by this time and the ice was quickly broken up and a boat launched. The man was pulled in but it was thought he was dead from cold and shock. He was taken to a house on the bank and the rescuers worked over him for half an hour before he recovered consciousness. The story of his heroism went all over the town and he had many visitors. Among them was a woman whom he recognized and welcomed joyfully. It was his wife who had become estranged from him and whom he was vainly seeking when he heard the boy's cry for help. Her husband's heroism so impressed her that she became reconciled to him and returned with him to his home. Her love for him had faded away, but it revived on hearing what he had done, although the boy for whom he had risked his life was a stranger to her. It was quite natural and reasonable; but it is strange that so few are similarly moved to love by that infinitely grander story, in which they are personally interested, of Christ giving his life to save them. (Rom. 5: 8.)

AN OTTOMAN SACRIFICE.

BRIEF NOTES.

Mr. Frank DeWitt Talmage, the son of the Editor of this journal has accepted an invitation to be assistant pastor of the Olivet Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, of which Dr. Graham is pastor.

Rev. Charles F. Deems is, we are glad to hear, making steady progress toward recovery. His mind has been perfectly clear all through his illness and he is gradually recovering his power of articulation.

Prince Oscar Bernadotte, the second son of the King of Sweden, has organized a total abstinence society among the soldiers at Calscrona, and is himself the president of the Plekinge Province Temperance Union.

Miss Sallie Holley, the famous Abolitionist and friend of the negro died in New York on Jan. 12. She was seventy-six years old and her whole life had been given to the work of promoting the emancipation, education and elevation of the colored race.

Evangelist F. E. Smiley's meetings at East Liverpool, O., have been much blessed. The *Evening News* of that town says that immense multitudes were attracted to the Rink in which the services were held and that there have been many conversions, among them some prominent persons.

An order has recently been issued by the chief of police at Moscow to all saloon-keepers in the city directing them to post a notice on the walls of every drinking-room that all persons must remove their hats while in the room. To remain covered, the chief says, indicates a lack of reverence for the images of the saints which are set up in these places.

Major Geo. A. Hilton is receiving the hearty support of the citizens of Los Angeles in his Pacific Gospel Union Mission and has been enabled to do a large amount of religious and philanthropic work. Over five hundred conversions were recorded during the past twelve months and many despairing men were aided to begin a new life after lapsing into criminal or vicious courses.

Justice L. Q. C. Lamar of the United States Supreme Court died on Jan. 23. He had been sick for several months, but hopes of his recovery were cherished until the day before he died. Mr. Lamar was in his sixty-eighth year and had been in public life for forty years. He was a man of broad culture and profound learning and was highly respected through the South and at Washington, where he was best known. He was a prominent leader in the Secession movement and fought on the side of the South through the war.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman has been laboring with much success at Perth Amboy, N. J. The first Methodist Church has been crowded nightly by earnest seekers. The movement spread throughout the town and as an evidence of the extent of the awakening the Mayor issued a proclamation asking the business men of the town to close their establishments on January 11th for two hours in the afternoon to afford their employes an opportunity of attending the meetings. The local papers say that the town was never so moved by religious feeling before.

Rev. Thomas Harrison is continuing his services at Jane Street M. E. Church, New York. A remarkable work is going on there. Over a hundred persons, many of them young men, have been converted and there are signs of a deep and increasing interest being felt. Mr. Harrison has deferred his engagements and will remain with the church another week, believing that the work so unexpectedly developed has the first claim on his attention. At the evening service of Jan. 22, the church was crowded to its utmost capacity, even the lobbies, stairways and vestibules being packed.

Dr. George D. Dowkontt is making an energetic effort to comply with the conditions on which the University of the State of New York has agreed to grant a charter to his college for the training of medical missionaries. Three of the four conditions can be easily met, but the fourth is that the college shall acquire and maintain a proper laboratory with clinical and hospital facilities. As Dr. Dowkontt never can keep a dollar in his pocket when he sees a family in need through sickness or misfortune, and often admits to his college bright young men who cannot pay even their board, he is embarrassed by this sudden need for the money to fit up the laboratory as required by the Regents of the University. We shall be pleased to receive and hand to him any contributions our readers may like to send to help him in the emergency.

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

GOING UP TO BETHEL.

A Sermon Preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York, last Sunday, January 29, 1893, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D.

"And let us arise and go up to Bethel, and I will make there an altar unto God, who answered me in the day of my distress and was with me in the way which I went." Gen. 35: 3.

JACOB and his mother plotted wickedly against Isaac and Esau. Jacob early manifested the retiring character of his father, preferring the quiet life of the shepherd rather than the daring pursuits of the hunter, which so fascinated his brother Esau. Jacob early became Rebekah's favorite, while for Esau Isaac evinced marked partiality. Jacob showed a prudent, and perhaps we might say a selfish and cunning spirit even in his youth. The manner in which he secured the honor of the birthright from his brother Esau was as cunning in execution as it was selfish in design. The favoritism shown him by his mother proved to be greatly hurtful rather than helpful in his history and character. Nothing can justify the deception practiced by Rebekah and Jacob. It is true that God had promised that the elder should serve the younger, but God never requires our sinful acts to enable him to fulfil his divine promises. The conduct of the mother and son in plotting against the father and the other son presents

A Truly Painful Picture.

Justification of such conduct is simply impossible. We do not feel called upon to utter one word in extenuation of the guilt of both mother and son. True religion is not responsible for Jacob's conduct, for at this time he did not have true religion. His conversion, as we use the term in later days, did not occur until the night of his profound experiences on the banks of the brook Jabbok. Some have tried to excuse the acquisition of his father's blessing on the ground that the whole history is simply figurative and symbolic; but so to explain the transaction is to blunder exegetically as much as the attempt to justify the deceit would be to blunder morally.

Punishment soon followed the committal of the sin. Jacob is filled with alarm and at his mother's suggestion is sent to Mesopotamia, the seat of her family, in order that he might find a wife among his own kindred, and also to escape the consequences of his brother's anger. The marriage of Esau to Hittite women doubtless gave the parents greater anxiety for the proper marriage of Jacob. Once more Jacob receives his father's blessing, and then starts upon his journey. The years pass and his return is now contemplated.

During this time he grew rich and "increased exceedingly and had much cattle, and maid-servants and menservants, and camels and asses." But the time has now come when the Lord wished him to return to his own country. The voice of God therefore came to him saying, "Arise, go up to Bethel, and dwell there." This command was in harmony with the desires alike of

Jacob and his Family.

They started on their journey, and the prosperity and departure of Jacob grieved and angered Laban. On the third day after their departure, Laban learned that they had gone and immediately set out in pursuit; but he is divinely warned not to hinder Jacob's return. Reproach and recrimination were freely indulged in on both sides. Crafty men and craftier women practiced their various arts upon one another for their selfish ends. Rachel stole the teraphim which Laban was so anxious to discover and to preserve; and the theft soon necessitated further deceit. Jacob's reply, how-

[illegible] imperfectly they all were instructed in the law of God in moral duty. Peace finally was restored, and Laban returned, while Jacob and his family continued their journey. A heap of stones, called Mizpah, a watch-tower, was built as a witness between these warring and distrustful men. The first use of the word Mizpah robs it of much of the beauty and poetry associated with the word in our day. Its primary use was to keep a check upon two sharpers neither of whom dared to trust the other. It was diamond cut diamond when these two wily men transacted business with each other.

Then came the skilful preparations to meet Esau. Jacob relied upon two great weapons—"brains and prayer." He divided his flocks and herds into two companies, so that if one were attacked, the other might escape. Then came the great crisis in his life—the meeting of the angel on the banks of Jabbok. Then Jacob was converted; then the old name and nature suggested by Jacob, the supplanter, were exchanged for Israel, the prince and

Soldier of God.

After this night of anxiety and triumph Jacob rose from Peniel with the bright sun shining upon him as an emblem of the radiant hope which illuminated his own soul. Finally at Shalem, a city of Shechem in the land of Canaan, he pitched his tent. Sorrow came to his family life, because of the sin and shame of his family. He is now an old man and his heart is bowed with domestic grief, but God's eye and God's love are still upon him, and God's voice is heard commanding him to go to Bethel and dwell there. Then Jacob gives the exhortation to his family in our text.

In studying this text, we have, in the first place, an exhortation. "And let us arise, and go up to Bethel." This exhortation possesses many interesting features. It will pay us to study for a little time some of its characteristics. It was an exhortation given by the command of God. By the first verse of this chapter we see that God said "Arise, go up to Bethel, and dwell there." Jacob had now been some time in the land. His life was partly pastoral and partly agricultural. He was engaged in the care of his family and in the feeding of his flocks. His sons had involved him in painful difficulties, and his daughter's sorrow had brought him intense grief and shame. His great herds required constant attendance. There was ground for fearing that the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches would choke the good seed which had been sown in his heart. Since that wonderful night at the ford of Jabbok we find less imperfection and more for commendation in

His Life and Character;

but we certainly do not yet find freedom from weakness and perfection of character. He seems already in danger of forgetting God; he seems in danger of forgetting that his name is Israel, and lapsing again into the old and hateful Jacob character. But his family troubles and the opposition of the people about him are likely to lead him nearer to God. At this critical time God speaks and tells him to go up to Bethel, and make there an altar. It is always cause for gratitude when God speaks to his children when they are in danger of wandering into sin; it is always a proof of divine sonship when we are willing to listen to God's voice and to walk in the way of his commandments. We can have no evidence for ourselves or for others that we are truly the children of God except as we are led by the Spirit of God. The dutiful spirit proves our adoption into God's family.

Another characteristic of this exhortation is that it is given by the head of a household to his family. This truth is taught us in the verse that precedes the text; we are there told that Jacob spoke unto his household. This fact is profoundly suggestive. Every father should be the religious head of his own house; every father should be the high priest in his own family. He should be unwilling to give up the high honor and sacred duty which belong to him as the head of his house. He ought to erect the family altar and constantly to keep the flame of family devotion brightly burning thereon. Jacob was regarded by his family as [illegible] prince and a priest; so ought every father to regard himself and to be regarded by others. The sacred duty of ministering at the family altar he cannot neglect, or ever remit without dishonoring himself as well as his Lord. Jacob commanded his family to put away all strange gods that were among them, to change their garments, and to be themselves clean. Some of his family had their hands full of blood; they needed not only clean clothes but also clean hearts. His family seem to have responded to this earnest exhortation. It is blessed when the head of the home leads in paths of obedience to God, and when his family with alacrity and joy follow in his footsteps. It is unspeakably sad to see families sit at tables on which no blessing is asked, and live in houses in which the voice of praise and prayer is never heard. Almost as well might a family live in a house without a roof as in a house in which the presence of God is not recognized. Jacob's example at this point is worthy of earnest commendation and of universal imitation.

A Consecrated Place.

It was also an exhortation to attend the house of God. This is the meaning of the word Bethel. We are carried back at once to the account given in the 28th chapter of this book of Jacob's flight from home and his night spent at Bethel. At that time Jacob was a wanderer fleeing from the voice of his angry brother. He carries with him the heaviest of all burdens for a traveller, a guilty conscience. He is in a lonely place as night comes down upon him. He is weary, and sinful, and sad. He is on a ridge which has been called the backbone of Palestine. He must go on foot and alone a distance of about five hundred miles through an inhospitable country. If he had possessions he would be robbed; but without money he must beg. It will take him a month to make the journey. It has been pointed out that the journey was longer than that of Washington from Virginia to Fort Duquesne, for the performance of which he received the admiration of the civilized world. About him on this ridge stand and lie huge masses of stone in confused heaps. He is an outcast in a howling wilderness. The darkness deepens. In his loneliness he feels the need of the divine presence and sympathy as perhaps he never felt it in his father's tent. He sleeps; he dreams. The rough stones which he saw as he was closing his eyes in slumber become in his dreams

A Golden Stairway

leading to heaven; up and down this terraced steep pass the messengers of God. He watches; he wonders. These messengers are now in the dazzling splendors of God's glory, and God's voice is heard renewing the promise of mercy and of countless blessings. The morning dawns and the astonished sleeper awakens and his soul is filled with holy awe. In his surprise and wonder he expresses his joy, and also reveals his imperfect ideas of the Deity by saying, "Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not." To him this place became the house of God and the gate of heaven. The stone which was his pillow he anoints with oil, and calls it and the place Bethel. Perhaps it was some rough monument more like the cairns seen in Wales and Scotland than a single stone. We know that in many countries such stones are still selected as the monuments of great events. These rude stones were hints at least of the great ecclesiastical edifices of later days; it was an anticipation of all the lowly chapels and lofty cathedrals of subsequent times. The name Bethel has been transformed and used by Phoenicians and Mohammedans with sacred associations, as with Jews and Christians. Jacob's language showed that he had ill-defined notions of God. He would make bargains with God even as with Esau, and later with Laban.

This, then, is a father's exhortation to his family to attend the house of God. It is an exhortation which is appropriate still. It is an exhortation which is forgotten too often. Sunday is to many a day of listless indifference or of unholy pleasure. Are we to have a continental Sunday in our beloved land? This is at this moment

A Practical Question.

Many Christians are largely responsible, by their indifference to the claims of God's day and God's house, for the general neglect of that day on the part of men of the world. Many Christians will lazily spend their morning or evening or both in their own homes instead of meeting with God's people in God's house. Parents, let me exhort you to follow Jacob's example. Employers, let me ask you where are your clerks and employees to-day? Have you ever followed Jacob's example in exhorting your households to go up to Bethel? Do you set them this noble example yourself? Put away the strange gods of dishonesty, of unfairness and of impurity from offices and stores, from homes and hearts, and then urge all under your influence to go with you up to Bethel. Determine to-day that as for you and your house

You will Serve the Lord.

We also have here a solemn vow—"I will make there an altar unto God." Jacob would there renew his vow made at Bethel, that if God would keep him in the way and bring him again to his father's house, the Lord should be his God. This is, of course, a very mercenary view to take of one's duty to God; but Jacob at that time was not capable of taking any higher view. God kept his part of the contract, although Jacob's motive therein was neither manly nor godly. Jacob had now been some time in the land of his fathers, but until now his vow was neglected. It is well that it is remembered now. Have not we like him often forgotten our vows. Amid the anxiety and frivolity of life we have often forgotten the vows we made to God in the day of trouble. In time of business disasters and of family griefs, in times of sickness and on beds of languishing we have made solemn vows to God; but we must with shame confess that when health and vigor were returned the vows were forgotten. Your good resolutions vanished like the morning cloud and the early dew. You made vows of service to God at the waters of baptism, at the table of communion, and audibly in the presence of his people at the covenant meeting. Perhaps you have been away from the city and many of these vows have been neglected. Perhaps to-day

The Memory of Broken Vows

heavily oppresses your mind and heart. What shall you do? Give way to discouragement and despair? A thousand times, no. Come back again to the neglected altar, to the forgotten cross, and to the despised Redeemer. Pray with the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and you shall assuredly go down to your house justified.

We notice also that Jacob promised to make there an altar unto God. In his wanderings it is to be feared that his altars had been often neglected. They were broken down and God was forgotten. Now he is once more in the land of Canaan, the land of his fathers; now he is going up to Bethel, the house of his God; and now he promises to make there an altar unto his God. This is a wholesome resolution on the part of Jacob; it gives us a ground for hope that he will be worthy of the noble name of Israel. It is to be feared that often business duties and family cares so press upon God's people that their family altar is neglected. This church is in a certain sense your Bethel. Here in your heart now erect the altar, and then at your home let the voice of prayer be heard; let God be acknowledged and his peace will certainly be enjoyed. If any family altars have fallen down, let them be rebuilt. Has the altar of private and secret prayer been neglected? Should we trace the history of all those who have dishonored their profession and have wandered from their church, it would be found in the majority of instances, that the first step in the downward way was taken when they neglected

The Place of Secret Prayer.

To be strong among men we must receive strength when alone with God. We need for the development of character times of quiet study of the Scriptures and of secret communion with God. There is much less of earnest meditation on divine things than our spiritual growth demands. Our Lord commanded us to enter into the closet. Have you all secret Bethels, some place where God has met with you, and where you often meet with him? No matter where this place may be, if only God be there it shall be a Bethel indeed. Christ often found a secret place of prayer on the lonely mountain. Isaac found a place of meditation in the field. Peter and other disciples found a Bethel on the housetops. I read the other day of a a chimney sweep, who said that his closet was in the chimney when hidden from human eye. We remember that Dr. Payson said, "As soon as I began, when a student, to beg God's blessing on my studies I did more in one week than in a whole year before." Luther when most pressed with his enormous tasks said, "I am praying." We know that General Havelock rose at four, when he had to begin the march at six, in order to enjoy the privilege of secret communion with God before entering on the duties of the day. Devout heathen have set us an example which many professed Christians might follow for themselves. It is said that Pericles, the great Athenian statesman, never addressed an audience without praying to the gods for help; and that Scipio never undertook an affair of importance without spending some time alone in some temple of the gods. Have any of your family altars fallen? Are there any families in which they have never been built?

Abraham built his altar wherever he pitched his tent. Lot pitched his tent but we do not read that he built his altar. The heathen Canaanites looked on in wonder while the noble Abraham recognized his God. Social prayer has been too much neglected. The prayer meeting is the place of power in a church. Well might Queen Mary say, "I fear the prayers of John Knox more than an army of ten thousand men." Well might the gifted and now glorified Tennyson say:

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let my voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round world is every way
Bound by gold chains around the feet of God.

Resolve to-day in the presence of God and his people that like Jacob you will build an altar unto God.

We have in this text, in the last place, a sufficient reason for the exhortation given and the promise made: "Who answered me in the day of my distress, and was with me in the way which I went." We have already seen that Jacob had

Many Causes for Gratitude.

His gratitude is seen in the prayer he offers as he goes out to meet Esau. There he recognizes his unworthiness before God; there he acknowledges God's many gifts toward him, saying, "For with my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands." Things went prosperously with him in his sojourn with Laban. He was more than a match for Laban in ingenuity and industry. God had fulfilled the promise which he had made to him at Bethel. So God has been gracious to us. At times we have been brought low and then he helped us, as he did the psalmist. Often the psalmist appeals to his past as the ground for present trust and future hope. He sings, "I love the Lord, because he has heard my voice and my supplications . . . therefore will I call upon him as long as I live." Trust God in the future because he has helped you in the past. Let your yesterdays of blessings be the prophets of your to-morrows of assurance. Is it dark with you to-day? Was it not darker with you some other day and yet God delivered you and illuminated your path? Jacob was troubled now, but would not the God of Bethel and Jabbok be his God still? Surely God was with him in the day of his distress and in the way which he went. Surely God has been with you more really than with Jacob. Away then with your fears. Take no counsel of your doubts. There is brightness in the future. Courage, brother, sister, friend. Build your altar now unto God and lay yourself joyfully as a living sacrifice thereon. The God who answered in the past answers still. In that night vision God promised to be with Jacob; this promise he renewed when Laban would take advantage of Jacob. All through his checquered career God was with him; God would not leave him in

The Trials Awaiting Him.

His mother, who so loved him, was no more. To help him she sinned, and she never saw him again. His beloved Rachel was soon to give her life in giving life to him whom with her departing breath, she called, Benoni, but whom Jacob called Benjamin. Isaac too, had died; and soon Jacob must sorrow over the deception of his sons and the loss, as he thinks, of Joseph and Benjamin. But the sunset of his life was calm, bright and beautiful. After seventeen years in the land of Goshen enjoying serene happiness, he gave his dying blessing in Jehovah's name to his assembled sons, and then at the age of 147 years he was gathered to his fathers, his body was embalmed and finally buried with great honor in the burial place of Abraham near Hebron.

Has not God been with us in the way which we went? Was not God with us during the year 1892, preserving our country from disaster, from plague, and from pestilence? Oh, how good God is to us, to our families and to our Church! Let your hearts to-day overflow with gratitude, and let your lives be consecrated afresh to his service. Let us not waste time in useless repining over misspent hours, wasted opportunities and personal sorrow; let us gird ourselves now for fresh conflicts and for noble victories. Are we to-day pure in heart, more Christ-like in life than we were a year ago? God help us to do our whole duty in our business circles, in our domestic relations and in our church life! Let each one now make this threefold resolution his own in harmony with the teaching of the text:

"I will attend the house of God; I will make an altar of prayer; I will cherish gratitude to God; I will give heart to God; and devote my life to him who was with me in the way which I went."

A Last Prayer.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.
(Written four days before her death.)

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Fa - ther I scarce - ly dare to pray, So clear I
2. So clear I see the things I thought Were right or
3. In out-skirts of Thy king - dom vast, Fa - ther, the
see, now it is done, That I have wast - ed
harm - less, were a sin; So clear I see that
hum - blest spot give me; Set me the low - liest
half my day, And left my work but just be - gun.
I have sought, Un - con - scious, sel - fish aims to win.
task thou hast, Let me re - pent - ant work for Thee.

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THE SABBATH DAY.

(Written for The Christian Herald.)

FIRST Sabbath day! how calm and fair that day
Can mortal know?
The six days' work in all its glory lay
In homage low,
Before its God. He rested on that day
From all his work. Oh! blest and hallowed day.

Most gracious are his promises to all
Who heed his word;
Who cease from labor on this day, and call
Upon their Lord.
Nor do they seek, by act or word or thought,
Their pleasure; but for him their work is wrought.

We sweetly call to mind upon this day—
This dear Lord's day—
His blessed resurrection. Hear him say:
"Oh, come to-day!
Come now to me, all ye by sin oppressed,
Cease from your works, and I will give you rest."

A Sabbath day of holy joy ere long
The Church shall see;
All nations then will swell the blissful song—
We worship thee.
Thou King of kings! For all the earth will know
The Lord; and every knee to him shall bow.

York, Pa. —K. R. R.

THE TREE GOD PLANTS.

THE wind that blows can never kill
The tree God plants;
It bloweth east, it bloweth west,
The tender leaves have little rest
But any wind that blows is blest;
The tree God plants
Strikes deeper root, grows higher still,
Spreads wider boughs, for God's good will
Meets all its wants.

There is no frost hath power to blast
The tree God shields;
The roots are warm beneath soft snows,
And when spring comes it surely knows,
And every bud to blossom grows.
The tree God shields
Grows on apace by day and night,
Till sweet to taste and fair to sight
Its fruit it yields.

There is no storm hath power to blast
The tree God knows;
No thunderbolt, nor beating rain,
Nor lightning flash, nor hurricane;—
When they are spent it doth remain.
The tree God knows
Through every tempest standeth fast,
And from its first day to its last
Still fairer grows.

If in the soul's still garden-place
A seed God sows,—
A little seed,—it soon will grow,
And far and near all men will know,
For heavenly lands he bids it blow.
A seed God sows
And up it springs by day and night;
Through life, thro' death, t groweth right,
Forever grows. —*Selected.*

JESUS ONLY.

(For The Christian Herald)

WHAT though clouds are hovering o'er me,
And I seem to walk alone,
Longing 'mid my cares and crosses
For the joys that now are flown?
If I have Jesus, Jesus only,
Then my sky will have a gem:
He is the sun of brightest splendor
And the Star of Bethlehem

When the storms of life are raging—
Tempest wild on sea and land;
I will seek a place of refuge
In the shadow of God's hand.
Enemies may strive to injure,
Satan all his arts employ;
God will turn what seems to harm us
Into everlasting joy.

THE PARALLEL PERIODS.

The Growing Resemblance of Our Days to the Antediluvian Time.

BY REV. F. C. SPURR.

OUR Lord, in his discourse on his second coming, recorded in Matthew 24, states three matters distinctly: The fact of his coming; its suddenness; and that the period immediately prior to it would be like the days of Noe. It is therefore important to have clearly in mind as a test of identification the characteristics of Noah's times. First of all, Christ mentions worldliness, but does not adduce in this chapter any great crime that they committed. He merely says that: "In the days that were before the flood, they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage." At first sight there does not appear to be anything so very criminal in all this. Surely we could not live without eating and drinking, and is not marriage God's own ordinance? And yet this, mark you, is the very thing that Jesus Christ adduces here as the characteristic of the antediluvians. Where does the sin come in? It is not, my brothers, so much in what they did, as in what they omitted to do. They were immersed in daily life. These lawful things were misused, and what God intended to be but a means, they had made an end. You will find upon reference to the early chapters of Genesis, that these antediluvians, too, in their primitive way, had gone in for art, music, and pleasuse. They were simply absorbed with themselves; God entered not into their calculations. He was to them as if he had not existed. They simply made no reference to him. Self was what they lived for. God is not now so much denied as ignored; he is kept out or sight, and he is practically out of mind. He is not wanted. He is considered to be an intruder in his own world. As Faber says somewhere: "If God doesn't make a noise in his own world he is ignored; if he does, he is considered unreasonable and oppressive." The great characteristic sin of to-day is worldliness?

If you refer to the sixth chapter of Genesis, you will find that angels had intercourse with the children of men. Turn to our own days. You will not forget that in this present century the old forbidden necromancy has been revived, and that spiritualism (its modern form), to-day is the accepted faith of tens of thousands of the human race; that in darkened rooms mediums sit and allow themselves to become possessed with devils, familiar spirits or demons. Then you have Theosophy, which is simply a modern variation of this old-time sorcery. We are told about the wonderful Mahatmas in Thibet; strange stories come to us about precipitated letters, and of showers of supernatural roses falling from ceilings where nothing could be concealed; of bells mysteriously rung, and of astral bodies. One particular feature of these last days is a distinct attempt on the part of demons to regain possession of human bodies.

The third characteristic of Noah's Day was indifference. I have just said that at the beginning of Noah's ministry many doubtless trembled and sought refuge, but as the days went on, and the threatened judgment remained unfulfilled, their terror gave way to indifference. Tell me if it be not so now? I have said that worldliness is one of the characteristics signs of the times. But does not indifference grow out of the worldliness? In fact, are not wordliness and indifference practically synonymous terms, as they affect God? for the worldly man is of necessity indifferent towards God, else he could not be worldly.

And lastly, the flood came and took them all away; the scoffers, the educated, the carpenters who helped to build the ark—all went; there was no distinction. Every unbeliever was swept off by the flood. Eight persons only were saved, and these were saved, we are told in the Epistle to the Hebrews, through faith. "So shall it be in the days of the Son of Man." I used once to believe that every converted person, every Christian, no matter what sort of life he was leading, would be "caught up" in the Second Advent, but from careful study of the Scripture, I have been forced to the conclusion that the teaching there is distinctly in the direction that only waiting ones and the watchful will be caught up to meet Christ and to form the first-fruits of Rev. 14: 1-5.

Those Christians who have tried to serve God and mammon, and whose religion has evermore been a secondary thing to them, will find, to their bitter dismay, that they must be left behind to go through the great tribulation. They will not have the fire of the Holy Ghost, to burn away their dross; they must have the fire of tribulation to do the work they would not let God otherwise do.

THE LATE EX-PRESIDENT HAYES.

IN the death of Rutherford Burchard Hayes, soldier, lawyer, ex-Governor, and ex-President, the country loses another of the prominent individualities of the present generation. He was born in 1822 in Delaware, O., educated at Kenyon College in that State, and studied law at the Harvard Law School. In 1846 he was admitted to the Ohio bar, and began the practice of his profession in Cincinnati. His abilities soon brought him into public notice, and he was elected to several local offices. When the Republican Party was formed, he became an active member, and at the outbreak of the war was appointed Major of the 23d Regiment of Ohio Volunteers. He participated in several battles, and at the battle of South Mountain, on Sept. 14, 1852, was severely wounded; and for his gallant conduct at Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek, he was breveted as Major General.

At the close of the war he went to Congress and in 1867 was elected Governor of Ohio on a negro suffrage platform being re-elected twice thereafter in succession. In 1870, he was nominated as Republican candidate for the Presidency by the National Convention at Cincinnati on a platform advocating Civil Service Reform and Specie Payments. The election that followed will be remembered as one of the stormiest ever known in this country, the result being so doubtful that it was left to an Electoral Commission which decided in Gov. Hayes' favor as against Mr. Tilden, the Democratic candidate. This decision gave rise to intense partisan feelings throughout the country, many holding that Mr. Tilden was unjustly deprived of the election. It is however, due to Mr. Hayes to state that, even while the matter was still in dispute, he wrote a candid letter to the Republican managers advising them that he would countenance no corruption or crookedness for the purpose of seating him in the Presidential chair, and rather than accept the office by means that would not bear the severest public scrutiny, he would retire from the contest. His opponent adopted a conservative course and acquiesced in the decision of the Electoral Commission, open opposition to which would have greatly disturbed the country and possibly precipitated internal strife.

THE LATE EX-PRESIDENT R. B. HAYES.

President Hayes' administration was a comparatively quiet and uneventful one, its principal feature being the resumption of specie payments. During his occupancy of the White House, strict temperance principles prevailed there for the first time in many administrations, both he and his wife, Mrs. Lucy Ware Webb Hayes, being abstainers.

On retiring from office, Mr. Hayes practically withdrew from public life. He returned to his home at Fremont, O., and took up once more the practice of the legal profession which, together with the management of his beautiful homestead, fully occupied his time. In private life he was an exemplary Christian gentleman. Both he and his family had a very wide circle of friends in Ohio and throughout the entire country.

For some time past, he had been afflicted with a neuralgic affection of the heart, and a severe recurrence of this trouble terminated fatally on the 17th inst.

THE EXPATRIATED JEWS.

The Association recently formed by Baron Hirsch to provide a refuge for the Jews who have been driven out of Russia has just issued its first report. It appears that about 1,000 families have already been settled, and the Association has 330,000 acres of land in the Argentine Republic, beside the Canadian colony. The Association has expended $1,500,000 of its capital of ten millions

HOW TO PRAY?

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Feb. 12 Nehemiah 1: 4-9; James 5: 16-18.

HOW to approach the infinite Being who created and rules the universe—what question can be more important? The sublimity and solemnity of entering his presence and addressing him cannot be exaggerated. Were it not that we are invited and encouraged to do so, we might shrink from speaking to the Deity. Yet every true soul desirous of obtaining a higher level of spirituality than he has reached, instinctively looks to God and desires communication with him. One of our greatest philosophers has said that religion is impossible without prayer, for it would be dumb and lamed. Prayer is the indispensable stepping-stone to every spiritual development. We have nothing when we ask nothing. From God comes every good and perfect gift and they are not to be obtained from any other source. He causes the rain and the sunshine to fall on the just and the unjust alike, but the special spiritual graces that are needed for spiritual growth are not given indiscriminately, but must be sought, and sought from him. They who desire them must pray for them and they will receive them. But the prayer must be sincere. The consciousness that God reads the heart should prevent our asking for anything we do not really desire and uttering words we do not actually feel. If we do not crave the higher blessings, we have good cause to deplore our state and may pray that the desire for them may be implanted within us. And such a prayer is the most acceptable of all prayers because God is in sympathy with it. That prayer will be heard and answered because God's wish concerning us is that we cease to cultivate and indulge our lower nature and to make its gratification our chief concern.

There is no more hopeful moment in the life of any man than that in which he honestly tells God that he is conscious of sin, of resting satisfied with the meaner things of life, wealth and luxury and pleasure, and asks that his spiritual nature may be quickened into more vigorous life, that he may strive after better things. That prayer is the beginning of the higher life. It precedes the prayer for the blessings themselves. We need a revelation of God to the soul, to know him and to know ourselves. We need the spiritual vision cleared that things may appear in their true proportions as God sees them. Until we get that blessing we never honestly desire the best gifts, however much we may pray for them. Bunyan's picture of the man intent on the straws and rubbish he was collecting with his rake, with no thought to spare for the crown the angel was offering him, is the picture of every man in his natural state and the moment of transformation, of emerging out of that state comes when God stirs the dormant spiritual nature to the desire for the crown. When the prayer for that blessing is offered, the first step is taken and the answer is sure. Afterward, increased light reveals other needs, and every step onward and upward we take by the same strength, obtained in the same way. But at every step the one indispensable condition is sincerity and an honest desire for the blessing asked for.

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THE KING'S DAUGHTERS IN HOSPITALS.

A NOBLE Christ-like work for the sick and suffering is being done by the King's Daughters of Alexandria County, Virginia. Mrs. John Green of Alexandria, writing to the *Silver Cross*, says that there are nine Circles in the County who have found an absorbing sphere of work in the Alexandria Infirmary. Different rooms in the institution—surgical, nurses', female and male wards, children's ward, etc., etc., are furnished and supported by them, each as a memorial of some deceased physician, clergyman or friend. Other assistance is also rendered by them. More room being needed, an addition to the building was proposed. The King's Daughters promised to assist; and in the fall of 1890 the Circles united in holding a bazaar to raise funds for the purpose, at which they cleared $1,700. Donations and contributions brought up the sum to $3,000. Since then $500 more has been contributed by different Circles, all of which has been expended on the building, there still remains plumbing, heating, painting and other work to be done before the building will be complete. The circles are now making a brave struggle for the $1600 necessary for this work and have good hopes of success. So much they have done already in addition to their other labors of love that they now ask the assistance of their sisters in other Circles throughout the country. It is a work peculiarly within the sphere of the Order's principles and there is no doubt that the Circles will respond liberally, to enable the Virginia King's Daughters to complete the work they have undertaken.

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AN AUSTRALIAN PRESIDENT.

IN the tour Dr. Clark is taking around the world in the interests of the Christian Endeavor movement he made the acquaintance of the earnest minister whose portrait appears on this page. His residence is in Adelaide, South Australia, where he is pastor of the principal Baptist church of the city. The Rev. Silas Mead is known throughout the colony as one of the most energetic, devoted and successful ministers in the land. He believes in hard work out of the pulpit as well as in it. Connected with his church are all kinds of organizations of

REV. SILAS MEAD OF ADELAIDE, SO. AUSTRALIA.

helpfulness to the people. The church-building comprises a lecture-room, class-rooms, a library and numerous parlors for social gatherings and efforts are made there to reach and help all classes of the people. The man who has made his church a centre of religious influence would naturally avail himself of so effective an agency as the Christian Endeavor movement. No sooner did he become acquainted with its objects and methods than he organized a Society and speedily supplemented it with two others, one for the aged members of the church and another for the children. Like American pastors he soon realized the value of the Society and recommended it to other pastors. Other Societies were formed and eventually all South Australia had a United Society, of which Mr. Mead was elected President. He cordially welcomed Dr. Clark on his arrival at Adelaide and called a convention of the South Australian Societies to greet the American visitor and listen to his counsel.

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B. Y. P. U. NOTES.

A THOUGHTFUL project has been adopted by the Baptist Young People's Union of Maryland. Arrangements have been made with the Mission Board for the supply of Foreign Mission publications, containing reports from the missionaries in each field. The Union proposes to send these publications to every Baptist missionary abroad. The postage will be rather a large amount, but the Union expects that it will be enabled to defray it and there is no doubt that the missionaries will heartily welcome the news from their brethren which they will get through the thoughtfulness of the Union.—One of the churches at Springfield, Mass., has a Union which makes a special work through a committee of visiting the sick and poor of the city. It receives and distributes gifts of flowers and other things.—The Union is making rapid progress in Kansas. A meeting of the officers was held recently at Topeka to arrange plans for an extension of the movement and for making the individual Unions more efficient. Consultations of this kind are hopeful evidences of earnestness and must lead to concentrated and effective methods.—The Unions of the Association of the Walworth district of Wisconsin have been holding a Convention at Sugar Creek. Delegates were present from every Union in the Association. The reports of the work done by local Unions were read and showed that the principles and objects of the Union were well understood and applied. A number of papers were read on the various departments and were discussed by the Convention.—The pastor of the church at Bellows Falls, Vt., is co-operating heartily with the Union. He preaches every Sunday evening on the subject selected for the study of the week and has arranged with brother ministers for lectures on the various missionaries and mission fields under the care of the Baptist Board.

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A NEW WOMEN'S ORDER IN THE WEST.

LESS than a year ago, a number of Christian women in St. Paul, Minn., organized a Young Women's Friendly Association—the pioneer of its kind in that part of the Union. Mr. and Mr. Lichtenberg, to whom the origin of the movement is largely due, had long been actively engaged in Christian work in that city, chiefly among the young women working in stores and factories. They opened a small room centrally situated, and invited the women workers to meet there and rest during the lunch hour. Numbers came, and the pleasant social interval, with the spiritual aid it afforded, brightened their daily lives. Increasing attendance compelled the securing of larger quarters, and a home was opened on Oakley avenue and a permanent association formed. During the past year 125,000 visits were received. As the work proceeded, evening classes were formed at which cooking, needlework and the common English branches were taught, and the effort was made to lead those who came to Christian lives. Many excellent Christian ladies of St. Paul gave personal encouragement to the enterprise, and Mrs. Lichtenberger, the "Mother of the Association," is now assisted by a competent and consecrated staff of workers, which includes Mrs. Carman, Mrs. Colville, Mrs. Kewport, Mrs. Young, Miss Sanborn, Mrs. Bailey and others. The work is steadily widening and promises to become ultimately a most potent factor in the uplifting and evangelizing of the thousands of women in St. Paul who are dependent upon their labor for subsistence. The associate officers are: Mrs. R. M. Newport, President; Mrs. Lichtenberger, First Vice-President; Mrs. Bridgeman, Second Vice-President; Mrs. Edgerton, Recording Secretary; Miss Sanborn, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Robbins, Treasurer; Mrs. C. J. A. Morris, Assistant Treasurer. Advisory Board—R. M. Newport, T. L. Schurmerer, J. P. Gribben, T. S. Tompkins, F. G. Ingersoll and H. R. Brice.

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A NATIONAL conference of Swedish Y. M. C. A.'s was lately held at Oerebro, when a large number of delegates attended. The best spirit reigned at the conference, and Prince Oscar Bernadotte was elected president of the national committee.

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THE Minister of War in Holland has issued a circular enjoining the officers of the army to favor the entrance of young soldiers into the Y.M.C.A.'s of the country, be they Protestant or Catholic. The rules of the various Y.M.C.A.'s are to be put up in the barracks. The minister hopes that by this means the moral condition of the troops will be improved.

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A YOUNG Men's Christian Association has been organized at Cairo, Egypt, by Mr. Holmes, one of the missionary secretaries recently sent out by the English Y. M. C. A. Mr. Holme writes: "The first gathering in Cairo brought me several surprises. First, a young Syrian gentleman introduced himself to me as a member of the Beyrout branch; another came forward as having been present at our farewell meeting at Liverpool, and a third came to me with his transfer from Croydon!" Before despatching his letter, Mr. Holmes had taken all the necessary steps for the formation of the Association which promises to be an exceedingly important and healthy one.

THE CHASTENING ROD.

OH, judge not by prosperity:
The man beloved of God
Is he who oftenest here below,
Hath felt His chastening rod.

Thus hath it been and yet shall be,
In past, in coming years:
The pathway to the better land
Lies through the vale of tears.

And strange it is that we desire
What if the Lord speaks true,
May bring upon us that dread doom
We shall forever rue.

—J. DE RUYTER BLACKWELL.

HOMES IN THE BLACK BELT.

A Section of Alabama Little Known to the Outside World.

ONE of the most interesting philanthropic experiments ever attempted in this country in connection with the Southern negro population, is that which is now under way in what is known as the "Black Belt" of Alabama. A town site has been purchased by the Industrial Missionary Association of Alabama, ten miles southwest of Selma, on the Birmingham, Selma & New Orleans Railway, and a colored settlement has been established there. The new town, which has been christened Beloit, has a store, post-office, saw-mill, feed-mill, seed-house, blacksmith's house, cotton-gin, and a number of comfortable dwellings, with barns, granaries, etc. The object of the experiment is, to rent to colored tenants on the basis of their ultimate ownership, small tracts of land and to teach them agricultural and other home industries, and make them self-supporting. Nor is the educational part of the experiment neglected, for there are already schools and churches in Beloit, where the intellectual and spiritual needs of the inhabitants are duly supplied.

Rev. C. B. Curtis, President of the Industrial Missionary Association, while recently visiting New York, gave to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD some account of the progress made in the new settlement: "We have three schools, one night and two day, and the pupils attend regularly," he said. "The principal is a white lady—Miss McLawry. We want to give these people an opportunity, not only to buy homes for themselves, but to acquire self-respect and independence, and to lead a Christian life. They are so ignorant now that they are easily cheated; they know nothing about accounts. All of them expect to buy their land ultimately and some have made payments on it already. The negro has the same laudable desire to become a land-owner as the white man—the same land-hunger. We are in every way satisfied with the progress we have made thus far."

A HONEY SELLER IN THE "BLACK BELT," ALABAMA.

The illustration on this page, taken from a photograph by one of the Association's officers, shows an ox-team driven by one of the colored tenants of the Association, and a wagon containing honey from the hives of the Association, which makes a feature of bee-culture. Ox-teams are by no means a rarity in the South. The buildings are comfortable-looking, their surroundings are trim and pleasant, the patches are laid out in tidy gardens, and the roads are fairly well kept. Life on the plantation is very pleasantly described by Mrs. Richards, the wife of the Secretary of the Association, who thus writes of a Sunday scene in the Methodist Church at Beloit:

"All are attired in their very best, though often it is only a freshly washed calico or a newly patched coat. Each scholar came with a large bouquet of flowers in one hand and in the other a little bundle tied up in a pocket-handkerchief. After the lesson the 'Superintender' lead in the 'responsible' (responsive) reading,' as the Secretary put it in his report; the 'destruction' (instruction) books were distributed, and then the annual missionary collection was taken. The regular program for the day, prepared by the central committee, called for a missionary sermon, but this was omitted in favor of a more interesting subject, 'The African Methodist Episcopal Church.' The church was congratulated on its independence—'We don't look to nobody for nothin'. We are no porpoises (paupers) no more.'

"In the afternoon, was the great occasion of the day. There were 'essays' and music by members of the Sunday School. Here we learned how to prepare a programme for a children's public meeting without having either superintendent, teachers or committee tired out working it up. Each one brought what his heart had moved him to prepare. During the opening song the superintendent went around and took the names of the performers and their subjects, and the work was done. No worry and fuss over the selection of exercises and performers, rehearsals and such things. The first exercise was announced as an essay, though it proved to be a printed selection, full of big words which the reader was not very successful in mastering. But no matter, they were understood and enjoyed just as well as if they had been correctly pronounced. Then followed another essay, subject, 'Angels.' This proved to be the eighth chapter of Revelation, carefully copied. Following this were several other essays, 'Gethsemane,' 'The Crucifixion,' 'The Resurrection,' etc."

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Friends Gone Before.

FEW writers have more beautifully or faithfully expressed the feeling with which the Christian should regard parted friendships than Joseph Mazzini. "Remember," he says, "that there is no such thing as death for all that is best in us; that what people call death is only a transformation and step onward in life. Love is a vouchsafer for immortality. We would not scatter a single flower on a tomb if there were not an instinct in the soul teaching us that our love pleases the cherished one who is buried beneath; and depend upon it, there is more truth discovered by these flashes of the virgin soul than by all the dim, painfully elaborate lanterns of analysis and reasoning knowledge. Let us all feel, as I shall, this presence more than ever. Let you all believe—you believe in my undying affection—that death is the cradle of a new, purer and happier life. It is so. God knows I would not give at such a moment a mere poetical instinct as a consolation. I know it is so. Every departure of loved beings has made me feel so more and more. Your mother is living, loving, wanting love; longing for your rising (some time) calmly and trustfully to her, and rewarded for the love she had, for the truth she did and wished to do, with some more power to help you on, to influence you with holy, virtuous thoughts."

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The Desire for Happiness.

"THERE are some stars," says a philosophic writer in *Scribner's*, "that we cannot see at all when we look straight at them, but which become visible when we look to one side. So there are things that we cannot get when we try directly for them, but which presently fall into our laps if only we try hard enough for something else. Everybody knows it is that way with happiness. Make it a primary object and it leads you a doubtful chase; but ignore it in the rational pursuit of something else, and presently you may find it perched unnoticed on your shoulder, like a bird whose tail has felt the traditional influence of salt. So, of course, the very first essential to the achievement of happiness of any durable sort is to rise above the necessity of being happy at all. It may be conducive to this sort of achievement to remember that great spirits in all times have found in their own involuntary discontent a spur to exalted endeavor. Neither Lincoln, nor Balzac, nor Carlyle were happy men, but they put the saddle and bridle on their own depression and rode it under whip and spur into immortality. Columbus himself had low spirits, and Socrates and the judicious Hooker both had Xantippes."

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Don't Cultivate Enmities.

"WHEN I hear men or women attributing a lack of success in any direction to the machinations of their enemies," said a Christian lady, "I involuntarily smile at the egotistical assertion. People are in general too much engrossed, each by his or her own affairs, to make any very active war against each other. Jealous, envious, rancorous they often are, but to wage positive hostilities, they are for the most part too indifferent. This proneness to attribute our mischances to enemies is merely one of the refuges of our self-love. Admitting possible exception, it may be said emphatically that we are none of us anybody's enemy but our own. We are all, however, our own enemies. The tongue that truly detracts from our credit and glory is our own tongue; the hand that most mercilessly despoils us of our property is our own hand. All the real murders in this world—that is, apart from the mere commonplace killings of men and women—are self-murders. Conceit tells us a different tale, and we are too ready to lay on the flattering unction. But all great successes, all the grander triumphs, will be in proportion to our seeing the truth as it really stands; namely, that the hardest obstacles, the most real dangers, lie in the perverse impulses of our own nature."

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Steps to Ruin.

A CONDUCTOR on a railway train was overheard a few days ago counselling a casual acquaintance—a young girl—in a fatherly way, as follows: "Never go to a dance—there is always harm in it. It has proved many a time the first step toward ruin for both men and women. Not while I live would I allow a daughter of mine to go. I know too much about the harm that there is in it to allow a daughter of mine to dance." Not long ago a man who for years has been a consistent Christian, but who had been before conversion very dissipated, said in prayer meeting, "I wish I could make others see as plainly as I do the evil of card playing. I have tested it—it led me down almost to hell. It brought me into bad company, it started me to gambling, it threw a strange fascination over vice, it almost ruined my life forever. I hate cards now, and I wish I could make others hate them!" These two vices, dancing and cards, have proved steps to ruin for thousands and warnings that come from personal experience should not pass unheeded.

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THE HEAVENLY HOMESTEAD.

THE favorite symbol by which the Bible presents celestial happiness, is a house, writes Dr. Talmage. In some healthy neighborhood a man builds a very commodious habitation. He must have room for all his children. The rooms come to be called after the different members of the family. That is mother's room. That is George's room. That is Henry's room. That is Flora's room. That is Mary's room. And the house is all occupied. But time goes by, and the sons go out into the world, and build their own homes; and the daughters are married, or have talent enough singly to go out and do a good work in the world. After a while the father and mother are almost alone in the big house, and seated by the evening fire, they say, "Well, our family is no larger now than when we started together forty years ago." But time goes still further by, and some of the children are unfortunate, and return to the old homestead to live, and the grandchildren come with them, and, perhaps, great-grandchildren, and again the house is full. Millennia ago, God built on the hills of heaven a great homestead for a family innumerable, yet to be. At first he lived alone in that great house, but after a while it was occupied by a very large family, cherubic, seraphic, angelic. The eternities passed on, and many of the inhabitants became wayward, and left never to return. And many of the apartments were vacated. I refer to the fallen angels. Now these apartments are filling up again. There are arrivals at the old homestead of God's children every day, and the day will come when there will be no unoccupied room in all the house.

As you and I expect to enter it and make there eternal residence, I thought you would like to get some more particulars about that many-roomed homestead. "In my Father's house are many rooms." You see the place is to be apportioned off into apartments. We shall love all who are in heaven, but there are some very good people whom we would not want to live with in the same room. They may be better than we are, but they are of a divergent temperament. We should like to meet with them on the golden streets, and worship with them in the temple, and walk with them on the river-banks, but I am glad to say that we live in different apartments. "In my Father's house are many rooms." You see, heaven will be so large that if one want an entire room to himself or herself, it can be afforded.

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An Indian Lad's Work for Christ.

A MISSIONARY tells the following anecdote: A little boy who lived in one of those great forests in India went to live at the home of a medical missionary. After he had been there about two years he became a Christian. The boy came to the doctor one morning, and asked permission to return home. The doctor told him he might return at the close of his school year. When the patients had been attended to, the doctor saw the boy still waiting, and said: "I told you to return to school. Why did you not do it?" And the boy answered: "Oh, sir, I have a father and mother, two brothers and three sisters who never heard of Christ. Can I not go and tell them of the Saviour?" The doctor could not say no then, and the boy went. In about three weeks he returned. The doctor said: "Did you see your parents?" He answered, "Yes, and they are both Christians; and, standing very straight, he said: "I taught my mother how to pray."

That boy is now an earnest worker for Christ, and the entire family are Christians.

ROSEMARY AND RUE

BY

JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

A STORY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HOME

Written expressly for "The Christian Herald"

CHAPTER XIV.

AT THE MANSE

FOR three years two women had been making a home for themselves at Plymouth, within hearing of the soft lapping of the waves of the little bay upon the sandy shore. One of these women was worn and faded, old before her time. The other was fair and young; both were touched with a profound sadness. One face pre-eminently expressed patience, the other courage. They were Annie Russel and Eloise. They made many friends, but few intimate friends. Those whose lives lock up mysteries seldom have intimates; and Anne and Eloise were in the nearer matters of the heart sufficient to each other.

Most people that knew them could not have told whether they were friends or relatives. The little boys who shared their love and care, called one "Mother," the other "Aunt Eloise," but rendered love and obedience to each. Bright, handsome children, these boys; and it was matter of remark how steadfastly the two women cultivated in them all manly virtues—truthfulness, honesty, independence, industry and firmness of purpose. How the two labored to cultivate in the lads all this which had been lacking in the father of whom they never spoke to the boys, or to one another. Mrs. Anne Russel people discovered had charge of the house, directing the one maid and the lad who took care of the horse and cow. Miss Maple directed the education of the boys. It gradually became known that all the money belonged to Miss Maple, because all cheques were signed by her, and all business was done in her name. Mrs. Russel shrank from society and went out but little, except to the various meetings of the church. Miss Maple was of a brighter nature, more accustomed to society, fond of literary and philanthropic undertakings, always at leisure to give help where it was needed. A woman of elegant manners and with a handsome face, Eloise had attracted the attention of gentlemen, but the decision with which she rejected the acquaintanceship of men who were not elderly and married could not be mistaken, evidently she intended to limit her friendship to her own sex. "Strange," said some, "a very charming woman, so pretty, so well off, so educated, and evidently without the least idea of marriage."

"When she first came here, she seemed chiefly dependent on her own exertions, but after the first year she dropped her music teaching, and now has only private pupils in elocution and literature, perhaps she is studying for [illegible]

"Before she came here to live, Mrs. Lane said that she was here with an old man, who seemed to be rich and crabbed, whom she called uncle. They had had some affliction and also had some cause of disagreement. Mrs. Lane heard some sharp remarks about letters. After Miss Maple had come here to live, a year or more after, a young man whom she called Cousin Richard came to see her, and they sat all one afternoon on Burial Hill. Then she bought the house, and Mrs. Russel and the boys came. Since then Miss Maple has never been seen on the streets with any men."

These small items being all the food gossips had to live upon naturally it died of starvation, and her acquaintances took Eloise as they found her and were thankful; she was a chief [illegible] done. In her church she became the prime reliance of the minister's wife, with whom she had formed a close friendship, and whose cultivation supplied something which was want-[illegible]

One Friday evening when Eloise and Anne had been living three years in Plymouth, [illegible] Anne had met in such bitter trouble in that hotel in Buffalo, the minister's wife came to see Eloise after tea. She had with her a very beautiful little girl of six, whom she called Ruth, a child with a shy, anxious, terrified face.

"I want to talk with you," said the minister's wife, "can the children be sent into the [illegible]?"

"Boys take the little girl into the other room," said Anne.

"I want your help," said the minister's wife. "Yesterday morning a minister, Mr. Wilton, came to us bringing very warm letters of introduction. He is a most engaging man in his manners, and I should think he would be an enchanting preacher. His wife, this little girl's mother, has been dead but three months. He has a very melancholy anxious face, and just now is in unexpected trouble. He has sent most of his baggage to Quebec. He is going to supply a church there. He has been living in the South, his wife died there of consumption. He is devoted to this little girl. As they came up from the South, stopping here and there, where he preached, they were—last Monday, in a hotel that was burned, and they lost everything that they had. They came here with no luggage but a little hand-bag. In creeping from the hotel, and helping others, Mr. Wilton got an ugly wound in the head, on the left temple. It is plastered up, and on account of it he objected to preaching, but as my husband is not at all well, he has consented. He was at the lecture last evening, and talked magnificently; it was thrilling. I am sorry so you were not out. I wish you had been there."

Anne had one of her worst headaches. She was half crazy."

"Well, you'll both hear him Sunday, and it will be a treat. We have persuaded him to stay for two or three weeks. It will give my poor husband a rest, and such brilliant speaking is sure to arouse attention and fill the church. He objected on account of the lack of baggage and clothes for himself and Ruth. I told him I would see to that. He did not seem to think of buying: it is hard to get ready made for a child of that size, and then, perhaps he is not in funds. He looks terribly anxious and sad. We told him if he would stay and preach two or three Sabbaths, and hold some week-day meetings, we would have a purse made up for him. Now Miss Maple, I wish you would see about that child's clothes. Will you go about to-morrow among our ladies who have little girls of Ruth's age, and see if you can get two or three dresses and aprons and some underclothing? I brought her so that you could see her size. We will get what is needed for Mr. Wilton from some of our gentlemen. You must come over to the house, Miss Maple, and have some conversation with him—he charms everyone."

"It is a queer situation for a minister to be in; were his letters personally directed to your husband by people whom he knew?" said Eloise.

"No. But they were from prominent pastors in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond, and New York. They were generally addressed, That and his wound, and the lack of baggage, seemed odd to us at first. But after we heard him at the evening meeting all our prejudices vanished away like mist before the sun."

"I havn't heard of any hotel being burned, and I read the newspapers carefully," said Anne Russell."

"That is just what my husband said to him, but he said it was a little hotel in a small village up in the Pennsylvania Mountain regions, and probably was not noticed in the papers generally. He says since he lost his wife he has felt so miserable that he has avoided big cities and has kept in little out-of-the-way places. It is pathetic to hear him talk of the dear lost one. The little girl refers also to her mother. She seems very fond of her father, and said something about an Uncle that wanted to take her away from him. You'll go out for the clothes, will you?"

"Yes indeed." I'll be around at your house before noon with report of my success," replied Eloise.

By noon next day Eloise had secured an ample supply of garments for the little Ruth, and Anne Russel went with her to take the parcels to the house. Having spent a few minutes with the minister's wife they were about to leave the house, when the minister, coming out of his study, met them in the hall.

"Come in here a minute, do," he said, "I want to introduce to you the minister who will preach to-morrow. We are going to have a great treat, I promise you."

Eloise and Mrs. Russel entered the study—faced Henry Russell, Cecil Grafton.

As the two women entered the room, Russel, who had been looking out of the window into the garden, turned. His face blanched, and holding up his hand as if to prevent their approach to him, he gave a terrible cry. The women were white, and for the moment silent. Then Aune spoke:

"And do you dare, Henry Russel, having desecrated all else that men call sacred, to profane the altars of God? What! you preach tomorrow? Leave the town!"

Russel held his hand against his heart, and panted like a frightened animal, hunted into its last hiding. His face was drawn and ghastly, the wound plastered up across his temple had a purple rim about it, his eyes glared and glazed, he was the wreck of the once handsome audacious man.

A spasm of terrible agony seized Eloise at seeing the shameful change that had come upon the man whom she had loved—whom she still loved. Years of misery were written upon him, and suddenly she felt as by some intuition that sin had not gone prosperously with him, that the devil had been a poor paymaster to him, and his only wages were death. Even in this world he was eating of the fruit of his doings. She read in his face and attitude that here he had been driven to the wall. Wrecked in health, empty in pocket, beggared, ashamed, hunted perhaps by justice—he had come to make his last effort for himself in his ways of unrighteousness, and Nemesis had followed hard upon his heels, and now he had fallen under her blow. Her soul was torn by this revelation, as a mother's is torn by the anguish of her child.

But none of this softening pity was in the heart of Anne Russel; possibly her instincts were less keen than those of Eloise, and she did not so realize the depths to which this man had fallen; besides he had disgraced her sons. That filled up the measure of her bitterness. Eloise siezed upon the back of a chair to stay her failing strength. Anne faced in rage the sinner.

"Who is this child whom you call yours?" she demanded.

"The child of my wife ——"

"Your wife!" said Anne furiously, "look at me. I am your wife."

"I married her mother. I love the child. She is the thing I love best in all the world. Ruth! Ruth, come to me."

The child in the hall heard the cry and came flying to him, white and terrified. She planted herself against his knees as if to defend him and faced Eloise and Anne. "No one shall take me from you, papa!"

"How dared you marry her mother; how many other women have you married? Have you deserted the mother?"

"No—she is dead," gasped Russel.

"And do you, villain, think that you shall be allowed to keep that innocent child? Are you fit to bring up a girl? She shall go back to her friends. You shall not keep her. Go where you will, but you shall not sacrifice that baby, it is enough that you have sacrificed her mother, Eloise and me. Go, will you? Leave the child, but go! Go and repent, if you can."

"I will go out of the world," said Russel, pulling a small revolver from his breast, and aiming it at his head. But Eloise sprang forward grasping his arm, and the ball passed harmless into the ceiling. The next instant Russel lay upon the floor insensible.

The minister called from the window for a doctor whom he saw passing, and in a moment all were anxiously trying to revive the life that was so little of a blessing to the man himself, so great a curse to them.

"He may live a few days, or hours, but not more I think," said the doctor, "the trouble is of the heart, he may die in a minute."

"Have him carried to our home," said Eloise, firmly. "Send for a stretcher. Doctor will you go with him? Anne, go on and prepare a room. Come Ruth, you must come too, he loves you, he will want to see you as he dies."

She was firm now and collected. Anne hastened away. She had been angry, had given way to her emotions, she was less shaken than Eloise, this man could not again make her drink of the waters of Marah, she had tasted their full bitterness, and it had passed from her lips years ago, her life now was only lived in the brighter lives of her children.

Eloise looked at the minister and his wife. "Keep our secret. He will die; for the boys' sake keep all this matter silent. You can say he was suddenly siezed with fatal illness and we had him removed to our house, as we had known him long ago. That will be truth enough for the public—and will save the name of the boys. You only need know that Anne was his lawful wife, he is the father of her boys, under another name, he married me. I thought, for one week, that I was a proud, perfectly happy wife. He seems to have deceived Ruth's mother as he did me. He wore out all Anne's love and patience long ago, but, it may seem strange to you, I could not love and change, and nothing tore him from my heart. It was for his sake that I first cared for his wife and children."

The minister in silence walked with Eloise behind the stretcher on which Russel was carried to her home. At the gate the minister taking her hand, said, "Rely fully upon us." And lifting his hat, he stood bare-headed until she passed him and closed behind her the door of her house.

"It was so fortunate," people said, "that that strange minister had found friends to look after him in his last hours. How good a thing it was, that at the busy manse they did not have to assume such a terrible care."

"Yes, Miss Maple was always doing nice things, but then, why not? She had leisure and money. Perhaps she would take charge of that little girl too." And so the stream of talk, having little to feed it, slipped away from the home where Anne and Eloise watched a dying bed.

From the still border-land of death, with its mists and shadows, Henry Russel labored back but once, called with insistence by the voice of Eloise, not for her own sake, but for the sake of little Ruth. Who was she? Who were her friends?

"Ruth Kingsland. She has but one relative, a letter is in my pocket. Be good to her. I deceived her mother into believing herself my wife. She deceived me into believing that she had property of her own. It was an amity that died with her. Be good to the child, she has nothing. Poor baby, she always loved me—and believed in me. Eloise! since I deceived you, I have been a man accursed!" And 'accursed' was the last word on his lips, as he drifted out into the night.

Ruth, being told that he was dead, gave a loud cry, and for half an hour wept miserably. Then lured by some candy and the capers of a puppy, she went out to play with the boys, and presently was smiling, her loss forgotten.

The dead man lay in his coffin between the two women whom he had wronged so cruelly. Here was a strange thing, Anne had given him a wife's faithful love, she had lavished on him her little property, she was the mother of his two sons, but he went out of life without giving them a thought or asking for forgiveness. Eloise had loved him passionately; his wrongs against her had not made him her enemy; they had wrung from her no word of upbraiding; he had found her an innocent, happy girl, he had left her a blighted, disappointed woman, he had for her no word of remorse, of confession, of tenderness. The one creature for whom he seemed to feel affection and regret—was the child Ruth.

Eloise found the letter to which he referred; it was from a Clarke Sanders who seemed to be Ruth's uncle. But for that letter, two postage stamps, and a half dollar, Henry Russel's pockets were empty. He seemed to have reached Plymouth in a last extremity of poverty, when all that he had ever possessed had been lost. Little Ruth could give no information. She talked vaguely of "Papa's preaching in church sometimes for folks," "Uncle Clarke came after papa and hit him on the head; he was a very bad uncle Clarke. Papa was going to read to lots and lots of people and they didn't come—and papa put down his head and cried, and the man kept the trunk."

Such baby reminiscences wrung anguished tears from Eloise, but Anne was dry-eyed: her tears had all been wept long ago. Anne, careful for Eloise, checked the stream of Ruth's recollections, telling her to say no more.

For Ruth this dead man was papa, and she followed him to his grave. Anne's boys went also to the funeral, seated one on each side of their mother in the carriage, but they had not seen this man's face, and for them he was a stranger, who had died under their roof.

Eloise wrote to Clarke Sanders who was in Maryland, telling him that Ruth was at her house where her "papa" had died, and if there were no nearer claimants she herself would adopt the child. After a little correspondence this was agreed upon.

"Our boys will be the better for a little girl in the house, we shall be the better able to teach them how to treat women," said Eloise to Anne. "This poor child seems to have no one to care for, and I think he loved her, strange that this stormy life should end with one unselfish love for an innocent thing."

(To be Continued.)

A Great Conference on Missions.

Remarkable Gathering of Baptist Pastors and Churches in New York — Eloquent Addresses on the Missionary Outlook.

A SERIES of missionary meetings, under the auspices of the American Baptist Missionary Union was held at Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York City, during the month of January. These meetings were remarkable for fervency and were among the most representative in character that have been held in the city of New York during the past twenty-five or thirty years. All the Baptist churches of New York City, and many in the State were well represented.

At the opening session of the Conference, Dr. S. W. Duncan, Foreign Secretary of the Union, delivered a powerful and eloquent address on "Foreign Missions in General." A very novel part of the discourse was the section on the Practical Economics of Missions, showing how the world gains by Missions in commerce, in knowledge of Philology, Ethnology, Meteorology and the various natural sciences. Next evening, stirring addresses were made by Drs. Henry M. Sanders, A. C. Dixon, and Henry C. Mabie. On the day following a memorable series of meetings opened. The Rev. W. C. Bitting, presided. Eloquent and valuable addresses were delivered by the Rev. Drs. W. H P. Faunce, the pastor of 5th Avenue Baptist Church, Cronkhite, (Burma); L. A. Gould, (China), and John C. Mabie. The address of Mr. Gould bristled with statistics and was full of interest from beginning to end. He showed the wonderful development of missionary work in the vast Chinese Empire, paid a high tribute to the success of Medical Missions and urged the need of more workers and funds.

Dr. Mabie gave a very interesting account of his travels in various parts of China and India with reminiscences of a touching character as to the piety of the converts he had conversed and prayed with by means of an interpreter. He made an earnest and eloquent appeal for funds. He announced that one of the most distinguished graduates of Yale, who had taken a post-graduate course in philology and was a master of seven languages, had written to him of the great interest which he had experienced over the mission on the Congo and it had struck him that a scientific consideration of the primitive tongues on the Congo would be largely beneficial to translators of the Bible as well as useful to students of languages.

Presuming that he could be encouraged to pursue at home his studies of the various tongues spoken on the Congo for another year, he would be prepared to place himself at the disposal of the A. B. M. Union on the Congo field at $600. This, Dr. Mabie urged, demonstrates the growing interest in missionary labor.

Miss S. M. Waterbury made an eloquent address, showing that in relation to Missions in India, none could dispute that women alone could carry the Gospel of Jesus to the women and children of that vast country. She drew a touching picture of the noble work possible to self-sacrificing women missionaries in India, in elevating the condition of women and children; but intending missionaries must dispose of visionary idealization of the work; the children were dirty little waifs and the work to be done demanded practical women.

The Revs. Dr. Downie (India), S. W. Duncan, (Foreign Secretary), Messrs. R. O. Fuller, Boston; Wm. M. Isaacs and Mornay Williams followed. Mr. Fuller was very quaint in his remarks, which were full of humor and pathos. His made an appeal to the purses of the assembly, couched in terms of practical business wisdom and common-sense, yet so pleasantly full of mother-wit as to greatly tickle the fancy of his hearers. He opened his remarks by reciting his boyish awe at receiving, while yet a stripling, the formal call to arms signed by the colonel of his regiment. He compared this sensation to that which inspired him when he received a formal document a few days ago, as follows:

You, Robert O. Fuller, of Boston, are ordered to appear at Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York, on Missionary Service at two P. M. on the 17th day of January, 1893. (signed), JOHN C. MABIE,

He ejaculated to himself: "*Maybe* I'll go."

Mr. Fuller urged on the wives to enlighten their husbands on the subject of Foreign Missions as their mothers had done in the previous generation in respect to slavery. Unless the wives and daughters encouraged the men to benevolence they would never get the subscriptions necessary for Foreign Missions. Their husbands naturally would reason as to whether such an investment would pay or not. As to that, he would tell them that at his own cost he went out to India determined to find the inside, outside, top and bottom of this matter; he examined carefully and minutely into the condition of sixty different mission stations, and he was happy to state that he could say they were conducted as conscientiously as were our own churches at home. As to results all over the Mission field he compared the work of our Union with that of the American Board, and the comparison stands as follows:

	THE AMERICAN BOARD.	THE AMERICAN BAPTIST MISSIONARY UNION.
Money expended,	$825.000	$427.000
No. of workers. -	2000	1600
No. of converts, - -	3500	7800

He adverted to the fact that his son, who had been the light of the household, always a good boy, and for years in his business, and whom he regarded as the successor to his business, one day last year came to him and said: "Father, I want to be a missionary."

"To say that it was a disappointment" remarked Mr. Fuller, "does not express the matter at all. Yet neither I nor his mother could lift a finger against that resolution."

Now Mr. Fuller with great emphasis brought his convictions home to his audience: Did they think that as a business man he could let his boy take such a step if he if he did not believe the work to be a noble and a paying venture?

Mr. Wm. M. Isaacs and Mr. Mornay Williams followed, the former reading a scholarly paper, the latter delivering a brilliant oration.

At 8 P. M., the Hon. Charles L. Colby took the chair and asked Dr. A. Bunker of Burmah to lead with prayer. Mr. Colby delivered a eulogy on Missionaries and Mission Work and then called on the Rev. John A. Broadus, D.D., of Louisville, Ky., to address the meeting. Dr. Broadus explained that this is a great forward movement. Its origin lies in the fact that two Baptists named Andrew Fuller and William Carey, a hundred years ago, made a stand for Christian liberty. The aim of Christianity at home and abroad is conversion—that is the first requisite of Christianity. Andrew Fuller and William Carey denounced Baptismal regeneration as an error quite as great as that of a paternal church-and-state union.

He explained that we are called upon to give a powerful impulse to this Forward movement: I. Because of the dead. II. Because of the living. III. Because of the converted. IV. We owe it to the unconverted heathen. VI. We owe it to those who are not Christians at home. Lastly, We owe it to God the Father.

Rev. Dr. Adoniram Judson Gordon, of Boston, was next introduced and made a powerful address.

"Giving to the Lord," says Dr. Gordon, "pays in cash and in consecrated souls." Carey's collection at Nottingham Meeting House of £13, 14d, 6s, has grown to $11,000,000, and we now have 7,000 missionaries on the field. When Carey commenced the doors were all shut, now they are all open. Thibet, the only country where Christianity has not penetrated into. Yet nine-tenths of the human race, amounting to over 100,000,000 souls are unmoved, and multiplication of the species goes on in the ratio of seventy heathens to one Christian per annum. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few. Pray ye, therefore, to the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth laborers into his harvest."

He traced the impulse which was communicated to William Carey and Andrew Fuller back to the fountain-head which is John Elliott, the wonderful missionary to the Indians, who, with the feeblest material, translated the whole of the Bible into the Indian language.

"A factory hand in Boston, supports from her earnings six missionaries in the mission field; a working printer in my vicinity, some years ago became greatly concerned on this matter and determined to make the attempt of supporting one missionary out of the proceeds of his labor and year by year he has increased until now he supports fifteen missionaries. Brother Broadus has exploded one popular adage when he said, 'Charity never commences at home.' Do you notice that all these old proverbs have selfishness as their inspiration? Here is one:

"'A bird in hand is worth two in the bush.' Friends, that bird is the eagle on the silver dollar! Oh friends, let loose your hold on these birds in the hand.

"Let me in concluding tell you of a Japanese converted girl, who collecting for missions brought me every Monday her gatherings, and in her sweet Japanese way held up to me always with the expression: 'Here is some more Jesus money.' At last I asked her what she meant. 'Every cent of this,' she said, "belongs to Jesus.'

"Have you any Jesus money? Think of him who became poor that you might be rich. If you have any Jesus money, say: 'Here it is!' and no doubt we shall get the million!"

W. FOSTER GRIER.

1,000,000 Tired Out People

are thinking to-day that all they need to make them feel well is "a little rest." It is true that the rest cure is often the best cure, but it is also true that a great many people cannot afford to rest indefinitely Worse still, the very knowledge that they cannot afford it, seriously interferes with the best use of the rest they have. Too often going to the doctor means that the patient shall stop short, while cares, duties and expenses keep right on. It is highly desirable then that some treatment be found for this numerous class—something that will neither interfere with their business or pleasure. In this respect nothing in the world can compare with Drs. Starkey & Palen's Compound Oxygen. For more than twenty years this well-known agent has made multitudes of run-down, over-worked, nervous and sick people as good as new, and that right at their own homes and occupations. From the 60,000 cases which they have carefully recorded they can give you incontestable proof, doubtless in your own neighborhood. If in need of better health, write them. That is better than "rainbow-chasing" after rest which never comes. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, or Chicago, San Francisco, New York, and Toronto, Ont.

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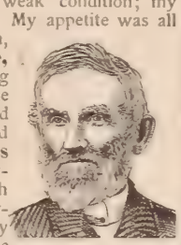
Left me in a terribly weak condition; my health nearly wrecked. My appetite was all gone, I had no strength, felt **tired all the time,** had disagreeable roaring noises in my head, like a waterfall. I also had severe headaches and **severe sinking pains** in my stomach. Having heard so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla, I concluded to try it. All the disagreeable effects of the Grip are gone, I am free from pains and aches, and believe Hood's Sarsaparilla is surely curing my



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THE GOSPEL IN NYASSA LAND.

A VERY promising field for Gospel effort is Nyassaland in Africa, which is at present under a British protectorate, its affairs being administered by a commissioner, Mr. H. H. Johnston. The country is accessible by the Zambesi and Shire rivers, as far as the settlement of Blantyre, from which there is a road leading to Livingstonia, at the south end of Lake Victoria Nyassa. The territory on both shores of the lake is peopled by tribes who have been glad to seek protection from slave-dealing Arabs and they are readily coming under Gospel influences.

RT. REV. W. B. HORNBY.
The New Bishop of Nyassaland.

On this page we present a portrait of the Rt. Rev. Wilfred Bird Hornby of Oxford University, who was recently consecrated as Bishop of the Church of England for Nyassaland and who is now on his way to South-east Africa. The new missionary-bishop is a man of eminent piety and wide practical experience. For the last eight years he has been incumbent of St. Columba's Church, Southwick, England.

CONFLICT WITH SLAVE-DEALERS.

A LETTER from Bihe in Western Africa, recently received by Rev. W. T. Currie, whose portrait and life appeared in this journal on December 28th, contains the following story of a conflict, which shows how bold and persistent the slave traders are: Though the Expedition against the slavers now in Bihe, is not strictly a military one, its members have a heavily armed detachment of Congo Free State soldiers, which at once puts them in a kind of independent position in passing through the countries. At Lake Cinkonjia (into which the Lufira river flows), a few days journey to the north of us, a sad rupture happened between some of the natives there and the European officer in command of the Expedition, whose duty it was to bring up the rear of the caravan with some twelve soldiers. It is difficult to find out the truth of the whole matter, but the results are painfully evident in that the white man and his twelve soldiers were killed and all their goods taken.

The expedition further encountered a large caravan of Biheans led by Sacitota, who was perhaps the greatest trader in Bihe. I knew him well. They were slave-buying, and that too in the Congo Free State. The chief of the Expedition ordered them to cease, but the Biheans persisted, and finally when they saw fighting imminent, joined the people of the country against the Expedition, and took up their position in one of the villages. Fighting ensued, and the resistance made is described as "most stiff and determined," but the result was, as might be expected—the defeat of the Biheans and the death of Sacitota. I find I have said more about these new comers than I intended, and shall only add that they intend to go on to Katanga where one of the party, who is a geologist, will be able to look into, if not settle, the gold question; and from there, I understand, they mean to return by Lake Tanganyika, from which place they will forward our letters home.

THE CARE OF THE INDIAN.

AT the recent meeting of the Board of Indian Commissioners in Washington, a resolution was passed warmly indorsing the administration of General Morgan, and asking the President-elect to continue the same policy. The hope was also expressed that appointments in the Indian service would be taken entirely out of politics; that the law for compulsory education would be enforced; and the supply of rations should be discontinued and the benevolent societies would increase their efforts for the religious teaching of the Indians.

COLUMBUS AND US.

HE discovered America 1492.
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Our mail of September 3d, 1892 brought in purchases from residents of New Hampshire, Florida, Texas and Washington. That must mean that Griffith has advantages equally recognizable in the White Mountains or the Rockies; on the Staked Plains or in the Everglades. Some of these advantages are:

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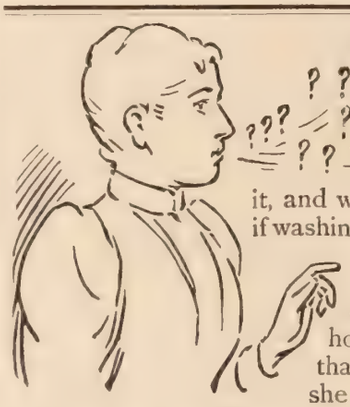

Ask Some Questions

about Pearline, of any woman who uses it. Ask her what she thinks of it, and whether it's quite safe to use, and if washing and cleaning is any easier with it. Ask her how the clothes look and last, when they're not rubbed over the washboard. Ask her how it would seem to go back to that eternal rub, rub, rub, now that she has got rid of it.

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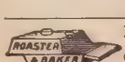

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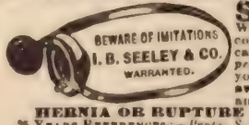

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SUNDAY afternoon in a New York City jail. A gentleman has been speaking to the prisoners in the chapel; as he is passing out through the corridor, a slight noise attracts his attention, and turning he sees at the far end of the passage a little white hand stretched out through the bars, beckoning him to come nearer. He returns to find a boy locked into a cell with a hardened criminal, and the little voice says:

"O, sir, don't yer do anything for the boys? You've been telling the men all that's done for them, but don't yer do anything for the boys?"

This gentleman was the Secretary of the New York Prison Association, Mr. W. M. F. Round, and many a time has he met this question without being able to solve it, but now he lays it before the Creator and Father of all boys, and lo, before the week is passed an answer comes.

In the "hill country" lies the promised land for the boys; literally the land of Canaan, and flowing with milk and all healthful food; here Mr. F. G. Burnham has given a farm of six hundred acres as an Industrial Training School for boys who would otherwise be on the road to ruin, and here Mr. Round, after studying the methods pursued in France and Germany, has founded one of the most unique institutions in the world, which in three years has reformed and honorably discharged one-third of its members, seventy-five per cent. of whom have connected themselves with some church, while many of those still remaining at the Farm, which is situated at Canaan Four Corners, New York State, are leading consistent Christian lives.

What is the secret of this success that transformed lying and thieving boys into honest and upright citizens, and humble followers of Jesus Christ? It lies at the foundation, for the motto of the institution is "Christ, the Chief Corner-stone."

The boys come here the enemies of society, and find the principles of the Gospel carried out by the Brothers who form the Order of St. Christopher. They come neglected and forlorn, and meet with a patient love and tender care that watches over them night and day through the ministrations of these

Consecrated Men

and women. They come with a moral sense so blunted that they see nothing wrong in themselves, but they are not long in the presence of the Brother Director before they are led to acknowledge the evil that is in them, and the first step toward repentance has been taken. Under such influences the pure air and country life can have their naturally healthy effect, and unite with plenty of work to create a sound mind in a sound body. The family life is maintained by dividing the eighty or more boys into six or eight families, each with its distinctive name and house, watched over by one of the Brothers.

MR. W. M. F. ROUND,

Founder of the Industrial Training School at Canaan Four Corners, N. Y.

Let us take a glance at some of the boys in their every-day life. The first building we see as we approach the Farm is Gilpin Hall, where the Welcome family receives the new boys on their arrival. As they take their places for each meal they chant a simple grace that Brother Ernest has learned in his German home. Now we pass on to the Mayflower house, the banner family this week, for its members have lost the fewest mills, which indicates the best conduct. There is a healthy rivalry for the banner, and a whole family feels disgraced by the bad conduct of one member. This is Brother John's wife and children, who are at the door with two of the boys who have left their housework for the moment. If we follow them indoors we shall find the family motto on the wall along with pictures and shelves for the boys' Bibles.

"RECORD ROCK," AND GROUP OF BOYS AT THE CANAAN FOUR CORNERS TRAINING SCHOOL.

We will peep into the Robin's Nest as we take our way to the school room where the junior class are having their morning lessons. One boy has a pet cat curled up asleep on his lap under the desk. Pussy seems quite at home here, for she makes no disturbance. In the afternoon the juniors will be at work, and the seniors will come in for their schooling, but in the morning the big boys are needed on the farm, for no hired laborers are employed. Over in the meadows we may see some of them now, driving a herd of beautiful cows to pasture. This outdoor life keeps them healthy and, together with the strict attention paid to their diet by the Brother Director, accounts for the fact that the Sister Dora Cottage has never yet been put to its intended use of a hospital.

One death by accident there was last year, by a fall from a horse, but the young soul was more prepared for heaven than for the battle with temptation here below and was glad when the angel summoned him to go. At midnight he heard the call and at daybreak

The Angel of Peace

laid her gentle touch upon his features, leaving an expression never to be forgotten by those who beheld it.

On our way over to the campus let us take time to look in at some of the workshops where the boys are learning trades. The young blacksmith has chosen his profession well for he has a sturdy arm to wield a hammer. Stick to your Christian profession too, my young friend, which you made in chapel that summer evening, and you will be as noble as the smith Longfellow has immortalized. Now we go to the carpenter's shop where loving hands are devising some convenience for the "dear Brother Director;" then to the painter's, the cobbler's, the printing-room, and so on, round to the tailor who is perched cross-legged on his board in most approved tailor fashion, stitching away to keep all these boys clothed.

A thoroughly busy community it is, for every boy's time is portioned out for him from six o'clock in the morning till eight o'clock at night, having no time for mischief, but plenty for the natural overflow of animal spirits. And a thoroughly business-like community it is, too, for every boy has his wages, whatever his work, which he will forfeit if he does not obey the rules, but which when earned will procure him not only luxuries but privileges, and good standing in rank, for they show him to be worthy and obedient. Ten mills a day are his wages for the first six months, while he is in the lowest or inmate grade, but at the end of that time if he has not forfeited too many, he will become a cadet, and have thirty-five a day, and when he arrives at the graduate grade he will have seventy, sums that amount up so fast as to

Fire the Youthful Ambition

to possess them, and which are found to be more powerful incentives to good behavior than the fear of any punishment. Even the sight of a woodchuck under a stone wall has not proved strong enough to tempt a half dozen boys across the imaginary boundary which has been set for them in the middle of the road, for they would lose some mills thereby, and then on some happy Saturday night when there happened to be an auction, they might not have mills enough to buy the ball or marbles or whatever other boyish treasure was put up for sale. Is it any wonder that a frequent prayer

(*Continued on page 85.*)

THE ICHTHYOLOGY OF THE BIBLE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, preached last Sunday Morning in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Text: Genesis 1: 20, "*And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life.*"

WHAT a new book the Bible is! After thirty-six years preaching from it and discussing over three thousand different subjects founded on the Word of God, the Book is as fresh to me as when I learned, with a stretch of infantile memory, the shortest verse in the Bible, "Jesus wept," and I opened a few weeks ago a new realm of biblical interest that neither my pulpit nor anyone else's had ever explored, and having spoken to you in this course of sermons on God Everywhere concerning the Astronomy of the Bible or God among the Stars, the Chronology of the Bible or God among the Centuries, the Ornithology of the Bible or God among the Birds, the Mineralogy of the Bible or God among the Amethysts, this morning as I may be divinely helped, I will speak to you about the Ichthyology of the Bible or God among the Fishes.

Our horses were lathered and tired out, and their fetlocks were red with the blood cut out by the rocks, and I could hardly get my feet out of the stirrups as on Saturday night we dismounted on the beach of Lake Galilee. The rather liberal supply of food with which we had started from Jerusalem was well-nigh exhausted, and the articles of diet remaining, had, by oft repetition, three times a day for three weeks, ceased to appetize. I never want to see a fig again, and dates with me are all out of date. For several days the Arab caterer, who could speak but half a dozen English words, would answer our requests for some of the styles of food with which we had been delectated the first few days, by crying out, "Finished." The most piquant appetizer is abstinence, and the demand of all the party was, "Let us breakfast on Sunday morning on fresh fish from Lake Gennesareth," for you must know that that lake has four names, and it is worth a profusion of nomenclature, and it is in the Bible called Chinnereth, Tiberias, Gennesareth and Galilee. To our extemporized table on Sabbath morning came broiled perch, only a few hours before lifted out of the sacred waters. It was natural that our minds should revert to the only breakfast that Christ ever prepared, and it was on those very shores where we breakfasted. Christ had, in those olden times, struck two flints together and set on fire some shavings or light brush-wood, and then put on larger wood, and a pile of glowing bright coals was the consequence. Meanwhile, the disciples, fishing on the lake, had awfully "poor luck," and every time they drew up the net it hung dripping without a fluttering fin or squirming scale. But Christ, from the shore, shouted to them, and told them where to drop the net, and one hundred and fifty-three big fish rewarded them. Simon and Nathaniel having cleaned some of those large fish, brought them to the coals which Christ had kindled, and the group who had been out all night and were chill and wet and hungry, sat down and began mastication. All that scene came back to us when on Sabbath morning, December, 1889, just outside the ruins of ancient Tiberias and within sound of the rippling Galilee, we breakfasted.

Now, is it not strange that the Bible imagery is so inwrought from the fisheries, when the Holy Land is, for the most part, an inland region? Only three lakes, two beside the one already mentioned, namely, the Dead Sea, where fish cannot live at all and as soon as they touch it they die, and the birds swoop on their tiny carcases, and the third, the Pools of Heshbon, which are alternately full and dry. Only three rivers of the Holy Land, Jabbok, Kishon and Jordan. About all the fish now in the waters of the Holy Land are the perch, the carp, the bream, the minnow, the blenny, the barbel (so-called because of the barb at its mouth), the chub, the dog-fish, none of them worth a Delaware shad or an Adirondack trout. Well, the world's geography has changed and the world's bill of fare has changed. Lake Galilee was larger and deeper and better stocked than now, and no doubt the rivers were deeper and the fisheries were of far more importance then than now. Beside that, there was the Mediterranean Sea only thirty-five miles away, and fish were salted or dried and brought inland, and so much of that article of food was sold in Jerusalem that a fish market gave the name to one of the gates of Jerusalem near-by, and it was called the Fish Gate. The cities had great reservoirs, in which fish were kept alive and bred. The Pool of Gibeon was a fish-pool. Isaiah and Solomon refer to fish-pools. Large fish were kept alive and tied fast by ropes to a stake in these reservoirs, a ring having been run through their gills, and that is the meaning of the Scripture passage which says, "Canst thou put a hook into his nose or bore his jaw through with a thorn?" So important was the fish that the god Dagon, worshiped by the Philistines, was made half fish and half man, and that is the meaning of the Lord's indignation, when in 1st Samuel, we read that this Dagon, the fish-god, stood beside the ark of the Lord, and Dagon was by invisible hands dashed to pieces, because the Philistines had dared to make the fish a god. That explains the Scripture passage: "The head of Dagon and both the palms of his hands were cut off upon the threshold; only the stump of Dagon was left to him." Now the stump of Dagon was the fish part. The top part, which was the figure of a man, was dashed to pieces, and the Lord, by demolishing everything but the stump or fish part of the idol, practically said, You may keep your fish, but know from the way I have demolished the rest of the idol that it is nothing Divine.

Layard and Wilkinson found the fish an object of idolatry all through Assyria and Egypt. The Nile was full of fish, and that explains the horrors of the plague that slaughtered the finny tribe all up and down that river, which has been and is now the main artery of Egypt's life. In Job you hear the plunge of the spear into the hippopotamus, as the great dramatic poet cries out: "Canst thou fill his skin with barbed irons or his head with fish spears?" Yea, the fish began to swim in the very first book of Genesis, where my text records, "And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life." Do you realize that the first living thing that God created was the fish? It preceded the bird, the quadruped, the human race. The fish has priority of residence over every living thing. The next thing done after God had kindled for our world the golden chandelier of the sun and the silver chandelier of the moon was to make the fish. The first motion of the principle of life, a principle that all the thousands of years since have not been able to define or analyze, the very first stir of life was in a fish. What an hour that was when in the Euphrates, the Gihon, the Pison, and the Hiddekel, the four rivers of Paradise, the waters swirled with fins and brightened with scales. All the attributes of the Infinite God were called into action for the making of that first fish. Lanceolate and transulcent miracle! There is enough wonder in the plate of a sturgeon or in the cartilage of a shark to confound the scientists. It does not take the universe to prove a God. A fish does it. No wonder that Linnæus and Cuvier and Agassiz and the greatest minds of all the centuries sat enraptured before its anatomy. Oh, its beauty, and the adaptedness of its structure to the element in which it must live: the picture gallery on the sides of the mountain Trout unveiled as they spring up to snatch the flies: the Grayling, called the Flower of Fishes; the Salmon, ascending the Oregon and the Severn, easily leaping the falls that would stop them; the bold Perch, the Gudgeon, silver and black spotted; the Herring, moving in squadrons five miles long; the Carp, for cunning, called the Fox of Fishes; the wondrous Sturgeons, formerly reserved for the tables of royal families, and the isinglass made out of their membrane; the Tench, called the physician of fishes because when applied to human ailments, it is said to be curative; the Lampreys, so tempting to the epicurean that too many of them slew Henry II.; aye, the whole world of fishes. Enough of them floating up and down the rivers to feed the hemispheres if every ear of corn and every head of wheat and every herd of quadruped, and if every other article of food in all the earth were destroyed. Universal drought, leaving not so much as a spear of grass on the round planet, would leave in the rivers and lakes and seas for the human race a staple commodity of food, which, if brought to shore, would be enough not only to feed but fatten the entire human race. In times to come the world may be so populated that the harvests and vineyards and land animals may be insufficient to feed the human family, and the nations may be obliged to come to the rivers and ocean beaches to seek the living harvests that swim the deep, and that would mean more health and vigor and brilliancy and brain than the human race now own.

The Lord, by placing the fish in the first course of the menu in paradise, making it precede bird and beast, indicated to the world the importance of the fish as an article of human food. The reason that men and women lived three and four and five and nine hundred years was because they were kept on parched corn and fish. We mix up a fantastic food that kills the most of us before thirty years of age. Custards and whipped sillabubs and Roman punches and chicken salads at midnight are a gauntlet that few have strength to run. We put on many a tombstone glowing epithets saying that the person beneath died of patriotic services or from exhaustion in religious work when nothing killed the poor fellow but lobster eaten at a party four hours after he ought to have been sound asleep in bed. There are men to-day in our streets so many walking hospitals, who might have been athletes, if they had taken the hint of Genesis in my text and of our Lord's remark and adhered to simplicity of diet. The reason that the country districts have furnished most of the men and women of our time who are doing the mightiest work in merchandise, in mechanics, in law, in medicine, in theology, in legislative and congressional halls, and all the Presidents from Washington down—at least, those who have amounted to anything—is because they were in those country districts of necessity kept on plain diet. No man or woman ever amounted to anything who was brought up on floating island or angel cake. The world must turn back to paradisaic diet if it is to get paradisaic morals and paradisaic health. The human race to-day needs more phosphorus, and the fish is charged and surcharged with phosphorus. Phosphorus, that which shines in the dark without burning.

What made the twelve Apostles such stalwart men that they could endure anything and achieve everything? Next to divine inspiration, it was because they were nearly all fishermen and lived on fish and a few plain condiments. Paul, though not brought up to swing the net and throw the line, must of necessity have adopted the diet of the population among whom he lived, and you see the phosphorus in his daring plea before Felix, and the phosphorus in his boldest of all utterances before the wiseacres on Mars Hill, and the phosphorus as he went without fright to his beheading, and the phosphorus you see in the lives of all the apostles, who moved right on undaunted to certain martyrdom, whether to be decapitated or flung off precipices or hung in crucifixion. Phosphorus, shining in the dark without burning! No man or woman that ever lived was independent of questions of diet. Let those who by circumstances are compelled to simplicity of diet, thank God for their rescue from the temptation of killing delicacies. The men and women who are to decide the drift of the twentieth century, which is only seven or eight steps off, are now five miles back from the rail station, and had for breakfast this morning a similar bill of fare to that which Christ provided for the fishermen disciples on the banks of Lake Galilee. Indeed the only articles of food that Christ by miracle multiplied were bread and fish which the boy, who acted as sutler to the seven thousand people of the wilderness, handed over—five barley loaves and two fishes. The boy must have felt badly when called on to give up the two fishes which he had brought out after having caught them himself, sitting with his bare feet over the bank of the lake and expecting to sell his supply at good profit, but he felt better when by the miracle the fish were multiplied and he had more returned to him than he had surrendered.

Know, also, in order to understand the ichthyology of the Bible that in the deeper waters, as those of the Mediterranean, there were monsters that are now extinct. The fools who become infidels because they cannot understand the engulfment of the recreant Jonah in a sea monster, might have saved their souls by studying a little natural history. "Oh," says some one, "that story of Jonah was only a fable." Say others, "It was interpolated by some writer of later times." Others say: "It was a reproduction of the story of Hercules devoured and then restored from the monster." But my reply is that history tells us that there were monsters large enough to whelm ships. The extinct ichthyosaurus of other ages was thirty feet long, and as late as the sixth century of the Christian era, up and down the Mediterranean there floated monsters compared with which a modern whale was a sardine or a herring. The shark has again and again been found to have swallowed a man entire. A fisherman on the coast of Turkey found a sea-monster which contained a woman and a purse of

gold. I have seen in museums sea monsters large enough to take down a prophet. But I have a better reason for believing the Old Testament account, and that is that Christ said it was true and a type of his own resurrection, and I suppose he ought to know. In Matthew, 12 chapter, 40 verse, Jesus Christ says: "For as Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth." And that settles it for me and for any man who does not believe Christ a dupe and an impostor.

Notice also how the Old Testament writers drew similitude from the fisheries. Jeremiah uses such imagery to prophesy destruction: "Behold I will send for many fishers, saith the Lord, and they shall fish them." Ezekiel uses fish imagery to prophesy prosperity: "It shall come to pass that the fishers shall stand upon it from En-gedi even to En-eglaim; they shall be a place to spread forth nets; their fish shall be according to their kinds, as the fish of the great sea, exceeding many." The explanation of which is that En-gedi and En-eglaim stood on the banks of the Dead Sea, in the waters of which no fish can live, but the prophet says that the time will come when these waters will be regenerated and they will be great places for fish. Amos reproves idolatries by saying: "The day shall come upon you when he will take you away with hooks and your posterity with fish-hooks." Solomon, in Ecclesiastes, declares that those captured of temptation are as fishes taken in an evil net. Indeed Solomon knew all about the finny tribe and wrote a treatise on Ichthyology which has been lost.

Furthermore, in order that you may understand the ichthyology of the Bible, you must know that there were five ways of fishing. One was by a fence of reeds and canes, within which the fish were caught. But the Herodic government forbade that on Lake Galilee, lest pleasure boats be wrecked by the stakes driven. Another mode was by spearing; the waters of Galilee so clear, good aim could be taken for the transfixing. Another was by hook and line, as where Isaiah says: "The fishers also shall mourn, and they that cast angle into the brooks shall lament." And Job says: "Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hook?" And Habakkuk says: "They take up all of them with the angle." Another mode was by a casting net or that which was flung from the shore. Another by a drag net or that which was thrown from a boat and drawn through the sea as the fishing smack sailed on. How wonderful all this is inwrought into the Bible imagery, and it leads me to ask in which mode are you and I fishing, for the Church is the boat and the Gospel is the net and the sea is the world and the fish are the souls, and God addresses us as he did Simon and Andrew, saying: "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men." But when is the best time to fish for souls? In the night. Peter, why did you say to Christ, "we have toiled all the night and have taken nothing?" Why did you not fish in the day-time? He replies, "You ought to know that the night is the best time for fishing?" At Tobyhanna Mills, among the mountains of Pennsylvania, I saw a friend with high boots and fishing tackle, starting out at nine o'clock at night, and I said, "Where are you going?" He answered, "Going to fish." "What, in the night?" He answered, "Yes, in the night." So the vast majority of souls captured for God are taken in times of revival in the night meetings. They might just as well come at twelve o'clock at noon, but most of them will not. Ask the evangelists of olden times, ask Finney, ask Nettleton, ask Osborn, ask Daniel Baker, and then ask all the modern evangelists which is the best time to gather souls, and they will answer, "The night; by all odds, the night." Not only the natural night, but the night of trouble. Suppose I go around in this audience and ask these Christians when they were converted to God. One would answer, "It was at the time I lost my child by membraneous croup, and it was the night of bereavement," or the answer would be, "It was just after I was swindled out of my property, and it was the night of bankruptcy," or it would be, "It was during that time when I was down with that awful sickness, and it was the night of physical suffering," or it would be, "It was that time when slander took after me and I was maligned and abused, and it was the night of persecution." Ah, my hearers, that is the time for you to go after souls, when a night of trouble is on them. Miss not that opportunity to save a soul, for it is the best of all opportunities. Go up along the Mohawk or the Juniata or the Delaware or the Tombigbee or the St. Lawrence right after a rain, and you will find the fishermen all up and down the banks. Why? Because a good time to angle is right after the rain, and that is a good time to catch souls, right after a shower of misfortune, right after floods of disaster. And as a pool overshadowed with trees is a grand place for making a fine haul of fish, so when the soul is under the long dark shadows of anxiety and distress, it is a good time to make a spiritual haul. People in the bright sunshine of prosperity are not so easily taken.

FEEDING THE MULTITUDE WITH LOAVES AND FISHES.

But be sure before you start out to the Gospel Fisheries to get the right kind of bait. "But, how," you say, "am I to get it?" My answer is, "Dig for it." "Where shall I dig for it?" "In the rich Bible grounds." We boys brought up in the country had to dig for bait before we started for the banks of the Raritan. We put the sharp edge of the spade against the ground, and then put our foot on the spade, and with one tremendous plunge of our strength of body and will, we drove it in up to the handle, and then turned over the sod. We had never read Walton's "Complete Angler." or Charles Cotton's "Instructions how to Angle for Grayling in a Clear Stream," We knew nothing about the modern red-hackle, or the fly of orange-colored mohair, but we got the right kind of bait. No use trying to angle for fish or angle for souls unless you have the right kind of bait, and there is plenty of it in the Promises, the Parables, the Miracles, the Crucifixion, the Heaven of the grand old Gospel. Yes, not only must you dig for bait, but use only fresh bait. You cannot do anything down at the pond with old angle worms. New views of truth. New views of God. New views of the soul. There are all the good books to help you dig. But make up your mind as to whether you will take the hint of Habukkuk and Isaiah and Job and use hook and line, or take the hint of Matthew and Luke and Christ and fish with a net. I think many lose their time by wanting to fish with a net and they never get a place to swing the net; in other words they want to do Gospel work on a big scale or they will not do it at all. I see feeble-minded Christian men going around with a Bagster's Bible under their arm, hoping to do the work of an evangelist and use the net, while they might be better content with hook and line and take one soul at a time. They are bad failures as evangelists; they would be mighty successes as private Christians. If you catch only one soul for God that will be enough to fill your eternity with celebration. All hail, the fishermen with hook and line! I have seen a man in roughest corduroy outfit come back from the woods loaded down with a string of finny treasures hung over his shoulder and his game bag filled, and a dog with his teeth carrying a basket filled with the surplus of an afternoon's angling, and it was all the result of a hook and line; and in the Eternal World there will be many a man and many a woman that was never heard of outside of a village Sunday School or a prayer meeting buried in a church basement, who will come before the Throne of God with a multitude of souls ransomed through his or her instrumentality and yet the work all done through personal interview one by one, one by one. You do not know who that one soul may be. Staupitz helped one soul into the light, but it was Martin Luther. Thomas Bilney brought salvation to one soul, but it was Hugh Latimer. An edge-tool maker was the means of saving one soul, but it was John Summerfield. Our blessed Lord healed one blind eye at a time, one paralyzed arm at a time, one dropsical patient at a time, and raised from the dead one girl at a time, one young man at a time. Admire the net that takes in a great many at once, but do not despise the hook and line.

God help us amid the Gospel Fisheries, whether we employ hook or net, for the day cometh when we shall see how much depended on our fidelity. Christ himself declared, "The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a net that was cast into the sea and gathered of every kind, which, when it was full, they drew to shore, and sat down and gathered the good in the vessels, but cast the bad away: so shall it be at the end of the world, the angels shall come forth and separate the wicked from the just." Yes, the fishermen think it best to keep the useful and worthless of the haul in the same net until it is drawn upon the beach, and then the division takes place, and if it is on Long Island coast, the mossbunkers are thrown out and the blue-fish and shad preserved, or if it is on the shore of Galilee, the fish classified as siluroids are hurled back into the water or thrown up the bank as unclean, while the perch and the carp and the barbel are put in pails to be carried home for use. So in the church on earth, the saints and the hypocrites, the generous and the mean, the chaste and the unclean, are kept in the same membership, but at death the division will be made and the good will be gathered into heaven and the bad, however many holy communions they may have celebrated, and however many rhetorical prayers they may have offered, and however many years their names may have been on the church rolls, will be cast away. God forbid that any of us should be among the "cast away." But may we do our work whether small or great as thoroughly as did that renowned fisherman, George W. Bethune, who spent his summer rest angling in the waters around "The Thousand Isles," and beating at their own craft those who plied it all the year, and who the rest of his time gloriously preached Christ in a pulpit only fifteen minutes from where I now stand, and ordering for his own obsequies: "Put on me my pulpit gown and bands, with my own pocket Bible in my right hand. Bury me with my mother, my father, and my grandmother. Sing also my own hymn

"Jesus thou Prince of Life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high."

A PERSIAN STUDENT'S LETTER.

WE have received a letter from Mr. E. O. Eshoo, a young Oriental divinity student at Knox College, Toronto, Ont., in which he refers appreciatively to a letter sent by his fellow-countryman, Malik Yonan, to Rev. Dr. Talmage several months ago. Mr. Eshoo writes: This is my mother tongue, and I send you a true translation of my friend's letter. I am here studying with the view of going back as a missionary to my benighted countrymen."

Mr. Eshoo then gives the following beautiful and accurate translation of Malik Yonan's letter, the original of which has already appeared in these columns:

"Guctapa Oroomah, Persia.

Rev. Dr. Talmage, Dear Sir:—A few months ago it was written in one of the American missionary papers that you were going to build your church, and asking from all those who read your sermons to give a helping hand for this purpose. I am one reader of your sermons; occasionally I receive them, but not regularly. Your influence upon my heart is so great that I cannot rest if I do not send a small portion from my poorness. I send two tomas ($3.00), notwithstanding it is a small quantity, but I hope it will be accepted as the two mites of the widow, may be it will be a single brick in the building, or a seat for some one to sit on in my place; I cannot pay my debt to America for its missionaries and liberal money and education which has been given to me and to my people.

"I hope you will believe me, there has not passed a single day in which I do not mention your name in my prayers.

"God reward your labor. When I read your sermons it seems to me I am sitting in the church hearing you from the pulpit. They have been a great help to me, probably I have translated about twenty of your sermons into Syriac. Your sermon on 'The Sun and its Surroundings,' I read in the Nestorian Church. The sermon on 'The Marriage in Cana,' I read at the wedding of my son, for the guests.

"I remember one of your words and it seemed right to me. You said: 'The world will be restored to Christ by sermons in the papers.' I believe this, because they are so helpful to me, and why not the world. It seems to me you do not look like an Occidental, but Oriental. A good many thoughts in your sermons are found in ancient MSS. of Syrians. I consider you as God's ambassador to reconcile the perishing world to its Creator through Christ. I will not see you here, but I hope we will meet and embrace and kiss each other with the holy kiss, then both of us together bow down and worship Christ in heaven.

Malik Yonan."

Concerning Mr. Eshoo, Mr. C. H. Lowry of Knox College writes that he is held in the highest esteem by the students, as a devout and exemplary young man, with an earnest desire to serve Christ and his fellowmen.

REBUILDING THE TEMPLE.

S. S. Lesson For Feb. 19. Neh. 4: 9-23. Golden Text, Neh. 4: 9. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

HAVING made out his plans, first with God and then with the king, Nehemiah set out on his journey, armed with a double authority: he was in the first place, sent of God, and in the second place, authorized by the king. Thus prepared, he was ready for all the difficulties which he might have to encounter. When a child of God ventures into a new day without having thus got all square with God, and all right with man, it is no wonder if he should encounter enemies too strong for him, and find himself nonplussed at every turn. "All these things are against me," is written on the features of every child of God who does not walk in habitual oneness with him. Nehemiah encountered the enemies of God and of his people, Sanballat and Tobiah, before he had met with any of his countrymen, and he saw well how the land lay, and what he had to expect from them. But a man who walks with God can never forget that "greater is he that is in you than he that is in the world." Nehemiah did not at once, in the warmth of his zeal, tell out all that had taken place between him and his God, and between him and the king; he took three days of quiet first.

"I arose in the night," says Nehemiah, "I and some few men with me (only those who could be trusted); neither told I any man what my God had put in my heart to do at Jerusalem." It was not yet ripe. Nehemiah had given himself time to take in the whole situation alone with his God, the moment came when he spoke to the people, and told them of the good hand of his God upon him, and there was an immediate response; they answered: "Let us rise up and build. So they strengthened their hands for this good work." Of course the enemies of God began to busy themselves, and

God Permitted it.

Why? Because the exercise of faith, obedience, and patience must ever accompany any work we do for God. Like tools which need sharpening, we need this friction with those who do not understand, and who seek to hinder us. And God thus provides that there may be a reality in our own life with him, which will tell in our work. To the mockery of Sanballat, Tobiah and Geshem, Nehemiah answered with all the dignity of a man who has made sure of his way with God: "The God of heaven, he will prosper us; therefore we, his servants will arise and build; but ye have no portion, nor right, nor memorial, in Jerusalem." (Neh. 2: 20.) It is wonderful how much God can do, and will do, through one man who is wholly yielded up to him, and trusts him; a man who lives a life hid with Christ in God out of which comes power with God and with men. Had Nehemiah attempted to do by personal influence or persuasion what God did by him, it is probable that few among the people in Jerusalem would have hearkened to him, and very probably, there might have been a party in Jerusalem in his favor, and a party against him. But, led of God who prepares all the work for those who have learned to wait on him, all the day things go well.

The high priest was the first to arise and build. This was a conquest made by God. How natural it would have been for Eliashib to say: "Who is this man that comes from a distance to teach us? Let him return from whence he came, we need none such, we have our priests and Levites." But God had gone before his servant, and won the high priest's heart, and a general movement took place among the people, each taking his part in the work; some more, some less. The great ones were most in fault; among the Tekoites, "their nobles put not their necks to the work of the Lord;" not many noble are called. Earthly nobility dies before heaven's nobility; that which is great in itself must come down before God; eternal greatness takes possesson.

The work went forward, and, as is always the case, where God is at work, the enemy also is most active. Sanballat, on hearing that the wall of Jerusalem was really in course of construction, "was wroth, and took great indignation." First his enmity took the form of

Mockery.

He spake before his brethren, and the army of Samaria, and said: "What do these feeble Jews? will they fortify themselves? will they sacrifice? will they make an end in a day? will they revive the stone out of the heaps of the rubbish which are burned? And Tobiah who seems to have been a kind of satellite of Sanballat added: "Even that which they build, if a fox go up, he shall even break down their stone wall." Feeble Jews! Yes: truly feeble in themselves, but neither Sanballat nor Tobiah had taken into account the Almighty God who was on their side.

There are many even of God's children, who suffer more, and are more hurt by words such as these, than by almost any other kind of trial. Their self esteem is wounded: the words rankle in their hearts, and they go though bitter disappointment that they are not more appreciated. Nehemiah did not so much as take notice of the insults of Sanballat and his companions, which were, no doubt, reported to him by many busy tongues. He turned to his God as the compass to the pole, and said: "Hear, O our God, for we are despised." The presence of God takes out all the sting from the bitter words of men. In his presence we see how nothing can happen without him, and all is seen in its relation to him; men are but instruments permitted by him; and what he permits, we can permit. No attempt to defend or to justify themselves was so much as thought of by Nehemiah and his helpers. Doubtless Sanballat had counted on hindering the work and taking up their time, by goading them to defend or justify themselves. But men who have to do with their God can afford to let the words of men go unswered, and their reproaches go past unnoticed. "So built we the wall; and all the wall was joined together unto the half thereof; for the people had a mind to work." Things were becoming too serious now for their enemies to content themselves with merely mocking the Jews—one half of the wall was already up and the breaches began to be stopped; the "feeble Jews" were seen to be a power.

God is building his temple of living stones. The enemy of souls does all he can to hinder. Mockery, misunderstanding on the part of our worldly relatives, and far more our worldly fellow Christians, are the methods he often uses. Unity in the Lord is a justification to which Satan has no key. When the breaches begin to be filled up and the wall begins to arise which stops his access then he summons his forces and declares open war. The enemies of Judah now "conspired all of them together to come to fight against Jerusalem and to hinder it. "Nevertheless we made our prayer unto God." It was the habit of Nehemiah's life; everything drove him to his God. At the same time they "set a watch against their enemies night and day."

The people began to show signs of weariness; this was far more dangerous than any enmity from without. The burden-bearers failed, and there was yet "much to do"; and, just at this very moment, the adversaries were more persistent than ever, and said: "They shall not know, neither see, till we come in the midst among them, and slay them, and cause the work to cease." There are moments in the lives of all of us when troubles seem to come in a mass; one thing upon another and it seems as though we could not go a step farther. Ten times the report reached Nehemiah that from all places the enemies would be upon them; what would he do now? Still in the presence of God he was unmoved; and he armed the people. Then he "looked and rose up, and said unto the nobles, and to the rulers, and to the rest of the people. "Be not ye afraid of them; remember the Lord, who is great and terrible, and fight for your brethren, your sons, and your daughters, your wives, and your houses." While God lived, all was possible to his servant; he counted upon God, he who suffered him to be tried stood at his right hand to sustain him.

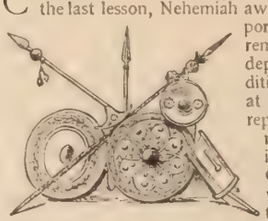
The enemies became aware that their tactics were discovered, or as Nehemiah puts it: "God had brought their counsel to nought," and thus he removed the hindrance and his people "returned to the wall, every one unto his work." There was only this difference that less strength was given to the work and more strength was spent in watchfulness. While one-half were at work, the other half held the weapons. This is God's order, that while some are in active work others should pray for them. Only those who are actively engaged in direct spiritual work, know the power which lies in a band of praying helpers, and what an untold blessing it is to those helpers thus to set forward the work of God. The builders did not work with their own full strength; with one hand they "held a weapon." This is God's way. A man, girded with the Word, "the sword of the Spirit," is a mighty man, even if he only does half the work which another does, who knows less how to handle his "sword."

One more thing was necessary; it was unity. "The work is great and large, we are separated upon the wall; one far from another. In what place therefore ye hear the sound of the trumpet, resort ye thither unto us: our God shall fight for us." His children must gather together where there is danger, but he must do the fighting and deal with every enemy. It is only in this blessed attitude of dealing continually with God that the wall of God's spiritual Jerusalem, his Church, will be built, and his people made ready for his coming.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

CALLING on God for help, as described in the last lesson, Nehemiah awaited an opportunity of remedying the deplorable condition of affairs at Jerusalem, a report of which reached him in the month Chisleu (November), of the twentieth year (B. C. 445), of the king's reign. In the month Nisan, (March–April), about four months later, he was again on duty in the palace. In the interval, the trouble had oppressed him and his face showed signs of his distress. The king noticed it and asked the cause. Then Nehemiah, with a silent prayer for help, explained the situation, and boldly asked to be appointed governor of Jerusalem, with full powers to call upon other governors for help, in rebuilding the walls of the city. The king granted his request and Nehemiah escorted by a guard of soldiery, set out at once. His reception appears to have been a cold one. Two men especially, Nehemiah mentions as regretting his arrival—Sanballat and Tobiah. They probably thought him an officious meddlesome person, who should be hindered rather than helped. Nehemiah went on and surveyed the ground. Before informing the Jews of his object or announcing his powers, he made a night tour around the city to see for himself what must be done. Then he formed his plans and, calling the chiefs together, told them of his commission and received their assurance of co-operation. The project was greeted with ridicule, and Nehemiah makes a note of the taunts of his two chief enemies. Tobiah, it seems, thought the Jews could not build the wall. If they did build, it would be so weak that a fox could knock it down. But the wall went up and the enemy took a new view of the work and combined to attack it. This week the lesson describes Nehemiah's mode of defence.



ANCIENT SHIELDS AND SPEARS.

We made our prayer . . . and set a watch. Prayer should never be a substitute for effort. The old fable tells that a wagoner knelt and prayed to Jupiter to get his wagon out of the mire and Jupiter appearing in the clouds bade him cease praying and put his shoulder to the wheel. Two physicians were engaged in a critical operation and it looked as if the patient would die. One of them lost his nerve and believing there was no hope of saving the patient by human means went into the next room to pray. "Where is Dr. ——?" asked the other physician presently. "He is praying in the next room," was the reply. "Praying!" exclaimed the irate physician, "Go and tell him to come here and help me and do his praying where he can be of some use." A man who had fallen under the power of the liquor habit went to his minister and besought him to pray for him. "This is a case for fasting as well as prayer," replied the minister. "Now I will pray if you will fast." But the man objected to fasting, especially fasting from the wine-cup. The minister assured him that both fasting and prayer were necessary in the circumstances and knowing his man, refused to pray for him under any other conditions.

Spurgeon used to relate an incident which occurred in his early ministry. A poor man with a large family broke his leg and as he would be confined to his house for some time and therefore without the means of grace the members of the church agreed to hold a prayer-meeting in the room. Soon after Deacon Brown had opened the meeting there was a knock at the door. A boy stood there asking to see the Deacon. "Father could not come to the meeting," said the boy when the Deacon came, "but he has sent his prayers in the cart." Looking into the cart the Deacon saw a bag of potatoes, a ham, a joint of beef and a sack of flour. The hint was taken and after prayers had been offered, more prayers came like those that had come in the cart.

But as prayer should not be unaccompanied by effort, neither should effort be without prayer. In one of his lectnres Dr. Hodge recalled an incident of his student days which illustrates this. He said: "It was my inestimable privilege as a boy to be a student of that great Christian philosopher, Professor Joseph Henry. I was his assistant in the laboratory when he made the series of experiments which established the possibility of the electric telegraph. He was a very reverent man. I shall never forget how when he had completed his arrangements, and the moment had arrived when he would put nature to her crucial test, he bowed his uncovered head and said, "I have asked God a question; let us await his answer."

'Be not afraid of them, remember the Lord. The people were weak and they needed some inspiring thought or they might have lost courage, believing that they must be beaten. This was the thought that Nehemiah gave them, that the Lord was on their side. The Lord is still on the side of his people, and they dare many things in the conviction that God will work for them. A woman wanted the use of a school-house for a Sunday School. The man to whom she had to apply was a noted opponent of the Gospel. Before going to him, she asked God that she might have the house. She then asked the man, and he said: "No! The school-house was built for secular learning, and we want none of your Bible nonsense." "Well," said the woman. "I didn't ask you first: I asked a higher one than you, and I believe I shall get what I want, because I mean to pray for it until I do; for, do you know that when I pray with all my heart, there is something that always gives way? Sometimes it is a man's health, sometimes his life, but always something, and I am certain when I get the full strain of prayer on, something will snap." And something did snap. The man couldn't get the matter of the woman's praying out of his mind, and he sent word to her that she might have the house.

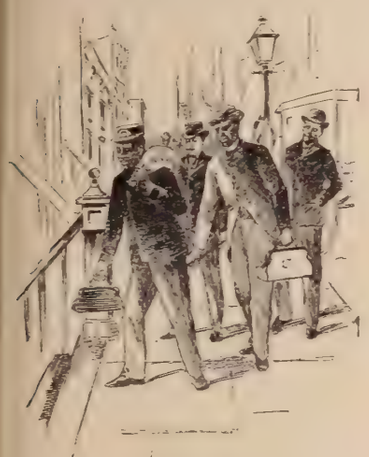
Fight for your brethren. The reply of Prince Wolfgang of Anhault to Dr. Eck, when the latter was expostulating with him for defending Luther and mixing himself up in quarrels, in which, as Eck pointed out to him, he was not directly concerned, is an example to every Christian. "In my time," said the Prince, "I have broken many a lance in the cause of my friends, and I love my Lord Jesus well enough to do as much for him; he is worthy of it."

God brought their counsel to nought. Nehemiah takes not credit to himself. The enemy thought to take him by surprise, but word was brought him ten times, of a projected attack, and he was prepared and repulsed it. He acknowledges that the deliverance was due to God's care. It is so, often, in life. The Christian man does not always know why certain things happen to him, but it may be because God saw that he was in danger, and was arranging for his protection. During the Crimean war, when the English army was face to face with the enemy, and it seemed necessary that every man should be doing his utmost in that direction, Lord Raglan, the commander-in-chief, suddenly ordered a flank movement. The officers gave the orders as they were bidden, but they thought it was a mistake. They soon realized the wisdom of the movement. Lord Raglan could see, what they could not, that a regiment of Russians had made a circuit, and were creeping around to assail the English on the flank, and he made the change to meet the movement.

GRATEFUL VETERANS!

The Christian Herald" Check-Cashing Bureau again Helping the Old Soldiers—Result of a Year's Experiment.

A YEAR has passed since THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, touched by the pitiful condition of the thousands of army pensioners in New York and vicinity, decided to render them such aid as it could in their struggle against the debasing influence of the rum-shops, which reaped a harvest from their necessities every "quarter day." For many years past, the vicinity of the United States Pension Office, on Canal Street, New York, during the payment of pensions, has presented a scene calculated to arouse the indignation as well as the sympathy of Christian men and women. At the beginning of every quarter, the government pensions are paid to the veterans in different cities throughout the country. In New York, the largest of the pension-paying offices, between 12,000 and 14,000 checks are issued each quarter by Col. Frank C. Loveland, the Pension Agent, very many being sent to the pensioners by mail. There are, however, thousands who call for their checks in person, and these are chiefly people; who, being necessitous, and having no resources of their own, are compelled to convert the government checks into cash as soon as received. In all the cities where pension offices are located—Columbus, Indianapolis, Topeka, Boston, Philadelphia, and New York—the agencies are surrounded by a number of saloons, whose proprietors looked forward to the pension days as to a prospective harvest. While payments were going on, these rum-shops were usually crowded by the old soldiers, who were attracted by the offers of the saloon-keepers to pay their checks, without subjecting them to the trouble of identification, as would be the case, had they to go to a bank. Of course, as has been already explained in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, this act was by no means a purely disinterested one on the part of the rum-shops, for it was expected, and indeed demanded, that any soldier taking advantage of the offer, should leave a portion of his pension with the bartender in return for drinks consumed either by himself or his friends. In a majority of cases, it is hardly necessary to say that the facilities afforded by the whisky shops led to a great deal of drinking and to scenes of intoxication that were painful to the friends and well-wishers of the old soldiers, besides being a sore tax upon those who were dependent upon them for support. But even this hardship was secondary to the moral aspect of the case; for, with too many of the veterans, pension week began and closed with dissipation that was destructive to health and character, and vicious in all its influences and associations.



BRINGING MONEY FOR THE PENSIONERS.

Our readers are already familiar with the history of the new departure in the interest of sobriety and morality, at the New York Pension Office. They remember how, a year ago, the Grand Army Mission was established in the basement of the Pension Office on Canal street, by Col. H. H. Hadley and a number of other Christian gentlemen. The publisher of this journal undertook at that time to supply the funds necessary to carry out the project of cashing the pensioners' checks, for the purpose of saving them from being driven to the saloons, where both manhood and money were sacrificed. Notwithstanding the fact that during each of the three successive quarterly pension periods, in May, August and November, over two million dollars per quarter were paid out at the New York Pension Office, *every check presented by the holders at* THE CHRISTIAN HERALD *Check-cashing Bureau was promptly paid in gold, silver or National Bank bills,* as the pensioner desired. Not a single veteran was turned away disappointed. The thousands who had been in the habit of cashing their checks at the numerous groggeries in the neighborhood availed themselves of the Bureau's offer of free cashing, and the result was a Waterloo for the saloons! The old soldiers went home sober and happy, with their full pension money in their pockets for the first time in many years, and thousands of humble homes, not in New York city alone, but in many different localities within the territory of the New York Pension Office, were rendered happy and thankful.

This thrice-repeated experiment necessitated the use of a very large amount of money; for the pensioners, with quick appreciation, formed in line every day, from long before dawn till after dark, in front of the paying desk of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Check-cashing Bureau. It also involved the employment of a force of skilled clerks, experienced in handling money, and of bank messengers and other help. But the result far outweighed all considerations of expenditure and labor. It was a grand moral victory, and the volume of Christian congratulation that flowed in from persons in business and official life, from army officers, from private people interested in philanthropic work, and last but not least, from the grateful pensioners themselves, showed that the efforts to emancipate the old soldiers from the grasp of the rum power, and to elevate them socially and morally, besides helping to save their money, had been abundantly successful.

The paying of pensions for the first quarter of the current year began last Saturday. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD reopened its Check-cashing Bureau on the morning of the 4th inst., and all checks presented by veterans were promptly cashed. The services at the Grand Army Mission were unusually attractive. The scenes in the Mission Hall during the cashing of the checks are deeply interesting. A visit to the neighborhood of the Pension Office, during those days of payment, would do more to convince the friends of the old soldiers of the good that is realized from this special class of philanthropic work, than columns of description in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. We trust the day may soon come when free Check-cashing Bureaus, under government auspices, will be established in every city where Pension Offices are now located; and that the good work begun here may be extended throughout the Union. There are surely no more deserving public servants than those who have fought and bled for their native land; and it is due to the veterans, and to the widows and orphans of their dead comrades, that this movement, looking to their present social and spiritual elevation and to their comfort in old age, should be as wide and far-reaching as were the benefits their bravery in the field secured for the nation on whose bounty they are now dependent.

MISSIONARY EXPLORATION.

THE Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions has received the welcome intelligence of the return to Batanja in Africa, of Dr. Good, from his long journey of exploration. The missionary's journey was through the country north of the Campo River to the border of the Soudan above Zewondo. The exploring party consisted of Dr. Good and seven natives, who carried food and trade goods with which to purchase food on the journey. They were absent thirty-five days and marched about four hundred miles. Although exposed to no little hardship and privation, Dr. Good returned in excellent health. He is profoundly impressed with the field which opens before the missionaries in the interior—the greatness of the population, the unity of language, notwithstanding difference of dialect, the accessibility of the people and the relative healthfulness of the climate marking it as a field of large promise.

CHRIST OUR FRIEND.

CHRIST our Friend—his dear love brightens
Every path our feet may tread:
Gilds our darkest hours with sunshine,
Every grief with joy o'erspread.
In our hours of pain and suffering,
We can lean on Jesus' breast,
Hearing his sweet words of comfort,
"Come to me, I'll give you rest."

When we tread the darksome valley
There will be for us no gloom;
We'll be safe in Jesus keeping—
His dear love willl guide us home.
Home, sweet home—all suffering ended,
Rest, sweet rest—which knows no end;
Rest with him who sealed onr pardon—
Christ our Saviour—Brother—Friend!

TO RECLAIM BOY CRIMINALS.

(Continued from first page.)

is "Oh Lord, make us good boys, and give us big mills." Moreover no laziness in new boys will be tolerated by young capitalists who know that their own little hoard of savings will be taxed to support a member who will not work.

But now the band is playing and drums beating and we must not loiter if we would get to campus in time for military drill. The officers have acquired a new dignity from their uniforms, but no one is quite so happy as that little fellow in the red cap, running about

With Guidon Fluttering

in the breeze. He has never known a home in his life and did not know what to make of the love he has met with here, but his face has taken on a new expression and beams with new intelligence since he has learned to trust his fellow-men.

On a Sunday evening we may see the boys hurrying to the Brigade meeting as the clock strikes seven; it only lasts eight minutes so they must lose no time. Attendance here is optional, but the room is crowded. A hymn is sung and then the Brother Director says, "Boys, what are we here for?" "To fight the devil." "How shall we do it?" every one present drops on his knees and prayer follows prayer in quick succession from lips that once took the name of the Lord in vain.

Let us follow them now into the chapel; the room is old and low and the hearty singing threatens the ceiling; the reading of the Bible shows that it is a familiar book. Here all the inhabitants of the Farm meet together twice a day and learn those simple lessons of the Gospel by which their daily life is guided. Here all cases of discipline are disposed of, and cases for council are decided by vote. Here on

"Greeting Sunday"

are read the letters of those boys who have been honorably discharged, and who send back warm and affectionate messages along with the news of their own welfare.

Here on Mission Sunday are offered the mills that must be "mites" of great value in the Saviour's eyes.

And here are made those vows of consecration that mean so great a change from the past, and so much of hope for the future. Like the daisies that grow by the dusty path, these boys have risen above the darkness of earth and are lifting their faces heavenward in fearless purity.

Surely the guardian angels are bending as low over this Canaan as over the promised land of old, and "their angels that do always behold the face of our Father" must lift their heads and smile once more as they see the "clouds of glory" brighter day by day as these young disciples put on the Lord Jesus Christ.

And all this work is steadily, patiently carried on with fortitude and self-sacrifice by a band of unpaid

Christian Young Men

who are in training for institutional life. They are of various religious denominations, Baptist, Methodist, Congregational, Presbyterian, Episcopal and Dutch Reformed. They remain under training for three years and six months, receiving only their board and clothes, and scant clothing at that, and five dollars a month in fees, which is often in a month's arrears because of the pressure to take more boys. These brothers are not always as fully clothed or fully fed as they should be, but there is no complaint, but a cheerful daily and hourly willingness to do God's service. At the brief chapel service in the morning and evening and at midday service, when they kneel by themselves in the Brothers' Room, there are very precious

Draughts of Spiritual Nourishment.

Few foreign missionaries furnish stronger instances of self-effacement for the glory of God. Every week all the money is spent that is given, and every week there is the same outlook of faith for more money. The brothers live in an atmosphere of expectant confidence in the promises of God. The Brotherhood is grown now into a Sisterhood as well, and both have taken the name of the Order of St. Christopher, finding in the legend of the Saint an outline of the motive upon which they shape their lives. The one prayer of the Brothers is for more helpers and larger opportunity to save the boys that are pressing to the doors of the Burnham Industrial Farm.

On the first page of this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is a portrait of Mr. Round, the founder of the Industrial Farm, through whose indomitable Christian perseverence and faith the project has been carried out successfully. Another illustration shows a huge boulder known as "Record Rock," with a group of the boys clustered on and around it. They are in working dress. On this page is a picture of Sister Dora's cottage (intended for hospital purposes), with the pretty lawn and duck-pond in front—a most attractive spot in summer time. Altogether, the life led by the boys at the Industrial Farm, is one well calculated to develop their moral and physical natures and to mould them into good citizens and good Christians as well.

SISTER DORA'S COTTAGE AT THE BURNHAM INDUSTRIAL FARM.

The need of such an institution as the Burnham Industrial Farm is emphasized by the statement of Mr. Round that there are at the present moment over three hundred applications on file from boys who ought to be taken immediately, but who cannot be adopted into the family group at Canaan Four Corners, because of the lack of funds for their support. The enterprise is a Christian work of the most direct and practical kind, and in gathering in and helping onward those young souls, who were drifting like waifs on a dangerous sea, full of currents leading to moral shipwreck and physical ruin as well, its conductors are only striving to merit the approbation of Him who from a heart overflowing with love for all humanity said: "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me."

LIEUT. TOTTEN'S NEW DEPARTURE.

Lieut. Totten has resigned his commission in the United States Army in order to devote the whole of his time to the study of Prophecy aud the solution of Chronological problems connected with Bible History. He believes that he can render no better service to the Church of Christ than to use his scientific knowledge in vindicating the absolute accuracy of the Bible against the attacks of the "Higher Critics."

THE SIXTH OF THE SEVEN SEALS.

The Culminating Scene of the Progressive Times of Trouble and Persecution.

BY REV. M. BAXTER.*

THE first of the prophetic visions in the Book of Revelation is the symbolic series of the Seven Seals, which, in their historic fulfilment throughout this Gentile dispensation, furnish a pictorial and dramatic history of the Christian Church Militant from the first to the second advent of Christ, as revealed in the 4th, 5th and 6th chapters of Revelation.

The Seven-sealed Book of Life, in which are written the names of all who are redeemed by the blood of Christ, is first of all delivered by God the Father to the Lord Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God, who forthwith proceeds to break open, one by one, the seven seals, with which it is fastened. Certain events are described as transpiring at the successive opening of each seal, until at last, when the seventh seal is opened and the Second Advent of Christ takes place, the Lamb's Book of Life becomes unfastened, so that the full list of the names of "such as shall be saved" becomes open to inspection, and it is found to contain, written within it before the foundation of the world, a complete register and muster-roll of all the true soldiers of Jesus Christ.

While the prophetic series of the Seven Seals describes the history and future of the Christian Church during the years from the first to the second advent of Christ, the prophetic series of the Seven Trumpets (which is an entirely new prophetic vision, and quite distinct from the Seven Seals) describes the history of the nations of Cæsar's Roman Empire, and of the Divine judgments inflicted on it during the same period. Thus the series of the Seven Seals and the Seven Trumpets run in parallel streams of co-ordinate fulfilment, side by side; while the former relate more to spiritual and ecclesiastical affairs, the latter are more descriptive of temporal and political events.

The first Four Seals are symbolic prefigurations of the successive stages of the visible professing Christian Church from Primitive Purity as a white horse under the First Seal—A.D. 39 to 324, to a state of internal discord and sanguinary strife as a red horse under the Second Seal—324 to 566; then to a condition of spiritual famine and dark superstition as a black horse under the Third Seal—566 to 1095; then as a death-dealing crusading Church—the ghastly pale horse under the Fourth Seal, from the first crusade in 1095 to the Massacre of St. Bartholomew in 1592, when the Cry of the Martyrs is raised at the beginning of the Fifth Seal; and that cry is at last answered by the Judgments and Convulsions of the French Revolutionary Epoch from 1789 to 1815 with an ensuing interval of comparative respite from 1815 to 1896 under the Sixth Seal. Then the Seventh Seal apparently consists of the literal-day fulfilment of the Seven Trumpets apparently from 1896 to 1901.

The Sixth Seal opened with the retributive convulsions of the French Revolution, premonitory of the day of vengeance: and then from 1815, an interval of general peace and withholding of the winds of desolation, until the sealing of the 144,000 watchful Christians is finished, and they are translated to heaven before the final great tribulation.

The dreadful commotions of the French Revolution of 1705 to 1815 are clearly symbolized by the great earthquake and convulsions figuratively depicted in Rev. 4: 12-17. Then succeeds a remarkable interval of peace and quiescence, while 144,000 mystical Israelites are being sealed in order to escape the final judgments. Our present position is in this parenthetical interval of the holding back of the four winds of desolation between 1815 and the years following, while the sealing of God's servants is being finished. The eminent Rev. Edward Bickersteth, in his "Divine Warning," in 1840, fully expresses this view; he says: "It appears to me, we have seen the events pointed out at the beginning of the Sixth Seal where is set before us the figurative description of the French Revolution of 1792, and we are at the period of withholding of the four winds.

"The more the outward peace abounds, the more is the faithful watchman called upon to sound the trumpet of alarm: and to show distinctly on what false foundations the hope of continued peace and tranquillity rests. We are assured that this will be the state of the world before the last and greatest of all its [illegible]

*[illegible] which also contains articles on: [illegible]

HINDRANCES.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Feb. 19 Nehemiah 4: 9; Phil 4: 13.

TO the weak band of Jews engaged in the great work surrounded by foes, Nehemiah gave the same direction as Christ gave to the little group of his disciples, who were to carry the Gospel to the nations—the injunction to watch and pray. There is nothing of Oriental fatalism in Christianity. Constant vigilance, ceaseless effort, dauntless valor are required of the soldier of Jesus Christ, but his supreme trust must be in the power that comes from God through faith and prayer. He is endowed with might, not that he may remain idle, secure in its possession, but that he may go forth to conquer. No man can draw the line between divine sovereignty and human responsibility, but there is no difficulty in defining the duty. We are to go forward as the Israelites went to the verge of the waters, proving our confidence in God's power and promise, but doing our part, without which God will not do his. Not to the passive Christian does the blessing come, but to him who by patient continuance in well-doing goes about the Lord's work. It has ever been God's way of dealing with men. Naaman must wash seven times in Jordan before God heals him. The man with the withered hand must try to stretch it forth before he is conscious of the power Christ is waiting to give him. The women did not stay away from the sepulchre lamenting that the stone was before the entrance; they went, and behold, the stone was rolled away. "Can faith save him?" James scorntully asks. No, it is Christ who saves, but he will not save without faith. All things are possible to him that believeth. Faith is the first step in the Christian life and it must be continued all through. We learn its power every time it is exercised, but we never learn its limit. Every hindrance, every obstacle we must meet in the same way. Confidence in the power of God to remove it and a conviction that the power will be used through us combine in the motive power. "God will convert the heathen without your help or mine," said an aged minister when the proposal to preach the Gospel to the heathen was first made. But the remark showed a lack of knowledge of God's methods. The power was there all along, but not until men went forth relying upon it was it exercised. The power is in the earthen vessel. Whether the hindrance be within in the shape of some hereditary taint, or in some habit that holds with a giant grip; or whether it be without in the ridicule and opposition of people around, the method must be the same. The overcoming power is earnest prayer joined with persistent effort. The obstacle may seem insurmountable and the means employed inadequate but when the power of God is counted upon there is nothing that can withstand it.

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THE Y. M. C. A. OF BANGOR, ME.

FEW associations in the country have entered on the possession of so beautiful and commodious a building as that a picture of which appears on this page, under so happy a combination of circumstances as those attending its recent dedication. The treasurer had the pleasure of announcing that there was not a dollar of indebtedness on the building and that three thousand dollars were in the treasury available for unforeseen expenses. Hearty congratulations are due the Bangor Association and best wishes for its continued and growing prosperity.

The Association was organized twelve years ago in comparatively small and inconvenient quarters. It grew rapidly and its usefulness was proved in many ways. The project of building was soon discussed but the Association wisely determined not to build until it could have a really suitable building centrally located. A large sum would be necessary for the purpose and a beginning was made. In December, 1884, the Ladies' Auxiliary contributed $1100, the proceeds of a Fair. No special effort followed this handsome beginning for a time, but the project was not forgotten and small sums were given now and again to swell the fund. One of these was a dollar that bore fruit. It came from a poor man in the city hospital to whom it had been given by some kindly visitor with the wish that he use it in the way he best liked. He sent it toward the building fund. The fact was mentioned in the local journals and was read by a gentleman who was touched by the generous gift of the sick man and wrote that he would give $500 to the same cause. Then the ladies had another fair which netted $2000 and to the total in hand a gentleman added $1000. With about $5000 in hand the Association felt encouraged to proceed. A committee was appointed and a regular canvass instituted. A lot was purchased but it was found to be unsuitable and after holding it for some months the Association re-sold it, making profit on the transaction of about fifteen hundred dollars. A second lot in a better situation was purchased for $10,000 and the preparations for the work of building went forward. In the meantime the fund had been increased by several large and many small donations and before a stone was laid it amounted $35,000. The whole of this sum and $18,000 additional was expended before the building was completed and furnished. It was determined to make another supreme effort to raise the whole amount before dedication. The ladies held another fair and raised over $3000 bringing up their total contributions since the initiation of the project to the sum of $7,515. Several gentlemen of the city promised $10,000 and the small balance was quickly collected. Thus, after eight years' work, the Association takes possession of its handsome home unfettered by any burden of debt and ready for energetic vigorous effort for the realization of its aims.

THE NEW Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, BANGOR, MAINE.

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A KING'S DAUGHTERS' PROTEGEE IN JAPAN.

A QUAINT letter, expressing with evident sincerity the writer's longing after spiritual attainment, came recently from a Japanese young lady in whom a circle of King's daughters had become interested. The circle is "The Twinkling Stars" circle of Chatham, Ont., Canada. Having heard from a Canadian missionary in Japan the story of some of the converts, letters of Christian love and encouragement were sent to them. Recently replies have been received, showing that the Japanese girls appreciated the kindliness of their far-off sisters. One of the letters runs as follows:

HAKODATE, JAPAN, June 13th, 1891.

My dear friends: I will mention now about the thought which I had during last month. I am not quick to do anything either study or work, as others are. Thus I am slow in performing all things especially in doing goodness, that I feel strange myself. But instead of my slowness in doing these things, I am very quick to get angry. From my childhood I was often reproved by parents about it, but I could not stop it entirely. Last month I thought over these two things seriously. I determined that I will do goodness promptly even it is very little henceforth instead of my quickness of anger and not to get angry quickly, but be slow to anger. It is not hard for me to stop to do wrong things, but it is much harder to do good. But I believe God does not command us that we cannot do, only he gives us work that we can do. Of course we, human beings, are weak in heart, therefore we cannot do with only our might, we must need God's helps by fervent prayers, so I am praying always for his help. From your truly friend, ZUNA NOTOYA.

Beside sending theses letters to Japan the same circle has been active in collecting cast-off garments which after repairing and renovating were given to poor old women. The circle has also rendered the help that only good and tender hearted women can render to the fallen girls that Captain Kenton has rescued in the Social Reform work of the Salvation Army. We congratulate the "Twinkliug Stars" of Chatham on the excellenee of their aims and on their success.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

ONE of the most useful services rendered by the Epworth League and other young people's societies is that of taking charge of a church service in the absence of the pastor. On a recent Sunday evening, the Campbell Chapter of Cleveland, O., held a most delightful service. The short, bright addresses and earnest prayers of the members made a varied and deeply interesting programme which was thoroughly enjoyed by the large congregation.—The District Convention of Des Moines, Iowa, was recently held in Asbury Church. An important feature of the work in this District has been the holding of special meetings to supplement revival services. This work has been very useful. The young converts are gathered in and cheered and encouraged in beginning the Christian life. Evangelists will be pleased to hear of the League looking after this matter, for they are sadly conscious that when they leave a church there is a danger of the souls they have been the means of winning lacking food suitable for them. The sunrise prayer-meeting of the Convention attracted a large attendance and at every session the enthusiasm and devotion of the Leaguers was evident. The reports all indicated vigorous life and activity.—The League at Greenfield, Ill., is giving special attention to the literary and social side of its life. Beside the regular prayer-meeting and Bible study, a meeting is held every alternate week at the house of each member in rotation to listen to a paper on some literary topic and to social intercourse.—The church at South Bend, Ind., has set an example which should be followed wherever practicable. It is that of dedicating one of its rooms to League work as Epworth Headquarters. In this case the League promptly put in a bookcase and began the collection of a library. Denominational periodicals are contributed by various members and now every Leaguer feels that he has a place where he has a right to go and spend a profitable evening. The advantages of this convenience are more real than is generally realized. This is a hint to the churches. Helping the League, helps themselves.

TWILIGHT BELLS.

THERE has come to my mind a legend,
A thing I have long forgot,
And whether I read it or dreamed it,
Ah, well, it mattered not.
It is said that in heaven at twilight
A great bell softly swings,
And man may listen and hearken
To the wonderful music that rings.

If he puts from his heart's inner chamber
All the passion, pain and strife,
Heartache and weary longing,
That throb in the pulses of life—
If he thrusts from his soul all hatred,
All thoughts of wicked things,
He can hear in the holy twilight
How the bell of the angels rings.

And I think there is in this legend,
If we open our eyes to see,
Somewhat of an inner meaning,
My friend, to you and me.
Let us look in our hearts and question,
Can pure thoughts enter in
To a soul if it be already
The dwelling of thoughts of sin?

So then let us ponder a little;
Let us look in our hearts and see
If the twilight bells of the angels
Could ring for us—you and me.

THE TRAINING OF A PRINCESS.

How the Girlhood of Roumania's Future Queen was Passed—The Home at Clarence House—Years of Study and their Result.

PRINCESS MARIE of Edinburgh, the granddaughter of aged Queen Victoria, and who has just been married in her seventeenth year to the future king of Roumania, received a training in some respects not unlike that of many American girls. Her earliest childhood was spent alternately at Eastwell Park in Kent, England, and at Clarence House, the London residence of her parents, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. She has had the advantage of foreign travel, too, having at different times visited Malta on the Mediterranean, (the ancient Melita mentioned in Paul's narrative), Neuwied on the Rhine and Coburg, at which latter place many of her relatives live.

As a girl, she was, like all the English princesses, taught by private tutors and it is recorded that she was a diligent pupil and gave close attention to her studies. She was brought up with the greatest simplicity, and her dress, like that of her sisters, was always of the plainest material; indeed, except on fete days, the children were not permitted to wear finery of any sort. Owing, no doubt, in part to her Russian descent the princess, like her mother the Duchess of Edinburgh, is an exceedingly good linguist, and possesses the gift of tongues in a marked degree. Her education, for many years conducted under the able care of Frau Rolfs, has resulted in her being one of the most accomplished girls in England. She has established for herself a lofty ideal and has gained the love and respect of all who know her. She has a singularly attractive face and a sweet and winning manner, and her gentleness and quiet dignity have fitted her to enter public life even at an unusually early age. Marie has always been fond of painting, and many of her productions have been sold at bazaars and sales of work for charitable institutions, both in England and in Coburg. Her father has encouraged his daughters to take abundant physical exercise, and the young girls were fond of riding. While at Malta they were frequently to be seen galloping and racing on their ponies.

Clarence House, where some of her happiest years have been passed, is a large, homelike building in the English metropolis. The favorite room of the sisters, (which is shown in the illustration on this page), might be duplicated in many an American home with no princely pretensions. Here they studied together, sang together, or chatted in French, Russian or Italian with Mlle Heim or Fraulein von Truchsess, two of their favorite teachers, selecting the most familiar topics for the language exercise. Ruby, Fearless and Little Tommy, the pet ponies of the three girls, were not infrequently the subjects of those conversational lessons, and many amusing adventures with the playful equine pets were related to the governesses by Marie, and her sisters Victoria and Alexandra. They would tell how they had ridden on the quay at Malta and how the naval and military officers petted the ponies; or how they had a Christmas tree at the Governor's pretty palace in San Antonio, whose load of gifts was distributed among the poor children. If they happened to be in Malta during the orange season, each girl usually had a tree, which she tended with her own hands and the fruit of which belonged to herself.

Notwithstanding exalted station, princesses in civilized countries nowadays enjoy fewer opportunities for amusement than many girls in plainer homes than palaces. It is expected of them that when they reach young womanhood, they will prove their claim to superior station by a variety of accomplishments, the acquirement of which demands many years of patient and laborious study. They must excel not only in the ordinary branches, but in many others which to the average mother, might seem superfluous for a daughter. This intellectual training is probably more severe in the case of girls than of boys in royal households. Indeed, it has been asserted that the brainiest part of royalty in the old world to-day is found in womanhood.

THE PRINCESSES' SITTING-ROOM, AT CLARENCE HOUSE.

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A Child's Confidence.

I WAS in a crowded depot not long ago, remarks a contributor to the *Occident*. A dozen trains were on their respective tracks. Hundreds of passengers were jostling each other in their haste to get tickets or baggage-checks. Everybody was moving, pushing hurrying, worrying. But in one corner of the ladies'-room sat a little girl looking calmly on that scene of confusion. I said to her, "Why are you so quiet, my child? Have you reached the end of your journey?" "Oh, no," she replied, "we are going away down into Texas, but father told me to sit here while he attended to the tickets and the baggage." If that child had not trusted her father she would have been running to and fro, adding to the confusion, and to his anxiety. By her quiteness she showed her faith. To sit still and wait was the wisest thing that she could do. And it is so often with us. Our heavenly Father cares for us. He will attend to the tickets and baggage. He will make all things work together for good to them that love him. And if we love him we must trust him.

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Chasing Happiness.

THERE are many ways of hunting for happiness, but the way to find it is very simple. Rev. G. R. Robbins, writes: "A friend of mine says that while riding along the beautiful slope of the Orange Mountain, one day he saw a little girl who was crying very bitterly. He stopped and asked her what she was crying about. It seems she was trying to catch her little dog which kept all the time running up the mountain side, just eluding her grasp. My friend said, 'Turn around, my dear child, and walk home and see if the dog will not follow you.' Well, she tried the experiment, and soon found her companion close to her heels, and the child, with face all wreathed with smiles, went leaping into the house. Boys, perchance you have been chasing happiness far enough, though you have not lived many years. Just begin this New Year by turning around and walking towards your Father's house, and happiness 'will dog your steps.' You will not be able to escape happiness."

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A Bright Old Age.

DR. COULBURN, formerly Dean of Norwich, England, relates a beautiful anecdote of Dean Argles of Peterborough. "I am able to say," he writes, "with some assurance, that Dean Argles's was a bright old age. In the March of 1887, I was staying with the Dean at Barnack, and made some commonplace remark on the way in which all interests palled and staled as men grow old. 'Do you think so?' said Canon Argles with uncommon animation of manner. 'I don't agree with you. Let me show you a piece of poetry which I think quite exquisite.' He then produced the following lines which he had written out in his Prayer-book (from Browning's *Ben Ezra*), and which I copied out on the spot:

Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be
The last of life, for which the first was made.
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, 'A whole I planned:
Youth shows but half; trust God, see all, nor be afraid.'

"It went home to my conscience as a little sermon. For is not the moral of the verses this: that a true Christian is able, in virtue of his being a true Christian, to say of life, and the permitted enjoyments of life, what the governor of the feast said to the bridegroom in Cana of Galilee, 'Thou hast kept the good wine until now.'"

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Quiet Women.

ALL women have not the same opportunities to publicly work for the cause, and some have not the gift that would command success, but each has a mission. It is not every woman who can attend Christian Conventions, either. A Western writer remarks: "We happen to know a little woman, who every evening attends a convention of well-clothed, well-fed, well-trained boys and girls, who gather at the home fireside and worship at the home altar—a happy family circle with mother for its centre. Once a week she attends a Sabbath convention, where children are taught not only to 'remember,' but also to love the Sabbath-day aud keep it holy. Now and then she attends a reform convention, where, under the sweet influence of her Christian life and example, sons and daughters, and others also, are inspired to attempt better things. There is also a workers' convention, and a young people's convention, where her presence is an inspiration and her influence is felt, even though it be only within four walls. Some day she will attend a convention of the general assembly and Church of the first-born which are written in heaven, and will be surprised, possibly, to find her sphere of work greatly enlarged by the announcement: 'Thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"

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A MOTHER'S CROWN.

I LATELY returned from a trying scene, writes Dr. Talmage. A sister, in midlife, with a large family of children in every possible need of her council and tenderness, and holding the responsible position of a pastor's wife, is called heavenward from as fine a sphere of usefulness as any one could possibly hold.

What her life was you may judge from her dying experiences. She said in her last moments, "It is nothing for a Christian to die. One minute here, and the next with Jesus. Oh, what a religion we have! We do immediately pass into glory. Some say that dying people have doubts, but they do not. How can they doubt with such a precious Jesus? I see him now! He encloses my children in his arms of love, and they will all be saved. I am crossing the river, but I do not fear. I will shut up my eyes now and go to sleep and wake up in glory! Good-bye!"

Her life had been in harmony with all she said. She sang more than any person I ever knew. She was always singing. I remember in my boyhood days of sometimes getting tired of this perpetual music, and of saying to her, "Mary, do stop singing!" but she would not stop. She never will stop.

Why was such a Christian sister and wife and mother transplanted? Strike a light, if you can, over this mystery. Analyze, dissect, philosophize, a thousand years, and you cannot by any human device open one shutter. But in the Gospel the sun rises. Light gradually breaks in as the morning looks through the cracks of the door and the lattice—not full day, but a promise of high noon.

Heaven must be populated. There is not so much room on the Western prairies and tablelands for more settlers as there is room in the upper country for more people. Heaven has only one want, and that is of greater population. It is sparsely inhabited yet, as compared with its future citizenship. The crowns are not half taken, nor the robes half worn. Heaven is like a house in which a levee is to be held at 10 o'clock. At 9 o'clock the rooms are all ablaze with lights, and the servants, gloved and vestured, are waiting to open the doors. The rooms of our Father's house are illuminated, and the chamberlains are ready, and the table is spread. A few have entered, but heaven is not yet fully begun. They have only sung the opening piece. Now, how shall God fill up his house except by subtracting from this world? The continent of heaven is to be peopled from the surrounding islands. Why, in almost all cases, it is the loveliest one of the family that is transported. Heaven wants the best. Why should not the great capital of the universe have the pick of everything?

The half-and-half Christians will get into glory, but they need to be kept here a good while yet for polishing. Those who are ready God takes. The earlier inhabitants of a place make the greatest impression upon its future character, and so heaven ought to have the best first.

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

THE EVER BRIGHTENING LIGHT.

A Sermon Preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York, last Sunday, Feb. 5, 1893, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D. *"But the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."* Prov. 4: 18.

E do not know with absolute certainty whether these are the words of David to Solomon or of Solomon directly to us. It matters little, however, what conclusion we may reach on that point; in either case they are the words of God to us. This verse lies between two verses descriptive of the conduct and condition of the wicked. In the previous verse they are represented as eating the bread of wickedness and drinking the wine of violence; and in the verse following the text their way is described as darkness and they as stumbling at they know not what. It would be difficult to find anywhere a more expressive description of the wretched condition of wicked men. It is bad enough for men to stumble when they know the nature of their stumbling-block; but this description appeals to a vivid imagination which conjures up all imaginable dangers and evils, while wicked men flounder about in the dark. Beautiful in contrast with what precedes and with what follows is the description of the just in the text. God's people are here called the "just." They are the subjects of divine grace, are created anew in Christ Jesus, in righteousness and true holiness. They have been justified by faith from all things from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses. Life is spoken of here as it so often is in Scripture, as a path. In both Testaments human life is represented as a way or path, and human conduct as walking in this way or path. In harmony with this idea we are exhorted to walk circumspectly, honestly and soberly; and, according to the same usage, walking in love and

Walking in the Light

All these various phrases indicate the course of human life. We may understand then, by the expression "the path of the just," the earthly life, the daily experience, the whole course of a Christian earthly existence. What then are the characteristics of this path as indicated in the text? In a general way we know that it is bright and beautiful, while that of the wicked is dark and dangerous; but the text allows us to go more fully into particulars.

The text teaches us, in the first place, that this path is as a shining light. We have in this complete description a remarkably fine figure. We see the sun rising in the eastern sky, whose curtains of crimson and gold are lifted to welcome his approach. No sight is more glorious than that of the sun rising and going forth in his might. The psalmist caught this beautiful idea when he described in the nineteenth psalm its brilliant advent "as a bridegroom going out of his chamber, and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race." Breezes chant their matin songs to welcome the coming of the king of day, and dewdrops like diamonds glisten on the earth's green carpet, reflecting the sun's beauty and glory in their tiny orbs. Familiarity robs this scene of its transcendent beauty, and of much of its grandeur; but all of us are conscious of its influence as often as we behold the wonderful [illegible] heathen nations worshipped the god of day; we need not wonder that even now men turn with wonder and with an admiration akin to reverence to the light-giving sun as he moves [illegible]

The figure in the text, however, is not limited to the rising of the sun; it contemplates this dazzling orb as still climbing the heavens in [illegible] noon-day hour, and the continuous march to [illegible] queror marching in regal glory. The figure ends with the perfected day, and does not include the sun's descent along the western sky. It leaves us in the full and blinding glory of the sun's noonday brilliancy. The thought is overwhelming that century after century the sun has trodden this path of splendor and glory, pouring out its burning heat, its blinding light, and its life-giving rays without weakness or weariness, without suspension or exhaustion. To such glory as this the brightness of the Christian's path is here likened. Is this statement too strong? Do our experience and observation justify this glowing figure? These questions are worthy of careful answers.

Light for the Light-Bearer.

The path of Christians is a shining light unto themselves. The day of conversion was to many a day of transformation; it was the time when the darkness of doubt and unbelief fled away, and when the glorious light of hope and joy shone with undimmed splendor on their path. Christ's uplifted countenance gave them unspeakable joy and unbroken peace. The Christian still sees his own vileness, but at the same time he sees and wears the spotless robe of Christ's righteousness. Christ is his way, his truth, his light and his life; and in him is no darkness at all. All Christians realize that the Word of God is a lamp unto their feet and a light unto their path. Believers are themselves light in the Lord; we are distinctly taught that they walk in the light even as he is in the light. They are not left long in darkness as to their duty; no willing and obedient heart is ever left long in doubt as to faith or practice. Whosoever is willing to obey Christ's law shall assuredly know Christ's doctrine. We may not have the light far ahead; but we shall have light for the next step, and when that is taken, there shall be light for the next, and the next, and so we shall move forward to the end of our course. The true Christian may always offer this prayer, so beautiful in itself and so suggestive in its origin and associations:

> Lead, kindly light! amid the encircling gloom,
> Lead thou me on;
> The night is dark, and I am far from home,
> Lead thou me on;
> Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
> The distant scene: one step enough for me.

The path of the Christian is, furthermore, a shining light for others. Christians are the light of the world; this great honor is given them by the Lord himself. There is a sense in which they are themselves luminous bodies shining "amid the encircling gloom." It has often been pointed out that Christians partake of some of the qualities of the

Two Kinds of Luminous Bodies

known to us. The first of these bodies are the sun and the fixed stars; these have light in themselves, light inherently, light independently of other bodies. The second king of luminous bodies are the moon and the planets; they shine by reflected light. True Christians, as before suggested, resemble both these bodies. In one sense they have no inherent light, but by nature are utterly dark. Their present light is like that of the second class of luminous bodies derived not inherent; but when they are illuminated they are more than mere reflectors, for they become themselves centres of light, heat and life. They send out brilliant rays to guide others to the path of duty and joy. It is interesting and instructive to observe that Christ uses language concerning his people which he used as descriptive of himself. Of himself he said, "I am the light of the world;" and of his disciples he said, "Ye are the light of the world." We are in some measure, and it is here said with deep humility, Christ to the world. Every believer, in some sense, is Jesus Christ to souls about him who are in darkness and death. We thus represent God to this fallen and sinful world. All that many men know of God they learn of us. An inspired apostle has said, "God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." The blessed Master said, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Some believers are but as tallow dips, others as moulded candles, others as oil lamps, others as street gas-lamps, and still others are as electric lights of great height and of wonderful brilliancy. In the case of some, owing to intellectual attainments and social position, the light is high and bright. For many elements of our light-giving power we may not be largely responsible; but in all cases we are commanded to let our light shine whether it be large or little, and whether it be placed high or be relatively or actually low. We must cause our light to shine upon the pathway of others, that they may be led into the service of God here and into the immediate presence of God hereafter.

It thus comes to pass, that the path of Christians is a shining light to reveal the glory of God to the world. They walk along an illuminated pathway; they leave a track of light and glory behind them. They are the noblest beings on this side of heaven; they are God's illuminated, and so

God's Shining Ones;

they embody and declare more of God's glory than all the works of God's hands God is known by his works, for no man hath seen him at any time. The visible things of God, as the apostle Paul teaches, declare the invisible things of God. All God's revelations are intended to lead up to spiritual apprehensions of himself. This is true in revelation as in creation. In revelation the prophets pointed to John the Baptist, and John the Baptist pointed to Jesus the Christ, and Jesus himself finally pointed to the Holy Spirit as the divine illuminator of darkened souls. All forms of inanimate creation proclaim God. All over this universe he has written himself in the glory of his power, in the greatness of his wisdom, and in the infiniteness of his love. This truth, the apostle Paul reminds us, even thoughtful heathen could understand and appreciate. The undevout student of nature is an inaccurate student of nature. The genuine rationalist is he who studies natural law and phenomena in the light of revealed truth and of Christian interpretation. The man who finds himself outside the light of God in the face of Jesus Christ is undeserving the title of rationalist. He is irrational in his thinking and must inevitably be illogical in his conclusions.

The Revealing Light.

There is an ascending scale of beings in whom God displays His glory. Living beings reveal it more fully than inanimate objects. The cattle, the fowl, and the creeping things all in their measure make known God in his creative power and in his providential wisdom. But when we come to responsible, intelligent and immortal men we rise to a much higher stage. Man is the crowning glory of God's creative wisdom; he stands king on the pedestal of creative power and of infinite wisdom. To him all beings below him may well look up to with wonder and admiration. He stands above them as made in the image of his God, and, as a possible heir of God and a joint-heir with Jesus Christ. One of the Greek names for man strictly means, the upward looking being. The more man is developed on all sides of his nature, the more of God's glory it is possible for him to diplay. In man as redeemed by Jesus Christ, as cleansed in His precious blood, and as made a candidate for heaven, we have God's grandest, and divinest manifestation of himself.

We are clearly taught that the church makes to the universe the greatest display of God's manifold wisdom. The church is the bride of Jesus Christ: she goes through this world with the robe of His righteousness falling in graceful folds from her shoulders, with the crown of his glory on her brow, and leaning lovingly on his arm, while she walks triumphantly by his side. Christian men and women are living epistles known and read of all men, making known God's saving power; they are trophies of his sovereign grace and eternal love; and they are

Proofs of God's Power

to overcome Satan, and to triumph over all forms of darkness. It is not too much to say that they are the very climax of God's wonderful works, astonishing angels and silencing devils. God's children are more like God than are any other created beings. While Jesus Christ is God's Son by eternal generation, they are God's sons by adoption; by regeneration, and so they are partakers of the divine nature. Let us not hesitate to say that they are actually begotten of God, and that thus his divine life is in their souls. They stand next to Jesus Christ, who is the brightness of his glory and the express image of his person. Here and now they are the sons of God; not simply his sons by adoption, that were much, that were a marvelous attainment; but they are actually his sons by the impartation of his divine nature. Can we rise to the greatness of this Alpine peak of possibility and attainment? May we not with holy boldness dare to claim our privileges as the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty? Oh, how glorious it is to be a child of God, an heir of heaven, and a joint-heir with Jesus Christ! Let us remember, O men and women, that the world judges our Father by his children, and let us see to it as we meet to-day in his house, as we are gathered about this table, on which are spread the memorials of Christ's death, that we do not misrepresent our Heavenly Father nor dishonor our Elder Brother.

The Growing Light.

The second characteristic of this path is that it is an increasing light—"that shineth more and more." The Christian's life is progressive. He must never be satisfied with his present attainments; he must ever remember that there are before him loftier heights yet to be reached. The Christian's life, in another passage of Scripture, is compared to the sun when "he goeth forth." Christians also must continually advance. The apostle Paul was far from feeling that he had attained or were already perfect. The more of true grace believers possess, the more of true grace they desire to possess. They do not look back to their conversion as an evidence of their conversion. Every true believer has made vast progress since the time when he first began the Christian life. Each day Christians ought to give new proof to themselves and to others that they are the children of God. The Christian is in a lamentable condition who is looking away back through the years to the time of his conversion for the proofs of his adoption into the family of God. Such a man is to be profoundly pitied, and at the same time he is to be earnestly but kindly rebuked. Glorious as were those first experiences, they have been vastly surpassed by those of a later day. The old soldier is better than the raw recruit. The true believer knows how to watch and pray, to fight and to triumph as the young convert neither did nor could expect to know. A growing Christian ought not to sing:

> Where is the blessedness I knew
> When first I saw the Lord?
> Where is the soul-refreshing view
> Of Jesus and His word?

He ought to have gone far past the blessedness of those early experiences. It is readily granted that there is a rare tenderness, freshness and sweetness in one's first love; but it must also be emphatically affirmed that there is a ripeness, maturity and fulness in one's later love, which the early love could not possess.

All the figures of Scripture used to illustrate the progress of the Christian life, directly or indirectly emphasize

The Law of Growth.

The godly man is represented as a tree "that bringeth forth its fruit in his season." Elsewhere it is said of him, "He shall flourish like the palm tree; he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon;" and still elsewhere he is represented as growing as the vine and the lily. The simile of a race that is often used in this connection implies continuous progress. So do all these architectural images, which speak of foundations and building thereon. Growth is important, because it affects our conditions hereafter as well as here. Nothing is more certain than that there are degrees in glory as in suffering; nothing is more certain than that "one star differeth from another star in glory." Amongst the saved there are those who were brought in at the eleventh hour, those that are barely saved; but to others there is given an abundant entrance among the shining hosts of heaven.

Except there be growth in the Christian life the most conclusive evidence of the existence of Christian life is wanting. Let this test be carefully applied to all our experiences at this moment. Let us revert once more to the figure which underlies the text of this morning our path is to be as the light that shineth more and more. This figure suggests the gradual increase of the light occasioned by the sun's rays according to the laws of atmospheric reflection. Do you know that you love God his word, his house, his altar, his services better than you did a month ago? Let me press this question home upon heart and conscience this morning. If you are not advancing you are retrograding. It is absolutely impossible to remain long stationary. In traveling in the Christian path a believer is like a man on a bicycle—he must go on or very soon go off Let the heart just now be honest with itself in making a comparison in this practical way between the attainments of to-day and those of a month ago. Growth in the Christian life must follow the laws of growth everywhere A plant in a dark cellar must either die or live

a poor, feeble and dying life. It needs light; it needs sunshine. If you live in the dark cellar of your own nature you will grow more and more feeble, until spiritual death succeeds to the long absence of spiritual life and power. If you live in the shadows of doubt, in the gloomy vales of misanthropy, in the dark dens of fault-finding and selfishness, you will lose all the light and joy, and finally the very life of the true believer. Come out into God's sweet sunshine this morning. Eat the divine manna as given in the divine Book. Exercise all the spiritual sympathies and muscles by following Christ, "who went about doing good." Arouse yourself to go for some poor fellow-Christian, some poor, struggling, dying fellow being in life's terrible journey, and you will soon find the warm life blood of a true humanity and of a divine impartation once more coursing through your veins. Your Jeremiads will be changed into Hallelujahs, and you yourself will leave the vale of gloom and shout on the mountain tops of light and joy.

The Zenith.

This light will one day be perfected—"unto the perfect day." The figure underlying the text suggests the perfection of the noonday light. The sun climbs the eastern sky until he is clearly elevated above the horizon, and then the prepared, or perfected, day has come. One interpreter has rendered the passage by the words, "going and illuminating until the prepared day." The believer's final victory and glory are the result of a long and careful preparation on the part of God, and secondarily on his own part. The perfection of that day is due in part to this element of preparedness, of which mention is here made. The man of God is only in his twilight here; he is preparing for the realms of everlasting light and day. Now he is walking in earth's shadows; but the time will come when he will enter into the full light and glory of heavenly brightness and felicity.

There will then be perfect light on all the mysterious providences of God, which come to us in our earthly pilgrimage. The purpose of God as unfolded in these providences we cannot now fully understand; they are to us as if printed in characters that are upside down, but when we reach the other world and look back upon these

Mysterious Providences

our view-point will have so completely changed that we can read them with perfect ease, and with meaning which will fill our souls with joy unspeakable as we sing our song of praise to him that doeth all things well. There will then be fuller light on all the wonders of God's character on all the mysteries and glories of God's redemptive grace; on all the progressive steps of God's revelation from paradise lost to paradise restored. We shall then see that all this world's history is but a hyphen between the garden of Eden and the paradise of God. We shall have perfect light on all the steps of our own progress in the divine light and likeness. We know something even now, not only of present dignity, but of our future glory. We know even now that when we shall see Jesus we shall be like him. Marvelous thought! Transcendent possibility! What angel may fathom the depths of so profound a truth as this? What angel may scale the heights of so lofty a possibility as this? Perhaps we shall be like Christ in breadth, depth, height, and splendor of intellect; perhaps we shall be like him in purity, nobility and divinity of character. Perhaps we shall be like him in unbroken peace, unclouded happiness, unblemished purity and

Unfading Glory.

Once more we are reminded of the striking contrast here suggested between the righteous and the wicked. Oh the unspeakable folly of those who eat the bread of wickedness and drink the wine of violence! Oh the unspeakable wretchedness of the wicked whose way is as darkness, and who know not at what they stumble as they go groping in the dark. While it is true as we see that the light in which Christians walk here is but the prophecy of that brighter light which they shall enjoy when they shall shine as the sun, it is also true that the darkness of the wicked here is but the prophecy of that deeper darkness in which at the last they shall dwell. There are no more solemn words of tongue or pen than these, "cast into outer darkness." The vagueness, the indefiniteness, of this region appeals powerfully to the imagination. The absence of definite description adds to the awfulness of the condition. This darkness was never intended for men, but for the devil and his angels. Oh why will men determine to have their abode with demons? Turn ye, turn ye to-day into this path of light and love, of peace and joy, of pleasure and purity. Then at the last amid the splendors of heaven, you shall shine above the brightness of the sun.

Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

The Heavenly Dew.

Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. The dews of heav'n are fall-ing In si - lence all a - round; The
2. The cross is o - ver - shadowed By God's ma-jes - tic love; The
3. Come, give your life to Je - sus, In wisdom make your choice; His
Spir - it-voice is call - ing, Break up the fal-low ground; Re-ceive the
way to heav'n is o - pen, And free the gifts a - bove; Like gen- tle
lov - ing arms are o - pen, And sweet His gracious voice; Thro' dew - y
gold - en sun - light Of Je - sus' precious love, To warm the soul for
mists de-scend-ing Up - on the opening day, The voice of hope is
meads He'll lead you Up to His shin-ing throne, And an-gels bid you
CHORUS.
glo - ry, And ho - ly joys a - bove.
blending With faith to cheer the way.
wel-come To Heav'n's e-ter - nal home.
O come while dew-drops linger
still A-round the foot of Zi - on's hill; Come, seek the love of Je - sus.

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TRIBUTE MONEY.

THEY pressed about the Master,
Crying: "Tell us, shall we bring
Our tribute money to him
Claiming Cæsar as our king?"

"Shew me a coin," he answered,
In accents sweet and clear;
"Tell me whose superscription,
And image doth it bear?"

"Both Cæsar's!" "Then to Cæsar
Render back his own!" he said.
The test is still unerring
Through the years that since have fled.

We, like the coin, are graven
With the image and the name
Of him we hail as Sovereign,
And, tribute he will claim.

If Christ has set his impress
Upon our lives, then we
Are sealed to him forever
Through all eternity.

But if we yield allegiance
To the sovereignty of sin,
Shall we not claim as tribute
His own, whose own we've been?

I ask you, fellow-being,
"Whose image do you bring—
The stamp of carnal Cæsar,
Or the seal of Christ, our King?"

Front Royal, Va. —LUCY R. BUCK.

A SUNDAY HYMN.

LORD of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from star to star:
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart now near!
Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.
Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

A FAMOUS OLD HYMN.

Many Readers Interested in C. M's Inquiry about, "Oh, tell me no more."

A LARGE number of readers have sent us copies of the hymn:

"Oh, tell me no more of the world's vain store,"

asked for by Mr. C. M. Yarmouth, recently. One version we published last week. Mrs. John MacCarthy, of Brooklyn, sends another which gives the following as the concluding verse:

And now I'm in care my neighbors may share
These blessings: to seek them will none of you dare?
In bondage, oh why, and in death will you lie,
When One here assures you free grace is so nigh?

Answer to C. M.'s inquiry have also been received from Mrs. E. Howard Evory, Phila., J. D. Wilson, South Coventry, B. F. Milton, Annapolis, Md., F. Grider, Middleburg, Ky., G. W. Cooper, Hampden, Md., Mrs. A. W. Livingston, Stuart, Ia., Carrie Underhill, Port Chester, N. Y., Mrs. Maynard, Stamford, Ct, John Brooks, Sinnamahoning, Pa., Subscriber, Orbisonia, Pa., Mrs. J. H. Ferris, Greenwich, Conn.; Mrs. L. W. Harwood, Nashville, Tenn.; Mrs. H. B. Borden, Spring Lake, N. Y.; Mrs. J. W. Smith, Furnaceville, N. Y.; Sarah Ellison, McLain, Kas.; Mrs. Helen L. Pride, Portlandville, N. Y.; Ely Murray, Winterville, Ga.; John W. Hubbard, Wells, Me.; Julia Robertson, Lonacoming, Md.; J. S. Callahan, West Philadelphia; Lon Truax, Greentown, Ind.; Mrs. H. M. Van Gorden, Conneaut, O.; Taggart and Wilbur, Norfolk, Va.; D. Vanhire, Mt. Pulaski, Ill.; Mrs. O. P. Rogers, Marengo, Ill.; A. B. Clarke, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. Mary Emrie Waugh, Mound City, Ill.; Mrs. M. McEnterfer, Brooklyn, N. Y.; J. D. Middleton, Norristown, Pa.; Miss Annie K. Minnick, North Hampton, O.; V. C. Laird, Boydton, Va.; John Butterfield, Rochelle, Ill.; Thos. J. Miller, Genoa, Ia.; Mrs. Susan Priest, Shelbyville, Mo.; Theo. A. Carruth, Tampa, Fla.; and many others. The hymn appears variously under the titles of "The Happy Saint," "The Power of Prayer," "Worldly Vanity Renounced," "Prospects of Heaven," etc. It appears in the Methodist Hymnal (No. 758.) Mr. G. W. Cooper and W. T. L., write that the author was John Gambold, not Rowland Hill, and Mr. Cooper adds that Rowland Hill was very fond of the verses and repeated them in his last hours. W. T. L., Philadelphia, writes:

Yesterday (the Sabbath) after reading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD through, I was sitting in the twilight with my husband when he began to sing a hymn—one that he used to sing in the country school-house when a boy. I said to him, "those words are very pretty," (he had only sung one verse) and he commenced singing again, just as I was going to tell him about that verse in "Our Mail Bag:"

"For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why."

I said to him, "Is it not strange. I was reading those lines in 'Our Mail Bag' in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and there is a request from one of the readers asking Dr. Talmage to print the whole of the poem?"

"Well," he said, "we will try and find it." So we looked through several hymn books and finally found in the Methodist Hymnal the verses of which I now write. I had never heard my husband or anyone else sing it before. I write this as I thought it a strange coincidence, my husband not having read THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and singing the very words of the Hymn that I had read, and was at the same time thinking about. May our Heavenly Father still continue to bless you and the Publisher, for to be deprived of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD I know would grieve me very much.

Mr. Edward Bethune, Hamilton, Ont., sends us the following: "The last time Rowland Hill occupied my pulpit," wrote his friend and neighbor, the Rev. George Clayton, "when he preached excellently in behalf of a charitable institution, he retired to the vestry after service, under feelings of great exhaustion. Here he remained until all but ourselves had left the place.

At length he seemed with very much reluctance to summon energy enough to take his departure, intimating that it was probably the last time he should preach in W——. I offered my arm, which he declined, and then followed him, as he passed down the aisle of the chapel. The lights were nearly extinguished, the silence was profound; nothing, indeed, was heard but the slow, majestic tread of his own footsteps, when in an undertone he thus soliloquized—

And when I'm to die, &c.

To my heart this was a scene of unequalled solemnity, nor can I ever recur to it without a revival of that hallowed, sacred, shuddering sympathy which it first awakened. When the good old saint lay literally dying, and apparently unconscious, a friend put his mouth close to his ear, and slowly repeated his favorite lines—

And when I'm to die,
Receive me I'll cry, &c.

The light came back to his fast fading eye, a smile overspread his face, and his lips moved in the vain attempt to articulate the words. This was the last sign of consciousness he ever gave on earth."

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T. de Witt Talmage
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A GLANCE AHEAD.

I THINK that before the sun of this century shall set, the last tyranny will fall, and with a splendor of demonstration that shall be the astonishment of the universe, God will set forth the brightness and pomp and glory and perpetuity of his eternal government. Out of the starry flags and the emblazoned insignia of this world, God will make a path for his own triumph, and, returning from universal contest, he will sit down, the grandest, strongest, highest throne of earth his footstool.

Then shall all nations' song ascend
To Thee, our Ruler, Father, Friend,
Till heaven's high arch resounds again
With 'Peace on earth, good-will to men.'

I want to encourage all Christian workers in every possible department. Hosts of the living God, march on! march on! His Spirit will bless you. His shield will defend you. His sword will strike for you. March on! march on! The despotism will fall, and paganism will burn its idols, and Mohammedanism will give up its false prophet, and Judaism will confess the true Messiah, and the great walls of superstition will come down in thunder and wreck at the long, loud blast of the Gospel trumpet. March on! march on! The besiegement will soon be ended. Only a few more steps on the long way; only a few more sturdy blows; only a few more battle cries, then God will put the laurel upon your brow, and from the living fountains of heaven will bathe off the sweat and the heat and the dust of the conflict. March on! march on! For you the time for work will soon be passed, and amid the outflashings of the judgment throne, and the trumpeting of resurrection angels, and the upheaving of a world of grieving, and the hosanna and groan of the saved and lost, we shall be rewarded for our faithfulness or punished for our stupidity.

MORAL MUSCLE.

MUCH of the Christian character of the day lacks in swarthiness and power. It is gentle enough, and active enough, and well-meaning enough, but is wanting in moral muscle. It can sweetly sing at a prayer-meeting, and smile graciously when it is the right time to smile, and makes an excellent nurse to pour out with steady hand a few drops of peppermint for a child that feels disturbances under the waist-band, but has no qualification for the robust Christian work that is demanded.

One reason for this is the ineffable softness of much of what is called Christian literature. The attempt is to bring us up on tracts made up of thin exhortations, and goodish maxims. A nerveless treatise on commerce or science in that style would be crumpled up by the first merchant and thrown into his waste-basket. Religious twaddle is of no more use than worldly twaddle. If a man has nothing to say, he had better keep his pen wiped and his tongue still. There needs an infusion of strong Anglo-Saxon into religious literature, and a brawnier manliness and more impatience with insipidity, though it be prayerful and sanctimonious. He who stands with irksome repetitions asking people to "Come to Jesus," while he gives no strong, common-sense reason why they should come, drives back the souls of men. If with all the thrilling realities of eternity at hand a man has nothing to write which can gather up and master the thoughts and feelings of men, his writing and speaking are a slander on the religion which he wishes to eulogize.

Morbidity in religion might be partially cured by more out-door exercise. There are some duties we can perform better on our feet than on our knees. If we can carry the grace of God with us down into every-day, practical Christian work, we will get more spiritual strength in five minutes than by ten hours of kneeling. If Daniel had not served God save when three times a day he worshipped toward the temple, the lions would have surely eaten him up. The school of Christ is as much out-of-doors as indoors. Hard, rough work for God will develop an athletic soul. Religion will not conquer either the admiration or affections of men by effeminacy, but by strength. Because the heart is soft is no reason why the head should be soft. The spirit of genuine religion is a spirit of great power. When Christ rides in apocalyptic vision, it is not on a weak and stupid beast, but on a horse—emblem of majesty and strength: "And he went forth conquering and to conquer."

INDOLENT LIVES.

ONE of the most awful caldrons of iniquity is an indolent life. All the rail-trains on the Hudson River, all the rail-trains on the Pennsylvania route, all the trains on the Long Island road bring to these cities young men to begin their commercial life. Do you know what one of their great temptations is? It is the example of indolent people in our cities. They are in all our cities. They dress better than some who are industrious. They have access to all places of amusement—plenty of money, yet idle. They hang around our great hotels. You find them around there any day—men who do nothing, never earn anything, yet well-dressed, having plenty. Why should I work? Why should you work? Why drudge and toil in bank and shop and office, or on the scaffolding, or by the anvil, when these men get along so well and do not work?

Some of them hang around the City Halls of our great cities, toothpick in their mouth, waiting for some crumb to fall from the office-holder's table. Some of them hang around the City Hall for the city van bringing criminals from the station-houses. They stand there and gloat over it—really enjoy the disgrace and suffering of those poor creatures as they get out of the city van and go into the courts. Where do they get their money? That is what you ask. That is what I ask. Only four ways of getting money, only four: by inheritance, by earning it, by begging it, by stealing it; and there are a vast multitude among us who get their living not by inheritance, nor by earning it, nor by begging it. I do not like to take the responsibility of saying how they get it!

Now, these men are a constant temptation. Why should I toil and wear myself out in the bank, or the office, or the store, or the shop, or the factory? These men have nothing to do. They get along a great deal better. And that is the temptation under which a great many young men fall. They begin to consort with these men, these idlers, and they go down the same awful steps. The number of men in our cities who are trying to get their living by their wits and by sleight-of-hand is all the time increasing.

O, the numbers of people in these great cities who are trying to get their living not honestly! And they are a mighty temptation to the industrious young man who cannot understand it. While these others have it so easy, they have it so hard. Horatius of olden times was told that he could have just as much ground as he could plough around with a yoke of oxen in one day. He hooked up the oxen to the plough, and he cut a very large circle and ploughed until he came to the same place where he started, and all that property was his. But I have to tell you to-day that just so much financial, just so much moral, just so much spiritual possession you will have as you compass with your own industries, and just so much from the morning of your life to the evening of your life as you can plough around with your own hard work. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise."

A LESSON FROM THE CACTUS.

I WAS once amid the wonderful, bewitching cactus growths of North Carolina. I never was more bewildered with the beauty of flowers, and yet when I would take up one of these cactuses and pull the leaves apart, the beauty was all gone. You could hardly tell that it had ever been a flower. And there are a great many Christian people in this day just pulling apart their Christian experiences to see what there is in them, and there is nothing left in them. This style of self-examination is a damage instead of an advantage to their Christian character. I remember when I was a boy I used to have a small piece in the garden that I called my own, and I planted corn there, and every few days I would pull it up to see how fast it was growing. Now, there are a great many Christian people in this day whose self-examination merely amounts to the pulling up of that which they only yesterday or the day before planted.

THE SAFE REFUGE.

A SOLDIER, during the war, heard of the sickness of his wife and asked for a furlough. It was denied him, and he ran away. He was caught, brought back, and sentenced to be shot as a deserter. The officer took from his pocket a document that announced his death on the following morning. As the document was read, the man flinched not and showed no sorrow or anxiety. But the officer then took from his pocket another document that contained the prisoner's pardon. Then he broke down with emotion at the thought of the leniency that had been extended. Though you may not be moved when I tell you of the law that thundered in its condemnation, while I tell you of the pardon and the peace of the Gospel, I wonder if they will not overcome you.

Jesus is a safe refuge. Fort Hudson, Fort Pulaski, Fort Moultrie, Fort Sumter, Gibraltar, Sebastopol were taken. But Jesus is a castle into which the righteous runneth and is safe. No battering-ram can demolish its wall. No sappers or miners can explode its ramparts, no storm-bolt of perdition leap upon its towers. The weapons that guard this fort are omnipotent. Hell shall unlimber its great guns of death only to have them dismantled. In Christ our sins are pardoned, discomfited, blotted out, forgiven. An ocean cannot so easily drown a fly as the ocean of God's forgiveness swallow up, utterly and forever, our transgressions. He is able to save unto the uttermost.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

GOOD WOMEN.

WOMEN, like angels, have their specific work. They were made, they were born, for a special sphere. Man can no more fill her niche in the work world, or home world, or religious world, than can the moon give light by day, to ripen the harvests. Man has his place here, but he will never fill it, till woman fills hers. As well try to make bread from stones, as to make men, real men, apart from the forces God has put in woman, to help him be what he ought. Hence, I now write unto women. This is your lesson, not his.

Outside of God, the Holy Spirit, there is no one so good in this old world, as a good woman. I cannot tell what an angel can do here, but give me my choice, of one of them, and a good woman, and no time will be lost in the selecting. I choose her. She can, with the lever and fulcrum of her faith and love, lift this world nearer God than any power outside of Divine Grace.

And the converse is true. A bad woman can fling this orb hellward, with greater speed than a devil.

What constitutes a good woman? She is not good because of the texture of her garb, or the beauty of her face, or symmetry of her form; beauty is only skin deep; silk can cover sinners as well as saints. No—a woman is good, not because of face or fabric, but because of a good heart. Woman is nineteen twentieths heart, any way: and if that be good, she is good; and if that be bad, she is bad.

I've seen a poor gown, and a very homely face, and a figure twisted somewhat out of shape; but for miles about they spoke of her as "the good woman" of the village. And I've seen those who could vie with Venus for beauty, and yet their goodness was greater than their beauty, and their spirits finer than the silk they wore.

Heart—heart—that is what makes a woman good; a heart given up God, renewed and made so it can love like God; maybe not as much, but as like.

See how men will treat a good woman with every thing; see how they will toil and labor and sweat, just to please and provide. A good woman can make of man almost what she will. No clay yields quicker to potter than man to a woman with heart and brain.

See her influence. Why, her sex is her endowment. It's no single talent, either. Her presence is a power. The rustle of her skirts, the presence of her form, the smile of her face, all have an influence greater than has been measured by mortals.

Take a western mining camp: Two hundred men there, alone; no woman present, and all know, that in morals, they sink to the level of beasts.

Now, put in there one, just one, good woman, and in a fortnight she will have lifted the morals of that camp a hundred degrees heavenward. Such is her power for good.

But, you put in there an evil woman, and though alone they have sunken to the level of beasts, yet now they will sink, by her presence, to the door of hell itself. Thus her power for bad.

I have often wondered if Satan is not a woman in disguise.

On the contrary, when God himself would enter the world, to be seen of men, no door was royal enough for his entrance, save the doorway of womanhood; and when he reveals himself in the kindliest way, no illustration will suffice, save by her: and thus we have—"as one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." The Bible has nothing sweeter than that. That is salvation in its sweetest shape.

See what Scripture has to tell. The greatest gift named therein, is not by prince or king, but by a woman. The widow's two mites are more than others' millions. She gave all she had. Just like a woman! When they give, they give all they have; seemingly, they don't know any better; and I'm glad. It's just like her. A woman's love is no half love, and her gifts are like her love.

Take a man, and let him have two mites; he may give one, but the other he will keep for investment; not so with woman.

(To be Continued.)

C. H. Yatman

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE CRISIS IN EGYPT.

ONCE more Egypt has become the most prominent subject of European diplomacy. The question has been forced to the front by an unexpected act of independence on the part of Abbas the Khedive of Egypt, a young man nineteen years of age. He suddenly dismissed his ministers and appointed a new Cabinet. At the head, instead of Mustapha Pasha, a sturdy friend of the English, he placed Fakhri Pasha their most inveterate opponent. Lord Cromer, the English representative at Cairo, protested, but the Khedive asserted his right to choose his own advisers, and in this attitude he was supported by France, Russia and Turkey. Lord Cromer reminded Abbas that he was Khedive only by consent of the Powers, and gave him twenty-four hours to decide whether he would dismiss the obnoxious minister. At the end of that time the Khedive yielded, and also promised that in future he would make no change in the government without the consent of England. Both Russia and France vigorously protested against the English dictation but without avail. England contends that her management of the affairs of Egypt for the past ten years has been an unmixed good to the country. She has established order, suppressed an insurrection, restored the national credit, substituted justice by law for capricious decisions founded on the Koran, protected the poor from the rapacity of their oppressors, inaugurated a constitution and given the country a degree of good government it never enjoyed before. These achievements, England contends, give her the right to insist that there shall not be placed at the head of affairs a man who would thwart all reforms and give his energy to restoring Egypt to the anarchical and corrupt condition it was in thirty years ago. She admits that there is discontent in Cairo, but says that it is confined to the upper classes who before the English advent had an immunity from taxation and had other privileges which have been taken away and have had to bear their share of the expense of government, which formerly was wholly extracted from the poor. So far from yielding to the demand of France that she quit Egypt, England declares her intention of remaining until the reforms inaugurated are fully developed, and the people of Cairo have seen proof of her intention in the regiments of English soldiery which have been promptly landed and marched through the narrow streets. There is valid reason to believe that the young Khedive was incited by France to assert his independence of England, but it appears that he has gained nothing by the step. If he were familiar with the Hebrew Scriptures he would have known that the prophet warned the man who would sit in the seat of the Pharaohs against counsellors who urged him to say "I am the son of the wise, the son of ancient kings" and assert himself. (Isa. 19: 11, 12.)

Saving a Nose.

A YOUNG lady in Boston, Mass., is indebted to a stranger for being saved from disfigurement for life during the recent cold snap. The Boston *Herald* says that she was walking across the Common in the face of the icy wind when she noticed a man whom she met look at her intently. He turned after they had passed and met her again, and again gazed fixedly on her features. She felt inclined to resent his rudeness, when the stranger apologized. He said that he had lived in Canada and knew the symptoms of a frost-bite, and he saw them in her nose. The end of it was very white while the rest of it was very red. The lady objected that she was only very cold and felt no unusual sensation in the organ but the stranger persisted and as he seemed to know, she consented to accompany him to a drug-store. There he placed her near the stove and rubbed the nose with snow. Soon the severe pain, as if a multitude of needles were being stuck into her face, convinced her of the accuracy of the diagnosis. She complained of the pain, and then the stranger congratulated her on the danger being over, and turned her over to the druggist to complete the cure with his liniments, which was done. No one could be more thankful than she, when she realized the danger she had escaped, that the stranger had persisted in forcing his kind attentions upon her, though at first, not knowing her condition, she had resented them. It is often so with persons who are warned that they are in danger of losing their souls. There may be resentment at first, but afterward when the soul enters into joy and peace, it is replaced by thankfulness. (Rev. 3: 17.)

An Unhappy Bride.

A YOUNG bride applied to a New York Court last week for redress of her wrongs. She stated that just before New Year's she had been married to a young man belonging to a respectable family in the city. After the wedding her husband took her to his father's house where he lived. The father however refused to welcome her, as the marriage had taken place without his consent. As it was late in the evening, however, she was allowed to sleep in the basement while her husband went to his own room in the upper part of the house. The next day she was required to leave and her husband took her to a boarding-house. He did not pay for her board and after paying herself until her money was exhausted she was expelled. She had nowhere to go, and her husband, she learned, was out of employment and she did not know how to live or what to do. The young man was sent for and was warned by the Justice that if he did not make a better provision for his wife than the basement of his father's house he would be sent to prison. The lady seems to have good reason to complain, but she is suffering the penalty of her own imprudence in marrying a man capable of such conduct. It is too late now to retrace that step but it is not too late to enter into spiritual union with him who said: "In my Father's house there are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." (John 14: 2.)

A STREET IN CAIRO, EGYPT.

An Engineer's Prudence.

AN engineer on the Chicago and Erie Railroad was the travelling companion of a reporter of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* a few days ago, on a journey. The reporter remarked on the high rate of speed at which the train was going, when the engineer replied that there was no cause for alarm, as the man in charge of the locomotive had a record for being the safest engineer on the road. In proof, he cited an incident which had occurred a few months previously. He said that the same engineer was taking a train at night through a forest near Lima, Ohio. The darkness was intense, but as he proceeded, it was suddenly lighted up by a red glare. He knew that there must be a fire in the forest,' but as it did not seem to be near the track, he went on. He increased the speed to nearly sixty miles an hour, so as to get out of the danger, as speedily as possible. Presently he turned a curve, which brought him to a straight stretch of road of over two miles. He saw that the fire was increasing, and as he ran his eye along the track, he saw a shower of big sparks fly upward, nearly a mile ahead. Instantly he shut off the steam and applied the brakes. In a few moments the train slowed up and came to a dead stop, just at the place where a bridge spans a deep river. On examining the bridge it was found to be on fire, and, as the engineer had suspected, the shower of sparks had been sent up from a burning beam, which had that moment fallen off into the river below. The engineer's presence of mind, in attaching the right meaning to the ascending sparks, had saved the lives of three hundred passengers. It is much to be wished that people were similarly on the alert to avoid moral and spiritual catastrophe. That kind of calamity is much more common, though men are not left for warning to mere inference, but are warned explicitly, that they are going toward the great gulf, and they see others go over the brink of destruction. (Job 12 : 5.)

A Dog's Service.

A railroad accident occurred near Flushing meadows, Long Island, on Jan. 19. Either through a misplaced switch or through the spreading of the rails a locomotive on its way from Flushing to Bridge street, Brooklyn, left the track and rolled down an embankment, landing in a ditch at the bottom. Fortunately, the coupling links broke, or the passenger coaches attached would have gone over, too, and many lives would have been lost. The engineer jumped from the cab when he saw that an accident was inevitable, but the fireman was caught under the engine. A wrecking party was speedily on the scene, and worked with might and main to release the fireman, who was in danger of being suffocated in the snow, under the locomotive. It was slow work, in spite of their efforts, and the man would surely have died had not his dog, a big Newfoundland, been there. The dog crawled beneath the locomotive, and with his paws dug away the snow from the man's face, and so enabled him to breathe while the work of extrication went on. The dog did not show so much sagacity after the engine was raised. He took his stand by his master and would not allow any one to touch him. When the doctor approached he growled ominously and showed his teeth, and it was feared that it would be necessary to shoot him before the man could be removed. He was, however, eventually coaxed away, and the man was taken to the hospital, where he is now on the way to recovery. There could be no question about the dog's love for his master, but, as so often happens, even with human beings, love and wisdom did not always go together. Many a child might have been led to the Great Physician, but for the interference of parents, who loved it dearly, but feared that religion would be detrimental to it. (Matt. 10 : 37.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. G. F. Pentecost, D.D., has definitely accepted the call of the Marylebone Presbyterian Church, London, to the pastorate, subject to the approval of the Synod.

Mr. D. L. Moody's arrangements for Evangelistic services during the World's Fair include services in the churches as well as in specially constructed buildings. The cost is estimated as at least $100,000.

Rev. John Weston, D.D., has recently been holding very successful meetings at the Gross Park Presbyterian Church, Chicago, which is now called the Endeavor Presbyterian Church. A very strong interest has been manifested and a large addition to the membership is expected.

At the meeting of St. John's Guild recently held in New York, it was stated that the receipts of the past year were $32,011.96. The expenditure was $29,811.68, leaving a small balance in hand for this year. The Guild has now a free hospitall for children in West 61st Street.

Rev. E. P. Telford commences services next Sunday in Newtown, L. I., at the Dutch Reformed Church, of which Rev. Howard W. Ennis, is pastor. The meetings at Emory M. E. Church, Jersey City, have been very successful and were continued a week beyond the time fixed.

The trustees of Colorado College, Colo., have received an offer of $50,000 from Dr. D. K. Parsons of Chicago toward the endowment fund of $200,000 which they are trying to raise. Dr. Parsons makes his gift conditional on the balance of the amount being raised within two years.

The Protestant Episcopal Church, according to *Whittaker's Almanac* for 1893, shows 4351 clergy, an increase of 283; 3157 parishes, a decrease of 28; 2572 missions, an increase of 72, and 547,855 communicants, an increase of 18,565. The total of contributions is set down at $13,565,000, a gain of about $147,000.

Mr. Charles A. Bunting, manager of the Christian Home for Intemperate Men, in New York, would be glad to receive gifts of cast-off clothing. He will send to any person in the city notifying him of their having such articles which they will give him, to collect them. The Home is on Madison Avenue corner of Eighty-sixth Street.

Dr. Andrew A. Bonar the last of the famous trio of brothers, of whom Horatius was the best known, has gone to his rest. Andrew was called the Melancthon of the Free Church movement and was of a singularly sweet and lovable character. He was pastor of the Finnieston Free Church, Glasgow, for thirty-six years.

Rev. John McNeil received recently an invitation to become pastor of the Whitefield Tabernacle in London, as successor to the late Rev. J. Jackson Wray. The evangelist declined the invitation because he has undertaken to labor for a season in Ireland, and he then comes to Chicago to assist Mr. D. L. Moody in his World's Fair special services.

The London Missionary Society has adopted the Salvation Army's idea of a self-denial week. The first experiment was made from Jan. 22 to 29. The churches in connection with the Society were supplied with envelopes in which the members placed the funds saved individually and sent them to the Society. The amount needed is $125,000 with which, if obtained, the Society will send out a hundred more missionaries.

Dr. L. W. Munhall has closed his meetings at New Castle, Pa. The interest was maintained to the end and at the last services nearly two hundred persons decided for Christ, bringing the entire number of converts brought in during the series of meetings up to one thousand. As an outcome of the revival led by Dr. Munhall in Meriden, Conn., the First Congregational Church has received seventy-six persons into membership.

The revival services conducted by Rev. B. Fay Mills at Des Moines, Ia., have been the means of stirring the whole city. A press dispatch says that the climax of the interest was reached on Jan. 25 "when the business houses of the city, big and little, closed their doors and the people united in a series of monster religious meetings. It was like Sunday, except that no Sunday saw so many attendants upon Divine worship. It is estimated that 30,000 people attended the meetings."

ROSEMARY AND RUE

BY

JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

A STORY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HOME

Written expressly for "The Christian Herald"

CHAPTER XV.

AT THE POST OF DUTY.

ANNE RUSSEL and her sons never went near that grave where the stone bore no letters but H. R., dateless. But Eloise went there often, people thought it was to keep alive a filial memory in the little girl she led by the hand.

Sitting on that grave, Eloise felt free to remember Cecil Grafton as she had first seen him, when his handsome face, winning smile, and musical voice had made him the first and only love of her heart.

During the four years in which they had not met she and Dora had seemed to grow nearer and more sisterly to each other. After Henry Russel's death Eloise wrote to Dora, "Come to me; I have had a hard trial, and it has shaken me. I think I can speak of it to you, and to you only."

The visit at Plymouth was duly paid and it lengthened beyond expectation. Dora and Eloise found in each other a new and sweet congeniality. Dora in the midst of the family which Eloise had collected for herself, felt that her sister had some great comfort and blessing which she lacked. The little Ruth was a very pleasing child with a warmth of affection especially lavished on Eloise.

"But neither am I quite alone and useless," said Dora, "Uncle David and Aunt Lois are very aged and they need me; I am a daughter to them, and I am helpful, as Margaret must give much of her time to the little ones."

"In this world," said Eloise, "no one need be lonely or useless. If we have the courage of our convictions, and force our selfish natures to become large-minded enough to live for others as well as ourselves, life will be full and useful and happy."

The sisters were one day sitting together, making Christmas presents for the children, and Anne was reading to them items from the daily paper. "It is not always," she said, "that sin receives what seems to be its just deserts in this life, but here is a case where justice and divine vengeance have pursued the criminal and overtaken him. Listen: "A very adroit and skillful burglar and bank-breaker, long sought for by the authorities, and long pursuing his occupation with seeming immunity, has come to a fitting end of his career. In an effort to break open with gunpowder the safe of the H—— Bank, by some means he caused an explosion that wrecked himself; the safe-door burst into fragments, one of which shattered the right side of the felon's face, destroying the eye; his arms were both broken, and a piece of iron passed through his body, above the left hip. Those who came running at the sound of the explosion, found the unhappy wretch groaning and conscious. He was carried into the home of Elias Pemberton, Esq., President of the Bank, where he lies in terrible agony, but may live several days. As there is no hospital within fifty miles of H—— and the man cannot be moved, he must remain there till he dies. He has been notorious under many aliases, but probably his real name is Peirce Denham."

The work in Dora's hands had fallen to her lap, as prescient of coming news that bore upon her past, she listened to Anne's reading. As the fatal name was pronounced, she gave a little gasp, and darted from the room.

It was an hour before Eloise followed her. She found Dora seated on the side of her bed, her face pale and disturbed, she had in these last moments been forced to re-live her past.

"Well," said Eloise, "you are going to [illegible]."

"Eloise? You cannot mean it!"

"Who else is there to go? Among strangers and even enemies, scorned and hated, he lies dying in intense agony. A kind look or word [illegible] injured, might save a sinking soul. Dora, you have an errand there. You will do it. I should [illegible] get no train for two hours yet, and in such [illegible] alone—alone with God."

"Eloise!" cried Dora, "you cannot ask me to go!"

"I ask you? Your own conscience asks you. God sends you."

"But why should I —?"

"You should, because you once voluntarily assumed responsibilities toward this man—responsibilities of which you cannot divest yourself. Dora — it is written, 'Love your enemies.'"

"Don't say that word," cried Dora passionately, "not to hate is the greatest stretch of my charity."

"What is meant by love there is that holy Christian mercy that does good to the evil, as God, who sends rain on the just and on the unjust," said Eloise, gently. "Dora, you are told to bless them that curse you."

"He has cursed my life, and there was a time when I wished him all the worst evils that could come upon him; evil like this. Lately, instead of wishing evil to him, I just wished never to hear of him again. Now—when I think of his terrible state, I feel—sorry for him—as I would for anyone."

"Yes the; mills of God grind exceeding small. But you cannot regard this man merely as you would 'any one.' Probably in all the world you are the only person to whom this news comes as a challenge to show a mercy and forgiveness that have something divine in them. Dora, the command of your Master is plain: 'Do good to those who despitefully use you.' Those strangers into whose hands he has fallen, are not called upon, as you are, to care for him. You are the one to go. And Dora, now, if you are there in time, you can learn whether your marriage was valid, whether you are really his wife."

Those words decided Dora. She hesitated still, outwardly, to conceal how much that suggestion meant to her.

"Going will decide much for you," said Eloise. Whether this is the man you married as Peirce Denham you will surely know, and whether or not he dies."

Yes, Dora felt that she must know these things. She rose.

"I would go with you," said her sister, "but we take up such burdens better alone."

"Yes," said Dora, "I will go alone."

"I would pack your valise, but Dora, in such times as these the work of the hands helps to stop the tumult of the heart. You will reach H— at half-past four."

Dora had laid out her valise, and began to pack it. Eloise making helpful suggestions. "Have you plenty of money with you, Dora, for any emergency?"

"Yes, plenty, I think,"

"Telegraph to me if you need more. What is your plan?"

"There is only one thing to be done. I will go to Mr. Giles Pemberton, and tell him I think that the injured man in his house is a relative of mine, of whom I have long lost sight owing to his evil courses. I will ask to be allowed to see him. If I find it is Denham, I will ask permission to stay with him to the end. They may think me wife, sister or cousin, whatever they like—and—I shall only give the first part of my name, Dora Lacy. Not Dora Lacy Maple."

"You have a right to do that," said Eloise, "Say, also the truth, that you heard the news here in Plymouth, where you were making a visit. Telegraph me to-night, and write me to-morrow."

Possibly Mr. Giles Pemberton was never more astonished, than when a beautiful and graceful woman, whose every look and tone bespoke dignity and self-respect, entered his office, and quietly introduced herself as a relative of the burglar dying at his home. "I thought it not right," said Dora, calmly, "that you should be burdened with all the care; families must assume their responsibilities, and so I came. Is he conscious?"

"Yes, poor creature. And when not under the influence of powerful opiates, his groans are so terrible that I have had to send most of my family out of the house. Of course he has to be where he is, until he dies. The wonder is that he holds out an hour. He must be a man of iron strength. He has lived here in town three weeks, became intimate with many of our best people, and even popular with some. I have secured some help in the care of him, from people who knew him, but we have no trained nurses here."

Dora and Mr. Pemberton were walking toward the banker's house as they talked. The short winter day was already darkening, as they opened the door, a sharp cry of mortal pain met their ears. Dora shivered.

"We can't keep him under the opiates all the time, the pain is too much for them, and he comes back to consciousness. This will be hard for you. You are—?

Dora bowed, and simply waved her hand toward the card which Mr. Pemberton held in his fingers. Then he understood that her exact relationship to the felon would not be made known. He scanned her closely as they passed down the hall. She looked about twenty-four or five years old; her face grave for her years; her dress rich and plain; her air that of a woman fully assured of her position, and accustomed to deference. He touched a closed door.

"He is here."

Dora stopped. "Let me take off my coat and hat." She laid the hat, coat and muff on a chair near. He saw her brace herself as for an ordeal, growing whiter about the lips—a set look stealing into her beautiful eyes. "Now!" He opened the door.

Bolstered up on a low couch was the large form of the burglar. His arms, bound in splints, were stretched out on each side, carefully supported; his black hair had been shaved on one side, and half his face was concealed in bandages; the clothes were laid back from his powerful chest as he panted for air. And his knees were partly drawn up. Careful bandaging and packing indicated the fatal wound in his side. A man who was wetting his lips and head moved away. Dora faced the destroyer of her life. Had ever cry for vengeance received fuller answer than this?

The afternoon light from a window behind the couch, fell full upon Dora, as she stopped, shocked, compassionate. Denham saw her: the groan died on his lips—he thought her a dream. And yet in a dream she would have appeared the girl of other years, not with the changing touch of those years upon her.

"Dora."

"I am here," and Dora drew near the couch. Her voice was soft and sweet; pity shone in her face.

"This ends it," said Denham. "You see?"

"I see. I have come to stay by you to the end. There may be words that you could say to me—and could to no other. I have come to tell you that—I forgive."

"I suppose in that you are better than God. Women can do such things."

"God also forgives—the penitent."

"I reckon there are some men who are never penitent! Dora, I seem a hard fellow to kill, but it is coming?" He looked questioningly at the two men.

"Not a shadow of a chance for you," said one of them.

He sighed. "I thought so. Well none of us lasts forever. Go out you two—will you? I want to speak to her."

But when they went out—for a while he could only moan in a terrible agony, increased by the exertion of speaking. Dora wet his lips, gave him a cordial, fanned him. She slipped easily into the duties of nurse.

Finally he spoke again. "I never thought of seeing you. You ran off from me pretty sharply. I tell you the way you went made me miss you. What a hand you would have made in my business—if you'd only taken to it!"

Dora shrank back from him, the sponge fell from her hand.

"You were so young, you seemed so thoughtless, and so fond of me, I thought I could do what I chose with you! I broke it to you too suddenly. I should have led you along by degrees. Thunder! What a game you and I could have played the world if you had stood by me!"

Horrible loathing of this man shook Dora's soul. But she had come to fulfil a duty, and receive a satisfaction. All the strength of her nature now rose up to prevent her being, by disgust, balked of her double errand.

"Tell me — speak truth, you are dying. Was I your wife truly, or was the marriage void because of some earlier one?"

"The child is lost," muttered Denham, "she has become a woman, an iron woman. If I could have made her what I wished!"

"Answer me. I see death stealing over your face."

"Then I'll fight death. I won't die! Yes; you were my wife. I never tried the marriage game but once, and that with you. It is too risky. As you left me, I worked alone, and I've led them a chase! I wish I had it to do over again!"

"You would do better?" said Dora entreatingly.

"You believe I wouldn't. I liked it. I got—well the wild delight of just escaping. You hear bullets whizz by your head—and you are safe, and you are wild with delight. To think that in that bungling fool way I broke up myself!" Again he began to groan heavily; then slowly settled into silence. Twilight fell; Dora lit the lamps on the table, and softly put the disordered room to rights.

When Mr. Pemberton returned all the confusion of the apartments had vanished, all was neat and quiet, and Dora with a white apron and sleeves drawn over her black merino dress, sat fanning the patient.

"He knew you?"

"Yes. When will the doctor come again."

"About ten. Of course there is no chance for his life. The wonder is that he holds out an hour. It is better that way."

"Yes. I will watch with him to-night."

"Very well. I will sleep in the room across the hall. Call me if you need me. But come now to tea, I will send some one in to sit here while you eat."

Dora went out to supper. She felt that the banker and his wife scanned her closely while she was at the table. They saw a beautiful, self-contained woman, her face grave, somewhat sad, with a shocked, troubled look, as any one might wear at such a sight as the shattered burglar presented.

"It is not a deep heart sorrow with her, it is duty, and the pity reason accords to pain," said the banker to his wife after Dora left them. "I'd give a good bit to know how they are related. Miss Dora Lacy, hardly a sister, certainly not a wife. He knew her and called her Dora. Well, I'm glad she came."

"She is a most attractive person and I am glad she came, but I hope people will let her alone and respect her secret, whatever it is. If I were in her place I would not wish to have my burden increased by intrusion and inquisitiveness. Keep the reporters away from her. Don't mention that she is here. As the man cannot be prosecuted, but will die, I don't see why she need to be bothered about him," said Mrs. Pemberton.

"If she knows anything, she will probably have to tell it."

"Then you'd better let Judge Herkimer come here, and take down all she knows and so make an end of it. He is a gentleman and in the name of legal right he won't ask her dozens of questions meant merely to gratify curiosity as some do." Mr. Pemberton laughed. "I'll get Ben Hunt to be quiet about her, and I'll speak to Judge Herkimer and see that she is let alone as much as possible."

The next day Judge Herkimer came and asked for Dora. He wanted whatever information she could give him about Denham.

"It is very little, almost nothing," said Dora.

"Was Peirce Denham his real name?"

"Yes, it was."

"And where was he brought up? Where born?"

"I cannot tell you. As far as I know he had no business and was a professional burglar. For six years I have not had the slightest knowledge of him."

"And before that?"

"I knew nothing of his way of life."

"And what relation are you to him?"

"That cannot make any possible difference to justice, and I prefer to tell nothing of myself. I should not be asked to. You know that a man such as this, brings disgrace upon all connected with him and families are made up of more than one individual. All that I have ever known of him is so little that it cannot be of any use to any person."

"Very well. I shall see that you are not in any way connected with any inquiries that may be made about him. Indeed, as he is bound to die, the whole question about him can be dropped."

(To be Continued.)

MISSIONARIES SUED.

AN effort to save a Chinese child-wife from an unnatural union has involved a Presbyterian missionary in a lawsuit. The *Church at Home and Abroad* says: "The rescue and protection of Chinese girls on the Pacific Coast is no easy task. Recently Mrs. Holt, the wife of the Rev. W. S. Holt, of our Chinese Mission in Portland, was sued for $2,000, on the charge of 'harboring a runaway wife,' she, with others of our ladies having refused to surrender a Chinese girl who had sought the shelter of our Portland Home. The prosecution failed to establish its case, but one of the friends of Mrs. Holt had to pay $100 for costs. When will these iniquities cease?"

A Gospel Push-Cart.

The Central Union Mission's Ingenious Device for Carrying the Gospel into the Highways and Hedges.

A SHORT time ago, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD published a picture of the Gospel-wagon which has been used in connection with the Central Union Mission of Washington, D. C. It was a novel feature when it was first introduced there; but the excellent work it has assisted the earnest workers of that Mission to do, in the outlying districts, has encouraged other Missions in various parts of the country to adopt the same means. The Central Union Mission is again the pioneer in another and similar sphere. The success attending the services held around the wagon in the country districts suggested the thought of the thousands in the alleys and parks of the city itself, who do not go to churches or missions. They belong to that class of which the Saviour spoke in his parable as furnishing the guests to the marriage feast when the servants of the king had gone after them into the highways and hedges and compelled them to come in. The Central Union Mission is intended for just such and has been the means of bringing in thousands of them. But its consecrated laborers are ever on the alert to find new means of reaching more of them. Mr. McMichael, one of the managers of the Mission considering the kind of work required was led to the idea of the Push-Cart, two pictures of which appear on this page. It is the plan of the wagon on a reduced scale and is specially

THE GOSPEL PUSH-CART CLOSED.

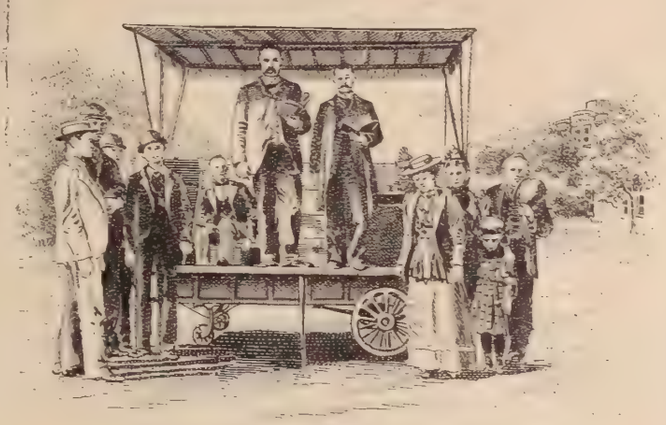
adapted for holding services in the parks and courts of the city. Being light and small, it can be drawn into places inaccessible to the wagon. The sides can easily be let down and affords a standing place for speakers and singers. A light harmonium is carried in the cart and thus there are at hand all the requirements for a bright Gospel service. It is a portable church for those that are out of the way and great good has already resulted from it. The funds for its purchase were contributed entirely by the brethren of Wesley Chapel.

Our friends of the Central Union Mission are, we are glad to learn, comfortably settled in their new building, a picture of which we recently published. They have long needed just such quarters, for their religious and philanthropic work had been restricted by the smallness of the rooms they were occupying. Besides this the work had become "Central" with a meaning they had not at its origin believed possible. Twelve branches have been opened in connection with it, much of the business of which has to be conducted by the parent mission. The new building contains rooms which can be used in providing temporary sleeping accommodation for the many homeless men who come to the Mission and are reclaimed there and need at the beginning of their new life the kindly and hospitable help the mission-workers delight to give. They go to Washington from every State in the Union and there is scarcely a State or Territory unrepresented among the four thousand men who have been saved at the Mission. This fact gives additional force to the plea the managers are making for assistance in paying for their new building. It is a great undertaking which has been forced upon them by their success in soul-saving and by the representative character of the National Capital. Just as Nehemiah required the dwellers in the provinces to help in the building and repairs of the walls of Jerusalem, so on the same principle should aid be rendered to an institution from which all the country derives benefit.

It is gratifying to learn that in many States the Sunday Schools have taken up the work. It was the Sunday Schools that provided the missionary ships, and they did it easily and cheerfully. It is not surprising, therefore, that this work which is distinctly of a missionary character and among our own people, should find favor with the Sunday Schools. If it is adopted generally and each Sunday School sends even a very small contribution, these earnest self-sacrificing and successful Christian workers would soon be relieved of their burden of debt and would have more time and money to spare for the evangelistic work to which they are devoted. Any Church or Sunday School desiring to help in so grand a work may obtain full particulars by addressing Mr. George W. Wheeler, Central Union Mission, Louisiana Avenue, Washington, D. C.

A STRONGHOLD OF HEATHENISM.

ONE of the last entrenchments of heathenism in the world is now on the verge of attack by missionaries on both sides. At the present time Thibet is closed against them and the Gospel of Christ has never been proclaimed there. It lies between India and China and has an area as large as France, Austria and Germany combined. Its estimated population, however, is not more than six millions. It is tributary to China, but Chinese authority is not supreme in the land. The Moravians have stood for many years upon its southwest borders, waiting and praying for an opportunity to enter, and now a flank movement on the northwest is being made by the missionaries of the China Inland Mission, of whom there are now 526 laboring in China. They have entered the provinces of Kan Suh and Szchuen, and are already facing towards Thibet. They are already at work among some Thibetans that live on the border. They have also secured a lodgment in a small village just on the boundary line, and have obtained a house from a friendly Thibetan, and, although an effort has been made to drive them out, they have been defended and protected by Chinese officials, and are still there. In the province of Szchuen their missionaries are pushing towards the west, and are approaching nearer and nearer towards the borders. The religion of the Thibetans is but little known, except that they are steeped in superstitions, and the religious hierarchy of the country has absolute sway over the consciences and lives and property of the people. The Moravians while waiting for the signal to enter, have been engaged in a work of faith, and labor of love, in preparing the New Testament in the Thibetan language ready for use in the country.



THE GOSPEL PUSH-CART OPENED AND USED FOR SERVICE.

A CHINESE PROCLAMATION.

THE recent outrages on missionaries in China are now suspected of being connected with a widely extended plot against the dynasty. The rioters evidently hoped by their attacks on the missionaries to embroil the emperor in a war with foreign powers which might cause his downfall. He appears to be aware of this motive and is taking vigorous measures to protect the missionaries. His latest proclamation which was to the governors of provinces declares that "the doctrine of Christianity has for its purpose the teaching of men to be good. Chinese converts are subjects of China, and are amenable to the local authorities. Peace and quiet should reign among the Chinese and missionaries, but there are reckless fellows who fabricate stories that have no foundation in fact, for the purpose of creating trouble . . . Let the Governors issue proclamations warning the people not to listen to idle rumors or false reports which lead to trouble. Should any person secretly post placards containing false rumors with a view to beguile the minds of the people, strenuous steps must be taken to cause his arrest and vigorous punishment should be meted out to him. The local authorities must protect the lives and property of foreign missionaries, and prevent bad characters from doing them injury. Should it transpire that the measures taken to protect them have not been adequate, and trouble in consequence ensues, the names of those officers that have been truly negligent are to be reported to us for degradation . . . . Let this decree be universally promulgated for the information of the people."

GOSPEL WORK IN CHICAGO.

AT the recent annual meeting of the Chicago Evangelization Society in the Chicago Avenue Church hundreds of converts won through the efforts of the students were present to testify for Christ. Mr. Moody in his address said the Bible Institute men were to the regular ministry what the volunteers were to the regular army. Superintendent R. A. Torrey, reviewed the work of the past year. During the year seventy-nine students have been enrolled. They made 326 visits to hospitals, and 30,461 visits to homes during the year. Over 5,000 meetings were held, every department showing a marked increase.

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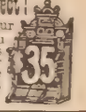

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The Apostle Paul's Early Life.*

ST. PAUL and his parents might seem to an outsider mere Hellenists, but their Galilean origin and training enabled them to retain the intenser Judaism which qualified the Apostle to describe himself as not only of the stock of Israel, but as a Hebrew of the Hebrews. St. Paul's more immediate family connections have also some light thrown upon them in the New Testament. We learn, for instance, from Acts 23: 16, that he had a married sister, who probably lived at Jerusalem, and may have been even a convert to Christianity; for we are told that her son, having heard of the Jewish plot to murder the Apostle, at once reported it to St. Paul himself, who thereupon put his nephew into communication with the chief captain in whose custody he lay. While again, in Romans 16: 7–11, he sends salutations to Andronicus, Junias, and Herodion, his kinsmen, who were residents in Rome; and in verse twenty-one of the same chapter joins Lucius and Jason and Sosipater, his kinsmen, with himself in the Christian wishes for the welfare of the Roman Church, with which he closes the Epistle. It is said, indeed, that this may mean simply that these men were Jews, and that St. Paul regarded all Jews as his kinsmen. But this notion is excluded by the form of the twenty-first verse, where he first sends greetings from Timothy, whom Paul dearly loved, and who was a circumcised Jew, not a proselyte, merely, but a true Jew, on his mother's side, at least; and then the Apostle proceeds to name the persons whom he designates his kinsmen. St. Paul evidently belonged to a family of some position in the Jewish world, whose ramifications were dispersed into very distant quarters of the empire. Every scrap of information which we can gain concerning the early life and associations of such a man is very precious; we may therefore point out that we can even get a glimpse of the friends and acquaintances of his earliest days. Barnabas the Levite was of Cyprus, an island only seventy miles distant from Tarsus. In all probability Barnabas may have resorted to the Jewish schools of Tarsus, or may have had some other connections with the Jewish colony of that city. Some such early friendship may have been the link which bound Paul to Barnabas and enabled the latter to stand sponsor for the newly converted Saul when the Jerusalem Church was yet naturally suspicious of him. "And when he was come to Jerusalem, he essayed to join himself to the disciples: and they were all afraid of him, not believing that he was a disciple. But Barnabas took him, and brought him to the apostles." (Acts 6: 26, 27.)

Then, again, there are other friends of his youth to whom he refers. Timothy's family lived at Lystra, and Lystra was directly connected with Tarsus, by a great road which ran straight from Tarsus to Ephesus, offering means for that frequent communication in which the Jews delighted. St. Paul's earliest memories carried him back to the devout atmosphere of the pious Jewish family at Lystra, which he had long known, where Lois, the grandmother, and Eunice, the mother, had laid the foundation of that spiritual life which under St. Paul's own later teaching flourished so wondrously in the life of Timothy.

At five years old Jewish children of parents like St. Paul's advanced to the direct study of the law under the guidance of some doctor, whose school they daily attended, as another rabbi had expressly enacted, "At five years old a boy should apply himself to the study of Holy Scripture." Between five and thirteen [illegible] or industrial training. It was at this [illegible] he had learned from [illegible] the trade of tent-making, which during [illegible] stead, rendering him independent of all [illegible] were [illegible]

At thirteen years of age, or thereabouts, young Saul, having now learned all the sacred knowledge which the local rabbis could teach, went out to Jerusalem just as our Lord did, to assume the full obligations of a Jew and to pursue his higher studies at the great Rabbinical University of Jerusalem. To put it in modern language, Saul went up to Jerusalem to be confirmed and admitted to the full privileges and complete obligations of the Levitical Law, and he also went up to enter college. St. Paul himself describes the period of life on which he now entered as that in which he was brought up at the feet of Gamaliel.

AT ANCHOR.*

WHILE pale with rage the white surf springs
Athwart the harbor bar,
The safe ships fold their snowy wings,
Beneath the evening star.
In this calm haven rocked to sleep
All night they swing and sway,
Till mantles o'er the morning deep
The golden blush of day.

Here, safe from every storm of fate,
From worldly pride and scorn,
Thus let me fold my hands and wait
The coming of the morn;
While all night long, o'er moon-lit turf,
The wind brings in from far
The moaning of the baffled surf
Athwart the harbor bar.

*From *Wanderers;* a dainty little volume of poems by William Winter (new edition; price 75 cents; Published by Macmillan & Co., New York.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Gospel of Life: Thoughts introductory to the study of Christian Doctrines by Brooke Foss Wescott, D.D., D. C. L., Bishop of Durham, Pp. 306; price $1.75; Published by Macmillan & Co., New York.

Wanderers: The poems of William Winter (New Edition: Pp. 268, price 75 cents; Published by Macmillan & Company.

Practical Pocket-Book of Photography; a short guide to the practice of all the usual photographic processes; by Dr E. Vogel, of the Royal Technical High School at Berlin; translated by E. C. Conrad; pp. 202; cloth; illustrated; price $1. Macmillan & Co., New York, Publishers.

A Born Player; a remarkable story of Christian life; by Mary West; pp. 239; cloth; price $1. Macmillan & Co., New York, Publishers.

Tuesday Afternoon Talks; by Charles Cullis, M. D. A series of Gospel talks by the eminent Christian philanthropist, (lately discased), whose life was recently reviewed in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD; pp. 197; cloth; price 50 cents. Willard Tract Repository, Boston, Publishers.

Studies in Ephesians, by A. R. Cocke, pastor at Waynesboro, Va., and Professor of Philosophy in the Valley Seminary; pp. 137; cloth; price 75 cents; Fleming H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago, Publishers.

Living Through Surrender, a Message Concerning Consecrated Living; by the Rev. B. Fay Mills, the well-known evangelist. Mr. Mills has put into this little volume the substance of the teaching which has proved so helpful to many souls during the past few years; pp. 82; cloth; price 50 cents; Fleming H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago, Publishers.

An Old Woman's Outlook in a New Hampshire Village; a story of intense interest in the form of a monthly notebook or diary; by Charlotte M. Yonge; pp. 285; cloth; price $1; MacMillan & Co., New York, Publishers.

Men and Morals; a collection of Yale lectures and Northfield talks to students on important themes of faith and conduct; by the Rev. James Stalker, D.D., pp. 178; cloth; price $1; Fleming H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago, Publishers.

[illegible] Christian Doctrine in Outline [illegible] pp. 203 cloth, copyright [illegible] price $2; Macmillan & Co., New York, Publishers.

CATALOGUES.

[illegible] a comprehensive catalogue of [illegible] and garden seeds and plants, [illegible] and designed [illegible] of home-people, [illegible] pages, [illegible] covers; published by W. Atlee Burpee & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

[illegible] and Harper's [illegible] and other [illegible] published by the Weber H. Mace Co., Cincinnati, O.

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The Late Secretary Blaine.

Close of a Remarkable Career—Teacher, Statesman, Author and Cabinet Officer.

AFTER a long illness, the result of a complication of disorders, ex-Secretary of State James Gillespie Blaine died in Washington on the morning of January 27th. Although the immediate cause of death was heart-failure, the organic troubles from which he suffered had for many months been regarded as beyond remedy.

Mr. Blaine was born in Brownsville, Pa., in 1830, and came of ancestors who bore an honorable part in the early settlement of the Western section of that State. One of them, Col. Ephraim Blaine, was a Commissary General in the Revolutionary Army, and took part in several of Washington's campaigns. When thirteen years old, James Gillespie Blaine entered Washington College in his native county, and soon became distinguished for his quickness in study and his love of English literature and mathematics. Even in those

THE LATE HON. JAMES G. BLAINE.

early days, he showed wonderful proclivities for debate. While he was at college, his father died, and it became necessary that he should earn his own livelihood. He accordingly accepted a situation as teacher in the Western Military Institute at Blue Lick Springs, Ky., and it was while there that he met Miss Harriet Stanwood, a teacher, who afterwards became his wife. After his marriage, he went to Philadelphia and became a teacher in the Institute for the Blind in that city; but his wife did much to inspire him with wider ambitions, and he soon relinquished his charge and went to Maine, where he became editor of the Kennebec *Journal* and afterwards of the Portland *Advertiser*. In 1859 he gave up journalism and adopted politics, being elected to the State Legislature in that year. He was re-elected four successive terms, during the last two of which he acted as Speaker. In 1862 he went to Congress.

His Congressional career for nearly twenty years was one of surpassing interest. He supported Lincoln in his policy during the Civil War, and bore a prominent share in all the great debates of that exciting period, as well as those that took place during the era of reconstruction that followed. He was one of the most vigorous opponents of the proposition to pay the public debt in greenbacks which was violently agitated in 1867. In 1869 he was chosen as Speaker of the House of Representatives, and served continuously in that capacity until the Democratic Party regained control of the Lower House. As Speaker he was both brilliant and successful, his rare familiarity with parliamentary law and his promptness in decision being something remarkable.

At various times in his career, Mr. Blaine experienced the bitter attacks of party opposition and personal enmity that fall to the lot of every prominent man in public life. He had, however, a very large circle of friends throughout the country, who loved him for the many excellent qualities he possessed, and who stood by him nobly during his trials. His dispute with Senator Roscoe Conkling, which led to a life-long alienation, was always regretted by Mr. Blaine.

Our readers are familiar with the later history of Mr. Blaine and his Presidential aspirations. His first great political disappointment occurred in 1876, when his friends confidently expected his nomination by the Cincinnati Convention, which selected ex-Gov. Rutherford B. Hayes instead. Again, in 1880, the nomination of Gen. Garfield postponed the realization of his hopes. In 1884, he was finally nominated by the Republican National Convention at Chicago, and after a most exciting campaign, was defeated by Mr. Cleveland, the election being decided by the result in New York State.

Mr. Blaine, whose whole career had been one of activity and excitement, failed greatly in health after that memorable contest, and he went abroad in 1886. His physical condition, however, was not so serious as to cause his friends to abandon hope of yet securing his nomination; but although an effort was made to do this at the Chicago Convention in 1888, the prize fell to Gen. Harrison. After the election, Mr. Blaine held the portfolio of Secretary of State under Harrison, as he had previously done during Garfield's administration. Of late years, severe domestic afflictions were added to Mr. Blaine's other burdens, and his vital powers began to show signs of giving way. Still the old fires of ambition smouldered, and shortly before the last National Republican Convention he resigned the office of Secretary of State, and placed himself again in the hands of his friends, as a candidate for the Presidency. The disappointment that followed was the deathblow to all his political hopes. He practically retired from public life, and lived quietly in Washington, in what is known as the old Seward Mansion, in which his family had resided during the administration of President Harrison. It is a house gloomy with the memories of historical tragedies; for it was in one of its chambers that Secretary Seward was attacked by an assassin, and before its doors Phillip Barton Key was shot down by Gen. Daniel E. Sickles. In the same building the wife of Secretary Belknap died while her husband was its tenant. Since the Blaines have occupied it, three members of the family—Walker Blaine, Emmons Blaine, and Mrs. John J. Coppinger (a daughter), have passed away. Here, also, Mr. Blaine died, in a room from the windows of which could almost be seen the Executive Mansion—the goal of his earthly ambition, which he had come so near reaching, only to fail in the end.

Those who knew Mr. Blaine best, declare that beneath the dignified official exterior, the late Secretary of State was warm-hearted, impulsive and kindly; a loving father and a good friend. He was a member of the Presbyterian congregation over which Rev. Teunis C. Hamlin presides in Washington, and was one of a number to guarantee a fund necessary for defraying the expenses of the church.

The American people admired him as one of the most brilliant public men of his time, a magnetic orator, a powerful debater, and a statesman whose abilities, counsel and aid were given to his country freely and unreservedly when most needed. His book, entitled "Twenty Years in Congress," is a masterpiece of historical autobiography, and while not wholly free from the bias of party, it is yet so just and able that it has won its author a high place among the standard historical writers of America.

HAWAII'S QUEEN DEPOSED.

For a long period, the little island kingdom of Hawaii, in the Pacific, has been distracted by internal strife. Not only were opposing commercial interests disturbing the tranquility of the country, but ever since the death of King David Kalakaua, the popular antagonism to a monarchical form of government has been growing and permeating all classes. Queen Liliuokalani, the successor of Queen Kapiolani on the Hawaiian throne, took measures to check this growing republicanism, which threatened suddenly to overthrow the monarchy. She distrusted even the members of her Cabinet, some of whom were undoubtedly favorable to a new order of things, and she took counsel with a few trusty advisers. Early in January a crisis was reached. The Queen's intimates informed certain Cabinet officers that "a blow was to be struck," and that Liliuokalani was about to coerce the Ministry into signing a new Constitution, under which the powers of the throne would be greatly increased, the franchise taken away from foreign-born citizens and the sovereign made absolute ruler. It was also learned that preparations had been made to secure the persons of the Cabinet officers, and imprison them, if extreme action became necessary. The Cabinet waited on the Queen, and urged her not to violate the laws, and tried in various ways to dissuade her from a revolutionary course; but Liliuokalani persisted, and even threatened violence. The Ministers, thereupon, appealed to the people to resist the Queen's despotic encroachments on their liberties. Another effort was made to induce her to reconsider her course, but it was futile. So alarming was the situation that an armed force of 300 marines and sailors from the U.S. warship *Boston*, was landed at Honolulu, and disposed at points where they could act to best advantage in keeping the peace in the event of a riot. The populace were furious against Liliuokalani. They had long wanted a new Constitution, but not of the nature she now intended forcing upon them. A great mass-meeting was held at which a Provisional Goverment was organized and a Committee of Public Safety appointed.

The new government assumed control of the palace and the army barracks, and the Queen, after formally yielding up her authority, retired to her private residence. A few days after her abdication, the Hawaiian steamer *Claudine*, with five Commissioners of the new government aboard, sailed for the United States, the Commissioners being instructed to negotiate a Treaty of Annexation with our own government. The Commissioners have arrived and are now in Washington. It is likely that the annexation proposition will be the subject of a prolonged negotiation, and may ultimately result in the establishment of an American protectorate for Hawaii. England, which has declined to recognize the new government at Honolulu, has large commercial interests in Hawaii, and may oppose annexation, and make an effort to place Princess Kiulani on the Hawaiian throne.

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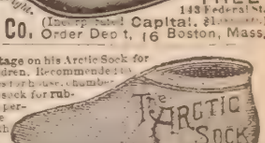

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INTO GOSPEL LIGHT.

The Good Work Missionary Harry S. Prescott is Doing among the Blind in New South Wales.

MISSIONARY work among the blind is a class of service seldom thought of by those who enjoy the blessings of sight. Yet if an authentic record could be made of the services that have been rendered to humanity by those deprived of their natural sight, it would prove one of the most interesting and encouraging chapters of achievement that has ever been penned. Such names as Fawcett, Armitage, Campbell and Moon rise at once before the mental vision, as those who, while themselves shut out from the light of day, have brought the light of comfort and

HARRY S. PRESCOTT.
(Of Royal Mission to the Blind, New South Wales.)

happiness, and the joys of a useful life, to many of their afflicted fellow-creatures.

Harry Schoolbridge Prescott (whose portrait from *The Christian* of London, we reproduce on this page), is a native of Staplehurst, Kent, England. He began active life in the humble role of a bricklayer's laborer. Having lost the use of one eye, he thought to better his prospects by emigrating. After some experience in this country he found his way to New Zealand. There, while a member of the police force, he became totally blind, and was the inmate of a hospital for nearly a year. Through the suggestion of a hospital visitor he learned to read from the raised characters for the blind and his reading of the Scriptures was the means of letting the light of heaven and salvation into his soul. While he was reading from the Acts of the Apostles one Sunday afternoon, in the Institute, a lame, blind lad stumbled against him as he groped his way along by the wall. Learning who he was, the boy asked him to read to him. The sound of the reader's voice attracted others, and thus began a regular Sunday reading class conducted by Mr. Prescott for both sexes. No proper religious teaching, it appears, had been provided at that time for the inmates of the Institute, and these Bible readings, with a daily prayer-meeting which was started, were a means of saving and guiding grace to not a few.

Mr. Prescott had now found his vocation; and with perseverance and growing success he has steadily pursued it. He went to Sydney in 1877 and the value of his work among the destitute blind soon began to be recognized, and a committee was formed to further it. His operations extended to other parts of the colony; and when he revisited England in 1886 he was able to say that he had traveled 60,000 miles seeking out, teaching, evangelizing, and otherwise helping his blind brethren and sisters. The mission was extended to South Australia and Queensland. In addition to teaching the blind to read, and supplying them with good literature, the mission embraced industrial work for those able to earn a livelihood, and a benevolent fund for the helpless and indigent. The Australian Government appreciated the value of the mission and subsidized it by giving an equal amount to that subscribed by the public.

The part taken in this good work by Mrs. Prescott, the wife of the missionary has been almost equal in importance to that borne by her husband. She was impressed with the [illegible] Institution in New South Wales into which could be gathered such blind women as could be found [illegible] secured a house, [illegible] it a number of [illegible] committee co-operating with her and [illegible] developed the work. In 1890, a plot of three acres in the Sydney suburb of Strathfield was bought on which to erect an Industrial Home for Blind Women. The Legislative Assembly generously refunded the purchase-money, £1,650, which went to swell the building fund. The Home was erected at a cost of £8,595. The memorial stone was laid by Lady Jersey, wife of the Governor-General, in March, 1891. The new home is a spacious, well-designed structure, having accommodation for some fifty inmates. Thus do this Christian couple lay out their lives for the good of those who are bereft of the blessing of vision.

A PRAYER IN A SHOW.

ONE of Mr. Whitefield's most devoted followers, Howell Harris by name, used to relate of himself that, being once on a journey through a district where he was not known, he was subjected to great temptations to desert his Master's cause, when he said, "Satan, I'll match thee for this!" "And so I did," he used to add, "for I had not ridden many miles before I came to a revel, where there was a show of mountebanks, which I entered, and just as they were commencing, I jumped into the midst of them and cried out, 'Let us pray,' which so thunderstruck them that they listened to me quietly, while I preached them a most tremendous sermon that startled many of them into real anxiety about their souls."

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IN a letter from Neyoor, in Southern India, the Rev. I. H. Hacker, says: "We have been having a most instructive illustration of the great hold Hindoo notions have upon the rulers of their native state, in a ceremony which the Maharajah of Travancore, has been through under the guidance of Brahmin priests. In order to gain some privilege he was weighed in gold, and this gold made into coins to be distributed to the Brahmins. On the morning when the ceremony was performed, the Maharajah spent some time in worshipping the idol and repeating prayers. He then retired to his palace, changed his clothes, put on all his royal apparel, and armed with a shield and sword, he again went to the temple.

There were assembled all the Brahmins of the state, standing around the scales where the ceremony was to be performed. The King then walked around the scales three times, prostrated himself before the sacred part of the temple, and, receiving permission of the priests, he mounted the scales. Gold was put into the other until the Mahajarah, with shield, sword, and all his ornaments, rose high in the air. He was then allowed to descend, and having told the Brahmins to take the gold, he returned to his palace. This ceremony in which the King was 'worth his weight in gold' to the priests, cost 200,000 rupees or $100,000—all given to the Brahman caste. This is a most striking instance of the migbty power that priestism still has in the high places of India; and we must pray that the time may come that through Christ this native king may be weighed and not found wanting.

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Doings in Jerusalem.

A Letter from Rev. A. Ben-Oliel, the Presbyterian Missionary Pastor.

THE brain of the thoughtful resident of Jerusalem or that of the reflective tourist is crowded and oppressed, surcharged and bewildered, by the almost endless panorama-like procession of nationalities and costumes; bellicose, contending sects, contradictory, irreconcilable traditions concerning holy places; and the sound of diverse tongues and jargons found here. Foremost come the generally grave, proud, domineering, fatalistic Turks, Dervishes and fanatic Hadjis, intermixed with Moors, once masters of Spain, Drures from the Lebanon mountains, and Arabs from beyond Jordan—from Idumea, Moab, Egypt, Syria, Mesopotamia, Greeks or so-called orthodox Latins or Papists; Armenians, Copts, Melslutes, Maronites, Lutherans, Anglican Episcopalians, high and low, and now at last Presbyterians also. Then follow the Jews, the rightful heirs of the Land divided into Talmudists and Karaites, Cabalists and Chasidim, Sephardim and Ashkenazim, Yemanites and Moghrabin. In fact men of all lands and climes—from the jet-black negro of the Soudan, swelling with Mussulman pride and arrogance; intermediate Abyssinians, yellow Hindoos selling pretty stuffs and trinkets; to fair Europeans—intermingled with priests, monks and nuns of diverse sombre apparel. The Armenian priests are distinguishable by heads covered with the hoods of their long, black gowns. Patriarchs, Abbots, Bishops, Mufties, Talibs, Cadis, Pashaws, Effendis, fond of sweet bakshish; white-sheet-enveloped women, the Moslem sisters with veiled faces; tourists and pilgrims, the latter consisting in great part of Russian peasants; all interspersed with the abject poor, ragged, unwashed men, women and children, cripples, blind and half-blind, in larger proportions, alas! than in any other city. The picture of a railway speeding on, is superadded to the harassed, bewildered brain. When one goes outside the walls, lepers by the wayside claim thought and commiseration, besides importunate beggars everywhere. Travelers with the Jews uppermost in their thoughts, imagine that nearly all the beggars they meet must be Jews, whereas it is rare to see one begging of strangers in the streets. The Holy City is a very Babel of nationalities, religious systems and tongues. Those who ought to know aver that from twenty to thirty languages and dialects are spoken within its precincts.

The number of tourists from Protestant lands is yearly increasing, the United States sending a growing proportion, sometimes whole steamer-loads.

Those who have read of our work among the poor neglected Spanish Jewesses here will be pleased to hear that the mother's weekly sewing-meeting has been recommenced after the several Jewish feasts and fasts which occur during the month of October, when the Jewesses cannot work. We re-opened on Nov. 2d, and the difficulty was to decide which out of the many applying were to be admitted. It was necessary to limit the number to twenty, for at present I am single-handed. Also our funds, for buying materials, being exhausted, we felt it necessary to admit only the most needy, but many plead so hard to be taken on that it makes one's heart ache to have to refuse them. We have selected poor, deserving widows with several children, and the wives of blind men and invalids. The first part of the time is taken up by cutting out the garments needed; then when all are at work, while sewing, they learn a text and sing hymns, and at the close the missionary addresses them on the text and explains it, after which we give them a cup of coffee and a roll of bread.

My first visit to the Holy City was in Aug. 1889. On the morrow we went round the city, outside the walls, and my thoughts were centred on the search for Golgotha—"Gordon's Golgotha"—though others before the lamented General had been forcibly struck by its remarkable similitude to a skull; and so was I after going over it and around it thoughtfully; aye, pensively, with soft, almost trembling steps. Is it weakness to confess it? Approach the hillock, rather the detached northern end of the range of the Temple hill, which, contrary to general belief, I hold to be the true Zion—the City of David—more on this same time or other, and, as one nears it, it cries out in indubitable unmistakable accents, "Golgotha! Kranion!" the place that resembles a skull! It is so marvelously like a skull! There is no elevation or mound like it outside the walls of Jerusalem, nor inside either. Most assuredly, it is not the Turks who hold possession of it—for it is a Moslem cemetery—that have intentionally transformed it into that incontestable resemblance of a human skull. It must have assumed that shape long before the Turk was heard of. Another decisive fact is, the Jews call it to this very day—"the place of stoning"— of the execution of criminals. Thirdly, anything taking place on the top of it would be visible from the streets and houses on the declivities of the Tyropeon Valley, inhabited by the common people; from the roofs of all houses, and from the ramparts of the Temple area, and serves as a warning and terror to malefactors and rebels against the authority of proud priests and corrupt pharisees. Fourth, it is close to the portals of the ancient gate—leading to the then Gentile profane world—Samaria, Phœnicia, etc. Fifth, it is in proximity to the heaps of ashes—the sacrificial ashes, as I firmly believe, for there is no evidence that soap was ever manufactured in Jerusalem, as it is at Nablous; and, moreover, why should the ashes be mixed up with bits of charred bones? Sixth, it is within a short distance from the Pretorium—Pilate's judgment seat, and close to an undoubtedly ancient wall of the city. Seventh, a place of public execution would be selected for its prominence, visibility, and easy access, and on the defiled, polluted part outside the walls; and no other spot fulfils all these conditions so very markedly. It is therefore, in all probability the true Golgotha.

Telegraphic orders have been received from the Porte suspending transfers of landed properties in Palestine to Jewish purchasers, as also licences to build, causing perplexity to speculators and the fall of prices.

Jerusalem, Dec. 27, '92. A. BEN-OLIEL.

CONCILIATION IN CHINA.

THOUGH the Chinese officials are now disposed more than formerly to protect the Christians, the missionaries are very wisely averse to appealing to them until every milder resource has failed. Dr. J. W. Carlin, the Baptist missionary at Swatow writes: We have in the last six weeks preached and sold books in about forty towns and villages, at three fairs and two theatres. During that time we sold over one thousand books, and preached to more than ten thousand people, baptized seven, and I think, by the help of the Lord, put an end to persecution of Christians in one village where the Christians have suffered for two years.

Recently, one brother's rice field was invaded, and his rice pulled up or trodden down; another brother's house was broken into and robbed. I sent for the suspects, who, after repeated denials, acknowledged guilt. We then expostulated with them kindly on the sin and folly of such conduct, exhorting them to reinstate the brethren, and live in peace with them, which they agreed to do. They have paid all damages, and are now regular attendants upon Sanday service. The leading man of the village, who has been regarded as leader in these persecutions, had been sick for months, having besought his idols in vain to heal him; I gave him medicine, he recovered, and declared his intention to abandon idols. He bought some Christian books, which he read, as he said, with pleasure.

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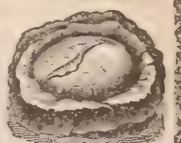
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QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Mr. John Brooks, Sinnamahoning, Pa., writes apropos of a recent paragraph in "Our Mail-Bag:"

"I believe the Jews are correct as to Shem being Melchizedek as he was probably the greatest man living at the period of the Battle of the Kings, being in the line of the Messiah, spanning the deluge. He lived until Isaac was fifty years old, according to Bible chronology."

Mrs J. E. Decker, Echo Lake, N.J. I have read in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the story of Blue Bird, and how she went to associates in the Tombs after she herself was converted, also how one associate became a Christian. I would like to do something for these people?

Write to Mrs. Whittemore, at the Door of Hope, 102 East Sixty-first Street, N. Y. City.

L. A. Allen, Pokagon. Mich. What is the magnetic pole?

The fact of a suspended magnet taking a fixed position led to the conclusion that the earth itself is a magnet, having its north and south magnetic poles near the poles of the axis of rotation, and that the magnetic needle turns to them as it would to the poles of a neighboring magnet. The north magnetic pole attracts the south pole of other magnets and *vice versa*. When large masses of iron are stationary for a long period, they become magnetized, and it is to the inductive action of the earth's poles acting throughout ages, that the magnetism of the loadstone is to be attributed.

Mrs. White, Corinth, N. Y. 1. What is the meaning of Urim and Thummim? 2. How many times was the Temple rebuilt?

1. The words mean "light and perfection." Moses was commanded to put the Urim and Thummim inside Aaron's breastplate and they passed with the other symbols of high priesthood to Aaron's successors, but no explanation is given of what they were. Josephus mentions the tradition that they were stones and that a supernatural effulgence glowed in them at times, the absence or presence of which was interpreted as an answer from God in difficult questions. 2. It was rebuilt by Zerubbabel in 516 B. C. and was afterward restored piecemeal by Herod about 9 B. C. and the work was not finally completed till 64 A. D. In the excavations recently made the excavators believe that they could trace the foundations in each case.

Rachel P. Whiting, Cedar Rapids, Mich. What authority have you for the statement that the world was occupied by destructive monsters before man was created?

The authority of fact. The fossil remains of those monsters are in all the large museums. They were found in a stratum of rocks which were evidently formed by conditions of climate and temperature, in which human life could not have existed. Every student of geology is convinced that there must have been a time in the history of the earth when there were no men upon it and the only living beings were fishes and animals of a low order of development.

S. C. Dodd, Randolph, Ia. 1. Is the Decalogue binding on Christians now? 2. Do saved men become angels in heaven or are they of a different order?

The Decalogue simply prohibits the more flagrant violations of moral laws. Its provisions do not cover the Christian's whole duty. If a man kept the whole ten commandments he might still fall short of Christ's requirements. The Decalogue is elementary. The Christian who is not under law but under grace must have the higher standard of the Gospels. 2. We can know very little of the conditions of life in heaven. Such hints as we get in the Bible appear to indicate that angels are a different order of beings from glorified men. See 1. Peter 1: 2; Ps. 103: 20 and other passages where both angels and spirits of men are mentioned.

[illegible] magistrate

1. He was a prominent resident, but whether a magistrate or not is unknown. 2. Commentators hold that for the crime of looking back, with longings toward Sodom, she was overtaken by the fire, and in dying was fixed to the soil for a time by saline or bituminous incrustations. There have been similar cases of persons who have been literally encrusted by [illegible] overwhelmed. Josephus, the Jewish historian, avers that he himself saw this pillar, and Clement of Rome his contemporary also asserts the fact. A pillar of this character—of solid salt, capped with carbonate of lime—was found on the S.W. shore of the Dead Sea near the ancient site of Sodom, or as it is now known, Usdum, by an American exploring party under Lieutenant Lynch in recent years. 3. He availed himself of his Uncle Abram's liberality in conceding the choice of pasture grounds and selected the rich and fertile "land of the plain" not far from Sodom, while Abram took the land at the foot of the mountains.

F. Guider, ——. In II. Kings 8: 26 it is stated that Ahaziah was twenty-two years old when he began to reign and in II. Chron. 22: 2 that he was forty-two years old at the time. How can you reconcile the two statements?

The statement in Kings is correct. That in Chronicles is clearly an error as it would make the man older than his father. The letter the Hebrews used for twenty is so like the one they used for forty that the merest speck on the paper might make the sign for twenty appear the sign for forty and at some time a copyist mistook it and his blunder has gone on down to the present time. There is so strong a prejudice against making a change in the text of the Bible that it has been deemed unwise to correct even an obvious clerical error which probably was not in the original.

Louis Schoelkopf, Bear Creek, Wis. How do you reconcile the two following contradictions: 1. In II. Samuel 6: 23 it is stated that Michal Saul's daughter had no child and in II Samuel 21: 8 she is represented as the mother of five children. 2. In Acts 9: 7 it is stated that the men with Saul heard the voice and in Acts 22: 9 that they did not hear it?

1. The five children mentioned do not appear to have been the sons of Michal herself. She is stated in the passage you quote to have brought them up for Adriel who as you will see by referring to 1. Samuel 18: 19 was the husband of Merab another daughter of Saul. The natural inference is that Merab died and Michal became foster mother to her sister's children. 2. The statement in Acts 22: 9 probably means that the men heard the voice but did not distinguish the words, did not hear it articulately. It is quite common for people to say they could not hear a speaker when they mean they could not catch the sentences so as to follow his meaning.

H. M. Adams, Canaan, Ct. We have nothing to add to the answer already published.—Maria M. Scullen, Palmer, Mass. It is your duty to use every means in your power to preserve your health and to ask God's blessing on the means employed.—J. C. McAdams, Rodney, Miss. We are to ask of the Father "In His Name."—Miss L. Burroughs, Poughkeepsie, Mo. It is a Turkish proverb, not Scripture.—D. W. Schenck, Oak Tree, Va. There are several hundreds of them. We cannot afford the space.—Devoted Reader, San Antonio, Tex. There are circumstances in which both might be entirely justifiable.—S. H. Proffitt, Doyle's Station, Tenn. 1. So the Scriptures affirm. 2. Occasionally. 3. It is impossible even to speculate on such a problem. 4. Yes.—Subscriber, Milwaukee, Wis. The time for taking up a collection for such a purpose is certainly very badly chosen. No worldly considerations should be permitted to interfere with the solemnity of the sacrament.—Subscriber, Freehold, N. J. See answer to H. B., Newark, N. J., in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of January 18.—John Kooman, Clymer, Pa. Not if it can be avoided. The Lord's Day should not be made a day of gain.—Subscriber, N. Y. Such shows in the Lord's house on the Sabbath are altogether reprehensible. Miss Florence Green, Salina, Kans. Yes, if the date is genuine. If you write to any dealer in old books or curios that you may know, or to the Librarian of some great library like the Astor or Lenox in New York, you would obtain the information.—J. H. Black, Brooklyn, N. Y. The word "washed" is retained in the Revised Version. The writer of the Epistle was showing how in Christianity the symbols of the law were vitalized. The passage in Hosea was a warning to Israel that if she persisted in her evil course her privileges would be taken from her, as they were at the Captivity.—Reader, Sparta, Ga. The meaning is obvious on the face of the passage. It is a vivid and graphic description of the experience and sensations of a drunkard.—Chas. C. Morrison, Omaha, Neb. Write to J. E. Jewett, bookseller, Bible House, N. Y.—Mrs David Hoffman, Dennysville, N. C. The address is 81 and 83 Fulton Street, N. Y. City.—Mrs. Emma V. Hull, New Florence, Pa. We know nothing of the firm you mention.—J. M. L. Porter, Ogden, Mich. The verse is generally held as referring to children under years of age. See Deut. 1: 39.—Mrs. J. H. R. (old subscriber.) We can send you an Oxford Teacher's Bible, bourgeois type, am. Iron Clamps. Through for one year for $7.—Beebe, Ark. 1. Doubtless the missionaries on the ground considered such contingencies in advance. 2 and 3. We have no means at hand of supplying this information.—W. D. Williams, Milwaukee, Wis. Dr. Barnardo's address is Stepney Causeway, London.—S. Culpepper, Va The term "Dark Ages" is usually applied to the period between the overthrow of the Western Roman Empire and the Reformation. It was a period of much superstition and only towards its close did the revival of letters and the diffusion of knowledge begin.—Subscriber, Jacksonville, Ill. For latest photograph of Rev. Dr. Talmage, send 25c. to J. E. Jewett, bookseller, Bible House, N. Y.—J. G. W., Ontario, Can. There is no extra charge on the Oxford Bible when sent to CHRISTIAN HERALD subscribers in Canada.

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The following plate is from a photograph which forms a part of a communication of **Dr. George H. Pierce**, of **Danbury, Conn.**, to the **New England Medical Monthly** for November, 1890 (see page 76 of that journal), and represents some of the largest specimens of **Two Ounces and Twenty-seven Grains of Dissolved Stone** discharged by a Patient designated as "Mr. S." under the action of

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MONUMENTS.

BY REV. C. H. MEAD.

BEHIND me one day, as I was traveling on a train in Ohio, sat two gentlemen talking about monuments. Style, material and price, were discussed in detail, and their dead friend, if he heard what they were saying, must have felt flattered by the way they proposed to keep his memory green. I was tempted to ask why their friend did not build his own monument while he lived, but I refrained. I did want to tell them of a woman, who did that very thing, and it may be, those men will read the story if I let my pen tell it here.

Oh, she was was a glorious woman, but she had such old-fashioned notions. For instance, she believed that those who heard the "good tidings of great joy," and had been made happy thereby, ought to go and tell those "good tidings" to some one who had not heard them. And, strange to say, she really thought those who were furthest away and the deeper down in sin, ought to hear them as well as other folks. This idea got so deeply rooted in her very nature, she decided to carry the "good tidings" to the drunkards and magdalens of the big city. Her home was as beautiful and comfortable as ample means could make it, and she moved in the best circles of society. Some would have said she belonged to the "first-cut," but there must have been some mistake about that, as a visit to any old saw-mill in the country will show that the "first-cut" is generally a slab. The nose of society went up, as this glorious woman went down—down among the outcast, down where vice was queen, down where men drank ruin and women stood on the pit infernal—down, down, down. And down went the "good tidings" with her. They were in her very face, in the grip of her hand, in her sweet voice, in the tears of sympathy that filled her eyes and rolled down her cheeks. Oh! she was "good tidings" herself, for Christ was with her. At her coming, the drunkard put away his cups and became sober; the magdalen gave up her sin, and found "great joy;" the poor became rich; the bound became free; all hell cursed her, while all Heaven rejoiced. Many a dying outcast had the pillow smoothed by her hand, while the "good tidings" were sung into willing ears, and talked and prayed into hungry hearts.

Oh! she was a glorious woman! For she gave all—even herself. One day, or night rather, she carried down the "good tidings" for the last time, and brought back disease that soon laid her low in death. She gave her life, and society said, "Such a sacrifice and no return." No return! Who dare say that? Come to the funeral and behold the return. House and stoop, and sidewalk and street crowded with the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the woman in velvet and the outcast in rags, "upper ten" and "lower twenty." See that man with patched clothes and streaming eyes, crowding and pushing his way up the stoop and saying with choking voice, "Please let me get in. I must see her face once more before they bury her." Broadcloths and silks gave way before that plea, and then at the coffin side stands the pleader. Such grief! He looks around furtively and then, leaning over reverently he kisses the brow of the dead woman, and as his tears fall on her face, he moans out, "Oh, God, what shall I do? What shall I do? She saved my soul What shall I do now?" Behold the return, and let society give her answer to the question, does it pay? Many a man and woman in that throng of mourners, would have gladly given all their wealth to have been sure of a monument like that poor man's tears and testimony. "She saved my soul!"

Up in Chautauqua County, in New York State, is a grave, over which stands a marble monument; but the grandest monument was the one built in that man's heart and life; for, when marble shall crumble, and Buffalo shall disappear, and this old world is gone, that monument of a soul saved will be a star that shall shine in that glorious woman's crown forever and ever.

Would that there were many more than there are, who would have notions so old-fashioned, as would insure the "good tidings of great joy" being carried to the "uttermost" place where this "whosoever" sinner is to be found.

PREACHING TO FRENCH SOLDIERS.

FROM one of Dr. McAll's Evanglists in the French capital comes the report of very successful efforts to preach the Gospel to the soldiers. It was at first done by conversations with single men and groups in the streets. "The Lord blessed this beginning," he says, "with two or three conversions, which encouraged us to believe that a great work might be done if we could have a hall for the purpose. The Mission approved, but had no money for this purpose. However, the Lord made my way easy. A prayerful doorkeeper of the Mission was successful in immediately finding a proper place, which a very kind Roman Catholic landlord was quite willing to lease to me. He even refused some better proposals and accepted the small sum of money I could afford to give. The house was just between the two largest barracks of Paris, near the Champ de Mars and the military school. The whole of the small house was hired for nine years, with a right to keep it other nine years if it pleased us. A converted Roman Catholic priest was engaged to give lessons every evening, and as soon as all was arranged, some soldiers, four at first, increasing between fifty and sixty, came every evening from five to nine o'clock during the winter. Bible classes and divine services are regularly held, and are appreciated just as much as the games and singing lessons. Addresses and lectures have been given by our best men, even by deputies and political men. Dissolving views have been found attractive, and as we get better known and our premises made still more convenient, we can expect a far more successful winter this year. Among the two or three hundred soldiers who are accustomed to drop in more or less frequently, the very best spirit has always prevailed."

DREADED PORTENTS.

THE people of Madura City, India, are deeply concerned over an accident which occurred at the recent idolatrous festival. The idols were drawn through the streets of the city, which were crowded with the people of the city and many others who had come from the villages for many miles around to witness the ceremony. Fifty Christian evangelists were preaching at various open spaces. It appears that the chief car on which was carried the principal idol stuck fast in the street, and could be moved only by getting a jack-screw from the railway shop. Another accident dampened the zeal of the worshipers. A famous idol, which had been brought from a temple twelve miles distant, was insecurely fastened to its frame, and tumbled off with its priest. The priest was wounded, and one of the pullers was fatally injured. The devotees at the great temple were much disturbed over these disasters which they regard as dire omens.

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We wish to introduce our seeds everywhere, and have grown enormous quantities of the following choice novelties, and for the small sum of 14c we will send post paid,

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listed by no one under 90c. Our price 14c, less than 1-6 the retail value, to introduce NORTHERN GROWN SEEDS everywhere.

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HEALTH AND HAPPINESS go hand in hand. With health we can enjoy life, sickness makes life a burden. Your little cares which seem great now can be made to quickly disappear.

BE WELL AND STRONG

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This pleasant remedy will quickly set you right, making you well and happy. It is composed only of roots of shrubs, barks of trees and blossoms of native plants. *It creates an appetite, removes poison and disease from and tones up the system, clearing the complexion and strengthening the whole body, and is just what is needed for any weakness or debility.*

For all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, and Blood disorders, such as Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, Lump in the Throat after Eating, Cold Chills, Flushes of Heat, Fullness and Swelling after Meals, Disturbed Sleep, Biliousness, Belching of Wind, Headache, Dizziness, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Eczema, Tetter, Boils, Ulcers, Weak Stomach, Pains in the Back and Limbs, Tired, Dragged Out, Nervous Feeling, Debility and Low Vitality

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Large size box, enough for two month's use, at Druggists or by Mail, One Dollar, thus making the COST BUT 12 CTS. A WEEK.

WE HAVE WORK FOR AGENTS.

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FITS EPILEPSY, ETC., permanently cured. Treatise, testimonials and Remedy of great merit FREE to any sufferer. Established 15 years. Address Dr ROSS, Richmond, Indiana.

To make acquaintance with Burpee's Seeds.

To make an acquaintance good for both you and us, we give you the choice of three collections of Flower Seeds that cannot be had elsewhere—we have the seed. If the readers of the Christian Herald who are our friends and customers could tell those who are not how satisfied they are with our seeds and our dealing, we would receive more than 6000 orders and letters from everywhere in a day, as we do now.

Will you not take this opportunity to know the best Seeds that grow?

Here are the Flowers to make acquaintance:

Have You Seen the Latest Fashions in

Pansies?

Probably not, for the remarkable improvements are very recent and several are just introduced, while new strains of the past few years have been perfected.

Pansies are doubtless the most popular of all flowers raised from seed, and in order to give a new impetus to their culture, by acquainting all with the **wondrous beauty** of the **LATEST NOVELTIES**, we make the following **SPECIAL OFFER:—**

For 25 Cts. we will mail, postpaid, one packet each of all the following:

FIRE KING PANSY. Intensely brilliant; bright red-dish-brown of a *really fiery shade* on clear yellow.

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BURPEE'S DEFIANCE GIANT FANCY PANSIES. Flowers from *two and a half to five inches* across; the ... *exquisitely* formed by conditions of climate and ... colors are of all shades and both *three-spotted* and *face-spotted*, distinctly marked with large blotches.

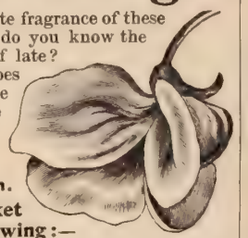
IMPROVED GIANT TRIMARDEAU. Greatly improved in the enormous size of flowers, fine form, and increased variety of colors.

IMPERIAL GERMAN. Splendid mixed. Seed of over fifty colors, saved from the finest flowers by the German specialist whose gardens we again inspected during the past summer.

All Five of the above grand novelties in Pansies, one packet of each, with *instructions how to raise the largest Pansies*, will be mailed to any address for **25 cents, or Five Complete Collections for $1.00.** We hope to greatly extend the culture of Pansies by thus popularizing the **finest strains** of this beautiful flower. Will you not take this opportunity of becoming acquainted with their wondrous beauty?

SWEET PEAS are all the go!

No other Annual is so universally popular. The delicate fragrance of these old-time favorites has endeared them to thousands. But do you know the **BEST NOVELTIES** that have created *such a furore* of late? While retaining all their sweet simplicity, these new types display rich and exquisite coloring, with flowers of larger size and more graceful form. To still more widely popularize this floral favorite, we planted **Acres of Sweet Peas** the past season, and harvested **over seven tons** (more than 14,000 pounds) of the choicest seed, enabling us to offer a collection of most **beautiful Rare Novelties at a bargain.**



For 25 Cents we will mail one packet each of ALL the following:—

BOREATTON. A grand variety with very large flowers, borne in threes; color fine, deep maroon throughout; unique.

LOTTIE ECKFORD. Lovely, long-stemmed flowers, borne profusely in clusters of three; clear white, delicately shaded porcelain blue, distinctly and broadly margined lavender.

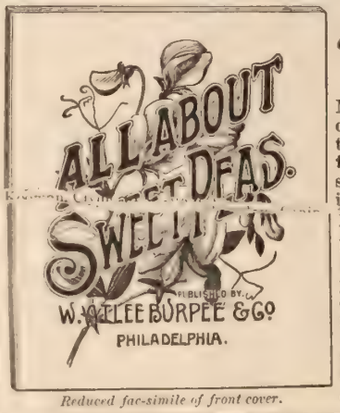
QUEEN OF ENGLAND. Magnificent white flowers of large size and good substance, borne abundantly.

ORANGE PRINCE. The rarest of all colors; splendid long-stemmed flowers of bright orange pink, flashed with scarlet; very distinct.

We have a beautiful colored plate, painted from nature, of the four distinct new Sweet Peas named above, which we will mail enclosed flat with our FARM ANNUAL for 1893.

ECKFORD'S GILT-EDGE, or SURPASSING SWEET PEAS. This grand strain of new Sweet Peas in mixture is unequaled. It includes not only the best of Eckford's novelties, but also many new seedlings not yet named, and of surpassing beauty.

Our enormous stock, specially grown, of Novelties described above, enables us to offer the **complete Collection, one packet of each,** postpaid to any address, for **25 Cents.**



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In addition, we present our New Book:

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JUST PUBLISHED.

Nothing of the kind ever attempted before. A charming recital of fact and fancy, it tells how to have a profusion of **Sweet Peas every day for months.** Fully illustrated, handsomely printed, beautifully bound, it is really *an Art Monograph* alone worth the price of the Collection, but is **GIVEN FREE WITH EVERY ORDER.** Will you not show this unequaled offer to your friends? We will mail **Five Complete Collections,** with five Books, for **$1.00,** and we *guarantee that every purchaser will be delighted.*

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Novelties

Are always attractive to the true lover of beautiful Flowers, but the prices are generally high. To extend the fame of **BURPEE'S FLOWER SEEDS** we now offer **several leading novelties,** together with **improved strains of other popular flowers,** at a price that *is scarcely one-fourth the retail value.*

For 25 Cts. we will mail, postpaid, one packet each of all the following:

TUFTED PANSIES. Hybrids of Pansies and Alpine Violets; are they *breezy mountain Pansies or giant Violets?* A profusion of lovely, distinct flowers, with the colorings of the Violet and Pansy combined.

DWARF MARGUERITE CARNATIONS. Finest mixed seed of all colors of these beautiful, fragrant double Carnations, which bloom in only four months.

NEW GIANT RED MIGNONETTE.
NEW COMPACT TORENIA.
ASTERS, MANY TYPES—all colors, mixed.
LARGE FLOWERING PETUNIAS, mixed.
NEW STARRED AND FRINGED PHLOXES.
NEW LARGE DOUBLE SCABIOSA.
FORDHOOK FAIRY POPPIES.
NEW DWARF DIANTHUS.—FIREBALL.

The Entire Collection, one pkt. each of the above **ten varieties,** mailed to any address for **25 cents,**—*scarcely one-fourth the retail price, if purchased separately,*—or **five of these GEM Collections, $1.00.** *Illustration and directions for culture on each packet.*

You cannot do better than our offers of Flower Seeds above, but if you would rather have our Catalogue first, send a postal card to-day for

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A handsome book of 172 pages in the seed buyer's interest; it tells all about the best seeds; honest descriptions; truthful illustrations; colored plates painted from nature, and includes rare novelties in Vegetables and Flowers which cannot be had elsewhere. A five-page illustrated article, "Where and How Seeds are Grown," shows the knowledge, enterprise, and skill necessary to breed up seeds; you should know of this, as there are tons on tons of seeds for sale of common quality, honest but poor. Here are some

FACTS about our business, which has steadily increased for years until it is the largest of its kind in the world. We receive as many as 6400 letters and postal cards from everywhere in a single day; our order books show customers at more than fifty-three thousand post offices (53,083 by actual count) in the United States alone. The annual circulation of our Catalogues is over 500,000 copies. We doubt if there is another house in any line of business so thoroughly in touch with every section of every State in the Union.

W. Atlee Burpee & Co., Seed Growers, Philadelphia, Pa.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 16. NUMBER 7.

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor. Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 15, 1893.

PRICE, 5 CENTS. Annual Subscription, $1.50.

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THOUSANDS OF HAPPY PENSIONERS.

Disregarding the Wiles of the Saloon-keepers, they Crowd like an Army Around "The Christian Herald" Free Check-Cashing Bureau, with Their Pension Warrants — A Glorious Work at the G. A. R. Mission in New York—Scenes and Incidents.

DURING the first week of the present month, a scene of unusual interest—which has now been repeated at regular intervals every three months for a full year—occurred at the United States Pension Building on Canal Street, New York. The occasion was the opening for the fourth time since May, 1892, of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Free Check-Cashing Bureau for the use of Army Pensioners. All night long, the large hall of the Grand Army Mission, in the Pension Agency building, had been crowded with veterans or their relatives and dependents, many of them coming from a great distance. Strains of sacred song, and the voice of prayer and exhortation had floated out from the densely-thronged hall into the bitterly cold street, where long lines of pensioners had been formed awaiting the hour when Col. Frank C. Loveland, the Government Pension Agent, would open his office. Throughout the night, Col. H. H. Hadley, the evangelist and his associates in the charge of the Mission, spoke to an interested though constantly changing audience, to whom coffee and sandwiches were served in the intervals of worship.

WAITING THEIR TURN.

Shortly after daybreak, on Saturday, Feb. 4th, the issuing of pension checks began for the first quarter of 1893. At each successive quarter the number of veterans who have availed themselves of the facilities of the Free Check-Cashing Bureau has greatly increased, and on this occasion it exceeded all precedent. During the period of payment, Agent Loveland issues checks at the rate of $50,000 per hour, and every check is cashed in gold, silver or bank bills as soon as presented at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Check-Cashing Bureau in the Mission Hall. As on the three previous occasions, sufficient funds for all contingencies were provided by Mr. Louis Klopsch, the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who again personally superintended the operations of the Bureau, assisted by the usual force of expert clerks and messengers. The total issue of government pension checks aggregated $2,500,000, and all checks presented at the desk of the paying teller in the Free Check-Cashing Bureau, after endorsement were promptly honored.

Some of the older and more feeble among the pensioners suffered greatly from the cold and were glad to gain the comfortable shelter of the Mission. As usual, there were many women in the crowds that gathered from day to day. Every stage of physical disability was represented among the veterans; the lame, the legless, the blind, the paralyzed and others whose weary dragging of the tottering limbs showed that for them, at least, the end of life's march had nearly been reached and that soon they would have to answer the last roll-call. Empty sleeves and crutches were everywhere. And let it be said to the credit of the old soldiers that it was a sober gathering in comparison with those of other years, when the rum-shops had it all their own way. True, the saloons in the neighborhood, as on former pension days, made a tempting display of their attractions in the way of free lunches and bars dazzling with crystal and plated ware; but the veterans, having once routed the old enemy, resolutely turned their backs upon the saloons and after enjoying the services and hospitality of the Mission and cashing their checks at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Bureau, went home, carrying with them many thousands of dollars which otherwise would have dropped into the bartenders' cash drawer.

Smarting under previous defeats, the saloon-keepers had resorted to new devices to entice the old soldiers into the bar-rooms. A number of them had canvassers at work among the crowds that surrounded the Pension Office, and some were even so brazen as to enter the Mission hall. There were women canvassers, too — poor, shameless creatures, who urgently invited the wives and daughters of the veterans to come to the rum-shops. Fortunately, there were but few responses.

At different times during the cashing of the checks by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Bureau incidents occurred that showed the keen appreciation and hearty gratitude of the pensioners at their emancipation from the saloons. The weather outdoors was intensely cold.

"Oh!" exclaimed an elderly woman — a soldier's widow—"I had to come early this mornin', 'cause I needed the money bad. God bless the men who advance the money to us poor creatures, for he only knows wha. we would do without it." "Come this way, father," said a tall, slender girl to a blind man. "Come to the front. They give blind folks their money first, don't you mister?" she asked of a clerk of the Bureau. "Ye see, sir, father is blind and old now Will you wait on him? Oh, thank ye, mister! Here father, let me put the money in yer coat, for ye. Good-bye, sir," and the pair moved off as a policeman cleared the way for them through the crowd. "You ought to hear them," said a stout, elderly veteran, as he hobbled forward on his crutch —"I mean the saloon fellows. They came to me and held out all kinds o' promises if I'd come there with my paper; but I want to go home. They rob me every time, and heaven knows my wife and the little folks need all the pension I get." He deposited his cash in an inner pocket, buttoned up the faded overcoat and limped away smiling "They shan't get a cent of me this time," he observed to a friend, as he left the hall.

Continued on page 100.

COL. FRANK C. LOVELAND,
U. S. Pension Agent, New York.

The Scene in Front of "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S" Free Check-Cashing Bureau, During Pension Week.

The Tabernacle Pulpit

THE COLOSSEUM.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, preached last Sunday Morning in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Text: Romans 1: 15, *"I am ready to preach the Gospel to you that are at Rome, also."*

ROME! What a city it was when Paul visited it! What a city it is now! Rome! The place where Virgil sang and Horace satirized and Terence laughed and Cataline conspired and Ovid dramatized and Nero fiddled and Vespasian persecuted and Sulla legislated and Cicero thundered and Aurelius and Decius and Caligula and Julian and Hadrian and Constantine and Augustus reigned, and Paul, the Apostle, preached the Gospel.

I am not much of a draftsman, but I have in my memorandum book a sketch which I made in the winter of 1889, when I went out to the gate through which Paul entered Rome, and walked up the very street he walked up to see somewhat how the city must have looked to him as he came in on the Gospel errand proposed in the text. Palaces on either side of the street through which the little missionary advanced. Piled up wickedness. Enthroned accursedness. Templed cruelties. Altars to sham deities. Glorified delusions. Pillared, arched, domed, turreted abominations. Wickedness of all sorts at a high premium and Righteousness ninety-nine and three-fourths per cent. off. And now he passes by the foundations of a building which is to be almost unparalleled for vastness. You can see by the walls, which have begun to rise, that here is to be something enough stupendous to astound the centuries. Aye, it is the Colosseum started.

Of the theatre at Ephesus where Paul fought with wild beasts, of the temple of Diana, of the Parthenon, of Pharaoh's palace at Memphis, and of other great buildings, the ruins of which I have seen, it has been my privilege to address you, but a member of my family asked me recently why I had not spoken to you of the Colosseum at Rome, since its moral and religious lessons are so impressive.

Perhaps, while in Rome, the law of contrast wrought upon me. I had visited the Mamertine dungeon where Paul was incarcerated. I had measured the opening at the top of the dungeon through which Paul had been let down and it was twenty-three inches by twenty-six. The ceiling, at its highest point, was seven feet from the floor, but at the sides of the room, the ceiling was five feet, seven inches. The room, at the widest, was fifteen feet. There was a seat of rock two and a half feet high. There was a shelf four feet high. The only furniture was a spider's web suspended from the roof, which I saw by the torchlight I carried. There was the subterraneous passage from the dungeon to the Roman forum, so that the prisoner could be taken directly from prison to trial. The dungeon was built out of volcanic stone from the Albano Mountains. Oh, it was a dismal and terrific place. You never saw coal hole so dark or so forbidding. The place was to me a nervous shock, for I remembered that was the best thing that the world would afford the most illustrious being, except One, that it ever saw, and that from that place Paul went out to die. From that spot, I visited the Colosseum, one of the most astounding miracles of architecture that the world ever saw. Indeed I saw it morning, noon and night, for it threw a spell on me from which I could not break away. Although now a vast ruin, the Colosseum is so well preserved that we can stand in the centre and recall all that it once was. It is in shape ellipsoidal, oval, oblong. It is, at its greatest length, 612 feet. After it had furnished seats for eighty-seven thousand people, it had room for fifteen thousand more to stand, so that one hundred thousand people could sit and stand transfixed by its scenes of courage and martyrdom and brutality and horror. Instead of our modern tickets of admission, they entered by ivory check, and a check dug up near Rome within a few years, was marked: "Section 6, Lowest Tier, Seat No. 18." You understand that the building was not constructed for an audience to be addressed by human voice, although I tested it with some friends and could be heard across it, but it was made only for seeing and was circular and at any point allowed full view of the spectacle. The arena in the centre in olden times was strewn with pounded stone or sand, so as not to be too slippery with human blood, for if it were too slippery, it would spoil the fun. The sand flashed here and there with sparkles of silver and gold, and Nero added cinnabar and Caligula added chrysocolla. The sides of the arena were composed of smooth marble, eleven feet high, so that the wild beasts of the arena could not climb up into the audience. On the top of these sides of smooth marble was a metal railing, having wooden rollers, which easily revolved, so that if a panther should leap high enough to scale the wall and with his paw touch any one of those rollers, it would revolve and drop him back again into the arena. Back of this marble wall surrounding the arena was a level platform of stone, adorned with statues of gods and goddesses and the artistic effigies of monarchs and conquerors. Here were movable seats for the emperor and the imperial swine and swinesses with which he surrounded himself. Before the place where the emperor sat, the gladiators would walk immediately after entering the arena, crying: "Hail, Cæsar! Those about to die salute thee." The different ranks of spectators were divided by partitions studded with mosaics of emerald and beryl and ruby and diamond. Great masts of wood arose from all sides of the building, from which festoons of flowers were suspended, crossing the building, or in time of rain, awnings of silk were suspended, the Colosseum having no roof. The outside wall was encrusted with marble and had four ranges, and the three lower ranges had eighty columns each and arches after arches, and on each arch an exquisite statue of a god or a hero. Into 180 feet of altitude soared the Colosseum. It glittered and flashed and shone with whole sunrises and sunsets of dazzlement. After the audience had assembled, aromatic liquids oozed from tubes distilled from pipes and rained gently on the multitudes, and filled the air with odors of hyacinth and heliotrope and frankincense and balsam and myrrh and saffron, so that Lucan, the poet, says of it:

> At once ten thousand saffron currents flow,
> And rain their odors on the crowd below.

But where was the sport to come from? Well, I went into the cellars opening off from the arena, and I saw the places where they kept the hyenas and lions and panthers and wild boars and beastly violences of all sorts, without food or water until made fierce enough for the arena, and I saw the underground rooms where the gladiators were accustomed to wait until the clapping of the people outside demanded that they come forth armed to murder or to be murdered. All the arrangements were complete, as enough of the cellars and galleries still remain to indicate. What fun they must have had turning lions without food or drink for a week upon an unarmed disciple of Jesus Christ! At the dedication of this Colosseum, nine thousand wild beasts and ten thousand immortal men were slain; so that the blood of men and beast was not a brook but a river, not a pool but a lake. Having been in that way dedicated, be not surprised when I tell you that Emperor Probus on one occasion threw into that arena of the Colosseum a thousand stags, a thousand boars and a thousand ostriches. What fun it must have been! the sound of trumpets, the roar of wild beasts and the groans of dying men! while in the gallery the wives and children of those down under the lion's paw wrung their hands and shrieked out in widowhood and orphanage, while one hundred thousand people clapped their hands, and there was a "Ha! Ha!" wide as Rome and deep as perdition. The corpses of that arena were put on a cart or dragged by a hook out through what was called the Gate of Death. What an excitement it must have been when two combatants entered the arena, the one with sword and shield and the other with net and spear. The swordsman strikes at the man with the net and spear; he dodges the sword, and then flings the net over the head of the swordsman and jerks him to the floor of the arena, and the man who flung the net puts his foot on the neck of the fallen swordsman, and, spear in hand, looks up to the galleries, as much as to say: "Shall I let him up, or shall I plunge this spear into his body until he is dead?" The audience had two signs, either of which they might give. If they waved their flags, it meant spare the fallen contestant. If they turned their thumbs down, it meant slay him. Occasionally the audience would wave their flags and the fallen would be let up, but that was too tame sport for most occasions, and generally the thumbs from the galleries were turned down, and with that sign would be heard the accompanying shout of "Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill!"

Yet it was far from being a monotone of sport, for there was a change of programme in that wondrous Colosseum. Under a strange and powerful machinery, beyond anything of modern invention, the floor of the arena would begin to rock and roll and then give away, and there would appear a lake of bright water, and on its banks trees would spring up rustling with foliage, and tigers appeared among the jungles, and armed men would come forth, and there would be a tiger hunt. Then, on the lake in the Colosseum, armed ships would float, and there would be a sea fight. What fun! What lots of fun! When pestilence came, in order to appease the gods, in this Colosseum a sacrifice would be made, and the people would throng that great amphitheatre, shouting: "The Christians to the wild beasts," and there would be a crackling of human bones in the jaws of leonine ferocity.

But all this was to be stopped. By the outraged sense of public decency? No.' There is only one thing that has ever stopped cruelty and sin, and that is Christianity, and it was Christianity, whether you like its form or not, that stopped this massacre of centuries. One day while, in the Colosseum, a Roman victory was being celebrated, and one hundred thousand enraptured spectators were looking down upon two gladiators in the arena stabbing and slicing each other to death, an Asiatic monk by the name of Telemachus was so overcome by the cruelty that he leaped from the gallery into the arena and ran in between the two swordsmen, and pushed first one back and then the other back and broke up the contest. Of course, the audience was affronted at having their sport stopped, and they hurled stones at the head of Telemachus until he fell dead in the arena. But when the day was passed and the passions of the people had cooled off, they deplored the martyrdom of the brave and Christian Telemachus, and as a result of the overdone cruelty, the human sacrifices of the Colosseum were forever abolished.

What a good thing, say you, that such cruelties have ceased. My friends, the same spirit of ruinous amusements and of moral sacrifice is abroad in the world to-day although it takes other shapes. Last summer in our Southwest there occurred a scene of pugilism on which all Christendom looked down, for I saw the papers on the other side of the Atlantic ocean giving whole columns of it. Will some one tell me in what respect that brutality of last summer was superior to the brutality of the Roman Colosseum? In some respects it was worse, by so much as the Nineteenth Century pretends to be more merciful and more decent than the Fifth Century. That pugilism is winning admiration in this country is positively proved by the fact that years ago such collision was reported in a half dozen lines of newspaper, if reported at all, and now it takes the whole side of a newspaper to tell what transpired between the first blood drawn by one loafer and the throwing up of the sponge by the other loafer, and it is not the newspaper's fault, for the newspapers give only what the people want, and when newspapers put carrion on your table, it is because you prefer carrion. The same spirit of brutality is seen to-day in many an ecclesiastical court when a minister is put on trial. Look at the countenances of the prosecuting ministers and not in all cases but in many cases, you will find nothing but diabolism inspires them. They let out on one poor minister who cannot defend himself, the lion of ecclesiasticism and the tiger of bigotry and the wild boar of jealousy, and if they can get the offending minister flat on his back, some one puts his feet on the neck of the overthrown Gospelizer and looks up, spear in hand, to see whether the galleries and ecclesiastics would have him let up or slain. And, lo! many of the thumbs are down.

In the worldly realms look at the brutalities of the presidential election eight years ago. Read the biographies of Daniel Webster and Alexander H. Stephens and Horace Greeley and Charles Sumner and Lucius Quintius Lamar and James G. Blaine, and if the story of defamation and calumny and scandalization and diatribe and scurrility and lampoon and billingsgate and damnable perfidy be accurately recorded, tell me in what respects our political arena and the howling and blaspheming galleries that again and again look down upon it are better than the Roman Colosseum. When I read a few days ago that the Supreme Court of the United States had appropriately adjourned to pay honors to the two last distinguished men mentioned, and American journalism, North, South, East and West, went into lamentations over their departure and said all complimen-

tary things in regard to them, I asked, When did the nation lie about these men? Was it when, during their life, it gave them malediction, or now, since their death, when bestowing upon them beatification. The same spirit of cruelty that you deplore in the Roman Colosseum is seen in the sharp appetite the world seems to have for the downfall of good men, and in the divorce of those whose marital life was thought accordant, and in the absconding of a bank cashier. Oh, my friends, the world wants more of the spirit of "Let-him-up," and less of the spirit of "Thumbs-down." There are hundreds of men in the prisons of America who ought to be discharged, because they were the victims of circumstances or have suffered enough. There are in all professions and occupations, men who are domineered over by others and whose whole life is a struggle with monstrous opposition, and circumstances have their heel upon the throbbing and broken hearts. For God's sake, let them up! Away with the spirit of "Thumbs-down!" What the world wants is a thousand men like Telemachus to leap out of the gallery into the arena, whether he be a Roman Catholic monk or a Methodist steward, or a Presbyterian elder, and go in between the contestants. "Bessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

One half the world is down and the other half is up, and the half that is up has its heel on the half that is down. If you, as a boss workman, or as a contractor, or as a bishop, or as a state or national official, or as a potent factor in social life, or in any way, are oppressing anyone, know that the same devil that possessed the Roman Colosseum oppresses you. The Diocletians are not all dead. The cellars leading into the arena of life's struggle are not all emptied of their tigers. The vivisection by young doctors of dogs and cats and birds most of the time adds nothing to human discovery, but is only a continuation of Vespasian's Colosseum. The cruelties of the world generally begin in nurseries and in home circles and in day schools. The child that transfixes a fly with a pin, or the low feeling that sets two dogs into combat, or that bullies a weak or crippled playmate, or the indifference that starves a canary bird, needs only to be developed in order to make a first-class Nero or a full armed Apollyon. It would be a good sentence to be written on the top line of a child's book, and a fit inscription to be embroidered in the arm-chair of the sitting-room, and an appropriate motto for judge and jury and district attorney and sheriff to look at in the court house: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

And so the ruins of that Colosseum preach to me. Indeed the most impressive things on earth are ruins. The four greatest structures ever built are in ruins. The Parthenon in ruins. The Temple of Diana in ruins. The Temple of Jerusalem in ruins. The Colosseum in ruins. Indeed the earth itself will yet be a pile of ruins, the mountains in ruins, the seas in ruins, the cities in ruins, the hemispheres in ruins. Yea, further than that, all up and down the heavens are worlds burned up, worlds wrecked, worlds extinct, worlds abandoned. Worlds on worlds in ruins! But I am glad to say it is the same old heaven, and in all that world there is not one ruin and never will be a ruin. Not one of the pearly gates will ever become unhinged. Not one of the amethystine towers will ever fall. Not one of the mansions will ever decay. Not one of the chariots will ever be unwheeled. Not one of the thrones will ever rock down. Oh, make sure of heaven, for it is an everlasting heaven. Through Christ, the Lord, get ready for residence in the eternal palaces.

The last evening before leaving Rome for Brindisi and Athens and Egypt and Palestine, I went alone to the Colosseum. There was not a living soul in all the immense area. Even those accustomed to sell curios at the four entrances of the building had gone away. The place was so overwhelmingly silent, I could hear my own heart beat with the emotions aroused by the place and hour. I paced the arena. I walked down into the dens where the hyenas were once kept. I ascended to the place where the Emperor used to sit. I climbed up on the galleries from which the mighty throngs of people had gazed in enchantment. To break the silence, I shouted, and that seemed to awaken the echoes, echo upon echo. And those awakened echoes seemed to address me, saying: "Men die but their work lives on. Gaudentius, the architect who planned this structure, the sixty thousand enslaved Jews brought by Titus from Jerusalem and who toiled on these walls, the gladiators who fought in this arena, the emperors and empresses who had place on yonder platform, the millions who, during centuries, sat and rose in these galleries, have passed away, but enough of the Colosseum stands to tell the story of cruelty and pomp and power. Five hundred years of bloodshed." Then, as I stood there, there came to me another burst of echoes, which seemed throbbing with the prayers and songs and groans of Christians who had expired in that arena, and they seemed to say: "How much it cost to serve God in ages past, and how thankful modern centuries ought to be that the persecution which reddened the sands of this amphitheatre have been abolished." And then I questioned the echoes, saying: "Where is Emperor Titus who sat here?" The answer came: "Gone to judgment." "Where is Emperor Trajan who sat here?" "Gone to judgment." "Where is Emperor Maximinus who sat here?" "Gone to judgment." "Where are all the multitudes who clapped and shouted and waved flags to let the vanquished up, or to have them slain, put thumbs down?" The echoes answered: "Gone to judgment." I inquired: "All?" And they answered: "All." And I looked up to the sky above the ruins, and it was full of clouds scurrying swiftly past, and those clouds seemed as though they had faces, and some of the faces smiled and some of them frowned, and they seemed to have wings, and some of the wings were moon-gilt and the others thunder-charged, and the voices of those clouds overpowered the echoes beneath. "Behold he cometh with clouds and every eye shall see him." And as I stood looking up along the walls of the Colosseum, they rose higher and higher, higher and higher, until the amphitheatre seemed to be filled with all the nations of the past and all the nations of the present and all the nations of the future, those who went down under the paws of wild beasts, and those who sat waving flags to let up the conquered, and those who held thumbs down to command their assassination, and small and great, and emperor and slave, and pastor and people, and righteous and wicked, the amphitheatre seeming to rise to infinite heights on all sides of me, and in the centre of that amphitheatre, instead of the arena of combatants, a great throne stood, rising higher and higher, higher and higher, and on it sat the Christ for whom the martyrs died and against whom the Diocletians plotted their persecutions, and waving one hand toward the piled up splendors to the right of him, he cried: "Come, ye blessed," and waving the other hand toward the piled up glooms on the left of him, he cried: "Depart, ye cursed." And so the Colosseum of Rome that evening of 1889 seemed enlarged into the amphitheatre of the Last Judgment, and I passed from under the arch of that mighty structure, mighty even in its ruins, praying to Almighty God, through Jesus Christ, for mercy in that day for which all other days were made, and that as I expected mercy from God, I might exercise mercy toward others, and have more and more of the spirit of "Let-him-up" and less and less of the spirit of "Thumbs-down." We may not all be able to do a sum in higher mathematics, but there is a sum in the first rule of Gospel arithmetic which we all may do. It is a sum in simple addition. "Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity."

Ruins of the Colosseum.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people

A Royal Convert.

How Katagery, Sultan of the Tartars, was Won by the Gospel.

ONE of the most brilliant triumphs of Christianity among the Tartars, during the early missions to that country, was the conversion of Sultan Katagery, a powerful Mohammedan ruler of the Sonnas, concerning whom Mr. Brunton, a missionary, wrote:

"For some time he appeared in a very unhappy state of mind, and neither adhered to the Mohammedan nor to the Christian religion. At last he formed a resolution of denouncing the delusion in which he had been educated, and after making it known to some of us privately, he publicly declared his belief in the Christian religion, and his determination to abide by it. He continued steadfast in the profession of Christianity, notwithstanding the persecution he met with from his relations, and the derision with which he was treated by his acquaintances. His talents were of a superior kind. He could soon read a chapter in the Bible with little difficulty. He frequently attempted to support the Christian religion, even against the Molos and Effendis. He met with much persecution from his friends and others, on account of his religion. They seldom addressed him but by some opprobrious name.

"Katagery daily, zealously and eloquently defends Christianity. One evening I read to the family, in the Tartar language, the 14th and 15th chapters of St. John's Gospel. Katagery was standing behind me. Hearing him make some noise, I looked round. The tears were running plentifully down his cheeks; and he was so affected with what he had heard, that for some time he could not speak. Next morning he sent me word that he wished his baptism should be no longer delayed, as he did not know how soon he might die. Having no scruples in my own mind, I desired Mr. Mitchell to mention the matter to the brethren. They were all heartily willing. Accordingly, when sermon was ended in the afternoon, I mentioned the business to our little congregation, and as no objection was made, I administered to him the ordinance of baptism.

"Katagery visited Doulet, talking for some hours with the people on religious topics. Among other things, he told them, that, according to their own confession, they were sinners: that some way of being delivered from the consequences of their sins was desired by all: that the best of them were very bad: that it was impossible for them to form a just estimate of the quantity of virtue requisite for their salvation, according to the law of the Koran; that although this law was bad in itself, yet their conduct was worse; therefore they could not be saved by it: that if we considered a religious law in the light of a covenant, to break any part of it was to render the whole useless: that Mohammed's own conduct was exceedingly immoral, consequently neither his law nor his intercession could be of any avail to them: that all men acknowledged the necessity of a mediator: that no mediator but Jesus Christ had qualifications requisite for completing their salvation; and that the character of Jesus was to be learned from the New Testament, the truth and divine authority of which no Mohammedan doctors would venture to deny. He then enforced his discourse by a view of the future consequences of continuing in sin."

The history of this young man is particularly interesting. He was lineally descended from the khans of the Crimea, and was allied to some of the greatest families in the east. His father being one of the chiefs in the immediate neighborhood of Karass, he became acquainted with Mr. Brunton soon after his arrival in Tartary. Mr. Brunton, interested by his amiable appearance and disposition, began to instruct him in the principles of Christianity; and it was not long till he perceived its vast superiority to the religion in which he had been educated. He publicly professed himself a Christian, and zealously endeavored to spread the Word.

Katagery labored much to convert to Christianity his uncle, Islam Gerry, who showed him great kindness, and listened more to what he said than was agreeable to some of the Tartars. Ali, the son of Shaker, a Mirzah, one of whose wives was Islam Gerry's daughter, called Katagery an infidel dog, and asserted that it would be meritorious to kill him, on account of his efforts to make his countrymen Christians. Islam Gerry was finally converted.

The result of Katagery's labors was the inbringing of many Tartars to the Christian fold. He has now passed to his promised reward, but the Church of Christ in Tartary holds his memory in high esteem as the one brave chieftain who, in those days of trial, came out boldly as the friend of the missionaries and risked all for Jesus.

READING THE LAW.

S. S. Lesson For Feb. 26 Neh. 8: 1-12. Golden Text, Ps. 119: 18. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

IT was God's doing when, after rebuilding the temple and then the city wall, "all the people gathered themselves together as one man into the broad place that was before the water gate and they spake unto Ezra the scribe to bring the book of the law of Moses, which the Lord had commanded to Moses." Such a movement never originated with man. It is a good sign when a people thirsts for the word of the living God. It is one of the three precious gifts which the Lord Jesus gave to those whom the Father had given him: his "life," his "word," his "glory." The Lord Jesus himself was

A Bible Student.

Even as a child, he astonished the doctors in the Temple by his knowledge of the word, "his understanding and answers." As man, he had to learn as well as to suffer like other men; he was taught as other men are; and here again, his knowledge of the Scriptures was manifest for in each temptation he met the enemy with words of Scripture: "It is written," and not with his own words. Again and again in dealing with the Pharisees and Sadducees. He appealed to them from the written word: "Have ye not read?"

The returned Jewish captives, who, in their humiliation, were in a condition to learn, sought for a true and practical knowledge of the word. Ezra was "a ready scribe in the law of Moses, which the Lord God of Israel had given." This was the man they needed. It was on a solemn day, the first day of the civil year, "a memorial of blowing of trumpets," a feast day, in which they were allowed to do no work. Their souls were thirsting for God, the living God; and they called on Ezra to bring forth and read to them the word of their God. They hired no large building, and brought no seats; the bazaar was closed, a Sabbath-silence was over Jerusalem, and people remained unwearied, hour after hour, in the open street, to hear! "Ezra the priest brought the law before the congregation, both of men and women, and all that could hear with understanding, upon the first day of the seventh month. And he read therein before the street that was before the water gate from the morning until mid-day, before the men and the women, and those that could understand; (i. e. all the children that were old enough to take in what was read): and the ears of the people were

Attentive unto the Book of the Law."

Oh how ready people are to run and hear man's words, an eloquent preacher, one who says racy things, etc.! How ready to treat the preacher's voice "as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument!" But no words of man have the penetrating, mastering, convincing power which accompanies God's own Word. "Is not my word like as a fire? saith the Lord; and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces" (Jer. 23: 29)? "The Word of God is quick (living), and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." (Heb. 4: 12.) Many of those who have "itching ears" are like the poor prodigal, who tried to satisfy his hunger "with the husks that the swine did eat."

The most truly powerful preaching is that which is composed almost entirely of the word of God, comparing spiritual things with spiritual. We cannot expect to feed those people which are "spirit and life," and yet there are [illegible] they cannot understand or get anything out of God's word.

It was a wonderful sight to see a whole people standing in the street of their great city waiting for God's word, and Ezra standing upon his wooden pulpit and opening the roll which contained the words of the living God, a number of the teaching priests and Levites being on either side of him. The whole mass of the "people stood up: and Ezra blessed the Lord, the great God. And all the people answered, Amen, Amen, with lifting up their hands: they bowed their heads, and worshiped the Lord with their faces to the ground." Thus this national Bible-reading began with praise, in which all joined, and a spirit of worship which meant a willing obedience to all which they should learn.

The mass of people must have been far too great to hear the voice of one man. The priests and Levites took part, probably speaking from various platforms, far enough from each other to avoid disturbing; they "caused the people to understand the law: and the people stood in their place. So they read in the book, in the law of God, distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading." Whether this was in the way of explanation which followed the reading, or whether it was in personal conversation with individuals is not clear. In any case it was understood by individuals, the word of the Lord had free course and was glorified. The word of God had made a deep impression on the people as the result of only one day's study, and Nehemiah, with the other teachers, encouraged them, saying: "This day is holy unto the Lord your God." He had an eye for the unseen, and saw how the mighty God himself was moving to and fro amongst his people. "Mourn not, nor weep. Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared: for this day is holy unto our Lord; neither be ye sorry; for the joy of the Lord is your strength."

Was this the wisest way of dealing with a people who were just manifesting signs of brokenness under the penetrating power of God's Word? Might not the wounds which his two-edged sword had made be too slightly healed? It is just when the heart is broken by the Lord that it is his joy to come in, and manifest himself. It is only the broken whom he can bind up, only the truly weeping ones who are ready to enter into his joy. Nothing makes us so happy as to know the will of God with certainty as soon as he has so far conquered us that we are decided to do it at any cost. "The people went their way to eat, and to drink, and to send portions, and to make great mirth, because they had understood the words that were declared unto them."

One day was not sufficient; the second day it was not so possible for all the people to come: mothers with families, must look after their children; the fields and the cattle, the business, and the ordinary duties of life must be attended to. But the spirit of hearing was upon the people, and the second day "the chief of the fathers of all the people, the priests and the Levites," were gathered "unto Ezra the scribe, even to understand the words of the Lord." O how blessed is that people whose leaders, political and spiritual, can gather together to study the Word of God, with a heart to enjoy it! They

Made a Discovery.

The feast of tabernacles had fallen into disuse through their long captivity, the remembrance of how they had been pilgrims and strangers in the wilderness was no more kept up among them. But, finding the observance commanded (Lev. 23: 39-43), they celebrated it with great joy, and while they dwelt in booths, according to God's command, "day by day, from the first day to the last day (Ezra) read in the book of the law of God."

The impression made upon the people was no light and transient one. As soon as the feast of tabernacles was at an end, lasting as it did, from the 15th to the 23rd day of the seventh month they observed an additional day, the 24th, when they assembled themselves, not to hear, but to do the will of God. They came before God with deep humiliation, "with fasting and with sackclothes, and earth upon them. And the seed of Israel separated themselves from all strangers, and stood, and confessed their sins, and the iniqnities of their fathers." Nehemiah was right, the word had gone in; they might rejoice on the first day, for God had got real hold of them. "And they stood up in their place, and read in the book or the Law of the Lord their God one fourth part of the day; and another fourth part they confessed, and worshipped the Lord their God." (chap. 9: 1-3.)

Something Was Done.

God's people were purified; there was a witness among the nations that they were a people, "holy unto the Lord." And then the Levites cried out: "Stand up and bless the Lord your God," and in a long ascription of praise to God, which took in a sketch of all their past history and of God's faithfulness to them, the Levites and people worshipped their God, and laid before him the present distress of the people, because of those that had rule over them; and they made "a sure covenant," writing it, and sealing it that a lasting result might remain from this awakening. The priests and Levites having led the way, the people also took their part in the covenant, "everyone having knowledge and having understanding. They clave to their brethren, their nobles, and entered into a curse, and into an oath, to walk in God's law, which was given by Moses." Such was the result of a truly Scriptural awakening; such is the fruit of the Word of the living God.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

THE office of Governor of Jerusalem was no sinecure in the hands of Nehemiah. His first business was the repair and rebuilding of the wall of the city as described in last week's lesson. That completed, he set about the moral and spiritual reform of the city. It would appear that the people knew nothing of the law against taking usury of a brother or of the prohibition of mixed marriages. They had not been aware that they were breaking the law. Nehemiah's reproofs and stern dealing surprised them, and there was consternation throughout the land. This trouble was still disturbing them when the month Tishri (September—October), of the year 444 came around. This was the period when the solemn feast of Trumpets and the Feast of Tabernacles were to be celebrated. They corresponded with our New Year's and Thanksgiving. The people were to come up to Jerusalem to celebrate them and many doubtless came with trembling, not knowing but on their arrival they might be excluded for some violation of the law, they had never seen. They heard that Ezra was in the city. As nothing is said of him during the time of the trouble about the wall, we may suppose that he had been away from Jerusalem, probably at the Persian court. The people knew him to be a man learned in the law and they availed themselves of his presence to ascertain what the laws were. They asked him to read it to them. Doubtless Ezra was delighted with the request, and consented to do what was asked of him. The people were convened in the space called Ophel, between the wall of the Temple and the wall of the city. A platform had been erected there, on which Ezra stood, with thirteen helpers, who may have been necessary to translate the Hebrew into Aramaic for the benefit of those who had been born in Babylon. After opening the service with prayer, he produced the sacred roll on which the law was inscribed, probably such a manuscript as that shown in the initial of this article. In this book, most likely that which we now know as Deuteronomy, he read all the morning, propably five or six hours, expounding as he went on. The account of this interesting service and its effects on the people is the subject of to-day's lesson.

The law of Moses which the Lord commanded. It is important to remember the latter fact when reading the Bible. We go to it to learn the will of God, as it was revealed to the men who wrote the various books which it contains. One man tells one message and tells it in his own way, another tells another message giving a further revelation, as it was revealed to him, but all the writers are telling us the message which God sent through them. This was the law of Moses which the Lord commanded. Dr. Seiss tells the story of an old woman who while reading the Bible, was approached by a sceptic, who asked her: "What are you reading there, my good woman, that seems to interest you so much?" "The Word of God," said the woman. "The Word of God? How do you know it is God's word? You never heard him say it was." Not accustomed to discuss questions of theology, the woman was a little confused. Recovering herself, she said: "Sir, can you prove to me there is a sun up there in heaven?" "Prove it?" said the man, "Why do you ask me to prove it. It proves itself. It warms me and I see its light; what better proof can any one want?" The woman smiled and said: "Just so. And that is just the way God tells me this Book is his Word. I read it, and it warms me and gives me light. I see him in it, and what it says, is light and warmth which none but God can give; and so he tells me it is his Word. What more proof do I need?"

Attentive unto the Book of the Law. When people give their attention to the Bible they are sure to get light and guidance One strong proof of the book having come from God is its adaptation to every age. These people, more than two thousand years ago, were helped by the book that helps us to-day. It is not an encyclopædia or a text-book of details, but, as a great preacher has said, it enlightens the understanding and the conscience, and instils into the heart general principles applicable to every situation and duty in life. Men of all times have admired it. When Franklin was in Paris, among the infidels and scoffers of that day, he was ridiculed for loving the Bible. He determined to find out how many had read the book at which they scoffed. He informed one of the learned societies of which he was a member, that he had come across a story of pastoral life in ancient times that appeared to him very beautiful, but he would like the judgment of the Society upon it. On the evening appointed, Franklin had a reader of finely modulated voice read to them the Book of Ruth. They were in ecstacies over it, and one after another rose to express gratification and admiration and the desire that the manuscript should be printed. "It is printed," said Franklin, "and it is part of the Bible."

With their faces to the ground. They hung their heads. They had discovered that they had broken the law of God who had blessed and protected the nation from its infancy and they were ashamed. A striking spectacle was witnessed in the Four Courts of St. Louis, recently. A young man had been convicted of some crime. Before being sent to the prison where he was to serve his sentence, he was taken to the photographer's room, and his picture taken, to be sent to the various cities keeping "rogues' galleries," to be hung up on the walls with the faces of other criminals kept there. The description of the feeling manifested by the young man on this occasion is both touching and suggestive. "Big tears formed in his eyes and fell down on his cheek. He dropped his head on his breast and cried. He was so overcome with emotion that he could not speak until he was again placed in his cell in the jail. After swallowing great lumps in his throat, he said he now felt he had dropped from the role of a gentleman to that of the lowest criminal; and the thought of his picture being hung in the rogues' galleries of the cities was more than he could bear. Even if he reformed after he came out of prison there was nothing he could do that would remove his picture from those galleries of criminals. But God says to those who repent that their sins and their iniquities shall be remembered no more; though they were as crimson they shall be white as snow.

To make great mirth. There was good reason for them to be happy. They had been told how the burden that oppressed them could be removed—how their sins could be forgiven and they were glad. Religion is not a gloomy thing. It gives the most solid reason for joy. If a man rejoices because of his wealth or his honors he must have an uneasy feeling that either or both may be swept away or he may die and leave them, but a man who has religion knows it is his for all eternity. So he has the best reason for happiness. Dr. Guthrie had been spending an evening with genial Christian friends and had been laughing merrily over funny anecdotes which had been told, when he was called on to pray. He prayed earnestly and fervently for appropriate blessings on all present. When he rose from his knees, one of his friends said, "Guthrie you must be a happy man. If I had been laughing as much as you did awhile ago I could not have prayed for four and twenty hours." "Oh," said Guthrie, "laughing is no hindrance. God likes to have his people cheerful, I go to him when my heart is joyful as willingly as when it is sad."

THE REVOLUTION IN HAWAII.

A Flowery Kingdom, once Savage but now Christianized—Missionary Progress in the Beautiful Islands Which May Yet Become Part of Our Republic.

LAST week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD contained a brief statement of the troubles affecting the island kingdom of Hawaii, in the Pacific Ocean, which had culminated in the overthrow of Queen Liliuokalani's government, and the deposition of that monarch. It was further explained that the crisis had been precipitated by the Queen's attempt to force upon the Hawaiians a new Constitution which was peculiarly offensive to them, as it encroached upon their liberties and conferred upon the throne powers amounting to absolute despotism. The Queen, finding herself opposed by Cabinet, army, and populace, and menaced by force if she persisted in violating the Constitution of the country, abdicated under protest, and withdrew to her private palace near Honolulu, leaving the machinery of administration in the hands of the people, who had already organized a Provisional Government. Before retiring, however, she appealed to England to protect her rights; but the revolution was already an accomplished fact, and the appeal was too late to be of service in the present emergency. The change of government was fortunately effected without bloodshed. Shortly before the crisis, a force of sailors and marines was landed from the United States cruiser *Boston*, then at Honolulu, and their presence was doubtless the means of preserving the peace and protecting foreigners. In announcing her abdication, Queen Liliuokalani referred to the presence of this armed display, and declared that she "yielded to force."

DEATH OF CAPT. COOK.

L. A. THURSTON.
(*President Hawaiian Commission.*)

One of the first acts of the new regime was to despatch a Commission to the United States, to present to the Government at Washington, a request for annexation. This request was finally presented in due time, and is now a subject of consideration by the President and Cabinet. While there is a strong feeling in favor of annexing Hawaii, it is considered probable that in view of the other interests affected a protectorate may be ultimately agreed upon rather than annexation, which might excite a protest from England. President Harrison is said to personally favor the policy of guaranteeing the autonomy of the newly-organized Republic. In the Senate, Mr. Chandler has introduced a resolution instructing the President to negotiate a treaty with Hawaii. It is not improbable that some formal communication from the English Government may shortly be made through Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Minister at Washington, which may have the effect of changing the situation very materially.

R. W. WILCOX OF HAWAII.
(*Leader of the Republican Movement*)

Hawaii, which has been called "the crossroads of the Pacific," occupies a commanding position, and its possession would be exceedingly valuable to any of the great maritime powers, but more particularly to England or the United States. To England it would add another link to her great colonial chain, which already well-nigh belts the globe. To the United States, which has not only the natural right of propinquity, but also the demand of the Hawaiians themselves in support of annexation, its acquisition would be a most valuable one, both for naval and commercial purposes. It is the only land in a tremendous expanse of ocean at which a vessel can call within 4500 miles of San Francisco. It is a most convenient port of call for steamers plying between California and China, and is therefore of the highest importance in connection with the American trade with Asia. American commercial interests, may be said to preponderate in Hawaii, although those of England are also quite extensive. Ex-Queen Liliuokalani who spent several years in England, has always had strong British affiliations, and Princess Kiluani, the heir-apparent, is now being educated in that country. Thus while the islands are to some extent indispensable to the naval and commercial security of the United States in the Pacific, English interests cannot be overlooked in any arrangement that may be ultimately reached. Meanwhile, to provide for possible contingencies, the American naval force at Honolulu will be strengthened immediately.

Hawaii is rich in sugar, rice and other products, the annual sugar crop alone amounting to between two and three millions of pounds. The climate is delightful, and is one of the most salubrious on the globe. The total area of the island group is nearly eleven thousand square miles. The people are simple and hospitable. This little archipelago of thirteen islands was first discovered by Captain Cook, the famous English explorer, in 1778, who found the inhabitants a race of wild, tattooed savages, who worshipped the white sailors as gods. Subsequently, on returning to the islands, a quarrel occurred, and Captain Cook determined to punish some native pilferers by seizing the person of the King, Terreeoboo. The scheme failed, and while endeavoring to escape to his vessel, Cook and his men were compelled to fire on the savages, who stabbed him to death and secured the body and ate it. A monument was afterward erected to his memory on one of the islands.

In 1820, the first missionary set foot on the Sandwich Islands, and since that time Christianity and civilization have made steady progress there. Before that year, there is no evidence that any religious instruction had been imparted to the natives. Trade had sprung up between the islands and civilized countries, and the natives had already learned the use of spirits and firearms. In 1809, two native boys were brought to New York by an American vessel, one of whom was a Christian convert. Their arrival excited the interest of the Foreign Missionary Societies, and in 1819 a movement was started in the Park Street Church, Boston, to send several missionaries and their wives to Hawaii. Among the number sent were several Americans and three young Sandwich Islanders, who had already been converted and who were now chosen to carry the Gospel back to their native land. On their arrival, on March 31, 1820, they learned, with surprise and gratitude, that the idols and altars of the Hawaiians had been overthrown by an edict of King Kamehameha III., and that the native priesthood and its rites had been abolished. The missionaries had a warm welcome, the King himself being prominent in greeting them, and they found the people ready to believe in and embrace the Gospel. This wonderful transformation from savagery to a readiness to accept Christian doctrines, is one of the most marvelous illustrations of God's power working through unexpected agencies, ever known in missionary fields. The seed of the Gospel had been sown there many years before, by some Christian trader or captain, and had grown wondrously. As the islands became Christianized, work was extended to other islands, even as far as the Caroline, Marshall and Gilbert groups in the distant Pacific. Among the devoted missionaries who have done noble service for the Master in Hawaii were Rev. Titus M. Coan, D.D., Rev. William Armstrong of Pennsylvania, Col. Judd and others.

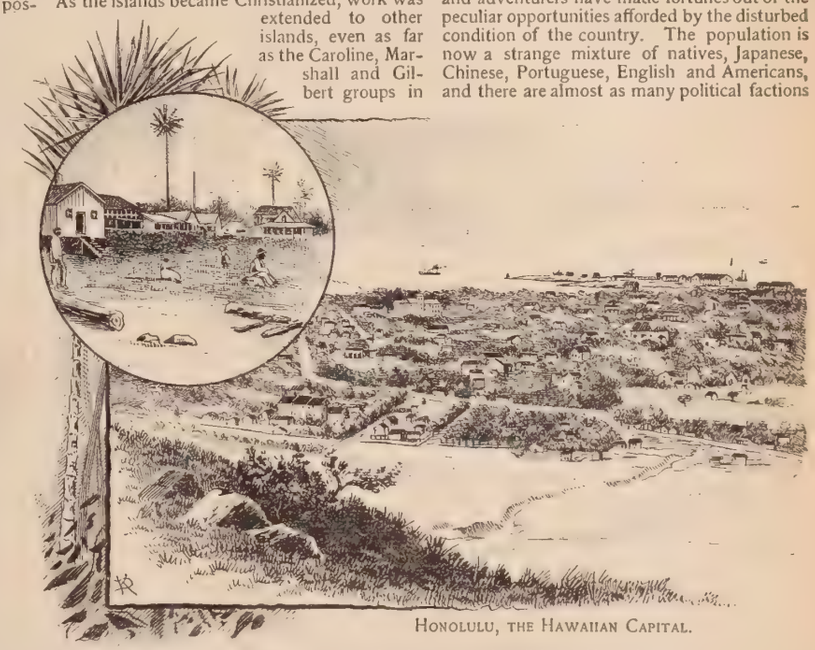
EX-QUEEN LILIUOKALANI.

Such was the marvelous success of those consecrated workers, that on one occasion a congregation of not less than 10,000 natives assembled to listen to the missionaries. Great buildings were erected, capable of holding audiences of 5,000 persons; schools were established throughout the islands and were conducted by 400 teachers, having an attendance of 250,000 people, including adults. In the year 1870, a national jubilee was held at Honolulu to thank the Almighty for his goodness in sending them the Gospel. Services were conducted by the American missionaries, after which 7,000 people sat down to a feast of Christian fellowship and social enjoyment.

When Dr. and Mrs. Coan went to Hawaii in 1835, they found it a beautiful and populous country, and, through their efforts, thousands were instructed in the truths of Christianity and the habits and customs of civilization. From the extreme north of Hawaii to Hilo, there were soon established numbers of quaint little white churches. Sunday Schools were also opened, and, in a short time, even those portions of the islands that had been inhabited by naked savages were hearing the blessed Gospel and learning to read and write. Dr. Coan presided over the church at Hilo and regularly visited many churches at other points, examining and instructing the natives. He continued this good work uninterruptedly until his death in December, 1882, consecrating all his energies to the evangelization of Hawaii. He was a native of Killingsworth, Conn., and had already seen missionary service in the Patagonian field before going to the Sandwich Islands. In a sense, he may be regarded as the pioneer missionary in Hawaii, having founded the mother church at Hilo and established the system under which the work of evangelization was so successfully conducted.

Thus under divine favor, the United States has conferred both material and spiritual blessings on these islands, and it is not surprising, therefore, that the people, having now cast off the monarchical form of government and become a republic, should desire union with their benefactors.

For many years past, the interests of Hawaii have been more or less under foreign control, and adventurers have made fortunes out of the peculiar opportunities afforded by the disturbed condition of the country. The population is now a strange mixture of natives, Japanese, Chinese, Portuguese, English and Americans, and there are almost as many political factions as nationalities. Hawaii's history as a monarchy runs back through many centuries. The late king David Kalakaua believed that his country's ultimate destiny was annexation to the United States and while he did nothing to bring about such a result, he entered into a treaty of reciprocity and did everything that lay within his power to establish friendly relations.



HONOLULU, THE HAWAIIAN CAPITAL.

On this page, we present a portrait of the deposed Queen, together with a view of Honolulu, the capital city. Portraits are also given of Mr. R. W. Wilcox, the leader of the republican party in Hawaii and of Hon. L. A. Thurston, President of the Commission sent by the Provisional government to this country to negotiate annexation.

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T. DeWitt Talmage
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IN No. 9 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, will be published the opening chapters of a new and very interesting serial story, entitled :

"BRAVE BARBARA,"

by the late Rev. J. Jackson Wray. This story, written shortly before Mr. Wray's death last year, is probably the very best narrative of Christian life and experience that has ever come from his brilliant pen.

ANNOYANCES.

ANNOYANCES may come to us in the shape of friends and acquaintances who are always saying disagreeable things. There are some people you cannot be with for half an hour but you feel cheered and comforted. Then there are other people you cannot be with for five minntes before you feel miserable. They do not mean to disturb you, but they sting you to the bone. They gather up all the yarn which the gossips spin, and peddle it. They gather up all the adverse criticisms about your person, about your business, about your home, about your church, and they make your ear the funnel into which to pour it. They laugh heartily when they tell you, as though it were a good joke, and you laugh too—outside. These people are brought to our attention in the Bible, in the book of Ruth. Naomi went forth beautiful and with the finest of worldly prospects into another land, but after awhile she came back widowed, and sick, and poor. What did her friends do when she came back to the city? They all went out, and, instead of giving her common-sense consolation, what did they do? Read the book of Ruth and find out.

Perhaps these small annoyances will come in the shape of a domestic irritation. The parlor and the kitchen do not always harmonize. To get good service and to keep it is one of the great questions of the country. Sometimes it may be the arrogancy and inconsiderateness of employers; but whatever be the fact, we all admit there are these petty annoyances winging their way out of the culinary department. If the grace of God be not in the heart of the housekeeper, she cannot maintain her equilibrium. The men come home at night and hear the story of these annoyances, and say: "Oh! these home troubles are very little things." They are small, small as wasps, but they sting. Martha's nerves were all unstrung when she rushed in asking Christ to reprove Mary, and there are tens of thousands of women who are dying, stung to death by these pestiferous domestic annoyances.

These disturbances may also come in the shape of business irritations. There are men we know who went though panics without losing their balance, who are every day unhorsed by little annoyances—a clerk's ill-manners, or a blot of ink on a bill of lading, or the extravagance of a partner who overdraws his account, or the underselling of a business rival, or the whispering of business confidences in the street, or the making of some little bad debt which was against your judgment, just to please somebody else. It is not the panics that kill the merchants. Panics come only once in ten or twenty years. It is the constant din of these every-day annoyances which is sending so many of our best merchants into nervous dyspepsia and paralysis and the grave. These annoyances come upon us to culture our patience. The annoyances in life are a moral gymnasium, each worry a peg by which we are to climb higher and higher in Christian attainment. When you stand chin-deep in annoyances is the time for you to swim out toward the great headlands of Christian attainment, and when your life is loaded to the muzzle with repulsive annoyance—that is the time to draw the trigger. Nothing but the furnace will ever burn out of us the clinker and the slag. It takes just so much trouble to fit us for usefulness and for heaven.

SUPPOSE!

SUPPOSE, on your way home, a runaway horse should dash across the street, or between the dock and the boat you should accidentally slip, where would you be at twelve o'clock to-night or seven o'clock to-morrow morning? Or for all eternity where would you be? I do not answer the question. I just leave it to you to answer.

But suppose you escape fatal accident. Suppose you go out by the ordinary process of sickness. I will just suppose now that your last hour has come. The doctor says, as he goes out of the room: "Can't get well." There is something in the faces of those who stand around you that prophesies that you cannot get well. You say within yourself: "I can't get well." Where are your comrades now? Oh, they are off to the gay party that very night! They dance as well as they ever did. They laugh as loud as though you were not dying. They destroyed your soul, but do not come to help you die.

Well, there are father and mother in the room. They are very quiet, but occasionally they go into the next room and weep bitterly. The bed is very much disheveled. They have not been able to make it up for two or three days. There are four or five pillows lying around, because they have been trying to make you as easy as they could. On the one side of your bed are all the past years of your life—the Bibles, the sermons, the communion-tables, the offers of mercy. You say: "Take them away." Your mother thinks you are delirious. She says: "There is nothing there, my dear, nothing there." There is something there! It is your wasted opportunities. It is your procrastinations. It is those years you gave to the world that you ought to have given to Christ.. They are there; and some of them put their fingers on your aching temples, and some of them feel for the strings of your heart, and some put more thorns in your tumbled pillow, and you say: "Turn me over." And they turn you over, but, alas! there is a more appalling vision. You say: "Take that away!" They say: "There is nothing there, nothing there." There is—an open grave there! Take it away! They cannot take it away.

You say: "How dark it is getting in the room!" Why, the burners are all lighted. Your family come up one by one, and tenderly kiss you good-bye. Your feet are cold, and the hands are cold, and the lips are cold, and they take a small mirror and they put it over your mouth to see if there is any breathing, and that mirror is taken away without a single blur upon it; and they whisper through the room: "She's gone." And then the door of the body opens and the soul flashes out. Make room for the destroyed spirit!

You cannot say that you did not hear about heaven, the other alternative, for you hear of it now: "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." No sorrow, no suffering, no death. Christ offers you now escape from all peril, and offers to introduce you now into the peace and pardon of the Gospel, preparing you for that good land. The sides of Calvary run blood for you. Jesus, who had nowhere to lay his head, offers you his heart as a pillow of rest. Christ offers with his own body to bridge over the chasm of death, saying: "Walk over Me; I am the Way."

OPEN WINDOWS.

YOUR windows are open toward Jerusalem. Your father and mother are buried there. It may have been a very humble home in which you were born, but your memory often plays around it, and you hope some day to go and see it—the hill, the tree, the brook, the house, the place so sacred, the door from which you started off with parental blessing to make your own way in the world; and God only knows how sometimes you have longed to see the familiar places of your childhood, and how in awful crises of life you would like to have caught a glimpse of the old, wrinkled face that bent over you as you lay on the gentle lap twenty or forty or fifty years ago.

When the foreign steamer comes to the wharf, you see the long line of sailors, with shouldered mail-bags, coming down the planks, carrying as many letters as you might suppose would be enough for a year's correspondence, and this repeated again and again during the week. Multitudes of them are letters from home, and at all the post-offices of the land people will go to the window and anxiously ask for them, hundreds of thousands of persons finding that window of foreign mails the open window toward Jerusalem. Messages that say: "When are you coming home to see us? Brother has gone. Sister is dead. Father and mother are getting very feeble. We are having a great struggle to get on here. Would you advise us to come on to you, or will you come to us? All join in love, and hope to meet you, if not in this world, then in a better. Good-bye."

Yes, yes; in all these cities, and amid the flowering Western prairies, and on the slopes of the Pacific, and amid the Sierras, and on the banks of the lagoon, and on the ranches of Texas there is an uncounted multitude who, this hour, stand and sit and kneel with their windows open toward Jerusalem. Some of them played on the heather of the Scottish hills. Some of them were driven out by Irish famine. Some of them, in early life, drilled in the German army. Some of them were accustomed at Lyons or Marseilles or Paris to see on the street Victor Hugo and Gambetta. Some chased the chamois among the Alpine precipices. Some plucked the ripe clusters from Italian vineyards. Some lifted their faces under the midnight sun of Norway. It is no dishonor in our land that they remember the place of their nativity. Miscreants would they be if, while they have some of their windows open to take in the free air of America and the sunlight of an atmosphere which no kingly despot has ever breathed, they forgot sometime to open the window toward Jerusalem.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

GOOD WOMEN.

(*Continued from page 90.*)

THE greatest prayer in Scripture is not by man. That Syrophenician woman there, pleading for her daughter, has no parallel in all the word of God.

And the greatest homage paid the Saviour, by whom was it? By her, who poured that alabaster box of pure spikenard over the head of Jesus. Its fragrance spread, till the ends of the earth were perfumed, and the sweetness will never leave the world till its end.

Men have done much for God, but it was a woman who gave us God. God revealed. You hear of no woman betraying him, or denying him. Take the women out of that little upper room, and I doubt if the men would have clung together, praying, ten long days. Paul's first convert in Europe was a woman. A man of Macedonia gave him the call to come, but a woman's heart first yielded to the Gospel. The fact is, we don't find a man about, under his first sermon; for there it reads in Acts xvi—13:

"And on the Sabbath we went out of the city, by a river side, where prayer was wont to be made; and we sat down, and spoke unto the women which resorted thither."

As then, so now; women make the prayer meetings; I believe it. Take the good women out of the churches and prayer meetings, and death and the devil would have the whole business in a decade.

For the good women of our land and other lands, let us thank God. Let us sing the doxology:

May he give us more of them, and you, dear reader, numbered amongst the rest.

Scripture for Women.

"Scripture for women?" Yes, for women."

"But is not all scripture for them?"

"Yes and no."

Yes in the general, no in the particular; or rather, there is special scripture for them, which is putting it better.

Take the "wife's chapter," Proverbs 31: that is for women, for young women. No girl ought to think of getting married, till she learns it by heart. The fact is it was written by a woman. Don't startle for fear I have made a mistake. You will say it was by king Lemuel. Yes, I know, but you will notice before the first verse ends, it says, "The prophecy his mother taught him." He would have known nothing about such things, unless she told him. In that chapter, a man is simply an amanuensis. The "marriage chapter," Ephesians 5, belongs largely to the sex named, and Judges 13, which is "the mother's chapter," belongs wholly to her. So with "the widow's chapter," Isaiah 54, and 1. Timothy 5. The "harlot's chapter," Proverbs 7, is for warning to women, as well as men. The "household chapter," Colossians 3, "wives' and husbands' chapter," 1. Peter 3, together with "the father's and mother's Psalms," 127 and 128, are portions unto women. So is the bigger part of 1. Corinthians 7, which is not for public reading, but for a woman, a wife, to read when she is alone in her closet, and thus be taught to foil the enemy of souls.

Take the second chapter of Titus. Here Paul writes to the preacher, that he speak the things which become sound doctrine; and what does he say? Here his message is, unto the women of riper years. Telling the aged women they must be teachers of good things; and no doubt is left as to what they are to teach, and to whom they are to teach it.

Listen!

"That they may teach the young women to be sober." And if any lesson is needed now-a-days, that is it; girls giddy and thoughtless, rushing into pleasures, and into company, and into marriage, with as little thought about the outcome, as a runaway colt. No sobriety whatever; no judgment, no reason; rushing on, whither their likes and emotions lead them, regardless of consequences; sadly do they need this.

"To love their husbands,"—one divorce to every eight marriages in staid, old, puritanical New England: and why?—because this lesson is not taught. Love has no use for divorce courts.

(*To be Continued.*)

C. H. Yatman

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A NEW TRIBUNAL.

LONDON has made a new departure which is likely to become popular with the citizens. A Court of Arbitration has been established in the English capital, under the auspices of the Lord Mayor and Corporation for the settlement of disputes without the expense and delay incident to the ordinary course of litigation. The Court is intended primarily for arbitration in differences between employers and their employees, but other disputants may bring their cases before it if they prefer to do so, instead of taking them into a court of law. It will also act as a Court of Reference to adjudicate in cases involving technical trade details, which may be referred to it by the Judges of the law-courts. Its Judges are appointed jointly by the Corporation and the Chamber of Commerce, and they have been selected on account of their knowledge of business methods, rather than of legal procedure. The fees of the Court are to be five dollars for a hearing and ten dollars for a decision, and disputants may conduct their own cases if they wish, or appear by counsel. The illustration on this page represents the Court in session. The Court will doubtless prove a great boon to the city; for not only will it reduce the cost of justice, but it will provide a tribunal of experts specially fitted by experience in business to understand and adjudicate in cases of trade complications. Every litigant realizes how valuable is the latter characteristic in a Judge. To the Christian who is approaching the judgment-seat of Christ there is nothing so reassuring as the knowledge that his Judge is not one "who cannot be touched by the feeling of his infirmities, but was in all points tempted as we are, yet without sin." (Heb. 4: 15.)

A Child Starts the Cable.

AN interesting inaugural experiment took place in New York on Feb. 1. The long work of substituting cable power for that of horses on the Broadway surface railroad has been so far completed as to admit of a test of the machinery. In the great power-house on Fifty-first Street are the powerful Corliss engines, with their eight enormous driving wheels and fly wheels to operate the miles of endless heavy steel cable which lie ready for use in the conduits. When all was prepared for the experiment, and the fires under the gigantic boilers had been kindled for the first time, several engineers and gentlemen interested in the road arrived at the power-house. One of them led by the hand a little girl ten years old, the daughter of one of the contractors. After various congratulatory speeches, the signal was given, the child turned a small wheel and in a moment the engines and the hundreds of tons of machinery were in motion carrying the cable through its underground channel at a six mile an hour speed. To a person who did not understand the application of steam power, it would seem incredible that a little girl should be able to put such heavy machinery in motion, yet there was no difficulty about it. If Christians only realized what a mighty force is at the disposal of the humblest among them in the gift of the Holy Spirit, there would be less reluctance than there is to undertake great things in Christ's cause. (Matt. 21: 21.

A Treacherous Alkali Spot.

A THRILLING story of a rescue from a terrible death is related by a Wyoming correspondent of the New York *Sun*. He says that he and a companion who assisted him in herding cattle in Wyoming were sent out by the superintendent to look for thirty cattle which had strayed or been stolen. They had started at daybreak, and had ridden about forty miles when they came to an "alkali spot" on the prairie, several acres in extent. They had often seen such places before, but none so large. They marked the places where alkali had exuded from the soil, giving it the appearance of having been sprinkled with lime. As they started to cross it, the correspondent heard a cry from his companion, who was a hundred yards to his right and a little ahead of him. Looking in the direction of the cry, he saw the man trying to get his horse on firm ground. Riding toward him, he felt the ground quiver beneath his horse's feet, and foresaw that with a few more steps he would be in as much need of rescue as his companion. Halting instantly, he called to the man to get his feet free of the stirrups and clasp his hands behind his head. Then he threw his lariat, and watched with sickening suspense to see if his aim had been true. To his great joy he saw the lariat coil around his chest, and then turning around, he literally dragged him from the horse's back to solid ground and safety. As they skirted the alkali spot they realized how narrow the escape had been, for the horse had been engulfed before they were out of sight of him, and, a little farther on, the tips of several pairs of horns protruding from the soil, explained what had become of the lost cattle. It is evident that the man would have died a horrible death if his rescuer had not had the presence of mind and the skill necessary to save him. In no other way could he have been saved, for any one going to his rescue would only have shared his fate, without helping him. But for the presence of his friend with the lariat, his condition would have been a type of the condition of the whole human race, for "none could by any means redeem his brother" (Psalm 49:7). All men being in like danger of perishing, only God himself in human form, could work out salvation (Rom. 8:3).

Cannibalism at Sea.

NEWS comes from Hamburg of the arrest of three sailors on a horrible charge. They belong to the Norwegian ship *Thekla* which foundered recently on her voyage from Philadelphia for the Baltic ports. It appears from their own statement, that when all hope of saving the ship was abandoned, the captain and some of the crew left the ship in a boat. Four sailors remained who when the ship went down, climbed to the upper rigging, which was above water. There they held on, suffering intensely from cold and hunger. When their pain became intolerable they decided to kill one of their number. Lots were cast and twice in succession the lot fell on the same sailor, who was a Dutchman. The other three set upon him and killed him and ate a portion of the body. They were eventually rescued by the Danish ship *Herman* and taken to Cuxhaven, near Hamburg. There, their confession of what they had done was made public and they have been arrested for murder. Their crime is not without precedent. A few years ago, a sailor was arrested in England for a like offence committed at sea and he was tried and convicted, but was not punished. Probably these men also will escape. There is no law justifying the crime but it will be recognized that they committed the horrible deed under the impulse of the instinct of self-preservation, which, as everyone knows, is common to all men. That fact, however, sets in strong light the infinite grandeur of the sacrifice of the Saviour, who reversed this instinct in his own person. While these men sacrificed another that they might live, he gave his own life that others might have life eternal. (John 15: 13.)

A SESSION OF THE LONDON COURT OF ARBITRATION.

Joseph's Successor in Egypt.

AN authority usually well informed on Egyptian affairs says that Riaz Pasha, the new Premier of Egypt is of Jewish birth. If the statement is true, the fact is very suggestive. Riaz holds under Abbas, the successor of the Pharaohs, the office which, about thirty-six hundred years ago, Joseph held under Pharaoh. Like Joseph, Riaz is "ruler over all the land of Egypt," and the peculiar position he occupies in being endorsed by England, while Abbas is distrusted by her, gives him even more of actual power than is possessed by the Khedive himself. Strange thoughts must fill his mind as he visits the treasure-cities which the Hebrews built for Pharaoh during their long and cruel bondage, and as he looks upon the river where long ago floated the cradle in which lay the future lawgiver of his race. The opportunity is now in his hand, though he is, doubtless, too wise to use it, to take vengeance on Egypt for the wrongs of his ancestors. Rather, it may be hoped, he will return good for evil by giving the land the good government to which it has long been a stranger. Although he cannot interpret dreams and foresee famines, as Joseph did, he may alleviate the burdens of the people and his rule may be a blessing to the nation if, like Joseph, he puts his trust in God. (Gen. 39: 2.)

A Long Buried Ship.

A STRANGE discovery was made in New York on Jan. 31. The workmen engaged in excavating the foundations for the power-house of the Broadway cable-road on Front Street near Broad, had reached a depth of twenty feet, when they struck the side of a large ship. Two houses had been built over the wreck, one of which is still standing. The other was burned to the ground some time ago. The foundation of the houses had been dug without finding the buried ship although the wall of the house still standing is seventy-five feet high. The ship is ninety feet long and had three masts. Her oak ribs are as firm and hard as if they were new. It is thought she must have been a war-ship, as among the articles found on board were a bayonet, a cannon ball and some brass regimental buttons bearing the English royal arms. It is cetrain that the ship must have been sunk not less than a century ago, as maps of the city made in 1797 show that the place where she lies had then been rescued from the sea, filled in, and a street built over it. As there were coins found on the ship bearing dates varying from 1678 to 1727, it is evident that she must have gone down at some period between the latter date and 1797. There is no record of the wreck of such a ship between those years, and no name-board has yet been found to disclose her identity. Her shape and the soundness of her timbers prove that she must have been in her day a noble ship capable of doing good service in war or peace; but for a century she has been lying idly under the soil and mud of a New York street, the fact of her existence absolutely forgotten. So is it with moral and spiritual wrecks. Many a youth of fine physical and mental equipment, capable of doing good service in his day and generation, has gone down in some storm of temptation into an existence of uselessness and oblivion. (Eccles. 7: 29.)

A Dangerous Spring.

THE existence of a mineral spring with remarkable properties is reported by one of the officials of Plumas County, California. The spring is on the mountain side above the Butte Creek House and is known to the miners as the "Chloroform Spring." The water does not differ in color from pure water, but is slightly brackish to the taste. It is in its effects that its pecularity consists. Persons who have drunk a small cupful feel in about half an hour as if they had taken a heavy narcotic. A large quantity renders the drinker insensible and he does not recover consciousness for several hours. The Indians call the spring "Heap Sleep Water" and they say that many a man has died from drinking of it. Their statement is corroborated by the fact that the official beforementioned, counted the carcases of five deer lying within a few yards of the spring when he visited the spot recently. He tested the soil around it but could not discover any cause for the death-dealing effects of the water. He urges that it should be analyzed and a warning displayed above it to warn strangers who might drink of it and be poisoned. It has not been done hitherto as it is on an almost inaccessible ridge of the mountain to which very few people attempt to climb. Nevertheless, few as they may be, the warning should be placed there as it may save life. It would surely be heeded, though in spite of reiterated warnings in the Bible and from our pulpits, people continue to drink of the river of sin which brings death, and neglect that other water which if a man drink he shall have everlasting life. (John 4 : 14.)

BRIEF NOTES.

One of the latest utterances of the late Bishop Phillips Brooks was: "I want to live; the next twenty years will present the most glorious opportunity for work and results which the church has ever seen in this country."

The Hospital Saturday and Sunday collections in New York have not yet been all forwarded to the treasurer of the fund, but he has already received $51,398.57. Of this amount, $4,200 came from the ladies' committee.

The Church of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, has sent a unanimous invitation to Rev. Henry A. Stimson, D.D., pastor of the Pilgrims Congregational Church, St. Louis, to become its pastor in succession to Dr. William M. Taylor, who resigned recently on account of ill health.

Evangelist Redding, one of the young students of the Bible Institute of Chicago, is winning golden opinions from pastors and people whom he visits. At York, Neb., the Evangelical churches of the city united in the movement. Mr. Redding sang and preached twice a day and there was a great ingathering of souls.

The First Congregational Church of Sioux City, Iowa, received into membership at the last communion, eighty-seven persons who ascribed their conversion to God's blessing on the services recently held there by Rev. B. Fay Mills. Churches of other denominations have also received large additions on the same account.

Rev. E. Payson Hammond has been holding successful children's meetings at Troy, N. Y. He has been much blessed, also, at Waterford and Lansingburg. At the three places there were 350 cards signed by young converts, who thereby made public profession of Christ. On Feb. 5 Mr. Hammond commenced services at Albany, N. Y.

The American Institute of Christian Philosophy listened, on Feb. 7, to an address from Prof. A. G. Hopkins, of Hamilton College, on "Seneca, the Reformer." The next meeting will be on March 7, when Dr. W. W. McLane, of New Haven, will deliver a lecture. The meetings are held in Columbia College on the first Tuesday of every month.

Evangelist L. P. Rowland has been holding a series of union meetings, at Marseilles, Ill., and a most blessed work has been wrought in the hearts of Christians and many conversions have occurred, especially from among the members of the different Sabbath-Schools. Heads of families are also among the converts. Thence Mr. Rowland went to Alma, Mich.

Rev. W. F. ReQua is still endeavoring, as our readers would see by an advertisement in this journal last week, to arouse the sympathy of the Christian public in the spiritual condition of the Indians. Mr. ReQua has made many sacrifices to carry the Gospel to the tribes in the Indian Territory, and himself labored there for some time. We wish the new effort he is making all success.

Great preparations are being made at St. Paul and Minneapolis for the visit of Rev. B. Fay Mills next month. A large chorus of voices in each city is in training and special prayers and meetings and Bible readings are being held. Prof. White of Xenia, O., is assisting in the preparations A great Tabernacle is to be erected at Eighth Street, near Wabash, St. Paul, for the meetings in that city. It is intended to hold the Minneapolis meetings at the exhibition in which the great Christian Endeavor Convention was held.

Mr. E. F. Miller's services in Trinity M. E. Church, New York, have been the means of a large accession to the membership. Mr. Miller accompanied Mr. D. W. Potter and assisted him at the commencement of the services in January and continued with the church after Mr. Potter left. It is estimated that there were no less than 150 conversions. On one Sunday evening there were seventy persons at the altar seeking salvation. From New York Mr. Miller went to London, Ohio, thence he goes to Chicago for a series of meetings, after which he has promised to conduct meetings at Jacksonville, Ill.

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

CONFESSION, FORGIVENESS, CLEANSING.

A Sermon Preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York, last Sunday, Feb. 12, 1893, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D. *"If we confess our sins he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."* 1. John 1: 19.

THESE words have given comfort and inspiration to many doubting and fearful hearts. They have often come as a message from God himself to sinful and struggling souls. They sing themselves in our hearts now as strains of sweet and heavenly music. They might well have a place in the solemn litany of the most stately liturgy. They are often repeated by us in our private, our social, and our public prayers. They will never lose their meaning, nor their inspiring ministry until this sinful world is fully converted to God. They stand in this Scripture in close connection with the assertion that if we say we have no sin we are guilty of deceiving ourselves, and thus we prove that the truth is not in us. But while we are obliged to confess we have sin, we may plead his gracious assurance of forgiveness, and we may cherish the joyous hope of being cleansed from all unrighteousness. No man in his senses will say in the sight of God that he is free from sin; but every penitent soul may go to God confessing his own guilt and pleading God's promise, and soon he will rejoice in the cleansing power of God's grace. Around three words suggested by the text the teaching of this Scripture gathers—confession, forgiveness, cleansing.

Confession.

The first of these three words to be considered is confession. Divine forgiveness always presupposes human confession. We have no assurance that forgiveness will be imparted except full acknowledgement of sin is made. Confession as here emphasized is not simply confession of the mouth; neither is it simply contrition of the heart. There may be lip-confession without heart-contrition; and heart-contrition without lip-confession. The desired outward confession springs from inward contrition; it is the heart voicing itself in confession with the mouth. The apostle Paul teaches that, "with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

To whom, then, is this genuine confession to be made? Manifestly to those whom we have injured. There is a sense in which we are to make confession to ourselves. Every unconverted man has wronged his own soul; every such man has sinned against the noblest instincts of his nature, against his intelligence, against his reason, and against his conscience. The apostle Paul said to the alarmed jailor, "Do thyself no harm." This is the teaching of religion to every man concerning himself. It enjoins upon men

To do Themselves no Harm

by pernicious habits, or by indulgence in sin of any kind. True religion seeks the highest welfare of all men. If this teaching were always and everywhere obeyed men would never do themselves harm. Every man who disobeys God dishonors himself. He takes the crown of noblest manhood from his own brow and tramples it beneath his feet in the dust. The true penitent is willing to go with a lighted candle through the chamber of his own soul. He is willing to humble himself before God that he may be exalted by God before men. Acts of this kind test a man's sincerity and reveal his true character. Many men do not wish to know themselves; they do not dare to be alone with themselves; they are afraid of the rebukes of their own conscience. They quail in the light which their own illumined judgment flashes upon their crooked paths and their sinful deeds. But the humbling revelation which such an examination produces is often the first step toward a full confession and toward eternal salvation.

Confession is also to be made to our fellow men. Directly and indirectly in living a life of sin we have wronged others as well as ourselves. No man has a right to set a bad example; no man can live for himself. Every act is far-reaching in its influence and its consequences. One wrong act may start a circle of influences which will reach even to eternity, as a pebble dropped into the quiet lake starts ever-widening circles which reach both shores. This is a tremendous thought. It makes life real and terrible, if it be a life of sin; it makes life rich and glorious if it be spent in the service of God. This fact suggests

A Terrible Law.

The guilt of one person involves many in its consequences. If a man could sin and suffer alone sin would still be bad enough; but since the innocent must suffer with the guilty, sin becomes unspeakably sinful and terrible. The law which has its illustration in these experiences is universal and immutable as gravitation. If you refuse Christ to-day you not only injure yourself, but you injure all your friends and neighbors. Disobedience to God is injury to man. A full and frank confession to those we have wronged is manly and divine. The unmanliness consists in the perpetration of the wrong. The guilt of our sin and not the confession of that sin should suffuse our cheek with shame. We often act as if the shame of sin was in its discovery and not in its committal. Peace of mind cannot be secured until the wrong is confessed and the sin is forgiven. The laws of nature as well as the laws of God teach this great lesson.

To God especially is our confession to be made. This form of confession includes all other elements of confession. There can be no true confession to ourselves or to our fellowmen except as there has been confession unto God. If we have not made confession to him our confession to man is practically insincere and so worthless. When we turn to the two

Great Penitential Psalms,

the 32nd and the 51st lesson is made clear and this element in confession made most emphatic. David had sinned against many others as well as against God. He had offended against human laws and against the recognized principles of social life. His sin against Uriah and his family was deep, dark and devilish; but still he says to God, "Against thee, thee only have I sinned and done evil in thy sight." The chief heinousness of his offence was in its violation of the law of God. Every true penitent can understand the significance of this strong language on the part of the psalmist. He did not make this confession simply because his sin might bring to him poverty, but chiefly because it was an offense against the pure and holy God; it was a violation of his law and was offensive to the last degree in God's sight. Except there be this element in confession we may well doubt its sincerity. Every deeply penitent soul is ready to say unto God with the broken-hearted David, "Against thee, thee only have I sinned. The same great truth is taught us in the words of the prodigal son as he is returning to his father. He also recognized that his sin consisted chiefly in disobedience to that father and in departure from his home and heart. His words find a response still in the heart of every true penitent: "Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee." God help us to recognize our sinfulness against him, and to introduce this element into our confession as the honest expression of the contrition of our hearts.

Forgiveness.

The second great word suggested by this text is forgiveness. As we examine the text we discover that there is a conditional element in the forgiveness here suggested, "If we confess." Always in the Word of God pardon implies confession. This implication is not an arbitrary command on the part of God. God's commands are sovereign, but never arbitrary or capricious. There are profound reasons underlying all God's requirements. If we could see as God sees, we would always act as God acts. If we could know as God knows, we would always demand what God demands. The laws of nature are not contradictory to the laws of grace. Revelation introduces us into a higher sphere than creation, but the lessons taught in both spheres are harmonious. To our limited vision and restricted faculties some of God's laws may seem to be arbitrary; but if our vision were broader and our faculties more acute we would see that God's sovereign demands are in harmony with the dictates of the highest reason. There can be no real forgiveness except there be true confession. Only the penitent's heart can receive divine peace as the result of forgiveness. So long as men are impenitent even the great and merciful God cannot bestow upon them true forgiveness. God would be practically casting pearls before swine, if he offered men the treasures of forgiving grace before they showed their preparation for his mercy by the sincerity of their penitence. God's method of pardoning is thus seen to be in harmony with the highest reasoning, and with the scientific conclusions of rational minds.

The Promise Certain.

But when the condition is met the forgiveness is assured. We are here taught that God is faithful in bestowing forgiveness. He is faithful to his plighted word and to his oft-repeated promises; he will assuredly grant us the forgiveness which he has so graciously promised. God cannot deny himself; than this truth nothing can be more certain. When we make humble and hearty confession of our sins we cast ourselves in Christ's appointed way on God for forgiveness and we must thus attest the faithfulness of his promises in granting us his forgiveness. If we can trust God for anything it is for the full and free forgiveness of sin when we have complied with his requirements. That he might cleanse us from all sin Christ came into the world, lived his life of obedience to God, and died as the atoner for sin. He sits at the right hand of the Majesty on high now to give repentance and remission of sin. We may put full faith in his willingness and ability to grant us remission.

But, furthermore, he is just in bestowing forgiveness as well as faithful. The forgiveness which he imparts is

Justifiable Forgiveness.

God must be just or cease to be God. We cannot for a moment think of God as unjust. One act of injustice on the part of God would overthrow his throne and leave this universe without a judge, without a father, without a Saviour, without a God. The attribute of absolute justice is inseparable from all true ideas of the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. In bestowing his mercy he will be true to his promises. He will be just to his Son in the covenant of redemption, and he will be just to men who have put their implicit trust in Jesus Christ. The atonement of Jesus Christ satisfies the sense of justice and enables them to see how God can now be just while he is the justifier of those who believe in Jesus Christ.

The apostle Paul clearly teaches the possibility of perfect harmony between God's attributes of justice and mercy. This great truth this apostle brings out in his letter to the Romans, the third chapter and the twenty-sixth verse. That verse is in many respects the very essence of the Gospel. It shows that God retains the integrity of his character while he remits the penalty due to sinners; it shows that he can forgive sinners being penitent without sacrificing his divine and eternal justice. By giving his Son as a substitute for sinners he now can forgive sinners while he maintains the integrity of the divine law against sin. The salvation of men at the expense of the justice of God is unthinkable. No human intellect however lofty or profound could have answered the question, "How should man be just with God?" This question staggered all thinkers in all ages. It has been the great inquiry ever before the mind of earnest students. Every man knows that he is a sinner, and must feel that God would be just in inflicting punishment proportioned to his guilt. The effort to answer this question has given rise to all the forms of religion among men; to all the penances and sacrifices of different faiths among many nations, but only in the Christian revelation can the answer be found; only through the infinite merits of the Redeemer can men conscious of their guilt be forgiven while God's law is honored and their own sense of justice is satisfied.

Cleansing.

The third word around which the thoughts of the text gather in appropriate order is cleansing. The characteristics of the cleansing here promised are worthy of our attentive consideration. To cleanse is more than merely to forgive. We see at once that we have advanced a step in our consideration of God's wonderful grace to the children of men. Forgiveness were much, forgiveness were an indescribable blessing; but cleansing introduces us into a nobler condition and a sweeter relation. To forgive is to justify; but to cleanse is to sanctify as well as justify. It is a mark of wonderful condescension on the part of God, and a token of marvelous blessing in our own experience. For cleansing as well as forgiveness we must earnestly seek; for purification as well as pardon we must constantly strive.

Careful study of the text shows us that it is a personal cleansing. The promise is that he will cleanse us from all unrighteousness. We must personally be washed in the precious blood of the Son of God. Religion is intensely personal. A wall high as heaven and deep as hell separates every personality from every other. Personality is eternal. Individuality outlives death and the judgment. Moses and Elijah were Moses and Elijah though they had been respectively about 1500 and 1000 years in heaven. We cannot be saved because of the righteousness of others. There must be a personal cleansing in the fountain opened for sin and cleansing. To that fountain I now invite you. Oh, come, wash and be

Clean Now;

yea, wash and be whiter than snow! It is God's desire that every man should be justified; that every man should be saved with an eternal salvation. It is observable also that this is divine cleansing; for it is God who is here represented as forgiving and cleansing. He alone can cleanse from sin. Only the blood of Jesus Christ his Son possesses cleansing power. The fountains of earth can never wash away the sins of men. As well might an Ethiopian attempt "by nitre and much soap" to make nimself white as for a sinner to expect to make himself white by any application of his own merits and righteousness. As a ground of salvation all our doings are deadly; no man can be saved by good works as a ground of acceptance with God. Good works are the fruit of the faith implanted in the soul. There is only one fountain that can wash away the stain of sin. Oh come to that fountain here and now, wash and be clean! We observe also that it is a perfect cleansing—"cleanse us from all unrighteousness." The sin which abides in the heart as conscious guilt may be removed by God's pardon. The sin which abides in us as pollution requires divine cleansing. All men might receive forgiveness and cleansing if they would but confess their guilt and receive divine mercy. There is no sin so dark but that the blood of

Christ can Wash it Away;

there is no heart so foul but that it may be made whiter than the driven snow. Every form of unrighteousness is sin, and as such is to be cleansed from the soul. It is the duty and privilege of every child of God to have his heart cleansed from remaining depravity, and to keep himself unspotted from the world and in sweet fellowship with his Redeemer.

Do I here advocate doctrines of sinless perfection? If I did the verse following the text would rebuke me and contradict my teaching. In that verse it is distinctly said, "If we say that we have not sinned we make God a liar, and his word is not in us." No man may claim sinless perfection. Such a claim as this the Apostle Paul never made but distinctly repudiated; but whether men ought to claim that they have attained to the higher life it is certain that all of us might live a much higher life than we do now. Many of us are content to be servants, when we might be sons; many of us are satisfied with the porter's lodge, when we might dwell in the king's palace. It is a false humility which insists on calling ourselves servants, when God calls us sons and daughters. By being cleansed from all unrighteousness we are certainly taught that we may have all kinds, classes and degrees of sin forgiven; that there is no stain so dark or deep that the blood of Christ cannot take it away. Think of the various

Classes of Saved Sinners

mentioned in the Bible. Almost every possible condition of life is represented among the redeemed whose salvation is described on the inspired page. Here are the men and women who were outcasts from society, whose hands were red with blood, whose honor was trampled in the dust, whose purity was as a flower stained and rejected, but the grace of God cleansed them from sin and enrolled them among the heroes and heroines of faith. Behold the blood-washed throng before the great white throne. They are there from every nation; they are there cleansed from every kind and degree of sin. The fountain is still open; its cleansing tide flowed full and free. I stand here to-day finding as John the Baptist found my highest joy, my sweetest privilege and my most solemn duty in pointing to Jesus Christ and saying, "Behold, the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

PROTECTING THE VETERANS!

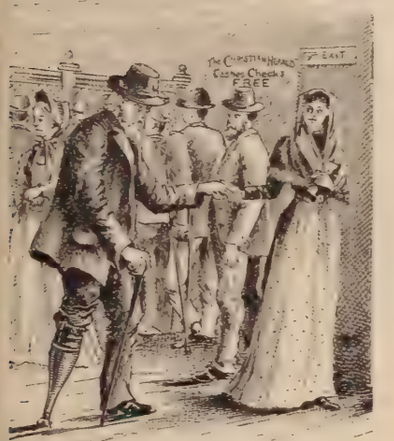
(Continued from first page.)

"Checks! checks!" cried a strident voice, in the stairway. A couple of hundred faces instantly turned in that direction. It was a saloon tout, who, with lit cigar, stood on the steps. "Checks cashed free two doors below," he vociferated. "No waiting; cash 'em while you wait; and give yer somethin' inside ter keep ye warm besides. Come on—we'll do ye good."

"Yes, you'll do us as ye did us afore!" called out a veteran. "Ye've done us up nice all these years, ye loafer. Git out!"

But the admonition was not needed, for catching a glimpse of a bluecoat approaching through the crowd, the tout quickly vanished.

"My son is here, back o' me," said a frail old man, with thin, gray hair, "an he'll take care o' me. We've been here before, and you used me kindly. Here's my paper (producing the check). Thank you, I'll put the money away here afore I leave." It's all we have to carry us thro' the balance of this winter, an' we've been waiting for days to get it. I never had any full money till I came here, and



"COME THIS WAY, FATHER!"

we've every reason to bless THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and the men who are doing this kind work for us old men. It's the drink, sir—the drink—that's what ails most of us. Praise God; I'm done with it!"

One aged and very feeble pensioner entered the hall, shaking with the cold. For two hours he had stood with his wife outside, waiting for his check, and when he reached the Check-cashing Bureau he was in a fainting condition. A policeman rubbed him, got him by the Mission fire and gave him some hot coffee. "Ah!" said he, as he opened his eyes, "Now, I'm all right, honey. This is better than the saloon, isn't it, Mary? Ay, and I will get our money, all of it, into the bargain, which we couldn't do till Dr. Talmage and his paper made it easy like this. Ah! my friend," he said, turning to the officer, as he drained the last of his coffee, "when ye get ould, like me, ye'll know the value of a friend who helps to put coal and wood in the house and bread on the table, and, indeed, that's what they're doing to us ould chaps. My word! That coffee makes me feel like marchin' again."

There is a strong probability that the service rendered to the veterans by the Free Check-cashing Bureau in New York will soon be extended to other cities, where Pension Offices are located. Letters of inquiry have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from philanthropic, Christian people in different parts of the country, asking for full information with regard to the Bureau's system, with a view to the establishment of similar Bureaus elsewhere. If public-spirited, Christian men and women would unite in this work for the moral and social elevation of the old soldiers, the latter would soon cease to be the prey of the saloon-keepers on quarter-days. Besides, every Bureau so established would not only have a direct missionary influence, but would be equal in its own district to a general increase of pensions, since it would save a very large percentage of the amount now wasted in Columbus, Indianapolis, Topeka, Philadelphia and Boston by the pensioners, in cashing their checks across the bars of the whiskey shops.

There is no nobler battle for temperance and morality which Christian men and women could engage in; it is a field ripe for energetic, consecrated workers, and one which will yield an abundant harvest.

Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

A Little Ship was on the Sea.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. A lit-tle ship was on the sea, It was a pret-ty sight;
2. And all, but One, were sore a-fraid Of sinking in the deep;
3. He to the storm says, "Peace, be still!" The raging bil-lows cease;
It sail'd a-long so pleas-ant-ly, And all was fair and bright,
His head was on a pil-low laid, And He was fast a-sleep;
The might-y winds o-bey His will, And all are hush'd in peace;
When lo! a storm be-gan to rise, The wind grew loud and strong;
"Mas-ter, we per-ish! Master, save!" They cried,—their Master heard;
Oh, well we know it was the Lord, Our Sav-iour and our Friend,
It blew the clouds a-cross the skies, It blew the waves a-long.
He rose, rebuked the wind and wave, And still'd them with a word.
Whose care of those who trust His word Will nev-er, nev-er end.

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MY TESTIMONY.

THOUGH I cannot "speak like angels,"
Though I cannot "preach like Paul";
Yet have I a tongue to tell you
Of my Christ, my "All in All."

I can tell you how he cleansed me
From the stains of sin and shame;
How he succors, guides and keeps me
Glory to his holy Name!

Tell you how the Saviour saw me
Restless, discontented, roam;
Peace spoke to my soul, and gave me
A contented, happy home.

Then I'll tell you how he bade me
Work for him, and gave me grace,
Faithfully, with joy to serve him,
Till I see him face to face. —B. V.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

"'TWAS BUT"

'TWAS but a hand-press and a tear
Where life was sad;
Only a smile of joy and cheer
Where all was glad;
Such tiny deeds they seemed to me,
As from a child;
Yet on the hand-press, on the tear,
The great God smiled.

'Twas but the lifting of the Cross
Laid at thy feet;
Only the letting go my will
My Lord to meet;
But weakly things they seem—and all
By sin defiled—
Yet on the gift of will and heart
The great God smiled.

HELP THOU ME.

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily, and follow me." Luke 9: 23.

"JESUS, I my cross have taken,"
Help thou me its weight to bear;
Go with me o'er life's rough pathway,
And with me each trial share.

Thou canst strengthen, guide, and hold me,
As life's journey I pursue;
Give me grace for every conflict,
And for thee my love renew.

Help me, Lord, to read thy message,
And proclaim thy love so mild;
So that nations yet in darkness
May to thee be reconciled.—JACOB HENN.

Liberty, Mo.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

A CARD FROM DR. TALMAGE.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 9, 1893.

To whom it may concern:

I receive hundreds of letters making inquiries of me concerning the Tanquerey Portrait Society, the Brooklyn Art Union and other portrait concerns, who in their advertisements and circulars use my name among their references. I have no knowledge whatever of any of these establishments, and therefore do not know how good or bad their business methods may be. I most emphatically decline any responsibility whatever in this matter, and any use of my name in this connection is altogether unauthorized.

T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

J. E. W., Box 52, Harmonsburg, Ia., writes:

Will "Constant Reader, Brighton, Mass.," in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of Dec. 14, send me address of the invalid who wishes to collect one million stamps?

Will you please inform me through the mail bag of the paper as to the correct address of the Chicago Bible Institute?

Write to Mr. Baines-Griffiths, Bible Institute, La Salle Avenue, Chicago.

E. M. Baker, Palestine, Ind. What does the inscription on the olive wood slabs presented by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to renewing subscribers mean?

The inscription is in Hebrew and means "City of Peace."

O. L. Dart, N. Y. 1. How much is "a deal" of flour mentioned in Exod. 29: 40? 2. Who writes Yatman's column?

1. A "deal" is the equivalent of an "omer," or the tenth part of an "ephah." (See Lev. 14: 10 and 23: 13, also Numb. 15: 4.) 2. C. H. Yatman, the well-known evangelist.

Mrs. Louisa Fennell, Pawnee City, Neb., writes:

I was very much interested in reading about "The Travelers' Club," in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD: it did my heart good to read it. I call that religion getting right down to the main point, and lifting up the fallen. It is the way to make better men and better women. I hope there will be many more of them for I say with you, fill the hungry mouths and then preach religion.

Ida Scharft, 94 St. Marks Place, New York City, writes: I have saved a million postage stamps, that have been used. I have heard of various ways that people have disposed of them. One collector received $100 for them; another a bicycle, and another secured admission for an old lady to a Home. Where shall I apply to get information?

Possibly some of our readers may be able to supply the information desired.

Mrs. M. M. Semple, Grand Mound, Ia. Who was the Virgin Mary's father?

She was of the tribe of Judah, but as to the names, circumstances and occupation of her parents, nothing definite is known. Creswell and several other commentators hold that the genealogy given by Luke (2. Chapter) is that of Mary rather than Joseph and that her father's name was Heli; while others who assert that Joseph married his cousin, affirm that she was the daughter of Jacob, the brother of Heli, sons of Matthat.

Mrs. W. Kass, Galesville, Wis. The subscription price of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is $1.50 a year.—Subscriber, Mayoworth, Wyo. 1. No. 2. Yes, if it can be avoided. 3 and 4. The Sabbath is set apart for prayer, praise and meditation on God's Word. All merely secular occupations, save such as are works of necessity, should be avoided on that holy day.—Mrs. Isaac Wolf, Luther, Mich. You will find it in almost any standard encyclopedia.—Henry F. Halley, Lexington Ky. Write to M. D. Baines-Griffiths, Chicago Evangelization Society, La Salle Avenue, Chicago, for all particulars.—E. Mullis, Luton, Ia. It is an indecorous habit to say the least. His attention might properly be called to it, by some of the older members. Probably it is done unconsciously.—O. Wendel, Peiro, Ia. We don't know anything about the concern you mention.—R. N. Lewis, Red Hook, N. Y. Write to Secretary Y.M.C.A., E. 23d Street, New York City.—James S. Kriebel, Reddick, Ill. Write to Rev. Ross Taylor, 210 8th Avenue, New York.—"Seth's Wife." You should help them, by all means, if it lies in your power to do so. That is the plain, immediate duty.—Mrs. J. W. Colquitt, Little Rock, Ark. We do not know to what denomination Tello d'Apery belongs, but he is doing a good work. Rev. Mr. Wadman (now in Japan) is a Methodist.—A Subscriber, Fulton, Mo. Your questions do not admit of an answer.—Mrs. W. M. Smith. You can find such a description in the Antiquities of the Jews, by Flavius Josephus, the famous Jewish historian.—Rev. J. Evans, Worcester, N. Y. His age is 61.—Elwyn Speaker, Egan City, Ill. Write to Pratt's Technical Institute, Brooklyn, N.Y.—A. F. R., Fredericksburg, Va. 1. There is too wide a difference between their belief and that of Protestants to explain in a sentence or two. 2. To select one person as the greatest living orator would be invidious. Each nation has its own standard and its own favorites, either at the pulpit, at the bar, on the political platform or in legislation. 3. B. Fay Mills is a Presbyterian and Thos. Harrison a Methodist. 4. See II. Peter 2: 20, 21; and Heb. 6. 6; and 10: 2-6. 5. In the United States the Methodists preponderate. 6. Too voluminous a question.

THE PREMILLENNIAL ADVENT.

Common Errors about its Time, Character and Purpose.

BY THE REV. A. L. BRAND

IN common with all the fundamental doctrines of the Bible, that of the second coming of Christ has been opposed, controverted, and misrepresented, even by the professed friends of the Coming One. It has been associated with error by fanciful interpreters, whose zeal was much more conspicuous than their wisdom. The doctrine is as scriptural and important now as it was in the days of the primitive church, and it should be more precious to us as we are so much nearer its realization.

The second coming is yet future. It would scarcely seem necessary to offer proof in support of a proposition so evident as this, and yet you are aware, that there were those in St. Paul's day who affirmed that the event had already occurred. That class have their representatives in the world to-day. I will only take time to specify four reasons:

1. It is yet future because the world has not yet been apprised of its accomplishment. "Behold, he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him."—Rev. 1: 7.

2. Because the merciful and long-suffering silence of God is still unbroken, "Our God shall come and shall not keep silence" (Psa. 50: 3.) In the latter part of this Psalm we learn that God is silent with respect to the judgment and punishment of evil doers. This silence will be broken when he comes. St. Paul affirms that "He shall be revealed in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them who know not God and obey not the Gospel."—II. Thess. 1: 7, 8.

3. The resurrection has not yet taken place. "As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive, but every man in his own order: Christ the first fruits; afterwards they that are Christ's at his coming."—1. Cor. 15: 22, 23.

4. The kingdoms of this world have not yet become the kingdoms of Christ. "And the seventh angel sounded and there were great voices in heaven saying, the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever."—Rev. 11: 15.

I shall now proceed to the question proper; but first offer two negative propositions.

1. The coming of Christ does not take place at the death of a believer. Christ is with him then, as he is all through his Christian life—in spirit. It is the enemy, death, who comes, and Christ sustains and accompanies through the valley, and in the shadow; along the pathway which he hath trod before, and the lamp of his life is the guide through the gloom. When he comes, death will be destroyed. He comes as the Prince of life. We may now say, as did Mary and Martha, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, our brother had not died." Or sing with Bickersteth:

[illegible]

Hush! be every murmur dumb,
It is only till he come.

2. It is not fulfilled in any sense, by the visitation of wrath, either of an individual or nation. I need only quote one passage—"When the Son of Man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory, and before him shall be gathered all nations, and he shall separate them one from another." All nations will then be judged, not as nations but as individuals; and each will be rewarded or punished according to condition. With these remarks on these negative propositions, I now turn to the affirmative, and affirm that the coming of Christ will be visible, glorious, personal and premillennial.

Visible—"Every eye shall see him," (Rev. 1: 7.) Glorious, "Looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great [illegible]." (Titus 2: 13.) Personal. "This same Jesus shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." (Acts 1: 11.) "The Lord himself [illegible] resurrection of the saints takes place at the commencement of the thousand years, and as that takes place at his coming (see 1. Cor. 15: 23; and 1. Thess. 4: 16), [illegible]

NEW EDITION.

[illegible] ancient and

SENDING PORTIONS.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Feb. 26. Nehemiah 8: 10; Acts 3: 5-9.

WHEN some great good has fallen into a man's possession, if he be a true man his first impulse is to make some one else happy. The people mentioned in the first passage selected for the Topic were relieved of the burden of their sin. They had discovered that they were worse sinners than they had supposed, and were stricken with shame and alarm. Then came the relief, the pardon of their sins, and their joy finds expression in sending portions to them for whom nothing had been prepared. It is a type of the spiritual process we call conversion. First conviction, with its accompanying distress, then the entering into joy and peace and the consciousness of forgiveness. There, too, we expect the same effect. There is no surer sign of genuine conversion than that the subject of it feels an outgoing of love to everyone. He, too, should let that love be manifest by sending portions to those who are in need.

But what are the portions that should be sent? The simplest and that which gives the least trouble is money. In every great city there are thousands in bitter need of that portion. Christ and his apostles insist on the duty of Christian charity. Individuals may do, and have done much, but the time is at hand when the Church in its corporate capacity must take up this awful problem of poverty and provide a remedy for it better than that of alms-giving. However we may try to close our eyes to the fact, God does not see with approval men kept by our social conditions on the brink of starvation, unable to earn an honest living though they are quite willing and eager to work, while men who call themselves Christians have more money than they can ever use, and are struggling to get more. Among the portions to be sent out must be this of the opportunity to every man of supporting himself honestly. But that is only elementary. If we give of our own best things we must come closer than that. The enlightened man does not regard his riches as his most precious possession. His education, his culture, his mental endowment are something dearer far to him than houses or lands. His duty in sending portions is not done until he has made a strenuous effort to impart something of a mental and moral stimulus to those who are living on the level of beasts, who see no higher good than the gratification of physical appetite. A better portion to send out is that being sent out in the College Settlements now at work, in teaching mental and moral refinement to men and women who know not its value. But the best portion of all is that which the poorest Christian may send. He knows of a joy better than wealth, better than refinement, and in telling of that and the way to attain it, he is sending out the best of all portions. He may be unable to give largely of money, or culture, but he does a better service than in giving either, when, realizing the value to him of the joys of divine sonship he looks around on the toiling, hopeless, joyless drudge whom he may meet on any street, and says to him: "Such as I have give I thee."

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THE CHILDREN AT WORK

DEEPLY interesting are the evidences furnished by the reports sent to the *Silver Cross* from all parts of the country, of the spirit of helpfulness which has been aroused among the children by the Order of King's Daughters. One of the Chicago Circles composed exclusively of children have put their mites together for the purchase of a rocking-chair which has been placed in a church parlor. Every Sunday the chair is occupied by some mother who can bring her baby and sit there and listen to the service instead of remaining at home a prisoner for the baby's sake. An interesting feature of this achievement of buying the rocking-chair was that the children *earned* the money for its purchase. No contributions were accepted of money that had been given to them. Some extra duty was undertaken by each little Daughter of the King, either in the home, or school, or neighborhood for which compensation was given and the little earnings went to the fund for the purchase of the rocking-chair. The earnings were all in pennies and in some instances a great deal of work was done for a penny, but in the end the fund mounted to the $25 required for the chair. The children are delighted with the result and with the extent to which it is appreciated by the mothers in the church, and, like David at the threshing floor of Araunah, they are able to say they have not given that which cost them nothing.

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A SUCCESSFUL B. Y. P. U. PRESIDENT.

ONE of the most vigorous and aggressive Baptist Young People's Unions so far formed is that of the Maritime Provinces. Its President is Mr. J. Kaye Ross, whose portrait appears on this page. Mr. Ross is a native of Prince Edward Island and is in his thirty-second year. He is a son of the Rev. Malcolm Ross, whose title of "Father" Ross, by which he is known far and wide, indicates the affectionate reverence in which he is held by the people. Mr. Ross was converted in his nineteenth year and united with the Cavendish Baptist Church. He made teaching his profession and succeeded in building up a large and successful school. He also engaged successfully in extensive farming operations, which proved very lucrative. He now resides in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, where he devotes himself largely to religious and philanthropic work. Mr. Ross is a

MR. J. KAYE ROSS.
(*Pres B. Y. P. U. of the Maritime Provinces.*)

member of the First Baptist Church in that town, whose pastor is Rev. J. A. Gordon, the present President of the Baptist Convention of the Maritime Provinces. The church is a well organized, aggressive body, doing an excellent work in the town. Mr. Ross is one of its most active members, and he took a special interest in the formation of the local Young People's Union in the church. The extension of the movement in the churches of other towns had his hearty sympaty and co-operation, so that when the Provincial Union was organized recently at Bridgetown, Nova Scotia, Mr. Ross was naturally the man to whom the Unions turned in looking for a vigorous and able President. Much of the success that has attended the Baptist Young People's Union of the Maritime Provinces, is due to the energy and ability with which he has performed his duties.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

EXTENSIVE preparations are being made in Washington, D. C., for the great mass-meeting which the Fourth General Conference District are to hold there in May next.—An effort is being made to change the date of the great international Convention at Cleveland, Ohio, from the first to the third week in July. The League has accepted the offer of the Saengerfest Hall which has been made by the committee in charge of the Hall. It is only a temporary structure but it has seating accommodation for 12,000 persons.—The Chapter of Laurence, L. I., has spent a hundred dollars in fitting up handsome rooms for its use and is beginning to collect a library. The Chapter has sixty members.—At Matteawan the League rents a good pew at fifty dollers a year which it has furnished with hymn-books and placed at the disposal of the church for the use of strangers.—The League in South Dakota has been making a field-day of its second anniversary. A great convention was held at Huron which continued four days. Mr. F. A. Burdick was re-elected President and a vice-president was elected to represent each conference district. The utmost enthusiasm was manifested by the delegates.—At Madelia, Minn., some excellent methods of work have been adopted. Among others self-addressed postal cards from the Mercy and Help Department have been handed to the physicians of the town, who, when they have a patient in need of help either of nursing or of medicines or medical appliances, have merely to fill in and mail the card and the League attends to the case to the best of its ability. Arrangements are also made by which families moving into the town receive a call from a representative of the League, who invites the family to church.

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DR. F. E. CLARK IN JAPAN.

FROM Dr. Clark's letter to the *Golden Rule*, we extract the following: Japan the wonderful! Japan the beautiful! Japan the country that has leaped with a bound into the charmed circle of great civilized nations! Here we are, and here we have been for eight busy days. Into these days have been crowded thirteen meetings and several hundreds of miles of railway travel.

After seven days from Hong Kong, of wild tossing on the China Sea, the *Peru* anchored in the tranquil harbor of Yokohama. The next day was Sunday, and besides preaching at the two services in the Union Church "for foreigners," I spoke to the girls of the two large schools of Yokohama, the Ferris Seminary of the Reformed Church, and the Woman's Union Mission School. The meeting was held in the hall of the latter school, and it was as bright and interesting an audience as I ever addressed. The next day a vigorous society was organized in the Union Church, among the foreigners, from which the honored and beloved pastor, Rev. Dr. Meacham, of the Canadian Methodist Board, expects great things.

The Methodist Protestant Board of Missions also has a good station here, and Rev. A. R. Morgan and his helpers I greatly enjoyed meeting. Before my visit, Mr. Morgan had the only Christian Endeavor Society in Yokohama, among the Japanese young people; and he speaks very highly of its work. His church is about to organize a Junior Society.

Tuesday we went a hundred miles north, into the interior of Japan, to attend a conference of the native pastors of all denominations at Takasaki. After speaking to them as well as I could through an interpreter, Mr. Yokoi, who by the way, is one of the most eminent native pastors in all Japan, I went to the neighboring city of Maebashi, where Rev. W. H. Noyes, of the Berkeley Temple Mission, is holding the fort in heroic style, far from any of his brethren, assisted by his noble wife and two lady missionaries. Here, the same evening, I spoke to a popular audience of Japanese, and the next morning we had a chance to see a genuine Japanese town of the interior. We have very little time for sight-seeing, except incidently in travelling from place to place. At noon, the next day, we started for Tokyo, the capital of Japan.

My first appointment in Tokyo was before a Japanese audience of five or six hundred, to whom I attempted to explain our Society as well as possible. This meeting was held in "Dr. Eby's tabernacle," as it is called, a fine church belonging to the Canadian Methodist Missionary Board. The Presbyterians have, I suppose, the largest missionary force in Tokyo, though the Baptists, Episcopalians, and Methodist Episcopalians are well represented, while, though there is but one Congregational missionary family in Tokyo, that of Dr. and Mrs. D. C. Greene, the pioneer missionaries of the American Board in this land, there are several strong Congregational Japanese churches. It was our great pleasure to meet nearly all these missionaries, one hundred in all, at a delightful reception that was tendered us at the home of Rev. W. J. White, in Skiji, the foreign concession of Tokyo. This reception and the public meeting that preceded it were under the auspices of the Tokyo conference, which embraces missionaries of all denominations. I went again to Yokohama, where many of the Japanese pastors are on the point of starting societies, had a large audience in the Shiloh Presbyterian Church, and addressed three other meetings in Tokyo, in Japanese churches. Rev. T. Harada, a leading pastor, has compiled a thirty-page leaflet about Christian Endeavor, of which five thousand will be distributed soon. Everything is hopeful.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

NOW only look what I have found,
A sparrow's nest upon the ground:
A sparrow's nest, as you may see,
Blown out of yonder old elm tree.

And what a medley thing it is!
I never saw a nest like this;
So neatly wove with decent care,
Of silvery moss, and shining hair.

Think had these odds and ends been brought
To some wise man renowned for thought;
Some man of men, a very gem—
Pray, what could he have done with them?

How would the man of learning vast,
Have been astonished and aghast;
And vow that such a thing had been
Ne'er heard or thought of, much less seen?

Ah, man of learning, you are wrong,
Instinct is more than wisdom strong,
And He who made the sparrow, taught
This skill beyond your reach of thought.

And here in this uncostly nest,
These little creatures have been blest;
Nor have kings known in palaces
Half their contentedness in this—
Poor simple dwelling as it is.

Albertville, Wis. —MRS. A. REED.

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In Earthquake Lands.

The Recent Calamity at Zante—Some of the Famous Earthquakes Recorded in Sacred and Profane History.

EARTHQUAKES are of rare occurrence in our own favored land, and the slight shocks that are experienced occasionally are seldom attended by any considerable loss of life or property. If we except the great Charleston earthquake several years ago and the occasional seismic disturbances on the Pacific Coast, it may be said that there have been no notable earthquakes in the United States in a generation or more. There are, however, many other countries not so happily situated. Mexico and South America generally have frequently recurring earthquakes, attended by loss of life and wrecking of buildings. The countries of Southern Europe, and more particularly Italy, Greece, and the islands of the Mediterranean Sea and the Greek archipelago are more frequently visited by such calamities than any other part of the globe. On January 30th, the island of Zante, off the west coast of Greece, was shaken, and many business houses and dwellings were wrecked, the occupants being driven in terror into the streets, in their night-clothes. The roof of a prison fell in and many persons were injured, the principal hospital sank several feet, and its walls were shaken and cracked. All the towns-people fled in panic to the outskirts. Hundreds of dead are said to be buried in the ruins of the wrecked buildings. Meanwhile the people of Zante are homeless and the government has undertaken to provide them with food and shelter. The island has 45,000 inhabitants of whom 2000 are Jews. It is built on volcanic rocks which are believed to cover subterranean fires. The town of Zante has about 16,000 inhabitants.

The island of Zante, where the earthquake occurred, is one of the Peloponnesian group in the Mediterranean. On this page our illustration shows the town of Zante, the ancient Zacynthus, which stands on the margin of a lovely semicircular bay. It is flanked by two high hills; on one is the castle. The hill to the south is called, from its extensive view, Mount Scoto; probably it is the same as the ancient Elatus, or "mountain of silver firs," which formerly, as may be presumed from its name, gave a reason, no longer existing, for the "woody Zacynthus," mentioned by Homer, the poet. Much has been said concerning the origin of the name of Zacynthus itself, and, as is usually the case, heroes have been created at will, from whom that appellation has been derived; but names of places are generally assigned in consequence of some peculiarity existing in the sites themselves. *Cynthus*, in the early Greek language, was a general term for a hill. Looking at these two mountains in the picture and the town placed between them, one need go no further than the immediate neighborhood of Zacynthus for what it so well supplies, namely: the reason for its designation, which may be compared to that of a woody mountain of Epirus, called Za-longus, of which word that latter part (longus) is the general romaic term for a forest while Za denotes size

The interior of the town of Zante has not much to recommend it. The streets have dark, dwarfish arcades: in the houses are latticed windows, and in the shops none at all. There are pretty lanes and hedges of pomegranates, quinces, smilax and aloes, toward the southwest district, and in the distance are long lines of cypresses. On the left of the road is a wine-vat similar to those in which Dionysius is represented treading out the grapes in ancient monuments. It consists of two compartments, three feet deep, and covered over with stucco.

Scientific authorites hold that earthquake shocks are caused by concussions or sudden blows delivered underground at some definite centre, which is termed the *seismic focus*. From this centre longitudinal waves are propagated in all directions through the solid material of the earth's crust, and these earthquake waves are accompanied by similar undulations of the water. Those marine disturbances sometimes extend hundreds of miles in a circle (from the common centre.) A friend of the writer, who was in Messina during an earthquake several years ago, thus described the peculiar and never-to-be-forgotten sensation:

THE ISLAND OF ZANTE, OR ZACYNTHUS.
(*Scene of the recent destructive earthquakes*)

"I had left my steamer at the dock to go up street and, when a few rods away, I experienced a dizzy, sea-sick sort of feeling and tried to grasp at something to steady myself. The street seemed to rise and fall and I felt certain I was going to be quite ill, when, looking around, I saw to my astonishment that the houses were also rocking. I staggered as well as I could to the middle of the road. Looking up and down I saw the roadway undulating like the waters of the sea. The dwellings swayed inward and outward and in several places, great pieces of plaster and stone fell crashing to the street raising a blinding dust. People tumbled shrieking from the doorways, and fell as they tried to run. Then it flashed upon my mind that I was caught in an earthquake!

"Falling and stumbling repeatedly, I managed to retrace my steps to the pier where the steamer lay and was just in time, for my crew were casting off the cables to make for the open sea. We moved away and then (for the shocks continued in quick succession) we saw that many buildings had fallen and others were tumbling. Fugitives were running in all directions—some were fortunate enough to come on board before we moved out. It was soon over, but while it lasted it seemed as though it had been hours instead of minutes. The loss of life and property in that brief space was appalling."

The earthquakes recorded in history are so numerous as to excite wonder in the minds of those who, like ourselves, dwell in a country so far removed from the "seismic belt." From 1606 B.C. to 1842 A.D., between 6000 and 7000 earthquakes are known to have occurred in different parts of the world—both by land and sea. A number are mentioned in the Bible. Psalm 16: 7 relates how "the earth shook and trembled." Korah and his company were swallowed up by a similar convulsion (Numbers 16: 32), and at the time of the Saviour's death (Matt. 27: 51), a memorable earthquake occurred. In Ahab's time (I. Kings 19: 11,12), an earthquake terrified the wicked Israelites, and in the reign of Uzziah (781 B.C.) the temple was rent by a seismic shock (Zech. 14: 5.) At Oppido, in Calabria (1738 A.D.) at Lisbon, at Puteoli and around the Dead Sea, destructive visitations attended by great loss of life have occurred at different times during the world's history.

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Don't be Afraid of Work.

It is well, in my opinion, says George W. Childs, to accustom one's self early to work, and not to be afraid of any kind of work that is honest and useful. I began to support myself when I was only twelve years old, I had some schooling, but not much. I never went to college, not because I did not think a college career might be a good thing for those who could afford it, and who could make a good use of it, but because I did not feel that it was not so important to me as to be earning my own living.

A man can be industrious, and yet his industry may not achieve much valuable result. You must not only work, but you must order your work with intelligence. You must be preparing the way for what you intend to become as well as do with care what lies to your hand. While I was working as errand and office boy I improved such opportunity as I had to read books, and to attend book sales, so as to learn the market value of books and anything else that might be useful to me hereafter. It was my aim always to be in a position where I could use my best talents to the best advantage. I fixed my ambition high, so that, even if I did not realize the highest, I might at least, always be tending upward. A man should not only use all his faculties, but be constantly developing them so that he can do more. If you jump at a thing with your whole heart and mind, though you may not be exceptionably able, it is wonderful how much you may accomplish. But if you are half-hearted you will fail. You must not yield to the temptation to relax your efforts, and turn off and amuse yourself.

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The Emperor and the Farmer's Wife.

A CHARACTERISTIC story is told of the German Emperor's late visit to Austria. When, on a hunting expedition, he found himself at midday very hungry and three miles from the luncheon baskets. He asked his companion, Count Dohna, anxiously, if there were nothing at all eatable in the neighborhood. The Count remembered that there was a small farm not far away. Thither they went, and the woman of the house told them them that she had only milk, bread, butter, and wurst to set before them, and very little of that. "Milk, bread, butter, and wurst," exclaimed his Majestly: "why, that is a meal to set before a king." And he set to with such a good will that soon only a few fragments remained. "And now my good woman," said the Emperor, taking a golden double eagle from his pocket and placing it in the hands of the farmer's wife, "go and buy yourself more wurst and more bread, and, if you can afford it out of the change, a twenty cent picture of the Kaiser, for you can point to it and say, 'I once saved that poor man from starvation.'"

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AFRICAN WIVES.

FROM a subscriber of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in Hackensack, N. J., comes the following very interesting extract from a letter written by a missionary friend in Africa, a student at Rev. A.B. Simpson's Training College, who was sent to the foreign field last Spring.

NAGANDA, AFRICA.

I am stationed at Naganda, seventy miles from Stanley Pool. I live in a little house built of brick, with a thatched roof. There are only two rooms in it, and I have one furnished with home-made articles. My work is to teach the children of the Swedish Mission how to read, write, sew and keep house.

We have no railroads or horse cars here, but travel on foot or by hammocks. I traveled seven days in one of these, walking over the high hills.

We held our first baptismal service last Sabbath. Three missionaries started with about seventy of our boys for a creek two miles away. We passed villages on the road where a white woman had never been seen. When we arrived at the place appointed for the meeting, the boys sat down on the bank of the stream; then we had singing, prayer and Scripture reading, after which Mr. Loison took one of the boys into the water and baptized him, giving him the name of Abraham.

I do not know much about the customs of the people, yet will tell what I have already learned. When a man dies, his body is suspended from the roof, a fire is built under it, and it is smoked about six months. His widows enter the apartment and are not allowed to leave until the end of that time. Other women bring food, water and wood. One sits there to see that they do not turn their faces away from the dead man. When the days of mourning are over, the body is taken down and dressed in a red cloth suit much too large for it; then the garment is stuffed with straw. The face is marked out with black grease, then placed on a litter and ten men dance around with it, thinking the dead is enjoying the performance as much as the living. They feast, shout and dance for several days and then take it to its last resting-place.

An African can have as many wives as he is able to buy. I am acquainted with one who has ten. Some are too poor to purchase, so they hire them. If they fail to pay the price, the women are returned to their owners, the children going with the mothers. No one cares for a wife who has no children, so she is sold from one to another. Women are valued more highly than men. They work out in the fields all day and cook their husbands' food at night, so we have but little chance to speak to them. When a man is in debt and has no boys to sell he will dispose of his sisters. We have three girls who came to us in this way, and there is no other way of getting them. If the missionaries did not buy them they would be sold to others and taken very far away, so we only free them from a life of bondage. Cloth, beads and knives are used instead of money. The girls can be bought for about ninety dollars' worth of these things, sometimes for less.

It is no trouble to get boys as they do not find employment in the villages and their parents are glad to let them come to school because they receive in return that which they can exchange for food. We have to turn many of them away for we cannot take care of them all. Those that we now have are supported by people in Sweden. Twenty dollars will keep a boy in school for a year. Many of them are led to drop their idols by being in school.

ANNIE E. MYERS.

***

Heart Temples.

FLING wide the portals of your heart:
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use for Heaven's employ.
Adorned with prayer and love and joy;
So shall your Sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin.

ROSEMARY AND RUE

BY

JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

A STORY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HOME

Written expressly for "The Christian Herald"

CHAPTER XVI.

A RECOGNITION.

GUIDED by one or two young men of H——, who volunteered to watch with him at night, Dora for three days took all the care of Peirce Denham. Perhaps it was owing to her tender, womanly care that the patient grew no worse, and terrible as were his injuries, life seemed to be striving to reassert itself.

"Living," said the doctor, "is impossible, but the lingering is wonderful."

Peirce Denham said little, and for the most part seemed to be deaf to all that passed about him. Once he said, "Dora, you are very kind to me."

"I do my duty," said Dora shortly. "Have you no duty to yourself in these hours before death?"

"Duty and I never got acquainted," said Denham. "Then, Dora, suppose I got well? Would you stay with me?"

"No;" said Dora with energy. "Your character and way of life are more dreadful to me than ever."

"How have you lived? Who takes care of you?" asked Denham.

"I live with my uncle in a little five-roomed house by the railroad track," said Dora, "and part of my time I have taught. My uncle is old and he needs my attention. The uncle I lived with in Louisville turned me out of doors because of you. If you should get well enough to be taken to a hospital, that would end all that you would ever see of me."

That night Dora watched. In the midnight Peirce said, "Dora, is anyone near enough to hear?"

Dora shook her head.

"Well, they put the coat I had on in that closet. Rip the back-lining and give me a paper—two papers from it."

"Dora reluctantly took scissors to the torn and bloody coat. She handed him the papers.

"I've used the rest up," he said, but there. I fixed that so anyone could get it. I had to. If I'd been nabbed someone could have used it to help me out. You can have it Dora. No one else has a right; you are my wife."

Dora shuddered.

"Ten thousand dollars. I'm glad you've got it. You deserve something, my girl. Take it."

"Do you think I'd touch it," said Dora. "Stolen money!"

"But you don't know where it came from, girl. Take it."

"No, I won't," said Dora vehemently, "I'd starve first."

"Great goodness! What a crank you are!" gasped Denham. "What will you do with it? Burn it up? Drop it on the floor so the servant can pick it up? It's sound cash, stupid! You could get good out of it, though it is too [illegible]

"I could work; I could even beg if I must," said Dora bitterly, "I could not live upon the [illegible]

"See here," said Denham, "I offered it all to you. It seemed as if I owed you something. If I get well, I'll go divvys with it if you change your mind; but I tell you every dime of it was got at the risk of my life, and it isn't to be thrown down like an old rag! I may get out of this, and not be man enough ever to crack a bank again. If you mean to throw it away, wait till you're sure I'm underground, will you?"

Dora picked up the paper and locked it in her valise. She turned down the light, straightened the bed-clothes, and going to the window, drew up the shade and stood looking into the wide, peaceful, moon-lit winter night. The snow lay over all the ground, and upon it were sharply traced the shadows of the trees, the fine net-work of ash and maple, or elm, the black cones of the evergreens. Oh, stillness! Oh, peace! Was her life ever again to know calm rest? Might this man live, a helpless wreck, a demon mind in a distorted, helpless body! What then should she do with him? What course would be duty? She cried out to God, "Make not my burden heavier than I can bear."

Sometimes death is the best solution of difficult questions.

"Here is a curious case," said the doctor the next day. "All good surgery would say that he ought to die, that he had no right to live an hour after such injuries. What is he made of? He is stronger this morning, and for all I can see may live a week or ten days. A better man would have died before now. Miss Lacy, this case may linger longer than we reckoned on, and you cannot keep up many more days as you have been doing. We must have a nurse. There are no trained nurses near here, but we can get some one who will relieve you. You are looking pale and worn. Don't throw away a useful life on a bad life. I'll see if I can hear of a nurse."

"I think I should have the best that can be had," said Dora. "Cannot we find a skilled nurse in the city?"

"No doubt. But do you know the expense?"

"That is all right," said Dora. "There is money. I brought plenty and I can send for more."

"I will telegraph for a nurse to come on the evening train."

"Have a lady come, not a man nurse; as I must be there all the time. A lady will be more comfort to me."

Dora and the doctor had talked in the hall. As Dora re-entered the room, Denham said snappishly, "What has the doctor been saying to you? That I'll get well? And you're mad about it? I'll get well to spite you."

Long sharp pain had worn away Denham's past careless defiance, and now he was in a state of furious irritation which only his helpless condition prevented being dangerous to his attendants.

"He said he should telegraph to Boston for a trained nurse."

"Oh, doing their best to keep the burglar alive, so they can send him to the penitentiary! They won't see me in a cell."

"The cell that waits for you," said Dora, "is dark and narrow and silent. It will hold you until the 'judgment of the great day.' What will you answer to your Judge. These unexpected hours of reprieve are to give you one last opportunity to make your peace with God. Think of it. Do you not hate the sin that has brought you where you are!"

"No, you fool, I love it," said Denham with an oath.

Fever was rising, and all day long Denham rolled his tortured head on his pillow, moaning and crying out with pain. Dora scarcely sat down a moment, constantly on the alert to do something for the miserable creature's relief.

"I don't know absolutely who she is, or what claim he has on her," said Mrs. Pemberton. "But one thing is certain, she could not do more if he were her nearest and dearest, and that I know he is not. Hers is no sorrow or pity born of love. There is no tenderness in her eyes, she never calls him by any name, there is in her face toward him no sweetness, relic of some past when he was good and dear. There is no emotion in her calm, gentle voice. She has come here to do what she feels to be a duty. She does it nobly. I hope the nurse will come. She has had a terrible day."

"Toward evening, Dora said to her groaning patient, "Perhaps it might help and quiet you, if I sing to you. I can sing."

"Bosh. You'd sing hymns," growled Denham.

But Dora was herself worn out and nearly overcome with nervous distress; some relief she must have or she would break down. She must sing to herself, if not to him. She darkened the room and leaning back in her rocking-chair, she sang:

The King of Love my Shepherd is
His will be mine me to-day,
Since He is mine and I am His,
I can go and I travel
The King of Love my Shepherd is

As her rich, well modulated voice rose and the notes came fuller and fuller, the sharp contention of cries and moans on the bed ceased; the music floated through the partly opened door and Mrs. Pemberton came to listen in the hall. The maid busy in the dining-room held her breath, ceased laying the table and hearkened with all her soul. As singing seemed to command the quiet that she sought, when the first lyric ceased, Dora presently began again.

Oh, ye tears, Oh, ye tears, that have long refused to flow,
Ye are welcome to my heart, thawing, thawing, like the snow;
The ice-bound clod has yielded, and the early snow-drops spring,
And the healing fountains gush, and the wilderness shall sing.

So she sang on, and as she closed:

There is light upon my path, there is sunshine in my heart,
And the leaf and fruit of life shall not utterly depart.
Ye restore to me the freshness and the bloom of long ago,
Oh ye tears, blessed tears, I am thankful that ye flow.

The last lingering note was undertoned by a sob. Not of the singer, not of the man on the bed, moaning under his breath—the sob came from one in the hall—the doctor stood there with the new nurse who had just arrived, and stayed their steps, not to disturb this flood of harmony. The nurse sobbed—the voice seemed to arise out of her past.

"The nurse, Miss Lacy," said the doctor, "Mrs. Wing."

Dora moved the lamp-screen and turned up the light, as she held out her hand. But the light flashed over a face so pale, that she exclaimed, "Why, you look terribly ill yourself! What is the matter?"

The doctor caught the nurse's wrist. "Your heart is not behaving itself. Is this common?"

"Not at all. I am quite well and strong. We have walked quickly in the frosty air. It is cold to-night. But the car was very close. She spoke in firm, even tones.

"A cup of tea will right you. Come out to tea. Miss Lacy can go afterwards. I'll take my tea here, too, Cousin Clara," to Mrs. Pemberton. "Here is the nurse, Mrs. Wing." The nurse was calmly removing her cloak and hat. From the bed Denham spoke, as if unconscious of any presence but that of the singer.

"I say, I did not know you had such a voice, Dora! Thunder, if you'd had grit to follow my lead! Couldn't you have sung the whole town into a trance, while I cracked the safes? Your songs would have covered the multitude of my sins!"

Miserable, wrecked, dying as he lay there, a sudden fury rose against him in Dora's soul. How these words humiliated her before these people! She could not lift her head to look one of them in the face. A bitter sigh broke from her. Surely now they must know her secret, that she had stooped to the hideous defilement of marriage with this man.

Yes, there was no further hope of concealment. Both the doctor and Mrs. Pemberton had suspected the relations of the two. Dora's coming at all forbade the idea that the realtionship was a distant one. The tie must be a near one; a woman so refined and gentle as Dora would not have brought herself to acknowledge her connection with the rough, coarse burglar, if she had been outside his immediate family. Was she his sister or his wife? It must be one of the two, and Dora's manner was not sisterly. So, both the observers came to the conclusion that she must be the burglar's wife, and pretty accurately guessed at the actual circumstances. They had been careful not to allow Dora to perceive that they suspected her secret, but now Denham's brutal remark rendered their assumption of ignorance unnecessary.

"Child," said the doctor to Dora, "the more innocent and unworldly a girl is, the more readily is she deceived."

Mrs. Pemberton took her hand. "It is written, 'Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold.'"

"Come to tea," said the doctor to the nurse. "You tremble like a leaf. If this goes on, you must go to bed, and I shall watch here myself, Miss Lacy is about worn out."

"I shall be all right immediately, said the nurse as she left the room with him.

When Dora had gone out to tea the nurse began to set things in order for the night. As she adjusted the little screen on the table to shield the patient's face from the lamplight, she saw a sealed letter which Dora had written while the family were at tea. Its address was, "Miss Eloise Maple, Plymouth, Mass."

What was there in a little white envelope to shake this woman as a reed is shaken in a mighty wind? She had learned to stand by, calm, strong, helpful, during terrible surgical operations, she could bind wounds, she had gone down with many to the gates of death, her strong courage sustaining trembling souls. But now her feet could not uphold her; she sank to her knees and prayed, "My God, give me grace."

"Dora," said the voice from the bed, the utterance thick with fever, "you shan't go off and leave me now. You left me once. As soon as I showed you what I was you slipped from me, as a bird slips out of the hand! You can't go now! You shan't leave me to that tall black-gowned thing! I know her dress smells of ether and carbolic acid. She means death! You mean life. Dora, you are my wife. You'll stand by me!"

The nurse, who had been introduced as Mrs. Wing, rose from her knees, firm, though her heart was torn with agony. "And was this your fate, my poor deserted child? Did you marry him? O God, thou has chastised me, and I was chastised. I have now received of the Lord's hand double for all my sins. My baby, my little girl left to this. And yet, how fair you are, how pure, how sweet, how they all prize you! Has God kept you spotless in the mire? My darling, let me be very firm now; you have bitter cause to bow with shame for your husband, you shall not be put to further shame by your mother."

Thus the nurse combated the weakness of nature, as she moved here and there in the room. The doctor returned. "I have sent Miss Lacy up stairs to bed. If you are feeling ill, I'll sit up myself."

"I am quite well and strong," said the nurse calmly.

"Fever's rising now, as I wonder it has not done before. Don't spare the opiates."

"The case is hopeless. All that can be done is to quiet pain."

"Aud let other people have a chance to rest," said the doctor. "Here, I'll post that letter," and away he hurried.

With fever, delirium, and intervals of stupor and quiet the night passed away. Dora had an early breakfast and sent the nurse to take a sleep in the room above stairs. After the doctor's visit, Denham woke from an hour's slumber; he was calmer, and in his right mind. The nurse drew up the shade of the window behind the bed, and in the full light it afforded, arranged the bandages on the mutilated face and side. Denham kept perfectly quiet.

When all was done, he said to the nurse: "Stand still there. Dora! come here. Stand beside this woman. Nurse, take off that thing from your head."

She hesitated: he screamed, "Take it off, I say! or I'll break out. If I'm quiet, keep me quiet!"

The nurse removed her cap. Denham looked from one to the other. "You know it, and she don't, eh? Dora, you told me your mother was dead. This woman is your mother, if ever you had one. It don't need a person to be as sharp as a thief to see how you two are related. I never saw such a likeness. Go look at yourselves in the glass."

Dora turned to the nurse, took both her hands and looked earnestly in her face. The nurse lowered her eyes, and big tears began to roll over her cheeks.

(To be Concluded.)

A NEW AND CHARMING SERIAL STORY,
ENTITLED:

"BRAVE BARBARA,"

OR, "THE STORY OF A GERMAN BIBLE."

Expressly written for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
By the famous author,

REV. J. JACKSON WRAY,

Will begin in this journal on March 1. This story, written by Mr. Wray, shortly before his death, is one of the most delightful narratives of Christian experience on two Continents ever penned.

BE SURE YOU GET THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

A Beautiful Life!

Sister Nettie Van Name, "the Rapturous Evangelist"—Her Consecrated Work and Her Triumphant Death.

IN a chaste little volume, just issued by the National Holiness Publishing Co., of Philadelphia, Rev. George Hughes and Mrs. Lidie H. Kenney furnish a most interesting history of the life-work of Nettie Van Name, whose portrait appears on this page. Her spirituality was remarkable and her ministry marvelously effectual. Touching her peculiar gifts, C. I. D. Pepper writes in a brief introduction to the book:

"Her 'rapture,' her millennium, her coming of Christ, antedated the one that is anticipated so fondly by so many. Her faith was astonishingly triumphant. Her life was unusually victorious. Her hope was glorious. The joy of God's salvation ever thrilled and filled her buoyant soul. Tears were transformed into spiritual meat and drink. Afflictions were a

THE LATE MISS NETTIE VAN NAME.

stimulus to her holy fortitude and courage. Difficulties were an inspiration. Disappointments were to her God's appointments. Trials and troubles winged more rapidly her heavenward flight. Prejudices and persecutions made her more eager to win those who knew her not, as they knew Him not who had sent her.

"She never rose to speak, or to sing, in any meeting, without her face fairly beaming with 'sunshine in the sweetness of her Lord.' Her smile was contagious with her own overflowing happiness. She was the life of holy company. The tones of her voice were musical with the 'melody unto the Lord,' which harmonized so perfectly in her heart. Every motion thrilled with spiritual enthusiasm. Her whole thought and soul were responsive to all that was sweetest and brightest and best in 'the glorious gospel of the blessed God.'"

Nettie Van Name was the daughter of Christian parents of the old Methodist type. Her father, John Van Name, was "a man mighty in prayer." All her early surroundings were those of a bright and happy Christian home. She experienced conversion at a camp-meeting at Sing Sing, N. Y., to the great joy of her parents and sisters, and from that time onward her life was wholly devoted to bringing others into the fold. Her musical education had been a thorough one and her beautiful voice was now employed in "singing for Jesus" instead of giving expression to the songs of the world.

At an early period in her Christian life, she joined the Salvation Army and after a brief experience in its ranks, began the life of an evangelist, at first in connection with a church in Philadelphia. Soon however, her beautiful voice and the fervent eloquence of her appeals, challenged the widest attention and she became known all over the Union, singing and preaching in many churches and at Young People's meetings, etc. Her efforts were blessed by abundant conversions wherever she went to work for the Master.

In relating her experiences at different times she would often sing this hymn:

THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

Talk not to me of wealth and store,
Of glittering gems or golden ore:
A pearl I've found of richer price,
Like that which grows in Paradise.
It is what Paul apprized so high,
It is what one sold all to buy:
It is God's love within the heart,
It doth substantial joy impart.
Long time I sought, but sought in vain.
Some pure enjoyment to obtain;
I ranged the fields of pleasure o'er,
But never found such peace before.
To me the sting of death is gone,
The grave's divested of its gloom;
I view it as a calm retreat,
Where I may rest in balmy sleep.

With her co-laborer, Mrs. Kenney, she was instrumental in reaching thousands of hearts and bringing many souls to the Saviour. A year ago her health began to give way, under the pressure of her severe labors in the evangelistic field. In spite of pain and weariness, she continued to proclaim Jesus and to testify to her love and devotion to his service, even while her life sands were visibly running out. Her death-bed was a splendid Christian triumph—a scene never to be forgotten by those who stood beside her. She passed away at Ocean Grove, N. J., where she had spent many happy days in working for Christ during her brief lifetime.

Nettie Van Name will long be remembered by the Christian people among whom she passed the greater part of her life. In her work, the power of holy song was exemplified in a way that often found an entrance to the heart when all other means failed. One of her favorites, which she sang many, many times, was a hymn called "Ishi," to the familiar tune of *Bartimeus*. It is as follows:

O my heart is full of laughter,
I am very, very glad;
For I have a precious treasure,
Such as princes never had.

CHO.—Wilt thou have this precious Ishi,
Bridegroom of thy soul to be?
He, the fairest of ten thousand,
Waits in love to welcome thee.

Ishi, Ishi, is the jewel,
Mine he is while ages roll,
Angels taste not of such glory,
Holy Ishi of the soul.

Many beauteous names thou bearest,
Brother, Shepherd, Friend and King,
But they none unto my spirit
Such divine support can bring.

In Thy own fair realms of glory,
In the holiest above,
Choirs of angels chant the story
Of the wondrous matchless love.

All my longings are contented,
All my wanderings tend to Thee,
Pole-star of my restless spirit:
Ishi, all the world to me.

MISS DE BROEN'S MISSION.

THE Christian work being done in Belleville, Paris, by Miss de Broen, which was fully described in this journal recently, is still being carried on with success. A lady who has recently returned from a visit of several months to Paris, says: "The weekly and Sunday Gospel meetings continue. In the large iron room, 130 women to whom the Gospel is made known meet for work twice week, receiving each half a franc's worth of bread. The English classes, soup kitchen, and temperance meeting, are sustained. There are other efforts connected with the young, but hitherto Miss de Broen has been unable to reopen the medical mission and the dispensary from the insufficiency of the funds at her disposal. I can speak from personal knowledge of the incalculable blessings which have accompanied this branch of the work, and can understand the cravings of the poor people for its resumption."

Three Signs of Consumption.

An attack of Pulmonary Consumption is always preceded by three danger signals: The rattle-snake seldom strikes its fatal blow until after its note of warning has been given; so with Consumption; the attack of this dread and insidious foe is preceded by, First, Emaciation—loss of flesh without sufficient sick symptoms to account for it. Second, a Cough; slight, perhaps; "a mere habit," the patient says, which he "can and must prevent;" doubly ominous if continuing through warm weather. Third, Unequal Depression beneath the collar bones. Tubercles almost always invade one lung, and at its apex. This one soon contracts and the flesh above it shows a greater depression than over the other.

These are the signals. Where is the remedy? Will any drug supply it? Observation (and too often experience) makes you answer no. More than twenty years ago we said that our Compound Oxygen would help in a manner and to an extent far exceeding any other agent known to man. We say so still; but it is not our word only now. Scientists admits it; physicians prescribe and take it; and better still, thousands of people everywhere, stepping aside from the crowded path of hoary failure, have tried it themselves, and are living to-day, glad to tell of its great power to rebuild the system, the gradnal consumption of which it is that we call Consumption.

If a person has seen one or all of these signals; if he desires health rather than sympathy; restoration rather than amelioration; if he is so constituted that he can believe the evidence of others, we invite him to write us a plain statement of his case. We will send him, without any expense, an honest medical opinion, at the same time enclosing an account of the discovery of Compound Oxygen and of its mode of cure.

To be well informed on this subject has been life itself to many physically needy people. Address Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia. or Chicago, San Francisco, New York, and Toronto, Ont.

The Grip Twice

"I have had the grip the last two winters Last winter it prostrated me so that I had no strength and could not do my work. I **sat down and cried** many times, I was so blue and discouraged. I had great pain in my back and across my kidneys and through my whole body. I also had a bad cough. Hood's Sarsaparilla just about **saved my life.** It gave me strength so that I could do my work and **made me feel well.** I shall always be a warm

Mrs. Clark.

Hood's Cures

friend to Hood's Sarsaparilla. I do not want anything better for a family medicine." MRS. LIZZIE CLARK, Washington Village, R. I.

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SPURGEON WROTE

"I testify to what I have seen with my own eyes, and **I believe you have saved numbers from consumption.** What I have seen of God's Healing Power through you, demands of me that I speak for the good of others."

The above is an extract from a letter written by the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon to G. T. Congreve, of London, whose BALSAMIC ELIXIR, has been a Standard Remedy in England for nearly three-quarters of a century. Mr. Congreve has now opened a Depot in America, at 2 Wooster St., New York.

If your case is a serious one, obtain Mr. Congreve's Book on Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, mailed free to any part of the United States, for 35 cents, or send $1.00 for a copy of the book; a 50 cent bottle of Balsamic Elixir and a 50 cent bottle of Pills, as recommended in Mr. Congreve's treatment.

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The Spiritual Body.*

THE spiritual body shall be like the natural. The body of our Lord's Resurrection resembled his earthly form, for through the cloud of glory and mystery that surrounded it, the apostles soon recognized the dear, familiar marks. And so with us: the longing heart will not search long in Paradise for the loved, familiar form; through the cloud of beauty and immortality that encircles it, the friend on earth will soon find its mate; glorified and purified as the bodies of the saints shall be, they are not changed beyond the easy power of recognition. For we must remember that the spirit to a large extent fashions, forms, and marks the bodies of men; the soul is the architect of the shrine; and thus, the spirit and personality remaining the same in its essential life, only purified and perfected, the spiritual body shall be its perfect expression and must resemble the dear, loved form of earth. But, on the other side, the spiritual body shall be unlike the natural—unlike it in all the elements of its weakness, pain and disease. We complain that we can form no clear conception of a spiritual body, that it leaves no image on the retina of the mind.

Try to grasp an image by this process, a sure and certain process, by denying to the spiritual body, all that limits, defaces, and deforms our earthly bodies. No pain with burning feet shall dance along the unstrung nerves; no hidden sorrow pale the color from sunken cheek; no grief force unbidden tears from weeping eyes. This body, oh! how often with its appetites and passions, has it been the minister of all intemperance. How often has it received back in aching brow and quivering nerves, in disease slowly entering and paralyzing its various organs, the penalty of deeds done in the flesh. How often has it been upon the bed of pain and sickness, how many times has fever flushed, gunpowder consumed, and fracture mutilated it. And even when untouched by disease, how frequently has it stood as a veil between loved and loving spirits; how the outer man, flashing from eye, smiling from lip, wrinkling on brow, and grasping with hand, has been a false indicator of the soul within. Yes, so runs the indictment against this "body of our humiliation," with its thick walls and heavy guards at every outlet, it has often kept apart the dearest spirits from sweet communion of heart with heart: it has made false entries on the dial-plate without, and loving spirits have read them wrongly. But in that other life, the perfect knowledge of each other, and therefore, the deeper sympathy of love, will not be left to any "chance look or tone." For the body that we shall wear, whatever else it may be, shall be at least the perfect expression of the spirit. We may not know much of that glorified condition, but what a world of comfort is contained in the thought that, through a perfect medium of communication, we shall know each other's deeper life;—a knowledge, compared with which the knowledge we have now of each other's spirits is "looking through a glass darkly." Conceive of such blessedness if you will; then conceive of a body, out of which have passed all the surging waves of appetite, all the domination of fierce and cruel passions; then conceive of a body, from which no tear shall ever fall, on which no care shall ever leave its mark, in which no pain and suffering shall ever have a hold; and you will have, so far as negatives can supply, a faint conception of the spiritual body, which now is fashioning, and which, then, when perfected, shall wear the glorified image of the heavenly Christ.

*From "Answers to the Questions of the Faithful Dead," a Study from Scripture on Death and After. By Charles H. Hastings, A.M. [illegible] published by Hodder & Stoughton, New York, publishers.

Young Mothers

[illegible] a supply of Cod Liver Oil [illegible] Milk [illegible] Cod Liver Oil [illegible] Scott's Emulsion [illegible] Cod Liver Oil [illegible] Scott's Emulsion [illegible] Cod Liver Oil [illegible] Scott's Emulsion

A FETICH RELINQUISHED.

FROM Western Africa Mr. Lee writes to the *Missionary Herald*: "It gives me sincere pleasure to be able to tell you that there are very marked signs of a deep and strong work by the Holy Spirit having begun in the hearts of some of the people here. I will cite an instance or two. Ngulu, our oldest Christian boy, came to me the other day, saying, 'Nana, I have some good words to tell you. Makimba, the priest of Chrisamba, was sent for yesterday to go off to some distant villages with Kandundu (Kandundu is the chief fetich), but he sent back word that he was not going to carry Kandundu any more, as it made him ashamed since he had heard the words of Suku' (God.) If this man is really determined to abandon Kandundu, it is no small thing, because it will entail a loss of his priestly fees. We are earnestly praying that he may not only stick to his resolve, but will advance until fully accepting the truth as it is in Christ. Another most pleasing thing occurred last Saturday. In the morning I was riding past Sahosi, a group of villages about two miles from our station, and, as usual, stopped and invited the chief and his people to come to the next day's service. They promised to come, but late on Saturday evening a messenger arrived to say that the chief had forgotten that on the morrow there would be an *ovimbu* (a trial) held at his village, and he wanted to know if a trial could be held on Sunday. I explained the nature of the Lord's Day and our duties concerning it, and to our joy, the old chief and his young men were present at the Sunday service, and that *ovimbu* was not held! The chief, Sahosi, was a regular attendant on our services, and his sending to ask whether it would be wrong to hold an *ovimbu* on Sunday shows that the old man is at least considering what he has heard here."

THE WIDOWS OF INDIA.

IN a letter to the American Board from Bombay, Miss Millard, who is laboring among the women of that city, writes: "I have of late seen and learned more of the widows and their sufferings, and my heart goes out in gratitude that there are some who will never be subjected to such sorrows and indignities. In one day's work of last week, I counted ten widows in the houses that I visited, some old, some younger, and one of perhaps fifteen, fair and beautiful, but subjected like the others to the indignities of widowhood, with her shaven head, and the thin, unbleached cotton cloth around her body her only garment. I asked some of them why they continued to endure such things, and it had never occurred to any of them that there was any other way or that they might ever expect anything else. They said, 'These are our customs, and if we did differently we would be laughed at.' This ridicule seemed to them the worst thing that could befall them. I long to devote my whole time to that work, but it cannot be now; we can only hold our own while we are in such straits. And may the dear Lord soon send us workers, not only two or three, but a dozen, that we may enlarge our borders and gather in the fruit that is already ripe to the harvest."

FILL ME WITH THY LIFE.

UNTO thy feet, Oh Saviour divine!
I come with my troubled life;
I am so weak, so weary with all
The constant tumult and strife.

Teach me to smile when the way is rough,
And sing when the day grows sad;
Into my heart thy sunshine put
And make thy tried one glad.

Fill me so full of thy own pure life,
That each day may be lived for thee;
Then neither the strife nor the woes of life
Can darken the days for me."

—GARET SMITH.

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you take care how you stable or house him. If you want a watch to keep good time it makes a difference how you house or case it. Ask your jeweller for a Fahys Gold Filled Watch Case. He'll tell you it is a standard article.

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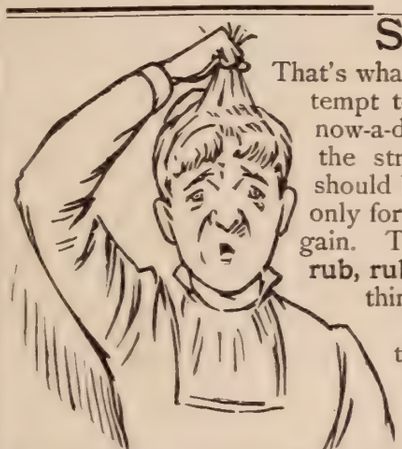

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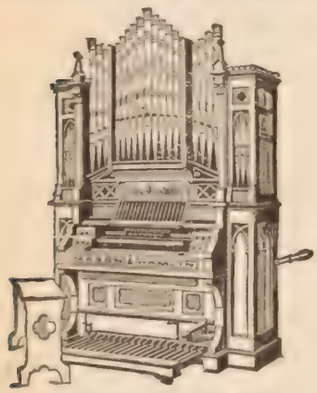

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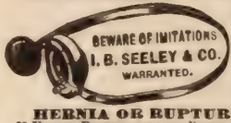

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A CENTRE OF EVANGELISM.

*** Northfield and its Great Chain of Christian Training Schools, Established by Mr. Moody—From Small Beginnings it has Become a Mecca for American Bible Students. ***

WHEN that sturdy son of Puritans, Dwight Lyman Moody, left his childhood home at Northfield, Mass., thirty-eight years ago, to begin a business life in Boston, nothing was farther from his thought than the marvelous career for which Providence had marked him. After he had fairly entered the service of Christ, he was always found ready to do the thing nearest him, and nothing was too lowly or too hard for his glowing love and burning zeal. He was faithful in little things, and God promoted him to the highest stewardship known to men on earth. All the world knows the story of his unexampled evangelistic career, its hard and humble beginnings, and its magnificent development. In him the world has been permitted to see "what the Lord can do with a man wholly consecrated to Christ." His evangelistic work is become an essential part of the religious history of this century, and the mighty impulses generated by this man of God will live and move with increasing power to the end of the age. But perhaps the most remarkable part of the life-work of Mr. Moody is that represented by his educational institutions, one of which—the Evangelical Institute at Chicago, Ill.,—was recently described in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It is more than probable that these institutions will prove to be in some respects, the most far-reaching and fruitful part of his earthly labors. The history of the origin and growth of these institutions furnishes an inspiring example of Divine and human co-operation. "God is a good worker" says an old proverb, "but he loves to be helped," and Mr. Moody is never so happy as when permitted to "help God" in carrying out some gracious purpose. On the wall of one of the Seminary buildings is inscribed the motto chosen by its founder, from Isaiah 27: 3: "I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day." It is under the shelter of this immutable Divine promise and pledge that Mr. Moody has carried forward all his educational enterprises, and his faith has never been put to shame.

MISS EVELYN S. HALL.
(Principal, Northfield Ladies' Seminary.)

PROF. HENRY F. CUTLER.
(Principal, Mount Hermon School.)

Northfield, the birth-place and present home of Mr. Moody, and the centre of his educational enterprises, is an old town on the eastern banks of the Connecticut River near the point of junction of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Vermont. Dr. George F. Pentecost once remarked that evidently the place had been prepared and reserved for the schools and conventions that have come into being there. And it has often been remarked that if Mr. Moody had searched the whole land for a locality adapted to the various enterprises now being developed there, he could have found none better fitted for his purpose. The educational and religious advantages of these "schools of prophets," combined with the natural charms of the place, have drawn many good people into it, and the homes of Mr. Moody, Dr. Pentecost, Dr. Pierson, Ira D. Sankey, Prof. D. B. Towner, Prof. A. J. Philips, and others, are only forerunners of many more like them who will in time to come build their nests on those beautiful hills.

It was a day of small things when Mr. Moody began his educational work. Coming in 1875 from Chicago, to make his home in Northfield, he was deeply touched as he "saw how many girls were growing up in the country with only a meagre district schooling, and no proper training in the Bible. He thought if they could be gathered into a school where, with the usual studies and better teachers, the Bible might have its proper place, they would greatly add to their character, resources, usefulness, and happiness as Christian women." He was moved to do what he could toward this end. He began by opening his own house for a school, then he built a small addition to it, with rooms for eight girls, into which twenty soon crowded their way, with others seeking to enter. He could not stop there and turn away the eager applicants. He built a small dormitory and class-room near his house. This also soon overflowed. Thus step by step, as God led the way, Mr. Moody followed promptly and resolutely, not dreaming whereunto this thing would grow. Now, after thirteen years, he beholds four large, prosperous, rapidly growing schools, two located at Northfield, one at Mt. Hermon, and one in Chicago, with over 1,000 students and sixty regular instructors, besides many eminent lecturers for occasional service from this and other lands. Between 3,000 and 4,000 students, representing not less than twenty-five different nations and races, between twenty and thirty religious denominations, and upwards of fifty occupations, have availed themselves of the privileges of the schools since they began. The school property embraces 1,000 acres of land, with over thirty buildings, the whole valued at about $700,000, and a combined endowment fund partly available, of $340,000. All this, and more, has sprung from a mustard seed of loving purpose planted in faith and in earnest prayer. The schools specially referred to in this article are: The Northfield Seminary for ladies, opened in 1879, of which

(Continued on page 121.)

Marquand Hall. Recitation Hall. Weston Hall. Talcott Library. Betsey Moody Cottage. East Hall. D. L. Moody's House.

THE NORTHFIELD TRAINING INSTITUTE BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS.

MISS LILY L. SHERMAN.
(Principal, Northfield Ladies' Seminary.)

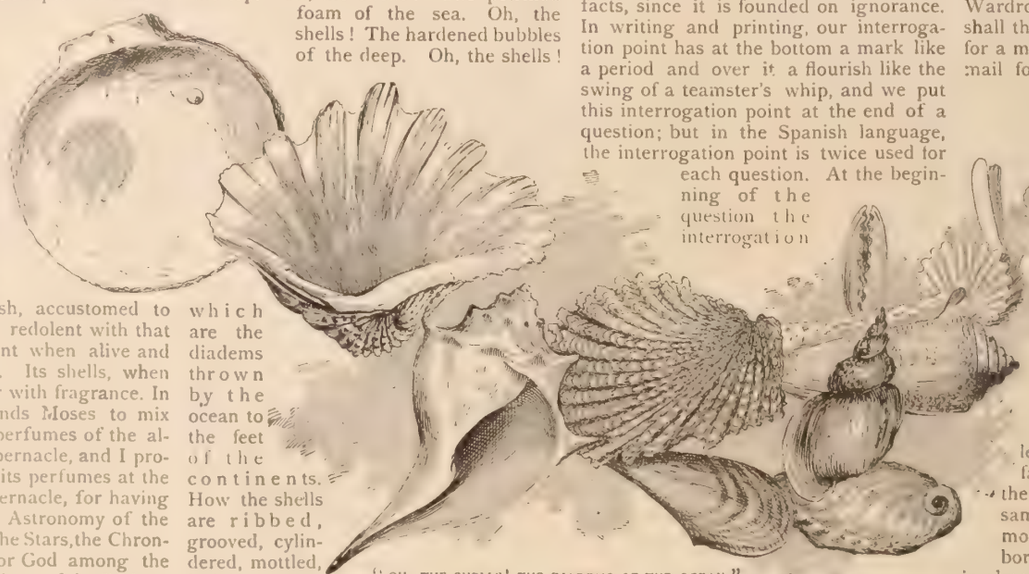
The Tabernacle Pulpit

GOD AMONG THE SHELLS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, preached last Sunday Morning in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Text: Exodus 30: 34, "And the Lord said unto Moses, Take unto thee sweet spices, stacte, and onycha."

YOU may not have noticed the shells of the Bible, although in this early part of the sacred Book, God calls you to consider and employ them, as he called Moses to consider and employ them. The onycha of my text is a shell found on the banks of the Red Sea, and Moses and his army must have crushed many of them under foot, as they crossed the bisected waters, onycha on the beach and onycha in the unfolded bed of the deep. I shall speak of this shell as a beautiful and practical revelation of God, and as true as the first chapter of Genesis and the last chapter of Revelation or everything between. Not only is this shell, the onycha, found in the Red Sea, but in the waters of India. It not only delectates the eye with it convolutions of beauty, white and lustrous and seriated, but blesses the nostril with [illegible] aroma. This shell-fish, accustomed to feed on spikenard, is redolent with that odorous plant, redolent when alive and redolent when dead. Its shells, when burnt, bewitch the air with fragrance. In my text, God commands Moses to mix this onycha with the perfumes of the altar in the ancient Tabernacle, and I propose to mix some of its perfumes at the altar of Brooklyn Tabernacle, for having spoken to you on the Astronomy of the Bible or God among the Stars, the Chronology of the Bible or God among the Centuries, the Ornithology of the Bible or God among the Birds, the Mineralogy of the Bible or God among the Amethysts, the Ichthyology of the Bible or God among the Fishes, I now come to speak of the Conchology of the Bible or God among the Shells.

It is a secret that you may keep for me, for I have never before told it to anyone, that in all the realms of the natural world, there is nothing to me so fascinating, so completely absorbing, so full of suggestiveness, as a shell. What? More entertaining than a bird, which can sing, when a shell cannot sing? Well, there you have made a great mistake. Pick up the onycha from the banks of the Red Sea or pick up a bivalve from the beach of the Atlantic Ocean, and listen, and you hear a whole choir of marine voices—bass, alto, soprano — in an unknown tongue, but seeming to chant, as I put them to my ear, "The sea is his and he made it;" others singing, "Thy way, Oh God, is in the sea;" others hymning, "He ruleth the raging of the sea." "What," says someone else, "does the shell impress you more than the star?" In some respects, yes, because I can handle the shell and closely study the shell, while I cannot handle the star, and if I study it, must study it at a distance of millions and millions of miles. "What," says someone else, "are you more impressed by the shell than the flower?" Yes, for it has far greater varieties and far greater richness of color, as I could show you in thousands of specimens, and because the shell does not fade, as does the rose leaf, but maintains its beauty century after century, so that the onycha which the hoof of Pharaoh's horse knocked aside in the chase of the Israelites across the Red Sea may have kept its lustre to this hour. Yes, they are so parti-colored and many colored that you might pile them up until you would have a wall with all the colors of the wall of heaven, from the jasper at the bottom to the amethyst at the top. Oh, the shells! The petrified foam of the sea. Oh, the shells! The hardened bubbles of the deep. Oh, the shells!



"OH, THE SHELLS! THE DIADEMS OF THE OCEAN"

which are the diadems thrown by the ocean to the feet of the continents. How the shells are ribbed, grooved, cylindered, mottled, iridescent. They were used as coin by some nations, fastened in belts by others, made in handles of wooden implements by still others. Mollusks not only of the sea but mollusks of the land. Do you know how much they have had to do with the world's history? They saved the Church of God from extinguishment. The Israelites marched out of Egypt two million strong, besides flocks and herds. The Bible says "the people took their dough before it was leavened, their kneading troughs being bound up in the clothes on their shoulders . . . . They were thrust forth out of Egypt and could not tarry, neither had they prepared for themselves any victuals." Just think of it! Forty years in the wilderness. Infidelity triumphantly asks, how could they live forty years in the wilderness without food? You say manna fell. Oh, that was after a long while. They would have starved long before the manna fell. The fact is they were chiefly kept alive by the mollusks of the land or shelled creatures. Mr. Fronton and Mr. Sicard took the same route from Egypt toward Canaan that the Israelites took, and they give this as their testimony:

"Although the children of Israel must have consisted of about two million of souls, with baggage and innumerable flocks and herds, they were not likely to experience any inconvenience in their march. Several thousand persons might walk abreast with the greatest ease in the very narrowest part of the valley in which they first began to file off. It soon afterwards expands to above three leagues in width. With respect to forage, they would be at no loss. The ground is covered with tamarisk, broom, clover and Saint Foin, of which latter especially camels are passionately fond, besides almost every variety of odoriferous plant and herb proper for pasturage. The whole sides of the valley through which the children of Israel marched are still tufted with brushwood, which doubtless afforded food for their beasts, together with many drier sorts for lighting fire, on which the Israelites could with the greatest ease bake the dough they brought with them on small iron plates, which form a constant appendage to the baggage of an oriental traveller. Lastly, the herbage underneath these trees and shrubs is completely covered with snails of a prodigious size and of the best sort, and however uninviting such a repast might appear to us, they are here esteemed a great delicacy. They are so plentiful in this valley that it may be literally said that it is difficult to take one step without treading on them."

So the shelled creatures saved the host of Israelites on the march to the Promised Land, and the attack of infidelity at this point is defeated by the facts, as infidelity is always defeated by facts, since it is founded on ignorance. In writing and printing, our interrogation point has at the bottom a mark like a period and over it a flourish like the swing of a teamster's whip, and we put this interrogation point at the end of a question; but in the Spanish language, the interrogation point is twice used for each question. At the beginning of the question the interrogation point is presented upside down and at the close of the question, right side up. When infidelity puts a question about the Scriptures, as it always indicates ignorance, the question ought to be printed with two interrogation points, one at the beginning and one at the close, but both upside down.

Thank God for the wealth of mollusks all up and down the earth, whether feeding the Israelites on their way to the land flowing with milk and honey, or, as we are better acquainted with the mollusks, when flung to the beach of lake or sea. There are three great families of them. If I should ask you to name three of the great Royal families of the earth, perhaps you would respond, the House of Stuart, the House of Hapsburg, the House of Bourbon, but the three Royal families of mollusks are the Univalve, or shell in one part, the Bivalve, or shell of two parts, and the Multivalve, or shell in many parts, and I see God in their every hinge, in their every tooth, in their every cartilage, in their every ligament, in their every spiral ridge, and in their every color, prism on prism, and their adaptation of thin shell for still ponds and thick coatings for boisterous seas. They all dash upon me the thought of the providential care of God. What is the use of all this architecture of the shell, and why is it pictured from the outside lip clear down into its labyrinths of construction? Why the infinity of skill and radiance in a shell? What is the use of the color and exquisite curve of a thing so insignificant as a shell-fish? Why, when the conchologist, by dredge or rake, fetches the crustaceous specimens to the shore, does he find at his feet whole Alhambras and Colosseums and Parthenons and Crystal Palaces of beauty in miniature, and these bring to light only an infinitesimal part of the opulence in the great subaqueous world. Linnæus counted twenty-five hundred species of shells, but conchology had then only begun its achievements. While exploring the bed of the Atlantic Ocean in preparation for laying the cable, shelled animals were brought up from depths of nineteen hundred fathoms. When lifting the telegraph wire from the Mediterranean and Red Seas, shelled creatures were brought up from depths of two thousand fathoms. The English Admiralty, exploring in behalf of science, found mollusks at a depth of twenty-four hundred and thirty-five fathoms, or fourteen thousand two hundred and ten feet deep. What a realm awful for vastness!

As the shell is only the house and the wardrobe of insignificant animals of the deep, why all that wonder and beauty of construction? God's care for them is the only reason. And if God provide so munificently for them, will he not see that you have wardrobe and shelter? Wardrobe and shelter for a periwinkle; shall there not be wardrobe and shelter for a man? Would God give a coat of mail for the defence of a Nautilus and leave you no defence against the storm? Does he build a stone house for a creature that lasts a season and leave without home a soul that takes hold on centuries and aeons? Hugh Miller found "The Footprints of the Creator in the Old Red Sandstone," and I hear the harmonies of God in the tinkle of the sea shells when the tides come in. The same Christ who drew a lesson of providential care from the fact that God clothes the grass of the field instructs me to draw the same lesson from the shells. In almost every man's life, however well born and prosperous for years, and in almost every woman's life, there comes a very dark time, at least, once. A conjunction of circumstances will threaten bankruptcy and homelessness and starvation. It may be that these words will meet the ear or will meet the eye of those who are in such state of foreboding. Come, then, and see how God gives an ivory palace to a water animal that you could cover with a ten-cent piece, and clothes in armor against all attack, a coral no bigger than a snowflake. I do not think that God will take better care of a bivalve than of one of his own children. I rake to your feet with the Gospel rake the most thorough evidences of God's care for his creatures, I pile around you great mounds of shells, that they may teach you a most comforting theology. Oh, ye of little faith, walk among these arbors of coraline, and look at these bouquets of shell fit to be handed a queen on her coronation day, and see these fallen rainbows of color, and examine these lilies in stone, these primroses in stone, these heliotropes in stone, these cowslips in stone, these geraniums in stone, these japonicas in stone. Oh, ye, who have your telescopes ready, looking out on clear nights, trying to see what is transpiring in Mars, Jupiter, and Mercury, know that within a few hours' walk or ride of where your now are, there are whole worlds that you might explore, but of which you are unconscious, and among the most beautiful

and suggestive of these worlds is the conchological world. Take this lesson of a providential care. How does that old hymn go?

> We may, like ships, by tempest be tossed
> On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost.
> Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
> The Promise assures us, the Lord will provide.

But while you get this pointed lesson of providential care from the shelled creatures of the deep, notice in their construction that God helps them to help themselves. This house of stone in which they live is not dropped on them and is not built around them. The material for it exudes from their own bodies and is adorned with a colored fluid from the pores of their own neck. It is a most interesting thing to see these crustacean animals fashion their own homes out of carbonate of lime and membrane. And all of this is a mighty lesson to those who are waiting for others to build their fortunes, when they ought to go to work and, like the mollusks, build their own fortunes out of their own brain, out of their own sweat, out of their own industries. Not a mollusk on all the beaches of all the seas would have a house of shell, if it had not itself built one. Do not wait for others to shelter you or prosper you. All the crustaceous creatures of the earth, from every flake of their covering and from every ridge of their tiny castles on Atlantic and Pacific and Mediterranean coasts, say: "Help yourself, while God helps you to help yourself." Those people who are waiting for their father or rich old uncle to die and leave them a fortune are as silly as a mollusk would be to wait for some other mollusk to drop on it a shell equipment. It would kill the mollusk, as, in most cases, it destroys a man. Not one person out of a hundred ever was strong enough to stand a large estate by inheritance dropped on him in a chunk. Have great expectations from only two persons—God and yourself. Let the onycha of my text become your preceptor.

But the more I examine the shells, the more I am impressed that God is a God of emotion. Many scoff at emotion, and seem to think that God is a God of cold geometry and iron laws and eternal apathy and enthroned stoicism. No! No! The shells with overpowering emphasis, deny it. While law and order reign in the universe, you have but to see the lavishness of color on the crustacea, all shades of crimson from faintest blush to blood of battle-field, all shades of blue, all shades of green, all shades of all colors from deepest black to whitest light, just called out on the shells with no more order than a mother premeditates or calculates how many kisses and hugs she shall give her babe waking up in the morning sunlight. Yes. My God is an emotional God, and he says: "We must have colors and let the sun paint all of them on the scroll of that shell, and we must have music, and here is a carol for the robin, and a psalm for man, and a doxology for the seraphim and a resurrection call for the archangel." Aye, he showed himself a God of sublime emotion when he flung himself on this world in the personality of Christ to save it, without regard to the tears it would take, or the blood it would exhaust, or the agonies it would crush out. When I see the Louvres and the Luxembourgs and the Vaticans of Divine painting strewn along the eight thousand miles of coast, and I hear, in a forest, on a summer morning, musical academies and Handel's societies of full orchestras, I say God is a God of emotion, and if he observes mathematics, it is mathematics set to music, and his figures are written, not in white chalk on blackboards, but written by a finger of sunlight on walls of jasmin and trumpet-creeper.

In my study of the conchology of the Bible, this onycha of the text also impresses me with the fact that religion is perfume. What else could God have meant when he said to Moses: "Take unto thee sweet spices, stacte and onycha?" Moses took that shell of the onycha, put it over the fire, and as it crumbled into ashes, it exhaled an odor that hung in every curtain and filled the ancient Tabernacle, and its sweet smoke escaped from the sacred precincts and saturated the outside air. Perfume! That is what religion is. But, instead of that, some make it a mal-odor. They serve God in a rough and acerb way. They box their child's ears because he does not properly keep Sunday, instead of making Sunday so attractive the child could not help but keep it. They make him learn by heart a difficult chapter in the Book of Exodus, with all the hard names, because he has been naughty. How many disagreeable good people there are. No one doubts their piety, and they will reach heaven, but they will have to get fixed up before they go there, or they will make trouble by calling out to us, "Keep off that grass!" "What do you mean by plucking that flower?" "Show your tickets!" Oh! how many Christian people need to obey my text, and take into their worship and their behavior and their consociations and presbyteries and general assemblies and conferences more onycha. I have sometimes gone in a very gale of spirit into the presence of some disagreeable Christians and in five minutes felt wretched, and at some other time I have gone depressed into the company of suave and genial souls, and in a few moments I felt exhilerant. What was the difference? It was the difference in what they burnt on their censers. The one burnt onycha; the other burnt asafœtida.

In this conchological study of the Bible, I also notice that the mollusks or shelled animals furnish the purple that you see richly darkening so many scripture chapters. The purple stuff in the ancient Tabernacle, the purple girdle of the priests, the purple mantle of Roman emperors, the apparel of Dives in purple and fine linen, aye, the purple robe which, in mockery, was thrown upon Christ, were colored by the purple of the shells on the shores of the Mediterranean. It was discovered by a shepherd's dog having stained his mouth by breaking one of the shells, and the purple aroused admiration. Costly purple! Six pounds of the purple liquor extracted from the shell-fishes was used to prepare one pound of wool. Purple was also used on the pages of books. Bibles and prayer books appeared in purple vellum, which may still be found in some of the National Libraries of Europe. Plutarch speaks of some purple which kept its beauty for one hundred and ninety years. But, after a while, the purple became easier to get, and that which had been a sign of Imperial authority when worn in robes, was adopted by many people, and so an Emperor, jealous of this appropriation of the purple, made a law that anyone except royalty wearing purple should be put to death. Then, as if to punish the world for that outrage of exclusiveness, God obliterated the color from the earth, as much as to say: "If all cannot have it, none shall have it." But, though God has deprived the race of that shell-fish which afforded the purple, there are shells enough left to make us glad and worshipful. Oh, the entrancement of hue and shape still left all up and down the beaches of all the continents! These creatures of the sea have what roofs of enamelled porcelain! They dwell under what pavilions, blue as the sky and fiery as a sunset and mysterious as an aurora! And am I not right in leading you, for a few moments, through this mighty realm of God so neglected by human eye and human footstep? It is said that the harp and lute were invented from the fact that in Egypt, the Nile overflowed its banks, and when the waters retreated, tortoises were left by the million on all the lands, and these tortoises died, and soon nothing was left but the cartilages and gristle of these creatures, which tightened under the heat into musical strings that, when touched by the wind or the foot of man, vibrated, making sweet sounds, and so the world took the hint and fashioned the harp; and am I not right in trying to make music out of the shells, and lifting them as a harp, from which to thrum the jubilant praises of the Lord and the pathetic strains of human condolence?

THE PEARL FISHERS OF CEYLON.

But I find the climax of this conchology of the Bible in the Pearl, which has this distinction above all other gems that it requires no human hand to bring out its beauties. Job speaks of it, and its sheen is in Christ's sermon, and the Bible, which opens with the onycha of my text, closes with the pearl. Of such value is this crustaceous product, I do not wonder that, for the exclusive right of fishing for it on the shores of Ceylon, a man paid to the English government six hundred thousand dollars for one season. So exquisite is the pearl, I do not wonder that Pliny thought it was made out of a drop of dew, the creature rising to the surface to take it, and the chemistry of nature turning the liquid into a solid. You will see why the Bible makes so much of the pearl in its similitudes if you know how much it costs to get it. Boats with divers sail out from the island of Ceylon, ten divers to each boat. Thirteen men guide and manage the boat. Down into the dangerous depths, amid sharks that swirl around them, plunge the divers, while sixty thousand people anxiously gaze on. After three or four minutes' absence from the air, the diver ascends, nine-tenths strangulated and blood rushing from ears and nostrils, and flinging his pearly treasure on the sand, falls into unconsciousness. Oh, it is an awful exposure and strain and peril to fish for pearls, and yet they do so, and is it not a wonder that to get that which the Bible calls the Pearl of Great Price, worth more than all other pearls put together, there should be so little anxiety, so little struggle, so little enthusiasm. Would God that we were all as wise as the merchantman Christ commended, "who, when he had found one Pearl of Great Price, went and sold all that he had and bought it."

But what thrills me with suggestiveness is the material out of which all pearls are made. They are fashioned from the wound of the shell-fish. The exudation from that wound is fixed and hardened and enlarged into a pearl. The ruptured vessels of the water animal fashioned the gem that now adorns finger or ear-ring or sword hilt or king's crown. So, out of the wounds of earth will come the pearls of heaven. Out of the wound of conviction the pearl of pardon. Out of the wound of bereavement the pearl of solace. Out of the wound of loss the pearl of gain. Out of the deep wound of the grave the pearl of resurrection joy. Out of the wounds of a Saviour's life and a Saviour's death, the rich, the radiant, the everlasting pearl of heavenly gladness. "And the twelve gates were twelve pearls." Take the consolation, all ye who have been hurt, whether hurt in body, or hurt in mind, or hurt in soul. Get your troubles sanctified. If you suffer with Christ on earth, you will reign with him in glory. The tears of earth are the crystals of heaven. "Every several gate was of one pearl."

A CURIOUS BARGAIN.

AT one of the meetings held by Miss Guinness a year or two ago, a man was converted who had led a dissipated, lawless life. The change in himself, in his home and his family was a surprise even to the man himself. The strangest part of it all was that it had not cost him any struggle to break with his old habits, and he was happy, though before the change he thought that he would be miserable without the liquor and an occasional fight. One day, about six weeks ago, he met an old friend, who had just finished a six months' term in the county jail. The friend begged for a little help to start him again. "Tell you what I'll do," said the Christian man, "if you'll do as I've done, quit the drink and come with me to the mission, I'll undertake to find you home and food as long as you need it. You won't need it long if you keep straight. You'll soon earn them for yourself." The bargain was struck, and at last reports the man was doing well.

THE BIBLE IN MOROCCO.

A RECENT letter from an agent of the Bible Society in Tangier, gives some interesting though painful glimpses of the state of affairs among the poorer classes in Morocco. "The year has been a distressing one for the poor people—struggles against oppression and cattle disease in spring, actual war throughout the summer, and a great deal of fever and smallpox during the past few weeks. It is saddening to hear the people's sorrowful tales, often ended by the words—'And this is what our brethren the Moslems have done to us.' In spite, however, of numerous hindrances, many visits were paid to the villages and occasionally to the soldiers. Among the latter, some really seem thoughtful and tender-hearted, while brutality characterizes the mass. The villagers seem somewhat softened by what has occurred during the last three or four months, and in a few instances in South Morocco and elsewhere there have been encouraging openings among the Moslems and Jews, and a good number of Scriptures have been put into the hands of the people."

KEEPING THE SABBATH.

S. S. Lesson for March 5. By Mrs. M. Baxter Neh. 13: 15-22. Golden Text, Ex. 20: 8.

THE keeping of the Sabbath was God's first command, and in the first place it was a gift before it became a command: "God blessed the seventh day and hallowed it" (Gen. 2: 3); "The Lord hath given you the Sabbath," God "rested from his works" on the Sabbath day, and it is the desire of his heart that his people shall learn to "enter into his rest," and to understand him. Human nature is ever on the strain to do something or to be something. Through unbelief, God's ancient people failed to enter into his rest, which he had provided for them. "We which have believed do enter into rest." Faith is not doing anything ourselves but being satisfied with, and leaning our whole weight upon what Another has done. God rested on the Sabbath day from all which he had done, because it was "very good." We can never rest in anything we do because it is very good, we shall always come short, there is no Sabbath rest in our works. Rest and faith, which are intrinsically the same, come from fully appreciating God. "He that is entered into his rest, he also hath ceased from his own works as God did from his;" he has learned to do those good works which God hath prepared (margin) that we should walk in them;" he has learned to rest from his own activity and to let Jesus live in him. Our Lord said of himself: "The words which I speak unto you I speak not of myself: but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works." This is work in rest; such is the true Sabbath of the people of God.

The outward Sabbath, the cessation from manual and intellectual labor, one day in seven, is both a picture of the true, inward Sabbath, and also a means which prepares us for such an inward stillness, and satisfaction in our God. God's ancient people had not only the primitive gift and command to observe the Sabbath day. They must also cease from cultivation of the land one year in seven: "In the seventh year shall be a Sabbath of rest unto the land,

A Sabbath for the Lord."

What? must they then neither sow nor reap for a whole year? Must they pass the time in idleness? Would it not be dangerous to have their growing sons hanging about with nothing to do? To human reason such a command seems unreasonable and unwise. But God's ways are higher than our ways, and his thoughts than our thoughts. He makes no mistakes. The miraculous deliverance of the children of Israel from Egypt, and their wonderful life in the wilderness, under the immediate conduct of a present God, made such an impression on the heathen around them that "their habits melted with fear."

If the children of Israel had had the faith to trust God to feed them in the land by miracle in the desert, and if, before the eyes of the surrounding nations, it were a manifest fact that in Palestine, and there alone, every sixth year brought forth the fruit for three years (Lev. 25: 20-22), such an impression would have been made upon the nations that bordered upon Canaan that there would have been plenty for the ablebodied young men to do in the seventh year, in telling the heathen round about what a God the God of Israel was. But his people failed him; they could not trust him; and he was obliged to let them go into captivity, "until the land had enjoyed her Sabbaths; for as long as she lay desolate

She Kept Sabbath,

to fulfil three score and ten years." (II. Chron. 36: 21.) This was but the fulfilment of God's Word, that if his people would not keep his [illegible] would scatter them "among the heathen. . . Then shall the land enjoy her Sabbaths . . . as long as it lieth desolate it shall rest, because it did not rest in your Sabbaths when ye dwelt upon it." (Lev. 26: 34, 35.)

Great activity on the part of God's children may impress the unconverted and the heathen with their zeal, but it is faith, and rest in the Lord which is needed to impress the unsaved with the mighty power of God.

There must have been a reason why our Lord so often

Healed on the Sabbath Day.

The man with the withered hand was healed on the Sabbath day (Matt. 12 : 13, probably the same day "great multitudes followed him, and he healed them all" (ver. 15). It was on the Sabbath day that he healed a man with an unclean spirit (Mark 1 : 21 : 26). It was on the Sabbath day that the impotent man was healed at the pool of Bethesda. (John 5: 1, 16.) The woman who had a spirit of infirmity, and the man who had the dropsy (Luke 13 : 10, 16; 14 : 1–5,) were both healed on the Sabbath day, and, in relation to the former, the question of Sabbath-day healing was brought to the point, when the ruler of the synagogue, with what he thought to be a holy indignation, gave this order to the people: "There are six days in which men ought to work; in them therefore come and be healed, and not on the Sabbath day." To work? Yes, truly; but there was no work in the healings of the Lord Jesus, no making of bandages, no hot poultices, no mixing of drugs, a word, a touch, and it was done! "Thou hypocrite," was the Master's answer, "doth not every one of you on the Sabbath loose his ox or his ass from the stall, and lead him away to watering? And ought not this woman, being a daughter of Abraham, whom Satan hath bound, lo, these eighteen years, be loosed from this bond on the Sabbath day?" Here is the point: Work on the Sabbath is forbidden; deliverance on the Sabbath is God's order. Nehemiah was

A Man of Order;

he believed in the righteousness and the wisdom of all God's appointments. He and Ezra had been used to bring back the written Word of God into use and prominence; he had reestablished the order of the Levites, revived the order of the offerings for their maintenance, and the maintenance of the worship of God; he had dealt with those who had made alliance with the Ammonite and the Moabite; and now the question of the Sabbath arose. Things could not long go on in Judah without their coming to the ears or being perceived by Nehemiah; and to his deep grief and humiliation this man of God saw, with his own eyes some of the Jews, the people called to be God's witnesses among the heathen, treading winepresses on the Sabbath and bringing in sheaves, and also dealing in the more perishable kinds of food, fish, fruit, etc. "We must have new bread on Sunday," said a Swiss Christian to me, we never eat stale bread." What! Your Master, for your sake, ate no bread at all for forty days and forty nights, and you cannot so far deny yourself as to eat bread which is not quite to your taste one day in seven? Is this denying yourself and taking up your Cross and following Jesus? Which is the most important; that your God should have the witness borne to him that his people honor his command, and prize his gift of the Sabbath, and that your baker should rest as well as you, and have the chance to honor God with you—or is it more important that you should gratify your taste in having fresh crisp bread at the cost of God's honor and your baker's soul? It was the nobles of Judah who dealt in the fish and fruits which were brought into Jerusalem on the Sabbath day, and the man of God went straight to them and said: "What evil thing is that ye do, and profane the Sabbath day? Did not your fathers thus, and did not our God bring all this evil upon us, and upon this city?"

Nehemiah went the right way to work; he first attacked the trade, the demand for Sunday trade, and then dealt with the tradesmen, and sent his servants to keep the gates, so that the dealers in these goods should not enter the city; and he went so far as to set the Levites to themselves keep the gates.

Sabbath Desecration

is always increasing in our land, and it is surely ripening it for coming judgment. There are always shops open on Sunday; more of the shops which have their doors shut, leave nevertheless their windows without blind or shutters in order to exhibit on Sunday what they hope to sell during the week. There are always more people traveling on Sunday; there are always more Sunday papers. With the decline in the public recognition of God, has come idolatry of money, and national selfishness. A land which lets go her Bible and her Sabbath day, and whose very spiritual leaders advocate amusements on the Sabbath, must of necessity soon lose all the backbone of self-denial which makes a nation great and powerful.

It behoves those who have the honor of God at heart, to witness strictly against the Sabbath desecration around us; neither buying, traveling, nor working on God's holy day; but bearing witness that we appreciate his gift to us. At the same time let us learn the lesson of inward Sabbath rest, of that real faith in our God, which leaves us undisturbed by all and everything which he in his love and wisdom permits. A rest which gives God room to work brings power, into our lives.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

THE struggle to keep the returned Jews in Jerusalem true to their vows was an effort. Continual oversight was necessary, or they relapsed into ungodliness, as their fathers did when Moses was withdrawn from them in the wilderness. About fifteen years after the reading of the law described in last week's lesson, Nehemiah had occasion to return to the Persian court. He was probably away from Jerusalem more than a year. Ezra, it may be supposed was dead, and the people were left to the care of their nobles and their priests. When Nehemiah obtained permission to resume his office in Jerusalem, he found that there had been great laxity in his absence and the people were fast drifting back to heathenism. As he journeyed toward the city, he saw the agricultural work going on on the Sabbath as on other days, and when he entered the gate, he found business men pursuing their callings on the Sabbath; an enemy of God was actually living in the temple under the favor of the high priest, marriages with the heathen had been celebrated, and the whole of his work of reform had been undone. His disappointment must have been grievous, but he did not give up in despair, as many would have done. The intruder was promptly expelled from the Temple, the nobles were severely reprimanded and stringent measures were taken to enforce Sabbath observance. The process of national reform is the subject of the lesson.

Treading winepresses on the Sabbath. A man who earned a livelihood by rowing people across a certain river came to his post one Monday morning and found there an irate gentleman whom he had ferried over several times during the preceding week. "How was it you were not here yesterday?" he asked of the ferryman. "I wanted to go over and you did not show up." The ferryman answered, "I do not work on Sunday." "Why not?" "Because it is the Lord's day. If I used it for my business, I should be taking what does not belong to me."

The Jews surrounded the subject of Sabbath observance with many ridiculous restrictions, regulating the distance a man might and might not walk and what he might and might not carry. The Saviour told them they made the law of no effect through their traditions and that the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath. After his resurrection, his disciples marked the new era into which his teaching introduced them, by keeping the day of his resurrection sacred instead of the Jewish Sabbath which commemorated only the day of rest at creation and they called it the Lord's Day to mark the higher rest into which redemption brought them. Their observance of the weekly rest-day was, as all Christians' observance should be, no longer a slavish obedience to law but a joyful tribute of willing consecration. Not outward formalism, but service of the heart. One day in seven was still sacred to God and all the more sacred for its being voluntarily observed. There would be more shame in the Christian desecrating the Lord's Day than there would in the Jew desecrating his Sabbath, because of the consciousness there should be in every heart of indebtedness to God's love in Christ. To use the day in pleasure or business is a robbery of God and all the more shameful because of all that has been done for us. The story is told of Lord Shaftesbury, who was the friend of the poor and fallen, that he was once robbed of his watch. He advertised it and offered a reward. At his door a bag was found containing the thief with the watch suspended around his neck. Even the thieves of London regarded it as such an outrage to rob so generous a friend of the outcasts as Shaftesbury that they "bagged" their own fellow-scoundrel and handed him and his plunder over to their benefactor.

An employer in a factory was in the habit of having the machinery cleaned and repaired on Sunday. His new foreman objected but yielded under pressure as the first week the necessity for repairs was urged upon him. But when the second week, he saw that a matter of repair was allowed to stand over for Sunday, he refused to work on that day. "Does not the Bible allow for such cases?" he was asked. "It says that you may pull an ass out of a pit on the Sabbath." "Yes," was the reply; "but if the ass has a habit of falling into the pit on that day, the man ought either to fill up the pit or get rid of the ass."

The law of the Sabbath is law written in human nature. The body needs one day's rest in seven. It is a well established fact that the man who rests on one day in the week retains his energy and vigor longer than he who works every day in the week. At a meeting of the New Haven Medical Association, a series of questions on Sabbath observance was submitted, which the assembled physicians were asked to answer according to the results of their observance. They answered unanimously that the men who rested on the Sabbath from their business lived longer, other things being equal, were more healthy and did more work and in a better manner than those who worked every day in the week. It is so with animals. Two men set out each with a drove of sheep for a distant market. One of them rested on Sundays and the other marched every day. The former arrived first with his flock in better condition than the latter. Every Monday he had travelled seventeen miles, on Tuesdays sixteen, tapering off to ten miles on Saturday. The other toward the end of the journey had not been able to get the weary animals to travel more than six miles in a day.

Men of Tyre. They were noted for their business capacity and enterprise. They were living in the city to do business. There was no harm in that and Nehemiah did not object to their being there. But they pushed business enterprise too far. They sold to the people on the Sabbath. They had no scruples that stood in the way of making money. It is so with many of the business men of our day. They will not miss the chance of making a bargain if the chance comes to them on the Lord's day. When a man sets his heart on money as the highest good he has to be on his guard lest he lose his reverence for all else and sacrifice greater and better things to get it. Agassiz was asked why a man of so great ability as he, was content with so small an income. He replied, "I have sufficient for my need. I do not want more. I suppose I could make more money but I have not time. Life is too short for a man to get rich and do his duty to his fellow too."

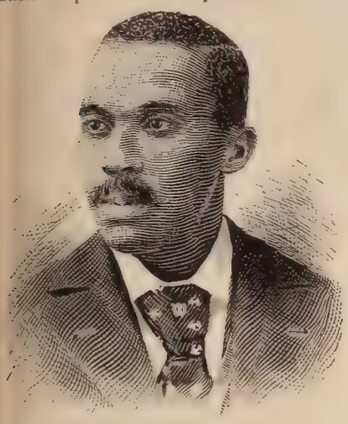
In the course of a debate on industrial questions in the French Chamber of Deputies, Louis Blanc strongly advocated Sunday observance, claiming that the productions of the nation would not be diminished by closing all the works and factories on one day of the week. He stated as a fact that the average weekly production of each workingman was greater in England than in France, though the French mechanic worked seventy-two hours and the English fifty-six. He attributed the anomaly to the fact that the natural forces of the English mechanic were better husbanded through having a weekly rest.

Sanctify the Sabbath. Spurgeon used to relate that a man who was about to rent a house in Newcastle, England, was taken by the owner to an upper window that he might see the beautiful prospect therefrom. The owner of the house said: "You can see Durham cathedral from this window on a Sunday." The man asked why it could be seen only on a Sunday. "Because," was the reply, "on that day there is no smoke from the tall chimneys." When in any family or nation there is no smoke and dust of business life on a Sunday the people have a better opportunity of seeing with the eyes of faith the towers of the heavenly city.

A SELF-HELPING INSTITUTION.

ow the Edward Waters College at Jacksonville, Florida, is Educating and Training the Colored Children and Young People to be Useful Citizens.

AN interesting effort is being made in Florida for the advancement of the colored race. Every one who has given any attention to the problem of their condition has arrived at two conclusions. One is that the ope of the future lies with the children, and ne other that it must come through an edu- ation adapted to their peculiar condition.



PRESIDENT JOHN R. SCOTT.

lere secular learning, such as is acquired in a chool in the North, is not sufficient. They eed to be taught a handicraft by which they an earn an honest livelihood; and, above all, ound moral and religious principles should be .stilled in their hearts. Probably in no State the Union is there need so urgent in this phere as there is in Florida. It is gratifying, herefore, to notice that an effort in this direc- ion is being made there. The Edward Waters College, a portrait of whose president, Rev. ohn R. Scott, and a picture of a group of its upils, are given on this page, is the outgrowth f a small school organized some years ago. It vas an effort by the colored people to help hemselves, and its present successful develop- nent is mainly due to the knowledge they had f their own deficiencies and the best way of emedying them. There are now nearly four undred students in the college, seven-five of vhom are boarders. Many more have applied or admission, but there is no room in the uilding for them. The origin and growth of he institution are very suggestive.

In 1883 the Rev. W. W. Sampson estab- ished a small school for young colored people t Jacksonville, Fla. Such an institution was orely needed there at that time. Nine years efore, Brown University supplied the need of igher education, but fire and financial distress ad caused the extinction of the enterprise, and since that time no provision existed for the benefit of the colored youths, beyond the ru- dimentary education of the lower schools. Mr. Sampson's school prospered, and it was placed under the control of the East Florida Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church for further development. Zion Church raised funds to erect a new building, which it rented to the school at fifty dollars a month, and Rev. John R. Scott became its principal. The number of students rapidly increased, and the efficiency of the school became widely known. One teacher after another was added, until there were six women and five men en- gaged in giving tuition. Much of the support coming from the church, special attention was given to the study of theology. The Confer- ence noted the tendency and authorized a change in the name to that of Divinity High School. The managers arranged for a thor- ough course of instruction, from the lowest to the highest grades. The course included three years in the primary department, devot- ed to preparatory study, three years in the normal grade, three years in the classics and mathematics and three years in theology. The rates were fixed at the lowest possible limit. Only two dollars a year was charged for tui- tion, and for seventy-six dollars the student was boarded in the college for an eight months' term. With the view of making the school a practical help to the colored race, sev- eral industrial branches have now been added, such as carpentry, shoe-making, etc. It has recently been chartered as the Edward Waters College, and is one of the most thriving in- stitutions of its kind in the South.

The object kept steadily in view by the faculty and the various boards interested in the college is to turn out men and women capable of doing their duty to God, to society and to themselves in the sphere of life they may feel called to enter. To this end, not only is it sought to cultivate the mind and to store it with useful information which will enable the student to perform his duties in business or in manufactures, but to inculcate the highest morality based on religious principle. The main difficulty, as in all such enterprises, is one of money. The college has been obliged to hire buildings for teaching and for boarding the students. This has involved loss, as when the low rates were fixed, it was expected that the building erected by the Zion Church would serve all purposes. But it was soon found that the colored race was anxious for just such an education as was given in the institution, and the number of applicants now on file shows that there is practically no limit to the extent of its opportunities of usefulness. To turn them to practical account it will be necessary to have a suitable building for the college, and an effort to raise money for this purpose is now being made. It is cordially recommended by the Hon. Francis P. Fleming, Governor of Florida, by the Bishop of the A. M. E. Church in Florida, and by other eminent and influential citizens, and will doubt- less receive a prompt and liberal response. The desire for a thorough education deserves en- couragement and the fact that colored people themselves are organizing to realize that de- sire, must be hailed as a most hopeful sign of the times. It has in it the promise of a better future for the next generation than has been enjoyed by any of the generations that have gone before it, a hope of independence, prosperity and usefulness. We sincerely hope that the managers of the institution will suc- ceed in their endeavor, and that the College will be the means of advancement to them that its past history and its present condition promise for it. Should any of our readers de- sire to assist them in their effort, they may send contributions to Rev. John R. Scott, President of Edward Waters College, Jackson- ville, Fla.

CLASS OF STUDENTS AT EDWARD WATERS' COLLEGE.

A CENTRE OF EVANGELISM.

(*Continued from first page.*)

Miss Evelyn S. Hall, B. A., is the prin- cipal, and the Mt. Hermon School, for men, located about four miles from the Sem- inary, on the eastern side of the Connecticut River, began in 1881. Prof. Henry F. Cutler is the present principal. The Northfield Training School, for Ladies, opened in 1890, is the youngest of the schools. It is housed in "The Northfield," a large summer hotel. Mr. Moody is the president, and Miss Lillie L. Sherman principal. The schools are filled to their utmost capacity of dormitory accommo- dations, and enlargement is next in order.

THE LADIES' TRAINING INSTITUTE AT NORTHFIELD.

All the schools (including that in Chicago) have essentially the same basis, and aim chiefly at the same end, while they fit into one another, and supplement each other's work. The first two are academic in kind, and furnish the general education which makes the best foundation for any advanced pursuit. The last is of a semi-professional order, and prepares the student for immediate activity in the line of the study and practice received at school. But in all the Bible has the place of honor. Those who have the entire course of the Seminary or Mt. Hermon, must spend more time upon the Bible than upon any other text- book, while at the Institute and the Training School Bible study takes up fully half the time.

At each of the two older schools are three graduating courses of four years' length, and a preparatory department for those not ready to enter one of these. One of these at Mt. Hermon, called the Biblical course, is adapted to those students who wish to go from Mt. Hermon directly into some form of evangelis- tic work. It offers four years of general academic training, together with extended daily instruction in the Bible. The other courses at Mt. Hermon and the Seminary correspond to those offered by other schools of similar grade, with three special features which are not common to most other schools, viz., the Biblical feature mentioned, the large attention given to vocal music as a required study, and an industrial feature. In both schools all of the domestic work is done by the students, and at Mt. Hermon most of the farm and office work. This requirement is meant equally to develop the practical re- sources of the students, and to promote the growth of character. As an economic meas- ure, it reduces the cost of each student to the schools, and makes it possible for many de- serving young men and women to receive this education, who otherwise must go without. But in order to reach especially this class of students, the entire charge for a year's board and tuition made by the Seminary and Mt. Hermon is only $100. As this charge hardly covers more than half the actual cost of each student to the school, the difference has to be annually raised, excepting as it is covered by the interest accruing from the small beginning of an endowment fund.

The Northfield Training School is of kin- dred spirit to the Bible Institute in Chicago. It offers facilities for the training of Christian women to become ready, skilful, efficient work- ers in all forms of Christian service, by the earnest, persistent study and practice of the Word of God, first and foremost. In addition to this is the study of music, the theory and practice of dressmaking and cooking, and vari- ous details of household life and service. All this aims at the most direct and practical re- sults in labors among all classes of people, especially in the homes of the poor, among the ignorant, the sick, the sorrowing, the out- cast. Here, too, the results justify the aim and the method. The blessing of God has rested upon the work from the beginning. "A great door and an effectual is opened."

The fact that all these schools are permitted to enjoy the personal presence and influence and teaching of Mr. Moody himself, whenever he is not engaged in evangelistic campaigns elsewhere, is of great moment. To come into such contact with this wise, experienced, spirit- filled disciple of Christ in his schools is a rare privilege.

Mr. Moody's educational work is not limit- ed to his four organized schools already nam- ed. In 1880 he began a "new departure," when he called the first of that remarkable series of Northfield Christian Conferences, or Summer Bible Schools, whose seed has been wafted far and wide over the earth. This was a Confer- ence never to be duplicated and never to be forgotten. Six years later a second Summer School sprang up alongside of this, now known as the World's Student Conference, and both Conferences have been held on the same con- secrated ground every year since then. All parts of the world and almost all Christian de- nominations, and forms of Christian activity and enterprise, have been represented in these wonderful gatherings. The teachers brought together by the leader, Mr. Moody, have been of the ablest and best in this land, and some of the choicest spirits of the Old World. As in the schools, so in these Summer gatherings, the Bible has been and is the supreme book, and Jesus Christ the supreme person. The aim of Mr. Moody has been to make Northfield one great Christian school in which continuous courses of Bible instruction, in a variety of forms, shall extend throughout the whole year.

REV. H. B. HARTZLER.
(*Bible Teacher at Mt. Hermon and Northfield.*)

Mr. Henry W. Rankin, who is perhaps more intimately acquainted with these Northfield movements than any other besides Mr. Moody himself, concludes a survey thereof by saying: "Let these things go on a few years longer, and the little town of Northfield will become a centre of evangelical education, and a source of evangelistic movements, for all the world, perhaps also a new fountain-head of Christian literature." Northfield is now several years nearer the realization that when these words were written and is justifying them. It would require an Omniscient eye and an angel's pen to make the record complete.

REV. H. B. HARTZLER.

PROPHETIC BABYLON.

The Projected Railroad Through the Holy Land a Sign of the Approaching Fulfillment of the Prophecy relating to Babylon.

BY W. GREENE, C.E. *

THE student of prophecy cannot fail to note with deep interest the announcements of the press respecting the sudden movement of the Turkish Government in railroad building. This movement gives a clue to the solution of one of the most puzzling problems of untulfilled prophecy. The description we have in prophecy of the destruction of Babylon (Jer. 50) does not correspond with the historical fact. It has therefore long been the opinion of students of prophecy that the destruction foretold would be of another city, to be called Babylon, which would probably be built on the same site as ancient Babylon. But why and how should such a city be built in such a place at this time, and suddenly destroyed? It now appears that the network of railroads, projected and partly constructed, will have as the chief terminus the identical spot on the Persian Gulf where ancient Babylon stood. Here, then, unexpectedly is the reason for the erection of a great city at that point.

The articles on the roadways, published in the daily Journals, say: "The railway policy of the Ottoman Government has resulted, so far, in the construction of three trunk lines, through the northern and central portions of the Sultan's Asiatic dominions. These lines embrace a railway from Haidar-Pasha, a suburb of Constantinople, running right through the heart of Asia Minor and thence down the Tigris Valley, Bagdad, and to the Persian Gulf, the object being to link the latter gulf with the waters of the Golden Horn. The second, a line from Samsoun on the Black Sea southward to Ayas on the Mediterranean, and to link together the Black and the Mediterranean Seas; the third to connect the Mediterranean Sea through Damascus and the Euphrates Valley with the Persian Gulf."

Now there are over 8,000 people in the town of Hillah which stands on the site of Babylon, so that a future Babylon must appear and be destroyed suddenly by Divine wrath to fulfil the words of Scripture. Prophecy also speaks of Babylon as the glory of the Chaldees' excellency, showing the site to be the Euphratean Babylon, and not London, Paris, or Rome, as some would endeavor to prove, and the time of its downfall, to synchronize with the restoration of Israel, and as the restoration of Israel and Judah is a thing of the future, *ergo*, the destruction of Babylon, the glory of the Chaldees' excellency, is also a thing of the future.

In the prophecy of Zechariah we have a summary of the events concerning Jerusalem and the restoration of Israel, the doings of the foolish shepherd, the Antichrist; the coming of Christ, the Deliverer; and also in chapter 5 details concerning the great commercial system of the Ephah, of which the prophet says, "This is wickedness," or lawlessness, as the Hebrew word, if properly translated, should be rendered, and lawlessness in connection with the lawless one as king of Babylon, thus he is termed in Isaiah 14: 4.

As the great railway projects are to have, according to the plans, one of their termini at the site of ancient Babylon, it is important to find out whether any indications are given us in Scripture of the character of the city that will spring up there. Turn to Zech. 5: 6-11 and there is a vivid description in the strange symbol of the Ephah in which sits wickedness incarnate. "And behold there was lifted up a talent of lead: and this is a woman that sitteth in the midst of the Ephah. Then lifted I up mine eyes and looked, and behold there came out two women, and the wind was in their wings, for they had wings like the wings of a stork, and they lifted up the Ephah between the earth and the heaven. Then said I to the angel that talked with me, Whither do these bear the Ephah? And he said unto me, *to build it a house in the land of Shinar*, and it shall be established and set there upon her own base." An Ephah is a Jewish measure. The woman who sat therein is the personification of wickedness. This is wickedness, it is said of her, and she embodies the evil of the whole earth. This figure is carried to the land of Shinar, the very site of Babylon (Gen. 10: 10; 11: 2), there she has an habitation built for her upon a seat. Established the same base." The city then is to be reconstructed already belong to her.

* [illegible] February number of the [illegible] Rev. M. Baxter, which [illegible]

THE LORD'S DAY.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing March 5. Nehemiah 13: 22; Matt. 12: 8-13.

HOW shall we keep it? The name we give it gives the solution of the problem. If it is the *Lord's* Day, as we call it, then it must be devoted to him. We know what this means in our families. The arrival or departure of some dearly loved member of the circle, a birthday, the first day of reunion after long and dangerous illness, or some other special occasion consecrates a day to one member of the family, and we do all we can to honor that one. We put aside occupations that would interfere with the festival, and we try by all means to make the day gratifying to the person honored. There is no law about it, no one feels it a denial to keep away from business, or ordinary duties, no one goes about with a gloomy countenance, or wants to know if he may not do this or that, but every one is eager to do little services and make the loved one happy. It should not be difficult to decide what to do or not to do on the Lord's Day, if we are the Lord's people and love him. We are giving the day with delight to his service, to doing that which will please him best. The Jew might be thankful for his Sabbath of rest, and his conscience might find a use for the petty technicalities regulating its observance; but the Christain is beyond all that. It is a glad, joyous privilege that he has in this one day rescued from worldly concerns, and consecrated to his Lord in celebration of Christ's triumph over death and the grave. The world claims all too much of our attention as it is; it insists on six days of undivided absorption in exacting duties. But this one day we have to give to our Master. We would not give it grudgingly or sadly or half-heartedly but remembering our obligations to him give it all to him with delight. The privilege of this day gives to every follower of his the opportunity of service and of giving practical proof of gratitude and love. No law is needed by the Christian to regulate the observance of the Lord's day.

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THE PHILADELPHIA W. C. A.

WORK has so far progressed on the Women's Christian Association in Philadelphia as to give an idea of the noble proportions and the excellent plan of the edifice. Some surprise has been expressed at its size and wonder as to what the ladies can do with so many rooms. This shows how little is known of the extent of the work as it now exists and of what it will develop into with the improved facilities afforded by its new quarters. According to present plans the third to seventh floor, inclusive, will be almost wholly set apart for sleeping rooms to accommodate 250 boarders and for transient lodgers. Other rooms are to be used for the training department and gymnastic exercises. A spacious library will be on the first floor, with reading-room; and a gallery opening to the floor above. The Employment Bureau is to be provided with two connecting rooms. Class-rooms will communicate with the Assembly Hall and its gallery on both first and second floors; this will afford an opportunity to seat an audience of one thousand. Restaurant, dining-room and kitchen, will occupy the eighth floor. The laundry and cooking school are in the basement. There will of course be parlors, committee-rooms and general office. This arrangement indicates an intention of developing the work of the Association on practical lines, by training the members in domestic duties and in advancing physical culture.

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THE C. E. FRIEND OF SAILORS.

AN original and deeply interesting department of Christian Endeavor effort is that of the Floating Society, which is under the charge of the lady whose portrait appears on this page. A Christian interest in the welfare of the sailor is no new emotion in the heart of Miss Antoinette P. Jones; she has simply availed herself of the instrumentality of the Christian Endeavor Society to promote the work in which she has long been engaged. She sometimes humorously explains her regard for the toilers of the deep by the statement that among her early ancestors there were two genuine Vikings, but, however it may have come, there is no question of the interest itself, nor of its practical manifestation. Among the many sailors who, through her efforts have been won for Christ, are representatives of no less than thirteen nationalities. She was first brought into "the work afloat" by her office of secretary of the Falmouth branch of the W. C. T. U. Her success, and the knowledge of its results in the moral reformation of the men, fostered her love of labor among seamen. When the Christian Endeavor movement enlisted her among its workers, Miss Jones applied it to her own sphere. She is now Superintendent of the Floating C. E. Societies, all of whose members are connected with the sea.

MISS ANTOINETTE P. JONES, PRES. OF THE C. E. FLOATING SOCIETIES.

It should be said, that with her this is a labor of love. Her life has been a difficult one. Her father died thirteen years ago, and since that time Miss Jones has not only supported herself but has made a home for her widowed mother.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

THE register of the League is growing rapidly. The number of Chapters is now 9,300 and of Junior Leagues 1,200. Among the foreign entries is one of a League at Singapore, China, which has just celebrated its third anniversary.—A California Chapter has done a significant thing in placing a large lamp in front of their church. Perhaps it may be the means of enabling some people to find their way into the building on dark nights and then the League can go on with its good work in a metaphorical sense, and light the way for them into membership in the church.—The duty of keeping the pulpit supplied with flowers is gradually coming to be recognized as part of the business of the League. At Lopeer, Mich., this is done, and on the Monday morning one of the members removes the fragrant offering and takes it to the room of some sick person to continue its cheering and beautifying duty. The Mercy and Help Department has been very active at Lopeer during the winter and many families are thanking God for the Epworth League.—An original department of work has been adopted by a League at Germantown, Pa. Noticing that the barbers provide reading matter for their customers to divert them while waiting their turn for the chair, and that their taste in literature was not of the most elevated kind, the League has subscribed for bright religious journals which it places in the shops. The barbers may save money by discontinuing the purchase of the pernicious literature heretofore provided; but, if they do not, it will at least not have its course without competition.

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ANNUAL Y.M.C.A. CONVENTION OF NEW YORK STATE.

PROMINENT speakers have been secured for the annual meeting to beld at Saratoga, February 23 to 26. Rev. Theo. L. Cuyler, D.D., of Brooklyn, is to deliver the opening address. Mr. L. D. Wishard, International Secretary, who has recently completed a tour of the world in the interest of association work will speak Saturday evening upon "Young Men of Foreign Lands," "Young Men of New York State," by Mr. Edmund P. Platt of Poughkeepsie, Chairman State Executive Committee, and "Young Men of America," by Mr. Elbert B. Monroe, Chairman of the International Committee.

President B. P. Raymond of Wesleyan University, Middleton, Conn., will make the address at the College session Friday evening.

Mr. W. H. Sage of New York will speak upon "The Contribution of the Associations to the Development of Physical Culture." The Boys' work topic will be presented by two boys, followed by Mr. Sumner F. Dudley upon "Possibilities of Development in Work for Boys." Addresses will also be delivered by Mr. Henry Bond of Buffalo, L. E. Gurley of Troy, John C. Bradley, Hoosick Falls, Dr Lucien C. Warner, Robert R. McBurney of New York, and Robert A. McFadden of Brooklyn, who is to present the topic "Our Responsibility for the Intellectual Development of Young Men."

Parlor conferences will be held Friday afternoon for presidents, directors and pastors; for railroad, college and boys' work delegates and for those interested in committee work and the Physical department. A conference for representatives of the women's auxiliaries of the State will be held, presided over by Mrs. Prof. Wells of Schenectady, and Mrs. Dr L. C. Warner of New York. The railroad session will be held Saturday evening, at which topics pertaining to that department will be presented by C. J. Hicks, international secretary, and others. A Bible study conference will be addressed by Messrs. Benson Van Vliet of Poughkeepsie, Rev. H.C. Farrar, D.D. Albany; J. T. Bowne, Springfield, Mass., and John B. Squire, Buffalo.

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The president of the Christain Endeavor Society in the Kobo Girls' School, Japan, Miss Watanabe, who graduated with high honors at Carleton College, Northfield, Minn.

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The Brooklyn Union of Circles of King's Daughters holds a regular meeting on the third Saturday of every month at Wayside Home parlors, 352 Bridge Street, at three o'clock in the afternoon.

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At the University of Wisconsin steps are being taken toward raising funds to secure a building for the Young Men's and the Young Women's Christian Associations. A society to be known as "The Christian Education League of Wisconsin," is to be organized throughout the State in the colleges to promote Christian education and especially to provide these facilities. The association already has a lot adjoining the new gymnasium and armory on the west, and have raised part of the funds necessary for the building. The members hope before another college year to have begun work on the building.

THE BETTER PART.

Written for The Christian Herald.

DEAR children, the world is before you—
The world, and when to choose;
And the wonderful prize of heaven
Is yours to win or to lose.

We all of us long to be famous,
To win man's honor and praise;
To give up, with grand deeds and mighty
The measure of our days;

But the longed-for place in Fame's temple
Is so very hard to win,
That tho' many knock at the portal,
There are few that enter in.

Tho' you may not enter the temple,
To sit with the favored few,
There are love and praise to win elsewhere,
There is work for you all to do.

There are many wrongs to be righted,
And many griefs to assuage;
And many battles for right and truth,
For strong young arms to wage.

You may gather blossoms of pleasure—
They will wither in your hand;
May dive to the ocean's depths for pearls,
And grasp but a handful of sand.

The duty which lies the nearest,
If you do it with all your heart,
Tho' it may seem but a little thing
Still you will have done your part.

—JULIA ELDRED.

Carrollton, Ills.

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A NATIVE AFRICAN WEDDING.

Interesting Scenes at a Mission Station—A Pleasant Celebration

IN those parts of Africa where heathenism and idolatry have given way to Christianity and a certain degree of civilization, the old love of noise and outward display still lingers, and comes to the surface on every possible occasion; generally in a pleasant fashion. Next to a great revival, one of the chief events at a mission station is a native wedding. Among the Kaffirs—who have enjoyed the benefit of the Gospel and civilized customs much longer than most African tribes—a marriage is an event which arouses the activities of the entire community. The illustration on this page represents a marriage procession among native Christians in Kaffir-land. Both sexes have adopted the European dress, modified to suit the requirements of the African climate, the women in spotless white, and the men in all the finery of a gala occasion. Bride and groom in the lead, the procession moves proudly through the leading thoroughfare at the mission station to the little chapel where the service is performed. The procession re-forms and the remainder of the day is devoted to innocent merry-making and an exchange of cordialities.

Wedding customs at the average mission station in the interior do not differ very materially from those that prevail at the coast, where civilization has made much greater progress. Christianity has done much for women in Africa in this relation; it has raised her from the position of a mere burden-bearer to one approaching more nearly to the civilized idea of the wifely station. But this only applies to the families of converts at the missions, for everywhere else, except there and at the coast towns, the old practices prevail.

To marry a woman involves no further ceremony among the Hottentots, than that of buying any article. Polygamy is allowed, but it is only slightly indulged in. Married women in Abyssinia have more freedom than in most African countries, and they may often be seen horseback riding. The Abyssinians believe in early engagements, but after betrothal the engaged parties are not permitted to see each other until the wedding-day, even though this should be postponed for a long time. The bride-elect, in order to prevent an accident, is not allowed to leave the house, and they believe that any violation of this custom would result in the offender's destruction by a serpent. The wedding-feast precedes the marriage and is spread in a public building, and all who will partake are invited. One of the guests goes in search of the bride, and carries her to the place of assembly and seats her upon a chair. Presently a procession, consisting of the groom and his friends with music appears. When all are assembled, some friend delivers an address full of advice, and the ceremony is complete for the time being. All the guests are expected to give presents. By these the young people are given a fair start in housekeeping.

Among the Niam-Niam tribe, wives are not bought as among other tribes, but are given by the chief, and conjugal devotion is so remarkable, that, as we are told by travelers, no one can reproach the Niam-Niams with harsh or indifferent treatment of their wives. The latter are notably modest and retiring and never speak to any man whom they may accidentally meet.

Among the Fans, the husband has to buy his wife, and his prospective father-in-law drives as hard a bargain as he can, paying for his wife in only such goods as traders from

A NATIVE WEDDING AT AN AFRICAN MISSION STATION.

Europe bring to the country. When the terms of the marriage contract are finally agreed upon, the bride's relatives begin to collect stores of elephant meat and quantities of palm-wine. The whole village gathers to witness the father transfer the daughter to her future lord and master. They then dance and sing, eat and drink until the meat and wine are exhausted. It is an exceptional thing for a Fan to marry a member of any other tribe, although, occasionally such an intermarriage does take place, for the purpose of increasing the friendship between the two peoples.

Polygamy is the custom of Bongo, each man being allowed to have three wives if he can afford to purchase so many. Marriages among the Monbuttos is cumulative, for one inherits and must provide for the wives of his father and brothers, so that, it is said, the king of Loango had at one time seven thousand spouses. Each wife is provided with a separate house and attendants, so that a village is sometimes formed by a single family. In the case of the king of Monbuttoe—who believes in state and ceremony—the addition of guards, high officials, courtiers, musicians, dwarfs and jesters, forms quite an extensive household.

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Lung Gymnastics.

AT a recent meeting of a woman's club, one of the members gave the benefit of an exercise experiment of her own. She said it was her habit, when walking, to take as few inhalations as possible. "I draw a deep breath, walking very rapidly when I have filled my lungs, and I do not take another until I have reached a certain point in the block. By practice I am able to get on with perhaps three inhalations through a long block. The result is exactly as if I had been running hard. My blood tingles all over me, and I seem to have brought every nerve and muscle into active play. In this way a short walk, if only to the elevated station or to catch a car a block away, gives me a great deal of condensed exercise." Another member of the club referred to the fact that her physician had instructed her to hold her breath when crossing a street. She had become so addicted to the habit now that she did it instinctively, filling her lungs involuntarily as she stepped on a cross-walk. Months of this practice had noticeably strengthened her and made her equal to the daily work before her.

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A Word about Daughters.

MOTHERS, are your girls, your daughters, all in the Ark? writes Mr. Moody, the evangelist. If not, what are you living for? Is that the uppermost thought in your hearts at all hours—how you can get them into the Ark? Are you in the Ark yourselves? If not, why not come in to-day, and then try to bring them in? It seems to me that parents are asleep! While we are asleep our children are wandering down to eternal death! We hear of children dying every day; of their being snatched away unexpectedly; dying outside of the Ark, while we sleep on, with our children exposed to the judgment. Say to yourselves, "This day I must go into the Ark. This day I will call my children in. I will not stay out and let them perish."

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A Child's Possibilities.

YOU never know what child, in rags and pitiful squalor, that meets you in the street, may have in him the germ of gifts that might add new treasures to the storehouse of beautiful things and noble acts, writes John Morley. In that great storm of terror that swept over France in 1793, a certain man who was every hour expecting to be led off to the guillotine uttered this memorable sentiment: "Even at this incomprehensible moment," he said, "when mortality, enlightenment, love of country—all of them only make death at the prison-door or on the scaffold more certain—yes, on the fatal tumbril itself, with nothing free but my voice, I could still cry, 'Take care,' to a child that should come too near the wheel; perhaps I may save his life, perhaps he may one day save his country." This is a generous and inspiring thought—one to which the roughest-handed man and woman in the world may respond as honestly and heartily as the philosopher who wrote it. It ought to shame the listlessness with which so many of us see the great phantasmagona of life pass before us.

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The Virtue of Forgiveness.

LEARN how to forgive, writes Rev. R. V. Lawrence. Do not carry an unforgiving spirit with you through all your life: it will hurt you more than anything else. It will destroy the happiness of many around you; yet its chief feeding-ground will be found in your own heart. You hate your neighbor. Yonder is his dwelling, one hundred and fifty yards away. Suppose you pass by a wood fire, and, as you pass, you pluck a half-consumed brand from it, flaming and gleaming, and thru ting it under your garment to hide it, you start for your neighbor's dwelling to burn it. Who gets the worst of it? You find your garments on fire and your own flesh burned before you can harm your neighbor. So is he who carries an unforgiving spirit in his bosom. It stings his own soul like an adder shut up there. I know of some who call themselves Christians, who are miserable through their own revengefulness.

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CHILD COMPANIONSHIPS.

IT is a parent's duty to know who are his child's companions, and to know the character, and course of conduct, and influence upon his child, of every one of those companions separately. Here is where a parent's chief work is called for in the matter of guiding and controlling his child's companionships. A parent must have his child's sympathy, in order to gain this knowledge; and a parent must give his sympathy to his child, in order to be able to use this knowledge wisely. It may be necessary to keep an open house for these companions, and an open heart and hand to them personsonally, as it surely is necessary to keep an open ear to the child's confidences concerning their sayings and doings, if the parent would know all about them that he needs to know.

Knowing his child's companionships, a parent ought to encourage such of them as are worthiest, and discourage such as he cannot approve. He ought to help his child to regulate his social intimacies according to the standards thus set before him. It will not do for a parent to allow matters in this line to take their own course, and to accept all companionships for his child just as they may come to him. He must feel responsible for his child's wise selection, from among the number of proffered companions, of those who are to be retained while others are dropped or avoided. And it devolves upon a parent to see to it that his child's companionships are of growing value to his companions as well as to himself; that his child's influence over his very playfellows is for their good, while his good is promoted by their association with him.

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Reckless Frankness.

THERE is a class of people who pride themselves on their honesty and frankness because, as they tell us, they "say just what they think," throwing out their opinions right and left, just as they happen to feel, no matter where they may strike or whom they may wound. This boasted frankness, however, is not honesty, but is rather miserable impertinence and reckless cruelty. We have no right to say what we think unless we think kindly and lovingly, no right to unload our jealousies, envies, bad humors, and miserable spites upon the hearts of our neighbors. If we must be bad-tempered, we should at least keep our ugliness locked up in our own breasts, and not let it out to wound the feelings and mar the happiness of others. If we must speak out our dislikes and prejudices and wretched feelings let us go into our own room and lock the door and close the windows, so that no ear but our own shall hear the hateful words. If any man seemeth to be religious, or even morally decent, and bridleth not his tongue, that man's religion is vain and his character is base.

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"The Voices of the Feet."

THE house-mother lies on her bed of pain, writes Maria Pendleton Kennedy. To and fro, to and fro, go the quiet footsteps of her girls, who have taken up the burdens laid down with sorrow and repining; and as she hears these whispering footfalls, somehow she is soothed and lulled into a quiet which, more than doctors and their devices, help to build up the worn-out body. She "knows the voices" of these feet, and could pick them out were there dozens beside them. She hears the gentle tread of her anxious husband as he comes to the door to listen a moment, and is comforted by his tender love and care. Then the girls trip softly by, hushing each other, and her "big boy" stops his whistling and moves painfully along as though he had two very new and very stiff wooden legs, and she laughs a little as he passes the door, stopping one second to listen to his "mamma's" breathing, and says softly, "God bless him!" Then there sounds a little patter of tiny feet from some baby outside on the street, and instantly come back to her the long-vanished years when such little footsteps followed after hers and all her brood were babies. Two of them will always be babies; they never grow up where they have gone to live, and the sweetest sound her mother ears will hear when she wins home at last, will be, she thinks, those little pattering footsteps, never forgotten? And so these footsteps are so part and parcel of our beloved ones, that even in death we know and love and cling to them; and sometimes it has happened that the footfall we thought never to hear again on earth comes into our home once more, and who can measure the perfect joy of that hour!

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

RIGHT LIVING.

A Sermon Preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York, last Sunday, Feb. 19, 1893, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D. *"We should live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world."* Titus 2: 12.

IF you read the chapter from which this text is taken you will agree with me in saying that it abounds in practical suggestion and important instruction. In the early part of this verse we have a statement of the things which the grace of God teaches us to deny. But religion is not made up of negatives only; there must be the doing of good as well as the denying of evil. In harmonizing these two characteristics of true religion the sincerity of our profession is proved, and the blessedness of true religion is illustrated. We have here a suggestive and instructive epitome of what the grace of God teaches us to be and to do. This summary of obligations covers a very wide range; indeed, we may say that it covers the entire range of duty. That this is so will appear when we consider the relation in which the statements of this text stand to one another. It is important to observe that the word "soberly" refers to our duty to ourselves; it implies a suitable and reasonable control over all our desires and activities.

Circles of Obligation.

The word "righteously" widens the range; it refers to our duties to our fellow men. It shows that true religion teaches us to perform those duties with fidelity in all our relations in life. This word includes all our promises and contracts to our friends and neighbors of every class. The word "godly" still further widens, and finally completes the range of duty. It sets forth our obligations to God; it shows that in the performance of our duties to ourselves and to our fellow men we should have reference to the will of God; it indicates what a truly pious man will regard as the dominating purpose, as the controling motive of his life—the will of God. The man who can fill rightly this ever-widening circle of obligation will meet all the responsibilities of this present world, and will be prepared for the enjoyment of the world to come. Let us look more closely at these widening circles of obligation.

We are here exhorted, in the first place, to live soberly. Attention has already been called to the fact that this word refers to our duty to ourselves. It is important to discover, if we may, its exact meaning; and it is not difficult to learn what that meaning is, as we have several examples of the use of the word in the New Testament. A comparison of its uses shows that it means the having of every appetite and desire under

The Control of Reason.

It suggests that men should act in all the varied circumstances of life wisely, moderately and discreetly. If we analyze this thought more fully, we see that we are here taught to exercise self-control, to begin at the lowest point, over all the baser passions of our nature. Nowhere does the Bible teach that the soul is to be purified by the torture of the body. Religion holds the body in higher honor, and for that very reason religion teaches that our bodily life should be pure and holy. The lower place is the rightful place for the lower nature. Only as that nature usurps the higher place does it become dangerous. But we must advance a step; this self-control includes also a proper restraint, even upon the more refined and æsthetic elements of our nature. These rightly have a sphere of operation; and within that sphere they are to be properly indulged.

Christ loved the beautiful in creation. God is a God of beauty in all its forms of manifestation. He has given the mountain its grandeur, and the valley its quiet beauty. To cloud and mountain, to flowers and to forest, God has given beauty not necessary merely for purposes of utility. Beautiful homes adorned with statuary and paintings, the results of wealth and genius, adorned with books and all else that may minister to cultured minds and æsthetic tastes, have their place within discreet limitations, and when used for proper ends; but the old fashioned virtues of economy, simplicity and honesty need to be earnestly emphasized in our day. We are constantly in danger of being carried away by the delights to which wealth ministers. Extravagance is one of the crying evils of the hour. The fountains of benevolence are often dried up because of the desire to minister to mere self-indulgence.

The Spirit of Self-sacrifice

for the glory of God and the good of men needs to be earnestly cultivated in many churches and homes. When churchmen and women forget that their highest aim in life is to advance the kingdom of God in the world they rob themselves of their chief joy, and degrade themselves to the level of men and women who live for this world alone. The children of God are more capable than the children of the world of the enjoyment of all that is good and beautiful. They alone are able rightly to use all that God has made to minister to the beauty of character, to the purity of Christianity, and to the glory of earthly existence. But when they change the use of these gifts into their abuse, they take the crown from their own brows and consent to be the children of time rather than of eternity, of the world rather than of God. We must never for a moment admit that the children of this world are as capable as the children of God of getting the highest enjoyment out of the things of time and sense; but we must ever affirm that the children of God receive their highest enjoyment when they live above this life and make this life minister to the life that is to come.

Proper Ambition.

If we live soberly we shall also find that we shall exercise a wise control over even our lawful professional ambitions. These ambitions have their legitimate place. I am not an advocate of a monkish seclusion from the duties and enjoyments of this life. I uniformly urge young Christians to be in the world, even though in the highest sense they are not of the world. I say to you, dear young people, strike out boldly, grandly, wisely for the highest place which your trade or profession can bestow. Master all its details; secure all its honors; never take second place, if you can help it, to any man or woman in any walk of life. But remember at the same time that this world is not all. The man who lives for this life alone does not attain this life in the fulness, richness and blessedness of its possibilities. Only he who lives for the eternal life as well as the life that now is becomes master of both worlds. The man who lives for this life alone loses both worlds; the man who lives for the other world wins both worlds. Let me urge you now to look at things calmly, deliberately, wisely. Lift the veil that surrounds your earthly course and duty. Gaze upon eternal verities, as well as upon life's fleeting possibilities. Every truly thoughtful man must see that eternal verities utterly dwarf earthly verities. Every wise man must know that the sunlight of the eternal world throws into dark shadow the brighest light of our earthly life. I urge you to run the race of life, bravely and boldly; but at the same time to run it lightly and safely. Do not unduly magnify the

Prizes of Earthly Achievements;

they fade under careful examination; they disappear when most we need their ministry. It is said that Queen Elizabeth, in her last speech to her last Parliament, said of her great crown, "It seems grander to those who look at it than to those who wear it." A similar remark might be made of all the attainments of life which men most earnestly prize. With their possession comes inevitable disappointment. Only he is truly master of the world who has crucified the world. The man who makes the pleasures and honors of this world the chief aim of his life, the man who makes anything short of the great God the object of his desire, affection and reverence, has missed life's chief duty and earth's highest glory. The man who lives for himself is out of tune with the great and glorious beings in both worlds, who bow in adoring reverence in the presence of the eternal God. The man who forgets God and lives only for himself is an instrument untuned, and so making discord in the midst of a glorious, harmonious, angelic and divine orchestra. As the heliotrope, as its name so beautifully implies, turns to follow the sun, so a man of the noblest type follows Jesus Christ as the ideal man and the Son of Righteousness; Jesus Christ who lived to do the will of God and to save lost men. Only as we catch his spirit and imitate his example can we possess his character and share in his glory.

Moral Rectitude.

We are exhorted, in the second place, to live righteously. The word justly would more correctly translate the original word here employed than the word righteously. We know that the word righteous is often used in the New Testament in what theologians call an objective and forensic sense. That, however, is not the idea of the inspired writer in this instance, and to use the word with that thought produces confusion in the apostle's use of terms. Here, as the best interpreters affirm, the word has no reference to Christ's righteousness; it refers rather to moral rectitude, to our duty to our fellow-men in all the relations of life in which we stand. It includes our duty to our neighbor, and thus widens the sphere to which the word soberly introduced us. Under the guidance of the word now under consideration we enter upon a wider sphere, one having to do with the proper performance of our duty to our fellow-men. It teaches us that we are not needlessly to injure any man in property, in reputation or in character. It shows us that we are to have a due regard to the welfare of his body, to the development of his mind, and to the salvation of his soul. We may, at times be obliged, because of our regard for our brother man, to speak to him harshly because truthfully regarding his courses of conduct; but even the utmost plainness of speech may be softened by the spirit of love which prompts the utterance. Never did preacher speak so plainly as our blessed and loving Lord; never did such terrible "woes" come from human lips, as were those he uttered; but he baptized his most terrible denunciations in tears of tenderest affection. We have no right to set a bad example before any man, woman or child; we have no right to live only

A Negatively Good Life.

Our entire influence ought to be on the side of open obedience, and of positive and continuous devotion to truth and God. This thought necessitates a step in advance, in harmony with the teaching of the word we have translated justly. We are to render to every man his due; we should be just in our dealings, charitable in our judgments; ever slow to take offense and, every ready for reconciliation. We should be without blame in our conduct, without reproach in our speech, and without suggestion of evil in our thoughts. We are divinely exhorted to provide things honest in the sight of all men. I am here setting up a very high standard of moral living; but it is not any higher than that uniformly taught in the Word of God and illustrated in the life of Jesus Christ. We are God's representatives among the children of men. The world has a right to expect more of us than of its own disciples. We should not forgive ourselves if we did not live above the world, above its maxims, and above its moral standards. We are the children of God, heirs of God and the joint-heirs of Jesus Christ. Our home is in the skies; our inspiration is divine; our strength is superhuman; and we should be more like God than any other beings in this broad universe. Men should take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus; and have learned of him and are like him.

The Human Loadstone.

Living righteously, implies, furthermore, that we are to be active in securing the spiritual good of all men. As I have before implied, ours is not to be simply a negative life. We know that God wills not the death of any man, but would have all come to him for light and life; so must we strive for the highest good of those under our influence. It has been well said that the Christian is to be a loadstone to draw men to Jesus Christ. We know that if Christ be lifted up he will draw all men to himself. He is the mightiest magnet this world has ever known to draw men from self and sin to holiness and heaven. If we keep near to Christ even we shall possess something of his drawing power; something of his heavenly light and life; something of his matchless beauty and spotless glory. By the marvelous alchemy of divine grace we shall be loadstones to draw men to Christ if we be diamonds to reflect his light and life. In a single world, a right life is a Christ-like life; a righteous life is a life of faith upon the Son of God; and a Christly life before men is the practical fruit of divine faith.

We are here taught, finally, that we are to live not only soberly and righteously, but also godly in this present world. We are to live in the faithful performance of all our duties to God. This sphere includes the two previous spheres in which we have walked. Duty to God includes all other duties. We began with our duty to ourselves; we moved forward in the widening sphere to our duty to our fellow men, and now our sphere has still widened until it has reached beyond both these to its utmost limit in

Duty to God.

This thought runs through all other duties here mentioned. The apostle has elsewhere told us that whether we eat or drink, or whatever we do, all is to be done to the glory of God. Personal and relative duties are to be performed with reference to God's command and with an eye single to his glory; but there are direct duties which we owe to God, and which ought to be here emphasized. What are some of these duties which appear before us as sinful men and women in our direct relations to God?

Perhaps the very first duty is repentance toward God and faith in Jesus Christ. After our Lord had performed the miracle of feeding the thousands with the five barley loaves and the two small fishes, the people came to him, asking: "What shall we do that we may work the works of God?" The answer of Jesus was: "This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent." This is a remarkable statement by our blessed Lord. It would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to find in the writings of the apostles a statement which shows more clearly that our true spiritual life finds its source in faith in Christ. Such faith is the fountain whence

Streams of Obedience

to God and blessings to men must continually flow. The duty of repentance was the great burden of the preaching of John the Baptist and of Jesus—the Christ. Any one who has not given special attention to this matter will be surprised when he first examines it, to discover the harmony existing between the preaching of Christ and his forerunner, regarding the universal and imperative duty of repentance. Each insists, with the utmost emphasis, on the duty of repentance, in connection with the coming of the new kingdom. Only as that duty is performed are men prepared for the admission of the principles of that kingdom into their hearts. The insistance upon repentance is by no means an arbitrary command. It is in harmony with the ripest principles of human philosophy, as well as with the unvarying demands of divine instruction. Until the heart is emptied of the love of sin, it cannot be filled with the love of God; but more strictly, it must be opened to receive the love of God before it can be emptied of the love of sin. We cannot follow the footsteps of Jesus Christ, except as we turn away from the paths of evil. Christ knew what was required for entrance into his kingdom, and he constantly emphasized the duty of repentance, as did his forerunner, and as did his apostles.

An Essential Duty.

There must also be faith in Jesus Christ, as another duty which God invariably demands. No man can please God except he give him his unquestioning trust. Without faith it is absolutely and eternally impossible to please God; without faith in our fellow men it is impossible to please them. Shall we give our fellow men our trust and refuse it to God? How dare a man deny God his utmost confidence? I would here and now urge you, with the earnestness born of deep conviction, that you exercise faith in Jesus Christ, the faith which works by love, the faith which manifests itself in instant obedience and in doing good works, as its natural fruit.

If we are to live godly, we shall find that obedience is one of the duties which we constantly owe to God. Obedience to God is one of the most striking characteristics of the Christian life. God has himself taught us that, "to obey is better than sacrifice." He has in many ways shown his pleasure with practical obedience, and his just displeasure with those who refuse that obedience. He has himself asked, "Israel, what doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to fear the Lord thy God, to walk in all his ways, and to love him, and to serve the Lord thy God with all thy heart." God must be served with the whole heart. Half-hearted obedience is disobedience. Involuntary obedience is not obedience. Finally, did Matthew Henry say: "We must, in a course of obedience to God's will, and service to his honor, follow him universally, without dividing; uprightly, without dissembling; cheerfully, without disputing; and constantly, without declining; and this is following him fully."

FAITHFUL NAMAKEI.

The Grand Old Chief of Aniwa, once a Cannibal but who Died a Christian.

IN his posthumous work, just issued by Fleming H. Revell & Co., the late John G. Paton, Missionary to the New Hebrides, tells the following affecting story of his first convert on the island of Aniwa:

"God raised up around us and wonderfully endowed men to carry forward his own blessed work. Among these must be specially commemorated Namakei, the old Chief of Aniwa. Slowly, but very steadily, the light of the Gospel broke in upon his soul, and he was ever very eager to communicate to his people all that he learned. In heathen days he was a cannibal and a great warrior; but from the first, he took a warm interest in us and our work, —a little selfish, no doubt, at the beginning, but soon becoming purified as his eyes and heart were opened to the Gospel of Jesus.

"The death of Namakei had in it many streaks of Christian romance. He had heard about the Missionaries annually meeting on one or other of the Islands and consulting about the work of Jehovah. What ideas he had formed of a Mission Synod one cannot easily imagine; but in his old age, and when very frail, he formed an impassioned desire to attend our next meeting on Aneityum, and see and hear all the missionaries of Jesus gathered together from the New Hebrides. Terrified that he would die away from home, and that that might bring great reverses to the good work on Aniwa, where he was truly beloved, I opposed his going with all my might. But he and his relations and his people were all set upon it, and I had at length to give way. His few little books were then gathered together, his meagre wardrobe was made up, and a small native basket carried all his belongings. He assembled his people and took an affectionate farewell, pleading with them to be "strong in Jesus," whether they ever saw him again or not, and to be loyal, and kind to Missi. The people wailed out, and many wept bitterly. Those on board the *Dayspring* were amazed to see how his people loved him. The old Chief stood the voyage well. He went in and out to our meeting of Synod, and was vastly pleased with the respect paid to him on Aneityum. When he heard of the prosperity of the Lord's work, and how Island after Island was learning to sing the praises of Jesus, his heart glowed, and he said,—

"Missi, I am lifting up my head like a tree. I am growing tall with joy!"

On the fourth or fifth day, however, he sent for me out of the Synod; and when I came to him, he said, eagerly,—

"Missi, I am near to die! I have asked you to come and say farewell. Tell my daughter, my brother, and my people to go on pleasing Jesus, and I will meet them again in the fair world."

I tried to encourage him, saying that God might raise him up again and restore him to his people; but he faintly whispered,—

"O Missi, death is already touching me! I feel my feet going away from under me. Help me to lie down under the shade of that banyan tree."

So saying, he seized my arm, we staggered near to the tree, and he lay down under its cool shade. He whispered again,—

"I am going? O Missi, let me hear your words rising up in prayer, and then my soul will be strong to go."

Amidst many choking sobs, I tried to pray. At last he took my hand, pressed it to his heart, and said in a stronger and clearer tone,—

"O my Missi, my dear Missi, I go before you, but I will meet you again in the Home of Jesus. Farewell!"

That was the last effort of dissolving strength; he immediately became unconscious, and fell asleep. My heart felt like to break over him.

Namakei was my first Aniwan Convert, —the first who ever on that Island of love and tears opened his heart to Jesus; and as he lay there on the leaves and grass, my soul soared upward after his, and all the harps of God seemed to thrill with song as Jesus presented to the Father this trophy of redeeming love. He had been our true and devoted friend and fellow-helper in the Gospel, and next morning all the members of our Synod followed his remains to the grave. There we stood, the white Missionaries of the Cross from far distant lands, mingling our tears with Christian natives of Aneityum, and letting them fall over one who only a few years before was a blood-stained cannibal, and whom now we mourned as a brother, a saint, an Apostle amongst his people.

Ye ask an explanation? The Christ entered into his heart, and Namakei became a new creature. "Behold, I make all things new."

Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

Waiting for the Harvest.

GRACE J. FRANCES. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. We are hap-py glean-ers In the field be-low, Work-ing for the
2. We are hap-py glean-ers, Finding ev-ery day Gold-en sheaves of
3. When our days of toil-ing One by one are past, When our bless-ed
Mas-ter, Sing-ing as we go; We are mer-ry glean-ers, In the
glad-ness Fall-ing by the way; Faithful in our la-bor, Patient
Mas-ter Calls us home at last,— May we go re-joic-ing To the
sum-mer bright Work-ing from the morning Till the dew-y night.
let us be; Then a pre-cious har-vest Soon our eyes will see.
world a-bove, There to glean for-ev-er Fruits of joy and love.
REFRAIN.
Sing-ing while the sun-shine Sparkles in the sky,
Wait-ing for the har-vest Com-ing by and by.

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MORE THAN ANGELS.

MORE than angels are the dear ones
Who from out our lives have flown,
Leaving us with hearts so saddened,
And our homes so still and lone.
For awhile we thought to keep them,
Filled their wants with loving care;
Soothed, caressed and entertained them,
More than angels—unaware.

More than angels are the dear ones
Who now sing redeeming love;
Babes of earth through Christ's atonement
Welcomed to the fold above.
Our lone hearts anon are yearning,
Clouded still with grief and pain,
And our empty arms uplifted—
Eager arms that reach in vain.

Yet we find earth's joys all fleeting,
Each sad heart knows well its woe,
And what we are now enduring
They will never, never know.
Little lips we pressed with kisses,
Ere we saw the rose-tint fade,
Little hands we clasped so fondly,
On the cold breast softly laid.

Yes, we'll trust Him when He chideth,
Though our hearts with sorrow bleech,
For we know that whom He loveth
Those He chasteneth, indeed;
And we'll deem it still a blessing
That He lent them to our care;
Honored us with entertaining
More than angels—unaware.—S. J. RHODES.

PHILLIPS BROOKS

A MASSIVE man, a knightly soul,
Has passed from sight of earth away;
For him sound no funereal toll—
He walks with Christ in endless day.
On earth he preached a larger faith
Than narrow-visioned bigots see,
Yet humbly found in "Jesus saith"
Life's final, best philosophy.

He stood for broadly-reaching love
And piety without pretense,
Resolved men's thoughts to lift above
The grosser things of time and sense:
Such men we count God's own elect
And own their higher, heav'nly birth—
The glory of no single sect
But moral masters of the earth!

—REV. C. A. S. DWIGHT.

OUR OWN MISSIONARY.

Rev. George W. Sharp Writes of Visits to the Scenes of his Early Labors.

THE following letter received from Rev. George W. Sharp, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Missionary of the American Sunday School Union, shows how permanent and valuable is the work that has been accomplished by such pioneer efforts as he is still making in other districts. Encouragement comes to the Christian laborer from an occasional visit to a thriving cause which he was the means of planting and such visits have apostolic precedent, as Paul said to Barnabas (Acts 15: 36): "Let us go again and visit our brethren in every city where we have preached the Word of the Lord and see how they do." This is Mr. Sharp's letter:

HIGBEE, MO.

EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

This town is a place of precious memory to to me. Years ago I preached the first sermon that ever was preached here. It was then a very small village and I preached in a small upper room, there being neither church nor school house in the village. There are now three church houses in the town, and a fourth is to be built this year, the town now having a considerable population. There is a Sunday school in each church. All denominations treat me very kindly.

About four miles west of this is a country school house where I held a meeting not far from the time I first preached here. That meeting was blessed to the conversion of souls. I met with their Sunday School at different times, encouraging it in various ways. Five miles southwest of here, in another country school house, I also labored in a meeting which was signally blessed in the salvation of sinners. I have frequently visited them since, addressing their Sunday School, and preaching to the people. On the meeting referred to a very diffident young lady became greatly concerned about her soul. Seeing she was in deep distress I tried to get an understanding of her difficulty in coming to the Saviour. She was reluctant to talk and excused herself by saying, "Brother Sharp, I am a bashful girl." I asked her no more questions, but instructed her how to be saved. This was after the morning service. In the meeting that night the Lord rolled away the burden from her heart. She was filled with joy, and the "bashful girl" praised God aloud; and in the liberty of the Spirit told her associates of the joy of the Lord. She has since become a married woman and mother, and is bringing up her children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and labors with her husband in the Sunday School, he being its Superintendent. There is now a flourishing Union Sunday School in a Union Church which has since been erected. It is a very commodious country church, and they have conversions nearly every year, and some years a considerable number. The first man I met when I came here to-day referred to the meeting above described as the most precious, probably, in the history of that neighborhood. He lived there at the time and remembered it well.

Still another place of hallowed association in this neighborhood is one about four miles north of this place. Three years ago there was no Sunday School here, though there is a large population. The weather was very warm when I arrived but I published my appointment extensively from house to house, and otherwise as I could. The school house was well filled with parents and children, the people became interested and the success of the school was well assured when we met. I had very little trouble in effecting a good organization. Later in that season I went into a populous neighborhood east and a little north of here, which had no Sunday School. There had been unfortunate dissensions in the community; but prayer and perseverance were blessed, and I organized a good school. So you see I not only labored in this town when it was a little village; but I may say I have pretty well fenced it in with Sunday Schools, addresses, sermons, Bibles and Testaments, Sunday School papers, and family visitations, "Yet not I but the grace of God which was in me." A faithful evangelist has recently closed a series of meetings here in which there were seventy-five conversions. Yours sincerely,

GEO. W. SHARP.

NEW EDITION.

A NEW edition of Rev. M. Baxter's work on unfulfilled prophecy, entitled *Four Coming Wonders*, has been issued and is now on sale, price 75 cents, at this office. This work which contains 542 pages, with numerous illustrations, is an exhaustive exposition of the books of Daniel and Revelation and gives a resume of the opinions of other expositors, ancient and modern, on the Lord's Second Coming, the Millennium and kindred subjects.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
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The next issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will contain the opening chapters of a new and very interesting serial story, entitled:

"BRAVE BARBARA,"

by the late Rev. J. Jackson Wray. This story, written shortly before Mr. Wray's death last year, is probably the best narrative of Christian life and experience that has ever come from his brilliant pen.

NOBLE IDEALS.

A NOBLE ideal and confident expectation of approximating to it, is an infallible defence. The artist completes in his mind the great thought that he wishes to transfer to the canvas or the marble before he takes up the crayon or the chisel. The architect plans out the entire structure before he orders the workmen to begin; and though there may for a long while seem to be nothing but blundering and rudeness, he has in his mind every Corinthian wreath and Gothic arch and Byzantine capital. The poet arranges the entire plot before he begins to chime the first canto of tingling rhythms. And yet, strange to say, there are men who attempt to build their character without knowing whether in the end it shall be a rude Tartar's tent or a St. Mark's of Venice—men who begin to write the intricate poem of their lives without knowing whether it shall be a Homer's Odyssey or a rhymester's botch.

Nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand are living without any great life-plot. Booted and spurred and plumed, they urge their swift coursers in the hottest haste. I ask: "Halloo, man, whither away?" His response is, "Nowhere." Rush into the busy shop or store of many a one, and taking the plane out of the man's hand and laying down the yard-stick, say: "What, man, is all this about—so much stir and sweat?" The reply will stumble and break down between teeth and lips. Every day's duty ought only to be the filling up of the main plan of existence.

Let men be consistent. If they prefer misdeeds to correct courses of action, then let them draw out the design of knavery and cruelty and plunder. Let every day's falsehood and wrong-doing be added as coloring to the picture. Let bloody deeds red-stripe the picture, and the clouds of a wrathful God hang down heavily over the canvas, ready to break out in clamorous tempest. Let the waters be chafed, and froth-tangled, and green with immeasurable depths. Then take a torch of burning pitch and scorch into the frame the right name for it. If one entering upon sinful directions would only in his mind or on paper draw out in awful reality this dreadful future, he would recoil from it and say: "Am I a Dante, that in my own life I should write another Inferno?"

I beg every young man to-day to draw out a sketch of what, by the grace of God, he means to be. Think no excellence so high that you cannot reach it.

AN INCREASING EVIL.

EVER since apples and grapes and wheat grew, the world has been tempted to unhealthful stimulants. But the intoxicants of the olden time were an innocent beverage, a harmless orangeade, a quiet syrup, a peaceful soda water, as compared with the liquids of modern inebriation, into which a madness, and a fury, and a gloom, and a fire, and a suicide, and a retribution have mixed and mingled. Fermentation was always known, but it was not until a thousand years after Christ that distillation was invented.

While we must confess that some of the ancient arts have been lost, the Christian era is superior to all others in the bad eminence of whisky and rum and gin. The modern drunk is a hundred-fold worse than the ancient drunk. Noah in his intoxication became imbecile, but the victims of modern alcoholism have to struggle with whole menageries of wild beasts and jungles of hissing serpents and perditions of blaspheming demons. An arch-fiend arrived in our world, and he built an invisible cauldron of temptation. He built that cauldron strong and stout for all ages and all nations. First, he squeezed into the cauldron the juices of the forbidden fruit of Paradise. Then he gathered for it a distillation from the harvest fields and the orchards of the hemispheres. Then he poured into this cauldron capsicum, and copperas, and logwood, and deadly nightshade, and assault and battery, and vitriol, and opium, and rum, and murder, and surphuric acid, and theft, and potash, and cochineal, and red carrots, and poverty, and death, and hops.

But it was a dry compound, and it must be moistened, and it must be liquefied, and so the arch-fiend poured into that cauldron the tears of centuries of orphanage and widowhood, and he poured in the blood of twenty thousand assassinations. And then the arch fiend took a shovel that he had brought up from the furnaces beneath, and he put that shovel into this great cauldron and began to stir, and the cauldron began to heave, and rock, and boil, and sputter, and hiss, and smoke, and the nations gathered around it with cups, and tankards, and demijohns, and kegs, and there was enough for all.

Drunkenness is the greatest evil of this nation, and it takes no logical process to prove that a drunken nation cannot long be a free nation. I call your attention to the fact that drunkenness is not subsiding, certainly that it is not at a standstill, but that it is on an onward march, and it is a double-quick. There is more rum swallowed in this country, and of a worse kind, than was ever swallowed since the first distillery began its work of death. Where there was one drunken home there are ten drunken homes. Where there was one drunkard's grave there are twenty drunkards' graves. It is on the increase. Talk about crooked whisky—by which men mean the whisky that does not pay the tax to government—I tell you all strong drink is crooked. Crooked otard, crooked cognac, crooked schnapps, crooked beer, crooked wine, crooked whisky, because it makes a man's path crooked, and his life crooked, and his death crooked, and his eternity crooked.

If I could gather all the armies of the dead drunkards and have them come to resurrection, and then add to that host all the armies of living drunkards, five and ten abreast, and then if I could have you mount a horse and ride along that line for review, you would ride that horse until he dropped from exhaustion, and you would mount another horse and ride until he fell from exhaustion and you would take another and another, and you would ride along hour after hour, and day after day. Great hosts, in regiments, in brigades. Great armies of them. And then if you had voice enough stentorian to make them all hear, and you could give the command, "Forward, march!" their first tramp would make the earth tremble. I do not care which way you look in the community to-day, the evil is increasing.

THE STREET WAIFS.

THE Spartans who threw their sickly children to the wild beasts were merciful compared with that stolid indifference which, in this age, would give up the destitute youth of our country to be eaten up of their own depravity. These so-called ragamuffins are coming up to be the men and women. That spark of iniquity which you might put out with one drop of the water of life, will flame up into a conflagration of every green thing that God planted in the soul, and that which was intended to be the temple of the Holy Ghost will be a scarred and blasted ruin, every light quenched, and every altar in the dust.

There are many about us in boyhood and girlhood in comfortable circles that are going to be something very good or very bad—very bright or very ignorant; and they will yet make their parents glad with an infinite gladness or pain them with an infinite sorrow. They go bounding through the hall; they shout in the yard; they sing in the school. This activity that now strikes the ball, and runs the race, and rolls the hoop, and flies the kite, will soon be ready for the higher game of life, where fortunes are to be made, and reputation achieved, and temptations combatted, and immortal souls jeopardized, and kingdoms of glory won.

Call up that child; push back his hair. Shall this face be ever brightening up with benevolence, or scarred and pinched and blasted with low excesses? Shall those eyes become more and more intelligent, or shall they acquire the dishonest glance and the servile downcast? Put your hand on that child's heart. Shall it always beat with noble impulses, or will it be a thief's heart, a coward's heart, a traitor's heart?

My soul stands back abashed and overwhelmed in the presence of these young princes of God, these sons and daughters of immortality, these voyagers eternity-bound.

I have so much faith in the advancement of our race under the Gospel that I suppose the rising generation are to have in their number more noble men than their predecessors. I suppose that every day we are walking unconsciously among Enochs, and Augustines, and Wilberforces, and Clarksons, and Moffits, and Robert Halls. There they are! on the back seat of the mission school. There they are! playing marbles in the low alley, their knees out, their elbows out, their toes out, their hats rimless, and their souls Christless; and in double columns there is printed on their countenance a tragedy of unutterable pain. But they shall be gathered in. Sabbath Schools will do their work. Tract and Bible Societies will do their work. A Christian printing-press will do its work. And they who are now scoffed at as ragamuffins, with their knees out, and their elbows out, and their toes out, will pass on to be the men of might and the men of God in future years.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

GOOD WOMEN.

(Continued from page 106.)

TO love their children." I'm telling no tales out of school when I write that many children are hated before they are born, and if their visit to the house could be indefinitely postponed, it would be.

"Teach them to be discreet." "Oh, what a lesson to give girls! Here is the beginning of the downward goings, which lead at last to the land of the lost. An indiscretion, and then another, till, like snow flakes,, they fall from heaven to hell. I think it a noble work to lift fallen women, to provide shelters and homes for these unfortunates. It's a glorious work to lift them up: but in the name of heaven, with its mercies, is it not better to keep them from going down?

"Teach them to be chaste." Let the aged women teach girlhood that, and you will do a work more fruitful than trees planted by the rivers of water.

"Keepers at home"—Young women out on the streets at night, alone. I have boiled over with indignation and righteous wrath, more than once, as I saw girls, girls far under twenty, out on public streets at nine and ten o'clock at night. They should have been home and in bed. It's no place for a young woman to be at night; and unless accompanied by some older person, they have no business going even to church, unless it be Sabbath evening. Gadding the streets is a sure forerunner of sin of some kind. My mother taught me, as a boy, to remain home at nights: and the lesson is doubly good to girls.

"Teach them to be good." You can teach a girl to be good; it's all in the upbringing. Let them grow up like weeds, and they will turn out shallow: but teach them to be good, and bachelor clubs will close for want of members. A man, a real M-A-N, when he marries, wants a good wife; and good wives are made out of good girls. There is no adjective quite so fitting for some women I know, as the little word "good."

Take my mother: and there was never a better woman born. I never saw a frown on her face, during the thirty-five years I knew her. She was a G-O-O-D woman.

She too was a "Mary," and not unlike, I think, one who long since became Joseph's wife. Be like her.

The next item in this second chapter of Titus some of you women won't like, but it's there, and I like it. "Teach them to be obedient to their own husbands." That is the rule laid down for a successful home; but more of that under another head.

And so I might go on telling you of Scripture belonging to women, like the "Woman's Psalm," the forty-fifth; but you must search for yourself. I have given you a key to open the storehouse: enter and possess.

Young Women.

Some things for this class, which the others don't get, though you must keep in mind there are young women of forty and fifty and sixty. They imagine they are young, and hope others will imagine so, too; but often its hard work. More about them, however, when I write to those who walk down life's pathway alone.

Now it's to young women I write, who are really so—say those between fourteen and thirty; for a girl gets to be—well, she gets to be a woman by thirty anyway. If she ever gets to be one at all, she will have arrived at that stage, by that number of years.

Three things I want to talk about, by my pen: 1. Her company. 2. Her dress. 3. Her private life.

Her company should be good; men of good morals; and if she be a Christian, better if her company be the same.

She has a perfect right to know how the men, to whom she grants her presence, spend their time. If in the saloon or gambling-hall, let her refuse, point-blank, to associate with such.

It was a fine rebuke a gentlewoman gave to a rum-soaked fellow, who happened to be passing out of a house, and going in the same direction, one evening: "Please take my arm." "No thank you, I don't put my arm through a jug handle," said she.

(To be Continued.)

C. H. Yatman

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE PANAMA SENTENCES.

NO duty could have been more painful to a just and patriotic judge than that performed on February 9 by M. Perivier, President of the French Court of Appeals. He had to pass sentence on Ferdinand de Lesseps, and his son and three other distinguished French citizens, for defrauding the public, and misappropriating the funds intrusted to them for the purpose of cutting the Panama canal. The first two were sentenced to five years imprisonment and the others to two years, with fines in each case. Public opinion approves the sentences as not being too severe in view of the enormity of the offence. The defendants spent the money which should have been used in the purchase of machinery and the hire of labor for the canal, in bribing politicians and journalists who helped them to delude the people into investing their savings in the enterprise. The canal is an utter failure. The illustration on this page shows a section of the abandoned workings, where such machinery as was actually used is rotting away in the ooze. There is little doubt that money was extracted from the public after De Lesseps, his son, and the other directors knew that the construction of the canal was impossible. It is a significant fact that while they were urging the people to invest and were painting in gorgeous colors the rich harvest of profits sure to be reaped they did not invest their own money in the enterprise. Thousands of families invested their all; widows and the trustees of orphans put into the enterprise the only provision for their future and these men squandered it. The magic name of De Lesseps won the confidence of the people. He was on the rolls of the Institute and of the Legion of Honor and no one forgot how he had carried to triumphant success the Suez Canal enterprise which had been for centuries declared impossible. They believed in him, they were proud of him and they trusted him. Eiffel, too, the great engineer who built the famous tower, was helping in the work and national vanity refused to believe that two men so brilliant could fail. The shame of the exposure is as bitter to patriotic citizens as the financial loss. The sentence on De Lesseps will probably be commuted. He is eighty-eight years old and is dangerously ill. When the sentence was pronounced he was in a state of coma and knew nothing of his doom. But he and his associates in the gigantic fraud must have known from the beginning of the investigation that public disgrace was impending. Perhaps in time men will learn that the inspired king was right when he said that treasure gotten by lying lips is unsubstantial as a vapor and is as a snare of death. (Prov. 21: 6.)

Better than a Pension.

A LADY residing in Louisville, Ky., has recently had her application for a pension, which she filed as a soldier's widow, rejected by the Pension Department. She is not grieving over it as she has learned that she is not entitled to a pension. In the year 1866 she was married at Louisville to a discharged veteran. Misfortunes came upon the pair shortly after their marriage and they fell into poverty. The husband decided to try the West to see if he could do better there, promising to send for his wife as soon as he settled. The wife secured a situation in a wealthy family which moved away from the city. The husband had no good news to give, for some time, and did not write to her. Eventually he drifted to Fort Worth, Texas, where he obtained a position on the police force. There he made the acquaintance of a man who had recently come from Louisville, and who, probably misled by a similar name, told him that his wife had fallen ill and died. The husband was stricken down by the news. A severe wound in the head which he had received at the battle of Shiloh rendered him very susceptible to mental trouble and he was prostrated before he could verify the story of his wife's death. When he recovered, he took no steps to do so and mourned her as dead. The wife, meanwhile, not hearing from him, and not knowing where to write, concluded that he must be dead. She lost her situation and being in need of money she recently applied for a pension. Commissioner Raum in examining her application found that the man whom she described was living in Oklahoma Territory and he immediately communicated with both and a happy reunion of husband and wife followed. The wife was as much surprised by the result of her applicatioh for a pension as Saul was, when, going to the prophet for help to find some asses, he gained a kingdom. There are many who have been driven to God by temporal trouble hoping only to get deliverance from that, who in receiving salvation to their souls have proved that "God is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that they ask or think." (Eph. 3: 20.)

A Prayer in a Lighthouse.

THE keeper of Wolf Trap Lighthouse near Norfolk, Va., had a distressing experience during the recent severe weather. He saw the ice form around the lighthouse, which was in

SCENE ON THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA, SHOWING PRESENT CONDITION OF THE CANAL.

twelve feet of water and three miles from the shore. He was alone in the structure and had no means of communicating with the land. His signals of distress were unnoticed and he began to think he was doomed to destruction as he perceived that the ice grew thicker around the supporting piles at every tide. Its mighty power would, he felt sure, eventually crush the foundation, if the weather did not soon moderate, as it was overlapping and piling up against the sides of the lighthouse. He says that he prayed for help as he never prayed before. Not long afterward he saw the smoke of a steamer and to his joy, saw that it was coming toward him. It was halted abreast of the station half a mile away and he determined to try to reach it over the ice. It was a dangerous undertaking, for he knew the ice must be very thin in places. He made his way cautiously but fell through once or twice. Eventually he succeeded in attracting the attention of the crew of the steamer and he was taken on board. Soon afterward the calamity he anticipated, occurred. The lighthouse toppled over and drifted out to sea where it was found drifting, almost submerged, and was towed ashore. It is a pity that men who are in danger of spiritual wreck are not as prudent as this lighthouse keeper. It was not necessary for men to go to him and convince him of his peril and entreat him to accept the means of salvation. (II. Cor. 5: 20.)

Undesirable Tenants.

ABOUT a month ago a widow in New York advertised in the daily papers for a tenant for the house she had occupied when her husband was living. He died there about the end of last year and the widow quitted the house after the funeral, locked it up and went to a boarding house to live. She decided to rent the house with the furniture in it as it stood, if she could secure a respectable tenant. No answer came to her advertisements; but in passing the house one day recently, she noticed signs of its being occupied. She went to her new home for the keys of it, but on applying them she was unable to get in. She notified the police and an entrance was effected through one of the windows. It was found that thieves had been there and had apparently remained for several days. They had begun operations, after picking the locks, by barricading the doors, that they might be secure from interruption. They had systematically searched the house from roof to cellar and removed every article of value they could find. There were signs of their having had meals there and of sleeping on the beds, and they had kindled fires to add to their comfort. The work appeared to have been done in a leisurely but most exhaustive manner, and nothing was left that could be carried away and sold. There is little doubt that they were guided to the field of operations by the widow's advertisement for a tenant. Many a soul has been spoiled in the same way. The only men who are safe from the intrusion of Satan with his ruinous occupation are those who have given their hearts to Christ and in whom the Holy Spirit lives and reigns. "When a strong man armed keepeth his house his goods are in peace." (Luke 11: 21, 22.)

His Fortune Beyond his Reach.

AN application of a singular character was made to a New York Court last week. Its object was to compel a safe deposit company in the city to give up a box containing seventeen thousand dollars in money. It is claimed by an aged man, who is in extreme poverty. He says that a few years ago he turned into cash all the savings of his life, put it into a box and left it with the safe deposit company ready for the time when he might not be able to work. The time came sooner than he expected. He was assaulted by footpads one night in the winter of 1891–2 and was robbed of his pocketbook containing the certificate of deposit and the key of his box. The thieves struck him with a sandbag which rendered him unconscious for some time, and afterward he was in a dazed condition and so continues. Much of his past life is a blank, of which his memory gives him only fleeting glimpses and those of an uncertain kind. He has no relatives who can refresh his memory. At times he is not sure about his own name. The safe deposit company are perfectly willing to surrender the box to its proper owner, but they naturally decline to give it to a man who cannot establish his identity. The man has, therefore, been for about a year in the anomalous position of owning a fortune, which he sorely needs, but which he cannot touch. There are some Christians who are in a similar condition. The spiritual treasures which God has placed at the disposal of his children they never enjoy. But the cause in their case is the reverse of that of the depositor; they are not debarred because they cannot establish their identity to God and the Church as his children, but because they are not sure of it themselves. (II Tim. 2: 19.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Fourth Presbyterian Church of New York raised $2,500 for Home and Foreign Missions during the past year, beside $2,000 spent in the work outside its own district.

Rev. O. P. Gifford, of Immanuel Baptist Church, Chicago, has inaugurated a crusade against gambling, and is preaching a series of sermons which have awakened a strong feeling in the community.

Some idea of the extent of the poverty in London may be gained from the fact that a conservative estimate of the amount distributed last year by the public charities alone places the figure at thirty million dollars.

Evangelists Veazie and Geach have been holding services at Ellis, Kan., in the Opera House, and much good has been done. The revival was one of the greatest in the history of the town. All denominations co-operated.

Dr. John Hall's son, the Rev. Thomas C. Hall, who graduated at Union Theological Seminary, after a course at Princeton, has received a call to succeed Dr. W. Stryker as pastor of the Forty-first Street Presbyterian Church in Chicago.

Dr. Joseph Angus, whose works on Bible study are widely circulated in this country, has announced his intention to retire on June next from the position he has held for forty-five years as President of Regent's Park Baptist College, London.

Dr. Arthur T. Pierson, who is at present occupying the late Pastor Spurgeon's pulpit at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, has been appointed by the trustees of Dr. Duff's estate as the next lecturer in the course established by the famous Scottish missionary to India. The lectures are delivered every four years, and must be on a subject intimately related to foreign missions.

Mr. D. L. Moody has increased the accommodation of the Women's Department of the Bible Institute of Chicago, by the addition of three adjoining houses, which are now ready for occupation. A large number of applications for admission have been received from the South. They are chiefly from Christian ladies, who wish to devote their three months' vacation to study in the Institute.

At the recent meeting of the Managers of the American Bible Society, a gratifying report was received of the work done in Costa Rica, by Mr. Penzotti, who was, as our readers will remember, imprisoned in Peru for circulating the Bible. A letter was also received from Rev. John Carington, who has been evangelizing on the Siamese canals. He reports that during a journey of twenty-six days he sold volumes of Scripture to the number of 2,036. Mr. Prince, who is at St. Petersburg, wrote that the demand for Bibles in Russia was increasing.

Rev. George C. Needham has been assisting his brother Rev. Wm. E. Needham in holding services at Camden, N. J. The large Opera House of the town has been crowded and many non-church-goers have been reached. For some months past Mr. George C. Needham has been invalided and has done little work outside Philadelphia, where he now resides. The fact, however, that on Feb. 5, he was able to conduct five services, shows that the veteran evangelist is regaining his normal energy and will soon be able to accept the invitations of churches which have been long hoping for a visit from him.

In describing the Gospel Push-cart in our issue of February 8th, we stated that it was purchased with funds "contributed entirely by the brethren at Wesley Chapel." Mr. W. R. Woodward of Wesley Chapel asks us to add to this statement that it is also owned and managed by them. As Mr. McMichael who designed the cart and others who assist in operating it are connected with both the Central Union Mission and Wesley Chapel confusion might arise, if this explanation were not given, as to which institution they represented, when they are out with the car.

ROSEMARY AND RUE

BY

JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

A STORY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HOME

Written expressly for "The Christian Herald"

CHAPTER XVII.

EXPIATION.

"YOU are my mother," said Dora with a joyful cry, and she put both her arms about the bowed neck, and laid her head on Marion Maple's bosom. "Oh mother, mother! love me, comfort me!"

Marion's arms held her daughter fast. "Dora, if you knew," she murmured in her ear.

"I know. God has given you back."

"What did you disappear for, and play dead?" asked Denham.

"That I might receive her forever," said Dora.

"A nice world this," mumbled Denham, "and you despised me. I had heard about your mother before ever I met you, and I traded on your inheritance from her in believing I could make a good decoy of you."

"My child, did I wrong you so much?" said Marion.

A little later Denham was in a heavy stupor. Marion and Dora sat side by side talking in softest tones. Dora was telling her mother the sad story of her life.

"O if I could thank those friends of yours on my knees—and your sister, Eloise?"

"Her story will grieve you too, and make you glad, for Eloise has learned how to rise by stepping stones of her dead self to higher things." So the story of Eloise was told.

"Eloise must come to you," said Dora, "she will think every hour a year until she sees you."

"I am afraid not," said Marion; "I have wronged her too cruelly. How can she forgive me? That you can forgive, is a miracle."

"O mother, no! And Eloise is much better than I am, she has a larger heart, she is more forgiving. Eloise will never want to be separated from you again!"

"She has the right to know that you have found me, and to see me, here, or at her own home, if she will. If God grants me the kiss of love and forgiveness from both, my daughters, I shall feel that it is an earnest of his own forgiving love. But when we have met and spoken out our hearts, my child, we must part. Years ago I took the path of expiation. Whoso puts his hand to the plough and turns back, is not fit for the kingdom of God. I know I cannot make atonement for my sins: that is Christ's work, finished I believe, for me; but long ago, when, after bitter repentance, I received forgiveness, I vowed solemnly to God, that I would spend all the rest of my life in works of charity. I took my training as a nurse, and much of my nursing is free to the poor, but I receive a considerable sum from the rich patients, which is used chiefly in work for the poor. I shall never allow myself the solace of home, I forfeited my home, long ago; I shall not comfort myself with the ministrations of my children's love, even if you are ready to grant me love. I do not deserve such happiness as other women find in their children. I forsook my children. To know that you have forgiven me; that you can think of me with kindness, will fill me with a joy I never expected to find in this world."

"And how long since you began this life?" asked Dora sadly.

"Twenty years."

"Oh, why did you not come back?"

"I had no right to come back. My presence would have desecrated my home. You two girls would have lived under the shadow of my ill doing."

"Rather, we might have been taught by a wisdom you had gained by bitter experience."

"It seemed to me not. There are some sins which are fatal and final. I thought that you would always believe me to be dead, and that even if you heard my story you would forbear to hate and despise one no longer living; and then, I hoped that when heaven had received us all, one of God's angels might take me by the hand, and lead me to you, and say, 'here is your mother, who sinned greatly and was greatly forgiven,' and you would love me for the sake of the Christ, 'who bore my sins in his own body on the tree.' God has been better to me then my highest hopes."

Again and again, in quiet hours when their patient was lying unconscious, Marion Maple talked with her child.

"It is most dangerous to marry without love. Your father married me for my little fortune, I married him for his social position. There was no love between us to smooth away the little frictions constantly arising between those living so closely together as man and wife, possessing each an individuality which directs toward different opinions and different courses of conduct. There was no tender affection between us to proffer excuses for faults, and draw a veil over defects. Our children were not bonds of love, but causes of disagreement; irritation was not disarmed but intensified, to us by seeing in the little ones, each one, traits of the other parent. I think people should not marry expecting to learn to love each other afterwards; in so close a relation displeasure increases, not decreases. Probably cold natures, that need little affection or its demonstration, or intensely occupied natures, who find full outlet for all hopes and energies in work, might find the years roll by in an indifference that was not particularly irksome. Your father was a busy man: if I had administered his home well, and reared his children wisely, I think, with occasional quarrels and some hard feelings, we should have been able to live all our lives in apparent domestic peace, if I had not failed and forsaken him."

Dora sighed: What might it have been to her and to Eloise to have had a mother's care and love?

"I was an idle woman, a society woman, a vain woman," said Marion, "I had also a loving, dependent nature. I was heart-hungry, heart-lonely. If I had not been deluded by my gay life, I might have found heart-satisfaction in my children. To me the voice of flattery seemed the voice of love. You have perhaps heard how I left you."

"After I went away—with him," glancing at the couch where Denham lay, "and fled from him, Uncle David told me in anger, and Uncle Barlow told Eloise. Until then we did not know."

"They were merciful to my memory. When did your father die? I know from your story that he is dead."

"Long ago. So long ago that I do not remember him, and Eloise remembers only a dark man, in anger and in tears, kissing and leaving us both. He died in Mexico, soon after."

A life ruined by me—and that other life was ruined by me. Remorse pursued us both. Misery seemed to dog us. He went abroad, and he began to try and find refuge in gambling, and at last, two years from the time he forsook honor for me, he died by his own hand. Why among so many sinners was I, the most sinful of all spared to repent! How dare I give myself even this hour of mother comfort in looking into your eyes, and hearing your voice!"

"God's ways are beyond our finding out," said Dora softly. "He is better to us than our fears, and in the midst of wrath remembers mercy."

Dora wrote to Eloise about their mother. "Do not come here," she said. "In a few days more or less, our duty here will be done, and then I want to bring our mother to your home, if you feel as I do, that she is our dear mother still."

The last night of the year darkened—the last hour of the year had come. Denham had been unconscious for twenty hours, and was rapidly sinking. Marion and her daughter watched the flickering out of life.

"Oh," said Dora, "if some word could be sent into that heavy ear, a word that should be seed of hope."

"It is too late," said Marion, "mortal voice shall never strike his ear again. The next sound that he hears, will be a trumpet, and the call to judgment. Lord what am I that mercy was shown to me?"

One, two, three, the strokes rung out until twelve—and as the year passed, the soul passed from the shattered body of Pierce Denham.

The next day the grave covered the destroyer of Dora Maple's peace. Only one trace remained of him, the paper he had given Dora.

"Where it belongs, who can tell," said Dora, "it is idle to burn it. It shall go to some place where destitute boys are made into better men than he was." And before she and Marion left H——, she sent to the place she had selected the last item that could connect her life with that of Pierce Denham.

One short month Marion Maple allowed herself with her children, to taste the sweetness of a tie she had once held so cheaply. How dear were those daughters now. What bitter pangs were hers, that she had madly forsaken them; and robbed herself of their baby sweetness, their childhood's purity, their gracious youth! She had left them playing babies, watching from a window a shower of snow. She found them again, when sorrows colder than the snows had fallen upon their young hearts, and made them women, heart old, while life was in its early prime.

"Never again, beloved," said Marion, "must we meet on earth. I cannot take into my life of penalty, your sweetness and your gentle smiles. We will write to each other, and those letters shall be my comfort. When I am dead, come and give me in my coffin a kiss, the seal of your forgiving love. If the hour comes when your empty hearts are filled with a woman's dearest love, and little children are on your breast, my heart will cry out after them as the dearest things that earth and time can hold for me; but I must never see their faces. That is part of my penalty. I want you never to speak to husband or child of me. There is nothing to be said, but is better left unsaid. Perhaps in heaven, where all tears are wiped from our eyes, I shall see the faces I cannot look into here. To all who knew me long ago I am dead, let me still remain as one dead."

The snowy gusts of February were flying in the raw, chilly air, when the three women parted. Marion Maple returned to her self-appointed tasks; her solace now to sooth the pain and sorrow she found along the path in life.

Eloise remained to sit beside the hearth where she had gathered for herself a family of daughters and sons, "for more are the children of the desolate than of her that is a married wife, saith the Lord."

Dora went back to her place. And there, when two years more had passed away, she gave her hand to Tom McGregor with her heart.

"The heart of her husband shall safely trust in her, Philippa," said the Chief to his daughter. "She has proved faithful and strong, she has endured and conquered. The folly of her youth was the result of careless training, of neglect of guardianship. Her maturer judgment has disallowed her past. If anywhere in this wide world the mother who forsook her duty, still lives to love and long for her abandoned child, I wish the good Lord could send her the comfort of knowing what her daughter is, and has this day."

"Mr. Cardiff!" interposed his wife. "Why do you persist in talking of disgraceful scandals to the child? Her ears ought not to be polluted by such stories."

"Be sure, Philippa," the Chief went on, paying no heed to the remonstrance, "that in all these years the cries of her forsaken children have rung in that unhappy woman's ears, and she has felt their little hands tugging at her heart-strings. That has been her heaviest penalty."

"Mr. Cardiff! Philippa! Consider Philippa!"

"I do consider Philippa. She is human. Humanity is open to errors. I have always set before her examples of good and examples that are warnings against evil. Philippa, if ever you fail in your duty to God or to humanity, you will fail wilfully, having come to a knowledge of the truth. I have warned you well. I expect you to exhibit the ideal wife and mother—in other words—the ideal woman."

"O, Mr. Cardiff! Philippa!"

Yes, Philippa. What shall we say for John Cardiff's daughter?

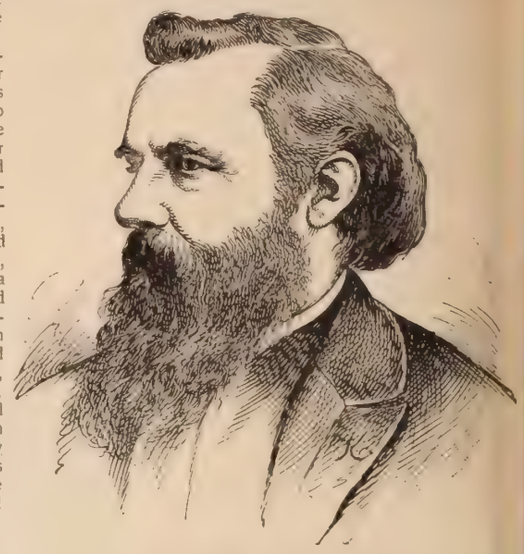
The woods shall wear their robes of green,
The south winds softly sigh,
An I sweet calm days, in golden haze
Melt down the amber sky

THE END

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY.

The Late Rev. J. Jackson Wray's Great Tale, "Brave Barbara," to begin next week.

FEW writers for the religious press, in the present day, attained so wide a popularity as the late Rev. J. Jackson Wray, whose delightful serials have from time to time appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Many of our readers will recall with pleasure his stories "Old Crusty's Niece" and "The Friends of Aspendale," which were published in these columns several years ago and met with high appreciation.



THE LATE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY.

The last complete work from Mr. Wray's gifted pen—"Brave Barbara, the Story of an Old Bible"—is one of surpassing interest, and deals with Christian life and experience on two Continents. It will begin in the next issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and we do not doubt that our readers will find it to be all we have claimed for it. It reflects much of the pure lofty spirit and bright, cheerful Christianity of the author, whose wide experience of human character, in all its varied phases, is apparent in every chapter and line. Mr. Wray wrote for the home and the heart, and the characteristic simplicity and naturalness of his stories are among their chief charms. He has been a prolific writer on home and social topics, and as he sometime ago stated in an autobiographical sketch: "Most of my leading characters are living portraits and the principal events and 'situations' described have their basis in actual fact. They are, every one of them, 'stories with a purpose.' In 'Brave Barbara,' I have the same high object in view, and I would fain believe that herein, more than ever before, I have succeeded in bearing effective witness to 'the truth as it is in Jesus' in teaching that the Bible is the beacon-sent and infinitely precious guide to faith and conduct. 'Brave Barbara' is a historic characrer, and her story is that of a once living heroine, one of the vast number of those who have been and are the glory of the Church through all the centuries."

We give on this page a portrait of the author of "Brave Barbara." His recent death was a distinct loss to English Methodism. He was the pastor of Whitefield's Tabernacle in London, where crowds of workingmen used to throng the famous building to listen to his earnest and dramatic sermons. During his sixty years of life, he had a very varied experience. His first calling was that of a village carpenter in Yorkshire, as assistant to his father. After a few years he managed to secure a term in college. He then became a school-teacher at Madeley, where he built up a famous school. While engaged in this work he was converted, and resigned his office to become a minister. He served in several circuits with success; but the Methodist Conference needed a capable superintendent for a school of native teachers at Sierra Leone, Africa, and urged Mr. Wray to undertake the duty, which he did. The deadly climate prostrated him, and after reorganizing and systematizing the school, he returned home, and was soon again active in the pulpit.

He was the organizer and conductor of a great philanthropic work in London. A tireless worker, he astonished all who knew him by his apparently unlimited capacity for preaching, lecturing and writing, and in all his message was the same: Christ was held up as the Way to happiness here and to the life eternal.

IN HEATHEN COREA.

Dr Hall Writes of His Experiences as Teacher and Healer—The Solitary Christian in a Heathen City—A Primitive Cuisine.

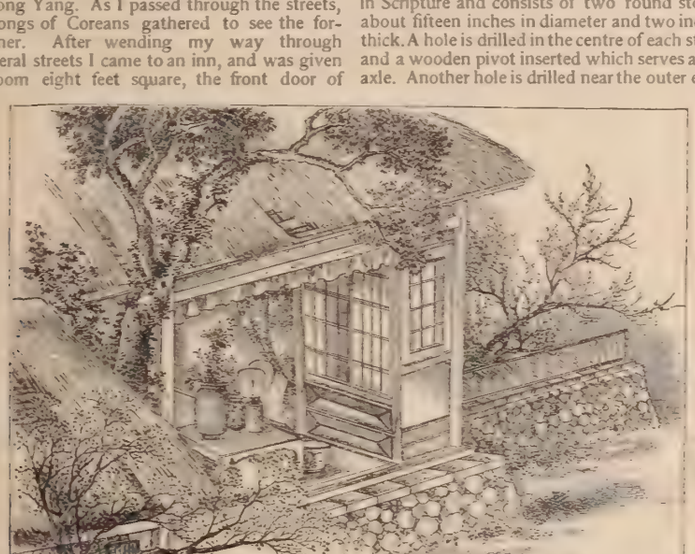
THE following interesting letter has just been received from Dr. W. J. Hall, who is well known to many of our readers through his Christian work in New York while studying medicine under Dr. Dowkontt, and whose early labors as a medical missionary in far-away Corea have been described in his former letters published in this journal:

DR. W. J. HALL.

SEOUL KOREA, DEC. 16, 1892.

To the Editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

At our annual meeting in August I was appointed to the Pyong Yang Circuit, which includes the territory from Seoul to Pyong Yang, a distance of 180 miles. We loaded our little pack ponies with drugs and books, and started on our tiresome journey over rough roads, fording streams and climbing mountains. I have the privilege of being the first missionary appointed to exclusive work in the interior. I praise God for the privilege of carrying the Gospel to those who have never heard of it before. My work is entirely pioneer work. On the 30th of September I entered the city of Pyong Yang. As I passed through the streets, throngs of Coreans gathered to see the foreigner. After wending my way through several streets I came to an inn, and was given a room eight feet square, the front door of



A NOBLE'S HOUSE IN COREA.

(By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.)

which opened into the street, the back door into the yard, where the horses, pigs, cattle and poultry are kept. There were no windows, and the only light that entered the room came through the paper which was pasted over the lattice-work of the door. This little room, with its mud walls and floor, was my consulting room, dining and bedroom. Here I saw all my patients, dispensed my medicines, and sold my books. Each day, long before the hour appointed for opening the dispensary, the street was thronged with patients. The street answered as a waiting-room, and one by one I saw the patients in my little room. How much we need a suitable building for carrying on our work! One which could be used for a hospital, dispensary, book room and chapel. But we are trusting God to open our way, and we know he will supply all our needs.

The people have shown me great kindness, and only once have I received anything like rough treatment, and the same might occur by the rabble in any of our large cities in the home land. One evening, one of the fishermen took me out for a row on the beautiful river that flows along the outside of the city wall. We had just got out into the deep water, when showers of stones came from behind the wall and fell all around us. If one had struck us or the frail fishing skiff, serious results might have followed. But providence protected us, and we pulled as rapidly as possible over to the other side of the river.

Our medical work brings us into great favor with the natives, and gives us an opportunity for preaching the Gospel and selling our Christian books to many that we could not otherwise reach.

One day I was called to see a boy who was suffering from dysentery. He had been ill for several days, and was rapidly growing worse. I left him some medicine and came away. The following morning I was sent for in great haste, with the message that the boy was dying. I hastened to the house, and found him very low. The mother was the widow of a Corean doctor. She told me if I cured her son she would give him to me as my slave, as she was very poor and had nothing else to give. I told her I would do all I could for her boy without expecting anything for it. I then told her why I had come to Corea to give my life for her people. I told her of God, heaven and the glad story of salvation; that I was praying for her boy, that God had the power to bless the medicines and restore him to health. God answered our prayer, and the family are now diligent searchers after the truth. The Holy Spirit has gone before us and prepared the soil to receive the precious seed, and will cause it to spring up and yield an abundant harvest.

Ye cannot toil in vain.
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garners in the sky.

I have been invited out to dinner several times by the natives and they do all in their power to show their friendship and make it pleasant for me. I live upon native food almost entirely. But a person gets tired of rice three times a day so to-day I thought I would like some pan-cakes but I could not obtain any flour. I bought two measures of buckwheat and took it to the hotel mill to be ground. The mill is the same as is referred to in Scripture and consists of two round stones about fifteen inches in diameter and two inches thick. A hole is drilled in the centre of each stone and a wooden pivot inserted which serves as an axle. Another hole is drilled near the outer edge of the upper stone for the wooden handle, and still another hole is drilled a short distance from the centre in which the grain is dropped. I got a couple of boys to turn the stone and after they had been grinding half a day and sifting the flour through a sieve made from horse hair woven together, I had ten pounds of flour. I had some baking powder with me and very soon I had the mixture ready to fry. I had a fire made from cornstalks and upon this I cooked my cakes. I enjoyed them most heartily and I will be able to have them often. I am the only foreigner in this dark heathen city, and yet amid all these uncongenial surroundings I am happy. "Jesus all the day long is my joy and my song, Oh that all his salvation might see." I look forward to that glad day when in this land "Jesus shall see the travail of his soul and be satisfied." I am proving his power to keep no matter what our surroundings are.

Last spring when I first visited Pyong Yang an edict was issued prohibiting under penalty the buying of superstitious books, after which we were unable to sell any of our books. This fall I have sold over six hundred copies of Christian books without the slightest opposition. The people appear to be anxious to buy and read our books. They are manifesting a deep interest in Christianity and we are looking for glorious results. God is wonderfully opening up our way, for which we praise him and ascribe to him all the glory.

We feel deeply grateful to the many friends in the home land who are bearing us up with their prayers and helping us in this glorious work of carrying the Gospel to the "regions beyond." Yours sincerely, W. J. HALL, M.D.

COULD VOUCH FOR HIS FATHER.

A SHIP was approaching a dangerous coast about sunset, and there was a haze on the water. The captain slackened speed, and was watching for the appearance of a certain light to make him quite sure of his position. Said one of the passengers, "Suppose the lighthouse keeper should forget to light his lamp?" "We can't suppose any such thing," said the captain. "I know John Briggs, the man who lives at that lighthouse, and he is sure to light his lamp." "Ay, that he will," echoed a voice at the captain's elbow—a boy's voice. All at once the light flashed clearly out across the water, and the captain exclaimed, "There! I told you," and the boy put in eagerly, "Please, sir, John Briggs is my father." Sometimes God's children are not so ready as this boy to declare their confidence in their heavenly Father when the question is raised about the certainty of his keeping his promises, though they have infinitely stronger ground for faith.

A Mother's Story

"When my boy was 2 1-2 years of age, a fall brought on hip disease, which gradually grew worse until, when he was 6, **he could not walk**, and we had him treated 9 months at the Children's Hospital in Boston. But when he came home he was worse, and the doctors said **nothing could be done.** I began giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and he improved at once. The 14 abscesses on his hip healed up, his appetite improved and he could walk, at first with crutches, then without. He is now **perfectly well**, lively as any boy." MRS. EMMA V. DUFF, Walpole, Mass.

Willie Duff.

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Pagan Views of Death. *

IN Jesus Christ life is a new creation, and so is death. He has thrown the light of his example upon the grave because his sacred body was rested within its mysterious portals. To us, with Christian faith to enlighten us, it should never be what death was to the Pagan, with his dim apprehension of the world of shadows. Homer, in the eleventh book of the Odyssey, and Virgil, in the sixth book of the Eneid, conducted their heroes to the unseen world; but at best, it was a shadowy world, or, at worst, a gloomy world, with the dark Stygian lake, with Phlegethon, the river of fire, and Lethe, the river of forgetfulness.

But the Elysian fields and Tartarus—the "isles of the blest" and the place of torment—obtained only a slight and mythic hold upon the popular mind. Belief in the future life had shriveled into "a slight perhaps" in the days before the advent of Christ. The divine Plato "who almost touched the gates of Paradise," gives the fairest rays of hope in the Phaedo and the Gorgias, and Socrates quits the world with almost a Christian hope upon his lips. Tacitus did not venture beyond his "if, indeed, there is any place for the spirits of the pious, if, as the wise imagine, the souls of the great are not extinguished with their bodies."

Cicero expresses a hope, but stammeringly, like a modern agnostic: "If in this I am mistaken, because I believe the spirits of men to be immortal, sadly am I mistaken." Sallust writes that "Cæsar urged torture rather than death upon traitors, as death had lost its restraining force, men ceasing to look for anything after death." With these dim, intangible views of another life, it need not surprise us that men met death with horror and dread, or some few of the nobler sort, like Cato and Seneca, with the calm despair of stoicism. The former spent his last hours in thinking of the illustrious men of the past, and the latter, when Nero's messengers came to his old tutor, in composing some of the noblest passages of stoic philosophy. But to the great mass of men, death was an unparalleled catastrophe—"simply this and nothing more."

Does some of this terrified spirit of a hopeless Paganism linger among us, whose privilege it is to live in the climate of a better hope? It sometimes appears so, when we see the dread with which many Christians look upon the article of dying, and the loss of sustaining hope with which they regard the condition of their loved ones who have passed into the great mystery. We are recreant to our noblest heritage when we regard death in the light of merely natural and human feeling. By a miracle of love we are placed at a new point of view. If we believe the Scriptures—and this is written for those who do believe them heartily and earnestly—then both and death, both the solemn joy of living a the saddening thought of dying, are to be r garded in the light of Christian revelation.

THE MESSAGE OF THE PREACHER.†

This man has a message to deliver from and in the name of the Father of all—a paternal message for the unfortunate, for the miserable, for the weary, for the sin-laden and no less one for the favored, the gay, the revellers in the possession of this world's bounties, who need it less than those, or think so. His message is for everybody his words can reach, in form and in any language—a message simple, clear, unmistakable, and delivered with the consummate force of rhetoric absolutely natural to the messenger. Dr. Talmage in the pulpit is a voice intent only upon telling his message in the straightest and most effective way; but never preacher more variously interesting, nor more captivating, because of the striking originality of his powers. All that he knows, sees, and experiences utilized as material to support his purpose to teach the cardinal truths of the Christian religion in the [illegible] classic [illegible] by a [illegible] tion and reference, and his original strength as an orator "born, not made" is increased with the wealth of his growing knowledge and the deep impression wrought by his comprehensive interest in human nature and affairs. His materials are disposed with the strong hand of the master genius. The utterances of the man cannot be judged of properly by an artificial standard: they must be taken as they are—wondrously diversified and unequal, such as only their author can speak, and while never failing of his purpose to convey his meaning both exactly and with power, presenting to the admiration of the most exacting critic specimens not a few of the highest art in expression, the more appreciated because so obviously spontaneous and unconscious.

THE FIGHT FOR LIFE.*

ROLAND had always had strong republican sentiments and sympathies, and humanitarian instincts were still stronger in him than were local or traditional attachments and associations. He stuck to his post, till he had saved enough to supply his own simple needs for a year or two, and then set off on a rapid trip to those portions of the Old World which, from his childhood, he had most longed to see.

There, besides the old quaint cities and ruins, around which a thousand literary and historical associations clustered like the ivy which clothed them, and the glorious mountain scenery of which as a boy he had so often dreamed, he had found in his wanderings another subject of deep interest. This was the condition of those "forgotten millions," of which he had read so much of late. Here, as in other cases, he found all his conceptions fall far short of what he actually beheld—men, women and children, pent up in rank and wretched slums, fighting with gaunt famine for a miserable existence. He saw them, at early morning, searching heaps of rubbish for a few crusts, only too eagerly devoured. He saw young girls, forced to still more revolting means of procuring daily bread—means that dragged them rapidly down to worse than physical death. He saw young children, with haggard, unchildlike faces, and most unchildlike sharpness and callous greed, born of the premature "struggle for existence," that was written on their pinched young features.

He saw human beings who had not, literally, "where to lay their heads," glad to throw themselves down on the damp grass of city parks, yet driven from thence, and every other resting-place, by the relentless order to "move on!" He knew that, of these multitudes, fighting hand to hand with starvation, many could not, by any effort, secure remunerative work. For these, there seemed nothing but despair and death, on an earth which could no longer make good for them the promise—"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." For them, alas! there was neither work nor bread.

The sights he then saw buried themselves in his heart and brain forever. And, side by side with all this misery, he saw gorgeous displays of wealth and luxury, such as he had scarcely thought possible, outside of the "Arabian Nights;" evidences of idle abandon to voluptuous pleasure—of unblushing and reckless extravagance—until he wondered how it could be that a just and over-ruling Providence should not interfere, how it was that the earth did not open up to swallow these selfish cumberers of the ground. It was the old problem which perplexed the righteous soul of Job in the dawn of history—which had perplexed many a moralist and driven to despair many a bewildered enthusiast in all the ages. But if anything had been needed to intensify in him the "enthusiasm of humanity," the passion for reform; to grave on his heart the resolve to "open his mouth for the dumb, in the cause of all such that are left desolate," it was what he then saw of the hopeless, inarticulate hardship and misery, which rarely finds expression in speeches or pamphlets, but sometimes does find it, at last, in strikes and catastrophes! A little, too, he saw, of that underlying social dynamite, and felt to his heart's core the gravity of the situation. It was, therefore, with no room in his mind for trifling, and little for selfish aims, that Roland Graeme returned from abroad to take up the work of his life.

A TALENTED ANGLO AFRICAN.†

MRS. HARPER, since emancipation, has labored in every Southern State in the Union, save two, Arkansas and Texas; in the colleges, schools, churches, and the cabins not excepted, she has found a vast field and open doors to teach and speak on themes of education, temperance, and good home building, industry, morality, and the like, and never lacked for evidences of hearty appreciation and gratitude.

The previous books from her pen, which have been so very widely circulated and admired, North and South—"Forest Leaves," "Miscellaneous Poems," "Moses, a Story of the Nile," "Poems," and "Sketches of Southern Life" will be eclipsed by this last effort, which will, in all probability, be the crowning effort of her long and valuable services in the cause of humanity.

While, as indicated, Mrs. Harper has done a large amount of work in the South, she has at the same time done much active service in the temperance cause in the North, as thousands of this class can testify.

Before the war she was engaged as a speaker by anti-slavery associations; since then, by appointment of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, she has held the office of "Superintendent of Colored Work" for years. She has also held the office of one of the Directors of the Women's Congress of the United States.

Under the auspices of these influential, earnest, and intelligent associations, she has been seen often on their platforms with the leading lady orators of the nation.

* From *Roland Graeme: Knight*, a novel of [illegible] by Agnes Maule Machar. The reformers of the [illegible] in the [illegible] labor and [illegible] the main topic around which the [illegible] a thrilling and heroical story. Pp. [illegible] published by Funk, Howard & Hurlbut, New York.

† From *Sketches of Southern Life*, by Mrs. Frances E. W. Harper, a remarkably interesting story dealing with the colored people of the South; 280 pp.; cloth; price, $1. Garrigues Brothers, Philadelphia, publishers. The [illegible] given above is from the [illegible] by Wilhelm Std.

* From *Pagan and Christian Death*, by the Reverend Daniel [illegible] D. [illegible] of the [illegible] Church, Philadelphia. [illegible] Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Publishers.

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Aunt Liefy's Confession.*

ALL my neighbors had posy gardens, and most of 'em had flowers in the house too; but I never thought of sech a thing. What was the use of it? I went to meetin' sometimes; because—well, I don't seem to rec'lect why I did go, bur I did. But it didn't int'rest me, and I didn't take no great notice of what went on. That it meant much of anything to me, myself, never come into my head in those days.

It was in the fall of the year, early in October, and as I could tell from what came afterwards, the trees all along the way was red and yeller and bright-lookin', and I was steppin' on leaves colored the same way; but I didn't seem to see 'em. The fust thing that stands out, as I look back now, was hearin' a man speakin'. He was in a buggy; but I hadn't noticed the sound of wheels, and he was close up to me comin' down the road facin' me, as if he was on the way to the station I'd come from, 'fore I see him. He drawed up right alongside of me. He was an oldish man, with a pleasant-lookin' kind of face, only a mite solemn and sorry like, and he says, "I'm so glad you've got here. They've waited, thinkin' you might be on this train. I'm goin' on tell the minister, or I'd give you a lift; but some one'll meet you."

And then, 'fore I'd had time to say anything, he says, in a low sort of voice, "I'm dreadful sorry for you; we all be." And then he started his horse and rode away. It seems odd now that I didn't wonder more about what he meant, or ask him somethin,' or call after him that I guessed he'd made a mistake. But, if you'll believe me, all I could think of in that fust minute was that somebody was waitin' for me and expectin' me; somebody was glad I'd come; and, 'bove and over all, somebody was dreadful sorry for me. Not one of them things, 's fur 's I know, had ever happened to me afore, and though I made sure 't was all a mistake, somehow jest for a minute I had the comfortablest feeling I'd ever had in my life.

"They've mistook me for somebody else," I says to myself; "but I can't help likin' it, and I won't tell 'em jest for a spell. It feels so good to be looked at that way, I'll wait a minute 'fore I tell 'em." Mebbe I didn't put it into jest them words, but I was thinkin' somethin' most like that, I know. * * * * Bimeby I see a little white house ahead and a good many men-folks standin' round it.

Two or three men came out to the carriage, plain, farmer-lookin' men, with kind of tanned, weather-beat faces, but all with the same sort of sorry look, and I see they was goin' to help me out. I'd jest been a goin' to tell 'em who I was and how 't was all a mistake; but for the life of me I could n't then.'

Well, the fun'ral begun and went on. I disremember whether or no I'd ever been to a fun'ral afore; but I'd seen 'em go by, of course, and thought I knew all about 'em. But this was n't a bit like what I'd conceited. And when it was over, they all come round me, jest me; the women, the men, the children, and ev'ry one had somethin' to say about her that was gone, and what she'd been to 'em all, what she was to me and me to her. They see I was givin' way, and one after 'nother begun to tell me things she'd said about me, word she'd sent to me. "She said she'd be watchin' for you till you come," says one, most in a whisper. And then the old minister, he kind o' drawed me to one side and he says,

"She asked me over and over, afore she died, to tell you this, that she forgive you everythin', if there was anythin' to forgive." * *

I can't hardly rec'lect how I got away from 'em all, and from that grave and the little buryin'-ground, and found my way back to the station. You asked me to tell you how 't was I changed about so, as folks told you I done,—from a lonesome, unfeelin', unreligious woman, not havin' a mite of int'rest in anybody, nor them havin' any in me, to somethin' diff'ent. And I've told you all I know about what fetched about the change. * * * *

I never knew anythin' more about that fun'ral, nor the one we buried that day, nor what I was to her nor her to me. I was afraid to find out, so I never asked any questions, nor went back to that station, nor looked in the papers to see who was dead there. Small credit to me that it fetched me some good, and made me alter my old, hateful ways. For it stands to reas'n that havin' a sorrer myself—and 't was one, though mebbe you can't see how—made me notice other folks's troubles and feel for 'em and try to help 'em, as I was helped.

*From *Aunt Liefy*, by Annie Trumbull Slosson, (illustrated); pp. 50; A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York, publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Higher Criticism of the Hexateuch, by Charles Augustus Briggs, D.D.; cloth; pp. 253; price $1.75; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, Publishers.

The Maybrick Case: English Criminal Law; by Dr. Helen Densmore; 148 pages; paper covers; published by Swan Sonnenschein & Co., London, and Humber & Co., New York.

The Hand on the Plough, or Some Secrets of Service; by the Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, D.D.; paper; pp. 32; price 20 cents; Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, publishers.

The Dove in the Heart; or the Perfect Peace of God; by the Rev. Arthur T. Pierson; paper; pp. 32; price 20 cents; Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, publishers.

Handbook of Christian Evidences, Alexander Stewart, D. D., paper; pp. 94; Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., New York, publishers.

The New Testament and its Writers, by the Rev. J. A. M'Clymont, B. D., paper; pp. 155; Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., New York, publishers.

The Churches of Scotland; a Sketch of its History; by the Rev. Pearson M. Adam Muir; paper; pp. 98; Adam & Charles Black, Edinburgh, publishers.

Life and Conduct, by J. Cameron Lees, D. D., LL. D., paper; pp. 114; Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., New York, publishers.

The Life of Catherine Booth, the Mother of the Salvation Army: by F. de L. Booth-Tucker; cloth; pp. 1,355; 2 volumes; price $3.50; Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, publishers.

Turning Points, or Great Questions for Young Men and Women: by John L. Brandt, with introduction by F. D. Power; cloth; pp 343; price $1.50; Standard Publishing Co., Cincinnati, O., publishers.

MORAVIANS IN QUEENSLAND.

ZEAL for the conversion of the heathen has always been a characteristic of the the Moravian Church. No other denomination has made so great sacrifices in that cause or been so greatly blessed in proportion to its numbers. One instance appears in the current number of the *Moravian Quarterly*, which illustrates the supreme devotion of the missionaries. It relates to the station in North Queensland, and a truly graphic narrative it gives of the hardships of pioneer work in this land, where the heat is intense, and flies and mosquitoes are a constant plague. Recent letters tell of a fierce quarrel in the native camp, where Mr. Ward, one of the missionaries, stayed bloodshed and secured peace by fearlessly placing himself between the armed and infuriated combatants. That his good wife is anxious when he goes down to the camp on such an errand, can well be imagined. Mr. Hey, another missionary, has broken down in health, and he remained alone for a time awaiting the arrival of his mission comrades. On the bare ground, listening to the continuous howling of the treacherous savages, who had only two months before killed and eaten two white men at this very place, he yet remained at Cullen Point speaking to all who came near him, of Christ and his salvation. Mrs. Ward writes to an old fellow teacher in England: "I wish you could see the people as I saw them on the day of my arrival. There were about eighty women and girls sitting in a semicircle, utter savages, with no vestige of intelligence or modesty. Such a spectacle! Many of them full of sores, one old woman blind, one with cancer. My dear old friend, I cannot tell you how miserable I felt, and I was tempted to wish myself back at home again. But we stay on in faith. Christ has won greater victories than even this, that as yet seems too much to hope for."

A MIRACLE.

I SEE no miracle in Christ's advent,
It is not mythical in that 'tis old;
But I see grandeur in this sweet intent,
Of love that bears with sin so manifold:
I see the largess our Creator gives [lives.
To world's unnumbered and each thing that

I should have marvelled had there been no sign
Of his great purpose given unto man,
No explanation of his love divine [plan:
That runs, a golden thread, through all the
'Twould have been wondrous had there been no chord
Of revelation from the Lord.

But one thing must forever be to me
Most wonderful, beyond all things of time,
That there should be such light and man not see
In nature's mirror, burnished and sublime,
A Maker's image and a Father's care—
A refuge from the world and from despair.

O scientist, philosopher and sage!
This is the strangest paradox of all—
Beyond expression that from age to age,
Love should endure, yet few accept the call:
And God keeps loving on year after year;
Who seeks a miracle may find it here.

Perth Amboy, N. J. —WM. LYLE.

A Sensational Story

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Questions Answered

OUR MAIL-BAG.

A CARD FROM DR. TALMAGE.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 9, 1893.

To whom it may concern:

I receive hundreds of letters making inquiries of me concerning the Tanquerey Portrait Society, the Brooklyn Art Union, and other portrait concerns, who in their advertisements and circulars use my name among their references. I have no knowledge whatever of any of these establishments, and therefore do not know how good or bad their business methods may be. I most emphatically decline any responsibility whatever in this matter, and any use of my name in this connection is altogether unauthorized.

T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

James Archer, Stanton, Miss., writes, asking us to acknowledge the papers sent to him by many unknown friends who, in response to his brief request in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of October 19, so bounteously supplied his wants. He writes: "I received papers from California, Florida, Pennsylvania, Maine, Michigan, Massachusetts, New Jersey and South Carolina." Mr. Archer was a graduate of Yale, Class of 1830, and in other days was a wealthy planter and slave-holder. Now, though poor and 82 years of age, he takes a fatherly interest in the welfare, both temporal and spiritual, of his former slaves and their posterity, of whom there are about one hundred. Do not let the supply of papers cease.

H. M. Betts, Fairmont, Minn. Is it my duty to forgive one who has slandered my good name and good character, when he does not ask for forgiveness and does not want it?

Yes; it is your duty to forgive him in any event. Our Lord's teaching's abounds in passages supporting this. (See Mark 11: 25–26; Luke 23: 34; II. Cor. 2: 5, 6, 7.)

Constant Reader, New York. Is there any passage in the New Testament in which the Saviour is styled "dear Lord," "Sweet Saviour," or any such familiar term?

Paul speaks of him as God's dear Son (Col. 1: 13). We do not know of any other passage in which the epithet is applied to him, and in that instance it refers to the relation between the Father and the Son, not to that between men and Christ. Nevertheless, the relation of Christ to his people is so near and so tender, that there can be no impropriety in their so addressing him.

C. Clarke, Brooklyn, N. Y. What is the meaning of there ference in 1. Peter, 3:19,20, to Christ preaching to the spirits in prison, who were disobedient in the days of Noah? Did Christ go to the lower world to preach to them during the time his body lay in the grave, between the crucifixion and the resurrection?

The latter theory has been held by many eminent men, but the most learned expositors, from Augustine, among the Fathers, to Meyer in our day, reject it. They believe that the passage means that Christ by his Spirit preached in the days of Noah to the men who are now spirits in the prison. As a minister might say, referring to a criminal in prison, "I have preached to that man in prison," meaning that the man had been one of his hearers in some past time.

Mrs. Geo. B. Kemp, Jersey City. What truth is there in the story that a prophet of the living God had come to Ireland [illegible] converted the Druids to the worship of God; that is supposed to have been the Prophet Jeremiah, and that in a tomb at Tara, said to be his, the Ark and other treasures from the Temple may be found?

Some such legend as that which relates to the conversion of the Druids to the worship of the Supreme Being is mentioned in ancient writings, but the basis for such statements is exceedingly doubtful. The Druids are believed to have been of Phœnician origin and to have worshiped a Supreme God as Creator and Ruler. (It is known that from the very earliest times, the Phœnicians traded with the British Isles for tin.) To this was added the belief in a future state and in rewards and punishments. In addition, they had a number of lesser divinities, corresponding to those of the Greeks. Various authors have connected the Druids with the Persians, the Hindoos and the Egyptians. There is no evidence that Jeremiah ever visited [illegible]

M. Barton, Schoharie, N. Y. What is the estimate [illegible] of the universe?

It is beyond computation. They estimate [illegible] that the [illegible] penetrate the stellar depths beyond. The naked eye can discern thousands of stars on a clear night, and the telescope can multiply these again by many thousands. Our system is one of many systems, all moving in perfect accord. The "Milky Way" is roughly computated to have 30,000,000 stars each with many planets encircling it; but there are still other equally vast "Milky Ways," which our strongest glasses only discover as indistinct haze. There are millions upon millions of suns, stars, planets and other heavenly bodies beyond the utmost reach of science.

W. E. Hoffrogge, Buffalo, N. Y. (1) To what denomination does Dr. Talmage belong? (2) What was the thorn in the flesh that Paul speaks of, II Corinthians, 12: 7?

1. Dr. Talmage is a Presbyterian. 2. As we are not told explicitly what affection Paul referred to as a thorn in the flesh, any explanation given must be mere conjecture. The most probable and the most common opinion is that it was a painful affection of the eyes, which was prevalent in Oriental lands. The guess is based on the fact of his saying that if it had been possible, the Galatians would have plucked out their eyes and given them to him (Gal. 4: 15), as if the need of better eyes were his most urgent want. Also, on the fact of his usually employing an amanuensis and his calling attention (Gal. 6: 11) to his having written with his own hand, as if his doing so were remarkable.

R. Lewis, Trenton, N. J. As Christ does not appear to have been more than forty hours in the tomb, how is Matt. 12: 40 to be explained? In that passage he says that he will be three days and three nights in the earth.

The passage has long perplexed Biblical students. The most probable explanation is that Christ adopted a mode of expression common among the Jews, and said that he should be in the grave three "evening-mornings," which the translators rendered three days and nights. The Jews also had a rule, of which there are several examples in other parts of the Bible, that any part of the *onah*, or period, counted as the whole. Thus the interval between the crucifixion and the burial on the Friday would be part of Friday, and would count as one "evening-morning;" from sunset on Friday to sunset on Saturday would count as the second; and from Saturday sunset to the resurrection on Sunday morning as the third. The disciples evidently regarded the Sunday as the third day, as you will see by the conversation on the way to Emmans, when Cleopas said: "This is the third day since these things were done (Luke, 24: 21).

J. C. Turner, Pineville, Ky. Noah's ark has not been found. There are no materials in the Bible or elsewhere for an opinion as to the lengths of the periods you mention.—Mrs. J. F. Langley, Drakesboro, Ky. The text is part of the exhortation to a king, and he is told that he should abstain, lest he do mischief to his people. Let him leave such stimulants for people who are ready to perish and want to forget their misery.—"A Subscriber." There is no sin in first cousins marrying. The objections to the marriage of persons so nearly related are based on physiological theories.—S. A. Smith, Milledgeville, Ill. The question is of no moment. Every man should follow the dictates of his own conscience. The essential question does not relate to forms and ceremonies and ordinances, but to regeneration. See Galatians, 5: 6.—Wm. Hatch, Forby, Iowa. No useful purpose would be served by printing your questions. Our answer, on Jan. 25, gives all the information accessible. This column is not intended for controversy. Dr. MacArthur is of Scottish descent.—Thomas Heim, Lutesville, Mo. We have had no special revelation, and therefore know no more than is stated in the Bible (Matt. 4: 6).—Rollo B. Wood, East Smithfield, Pa. Probably the Gentiles, although some have thought that the words convey an intimation of other worlds being inhabited.—J. S. Wolf, Wakeeney, Kans. There is no Biblical statement to that effect. It is an inference from the fossil remains which have been found.

SOMETHING FOR JESUS.

YOU ought to do something for Jesus—
You ought to do something to-day;
If you can give help to the needy,
Why should you one moment delay?

There are homes to be made for the homeless,
And comforts to bring to the lives
Of hungry and cold little children,
Neglected and heart-broken wives.

The "pestilence walketh in darkness,
Destruction is wasting at noon;"
And souls will be wrecked in life's tempest
Unless you can rescue them soon.

There are "sick and in prison" to visit,
Little feet to be guided to God; [cast,
Kind words and kind deeds scattered broad-
And sorrowful paths to be trod.

There are lives to be lived in sweet patience,
Great burdens in silence to bear,
And tiresome, monotonous duties
To be consecrated by prayer.

The Gospel must go to all nations;
There's sowing and reaping to do,
And fields that are white unto harvest
Have laborers feeble and few.

You ought to do something for Jesus—
And quickly, ere daylight grows dim;
Your Saviour has died to redeem you—
Oh, won't you do something for him?

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The Site of the Sepulchre.

Rev. A. Ben-Oliel Learnedly Discusses a Most Important Subject—Is the "Gordon Tomb" after all, a Mistaken Identification?

UT no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." So it is written. (Deut. 34: 6), of the tomb of Moses, the Lord's servant. God, who knows the tendencies and promptings of the human heart, in infinite wisdom ordered it so that the exact spot of his servant's burial should be hid and concealed, and thereby shielded and protected from superscriptions and idolatrous practices. And when we read (II. Kings 18: 4), what was done with the brazen serpent that was lifted up in the wilderness up to the days of Hezekiah, we can easily imagine what the Israelites would have most probably done with their Lawgiver's tomb, had the exact spot been known.

Arguing from perfectly legitimate analogy, one would naturally expect that, if God took special care that the sepulchre of his servant Moses should be unknown, he would also most assuredly likewise conceal the precise spot wherein the body of the Lord Jesus—"the Son over his own house" (Heb. 3: 5, 6)—rested, from the Friday afternoon till the Sunday morning—the resurrection morn—the morrow after the Sabbath, when the first-fruits were waved before the Lord in the temple—emblems of him who rose from the grave, "the first-fruits of them that slept." (I. Cor. 15: 20.) And such, I firmly believe, is precisely the fact, for the reason I shall adduce.

Where Was the Sepulchre?

The synoptic Gospels are silent as to the locality of the sepulchre. But St. John (chap. 41, 42), says: "Now, in the place"—not, surely, on Golgotha itself! but in the locality, the suburb, that part outside the walls—it were absurd to suppose that any garden covered the Place of Stoning and public execution, and more than absurd to imagine that it was a private garden; that, too, the property of such an influential and wealthy man as Joseph of Arimathea. "Now in the place where he was crucified there was a garden, and in the garden a new sepulchre." It is not stated on which side of Golgotha, whether North or South, East or West, nor at what distance, the garden was situated, but only that it was "nigh at hand," a very indefinite term.

To the southwest of Golgotha there is a plot of level land now belonging to a mercantile firm that speculates in lands, not a garden at all, for a great part of the surface—that nearest to Golgotha—is occupied by a large cistern, and it is only further off that there are a few trees. In this plot of land, and under the extreme declivity of Golgotha, a cave cut in the rock was discovered some thirty years ago, and found full of human bones. Inside it are three tombs, two of adult size, and one smaller. When I first visited this misnamed garden, knowing it was for sale, I felt a strong desire to purchase it, and set up a tent, or build a small hall, for occasional religious services of an afternoon, mainly on account of its proximity to Golgotha the Kranion-like mound; and I must confess, from a lingering hope that the rock-cut cave might possibly be the holy Sepulchre. One strong objection I felt, and that was, that it was not a single tomb, but three close together. At a subsequent visit, I realized that the opening to it is far too large for any one man, aye, for any twenty men, to roll a stone to close the entrance to it. Such a stone could not be found ready made at hand; and there is no indication whatever, that such a stone could be rolled in front of it.

Lately, my friend Mr. R. Scott Moncrieff, of Edinburgh, the great benefactor of the distressed Jewish exiles from Russia both at Jaffa and here in Jerusalem—printed and circulated a leaflet pleading for money—£6,000($30,000—) to purchase this plot of land with its cave and turn it into a real garden, on the supposition—a mere supposition, he candidly avows—that it may possibly be

The Site of the Garden.

of Joseph in which "he had hewn out in the rock his own new tomb." (Matt. 27: 60.) I have since heard that a lady in England has already collected or received £1500 ($7,500), for this purpose. The project for the purchase of this plot of land and cave has appeared in the religious press, and good Dr. Talmage of New York City, has fully discussed the pros and cons in an illustrated article—a deeply interesting and learned article, now before me—in his CHRISTIAN HERALD of November last, with an evident leaning in favor of the purchase. This has naturally led me to visit the place once and again, and to carefully consider the probabilities of the case with a great desire to find evidences of identity with the holy sepulchre, wherein the Lord's body was laid by the loving hands of that devoted secret disciple, Joseph of Arimathea, assisted by that other secret disciple, Nicodemus.

Last Spring my Hebrew brother, Dr. F. Leon Cachet, Foreign Secretary of the Dutch Reformed Missionary Society, was here on his way back from visiting their mission stations in the far East. We visited together Golgotha and the garden and

Its Three-fold Tomb,

and I told him of the opinions held regarding that sepulchral cave, etc., when in solemn tones, he addressed me somewhat to this effect: "Brother, can you really think that Joseph of Arimathea, the rich man, member of the Sanhedrim, so powerfully influential that Pilate yielded so readily to his request, and gave him the body of the Lord Jesus for decent interment, would select a spot so close to a polluted, unholy and ignominious place as this of the stoning and execution and burial of criminals, real or assumed, in which to excavate a tomb for himself when he could easily secure the holiest site anywhere all around Jerusalem? Is it possible, imaginable, that such a man would prefer to be buried there?" The force, the overwhelmingly conclusive force of this objection silenced me completely, and the more I consider it from a Hebrew's point of view, the more convinced I feel of the utter incredibility that the holy sepulchre could be in touch of a place so defiled.

But, then, St. John says, "it was nigh at hand." Yes; and nigh at hand are the declivities of the Kedron, the so-called Valley of Jehoshaphat, and not much further off those of Olivet, and ten to twenty minutes walking distance would still be nigh at hand. But it is not necessary to go so far as that. The garden with its newly-hewn tomb may have been nearer, provided it was not in immediate contact with ignominious, unholy Golgotha. If the mound is Golgotha, and of this, I have

Not the Smallest Doubt,

Joseph's garden and tomb must not be sought in immediate proximity, much less in contact with Golgotha; and, therefore the so-called "Garden of Calvary" of Mr. Scott Moncrieff's leaflet connot possibly be the genuine garden and tomb.

It is with great reluctance, but under a deep sense of solemn duty, that I utter anything that would, or might, thwart the project of Mr. Scott Moncrieff, favored as it is by such an array of respectable names. I lay no claim to any special archæological or antiquarian talents; but common-sense, tells me that Dr. Cachet's shrewd objection is overwhelmingly conclusive. It completely dispelled my illusion regarding that particular tomb.

Here am I, pleading hard for means whereby to rear up "a house of prayer" for Presbyterians and Wesleyans, Congregationalists and Baptists, Friends and Brethren, these last twelve months, or longer and the responses up to this date do not much exceed £100—($500). At present none of those evangelical churches possess a single inch of land for the service of the Lord Jesus, in the city which witnessed his agony and death, his resurrection and ascension.

The chief Rabbi of Jerusalem lately departed this life, highly venerated, and was buried in presence of a large cortege.

The first juvenile magazine ever published in the Holy City, has just come out, of course in Hebrew, like the two weekly newspapers.

JERUSALEM, Jan. 2, 1893. A. B. OLIEL.

BURNED BY A TURKISH MOB.

Intelligence has been received of the burning by a Turkish mob of the Girls' Boarding School connected with Anatolia College, at Marsovan, in Armenia. Marsovan is the most important mission station in Western Turkey, and the work there is controlled by the American Board of Foreign Missions. The Girls' School had 105 pupils, including Armenians, Greeks, Germans and Turks. The entire college is under the charge of Rev. Dr. G. E. Herrick, who has for assistants John E. Smith, Edward Riggs and George E. White. The following are instructors: Mr. Sarah E. Smith, Mrs. Helen Mr Herrick, Mrs. Sarah H. Riggs, Mrs. Esther C. White, Mrs. Ann Eliza Fritcher, Miss Jane C. Smith, Miss Bertha Smith, Miss Susan D. Riggs. No details of the incendiary act have been received, but it is supposed that the Moslem fanatics have been urged on by jealous priests to the criminal act. There is no truth in the story that Dr. Herrick had posted inflammatory placards on the walls of the School.

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We have at last demonstrated that a good watch can be made in this country for a low price. In large lots we make this watch sur-prisingly cheap and can sell it for $1.50. Every part is made and put together in our New England factory & every watch is timed and guaranteed by us. The publishers of this paper will tell you that our guarantee is good. It is just as shown in cut and description, and anyone not perfectly satisfied will receive their money back. Description: Case is 2 1/4 inches; weight 4 oz; American Lever Movement, Lantern Pinion, 2 1/2 inches in diameter; Patent winding & setting attachment requiring no key; Patent Escapement and Regulator; Strong case of composition metal. Gold Plated & engraving finished; Hour, Minute & Second Hands; Medium paper and we will send free postpaid tested CHAIN & CHARM.

PRICE, $1.50 POSTPAID.

This watch will not vary a minute in 30 days. None sent C.O.D., but a warranted as above. Send for special terms and our catalogue of low priced watches.

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CHRISTIAN WORK IN THE ARMY.

Chaplain Nave Writes Encouragingly of the Effort to Supply Good Literature for the Soldiers. Some Generous Responses.

EDITOR of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD: Some generous patriot has caused to be sent me six copies of your superlatively excellent paper, which I place weekly in the barracks of this post. Kindly permit me through your columns to express to him or them my sincere thanks. I need three more, as we have eight barracks and a hospital. Numerous benevolent readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have sent me valuable packages of miscellaneous reading matter, which is distributed in barrack and hospital. Without systematic attention, soldiers do not get religious literature. Many companies have enterprising reading clubs, but the papers they subscribe for are secular. Occasionally, but rarely, a religious paper is subscribed for by individuals. The army opens a field for Christian beneficence in the supply of religious periodicals and library books. A year and a half ago I forwarded to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a short call of attention to this opportunity, and numerous responses came to me in many different and valuable forms. An excellent lady at Fort Wayne, Ind., forwarded a box of valuable books and well selected pamphlets that are doing excellent service in the post library and hospital. A New York gentleman became deeply interested in the army and has provided the libraries of a number of posts, this one among them, with a biblical dictionary, a standard commentary on the Scriptures and over fifty other volumes of great value to us. I believe not less than fifty people and societies have been put into correspondence with different chaplains and others with a view to providing current religious literature to the soldiery, as the result of the one communication.

I desire to rejoice with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in its success in good works. The readiness with which its readers respond to righteous suggestions is a cause for rejoicing. Its shipload of provisions for the suffering Russians, its response for the army, and numerous liberalities show that it is read by philanthropists. Army libraries, generally speaking, are destitute of religious books, and totally so of religious books of reference, commentaries, etc. This class of books are not in frequent demand by young men, but they should be provided. There should be also a standard ecclesiastical history, a Josephus, and other works for consultation in the controversies constantly recurring among young men, whose appeal to authorities and other forms of research can and should be encouraged.

Soon after my article appeared in your paper in 1891, I received a letter from a Christian woman in Vermont, saying she could not live much longer, and before going home she wanted to arrange some matters, among others the disposition of the old home library, and she thought it might do good, after she was gone, at an army post. How thoughtful! It would not be surprising if there are a hundred among the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who could make a good disposition of well preserved and desirable books in the same way. In contributing books, good judgment needs to be exercised so as not to send those having little or no value.

Wide interest is developing, of late, in the moral and religious welfare of the army. In 1890 this interest, as it manifested itself in the churches, resulted in the organization of the United Christian Commission. Those who organized it were commissioners appointed by the Northern General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the National Council of Congregational Churches, the General Synod of the Lutheran Church, and other lesser bodies, to act in co-operation in promoting the moral and religious welfare of the army and navy. This organization has [illegible] itself to the questions in hand. It is composed of men of recognized standing and influence in those denominations, who give assurance of wisdom and fidelity. The Commission is national and international. It needs money to carry on the grand mission on which it has entered. It should be endowed by generous gifts and by bequests from patriotic citizens. So long as there are an army and a navy, the Commission should exist and care systematically and intelligently for those who live in the peculiar conditions and circumstances of a nation's armament. It [illegible] the gifts of citizens. Colleges, hospitals, [illegible] and [illegible] of other institutions receive the benefactions of the liberal minded. How strongly this new movement appeals to the patriotic for their gifts! The treasurer of the Commission is Rev. William E. Parsons, D.D, Washington, D. C., a former and zealous worker in the Christian Commission of the late war.

ORVILLE J. NAVE,
Post Chaplain, U. S A., and Corresponding Sec'y for the United Christian Commission.
FORT NIOBRARA, Neb., Feb. 4.

WHERE IS THY FAITH?

Written for The Christian Herald.

O WHERE is your faith, my brother?
Above you the sky has grown dark,
Around you the storm has lowered,
And is fiercely tossing your bark.
Are you trusting in Jesus now?
O remember he sails with you,
And doubt not his love nor his power,
You will prove his promises true.

O where is your faith, my brother?
Now your night of sorrow has come.
The grave has closed o'er a loved one,
And has desolate left your home.
Of the cup you've been given to drink,
You may not on earth understand,
But wise love prepared it for you,
It was mixed by a Father's hand.

O where is your faith, my brother?
When the trials of life you meet,
And the road seems dreary and long
And is rough to your tired feet;
Press closer beside your Master,
He will smooth a pathway for you;
He'll never leave nor forsake you,
But will daily your strength renew.

O where is your faith, my brother?
Distrusting and doubting your Lord,
When with joy your heart might be filled,
If you truly believed his Word.
Doubt him no longer, my brother,
Though your path grow dark as the night,
Jesus in safety will guide you,
To his beautiful home in light.

MRS. W. J. KENNEDY.

A MOTHER'S QUEST.

WITH blanching cheeks, and tears that dim her sight,
A mother cries: "Where is my boy to-night!"
A gentle tap comes on the window-pane;
Perhaps it storms, and hail comes with the rain.
But no—soft shimmering through the latticed bars
She sees the gleaming of the shining stars.

And now, a luminous presence greets her sight;
Her guardian angel from the throne of light.
Tidings of peace and love his aspect wears;
A marvelous mirror in his hand he bears;
Lightly his glad winged feet the carpet press,
And softly fall the tones of high address:

"Watchful o'er thee, my charge, I bring to-night
This mirror, which unsullied still, and bright,
Reflects in perfect truth whatever scene
Thy fancy, wandering through the earth, may glean—
And if thy boy in similar scenes may be,
This mirror, without erring, shows to thee."

She scarcely dares to trust her boding sight
To gaze upon the mirror, glowing bright,
As its reflections trace each picture true
Which her imagination flitteth through,
Of folly, revelry, debauch, disgrace—
Not there? then lower still, she seeks his place.

Deeper her fancy dives, in sin's dark night
She finds him not—he still eludes her sight—
Till, all the depths explored, with drooping head,
She sobbing, cries: "My wandering boy is dead!"
"Nay, nay!" the angel moans, with accents sad,
"You've only sought your boy among the bad!"

Another scene is mirrored to her sight;
One look—another—murmurs of delight.
"Woman of little faith, what is 't ye see?"
"My boy, before his God, on bended knee!
'Tis in a meeting held for prayer and praise,
And holy men around him anthems raise."

"Fond mother, it is well, thy boy to-night,
Is not more prone to evil than to right,
And so it is, only because not all
The pearls of faith from out thy prayers could fall
Ere [illegible] speeding doubt, with wings more fleet—
Had laid them at the Intercessor's feet."

—B. F. SPAULDING.

Springfield, O

A SERMON IN AN ANCESTRAL HALL.

THE history of a recent preaching tour in China is sent to the *Baptist Missionary Magazine*, by Dr. J. W. Calren of Swatow, in the course of which he says: "As we were approaching a town, a messenger from the townsfolk met us and said that the people had assembled, and had sent him to invite us to come and preach to them. About one hundred had come together; others soon came up; the place could not accommodate all; we were invited to a larger place; it also in a short time could not contain the people; then we were invited into a large ancestral hall, which with difficulty afforded standing room for all the people. This was the only occasion I have seen women assemble with the men, and, unlike all other places, neither sex had curiosity to investigate the foreigner, but all seemed to feel as the many felt who had collected in the house of Cornelius when the combined sentiment was, 'Now, therefore, are we all here present before God, to hear all things that are commanded thee of God.' The town master said to me, 'We sent for you to teach us about God and the Lord Jesus.' It is rare indeed in China for a missionary to be invited to preach. Usually he is repulsed."

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MANETTIA VINE. This grand vine is the most magnificent flowering vine in cultivation, either for the house or garden, and is full of bloom every day in the year. Fine plants already budded and blooming, 20c. each.
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The Anti-Gambling Crusade.

EVANGELIST JOHN P. QUINN has lately been visiting Washington, D. C., with his anti-gambling car *Roanoke*. In that city, he has held a number of meetings under the auspices of different churches and associations of Christian workers, which have been largely attended.

The appearance of the car in the National Capital excited much curiosity, and it was visited by thousands. An interesting incident of his stay in Washington was an address delivered to the city police, by invitation. Mr. Quinn spoke in a police court, with a police justice as presiding officer on the platform. The evangelist (whose remarkable career before his conversion was recently described in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD), observed that although he had been many times in court, this was the first occasion when he had appeared "on the inside of the bar and with the judge on his side."

The Anti-Gambling car was conveyed across the Potomac to Jackson City on the Virginia side. It was halted in front of a noted gambling resort. A stalwart gambler came out and seemed disposed to fight when he read the inscription on the car; but Mr. Quinn and his associates, paying no attention to the fellow, began a Gospel service, which was followed by an eloquent address on gambling, illustrated in the usual manner with the gamblers' implements. Many of the men frequenting the various gambling resorts in Jackson City crowded around, listening intently, and at the close began asking questions and showed the deepest interest in the proceedings.

The Anti-Gambling Crusade has now been carried into ten of the Eastern States, and will be extended to Missouri. Its projectors have organized a stock company, placing the shares in the *Roanoke* at $1. each, which will enable all who are interested in this particular branch of evangelical work to help this unique crusade. Mr. Quinn, or Rev. Mr. Palmer, Secretary, can be addressed at 24 Park Place, N. Y.

A JAPANESE HERO.

A RECENT traveler in Japan noticed a peculiar inscription on one of the monuments and in reply to inquiries was told the following historical facts. The Sakura people were some years ago so oppressed by land agents that their condition appeared to them simply unbearable, but remonstrance of any sort was dangerous as their enemies were powerful and ruthless. Driven to desperation, some of them met together and prepared and sent a petition to the *daimio*, who was spending in dissipation at Yeddo the money wrung from them by taxation. But no notice was taken of it. Moved by the general suffering, Sogoro, a man of middle age, determined, as a last and desperate resort, to present the petition in person to his august majesty the Tycoon. Taking leave of his friends, he went to Yeddo, secreted himself under a bridge which the great man was to pass, and at the right moment pushed the petition at the end of a long bamboo directly into the royal hands. The act was without parallel in all the history of Japan. A mere peasant had disturbed the royal seclusion, and at the same moment broken the etiquette of the realm to pieces. The enormity of the act led to immediate inquiries into the circumstances of the case, and the justice of complaint was fully proved. The peasants' wrongs were at once redressed, but since decorum must be preserved in Japan, at any cost, the one man who thus served his people was delivered over for punishment to the very *daimio* of whom he had complained. By his order, Sogoro, his wife, and their three children were put to death. A monument marks the spot where they died, and they are held in grateful remembrance. This was a case literally fulfilling the words of Caiaphas, "It is expedient that one man should die for the people."

A MISSIONARY'S INTERCESSION.

IN his report to the Baptist Missionary Society, Rev. John H. Weeks who is laboring among the Bangalas writes: "For two years we have been engaged here in building our houses, making our farms, teaching our schools of boys and girls, and, above all, in reducing this language to writing. By our honest and truthful dealings with them, we have won their confidence, and have also gained some influence over them. Sitting on a stool just against me now is one who, eighteen months ago, threatened to kill us, and who, for a long time, was foremost in abusing those who helped us with the language. But now he assists and explains it to us himself. There is awful need of the civilizing influence of Christianity as well as its direct spiritual effect. An instance in point occurred not long ago. One day, I heard that a woman was being killed in the town. I instantly left off building and went to the place. There I saw a woman, with her arms securely tied and pegged to the ground. Through an interpreter I asked the husband, 'Do you intend to kill that woman?' 'Yes,' he said, 'we were about to kill her, but somebody is going to buy her.' Then turning to me the old man said, in an angry and defiant tone, 'It is not your business! Have you brought guns and soldiers with you? Do you want to fight us? If not, go back to your house and leave our palavers alone. She is my wife; I can kill her or sell her, just as I like.'"

AN ACTION WHICH BORE FRUIT.

THE Rev. Mr. Jameson tells the story in the *Spirit of Missions* of a young Mohammedan of good family, of Aligarh, India, who recently received Christian baptism. How he first became favorably disposed toward Christianity is thus stated: "He stood one day in the Aligarh bazaar and heard a native Christian of venerable appearance preach. There was a large crowd, mostly Mohammedans, and as the address proceeded the preacher was much interrupted. Discussion ensued, and considerable excitement prevailed. When feeling ran high, and the Christian preacher, who was none other than the veteran and learned Dr. Iman-ud-din of the Church Missionary Society, seemed to be baffling the reasoning and rebutting the arguments of his opponents with his wonted power, when a rough man, standing by, lifted his hand and smote the old man severely on the cheek. The venerable disciple, without resentment, and without a moment's hesitation, to the wonderment of the crowd followed to the letter his Master's injunctions and turned the other cheek to the smiter.

"The action not only silenced the riotousness of the crowd, but touched the heart of our young friend so deeply that he marvelled what that religion could be whose devotee could brook and silence so strangely and still so effectually such insult and opposition. It affected his life and changed his attitude toward Christianity and all who professed it. The seed that that one Christian action sowed, bore in God's time good fruit, and now the Munshi has confessed his faith, and we have good hopes that with the development of his Christian character and his intellectual gifts, he will one day do yeoman service in reasoning with his former co-religionists."

IN A JEWISH HOSPITAL.

MUCH has been written of the hardships endured by the Jews who have been expelled from Russia, but nothing so terrible as the following which Mr. Robert Scott Moncrieff sends to a contemporary as the result of a visit he paid to a temporary hospital on the line of march: "The hospital was near the Russian frontier. Medicine and nursing were impossible, there was no money. Cleanliness was unattainable, there was but one attendant. Men and women, eighteen of them, lay suffering and dying together. Cases of cancer, puerperal fever, Bright's disease, meningitis, fracture, amputation, tumor and fever, lay huddled on dirty cubicles, irrespective of age or sex. One plucky Jewish doctor showed me the scene with shame. He did what he could. It was evening, and the western sun sloped its way through the one window. An old man, with his face lit by the sunset, lay a-dying. He had wanted food, and now the gasp of death was in his throat. Alone he had lived, and alone he came to die. By his side lay an open book of psalms, with an ancient pair of spectacles marking the place where he had last read. Other hands than his would move the mark. The book was opened where it is written: 'For he remembered his holy promise and Abraham his servant. And he brought forth the people with joy and his chosen with gladness.' Squalid and foul as were his surroundings, the face of the old man, whose name I never knew, showed a peace within that the troubles of the world had not taken away."

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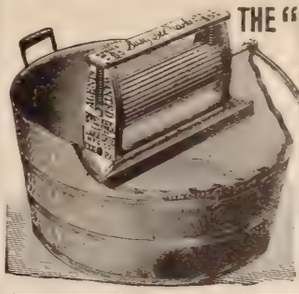

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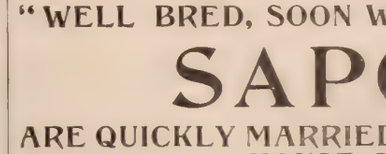

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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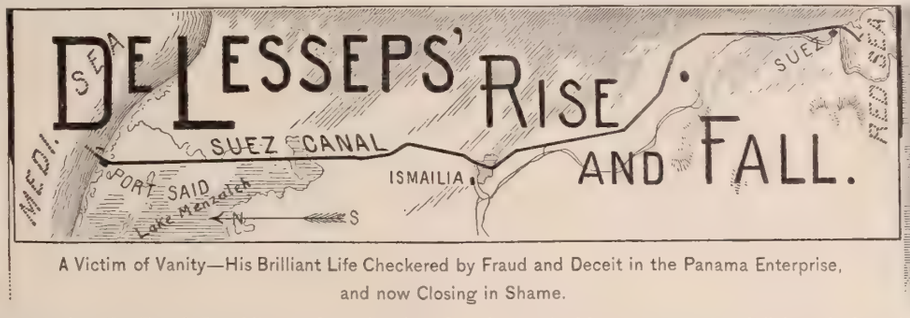

DE LESSEPS' RISE AND FALL.

A Victim of Vanity—His Brilliant Life Checkered by Fraud and Deceit in the Panama Enterprise, and now Closing in Shame.

NOT since the days of the Commune, has the French Republic stood on the edge of such a volcano as that which has lately threatened its destruction. One of its favorite sons, whom it has for two decades loaded with honors, while his countrymen have dignified him with the title of "Le Grand Francais," has fallen into the deepest disgrace, and in his ruin has dragged down many other honored names with his own. Ferdinand de Lesseps, a man whom Frenchmen have been accustomed to name as one of the glories of the nation, is to-day a convicted felon, sick and probably dying, while many of his associates in the greatest enterprise of modern times, are also under condemnation. The crime with which they are charged is the wholesale misappropriation of money belonging to the stockholders of the Panama Canal, and extravagance, bribery and corruption. It was in 1879 that the project of cutting a canal through the Isthmus of Panama was first brought before the French people by de Lesseps at a National Congress convened for that purpose. Credit for the origination of the scheme was really due to Lieutenant Lucien Bonaparte Wyse of the French Navy, who made the survey which was sold to the subsequent projectors. The United States of Colombia granted a concession, the Panama Canal Company was founded, and in 1881 work was begun. It was stated that the work could be completed at a cost of $120,000,000, but soon these figures were exceeded. Loan followed loan, and but little progress was made; still de Lesseps and his associates spread glowing accounts of the work, and the French believed them. They did not scruple to lie, for on the very day when President Hayes sent to the American Congress an adverse message on the Canal, de Lesseps telegraphed to Francc: "The President guarantees the political security of the Canal." It is said that when he went to Panama, the simple natives regarded him as a magician who was to confer supernatural benefits on their country. When he arrived, such was their faith in his powers, that they asked him: "Where is the Canal?" supposing he had brought it with him. His conduct at Panama was characterized by extravagance and diplomatic deception, for he wasted money to impress the people, and he created imaginary opposition to the Canal in order that he might seem to have cleverly overcome the obstacles. Squandering of the funds was begun even before the actual work on the Canal had commenced. There were princely receptions given on the Isthmus at lavish cost, and extravagant banquets, and excursions which were of the nature of orgies throughout. The ladies of Panama were presented with medals in gold and enamel as souvenirs of the enterprise not yet begun, and in these and other ways the money contributed by the Canal stockholders was criminally wasted.

Meanwhile the man who was living in this maze of illusion was the idol of France. Press and people worshipped him. Capitalists poured their money into the Canal Company's treasury, tradesmen and peasants brought in their savings and turned them over to the magician who was to bring them a golden harvest. Soon there were half a million subscribers on the books. A horde of French officers and engineers went to the Isthmus, many of them to perish there of chagres fever. Negroes were imported to work there and died by the hundred. Twenty-four out of thirty-six Red Cross nurses who went down there from the Uuited States, died, and forty out of eighty American and European physicians. Before the end of 1888, over $200,000,000 had been expended, and more millions were called for. De Lesseps induced the government to authorize a lottery and a large number of deputies in the French Chamber were bribed to support the measure. Some 100 million francs were disbursed in this illegal fashion, the French press being subsidized as well as the legislators. It was now claimed that the total cost of the work would be little short of $342,000,000. France stood aghast, the lottery was a failure, the Canal was thrown into the hands of a receiver and a legal investigation was instituted. Consternation followed the first disclosures of the Investigating Commission, when it was found that many of the most trusted

(Continued on page 141.)

THE PORT OF ISMAILIA, ON THE SUEZ CANAL.

(From a Photograph Secured by Rev Dr. Talmage, while in the Orient.)

The Tabernacle Pulpit

HEN AND CHICKENS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, preached last Sunday Morning in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Text: Matthew 23: 37. "*As a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!*"

JERUSALEM was in sight as Christ came to the crest of Mount Olivet, a height of seven hundred feet. The splendors of the religious capital of the whole earth irradiated the landscape. There is the temple. Yonder is the king's palace. Spread out before his eyes are the pomp, the wealth, the wickedness and the coming destruction of Jerusalem, and he bursts into tears at the thought of the obduracy of a place that he would gladly have saved, and apostrophizes, saying: "Oh Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not."

Why did Christ select hen and chickens as a simile? Next to the appositeness of the comparison, I think it was to help all public teachers in the matter of illustration to get down off their stilts and use comparisons that all can understand. The plainest bird on earth is the barnyard fowl. Its only adornments are the red comb in its head-dress and the wattles under the throat. It has no grandeur of genealogy. All we know is that its ancestors came from India, some of them from a height of four thousand feet on the sides of the Himalayas. It has no pretension of nest like the eagle's eyrie. It has no lustre of plumage like the goldfinch. Possessing anatomy that allows flight, yet about the last thing it wants to do is to fly, and in retreat, uses foot almost as much as wing. Musicians have written out in musical scale the song of lark and robin red-breast and nightingale, yet the hen of my text hath nothing that could be taken for a song, but only cluck and cackle. Yet Christ, in the text, uttered while looking upon doomed Jerusalem, declares that what he had wished for that city was like what the hen does for her chickens. Christ was thus simple in his teachings, and yet how hard it is for us, who are Sunday School instructors and editors and preachers and reformers, and those who would gain the ears of audiences, to attain that heavenly and divine art of simplicity. We have to run a course of literary disorders as children a course of physical disorders. We come out of school and college loaded down with Greek mythologies, and out of the the Theological Seminary weighed down with what the learned fathers said, and we fly with wings of eagles and flamingoes and albatrosses, and it takes a good while before we can come down to Christ's similitudes, the candle under the bushel, the salt that has lost its savor, the net thrown into the sea, the spittle on the eyes of the blind man, and the hen and chickens. There is not much poetry about this winged creature of God mentioned in my text, but she is more practical and more motherly and more suggestive of good things than many that fly higher and wear brighter colors. She is not a prima donna of the skies, nor a strut of beauty in the aisle of the forest. She does not cut a circle under the sun like the Rocky Mountain eagle, but stays at home to look after family affairs. She does not swoop like the condor of the Cordilleras to transport a rabbit from the valley to the top of the crags, but just scratches for a living. How vigorously with her claws she pulls away the ground to bring up what is hidden beneath! When the breakfast or dining hour arrives, she begins to prepare the repast, and calls all her young to partake.

I am in warm sympathy with the unpretentious old-fashioned hen, because like most of us, she has to scratch for a living. She knows at the start the lesson which most people of good sense are slow to learn—that the gaining of a livelihood implies work, and that successes do not lie on the surface, but are to be upturned by positive and continuous effort. The reason that society and the church, and the world are so full of failures, so full of loafers, so full of dead beats, is because people are not wise enough to take the lesson which any hen would teach them, that if they would find for themselves, and for those dependent upon them anything worth having they must scratch for it. Solomon said: "Go to the ant thou sluggard." I say, Go to the hen thou sluggard. In the old Testament God compares himself to an eagle stirring up her nest, and in the New Testament the Holy Spirit is compared to a descending dove, but Christ, in a sermon that began with cutting sarcasm for hypocrites and ends with the paroxysm of pathos in the text, compares himself to a hen.

One day in the country, we saw sudden consternation in the behavior of old Dominick. Why the hen should be so disturbed, we could not understand. We looked about to see if a neighbor's dog were invading the farm. We looked up to see if a storm cloud were hovering. We could see nothing on the ground that could terrorize, and we could see nothing in the air to ruffle the feathers of the hen, but the loud wild, affrighted cluck which brought all her brood at full run under her feathers, made us look again around us and above us, when we saw that high up and far away there was a rapacious bird wheeling round and round, and down and down, and not seeing us as we stood in the shadow, it came nearer and lower, until we saw its beak was curved from base to tip, and it had two flames of fire for eyes, and it was a hawk. But all the chickens were under old Dominick's wings, and either the bird of prey caught a glimpse of us, or not able to find the brood huddled under wing, darted back into the clouds. So Christ calls with great earnestness to all the young. Why, what is the matter? It is bright sunlight, and there can be no danger. Health is theirs. A good home is theirs. Plenty of food is theirs. Prospect of long life is theirs. But Christ continues to call, calls with more emphasis and urges haste, and says not a second ought to be lost. Oh, do tell us what is the matter. Ah, now I see, there are hawks of temptation in the air, there are vultures wheeling for their prey, there are beaks of death ready to plunge, there are claws of allurement ready to clutch. Now I see the peril. Now I understand the urgency. Now I see the only safety. Would that Christ might this day take our sons and daughters into his shelter, "as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing." The fact is, that the most of them will never find the shelter unless while they are chickens. It is a simple matter of inexorable statistics that most of those who do not come to Christ in youth never come at all. What chance is there for the young without divine protection? There are the grog shops. There are the gambling hells. There are the infidelities and immoralities of spiritualism. There are the bad books. There are the impurities. There are the business rascalities. And so numerous are these assailments that it is a wonder that honesty and virtue are not lost arts. The birds of prey, diurnal and nocturnal, of the natural world, are ever on the alert. They are the assassins of the sky. They have varieties of taste. The eagle prefers the flesh of the living animal. The vulture prefers the carcass. The falcon kills with one stroke, while other styles of beak give prolongation of torture. And so the temptations of this life are various. Some make quick work of death, and others agonize the mind and body for many years, and some like the living blood of great souls, and others prefer those already gangrened. But for every style of youth there is a swooping wing and a sharp beak and a cruel claw, and what the rising generation needs is a wing of protection. Fathers, mothers, older brothers and sisters, and Sabbath school teachers, be quick and earnest and prayerful and importunate, and get the chickens under wing. May the Sabbath schools of America and Great Britain within the next three months sweep all their scholars into the kingdom. Whom they have now under charge is uncertain. Concerning that scrawny, puny child that lay in the cradle many years ago, the father dead, many remarked, "What a mercy if the Lord would take the child," and the mother really thought so, too, but what a good thing that God spared that child, for it became world-renowned in Christian literature, and one of God's most illustrious servants—John Todd. Remember, your children will remain children only a little while. What you do for them as children, you must do quickly, or never do at all. "Why have you never written a book?" said some one to a talented woman. She replied: "I am writing two, and have been engaged on one work ten years and on the other five years—my two children. They are my life-work." When the house of John Wesley's father burned, and they got the eight children out, John Wesley the last before the roof fell in, the father said: "Let us kneel down and thank God. The children are all saved, let the rest of the place go." My hearers, if we secure the present and everlasting welfare of our children, most other things belonging to us are of but little comparative importance. Alexander the Great allowed his soldiers to take their families with them to war, and he accounted for the bravery of his men by the fact that many of them were born in camp, and were used to warlike scenes from the start. Would God that all the children of our day might be born into the army of the Lord! No need of letting them go a long way on the wrong road before they turn around and go on the right road. The only time to get chickens under wing is while they are chickens.

Hannah Whitall Smith, the evangelist, took her little child at two years of age when ill out of the crib, and told her plainly of Christ, and the child believed, and gave evidence of joyful trust which grew with her growth into womanhood. Two years are not too young. The time will come when by the faith of parents children will be born into this world, and born into the bosom of Christ at the same time. Soon we parents will have to go and leave our children. We fight their battles now, and we stand between them, and harm, but our arm will after awhile get weak, and we cannot fight for them, and our tongue will be palsied and we cannot speak for them. Are we going to leave them out in the cold world to take their chances, or are we doing all we can to get them under the wing of eternal safety?

But we all need the protecting wing. If you had known when you entered upon manhood or womanhood what was ahead of you, would you have dared to undertake life? How much you have been through! With most life has been a disappointment, they tell me so. They have not attained that which they expected to attain. They have not had the physical and mental vigor they expected, or they have met with rebuffs which they did not anticipate. You are not at forty or fifty or sixty or seventy or eighty years of age where you thought you would be. I do not know anyone except myself to whom life has been a happy surprise. I never expected anything and so when anything came in the shape of human favor or comfortable position or widening field of work, it was to me a surprise. I was told in the theological seminary by some of my fellow students that I never would get anybody to hear me preach, unless I changed my style, so that when I found that some people did come to hear me, it was a happy surprise. But most people according to their own statement, have found life a disappointment. Indeed we all need shelter from its tempests. About three o'clock on a hot August afternoon you have heard a rumble that you first took for a wagon crossing a bridge, but afterward there was a louder rumbling, and you said, Why, that is thunder! and sure enough the clouds were being convoked for a full diapason. A whole park of artillery went rolling down the heavens and the blinds of the windows in the sky were closed. But the sounds above were not more certain than the sounds beneath. The cattle came to the bars and moaned for them to be let down that they might come home to shelter, and the fowl, whether dark Brahma or Hamburg or Leghorn or Dominick, began to call to its young, "Cluck!" "Cluck!" "Cluck!" and take them under the wagon-house or shed, and had them all hid under the soft feathers by the time that the first plash of rain struck the roof. So there are sudden tempests for our souls, and, oh! how dark it gets, and threatening clouds of bankruptcy or sickness or persecution or bereavement gather and thicken and blacken, and some run for shelter to a bank, but it is poor shelter, and others run to friendly advisers, and they fail to help, and others fly nowhere simply because they know not where to go, and they perish in the blast, but others hear a divine call, saying: "Come, for all things are now ready." "The spirit and the bride say, Come." And while the heavens are thundering terror, the Divine voice proffers mercy, and the soul comes under the brooding care of the Almighty "as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing."

The wings of my text suggest warmth, and that is what most folks want. The fact is that this is a cold world, whether you take it literally or figuratively. We have a big fireplace, called the sun, and it has a very hot fire, and the stokers keep the coals well stirred up, but much of the year we cannot get near enough to this fireplace to get warmed. The world's extremities are cold all the time. Forget not that it is colder at the South Pole than at the North Pole, and that the Arctic is not so destructive as the Antarctic. Once in a while the Arctic will let explorers come back, but the Antarctic hardly ever. When at the South Pole, a ship sails in, the door of ice is almost sure to be shut against its return. So life to many millions of people at the

South and many millions of people at the North is a prolonged shiver. But when I say that this is a cold world, I chiefly mean figuratively. If you want to know what is the meaning of the ordinary term of receiving the "cold shoulder," get out of money and try to borrow. The conversation may have been almost tropical for luxuriance of thought and speech, but suggest your necessities and see the thermometer drop to fifty degrees below zero, and in that which, till a moment before, had been a warm room. Take what is an unpopular position on some public question and see your friends fly as chaff before a wind-mill. As far as myself is concerned, I have no word of complaint, but I look off day by day and see communities freezing out men and women of whom the world is not worthy. Now it takes after one and now after another. It becomes popular to depreciate and defame and execrate and lie about some people. This is the best world I ever got into, but it is the meanest world that some people ever got into. The worst thing that ever happened to them was their cradle and the best thing that will ever happen to them will be their grave. What people want is warmth. Many years ago a man was floating down on the ice of the Merrimac and great efforts were made to rescue him. Twice he got hold of a plank thrown to him and twice he slipped away from it, because that end of the plank was covered with ice, and he cried out, "For God's sake, give me the wooden end of the plank this time," and this done, he was hauled to shore. The trouble is that in our efforts to save the soul, there is too much coldness and icy formality, and so the imperilled one slips off and floats down. Give it the other end of the plank. Warmth of sympathy, warmth of kindly association, warmth of genial surroundings. The world declines to give it, and in many cases has no power to give it, and here is where Christ comes in, and as on a cold day, the rain beating and the atmosphere full of sleet, the hen clucks her chickens under her wings and the warmth of her own breast puts warmth into the wet feathers and the chilled feet of the infant group of the barnyard, so Christ says to those sick and frosted and disgusted and frozen of the world, come in out of the March winds of the world's criticism, come in out of the sleet of the world's assault, come in out of a world that does not understand you; and does not want to understand you; I will comfort and I will soothe and I will be your warmth, "as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing." Oh, the warm heart of God is ready for all those to whom the world has given the cold shoulder.

But notice that some one must take the storm for the chickens. Ah! the hen takes the storm. I have watched her under the pelting rain. I have seen her in the pinching frosts. Almost frozen to death, or almost strangled in the waters, and what a fight she makes for the young under wing if a dog, or a hawk, or a man come too near. And so the brooding Christ takes the storm for us. What flood of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals. What barking Cerberus of hell was not let out upon him from the kennels.

> What he endured, O who can tell
> To save our souls from death and hell.

Yes, the hen took the storm for the chickens, and Christ takes the storm for us. Once the tempest rose so suddenly the hen could not get with her young back from the new ground to the barn, and there she is under the fence half dead. And now the rain turns to snow and it is an awful night, and in the morning the whiteness about the gills and the beak down in the mud show that the mother is dead, and the young ones come out, and cannot understand why the mother does not scratch for them something to eat, and they walk over her wings, and call with their tiny voices, but there is no answering cluck. She took the storm for others and perished. Poor thing! Self-sacrificing even unto death! And does it not make you think of him who endured all for us? So the wings under which we come for spiritual safety are blood-spattered wings, are night-shadowed wings, are tempest-torn wings. In the Isle of Wight I saw the grave of Princess Elizabeth, who died while a prisoner at Carisbrook Castle, her finger on an open Bible and pointing to the words: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Oh, come under the wings!

But now the summer day is almost past, and the shadows of the house and barn and wagon-shed have lengthened. The farmer, with scythe or hoe on shoulder, is returning from the fields, The oxen are unyoked. The horses are crunching the oats at the full bin. The air is bewitched of honeysuckle and wild-briar. The milkman, pail in hand, is approaching the barnyard. The fowls, keeping early hours, are collecting their young: "Cluck!" "Cluck!"

OLD DOMINICK CALLS HER BROOD.

"Cluck!" and soon all the eyes of that feathered nursery are closed. The bachelors of the winged tribe have ascended to their perch, but the hens, in a motherhood Divinely appointed, take all the risk of a slumber on the ground, and all night long the wings will stay out-spread and the little ones will not utter a sound. Thus at sundown, lovingly, safely, completely, the hen broods her young. So, if we are the Lord's, the evening of our life will come. The heats of the day will have passed. There will be shadows and we cannot see as far. The work of life will be about ended. The hawks of temptation that hovered in the sky will have gone to the woods and folded their wings. Sweet silences will come down. The air will be redolent with the breath of whole arbors of promises sweeter than jasmine or evening primrose. The air may be a little chill, but Christ will call us, and we will know the voice and heed the call, and we will come under the wings for the night, the strong wings, the soft wings, the warm wings, and without fear, and in full sense of safety, and then we will rest from sundown to sunrise, "as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing." Dear me! How many souls the Lord hath thus brooded. Mothers after watching over sick cradles and then watching afterward over wayward sons and daughters, at last themselves taken care of by a motherly God. Business men, after a lifetime struggling with the uncertainties of money markets and the change of tariffs, and the underselling of men, who, because of their dishonesties, can afford to under-sell, and years of disappointment and struggle, at last under wings where nothing can perturb them any more than a bird of prey, which is ten miles off, disturbs a chick at midnight brooded in a barnyard.

My text has its strongest application for people who were born in the country, wherever you may now live, and that is the majority of you. You cannot hear my text without having all the rustic scenes of the old farmhouse come back to you. Good old days they were. You knew nothing much of the world, for you had not seen the world. By law of association, you cannot recall the brooding hen and her chickens without seeing also the barn, and the hay-mow, and the wagon-shed, and the house, and the room where you played, and the fireside with the big back log before which you sat, and the neighbors, and the burial, and the wedding, and the deep snowbanks, and hear the village bell that called you to worship, and seeing the horses which, after pulling you to church, stood around the old clapboarded meeting-house, and those who sat at either end of the church pew, and indeed all the scenes of your first fourteen years, and you think of what you were then and of what you are now, and all these thoughts are aroused by the sight of the old hencoop. Some of you had better go back and start again. In thought return to that place and hear the cluck, and see the out-spread feathers, and come under the wing, and make the Lord your portion and shelter and warmth, preparing for everything that may come, and so avoid being classed among those described by the closing words of my text, "as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not." Ah, that throws the responsibility upon us. "Ye would not." Alas! for the "would-nots." If the wandering broods of the farm heed not their mother's call and risk the hawk and dare the freshet and expose themselves to the frost and storm, surely their calamities are not the mother's fault. "Ye would not!" God would, but how many would not. When a good man asked a young woman who had abandoned her home and who was deploring her wretchedness why she did not return, the reply was: "I dare not go home. My father is so provoked, he would not receive me home." "Then," said the Christian man, "I will test this," and so he wrote to the father, and the reply came back, and in a letter marked outside "Immediate," and inside saying "Let her come at once; all is forgiven." So God's invitation for you is marked "Immediate" on the outside, and inside it is written, "He will abundantly pardon." Oh, ye wanderers from God and happiness and home and heaven, come under the sheltering wing. A vessel in the Bristol Channel was nearing the rocks, called the "Steep Holmes." Under the tempest, the vessel was unmanageable, and the only hope was that the tide would change before she struck the rocks and went down, and so the Captain stood on the deck, watch in hand. Captain and crew and passengers were pallid with terror. Taking another look at his watch and another look at the sea, he shouted, "Thank God, we are saved! The tide has turned! One minute more and we would have struck the rocks." Some of you have been a long while drifting in the tempest of sin and sorrow and have been making for the breakers. Thank God, the tide has turned. Do you not feel the lift of the billow? The grace of God that bringeth salvation has appeared to your soul, and in the words of Boaz to Ruth, I commend you to "the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou hast come to trust."

A CRUEL KING.

BY REV. C. H. MEAD.

KING ALCOHOL sits on his throne and rules with a rod of iron. He strikes to kill and always maims when he does not kill. Tears, hunger, heartache, despair, poverty, ruin and death are some of the favors he confers on his subjects. He is as heartless as famine, pitiless as pestilence and cruel as death. When Rome was burning, Nero got his melodies out of the fiddle, but, this King gets his music from the sobs of children, the cries of the broken-hearted and the awful crash of doomed souls. Come with me and behold one of his victims. I was told that a man lay dying from drink in a dismal cellar on one of the foulest streets of the city. An outside cellar door and with stone steps which led down from the sidewalk, gave me entrance to a dark, dismal hole in the ground. A woman stood within and I said, "They tell me a man is dying here."

"Yes; he is in the back room."

"Back room! Great heavens, can there be anything back of this?"

I made my way into the black hole. A candle standing on the head of a barrel gave but a faint glimmer in the foul air, and I needed to wait to get used to the darkness. A groan from a corner, showed me where one of the King's victims lay on a little straw spread on the damp floor. I went over to him, knelt by his side, reached over and grasped his bony hand and said, "My brother, they tell me you are dying."

He snatched his hand away and said, "I am a dying wretch, but for God's sake don't insult me."

"Insult you! how have I insulted you?"

"When you call a wretch like me, brother, it is an insult; for you don't mean it. I am brother to no man, and no man is brother to me."

"Give me your hand, for you are my brother. God is your father and mine. Christ died to save you and me. The Gospel is good news for us both. Let me hold your hand, while I pray for my brother."

"Too late for that. I am beyond all hope. Drink has been my ruin and my curse and I am lost."

He grew excited, and trying to quiet him, I said, "What is your name?"

"I won't tell you my name. I go by such a name, but it's not my real one."

"Why won't you tell me your name?"

"Because I don't want any one to know who I am or how I die."

"Why not? Perhaps you have some one who loves you yet, and would want to know."

"No! No!" he cried. "Listen. In a little church—a Presbyterian Church—in a little country village over in Pennsylvania, an old white-haired man stands up every Sunday and preaches this Gospel of which you speak. That man is my father; made prematurely old by the ruin of his boy. Back of the church, in a grave, lies my mother. My waywardness broke her heart and sent her to an untimely grave. If my father knew how his only boy died, he would soon lie alongside of my mother. I won't tell you who I am. I am beyond the hope of mercy. Drink has been my ruin. You come too late—too late."

He lay dead. A nameless grave in the Potter's Field contains the body of some preacher's boy. And since that day, sixteen years ago, two million more have gone down the same road.

Yet the King still sits on his throne, and laughs over the ruin that makes heaven weep. "How long, O, Lord, how long?"

ESTHER BEFORE THE KING.

S. S. Lesson for Mar. 12. Esth. 4: 10-17; 5:1-3. Golden Text, Prov. 31: 9. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

QUEEN Esther was placed in a position of great difficulty. The head of the harem of a heathen tyrant! How could a child of God wed in such a capacity? Did she know that intermarriage with the heathen was forbidden by the law of God? Surely the enemy would take advantage of this fact to persuade her that it was in vain for her to serve God. Yet Esther was under obedience; she "did the commandment of Mordecai [her cousin] like as when she was brought up with him;" she was given in marriage, and therefore not responsible. Esther was a wife without knowing anything of true union of spirit with her husband, and her very queenship must have been a galling yoke to a true child of God. All the circumstances of her life, the pomp and state, connected as it was with heathen worship, and then the terrible yoke of secrecy which Mordecai enjoined, touching her kindred and her people, must have made her position as a child of God almost impossible, if God himself had not specially watched over her, and given her some "maidens" who could help her in prayer and strengthen her hands in God.

Are they to be Pitied

whom the Lord allows to be placed in difficult, almost impossible positions? There are circumstances in the lives of some of God's children which cannot be explained to any but God, and which can be understood by no other; circumstances which bring a child of God to such an intimate walk with him that every step must be taken with the Lord, or it may be a false one. There are positions where a life is indeed hid with Christ in God. The name of Esther means "secret; hidden;" and her life is a sample of many lives in which all the surroundings are adverse to a life of holiness, and where witness for God seems to be an impossibility.

Esther was not to be pitied, just as Joseph in Egypt, and Daniel in Babylon, were not men to be pitied. The moment we yield to self-pity or seek or accept the compassion of man in a time of difficulty, that moment

We Create a Barrier

between God and us. The difficulty of our circumstances is an appeal to the power and the love of our heavenly Father, and it is a claim upon his intervention and affords him an opportunity of manifesting his delivering power. "Count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations." (James 1: 2.) But he must be trusted if he is to act, and trusted without reserve. The story of Esther is well known. Out of a number of maidens brought to king Ahasuerus, when queen Vashti displeased him, Esther was his choice, and he set the crown royal upon her head. Haman—the Agagite—probably a descendant of that very Agag the Amalekitish king whom Saul in his vanity had spared contrary to the will of God,—had gained a powerful ascendancy over the king, so that practically Haman ruled the kingdom, and, according to the king's command, he received almost regal honors, all the king's servants bowing down to him. But there was one man who looked at things in another light than the flattering courtiers and creatures of the king. A man of God, Mordecai, the cousin of the queen (Esther 2: 15), sat in the gate. This man had the cause of God, and of his people at heart, and bowed to his control. As a Jew he could not bow to Haman the enemy of God.

Haman marked the upright Jew, and his overbearing spirit could not brook that this man alone should fail to do him reverence. Haman knew no god greater than himself; his standard of right and wrong in others was simply how they treated him. Exasperated that one whom he looked upon as such a puny enemy should resist him, the wretched man conceived the horrible idea of extirpating all the Jews throughout the kingdom of Ahasuerus; and he persuaded the king to assent to his proposal by promising a sum of money to his treasury (chap. 4: 7.) This wholesale butchery was to take place only to gratify the spite of one man's

Wounded Pride.

So diabolical can be the heart of man untouched by the grace of God! Mordecai heard the tidings that not only was this wicked thing conceived by Haman, but that actually he had persuaded the king to gratify him, and that already the command had been sent out into all the dominions of the king, that the Jews, men, women and children, should be slaughtered! Mordecai took the matter to heart, and came before the gate of the king with rent clothes, sackcloth and ashes, crying with a loud and bitter cry. All this time the queen was in ignorance of what had happened. At last the tidings reach her of Mordecai's grief and, attached as she was to her cousin, her first thought was for him, and she sent out other raiment for him and besought him to give up his garb of sackcloth, but he refused. The queen perceived that something of importance had happened, and she sent out Hatach, who was her chief chamberlain, to inquire the cause of such overwhelming sorrow. It was a fearful revelation to Esther. Not only was there her people's danger, but she saw the awful and satanic influence of Haman over Ahasuerus, and at first, when the request came from Mordecai that she should go in unbidden to the king's presence with her life in her hand to plead for her people, her heart failed her. Who and what was she to withstand one who had such power as Haman? She bid Hatach represent the difficulties to Mordecai, and how she would probably risk her own life and nothing would come of it, if she ventured uncalled for into the king's inner court, where Haman was welcome, but she had not been called for thirty days.

Mordecai returned her an answer which challenged all the faith she had in the living God and called forth all the warmth of her Jewish blood: "Think not with thyself that thou shall escape in the king's house more than all the Jews. For if thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time then shall there enlargement and deliverance arise from another place; but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed." What was this? How did Mordecai know this? Under the sackcloth and ashes, under the loud and bitter cry, God saw in Mordecai a heart which

Counted Upon Him;

and between God and his servant it was already a settled thing that his people should be delivered: the only question which remained was: Who should be the instrument? "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" Esther was thoroughly aroused. Tried child of God, art thou aroused to see the honor and dignity which thy God puts upon thee when thou art called to face worse than death itself that he may have the opportunity to manifest the life of Christ in thee? Who knoweth whether thou wert not born, and born again for such a time as this, and who knows whether thy destiny for eternity may not hang upon the very crisis through which thou art now passing? Still more, who knows whether thy witness in this very hour may not tend to hasten the coming of the Lord, if thou be found faithful?

The appeal found its response in the young Jewess. She had found little sphere where, as queen, she might be made a blessing; now there lay before her the possibility of being the instrument of

Saving Her Whole Race

but it must be at the risk of her life itself. It was no light step: she assembled her maidens and called on Mordecai to assemble all the Jews around to seek help of God. The obedient subject young woman developed at this crisis into the dignified capable deliverer of her people, and her dependence upon God was the chief mark of her capability: "Go, gather all the Jews which are present in Shushan, fast ye for me, and neither eat nor drink for three days, night or day. I also and my maidens will fast likewise; and so will I go in unto the king, which is not according to the law, and if I perish, I perish." Such is the spirit of the true Bride of Christ; the spirit of sacrifice like that of her Lord, such only can really be used to deliver.

Little knew the king of the burden which lay on the heart of his fair young queen as he held out the golden sceptre to her. A greater presence overshadowed her, and when, in answer to her request he came with Haman to her banquet and there and then she made request for her life and that of her people, strength and courage was given to her by the God whose face she had sought. And the God of Israel turned the king's heart. As soon as Esther had risen to her vocation, and understood her God, as soon as she became a real type of the Church of Christ in these days, God could deal with the king of Persia. In one moment the spell of Haman's influence was broken, and the man who had ruled the king up to that hour was taken from his presence to be hanged upon the gallows which he had prepared for Mordecai. And, moreover, the decree of the king was sent forth that throughout the empire the Jews were given leave to stand for their lives and to take the prey of their enemies who would do them hurt.

The day came and everywhere the "Jews gathered themselves together in their cities throughout all the provinces of the King Ahasuerus to lay hand upon such as sought their hurt, and no man could withstand them; for the fear of them fell upon all people." The very rulers helped the Jews and God thus gave a great deliverance which the Jews commemorate to this day. Thus the faithfulness of one child of God in a moment of crisis saved a whole nation, and she is a witness to all ages how in the most impossible of circumstances a true child of God may be blest and may be a blessing.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

THE PERSIAN THRONE.

JEWS in all lands celebrate, to this day the events recorded in the Book of Esther. The festival of Purim, which is kept in the lunar month February-March, is to them the period of rejoicing, festivity and giving of presents that Christmas is to us. It is the commemoration of the deliverance of the Jews in Persia from extirpation. The exact date of the event has been matter of dispute. The most probable theory is that which identifies the Ahasuerus of Esther with Xerxes, the son of Darius Hystaspis. Recent discoveries of inscriptions at Persepolis tend to confirm this theory. If the identification is correct the events recorded must have occurred about 475 years before the Christian era, and the feast at which Vashti refused to appear was that prolonged orgie mentioned by Herodotus. Many of the Jews had returned to Jerusalem sixty years before, under the decree of Cyrus, and had rebuilt their Temple. Some had remained behind, among whom were the parents of Nehemiah, who was cupbearer to Artaxerxes, the son and successor to Xerxes. As he was probably a young man when appointed cupbearer he must have been only an infant when Esther was queen. The author of the book of Esther may have been Ezra or some one of the Jews about the court. From the fact that the name of God is not mentioned in the book, from beginning to end, it may be inferred that he expected his readers would be persons to whom the God of the Hebrews was unknown. He strangely has not a word of sympathy for Vashti, the modest queen who refused to be exhibited to the crowd of drunken revellers; and appears to see nothing unwomanly in Esther's request for a second day of slaughter, when the king told her how large a number had been killed on the first day. One conspicuous lesson of the whole book is the contrast of its savage vindictive spirit with the infinitely higher law which Christ gives us to love our enemies and pray for them that despitefully use us.

Why would not Mordecai bow to Haman? Herodotus states it as a fact that the Persians paid divine homage to their kings, and worshipped them as Gods, just as the Romans worshipped their Emperors in a later time. He mentions the fact that certain Greeks who came to Susa (or Shushan as it is called in the book of Esther), were informed that it was the custom for persons presented to the king to prostrate themselves before him. They, however, refused, alleging that it was "not the custom of the Greeks to worship a man. "Probably this obeisance which the author of Esther describes as bowing was regarded as an act of worship. The courtiers seeing Haman high in the king's favor may have paid it to him as an act of prudence. There would be much curiosity to see if Mordecai, a representative of a race noted in an age when all nations were idolatrous for its adherence to monotheism, would offer to Haman this homage. It would mean more from him, and be a greater tribute to Haman than the adoration of the Persians who distributed such tributes among numerous deities. Conversely, Mordecai's refusal was the more irritating because of his belonging to a captive people.

Whosoever . . . who is not called. Access to royalty is not easy even in the present day. A stranger who made his way to the room in which a European king or queen was sitting and intruded uninvited on the monarch's presence would surely be punished. It is all the more important therefore to make it widely known that the King of kings will receive all who come to him. The teacher of a mission Sunday School was telling a friend whom he met on the street that he was afraid he would have to discontinue the school, as he had seen no fruit whatsoever of his labors. At that moment a little ragged boy came up and asked him if he would come to see his brother, who was very ill. He went with the boy into one of the lowest streets of the city, and on entering the room was struck with the extreme misery of it. The sufferer lay on a mere heap of rags in a corner. The teacher said, "My poor boy, what can I do for you? Can I get you a doctor?" "Oh, no sir," said the boy. "Shall I find you a nurse, and have you removed to a nice bed?" "Oh, no sir, not that; but tell me, tell me, did you say that Jesus died for everybody?" "Yes I did,". "And that he will *receive anyone who comes to him?*" "Yes, indeed, I did, dear boy." "Well, then, I know that he has received me," and in a few minutes the boy dropped back dead—his soul had gone to his Saviour.

Then shall deliverance arise from another place. Mordecai assured the queen that even if she did not do the duty he required of her that in some other way the people would be delivered. She might have the privilege if she would and the glory that would come of it. It might be that the strange circumstances which had given her the high position she occupied had been arranged for the very purpose of putting the opportunity of doing this great service in her power. If she neglected it the loss would be hers. God would deliver his people without her help. It is so, now. God's work will be done, but it is the privilege of every Christian boy or girl to help in it by telling some unconverted companions of Christ, or bringing them to school where they will hear of him. The story has been told of a soldier who was missed amid the bustle of a battle, and no one knew what had become of him; but they knew that he was not in the ranks. As soon as opportunity offered, the officer went in search of him, and to his surprise found that the man, during the battle, had been amusing himself in a flower garden! When it was demanded what he did there, he excused himself by saying, "Sir I am doing no harm." But he was tried, convicted and shot. What a sad but true picture this is of many who waste their time, and neglect their duty, and who could give their God, if demanded, no better answer than, "Lord, I am doing no harm!"

So will I go unto the King. Esther knew that she put her life in peril when she went uninvited into the King's presence. The law was dead against her. Unless the King chose to accord her a welcome she must die. But she went to plead for a whole people, who would die if she did not go. She risked death that she might save their lives. It was a law among the Romans that no one should approach the Emperor's tent at night, under penalty of death. One night, however, a soldier was found near the royal tent, holding in his hand a petition which he meant to present to his master; and thereupon he was sentenced to death. But the Emperor hearing voices, and asking what was amiss, and hearing that a soldier had intruded within the forbidden bounds to present a petition, and that they were about to deal with him according to the law, said, "If the petition is for himself, let him die, but if for another, spare his life." It was found that it was for two of his fellow-soldiers that he had come to intercede, who had been taken asleep while they were posted on the watch.

DE LESSEPS' RISE AND FALL.

Continued from first page.

men in the Republic had been concerned in the bribery and spoliation. Baron Reinach, who had been the Canal Company's leading agent in the bribery, killed himself and some of his associates fled. A Cabinet crisis followed these revelations, and when a long list of corrupted deputies was announced, public indignation was unrestrained. It was at one time feared that the outcome would be the destruction of the republic. The investigation proved that de Lesseps the elder, Charles de Lesseps, his son, Eiffel, the builder of the famous tower, Albert Grevy, a brother of the ex-President of France, nearly forty deputies, a host of officials, and almost every journal in Paris had been partakers of the corruption fund in amounts ranging from 50,000 to 100,000 francs apiece. One witness testified that M. de Lesseps had offered him 300,000 francs to buy votes. Of one milliard francs ($200,000,000), 600,000,000 francs had been spent at the Isthmus, and 400,000,000 in "booming" the scheme in France.

Wholesale arrests and convictions followed the disclosures. Charles de Lesseps, and Messrs. Fontane and Cottu, his associates, were imprisoned. Count de Lesseps, who had been prostrated by sickness, could not be moved. A number of the deputies, too, were included in the prosecution. Renewed excitement followed when it became known that the leading actors in this public infamy had been convicted and that Count de Lesseps and his son Charles had each been sentenced to five years imprisonment and a fine of 3000 francs, while Cottu, Eiffel and Fontane had each been sentenced to two years, with heavy fines.

Justice has overtaken the principal actors in this great international sin, but all are not yet punished. The harvest is far from being fully reaped. There have been some expressions of sympathy for de Lesseps, yet all admit that he has suffered justly for the course of misrepresentation, extravagance and corruption he pursued, and for permitting and even participating in the plundering of the Panama shareholders. His career has been one of the most brilliant in France; he was a member of the National Academy, a Knight of the Legion of Honor and a Count of the old empire. His name was everywhere honored; but now, through yielding to this temptation, he has wrecked not only his own character and career, but ruined many others in like manner, besides rendering thousands of industrious French families penniless, since they had invested their little all in his delusive enterprise. He is still very ill, and may never recover sufficiently to realize his degradation and shame, but his experience will stand as a warning to all who, ambitious to accomplish great deeds, endeavor to do so regardless of the welfare and interests of others, and who stifle all the nobler instincts and impulses, and even conscience itself, in the mad struggle for worldly wealth, power and fame.

One of the greatest engineering triumphs of modern times is the Suez Canal, connecting the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, and it is on the success of this vast undertaking that the fame and glory of De Lesseps have mainly rested. Yet the project did not originate with him, for long centuries ago—as early as six hundred years before the Christian era—a canal existed between the two seas, which are nearly on the same level. It was in operation 1400 years before it finally fell into disuse, and there still exist traces of this very ancient work which had probably been destroyed by the inundations to which Egypt is peculiarly subject. Napoleon I. was the first in modern times to suggest the re-establishment of the canal, and one of his engineers, M. Lempere, made a survey and reported on the work which it afterward fell to de Lesseps to carry out.

In 1854, de Lesseps' project was matured and Viceroy Mahmoud Said Pacha, gave him a commission to form "The Universal Suez Canal Company," the canal to be built between Port Said on the Mediterranean and the port of Suez on the Red Sea. The route lay for eighty-eight miles along the valley or depression containing Lake Menzaleh, Lake Timseh and the "Bitter Lakes," and there were no serious difficulties to be encountered, no mountains, and hardly even a hillock. Still, there were other obstacles, one of the most serious being the absence of a supply of sweet water for the 30,000 workmen. In 1869, when Napoleon III. was at the very zenith of his power, the canal was completed, at a cost of $100,000,000, and vast tracts of arid land were flooded and navigated by vessels of the largest class.

The triumph of de Lesseps was complete, but was a triumph dearly won. He had cut out a route for the nations of Europe to India, but it had been at a frightful cost of human life. Thousands of native laborers, who had been forced by the Egyptian Government to work on the canal, perished wretchedly in the desert valleys. Their bodies were flung aside like carrion. Many died from sheer exhaustion, others from thirst, and still others from the brutality of the taskmasters. When remonstrated with for his share in this frightful immolation, de Lesseps looked surprised and said with a smile that disclosed a cruel heart: "Well, what of it? They're only fellaheen!"

The same brutal disregard of human suffering that prevailed at Suez, where de Lesseps' Egyptian laborers sank by thousands under the lash, was a revolting feature of the Panama Canal project. It has been said, and no doubt truthfully, that every foot of the excavations was marked by human blood, and that every sleeper in the construction roads represented a life. There are individuals so callous to all human feeling that they care not at what sacrifice of the weak the strong win their victories. The Pharaohs who reared the pyramids spent hundreds of thousands of lives in the task, in order that they might transmit their own fame to posterity. Had they been remonstrated with, they might have replied with a proud curving of the imperial lips: "They were only fellaheen!"

At every five or six miles along the Suez Canal there is a "passing-place" to enable large vessels to moor for the night or to round to in order that others may pass. These and all other matters relating to the canal are regulated from Suez, Port Said, or Ismailia. The latter is a town nearly in the centre of the Isthmus of Suez on the western shore of Lake Timseh, and has come into prominence in recent years in connection with the Canal. The illustration on the first page is from a photograph secured by Rev. Dr. Talmage, who, with the Publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, passed through the Canal between Ismailia and Port Said, while visiting the East a few years ago. It shows the Ismailia steamship landing, and the hotel building, half hidden among trees which extend in umbrageous avenues through the entire length of the pleasant town. Ismailia has a population of probably 4,000. It has broad paved streets and regular squares bordered with trees. On three sides of the town are flourishing gardens. The principal thoroughfare is the Quai Mehemet Ali which lies along the banks of the Canal, and which contains among other notable residences, the chalet long occupied by de Lesseps. The town has a governor and a vice-regal palace.

On the first page of this issue, our illustrations show the Suez Canal in outline, together with a scene at Port Said, the entrance, and a portrait of Khedive Ismail, who governed Egypt at the time of its completion. On this page is a portrait of Count de Lesseps, taken from a recent photograph. He has lived beyond the appointed span being now nearly 90 years old—an age at which a life of usefulness might well be crowned with honor and veneration, instead of being obscured in shame and obloquy, the result of deeds so flagrant that even his own kindly compatriots could not pass them by unpunished. Such a remarkable history as that of Ferdinand de Lesseps, overtaken by justice, old and dying, carries its own moral.

COUNT FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.

RELIGION AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

IN the general programme of the World's Congresses, just issued, religion has a prominent place. The sixteenth department is devoted exclusively to the progress of religion, and it already embraces a great many divisions while others are now in course of formation. Among the denominations to be represented are the Baptist, Congregational, Christian, Evangelical Association, Evangelical Church, Friends, Jews, Lutheran General Council, Lutheran General Synod, Lutheran Synodical Conference, Methodist Episcopal, New Jerusalem, Presbyterian, Protestant Episcopal, Reformed Church of North America, Reformed Dutch Church, Reformed Episcopal, Swedish Evangelical, United Brethren, Missions, Evangelical Alliance, Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, Society of Christian Endeavor, Epworth League, Brotherhood of Christian Unity, Brotherhood of St. Andrew. The World's Parliament of Religions will commence on Monday, September 11, 1893, and will continue for seventeen days or more thereafter. The programme will be four-fold. The first part will consist of the presentation, in one of the large audience rooms of the Art Palace, of the grounds of sympathy and union or fraternal relations among the religious bodies of the world. The second part will consist of a concurrent presentation to the world, as represented by the attendance in the other large audience room of the Art Palace, of the faith and work of the different participating religious denominations. Separate sessions will be assigned to each denomination for this purpose. The third part of the programme will consist of informal conferences in the smaller halls of the Art Palace, in which further information in regard to any of the religious denominations may be sought by persons interested therein. The fourth part of the programme will consist of Denominational Congresses proper, in which each denomination will, in such way as it may deem best, set forth more fully and at large its peculiar history, achievements and purposes. The Denominational Congresses are expected to continue for at least one week each, and to accommodate them it is expected that perhaps one hundred Chicago churches will be called into requisition.

These four programmes are expected to continue concurrently in a regular order during the entire period to be occupied by the World's Religious Congresses of 1893, each denomination to hold its denominational congress during the week in which its presentation to the World's Parliament of Religions is to be made. For example, the Protestant Episcopal presentation in the Art Palace will be made on Wednesday, September 20, 1893, and its denominational congress will be held during that week. The Missionary Congresses will commence on Thursday, September 28; Y. M. C. A., October 6; Evangelical Alliance, October 8 to 15; Christian Endeavor, October 9 to 12.

Eastern Wedding Customs.

VEILS are almost universally worn by the women of Oriental countries. In ancient times the veil was adopted only in exceptional cases, either as an article of adornment or by betrothed maidens in the presence of their future husbands. In Egypt, it has become an essential article of female attire, and in Mohammedan countries it is scupulously

BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM

worn, in obedience to the mandate of the Koran. The veil most commonly worn by the women of Palestine is usually of stout white cloth, strong and ample, and serves a variety of purposes. Some of the styles—of which there is a great variety—fold over the shoulders and others may be wrapped around the body, while still others practically envelop the entire person. Indoors, veils of scantier proportions and finer texture are worn.

All through Syria and Arabia the veil is in general use, and some of the face-veils worn are of white muslin, richly embroidered with colored silks and gold and hanging down nearly to the ground. Occasionally they are of black silk or crape ornamented with gold coins, pearls or spangles. Rank and condition are indicated by the quality of the material, unmarried ladies of the better class wearing white silk, and married ladies darker material, while the poorer women content themselves with white calico.

Wedding veils have been used from immemorial days. In some countries, in ancient times, the veil was spread over both grown and bride during part of the service. A bride's veil is the symbol of modesty and obedience. In some parts of Palestine there is a custom observed at Moslem weddings, which is shown in the illustration on this page. After the ceremony, the unveiling of the bride takes place. The groom, with a sharp sword cuts the veil from top to bottom and as it falls apart, revealing the blushing girl, he raises it with his disengaged hand and stoops forward to offer the kiss of salutation. A similar custom prevails among the Druses of Lebanon. In some places, a still older custom is for the bridegroom to strike the bride lightly with the flat sword, before cutting the veil, and a show of threats and violence is sometimes indulged in, by way of demonstrating the duty of the wife to obey her husband. Still another custom, now rarely observed is for the bride to hold a spray of olive high against the doorpost, while the groom cuts it in two with a dexterous sweep of his sword, just missing her fingers.

GOD IN NATURE.

THERE is a small mysterious voice
That whispers in the wind;
It speaks of God's divinity
To every mortal mind.

It speaks in mellow, silver tones,
When waters softly flow—
It thunders in the roaring flood,
And shrieks when tempests blow.

It whispers when a gentle breeze,
Roams 'mong the forest trees;
When lofty pine and maples sigh,
When fluttering fall the leaves.

When seared and old and lifeless they,
Lie moulding one and all,
That voice in solemn accents says:
"Thus every man shall fall."

—W. WILSON SCOTT.

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T. DeWitt Talmage
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STRENGTH IN SACRED SONG.

DO you know that a singing church is always a triumphant church? If a congregation is silent during the exercise, or partially silent, it is the silence of death. If when the hymn is given out you hear the faint hum of here and there a father and mother in Israel, while the vast majority are silent, that minister of Christ who is presiding needs to have a very strong constitution if he does not get the chills. He needs not only the grace of God, but nerves like whalebone. It is amazing how some people with voice enough to discharge all their duties in the world, when they come into the house of God have no voice to discharge this duty. I really believe that if the Church of Christ could rise up and sing as it ought to sing, that where we have a hundred souls brought into the kingdom of Christ there would be a thousand. How was it in olden time? Cajetan said: "Luther conquered us by his songs."

I am far from believing that music ought always to be positively religious. Refined art has opened places where music has been secularized, and lawfully so. The drawing-room, the musical club, the orchestra, the concert, by the gratification of pure taste, and the productions of harmless amusement, and the improvement of talent have become very forces in the advancement of our civilization. Music has as much right to laugh in Surrey Gardens as it has to pray in St. Paul's. In the kingdom of nature we have the glad fifing of the wind as well as the long metre psalm of the thunder. But, while all this is so, every observer has noticed that this art which God intended for the improvement of the ear and the voice and the head and the heart, has often been impressed into the service of error. Tartini, the musical composer, dreamed one night that Satan snatched from his hand an instrument, and played upon it something very sweet—a dream that has often been fulfilled in our day, the voice and the instruments that ought to have been devoted to Christ, captured from the church and applied to purposes of sin.

The vast majority of people singing in church never want anybody else to hear them sing. Everybody is waiting for somebody else to do his duty. If we all sang, then inaccuracies that are evident when only a few sing would be drowned out. God asks you to do as well as you can, and then, if you get the wrong pitch or keep wrong time, he will forgive any deficiency of the ear and imperfection of the voices. Angels will not laugh if you should lose your place in the musical scale, or come in at the close a bar behind.

There are three schools of singing, I am told—the German school, the Italian school, and the French school of singing. Now, I would like to add a fourth school, and that is the school of Christ. The voice of a contrite, broken heart, although it may not be able to stand human criticism, makes better music to God's ear than the most artistic performance, when the heart is wanting.

TROUBLE, THE GREAT EDUCATOR.

MISFORTUNE and trials are great educators. A young doctor comes into the sick-room where there is a dying child. Perhaps he is very rough in his prescription, and very rough in his manner, and rough in the feeling of the pulse, and rough in his answer to the mother's anxious question; but years roll on, and there has been one dead in his own house; and now he comes into the sick-room, and with tearful eye he looks at the dying child, and he says, "Oh, how this reminds me of my Charlie!" Trouble, the great educator. Sorrow—I see its touch in the grandest painting; I hear its tremor in the sweetest song; I feel its power in the mightiest argument.

Grecian mythology said that the fountain of Hippocrene was struck out by the foot of the winged horse Pegasus. I have often noticed in life that the brightest and most beautiful fountains of Christian comfort and spiritual life have been struck out by the iron-shod hoof of disaster and calamity. I see Daniel's courage best by the flash of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace. I see Paul's prowess best when I find him on the foundering ship under the glare of the lightning in the breakers of Melita. God crowns his children amid the howling of wild beasts and the chopping of blood-splashed guillotine and the crackling fires of martyrdom. It took the persecutions of Marcus Aurelius to develop Polycarp and Justin Martyr. It took the pope's bull and the cardinal's curse and the world's anathema to develop Martin Luther. It took all the hostilities against the Scotch Covenanters and the fury of Lord Claverhouse to develop James Renwick, and Andrew Melville, and Hugh McKail, the glorious martyrs of Scotch history. It took the stormy sea, and the December blasts and the desolate New England coast, and the war-whoop of savages, to show forth the prowess of the Pilgrim Fathers—

> When amid the storms they sung,
> And the stars heard and the sea,
> And the echoing arches of the dim wood
> Rang with the anthem of the free.

It took all our past national distresses, and it takes all our present national sorrows, to lift up our nation on that high career where it will march along after the foreign aristocracies that have mocked and the tyrannies that have jeered, shall be swept down under the omnipotent wrath of God, who hates despotism, and who, by the strength of his own red right arm, will make all men free. And so it is individually, and in the family, and in the Church, and in the world, that through darkness and storm and trouble men, women, churches, nations, are developed.

DIVINE PATIENCE.

WRITTEN all over the earth, written all over history are the words, "Divine forbearance, divine leniency, divine long-suffering." I wonder that God did not burn this world up two thousand years ago, scattering its ashes into immensity, its aerolites dropping into other worlds to be kept in their museums as specimens of a defunct planet. People sometimes talk of God as though he were hasty in his judgments and as though he snapped men up quick. Oh, no! He waited one hundred and twenty years for the people to get into the ark, and warned them all the time—one hundred and twenty years—then the flood came. Patience antediluvian, patience postdiluvian, patience in times Adamic, Abrahamic, Mosaic, Davidic, Pauline, Lutheran, Whitefieldian. Patience with men and nations. Patience with barbarisms and civilizations. Six thousand years of patience! Overtopping attribute of God, all of whose attributes are immeasurable. Why do the wicked live? That their overthrow may be the more impressive and climacteric. They must pile up their mischief until all the community shall see it, until the nation shall see it, until all the world shall see it. The higher it goes up the harder it will come down and the grander will be the divine vindication.

God will not allow sin to sneak out of the world. God will not allow it merely to resign and quit. This shall not be a case that goes by default because no one appears against it. God will arraign it, handcuff it, try it, bring against it the verdict of all the good, and then gibbet it so high up that if one-half of the gibbet stood on Mount Washington and the other on the Himalayas, it would not be any more conspicuous.

THE PRESENT.

OUR opportunities of getting good are flying away. We treat the Bible as though we were going to have it a great while; but we are not. It has been handed to us with all its wealth of promise and invitation and warnings. All the influence the Bible will have upon us will be gone in a very short time. We are going beyond its reach. If we have put into practice the truths which that Bible has taught us, all shall be well; if not, all shall be wrong. O, what an accountability before God, for the simple fact that we have such a Bible so suited to soothe us in our troubles, and coax us away from our sins, and qualify us for all our duties. Its work for us will soon be done. The door of prayer is going to be shut. After we have passed a certain point, there will be no more praying. If there is any advantage in supplicating God's mercy, that advantage is a present advantage, not a future one. If the closet of prayer is neglected, if the praying-circle is not properly improved, God will bring us at last into an account for the neglect of our privilege, and the door of prayer which has been so mercifully set open before our souls for years, will be closed for ever So, if there are any petitions which we ought to put up for our own souls or for the souls of our associates, we had better offer them now. Do not take it for granted that because Jesus sits on the throne of mercy, and we are invited to pour out our wants before him, that we shall always have the advantage. It is a present privilege, not belonging to the great future.

So it is with all our Christian associations; they are coming to a terminus. It is impossible that we be associated with Christian men and not get some religious advantage. We have had this privilege year after year, some of us hardly knowing what it is to be outside of a Christian association; but we soon shall have shaken hands in this world for the last time. The roll of our mercies will soon be made up. All the good you are going to do us, you had better do soon. "The end of all things is at hand."

But be of good cheer. However attractive our earthly surroundings may be, and however good our health, and however pleasant our friendships, we could not endure forever the wear and tear and strain of this earthly conflict. God has good things in reserve for us; be of good courage; get in the habit of looking forward toward the rest which Christ hath provided for all those who love him, and soon the darkness and the toil and sin of earth will end in the brightness and rest and holiness of heaven.

YATMAN'S COLUMN

GOOD WOMEN.

(Continued from page 126)

I DON'T believe in boycotts as a rule, but I know of one I heartily approved of. In a certain town the men, young and old, ran wild after drink; open saloons everywhere, and openly visited. The girls of riper years got together: they saw how the happiness of other women had been destroyed by the curse; they well knew if they married it must be from the men of that city, as a rule, and they proposed to die old maids, rather than to suffer torments married. So they resolved that no fellow could have their company, so long as he visited a saloon. They agreed to stand by their decision, cost what it might.

The result was the young men said, "if the girls can get along without us, we can get along without them," and feminine sweetness sat alone behind the shutters, as the smart young men walked by.

Now it took about two weeks to straighten things out. When it comes to a dead choice by a man, between drink, or a good, pure, sensible girl, he takes but one view, and decides aright. So one night a door-bell rang, and he said to her, "I don't drink any more: can I come in?" Which was the happier, I can't tell; but that was the signal for a break in the ranks, and what was the result. A number of saloons in that town closed, for want of patronage; and you go there now and you will find happy wives, not in houses, but in homes; for there is a great difference between a house and a home.

Mothers, fathers, see to it—that the company your children keep is good company.

Let a noble girl fall in love with a man, whose vices are hidden from her, and once she loves him, then all is too late. The story of what a woman's love will do, need not be told here.

To the Christian girl, let me say, Keep the company of Christian men. Let me tell thee a tale, as they say in the South.

It's a sad one: A noble, Christian girl was thrown in the company of a man who, in manners and dress and conversation, had every appearance of being a gentleman. He was a man of profession, a physician. Whenever she wanted to go to church he took her, and to prayer-meeting, too; he preferred the theatre, to be sure, but her choice was his, for he was wooing. They married. That man struck her, one day, a blow from which she never recovered. "With his fist?" No, no. That would have been kindness, compared to what came.

They were at dinner. She asked him to go with her to prayer-meeting that night; for since marriage he had not gone, save two or three times, long since. He said he was too busy—that was his usual excuse; but to-day, when she asked him, he said: "Look here, wife, you don't really believe in that, do you? This praying nonsense, and a personal God." "What! what!" said she, "don't you believe in God?" "No, of course not; this church business is all bosh!"

"What! You don't mean to tell me you are an infidel! That I have married an infidel? Oh!"

He picked her up in a dead faint. It was weeks before the color came back again to her face; then it slowly faded away, and has never returned. She is an old woman now, the wrinkles have plowed deep in her face; she dresses in black.

Four children were born unto them, all boys. They all took after their father. His office being in the house, he met them much, and instilled his notions into their brains and hearts. They have no children now. They have all died—died between the ages of fifteen and twenty; and each died as he had lived—godless, hopeless. She saw them all wrapped in Christless shrouds and put in Christless graves. And often, alone in her room, you will hear her sob and wring her hands, repeating the third chapter of Job, saying: "I wish I had never been born." To have given the world four boys, and all lived and died without hope, is more than she can bear and she longs for death to end her earthly sorrow, yet dreads it, too.

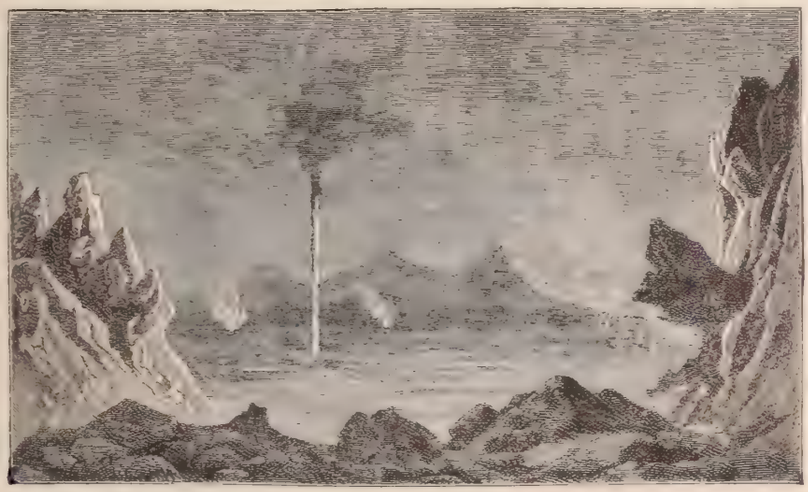
(To be Continued.)

C. H. Yatman

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE HAWAIIAN VOLCANO.

ON one of the islands which are apparently to become a territory of the United States is the volcano the crater of which is depicted in the illustration on this page. It is called Kilauea and is on the slope of Mauna Loa on the island of Hawaii. It is one of the natural wonders of the world which attracts visitors from all parts of the earth. The nearest town to it is Hilo, thirty miles distant. Four thousand feet above the level of the sea is the crater with its great lake of restless fire which the natives call Halemaumau. It lies a thousand feet below the jagged line of rocks which surround it, like a great basin three miles across. The traveller descends the side over cold shiny lava coiled in fantastic shapes. At first he passes through stunted vegetation, but half-way down nothing grows, and he steps carefully from one petrified wave to another, until the floor of the crater is reached. The surface is broken by elevations from forty to eighty feet high. It looks bleak and lifeless, but not for long. The prief periods of inaction during which the lava cools and crusts is broken by upheavals and here and there a jet of steam rises fifty feet or more, molten lava follows it and the bed of the crater is broken up like blocks of ice in a spring flood. Huge masses of lava are tossed about on the seething sea of fire and rumblings like thunder echo across the gorge. Horrible fiery waves wash against the sides to leave another crust on the hard rocks, and then subside into brief and treacherous quiescence. Higher up, on the very top of the mountain, ten thousand feet above, is the terminal crater Mokuaweoweo, which is seldom active, but which is more dreaded than Kilauea, as irruptions from it are more violent than from the lower crater. A memorable incident is associated with Kilauea. It is sacred to the Goddess Pele and an ancient tradition existed that anybody who visited the crater without first sacrificing to Pele would be engulfed in the fiery lake. But in 1825, Kapiolani, a Hawaiian princess who had become a convert to Christianity defied the wrath of the dreaded goddess and in spite of the entreaties of her husband and friends went up to the crater. She returned safely and the power of Pele was no more a terror to the people. It is difficult to form a just estimate of the faith and courage of this noble woman, but those are best able to do so who have refused in some crisis to adopt worldly methods of saving themselves from ruin or disgrace, and in spite of the advice of worldly friends have trusted in God alone to deliver them. (Psalm 20: 7.)



HALEMAUMAU, THE LAKE OF FIRE ON THE VOLCANO OF KILAUEA, IN HAWAII.

A Bride Blindfolded.

A STRANGE suit for the annulment of a marriage is set down for hearing in the City Court of Brooklyn, N.Y. It is brought by an Armenian woman who came to this country with her husband two years ago. She is twenty-three years old, while her husband is over sixty. She says that she was married in Armenia in 1885, and, according to the custom of the country, her husband was selected by her parents. She was assured by them that he was all that a young woman could desire, but she was not permitted to see him, even at the wedding ceremony. On that occasion she wore the usual Armenian bride's costume of flowing robes and a thick veil. In addition, her eyes were bandaged under the veil, as is sometimes done in that country. Not until the ceremony was over and the union irrevocable were her eyes uncovered and she saw her husband. She was grievously disappointed, and during the years that have elapsed since then, she has not become reconciled to her lot. When she arrived in America she heard of the existing provisions for divorce, and she has now petitioned for the annulment of her marriage. Whether an American court has power to declare a marriage void which was celebrated in another country, according to the customs of that country, is matter of dispute. It is said that the issue of the trial is being awaited with anxiety by a number of Armenian women here, who were married in the same way, and who will apply for relief if the court decides that a marriage is null and void if the bride was blindfolded at the ceremony. Their number cannot be very large, but what an inundation of cases the court would have, if it were ready to dissolve every marriage in which the wife's eyes were blinded at the ceremony by ambition, pride, or avarice to the true character of her husband and the nature of the marriage relation (IICor.6:14!)

A Postal Experiment.

A PARTY of distinguished guests assembled at the Philadelphia Post Office on Feb. 17 to witness the trial of the first pneumatic tube ever used for mail transit in the United States. It is an ordinary water-pipe six inches in diameter and over half a mile in length connecting the general post office with one of the stations. The interior of the pipe has been bored smooth, so that the steel carriers may fit closely and no air be lost. The carrier used holds half a peck of mail matter and weighs when loaded about fifteen pounds. A pressure of compressed air of six pounds to the square inch sends the carrier through the tube at the rate of a mile in two minutes. At the trial on Friday, Postmaster-General Wanamaker was present and sent the first package through the tube. It consisted of a Bible, wrapped in an American flag with the following message: "First use of the pneumatic tube in the United States is to send through it a copy of the Holy Scriptures, the greatest message ever given to the world. Covering the Bible is the American flag, the emblem of freedom of 65,000,000 happy people." This was safely received at the station and several other packages were then sent and finally the regular evening mail. The innovation is only one more illustration of the tendency of modern civilization to facilitate communication between men. The Postmaster General's object lesson was therefore significant in showing that the first and best use to be made of every new facility is to spread the knowledge of God. (II. Peter 1: 19-21.)

Tributes to the Dead Bishop.

A REMARKABLE meeting was held in Carnegie Music Hall, New York, on February 16. It was held "in loving memory of Bishop Phillips Brooks." The vast building was crowded in every part by an audience of rich and poor, and representatives of many races and creeds. Among the clergymen who were present and spoke in affectionate, reverential and admiring terms of the deceased bishop were an Episcopalian, a Presbyterian, a Methodist, a Congregationalist, a Roman Catholic and a Jew. Each told how Bishop Brooks was mourned and had been honored in the community the speaker represented. The genius of the dead preacher, his matchless eloquence, his brotherly kindness, his broad tolerance and his high ideals were celebrated in glowing words. Every speaker showed, by his manner and language, his consciousness of personal bereavement in the death of the great leader. It was an uncommon and significant tribute to come from men so widely separated by difference of creed from each other and from the man they honored. It shows how much stronger, as a cohesive force, is personal love and regard than is a creed. That is the secret of the survival and growth of Christianity. In spite of the division of sects the Church of Christ has been a unit in loyalty to its divine Founder. (I. Cor. 1: 10-13.)

A Testator's Oversight.

A MUCH disappointed lady is living in Buffalo, N. Y. A few days ago, she presented for probate the will of a recently deceased gentleman of whom she was the adopted daughter. When the will was examined it was found to be unsigned. It had been regularly drawn and was dated six months before. Two persons had affixed their signatures to it as witnesses, but neither of them had observed that the testator himself had not signed it. He had sealed it up and put it away in his safe, as if he supposed it was a valid instrument, which would take effect after his death. In the will, he bequeathed the whole of his large estate to his adopted daughter. The omission of the signature will, however, bring the estate under the intestate law, and as, being only an adopted daughter she has no claim under it, the estate will go to distant relatives of the testator who are living abroad. Such disappointment of his promised inheritance can never befall the Christian. Though his claim too is one of adoption and he is sometimes tempted to doubt, he has no reason for doing so, as the covenant under which he will inherit is solemnly attested. (Heb. 6: 17-19.)

Long-Lived Germs.

A GIRL living at a farm-house near Groton, Conn., was recently stricken with small-pox under peculiar circumstances. She had not been in contact with any person afflicted with the disease, nor is there any case in the neighborhood for many miles around. On inquiry it was learned that thirty years ago a person living in the farm-house suffered from the disease, and occupied the room in which the girl had been sleeping. That person recovered, and the house was fumigated and the walls of the room were repapered. The family left the house subsequently, and the present occupant took possession. A few weeks ago the paper was removed from the walls of the room in which the small-pox patient was ill thirty years ago, and soon afterward the girl who slept in the room was seized with the disease. The physician attending her is convinced that the infection came from germs which had been lying dormant behind the paper for thirty years. The disinfection of the house could not have been so thorough as was supposed, and a similar mistake is often made as to moral and spiritual change. Mere reformation of character and life is sometimes only repression of the evil, as the paper covered the germs on the walls; as Christ said to Nicodemus: "Ye must be born again" (John 3: 7.)

A Marriage in a Hospital.

THE patients in a hospital at Elizabeth, N. J., witnessed an unusual spectacle on Feb. 15. Dr. Cobb, pastor of the Presbyterian Church in that town came to the hospital and was conducted to a bed in the accident ward where lay a patient who was suffering from a broken leg. Two ladies were at the bedside and the clergyman had been sent for to marry the patient to one of them. The other acted as brides-maid and the house-surgeon acted as best man. The patients in the other beds raised themselves to look at the interesting scene. The simple service was soon performed and the usual congratulations being tendered, the group separated, the newly made wife alone remaining to minister to her injured husband. On being asked for an explanation of the ceremony taking place there, the bride said that she and the patient had been engaged for some time and that day had been fixed for their wedding. The fact that the bridegroom had been hurt did not appear to them a sufficient reason for deferring the ceremony. It was a loving wife-like remark and we can but wish that some who have often promised to give themselves to Christ were likeminded and did not allow unforeseen circumstances to prevent their keeping their promise. (Luke 9: 59-62.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Ohio Wesleyan University and the churches of Delaware, have been enjoying a revival under the leadership of the Rev. A.S. Keene, D.D. From one hundred and fifty to two hundred persons were at the altar each evening during the closing nights of the service.

News has been received at San Francisco of a new rising against the missionaries at Nanking, China. The mob gathered around the Methodist Chapel, destroyed its interior furnishings, and were preparing to set it on fire when the authorities interfered and dispersed them.

At the ordination of Rev. C. F. Ollson, a scholarly young Swede, as pastor of the Swedish Church in Ashtabula, Ohio, the ordination prayer was quite international in character. The hands of American, Welsh, Swedish and Finnish ministers were laid on his head. The examination, which was strong and thorough, proved satisfactory, though it was conducted through an interpreter.

The work of Evangelist F. E. Smiley, at East Liverpool, O., has been productive of lasting good. The meetings in the Rink are being continued by the pastors of the various churches, which united in the movement. Rev. W. H. Locke, pastor of the First M. E. Church, writes us that such scenes as were witnessed during Mr. Smiley's services are seen only once in a life-time, and once seen are never forgotten.

The union revival meetings at Pilgrim Church, Worcester, Mass., under the lead of Dr. L. W. Munhall, were well attended, the interest increasing from day to day. The work was especially useful among Christians. Sunday afternoon a meeting for young people was held. The meetings were in the Old South Church. Bible readings were given by Dr. Munhall every afternoon except Monday and Saturday. The women held prayer meetings every morning at private houses.

A remarkable religious interest has developed in St. Louis, since the week of prayer. All through January the pastors of the city held united meetings to pray for an outpouring of the Spirit. Early in February three Evangelists were induced to visit the city and hold meetings. Rev. S. Hartwell Pratt was at the Third Baptist Church; Major Cole at Dr. Brookes's Church, and Evangelist Brown at Lafayette Park. A very deep interest has been aroused which is spreading throughout the city.

A petition for "Peace and Work" has been drawn up in view of the appeal of the prosecutors in the Briggs case to the General Assembly. The signers express the gravest fears lest the continuance of the controversy should hinder the usefulness of the church and diminish her honor. They are not all partisans of Dr. Briggs, and they do not take any attitude as to the merits of the controversy. The plea has been signed by 235 ministers of NewYork, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Chicago, &c.

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, in speaking the other day of the revival at Peekskill, N. Y., said that he remembered the revival there o 1857, and knew well the people who were converted at that time. In the thirty-six years that have passed since then a very small proportion had gone back to their old ways. The great mass of the converts had remained faithful and many young men who had been converted then went into the ministry. Such testimony from so prominent a man as to th permanence of revival influence is very important.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman closed his meetings at Peekskill, N. Y., on Feb. 16th. It is nearly forty years since that town saw so extensive and deep-seated a revival. Six churches joined in the work. The meetings were held three times a day in the Depew Opera House. Stores were closed early in the evening to allow of all attending who wished to do so, and on Feb. 14th, they were closed at noon and the remainder of the day devoted to revival work. It is believed that on that day alone there were more than eighty conversions. The Catholic priest of the town encouraged his people to attend the services. From Peekskill Dr. Chapman went to Springfield, Ohio.

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

SAD SOWING=GLAD REAPING.

A Sermon Preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D. *"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."* Ps. 126: 6.

This psalm was doubtless composed soon after the return from the Babylonian captivity. The first group of colonists had returned. The permission to return was so unexpected, and all the circumstances were so providential, that when they actually found themselves in the land of their hopes and prayers they were like those that dreamed. It seemed too good to be true. God had interposed in a marvelous way, and their highest hopes were more than realized. With thoughts like these the psalm opens. But the psalmist goes on, and represents the returned colonists as offering earnest prayer for those left behind. As a matter of fact, they came back in various groups. Some came under Cyrus, some under Darius, and still others under Xerxes and his successors. As Perowne has observed, the first arrivals were as a trickling rill amid the desert wastes; so the prayer bursts from the psalmist's lips that God would send them back as mighty streams swollen by the winter rains. During their absence the land was neglected. It was overgrown with weeds and the seed had not been sown. Still, faith could overcome these difficulties. The joy of harvest would more than repay the sorrow of sowing. And so in the fifth verse of the psalm he says, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." The text is just an expansion of the thought contained in the fifth verse. In the text the singular is substituted for the plural in order to make the individual sower more distinct. In presenting this subject we shall give two pictures, which we shall entitle, "The Outgoing Sower and the Incoming Reaper."

First picture

"The Outgoing Sower."

These pictures are not given in the text simply in outline. The psalmist, with the pen of inspiration, has completely filled in all their parts. Let us follow him in this inspired description. The first element of the description is expressed in the words, "He that goeth forth." There is here a literal, a verbal accuracy. We know that in that ancient time and Oriental land the harvest fields were often at a great distance from the husbandman's humble home. Sometimes he was obliged to go six or eight miles in order to reach the ground which he cultivated. Large companies for purposes of mutual protection, went out in the early dawn from their homes and returned again as the evening shades were falling. Often these farmers were obliged to protect themselves by deadly weapons as they went to or returned from their fields. Something similar to this was seen in Europe during the Middle Ages. It was literal truth in our Lord's parable when he said, "Behold, a sower went forth to sow."

Spiritually this is true always and everywhere. The sincere sower of the good seed of the kingdom must often leave the ranks of ordinary church members. It must be sadly admitted that the rank and file of church workers do but little

Aggressive Work

for the Master. The seeker for souls must be willing to step out from and far in advance of the line which the average worker reaches. Take out of our very best churches a score or more of earnest workers, and little seed would [illegible] When Carey, the great Baptist missionary, arose from his shoemaker's bench, inspired with holy love [illegible] halls, and theatres, has had to suffer from secret dislike, if not from open opposition, on the part of many who bear the Christian name. But men who know the constraining love of Christ, and who feel the value of immortal souls, must not fear such opposition. Conscious of the divine call, they must be willing to go forth and sow the precious seed in the Master's name. If they feel that God is with them, that God is sending them, they will not fear opposition; and they may be assured that they will yet return with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them.

The Tearful Worker.

The next element in the picture is that the sower is represented as weeping. The language is very strong. One commentator puts it in this form, "may indeed weep every step he goes." It has also been rendered, "Takes no step of his way without weeping." The double infinite is employed "to mark the continuance of the action." There is also a literal and verbal accuracy in this strong language. Sometimes the scarcity of the seed makes the sower well-nigh a weeper as he scatters it in the furrow. The harvests of the previous year have been poor; but by the exercise of great economy the humble husbandman has enabled his family to subsist through the year. What shall he now do? Not to sow the seed is to have no bread for the coming year; but to sow it is like taking the bread out of his children's mouths for the present year. This condition of things was seen in Russia last year. This is the sower's trying position. We know that sometimes in early and in recent days the government has been obliged to step in and furnish seed-corn, even as in the days of Joseph in Egypt. In all of this there is much to make sowing sad work. But, again, the extreme danger to which the sower was exposed made his labor one of sadness. As Dr. Thomson tells us in "The Land and the Book," the sower was often obliged to drop the plough and seize the sword. His fields, as we have already seen, were far from his home, and so near the lawless desert. As in Job's day, when the oxen were ploughing and the asses feeding beside them, the Sabeans came and took them all away, so often since fierce hordes from the deserts have swept down upon the peaceful husbandman, and robbed him of seed and implements, sparing only his life. In all of this there was much to make the work of sowing also a work of weeping.

Causes of Sorrow.

But still again, the frequent fruitlessness of the labor made it sad toil. The land had gone to weeds, the ground was fallow. It was no easy task to break up this stubborn soil. Their once fruitful land was barren, and its cultivation was a work of the utmost toil. Their implements were poor and inefficient; their oxen were small and weak, and their own skill very unlike that of the farmer of modern days. For these and similar reasons the literal sowing of the seed might be called a work of weeping. The spiritual sower has also his times of sadness. He is often saddened because of the barrenness and deadness of his own heart. When he remembers the matchless love of Christ for him and others, when he remembers the value of an immortal soul, when he looks upon the insensibility of men without God and without hope in the world, he may well weep day and night. Often his prayer is, "Oh that my head were waters and my eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people." He is also saddened because of the indifference of many Christians about him. They bear the name of Christ, but fail to possess the Spirit of Christ. It is beautifully said of Jesus that, "He went about doing good." They do not follow in his footsteps. Weary with his journey, and oppressed by the heat of the noonday sun, he is still able to use the precious seed at Jacob's well; but many who now profess to be his followers grow weary in well-doing and soon utterly abandon the task. The sower of the spiritual seed is often saddened, too, because so much of it falls, in unfruitful soil. When he has sown it with prayers and tears, and expects to reap a harvest of souls for the glory of Master, he discovers with unspeakable sadness that some of it has fallen by the wayside, and the fowls of the air have taken away the good seed; while still other seed has fallen into stony places, and by and by the sun of persecution destroys the tender blade; while still other seed is choked by the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches. These things sadden the sower's heart. When converts run well for a season and then fall out of the way, a sword pierces the heart of the earnest Christian worker.

The Use of Tears.

There is, however, marvelous power in this element of tenderness in seed-sowing. I have known farmers who wished for a speedy growth, steep the seed in water before they put it into the ground. When sown it was ready at once to sprout, because of this previous preparation. When men can baptize the good seed of the kingdom in their tears and prayers, they may expect soon to see it spring up and bring forth fruit, some thirty, some sixty, and some a hundred fold. This was an element of power in the life of the Lord himself. To what times do we look in Christ's life as occasions which most powerfully move us? Is it to the wonderful displays of his power when he hushed the raging storm, and the wind ceased and the sea became a pavement of adamant? or shall we see him in a still greater display of his power? The war in the human breast is wilder than that which sweeps over the ocean's surface. Christ will prove his power, not only over this war of the elements, but he will bring peace to the raging storm in a human soul. The man who had lived among the tombs, who had made the way impassable, who had cut himself with stones, who had broken chains as if they had been ropes of sand, is seen clothed, sitting in his right mind at Jesus' feet. These displays of power awaken our enthusiasm and stir our tender emotions. But not here shall Christ most move the world's heart.

The Tears of Jesus

have melted men's hearts through all the centuries. Three times during his earthly life did he weep. The first two instances are recorded in the Gospels; for the last instance we must go to the letter to the Hebrews. The first were tears of family friendship; the second were tears of patriotic fervor; the last were tears of sacrificial love. The first tears were a rill that flowed for an afflicted family, when Christ wept at the grave of Lazarus; the second were a rivulet streaming forth for a doomed nation, when he beheld Jerusalem and wept over it; the third were a mighty river that has swept across the world, when he bowed in Gethsemane "with strong crying and tears" for a world's woe. This element of tenderness gives power to every Christian effort today. There is often more power in a warm grasp of the hand, in the tremulous voice, and in the tearful eye, than in the thunders of eloquence and the arguments of logic. Just at this point many workers for Christ are shorn of their power. They are stately and cold. They lack the sympathy which is born of love for Christ and for the souls of men. If we are to draw men with the cords of a man, we must have the bands of true Christian love.

Love is the best Logic.

Oh, for that kindness which comes from communion with Christ, and from appreciation of the value and loss of immortal souls! He who sows the precious seed in this spirit shall reap the golden harvest. We remember an incident which illustrates this thought. An earnest Christian was very anxious for the conversion of a sceptical blacksmith. He determined to visit him in his shop; he would fill his mouth with convincing arguments and thus refute all the blacksmith's positions. He came. His heart was overflowing with love for his neighbor's soul. He took him by the hand; but his emotions choked his utterance except to say, "I am greatly concerned for your soul." He could say no more. It was enough. The arrow went home. "Concerned for my soul; then I ought to be concerned," thought the convicted sinner. Soon he was consulting with his Christian wife; soon he was journeying to his friend's house a burdened and seeking sinner. That night they knelt together at Jesus' feet, and the sceptic found joy and peace in believing. He could not resist his neighbor's loving solicitude. Love is the best logic. It furnishes unanswerable arguments. Gentleness is greatness; meekness is mightiness. Oh, for Christ's tenderness!

Another element in this picture is that the sower goeth forth bearing precious seed. The idea suggested by the word "precious" is not found in the original word. The seed is precious, however, both in its literal and spiritual sense. Strictly speaking, it is a draught or a drawing of seed that is here mentioned. It has sometimes been called the "seed-basket." It is as much seed as the sower can take in the vessel he carries, or in the folds of the robe which he wears. In literal sowing often as much depends on the nature of the seed as on the character of the soil. It is certainly not otherwise in spiritual life. This seed is the Word; this is the good seed of the kingdom. Nothing but this good seed can save men. The woman in the parable might have put something else than leaven into the meal. It might have been a nugget of gold; it might have been a valuable diamond, but it never would have leavened the meal. So here; whatever else men sow, if it be not this precious seed there shall be no harvest of joy. All of us have listened to sermons ten thousand of which would never convert a soul. Had God converted souls under such preaching it would be putting a premium on the preaching of error. Many of us know preachers, who, themselves, there is reason to fear,

Do not Know the Power

of God's grace. They were set apart by their parents to preach the Gospel, as other members of the family were set apart to practice law or medicine, or to enter some line of business. It was merely a profession. The case of such a man comes to me as I speak. In Scotland his parents designated him to the ministry in this spirit. For forty years he preached in one pulpit. A revival would have startled him and his people more than an earthquake. Seldom, except when there were revivals in other churches were there additions to his church. He did sow some seed, but it was so wrapped up in the cold formalities of lifeless dogmas that a harvest could not be expected, and certainly was not secured. We must know Christ as our personal Saviour, as teachers in Sunday Schools, as workers in missions, and as preachers in the pulpit. Our own hearts must glow with Christian love, and out of the abundance of this glowing heart our glad lips must speak. How can men tell others of Christ except they know him for themselves? Surely if the blind lead the blind both must fall into the ditch. We want at this hour what a Chinese convert told his missionary that his people needed—"Men with hot hearts to tell us of the love of Christ."

The Limited Capacity.

A thought suggests itself here which may seem fanciful to some, and yet to me it comes naturally out of the figure employed. The drawing of the seed, as the Word implies, was as much as the sower carried with him in his basket or robe, from the seed-pile in the storehouse. Is it not true spiritually, that the sower can only sow what he carries with him in his own brain and in his own heart? He cannot sow the seed from the storehouse of God's Word except he has first taken it into his own mind and heart. There are truths which no man can understand except as he has felt his way through them. He must by a happy experience know something of the deep things of God's Word before he can lead others into its profound depths. There can be no power in merely mechanical or professional preaching, whether by pastor, teacher, or Christian worker. Only that which you can tell from experience is really your own of God's truth. May this inspired picture of the sower live in our thoughts, and be reproduced in our lives! May each of us go forth weeping, bearing this precious and divine seed, sowing it with faith and hope in the hearts of our fellow-men! We need for the highest success the "blood earnestness" born of intense conviction, and inspired by Christ's constraining love.

The second picture,

"The Incoming Reaper."

We have here in the Hebrew a striking form of expression. It is the combination of the finite tense with the infinitive; it is difficult in our idiom to bring out the exact thought. In some versions it is rendered, "Coming, he shall come." This, however, Dr. Alexander, says, "conveys neither the peculiar form nor the precise sense of the Hebrew phrase." Luther's repetition of the finite tense, most scholars are agreed, gives us the best approximation to the force of the original, "He shall come, he shall come." The certainty of his coming again is the thought; this our version, with its "doubtless shall come again," clearly teaches. This is the first element in this second picture. The tearful sower shall become the joyful reaper. Of this there can be no doubt. There is a law of spiritual as truly as of natural agriculture. No good word spoken for or of God is spoken in vain. For the past few years I have preached with far more certainty of a spiritual harvest than a husbandman can have of the natural harvest when he casts the seed

into the ground. God's Word will not return to him void. This he has declared; this we must believe. Doubting it, we are shorn of our power; doubting it, we become dwarfs when we ought to be giants. Has not God declared that seed-time and harvest shall not fail? And they do not. Shall he be more mindful of the harvests of the earth than of the in-gathering of souls? Rather, in the spiritual vineyard we ought to expect a continous harvest. "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that the ploughman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed." Here is a continuous harvest; here the fruits of one season are not gathered before the sowing for the next season begins. There ought never to be, in the technical sense, a revival in a church, because there ought never to be anything else. Let us not talk of waiting four months' for harvest. "Lift up your eyes now and behold the fields white already with harvest." The reaper shall certainly come. Sunday School teachers continue your work in this spirit. Parents, teachers, workers in all departments of Christian effort, you do not toil alone. God's eye is upon you. You shall certainly reap, if you faint not. Go forward. Tearfully sow the seed; and joyfully await the harvest.

The Joy of Harvest.

A second feature of the second picture is that the reaper comes with rejoicing. Of course he does. Why should he now be sad? Some of us remember the "Harvest-home" singing and rejoicing when the last sheaf was gathered in. Something like that is here implied. There is no joy like that which comes from successful work for Christ. All the joys of earth are nothing when compared with this. This endures; this allies us to angels and God. This awakens the purest and noblest instincts of the soul. In this joy we feel the throb of Christ's heart. The promise to him is that "He shall see the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied." This joy is mingled even with the gloom of Gethesmane and Calvary. It was for the joy set before him that he endured the Cross and despised the shame. I pity the man who knows nothing of this rejoicing; I envy the man whose soul is constantly overflowing with its blessedness.

But, again, he comes bringing his sheaves with him. This gives additional joy. Behold the picture! He is

Returning with his Sheaves.

These he cannot carry... Oxen and twain are introduced. The wagon groans under the burden; the reaper joyfully walks on before. He is abundantly rewarded for his toil; his soul overflows with joy. This assurance would cheer the hearts of the exiles who were still journeying home; it would stimulate those who had returned. It encourages all who are laboring for their own salvation and that of others. You labor not in vain. God shall give the increase. We ought to be willing to labor even if we do not reap. God may sometimes require this of us. One sows, another reaps. Christ taught this lesson. But, thank God, he often permits us to sow and reap. Never to reap requires marvelous faith if the sower be earnest; if he be indifferent he will not long for sheaves. But we may expect them. As God lives we shall not toil in vain. Are you watching for the harvest? Are you willing to stand before Christ without any sheaves? God forbid that this should be the experience of any of you! There is a great

Harvest-day Coming.

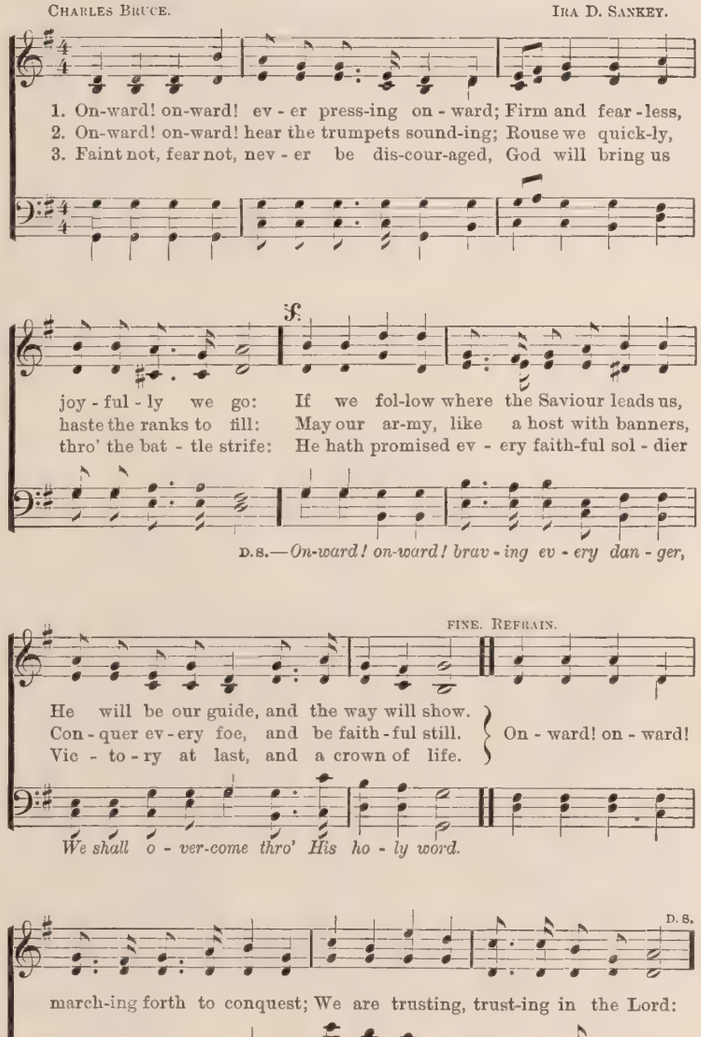
The field shall be the world; angels shall be the reapers. Oh, that great and terrible day! Oh, that joyous and blessed day! When that day dawns the "ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

But we are all sowers and reapers. The law of spiritual agriculture is as sure as the law of gravitation. You may not expect to sow thistles and reap wheat; you cannot sow the seeds of vice and reap the fruits of virtue. You cannot cheat God. If you sow to the flesh you must reap corruption; if you sow the wind you must reap the whirlwind; if you sow to the world, the flesh and the devil, as the eternal God lives, you shall reap an eternal hell. Judging by your sowing to-day, I ask you in God's name, "What shall the harvest be?" Whatsoever a man soweth, that, precisely that, shall he reap. Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die? Sow to-day, the seeds of a tearful repentance and you shall reap the fruits of a joyful forgiveness. Patience, courage, oh sowers of the good seed, soon we shall stand before the Lord of the harvest joyfully saying, "Here we are and the sheaves thou hast given us."

Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

Onward, Pressing Onward.

CHARLES BRUCE. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. On-ward! on-ward! ev - er press-ing on - ward; Firm and fear - less,
2. On-ward! on-ward! hear the trumpets sound-ing; Rouse we quick-ly,
3. Faint not, fear not, nev - er be dis-cour-aged, God will bring us
f.
joy - ful - ly we go: If we fol-low where the Saviour leads us,
haste the ranks to fill: May our ar-my, like a host with banners,
thro' the bat - tle strife: He hath promised ev - ery faith-ful sol - dier
D.S.—On-ward! on-ward! brav - ing ev - ery dan - ger,
FINE. REFRAIN.
He will be our guide, and the way will show.
Con - quer ev - ery foe, and be faith - ful still.
Vic - to - ry at last, and a crown of life.
On - ward! on - ward!
We shall o - ver-come thro' His ho - ly word.
D. S.
march-ing forth to conquest; We are trusting, trust-ing in the Lord:

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"JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL."

"JESUS, lover of my soul,"
Sang a sentinel one night,
As he paced his lonely beat
In the pale moon's waning light.
"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly;"
Plaintively he sang, and low,
While he felt that death was nigh.

"Cover my defenceless head"—
Softly on the still night air—
"With the shadow of thy wing,"
Sang he thus his sad heart's prayer.
Trustingly he sang the words,
Thinking only God would hear;
But the night winds wafted them
To a hidden foeman's ear.

Through the murky shades of night,
From a reconnoitering band,
There had crept a daring scout
To that picket's lonely stand,
And with sure, unerring aim,
On his foe had drawn a bead,
When, in suppliant tone, he heard,
"Cover my defenceless head."

Down his deadly rifle came;
He, himself a man of prayer,
Could not take the life of one
Trusting in his Saviour's care.
Softly from his covert then
In the shadows he withdrew;
Leaving still that heart to beat,
Which he knew was brave and true.

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
In life's tempest be thou nigh;
And amid its gathering gloom
Let me to thy bosom fly.
When the day of wrath is come—
When thou shalt to judgment bring—
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing."

Feb. 1893. —E. L. BYERS.

[What is related in these verses was a matter of actual occurrence during the Civil War; and was brought to light at a casual meeting of the persons concerned some years after peace was restored. In a company of travellers, the "sentinel"—now famed for his vocal music—sang the hymn again, and the "scout," being present, thought he must be the same who sang on that notable night: and upon inquiry, in conversation that followed, found that he really was: the singer remembering well the time and place, and the sad, disconsolate feeling that prompted him to sing the prayer of his heart. E. L. B.]

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Arthur W. Sweckbridge, Norwood, Mass., writes:

Some time ago, some one asked why the tribe of Levi was chosen to serve at the Tabernacle. It was because at a time when all the rest of Israel had turned away from God, that they stood for him, and in proof of their loyalty to him, they were used of God in chastising the others. Compare Ex. 32: 26-29, with Deut. 10: 8-10.

H. M. Barrow, Ringtown, Pa. In "Songs of the Jordan" in your Feb. 1st issue, you say of the River, "thrice were its waters driven back." I prided myself on being a fair Bible scholar, but that is new to me. I never heard of its going back but twice, by Joshua and Elijah. Please tell me the third time.

The first time was by Joshua (Joshua 3, 16); the second by Elijah (II. Kings 2: 8); and the third time by Elisha (II. Kings 2: 14.)

W. H. Millhause, Lancaster, Pa, Is it a sin to play the game of cards called euchre?

Even without the gambling adjunct, cards are a profitless amusement and, therefore, vanity (see Luke 8: 14; II. Tim. 3: 4, 5), and should be among the things avoided by the Christian. Even in their least objectionable form, they are still a stepping-stone to one of the worst of vices. A small volume dealing with this subject was recently written by Rev. E. P. Marvin and published by A. W. Hall, Syracuse, N. Y.

J. B. Wampler, Blanco, Pa. What is the number of copies of Rev. Dr. Talmage's sermons that are printed per week? And also into how many different languages are they translated and printed? Give me an approximate number of the readers of his sermons weekly?

The combined circulation of the daily papers publishing Dr. Talmage's sermons regularly each Monday in this country exceeds 2,000,000 per issue. There are about 2,300 weekly papers with a circulation approximating 3,500,000 each issue. His sermons appear in religious papers in England with 350,000 circulation each issue. They are translated regularly and published in the German, French, Hungarian, Swedish, Greek, Turkish, Arabic and Japanese languages; circulation about 10,000,000 a week altogether and allowing five readers to each over 50,000,000 are brought face to face with his sermons weekly.

E. L. Duncan, Wylie, Tex. What is the meaning of Rom. 7: 9?

That a man might consider himself blameless and entitled to God's favor until he looked into the law Then he saw himself a sinner, condemned, and with no hope, but in God's mercy.

A Reader, Nyack, N. Y. What is the meaning of Matt 5: 28? As we cannot control our thoughts; must the verse be understood in a figurative sense?

Are you sure you cannot control your thoughts? You can choose whether you will dwell on a given subject, or banish the thought of it as it arises. The word, "lust," implies a motion of the will. A man may innocently wish that he possessed a watch, but he is no longer innocent if he stands at a jeweler's window eagerly gazing at a particular watch and wishing he had an opportunity of stealing it. Christ was showing that sin originated in the heart and therefore morality without change of heart was insufficient for salvation.

Subscriber, Webster City, Iowa. 1. Does Christ intimate in Matt. 7: 14, that the total number saved will be few? 2. What is meant by "this generation" in Matt. 24: 34?

1. He was stating a fact which the observation of his hearers must have confirmed, that the way of the ungodly was easy and many traveled it, while the way of the godly was narrow and those that entered it were few in comparison with those who went the other way. 2. The generation of which he was speaking. The generation that saw the beginning of the signs he had been describing would witness the consummation. That is, the time would be short that they would occupy.

John H. Jones, Ela, Va. For the music you want write to Hubert P. Main, care of Biglow & Main, music publishers, N. Y.—T. A. B. 1. The Chinese wall is 1,500 miles in length. 2. We cannot tell. 3. Mr. Cleveland is a Presbyterian. 4. See answer to John H. Jones in this column. 5. Consult any standard history. 5. Yes; the Oxford Bible will be sent to you at any time on receipt of a subscription and $2.—Charles W. Boulton, Redman, Mo. Thanks for your kindly letter and the good wishes therein expressed.—J. French, Smithfield, Neb. We hear that he is now abundantly supplied.—A. Chalker, Philadelphia and H. R. Shepherd, Blaineville, Neb. See answer to John H. Jones, Ela, Va.—John P. F. Brunner, Krumsville, Pa. A Presbyterian.—C. Schreiber, Camden, N. J. Write to Rev. A. B. Simpson's Training College, 692 Eighth Avenue, New York City.—J. Bascher, Thessalon, Ont. Send us a copy of the hymn.—Louise W. Church, Douglass, Mass. Certainly not—C. L. H., Rollag, Minn. We cannot supply the information desired.

OLD TESTAMENT TESTIMONY.

The Second Advent and the Millennium Predicted and Described in the Old Testament.

BY REV. W. FRITH.

CAN anything be more important in these days, than the obtaining of a clear idea of Christ's Second Advent, of the events that will then take place, of the conditions on which we may participate in its glories and of the duties incumbent on us as to our unconverted and unenlightened friends and kindred. Never was there a time when so many students of God's word were agreed in expecting the coming of Christ in their lifetime. It seems to be, as the apostle said, "At our doors." There is only one source from which we can obtain information and that is the Word of God. Few persons have any idea how much of that God-given book is devoted to this subject. There needs to be more searching of the Bible, and we are strongly encouraged to it.

There is a special benediction pronounced by our ascended Lord, to those of his people who make the predictions of the Apocalypse the subject of their special examination and study: "Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy and keep those things which are written therein, for the time is at hand." (Rev. 1: 3.) It is evident, therefore, that these predictions which relate to the Second Pre-Millennial Advent of our Lord are of exceptional interest and importance; and that he would have us make these things our special study and meditation in these last times. Few doubt this who read their Bibles, because it is so often declared and reiterated, that none but infidels would venture to question the fact. But many questions are raised as to the time and circumstances of his coming. Yet even these, we think, may be approximately ascertained, if the student of Scripture will only give himself time to examine the various texts which bear upon the subject.

The Hebrew or Old Testament Predictions are generally supposed to refer more largely to the First Advent than to the second, but if all the Messianic Psalms are consulted, and the whole scope of the context duly regarded in the interpretation the predictions which refer to Messiah's Second Advent, kingdom, reign, and rule will be found to far out-number those which refer to his incarnation, life, suffering, service, and death.

Nor indeed is that at all to be wondered at, if we consider the distinct purpose of the two Advents. For the first was but preliminary or introductory to the second. The first was a period of service and suffering for thirty-three years, for a special redemptive purpose; the glorious and ultimate issues of which would be seen in the pacific reign and rule of the "Lord from heaven;"—first during his millennial supremacy on earth and then in his eternal sovereignty with the Father and the Holy Ghost, ever one Jehovah, "world without end."

Examine Ps. 46: 13-14:—Now there can be little doubt, we think, that the ultimate reference of the Hebrew Psalmist, as inspired by the Holy Ghost, is throughout the whole Psam to picture prophetically, in imagery borrowed from the regal customs of Oriental monarchs, the Second Advent of our Divine Redeemer, when he shall come for his chosen bride, in kingly majesty; and also to picture the Church (see verses 13 and 14 especially) "as a bride adorned for her husband." This interpretation is borne out by taking the whole scope of the Psalm, and comparing it also with Rev. 19: 7-8:—"Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honor to him; for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready."

Look at Isaiah 53: 10.—In this chapter, of course, the First Advent is unquestionably referred to and described; but these words, "He shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord (Jehovah) shall prosper in his hands," as read in the light of the New Testament, unquestionably refer to the Second Coming of the Lord Jesus, and his millennial reign and eternal kingdom. Without this they have no meaning. And two utterances of his own confirm this interpretation: "It is your Father's [illegible] (Luke 12: 32), and "Let not your heart be troubled;—I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." (John 14: 1-3.)

[illegible] Holy Scripture will find little or [illegible] But the reason why the predictions relative to the Second Coming of Christ for his Bride, the Church, are not so copious in the Old Testament, is, because it was written mainly to a Hebrew people, and, [illegible] to a communion and destiny above the earth.

NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITIES.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing March 12. Esther 4: 14; Hebrews 2: 1-3

MORDECAI'S suggestion to the Queen is capable of extensive application: "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" Little likely was it that the poor woman had such a thought in her mind. Her beauty and her charms had won for her a high position and there the matter ended. Pleasure and luxury had been attained; what had she to do but to enjoy them? But Mordecai looks deeper. It might be that she was raised to her position to perform a duty in a crisis that God had foreseen. He thinks it was so, and by threats he holds her firmly to the performance of that duty. Looking back through history, his theory is substantiated. At a great crisis God has a man specially qualified to do the duty of the hour. When Christianity was to be preached throughout the world, Paul with his profound learning and restless energy and protected by his Roman citzenship was at hand. When the time was ripe for the Reformation, Luther appeared. When Scotland was in danger of being led back into Romanism by a beautiful and charming woman, the stern, uncompromising Knox stood sentinel over his country's destinies. And in later times Garibaldi, Bismarck, Lincoln and Grant, and many others appeared with special qualifications for performing the special functions required at a particular time. And God's ways in humbler spheres are the same as in the higher spheres. A man may have attained the summit of his ambition in becoming Governor of his State or Mayor of his city; or he may be at the head of an extensive business; or a preacher to whom multitudes listen; or he may be the editor of an influential journal; or the one professing Christian among hundreds of godless employes. Is there some duty needing to be done by such a one? Let him beware how he evades it. It may be that he was placed in his position for the very purpose of performing that duty. "Who knoweth?" It may be a painful duty, he may shrink from it and be tempted to resign his honors rather than undertake it, but he cannot escape the responsibility. There is no position, however humble, without its duties. Every power, every gift entails a corresponding power. The tools in the mechanic's box are not more certainly designed for their respective uses than men are designed for specific duties. God provides the opportunity and it rests with the man to take advantage of it. And to give solemnity to the fact, there is the explicit statement that every man must give account of himself unto God.

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THE MARINETTE, WIS., Y. M. C. A.

THE Young Men's Christian Association of Marinette, Wis., is to be congratulated on having entered on possession of the commodious building, a picture of which appears on this page. At the dedicatory services, recently held, a history of the work was given which shows what Western men and women can do when they give their energy to an enterprise. It was not until February, 1892, that the project of a new building was fairly launched, and by February, 1893 the Association was installed in its own home. The first impetus to the enterprise was given by Evangelist M. B. Williams, who eloquently advocated it a meeting in the Opera House of Marinette. Pledges were given on that day to the amount of $6,500. In a short time the fund reached nine thousand, and then arrangements were made for the purchase of a site. On July 4th, the corner-stone was laid and by January 24 of this year, the workmen had left the building all ready for the furniture to be put in place. Probably no Y. M. C. A. in the country can point to a record showing such rapidity of execution.

THE NEW Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, AT MARINETTE, WIS.

The work, however, although rapid, is substantial. The material is brick with a front of gray granite. Two stores with a gymnasium sixty-seven feet by forty-four occupy the ground floor. On the second floor are the reception-room, an assembly-room, a tastefully furnished parlor, the boys' room, which is equipped for games and amusements, and the reading-room in which are magazines and papers in English, French, German, Norwegian, Swedish and Polish. These, with the large hall and a kitchen and the rooms for the officers, make up the interior arrangements. The total cost, including the site, was $17,000. But beside this the Associations has many possessions in furniture and fittings which have been supplied by the Ladies Auxiliary Committee with its own funds and are not included in the $17,000 which the Association undertook to pay. The institution is comparatively young. It was founded not quite seven years ago, mainly through the effort of Rev. A. C. Blackman, pastor of the Baptist Church of Marinette. The Secretary is Mr. H. Cordner, who is a most earnest, energetic worker, and whose efforts in carrying this project through to triumphant success have been untiring.

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KING'S DAUGHTERS AT THE FAIR.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made by the Order of King's Daughters for a thorough exhibit of the work of the Order at the World's Fair. Every secretary throughout the country has received a request for a photograph of any institution that has been founded or materially helped by the Order or that is being supported by it wholly or in part. These will be exhibited in the King's Daughters' section of the Woman's Building. Efforts are also being made to raise a fund for the distribution of free literature there, and, if possible, to keep a representative in the section during the whole time the Fair is open, to meet and welcome any members of the Order who may visit Chicago. A registry will be kept in the section, where it is hoped that every King's Daughter who comes to the Fair will write her name. June 14 is the day appointed for the Congress of the Order. One of the large halls of the Auditorium has been secured and the whole day will be devoted to the meetings. The President of the Central Committee urges all the members who think of visiting the Fair to arrange if possible to be present on that day to meet the members of the Order from foreign lands, to become personally acquainted with them and to participate in the exercises of the day. She adds: That "as one of the largest societies of women in the world our aim is to aid in all kinds of good work, and it is proper that we should be represented on that one great occasion when woman and woman's work are brought before the consideration of the women of the whole world."

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B. Y. P. U. NOTES.

THE Executive Committee has changed the date of the International Convention at Indianapolis to July 13–16. The date formerly fixed was July 6–9, but the attention of the Committee has been called to the fact that on those days the Christian Endeavor Convention will be held in Montreal. The Committee wish it to be understood that the change of date does not imply any alliance with the Christian Endeavor Society, but that it is made in the spirit of amity which should exist between societies working for the same object on different lines.—Rev. R. B. McDaniel, of Philadelphia, suggests that some provision be made in the Indianapolis programme to report the work attempted and the results secured under the Convention pledge taken at Detroit to "try and win one soul for Christ during the year."—One of the most encouraging signs of usefulness connected with the Young People's movement is the important part it takes in connection with revivals. The Secretary of the Union at the Baptist Church, Creston, Ia., writes that special services have been held at that Church at which many were converted; and he adds: "Twenty-three of the recent converts have enrolled as active members in the B. Y. P. U., and others will soon follow their example. Our B. Y. P. U. members have been faithful helpers during the meetings. Our Union is growing in many directions. Our membership is now more than eighty."—There is evidence of similar usefulness at Boston, Mass. Mr. B. S. Roberts, of the Ruggles Street Church of that city writing to the *Young People's Union* says: "Some time ago I wrote of the progress of our work, and again we can report that the Lord has been very near to us and has manifested himself to us in many ways. Since the first of January over 150 have given their hearts to God and they have been mostly young people. Our Union is growing under these new converts and we expect soon to have 300 active members. A mass meeting of our City Unions is to be held at Tremont Temple, Feb. 16, and we expect to have a good time."

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The Y. P. S. C. E. of the missionary children of the American Board, with five branches in different parts of Japan, is a unique and beautiful society. At the annual meeting of the mission, a whole afternoon is given to the meeting of the society, and the missionaries enjoy it as much as the children

AFRICA'S RUINED HOMES.

How the Arab Slavers have Brought Death, Desolation and Misery Upon Them.

FOR centuries the curse of slavery has hung like a gloomy pall over a large portion of the African continent. Notwithstanding the combined efforts of the civilized nations of Europe to check the evil, Arab domination in the interior is still so strong as to apparently defy interference. As a race they believe in slavery, and it is a common experience in native life for the Arab slavers to suddenly descend upon a peaceful and unsuspecting village, fire the huts and crops, shoot and kill all who offer the slightest resistance, and carry off men, women, and children in chains to the sea-coast slave markets where they are sold publicly. Such incidents are of frequent occurrence even now, in the country surrounding the Upper Congo and its tributaries, and in many other parts of Central Africa. As a rule, these encounters generally result in the success of the invaders, who are better armed than their victims, and who have, as allies, native tribes whom they have trained to the blood-thirsty trade of man-hunting.

Many travelers, including Livingstone, Stanley, Burton, Speke, Grant, and Schweinfurth, have written heartrending descriptions of this terrible traffic in human flesh. Christian governments, including those of England, Belgium, France, Germany, and the United States, have done much to lessen the evil, by sending warships and armed forces to fight the Arabs; yet the number of helpless natives who are annually killed or enslaved by the Arabs is very great. Thousands are slain in defence of their humble homes, thousands die on the long march to the slave marts, and hundreds of thousands perish in sudden agony or prolonged torture at the hands of heartless masters. The land they formerly occupied with their wives and children is left to the wild beasts, their homes are razed to the ground, and it sometimes happens that a blackened, smouldering heap of ashes is all that is left to tell that the raiders have passed that way.

One of the most active opponents of the slave trade thus describes the uniform experience of the natives in the many parts of the interior:

All that are captured—men, women, and children—are hurried off to some market in the interior. Then commences for them a series of unspeakable miseries. The slaves are on foot. The men who appear the strongest, and whose escape is to be feared, have their hands tied (and sometimes their feet) in such a fashion that moving becomes a torture to them; and on their necks are placed yokes, which attach several of them together. They march all day; at night, when they stop to rest, a few handfuls of raw *sorgho* are distributed among the captives. This is all their food. Next morning they must start again. But after the first day or two the fatigue, the sufferings, have weakened a great many. The women and the aged are the first to halt. Then, in order to strike terror into the miserable mass of human beings, their conductors, armed with a wooden bar to economize powder, approach those who appear to be the most exhausted, and deal them a terrible blow on the nape of the neck. The unfortunate victims utter a cry, and fall to the ground in the convulsions of death. The terrified troop immediately resumes its march. Terror has imbued even the weakest with new strength. Each time some one breaks down the same horrible scene is repeated. At night, on arriving at their halting place, after the first days of such a life, a not less frightful scene awaits them. The traffickers in human flesh have acquired by experience a knowledge of how much their victims can endure. A glance shows them those who will soon sink from weariness; then, to economize the scanty food which they distribute, they pass behind these wretched beings and fell them with a single blow. Their corpses remain where they fall, when they are not suspended on the branches of the neighboring trees; and it is close to them that their companions are obliged to eat and sleep as well as they can.

Stanley has declared that a single large band of Arabs, under the leadership of several chiefs, at one time set out on a slave hunt that lasted eleven months. Their operations were between the rivers Congo and Lubiranza—on the left bank, and between the Biyerre and Kirundu. This district measured about 34,750 square miles or considerably larger than Ireland. Their progress was marked at every step by ruined villages and heaps of dead. Their human harvest—which they dragged along with them—included countless numbers of children, many mere infants, boys and girls who had been ruthlessly orphaned and snatched away from their happy village homes. Women, many of them nearly dead of wounds, were bending under loads of food and fruit, and chained and yoked together, were goaded onward in the march by armed Arabs. Not a man among them, all having been killed by the slavers. Youths in rows of twenty, had iron rings about their necks, and the children were secured by copper rings around their tender limbs. Mothers, carrying infants, were chained together in groups, the chains falling across their breasts. In this diabolical fashion 2500 human beings, representing 118 ruined villages, were driven to market and to despair and death. Other travelers have estimated that, reckoning the widespread butchery in the villages and the deaths *en route* 1000 slaves are thus secured at an average sacrifice of 6500 lives!

Slavery's Horrors: A Native African Killed by Portuguese Mercenaries.

Many of the interior tribes live in clean, well-built towns and villages, where, amid peaceful surroundings, industry and happiness prevail. Major Wissmann, the German traveler, lately described some of these places in the Sankulu and Lomani country. The towns were regular and attractive, the huts clean and the people peaceful and kind. They lived in beautiful villages, miles in length, cultivated the land, and wove cloth, manufactured pottery and iron articles and showed some skill in wood carving. Such a people needed only the Gospel to make them entirely happy. Later, however, their quiet was invaded by the Arab guns of Tippu Tib's hordes, and their fate was sealed. When he passed that way again the paths were no longer clean as they used to be. "A dense growth of grass covers them, and as we approach the skirt of the groves we are struck by the dead silence which reigns. No laughter is to be heard, no sign of a welcome from our old friends. The silence of death breathes over the lofty crowns of the palms, slowly waving in the wind. We enter, and it is in vain we look to the right and left for the happy homesteads and the happy old scenes. Tall grass covers everything, and a charred pole here and there, and a few banana trees, are the only evidences that man once dwelt here. Bleached skulls by the roadside, and the skeletons of human hands tell what has happened here since our last visit."

The Soudan, the vast tract of country surrounding Tanganyika and the great lakes, the Manyema country, the Congo, Uganda, the Equatorial Province of Emin Pasha, and the entire district between the Sahara and Zanzibar, have been devastated by the Arab slavers. In this wicked traffic the Portuguese have for many years been active abettors. They are, next to the Arabs, the worst enemies of the native Africans. So deeply are they detested by the natives that it would seem to be a crime for which no lighter punishment than death could be awarded for a native even to approach in his canoe a portion of the shore in the hands of Portuguese mercenaries.

It is related that a native who had done so was, on his arrival, surrounded and knocked out of his canoe, which was first overturned and then scuttled, or pierced through with holes by a number of shots fired into it. It was thus made useless for further service. Not content with destroying his property, a number of men came over the bank, and soon overcame the defenceless boatman. First they tied his hands behind his back so that he could offer no resistance, and afterward with heavy blows drove him away from the bank. What made the cruelty hardest of all to the poor fellow, perhaps, was the fact of his being so treated by men of his own race and color. A butt of a rifle served as a bludgeon to deal him a knock-down blow on the head. They then forced him to a kneeling position by way of forming a target for their shots, and afterwards the whole gang of mercenaries, standing only five yards off, commenced firing a deady fusilade with, of course, only too deadly effect. This is the scene depicted in in the illustration on this page, and it is a sad commentary on the condition of the Dark Continent at the present time.

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A Social Sin.

Is flirtation a sin? writes Rev. Joseph F. Flint in the *Young Men's Era*. It is not a sin, if by the term is meant the recognition of the exquisite sense of difference between men and women. The more sharply this difference is emphasized in dress, demeanor, and the general conduct of life, the better. The more highly civilized a people becomes, the more striking and attractive appear the feminine characteristics as distinguished from the masculine. The fact is, young people do not see enough of each other in a proper way. There is nothing more helpful and wholesome in the formation of a young man's character than the friendship of a good woman.

The answer is emphatically yes, flirtation is a sin, when there is a sheer descent to what is merely a physical difference, when one fails to guard "this most delicate bloom of all human delight," from the gross and common handling which soils its purity. Thus flirtation becomes the devil's kindling wood to light the fires of secret sensuality. Everything depends upon the motives, the habits, the character, and circumstances of those concerned. Precisely the same outward behavior toward the opposite sex may veil the grossest intentions or may mean nothing at all. Where there is evil in the heart, the eye and the voice will betray it, but when the association of men and women is kept rigidly along mental and spiritual lines, flirtation is out of the question. It is one thing to seek a life-companion, and another and very different thing to play the "masher." In the latter case, flirtation becomes damnation. Married flirts are an abomination, they forfeit what is sweetest and best—pure affection.

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AN ORPHAN'S KEEPSAKE.

THE contents of school-boys' desks are sometimes very amusing, says a Western writer. The master at a boarding-school had to superintend the opening of some forty or fifty desks, in connection with a theft of the foot-ball funds. A pipe, a pistol, and other contraband articles were found in some desks. In one a tooth-powder box full of ants; in another, silk-worms and lettuce leaves. A burst of laughter arose when, from another was produced a small leather purse, containing not the stolen money but a young lady's glove.

"When I came, in my eager search, to the desk of nearly the smallest boy in the room," says the master, "a small parcel fell from the owner's hand. A queer whitey-brown paper parcel it was, bound round with string in the most intricate convolutions and series of knots. Of course I had to examine that parcel. As I put out my hand for it, the boy hesitated. The other fellows exchanged glances, as much as to say that we had run the fox to earth at last. Even older and wiser heads thought the same. There stood the frightened, anxious little boy, his blue eyes filled with tears, his fair face all marred with terror, and his soft, wavy, flaxen hair, that gentle hands had doubtless smoothed this many a day at home, all tangled now.

"'Please don't open it, sir,' pleaded the child, for such he was; 'pray, don't open it before the boys.'

"Had I followed my own inclination, I should have given back the parcel unopened. But that could not be. With my pen-knife I cut through the string, undid the many wraps of paper, and disclosed to view a small pill-box, which might well have contained the missing money. I opened the box. There were no ants this time, no money either; but, nestled in a bed of wool, was a dainty locket, and with it a small scrap of paper, on which was written, 'For my dear Percy, with his mother's love.' The locket enclosed a piece of a loving mother's hair, and the little boy was an orphan only a few weeks."

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Mistaken Smartness.

EXTRAVAGANCES, exaggerations, unqualified assertions, smartness without basis, repel rather than attract. It is words of soberness and truth that attract attention, sink deep into the heart, and mould opinion and conduct. The clear, clean, conscientious statement has native strength and does far more to convince and persuade than the outbursts of an exuberant rhetoric. Hence the power which in all ages has attached to the utterances of the Holy Writ. They are weighty, but never intemperate.

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WAITING FOR THE ANGELS.

WAITING through the days of fever,
Waiting through nights of pain,
For the waft of wings at the portal,
For the sound of songs immortal,
And the breaking of life's long chain.

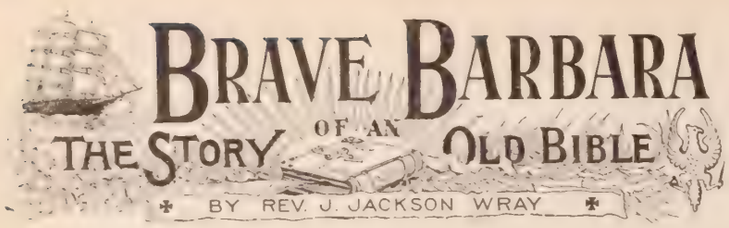
There is little to do for our dear one—
Only to watch and pray—
As the tide is outward drifting,
As the gates of heaven are lifting,
And its gleam is on her way.

The tasks that so often taxed her,
The children she held so dear,
The strain of the coming and going,
The stress of the mending and sewing,
The burden of many a year,

Trouble her now no longer;
She is past the fret and care.
On her brow is the angel's token,
The look of a peace unbroken.
She was never before so fair.

You see, she is waiting the angels,
And we—we are standing apart,
For us there are loss and sorrow,
For her is the endless morrow,
And the reaping-time of the heart.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*



CHAPTER I.

HO, FOR THE WESTERN WORLD.

AS a somewhat prolific and copious "story-teller," for, as I have repeatedly stated, I disclaim all right and title to be called a writer of "novels," popularly so-called, I have invariable chosen subjects more or less intimately connected with home and social, and chiefly village and country life. Most of my leading characters are living portraits, and the principal events and "situations" described have their basis in actual fact; mainly such as have come under my own observation. I do not hesitate to avow that all those of my books which have been written on these lines have been written with a definite moral and religious object. They are, everyone of them, "stories with a purpose:" and not the least gratifying among the evidences that have stirred my heart as to the higher successes of my public life, are the warm and unsolicited testimonies that have come to me, from old and young, that I have not labored in vain, nor spent my strength for naught.

In the production of the present story of "Brave Barbara, or the Story of an Old Bible," I have the same high object in view, and I would fain believe that herein, more than ever before, I have succeeded in bearing effective witness to "The Truth as it is in Jesus;" in teaching that the Bible, is the heaven-sent and infinitely precious Guide to faith and conduct; and in proving the happy truth of God's abiding faithfulness and care toward those who in every stress and strain of life are faithful "to him that called them;" and that

> Fellow-freedom unknown,
> Standeth God within the shadow,
> Keeping watch above his own.

In the present story, however, I have gone further afield. "Brave Barbara" is a historic character, and her story is that of a once living heroine, one of the vast number of little noted "braves" who have been, and are, the glory of the church of our Lord Jesus Christ through all the centuries. By the wonderful Providence of God, she became the forerunner and pioneer, practically the founder in the United States and Canada of one of the greatest of all the Christian churches; a church which, in its own proper home, is to be numbered only by millions, and which in its Gospel missions to heathen lands is at this day causing large tracts of the spiritual wilderness to "blossom as the rose."

In narrating the story of her noble and even romantic career, with all its intimate surroundings of historic events, gospel movement, and social life, there is little need for the play of fiction, even in minor details, the simple truth itself is sufficiently stirring to supply the close study of "Brave Barbara," and her German Bible with thrilling interest, exciting adventure winning pictures of lives well lived and deeds well done; and of all the "charms of fair romance, seen from the vantage ground of truth." Having thus introduced myself to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, I proceed to introduce them to my heroine, Brave Barbara, and to tell the story "as 'twas told to me."

The praises of the "Men of the *Mayflower*" who sailed in their frail bark from Plymouth Hoe and dared the unknown wastes of the Atlantic more than three hundred years in search of freedom to worship God, [illegible] said and sung by eloquent lips and [illegible] numbers which have voiced the appreciation of the valorous deed. And well did those heroic pioneers of faith and freedom deserve their meed of praise.

I think it may be truthfully said that the women of the "Colleen Bawn" richly deserve it too, together with their youthful kinsmen, who left the shores of the "silvery Shannon," some hundred and thirty years ago, in an [illegible] unseaworthy craft, driven [illegible] to explore far off lands [illegible] like errand—freedom to worship, accord- [illegible]

[illegible] a lively scene one bright morning in the spring [illegible] little band of rural emigrants from Munster [illegible] neighbors gathered there, the former to embark on board the *Colleen Bawn*, bound for the New World and the new fortunes which should befall them there; the latter to wish for them with true Irish feeling, a prosperous voyage and *cead mille failthe*"beyant the say."

The *Colleen Bawn* was but a small vessel of not more than three hundred tons burden, and as she rose and fell, yawed and listed, even on the but lightly ruffled waters of the Shannon, she gave ominous token of her probable behavior when the angry waves on the heavy swell of the Atlantic billows should deal with her after their own sweet will. Captain O'Connor, the skipper of the *Colleen Bawn*, was a vigorous, well-seasoned, weather-beaten old salt, whose whole face and figure betokened energy, skill and that confidence in himself which on the whole, expects to weather the storm, however hard the winds may blow.

"It's a long voyage for so small a craft," said the deputy harbor-master, shaking his head and wearing a face that prophesied disaster.

"Sure now, an' there's luck to be got out o' that business, if you know just how to look at it. The smaller the craft the lighter she floats. Be aisy, sor. There's a sound keel beneath her, an' a skipper who knows his business in charge of her, an' God an' the Holy Virgin over her, an' the storm isn't brewed yet that can sink her. The saints be praised there's lashings o' the luck in the *Colleen Bawn*."

So spake the skipper, and, so speaking, showed full clearly the manner of man he was.

"All right, captain," said the harbor-master, with a short laught; "if any man can take such a cockle shell across the herring-pond, Phelim O'Connor's the man to do it. I know that well enough. Good luck go with you, my hearty."

"There's that going along with you, Captain O'Connor, that's a sight better than luck, and that is the eye and the hand of the Lord God Almighty."

The speaker was a young woman of somewhat striking appearance; taller than the average, erect and slight in form and figure, with face and features at once winsome and commanding; the sort of woman that a stranger turns to take a second look at—first observes, and then admires. She was not to be strictly called beautiful, but she certainly was, to use an expressive word, "taking." Her Teutonic origin was evident in her plentiful hair of light auburn, her broad, but well-defined features, and her uncommonly-expressive dark blue eyes. But probably that which most impressed both Captain O'Connor and the harbor master, as they turned to listen to her strong words, spoken in a voice that had much music in it, was a certain subtle something, not located, but pervasive, which indicated mental power, moral stamina, and spiritual force—the qualities of one who knew her own mind, said what she meant, and meant what she said.

She was simply, but warmly clad in the rough home-spun woollen cloth much favored by the better class of Irish Peasntry of the northwest a hundred years ago; but her somewhat luxurious coils of hair were covered only by a plainly-frilled cap of white linen which hemmed round her pleasant face, and which indicated that, true to her Moravian origin, she did not indulge in the more piquant and assertive headgear which, then as now, was regarded by a certain class of honest Christian people as "pomps and vanities" which it was spiritually wholesome to forego.

'True for you, misthress!" replied Captain O'Connor after he had recovered from the first effect of her vigorous words, words which seemed to him to be almost prophetic in their inspiration and intent, "We'll find the deep say as safe as Limerick harbor if them purty words of yours come thrue. Sure an' 'twill be better than the protection av the saints or aiven the kapin' av the blessed Mary herself, beggin' her pardon." Here the worthy skipper made haste to cross himself, as if second thoughts had suggested that the Virgin Mother might resent the slight.

"They'll come true," said the young woman speaking slowly and with a nod to emphasize the words. "The Lord has many souls on board this ship, and these have been praying night and day for a safe voyage for the *Colleen Bawn*, and he that holds the winds in his fist and the waters in the hollow of his hand has heard their cry,—the heart-cry of the children whom he has told to say, 'Our Father.'" She spoke reverently, yet with a quiet ease as if she knew all about it and after a moment's pause lifted her speaking eyes to her wondering listener, smiled, and repeated her words, "Yes, they'll come true. 'He is faithful that said it, who also will do it.' They'll come true, as true as that my name is Barbara Heck!"

Captain O'Connor, though not much given to forebodings, felt, as he trod the deck of his little schooner, that she had a firmer floor, and even the dubious harbor-master turned away with a notion that, after all, the frail cockle-shell was like enough to win "the haven whither they would be."

By this time the preparations for the voyage were almost completed. The bales, boxes, and huge bundles of household gear which had been piled upon the quay had all been fitly stowed away. The small crew of rough-looking, weather-tanned sailors were busy here, there, and everywhere, handling chains and ropes, and partly unbending the waiting sails, which gave the *Colleen Bawn* the appearance of a sea-bird just pruning its wings for flight. The emigrants who were about to leave the motherland, to make for themselves a new home beyond the sea, were gathered in little knots and clusters in different portions of the deck, wore, with but few exceptions, the tokens on their faces of the sore wrench which was about to sever them from home and kindred.

They were evidently emigrants of a superior sort, all decently and warmly clad, the men in knee-breeches, comfortable worsted hose, and frieze coats of the old "swallow-tail" fashion; the women in blue or brown cloaks of homely manufacture, with projecting hood-like bonnets and snowy caps. All of them were likely enough, by all reasonable seeming, to do well in the land of their adoption. and were made of the right sort of material for braving and for mastering the initial difficulties and discomforts of an emigrant career.

By the time that the glinting sunshine flashed on the brazen vane that pointed to the north-west from the spire of Limerick Cathedral, indicating also high noon, a young man of superior port and breeding, stepped up to Captain O'Connor, who was superintending the final preparations for departure, and stayed his action.

"Very well, Mr. Embury," said the skipper, a little unwillingly, perhaps, "but you'll have to look alive, for I must and will catch the turn of the tide, or by the bones av the blessed Saint Pathrick we shall be on the sands of Ballymuir before we get clear av the Shannon shore; an' that's not only poetry, but a bit av ugly prose."

The young man had turned away before the free-spoken skipper had finished his sentence, and beckoning with his hand to the waiting emigrants, he approached the taffrail of the *Colleen Bawn*, and took up a position which commanded sight and sound, not only of the clustering voyagers, but of the crowd of sad and tearful spectators (chiefly friends and neighbors) who lined the shore.

Putting his hand into his breast pocket, and failing to find what he sought, he turned to a staid and sober-looking man, evidently of German stock, and said: "Paul, *ma bouchal*, I've mislaid my Bible; lend me yours."

Paul Heck, the young and worthy husband of Mistress Barbara, instantly divining the purpose of his friend and leader, crossed over to his wife, who was seated in the stern of the vessel, and who had on her lap an old leather-bound, black-letter German Bible, and took the sacred volume from her.

"Shall I read for you, Phillip?" he said to the young leader before-mentioned, and soon he read out at Phillip's request, the following verses from the 107th Psalm, following the crabbed-looking print with perfect ease, and speaking loud and clear so as to command the attention of the entire audience:

"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters: these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distress. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet, so he bringeth them to their desired haven. Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men."

Here Paul passed the old Book to the keeping of brave Barbara, who took it and held it to her heart as though she loved it. As she laid it again upon her lap, she lifted up her face to the wondering Captain O'Connor, who saw a light there, as if an angel shone, and who read in the peaceful eyes that beamed upon him the secret of her assurance: "It will come true—true as that my name is Barbara Heck!"

Right, brave Barbara! You do well to pin unanswering faith to that "sure word of prophecy!" You do well to clasp the precious volume to your heart! Continue to hold the divine Talisman in highest honor and regard, for in the unknown future, to which the *Colleen Bawn* shall bear you, the subtle charm it holds, and the potent genius it commands, shall work wonders for you and yours, and for the generations that shall follow, wonders of which no tongue nor pen can tell the tale!

Philip Embury, who had practically shepherded for God these sheep of his, who were exchanging the bare uplands of Ballygarene for "fresh woods and pastures new," invited the willing crowd on ship and shore, to unite with him in prayer, and amid tears and sighs and sounds of sorrow that could not be restrained, asked the Only One to speed the parting band, and to have in his keeping the "old familiar" friends and neighbors left behind.

In a few well-chosen words, spoken directly from the heart, he bade the excited bystanders, in the name of himself and his comrades, a warm farewell; and on his lips the latest words vouched their abiding faith and testimony in the truth and love of their Master, Christ. Holding in his hand a rudely-printed tract or pamphlet containing some of Wesley's lately-published hymus, Philip Embury urged them to "dry their tears as true Christians can well afford to do and sing praises, as true be-believers can't help doing."

He read out the stirring lines he had chosen, two by two, and led the song in clear and tuneful voice; the whole crowd soon took up the strains, and surely the "silvery Shannon" neves carried on its broad waters the echoes of a more heartfelt or a sweeter song. No wonder that Captain O'Connor and his wondering crew were strangely stirred, and that rough hands were lifted to wipe away the dimming drops from eyes that were all-unused to tears.

> And let our bodies part,
> To different climes repair,
> Inseparably joined in heart
> The friends of Jesus are.
>
> O let our heart and mind
> Continually ascend,
> That haven of repose to find
> Where all our labors end.
>
> Where all our toils are o'er,
> Our sufferings and our pain,
> Who meet on that eternal shore,
> Shall never part again.
>
> We shall our time beneath
> Live out in cheerful hope,
> And fearless pass the vale of death,
> And gain the mountain top.
>
> To gather home his own,
> God shall his angels send,
> And bid our bliss, on earth begun,
> In deathless triumph ends.

No sooner was this sweet "Song of Zion," containing the above stanzas, ended, than the Captain, glad and fain to hide his own depth of feeling by an access of energy, cried out, "Now, lads! Throw off the moorings. Let go the stern ropes. Hi, there!" he shouted to the men in the shrouds, "shake out the tops'ls!"

In another moment, the *Colleen Bawn* was gently breasting the ruffled waters of the Shannon and glided out to sea. Farewell words were still being shouted both from ship and shore. Last adieus were waved by those whose eyes were blinded by a thickening veil of tears, but still the sweet and hopeful song of the emigrants sounded out from the deck of the *Colleen Bawn*, to the ears of the watchers on the quay.

> Who meet on that eternal shore,
> Shall never part again!

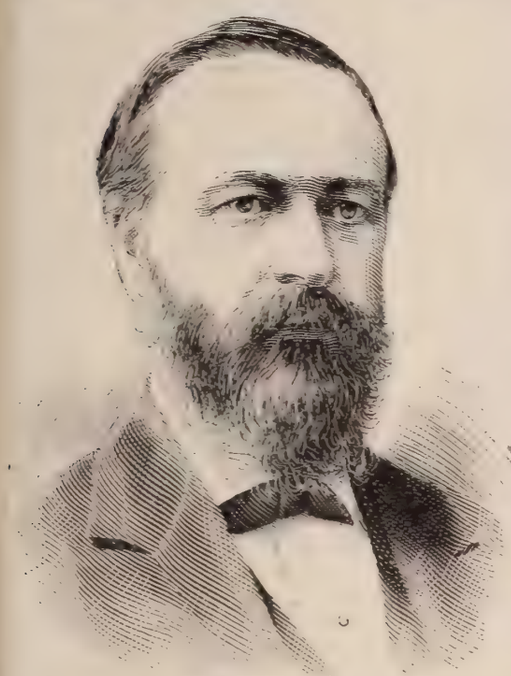
The sailing of that small vessel was, to all seeming, a comparatively insignificant event, and save the friends of those on board, little would the busy word have recked if it had foundered in the mighty deep. And yet that frail bark, the *Colleen Bawn* with its little band of peasants, was a second *Mayflower*, freighted with life, and love, and light, and liberty for untold millions of the human race; freighted with the germs of an immortal harvest to be reaped and garnered into the barns of God. Those earnest souls, in the flush of youthful hope and love bore with them and in them the divine leaven which was to leaven with its spiritual life, a third part of the whole round world!

(To be Continued.)

The Outrage at Marsovan.

How the Christian School, Recently Burned by the Turks was Established and Conducted—Portrait of Rev. Dr. Herrick.

BRIEF mention was made in this journal last week of the burning by a Turkish mob of the Girls' Boarding School, connected with Anatolia College, at Marsovan. Complete details of the outrage are doubtless on their way here by mail, and their arrival is anxiously awaited. In the meantime our readers will be glad to have the portrait of Dr. G. F. Herrick who was in charge of the Institution and some account of its history.



REV. GEORGE F. HERRICK, D.D.

The City of Marsovan is ancient Phasimon. It is situated in that part of Asia-Minor called Anatolia ("land of the sunrising"), and is close to the southern border of ancient Pontus. It is about 375 miles east of Constantinople, at one end of a plain, which is 2,600 feet above sea level. The town has a population of about 18,000 of whom probably two-thirds are Mohammedans, the remaining third mainly Armenians, with a sprinkling of Greeks. Marsovan, is the centre of a missionary district, extending along the Black Sea coast some 360 miles, and back southward, about 120 miles. The population of this region is estimated at about 355,000, of whom some 70,000 are Greeks, and 35,000 Armenians. The remainder are Moslems. The station was first occupied by American missionaries in 1852.

The present missionary premises occupy a commanding and pleasant site, at the extreme northern limit of the city, and comprise the buildings of the Theological Seminary, and of "Anatolia College" for young men; also the Girls' Boarding School and three missionary residences. The missionaries now there, are four American gentlemen, who, with a corps of six or more well-trained native professors and teachers, carry on the work of instruction in the College and Theological Seminary, and attend to the general work of the Station, which embraces twenty places outside of Marsovan, which are occupied by native pastors or preachers, or, in a few cases, by teachers only. Of these twenty places, eight are cities, six are towns and the rest are villages. The more distant places are five days' journey from Marsovan. The College was started as a High School, but after a rapid growth became "Anatolia College" in 1886. The present number of pupils is about 125; all Armenians and Greeks. Two Armenian ladies devote themselves to the interests of the Girls' Seminary, aided by Armenian and Greek native teachers; the membership of this school being from 80 to 100. The pupils in both schools come from far and near, from some thirty or more towns and villages.

The College is the chief feeder of the Theological Seminary, and this, in turn, supplies the men who carry on the work of evangelizing this large field, including some who go to the "regions beyond."

The Seminary was established at Marsovan in 1865. It had previously been located at Constantinople and had been under the care of Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D.D. The Armenian Board has had missionaries in this field since 1831, when Rev. William Goodell was appointed. During the next fifteen years, stations were established at Constantinople, Smyrna, Broosa, Trebizond and Erzroom. Schools were organized and the Bible was translated into the vernacular. Little opposition was encountered at first, but as the Armenians found that the converts refused to contribute to the places of worship, they began a fierce persecution. The native adherents were beaten, fined and often driven into exile. Nevertheless, a church with forty members was formed at Constantinople in 1846 and a native pastor ordained. The mission grew until twenty-five churches were formed, delegates of which met annually to arrange the work for the year. In 1860 it was found necessary to divide the Mission into three sections owing to the time consumed in traveling to and from distant places. By that time the field of its operations extended to the borders of Persia. Marsovan was placed in the section of Western Turkey. A firman was obtained from the Sultan by the exertions of the English ambassador, Sir Stratford Canning, guaranteeing civil protection to the converts of all the mission stations. In all these years the main advance was in educational work. The children proved the best converts and additional care was devoted to their training in the various schools.

The Anatolia College at Marsovan has long been one of the most important of these educational institutions. Its course of instruction includes Mathematics, Philosophy, Physiology beside the English, French and Greek languages and the religious departments, of which the most important is of course the evidences of Christianity, which is in charge of Dr. Herrick. Efforts are made to make the college as far as possible self-supporting. The fees for tuition are eleven dollars a year and the cost of board $29. The missionaries have, however, discretion to remit as far as the resources of the Mission will allow, the whole or part of the fees in special cases, in which the candidates are unusually intelligent but are not able to pay the full rates. Unhappily the condition of the treasury seldom warrants the admission of all who apply.

The girls' school attached to the College has been remarkably successful. Its popularity has grown even among the non-Christian people. An Armenian priest recently told one of the teachers that he intended to send his own daughter to the school when she was old enough. He frankly admitted that he had been opposed to the school at first, but since he had seen the character and acquirements of its graduates his opinion of it had completely changed. It is of course, the secular education provided that has won for the school its popularity, but the teachers take care that religious training occupies the chief place. Many of the girls have been received into the church, eight of them at one session. Not long ago a very extensive revival occurred in the college in which the girls' school shared. It extended even to the youngest pupils. The teacher was much touched by a visit from two little girls who said, "We wish you to give our hearts to Jesus." The elder girls, who know more of Christianity, have furnished some very bright examples of faith and conduct. American travelers who have visited the Anatolia College and the Robert College at Constantinople, are very thoroughly convinced that in this work lies the best hope of the evangelizing of this vast region.

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The Caves of Elephanta.*

I HAVE not seen any other of those Indian rock-sanctuaries, but this one (on Elephanta Island, near Bombay), gave me a greater sense of artistic power and splendid purpose than anything in the way of religious architecture—be it mosque or Hindoo temple—that I have seen in India. It consists of a huge, oblong hall, fifty yards square, cut sheerly into the face of the rock, with lesser halls opening into it on each side. Huge pillars of rock, boldly but symmetrically carved, are left in order to support the enormous weight above; and the inner roof is flat—except for imitations of architraves running from pillar to pillar. The daylight, entering in mass from the front, and partly also by ingenious arrangement from the sides, is broken by the many great pillars, and subdues itself at last into a luminous gloom in the interior—where huge figures of the gods, 18 feet high, in strong relief or nearly detached, stand out from the walls all round. These figures are nobly conceived and executed and even now in their mutilated condition, produce an extraordinarily majestic effect, making the spectator fancy that he has come into the presence of beings vastly superior to himself.

On the back wall, immediately opposite the entrance, are three huge panels of sculpture—the most important objects in the temple. The hindmost of these consists of three colossal heads—Brahma, Vishnu and Siva—united in one; Brahma, of course, full-faced, the others in profile. Each head, with its surmounting tiara, is some twelve feet high and the portions of the busts represented add another six feet. The whole is cut deep into the rock so as to be almost detached; and the expression of the heads—which are slightly inclined forwards—is full of reserved power and dignity.

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* From *Aaani's Peak to Elephanta*, sketches in [illegible] by the Rev. Edward Carpenter, illustrated; pp. 363; price $3.50; Swan Sonnenschein & Co., London, and MacMillan & Co., New York.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

New Commentary on Acts of the Apostles, by J. W. McGarvey, A.M.; volume 2; cloth; pp. 298; price $1.50; The Standard Publishing Co., Cincinnati, publishers.

The Pillar in the Night, Rev. J. R. MacDuff, D.D.; cloth; pp. 336; A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York, publishers.

CATALOGUES RECEIVED.

Annual Descriptive Catalogue of Seeds, by Alfred Bridgeman; includes all standard vegetable, grass and flower seeds. 56 p.p. illustrated; issued by Alfred Bridgeman, 37 East 19th St., New York.

Peter Henderson's Manual of Everything for the Garden (Columbian Edition); a complete, attractive and beautifully illustrated catalogue for the vegetable and flower garden and for horticulturists and agriculturists generally; illuminated covers; 158 pages; with several full-page colored plates; Peter Henderson & Co., 35-37 Cortlandt Street; New York. Price 25c.

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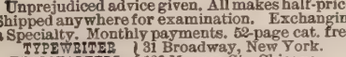

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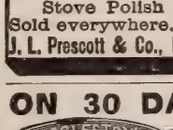

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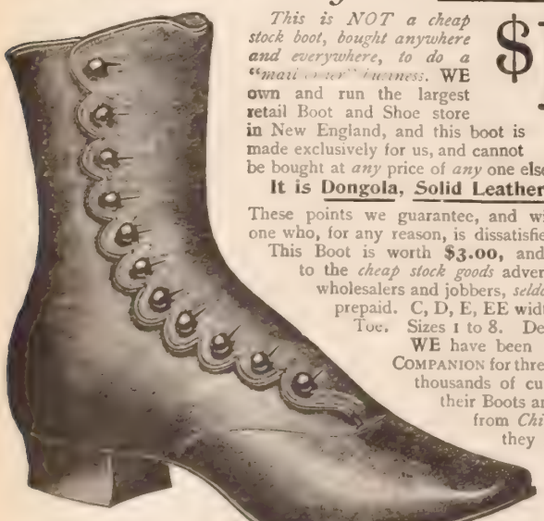

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Zacharias was a priest who lived near Hebron, in the mountainous region of Judea, probably about eighty miles from Nazareth, the home of Mary. Both he and his wife were quite aged, and no child had ever been born to them. The reproach of barrenness—a heavy one even yet among the Jews—lay on their household, and they had many times bewailed the misfortune of childlessness. While the aged priest was ministering in the temple in Jerusalem and as he stood praying before the altar, appealing to God not only for the redemption of the people from their sins, but for their relief from the oppression of their Roman masters, the angel Gabriel appeared and announced that a son would be born to him, who was to be forerunner of the promised Messiah.

This angelic communication made a powerful impression on the venerable priest who, doubting his own senses and disbelieving the message, was smitten with dumbness. He emerged from the holy place, and on returning to his home informed his wife of the vision, making known the facts by signs and writing. It was shortly after this event that the visit of Mary took place. Zacharias and Elisabeth gladly received her, as she had come from Nazareth, three days' journey to the north, where Joseph the carpenter also lived. Poor and possessing no social rank, Joseph was yet of the royal blood, a direct descendant of David, and in the line of kingly succession. Mary also traced her lineage back to a throne, but like that of her betrothed, her station was a very humble one.

There are many legends and traditions told by non-canonical writers respecting this period of Mary's life. The ceremony of betrothal had taken place and during the interval between it and the marriage, she remained with her parents. It was about this time that the celestial messenger, who had formerly visited Zacharias in the temple, appeared to Mary, and announced to her the Divine will and the coming of Jesus. When the cousins met in Elisabeth's house, therefore, it was with mutual joy, and each was eager to tell the other of what had befallen her. It was a long journey in those days, and Mary was probably too poor to take other than the most humblest conveyance—an ass. Moreover, the country was dangerous and probably robber-infested. In all likelihood, she accompanied one of the numerous caravans that were constantly traveling on these highways. She was divinely protected amid the dangers of the journey, and on arriving at the home of Zacharias was received with gladness. The simple narrative of the New Testament tells in unadorned, familiar words, of the rejoicings of the two women. Mary's return to Nazareth was probably accomplished in the same manner, and under the same divine care as the southward journey.

She passed through valleys rich with memories of the great events of ancient history, and her route lay by places made illustrious and sacred by associations that led back to the days of the patriarchs. On her road she could see the field of Machpelah, where Abraham and Sarah were buried, the old oak of Hebron, under whose umbrageous limbs the patriarch Zacharias to Nazareth. Amid such scenes the childhood of John, the son of Zacharias and Elisabeth, was passed. As he grew into manhood doubtless he became familiar with every spot in those rocky fastnesses among the Judean hills, in Divine training for his work as the courier chosen to prepare the way among men for Mary's Son, the Babe of Bethlehem.

Although no memorial exists to mark the site of the house of Zacharias, near Hebron, the scene of the meeting between Mary and Elisabeth, and the birthplace of John the Baptist, there is a memorial church or chapel at the village of Ain Karem near Jerusalem, which is known as the Church of "St. John of the Mountain." This is shown in our illustration.

Travelers from Joppa to Jerusalem pass the village on the right, as they approach the Holy City. It is a summer resort and has a population of about 1000 and contains several Roman, Greek and Russian Convents and Monasteries. The Chapel of St. John together with the Russian church opposite, occupies a very commanding position on the summit of "the Mountain of Visitation," which overhangs the village. The chapel is supposed to be one of the many relics of the Crusaders found in Karem. The village is surrounded by vegetable gardens and vineyards and is a great source of supply for Jerusalem. It has abundant springs and these are utilized to increase the scant water supply of the greater city. At Karem, Gen. Gordon, the hero of Khartoum, spent the greater part of the last year of his life, before leaving on his fatal mission to the Soudan. Many pilgrims visit the place every year, inspect its antiquities and admire its beautiful gardens.

There are several conflicting traditions concerning the actual birthplace of "The Forerunner," but that generally accepted as authentic, and which is in perfect agreement with Luke's narrative, indicates the probable locality as Juttah, a very ancient village and suburb of Hebron, and lying a little to the south of that city. The surroundings are wild and mountainous, but the village itself is on a broad plateau, 2,800 feet above the level of the sea. Ruins on all sides show that the region was once thickly inhabited, although it is now little more than a pasture ground, surrounded by rocks abounding in caves and precipitous cliffs. There are no trees on the table-land, but in the spring it is a field of verdure and flowers.

CHURCH OF "ST. JOHN OF THE MOUNTAIN," AIN KAREM, PALESTINE.

(From a photograph secured by Rev. Dr. Talmage, in the Holy Land.)

FROM TWENTY TO SEVENTY.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, preached last Sunday Morning in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Text: Psalm 90: 10, "*The days of our years are three-score and ten.*"

THE seventieth milestone of life is here planted as at the end of the journey. A few go beyond it; multitudes never reach it. The oldest person of modern times expired at one hundred and sixty-nine years. A Greek, by the name of Stravaride, lived to one hundred and thirty-two years. An Englishman, by the name of Thomas Parr, lived one hundred and fifty-two years. Before the time of Moses, people lived one hundred and fifty years, and if you go far enough back, they lived five hundred years. Well, that was necessary, because the story of the world must come down by tradition, and it needed long life safely to transmit the news of the past. If the generations had been short-lived, the story would so often have changed lips that it might have got all astray. But after Moses began to write it down, and parchment told it from century to century, it was not necessary that people live so long in order to authenticate the events of the past. If, in our time, people lived only twenty-five years, that would not affect history, since it is put in print and is no longer dependent on tradition. Whatever your age, I will to-day directly address you, and I shall speak to those who are in the twenties, the thirties, the forties, the fifties, the sixties, and to those who are in the seventies and beyond.

First, then, I accost those of you who are in the twenties. You are full of expectation. You are ambitious—that is, if you amount to anything—for some kind of success, commercial, or mechanical, or professional, or literary, or agricultural, or social or moral. If I find someone in the twenties without any sort of ambition, I feel like saying: "My friend, you have got on the wrong planet. This is not the world for you. You are going to be in the way. Have you made your choice of poorhouses? You will never be able to pay for your cradle. Who is going to settle for your board? There is a mistake about the fact that you were born at all." But supposing you have ambition, let me say to all the twenties, expect everything through Divine manipulation, and then you will get all you want or something better. Are you looking for wealth? Well, remember that God controls the money markets, the harvests, the droughts, the caterpillars, the locusts, the sunshine, the storm, the land, the sea, and you will get wealth. Perhaps not that which is stored up in banks, in safe deposits, in United States securities, in houses and lands, but your clothing and board and shelter, and that is about all you can appropriate anyhow. You cost the Lord a great deal. To feed and clothe and shelter you for a lifetime requires a big sum of money, and if you get nothing more than the absolute necessities, you get an enormous amount of supply. Expect as much as you will of any kind of success, if you expect it from the Lord you are safe. Depend on any other resource and you may be badly chagrined, but depend on God and all will be well. It is a good thing in the crises of life to have a man of large means back you up. It is a great thing to have a monied institution stand behind you in your undertaking. But it is a mightier thing to have the God of heaven and earth your coadjutor, and you may have him. I am so glad that I meet you while you are in the twenties. You are laying out your plans and all your life in this world and the next for five hundred million years of your existence will be affected by those plans. It is about eight o'clock in the morning of your life, and you are just starting out. Which way are you going to start? Oh, the twenties!

"Twenty" is a great word in the Bible. Joseph was sold for twenty pieces of silver. Samson judged Israel twenty years. Solomon gave Hiram twenty cities. The flying roll that Zechariah saw was twenty cubits. When the sailors of the ship on which Paul sailed sounded the Mediterranean Sea, it was twenty fathoms. What mighty things have been done in the twenties. Romulus founded Rome when he was twenty. Keats finished life at twenty-five. Lafayette was a world-renowned soldier at twenty-three. Oberlin accomplished his chief work by twenty-seven. Bonaparte was victor over Italy at twenty-six. Pitt was prime minister of England at twenty-two. Calvin had completed his immortal "Institutes" by the time he was twenty-six. Grotius was Attorney-General at twenty-four. Some of the mightiest things for God and eternity have been done in the twenties. As long as you can put the figure "2" before the other figure that helps describe your age, I have high hopes about you. Look out for that figure "2." Watch its continuance with as much earnestness as you ever watched anything that promised you salvation or threatened you demolition. What a critical time, the twenties! While they continue you decide your occupation and the principles by which you will be guided. You make your most abiding friendships. You arrange your home life. You fix your habits. Lord God Almighty for Jesus Christ's sake, have mercy on all the men and women in the twenties!

Next I accost those in the thirties. You are at an age when you find what a tough thing it is to get recognized and established in your occupation or profession. Ten years ago you thought all that was necessary for success was to put on your shutter the sign of physician or dentist or attorney or broker or agent, and you would have plenty of business. How many hours you sat and waited for business and waited in vain, three persons only know—God, your wife and yourself. In commercial life you have not had the promotion and the increase in salary you anticipated, or the place you expected to occupy in the firm has not been vacated. The produce of the farm, with which you expected to support yourself and those depending on you, and to pay the interest on the mortgage, has been far less than you anticipated, or the prices were down, or special expenses for sickness made draughts on your resources that you could not have expected. In some respects the hardest decade of life is the thirties, because the results are generally so far behind the anticipations. It is very rare, indeed, that a young man does as did the young man last Sunday night when he came to me and said: "I have been so marvelously prospered since I came to this country, that I feel, as a matter of gratitude, that I ought to dedicate myself to God." Nine-tenths of the poetry of life has been knocked out of you since you came into the thirties. Men in the different professions and occupations saw that you were rising and they must put an estoppel on you or you might somehow stand in the way. They think you must be suppressed. From thirty to forty it is an especially hard time for young doctors, young lawyers, young merchants, young farmers, young mechanics, young ministers. The struggle of the thirties is for honest and helpful and remunerative recognition. But few old people know how to treat young people, without patronizing them on the one hand or snubbing them on the other. Oh, the thirties! Joseph stood before Pharaoh at thirty. David was thirty years old when he began to reign. The height of Solomon's temple was thirty cubits. Christ entered upon his active ministry at thirty years of age. Judas sold him for thirty pieces of silver. Oh, the thirties! What a word suggestive of triumph or disaster!

Your decade is the one that will probably afford the greatest opportunity for victory, because there is the greatest necessity for struggle. Read the world's history and know what are the thirties for good or bad. Alexander the Great closed his career at thirty-two. Frederick the Great made Europe tremble with his armies at thirty-five. Cortes conquered Mexico at thirty. Grant fought Shiloh and Donelson when thirty-eight. Raphael died at thirty-seven. Luther was the hero of the Reformation at thirty-five. Sir Philip Sydney got through by thirty-two. The greatest deeds for God and against him were done within the thirties, and your greatest battles are now and between the time when you cease expressing your age by putting first a figure "2" and the time when you will cease expressing it by putting first a figure "3." As it is the greatest time of the struggle, I adjure you, in God's name and by God's grace, make it the greatest achievement. My prayer is for all those in the tremendous crisis of the thirties. The fact is, that by the way you decide the present decade of your history, you decide all the following decades.

When I was in Russia, I was disappointed in not seeing the battle-field of Borodino. Why was there fought such a battle at that small village? It was seventy miles from Moscow. Why that desperate struggle, in which one hundred and twenty-five thousand Frenchmen grappled with one hundred and sixty thousand Russians, and thirty thousand dead Frenchmen and fifty-two thousand dead Russians were left on the field? It was because the fate of Moscow, the sacred city of Russia, was decided there—decided seventy miles away. And let me tell you people of the thirties, you are now at the Borodino, whence will resound its successes or its moral disasters clear on into the seventies, if you live to the threescore and ten of the text.

Next I accost the forties. Yours is the decade of discovery. I do not mean the discovery of the outside, but the discovery of yourself. No man knows himself until he is forty. He over-estimates or under-estimates himself. By that time he has learned what he can do, or what he cannot do. He thought he had commercial genius enough to become a millionaire, but now he is satisfied to make a comfortable living. He thought he had rhetorical power that would bring him into the United States Senate; now he is content if he can successfully argue a common case before a petit-jury. He thought he had medical skill that would make him a Mott or a Grosse or a Willard Parker or a Sims; now he finds his sphere is that of a family physician, prescribing for the ordinary ailments that afflict our race. He was sailing on in a fog and could not take a reckoning, but now it clears up enough to allow him to find out his real latitude and longitude. He has been climbing, but now he has got to the top of the hill, and he takes a long breath. He is half-way through the journey at least, and he is in a position to look backward or forward. He has more good sense than he ever had. He knows human nature, for he has been cheated often enough to see the bad side of it, and he has met so many gracious and kindly and splendid souls, he also knows the good side of it. Now, calm yourself. Thank God for the past, and deliberately set your compass for another voyage. You have chased enough thistledown. You have blown enough soap bubbles. You have seen the unsatisfying nature of all earthly things. Open a new chapter with God and the world. This decade of the forties ought to eclipse all its predecessors in worship, in usefulness and in happiness. "Forty" is a great word in the Bible. God's ancient people were forty years in the Wilderness. Eli judged Israel forty years. David and Solomon and Jehoash reigned forty years. When Joseph visited his brethren he was forty years old. Oh, this mountain-top of the forties! You have now the character you will probably have for all time and all eternity. God, by his grace, sometimes changes a man after the forties, but after that a man never changes himself. Tell me, Oh, men and women who are in the forties, your habits of thought and life, and I will tell you what you will forever be. I might make a mistake once in a thousand times, but not more than in that proportion.

My sermon next accosts the fifties. How queer it looks when in writing your age you make the first of the two figures a "5." This is the decade which shows what the other decades have been. If a young man has sown wild oats, and he has lived to this time, he reaps the harvest of it in the fifties, or if by necessity he was compelled to overtoil in honest directions, he is called to settle up with exacting nature sometime during the fifties. Many have it so hard in early life that they are octogenarians at fifty. Sciaticas and rheumatisms and neuralgias and vertigos and insomnias have their playground in the fifties. A man's hair begins to whiten, and although he may have worn spectacles before, now he asks the optician for No. 14 or No. 12, or No. 10. When he gets a cough and is almost cured, he hacks and clears his throat a good while afterward. Oh, ye who are in the fifties, think of it! A half century of blessing to be thankful for, and a half century subtracted from an existence which, in the most marked cases of longevity, hardly ever reaches a whole century. By this time you ought to be eminent for piety. You have been in so many battles, you ought to be a brave soldier. You have made so many voyages, you ought to be a good sailor. So long protected and blessed, you ought to have a soul full of doxology. In Bible times in Canaan every fifty years was by God's command a year of jubilee. The people did not work that year. If property had, by misfortune, gone out of one's possession, on the fiftieth year it came back to him. If he had fooled it away, it was returned without a farthing to pay. If a man had been enslaved, he was, in that year, emancipated. A trumpet was sounded loud and clear and long, and it was the trumpet of jubilee. They shook hands, they laughed, they congratulated. What a time it was, that fiftieth year! And if under the old dispensation it was such a glad time, under our new and more glorious dispensation let all who have come to the fifties hear the trumpet of jubilee that I now blow. That

was the allusion made by Mr. Toplady, the great hymnologist, when he wrote :

Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound :
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love.
The year of jubilee has come;
Return ye ransomed sinners home.

My sermon next accosts the sixties. The beginning of that decade is more startling than any other. In his chronological journey, the man rides rather smoothly over the figures "2" and "3" and "4" and "5," but the figure "6" gives him a big jolt. He says: "It cannot be that I am sixty. Let me examine the old family record. I guess they made a mistake. They got my name down wrong in the roll of births." But, no, the older brothers or sisters remember the time of his advent, and there is some relative a year older and another relative a year younger, and sure enough the fact is established beyond all disputation. Sixty! Now your great danger is the temptation to fold up your faculties and quit. You will feel a tendency to reminisce. If you do not look out you will begin almost everything with the words, "When I was a boy." But you ought to make the sixties more memorable for God and the truth than the fifties or the forties or the thirties. You ought to do more during the next ten years than you did in any thirty years of your life, because of all the experience you have had. You have committed enough mistakes in life to make you wise above your juniors. Now, under the accumulated light of your past experimenting, go to work for God as never before. When a man in the sixties folds up his energy and feels he has done enough, it is the devil of indolence to which he is surrendering, and God generally takes the man at his word and lets him die right away. His brain, that under the tension of hard work was active, now suddenly shrivels. Men, whether they retire from secular or religious work, generally retire to the grave. No well man has a right to retire. The world was made for work. There remaineth a rest for the people of God, but it is in a sphere beyond the reach of telescopes. The military charge that decided one of the greatest battles of the ages—the battle of Waterloo—was not made until eight o'clock in the evening, but some of you propose to go into camp at two o'clock in the afternoon.

My subject next accosts those in the seventies and beyond. My word to them is congratulation. You have got nearly, if not quite through. You have safely crossed the sea of life and are about to enter the harbor. You have fought at Gettysburg and the war is over. Here and there a skirmish with the remaining sin of your own heart and the sin of the world, but I guess you are about done. There may be some work for you yet on small or large scale. Bismarck of Germany vigorous in the eighties. The prime minister of England strong at eighty-four. Haydn composing his oratorio "The Creation" at seventy years of age. Isocrates doing some of his best work at seventy-four. Plato busy thinking for all succeeding centuries at eighty-one; Noah Webster after making his world-renowned dictionary, hard at work until eighty-five years old; Rev. Daniel Waldo praying in my pulpit at one hundred years of age; Humboldt producing the immortal "Cosmos" at seventy-six years; William Blake at sixty-seven learning Italian so as to read Dante in the original. Lord Cockburn at eighty-seven writing his best treatise. John Wesley stirring great audiences at eighty-five. William C. Bryant, without spectacles, reading in my house "Thanatopsis" at eighty-three years of age. Christian men and women in all departments serving God after becoming septuagenarians and octogenarians and nonagenarians prove that there are possibilities of work for the aged, but I think you who are passed the seventies are near being through. How do you feel about it? You ought to be jubilant because life is a tremendous struggle, and if you have got through respectably and usefully, you ought to feel like people toward the close of a summer day seated on the rocks watching the sunset at Bar Harbor or Cape May or Lookout Mountain. I am glad to say that most old Christians are cheerful. Daniel Webster visited John Adams a short time before his death, and found him in very infirm health. He said to Mr. Adams: "I am glad to see you. I hope you are getting along pretty well?" The reply was: "Ah, sir, quite the contrary. I find I am a poor tenant, occupying a house much shattered by time. It sways and trembles with every wind, and what is worse, sir, the landlord, as near as I can make out, does not intend to make any repairs." Dr. Beman, after passing into the seventies, was asked by my friend, Rev. Dr. Spear: "Dr. Beman, how is your health now?" and he replied: "I have on me an incurable disease." "What is that?" asked my friend, and the septuagenarian replied, "Old age." Both of the old men I have mentioned intended their remarks for facetiousness and old people have a right to be facetious. An aged woman sent to her physician and told him of her ailments, and the doctor said: "What would you have me do, madam? I cannot make you young again." She replied: "I know that, doctor. What I want you to do is to help me to grow old a little longer." The young have their troubles before them. The old have their troubles behind them. You have got about all out of this earth that there is in it. Be glad that you, an aged servant of God, are going to try another life and amid better surroundings. Stop looking back and look ahead. Oh, ye in the seventies and the eighties and the nineties, your best days are yet to come, your grandest associations are yet to be formed, your best eyesight is yet to be kindled, your best hearing is yet to be awakened, your greatest speed is yet to be traveled, your gladdest song is yet to be sung. The most of your friends have gone over the border and you are going to join them very soon. They are waiting for you. They are watching the golden shore to see you land. They are watching the shining gate to see you come through. They are standing by the throne to see you mount. What a glad hour when you drop the staff and take the sceptre, when you quit the stiffened joints and become an immortal athlete. But hear! hear! a remark pertinent to all people whether in the twenties, the thirties, the forties, the fifties, the sixties, the seventies or beyond. What we all need is to take the supernatural into our lives. Do not let us depend on brain, and muscle and nerve. We want a mighty supply of the supernatural. We want with us a divine force mightier than the waters and the tempests and when the Lord took two steps on bestormed Galilee, putting one foot on the winds and the other on the waves, he proved himself mightier than hurricane and billow. We want with us a divine force greater than the fires, and when the Lord cooled Nebuchadnezzar's furnace until Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego did not even have to fan themselves, he proved himself mightier than the fire. We want a divine force stronger than wild beast, and when the Lord made Daniel a lion-tamer, he proved himself stronger than the wrath of the jungles. There are so many diseases in the world we want with us a divine Physician capable of combatting ailments, and our Lord when on earth showed what he could do with catalepsy and paralysis and ophthalmia and dementia. Oh, take this supernatural into all your lives. How to get it? Just as you get anything you want. By application. If you want anything you apply for it. By prayer apply for the supernatural. Take it into your daily business. Many a man has been able to pay only fifty cents on the dollar, who if he had called in the supernatural, could have paid one hundred cents on the dollar. Why do ninety-eight men out of a hundred fail in business? Because there are not more than two men out of a hundred who take God into their worldly affairs.

"AH, SIR, I FIND I AM A POOR TENANT!" SAID JOHN ADAMS.

. . . behind the great unknown
Standeth God within the shadows,
Keeping watch upon his own.

A man got up in a New York prayer-meeting and said : "God is my partner. I did business without him for twenty years, and failed every two or three years. I have been doing business with him for twenty years and have not failed once." Oh! take the supernatural into all your affairs. I had such an evidence of the goodness of God in temporal things when I entered active life, I must testify. Called to preach at lovely Belleville in New Jersey, I entered upon my work. But there stood the empty parsonage, and not a cent had I with which to furnish it. After preaching three or four weeks the officers of my church asked me if I did not want to take two or three weeks' vacation. I said, "Yes!" for I had preached about all I knew, but I feared they must be getting tired of me. When I returned to the village after the brief vacation, they handed me the key of the parsonage, and asked me if I did not want to go and look at it. Not suspecting anything had happened, I put the key into the parsonage door and opened it, and there was the hall completely furnished with carpet and pictures and hat-rack, and I turned into the parlors and they were furnished, the softest sofas I ever sat on, and into the study, and found it furnished with book-cases, and I went to the bed rooms, and they were furnished, and into the pantry, and that was furnished with every culinary article, and the spice-boxes were filled, and a flour barrel stood there ready to be opened, and I went down into the dining-room, and the table was set and beautifully furnished, and into the kitchen, and the stove was full of fuel, and a match lay on the top of the stove, and all I had to do in starting house-keeping was to strike the match. God inspired the whole thing, and if I ever doubt his goodness, all up and down the world, call me an ingrate. I testify that I have been in many tight places, and God always got me out, and he will get you out of the tight places.

But the most of this audience will never reach the eighties or the seventies or the sixties or the fifties or the forties. He who passes into the forties has gone far beyond the average of human life. Amid the uncertainties take God through Jesus Christ as your present and eternal safety. The longest life is only a small fragment of the great eternity. We will all of us soon be there.

Eternity! how near it rolls,
Count the vast value of your souls.
Beware and count the awful cost
What they have gained, whose souls are lost.

MY TIME IS UP.

"The days of our years are three score and ten." Ps. 90: 10.

MY time is up, three score and ten,
The years allotted unto men,
Have run their cycles one by one,
Since my life's journey first begun.

My time is up, my race is run,
And yet my work how poorly done;
Sad but vain regrets I cast,
Along the pathway of the past.

My time is up, O, what a thought,
With what a solemn meaning fraught,
And yet why should I quake or fear
Since only a sojourner here?

My time is up, at thy right hand
O loving Saviour I would stand,
All ready when the summons comes
That calls me to my heavenly home.

My time is up, soon I shall see
The dear ones now awaiting me,
And those I leave, 'twill not be long,
Before they, too, will join the throng.

My time is up, and yet I stay,
Awaiting God's appointed way,
Yet day and months and years may be
In mercy still reserved for me.— G. H. L.

THE VANITY OF GRAVEN IMAGES.*

S. S. Lesson for March 19. Isa. 44: 9-20. Golden Text, Isa. 45: 5. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

SINCE the early days of this Pentecostal dispensation, there has never been such an impetus to missionary work as at the present time. Very gradually has the Church of Christ awakened to her calling to "go out into all the world" and to "preach the Gospel to every creature," and even now, when missionaries are going out from some lands by hundreds in a year, and when thousands are offering themselves for missionary work, it is only here and there that the Church in general feels her responsibility in the matter.

When Paul and Barnabas were singled out by the Holy Ghost to be missionaries (Acts 13: 2), they were ready to trust for their daily bread or to work for it with their own hands just as God should lead them, without making any plan beforehand. The power of their life and of their work was personal, immediate, unintermittent contact with the living God, at whose call, and in whose service they went forth. Such men could teach idolaters the folly of idolatry by force of contact. A man like Paul, who could be stoned and left for dead at Lystra (Acts 14: 19), and who as praying disciples stood around him, could rise up in the strength of his God, not a mangled mass of bruised flesh and broken bones, but in vigor and with sufficient courage to walk into the city where his persecutors dwelt, would not have much difficulty in persuading the people that his God could do more for him than their idols could do for them. When at Philippi, God sent an earthquake for his deliverance, when at Ephesus the very handkerchiefs taken from his body communicated healing to the sick (Acts 19: 12), and at Miletus he was used of God for the raising of Eutychus from the dead (Acts 20: 9-10), Paul had facts on his side to prove the reality, the power, the presence of the God he served. This was God's first missionary, and he could speak with indisputable authority to the worshippers of graven images. What the the heathen need is not fine words or advanced education, so much as to know that God is real to those who come to teach them. "I am the Lord and there is none else; there is no God beside me."

What is the intrinsic difference between the heathen and the worshippers of Jehovah? Is it not that our God has formed us, but the heathen create their own God; our God bears and carries his people (Isa. 43: 9), but the heathen must carry their Gods. (Isa. 46: 1-7.) Our God seeks intelligent intercourse with his children and demands their obedience and trust; the poor heathen have only unfounded imagination, a miserable, groundless superstition about their gods; they have a religion without any sense of moral responsibility. In contrasting himself and his worship with that of graven images, our God says through his prophet: "I am the First, and I am the Last, and beside me there is no God." (Isa 44: 6.) If a God is not superior to the beings that worship him, then worship must debase instead of elevating. Where God is not the First and the Last with us, our worship resembles that of the heathen. Where did you go last Sunday evening? was asked of a young man. "O, I went to the cathedral to hear the music." Was this worship, or was it self-gratification? Self-gratification in religion is the principle which gives the lie to the life and teaching of our Lord. If the Word made flesh and dwelling amongst us means anything, it means that he who left all for us has a right to expect us intuitively to leave all self gratification for him.

Who hath formed a God or molten a graven image that is profitable for nothing? A god that is profitable for nothing! A useless God! We pity the poor heathen and talk of sending missionaries to them; and yet, are there not many who go by the name of Christian, and yet treat their God as though he were no more to be relied upon than a heathen idol? "What a wonderful answer to prayer!" one has heard even converted people say, just as though answers to prayer were almost unknown in their lives! One can understand the poor heathen looking upon it as an uncertainty whether a prayer made to an idol of their own making can avail anything, and one can understand that a petition to such a helpless god must need a great deal of fervency in the petitioner, and the idolmaker who is greater than his false God. But it is a piteous thing when a Christian is so little aquainted with his God that his prayers are as uncertain as those of the heathen, and all his intercourse with God is befogged and beclouded with unbelief.

He burneth part of it in the fire, with part thereof he eateth flesh; he roasteth roast and is satisfied, yea, he warmeth himself, and saith: "Aha, I am warm, I have seen the fire, and

The Residue Thereof

he maketh a god, even his graven image." His god takes the last place in his life—his own needs and comfort are the first consideration. Our God must be the first and the last with us or he is practically nothing. The god of the heathen has nothing to do with all these things of daily life, but the residue, that which he can spare, that which is convenient to him the heathen bestows upon his god, and then, in the most utter absence of all reason he bows down to the image made of the residue of his tree, and says: "Deliver me, for thou art my God!" Such is the blindness, the utter irrational character of heathenism in which millions are steeped to this day.

But if Christians who give something of their means to the support of missionary work, who sometimes in prayer think of the missionaries, and who consider that they have their part in sending them out—act in a similar way to the living God—are they not hypocrites? How much time in the day, Christian reader, do you give to your God? Perhaps to eating and drinking you may give about two hours or more, to dressing and undressing say an hour, to exercise perhaps another hour, to business say eight hours or so, to recreation two or three, but to God, how much? The residue: five minutes, ten minutes, half an hour at most, out of a day of about sixteen hours awake! How much money do you spend for the Lord? Housekeeping, clothing, traveling, all are carefully reckoned, but for God, how much? What proportion? "Oh, what I can afford." The residue. How much of your strength is put at the Lord's disposal? What do you say? I must attend to business, it is my duty to support my family; then I must of course do as the world does, and fulfil the requirements of society; how can I keep up my position without? My health requires a little innocent recreation. "Well, and how much do you consider that the requirements of God's kingdom demand? O, you say, I don't profess to be a saint." No: my poor brother, that is too true. But do you know that in giving only the resinue of your strength to the Lord you are

Justifying the Very Heathen

whom you send missionaries to teach? How can you reasonably expect that the heathen shall exchange their convenient gods, who never arouse their consciences, for your God, when they see that your esteem for him is not greater than theirs for their idols? They see you as much set on earthly things as they are, how shall they understand the call of the missionary to them that they shall seek those things which are above, when you who pay missionaries to teach them, are yourself minding earthly things? It was not the preaching of missionaries but the real presence and power of their God to men who witnessed for him, which convinced a Pharaoh, a Nebuchadnezzar, a Darius, that the God of Israel was a true God. Men who live near enough to God to put him to the test do not grudge God all their heart, all their mind, all their soul and all their strength. Whatsoever they do in word or deed they "do all in the name of the Lord Jesus." It is a cruel thing to rob a poor heathen of his superstition, and leave him with nothing better. There is a cry in many a human heart like that of David when he said: "My soul thirsteth for God for the living God," and no heart of man is at rest until he knows, personally and experimentally, a God whom he can look up to, depend upon, honor and obey, One who is to him the First and the Last, the All and Everything, the Beginning and the End of his horizon.

"They know not neither do they consider." It is the same reproach which he makes against Israel: "The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider." (Isa. 1: 3.) But there follows a terrible truth—that when men harden themselves against God, he treats them like the barren fig tree which might never bear fruit again, and a judicial blindness falls upon them. They would not know when they might have known and now "He hath shut their eyes that they cannot see and their hearts that they cannot understand. And none considereth in his heart, neither is there knowledge or understanding to say: I have burned part of it in the fire; yea also I have baked bread upon the coals thereof; I have roasted flesh and eaten it; and shall I make the residue thereof an abomination; shall I fall down to the stock of a tree? He feedeth on ashes, a deceived heart hath turned him aside, that he cannot deliver his soul, nor say: Is there not a lie in my right hand?" If men do not use reason to find out God; the time will come when this precious gift will be no longer in the power of those who trifle with it. Anointed missionaries full of the Holy Ghost, living in God's presence, might read these words of God himself in the Spirit, and surely the idols would be thrown to the moles and to the bats.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

AS the International Committee offers the choice of two subjects for the lesson for March 19th, and as many schools will doubtless choose that of Temperance in preference to that of Vanity of Idols, it may be useful to devote this column to that subject. The passage selected for study is Proverbs 23: 15-23. The words are those of solemn warning and admonition from a loving father to a son who is exposed to temptation. Much as the times have changed in the twenty-nine centuries which have elapsed since the advice was given, they may be used with perfect propriety at the present time. With all our progress and enlightenment, we have not been able to suppress the evils referred to, and the youth who goes out into the world now, is as likely to be tempted in that way as was the youth to whom they were first addressed. He is reminded that his conduct will not affect himself alone, but that his parents will suffer by his misconduct, or will be made happy by his good behavior. He is exhorted not to envy sinners their pleasures and is assured that in obeying God he will save himself from disappointment and a wasted life. Then, entering into details, as if foreseeing the temptations most likely to assail him, he is urged to keep out of bad company and to avoid gluttony and drunkenness. Apparently it was not necessary then, any more than it is now, to show the youth the absurdity of cutting down a tree, carving an image and worshipping it. But the other danger was real and imminent, as it is to-day.

In the fear of the Lord all the day long. The word here is not to be understood in the light of dread or apprehension. It is rather the fear that a child might have of grieving a loving father, or a conscientious servant might have of losing the confidence of his employer. On a very cold night a gatekeeper at a railway depot demanded that each passenger show his ticket. Several bitterly complained of the delay and inconvenience. "You are a very unpopular man to-night," said a spectator. "I only care to be popular with one man," he replied, "and that is the superintendent." In the same way Christians should take care that their actions are pleasing to God, and if they have to displease man they must remember that "we ought to obey God rather than men."

Surely there is an end. No man sets out to be a drunkard. He has control over himself and knows that he can stop drinking when he wants to do so. But after a time he is weaker and the power of the drinking habit stronger. Then it is not so easy to stop. In the end he loses all his power and self-control and is in the power of his enemy. Some time ago a party of sailors visited the Zoological Gardens. One of them, excited by the liquor he had taken, and as an act of bravado to his companions, took hold of a deadly serpent. He held it up, having seized it by the nape of the neck in such a way that it could not sting him. As he held it, the snake (unobserved by him) coiled itself around his arm and at length it got a firm grasp, and wound tighter and tighter, so that he was unable to detach it. As the pressure of the snake increased, the danger grew, and at length the sailor was unable to maintain his hold on the neck of the venomous reptile, and was compelled to loose it. What did the snake then do? It turned around and stung him, and he died. So it is with the appetite of strong drink.

"In the forest," says a preacher, "I saw a beautiful tall tree slowly dying, strangled by great coils of ivy. There is no possibility of untwisting the folds, they are too giant-like and fast fixed, and every hour the rootlets of the climber are sucking the life out of the unhappy tree. Yet there was a day when the ivy was a tiny aspirant, only asking a little aid in its climbing; had it been denied then, the tree had never become its victim, but by degrees the humble weakling grew in strength and arrogance, and at last it assumed the mastery, and the tall tree became the prey of the creeping insinuating destroyer. The moral is too obvious. Sorrowfully do we remember many, many noble characters which have been ruined little and little by insinuating habits. Drink has been the ivy in many cases."

Be not among winebibbers. There is danger in association. No one is safe who habitually keeps company with wrongdoers. The effect of example, of the spirit of comradeship quickly saps the barriers which keep sin from entering the soul. Sophronius had a fair daughter named Eulalia, and she asked him one day for permission to visit the gay Lucinda. "I cannot allow it," said the Greek father. "Then you must think me exceedingly weak," said the girl indignantly. Sophronius picked up a dead coal from the hearth, and handed it to his daughter; but she hesitated to accept it. "Take it, my child—it will not burn you." Eulalia obeyed and the milky whitenes of her hand was instantly gone. "Father, we cannot be too careful in handling coals," said the vexed daughter. "No," said Sophronius, solemnly, "for even when they do not burn they blacken." Ye weaker ones—the cup may burn you; but if it will not burn, it will blacken—so beware. Touch not, taste not, handle not!

The drunkard and the glutton come to poverty. A physician walking along a country road was accosted by a man of dissipated appearance. The physician's eyes wandered compassionately over him and caught sight of the neck of a whiskey bottle protruding from his pocket. "Is this the way to the poor-house?" inquired the man, pointing in the direction in which he was going. "No," said the physician, "that is not the way to the poor-house, but," laying his hand on the whiskey bottle, "this is."

The habit has ruined thousands of brilliant lawyers, doctors, statesmen and noble men of all professions. They have started well with everything in their favor but the one thing—a love of stimulants, and when we expected to see them attain high position this one weakness has dragged them down. Canon Wilberforce says that one day he noticed a magnificent golden eagle flying bravely upwards. He watched it with admiration and delight, but soon noticed that something was wrong with it. It seemed unable to proceed. It stayed in its course, and by its uncertain movement showed that for some reason its strength was failing. Soon after it began to fall, and soon it lay, a few yards from his feet, a lifeless mass. What could have wrought the change? No human hand had harmed it. No sportsman's shot had reached it. He went to examine the bird and what did he find? It had carried up with it a little weasel in its talons, and as the eagle drew these near to its body for flight, the little creature had wormed itself out of them and had drunk the life-blood from the eagle's breast. How like the love of liquor is this! It may seem to be but a little matter, but it fastens on the soul and worketh death.

* This lesson can be used by Temperance Lessons, "Vanity of Idolatry." Prov. 23: 15-23. Golden Text, Eph. 5: 18.

FIGHTING GOD'S BATTLE IN INDIA.

Rev. A. W. Rudisill's Gospel Labors Among the Hindus—Buddhists, Moslems and Catholics Worshipping Together—The Mission Press—An Indian "Mela"—"The Slave of Jesus."

* * *

IN India, for many centuries, the Brahmins have maintained their supremacy as promoters of intellectual darkness. Their histories, their geography, their works on astronomy, are idle fabrications, and their religious books are a corresponding series of absurdities. Christian truth dispels these lies as sunlight does the darkness. Christian tracts distributed in fields unoccupied by missionaries are often made the means of leading the priests, themselves, to Christ.

Sixteen years ago, in the Canarese country, about one hundred and fifty miles south of Hyderabad, lived a Lingite priest, named Maradappa, of wide influence, zealously teaching Hindu doctrines. A Christian tourist offered him a bundle of tracts, which, upon his refusing, were accepted by the headman of the village, who was so impressed by their arguments that he requested Maradappa to refute them. "That I can easily do," replied Maradappa. But after endeavoring for seven years to answer them satisfactorily, he, himself becoming

REV. A. W. RUDISILL.

convinced of the truth of the Christian religion, sought and found Christ. He then

Walked One Hundred Miles

to receive baptism from the Rev. C. B. Warth, of the Basil Mission. Before the ceremony was performed he said:

"My parents named me for a heathen god, Maradappa, but now I wish to be called Yesu Dasa, the slave of Jesus."

He returned to Shallagi, his home, where he preached Christ, and suffered great persecution. A few years ago, he visited Rev. J. H. Garden, at Goolbarga Methodist Episcopal Mission, having brought five converts over one hundred miles to receive baptism. He is still preaching Christ, his pure life making his words weighty among the people.

The case of Yesu Dasa, thus led to Christ through the reading of tracts is one of many. And when it is borne in mind that the reading population of India is increasing by the million, it is easy to see that the printing press, if used with more vigor, and on a scale far beyond the ideas and plans of the past, must become a tremendous power. It is, therefore, a matter of thanksgiving that where most needed, God is raising up men and means to carry on this part of his work in heathen lands. The Madras M. E. Publishing House is a notable instance.

In 1886, Rev. A. W. Rudisill, D.D., then Presiding Elder of the Madras District, South India Conference, having acquired in early life a practical knowledge of printing, began in a small way to print tracts. A native who could act as foreman, set type, do press work, read proof, bind tracts, and keep accounts, was afterwards engaged for two dollars and fifty cents a month. The first apprentice was one of the native Sunday School scholars, a bright Christian lad of ten years, named Thoombu, who astonished all by his rapid progress. In a few years the office grew until forty hands were employed, and printing was done in five languages; English, Deccan, Hindustan, Tamil, Telugu, and Canarese, spoken by about fifty million people.

From the beginning, every day's work of the printing-office was

Opened With Religious Services

in the Tamil language, and all the hands required to be present. Among the workmen are those representing different religious faiths; and it is an impressive sight to witness Mohammedans, Hindus, Roman Catholics and Methodists, harmoniously commencing the day's work with a Bible reading, singing hymns like "Rock of Ages," or "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," and all devoutly standing, while led in prayer. So far as known it is the first time in the history of the world that Hindus and Mohammedans, still clinging to their faith, met in daily religious exercises with Christians, and an interesting fact is that some of the orthodox Hindus take their turn at reading the Bible lesson for the morning.

But this striking innovation of holding prayers with orthodox Hindus and Mohammedans was not all smooth sailing. The plan was carried out for the first few months with comparatively little difficulty, when a prayer-strike was organized, and for a time threatened to bring these devotional exercises to a sudden termination. The ring-leaders waited on Dr. Rudisill, and informed him that unless "master opens like other offices, no pray, no sing, no read Bible, all the Hindus and Mohammedans will stop work."

The men were called together, and Dr. Rudisill asked:

"Shall I pray my God to curse you, your wives, and your little ones?"

All seemed horrified at the mere suggestion.

"Would not you then, rather I should ask him to bless you and yours?" he said. All assented.

"But that is just what I have been doing every morning," continued Dr. Rudisill, "where then is the trouble?"

After some further parleying, the leader's frown passed away, and he cried,

"Master Talks Very Good!"

Prayers then went on as usual.

It could hardly be expected that a vigorous prosecution of Christian vernacular printing in India would meet with no opposition. In a few years a Hindu Tract Society was organized. Instead, however, of issuing tracts defining and defending Hinduism, an attack was made on Christianity. This was wise. It was too great an undertaking to argue for the authenticity of a divine history that told of kings, thirty feet high, and reigns thirty thousand years long; or to contend for the accuracy of a sacred geography, which was made up of seas of treacle, and oceans of butter; and, in addition, to defend a revelation which taught that some rats went to heaven, because they trimmed a

AN INDIAN "MELA," OR FAIR.
(From a photograph by Rev. A. W. Rudisill.)

temple light while engaged in drinking the oil, and that some men went to hell, because they were a minute too late in throwing a flower on an idol!

It is, therefore, a striking fact that not one of their tracts tells about any religion except Christianity. One deals with Jesus Christ and his divinity; another refutes Christianity; a fourth describes the position of women according to the Bible; a fifth the character of Christ. In this last occurs the sentence:

"The God of the Christians is Jesus Christ. His friends were low caste people; his chariot was an ass; his diadem a crown of thorns; his throne was a cross; his cradle was a crib."

In reading these tracts with all their

Blasphemous Challenges

we can still exclaim with St. Paul, "Some, indeed preach Christ; even of envy and strife, and some also of good-will; the one do it of love the other proclaim Christ of faction; what then? only that in every way, whether in pretence or in truth, Christ is proclaimed; and therein I rejoice, yea, and will rejoice."

The work of the Hindu Tract Society led Mr. Raju Naidu, an associate editor of one of the Hindu periodicals published at Madras, to read diligently about the Christian religion. He visited the M. E. Publishing House, and Dr. Rudisill supplied him with Christian literature. He watched and made a study of the work among native women carried on by Miss Grace Stevens, superintendent of the M. E. Zenana Mission. In a short time he openly renounced Hinduism, professed Christianity, was baptized, and preached Jesus Christ in the streets of Madras. In a recent letter he says:

"I am charged with a high message from my Father in Heaven; I am an ambassador for him to show the world what I have myself seen in the great heart of God. I preach his Gospel because it has saved me; saved me, too, to the uttermost. Oh! how I rejoice in him, in his salvation, in his love! He saved me because I went to him a poor helpless sinner."

The conversion of Mr. Raju Naidu and clear testimony given fearlessly in his own city, and also published in the daily papers, raised

The Zeal of the Hindus

to a white heat. They feared that since a leader had been won from their path, others might follow. Wherever a missionary appeared preaching and selling tracts, they stationed one of their most gifted speakers nearby, who made an attack on the Christian religion, and circulated anti-Christian tracts. But this did not hinder the work of the Lord. Hindus, who had never before taken enough interest in their own religion, either to defend or question it, now listened, not only to those who defamed them, but to the missionaries themselves. It happened here, as it has so often in the history of the Christian Church, that the fiercer the attack on the Christian faith, the more rapidly was its truth disseminated.

To be of practical use the mission press must not only be self-supporting, but in addition must earn enough by which to furnish colporteurs, missionaries, and Sunday Schools with Christian literature at less than the cost of the paper on which it is printed.

The Hindu Wage-Earner

receives on an average two dollars per month on which he must support himself and family. It is found best to charge him something for books and papers, but the price must be very small. Mission presses in India, must sell below cost and make up the deficiency on work done for banks, railroads, merchants, etc.

One of the most urgent needs of mission work in India, however, is suitable pictorial illustrations for Christian literature. In photography, India has made rapid strides, and photographs, as perfect perhaps, as can be found anywhere, are produced in that country. But in preparing pictures for the printing press nothing worthy of note has been done, and the press of India is entirely dependent on Europe and America for pictures of any kind. By the modern process of photo-engraving, the American Baptist Union in Rangoon, Burmah, reduced the cost of the Bible from $1.44 to 36 cents. As there is no photo-engraving establishment in India, this work was done in Boston. In the early part of last year, as Bishop Thoburn was about to sail for America, the missionaries urged him to make some arrangements in Germany, whereby they might forward photographs to that country and have plates prepared for the printing-press. But at that very time and in an unlooked-for manner,

A NATIVE HINDU CONVERT.

the way was being opened to take a complete photo-engraving equipment to India.

Mela is the name in India for

A Religious Fair

on the most extensive scale. The roads become crowded, and for days and nights, a sea of humanity pours into some sacred locality. From fifty to one hundred thousand people come together, and it is not an unusual thing for a half million to assemble. A few years ago at a *Mela* in Upper India, it was estimated that three million people were in attendance. And yet in assemblages so vast, the missionary's voice is almost useless. One night while passing along a street in New York City, Dr. Rudisill, who had returned home to recruit his shattered health, and was preparing for a speedy return to India, came upon an immense crowd interested in views flashed by a stereopticon on a mammoth screen. On a small scale for thirty years or more, the magic lantern has been a valuable missionary help. The thought occurred to Dr. Rudisill, that, while the lantern reached hundreds, a powerful stereopticon might be constructed, which would reach tens of thousands, and under favorable conditions, a quarter of a million of people at one time, as at a *Mela*. To prepare, transport to India, and put into successful operation a plant of such magnitude, would require not only a large sum of money, but also a person of some mechanical skill to operate the plant. Dr. Rudisill requested a circle of Christian friends to make the undertaking a subject of daily prayer. In a comparatively short time, over $5000 were received and his nephew, Mr. James Rudisill, a young man well fitted to take charge of the mechanical work, agreed to accompany him to India.

Bishop Thoburn gave the work his unreserved endorsement, and authorized Dr. Rudisill to appeal to the friends of mission work for the needed funds. The M. E. Publishing House at Madras will then consist of, First—the printing department, which will include book and job-printing, color-printing, bookbinding, photo-engraving, stereotyping and electrotyping; Second,—the selling department, which will include an apparatus for the manufacture of the calcium light; and a Gospel Bullock Cart, containing a stereopticon powerful enough to illuminate a canvas 100 feet square. Bishop Thoburn's

And Dr. Talmage's Sermons,

which are eagerly read by the natives, will be pictorially illustrated, and in the Deccan-Hindustani, Canarese, Tamil and Telegu tongues, shown on this immense canvas by the stereopticon. After the Gospel has thus been preached, printed editions of the sermons, containing similar illustrations, will be sold by colporteurs. Pictures, illustrating religious books, and, above all the Bible, will be shown, thus inducing people to buy; for when the natives are interested enough to read, like the eunuch, they will soon be ready to hear a Philip preach, and to receive Christ by faith. To purchase this plant, erect suitable buildings, and procure printing material, will require $25,000, nearly one-half of which has already been raised in cash, or available subscriptions. The new development of Gospel work when complete, will stand as a memorial to the late Mrs. Mary M. Rudisill, the devoted wife of Dr. Rudisill, whose labors in India were remarkably owned of God.

NEW TESTAMENT TESTIMONY.

What Christ and his Apostles said of the Second Advent and the Millennium

BY REV. W. FRITH.

IN a former article we referred to some of the passages in the Old Testament concerning the second coming of Christ and the circumstances attending it; let us now see what the Lord himself had to say about it.

In addition to the most clear and explicit one, in John 14:3, we have several others:—

The promise is repeated in verse 18: "I will come to you." Nor will it be sufficient to say that this had exclusive reference to his reappearance after his resurrection; because this 18th verse stands or falls with verse 3, in which Jesus says, "I go to prepare a place for you," (which must have reference to the whole interregnum between the two Advents)—"I will come again" the Greek word means back again, and therefore must refer to his second coming in personal glory.

We pass over those parables in which this doctrine is most clearly taught, and refer to John 16:22, "I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice," &c.: nor was the intention of the Redeemer limited to any re-appearance after his resurrection in this case. To be consistent this utterance must be read in the light of John 17:24 for it was spoken on the same occasion,—"that they may be with me where I am"—that is where "their heart shall rejoice."

Once more: In the institution of the Lord's Memorial Supper, we have a most beautiful and suggestive, though incidental, prediction of his second Advent—viz., "Until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom." (Matt. 26:29.) Here, also, his second advent is implied beyond question; because, if this text is read in the light of John 14:3, he must come to receive his people before they celebrate the supper in glory.

Lastly, we must not omit those somewhat remarkable words addressed to Peter just before his ascension in answer to his curious question relative to John: "If I will that he tarry *till I come*, what is that to thee?" (John 21:22.) Here, again, there can be but one interpretation: for his resurrection was past already, and therefore, it could have no other reference but to his second personal Advent.

We add no more; though there are many indirect and incidental references of great value which the student of the word will easily discover.

The Apostolical predictions of the Second Advent.

As preliminary, note that of the angel, recorded in Acts 1:11. This is worthy of special regard, because it is unique and singular, being the testimony of Heaven, and not of earth—of an angel who could make no mistake. Addressing the disciples, he says: "Why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus whom ye have seen go up into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." No words could be plainer; nor their meaning more unmistakable: the when is not given, but the fact is declared plainly; and it teaches us a very interesting truth—namely, that those holy beings know a great deal about the redemptive economy and the future purposes of God; and are also interested in the welfare of the Church on earth. But this angelic prediction is not yet verified, though it shall be in his time. And why should they not know, since they have evidently a grand mission to our earth? (Heb. 1:14.)

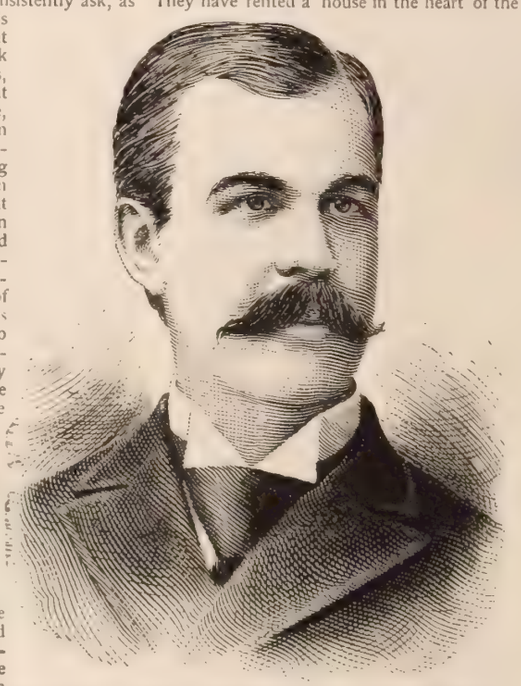
Peter's Address in the porch of the temple. "Whom the heaven must receive until the times of the restitution of all things." (Acts 3:21.) Now this declaration, taken in connection with the angel's prediction in chapter 1:11, is certainly a prediction of the Second Advent, implied in the word until, together with the purpose of his Advent—"to restore all things:"—a purpose which was predicted by "all his holy prophets since the world began;" and, therefore, must be verified in the fulness of time; for himself said: "All things which are written in the law and in the prophets, and in the Psalms concerning me, must be fulfilled." Luke 24:44.

Paul, in addressing his Epistle to the Philippians says: "For our citizenship is in heaven, from whence also we wait for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ." And that this has reference to the [illegible] one of the purposes of the Second Advent [illegible] note, too, that our Revised Version gives wait in place of "look"; but perhaps the two ideas blended together best conveys what is "the mind of the Spirit."

TEMPERANCE.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing March 19. Proverbs 23: 15-23

PETER'S injunction to add to knowledge, temperance has not become obsolete. It may be contended with an awful basis of facts that no evil of our day causes so much misery and ruin as intemperance. What is the duty of the Christian in the circumstances? It is urged that the Bible in no way enjoins total abstinence from intoxicating liquor but the fact does not excuse indulgence. Putting aside the fact that there is danger to the Christian in the use of liquor—danger of his falling under its insidious power, there are other reasons for abstinence. Observing the effects on others of the drinking habit, is it not his duty to use all the means in his power to rescue them? He cannot consistently ask, as Cain did, "Am I my brother's keeper?" He may say that persons who cannot drink without drinking to excess, should abstain altogether. But if none abstained but those, they would be marked men who in addition to their struggle with their own craving would have to bear the odium and ridicule of others. That would be a very heavy burden to sensitive minds and would probably prevent a large number from abstaining. By adding one more to the number of abstainers the Christian makes it easier for the drunkard to abstain. He does not then become ticketed and labeled by his act as a weak man, because others who are not weak are abstaining, too. Then, too, the Christian who abstains exerts an influence on young people. There are potential drunkards all around him. If by his example he can induce any to abstain that one is beyond the reach of that one temptation. The Christian is one who lives for Christ and his fellow-men. As Christ gave himself for the world so should the Christian be ready to sacrifice himself for others. The first principles of his religion demand that he be a total abstainer. "To the weak," Paul says, "became I as weak." That is the duty of the Christian. If, as is evident, he can by his example do something to encourage the drunkard to become a sober man, and still more to keep others from becoming drunkards there can be no question as to his duty in the matter. If he were gaining in health and strength by the use of intoxicants which is a very doubtful supposition, he has still no right to avail himself of them. If he desires to follow the example of Christ, he must sacrifice his own advantage for the sake of others; and not in this only, in all ways in which there is opportunity of service he must take up his cross and follow his Lord or he cannot be Christ's disciple.



MR. ANDREW M'WHINNEY, PRESIDENT OF B.Y.P.U. OF N.ORANGE, N. J.

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ONE OF THE B. Y. P. U. PIONEERS.

AMONG the States in which the suggestion of organizing a Baptist Young People's Union was most enthusiastically received was New Jersey. The Baptist Churches of that State responded promptly by forming local Unions and the larger churches soon had them well organized and in operation. One of the most ardent advocates of the movement there who soon became a recognized leader in the work was Mr. Andrew McWhinney whose portrait appears on this page. He was Superintendent of the Sunday School of Summit Avenue Church in Jersey City, in which there are nine hundred children, and was consequently fitted by his contact with young people to appreciate the value of such a project. Mr. McWhinney was a good man to be enlisted in the cause. Since he had united with that church by baptism at the age of fifteen, he had been a most energetic worker in its various spheres of usefulness and held other offices in connection with the church, beside that of Sunday School Superintendent. He earnestly advocated the formation of a Union and has since assisted in organizing Unions in other places. He took a prominent part in organizing the State Union and has been elected the first President of the Associational Union for the North New Jersey Baptist Association. Recently he removed to North Orange, N. J., where he is displaying similar activity in religious work. He is President of the Young People's Union of the Baptist church there.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

THE Leagues in and around Boston, Mass., have adopted the University Settlement idea. They have rented a house in the heart of the North End, which was once an aristocratic neighborhood, but is now fallen upon evil days, the haunt of Italians and the very poor. There are accommodations in the house for seventeen persons, and eight have already taken up their abode there. One of them is an Italian missionary. The house has been furnished throughout by the Epworth Leagues. It is proposed to make it a useful and helpful institution in all lines, except almsgiving. An example of cleanliness, a place where sympathy and advice and comfort may be had, and kindly words ready for all in trouble. It will be made known in the neighborhood that kind, sympathetic people are living there, and the influence is sure to be felt.—The Methodists of Keynsham, Somerset, England, have made an experiment in League work, incited thereto by reports from this side. They have made no regular organization. There are several societies in connection with the church which it is hoped will be federated so as to cover all departments. Until that is done, it would be unwise to form similar agencies in connection with the League which might be regarded as rivals.—The League of Fifth Avenue Church, Denver, Colo., has taken a new departure in resolving to give no entertainments for money-getting purposes. Hitherto sufficient funds have been received to defray all expenses and the League intends to hold to its resolution.—The General Secretary reports that there are now 9,504 regular Chapters and 1,283 Junior Chapters, making a total of 10,787. A Christian Endeavor Society in the city of Mexico has transformed itself into an Epworth League. There are now Chapters in Japan, Italy and Denmark.

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THE HOSPITAL BED.

AN effort is being made by the Central Council of King's Daughters to complete the endowment of a free hospital bed in the New York Infirmary for Women and Children. The object is to have a bed in the Infirmary, marked with the emblem of the Order, which shall be set apart for the use of any sick member of the Order in the United States or Canada, who may be in need of the skilled medical attention of the staff of the Infirmary. To secure this bed in perpetuity five thousand dollars are necessary. Half of this sum has been offered by a friend of the Order, if the members will contribute the other half. In order to make the payments easier, it has been arranged to spread them over five years. If fifty circles will undertake to pay $10 a year, or a hundred circles $5 a year, the work will be done. The only qualification necessary for admittance to the bed, whenever it is empty will be that the candidate shall be a King's Daughter, sick and in need. No distinction is to be made as to race, creed or color. It is proposed to organize a special hospital chapter, in the event of the money being raised, the members of which will visit the occupant of the bed and see that she does not lack any comforts that she needs. Incurable cases will not be received as it is desired to extend the benefits to the largest number who may be in need of it. Contributions and promises to complete the endowment should be sent to Miss Julia B. de Forest, 15 W. 30th St., N. Y., and they should be clearly marked, "For the King's Daughters' Bed."

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THE GENERAL OUTLOOK.

AT the Aldersgate St. Branch of the London Y. M. C. A., the Rev. F. B. Meyer is giving a lecture every Sunday afternoon which he entitles "Lessons from the Ten Commandments."

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Fully six hundred delegates attended the Epworth League Convention at Rochester, N. Y., on Feb. 24. Twelve counties were represented besides several districts in Pennsylvania.

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ON Christian Endeavor day there was an enormous rally in Denver, Colo. One thousand Endeavorers and twenty-five pastors attended and the utmost enthusiasm prevailed.

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A PHILANTHROPIC friend of the young people at Aintab, Turkey, has presented the Y. M. C. A. there with a new building. The Association has a membership of 120 and a flourishing boys' department with 150 members.

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THE Y. M. C. A. of New Orleans celebrated its fortieth anniversary on Feb. 7. It has a membership of 355 and last year spent $4,086 in its work. A movement has been started for erecting a new and larger building.

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The B. Y. P. U. of Butte, Mont., now numbers thirty active members. A mission has been started in a very needy part of the city. Good results have already followed. A State Union is to be organized this year.

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AT the recent meeting of the New York City Union of King's Daughters in Broadway Tabernacle, the Tenement House Chapter reported that a penny bank had been established for the children of the tenements and arrangements had been made for forming a sewing-class.

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MR. JOHN W. BAER, General Secretary of the Christian Endeavor Society, reports that in one week recently one hundred and sixty-one societies were added to the lists—twelve from Canada, forty-one from foreign and missionary lands, and one hundred and eight from various cities in the United States.

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A MASS-MEETING of Baptist Young People's Societies was held lately in the First Church, Minneapolis, to hear a report of missionary work in Western China. Rev. Wm. M. Upcraft of Sui-Fu who has been supported chiefly by the young Baptists of Minnesota gave a deeply interesting account of his labors.

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The Conference of Young Men's Christian Associations at Saratoga, N. Y., appropriated $12,000 for State work during the year. About five hundred delegates were present. The following were elected members of the State Executive Committee: W. F. Gurley, of Troy; G. W. Robinson, of Mount Vernon; J. B. Squire, of Buffalo; F. E. Fitch, of Buffalo; C. D. Hammond, of Albany; B. G. Winton, of Addison; L. E. Lyon, of Auburn; J. F. Meigs, of St. Regis Falls; E. F. See, of Brooklyn; and W. M. Griffith, of Utica; also the following to fill vacancies: J. G. Smith, of Harlem; W. W. Smith, of Poughkeepsie; J. A. Leonard, of Albany; and S. F. Baggs, of Watertown.

In Ancient Shechem.

How the Valley and Town of Nablous appear to Modern Eyes—The Twin Mountains, Ebal and Gerizim—A Marvelous History.

NABLOUS, the ancient Shechem, is distant eleven hours' journey from Jerusalem, on the great northern road through Palestine. It is the highway of traffic between Jerusalem and Damascus. Travelers making the journey usually pass the night at Bireh or Ramalleh, although many make the entire trip in one day. En route, the village of Shafut (the ancient Mizpeh), Tuliel-el-ful (Gibeah of old), Er-Ram, a pretty little hamlet, (formerly the powerful city of Ramah, the scene of Rizpah's devotion to her murdered sons), and Seilun, (the ancient Shiloh), are all passed in turn. Approaching Nablous, the country is wild and forbidding, and was for many years and until a comparatively recent date, frequented by robbers.

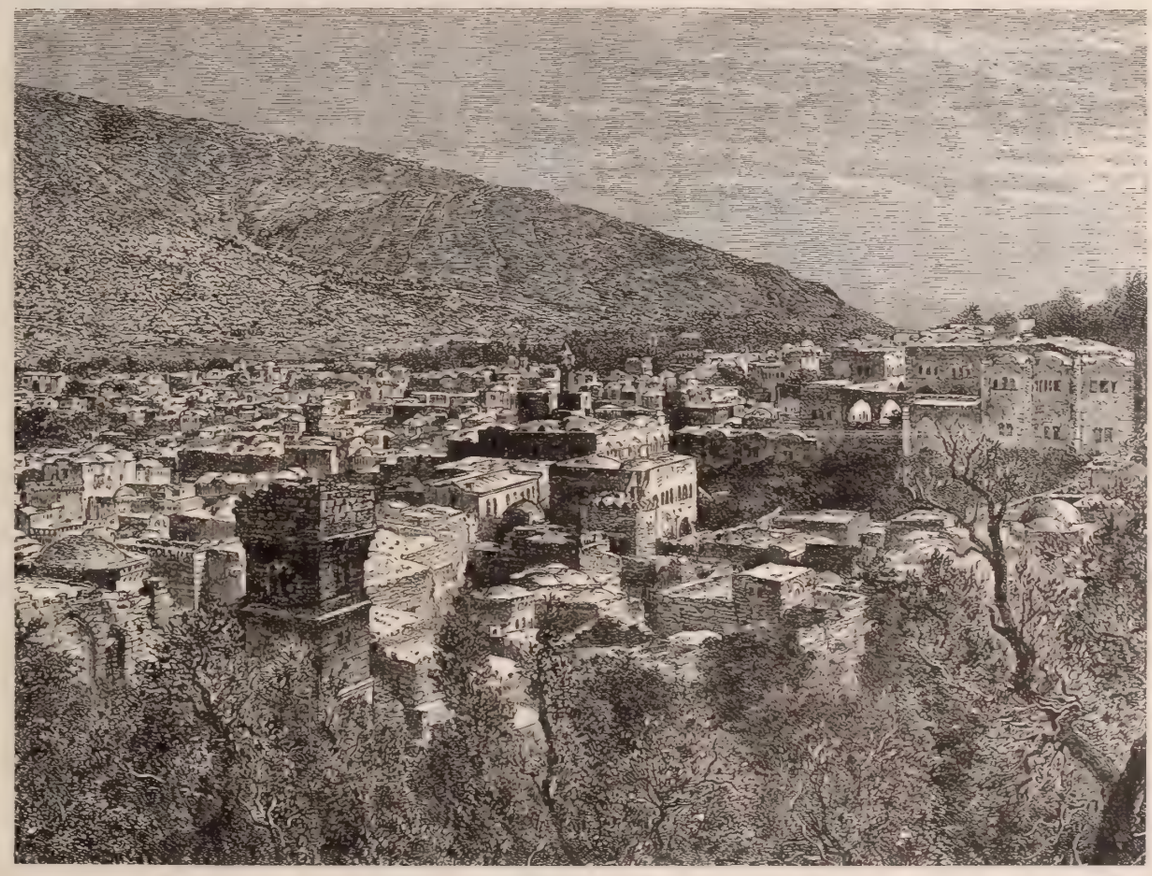
From the crest of a mountain ridge, a plain is seen stretching out below, and broken at the farthest end by a chain of mountains. In the valley between two hills—Mount Gerizim on the left and Ebal on the right—lies Nablous, lovely in situation and attractive in aspect. It is one of the very oldest cities in the world. The fertile lower levels of the surrounding hills are terraced with orchards and olive trees, and gardens are seen everywhere. Drawing still nearer to the city, we find Jacob's Well, a cistern about ten feet square, hewn in the solid rock. Around it stand the ruins of a church built by the Crusaders. An hour more and the white walls of Nablous rise before the traveler, and he enters the once famed city founded by and named after Shechem, the son of Hamor, a prince of the country long before the Hebrew conquest. Even in Abraham's day, Shechem was a city. It was near it that he pitched his tent and built an altar, under the "covenant oak" at Moreh, on first entering the land of promise. He found the Canaanites—the aborigines—already in possession of Shechem. They were idolaters and worshipped Baal-Berith. They were spared for a long time by the invaders, but finally the ancient Canaantish Shechem was entirely destroyed, a new Jewish city took its place, and the temples of Baal were converted into altars for Jehovah.

The Nablous of to-day is nearly as large as Jerusalem, and has about 14,000 population, Moslems preponderating. There are probably only a few hundred Samaritans, quite a sprinkling of Christians and a number of Hebrews Its bazaars are the principal attraction, but the streets are very poorly paved and exceedingly dirty. A great mosque in the centre of the city was once a Christian Church, built by the Crusaders. Another mosque, known as the *Jama-el-Kadra*, is said to stand over the spot where Joseph's brethren brought his coat to Jacob the patriarch, who had come to Shechem on returning from Mesopotamia. After Joshua's victorious campaign in which he destroyed the confederated kings he placed the tabernacle in Shiloh and thence went to Shechem, with all the people and, as Josephus the Jewish historian relates, raised an altar there as Moses had directed. Then he divided his army, placing one half on Mount Ebal and the other on Mount Gerizim, the altar and the priests and Levites being on Ebal.

After a sacrifice and the pronouncing of "blessings and denunciations," the great assembly was dispersed, but Joshua remained in Shechem. Long afterwards, the Samaritans (whose origin is described in II. Kings 17: 24–41), built a rival altar at Mount Gerizim, and the religious separation between them and the Jews became final when Manasseh, the brother of Juddua, the Hebrew High Priest, having refused to annul his marriage with the daughter of Sanballat, fled to Shechem and became the High Priest of the new sanctuary. Gerizim was declared the rightful centre of worship and doctrines and rites closely imitating those on Mount Moriah were adopted, the general character being, however, Sadducean rather than Pharisaic. Thereafter the Jews "had no dealings with the Samaritans." Even in the Saviour's time on earth, this bitter feeling predominated, and it found apt expression from the lips of the woman of Samaria, whom he met one Sunday evening by Jacob's well at Sychar (now called El Askar), on the outskirts of the olive-shaded valley road that leads down to Shechem, from which it is concealed by a spur of Mount Gerizim. Moreover, the Samaritans claimed that Gerizim had been directly chosen by God, and that it alone had not been covered by the flood. There is still a remnant of the Samaritans at Nablous, and there are also small bodies of the sect at Cairo and Damascus. They preserved their ancient faith and form of worship. In the temple in Gerizim there is a copy of the Pentateuch which they declare to be the oldest in existence, having been written by a grandson of Aaron. It is on parchment, fifteen inches wide and from twenty to thirty yards long, and contains the first five books of the Bible, but its true age is not believed to be much over a thousand years.

The valley between Ebal and Gerizim, in which the town of Nablous lies, is only 500 feet wide, and the summits of the twin giants are scarcely a mile and a half apart, yet voices can be heard from one mountain-top to the other. On Gerizim's summit are the ruins of several structures, Roman towers, mosques and churches. Nablous lays claim to very great antiquity, its namer and founder having been kinsman to Raguel, the father-in-law of Moses.

It is noted as the birthplace of Justin Martyr, the famous Christian philosopher of the second century. The Mohammedans, who have a keen sense of the beautiful, have a saying that "Allah loves the land of Syria beyond all lands and the place which he loves most is the mountain of Nablous." Travelers agree in pronouncing it one of the most charming localities in the whole world, with natural gardens and an entire absence of desert; the woods resounding with nightingales and other birds, the thickets laden with rich verdure, and the oak, the terebinth, the carob and the olive adding to the beauty of the scene.



THE VALLEY AND TOWN OF NABLOUS, PALESTINE.

* * *

Take Care of the Lambs.

"How do you get such beautiful sheep?" was a question put to a farmer. "I take care of the lambs," was the reply. There is a world for pastors in that reply. "If I was to repeat my ministry," said an aged pastor, "I would give my chief attention to the young." Says Dr. Rainsford: "We must put our strength into work among the children. We cannot do much with the people over twenty-five years old. The only way to do is to build the children into a Church." See to it that the first years of their careers are wisely directed; that truth is taught for truth's sake; kindness, neatness, if early instilled, will become easy; truth will be natural and more easily practiced than deception. Show by your daily life that example is more powerful than precept.

MOTHER AND HOME.

Written for The Christian Herald.

A LITTLE child in the busy street:
A child with shy face, flower-sweet,
And brown eyes, troubled and half afraid,
By the noise and hurry quite dismayed.
I lifted the baby hand and said—
Smoothing the curls on the golden head—
"Where is your home, my little one?"
For the summer's day was nearly done.

And the swift tears came at her reply,
As she trusting answered, sweetly shy:
"Home is where mamma is, you know.
Won't you take me there? I want to go!"
Where mother is! Oh, the word of love!
No matter how far our feet may rove;
When weary and worn in constant strife.
Mother and home are the best of life.

Blessed is he who may smiling say,
"I'm going home to mother to-day,"
God's mercy hallows that home so dear,
Where mother our footsteps waits to hear.
Bless the busy hands and the cheery smile
That brighten and comfort all the while;
Nothing on earth can with home compare
When a loving mother waits us there.

—DEPOSIT

A MOTHER'S DUTY.

THERE is nothing in all the world that is as dear to a child's heart as a true, loving mother. From the day the bright little eyes look up into its mother's face and smile, until death, there is nothing so close to that heart as mother. Although others may love us, and be good and kind to us, they cannot comfort like a mother's, care and love. Whatever our station in life, nothing can fill the place of the true, good mother.

Let me say to every mother who reads THE CHRISTIAN HERALD: "Are you a true, loving guide to that little family the Lord has blessed you with? They are looking to you for an example to follow. Are you setting them such an example as you wish them to follow through life? Never tell them a falsehood, never deceive them in act, word or deed. Do not associate with those whose moral character is such that you would not want your daughters to associate with them; nor with those you would feel afraid to trust your daughters with at all times, and under all circumstances. Alway let your walk and conversation be as you wish those of your daughters to be. Almost invariably a daughter will follow a mother's footsteps. If the mother associates with the wicked and immoral, and leads a wicked life, the daughter is well nigh sure to do the same. If her associations are with good Christian people, there you will find the daughter also. Whatever life the mother leads the daughter is generally sure to follow.

Sooner or later the daughters will know just what a mother's life is. From the time they come to the years of discretion, they will watch you and strive to do just as you do. If some one asks them why they do thus and so, they will say, "Because mother does. If mother does, why should not I?"

Be good, true, faithful. Be choice of your associations. Look well to your daughters' associations; guard them on every hand. Teach them by example and precept to be moral, truthful, chaste, upright. Then you will be proud of them, and they will love, honor and respect you as long as you live. Remember, the world is full of pitfalls for the unexperienced. Teach them how to avoid them by chaste, helpful, industrious lives.

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

WELLS OF SALVATION.

A Sermon Preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D. Isa. 12: 3, *"Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation."*

THE twelfth chapter of Isaiah is a triumphal song; it is a joyful thanksgiving of the people of God for his mercy in giving them deliverance. It also looks forward to the greater deliverance of all believers under the leadership of Christ. Most Jewish interpreters refer this chapter to the time of the Messiah. The custom of drawing water from the fountain of Siloam, at the feast of the dedication, had its origin in the text of this morning. That fountain sprang up at the foot of Mount Zion without the city. The water having been drawn in a golden cup, was brought in through the water-gate into the temple; it was then mixed with wine and poured on the sacrifice on the altar with every expression of joy. This most joyful practice was not ordained by the law of Moses, and no benefits of that law quite justify this practice, or illustrate the words of the text. Our blessed Lord applied the teaching of my text to himself, when on the great day of the feast, while beholding the joyous ceremonies which accompanied the drawing of the water, Jesus stood and cried, saying: "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." In that vast assembly there were many thirsty souls; they were dissatisfied with the shadow of good things and they longed for the substance. They were conscious of quenchless desires which Christ alone could satisfy; this fact Christ well knew. He desired to satisfy the immortal longings of their souls, and so he gave the sweet assurance of the sublime words which he used on that august occasion.

The Adequate Supply.

We observe in the first place, that there are wells of salvation. This is a blessed truth; this is a glorious certainty. The divinely created thirst in our souls can be satisfied only by a divinely prepared remedy. God will not mock us by giving us exalted longings for which there is no adequate supply. These noble desires show that we are not as the beasts which perish. We are made in God's image; and although that image is greatly defaced, it is not entirely effaced. The things of this life cannot satisfy our immortal natures. We cannot forget our high birth; we cannot be unmindful of Eden with its happiness and holiness, with our pristine purity and the divine presence, peace and joy.

What are some of the "wells of salvation" which God has graciously provided? We might say that the reference in the text is to the persons of the Trinity. God is expressly called the "Fountain of Living Waters." Similar language, as we have seen, is applied to Christ, and also to the Holy Spirit. In Eastern countries such language possessed a significance which it is difficult for us fully to appreciate, but which it is almost impossible for us unduly to exaggerate. Our humid climate and our abundant water supply rob these expressions of much meaning which Orientals understood so well. But the meaning of the text is broader than its limitation even to the Trinity. In Scripture usage a fountain is an emblem of that which produces joy; whatever cheers, supports and refreshes the soul may thus be called a fountain. In harmony with this view, the glorious salvation offered in the Old and in the New Testament is an open and up-springing fountain. There are, therefore, many wells

The Bible is Such a Well.

It is the blessed channel through which living waters flow. Our faith does not rest on the Book, except as the medium of the divine truth which saves the soul. The Bible is itself the miracle of miracles; it is in its preparation, its preservation, its unity, and its design more miraculous than is any event which it records. [illegible] and they too often neglect the Bible. It is impossible to read all the books published by the prolific press of the day. It is as undesirable as it is impossible. As well might you submit to having every man you might meet on Broadway to-morrow morning take you by the button-hole, as have every book published arrest your attention. There are however, certain classics that every well-informed man should read. Works of history, science, art, and some works of fiction there are which he should read, but not to the neglect of the Word of God. In it are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. When Sir Walter Scott lay dying he asked his son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart, to read for him. "What book?" asked Mr. Lockhart. "What book!" said Sir Walter. "There is only one book—the Bible—read that." He who had read so widely, and had contributed so many immortal pages to literature, gives this

Testimony to the Value

of the Bible. Charles Dickens was in the habit of writing a letter to each of his sons as he left the parental roof. In one he urged his son, whatever other books he neglected, to read the Bible, as it contained the purest morality and the best rules of life known to the world. When Milton would become "a poet soaring in the high reason of his fancies, with his garland and swinging robes about him," he must go to the Bible for his highest theme. The music of "Silva's brook that flowed fast by the oracle of God," gives its charm to his lofty verse. When Raphael would perpetuate his name to unborn generations he must ascend "the holy mount," stand in the supernal glory, and gaze on the transfigured Christ. As the "Transfiguration" was his greatest, so it was his last work. He died on his thirty-seventh birthday, with the "Tranfiguration" on his heart and brain. That picture was carried with him to his grave at his burial. When Handel was discouraged by attempting to give opera in a foreign language, he accepted an invitation from several notables of Ireland to visit Dublin. From a friend he received a text from the Bible on which he composed his immortal work, known at the first as the "Sacred Oratorio," known now as the "Messiah." Both in Dublin and London this work gave him immediate fame; it has since crowned him throughout the world with unfading glory.

A Source of Inspiration.

The Bible gave Angelo, Tasso, and many others their noble themes and their lofty inspiration. The debt which music, painting, sculpture and literature, owe to the Bible cannot be fully estimated. It is said that the Red Cross Knight in Spenser's "Faerie Queene" is but Paul's armed Christian in the sixth chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians; that Pope's "Messiah" is but a paraphrase of prophetic and seraphic passages in Isaiah; that the noblest strains in Cowper's "Task" draw their inspiration and part of their imagery from the same rapt prophet; that the "Thanatopsis" of Bryant is but the expansion of a passage in Job; that Wordsworth's "Ode on Immortality" could never have been written but for Paul's fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians and the eighth chapter of Romans; that Shakespeare's conception of woman, of a Desdemona, and an Ophelia, would have been impossible had not his mind been permeated by a Bible and a Christian ideal. This suggestive thought could be much expanded; and these instructive illustrations might be greatly multiplied. The Bible gave all these men—working in differeht departments of genius—their inspiration. Shall we be so inconsistent as to rejoice in the streams while we despise the fountain whence they flowed?

The Bible has been a well of salvation to many an individual Christian. It was such to the eminent Francis Wayland during a period of serious illness. He said, "I have reason to bless God for setting me aside to read his Word, and call upon his name. I have read the Bible more than ever in my life in the same space of time; and at every new reading I find more to love and to admire." What wells of salvation the 23d Psalm and the 14th chapter of John have proved themselves to be! Who can write the history of those Scriptures? Thousands in glory will bless God that they were ever written. To almost all Christians some passage has proved to be a well of salvation. Dr. James Hamilton, illustrating the influence of single texts, says, "Suppose everyone were to mark in golden letters the text which has been the means of saving his soul. The Apostle Paul would mark the words, 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?' for it was these words spoken by Jesus from the dazzling light which made him a new creature. In the Bible of the Macedonian jailor the marked passage would be, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved'; for embracing this simple offer he rejoiced, believing in God with all this house. Martin Luther would print the text, 'The just shall live by faith,' in letters of gold. In the Bible of Bunyan the mark would be at, 'Yet there is room.' It was through the lattice of these words he first saw the Cross, and thought God had put them into the Bible to meet his case. And the Ironside soldier would indicate Eccl. 11: 9, for it was there

The Bullet Stopped,

which, but for the interposing Bible, would have pierced his breast; and when the battle was over, he read, 'Rejoice, O. young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways o thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.'"

The house of God, with its Sunday and week-day services, is a well of salvation. What a blessing is the Christian Sunday now, as was the Jewish Sabbath in ancient times! Happy is that land and blessed is that family where the Sabbath is kept holy, and God is loved and served! A week without Sunday is like a country without the fragrance of flowers or the song of birds. It is like a year without a summer, nothing but bleak, barren, frozen winter. It is like a night without a morning, nothing but sorrow, darkness, death. Sunday is the embarkment which God has built, against which the waves of care and sorrow, which for six long days have been rolling over the heads and hearts of anxious men and weary women, may break and then scatter themselves in harmless spray and beautiful foam. Sunday is God's

Benediction on a Troubled World.

He stretches out mighty and loving hands over us, and the gentle benediction falls. He speaks the word of "Peace," and the voice of trade and strife ceases, the spindle rests in the loom, the grinding ceases in the mill, the store remains closed, and God's hush—making even silence vocal—alone is heard; and every heart is uplifted in holy song or bowed in humble prayer. Such is God's idea of Sunday; such should be ours. A period of rest for man and beast is an unavoidable necessity. Even if God had made no positive law on this subject, the necessities of the case would compel the observance of such periods.

To the laboring man Sunday is a boon and a benediction. Disraeli, in his "Tancred," well says: "Life and property in England, are protected by the laws of Sinai. The hard-working people of England are secured a day of rest in every week by the laws of Sinai." Humbolt, who certainly was a fair-minded witness, and who saw the working of the declinal system in France says: "The selection of one day in seven is the wisest that can be made. When in the time of the Revolution I spent some time in Paris I saw the institution of the Sabbath, despite its divine origin, suspended by the dry and decimal system. But this was decidedly too long. I am convinced that six days is the just measure. To lengthen the interval is as inhuman as it is foolish."

A Well of Longevity.

It has been abundantly proved by many actual tests that men and beasts will accomplish more in a year by obeying God in observing the Sabbath; and many men are now in lunatic asylums just because they disobeyed God by working on that day; failing to give their brain the rest it needed, they brought upon themselves inevitable punishment. No class of men are more interested in this subject than the laboring classes, so-called; and yet no class has shown greater blindness than the Sabbath-breakers among them to their own best interests. They are their own worst enemies. They are helping to work out their own ruin; if we change the holy-day into a holiday we shall soon have no rest day. In breaking God's law of the Sabbath they are also breaking his law of health in their own bodies. They are not reaping the benefit which this day of rest is designed to give them. Our hearts ache for their folly and mourn over their crime.

Many people are benefited in large measure by church-going who are not advantaged in the fullest measure possible. They are profited in their outward life and in the morals of the community. This is itself a great gain. Clean linen and one's best clothes are a means of grace. One is descending in the scale of humanity, he is getting further from the angelic end and near the devilish, who does not care enough for Sunday to fix up himself and his family on that day. He is the enemy of the Republic, he is the foe of humanity, he is a subverter of the social order, who lifts his hand or voice against God's holy day. Bad as many things are in social life they would be vastly worse were it not for the

Restraining Influences

of the Sabbath and the sanctuary. We may now say, as Franklin said of his times: "If men are so bad with religion, what would they be without it!" Every business man knows that the morals inculcated in our churches tend greatly to restrain wickedness and to foster righteousness. Close all our churches today forever; let our ministers abandon the city, and real estate would not be worth much one year hence. Old Dr. South spoke the truth, when he said: "If there was not a minister in every parish, you would quickly find cause to increase the number of constables; if the churches were not employed to be places to hear God's law, there would be need of them to be prisons for the breakers of the laws of men."

The higher religious motive makes the obligation more binding. Here is the culminating point of all we have said. The will of God may be learned and the salvation of God found anywhere; but in his house, and in the preaching and hearing of his Word, we may come more immediately into his presence. We sometimes hear persons excuse themselves from the house of God on the ground that they can read a good sermon at home. As a rule, a sermon is the very last thing which such persons will read at home or elsewhere. But granting that they are perfectly honest, it would be better to hear the sermon. Even a poor sermon, when

Set on Fire by Love

of God in the heart of the preacher, becomes a tremendous power. A sermon needs a man behind it—a living, loving man—who is himself an incarnation of the truths he utters. The man is more than the preacher—certainly more than the sermon. There is a wonderful influence in the voice to arouse attention and to fix thought. Spurgeon's voice was a symphony; there was a melting pathos in it which mightily moved the hearer. A single sermon by an obscure and unknown man, who preached for the famous Edmund Calamy, was the means of the conversion of John Owen, who for five years was in deep despondency, and for three months scarcely spoke to any one. The text was, "Why are ye so fearful, oh, ye of little faith." The sermon was balm to the bruised heart; it proved to be his physical, mental and moral cure. Among the pupils of John Owen were John Locke and William Penn; his readers are almost all the English-speaking people; and eternity alone will reveal his work. A single sermon by Livingstone resulted in the conversion of at least five hundred, and originated a movement which extended through the West of Scotland and the North of Ireland, and thousands felt its influences. In an obscure corner of a humble chapel, there sat one Sunday morning, a young man burdened with a sense of sin. His heart was

Longing for Rest

and peace. The preacher rose in the pulpit. He was a feeble looking man; he was a primitive Methodist. He was not learned, not eloquent, not famous. With a trembling voice he announced his text: "Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God and there is none else." He exalted Christ as the sinner's only refuge. As Moses lifted up the serpent, so he displayed Christ. The congregation was small. The eyes of the preacher seemed to rest upon the young man. Raising his voice he shouted, "Young man, look, look now!" It was the birth-moment of the new life. The young man looked and lived. With the look of faith came life. The burden fell from his heart. Joy filled his soul. He left the house justified. The humble preacher knew not, but God knew what glorious work was done that morning. That young man became a preacher whose fame has girdled the globe. The name of Charles Haddon Spurgeon—the greatest preacher since Paul's translation and who went a little while ago into the beatific Presence—is known throughout Christendom. The house of God was to him and millions more a well of salvation.

We observe, in the second place, that the water must be drawn from these wells. Men must realize their thirst. Except they feel their need they will not listen to the divine invitation: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." Hear, O men and women, this blessed invitation this morning. O come and drink and live now. Hear Christ again on the last great day of the feast as he stands and cries, "If any man thirst, let him come

unto me and drink." A knowledge of the chemical constituents of bread is interesting and profitable; but that alone will not satisfy the wants of a hungry man. It is not enough that we know all about bread; he must eat the bread. It must be masticated and digested; it must be incorporated into his being, and thus be formed into blood and tissue. To know there is water in a distant well is good; but to quench the burning thirst

The Water Must be Drawn,

must be drunk. I have read an incident of a soldier wounded in the battle of the Wilderness whose burning thirst caused greater suffering than his side torn by the shell. He moaned out piteously his desire for water; he waited long while the fever burned fiercely and no water was brought. Finally a canteen was brought and kind hands tenderly placed the water to his lips. But the glad expression of eye and face at the sight of the water soon changed to disappointment and agony. It was too late; the poor fellow could not swallow. Every effort to help him was quickly and tenderly made; but all to no purpose. Surely and swiftly death came on, and all his efforts and those of his friends were in vain. In this poor fellow's fate is seen a striking illustration of that deeper experience of the soul which thirsts and thirsts, but refuses the living water until all power to drink is gone, and spiritual death closes the terrible experience.

Through the prophet Jeremiah, God has said, "For my people have committed two evils; they have forsaken me, the Fountain of Living Waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns that can hold no water." God is here presented as the source of all good; and living water as the symbol of the highest good. Behold the inexplicable infatuation of the people! They have forsaken this fountain! And they continue to suffer from thirst which the world cannot quench. The world cannot supply the longing of an immortal soul. A living man needs the living God. Satan is a hard master. He leads his dupes away from fountains and gives in their place broken cisterns which can hold no water.

But, lastly, the drawing is to be made with joy. There is no joy like that which we may have in God. Never did even Satan invent a greater falsehood than when he represents true religion to be a life of gloom. Only the child of God can truly rejoice. There is joy in the discovery of this great salvation. This salvation is the result of the ripest thought of the great God; it is

The Subject of Angelic Joy

in the courts of heaven. It will fill the minds of saints and angels with themes of ineffable bliss throughout eternity. Compared with this all other joy is but sorrow, all other light is but darkness; all other bliss is but misery. There is also joy in accepting this Water of Life. It alone can satisfy. Finely did our Lord express this thought when speaking to the woman of Samaria of the water in Jacob's well as compared with the Living Water, he said, "whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." Speaking of drinking the natural water our Lord uses the present participle, suggesting repeated drinking from time to time; but when referring to the living water he uses a verb whose tense in Greek is employed of an act only once performed; because he that drinks even once of this wonderful water shall have all his wants fully supplied. Blessed be God, the heart finds its full satisfaction only in him! Only while resting on his bosom does the soul know full repose, unbroken peace and unending joy!

There is joy also in telling others of this living water. That joy fills my soul while I speak this morning. It was said that he who had never seen the joyous procession from the fountain of Siloam on the great day of the feast had never seen joy to the full. It is certain that he who has never led a soul to Christ knows nothing of the highest joy of which a human being is capable. Even angels rejoice over one sinner that repenteth. Oh the joy of those who could tell the dying Israelites of the healing serpent of brass. Look at those parents rushing hither and thither with their dying babes. Hasten to them. Tell them to look and live. They listen; they turn; they look; they live. See the mother's face now! Hear the father's words of gratitude and joy. This is joy indeed. Greater is the Christian's who turns even one sinner from the error of his ways and saves a soul from death. This is heaven on earth; this is kinship with angels; this is fellowship with Christ who for the joy set before him endured the Cross. Tell out the story; tell it always; tell it everywhere. Thank God, it never grows old; never can be exhausted.

Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

God will take Care of You.

FANNY J. CROSBY. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. God will take care of you, be not a - fraid; He is your safe-guard thro'
2. God will take care of you thro' all the day, Shielding your footsteps, di-
3. God will take care of you, long as you live, Grant-ing you blessings no
sun-shine and shade; Ten-der-ly watch-ing and keeping His own.
rect-ing your way; He is your Shepherd, Pro-tec-tor and Guide,
oth-er can give; He will take care of you when time is past,
CHORUS.
He will not leave you to wan-der o - lone.
Leading His children where still waters glide.
Safe to His kingdom will bring you at last.
God will take care of you
still to the end; Oh, what a Father, Redeemer and Friend! Jesus will
answer when-ev-er you call, He will take care of you, trust Him for all.

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AT EVENING TIME.

DEAR Lord, thy good and precious Book
seems written all for me;
Whenever I may open it, I find a word from
thee.
My eyes are dim, but this one verse is pillow
for the night—
Thy promise that at Evening-time it shall be
surely light.

It was not always light with me; for many a
sinful year
I walked in darkness, far from thee; but thou
hast brought me near,
And washed me in thy precious blood, and
taught me by thy grace,
And lifted up, on my poor soul, the bright-
ness of thy face.

Thy Spirit shines upon thy Word, and makes
it clear indeed;
Just like a shining lamp held up beside me as
I read;
And brings it to my mind again alone upon
my bed,
Till all abroad within my heart the love of
God is shed.

I've nearly passed the shadows and the sor-
rows here below,
A little while—a little while, and he will come,
I know,
And take me to the glory that I think is very
near,
When I shall see him face to face and his kind
welcome hear.

And now my loving Jesus is my light at
Eventide,
The welcome Guest that enters in forever to
abide:
He never leaves me in the dark, but leads me
all the way.—
So it is Light at Evening-time, and soon it
will be Day.

SUNSET WITHOUT CLOUD.

WHEN life's brief day draws to a close,
And night brings forth its shroud;
Then faith shall triumph o'er all foes—
A sunset without cloud.

"There is no death!" my Saviour cries—
His cry is clear and loud;
"There is no death!" my soul replies,
"But sunset without cloud."

GRUMBLERS.

BY REV. C. H. MEAD.

TO some people, discontent is comfort, while happiness is a source of misery. They delight in shadow, revel in gloom, and collapse in sunshine. A cheerful Christianity grieves them, while they exult in a long face and a solemn voice. A hymn of praise grates, but a groan gladdens. They love the cloud, but draw the line at the silver lining. They live to grumble and would die if they couldn't. Preacher and sermon, sexton and fire, deacon and collection-box, all are legitimate objects for them to grumble about. They grumble at creation putting small hickory nuts on strong trees, and big pumpkins on weak vines. They delight in calling themselves, "poor, weak worms of the dust," and will tell you they know religion is good "by sad experience." They live in Grumbling Street and have no use for those who dwell on Thanksgiving Avenue. The eagle, soaring away towards the sun, they regard as a feathered monstrosity, but a croaking raven is a bird of paradise. Oh, Grumbler—in the church and out of it—you have your mission, I suppose, but I would that mission were ended. I was sailing up the St. John's River, Florida, one March day—and the Creator never made a finer one. The sun was shining, the air was balmy, the sweet perfume of orange blossoms and flowers was wafted on every breeze—and the scenery was glorious. It was a day when you felt like leaping, dancing and crying out with exuberance. I had no acquaintance on the coast, yet felt I must talk to some one. I saw a man standing near the railing on the upper deck, apparently enjoying the beauty and glory of the scene. He seemed to be alone. I said to myself "that man is in the same box I am—anway he is in the same boat—I'll speak to him." Going up to him, I said, "Isn't this a glorious day?" He turned around to me a face that resembled a tomb-stone, and with a voice as solemn as one from the grave he said,

"What did you say, sir?"

"I said this is a glorious day."

"Well, it dont't make any difference, it will rain to-morrow, and don't you forget it."

I gave him a wide berth, for he was worse than a child. The next day, going out on the verandah of the hotel at Sandford, to find as glorious a day as the one that preceded, I suddenly came face to face with that tomb-stone. I stopped and said,

"You said it was going to rain to-day, but it does not."

"It don't make any difference," he replied, "it will rain to-morrow."

I left him, still looking for rain. Taking the cars the next day for Orlando, before we got half way there, the rain began pouring down. On reaching Orlando, I took the 'bus for the hotel, and on reaching it, I sprang out, rushed into the door of the hotel and right into the arms of the miserable fellow, who had got there one train ahead of me. The moment he discovered whom he had got in his arms, he burst out laughing, and said gleefully. "Didn't I tell you it was going to rain to-day—didn't I tell you?"

He was the happiest man in the hotel that day, for he had found what he had been looking for.

I went into a house not long since and found a widow. The graveyard held most of those who were nearest and dearest to her in this world. She and poverty had been close neighbors for many a day, and many there were who looked on her as an object of pity. Ah, she was in splendid shape and circumstances to grumble—but she didn't. With Jacob of old she might have said, "all these things are against me," but she didn't. Her home, poor as it was, was on Thanksgiving Avenue, and she was too full of praise to find time to grumble. I found her with "the Book of Books" opened on her knee, and her face fairly shone as she read:

"I will bless the Lord at all times; his praise shall continually be in my mouth. My soul shall make her boast in the Lord; the humble shall hear thereof and be glad. O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together. Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all."

It was a benediction to visit a home like that, and one such saint is worth more than all the grumblers in the universe. To all grumblers who read this, I advise them to go to the home of that poor widow and hear her sing, as I did,

Simply trusting every day,
Trusting thro' a stormy way;
Even when my faith is small,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Singing, if my way is clear;
Praying, if the path is drear;
If in danger, for him call:
Trusting Jesus that is all.

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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A HELPFUL GOSPEL.

THE great want of the world to-day is the fulfilment of the Christ-like injunction, that which he promulgated in his sermon Olivetic. All the political economists under the archivolt of the heavens in convention for a thousand years cannot settle this controversy between monopoly and hard work, between capital and labor. During the Revolutionary War there was a heavy piece of timber to be lifted, perhaps for some fortress, and a corporal was overseeing the work, and he was giving commands to some soldiers as they lifted: "Heave away, there! yo heave!" Well, the timber was too heavy; they could not get it up. There was a gentleman riding by on a horse, and he stopped and said to this corporal, "Why don't you help them lift? That timber is too heavy for them to lift" "No," he said, "I won't; I am a corporal." The gentleman got off his horse and came up to the place. "Now," he said to the soldiers, "all together—yo, heave!" and the timber went to its place. "Now," said the gentleman to the corporal, "when you have a piece of timber too heavy for the men to lift, and you want help, you send to your commander-in-chief." It was Washington. Now, that is about all the Gospel I know—the Gospel of giving somebody a lift, a lift out of darkness, a lift out of earth into heaven. That is all the Gospel I know—the Gospel of helping somebody else to lift.

"Oh," says some wiseacre, "talk as you will, the law of demand and supply will regulate these things until the end of time." No, they will not, unless God dies and the batteries of the Judgment Day are spiked, and Pluto and Proserpine, king and queen of the infernal regions, take full possession of this world.

Do you know who Supply and Demand are? They have gone into partnership, and they propose to swindle this earth and are swindling it. You are drowning. Supply and Demand stand on the shore, one on one side, the other on the other side, of the life-boat, and they cry out to you, "Now, you pay us what we ask you for getting you to shore, or go to the bottom!" If you can borrow $5,000 you can keep from failing in [illegible] "Now, you pay us exorbitant usury, or you go into bankruptcy." This robber firm of Supply and Demand say to you: "The crops are short. We bought up all the wheat and it is in our bin. Now, you pay our price or starve." That is your magnificent law of supply and demand.

Supply and Demand own the largest mill on earth and all the rivers roll over their wheel, and into their hopper they put all the men, women and children they can shovel out of the centuries, and the blood and the bones redden the valley while the mill grinds. The diabolic law of supply and demand will yet have to stand aside, and instead thereof will come the law of love, the law of co-operation, the law of kindness, the law of sympathy, the law of Christ.

CHRISTIANITY NOT DEAD.

LET us see whether the church of God is in a Bull Run retreat, muskets, canteens, and haversacks strewing all the way. The great English historian, Sharon Turner, a man of vast learning and of great accuracy, not a clergyman but an attorney as well as a historian, gives this overwhelming statistic in regard to Christianity and in regard to the number of Christians in the different centuries. In the first century, 500,000 Christians; in the second century, 2,000,000 Christians; in the third century, 5,000,000 Christians; in the fourth century, 10,000,000 Christians; in the fifth century, 15,000,000 Christians; in the sixth century, 20,000,000 Christians; in the seventh century, 24,000,000 Christians; in the eighth century, 30,000,000 Christians; in the ninth century, 40,000,000 Christians; in the tenth century, 50,000,000 Christians; in the eleventh century, 70,000,000 Christians; in the twelfth century, 80,000,000 Christians; in the thirteenth century, 75,000,000 Christians; in the fourteenth century, 80,000,000 Christians; in the fifteenth century, 100,000,000 Christians; in the sixteenth century, 125,000,000 Christians; in the seventeenth century, 155,000,000 Christians; in the eighteenth century, 200,000,000 Christians—a decadence, as you observe, in only one century, and more than made up in the following centuries, while it is the usual computation that there will be, when the record of the nineteenth century is made up, at least 300,000,000 Christians.

Poor Christianity! what a pity it has no friends. How lonesome it must be. Who will take it out of the poor-house? Poor Christianity! Three hundred millions in one century. In a few weeks of last year 100,000 copies of the Oxford Bible distributed through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Why the earth is like an old castle with twenty gates and a park of artillery ready to thunder down every gate.

Lay aside all Christendom and see how heathendom is being surrounded and honeycombed and attacked by this all-conquering Gospel. At the beginning of this century there were only 150 missionaries; now there are 25,000 missionaries and native helpers and evangelists. At the beginning of this century there were only 50,000 heathen converts; now there are 1,650,000 converts from heathendom. There is not a seacoast on the planet out the battery of the Gospel is planted and ready to march on, north, south, east, west.

LOST OPPORTUNITIES

IT is not a question of very much interest to us how long the world is going to last. We will have no discussion with the geologist concerning this. The question that most thoroughly interests us is, How soon will our connection with this world probably cease? Though it should last ten thousand years after we have gone, it will make no difference to us. The average of human life is less than fifteen years. All those who come beyond fifteen years have come to it only by careful nursing and watching on the part of parents, and perhaps some care on their own part. Having passed fifteen years, every step we take subtracts from the probability that we will continue much longer. The vast majority of the human race die in infancy; only a few come up to the point to which we have attained, and if a man can run the gauntlet of diseases and accidents, and come to fifty or sixty years of age, he is a real hero worthy of a palm.

We are coming near the terminus of our opportunities of doing good. Have you ever observed the fact that we are constantly breaking away from old associations, and making other acquaintances? For a little while we move in one circle; four or five years pass, and we work in another circle. You are under very different circumstances now from what you were ten or twenty years ago. Five or ten years from now, you will be in different circumstances from what you are now; perhaps more prospered, perhaps more troubled. But as these associations are changing, we are losing our opportunities of influencing the present circle; and if we fail to do our duty now, however humbly we may repent of neglects in the future, we cannot get back our opportunities. The day will have passed. There are people whom we might, perhaps, have brought to the Lord Jesus Christ fifteen years ago, over whom we exerted no beneficial influence.

God put us in those places to see whether we would be faithful. We had every inducement to lead an earnest and useful life where we were then placed. We have neglected our duty—we have missed our opportunity; and forever and forever that work which we ought to have done will remain undone. Now, the question is whether, having around us a circle of associates whom we may influence, we will neglect to exert upon those associations the power of Christian example and Christian exhortation, and to pass on to some other sphere with our work undone. If we have half a dozen trains starting between now and the time when we must go to meet some engagement, we are not particular which train we take; but if we feel it is the last train, how very earnest we are in the matter of getting to the depot.

Every hour of our lives there is a last train: the going of Christian opportunities which will never, never come back. Indeed all our opportunities of usefulness are going away. You are having less physical strength—perhaps less mental strength—than you once had. You will have still less in the future. The people with whom you now meet, you will never meet again. The people with whom you come in contact in business circles during the approaching week, you will meet perhaps for the last time. "The fields all around us are white to the harvest." The Gospel sickle is ready, the wages are large, and Jesus asks us to go into the harvest fields and bind a few sheaves for the heavenly garner.

GRINDSTONES

LET us employ the world's grindstones. We will listen to the world's music, and we will watch its acumen, and we will use its grind-stones, and will borrow its philosophical apparatus to make our experiments, and we will borrow its printing-presses to publish our Bibles, and we will borrow its rail-trains to carry our Christian literature, and we will borrow its ships to transport our missionaries.

We all have tools of Christian power. Do not let them lose their edges. We want no rusty blades. We want no coulter that cannot rip up the glebe. We want no axe that cannot fell the trees. We want no goad that cannot start the lazy team. Let us get the very best grindstones we can find, though they be in possession of the Philistines, compelling them to turn the crank while we bear down with all our might on the swift revolving wheel, until all our energies and faculties shall be brought up to a bright, keen, sharp, glittering edge.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

GOOD WOMEN.

I REMEMBER, while in the west preaching, a fine girl came to me and asked certain questions. A young man was visiting her frequently. They were not engaged, but no one could tell what might happen any minute: and she had her suspicions aroused concerning his evenings, and where he spent them, when not with her. I told her she had a right to know, and informed her how she could find out, in a perfectly legitimate manner. She learned her suspicions were correct, and that he visited pool-rooms, gambling dens and questionable places.

He got, one morning, amongst the heavy mail for the concern for which he worked, a dainty envelope, addressed to himself; he knew its source, and stuck it away for a happy reading alone. He opened it and read:

"Mr. B——, Dear Sir,—So long as you frequent such places as you do, when not with me, you need not call.

"Yours respectfully, F. J.——,"

My! but didn't he swear! Who had been telling on him. "How had she found out?" he stormed.

How? Well, dear reader, maybe you would like to know, and I'll tell you. She simply asked a friend of hers, whose husband knew the young man, and he readily found out the facts, told his wife, and she told the the girl. Simple enough.

Well, it took him a few weeks to get over his huff, then he broke away from all vice, became a man, and now two hearts beat as one. They are married, and she has a good husband and a good home; which she never would have had except for the rule, "Keep good company."

Wives.

Wives are of two classes. Good wives, and good-for-nothing wives.

To describe the first is not hard; above all things, she is "prudent," and it's no wonder the Bible declares, such an one is from the Lord. Of the other class, whether they are from the devil or not, I cannot say: but that they send many a man that way is certain.

It may as well be known here, and now, that I'm dead set against bachelors and bachelors' clubs. As it's the duty of busines to tie men up to work, and the duty of legislation to tie men up to law; so, as a minister, I think its my duty to tie men up to women.

I'd slip a good wife in between every mariageable man and his apartments, if I could, just to upset his notions of single blessedness, by a heavy dose of double happiness. Men were never made to remain single—neither were women. They ought to get married. A man gets more than a wife in matrimony.

What saith the Scriptures—"whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favor of the Lord." There is favor in heaven, poured out on husbands, that bachelors never get.

They get a home; and there is as much difference between a home and a house, as there is between an ox and an ass.

The world needs homes; and a good wife is a home-maker.

It takes a heap of heaven to make a good woman, and more needs to be added to make a good wife.

In stepping from womanhood to wifehood, a bridge is crossed; and too often it is the bridge of sighs, like the one of history. This should not be, but often it is her own fault. Let me tell you why. First, because she breaks the laws so clearly named for her happiness, in II. Corinthians 6.

"Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers."

Let Christian girls marry Christian men. This marrying men with the hope of getting them converted afterward, is sad folly.

The question is asked, "What shall a Christian woman do who is already engaged to a man who is not a Christian?"

I answer, marry him, for God is not pleased with broken vows; but be sure to set the wedding day beyond that hour when he gives himself to Christ.

Next week I will tell you how a good Christian girl in New Jersey acted in a case of that kind and the result of the action.

C. H. Yatman

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

IN THE CAUCASUS.

EUROPEAN statesmen apprehensive that the long expected outbreak of war cannot be much longer delayed have become interested about a district which is little known to ordinary travelers. It is that portion of Armenia abutting on the territories of Russia, Turkey and Persia. A portion of that district is shown in the illustration on this page. It is especially interesting to Bible students from the fact that in it is situated Mount Ararat on which according to the Biblical account, Noah's ark rested after the Deluge. The reason for the new political interest manifested in this section is disclosed in the report of a traveler who recently explored the district. He found that, although the Congress of Berlin assigned the mountains, of which Ararat is one, as the southern boundary of Russian territory, the country for miles to the south of the mountains is now completely Russianized. When he was there a few years ago, it was held by tribal chiefs who though nominally the subjects of the Sultan were practically independent and were continually at war with each other. Now, they wear Russian uniforms, call the Czar their master and boast that they are under his protection. In this way, Russia has gained possession of the district without fighting and without getting the consent of her rivals. Many a man has been captured by the enemy of souls with similar tactics. None fall so easy a prey to him as they who claim independence, are quarrelsome and disdain to call Christ their Lord. (II. Timothy 3: 2-5.)

An Unconscious Heir.

A YOUNG man was released from prison at Atlanta, Ga., recently, for whom the police are now looking eagerly. He went to Atlanta from Charleston, S. C. He was unable to obtain employment and soon spent all the money he had. Without occupation or friends, he sank into hopeless poverty and gradually dropped into evil ways of life. Eventually he was arrested for loitering and was sent to the stockade. At the end of his term he was liberated with a hint that he would be wise in avoiding Atlanta in the future. He wandered away disconsolately looking in his ragged clothes the picture of misery. Where he went is unknown, but he is probably tramping the country and supporting himself by begging. Shortly after his departure, an Atlanta newspaper, containing an account of his arrest and imprisonment, fell into the hands of his father, who is one of the old aristocracy of South Carolina. He immediately wrote to the prison asking to have his son released and sent to him. But the young man was already gone, and he was informed of the fact. Then he wrote again, giving his story. His son had run away from home, but his family were ready to forgive him and welcome him back. Since he ran away he had become heir to a share in a large property worth over half a million dollars, but he did not know of it, and the father begged the police to find him and tell him. A similar duty is entrusted to every Christian. They are to find the wanderers who may become heirs of heaven and tell them that their Father is awaiting to receive them and forgive them, and give them an eternal inheritance. (Hosea 14: 4.)

A Demented Anarchist.

SOME excitement was caused on the East side of New York on Feb. 22, by the screams of a half-dressed woman, who ran through the streets crying out that she had been poisoned and begging to be saved from death. She was taken to a police station and thence to Bellevue Hospital, where it was found that her reason was unbalanced. Inquiries about her, elicited the fact that she was a native of Poland, where her family hold a high position. She studied in a college at Suvalk, but the Russian government closed the institution. She then went to Vienna to study medicine, and afterward to Paris to complete her studies and get a diploma as a physician. Subsequently she left the French capital and came to New York. Here she met an old friend, who had been a fellow-student with her at Suvalk, and the two ladies went to the hospitals in company. She did not see much of her friend afterward, but made the acquaintance of Russian anarchists in New York and lived among them, serving them in a medical capacity and helping them with money. She was much distressed by the news that President Harrison had concluded a treaty with Russia for the surrender of certain Russian subjects, who have found a refuge on our shores. She feared that she would be one of those to be given up, and when she learned that the Senate had confirmed the treaty, her terror drove her crazy. There was probably little danger of her being given up. Had she known more about the power and disposition of our Government, she would have had more confidence in it. The same may be said of some Christians of weak faith who, having trusted in Christ, fear that, nevertheless, their souls may be lost. The fear in that case is certainly groundless. No one is strong enough to wrest them from his hand. (John 10: 28.)

Lost in the Blizzard.

A YOUNG man had a narrow escape from death, near Middletown, N. Y., on February 22d. A farmer living near that town was awakened soon after midnight by the fierce blizzard which swept across the country. The roar of the wind kept him awake, and at last he rose and went to the window. In a lull of the storm he fancied that he heard a faint cry for help. It was repeated and then the farmer was sure. He dressed and went out. He searched as well as he could in the darkness, but could see no one. The cries, however, continued, and they sounded strangely muffled. Guided by them the farmer came to his well. Letting the light of the lantern fall into it, he made out the figure of a man clinging to the stones, just above the water, twenty feet below. He lowered the bucket, and called to the man to cling to it. In a few moments the man came to the surface and fell numbed and exhausted on the snow. The farmer took him into the house, administered restoratives and soon had him out of danger. The young man said he was lost in the storm, and coming to the curb that surrounded the well, he supposed it to be a fence, and climbing over it fell to the bottom. He was unhurt and climbed out of the water by clinging to the projecting stones in the side of the well, and had been shouting for help a long time when the farmer heard him and came to the rescue. It was a narrow escape. If it had not happened that the farmer was wakeful and sufficiently humane to go to his assistance he would have frozen to death. There are times in the Christian's life when he has as much reason to be thankful that his cry for help reaches the ear of One who never slumbers and who is ready to deliver him. (Psalm 145: 19.)

A Proof of Kinship.

AMONG the incidents which have come to light since the death of Justice Lamar of the Supreme Court is one that is related by Judge Wharton, of Jackson, Miss. He says that while Lamar was United States Senator he had the privilege of entertaining him at his house on some occasion which brought the distinguished statesman into that neighborhood. In the course of the evening an old lady, very shabbily dressed, came to the house and asked to see Senator Lamar. Judge Wharton, wishing to save his guest annoyance, went out and inquired her business. She said she merely wished to see the Senator as he was her cousin. He returned and related what she had said. Lamar said that he would see the old lady, although he had no cousins that he knew of in that neighborhood. She was ushered in and was some time in conversation with the Senator. After she was gone he said she had convinced him of her relationship. There was no doubt of the family traits. "She has the family pride all over her," he said; "she is as poor as she can be, but she will not accept any assistance. She scorns it. It's a family failing. We are all alike." The old lady's pride was more obvious than her wisdom. It would probably have afforded the Senator pleasure to have made her last days more comfortable, but pride stood in the way as it does sometimes in the way of greater blessings. There are numbers who would be saved if they could earn salvation but who will not accept it as a free gift. (Eph. 2: 8.)

A RUSSIAN CAMP IN THE SHADOW OF MOUNT ARARAT.

Deluded Pilgrims.

SEVEN car-loads of colored people passed through Atlanta, Ga. on Feb. 17, on their way from Arkansas to Brunswick. There were over four hundred of them, the majority being old men, women and children. There were very few able-bodied men in the number. They told the trainmen that they expected to find a ship awaiting them at Brunswick in which they would be taken to Africa. They were penniless, but they had been assured by the men who had organized the exodus, that the Lord would feed and care for them as he did for the Hebrews in going through the desert to the Promised Land. The white people in their own county had called them together and warned them that they were being deceived, but the negroes had refused to listen to the warning. They had sold or given away their poor belongings and started for the Paradise that had been described to them. There they would not have to work any more and they would meet their ancestors who died centuries ago. On the train they sang hymns and prayed continually and were in a state of high excitement. It is sad to think what their disappointment would be, on their arrival at Brunswick, to find no ship waiting for them and no means of reaching the Paradise they were looking for. It may be hoped that their disappointment will not shake their faith in all encouragements to seek a better land. A better Paradise than any earthly one is provided for all who through faith in Christ become fit for its possession. (Heb. 11: 16.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. Thomas Harrison will commence a revival campaign in Dr. Talmage's Brooklyn Tabernacle on Good Friday, March 31.

During the year 1802 the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting received requests for prayer to the number of 8,755 and the attendance at the noon service for the year was 13,226.

The marriage ring of Luther's wife has been discovered at Ainna, Coburg, where a family has possessed it for a number of generations without knowing its interesting history.

Evangelist Arthur Crane, of Saco, Me., has just completed a series of services at Riverside Baptist Church, New York, which have been much blessed in the quickening of the church and in conversions.

Rev. Charles Herald, who has done most successful work at Bethesda Chapel, Brooklyn, N. Y., has been holding meetings in the People's Church, Chicago, with which he was identified before entering the ministry.

Rev. B. Fay Mills commences this week the great work in St. Paul and Minneapolis. All the evangelical churches in the two cities have been holding meetings for prayer and for the training of the choir for some time past. A great harvest of souls is confidently expected.

Nearly six hundred shares of stock have already been subscribed toward liquidating the debt on Mr. Philip J. Quinn's Anti-gambling car *Roanoke*, a picture of which was published in this journal on Nov. 16, 1892. The subscribers are in New York, New Jersey and Illinois.

The special meetings at Des Moines, Ia., commenced after Rev. B. Fay Mills left the city are still continued with excellent results. Large numbers of those who signed the cards under Mr. Mills's preaching have been led to Christ. The number of cards signed was over three thousand.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's services at Worcester, Mass., have been much blessed. The *Telegram* of that city says that fully 2,100 ladies were present in Piedmont Church at the meeting for ladies only. Simultaneous meetings have been held in the Main Street Church, Bethany Church and the Church of Christ.

A revival which commenced with the week of prayer is in progress in Southington, Conn. Rev. E. E. Davidson, of Newtonville, Mass., has just concluded a two weeks' series of union meetings, which have profoundly affected the churches and the town. More than one hundred have expressed their purpose to lead a new life, two-thirds of whom are adults.

A musical entertainment will be given this (Wednesday) evening at Chickering Hall, New York, in aid of the proposed institute for the benefit of the blind, which is to be erected at Hartford, Conn. Its design is to give such an education to blind persons as will enable them to be self-supporting. It is promoted by Mr. F. E. Cleaveland of Hartford, who, although blind, is well known as a successful lawyer.

A remarkable season of blessing has been experienced during the past few weeks at Mrs. Naylor's Berachah Mission in West Thirty-second Street, New York. No less than seventy persons of various nationalities have made confession of Christ as a result of the meetings. A great deal of philanthropic work is done at the Mission and this is still continued in spite of the straitened circumstances resulting from Mr. Henry Naylor's death.

The Mid-winter Convention usually held by the Beacon Hill Church, Boston, Mass., early in the year was omitted this year. Instead, an all-day service in memory of the sainted Dr. Charles Cullis was held in the church. Drs. A. J. Gordon, Daniel Steele, D. F. Lamson, F. D. Sanford and many other eminent clergymen took part in the services and spoke of the benefits derived by the church at large from Dr. Cullis's consecrated life.

Miss Clara Barton, the President of the Red Cross Society has received on behalf of the Society a gift of 782 acres of land in the Blue Grass region on the Kentucky border of Indiana. It comprises a village, a post-office, tenant houses, barns, orchards, groves of maple and quarries of stone. It is presented as "a thank-offering to humanity," by Dr. Joseph Gardner of Bedford, Ind., and is to be used as the head-quarters of the Red Cross Society.

CHAPTER II.

FELLOW VOYAGERS

WHEN the tide had become the anxious yet hopeful watchers on the ship far beyond the possibility of descrying the faces or even forms of the equally anxious but less hopeful watchers on the shore; when even the spires of Limerick and the grey towers of its hoary castle were being hidden in the distant haze; when the banks of the Shannon were lost to sight and the green fields and purple slopes of "dear ould Ireland" were all blent in one barely distinguishable line of coast, then, and not till then, did our little band of voyagers forbear to gaze on the land they loved, which was never to be looked upon by their eyes again.

Then the spell was broken; the feeling which had made speech impossible, and which, till now, could find no expression but through the tearful eyes and that "expressive silence" which is so much more eloquent than speech, fount vent; and once again, Adieus were waved, "Good-byes" were flung out for the winds to carry to the "folks at home;" and the impulsive, excitable and tender-hearted children of Erin gave loud utterance to their love and sorrow in many a sigh or sob or sound or sentence that might lift a little the weight that lay heavy on their heart.

> We're bidding you a long farewell,
> Dear hearts, so kind and true;
> But still we'll love, and love you well
> In the land we're going to.
>
> They say there's bread and work for all,
> And the sun shines always there;
> But we'll not forget old Ireland
> Were it fifty times as fair!
>
> Good-bye, dear hearts; our God is yours;
> And down from yonder blue;
> The loving Eye that looks on us
> Will still look down on you!

These pleasant strains uprising from a woman's voice, notably clear, and strong, and sweet, fell upon the sorrowing band like the flash of a talisman, or the sound of magic bells. The sobs and sighs were hushed, the "words of nature's plaint" were silenced. "Thrue for you, Misthress Heck! an' God bless you!" came like a chorus from the lips of the listeners. So soon had Brave Barbara found her place and begun her mission, "King's daughter" as she was—her mission of providing strength, and cheer, and comfort in the "cloudy and dark day," the hours of test, and stress, and strain. No wonder that Paul Heck, the strapping and manly young man who called her wife, bent his calm, gray eyes upon her where she sat, and smiled a telegram which told her that he loved her well.

Philip Embury, the leader of the little band of emigrants, was much occupied in tenderly caring for his young bride, who had already begun to feel the unhappy and painful symptoms which make one's first experiences of a "life on the ocean wave" so unpoetical and unromantic. He had only just brought her from the home-nest, and like the true man he was, he was minded to do love's fullest duty to the fledgling committed to his care.

Mary Embury was not yet out of her teens, a girl-wife whose great beauty both of face and character were the admiration of all; who was beloved of all, and especially by the strong, good and somewhat staid Philip, who was full ten years her senior; and by whose homely but intelligent gospel ministrations she had been brought into the bonds of a still closer union that of Christ the Lord.

Between the youthful Mary and Barbara Heck, who was several years her senior there existed a strong, deep, intimate friendship which dated from the days of Mary's earliest girlhood and which grew with her years and strengthened with her strength. It may be well doubted whether Philip Embury, close as the tie that bound them, could have induced his youthful bride to adventure a sea voyage and the fortunes of an emigrant's life, but for the fact that Barbara was to be her comrade across the watery waste, her neighbor in the new home they hoped to raise for themselves amid the fertile valleys of the Western world.

"Do you repent leaving your dear old home, darling?" said Philip, as he held his ailing bride on his supporting arm. Perhaps there was more than a shade of anxious question in his voice, a certain underwave of doubt as to whether he had done well to link the fortunes of one so young, so fair, to the rugged life and formidable enterprise involved in his own. His fears on that head, if he had any, were soon effectually dispelled.

The very putting of the question did her good service, for it served to bring about that change of thought and revulsion of feeling that banished the evil spirit of the seasickness from its distressing supremacy.

"Repent, Philip? No, indeed," said Mary, with a smile on her pale face, and a light in her brown eyes that gave sufficient reply. "I suppose life wouldn't be possible without a heart, would it? Things would soon come to a poor pass if one hadn't an engine to keep the works a-going. Well, you've got mine, you know, in your own keeping, and to leave you to carry it off alone would be an act of suicide. No, no," she continued, glad to see that she had chased the cloud from the brow of her beloved, and speaking with a voice full of feeling, "I go where my heart is. Come weal, come woe, it will be weal to me where my Philip is. 'Where thou goest I will go. Thy God shall be my God, and nothing but death shall part thee and me!'"

Then the happy Philip was himself again, and all his sky was without a cloud. Well, well, it was better so; better that they should not see in the far, far west yonder a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, and that a time may come when—but hold! The veil that covers to us the face of futurity is the hand of mercy; if it lift on darkness it shall not lessen the brightness of to-day; if it lift on light, the light shall be fairer for the darkness that intervened. Let us say with Alexander Pope;

> O blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,
> That each may fill the circle marked by heaven.

Among that little batch of emigrants who sailed in the *Colleen Bawn* was a brother of Barbara Heck, who, after the fashion of his Moravian progenitors, rejoiced in the possession of a scriptural first-name, and was in many respects, especially in his impulsivenes and lamentable want of faith and confidence, the exact counter-part of his namesake, the Peter, who at one time lopped off an ear from the head of a person he objected to; at another, came off second best in an altercation with a servant maid. and on another, in an unwonted fit of over-confidence, was like enough to have been drowned.

These hints may well stand for a portrait of honest, vacillating, headstrong, blundering, Peter Rechel, who in most things was brother to Barbara in nothing but by the blood in his veins and the love in his heart. It will be remembered that the other Peter did not turn out much of a failure after all; and I for one, as I look at the round-faced burly, good-humored, short-tempered Peter Rechel, am inclined to pin my faith to him and to say, "Let those who watch him wait and see."

Of some others who were making the voyage on the *Colleen Bawn* on that historic occasion, I may have to make further mention in subsequent pages; the two elder brothers of Philip Embury, for instance, Thomas and William, together with their wives and families, who were transferring considerable proceeds of former crops and goods and gear to the New World with a view to purchase farms already cleared and under tillage. There were the Dalmages, too, and the Morgans, of Ballyandra; there were Simon Sweitzer and his kin; he had married a sister of the Emburys; there were others also whose names I have not space to mention, but all, or nearly all, who had found in the *Colleen Bawn* a temporary "home on the rolling deep," were more or less related to the Emburys, Hecks, and Sweitzers, or, at least, were life-long neighbors in the little Irish village of Ballingarane and the hamlets near by.

There is one other of these adventurous pilgrims, however, of whom I must make special mention, asking pardon of his astral personality for not having taken note of him before. Casting our eye backward to scan the deck of the *Colleen Bawn*, as she boldly ploughed the waves, with the shores of ould Ireland on her lee, we shall not fail to note the presence of Michael Finnigan, known through all the region round about Balligarane, Courtimatrix, and Killeheen, as "Onlucky Mike." Mike was a capital specimen of the Irish peasant "ne'er-do-weel," whose unkempt locks, audacious air ludicrously composite attire and homely mother-wit, are only to be smiled at, or excused under the supposition that the "gossoon," "bouchaleen," or whatever he may be called by good-tempered neighbors, is "a bit queer, you know," "a thrifle deficient," or, "not quite right in his head.

But how did this half-wild human waif come to be a passenger, and partly a comrade, with those who sailed in the *Colleen Bawn?* It seems that some four or five years ago, "Onlucky Mike" was prowling after food, hunting for a casual supper, in the neighborhood of Balligarane. Passing the homestead of the Rechels a little before dark, he saw the front door open; and from thence, and through the undraped window, the fire light shone invitingly. Mike saw the table set for supper, saw a pile of loaves of barley-bread, saw a cut of toothsome-looking cheese, and a pitcher of butter-milk—all awaiting swift consumption. There was nobody in the kitchen; the coast was clear, and Mike, close driven by that sternest of all hunters, Hunger, made an instant raid on the tempting viands. To quench his thirst by a strong pull at the butter-milk was the work of an instant; to devour one of the barley-loaves was the work of another—hunger has sharp teeth and works quickly—and to place another under his arm for slower consumption in the fields, completed the sum of his depredations.

But, alas, for "Onlucky Mike," he had scarcely reached the door when he was met by Peter Rechel, who was coming in to supper from the field, almost as hungry and a good deal more tired than Mike himself. In a moment, Peter, treating the young thief in much the same spirit as his great namesake treated Malchus, caught him by the ear and began to cuff him soundly, and tell him at the same time, with the rough side of his tongue, what the constable, the magistrate, the jailer, and other awful people, should do to him.

Poor Mike could stand the cuffing, he was accustomed to it; but as he saw the handcuffs and the jail looming in the distance, his courage collapsed and he lifted up his voice with strength! Suddenly the arm of Peter Rechel was gripped by his sister Barbara, the judicial blows ceased to fall, the imprisoned ear was loosened from the vice-like pinch that held it, and Michael, held in durance only by Barbara's hand which clasped his dingy fingers, looked at her and smiled through his tears and vowed by the bones of St. Patrick that he would not run away. Peter told his sister, hotly, the whole story of the larceny the young sinner had committed, waxing hotter as his wrath brimmed up again.

"The young thief o' the world!" said he. "You that's the night-bird wi' the crooked claws! Now shall ye have your wings clipped, and your hair, forsooth, with the prison shears!"

Again he assayed to use the cuffing process, but the capable Barbara kept the angry man at bay, and "Onlucky Mike" took shelter behind her and clung to her skirts; for the very mention of the word "prison" filled him with affright. In vain Barbara pleaded for mercy. Mike had been a sinner aforetime and must now suffer for his misdeeds.

"I'll take him to Court-Matrick this minute," said Peter, "that is, as soon as I get my supper done. Sit down in that corner!" he continued, turning to the trembling Mike, "and don't stir for your life or it will be the worse for you!"

Mike looked up the kindly eyes of the maiden, and when she nodded acquiescence he took the place and posture indicated; looking out from beneath his tangled hair, all the while, upon the young lady whom he felt to be his friend. Her brother passed into a back kitchen to remove the soil from his hands before he began supper. Barbara quietly crossed over to Mike's corner. "Mike," she whispered, "when you are hungry come to me. Don't steal any more: will you promise?"

"Ay, that will I, an' may the—" began Mike, all his big Irish heart welling into his eyes, but he was checked by Barbara, who laid her hand on his frowsy head.

"Hush!" said she, "that'll do. I believe you without an oath. You had better go now," she continued, handing him the loaf which had fallen in his tustle with her irate brother. "God bless you. Ask him to keep you honest."

Here she heard the sound of footsteps; beckoning him to follow, she opened wide the door, and in an instant Mike passed by her, kissing the skirt of her dress, ere he shot across the threshold, through the little farmyard, and across the open fields long before the unsuspecting Peter had discovered that his prisoner was gone!

From that day forward, "Onlucky Mike" had been Barbara's voluntary bond slave. It seemed as though he was never out of reach, and though often out of her sight being fearful to intrude, seemed to be ever within call. His greatest joy was to do her bidding; for her he would fetch and carry like a dog. The compassionate maiden tried to teach him to read, to understand something about Jesus, duty, heaven. Her success was not great on these lines. It seemed enough for Mike that she held to him, stood by him, and was kind to him, though most others had little else for him but rough words and ready blows

When Mike discovered that his liege lady was going across the "big salt say," he was distressed beyond measure, and utterly inconsolable. Suddenly, seeing how it troubled her, he tried his tears, became his blithe and wayward self again and Barbara could not help thinking, with a sigh that the old proverb that "hot love is soon cold" was about to be proven true once again. But the depth and strength of "Onlucky Mike's" devotion was vastly underrated.

All unnoticed and unsuspected Mike set himself to discover the time, the place, the ship, the captain—all that could be known of his idol's embarkation for a foreign land. He forced an interview with Captain O'Connor, choosing his time well and wisely. When that genial skipper was sitting in the otherwise unoccupied parlor of the Neptune on the Quay-side Limerick, with a glass or two of whiskey stowed away, and another on the table by his side, Mike Finnigan stood before him, with his face and hands washed, and his shock of red hair cut short and reduced to some small degree of subordination.

Frankly and simply, "Onlucky Mike" told his artless tale, and begged the captain to take him over the "big salt say" with him, declaring that he could "work like a nigger," could "live on a herrin' a week an' a couple o' praties a day," and using sundry other arguments to gain his ends.

Whether the captain was influenced by the spirit of the usquebaugh he was imbibing; or by the heart of love and loyalty that throbbed through Mike's every word, or by the fun of a secret conspiracy in which Barbara Heck was unwittingly concerned; or, which is likely enough, by the great difficulty of obtaining hands enough to man the *Colleen Bawn*—probably a little of all, the bold request of "Onlucky Mike" was granted, and "Michael Finnigan, ship's-'prentice and cabin-boy was rated in the crew of the adventurous little schooner that bore Barbara Heck and her companions across the Western seas.

Mike's presence on board the *Colleen Bawn* was carefully hidden, by Captain O'Connor's connivance, from the party of emigrants aboard, until it was impossible for them to protest, or at any rate to put the lad ashore again. Barbara was seated on a pile of cordage as the little vessel slowly rode before the breeze.

"Can I do the last thing in the world for yez, Misthress Barbara?" These were the words that broke in upon her thoughts. She looked up in amaze, for the voice was familiar.

"Why—why—its 'Onlucky Mike'!" she said, upraising a cry of astonishment. "It is, isn't it?" she said again, eyeing his sailor garb, his short cut hair, his face showing daring intimacy with soap and towel! She might well doubt her eyes!

"It were that same poor omadhaun, Misthress Barbara," he replied, and the well-known twang of his peculiar dialect sounded pleasant to her ears; "but the day that Cap'n O'Connor put me in a boat and guv me a corner in the *Colleen Bawn*—the hiv'ns be praised for it—I fell into the Shannon, an' the duckin' baptized me afresh. I left my old name in the river over anenst the 'Neptune,' an' I picked another wan that fits me like the wing 'av a burrd. 'Onlucky's' departed—rest his sowl, an' now that I've found your swate self agen, an' can't nohow be rid of, my name's 'Lucky Mike,' an' Misthress, dear," said he, "You'll let me sarve you; an' let me live with you; an' I'll take in the 'good tachin'' for me soul and niver wance forget!"

This earnest appeal was accompanied by looks of such persuasive eloquence that Barbara could not resist or even object. She felt that poor Mike had been put in trust, and she resolved as was her life-rule, to do the duty that lay next to her and leave the rest to God. And so it came to pass that Michael Finnigan became the attached servitor of the Heck family and especially of Barbara, to whom, as we shall see, he proved a loyal and right valiant henchman in many a season of peril and in a "dark and cloudy day."

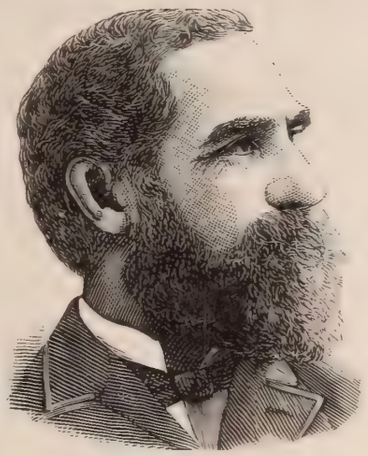
(To be Continued.)

ON A "BLACK BELT" MISSION FARM.

The Philanthropic Experiment of the Industrial Missionary Association of Alabama, at Beloit — Plantation Life Described.

AMONG the problems that now confront Christian America, none is more pressing or more important than that which relates to the social and religious position of the negro. A most interesting experiment is now being conducted by the Industrial Missionary Association of Alabama, at the little settlement of Beloit, some distance from Selma, in Dallas County, of that State. The Association is an organized effort to reach in a systematic way the degraded masses of the plantation negroes. Nine-tenths of the whole colored population residing on these plantations are without the influence of the mission schools, intelligent churches, and free public schools of the cities and villages. In the "Black Belt" of Alabama, the richest cotton lands east of the Mississippi are found. They were bought up originally by the wealthy slave-owners, who imported vast numbers of colored people to work those rich plantations. Since slavery was abolished, the negroes have multiplied until they out-number the whites five to one. In some places they have churches, but they are intensely ignorant and immoral in their practice and teaching. It is impossible to reach them through the ordinary channels of Scriptural teaching.

The Industrial Missionary Association of Alabama has introduced its mission work by buying some of these plantations, dividing them up into small tracts, encouraging the colored people to buy them for their homes, and protecting the buyers as far as possible. While stimulating them to a better moral life, it is at the same time teaching them methods of agriculture and other home industries. This plan reaches their hearts, gains their sympathy and confidence, and prepares them for listening to the higher teachings of the schools and churches.



REV. C. B. CURTIS.
(General Manager of the I. M. A. A)

HOMES ON THE INDUSTRIAL MISSION FARM AT BELOIT, ALA.

The Industrial Missionary Association grew out of the peculiar conditions of industry, education and religion existing on the plantations of the "Black Belt." After many years of missionary experience and observation among the negroes, a number of sincere Christian Missionaries and business men, decided to undertake the experiment of systematic work in this neglected mission field. In October, 1888, they met in Selma and organized the Association, which was at once incorporated under the laws of Alabama. The plan adopted was that where ever a mission was to be planted the plantation should first be purchased and rented to the colored people, to be sold to them afterward as soon as possible; schools and churches were to be established and supported from the income of the plantation. Thus the work was to be made self-supporting. Shares of stock were issued, and each contributor to the enterprise received a certificate, entitling him to a voice in the management to the extent of his contribution. All the funds received were invested in productive lands, which, under judicious management have since become much more valuable. The income from the lands supports the schools and churches. The capital invested is thus kept at work for the Lord and his poor, preaching to them the Gospel. Rev. C. B. Curtis is General Manager of the Association, the other officers being Rev. S. Kingston of Selma, Vice-President, N. B. Richards of Beloit, Secretary, and M. V. Curtis also of Beloit, Treasurer, with a full Board of Directors. The Association started with four-hundred acres, which it has since increased to four thousand, the average cost being about nine dollars an acre. It erected buildings at Beloit, and now has seventy-five colored families, all living in their own homes, each house costing in the neighborhood of $100. The houses have each two apartments and to every householder is allotted twenty-five acres, at a rental of two dollars an acre.

"These people," he said, "have never been used to the life that is led in ordinary, civilized communities; they were born and raised in our section. We have three schools—one night and two days—and the pupils attend regularly. The principal is a white lady, Miss McLawry. Giving the negroes a chance to buy land and educating them at the same time, teaches them self-respect and independence, added to which we endeavor to bring them to lead a Christian life. Until now they have been so ignorant as to be easily cheated; indeed, they know nothing about accounts. They are rapidly learning, however. All live in the expectation of buying their own land outright, and some have already made payments on account. We give them ten years' leases, with contract to buy, and if they leave before their lease has expired, everything is repaid except the bare rental. All are anxious to become land-owners. The desire with them is the same as with the white man, the 'land hunger,' which is an assertion of the spirit of independent manhood.

"Our cotton crop—we raise seven hundred bales on the Mission—will this year average about one-third of a full crop. These people are, as a rule, very superstitious as well as ignorant. One man on the plantation pretended that he was a 'witch-doctor,' and the others declared that one of the women there, who had long been sick, was bewitched and even went so far as to point out a woman who they accused of bewitching her. We have occasionally cases of this kind to contend with, but on the whole we are making excellent spiritual progress."

The Alabama Missionary Plantation is the sole experiment of its kind thus far attempted. Universities, colleges, normal and common schools and similar institutions abound throughout the South for the black man, but no effort has been made to teach him the value of industry and self-reliance until now. When it is understood that the result of the experiment at Beloit is transforming a thriftless, lazy, superstitious and densely ignorant class into industrious workmen and intelligent Christians, its influence can be better appreciated. Nine-tenths of the blacks now employed on the plantations are as totally ignorant of modern methods of mechanics and other labor, as they are of the mysteries of the spelling-book. It is among this class that the missionary work is being carried on at Beloit, and the negroes on the Station are rapidly becoming a potent factor in the spread of civilized influences among the great negro population of the Black Belt.

All paid above this is applied toward the purchase of his plot. There are two chapels in the settlement. The Mission is divided into two sections, one having about 3,800 acres and the other 160.

The Rev. C. B. Curtis, while in New York lately gave some interesting details in connection with the progress of the Association.

The Association at the present time has over 1,000 acres of cotton maturing, 250 acres of corn, 600 acres of grass, 1,000 acres of pastures and 1,000 of fine timber which is fast being converted into lumber. It has also 3 schools and 3 regular Sabbath services, all being welll attended. Graded schools are shortly to be erected and a preparatory work will be undertaken with reference to college instruction. Meanwhile all the funds available are applied for immediate work in the industrial training department which includes every branch of mechanics. Carpenters, blacksmiths and wagon-makers are in special demand. Common farm-work, cotton growing and corn-raising are also subjects of practical instruction.

In the few years of the experiment it has been demonstrated that more substantial progress can be made in Christianizing and elevating the poor ignorant negroes of the South by combining industrial and religious training then by religious teaching alone. Contributions from many quarters have aided the Association in carrying out its work, but help is still needed till the time when the whole of the authorized capital of the Association is paid in, when it will have reached a self-supporting basis. Meanwhile all who have the temporal and spiritual welfare of the Southern negroes at heart will watch the industrial experiment with interest.

THE HEWN LINE.

(For The Christian Herald)

LIFE'S rough lines need the hewing
Of God who shapes all things.
The plan he is pursuing
Is the pattern which he brings.

'Tis true that beauty ever
Is God's most marked design;
He must our follies sever,
Straight to his plummet-line.

The chiseling Hand will bring
His wondrous work to light;
T'will lack no single thing
Of Christ's own beauty bright.

—CLARENCE E. EBERMAN.

HONEST ADVICE
For an Honest Medicine

"Thinking my testimonial may be of help to some suffering as I have, I want to write what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for me. A few years ago I was obliged to give up a good position on account of canker in my mouth, throat, and stomach, causing me such agony **I could not eat, sleep, or talk** in comfort. After over a year of such suffering with canker and of a **scrofulous trouble**, a friend urged me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla which he believed saved his life. I began to take the medicine; in three days I was very much better, and after taking two bottles was **entirely cured of the canker** and never was troubled again with it. I also improved very much in general health. Hood's Sarsaparilla gave me a good appetite, kept the bowels in good condition gave me good sleep at night. I can honestly recommend it as an honest medicine, and advise all to try it." ESTELLA S. STEWART, 118 Quincy Street, Springfield, Mass.

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A FAMOUS FRENCH EVANGELIST.

How M. Saillens a Descendant of the Huguenots has Organized a Great Evangelistic Work in Southern France.

ONE of the best known of the noble band of workers whom Dr. McAll has gathered around him in his arduous labors in France is Pasteur Reuben Saillens, whose portrait appears on this page. During his tour in this country some ten years ago he won a host of friends here and was instrumental in organizing several auxiliary societies for the support of the McAll missions. M. Saillens is not now connected with the McAll work, as the church organized under his preaching in the Rue St. Denis, demands all his time and attention. Though Dr. McAll is doubtless sorry to lose his trusty lieutenant, he cannot but rejoice in the success which has involved the loss.

M. Saillens is descended from an ancient family of Huguenots and was born in the historic district of the Cevennes, in which the persecuted sect found a refuge during their time of trial. During his childhood his father removed to Marseilles, where he served as a colporteur. Subsequently a second move was made to Lyons, and there the boy was brought to Christ and was baptized in the Free Church by his father. He did some good work in that town in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association. One feature of it was the organization of a Sunday School for Roman Catholic children, which succeeded so well that six branches were established in other parts of the town. Six hundred children were gathered into these schools every Sunday and some of them who were converted there are now members of M. Saillens' church in Paris. It is a remarkable fact that he was only sixteen years old when he entered on this work twenty-one years ago.

The success attending the effort was accepted as an indication of his duty to consecrate his whole life to God, and he proposed to go to South Africa as a missionary under M. Casalis. Some difficulty, however, arose about this project, and M. Saillens went on with his Sunday School work and the various undertakings growing out of it. Dr. Grattan Guinness visiting Lyons in 1873, saw him so beneficently occupied, and urged him to devote a year to study and the development of his powers of teaching and preaching. The young man took the advice and went to the Institute managed by Dr. Guinness. After one year spent there he joined Dr. McAll, who had just commenced his Paris Mission, and was in urgent need of helpers. Scarcely had he commenced his work when one of those dispensations occurred which seem mysterious at the time, but which are understood afterward. M. Saillens was required as a French citizen to give a year to military service, and he was assigned to Marseilles. This took him away from his work in Paris, but it was the means of beginning the work in the South of France. He used a reading-room which had been opened there for the use of the soldiers and so great was the interest awakened, that when he returned to Paris at the end of his year of military service, matters were ripe for the organization of a permanent mission. He strongly urged Dr. McAll to undertake it, but the Paris missions were in urgent need of men and money, and it seemed unwise at that time to divert either to a new channel. M. Saillens, therefore, resumed his labors in Paris and for about a year preached twice a day in the Salle du Trocadero.

His longing, however, for work in the Southern cities did not abate, and eventually he returned to Marseilles and took up the work he had begun there. The French Y.M.C.A. and one or two wealthy friends helped him pay the expenses of opening a mission, which in a short time had three large halls in the city in constant occupation. M. Saillens gave five years of hard work to this mission, and at the end of that time had five stations in operation beside a school, in which he trained his converts to go into the country districts around the city to preach the Gospel.

The necessity of obtaining funds to continue [illegible] which was eminently successful. Returning to France in 1883 M. Saillens found the McAll Mission suffering from the loss of one of its most able and devoted workers—Rev. G. Theophilus Dodds. He at once threw himself into the vacancy and devoted himself to the districts of the Rue Royale and Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle. Here he continued to labor with marked success gathering in a large number of educated people of a higher class than those usually attending the McAll Missions in France. He became convinced that it would be a benefit to the converts if a permanent church organization were effected. During a visit about this time of Dr. A. J. Gordon of Boston and Dr. N. Murdoch to Paris, M. Saillens mentioned to them his wishes in this direction and consulted with them as to the best method to pursue. The two American ministers encouraged him to proceed and promised him their co-operation in the financial support of a church. He secured a building in the Rue St. Denis which had formerly served as a convent chapel and there with fourteen persons who made profession of their faith by baptism a church was formed.

Four years have passed since then and the church has grown rapidly. About three hundred persons crowd the little chapel and there is a church of baptized members numbering over two hundred. Beside the Sunday services M. Saillens opens the building at noon every day in the week for an hour's informal talk with workmen and others who come in their dinner hour. There is excellent music, as Madame Saillens has a beautiful voice with which she aids her husband in singing the Gospel. The church has several societies connected with it, including a Temperance society and is doing a very extensive work in and around Paris.

PASTEUR REUBEN SAILLENS.

A SWEEPER'S CONVERSION.

REFERRING to a discussion among the missionaries in India as to the possibilities of success in working among the low class natives who are known as "sweepers," the *Indian Witness* gives the following illustration of the work: "One of the sweepers was converted in May last. Miss Rowe, the evangelist, heard him describe his conversion. He had not learned the usual forms of expression but told his story in his own way. 'I don't know,' said he, 'what happened to me; the earth went up and the heavens came down, and I was all upset, but since that night I gave no gali (bad language), my temper cooled down, and once when a lie suddenly came to my lips, I was wretched till Jesus forgave me.' This man's neighbors say of him that he is one of the most consistent Christians in the place.

"Now while it would mislead our readers to suggest that this is an ordinary type of sweeper-conversion, yet it is a sweeper conversion; a clear, satisfactory, undoubted conversion. It proves that these sweepers can and do experience spiritual regeneration. Lying and foul abuse are the habitual vices of this class and this man was so truly converted that he was saved from both. Were there but one such clear case in three hundred converts the work would be most hopeful. The testimony of that one man's life encourages workers to carry the Gospel message to this despised class. The poor sweepers of India have a sad story to tell of Brahminical injustice and oppression. If now the Son of God who is their Redeemer makes them before others the receipients of his salvation, it will help us answer the question, 'Why has God permitteded this particular class to be so ill-treated by their fellow men?'"

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OUR HELPER.

(Written for The Christian Herald.)

TOSSED about on life's rough sea,
Poor and helpless, lost are we;
Mocking sky and angry wave
Tell us there is none to save.

But there comes the Master's voice,
Saying, "Weary souls rejoice!
I can calm the wildest sea,
Safe are they that trust in me."

So we care not for the gale,
For our Helper cannot fail,—
Mocking sky and angry wave,—
Jesus Christ is here to save.

He'll not leave us to despair,
But will guard with tend'rest care,
Till, at last, the storms are o'er
And we reach the peaceful shore.

Hannibal, Mo. —MRS. E. HART.

A WAIF FROM THE SEA.

SOME people who are troubled by doubts as to their standing before God on account of the manner of their conversion may be encouraged by the following incident which was related in a Mission recently: A gentleman, who had been talking to some anxious people, rose when his turn came to speak and said: "Most of you know exactly where you were born and when you were born; but I happen to be rather disadvantageously placed in that respect, as I know neither the one nor the other. My parents perished in a shipwreck when I was little more than an infant, and I was saved, but nothing by which I could be identified ever came to hand, so it happens that I know neither the date nor the place of my birth, but one thing I do know: I was born, and I now possess a good strong body. Now there are people who spiritually are in much the same position as I am naturally. They cannot tell the day nor hour when they were born again, but, if they are conscious of the life of God within their souls, why should they worry? I know I am alive, and that is all that affects me. I know I must have been born sometime and you may have the same assurance. If you are alive in Christ you have been born again."

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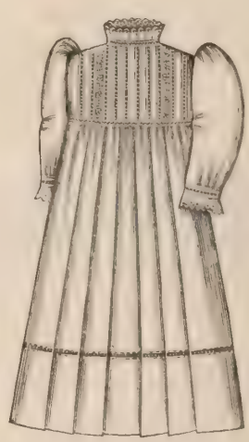

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THE DEATH OF ROSE STANDISH.*

ALMOST before the Plymouth colony was formed, death, which invades alike palace and hovel, was among them cutting down the young and old. Consumption, scurvy, and sickness in almost every form seized them, and at times the able-bodied were scarcely enough to take care of the sick and bury the dead.

"I believe we will all die," declared Mrs. Brewster. "Then there will be no one left to bury the last one."

Mr. Brewster, who was sustained by an undying faith, answered: "Whatever God wills, I obey. If it be his holy wish that I should find my resting-place in this wilderness, I will not complain."

"But to die in the wilderness," sobbed Mrs. Brewster.

"It is God's wilderness," interrupted Mr. Brewster.

"So far from home and friends."

"God is with us. Jesus Christ is our friend."

"I cannot abide here. Let us return."

"O, my wife, your little faith shames me," replied the stern elder of the Plymouth church. "Do you doubt the goodness and mercy of God? Return? Whither should we return? To Leyden, and see future generations grow up weaned from the religion which we hold dearer than life, see them filled with the errors of sin, the loose morals, desecrating the Sabbath, engaging in immoral pleasures which destroy the soul? No, never! Better death in the wilderness. Should we go to England, would we be permitted to worship God according to the dictates of conscience? No; the true worship of the living God would be exchanged for empty mummery from the lips rather than the heart. Never that. Better death in the wilderness. God is here. God is everywhere. Though we are assailed with famine, sickness and death, we have the blessed privilege of worshiping God. As Moses led the children of Israel out of Egypt into the wilderness, so come we. They suffered from sickness and famine, so do we; yet God did sustain them, and will he not sustain us as well? Let us trust in God, and ever remember that though dark the night, the morn will come. Though bitter the bud, the flower will be sweet."

Mrs. Brewster, quite humiliated by the gentle chiding of her pious husband, buried her face in her hands and sobbed: "Forgive me, O, God, for I am weak! Give me strength according to my day and hour of trial!"

One of the first homes assailed by the grim monster, was the house of Miles Standish. The soldier's beautiful wife, Rose Standish, was the delicate flower which the blasts of New England winter were the first to nip. A cough seized on her lungs, and she soon succumbed to it.

The gallant captain who had never faltered in battle turned pale and trembled with anxiety as he saw his wife day by day grow weaker. At last she was unable to leave her coarse bed of skins and rushes. Tenderly the warrior cared for her, breathing words of hope; but she shook her head sadly, and, while the hectic flush illuminated her cheek, answered: "No, no, Miles; I can never get well. God has summoned me home. Be as loyal to him as you have been to me. I leave our child to you and you must be father and mother both to her." She ceased speaking, for she had grown very weak. It had been many years since the eyes of the soldier had been moist with grief; but now they grew dim, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. Mr. Brewster and his good wife came to the humble hut in which dwelt the captain and his dying wife. Famine and fever had wasted away her frame. Rose was but a shadow of her former self. She slept on the hard bed, the best her poor husband could afford. Mrs. Brewster carried something under her arm. She saw the dying wife and the weeping husband bending over her and then laid the bundle in his arms. It was a pillow.

The captain received the gift in silence, and gently raising his poor wife's head, placed the soft, downy pillow under it. What luxury! How sweet and soft compared with the hard, coarse bunting and bed of rushes to which she had been accustomed! This gentle action of love awoke her, and Rose, looking up in her husband's face, smiled. It was the smile of an angel.

"What have you done, dear husband? Such luxury as this is surely the gift of God To those who love Christ, death even in a wilderness has no terrors."

Again she fell asleep. The elder and his wife came and knelt by the rude bed with the husband. All silently prayed over the dying woman.

They watched her through the long night, as her fever rose and fell. Death's dread rattle was in her throat, and slowly her sweet young life ebbed away. All the night long the stern soldier, who had so often mocked death, was on his knees. All his hopes, his love and ambition were centred in the dying wife. Dark and gloomy was that night of death.

As day dawned, she opened wide her beautiful eyes, and, gazing on the face of her faithful husband, murmured: "I am still here. I thought I should be gone ere this." After another fitful, feverish sleep, she again opened her eyes and faintly murmured: "God bless you, faithful, loving husband; good-by." In a moment she was among the angels.

*From the *Pilgrims*, a Story of Massachusetts; continuation of the Columbian Historical Series; by John R. Musick; pp. 368; illustrated; price $1.00; Funk & Wagnalls Co, New York, publishers.

A NEW TRAMP MISSION.

A Tramp Mission has been established at Lowell, Mass. It originated in services held at the police stations where tramps were accommodated for the night. An earnest Christian man went around and read the Bible, sang and prayed with them. When the police forbade these visits in view of legal complications, the worker hired a store and opened a tramp mission trusting to the religious public to supply the necessary funds. It has been maintained to the present time. On an average about forty homeless wanderers have availed themselves of this refuge every night during the present winter. In addition to a bed they get a bowl of hot soup. For some of them, who are able and willing to work, situations have been obtained.

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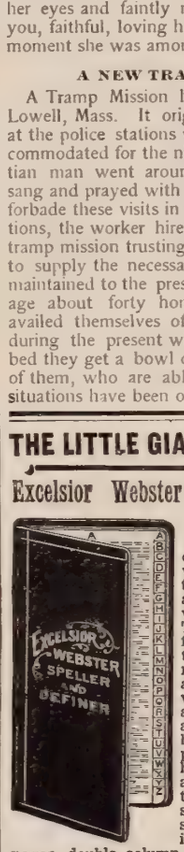

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STATEMENT OF
THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE
COMPANY OF NEW YORK
RICHARD A. McCURDY, PRESIDENT.
For the year ending December 31, 1892

Assets - $175,084,156 61

Reserve for Policies (American Table 4 Per Cent.) -	$159,181,067 00
Miscellaneous Liabilities -	734,855 67
Surplus - - - -	15,168,233 94

Income

Premiums - - - -	$32,047,765 34
Interest, Rents, &c. - -	8,191,099 90
	$40,238,865 24

Disbursements

To Policy-Holders - -	$19,386,532 46
For Expenses and Taxes -	7,419,611 08
	$26,806,143 54

The Assets are Invested as follows:

United States Bonds and other Securities - - -	$65,820,434 89
Loans on Bond and Mortgage, first lien - - - -	69,348,092 54
Loans on Stocks and Bonds	10,394,597 50
Real Estate - - - -	15,638,884 26
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies - - - -	7,806,672 55
Accrued Interest, Deferred Premiums, &c. - - -	6,075,474 87
	$175,084,156 61

Insurance and Annuities

Insurance Assumed and Renewed - - - -	$654,909,566 00
Insurance in Force -	745,780,083 00
Annuities in Force - -	352,036 01
Increase in Annuities - -	$82,732 98
Increase in Payments to Policy-Holders - - -	630,820 60
Increase in Receipts - -	2,604,130 71
Increase in Surplus -	3,137,266 78
Increase in Assets - -	15,577,017 93
Increase in Insurance Assumed and Renewed - - -	47,737,765 00
Increase in Insurance in Force	50,295,925 00

NOTE—In accordance with the intention of the Management as announced in November, 1891, to limit the amount of new insurance actually issued and paid for in the accounts of the year 1892, to One Hundred Million Dollars, the amount of insurance in force as above stated includes the amount of such voluntary limit with but a slight increase unavoidable in closing the December accounts

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct
A. N. WATERHOUSE, Auditor

From the Surplus a dividend will be apportioned as usual

ROBERT A. GRANNISS, VICE-PRESIDENT

WALTER R. GILLETTE - General Manager
FREDERIC CROMWELL - - - Treasurer
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Herewith enclosed find $5.00 to apply on the above accommodations. The balance due I will pay on arrival.

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NELSON'S COURAGE.*

NELSON himself, just as he is about to step on shore, sword in hand (at Santa Cruz), is struck by a grape-shot in the right elbow, and falls bleeding into the boat. Nisbet, his step-son—surely it was Providence who sent him hither to-night—is by his side in a moment. His first thought is that Nelson is killed. The hero, however, gathers himself up, for he clutches his sword, with his left hand. That precious sword had been given him by Capt. Suckling, and he will not part with it while life doth last. Suddenly, high above the din of the contending foes, rises a wild shriek of dying agony from the crew of that very cutter, and before his eyes, by the fitful light of the blazing cannon. Nelson can perceive that she is struck, that she staggers, fills, and goes bodily down.

"Give way, my lads; now for the cutter," cries Nelson, the moment the shriek is heard. "Give way with a will!"

And on towards the drowning seamen rushes the boat. There is no thought of self with the hero at this moment. All his kindliness of heart, all his indomitable British courage, rise to the surface,—pain and danger are forgotten quite. Who is there in all the wide world, friend or foe, who cannot love and admire a man like this?

Of all the 180 men the cutter had been bearing toward the shore only 83 are saved, and many of these were hauled into Nelson's own boat. Some are even caught by Nelson's unwounded arm.

The Theseus is made at last. Nelson will not allow himself to be carried on board.

"I have still my left arm remaining," he exclaimed, "and my legs as well."

"And now," he cries, when he reaches the deck, "tell the surgeon to get his instruments out. I know I must lose my right arm, and the sooner it is off the better."

A piece of shot struck Nelson on the forehead at the fight in a Aboukir Bay, and the flap of skin and flesh hung over his one remaining eye, entirely blinding him. Nelson believed himself dying. But not even the darkness of what seemed approaching death could daunt the heart of the hero. The chief surgeon would have left his other patients unattended for a time to see to Nelson's wound, but he would not hear of it for a moment.

"No," he cried, "I will take my turn with my brave fellows."

And at last that turn came; and even the wounded and the dying raised a cheer when they heard the wound, despite the amount of blood lost, was only superficial

Nelson and Hardy on the battle-deck (at Trafalgar), in the very thick of the dreadful engagement. And, see, Nelson sinks rather than falls, and his faithful Hardy springs to his side. On that very spot his secretary, Scott, was killed some time before, and the blood, still fresh, stains our hero's clothes. I see him being borne tenderly below to the cockpit. I see him kindly hearted even in the hour of death place his handkerchief over his face that his brave fellows may not know it is he, their own loved admiral, who is being carried below. But overhead the battles rages on and on, and he can hear the wild "hurrahs!" of the men as ship after ship strikes her flag. Hardy comes at last and bends mournfully over him, utterly unable to suppress his emotion. But Hardy must tell him how the battle goes. Then this faithful officer, with a heart bursting with emotion, shakes hands, and rushes once again to his post on deck. But see, Hardy has returned; and Nelson can talk now only of the dear ones at home.

"God bless you, Hardy," he says feebly, and shortly after, "Thank God, I have done my duty!"

And these are the last words the Hero speaks. His breast heaves, there is one long-drawn, but half-stifled sigh, and Nelson is no more.

* From *Heroes of Duty, Life, and Death, or Nelson and the Navy*, by Gordon Hables, M.D., C.M.; pp. 374; cloth; illustrated; price $1.25; Bradley & Woodruff, Baltimore, publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Great Commission, by Rev. M. T. Lamb; paper, pp. 208; price 40c.; Mossman & Vermilion, Davenport, Iowa, publishers.

New Concepts of Old Dogmas, a book of sermons; by Rev. Jas. E. Odlin; cloth; pp. 202; Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, publishers.

The Children of the King, a story of Southern Italy; by F. Marion Crawford; cloth; pp. 329; price $1. Macmillan & Co., New York, publishers.

The Destiny, by A. Mac Laren, D. D.; a consideration of the Lord's Prayer; Bible Series edited by W. Robertson Nicoll, M. A., LL.D.; cloth; pp. 383; price $1.50. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York, publishers.

The Common Life; and its Duties; the invisible action of matter and life; a scientific sketch by B. B. Lewis; pp. 159; cloth; price $1.00; M. A. Sewall, Bridgeport, Conn., publishers.

Manual of Natural Theology, by George Park Fisher, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Yale University; 94 pp.; cloth; price 75 cents; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, publishers.

Hearts of Oak, a Story of Nelson and the Navy; by Gordon Hables, M.D., C.M.; pp. 374; cloth; illustrated; price $1.25; Bradley & Woodruff, Baltimore, publishers.

The Case Against Professor Briggs; (Part II.). pp. 161; paper cover; price 50c.; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, publishers.

A Roman Singer, by F. Marion Crawford; cloth; pages 354; price $1. Macmillan & Co., N. Y., pubishers.

The Critical Review of Theological and Philosophical Literature; edited by Prof. S. D. F. Salmond, D.D., pages 116; T. & T. Clark, 38 George St., Edinburgh.

The Biblical World; containing the Old and New Testament Student; edited by William R. Harper and other; 162 pages; The University Press of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.

CATALOGUES RECEIVED.

Robert Scott & Son's Catalogue of Roses and other Beautiful Flowers; 36 pages; illustrated; a complete and comprehensive guide to buyers of bulbs, plants and seeds. Robert Scott & Son, Philadelphia, Pa.

John Lewis Childs' Spring Catalogue of Seeds, Bulbs and Plants for 1893; 156 pages; copiously illustrated; with several full-page colored plates; illuminated covers; price 20 cents; issued by John Lewis Childs, Floral Park, N. Y.

John A. Salzer's Catalogue of Seeds, Bulbs and Plants for 1893; 119 pages; fully illustrated with several full-page colored plates; illuminated covers; price 8 cents postage; issued by John A. Salzer Co., LaCrosse, Wis.

HUMBLE TRAVELLERS.

THERE sat in a railway carriage in Germany, a lady and gentleman, both well on in years. Their appearance and dress were somewhat quaint and old fashioned and they attracted the attention and the curiosity of a fellow-traveller. Entering into a conversation with them, he tried to find out who and what they were. Where were they going? To Stuttgart. Yes, so was he. Had they ever been there before? No. What hotel would they stay at? They replied that they were going to visit a friend. The gentleman asked no further questions, but his curiosity in this simple and rather countrified-looking pair was unabated. He supposed they might be on their way to visit some married son or daughter in the city who were probably working people. Arrived at Stuttgart all alighted, and he watched to see where they would go. To his utter amazement he saw them accosted by a servant in splendid livery, and handed into a grand ducal carriage which was waiting for them, and driven off to a palace. He learned afterward that they were Moravian missionaries had been laboring in Labrador and were esteemed for their work's sake by one who was good as well as great, and so it came that they were the guests of the grand Duchess of Wurtemburg. Many a man and woman in humble attire, who are much respected in the world, will, as the Apostle James tells us, be warmly welcomed on high when their work is done, by him whom they have served among men.

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Question Answers

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Reader, McAfee, Ky. Does Dr. Talmage baptize by immersion? If so, why does he?

He makes it optional with the candidate. The denomination to which he belongs recognizes both modes—sprinkling and immersion. It insists on baptism, but not on the mode.

P. E. Genoway, Oran, Mo. 1. What and where is the Church of the Nativity? 2. Of what denomination is it? 3. When was it erected? 4. Do the words "wicked, ungodly and unrighteous" mean the same thing?

1. The Church of the Nativity is in Bethlehem, and, according to tradition, is located over the site of the manger-cradle of the Saviour. 2. It is common to all Christian denominations. The Greek and Latin Churches take charge of the services about equally. 3. It was built about A. D. 321 by Constantine. 4. They do, practically.

J. W. M. Bazine, Kan., writes:

Holman's Bible edition days of Melchizedek: "Some have thought that the bread and wine were sacrificial, and that he was a type of Christ. Others have strangely imagined that it was an appearance of Christ himself in the disguise of the priest. He really was both a king and a priest and so far typical of the spiritual king and priest of Jesus the Christ." Perhaps there is nothing "strange" in the belief that Christ was on earth before the Prophets, and may have appeared in the man, Melchizedek. To the writer, the prophets speak of a former Christ as well as of one to come. If the high and gifted Eunuch under queen Candace could not understand the prophets' writings, may not our wise ones be led into a wrong idea?

C. C. Jackson, Lookout Mountain, Tenn., writes:

A neighbor who moved near me from South Dakota over a year ago (that the Lookout Mountain climate might benefit his wife—a consumptive), bought at request of his wife for each of his five children, an Oxford Teacher's Bible, exactly like the one you gave my wife. He paid for his four Bibles—$1.50 each. Such a price would make your gift to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers $150.000. What other paper places before its readers the appearance and doings of so many great and noble Christian men and women. To behold in your paper such noble faces as Stephen Merritt, Phillips Brooks, Theodore F. Seward, A. B. Simpson, Tello J. D. Apery, Dr. Charles Cullis and George Muller, etc., is of heavenly value.

Jane M. Pettus, Rochester, N. Y. I see in the Mail Bag a notice about the premium Oxford Teachers' Bible, that is given to CHRISTIAN HERALD subscribers. Does it mean that I am to send $1.50 for a year's subscription to the paper and $2 for the premium Bible besides—$3.50 in all?

No. $2 is the full amount needed to secure THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year and an Oxford Teachers' Bible besides. The Bible premium is sent by express, charges prepaid, to every $2 subscriber to this journal.

Bayard C. Rogers, Martinsville, Ind. 1. What is the meaning of the "marks of the Lord Jesus," mentioned in Galatians 6: 17? 2. What is the meaning of the contraction "Gr." in the margin of the Bible and of "Ch?"

1. They have a reference to the practice of branding slaves with their owners' initials. A slave by showing the brand proved to whom his service was due and that no one else had a claim upon him. The marks of the Lord Jesus Paul bore were the scars received in his service—the marks of the rods with which he was beaten and the wounds he received in fighting with wild beasts. He showed them as evidence that he belonged to the Lord Jesus. 2. The letters "Gr." in the margin of the Bible stand for "Greek." The words that follow the letters are the exact equivalent of the original Greek which has been freely translated in the text. The letters "Ch." stand for chapter and give you a reference to another chapter of the same book. Thus in the passage you quote (Gal. 6: 17) there is the marginal reference, "Chapter 5: 11," that is Gal. 5: 11.

Mrs. E. W. Ellis, Ventura, Colo. 1. How many Christian martyrs have there been for the Protestant religion? 2. Is it true that there were nine million of martyrs during the first four centuries?

To both questions we would reply that the host of martyrs for the religion of Christ is an innumerable one. Of the sayings, sufferings and deaths of many of the early martyrs we have but little record left. There were ten great periods of persecution, viz: (1) Under Nero, A. D. 64, when Christians were slain in the arena by wild beasts, or burnt or tortured to death by hundreds of thousands; (2) under Domitian, who in one year is said to have caused the death of 40,000 Christians; (3) under Trajan; (4) under Antoninus; (5) under Severus; (6) under Maximinus; (7) under Decius, who in a brief reign exceeded all his predecessors in barbarity; (8) under Valerian; (9) under Aurelian and (10) under Diocletian, whose victims it is impossible to enumerate. The fire, rack, wild beasts, impalement and every imaginable form of torture were used by this fiendish ruler. 17,000 were killed in one month. In Egypt alone 144,000 Christians perished; 70,000 died in exile. The persecutions in later years, in Europe and elsewhere, though small by contrast, were still terrible in results. The Inquisition and Catholic persecutions in France, Holland, England, Ireland, Scotland and Spain increased the martyr roll by many hundreds of thousands.

Subscriber, Fulton, N. Y. Why is the word "seven" so much used in the Bible?

The frequent numbers used in the Scriptures are 3, 4, 7, 12 and 40, but 7 surpasses all the others in frequency and is regarded as the representative symbolic number of the Bible. It is especially regarded as the symbol of perfection. The Sabbath, being the seventh day, the perfect day, marking the perfected work of the Creator, the symbolic number was naturally adopted in the designation of sacred periods. Thus, the seventh month marked the Feast of Trumpets, the Feast of Tabernacles and the Atonement; seven weeks elapsed between the Passover and and Pentecost; the seventh year was the Sabbatical year; and so on. Various festivals, ordinances and rites of purification lasted seven days. The "perfect symbol" was carried out extensively in the arrangement of the Tabernacle. The early Christian Church, followed the same idea in the arrangement of its ordinances.

Constant Reader, Fairton, N. J. It is a custom, sanctioned by very general usage. Matt. Ray, Cariboo; Col. Write to the Librarian, Astor Library, New York City.—Miss Agnes Goldman, Tate's Spring, Tenn. Send them to Rev. Orville J. Nave, Post Chaplain, Fort Niobrara, Neb.—Grace Mitchell, Monmouth, Ia. They will doubtless be published in book form in due time.—Subscriber, Berlin Mass. The passage you are seeking for may possibly be 1. Peter 3: 3.—H. Daube, Strawn, Ill. Yes; the general belief is that there are children in heaven and that friends and acquaintances will recognize each other there.—H. C. A. Kennedy, Helena, Ark. The story you mention was written by Rev. Leander S. Keyser. We have not the poem referred to.—Mary R. Straw, Newfield, Me. Do you mean "Mother Shipton," the so-called English seeress?—R. L. G., Naturita, Col. 1 and 2. These questions have already been fully answered in the Mail-Bag. 3. We have not the poem. 4. It had its origin in the celebrating of battle-days.—Subscriber, Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to the American Institute of Architects, 18 Broadway, N. Y.—E. A. S., Baltimore. Write to the Chief of the Signal Service Bureau, Washington, D. C.—John S. Thomas, Philadelphia. We have not heard of them since their departure.—James R. Remsen, Hornsdale, Pa. Address him care of Mr. Easton (his brother), 120 Broadway, N. Y.—Miss Olive Pohl, Easton, Pa. Your letter has been forwarded to Mr. Moody.—New Subscriber, New Brunswick, N. J. Write to the Board of Managers, Columbian Exhibition, Chicago.—Mrs. Sherman, Medfield, Mass. Mr. Curtis' address is Beloit, near Selma, Ala.

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In the store, on the street, on the rail, on horseback, at tennis, in the boudoir, in the parlor, on the lounge—the **Equipoise Waist** is comfortable—stylish—fits like custom-made.—Send us your address, that you may know all about it, and where to buy it—George Frost Co., Boston, Mass.

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COMPLETE, 4 alphabets rubber type, type holder, bottle Indelible Ink, Ink Pad and Tweezers. Put up in neat box with directions for use. Satisfaction guaranteed. Worth 50c. Best Linen Marker, Card Printer, etc. Sets names in 1 minute, prints 500 cards an hour. Sent postpaid 15c; 2 for 25c. Catalogue free.

E. H. INGERSOLL & BRO. 65 Cortlandt St., N. Y. City.

AGENTS Send for A-LOG. Catalogue **Home Culture,** by Pres. Hunter, N. Y. Normal College, $3.50; Columbus & American Progress $1.75; the **New** Mother, Home and Heaven 400 best authors by T. L. Cuyler, $2.75. 200,000 sold. 5000 Curiosities of Bible, $2, by mail, E. B. TREAT N. Y.

ADVICE TO DYSPEPTICS.

CONTENTS: Dyspepsia and its causes. Experience of a sufferer. Liver complaint a twin disorder. Constipation a result of dyspepsia. Food to be taken. Food to be avoided. Mailed free to any address. JOHN H. McALVIN, Lowell Mass. 14 years City Treas

"MRS. WINSLOWS' SOOTHING SYRUP

for CHILDREN TEETHING, SOFTENS THE GUMS, REDUCES IMFLAMMATION, ALLAYS PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC. Twenty-five cts. a bottle.

"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" AND THE VETERANS.

MR. J. W. DE WITT, a gentleman who has long been interested in the welfare of the men who fought the battles of the Union, writes us as follows: "Those who have had little knowledge of the frauds connected with the collecting and disbursing of our soldier's pensions, cannot realize the blessings of such a Cash-Checking Bureau as that established through the wisdom and generosity of the proprietors of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I was engaged in Sunday School work at the time the first pension frauds were brought to light, and calling one day upon a lovely young Christian teacher, with whom I was associated, I was not a little surprised when, meeting me in her parlor, she threw her arms around my neck and laying her head upon my shoulder, sobbed convulsively. I drew her to a chair when the first passion of her grief was over, and asked as gently as I could what was the matter.

"'You've heard about my husband?' she said,—supposing his guilt widely known—'He is in prison.'

"There was another paroxysm of weeping, and then I learned that her husband was one of a number of pension agents who had been carrying on a system of plunder, and the facts then revealed determined me, from that day to do all in my power to aid widows and disabled veterans to secure and keep the money so generously and willingly given by the government to those who were brave and loyal in its hour of peril.

"If I had any doubt before engaging in this work, on the subject of human depravity, they were entirely laid aside after I had run the gauntlet of sharp practioners, who professed to guard the soldier's rights, and encountered the keen watchfulness and eager greed of those determined to appropriate a share of the money obtained. With this knowledge gained by experience, I write to congratulate your Bureau upon the work it has and is accomplishing, and to express the hope that similar Bureaus may be established in every city where Pension offices are located."

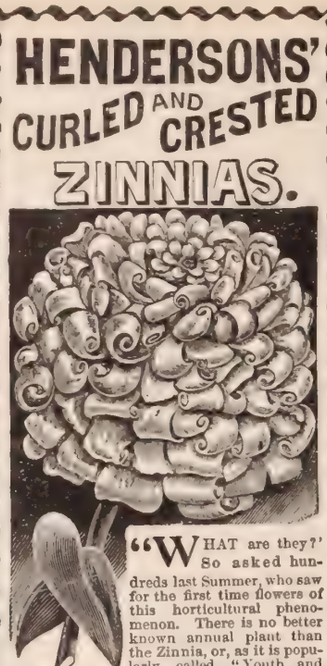
SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND THE WORLD'S FAIR

In 1892 the International Sunday School Executive Committee unanimouslyrecommended the erection of a Sunday School Building at the World's Fair, and contributions were solicited. Congress has decided that the Fair is to be closed on Sunday. $30,000 will be required to erect the building, which will be of wood, covered with staff, similar to the other buildings on the Exhibition grounds. An excellent site has been secured, 95 x 150 feet, at a rental of $5500 for one year. Plans will be ready early this month. It is intended to make the structure a model Sunday School building—an object lesson for all and it will be the religious headquarters for Sunday School and Christian workers generally during the Fair, besides being a centre of evangelistic activity on Sundays, under the auspices of Mr. Moody's Evangelization Society. Contributions of one dollar each are solicited by the Building Committee. The Treasurer is R. W. Hare, 200 Market Street, Chicago, Ill.

CONVERSION PROVED.

DESCRIBING the converts recently baptized at his station Kito-Chau, China, the Rev. J. Lutley relates the following incident, which, as he rightfully considered, furnished convincing proof that the man's conversion was genuine: "Koh had been an inquirer the shortest time of those received, but his experience was so exceptional that we could not entertain any doubt of his being real and true. Soon after he first believed he was much persecuted, and he also had much trial in his home. Only about two weeks ago, at the time of the drought, his villagers beat him very badly, because he would not pray to the idols, accusing him of being the cause of the drought. They first beat and kicked him, and then tied his hands together, and carried him to a village three *li* distant, where he became insensible, and they had to drench him with water to restore him; but it was not until evening that, bruised and stiff, they let him go free. They also made him pay a thousand dollars cash to give a feast to the men who had beaten and carried him. Yet he does not seem to bear them the least ill-will, and it was good to hear the poor fellow relating how, when they were carrying him, he remembered that Stephen while being stoned, prayed for his enemies; and he began to pray for his, asking the Lord to forgive them. We thought that a man who could do that while smarting with pain, must have the grace of God in his heart and we baptized him."

HENDERSONS' CURLED AND CRESTED ZINNIAS.



"WHAT are they?' So asked hundreds last Summer, who saw for the first time flowers of this horticultural phenomenon. There is no better known annual plant than the Zinnia, or, as it is popularly called, "Youth and Old Age." So if this new floral claimant is so distinct as to puzzle both professional an l amateur horticulturists, we can scarcely hope to present an engraving which will convey any adequato idea of its unique and wonderful beauty. Our Catalogue, mentioned below, contains a beautiful colored plate, on which is shown eight full-sized flowers of as many distinct types, but the seed offered will produce dozens of varieties, not only entirely different from the types portrayed in colors, but of equal, and, in many cases, of much greater beauty. At first glance the flowers suggest a

ROSETTE OF RIBBONS.

The flowers are large, full and double; the petals being twisted, curled and crested into the most fantastic forms, **entirely free from the stiffness** characteristic of all other varieties in this family of plants. A remarkable feature in this novelty is that it should present in so short a time such an overwhelming variety of colors, every possible shade and color found in Zinnias, and, in many classes, only attained after years of culture and hybridization, this new comer has reached at a single bound. It is less than four years ago that we detected, in a large bed of Zinnias at our Trial Grounds, a single plant, from which sprang this marvellous new race—marvellous not only in its distinctiveness, but in the myriad variety of colors with which it has already adorned our gardens. A full history of **HENDERSON'S CURLED and CRESTED ZINNIAS** will be found in our Catalogue offered below.

Price of Seeds (mixed colors) 25 cts. per pkt. 3 pkts for 60 cts. 6 pkts for $1.00.

Postage stamps accepted as cash.

BESIDES

with every order for a single packet or more will be sent, **gratis**, our Catalogue of **"EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN"** (the price of which alone is 25 cents), on condition that you will say **in what paper you saw this advertisement.** The 150 pages of this grand Catalogue are strewn with hundreds of new engravings and embellished with eight beautiful colored plates, all of which truthfully portray the "Cream" of everything in **SEEDS** and **PLANTS.** If the Catalogue alone is wanted, it will be mailed on receipt of 25 cents, which can be deducted from first order.

PETER HENDERSON & Co.

35 & 37 Cortlandt St., New York.

No Trees of 1st quality can ever be sent by mail Mayhap you know it. By freight, prepaid if preferred, we ship safely 4, 5, or 6 ft. trees; 2 year Roses of rare excellence—everything! You actually pay less than for the puny stuff. 1,000 acres Nurseries. 20,000 acres Orchards. Exact information about trees and fruits. Stark Bros., Louisiana, Missouri. Founded 1825.

We Sell DIRECT to FAMILIES
PIANOS $150 to $1500 ORGANS $35 to $500.
Absolutely Perfect!
Sent for trial in your own home before you buy. Local Agents need not sell. Info. for 2c stamp. Catalogue free.
MARCHAL & SMITH PIANO CO., 235 East 21st St., N.Y.

Swiss Lozenges, For relieving **Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis, &c.** By Mail, Price 25 Cts a Box
H. EDWARD WENDELL, 8. E cor 3d and George Streets, Philadelphia

CHOICE ROSES AT 5 Cts.

Good & Reese's Roses are on their own roots.

OUR RAINBOW COLLECTION OF 20 ROSES FOR $1. PREPAID BY MAIL.

The roses we send are on their own roots, from 10 to 15 inches high, and will bloom freely this summer either in pots or planted in yard. They are hardy, ever bloomers. We send instructions with each order how to plant and care for them. Please examine the below list of 20 choice fragrant monthly roses, and see if you can duplicate them anywhere for an amount so small as $1. They are nearly all new kinds.—We guarantee them to reach you in good condition. **The List—**

Duchess of Albany, the best pink rose by far ever introduced. **The Bride**, pure ivory white. **Viscountess Folkestone**, elegant fawn color. **Meteor**, the best rich crimson rose. **Francisca Kruger**, elegant shades of tawn. **Pearl of the Garden**, deep golden yellow. **The Queen**, double pure white. **Comtesse de Frigneuse**, golden yellow. **Papa Gontier**, lovely dark red. **Dinsmore**, bright carmine. **Rheingold**, beautiful shades of saffron and tawn. **Waban**, a great rose, in bloom all the time. **La France**, known as the "queen of roses." **Snowflake**, pure white, always in bloom. **Mad. de Watteville**, the beautiful Tulip rose. **Beldemaid**, a great garden rose. **Mad. Joseph Schwartz**, blooms in clusters, very elegant. **Dr. Reymont**, intense fiery scarlet. **Star of Gold**, will produce the most yellow buds and roses. **Lady Ashburton**, long buds, carmine and coppery yellow.

Ballinger, Texas, Nov. 29, 1892.

The GOOD & REESE Co., Springfield, O. Gentlemen:—The 20 ever blooming roses you sent me for $1, arrived yesterday in the most splendid condition, and allow me to say that I was absolutely surprised at the size of the stalks and the amount, length and thriftiness of the roots. I have wondered many times how you could afford to send out such roses for such a small price. Every home in the land should have their yard full of ever blooming roses at this price. Yours, C. H. WILLINGHAM.

We will also send our Iron Clad Collection of 12 Hardy Roses, all different colors, $1. Try a set. 20 Chrysanthemums, all prize winners, $1. 16 Geraniums, double and single, flowered and scented, $1. 15 choice Begonias, different kinds, $1. 40 packets choice Flower Seeds, all different kinds, $1. Our handsome, illustrated, 144 page Catalogue, describing above Roses, Plants and all Seeds, mailed for 10c. stamps. Don't place your order before seeing our prices. **WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY.** We have large two year old **Roses for immediate effect. Liberal Premiums to club raisers, or how to get your seeds and plants free. $400 in cash offered for largest clubs. We are the LARGEST ROSE GROWERS IN AMERICA.** Address

GOOD & REESE CO., Box 41, Champion City Greenhouses, Springfield, Ohio.

The Rose

—Is— Queen of all flowers. The D. & C. Rose is queen of all roses. The D. & C. Roses include all varieties of worth; they are grown on their own roots, reared and cared for as carefully as a child. When the budding age is reached they are consigned to the care of the flower lover. We send them everywhere safely by mail, postpaid. Distance is a matter of no import. Our new **"GUIDE TO ROSE CULTURE"** will aid in selecting Roses and other flowers of the best varieties, by giving you descriptions, prices and pictures. It also gives you complete instructions for their culture and care. We will send it *Free*, together with a copy of our magazine, **"SUCCESS WITH FLOWERS,"** to all flower lovers making early application. Address

The Dingee & Conard Co.,
Rose Growers and Seedsmen, West Grove, Pa.

BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS FOR THE HAIR AND SKIN.

An elegant dressing. Prevents baldness, gray hair and dandruff. Makes the hair grow thick and soft. Cures eruptions and diseases of the skin. Heals cuts, burns, bruises and sprains. All druggists or by mail 50 cts. 44 Stone St. N.Y.

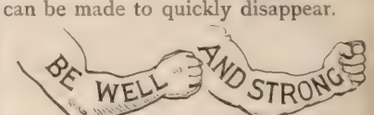
Do Your Own PRINTING.

Card Press $3. Size for circulars or small newspaper $22. Saves you money and makes money printing for neighbors. Full printed instructions. Send stamp for catalogue of presses, type, cards, &c., to the factory.
KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Connecticut.

THIS $11 TO $17 SEWING MACHINE FREE to examine in any home. Sent anywhere without one cent in advance. Warranted the best sewing machine ever made. Our terms, conditions and everything far more liberal than any other house ever offered. For full particulars, etc., cut this advertisement out and send to us to-day. Address
Alvah Mfg. Co., Dpt. C167 Chicago, Ill.

Asthma The **African Kola Plant**, discovered in Congo, West Africa, is Nature's Sure Cure for Asthma. **Cure Guaranteed or No Pay.** Export Office, 1164 Broadway, New York. For **Large Trial Case, FREE by Mail**, address KOLA IMPORTING CO., 132 Vine St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS go hand in hand. With health we can enjoy life, sickness makes life a burden. Your little cares which seem great now can be made to quickly disappear.



Give a little attention to your health, as told on the box of

Root, Bark and Blossom

which is sent by mail for fifty cents, if your druggist does not keep it, and is enough for one month's use.

This pleasant remedy will quickly set you right, making you well and happy. It is composed only of roots of shrubs, barks of trees, and blossoms of native plants. *It creates an appetite, removes poison and disease from and tones up the system, clearing the complexion and strengthening the whole body, and is just what is needed for any weakness or debility.*

For all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, and Blood disorders, such as Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, Lump in the Throat after Eating, Cold Chills, Flushes of Heat, Fulness and Swelling after Meals, Disturbed Sleep, Biliousness, Belching of Wind, Headache, Dizziness, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Eczema, Tetter, Boils, Ulcers, Weak Stomach, Pains in the Back and Limbs, Tired, Dragged Out, Nervous Feeling, Debility and Low Vitality.

IT IS A CERTAIN, SAFE, AND PERMANENT CURE.

Large size box, enough for two months' use, at Druggists or by Mail, One Dollar, thus making the **COST BUT 12 CTS. A WEEK.**

WE HAVE WORK FOR AGENTS.

Address, **Root, Bark and Blossom,**
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

FREE Dr. Judd's Electric Belt and Battery Combined, sent to anyone on trial, free Price $3, $6, $10, $15 if satisfied. Cures Rheumatism, Lame Back, Effects of La Grippe, Weakness of either Sex, other diseases. Headache Relieved in One Minute. Free Medical Advice. Electric Trusses. Give Size. Agents Wanted.
DR. JUDD, DETROIT, MICH.

MAGIC LANTERNS AND STEREOPTICONS adapted the best and cheapest means of object teaching for Colleges, Schools, and Sunday Schools. Our assortment of Views, illustrating ART, SCIENCE, HISTORY, RELIGION and TRAVEL is immense. For Home Amusement and Parlor Entertainments, Public Exhibitions, Church Entertainments, Public Exhibitions and Popular Illustrated Lectures, nothing can be found as instructive or amusing. (☞ A very profitable business for a person with small capital. We are the largest manufacturers and dealers, and can help to all parts of the world. If you wish to know how to order, how to conduct Parlor Entertainments for pleasure, or Public Exhibitions, etc., for MAKING MONEY, name this paper, and send for our **236 PAGE BOOK FREE.**

McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau Street, New York.

THE CHILDREN OF MEN.

WHAT shall we do with the children of men,
When they flatter and smile and deceive,
And break the best laws they have made us and then
Look on us in scorn if we grieve?
What shall we do when their faults we have scanned,
And their failings are brought to the light,
When the great ship of hope we have recklessly manned
Goes down with the breakers at night?
And the crew that we loved! every man was a king,
Enthroned in the realm of the heart,
And the trial of each brought its own secret
And a callous succeeded the smart. [sting
What shall we do when we've learned that a
Often covers the surface of hate? [smile
While deep in the pool whose ripples beguile
Lies the malice discovered too late?
When the friends we have trusted and honored and loved
Grow suddenly haughty and cold;
And the tried ones whose honor we think we have proved
Are turned by the glitter of gold?
The cup of beneficence poured without stint
Is lost in ingratitude's tide,
While the gold of our hearts in love's sacred
Is but coined to be jostled aside. [mint,
What shall we do with the children of men?
Shall we leave them all out of our hearts?
Shall we grow bitter and frigid and then—
Crush every fond hope as it starts?
Shall we shut ourselves in from the world and its wiles,
That we never again be deceived?
Shall we turn with distrust from the tears and the smiles,
And be dumb when our spirits are grieved?
What then? We shall starve for the sweets we have spurned,
Lest a bitter perchance might be found;
We shall put out the light that in darkness has burned
Because sometimes it failed to abound.
Who can measure the truth or the love of the hearts
That around us are throbbing with life?
Who knows with what pain they are playing their parts,
Or how soon they may faint in the strife?
Suppose that sometimes they are haughty and cold,
And sometimes they wrong us we know;
Because there is dross shall we say there's no gold?
That no streams save bitter ones flow?
Because many are false shall we say truth has flown?
And we'll trust not and love not again?
God help us! we're weak, we have faults of our own,
For we, too, are the children of men.

—A. M. COSTELLO.

Special Offer. FIVE MAGNIFICENT NEW PLANTS FOR ONLY 50 CENTS. The New Double Fuchsia Molesworth is one of the most beautiful double white fuchsias we ever saw, in fact it is perfection the plant is one of the easiest to grow and thrive in any window. Strong plants, 25 cents each.

THE CHARMING MEXICAN PRIMROSE, is the grandest of all new plants it is a perpetual bloomer as it is in flower at all times of the year. Fine plants all ready to bud and bloom, 25 cents each.

MANETTIA VINE. This grand vine is the most magnificent flowering vine in cultivation, either for the house or garden, and is full of bloom every day in the year. Fine plants already budded and blooming, 20c. each.

SOLANUM GRANDIFLORA. This new pot and garden plant is truly one of the most magnificent perpetual bloomers ever seen. It bears, by the hundred, great clusters of lovely snow-white flowers, which keep perfect a month before fading, and appear at all times of the year. Strong plants, ready to bloom at once, 25 cts.

CERANIUM SOUVENIR DE MIRANDE. No description can do justice to the great beauty of this wonderful new Geranium. The enormous trusses of flowers, with their variation of color, from pure white center, to outer petals of salmon and pink rose. Fine plants, 25 cents each.

A GREAT OFFER. For only fifty cents we will send, by mail, post-paid, each five of the above magnificent new plants. Order at once. Catalogue sent free.

J. ROSCOE FULLER & Co., Floral Park, N.Y.

$50 to aid you to comprehend the figures **33,000,000**

Because the ordinary mind fails to grasp any such amounts, we offer this sum for the best illustration of the fact that thirty-three million pounds are made by MENIER, of the famous chocolate—"CHOCOLAT MENIER"—yearly. To show the marvelous hold this perfect product has upon the civilized world, for quick comprehension, in the size of this advertisement, either by word or illustration, is the point to attain.

Address our advertising representatives, thus:—

Every competitor will receive a sample of the finest chocolate on earth.

DODD'S ADVERTISING AGENCY, 265 WASH'N ST., BOSTON, MASS. Menier — Competition. — World Fair, N.Y.

Remember that CHOCOLAT MENIER can be taken immediately before retiring so easily is it digested. Cocoa and Chocolate bear the same relation as **Skimmed Milk to Pure Cream.** Sold throughout the civilized world MENIER. West Broadway, N. Y. City.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR **CHOCOLAT MENIER** Annual Sales Exceed 33 MILLION LBS. SAMPLES SENT FREE. MENIER, N.Y.

The Sower

Has no second chance. The first supplies his needs — if he takes the wise precaution of planting

Ferry's Seeds

Ferry's Seed Annual, for 1893, contains all the latest and best information about Gardens and Gardening. It is a recognized authority. Every planter should have it. Sent **free** on request.

D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

Wormy Fruit and Leaf Blight of Apples, Pears, Cherries, and Plums prevented; also Grape and Potato Rot—by spraying with **Stahl's** Double Acting Excelsior Spraying Outfits. Best in the market. Thousands in use. Catalogue, describing all insects injurious to fruit, mailed Free. Address **WM. STAHL, Quincy, Ill**

LIMBS Artificial. Crutches, &c. Best Leg Wood or Rubber Foot **$50** Catalogue free. State particulars.

RUPTURE, Cause, treatment and **CURE.** Book mailed **FREE.** ELASTIC STOCKINGS, &c. GEO. R. FULLER, U.S. Govt. Manuf'r, Dep't 17, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

BE YOUR OWN DENTIST! FILL YOUR TEETH WITH **ENAMELINE.** It stops pain and decay, and lasts a life time. Anyone can fill their own teeth, or the teeth of their friends. Mothers can fill their children's teeth. By mail to any address. Small package, (for 20 teeth), 50c.; large package, (for 50 teeth), $1.00. Write for circular giving full particulars. Address **QUEEN CITY DENTAL CO.,** Box 219, **BUFFALO, N. Y.**

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

GOOD NEWS TO LADIES, BOYS AND GIRLS. Gold and Silver Watches **Free.** Beautiful Imported Decorated China Tea and Dinner Sets, Toilet Sets, Lamps, Castors, Silver Butter, Fruit and Cake Dishes, Silver Tea Sets, Knives, Forks, Crayons, Webster's International Dictionaries, etc., **Given Free** with $12, $15, $20, $25, $30, $40 orders. For full particulars address **THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,** P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York.

BEATTY Pianos, Organs, $33 up. Want agts. Cat'lg Free. Dan'l F. Beatty, Washington, N.J.

SALZERS THREE HARDY FRUIT NOVELTIES 50¢

THREE RARE, HARDY FRUITS, 50c. No Dwarf Shrub Fruits ever introduced, created such a sensation as our Buffalo, June and Tree Cranberry. From the time the leaves begin to unfold they are a source of constant beauty, blooming and bearing continuously.

THE BUFFALO BERRY. Hardy, from the lava beds of the Dakotas. Extremely prolific. Each 30 cents; 10 for $1.25, postp'd.

DWARF JUNEBERRY. A shrub of great beauty. Covers itself with a great mass of pure, white, delicously fragrant blossoms, followed by large, dark colored berries, excellent for pies, sauce, etc. Each 35c.

TREE CRANBERRY. Everybody is fond of cranberries. Here we have shrub that will flourish and bear prodigiously in every section of America. These 3 Shrubs are hardy as oak. Each 35c.

One plant each of above three novelties for but 50c, postpaid.

For 14c Postpaid (With Catalogue 22c.)

We will mail 4 pkg. Early Vegetables and 5 pkg. Flower Seeds; in all **9 PKG.** listed nowhere under 90c. This is done that you may test our choice Northern Grown Seeds for only 14c. Our Seed and Plant catalogue is the finest, largest, most complete catalogue issued in America. It is mailed upon receipt of 8c postage.

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO. LA CROSSE WIS

HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK, ARMS OR ANY PART OF THE PERSON
QUICKLY DISSOLVED AND REMOVED WITH THE NEW SOLUTION

÷ MODENE ÷

AND THE GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INJURY OR DISCOLORATION OF THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

Discovered by Accident.—IN COMPOUNDING, an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We purchased the new discovery and named it MODENE. It is perfectly pure, free from all injurious substances, and so simple any one can use it. It acts mildly but surely, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. It has no resemblance whatever to any other preparation ever used for a like purpose, and no scientific discovery ever attained such wonderful results. **IT CAN NOT FAIL.** If the growth be light, one application will remove it permanently; the heavy growth and the hair on moles may require two or more applications before all the roots are destroyed, although all hair will be removed at each application, and without slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward. MODENE SUPERCEDES ELECTROLYSIS.

Recommended by all who have tested its merits—Used by people of refinement.

Gentlemen who do not appreciate nature's gift of a beard, will find a priceless boon in Modene, which does away with shaving. It dissolves and destroys the life principle of the hair, thereby rendering its future growth an utter impossibility, and is guaranteed to be as harmless as water to the skin. Young persons who find an embarrassing growth of hair coming, should use Modene to destroy its growth. Modene sent by mail, in safety mailing cases, postage paid, (securely sealed from observation) on receipt of price, **$1.00** per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. ☞Correspondence sacredly private. Postage stamps received the same as cash. (ALWAYS MENTION YOUR COUNTY AND THIS PAPER.) Cut this advertisement out.

LOCAL AND GENERAL AGENTS WANTED.

MODENE MANUFACTURING CO., CINCINNATI, O., U. S. A. Manufacturers of the Highest Grade Hair Preparations. *You can register your letter at any Post-office to insure its safe delivery.*

We Offer $1,000 FOR FAILURE OR THE SLIGHTEST INJURY. ☞**EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.**

Ramey's Medicator CURES CATARRH Catarrhal Deafness, Headache, Neuralgia, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever, LaGrippe, Etc., or Money Refunded. Price complete with four months' treatment by mail $2. The medicine is put on a sponge in enlarged part of medicator. Insert twin tubes in nostrils, single tube in mouth, then blow; thus your lungs force highly medicated air into all parts of the head and throat. Send for terms, testimonials, and further particulars. **RAMEY & CO., 85 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.**

Clears the Head. Cures Offensive Breath.

AGENTS WANTED

LARGE PROFITS FOR LADIES OR GENTLEMEN. NO EXPERIENCE REQUIRED.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR RAMEY'S MEDICATOR. TAKE NO OTHER.

RHEUMATISM One of the greatest discoveries of the century. **Safe, speedy, sure Cure** for **Rheumatism,** Rheumatic Gout, **Syphilitic Rheumatism, Skin diseases** and **Dropsical tendencies.** All cured promptly by this remedy. It has cured hundreds, and will cure where instructions are followed. Purifies the blood and regulates the system. Large bot., $2. 3 for $5. Reg., $1.25 3 for $3, delivered. Cat. **free,** with ref. **Burt Chemical Co., Box 24 Cambridge, O.**

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BURPEE'S DEFIANCE GIANT FANCY PANSIES. Flowers from *two and a half to four inches* across; the ground colors are of all shades and both *three-spotted* and *five-spotted*, distinctly marked with large blotches.

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All Five of the above grand novelties in Pansies, one packet of each, with *instructions how to raise the largest Pansies*, will be mailed to any address for **25 cents,** or **Five Complete Collections for $1.00.**

SWEET PEAS are all the go! No other Annual is so universally popular.

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We have a beautiful colored plate, painted from nature, of the four distinct new Sweet Peas named above, which we can supply with our FARM ANNUAL for 1893.

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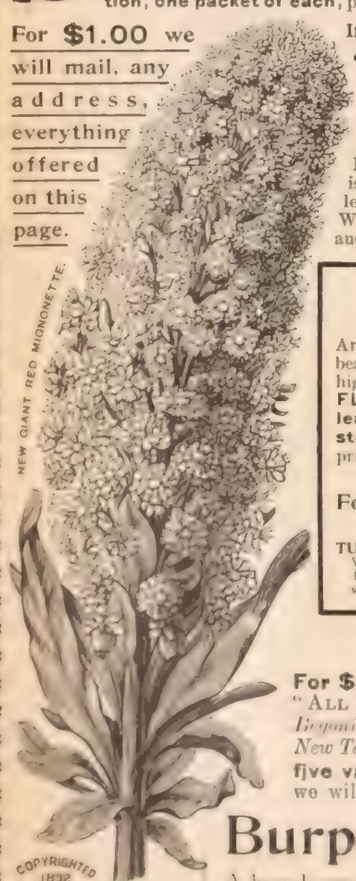
Our enormous stock, specially grown, of Novelties described above, enables us to offer the **complete Collection, one packet of each,** postpaid to any address, for **25 Cts.**

For $1.00 we will mail, any address, everything offered on this page.



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Novelties

Are always attractive to the true lover of beautiful Flowers, but the prices are generally high. To extend the fame of **BURPEE'S FLOWER SEEDS** we now offer **several leading novelties,** together with **improved strains of other popular flowers,** at a price that *is scarcely one-fourth the retail value.*

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TUFTED PANSIES. Hybrids of Pansies and Alpine Violets are they *bravely mountain Pansies or giant Violets?* A profusion of lovely, distinct flowers, with the colorings of the Violet and Pansy combined.

DWARF MARGUERITE CARNATIONS. Finest mixed seed of all colors of these beautiful, fragrant double Carnations, which bloom in only four months.

NEW GIANT RED MIGNONETTE. *See cut.*

NEW COMPACT TORENIA.

ASTERS, MANY TYPES—all colors, mixed.

LARGE FLOWERING PETUNIAS, mixed.

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NEW LARGE DOUBLE SCABIOSA.

FORDHOOK FAIRY POPPIES.

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The Entire Collection, one pkt. each of the **ten varieties** named, mailed to any address for **25 cents,**—*scarcely one-fourth the retail price, if purchased separately,*—or **five of these GEM Collections, $1.00.** *Illustration and directions for culture on each packet.*

A Complete Flower Garden for $1.00.

For $1.00 we will mail to any address all the COLLECTIONS offered above, including the book, "ALL ABOUT SWEET PEAS;" also one packet each of the *New Artemisia from St. Petersburg, Begonia Vernon* (both shown on our colored plate of flowers), *Burpee's Defiance Balsams,* mixed colors; *New Tom Thumb Nasturtium,* mixed colors, and *Verbena Hybrida Extra,* mixed;—**a complete Flower Garden of twenty-five varieties,** which, if purchased separately, would cost **$2.95;** but to introduce our FORDHOOK FLOWER SEEDS, we will send this grand assortment anywhere **for $1.00.** ☞ **Order to-day, and ask for**

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor. Offices, Bible House, New York. NEW YORK, MARCH 15, 1893. PRICE, 5 CENTS. Annual Subscription, $1.50.

WOMAN'S BATTALION OF SERVICE.

*** The Splendid Christian Work of the Baptist Training School in Chicago—An Army of Consecrated Young Workers, Ardent and Efficient in the Gospel Field. ***

GOD is working wondrously through the noble, consecrated women of America. In no field have they displayed more devotion or achieved greater success than as bearers of the message of a living Saviour to the poor and lowly. The first school established in this country, devoted to the training of women for missionary work, is located in Chicago and carried on under the auspices of the Women's Baptist Home Mission Society. This Society itself is exceptional, being the first organization of the kind composed wholly of women and conducting its work independently of any other organization. Its existence is the result of a pressing demand from all parts of the country for a specific line of missionary work among women and children, which can be done only by women. Its first missionaries were sent to the negroes and Indians, but its fields have been gradually multiplied, until it numbers its missionaries not only among Indians and negroes, but immigrants from Asia and Europe, notably Chinese, Germans, Danes, Swedes, Norwegians and Bohemians, also among Mormons, Mexicans and Jews and among non-Christian Americans, especially in the new West.

MRS. C. D. MORRIS.—*Preceptress.*

REV. P. S. HENSON, D.D.—*Prof. of Christian Doctrine.*

MISS MARY G. BURDETTE.—*Corresponding Secretary.*

The most stubborn difficulty which confronted the Society was the securing of competent workers. It soon became evident that the work was too difficult and momentous to be entrusted to any but those who proved their fitness. The idea of instituting a school where women could be trained for and tested in missionary work was suggested to the Executive Board by Mrs. J. M. Crouse, the President of the Women's Baptist Home Mission Society, in April, 1881, and a committee was appointed to prepare a plan. This plan was submitted to and endorsed by the Society at its annual meeting held in Indianapolis, Ind., in May, 1881, and $1,000 was pledged to inaugurate the enterprise. The school was formally opened September 5th, 1881. Besides familiarity with the Bible, and skill in applying its truths to the various circumstances of all classes of people missionaries need some knowledge of the structure of the body, the laws of health, the prevention of disease, the care of the sick, the preparation of wholesome food and of healthful clothing, in short, of everything that enters into the question of intelligent Christian home-making, developing in the women a sense of the obligations resting upon them as wives and mothers, teaching them how to discharge these duties, and training the children to habits of cleanliness truthfulness, honesty, industry, politeness and purity as the outgrowth of true religion. To this end the Bible is the source of wisdom, the hand-book of instruction, the "law and the testimony." The students in the Baptist Missionary Training School are instructed in the principles of frugal living, including the selection and preparation of wholesome food, and in physical and vocal culture, that they may make the best possible use of their bodies, and convey instruction in the most effective manner. Scripture doctrines and methods of exposition and application are taught by eminent ministers and well qualified Christian workers, while the recognition and treatment of disease, conduct in emergencies and care of the sick are taught by skilful physicians and nurses. Kindergarten principles and methods receive careful attention; as also practice in the cutting of garments and the preparation of other work for use in the Industrial Schools. Rules of order and much that may be called miscellaneous add to the comprehensiveness of the curriculum. The students are thoroughly tested in personal work in the house, in the class-rooms and in their respective fields, as well as in recitations and lectures. They are also trained to have a time and place for every duty, and to keep everything in its place. The field work of the students is prosecuted in three mission districts in the city of Chicago, and is under the immediate direction of the Preceptress, Mrs. C. D. Morris, as is also the supervision of the students in the class-room, while the domestic department is directed by the matron, Mrs. M. M. Whaley.

The school, as a whole, is conducted under the direction of the Executive Board of the Women's Baptist Home Mission Society. This body lays out the curriculum, appoints the Preceptress and Matron, engages lecturers and teachers, and solicits funds for the support of the Institution. Students taking the course in the school are not thereby bound to enter the service of the Women's Baptist Home Mission Society, but are at liberty to enter any avenue of Christian work open to them, and for which they are best fitted. The total enrolment of students from Sept. 5, 1881, to Dec. 1, 1892 was 270, and the present membership is 54, as many as can be accommodated in the building. More room is needed and must be provided in the not distant future.

THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY TRAINING SCHOOL, CHICAGO.

Graduates from this school may be found actively engaged in every line of Christian work and in nearly all parts of the world. Among them are Sunday School, Church and City missionaries, missionaries among all classes of people in our own land in China, Japan, Burmah and India. A number have married ministers who testify to their efficiency as helpmeets. Wherever they go, and whatever they do, they bear frequent and hearty testimony to the value of the drill at the Training School. The property on Indiana Avenue, occupied as the headquarters of the Society and the home of the school, is valued at about $60,000 and is practically free from debt. Mrs. J. N. Crouse is President, Miss Mary G. Burdette, Corresponding Secretary, and Mrs. A. H. Barber, Treasurer of the Women's Baptist Home Mission Society; Mrs. C. D. Morris, is Preceptress, and Mrs. M. M. Whaley, Matron of the Baptist Missionary Training School, carried on under its auspices. In 1881, it was decided to open a school for Christian women where they could be trained for efficient missionary service. The first class

(Continued on page 177.)

AT THE CROSSING.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached last Sunday in the Fort Street Presbyterian Church, Detroit. Text: Joshua 3: 17, "*And the priests that bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord stood firm on dry ground in the midst of Jordan, and all the Israelites passed over on dry ground, until all the people were passed clean over Jordan.*"

WASHINGTON crossed the Delaware when crossing was pronounced impossible, but he did it by boat. Xerxes crossed the Hellespont with two millions of men, but he did it by bridge. The Israelites crossed the Red Sea; but the same orchestra that celebrated the deliverance of the one army, sounded the strangulation of the other. This Jordanic passage differs from all. There was no sacrifice of human life—not so much as the loss of a linchpin. The vanguard of the host, made up of priests, advanced until they put their foot at the brim of the river, when immediately the streets of Jerusalem were no more dry than the bed of that river. It was as if all the water had been drawn off, and then the dampness had been soaked up with a sponge, and then by a towel the road had been wiped dry.

Yonder goes a great army of Israelites, the hosts in uniform; following them the wives, the children, the flocks, the herds. The people look up at the crystalline wall of the Jordan as they pass, and think what an awful disaster would come to them if, before they got to the opposite bank of that Ajalon wall, that wall should fall on them; and the thought makes the mothers hug their children close to their hearts as they swiften their pace. Quick, now; get them all up on the banks, the armed warriors, the wives and children, flocks and herds, and let this wonderful Jordanic passage be completed forever.

Sitting on the shelved limestone, I look off upon that Jordan where Joshua crossed under the triumphal arch of the rainbow woven out of the spray; the river which afterward became the baptistry where Christ was sprinkled or plunged; the river where the axe—the borrowed axe—miraculously swam at the prophet's order; the river illustrious in the history of the world for heroic faith and omnipotent deliverance, and typical of scenes yet to transpire in your life and mine—scenes enough to make us, from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head, tingle with infinite gladness.

Standing on the scene of that affrighted, fugitive river Jordan, I learn for myself and for you, first, that obstacles, when they are touched, vanish. The text says that when these priests came down and touched the water—the edge of the water with their feet—the water parted. They did not wade in chin deep, or waist deep, or knee deep, or ankle deep, but as soon as their feet touched the water it vanished. And it makes me think that almost all the obstacles of life need only be approached in order to be conquered. Difficulties but touched vanish. It is the trouble, the difficulty, the obstacle far in the distance that seems so huge and tremendous.

The apostles Paul and John seemed to dislike cross dogs; for the apostle Paul tells us in Philippians, "Beware of dogs;" and John seems to shut the gate of heaven against all the canine species when he says, "Without are dogs." But I have been told that when those animals are furious if they come at you, if you will keep your eye on them and advance upon them, they will retreat. Whether that be so or not, I cannot tell; but I do know that the vast majority of the misfortunes and trials and disasters of your life that hound your steps, if you can only get your eye on them, and keep your eye on them, and advance upon them, and cry, "Begone," they will slink and cower.

There is a beautiful tradition among the American Indians that Manitou was traveling in the invisible world, and one day he came to a barrier of brambles and sharp thorns, which forbade his going on, and there was a wild beast glaring at him from the thicket; but, as he determined to go on his way, he did pursue it, and those brambles were found to be only phantoms, and that beast was found to be a powerless ghost, and the impassable river that forbade him rushing to embrace the Yaratilda proved to be only a phantom river. Well, my friends, the fact is there are a great many things that look terrible across our pathway, which, when we advance upon them, are only the phantoms, only the apparitions, only the delusions of life. Difficulties touched are conquered. Put your feet into the brim of the water, and Jordan retreats. You sometimes see a great duty to perform. It is a very disagreeable duty: you say, "I can't go through it; I haven't the courage, I haven't the intelligence, to go through it." Advance upon it, Jordan will vanish.

I always sigh before I begin to preach, at the greatness of the undertaking, but as soon as I start it becomes to me an exhilaration. And any duty undertaken with a confident spirit becomes a pleasure, and the higher the duty the higher the pleasure. Difficulties touched are conquered. There are a great many people who are afraid of death in the future. Good John Livingston once, on a sloop coming from Elizabethport to New York, was dreadfully frightened, because he thought he was going to be drowned as a sudden gust came up. People were surprised at him. If any man in all the world was ready to die, it was good John Livingston. So there are now a great many good people who shudder in passing a graveyard, and they hardly dare think of Canaan because of the Jordan that intervenes; but once they are down on a sick-bed, then all their fears are gone; the waters of death dashing on the beach are like the mellow voice of ocean shells—they smell of the blossoms of the tree of life; the music of the heavenly choirs comes stealing over the waters, and to cross now is only a pleasant sail. How long the boat is coming! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly. Christ the Priest advances ahead, and the dying Christian goes over dry-shod on coral beds, and flowers of heaven, and paths of pearl.

Oh, could we make our doubts remove—
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And view the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes!
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Could fright us from the shore.

Again, this Jordanic passage teaches me the completeness of everything that God does. When God put an invisible dam across Jordan, and it was halted, it would have been natural, you would have supposed, for the water to have overflowed the region all around about, and that great devastation would have taken place. But when God put the dam in front of the river, he put a dam on the other side of the river, so that, according to the text, the water halted and reared and stood there, and not overflowing the surrounding country. Oh, the completeness of everything that God does!

One would have thought that, if the waters of Jordan had dropped until they were only two or three feet deep, the Israelites might have marched through it, and have come up on the other bank with their clothes saturated and their garments like those of men coming ashore from shipwreck, and that would have been as wonderful a deliverance; but God does something better than that. When the priests' feet touched the waters of Jordan and they were drawn off, they might have thought there would have been a bed of mud and slime through which the army should pass. Draw off the water of the Hudson or the Ohio, and there would be a good many days, and perhaps many weeks, before the sediment would dry up; and yet here, in an instant, immediately, God provides a path through the depths of Jordan; it is so dry, the passengers do not even get their feet damp. Oh, the completeness of everything that God does! Does he make a universe?—it is a perfect clock, running ever since it was wound up, the fixed stars the pivots, the constellations, the intermoving wheels, and ponderous laws the weights and mighty swinging pendulum: the stars in the great dome of night, striking the midnight, and the sun with brazen tongue, tolling the hour of noon. The wildest comet has a chain of law that it cannot break. The thistledown flying before the school-boy's breath, is controlled by the same law that controls the sun and the planets. The rose-bush in your window is governed by the same principle that governs the tree of the universe on which the stars are ripening fruits, and on which God will one day put his hand and shake down the fruit—a perfect universe. No astronomy has ever proposed an amendment.

If God makes a Bible, it is a complete Bible. Standing amid the dreadful and delightful truths, you seem to be in the midst of an orchestra where the wailings over sins, and the rejoicings over pardon, and the martial strains of victory make the chorus like an anthem of eternity. This Book seems to you the ocean of truth, on every wave of which Christ walks—sometimes in the darkness of prophecy, again in the splendors with which he walks on Galilee. In this Book, apostle answers to prophet, Paul to Isaiah, Revelation to Genesis — glorious light, turning midnight sorrow into the midnoon joy, dispersing every fog, hushing every tempest. Take this Book: it is the kiss of God on the soul of lost man. Perfect Bible, complete Bible! No man has ever proposed any improvement.

God provided a Saviour: he is a complete Saviour— God-man— Divinity and humanity united in the same person. He set up the starry pillars of the universe and the towers of light. He planted the cedars and the heavenly Lebanon. He struck out of the rock the rivers of life, singing under the trees, singing under the thrones. He quarried the sardonyx and crystal, and the topaz of the heavenly wall. He put down the jasper for the foundation, and heaped up the amethyst for the capital, and swung the twelve gates which are twelve pearls. In one instant he thought out a universe; and yet he became a child, crying for his mother, feeling along the sides of the manger, learning to walk. Omnipotence sheathed in the muscle and flesh of a child's arm; Omniscience strung in the optic nerve of a child's eye; Infinite love beating in a child's heart; a great God appearing in the form of a child one year old, five years old, fifteen years old. While all the heavens were ascribing to him glory and honor and power on earth, men said, "Who is this fellow?" While all the heavenly hosts, with folded wing about their faces, bowed down before him, crying "Holy, holy!" on earth they denounced him as a blasphemer and a sot. Rocked in a boat on Gennesaret, and yet he it is that undirked the lightning from the storm-cloud, and dismasted Lebanon of its forests, and holds the five oceans on the tip of his finger, as a leaf holds the raindrop. Oh, the complete Saviour, rubbing his hand over the place where we have the pain, yet the stars of heaven the adorning gems of his right hand. Holding us in his arms when we take our last view of our dead. Sitting down with us on the tombstone, and while we plant roses there, he planting consolation in our heart, every chapter a stalk, every verse a stem, every word a rose. A complete Saviour, a complete Bible, a complete universe, a complete Jordanic passage. Everything that God does is complete.

Again, I learn from this Jordanic passage that between us and every Canaan of success and prosperity there is a river that must be passed. "Oh, how I would like some of those grapes on the other side!" said some of the Israelites to Joshua. "Well," says Joshua, "if you want the grapes, why don't you cross over and get them?" There is a river of difficulty between us and everything that is worth having: that which costs nothing is worth nothing. God didn't intend this world for an easy parlor, through which we are to be drawn in a rocking-chair, but we are to work our passage, climb masts, fight battles, scale mountains, and ford rivers. God makes everything valuable difficult to get at, for the same reason that he put the gold down in the mine, and the pearl clear down in the sea, to make us dig and dive for them. We acknowledge this principle in worldly things; oh, that we were only wise enough to acknowledge it in religious things!

You have scores of illustrations under your own observation where men have had the hardest lot, and been trodden under foot, and yet after a while had it easy. Now their homes blossom and bloom with pictures, and carpets that made foreign looms laugh now embrace their feet; the summer winds lift the tapestry about the window gorgeous enough for a Turkish sultan; impatient steeds paw and neigh at the door, their carriages moving through the sea of New York life a very wave of splendor. Who is it? Why, it is a boy that came to New York with a dollar in his pocket, and all his estate slung over his shoulder in a cotton handkerchief. All that silver on the dancing span is petrified sweat-drops; that beautiful dress is the faded calico over which God put his hand of perfection, turning it to Turkish satin or Italian silk; those diamonds are the tears which suffering froze as they fell. Oh, there is a river of difficulty between us and every earthly achievement. You know that. You admit that.

You know this is so with regard to the acquisition of knowledge. The ancients used to say that Vulcan struck Jupiter on the head, and the goddess of wisdom jumped out, illustrating the truth that wisdom comes by hard knocks. There was a river of difficulty between Shakespeare, the boy holding the horses at the door of the London theatre, and that Shakespeare, the great dramatist, winning the applause of all audiences by his

tragedies. There was a river between Benjamin Franklin, with a loaf of bread under his arm, walking the streets of Philadelphia, and that same Benjamin Franklin the philosopher, just outside of Boston, flying a kite in the thunderstorm. An idler was cured of his bad habit by looking through his window, night after night, at a man who seemed sitting at his desk turning off one sheet of writing after another, until almost the dawn of the morning. The man sitting there writing until morning was industrious Walter Scott; the man who looked at him through the window was Lockhart, his illustrious biographer afterward. Lord Mansfield, pursued by the press and by the populace, because of a certain line of duty, went on to discharge the duty: and while the mob were around him demanding the taking of his life, he shook his fist in the face of the mob, and said, "Sirs, when one's last end comes, it cannot come too soon, if he falls in defence of law and the liberty of his country." And so there is, my friends, a tug, a tussle, a trial, a push, an anxiety, through which every man must go before he comes to worldly success and worldly achievement. You admit it. Now be wise enough to apply it in religion. Eminent Christian character is only gained by the Jordanic passage; no man just happened to get good.

Why does that man know so much about the Scriptures? He was studying the Bible while you were reading a novel. He was on fire with the sublimities of the Bible, while you were sound asleep. By tug, tussle, pushing and running in the Christian life that man got so strong for God; in a hundred Solferinos he learned how to fight; in a hundred shipwrecks he learned how to swim. Tears over sin, tears over Zion's desolation, tears over the impenitent, tears over the graves made, are the Jordan which that man had passed. Sorrow pales the cheek, and fades the eye, and wrinkles the brow, and withers the hands; there are mourning garments in the wardrobe, and all around are the relics of the dead.

The Christian has passed the Red Sea of trouble, and yet he thinks there is a Jordan of death between him and heaven. He comes down to that Jordan of death, and thinks how many have been lost there. When Molyneux was exploring the Jordan in Palestine, he had his boats all knocked to pieces in the rapids of that river. And there are a great many men who have gone down in the river of death; the Atlantic and Pacific have not swallowed so many. It is an awful thing to make shipwreck on the rock of ruin; masts falling, hurricanes flying, death coming, groanings in the water, moanings in the wind, thunder in the sky, while God with the finger of the lightning writes all over the sky, "I will tread them in my wrath, and I will trample them in my fury."

The Christian comes down to this raging torrent, and he knows he must pass out; and as he comes toward the time, his breath gets shorter; and his last breath leaves him as he steps into the stream, and no sooner does he touch the stream than it is parted, and he goes through dryshod, while all the waters wave their plumes, crying, "O, death, where is thy sting? O, grave, where is thy victory?" God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more weeping, and there shall be no more death.

Some of your children have already gone up the other bank. You let them down on this side of the bank; they will be on the other bank to help you up with supernatural strength. The other morning at my table, all my family present, I thought to myself how pleasant it would be if I could put all into a boat, and then go in with them, and we could pull across the river to the next world, and be there all together. No family parting, no gloomy obsequies; it wouldn't take five minutes to go from bank to bank, and then in that better world to be together forever. Wouldn't it be pleasant for you to take all your family into that blessed country, if you could all go together? I remember my mother, in her dying hour, said to my father, "Father, wouldn't it be pleasant, if we could all go together?" But we cannot all go together. We must go one by one, and we must be grateful if we get there at all. What a heaven it will be if we have all our families there, to look around and see all the children are present! You would rather have them all there, and you go with bare brow forever, than that one should be missing, to complete the garlands of heaven for your coronal. The Lord God of Joshua give them a safe Jordanic passage!

Even children will go through dryshod. Those of us who were brought up in the country remember, when the summer was coming on in our boyhood days, we always longed for the day when we were to go barefooted, and, after teasing our mothers in regard to it for a good while and they consented, we remember the delicious sensation of the cool grass when we put our uncovered foot on it. And the time will come when these shoes we wear now, lest we be cut of the sharp places of this world, shall be taken off, and with unsandalled foot we will step into the bed of the river, with feet untrammelled, free from pain and fatigue, we will gain that last journey; when, with one foot in the bed of the river and the other foot on the other bank, we struggle upward. That will be heaven. Oh, I pray for all my dear people a safe Jordanic passage. That is what the dying Christian husband felt when he said, "How the candle flickers, Nellie! Put it out; I shall sleep well to-night, and wake in the morning."

One word of comfort on this subject for all the bereaved. You see, our departed friends have not been submerged—have not been swamped in the waters; they have only crossed over. These Israelites we just as thoroughly alive on the western banks of the Jordan, as they had been on the eastern banks of the Jordan; and our departed Christian friends have only crossed over—not sick, not dead, not exhausted, not extinguished, not blotted out, but with healthier respiration, and stouter pulses and keener eyesight, and better prospects: crossed over! Their sins, their physical and mental disquiet, all left clear this side, an eternally-flowing, impassable obstacle between them and all human and Satanic pursuit. Crossed over! Oh, I shake hands of congratulation with all the bereaved in the consideration that our departed Christian friends are safe.

Why was there so much joy in certain circles in New York when people heard from the friends who were on board that belated steamer. It was feared that vessel had gone to the bottom of the sea; and when the friends on this side heard that the steamer had arrived safely in Liverpool, had we not a right to congratulate the people in New York that their friends had got safely across? And is it not right this morning that I congratulate you that your departed friends are safe on the shore of heaven? Would you have them back again? Would you have those old parents back again? You know how hard it was sometimes for them to get their breath in the stifled atmosphere of the summer; would you have them back in this weather? Didn't they use their brain long enough? Would you have your children back again? Would you have them take the risks of temptation which throng every human pathway? Would you have them cross the Jordan three times? In addition to crossing it already, cross it again to greet you now, and then cross back afterward. For certainly you would not want to keep them forever out of heaven.

Pause and weep, not for the freed from pain,
But that the sigh of love would bring them back again.

I ask a question, and there seems to come back the answer in heavenly echo, "What! will you never be sick again?" "Never—sick—again." "What! will you never be tired again?" "Never—tired—again." "What! will you never weep again?" "Never—weep—again." "What! will you never die again?" "Never—die—again." Oh, ye army of departed kindred, we hail you from bank to bank. Wait for us when the Jordan of death shall part for us. Come down and meet us half-way between the willowed banks of earth and the palm groves of heaven. May our great High Priest go ahead of us, and with bruised feet touch the water, and then shall be fulfilled the words of my text, "All Israel went over on dry ground until all the people were gone clear through Jordan." If I ask you what shall be the glad hymn of this morning, I think there would be a thousand voices that would choose the same hymn—the hymn that illumines so many death-chambers—the hymn that has been the parting hymn in many an instance—the old hymn:

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wistful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises on my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

At a Ford or Crossing of the River Jordan.
From a photograph secured by Rev. Dr. Talmage in the Holy Land

A CHINESE GAMBLER.

In a letter from Mr. Gracie, who is laboring in Honan, China, is the following incident of a gambler's conversion: "A middle-aged farmer, who was a professional gambler, and, as the Chinese put it, gambled 365 days in the year, is now clothed and in his right mind. After he believed he went home and destroyed the household gods, and while he was doing so his wife and family thought he had gone out of his mind, and tried to rescue the idols but happily they were too late. Of course, the family thought that calamities would soon befall them. However, seeing their father altogether changed, and that he had given up his gambling, they concluded there must be something good in the new doctrine; and so now they are all believers."

THE LORD'S COMING.

S. S. Lesson for March 26. Golden Text, Rev. 22: 20. By Mrs. M. Baxter.*

THERE is no one subject which occupies so large a space in the New Testament and which is so universally dwelt upon by its writers, as the coming of our Lord: it occupies nearly one sixth of the whole Book. And yet perhaps there is no subject so studiously avoided by the majority of preachers, so caricatured and distorted by fanatics, therefore so much ignored by the orthodox. In that book of the New Testament which was given by the Father to the Son, "to shew unto his servants the things which must shortly come to pass, our Lord himself says: "Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein; for the time is at hand." (Rev. 1: 1-3.) Yet the greater part of the Christians we meet are deplorably ignorant of the book of Revelation, and of the Scriptures which relate to the coming of the Lord. If they do not join the scoffers who say: "Where is the promise of his coming? For since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation" (II. Pet. 3: 4), yet they "willingly are ignorant" both of the letter and the spirit of the book, to the reading of which the blessing of God is promised.

And yet, for those who follow on to know the Lord, everything

Culminates in His Coming.

If God has, by his wondrous grace, made himself known to us and we are converted, it is that we may be like the Thessalonians of old who turned to God from idols to serve the living and the true God, and to wait for his Son from heaven." (1. Thes. 1: 9-10.) A true conversion always leads to serving and waiting for the Lord, not too busy with service to wait for him, ready to leave all when he shall come, and do all in the present moment, as we would like to be found doing at his return: not too absorbed with waiting to rest upon our oars, in the fear that his coming might interfere with our plans of work. The true spirit of service has ever a view to his return: "Occupy till I come." (Luke 19: 13.) "Let your loins be girded about and your lights burning, and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for your Lord," equally ready to go on working in preparation for his coming, or to receive him when he comes.

If the grace of God teaches us to be practically holy, consistent in our relations to God and man, it is that "denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world, looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of our great God and Saviour, Jesus Christ. (Tit. 2: 11-13.) The light of his coming brings the true balance into our lives as regards God, our fellow creatures, and ourselves.

Spiritual gifts are bestowed upon us in relation to the Lord's coming. Paul writes to the Corinthians: "I thank my God always on your behalf, that in everything ye are enriched by him in all utterance, and in all knowledge . . . so that ye come behind in no gift,

Waiting for the Coming

of our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall also confirm you unto the end, that ye may be blameless on the day of our Lord Jesus Christ." (1. Cor. 5-8.) Of what service is any gift except

The coming of the Lord is the one vanishing point toward which all the lines in our perspective should tend. It is the comfort for the mourner because when he comes, the dead in

them in the clouds to meet the Lord

Comfort One Another

with these words." What comfort can equal the hope of seeing again our loved ones who are gone home, when the Lord shall bring them with him, and what end of our life here can be more unspeakably glorious then to be found ready "worthy to escape all those things which shall come to pass," in the time of the great tribulation, and "to stand before the Son of Man." To see in the future a meeting with the Lord in the air, and a transformation in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye when this corruptible body shall put on incorruption, and this mortal put on immortality, as Jesus once put on mortality—is not this glory? Pain, sickness, weakness, death, mourning, coffin, grave, corruption shall be left behind forever, with all possibility of sin, and we shall be like him for we shall see him as he is.

It is this redemption of our body from the curse which came through sin for which the whole creation is groaning and travailing in pain together. The creation waits for deliverance from the bondage of corruption until the Lord shall come and openly show his victory over death, by raising the dead, and taking away his own without dying. Then the power of bondage to corruption shall be broken throughout the creation, and the Lord of life shall reign.

It is only as looking for his coming that we can take our place as

Citizens of Heaven.

"Our citizenship is in heaven, from whence also we look for a Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ." It is this which keeps us from taking root down here. We can bear to look upon the deterioration of churches, the disappointments in Christian workers, the non success of a great deal of work, when we are enabled to understand how, out of the failure of the human and the earthly, he prepares for a better state of things. In the very fellowship of his own sufferings, his own humiliation, he prepares in secret throughout all the Christian dispensation a people "for his name," who learn, while here on earth, to see everything from a heavenly and divine point of view; who understand the transitory nature of all down here till he comes.

Such a people will learn the patience of Christ: "Judge nothing before the time until the Lord come, who both will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the hearts; and then shall every man have praise of God." (1. Cor. 4: 5.) They who are looking for him can afford to wait until his coming that errors may be rectified; it is not to them a matter of consequence whether they have praise of man, they are "redeemed from among men." As citizens of heaven they no longer "mind earthly things," they are "redeemed from the earth," their eye reaches over its circumference to hail "the bright and morning Star," and the Daystar has arisen in their hearts; they are children of the dawning day; they know that the night is far spent and the day is at hand. "Therefore is no strain upon them in their daily life to lay down their lives, their own wills, all which is life to them, and live consistently with the holy remembrance of the broken body and the shed blood of the Lord Jesus, showing forth his death till he come." (1. Cor. 11: 26.)

The apostle Peter strongly felt what an impetus the Lord's coming is to the holiness of life, and says, "What manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God. . . Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent that ye be found of him in peace, without spot and blameless." And Paul was equally anxious for his converts when he wrote: "That ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God without rebuke in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world holding forth the word of life, that I may rejoice in the day of Christ that I have not run in vain neither labored in vain." And again to the Thessalo-

what a

of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming? The apostle sought for no credit on earth for his work among souls, he looked on to the coming of his Lord. The apostle James is one with Peter and Paul when he writes: "Be patient therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord. Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and the latter rain. Be ye also patient: stablish your hearts; for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh."

And O how much more is there about his coming! The crown of righteousness is to them that love his appearing; to them that look for him shall he appear the second time unto salvation. Are we not then verily guilty if we neglect that which the Scripture teems with? Shall we not bow in deep confession before our God and humble ourselves for our supine indifference, and with others of his children watch for the morning, and "not sleep as do others" lest when "one shall be taken and the other left" we should be found among those that are left behind, when those who are counted worthy to escape the tribulation shall meet him in the air. "Surely I come quickly, Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus." (Rev. 22: 20.)

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

THE eleven lessons which are to be reviewed on March 26, cover a very important epoch of Jewish history. Teachers will do well to accept the suggestion of the International Committee and survey the events of that epoch, instead of taking some other subject. The children should be encouraged to make a systematic study of the Bible, that they may understand what the book really is and in what its usefulness to the people of our time really consists; and this can be done best by impressing upon them the lessons of particular epochs as they are unfolded in the sacred volume. It should be explained to them that the history of the Jews differs from the histories of other nations chiefly in the fact that the Jew saw God in the events about which he was writing. A secular historian describes the rise and fall of nations and of dynasties, and analyzes and explains the causes which brought about the one and the other. The Jewish historian looks deeper. The events which the secular historian regards as sufficiently accounting for the results he records, the Jew passes over as merely secondary, and he goes to the root of the matter, by saying that this or that king "did evil in the sight of the Lord;" that the Lord stirred up another king to come against a nation and overthrow it and when dire calamities fall upon the people, that they are punishments for their sins. It is important that this characteristic of the Bible be emphasized, because there is a growing tendency in our time to ignore God's government of the nations. It would be a most beneficial result for the United States if the children now in our schools grew up in the habit of believing that God governs the world still as he did in ancient times, and that if a nation gives itself to the services of other gods, and thinks more of wealth or pleasure, or vice, than it does of the Lord of Hosts, God will punish that nation as he punished the Jews when they went astray. If that truth is impressed upon them, the Bible will become, as the Golden Text has it, a light to their feet and a lamp to their path.

Ancient Hand-Lamp.

The text has another significance in relation to the epoch covered by the eleven lessons under review. The scholars, who have of late given closer study to the Bible than scholars of past generations, have come generally to the conclusion that it is to the period following the return from Babylon that we owe the existence of the Old Testament in its present form. They think, basing their opinion on certain words and phrases of Aramaic origin, that the ancient manuscripts of Moses, Joshua, Samuel and other inspired writers were collected by Ezra and Nehemiah and their colleagues, and were put in permanent shape and form. It is evident, too, that in this epoch, the last words of the Old Testament were written. It was the period of Zachariah and Malachi, and at that time it is probable that the book of Daniel, Esther and possibly other books first came to general knowledge. It covered about a century, and must have been a period of wonderful intellectual and spiritual activity. It gave to the world Socrates, Plato, Herodotus and Xenophon; and in Judea, Ezra, Nehemiah, Zechariah and Malachi spoke the final words, which closed the sacred volume before the silence fell which was not broken until the Voice crying in the wilderness announced the advent of the Incarnate Word.

The ancients had lamps of many shapes. They had stationary lamps, such as the golden candlestick, a picture of which appeared in a former number of this journal, which was used in the Temple. It was a cluster of cups containing oil, fed to them from a reservoir at the top. Similar lamps, less costly and less elaborate, stood in the rooms of their houses. Besides these, they had lamps for carrying about, such as that a picture of which is shown in the initial to this article. Many such lamps, of various shapes, have been found in the excavations in Assyria, Egypt and Palestine. A person going from room to room in a house might use such a lamp, lighting it at the stationary lamp and carrying it with them to prevent them falling over obstructions. It is this lamp that is referred to in the Golden Text as a lamp to the feet. The Bible is this kind of lamp, because the Christian must go out into the dark pathways of the world and needs light to keep him from falling into error and into sin.

"I never fully realized the meaning," says an evangelist, "of the passage comparing the Bible to a lamp to our feet and a light to our way, until one very dark night, when I had to cross a wild stretch of land where there were several abandoned coal mines. I had been across it in the daytime and had noticed with surprise that the old shafts were still uncovered and not fenced in. I remembered this fact when I was setting out that night, but thought I should be safe as the path was well beaten between the yawning holes. But I lost my way and then I was afraid to move. I threw myself on the ground, cold as it was, and resolved not to stir a step. By and bye—it seemed a long time—but was probably not more than half-an-hour, I saw a moving light in the distance. I shouted, and was glad to see the person who carried it was coming in my direction. Very soon the man with the lantern was by my side and then I rose and with its safe guidance I finished my journey. The lantern was not much of a light, we should despise it in these electric lighted cities, but I tell you, I was mighty glad of it that night among those horrible holes. And I have seen times of trial and perplexity in life when the Bible did me a similar and much greater service."

"A sluttish housemaid," says Spurgeon, "when scolded for the dirt she left in the rooms and their untidiness, exclaimed that they were clean and tidy enough when she set them in order in the early morning, but it was only when the sun was shining into them at noonday that they looked dirty and untidy, because the sun was always shining into the corners. It is so with the Bible. Some people are quite at ease and satisfied with themselves until the Bible shows them what sinners they are.

"An infidel was arguing with a peasant," says Caughey, "and succeeded in thoroughly bewildering and confusing the man who could not detect his sophistries. At last the peasant refused to have any more argument. The infidel concluded that he had convinced him and that he would give up his Bible, but the peasant said no, he meant to hold on to it. 'You see,' he said in explanation, 'I get two strings to my bow with the Bible. If it is not true, as you say, it is still a very good guide for this life, and living by its teachings I am a better and a happier man, and I shall be as well off as you at the end of my life, because there will be an end of me and I shall know nothing of my disappointment. But if, as I believe, the Bible is true, then at the end of this life I shall enter on a new life of eternal happiness. By living according to Bible teaching I lose nothing if it is false, and I gain a good deal if it is true. In spite of all you have said I will hold on to the Bible;' and he did."

"I do not see," said a man who was notoriously dishonest, "that the Bible is of much use in actual life, its teaching is so obscure." A man who heard him, replied. "The Bible is not obscure in questions of morals. What, for instance, can be clearer than 'Thou shalt not steal?'"

Although the Bible gives light to the path, the reader of it may, nevertheless, walk in darkness, if he reads it with no desire to turn it to practical account. "I have collated every word in the Hebrew Scriptures seventeen times," said a Socinian to Mr. Newton, "and if the doctrine of the Atonement is there it is very strange that I have not found it." Mr. Newton replied, "Not at all strange; I once attempted in momentary absence of mind to light my candle with the extinguisher on it and of course I failed. Your prejudices against the doctrine of Atonement may have operated as an extinguisher and prevented your getting the light."

Woman's Battalion of Service.

Continued from first page.

numbered sixteen. From the date of its organization, Sept. 5th, 1881, to June 30th, 1872, when the school had been in existence eleven years, it enrolled 240 students, of whom 167 were white English-speaking students, 2 colored Americans, 24 Germans, 2 Swiss, 22 Swedes, 8 Danes, 5 Norwegians, 5 Mexicans, 2 Jews, 1 Hollander, and 2 Bohemians. A large proportion of the graduates have received appointments from the Woman's Baptist Home Mission Society. The Training School cordially welcomes to membership any woman who brings satisfactory references as to her Christian character. The School is supported partly by the students who wholly or in part meet their own expenses, and partly by volunteer contributions from Churches, Sunday Schools, Women's Societies, Mission Bands and individuals. Boarding expenses are $5 per week, but approved students can receive help to the extent of $100 a year, leaving $100 to be paid by each. It is the aim to make the school, as far as possible, self-supporting. One of the features of the Institution is "Training School Day," the last Tuesday of November in each year, when special meetings are held at which the interests of the Training School are considered and its finances strengthened. The facilities for instruction are abundantly equal to the demands made upon it. In the Theological and Bible Department the instructors are: Prof. E. B. Hulbert, D.D.; Rev. Geo. C. Lorimer, D.D.; Rev. P. S. Henson, D.D.; Rev. Wm. M. Lawrence, D.D.; Rev. C. Perren, Ph.D.; Rev. A. K. Parker, D.D.; Prof. Ira M. Price; Rev. O. P. Gifford; Rev. H. O. Rowlands; Rev. H. A. Delano; B. F. Jacobs; Miss E. Church, and Mary G. Burdette. In the Medical Department are: Daniel T. Nelson, M.D.; Henry P. Merriman, M.D.; Henry T. Byford, M.D.; Daniel R. Brower, M.D.; George W. Webster, M.D.; E. B. Weston, M.D.; Georgia Ruggles, M.D., and Chas. Beard, M.D. The vocal music is under the charge of Miss M. Aida Smith. Kindergarten Culture is conducted by Miss Elizabeth Harrison and Physical Culture by Mrs. Riley and Miss Blood.

At the Training School the routine is very far from being monotonous. Each day has its own special duties. Rising bell at 6:30 is followed by breakfast at 7:00. Then comes an interval of housework, followed by a prayer service from 7:30 to 8 A.M. Domestic occupations fill the time until 8:45 and from 9 A.M. until 10 is devoted to a lecture, the writing up of journals, or to study. From 10 to 11 comes physical culture or some other study, and the succeeding hour is given up to church services on Sunday and on week days to various studies. After dinner, a brief period of recreation or rest is followed by further studies. From 3 o'clock until 5 is devoted to preparing work for the Industrial Schools, to Missionary or Temperance meetings, Bible reading or exposition, or possibly music. After tea come evening meetings, and these are followed by an hour of quiet journal writing, meditation and devotion. All lights are out at ten o'clock.

Thursday afternoon is the most important of week-days, being occupied in house-to-house visiting, and calling upon the children of the Sunday and Industrial Schools. Each teacher looks after and visits her own class, many of whom may live along dark halls and foul-smelling stairways. In the course of this work appropriate Scriptures are read and prayer is offered wherever this can be done. Some of the experiences of the young missionaries in this work have been very touching. Their duties frequently take them among Catholics and among the most ignorant class of foreigners; but the rough hearts are unfailing captured by the kind attention these consecrated young women show to the children, and it is very seldom, indeed, that any obstacle is placed in the way of their teaching the little ones about Jesus and the life to come.

Children's Meetings are held Thursday afternoons, and this part of the work has been greatly blessed with many conversions. At one meeting, thirteen girls expressed a desire to be Christians, and a number of them gave evidence afterward of a change of heart. Through such little ones, the saving truths of the Gospel have been carried to many homes in the dingy alleys and noisome tenements, and they have been the means of bringing many fathers and mothers to Christ.

Success has attended the work of nearly all the graduates who have left the Training School for wider fields of labor. Churches and pastors have readily been found in different parts of the country, who wanted the services of these godly young women, and some are now engaged in Missouri, Wisconsin, New York, Idaho, Washington, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Indian Territory and also in foreign lands. Testimony to the value of the Training School has been received from many points at home and abroad, declaring it to be one of the most efficient organizations on the continent, and a power for good through its missionaries, whether engaged in the home or foreign field. This is the outcome of the practical training it gives, and furnishes the best evidence that its graduates are fully equipped and competent spiritually, physically and intellectually, for the work before them. If Christian missions are to be prosecuted successfully, consecrated and trained teachers must be selected, and such knowledge imparted in the practical form taught at the Training School makes the duty of a missionary no longer an experiment, but systematic work for Christ.

THE BARON AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

A PHILOSOPHER'S tribute to a Christian is recorded in a recently published volume of biography. It was rendered by the great philosopher Fichte to Baron Von Kottwitz, who, during the distress prevalent in Germany at the beginning of this century, did a wide philanthropic work. After the war with Napoleon ended, the Baron devoted his time and all the income from his estate to the relief of the impoverished people, of whom there were many in and around Berlin. His own funds were not sufficient to supply all the help he wished to render, but he went on trusting in God for help. Fichte asked him about his work and the Baron told him that God sent him money in answer to prayer. "Nonsense," said Fichte, "prayer is for children not for men. A man wills, he does not pray." Kottwitz listened calmly to the scornful words. Then he said, "Ah, you are a philosopher and I am not; perhaps you can give me some of your wisdom. I will tell you how I am situated and you shall advise me. There are nearly six hundred destitute families whom the king has allowed me to shelter in the empty barracks. They must be fed to-morrow as usual, but I have no money available. What had I better do?" "I do not know," Fichte replied, "what do you think of doing?" Kottwitz answered, "If you cannot suggest anything better, I will pray to God and the money will be sent as it always has been hitherto." Fichte looked at the Baron in astonishment. "Do you mean," he asked, "that you have been feeding all these people with nothing more tangible to rely on than prayer?" "Yes," said the Baron, "that is all and I need nothing more reliable." "Then," said Fichte, "your faith is beyond my philosophy. It goes farther."

THE WEDDING FEAST.

Matt. 22: 1-10 Luke 14: 15-23.

Written for "The Christian Herald."

A CERTAIN king renowned and great,
A wedding for his son prepared;
The tables groaning 'neath their weight,
His royal bounty well declared;
The palace walls were all bedecked
With floral garlands rare, between
The hanging mirrors that reflect
On every side the gorgeous scene.

But even at the very best,
A marriage feast is incomplete,
Til every seat doth hold a guest;
And o'er the marble floor, the feet
Of blithesome youth do lightly bound.
Forthwith the king his servants bade
Carry the invitations round, [glad.
That friends might come, feast, and be

Yet, strange, to come they all refused;
Hearts filled with wantonness and pride,
The honor shamefully abused,
Of king and prince, and noble bride.
Then was the king exceeding wroth,
And mourned such base ingratitude:
"My favor they were never worth,
My palace they will not intrude."

Thus spake the king, and then sent out
The servants as he had before,
To call from regions round about,
The good and bad; yet room for more—
He bade them go and others find
In every by-way, hedge and lane,
The poor, the maimed, the halt and blind,
That cannot recompense again.

And thus the banquet hall was filled;
And well might mirth and music ring,
For heart of bride and bridegroom thrilled,
To hear them laud the gracious king.
Mark this, ye hardened and stiff-necked,
The Gospel-call you've turned aside;
Would ye be found 'mong God's elect,
Yield up your vain and boasting pride.
Make glad the Father and the Son,
By coming while 'tis called to-day,
For there are many lowly ones,
That hear the call and then obey.

New Brunswick, N. J. —MRS. MARY LUTZ.

An Uplift for the Negro.

Gilbert Academy and Agricultural College and its Educational and Missionary Work in the South—A Farmer Boy's Gift to the Colored Race and how it was Blessed.

AMONG the institutions that have proved of the highest service in the educational and missionary advancement of the colored race in America, Gilbert Academy and Agricultural College, in Louisiana, has been prominent for many years. Its founder, William L. Gilbert, was a native of Connecticut, where his father was a farmer, the son also following the same calling until reaching manhood. He afterwards established a great business as a clock manufacturer at Winsted and later at Astoria, and the products of his factories were known throughout the entire Union. In later life he became interested in banks and railroads. The farmer's boy who had himself received little education, but who had been a life-long Christian, resolved to do what lay in his power to give to others the valued opportunities he had missed and a large amount of his vast fortune was left at his death to the purposes of Christian philanthropy, the sum of $40,000 being devoted to the uplift of the colored race in the South. During his lifetime he had contributed $10,000 to the institution known as LaTeche Seminary Agricultural College in Louisiana and the additional gift, making a total of $50,000, afforded an ample endowment for an extended scheme of education on a broader basis. Gilbert Academy and Agricultural College was built in 1863, its originators being Gen. N. P. Banks, Gen. Thomas Conway, and Rev. Dr. Newman, with the co-operation of Gen. O. O. Howard. It was originally an orphan home, academy and manual labor school. The munificent endowment enabled it to include scientific, industrial and practical training. It has produced a multitude of capable school-teachers and a large number of self-supporting mechanics. Among the leading men whom it has educated and given to the country are: Hon. John F. Patty, Naval Officer of the United States, at the port of New Orleans; Hon. W. S. Posy, ex-legislator and ex-Justice, now agent of the Institution; Rev. Ernest Lyon, Pastor St. Mark's M. E. Church, West 48th Street, New York; Rev. J. J. B. Laban, Pastor Baptist Church, Baldwin, Louisiana, and Rev. Daniel W. Shaw, Pastor Mt. Zion Congregational Church, Cleveland, Ohio. Among its graduates are successful preachers, lawyers, physicians and merchants.

Hall and Annex. Chapel. South Hall.

GILBERT ACADEMY AND AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

The College, which was named after Mr. Gilbert, its original benefactor (the town of Winsted in the Parish of St. Mary, La., being named after his birthplace in Connecticut), is essentially an unsectarian institution. It had a national origin and was chartered by the State for a general object, supported by the Freedmen's Aid Society, and the Board of Managers of the Freedmen's Aid Society are the Trustees. The Directors of Public Schools are Patrons. There is an Advisory Committee of leading men of the colored race in Lousiana. It is a branch of New Orleans University and its Academic department is preparatory to the department of Arts in the University. The Faculty consists of Rev. W. D. Godman, D.D., President; L. D. Gilbert, A.B., vice-President; Mrs. A. H. D. Godman, Emeritus Physiology; Mrs. H. A. E. Gilbert, B.S., Preceptress, and Instructors in Music, Drawing, and Mathematics. The school and practical training include Kindergarten, Carpentry, Printing, Bakery. The courses of study embrace a complete course of theology, a special Biblical course, advanced Biblical course, and an English Bible course. In the School of Agriculture, the students are under the instruction of a practical farmer and a skilled gardener. The female department includes classes in cooking, needlework, laundry, baking, etc. The buildings (some of them are shown in the illustration on this page), include the Industrial School, the "Centre" building (which has a chapel, recitation rooms, and library), Boarding Hall, and South Hall (both dormitories.) Tuition is free, the total cost to students being a nominal amount for board, one half of which is paid by labor rendered by the student.

HON. WM. L. GILBERT.

The moral and religious results of this philanthropic institution in the past in its influence on the colored race cannot be estimated. It has been commended by the most eminent leaders in the Baptist and Methodist denominations. Hundreds of its graduates are now leading active Christian lives, some consecrated to the work of the ministry, others as missionaries in home and foreign fields, and many eminent in the various professions. Gilbert College has made for itself a splendid record against the kingdom of darkness and for the kingdom of light. The time has arrived when its present facilities and resources are all too small for the work that hes before it, and extension has become a duty. The institution has the confidence of many distinguished churchmen (Bishop Mallalieu among the number), who have heartily and voluntarily endorsed its work, and commended it to the support of philanthropic Christian people everywhere. It is doing a grand and timely work as an educational and elevating influence among a much-neglected class in the South.

AN ILLEGAL GUILD

In a letter to the China Inland Mission from Chankia-keo in China, the Rev. J. J. Coulthard tells of the remarkable result of a prosecution in the discomfiture of a persecuting guild of workmen. He says: "One of the church members has been suffering persecution for about eighteen months. He is a fancy-box maker, and because he refused to belong to the trade guild, and contribute money to the temples, he has been continually annoyed and threatened. Last week the members of this guild brought an action against him, bribing the magistrate and his underlings, and our friend was beaten with fifty blows as well as imprisoned. We were sorely grieved, and I decided to petition the magistrate, asking him to reconsider his case. He saw his awkward position, and could not give us a favorable reply because he was in league with the prosecutors, so he referred the case to a neighboring magistrate, who, seeing the injustice of it, refused to take it up. We then appealed to a higher official, who made inquires into the guild, which was proved to be illegal, and is to be broken up. After this the accusers gladly came to an agreement to let our native brother alone in the future, not troubling him for subscriptions. What a change the Lord has made! Perhaps the trouble was of him, to settle once for all the question of idolatrous contributions. We praise him for it."

NEW EDITION.

A new edition of Rev. M. Baxter's work on [illegible] has been issued and is now on sale, price 75 cents, at this office. This work which contains 342 pages, with numerous illustrations, is an exhaustive exposition of the books of Daniel and Revelation and gives a resume of the opinions of other expositors, ancient and modern, on the Lord's Second Coming, the Millennium and kindred subjects.

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ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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THE USE OF PICKLES.

THERE is a class of persons in the community whose usefulness we have just found out. We never realized until now what they were made for. They are struck through with acidity. Their disposition is celebrated for its crabbedness. You find them in every circle. They are especially known in churches as fault-finders. Their teeth are always on edge. They are critical of minister, eldership, and choir. Whatever is done, they act as though they could have done better. You sometimes feel like suggesting to them the propriety of going to some other church, or retiring into less conspicuous position. You look upon them as a nuisance and hindrance.

Stop! You are wrong. They have their practical uses. Church life, if happily conducted, is a banquet at which the sweet predominates. There is the sugar of helpful words, and the saccharine of genial association. The banquet is in danger of becoming flat and insipid. There ought to be at least one vinegar cruet in the castor. You need to give variety to the feast. You do not more need spices than pickles. Now you know the use to which some people can be put. Do not cast them out. Do not let them be the means of exasperation. Employ them at the church banquet. Tarts are good in their place. Brethren, pass around the pickles.

SUNLIT ANTICIPATIONS.

MUCH of the Christian work is done amid gloomy forebodings. Temperance men, overwhelmed with the statistics of drunkenness; advocates of political integrity, disheartened with the story of official corruption; ministers of the Gospel, stunned and crippled with the world's impenitency; Mohammedanism, with its host of three hundred and forty millions; Brahminism, with its army of one hundred and seventy-five millions; Buddhism, with its battalions of three hundred and forty millions, sometimes make the Christian man disposed to give up the contest. Indeed, throw out of the calculation the superhuman, and all reformatory, missionary, and ecclesiastical attempts would be a long continued absurdity. But the reserve corps has not yet come up. We are only planting the batteries. It is only five o'clock in the morning. Wait till the sun rises. Wait till God buckles on his sword. Wait till the white horses are harnessed to the King's chariot. Joshua's troops retreated just before they triumphantly took the city of Ai. Let the enemies of God beware when the army of Christ falls back. It is preparing for a universal rally.

Those who do not believe this had better quit Christian work, and go away. We have had enough of lugubrious Christians. They load once, shoot, fling away their rifle, and run. It is the cheerful worker who succeeds. If you have any doubt about the complete victory of our side, you are an infidel and a nuisance. Go away and hide yourself, you miserable skulker. But come on, all ye who believe in the utter rout of sin and the universal domination of Jesus. Not only bring along with you enough ammunition with which to fight, but enough trumpets and drums and rockets to celebrate the triumph. Hosannah to the Son of David, who is also the Son of God!

COLD EARS.

IT is cold, cold, fearfully cold. We see the people running along the street in seal-skin caps and big mittens. They come in blowing. They stand at the corners waiting for cabs or omnibuses: the thermometer about zero. They rub their stinging ears. They beat their arms around them. What do they do that for? To keep warm, they answer us sharply, as though we ought to know without asking. It is no spite that makes them seize the rim of their ears, and pull, and pinch, and shake them. But as the process went on, we thought to ourselves, that is what is the matter with a great many people. They suffer from cold ears. We have seen people in church, both summer and winter, the atmosphere at most genial heat, sitting with frosted ears, yet making no attempt to warm them. There are your critics, with astonishing cold ears. They listen. They measure your words with an iron rod. They weigh them in brazen balances. Words of invitation or entreaty may go forth from you red-hot, but by the time the ardent utterances reach them the warm message somehow gets cooled off. These critics sit in freezing imperturbability. Their tympanum is hung with icicles. They are congealing critics. They are dying of cold ears. What they want is friction.

Our plan is first of all to get them good and mad. We never can do anything with such people till with some vigorous exhortation we have pulled their ears. Somehow you must get the circulation started. Among the best saints in our Church are those whom we once made hopping mad by what we said about their worldliness, or greed, or stock-speculations, or theatre-going. We could do nothing with them till by some hair-cloth denunciation we have cured their cold ears. By some recent physiological explorations we found out that every man has six ears. On each side, the external ear, the middle ear, and the internal ear. That is the reason they get so awfully cold, there are so many of them exposed. Two ears are an embarrassment in such weather as that of to-day; but what to do with six is a still more absorbing question. Nature intended that we should have no excuse for dull hearing when she gave us six, the outer one defined by learned men to be a cartilaginous funnel, covered by the integument, serving to collect sonorous vibrations, and we suppose the others quite as tremendous. In every case school teachers and ministers must wake up these six ears appertaining to each individual, or fail. That was what made old Taylor, the schoolmaster of our boyhood days (perish his memory), pull our ears till he sometimes almost pulled them off. It was only a mean way of quoting a good precept. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." We would all be better off if we imitated yonder man at the street corner,—if, in church, and lecture-hall, and family, and everywhere, by healthful and vigorous friction, we tried to get rid of cold ears.

We noticed, however, that many of the people in the fiercest days of all the winter were more troubled with their hands than their ears, and they stood, some in one place and some in another, whacking their arms about their body till you could hear the thump a block off. Jack Frost had evidently attempted to shake hands with them, and, like some over-cordial people, gripped them too hard. There they stood pounding themselves,—first throwing their arm around one way, and then throwing their arm around the other way, until they seemed to be in quite a glow. Why did they not pound the brick wall, or the lamp-post, or some of the passers-by? Ah! they had found out that the best way to get themselves right was to smite themselves rather than somebody else. We all need some self-whipping. Much of the time we give for the chastisement of others we might better spend in chastisement of ourselves. When the Church is cold, instead of shaking others we had better do like the stage-driver, while waiting at the corner on a cold March morning, and begin to whack ourselves. The reason that the Pharisee did not get warm was because he chastised the Publican. The reason that the Publican did get warm was because he beat his own breast. We give our best oats of moral reflection to somebody else's horse, letting our own horse gnaw an empty manger. We pull away at the mote in our neighbor's eye while we have no anxiety about a beam in our own, large enough to keep a saw-mill busy for six weeks. At which cold-day considerations we drop our pen, wipe it carefully out, lay it upon a rack, and, taking our position mid-floor, begin to imitate the stage-driver; and having first rubbed our ears for a moment to get them in pleasant glow, we hurl our right hand across our chest in one way, and the left hand across the chest in the other way, with rapid and emphatic stroke, not only chastising our own shortcomings, but at the same time starting up lethargic circulation, and getting our hands warm, warmer, warmest.

FASHIONABLE LYING.

HOW much of society is insincere. You hardly know what to believe. They send their regards; you do not exactly know whether it is an expression of the heart, or an external civility. They ask you to come to their house; you hardly know whether they really want you to come. We are all accustomed to take a discount off what we hear.

"Not at home" very often means too lazy to dress. I read of a lady who said she had told her last fashionable lie. There was a knock at her door and she sent word down, "Not at home." That night her husband said to her: "Mrs So-and-so is dead," "Is it possible?" she said. "Yes, and she died in great anguish of mind; she wanted to see you so very much; she had something very important to disclose to you in her last hour, and she sent three times to-day, but found you absent every time.' Then this woman bethought herself that she had had a bargain with her neighbor that when the long-protracted sickness was about to come to an end, she would appear at her bedside and take the secret that was to be disclosed. And she had said she was "Not at home!"

Social life is struck through with insincerity. Some apologize for the fact that the furnace is out; they have not had any fire in it all winter. They apologize for the fare on their table; they never live any better. They decry their most luxuriant entertainment to win a shower of approval from you. They point at a picture on the wall as a work of one of the old masters. They say it is an heir-loom in the family. It hung on the wall of a castle. A duke gave it to their grandfather. People that will lie about nothing else will lie about a picture. On small income we want the world to believe we are affluent, and society to-day is struck through with cheat and counterfeit and sham.

YATMAN'S COLUMN

GOOD WOMEN.

ONE of the handsomest bits of Christian work I ever knew, was wrought by a Christian girl, who lived in Southern New Jersey. She was engaged to be married to a young man, a fine fellow, but not a Christian. She did not purpose to run any risk of an unequal yoke. She had more influence with him than all the preachers born; she fully determined her plan, and this was the result.

He usually called on Tuesday evenings; she could tell his foot-fall a block away. She asked the folks to leave them alone in the parlor for a little while, at the opening of his call—she, too, would open the door. By and by he came; she was a little nervous, but brave, having been much in prayer. They had their greetings; but, without waiting, she led him directly into the parlor, and, standing there, she looked him square in the face and said: "Look here, I've been thinking about this matter; I am a Christian and you are not; you and a man—a man—and not a Christian! You ought to be ashamed! I'll never marry a man who is not a Christian, but I am going to marry you. You must be a Christian! You must! Get down there; get right down there." She made him kneel in prayer, and before he scarce knew what was happening, she was pouring out her heart to God for his conversion.

It is no wonder to me, that on the next evening, in a very crowded revival service, he was the first one to rise for prayers, going to the inquiry room, where he found life and light in believing on Jesus, the Son of God. Now if you will come with me to that city, I will show you a home, where the husband accompanies his wife to church, not because she begs him, but because he loves the Tabernacle of the Most High; and I will show you a home, where two children are being brought up under the influence of a godly father, as well as a godly mother. How sadly different it might have been, had this girl waited as thousands of others have, to their sorrow.

I tell you, women, that no matter how it may be with you, with men, when they lose their respect, love is soon gone; and when there is no love between husband and wife, the case is sad. The question will naturally arise, what about the wife's duty to the Church? As my opinion—others may not agree with me—her first obligation is to husband and home. If I know anything about it, God created woman to be the helpmate of man; for it was not good for him, and never has been, to be alone. I have known women to go gadding off to church, when their place was manifestly somewhere else. I was holding meetings in a Western city, where the services convened three times a day; an early service at six, another in the afternoon, and another at night; they were all well attended, deep interest manifested, good results constantly coming forth. A lady approached me one day and said, "Mr. Yatman, I wish you would preach practical religion." I told her I thought that had been my plan. "No, no!" said she, "I mean practical, real practical religion." I saw something was on her mind—women usually have something there—and I asked her to "quote me a text."

"Well, it's not so much a text as a fact. You hold meetings three times a day."

"Yes," I answered.

"Just wait, Mr. Yatman; you hold meetings three times a day, and that is all right; but it isn't all right for everybody to go all the while. There is one woman, I know, whose husband is not a Christian, and never will be, if she keeps on as she is now doing. They have three children, and he is a hard-working man. What does he find? Why this: she goes off to meetings in the morning and leaves him home to get three children up, and dress them, and then get his own breakfast before he goes to work."

"There, there; that's enough," said I, "that's enough." And you may well believe that the next service had in it some hot truth on "practical religion," for the duty of that woman was home, and not at the meetings.

I hope my readers won't swing clear off and never go to religious services again; that would be sad; but let me repeat, that a wife should meet the obligations resting on her, and no service could be more sacred, than to fulfil these home duties.

C. H. Yatman

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE PROTESTING PRINCESS.

A FORMAL protest against the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands by the United States is made by the young lady whose portrait appears on this page, and who arrived in New York on March 1. She is the Princess Kaiaulani, heiress presumptive to the Hawaiian throne. Her mother was the Princess Likiliki, who was the sister of the ex-Queen and of the late King Kalakaua. Her mother is dead, but her father is living and is collector of customs in Hawaii. He is a Scotchman by birth and his name is Archibald S. Cleghorn. The Princess is nearly eighteen years old, and has been in England since she was eleven. Her full name is Victoria Kawekiu Kaiaulani Lunalilo Kalaninuiahilapalapa. She was completing her education in a seminary when the news arrived that Queen Liliuokalani had abdicated and that her ministers had petitioned for annexation to the United States. The Princess set out immediately for America, under the care of her guardian, Mr. Theodore H. Davies, who is an extensive planter in Hawaii and also holds the office of British Consul at Honolulu. She has issued an address to the American people in which she contends that her people do not desire annexation, which is wanted only by the white residents on the islands. She says that three of the commissioners, who have come to Washington to plead for it, are sons of missionaries, who preached the gospel in Hawaii and are now trying to undo the work of their fathers by robbing the people of their independence. She declares herself a Christian and does not believe that a Christian people will sanction the scheme to defraud her of the inheritance which is her birthright. Her claim will, doubtless, receive due consideration, but it is not a strong one. It is based solely on the fact that her uncle Kalakaua was elected to the throne nineteen years ago when the old royal family, the Kamehamehas, became extinct. Neither Kalakaua nor his sister Liliuokalani, who succeeded him, proved fit for the position and it may be that the Hawaiians really wish to dispense with royalty altogether. The decision should rest with them and if they declare for annexation the Princess ought to waive her claims. If she is a Christian, as she says, she must have learned that in sacrificing honors and dignities for the sake of the happiness and prosperity of the people, she will best follow the example of Christ, who "made himself of no reputation and took on him the form of a servant" that the world might be saved. (Phil. 2: 7.)

A Ghastly Bequest.

An old newspaper man who died in St. Louis, Mo., a few days ago left a will which by his orders was opened and read before his funeral. The reason for doing so was disclosed when the will was read. One of its clauses provided for an autopsy being made and directed that his heart should be removed and enclosed in a metal casket, which should be sent to his wife in Germany. It appears that when a young man in the German army he fell in love with a very beautiful lady and married her. Some time afterward circumstances occurred which necessitated his leaving the country. He came to America but was unable to induce his wife to accompany him. Years afterward, when he had settled in St. Louis and was doing well, he again urged her to come, but she refused. When the old man was near death, he had the will drawn, in which he said that his heart had been his wife's all through the years and, as it was still her's, he wished her to have it. His heart was sent to his wife as he directed, but she will probably place no more value on it than she did on the love of which it is the symbol. The man evidently placed his highest treasure in hands unworthy of it. He would not have died forlorn and desolate had he given it to him who said, "Son, give me thine heart." (Proverbs 23: 26.)

A Tree in His Throat.

A Philadelphia surgeon made a discovery recently which he believes has no precedent in medical experience. A lady brought her little boy to his office and asked him if he could get an orange seed out of the child's throat. The doctor found that the seed had lodged in the windpipe, but he was unable to get it up. He thought that it might come away naturally and as it caused no inconvenience, it might do no harm by remaining a day or two. Some time afterward, he was called in to see the child, whom he found to be in danger of suffocation. After consulting with another physician it was decided that only tracheotomy could save the child's life. An incision was made in the windpipe and the orange seed was found, imbedded in a mass of white pulp. It occupied a very dangerous position at the point where the windpipe joins the lung. When the seed was examined, it was found that the heat of the child's body had caused it to swell and burst at one end, and a sprout had grown from it which would soon have completely filled the windpipe. It was evidently a mistake to suppose that as the seed caused no pain it might do no harm in the windpipe. The doctor had forgotten that it might grow. A similar mistake is often made as to the dangerous traits in a child's character. A disposition to untruthfulness or profanity or other evils, if not eradicated in childhood, may grow until it stifles spiritual life in after years. (Proverbs 22: 6.)

The Treacherous Mirage.

The superintendent of a cattle ranch in New Mexico describes in a San Francisco journal the dangers of the mirage which is frequently seen on the plains near the Mexican Border. He says that the air is so thin and pure that the mirage is extremely vivid and only those persons who know by actual experience that what they see does not and cannot exist on the plains, can believe that the spectacle is an optical illusion. He states that quite recently a man who set out from Juarez, Mexico, to go to Los Palomas, in New Mexico, nearly lost his life through this delusion. He was driving a wagon loaded with merchandise and had reached a point below Deming, when he saw a short distance off on his right, a beautiful lake shaded by trees. Both he and his team were very thirsty, so he turned out of his course to get water. After travelling several miles the lake seemed as far off as at first. But it was there, clear and distinct before him. Never thinking of the mirage, he continued in the direction of the lake and fancied he could feel on his face the fresh breeze from the water. As the distance did not appear to diminish, the idea that it was the mirage, of which he had heard, but had never seen, dawned on him and he turned back to the road. But night fell before he reached it and he lost his way. In the morning he could not recognize any indication of his proper course and all his efforts to find the road were unavailing. He knew, however, that his only hope of safety was to persevere and eventually, after a delay of four days, he succeeded in reaching his destination. Many a man has had a similar experience in the journey of life. The author of Ecclesiastes describes many of the mirages which tempt men, but which prove to be "vanities." Happy is he who accepts the invitation of Christ to take of that water whereof if a man drink he shall never thirst again. (John 4: 14.)

An Aid to the Helmsman.

A scientific journal describes a new apparatus which has been designed to simplify the duty of "the man at the wheel" on board ship. It consists of an illumination of the mariner's compass. By an arrangement of lenses and mirrors a ray of light extends from the centre to the outer edge of the compass. It can be set in any direction, but, once set, it does not move until readjusted. It is intended that this ray shall be parallel with the lines of the ship when she is proceeding on her proper course. Another set of lenses and mirrors throws another ray on the card, which follows the course of the card, and so indicates the course the ship is taking. Thus, all the helmsman has to do, when his proper course has been set, is to keep the two rays of light together, as he will know that when they diverge, the ship is out of her course. Any man who can handle the rudder will thus be able to steer the ship correctly, even if he cannot read the compass, or does not know toward what point the ship is going. The ray of light set by his commander is sufficient, and all he has to do is to keep the ray of his course in line with it. The Christian's duty is much of the same kind. He need not concern himself with abstruse doctrines and speculative theories; his duty is to have his life in unison with the teaching and example of the Lord (1 Timothy, 1: 4).

A Hesitating Bride.

A young couple presented themselves, a few days ago, at the court-house at Omaha, Neb., and stated their wish to be married. The necessary affidavits were drawn up and signed, but, as the judge who was to perform the ceremony was engaged in the adjoining court in trying a case, the young folks were told that they must wait till he was at liberty. To pass away the time they strolled into the court and listened to the case on trial. It happened to be a wife's petition for divorce and told a pathetic story of cruelty and desertion. When it was finished and the judge was ready to perform the wedding ceremony, the prospective bride said she did not want to be married. The young man who accompanied her was startled and as she persisted, became greatly distressed. He took her into a private room, which the Judge courteously placed at their disposal, and pleaded with her. He must have reassured her, for after half-an-hour they reappeared, and the girl announced herself willing to have the ceremony performed. It was done, but the bridegroom told one of the officers confidentially that he had a hard time, as the girl had "felt afraid to risk it, after hearing the case in court." As he probably pointed out to her, a woman's risk in marriage is determined by the character of the man to whom she gives herself. It is a pity that people so seldom take that view when deciding whether to give themselves to the world or to Christ. God's promise is, "Fear not, for thou shalt not be ashamed: neither be thou confounded; for thou shalt not be put to shame . . . For thy maker is thy husband; the Lord of Hosts is his name." (Isa. 54: 4–5.)

PRINCESS KAIAULANI, CLAIMANT TO THE HAWAIIAN THRONE.

Delayed by Barnacles.

Admiral Gherardi, who has just arrived in Washington from his cruise in the Pacific, brought information which will be useful to the constructors of the Naval Department. He says that the bottoms of the ships of his squadron are covered with minute barnacles. As the cruise was a short one, the barnacles had not time to attain the huge growths which are sometimes found in ships that have been long in the Pacific, but they were large enough to seriously retard the voyage. The speed attained during the latter part of the voyage was less by two knots an hour than that of five months before, and the cause of the difference was the presence of the barnacles on the hulls. The delay involved a loss of money as well as of time. The fuel burned on the voyage from San Francisco to Hampton Roads cost $120,000, which is a much larger sum than would have been needed if the voyage had been performed in the normal time. The ships will have to be put in a dry dock and have the marine growths scraped off, before they will be fit for duty. The Admiral recommends that as these barnacles do not adhere to metal, all new ships should be protected by teak, sheathed with copper, as is done in England. If there were some means of similarly protecting the Church, she would make greater progress. Men attach themselves to her, whose teaching and conduct impede her advance, and like the barnacles on the ships, they are most numerous when she is in peaceful waters, not when she is in storm and stress. Even in Apostolic times there were some of whom Paul said, "Many walk of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that they are enemies of the Cross of Christ." (Phil. 3: 18 19.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Messrs. Veazie and Geach have been meeting with much success in their work in Kansas. At Kensington the meetings were large and had the support of all denominations. Over fifty persons, about half of whom were adults, signed pledge cards to begin Christ's service.

About twenty conversions are reported as the result of the religious interest in the University of Denver, consequent on the Day of Prayer for Colleges. Nearly ninety per cent. of the students in the College of Liberal Arts and the preparatory school have taken a decided stand as Christians.

The Presbyterian Church of Fulton, Ill., has just passed through a season of refreshing, in which more than sixty persons of all ages, many of them heads of families, have manifested a desire for the new life. The work is largely due to the faithful efforts of Rev. W. A. Botell, the recently appointed synodical evangelist.

In reply to certain criticisms of the management of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, it is stated authoritatively and proved by accounts which have been audited, that only one twentieth of the income is expended in administrative channels. Nineteen twentieths go directly to the missionary work. This shows how economically the great work of the Board is conducted.

The Board of Managers of the American Bible Society made grants of books at its recent meeting of the value of $4,858. A letter was received from the Society's agent in Colombia, reporting that the people who had obtained Bibles were prevented by the priests from reading them. The managers appropriated $19,396 for the promotion of the work in foreign lands.

The West Side Noonday Prayer-meeting in New York celebrated its seventeenth anniversary, recently at its rooms, 281 Greenwich Street, Rev. C. H. Yatman delivered an address on prayer, and spiritual songs were rendered by Miss Nellie E. Tookes, Mrs. Sarah Manley, and Messrs. Blauvelt and Simonson. During the period that the meetings have been continued over 90,000 have attended. Visitors were present at the anniversary from the Fulton Street and old John Street meetings.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's services in Worcester, Mass., terminated with an immense thanksgiving meeting in Mechanics' Hall. The pastors whose churches had joined in the movement were present to participate in the rejoicing over the great harvest of souls. It is computed that more than than one thousand have begun a new life at these meetings. Many remarkable testimonies were given of the work of the Holy Spirit in the various congregations. All the evangelical churches of the city will receive large additions.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman commenced his services at Springfield, Ohio, with a great meeting, at which 1,800 persons were present, many of them non-church-goers. A large choir, composed of about 300 representatives of the local churches, assisted. It was announced that services would be held every evening in the City Hall for business men daily at noon, for women in the afternoon, and for children twice a week. At least twenty churches of several denominations are working together harmoniously, and there have been many conversions.

The inquiry as to the burning of the Girls' College at Marsovan, which as stated in our issue of March 1, was being held, has been conducted by the Governor is an unfriendly spirit. There was an evident desire to shield the guilty parties. An attempt has even been made to fix the responsibility on the inmates of the College and two of the native professors have been thrown into prison. The animus of the Governor against the Christians could not have taken a more ridiculous form than that of charging those innocent people with crimes so obviously committed by their enemies.

Rev. A. E. Thompson of Yankton, S. D., has been laboring at Howard for some time in connection with the Congregational Church. His first efforts were directed to the members of churches who were aroused to earnest efforts for the conversion of souls. The first evidence of results was in the Sunday Schools where many of the young people were brought in. Afterward the work spread through the whole town and on one day (Friday) every store, office and shop in the town, with one exception closed, and the meetings were thronged all day with eager seekers. Every church in the town has received accessions.

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

THE RAISING OF JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER.

A Sermon Preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York, last Sunday, March 12th, 1893, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D.

THERE were three persons raised from the dead by our Lord. It will be profitable for us to study the narratives in their logical, which is possibly at the same time their chronological, order. The first case to which attention is called is that of the daughter of the ruler of the synagogue. We shall consider especially the narrative given by the evangelist Mark 5: 22, 24, 35-43. The account is also given in Matt. 9: 18-26, and in Luke 8: 41, 42, 49-56. It is fitting, however, at the outset, to say a few words about these three miracles as a whole. They have always been regarded, and rightly, as among the mightiest proofs of divine power on the part of our Lord. No power except it come from God can call back the spirit of the departed and animate again the dust of the dead. Spinoza, the great Jewish philosopher and sceptic of the 17th century, said that if it could be proved to him that Christ raised one from the dead all his objections to the divinity of Christ and to the inspiration of the gospels would be at once removed. In many of our Lord's miracles the

The Natural and the Supernatural

cannot be definitely traced. This is true in regard to the relation between health and sickness; one condition often lies very close to the other, and it is difficult accurately to trace the transition from one to the other. The same remark will apply to the relation between storms and calms; they constantly alternate in the varying moods of seas and oceans. In the natural course of events tempests cease and are followed by calms. These results might be secured without any miraculous interposition on the part of Christ. Attention has also been called to the fact that water transmutes itself, by various agencies, into wine. The peasants in the south of France, during the proper season for the growth of the grape, often say when the rain falls, "The wine is falling from the sky." The same law is illustrated in the multiplication of the loaves which fed the thousands. In that case there was simply the acceleration of the process which is continually observed. Nature is all the while multiplying seeds of grain; nature is full of analogies illustrative of the same law. The single kernel deposited in the ground by the husbandman, in harmony with the same law, may become thirty, sixty or a hundred kernels. But when we come to the miracles of raising the dead we enter an entirely different region of thought and of law; we come into contact with an entirely different class of facts. We all know that the gulf between life and death is so immense that apart from divine interposition it is impassable. Between existence and non-existence the opposition is not relative but absolute. It is, therefore, quite right to regard these miracles as unimpeachable witnesses to our Lord's complete divinity.

The Majesty of the Worker.

It is fitting that we emphasize the ease with which Christ performed these miracles. There is not on his part any painful effort; there is no delay; there is no period of agonizing prayer. It is as easy for Christ to raise the dead as it is to utter a command concerning events of the most common kind. One cannot but feel as he stands before Christ, while he is calling back the dead to life, that he is beside the One who in the morning of creation said, "Let light be, and light was." The contrast between Elijah and Christ in this respect is very marked. When Elijah raised the son of the widow at Zarepath, he had to prostrate himself upon the dead form; he had to pray and pray again; [illegible] Thus, after delay and effort, life began to stir in the body of the dead child. Not otherwise [illegible] Here also there is delay; there is effort; there is trial, and there is a period of doubt as well as of difficulty. But not so with Christ. He speaks the word and immediately power accompanies the word and the dead are raised.

Another characteristic of these miracles, is the wonderful tenderness which Christ showed in the selection of the persons whom he raised from the dead. There are, as we have seen, three raisings from the dead. Who were the persons thus raised? The first was the daughter of the ruler of the synagogue; she was the only daughter, and possibly an only child. The hearts of her father and mother were bound up in the life of their only daughter; but, beloved as she was, she died. Her father, just previous to her death, hastened from the side of his pale, suffering and dying child to

Tell the Story to Jesus

and secure his help. There are but few stories even on the pages of sacred history which so charm us with their beauty, and thrill us with their interest as does this narrative. Its simple pathos melts its way into our hearts, and every parent interprets it in the light of parental love. Every true man must be touched by this story, as well as every true father. This "one only daughter," in the home of Jairus, was the sunshine and music of his heart. It is ever so that the objects of our joy are the possibilities of our pain. Sooner or later every great love may be changed into a correspondingly great sorrow.

Just here it will be profitable to notice what critics call a contradiction in the narrative. Critics of this character show marvelous ingenuity in the discovery of supposed contradictions among the evangelists. If objectors would spend half the energy in a careful study of the inspired record which they spend in discovering alleged discrepancies they would find that their supposed contradictions are really sublime and divine harmonies. Because in this case the evangelist Matthew represents the father as saying that his daughter is even now dead, and Mark that she "lieth

At the Point of Death,"

a striking English idiom used to set forth the fact expressed in Latin by the phrase common still, *in extremis*, and because Luke speaks of her as "a dying," these critics have said that we have a direct contradiction. Surely nothing is easier to adjust than these supposed differences. Nothing could be more natural than that the father would use in his ignorance of the exact fact at the time of his speaking, all the expressions which all the evangelists record. He left his beloved daughter at her last gasp; her life was then ebbing away, and when he reached the side of Christ he could not tell with certainty whether or not she was then living. Perplexed as to the real state of the case, he doubtless used all the expressions which the various evangelists have put into his mouth.

This man was a ruler of the synagogue. The evangelist Matthew speaks of him generally as "a certain ruler"; the two latter evangelists give us his name and identify him more accurately as one of the prefects of the synagogue. It is almost certain that the synagogue was that of Capernaum in which place Jesus then was. It is not, therefore, impossible that this ruler was one of the deputation which afterward came to the Lord on behalf of the heathen centurion. On this present occasion, however, he goes to Jesus as we have seen, on behalf of his own child. Christ at once yielded to

The Father's Piteous Appeal;

but there was delay upon the journey. The large crowd which had gathered about Christ was itself a cause of delay. There are often crowds about Christ still; crowds which may prevent us from bringing the sick to him even as was true in the days of his flesh. There was delay also on this occasion when Christ started for the ruler's house. He had not gone far when a woman presses her way through the crowd and touches the hem of his garment. Christ turns himself about and asks, "Who touched me?" You remember that the disciples reply, in substance, "Master, that is a very strange question, for many are pressing about you." But Christ said with equal tenderness and authority, "somebody hath touched me." There was a touch of faith which Christ immediately recognized, and which at once secured healing power. Thank God, Christ can still be touched with the feeling of our infirmities. A further delay was cause by the conversation which resulted from this miracle. The heart of the father we can well suppose was enduring agony while this delay lasted. We can well imagine that the father's heart was upon his dying child in his saddened home, and that he was most impatient because of this delay. All of us are obliged to experience some elements of this We must not suppose, however, that delays are denials on the part of Christ. He waits only that he may find the fittest time for the display of his mercy. The Lord has all eternity at his command. He is never in haste. and he never delays too long.

Help in a Crisis.

At this point in the narrative we have an account of the coming of the messengers from the father's home. They pronounce the unspeakably sad words, "Thy daughter is dead, why troublest thou the Master any further?" I do not suppose that this message was intended for our Lord's ears, but for the father's only. The Lord was then engaged in speaking to the woman, but he heard the words; his ear is quick to catch the faintest tones expressive of the sorrows of his children. We are told that "as soon as he heard the word that was spoken he saith to the ruler of the synagogue, 'Be not afraid, only believe.'" These messengers probably had faith sufficient to believe that Christ could raise up the maiden although in the last stage of life, that he could fan the dying spark of life into a bright flame; but they did not seem to have believed that when that spark was entirely extinguished it would be possible for Christ again to enkindle it. Their faith was gone; perhaps the father's was going, and just at that moment our Lord spoke his gracious words of encouragement. Doubtless, as Dean Trench suggests, we ought to emphasize the words, "as soon as." The thought is that the very moment that doubt began to take the place of faith in the father's mind the Lord gave him this word of encouragement and hope. I thank the Lord Jesus for these words, "Be not afraid, only believe." Oh, this was

Tenderness Indeed!

At that critical moment in his experience came the encouraging exhortation from the lips of Christ. How many fathers and mothers have gone through times of trial when they needed just such a message as this from the blessed Lord. A sick son or daughter, a wayward son or daughter, will test the faith of parents until that faith is but a flickering spark. Then such a word as this from Christ will cause it to become a flame, scattering darkness and doubt and illumining heart and home. Have any of you been pleading with Christ for strength and grace in crucial experiences? Listen then today and you will hear him say, with the matchless sweetness of his loving voice, "Be not afraid, only believe." What precious assurances believers have of Christ's sympathy and help in time of trial.

These messengers quite misunderstood Christ when they said, "Trouble not the Master." Doubtless they were honest in their spirit and speech; but they were quite mistaken in their judgment of his character. Many men now in a spirit of unbelief say, "Trouble not the Master;" others carried away by the spirit of the mocking secularist say, "Trouble not the Master;" and others engrossed in the trivial things of life say, "Trouble not the Master;" and still others far down in the depths of despondency say with mingled doubt and despair, "Trouble not the Master." They all misunderstand alike their own privilege and the Lord's purpose. Forever silenced be the spirit that leads men because of their ignorance of Christ's love to use the language of these messengers. There can be no trouble on our part too insignificant to escape his notice. We honor him when we cast ourselves and our burdens upon his mighty and gentle heart.

In the Desolated Home.

We follow this strange group as they hasten toward the ruler's home. At last his home is reached. What does our Lord find on his arrival? A large, noisy and tumultous company. You are aware that it was the custom of the Jews to bury their dead, if possible, on the day of their death, or on the day following. You know also that they were accustomed to have large numbers of hired mourners; the number depending upon the wealth and station of the family. These mourners were ready to weep, and to lament, and to shout and to howl, according to the instruction and remuneration which they received. They sang aloud of the virtues of the deceased, and in doleful strains mourned with family and with friends. Minstrels also added their noise to the general confusion till the air was often rent with the wailings of hired or real mourners. All such manifestation of grief is utterly distasteful to persons of refined feelings. We have in the Oriental funerals of to-day evidences of the continuance of these customs. The Irish, in their wakes, give us modern representations of this wretched Oriental custom. But our Lord at once rebuked these loud expressions of grief. This he did because there was

No Reason to Lament

the maiden as if she were to remain in the power of death. While she was truly dead and not in a swoon, she was so soon to be restored to life, that she ought to be spoken of as asleep, rather than dead. Our Lord used similar language of Lazarus, although he meant to teach that he was really dead. In the presence of Christ's fullness of life and power, all the dead may be spoken of as asleep, hence the noise of this tumultous group was utterly out of place. These mourners laughed him to scorn, showing clearly that in their belief the maiden was not only then dead, but was ever so to remain. Real mourning Christ will always respect; tears are not unmanly; they are not unchristian; but the man who wipes his eye when he sheds no tear, because he would produce in others the impression that he is sympathetic, is false to himself and an abomination to Christ. Christ had no sympathy with unreality; none with cant; none with hypocrisy of whatever kind and wherever found.

There was still another reason why these mourners should be driven out; they were not proper witnesses of so sublime and august a spectacle as soon was to be seen. Christ, therefore, dismisses them. There are always those who have no eyes to see Christ's noblest works, and no hearts to feel his tenderest words. This is as true to-day as when Christ was upon the earth. Only five persons are the

Witnesses of the Miracle.

the three chosen disciples—Peter, James and John—and the father and mother of the maiden. Dean Trench calls attention to the fact that these disciples were the elect of the elect that they were the flower and the crown of the Apostolic band; and others have spoken of the fact that they were witnesses not only of this miracle, but of the glories of the transfiguration and the agonies of the garden. They were the chosen three within the circle of the chosen twelve. The father and mother must also be witnesses of the great miracle and sublime mystery. The father had prayed that Christ would come to preserve his child from death Christ could have healed the maiden without coming, and after coming, he could have called her back to life without putting his hand upon her; but he has lessons to teach by all the acts performed in connection with this miracle. Behold the scene. The noisy mourners are driven out. The silence of death broods in the darkened home. Christ, his three disciples, and the father and mother, are beside the couch of the dead maiden. It is a wonderful moment; no one of these five witnesses could ever forget this experience. It was important that Christ should show the reality of his relation as the Lord of life to this maiden as the subject of death. He, therefore, takes the child by the hand; he speaks to her two words—marvelous words, life-giving words, words accompanied by divine power—"Talitha Cumi." These are Aramaic words. Mark, with his characteristic vividness, records them in their original form and then interprets them, "Maiden arise." What

A Marvelous Moment!

What a sublime sight now greets us! Could we but look for a moment into that room where the maiden of twelve lies dead with her peaceful face on her pillow, the three disciples, the father and mother, and the Lord Jesus beside her; we would certainly stand there with bated breath. Look! the maiden is springing to her feet at the touch of Christ's hand and at the sound of his voice! We are distinctly told that her spirit came again, "and she arose straightway and walked." Our Lord, careful of the proprieties of every occasion, commanded that meat should be given her; a command very necessary, as her parents in their indescribable joy might have forgotten so needful a provision.

Blessed is that home where Jesus comes as the associate and Saviour of parents and children! Blessed are those children on whom the hand of Christ rests in benediction! I would rather have my children the children of God than have them kings and princes of the earth, if they were without God and without hope. I would rather have Christ come to my home to glorify it with his presence, to sanctify it with his purity, to illumine it with his light, and to beautify it with his life than have as my guest the proudest scion of the loftiest royalty. Christ was always a practical friend in every home in which he came. I often

think that his greatest glory is seen in his attention to little things. We sometimes think that we cannot be great unless we do what we call some great thing for God and for man, but true greatness is often best shown in doing little things in a great way, in a royal manner, and with a Christ-like spirit. By commanding the parents to give food to their risen daughter Christ would prove to them that her recovery was real, that she was not a ghost but real flesh and blood, their own beloved daughter now rescued from the power of death and restored to their love. Behold her as she sits before them, her heart throbbing with life, her eye bright with hope, her cheek flushed with health, and her whole soul glowing with love to her deliverer!

Saddened Homes.

And now we have run over this story together in this simple, familiar and, I trust, somewhat practical way. Let us see what lessons naturally come out of this narrative. First, we see that sorrow comes to the homes of the great as well as to the homes of the humble. This man was a ruler of the synagogue, a leader of public service, a man of influence religiously, socially, and politically, for the relation between the church and the state in those days was very close. He would be a magistrate, speaking civilly. Speaking religiously, he was a ruler of the synagogue, a man of prominence and a man of power; and yet sorrow came to his home. Death comes as the old Latin poet sang long ago:

> Death comes with equal step,
> Knocks at the palace gate
> And at the cottage door.

He will come to your home; he will come to mine. His dark shadow may fall across our threshold when least we think it. None will be exempt. There are many in this house now who wear the signs of mourning. Death has been to your homes. But, beloved, there are sadder things than death: a dissipated son is often worse than a dead son; a wayward daughter makes sadder hearts than a dead daughter. Oh, is there a son here this morning, who is bringing down his father and mother with sorrow to the grave! Perhaps there is some boy away from home who has turned his back upon his mother and his mother's God. I beseech you to come as the prodigal came—come confessing your sin, come back again to your Father's house.

We learn, as a second lesson, that Christ is the true source of help in every sorrow which may come to our homes and our hearts. Doubtless this man waited long, waited to the very last, before he went to Christ, waited until the flame of life was flickering and just about to go out. Too many imitate him; they will not

Go to God in the Sunshine,

they wait the darkness of midnight. Oh, it is all wrong! I love to see men and women even if it be at the eleventh hour—even if it be in the darkness of midnight; it is better that you should come even though you should do only what the sailor said he did, "Throw the fag ends of your life into the face of God." But how much better to come in strength, in health, in youth, and in the glory of manhood. Have Christ a guest in your home when all is merry, while the ringing laughter of children, the sweetest music ever heard in the home, is heard throughout the entire dwelling. Come, then, to Christ, and when the darkness comes he will be near, you will not have to pray in the language of the beautiful hymn, "Abide with me;" but you will be able to sing "Lo, thou art with me, even as thou hast promised."

Now, notice this lesson at the close, that Christ is never appealed to in vain. It seemed to be in vain; for a while that father's faith was greatly tried. He might have asked, "Oh, why do those people keep him from my door? She is dying; may be it is too late!" How his heart is going from that crowd of people to his home. How he thought of that pale face. Ah, what it is to have a sick child! "Why will these people crowd about my Lord? My only hope is in Christ, if he will only come." Yet the people crowd about, then there is another crowd on the street. There is that poor woman. Well, he would seem sympathetic to her; "but why does she keep the Lord from my sick daughter?" Ah, troubled father, delay is not denial, Christ knows the fittest time, he will come at the right time, delay is not denial. You never go to Christ in vain for yourself or for others. That maiden is now dead; Jairus is dead; the mother is dead; the disciples are dead; but Jesus Christ lives. He passes up and down these aisles. He goes through these pews, and he says to every parent and to every child, "What wilt thou that I should do to thee?"

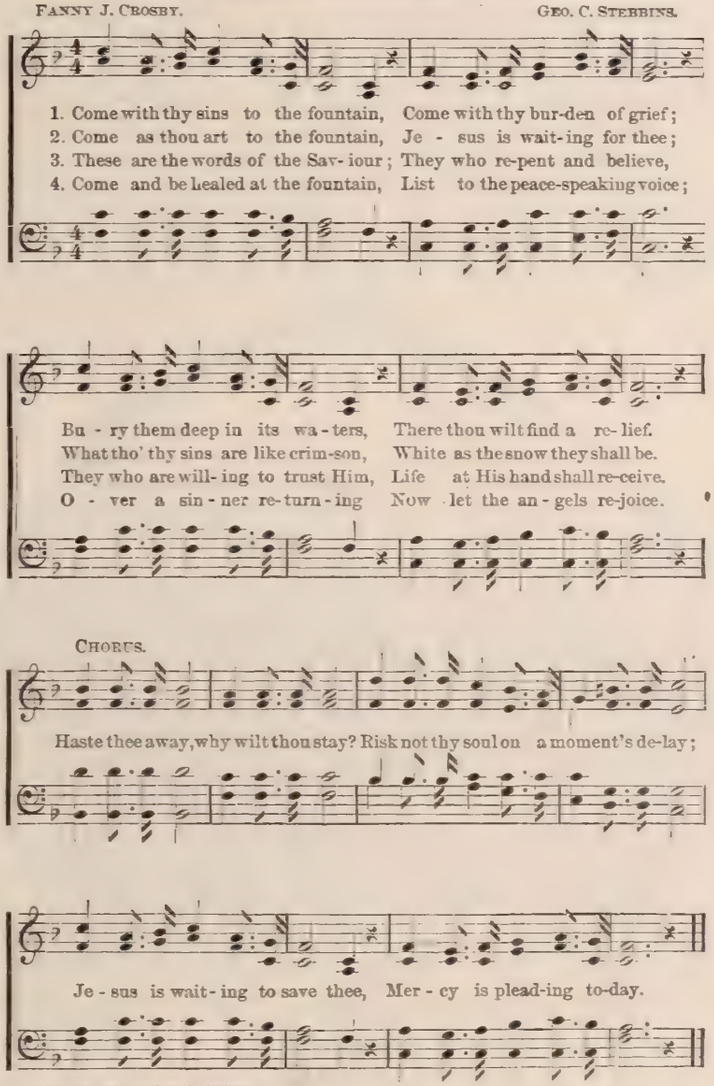
Oh, invite Christ to your home; invite Christ to your heart; and have him as your constant guest for his name's sake. Amen.

Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

Come to the Fountain.

"For with thee is the fountain of life."—Ps. 36: 9.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Come with thy sins to the fountain, Come with thy bur-den of grief;
2. Come as thou art to the fountain, Je - sus is wait-ing for thee;
3. These are the words of the Sav-iour; They who re-pent and believe,
4. Come and be healed at the fountain, List to the peace-speaking voice;
Bu - ry them deep in its wa-ters, There thou wilt find a re-lief.
What tho' thy sins are like crim-son, White as the snow they shall be.
They who are will-ing to trust Him, Life at His hand shall re-ceive.
O - ver a sin-ner re-turn-ing Now let the an-gels re-joice.
CHORUS.
Haste thee away, why wilt thou stay? Risk not thy soul on a moment's de-lay;
Je - sus is wait-ing to save thee, Mer - cy is plead-ing to-day.

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ONWARD.

ONWARD in the conflict,
Of a daily life,
Fighting for the Master
Through the storm and strife.

Let each day be upward
Towards our home above,
Look to God for guidance
For our God is love.

Through our daily trials
Let our motto be,
I can surely conquer
Through Christ who strengthens me.

So let us go onward
With smiles and love for all,
Till at last we listen
To His loving call.—L. D. H.

ALMOST.

Written for The Christian Herald.

So near the door and the door stood wide,
Close to the fort—but not inside;
Near to the fold yet not within,
Almost resolved to give up sin.
Almost persuaded to count the cost,
Almost a Christian, and yet lost.
Saviour, I come, I cry unto thee,
Oh, let not those words be true of me.
I want to come to the point to-day;
Oh, suffer me not to turn away.
Give me no rest till my soul shall be
Within the Refuge, safe in thee.

"WHEREFORE DIDST THOU DOUBT?"

MATTHEW 14: 31.

LONG and dark were the days,
The time for hoping seemed past;
But the sun shone forth and his rays
Lightened the gloom at last:
And I thought of my Saviour's words,
Then my terrors were put to rout:—
"O thou of little faith,
Wherefore didst thou doubt?"

Futile seemed prayer and tears,
In blindness I groped my way,
My soul was troubled by fears
Haunting it night and day.
But oh! when the trust came back!
When the fears were all shut out!
"O thou of little faith,
Wherefore didst thou doubt?"

Marshall, Mich. —BERT H. WHITAKER.

PAULINE TESTIMONY.

The Apostle Paul's Expectation of the Second Advent and the Millennium.

BY REV. W. ERITH.

THE writings of the great Apostle of the Gentiles contain frequent references to this subject which, as we have seen in former articles, occupies a place in the Old Testament, and in the teaching of Christ himself.

In Col. 3: 4, we have these words: "When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, ye also shall appear with him in glory." Here the great cardinal truth of the apostolic ministry is introduced; and in a connection and manner which seems to lead to the conclusion that Paul would have it held as a principle of the Christian faith, operative on the hopes and motives of those who form the Body of Christ on earth, and not "held in solution," as a mere theological opinion of no practical value in life. How different the teachings of some, even devout men, who affirm that death is the hope of the believer! But without noting all the passages in Paul's writings in which this precious doctrine is taught, we shall select only the more prominent in the epistles: "What is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? is it not even ye, in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming?" (1 Thess. 2: 19.) Who can fail to see here, that in the apostle's regard this doctrine was operative for good, in giving a holy stimulus to consecrated service in the church on earth? Paul did indeed then rejoice in this their spiritual health and prosperity: "Ye are our glory and joy." (Ver. 20.) Still he regarded the coming of the Lord as a certain event which must take place; and at which, whenever it did, they should be his crown of rejoicing; no utopian hope or groundless anticipation to him in the midst of the toils and hardships of his ministry!

But in chapter 4: 13—18, he so fully states the Advent in relation to the rapture of the church, that few, one would think, could fail to see that the Holy Ghost intended the doctrine to be one of the cardinal tenets of "the faith once for all delivered to the saints." (R. V.) And this being so, those who live in subsequent days should not fail to "hold fast the form of sound words" as they have been delivered unto us! Mark the words, "The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and with the trump of God!" Now whatever figures may be used here, the words—the Lord himself—are literal, and cannot be, we think, understood but to express a distinct visible personality, corresponding to the words of the angel in Acts 1: 11. To take them in any other way is to do violence to the plain terms of human language. And this interpretation is supported by the expressive and tender words of the last verse: "Wherefore comfort one another with these words!" Thus the certain return of our blessed Lord was to be made the source of comfort to all mourners suffering under domestic bereavement, both then and now.

Now in his Second Epistle to the Church, he makes the same allusion to the Advent: (chap. 2: 1.) "Now we beseech you, brethren, by the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." Here Paul shows them that his appearance to execute judgment on the Man of Sin—the Wicked (One) would not take place till after the apostacy and revelation of this dreadful Person—the Antichrist of 1 John 2: 18, and the Beast of Rev. 17: 3.

Here, perhaps, it is necessary to note that, although Jesus will not appear in his glorious Epiphany of regal majesty, for the destruction of Antichrist and his confederate armies, in the valley of Jehoshaphat ("as the stone cut out of the mountains without hands," Dan. 2: 45) till the apostacy is ripe for judgment; yet he will appear to his waiting ones, those of his Church, who are, like the wise virgins, ready—"having their loins girt, and their lamps burning, and they, like unto men who wait for their Lord," and take them up before, and therefore out of, the great tribulation; while the worldly, the careless and the selfish, like the foolish virgins, will be left to pass through the tribulation, "saved, yet so as by fire." We think this is evident from Rev. 14: 1–5, etc., for these 144,000 are evidently a part of the Church; for they are saved; and they appear also to be taken away first, before the rest, because they have lived in closer communion with God—maintained a virgin character; verse 4, "the first-fruits unto God and the Lamb."

Now the first fruits are cut out of the field, and taken up unto the Lord before the full harvest is gathered. But yet the sheaf of first-fruits forms part of the whole harvest. (See Lev. 23: 10–11.)

THE PROMISES.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing March 26 Matt 24: 35; Isaiah 40: 8.

THE value of a promise depends on certain obvious conditions. Much depends on the character and power of the person making it. Much, too, on the conditions attached to it, and much on the desirability of the thing promised. We pay no regard to the promise of an untrustworthy man, or of a man who promises what he has not the power to give, or to a promise conditional on our doing something impossible to us, or to the promise of something we do not want. But if we are in urgent need of help, and that help is promised freely by some one abundantly able to render it and who is absolutely reliable—then the promise is of inestimable value. So the Christian opens his Bible, as one goes to a boundless, inexhaustible treasury, and feels that his confidence is justified. He finds there promises adapted to his every need. Widely as his circumstances in the nineteenth century differ from those of the men who lived in the age when the promise was given, he finds that the blessing promised is that which he needs. The real necessities of man are the same in every age. In all times, men have need of consolation in sorrow and bereavement, strength for the performance of duty, wisdom in the perplexities of life and the assurance of life beyond the grave. All these are promised and the measure of their fulfilment is, "According to your faith be it unto you."

But there is a noticeable development in the promises of the Bible; and the Christian is encouraged to "covet earnestly the best gifts." The wealth and prosperity promised to the patriachs and the early founders of the Jewish nation are not repeated in the New Testament. As a father would be surprised and pained by his son of mature years asking him for the toys which he naturally desired as a child, so God expects from his children of this later age requests for higher blessings than mere temporal and material gifts. They have been taught to regard their life here as a period of training and discipline, and the promises of the New Testament are based on the assumption that the relative value of the unseen and eternal with the seen and temporal has been perceived. It is not of wealth and honors that Christ speaks. His promises are of another order. The pure in heart are to see God; they that hunger after righteousness are to be filled; he that overcometh is promised hidden manna and that he shall be a pillar in the temple of God. The assurance is given that God cares for his children, that their temporal necessities will be supplied and it is expected that no more is desired. As to worldly success and the good things of life, Christ dismisses the thought with a phrase, "After all these things do the Gentiles seek." He expects better things of his disciples. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and all these things shall be added unto you." They are matters of secondary importance. Bear injustice, suffer wrong, do not resent injuries, give yourselves no concern about worldly things, set your affections on things above, beside which all else is insignificant. On this higher level the promises stretch out in boundless prospect and the spiritual world becomes the only real world in which we are to live and move and have our being.

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THE INTERNATIONAL C. E. CONVENTION

THE following communication from Mr. Ames will be of interest to Christian Endeavorers all through the country:

As the date of the great Christian Endeavor Convention draws near, the thoughts of many thousand young people, throughout the United States and Canada, naturally turn towards Montreal, that foremost city of the Dominion, chosen to play the part of host for the International gathering of 1893. Letters are daily pouring in upon the Secretary of the Montreal Committee, showing how widespread is the interest, and how general the determination on the part of Endeavorers everywhere to be well represented on Canadian soil next July. A mighty invasion of Canada is expected, and the loyal inhabitants are preparing not to repel, but to receive it with open arms.

Hotel accommodation in Montreal is not ample, but the citizens will by their hospitality, more than make up this deficiency. The method of allotment will be as follows: the Hotel Committee will locate the various State delegations "en bloc," through their respective State excursion managers. To this end one canvas of the city for suitable lodgings, has already been made, and a second, more thorough, is about to be commenced. Up to date 13,000 allocations have been secured, and nearly as many more may be expected, before the first of June. The city will then be portioned into sections, each section having a suitable headquarters or meeting place within its limits. As a State excursion manager makes application for a definite number of lodgings, a section adequate to his requirements will be assigned. Thus numbers of the same party need not be separated but by a block or two at most, and on arrival will be distributed from a centralpoint near the lodgings. To enable this plan to be prosecuted to a successful issue, it is desirable that each Endeavorer send his name to his or her State excursion manager, to be forwarded by him with the others to the Hotel Committee at Montreal. To render less difficult the problem of local transportation, arrangements will be made to provide, near the place of meeting, ample lunches for a large proportion of those in attendance on the meetings. Two large meeting places, the Gov't Drill shed, capable of holding ten thousand, and a tent of nearly equal capacity, on opposite sides of the same square, will accommodate simultaneous meetings with a programme of equal attractiveness in each. Mr. Burleigh of Rochester will again be the cornettist, and Mr. Lindsay of St. Louis, one of those who lead the singing. The programme is not yet officially announced, but its strength and attractiveness will be greater than ever before. All Endeavorers who can come, should come, and all who do come, will be made heartily welcome, and be well cared for, by the Committee of Montreal.

THE Y. M. C. A. BUILDING OUTSIDE THE JAFFA GATE OF JERUSALEM.

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B. Y. P. U. NOTES.

THE Provincial Union for Ontario and Quebec will hold a Convention at Woodstock on March 30.—The Union of the Los Angeles Association of Southern California has been holding its first Convention at Alhambra. A very large number of delegates attended. The proceedings indicated an enthusiasm in Union work beyond all expectation. One of the results of the Convention has been to convince the individual Unions that the sister Unions are in active sympathy and in friendly rivalry for the first place for efficient organization and earnest work.—A successful system of Union visits is being adopted in Massachusetts. The Unions connected with the twenty churches composing the Merrimac River Association have been paying and receiving visits to each other. Haverhill Union received a visit from the Methuen and Lawrence Unions and the Lawrence young people had a call from those of Lowell. Many valuable friendships are thus formed as no introduction is needed beyond that of membership in a sister Union. The visits have been mutually enjoyed.

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THE JERUSALEM Y. M. C. A.

JUST outside the Jaffa Gate and abutting on the old wall of Jerusalem is the Y. M. C. A. building, a picture of which appears on this page. It is not a very imposing or commodious edifice, but standing on a site of hallowed associations, it appeals strongly to Christian interest. It is a deeply gratifying fact than an institution which has been so useful in Christian lands, should have gained a foothold in the city whose very name awakens a responsive echo in the heart of every follower of the Master. The Turkish Government, which controls the city, would have closed it, having misunderstood its aims. The governor thought it was a political institution, and it was necessary to explain to him, as Christ explained to that other governor in the same city, nineteen centuries ago, that the kingdom it represented was a kingdom not of this world. Understanding that the Association devoted itself to the promotion of morality and righteousness, and did not concern itself with politics, the Turkish governor consented to the work being continued. It has already sixty-four members, and the rooms are open daily. Mr. Najib Jamal, of Jerusalem, who is now taking a University course in New York, says that it is likely to do much toward propagating Christianity among the young men of the city. It has a reading-room, to which many friends send papers, and is building up a library by the same generous means. It has also added a room for chess-players, which is a strong attraction to the young men of the city who are apt to be tempted by their love of the game to visit the numerous saloons in the neighborhood, where accommodations for playing it are provided. In Jerusalem, however, as elsewhere, the chief object of the Association, which is never subordinated, is the spiritual welfare of the members.

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THE C. E. OF SYRACUSE, N. Y.

THE annual meeting of the Syracuse, N. Y., Christian Endeavor Union was held recently at the Fourth Presbyterian Church. From the reports given, it appeared that during the past year seven new societies had been organized. The Union is now composed of thirty-six societies with a membership of 3164 young people. The attendance at the meetings held by the Union during the past year has been the largest in the history of the organization. At one of the meetings fully 1000 young people were in attendance. The officers elected for the ensuing year are: Thomas R. Jordan, President; Carl Sutter, Vice-President; Miss Grace Clark, Recording Secretary; Miss Edith Fuller, Corresponding Sec'y; N. P. Gorman, Treas'r.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

Is the Epworth League adapted to country charges? This is a question that has been much discussed. Some consider it a good thing for cities and large towns, but not adapted to churches in the country; but the fact is that some of the most efficient Leagues are found in the rural districts. The Chapter at Nineveh, Pa., a village of only three hundred inhabitants is an instance. It recently raised nearly seven hundred dollars, and entirely renovated the heating arrangements of the church, putting in new steam heaters. The plan whereby they raised so much money, was very ingenious and novel. Saturday afternoons and evenings, many people come in from the surrounding country to sell produce, and also to make purchases. Taking advantage of this fact, the League secured a room, and every Saturday afternoon sold refreshments at reasonable prices. In this way they made the amount needed. The same enterprising Chapter started a weekly prayer-meeting at Hopewell, another appointment upon the same charge. This meeting was sustained in all sorts of weather and has resulted in much spiritual good. The church building at Hopewell needing repair, the Nineveh Chapter headed the subscription list with a donation of $200. In this case, the League in the country has certainly worked well. The department on social life, does much to furnish wholesome and sensible amusement to the young people. Every Chapter seems to take up some special lines of work. That of the First Church, Washington, Pa., supports a native preacher in India, and one of Bishop Thoburn's native preachers in India, is supported by Howlive Chapter, Minn. In Oxford, N. Y., the Chapter rents a pew in the church for the special accommodation of strangers. The League at New Burlington, O., is having a course of lectures, the proceeds being for the purchase of a library, while that of the Hansom Park Church, Omaha, Neb., has assumed the payment of $3,100 for a new pipe organ for the church. Thus in all directions, the League is taking hold of the various forms of church work; acting upon financial, educational and spiritual lines. J. G.

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THE GENERAL OUTLOOK.

A young lady who is studying for the foreign missionary field at Spelman Seminary is being supported by a B.Y.P.U. at Waterville, Me.

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Miss Albertine Wallis of Hopkinsville, Ky., who is Secretary of the C. E. Society of the First Presbyterian Church would be glad to correspond with secretaries of other C. E. Societies for mutual suggestion and helpfulness.

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Members of Christian Endeavor Societies who disapprove of the plan of making the topic for the week the same as the International Sunday School lesson cannot be too prompt in taking measures to give organized expression to their wish, at the approaching Convention.

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A military Christian Endeavor Society has been formed in Canada. Its name is the Canadian Regiment of Infantry C. E. Society and its meetings are held in the barracks at London, Ont.

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Letters from Russia to the Central International Y. M. C. A. Committee state that Association workers there are much hampered by the religious disabilities prevailing in that country.

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The Anglo-American Y.M.C.A., 160 Rue Montmartre, Paris, is going on well. Lately, Madame Peyron-Roussel has been giving Gospel addresses. The social and physical departments are not forgotten.

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Including fifty-two paid agents, it is estimated that more than two thousand workers are engaged in connection with the London (England), Young Women's Christian Association. The number of workers in the whole Association is upwards of 8000.

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A Voice from Italy reports: in the Waldensian Valleys the Y. M. C. A.'s have increased in number and vigor. In 1890 there were twelve, now there are twenty-four. In these last two years several Y. W. C. A.'s have also been formed, having mutual edification for their principal object.

The Conqueror's City.

Alexandria, the "Queen of the East," and the Rival of Ancient Rome—"The Place of the Consuls"—A Great Old-World Metropolis.

N the Mediterranean, twelve miles west of the Canopic mouth of the Nile, lies Alexandria, a city which in history has held a proud pre-eminence, equal to that of Nineveh, Babylon and Rome. It was founded 330 years before the birth of the Saviour, by the Macedonian conqueror—upon the site of a small village, called Rhacotis. A little island opposite, called Pharos, was connected with the mainland by a long pier, the idea being to form a deep-water harbor that should be the greatest port of all Egypt.

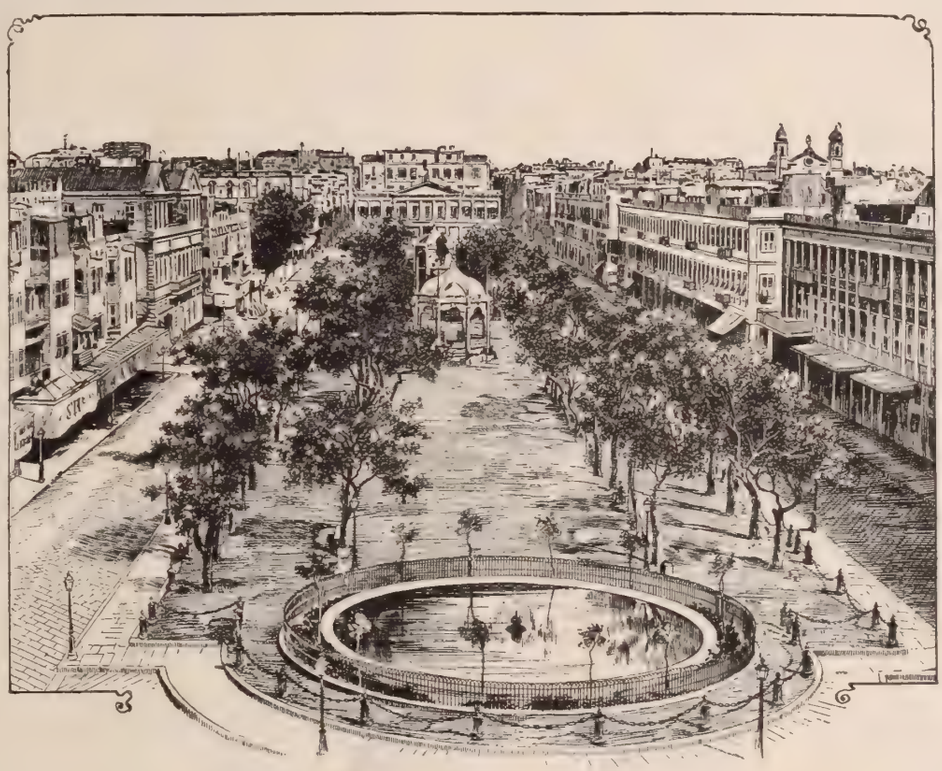
There is a tradition that Alexander the Great with his own hand traced the ground plans of the ancient city. He foresaw that its proximity to the Egyptian river and the Mediterranean would eventually make it a commanding port for the traffic of the world, and this expectation was eventually fulfilled. He ordered Dinocrates, a famous architect, who had reconstructed the beautiful temple of Diana at Ephesus, to undertake the improvement of the new city and harbor. Among other noble structures then erected was the famous lighthouse upon the Isle of Pharos, which Alexander directed to be named after his friend, Hephæstion. It is impossible to conceive of anything more brilliant and attractive, in a worldly sense, than the city, during the next few succeeding generations. Splendid public buildings, theatres, public groves or gardens, exchanges, libraries and great colleges of philosophy were built, and the city was made beautiful with statuary as a harmonious supplement to its magnificent architecture. Towering above all was the temple of Serapis (the heathen deity, to whom forty-two temples were erected throughout Egypt), worshipped by the Alexandrians as the "giver of great blessings." The main thoroughfares were two hundred feet wide and crossed each other in the centre of the city, which had a population of 600,000.

Pompey's Pillar—erected in honor of a famous prefect of that name, or, as others claim, in honor of Pompey the Great, and still others, to commemorate Emperor Diocletian's mercy in sparing the city after a revolt—is one of the most striking objects in Alexandria, being visible from almost every point. There is a local tradition that Diocletian was so enraged at the resistance of the Alexandrians, that he vowed he would slay them until the blood was upon his horse's knees. He gave orders for the massacre; but before it had progressed very far, his horse stumbled and fell, causing its knees to be dabbled with human blood. Diocletian, accepting this as an omen from the gods, ordered the slaughter to cease. The pillar is a single, red granite shaft, 73 feet high and 8 feet in diameter, resting on a base and crowned by an ornamental capital, the whole being nearly 100 feet high.

When the Roman Emperor, Theodosius, forbade idolatry throughout his empire, a great struggle immediately took place between the Christians and the idolaters in Alexandria. The latter entrenched themselves in the Serapeum, which the Christians besieged. Many lives were sacrificed, but at last the temple of the great idol was carried by assault, and the Christians began the work of demolition. This was a momentous stage in the history of Christianity. In the centre of the temple sat the colossal idol, which embodied the leading attributes of the oldest deities of pagan Greece and Egypt. It was so large that its outstretched hands touched the walls on either side. It was made almost wholly of gold, plate overlaying plate, and the whole studded with precious stones, while on its hands, its knees and its head were the various emblems of worship which the priest of idolatrous generations had devised and placed there. The idol-worshippers stood appalled at the boldness of the Christians, who now prepared to destroy the venerable image; they declared that if Serapis were overthrown, the sea would instantly swallow Alexandria. In vain the Christian Archbishop, Theophilus, urged the destroyers forward; even they were afraid. At last a Roman soldier seized a ladder and axe, and placing the former against the idol, he mounted nimbly and with his whole strength, sunk the battle-axe in the cheek of Serapis! The golden plates fell, clattering on the tiled floor of the temple. Stroke by stroke, he demolished the head and shoulders, and when the crowd, taking courage at his success, finally pulled the idol from its pedestal, it fell with a crash that shook the foundations of the temple. It was the fall of the last and greatest idol within the dominion of Rome.

Alexandria is mentioned many times in connection with events recorded in the New Testament. It was the home of Apollos, the contemporary and friend of Paul. It was the Jews of Alexandria who instigated the rabble at Jerusalem to stone Stephen, the first of the Christian martyrs. Simon of Cyrene, who bore the cross of Christ on the way to Calvary, lived near Alexandria, and was a frequent visitor there. It was the capital of Cleopatra, the beautiful and wicked daughter of Ptolemy Auletes. Moreover, it was not only a great port of commerce, but a seat of learning and philosophy, and contained the finest library then known in the world, which is said to have been burned during the Saracen invasion, about 600 years after the birth of Christ.

The illustration on this page shows the "Place of the Consuls," in modern Alexandria. Nearly all the principal hotels, shops and offices are situated in or near this great square, the centre of which forms a very agreeable promenade. During their tour in the East in 1889, Rev. Dr. Talmage, Mr. Klopsch and party visited Alexandria. They arrived there about the latter part of November, and were deeply impressed with the interesting sights they witnessed during their stay. The city no longer presents the magnificent aspect of ancient times; its walls have crumbled; the Turkish quarter is cramped and uninviting, and many of the noble structures have entirely disappeared. It is still a great port of trade, but like every other city that has come under Turkish domination, its glory has largely departed, and its population is not now one-third what it was when its name was known to the ends of the earth as the "Queen of the East." Its commanding maritime position, however, has sustained its commercial pre-eminence, and it is still the greatest port for the trade of Egypt.



"THE PLACE OF THE CONSULS," ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT.

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Enjoying Life.

How may we use the world without abusing it? writes Prof. W. G. Blaikie. To this question we may find a good answer in a proverb commonly applied to fire and water, but true of many things beside: "Fire and water are good servants, but ill masters." The world may be a good servant, but it is an ill, ill master.

Use the world as a servant; use it to promote the strength of your body and the elasticity of your mind; use it to increase your power of self-control, your vigor of conscience, your activity in duty, your purpose-like application to the work given you to do, and you will get a blessing. In other words, regulate your reading and your recreation, and your intercourse with society, with a view to making you more ready, cheerful and effective in the service of God and man, and all will be well. Keep the great object of life ever before you: "Man's chief end is to glorify God and to enjoy him forever."

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Don't Be a Cynic.

THERE is no more disagreeable person than the cynic, who regards everything through green glasses. Beware of cultivating the cynical temper. It is worse than an attack of cholera or the yellow fever. Made up of equal parts of narrowness, suspicion, and malignity, it deserves and receives general reprobation. The curled lip, the sharp and biting speech are its outward manifestations. The habit of doubting your fellow-men, of seeking to prove that they are selfish and hypocritical, and of sneering at their best deeds, will eat like a canker into your own character. You cannot avouch the genuineness of your own manhood by seeking to belittle and discredit your brother. The censorious habit grows unconsciously. Many persons fall into it without even being aware of the fact. Take care that you become not one of them!

TO A SAD MOTHER.

"LET the little ones come unto me,"
Said God's dear Son, so mild,
Who in Bethlehem's lowly manger
Once lay a little child,
Or slept upon his mother's breast,
A babe all undefiled.

'Tis the little lambs that nestle
Closest to the Shepherd's breast,
Who in his arms of tenderness
Are ever gently pressed,
And those he gathers in his arms
Have never need of rest.

The shepherd loved your little lamb
But his messenger was dread,
And your heart seemed almost breaking
When they said, "The child is dead!"
"But we have a dear, new sister,"
The angel-children said.

Christ bids you not to sorrow,
The lamb you have resigned
To the fold of which our Jesus
Is the Shepherd, true and kind,
In pastures green, by waters still
Your yearning love shall find.

—SARAH CONGER ROBINSON.

Nyack-on-Hudson.

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PHILLIPS BROOKS' MOTHER.

MANY years ago, a young mother, wishing to make the right start in the training of a young son, sought the counsel of her friend and neighbor, the mother of Phillips Brooks. Mrs. Brooks, after meditating for a moment, said: "I believe I have something to say to you, a young mother, about the management of boys. There is an age when it is not well to follow or question your boy too closely. Up to that time you may carefully instruct and direct him; you are his best friend, he is never happy unless the story of the day has been told; you must hear about his games, his friends, his school—all that interests him must be your interest. Suddenly these confidences cease—the affectionate son becomes reserved and silent, he seeks the intimate friendship of other lads, he goes out; he is averse to telling you where he is going or how long he will be gone. He comes in and goes silently to his room. All this is a startling change to the mother, but it is also her opportunity to practice wisdom by loving and praying for and absolutely trusting her son. The faithful instruction and careful training during his earlier years the son can never forget—that is impossible. Therefore, trust, not only your Heavenly Father, but your son. The period of reserve of which I speak appears to me to be one in which the boy dies and the man is born; his individuality rises up before him and he is dazed and almost overwhelmed by his first consciousness of himself. I have always believed it was then that the Creator was speaking with my sons, and that it was good for their souls to be left alone with him, while I, their mother, stood trembling and praying and waiting, knowing well that the man was evolved from the boy, when the process of the birth was over; that I should have my sons again, and there would be a deeper sympathy than ever between us."

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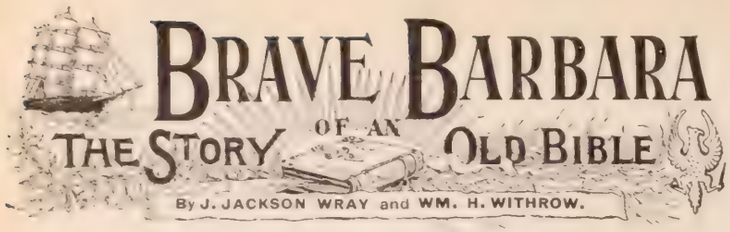
Be Patient with Them.

THERE are moments when we are fretted with the children; their little amusements, their prattle, even the sound of their pattering footsteps, jar discordantly upon us. At such a moment, let us reflect whether it is wise or just to give way to these feelings.

They are such tiny feet!
They have gone such a little way to meet
The years which are required to break
Their steps to evenness, and make
Them go more sure and slow.

They are such little hands!
Be kind—things are so new, and life but stands
A step beyond the doorway. All around
New day has found
Such tempting things to shine, and so
The hands are tempted oft, you know.

They are such fair, frail gifts!
Uncertain as the rifts
Of light that lie along the sky—
They may not be here by and by.
Give them not love, but more, above
And harder—patience with the love.



CHAPTER III.

THE PALATINES.

THE voyage of the *Colleen Bawn*, in those old times long before the application of steam shortened the period from months to weeks, and, as now, from weeks to days was profoundly long and wearisome; and we will take the opportunity afforded by those dreary and mainly monotonous months at sea, to tell the story of those Teutonic emigrants, and explain the why and wherefore of their original exodus from the land of their fathers, of their subsequent location in the Emerald Isle, and of their migration from thence to seek a settled home in "The Land of the Setting Sun."

"In that broadly inclusive country of Europe known as Germany, there is a large territory bordering on Bohemia and Bavaria and on both sides of the Rhine, formerly known as the Palatinate. No region on the Continent has suffered more from internal commotions and the strife of war, and yet no district in Germany can surpass it in fertility and productiveness. The word "Palatine" was originally bestowed as an official name, on the great officers of the royal palace, and as the government of the territory was entrusted to members of this class, the country in question was known as the "Palatinate."

In the Palatinate, the evangelical doctrines of John Huss, a reformer and martyr, had at an early period obtained so strong a hold upon the people that all the efforts of the Papacy failed to uproot them; and though the Protestant believers were sorely persecuted, and at times apparently exterminated, the new faith still survived.

When Martin Luther's Gospel propaganda took hold on Germany, Protestantism in the Palatinate got a new lease of life, and the torch of Gospel truth burnt bright and with a clearer flame. As the years went by, the strength of the Papacy was again put forth to extinguish it with blood and fire, but like the light kindled by Latimer and his comrades in England, it could "never be put out."

And so it came to pass that large numbers of the heretical Palatines were driven from house and home, and from the land of their birth. During the war with Germany, in which the Duke of Marlborough won his laurels, a large number of these persecuted Palatine Protestants fled for refuge to his camp, and besought him to take them "anywhere, anywhere out of the reach of their ruthless foe."

Just at that period, the newly-opened colonies of the Western World were inviting to their virgin acres emigrants from the overcrowded East; and the Government in Ireland were anxious to introduce into that unfortunate and sore-misgoverned island any number of Protestant settlers, to swamp the influence of Rome and to secure the overthrow of "the Pope and all his works."

Of the thousands of Palatine refugees, therefore, who had fled to the camp of the English general, seven thousand were brought over to England. Of these, three thousand were ultimately sent to America, a few remained in England, and the rest numbering well-nigh four thousand, were settled in Ireland in or about the year 1710. These latter were located mainly in the province of Munster, on the estate of Lord Southwell, in the neighborhood of Ballygarane, or Ballygran, as it is now called, together with Court-matrick [illegible]

I gather from the record in Tyerman's able and judicious work, "The Life and Times of John Wesley," that these German colonists in [illegible] —were considerately cared for by the British Government of that day. Each man was supplied with a musket, called a "Queen Anne," to protect himself and his family from their possibly unsympathetic and antagonistic neighbors, and from the rebel bands who were in the habit of being more free than welcome in the appropriation of other people's goods. For every man, woman, and child eight acres of land were leased at an annual rental of five shillings an acre, which the government engaged to pay for the first [illegible]

Having no Gospel minister, no regular system of religious worship, these "Palatines" as they came to be popularly called, began rapidly to degenerate. They retained much of the temper and manners of their own country, having small resemblance to the people among whom they lived; but though they were originally a staid, sober, moral people, they became utterly neglectful of all religion, and the rude vices of the Irish peasantry were soon grafted on their social life, and the fruit was, as might be expected, even worse than that of the "evil tree."

For some years matters of morals and religion among the Palatines of Ireland, grew worse and worse. Still, there was ever a faithful few who sighed and cried over the prevailing indifference, intemperance and general departure from goodness and truth. Among these were the Heck family, the Rechels, the Sweitzers, and a few others who kept the flame alive that John Huss and Martin Luther had kindled long before. Specially was this true of one Philip Guier, a noble Christian schoolmaster. Like Milton's Abdiel, he proved faithful among the faithless, and not only so, but gave loud and earnest Gospel witness in the ears of the people.

This fine soul was the teacher of the German school of Ballygarane, and it was under his firm tuition and example that Philip Embury and Barbara Heck were taught; not only to read and write but to "know the truth as it was in Jesus," and to find in it the strength of their heart and the joy of their life. At this time the Methodists had gained a footing in Limerick and Philip Guier found in the new religionists, not only that which was good for his soul, but an access of zeal and anxiety for the salvation of his compatriots, so sorely backslidden from the faith of their forefathers.

In 1752, Guier, who had joined the sorely persecuted little band of Methodists in Limerick, was made a "local preacher," and was appointed to act in that capacity at Ballygarane and the rest of the "Palatinate" generally. The result of all this was simply marvelous. He still kept his school, but devoted his spare hours to preaching; in school, as well as house and street, however, "the Word" was full of life and power, and his pupils, several of whom we have seen on the deck of the *Colleen Bawn*, became valuable recruits in the Army of the Prince Immanuel, of which he was so brave a soldier, a captain so wise and strong.

A Methodist "Society" was soon established in Ballygarane. Thomas Walsh, another of Guier's pupils, aided his old schoolmaster to "set the Palatine on fire," and afterwards became one of the worthiest and most successful of the heroic band who joined John Wesley in "turning the world upside down." Philip Guier became so beloved that, as one said, he was all but worshiped. The people sent him, if not money, yet flour, oatmeal, bacon, potatoes, etc., and would have almost "plucked out their own eyes" to serve him.

It was with infinite satisfaction that John Wesley visited these Methodist Germans of the Palatine, making brief excursions thither from Limerick and preaching to them with that wondrously simple nerve and vigor that so electrified those who heard him. This is what that great religious reformer says of the Palatine during these better days: "I found much life among these plain, artless, serious people." The whole district was regenerated, "an oath was rarely heard among them, or a drunkard seen."

They had built for themselves a spacious and respectable meeting-house, large numbers were joined in church fellowship, and, says Wesley, "by their diligence they have turned all their land into a garden." Such were the better and brighter times in which the lot of Brave Barbara Heck had fallen. Such was the season of seed-sowing in which her childhood had received the germs of Truth, and had developed them into "first the blade and then the ear" of moral strength and principle to ripen in the fulness of time in the "full corn in the ear," as shown in a life of remarkable force of character and conduct, and high service for [illegible]

But, alas, the days of darkness came ruthlessly on the little colony of Palatines in Ireland, and especially to those of them who had become known and noted for their zeal among the "Swaddlers," as the despised and persecuted Methodists had come to be called by their Romish and infidel neighbors. The fiery and excitable temperament of the sons of Erin, a noble race withal, was much the same as now, and in those days of faction, our new religionists had by no means an easy time of it.

Besides all this, and probably worse than this, the difficulty of "making ends meet," from a domestic point of view became more and more a struggle, and it became necessary for many of them to find homes elsewhere in order to keep a little meal in their all but exhausted barrel—a little oil in their failing cruse. In the earlier days of the settlement in Ireland, the Government had paid their rent, and for some years afterwards the rents demanded of them were moderate, and their earnings left them a margin on which to live.

But in later times rent were greatly raised, many of the tenants were all but starved, and even those who were better able to keep the wolf from the door, saw their limited resources melting away at a rate sadly prophetic of future penury. And so it came to pass that growing numbers of these poor Palatinates, encouraged and even accompanied by their more prosperous, or rather their less poverty-stricken neighbors set their faces towards the new world in search of bread for their children and a home they could call their own.

Amongst the very foremost of these Palatine emigrants, the earliest of these bold pioneers, was the party from Ballygarane and its vicinity of which Philip Embury was the leader, in which Brave Barbara Heck was a dominant force for good; the party which as we have seen, left the Custom's Quay at Limerick and boldly dared the waves of the vast Atlantic on board the little schooner, *Colleen Bawn*.

Having obtained this historic glimpse of Brave Barbara's forbears and fore-runners; having got an answer to all the curious questions as to when and where and why there came to be any "Irish Palatines" at all, and having told my readers the errand on which the voyagers were bound—all this being needful to make the story clear—we may now return to trace the fortunes of the *Colleen Bawn*, which was now tossing on a stormy sea in mid-Atlantic.

For some weeks the slow progress of the little ship was not greatly impeded either by adverse winds or exceptionally rough weather, though it may well be imagined that life on board so small a vessel was anything but a pleasant business to those who, until now had been content with the sight of salt water, and had probably never trusted to the ups and downs of even a tidal river.

Captain O'Connor, however, did not cease to speak cheerily and confidently to the motley group of voyagers he carried, some of whom were fearsome and timorous, others were downright ill with dread and the sore sickness which continued and increased thereby; some of them seemed to have sunk into a silent and half-helpless lethargy, and their sunken eyes and pallid features bore witness to their distress alike of body and mind.

In the midst of all these depressing surroundings, a little few, notably Philip Embury, Paul Heck, the Sweitzers, and most of all, brave Barbara, not only possess their souls in patience, but exhibited a self-control, a cheery courage born of hope and faith, that did much to sustain their weaker comrades, and to elicit from the harassed skipper many expressions of admiration and of gratitude. When Barbara was not engaged in soothing the fears or administering to the comfort of her suffering companions, she was to be found for the main part seated on a small pile of surplus sail-cloth in a sheltered portion of the vessel, with her old-fashioned big print German Bible either open on her lap or lying shut close by her side. Every now and again, when the wind was not too boisterous, she lifted up her clear, sweet voice in song, singing ever some strain either from Charles Wesley's new hymn book, or from the mellow Psalms of her German "Vaterland," and seldom failed to effect her kindly purpose, that of bringing song to hearts and lips too much used to sadness, and smiles to faces too familiar with tears.

On one such occasion, brave Barbara was in her customary seat; the wind had gone down and the sea was comparatively smooth after a smart episode of wind and wave. The sun had broken through a leaden sky and the face of the singer seemed to be especially illuminated by his welcome rays. Captain O'Connor, who, when he could, was always a willing and delighted listener, stood near waiting for the song that he felt was bound to come, and "Lucky Mike" to give him the new name received since his baptism in the river Shannon was half way up the mast, busy, or appearing to be so with rope and sail. Then up sprang the song-bird that nestled in Barbara's soul, and Martin Luther's stirring hymn filled the air:

When the sky is black and lowering,
When my path in life is drear,
Upward lift my steadfast glances,
'Mid the mists of trial here.

"Ay, but 'tis the fine voice ye hev, Mistress Heck," exclaimed the approving skipper, lifting his battered tarpaulin cap in unconscious courtesy, and nodding his honest head like a Chinese mandarin to give his sentence fitting emphasis, "and the sentiment av the song is aiven better than the music; and them that belave the truth av it are blest with a moighty fine charrm in durty weather; more betoken that the saycret is well known to them all the time."

"True for you, Captain," said Peter Rechel, whose impulsive soul had been greatly stirred by his sister's song; "its none but a heretic could misdoubt it."

"Arrah, thin," sung out suddenly a voice from the mid-mast, "sure Misther Paythor, its yerself must be the hayratic, entoirely. It was but yestreen that ye groaned like a fiddle wid a bad cauld, 'case the *Colleen Bawn* was sure to raich land—at the bottom av the say!"

This unexpected diversion, I need not say, came from "Lucky Mike," whose good-humored face and twinkling eyes were seen peering out from the shrouds above. It was received with quite a chorus of mirthful laughter, and had the best effect upon the spirits and behavior of those whose trust in Providence was orthodox enough in fine weather, but unequal to the strain of their late experiences. We will not chide them overmuch; there are numberless "Christian people" who are strong and even eloquent on the subject of a "gracious Providence" when "seas are smooth and skies are clear;" but there are comparatively few whose "faith in lively exercise" can "sing a hopeful sonnet" on a reeling deck and beneath a stormy sky.

The sturdy skipper, whose experiences in former voyages gave him intimation of possible troubles yet in store, took the opportunity of hinting a word of warning, with an exhortation to the effect that, true to their peculiar faith in God, the Methodist Palatines should "quit themselves like men."

"As for myself," said Captain O'Connor, "since the day that I was a bare-footed gossoon playing on the Shannon sands, I've been taught by the holy praists av the thrue church, savin' your presence, to say my prayers, attend mass, an' do my duty; an' Father Mahoney, God rest his sowl, insthructed me that thin the Holy Mary an' the saints would protect me; an' for that rayson," he continued, making the sign of the Cross devoutly as he spoke, "I hope to take the *Colleen Bawn* safely over the fog-banks of Newfoundland, playse God, an' bring her safe into the harbor of New York. If not," he said with a quiet smile, and crossing himself again with evident devotion,—"why thin—belay there, Jock!" he shouted to the man at the helm, "put her a point or two closer to the wind!" and turning away he hummed with true sailor abandon,

Weigh anchor, bear off to the harbor above,
Where dwells the great Captain of Mercy and Love.

The horizon of our little band of religionists was widened somewhat that day. Philip Embury, honest man, turning to his compatriots, said, "Well, papist, Captain O'Connor may be, and heretics we may be, but I, for one, am quite content to ride through Newfoundland fogs with such a skipper at the helm."

Mistress Barbara smiled to hear the broadly tolerant sentiment of her honored leader, and turning to her unfailing Book of reference, the German Bible, she read: "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but, in every nation, he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him."

"We know," said Barbara, as she read these words, "that we have clearer light, the light that hath shined upon us in the face of Jesus Christ; therefore are we bound to shine right full, fairly and brightly, even as the sun doth at noon-day; and that," she continued, raising her voice, so that all around might hear, "even when mists and dangers do becloud us; for the true Light in its fulness should excel the sun which even a cloud can hinder."

Herein Brave Barbara spake the truth wisely and well. If those who possess the truth of God, those who hold the the divine endowment, or who think they do, will but live it all the time, then would the truth win its widening way without let or hindrance; and the practical pulpits of the home, the market and the social round, would soon accomplish the work which, for more than a millennium, the "sacred desk" has failed to do. Then it would not long be needful to say, "Know ye the Lord, for all would know him, from the least unto the greatest."

(To be Continued.)

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Catharine Goddard, New London, Ct, writes that Rev. Dr. Paton, missionary to the New Hebrides, whose autobiography we recently noticed, related his experiences lately in the First Congregational Church of that city.

N. Wade, Fairview, Ky. 1. Of what denomination is the Rev. B. Fay Mills? 2. Is he a native of this country?

1. Presbyterian. 2. Yes; he was born in New Jersey in 1857, his father being the Rev. Thomas A. Mills, D. D.

Max Weiss, Greenville, Ky. What is the meaning of the word "Ishi" in the song of Miss Van Name, recently mentioned in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD? The first line "My heart is full of laughter," reminds me of the martyr in England who as he burned at the stake said, "What a merry supper I will have with my Lord to-night."

"Ishi" is Hebrew and signifies "my husband." It is a metaphorical name prescribed for himself by Jehovah, to be used by the Jewish Church and expresses fidelity and perfect trust.

B. Thomas, Newark, N. J. How is the Jewish race distributed at the present time?

There are, according to late estimates, probably 12,000,000 Jews, who are distributed about as follows: Asia (including Persia, Syria, Arabia, India and China), 500,000; Africa, 500,000; Russia (including Poland), 5,000,000; Austria, 2,000,000; America, 1,000,000; South American republics, 50,000; the balance being distributed in England, France, Italy, Spain, Holland, Belgium, Portugal, Turkey and Greece. There are probably 25,000 in Jerusalem, according to Rev. Selah Merrill, the American Consul.

Subscriber, Fisherville, Ont. 1. If God knew when man was created that he would sin against him, what is meant by his repenting as stated in Gen. 6: 6? 2. How do you account for the discrepancy between the two accounts of the suicide of Judas, Matt. 27: 5 and Acts 1: 18?

1. The sacred writers experienced a difficulty in embodying in words the conception of God. In many passages they ascribe human emotions to him in their endeavor to bring his character within human comprehension. The passage, doubtless, means no more, than that God took up the necessary work of punishment with regret. His nature being love, he could take no pleasure in the suffering of his creatures. 2. There is no discrepancy. Peter went more into detail than Matthew considered necessary. Probably the rope broke, or in some other way Judas was foiled in his intention to die by hanging.

Mr. T. J. Smith, Manhattan, Kan., referring to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Check-cashing Bureau and its influence in checking the saloon evil in many States, writes:

Kansas has both a Constitutional and Statutory Prohibitory Law. And while it is not enforced in all parts of our State, as well as we wish it to be, it is enforced as well as most criminal laws, and there are very few places in the State where intoxicants are sold openly. And Topeka has not had a saloon for years, except the brief time they ran under the Original Package decision. Even the enemies of Prohibition admit the law is a reasonable success in Topeka. In my town, where I superintend a Sunday School, we never saw a saloon, or at least have no recollection of ever seeing one. And we Prohibitionists think this is something to be proud of.

Frank Sherer, Binghamton, N. Y. 1. How is it that the soldiers in New York get their pensions on Feb. 4, while others get theirs in January and April? 2. Why cannot they go to a bank and get their checks cashed free?

1. Congress passed a law on March 3, 1891, that money should be disbursed for pensions, every month, *somewhere*, and the schedule of payment was arranged as follows: January, April, July and October, payments to be made at Buffalo, Concord, Chicago, Des Moines, Milwaukee and Pittsburg, Pa. February, May, August and November, Indianapolis, Knoxville, Louisville, Philadelphia and Topeka. March, June, September and December, Augusta, Me., Columbus, O., Boston, Detroit, San Francisco, and Washington, D. C. 2. Banks never cash a check for parties they don't know, lest the check should not belong to the person presenting it.

Albert Jacobson, Brooklyn, N. Y. Does the Bible anywhere prohibit dancing?

Not specifically, but it condemns frivolity, folly and wickedness in every form. There are various points of Christian behavior applicable to modern life for which no specific rule or authority can be found in the Bible, as social conditions have greatly changed. Modern vices and indulgences have sprung up and these must be dealt with by the Christian as his conscience and judgment dictate. Dancing, though not in itself necessarily sinful, is exceedingly apt to degenerate into sin. Had promiscuous dancing, as it exists in society today, been prevalent in Bible times (instead of the comparatively innocent amusement then known, and the ceremonial or religious dances), it would unquestionably have been a subject of denunciation as sweeping as that applied to any of the vices of that time. The purpose of the Scriptures is to give general principles for the new life and so leave us the great benefit of deciding for ourselves how to to apply them. In modern dancing the evil so far overbalances the good that it is indefensible and should not be sustained by Christians.

Subscriber, N. Y. 1. About one year. 2. Address cor 7th Avenue and 23d Street, N. Y.—John Ransford, Clinton, Ont. There are some people who cannot appreciate an occasional pleasantry, no matter how innocent.—Maggie M. Shaw, Perry City, N. Y. You may be able to get the specimens of precious stones from a lapidary.—Constant Reader, Lynn, Mass. Thanks for good wishes.—James F. Ray, Rantoul, Ill. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has at different times published comprehensive articles on the Water Street Mission, the Margaret Strachan Home, the Door of Hope, the Florence Mission and several other similar institutions, all established for the rescue of fallen girls. You may possibly have forgotten these.—An Old Subscriber, Byron, Ill. Write to the *Engineering News*, 97 Tribune Building, New York City.—A. M. Sankey, Holden, Mo. Write to Geographical Department, Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C., for full information concerning your question.—Mildred Moore, Hartford City, Ind. 1. It was the title of an ecclesiastical body or council before which Luther appeared at the City of Worms. 2. Yes.—Charles Bayer, Winterset, Ia. We don't know the institution.—E. C. Young, North Lewisbury, O. Write to some numismatist.—D. L. S., New York. It is only justifiable if the work is absolutely necessary and you can find no other employment.

TONGA'S CHRISTIAN KING.

THE cable announces that King George Tubou, of the Tonga or Friendly Islands, in the South Pacific Ocean, is dead. Many years ago, this monarch became a convert to Christianity and he gave valuable aid and encouragement to the missionaries, the result being that a great majority of his people renounced their idols and embraced the Christian faith. He was a man of powerful build and of large stature, with snow-white hair and beard, and was considerably advanced beyond his people. He lived in a quaint palace on Tonga Island. The kingdom of Tongo lies nearly 1000 miles northeast of Auckland, and includes 140 islands, which are largely of coral formation.

The Rev. John Hunt, of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, one of the earliest missionaries to the Tongas, had great success in Gospel work there in 1839, and King George was one of the first converts under his teaching. Previous to the introduction of Christianity, those islands were the scene of frightful barbarities, the most revolting cruelties and systematic cannibalism being prevalent. On leaving the Tongas, Mr. Hunt entered on missionary work in the Fiji islands not far distant and there he spent the remainder of his consecrated life, literally dying in harness.

Fighting Fire

is something that anyone will do instinctively because every one recognizes that fire is dangerous. Could the same impression be made general as to colds, thousands of lives would be saved annually.

Most people determine whether a cold is dangerous by the result. If it disappears itself, "it was nothing," if they never recover from its effects, they know they had "a terrible cold."

Few people would leave a fire in their own house to burn itself out; yet a cold is always as dangerous as the fire which we fight on its first appearance. People in delicate health well understand the menace of a cold. It is all the more serious to them because they have no reserve of physical strength with which to put it out when once it has obtained entrance. Drs. Starkey & Palen's Compound Oxygen has saved the lives of thousands by curing colds. It is known the world over as a most wonderful cure in all chronic diseases, and if a person can lift an ox, he should certainly be able to lift a calf, but people thoughtlessly fail to avail themselves of its help to keep out and put out colds. Folks are growing wiser, however, and many keep Compound Oxygen always in the house, thus saving health and time and money.

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The pains of ceaseless toil,
The burning heartaches rife
And the slow
Sapping of my fevered life—
What would my Father do?

What would my Father do,
Should he hear
How I am oft' perplexed,
Treading life's thorn-lined path,
To do right and not sin
And oft fear
Lest I should not honor him—
What would my Father do?

What would my Father do,
Canst thou say,
Were he here on earth with me
And saw and heard and knew
The tumult of my heart,
Day by day,
Pierced anew by poisoned dart—
What would my Father do?

Thy Father, troubled heart,
Knoweth all:
Knew thy care and sent his Son,
That, seeing him, thou might'st
See thy Father, who e'en heeds
The sparrow's fall.
Doth he not help thee in thy need?
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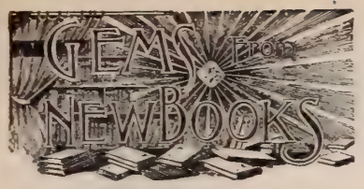

Religion of the Ainu.*

THE Ainu have no temples, meeting-houses or chapels in which to meet for public worship, or shrines to hold their gods. Their *inao* (or sacred offerings) are pieces of whittled wood, having the shavings attached to the top. These are symbols or signs presented to the distant gods. By distant gods they mean the chief gods, or those who are remote from human beings, in contradistinction to the minor deities, or those near at hand. For, be it understood, the greater and higher and more honorable the god, the further off is his dwelling, and the more in number are the lesser and intermediary gods through whom he acts. We thus find the Ainu idea of the government of the world and men to be fashioned after the model of human governments with their kings and officers.

A dualism or struggle between two principles, a principle of good and a principle of evil, is said to be incessantly raging. The good and the evil are ever antagonistic the one to the other; they always have been and always will be. Thus, as there are two gods of the sea, one good and the other evil, so there are good and evil gods who are supposed to preside over the rivers. The river deities are called *Wakka-ush kamui*, "watery gods." They are feminine, and it is their province to watch over all springs, ponds, lakes, streams, waterfalls, and rivers. There is one particular goddess who has to watch the mouths of rivers and allow the fish, particularly the spring and autumn salmon, to go in and out. Her name is *Chiwash ekot mat*, which means "the female possessor of the places where the fresh and salt waters mingle." It is to this goddess that *nusa* are set up upon the banks near the mouths of rivers.

There are other gods who are supposed to have their home in the rivers; and they go by the general name of *Pet-ru-ush mat*, "the females of the waterways." They are supposed to have the oversight of all rivers and streams from their source to the sea. These deities, who are supposed to be good, are frequently worshipped. Thus, when the men go to fish in the rivers, they always ask the gods to make them successful; or, if they are descending rapids, they never forget to ask for guidance and protection, and they always remember to make offerings of *inao* and *nusa*.

But there is also the evil god of rivers, who goes by the name of *Sarak kamui*. *Sarak* is a word meaning accidental death, and *Sarak kamui* appears to be a god or demon who presides over accidents. Its evil deeds are not confined exclusively to the fresh waters, but are the cause of all land accidents. When an accidental death has taken place, either by drowning or otherwise, the Ainu, as soon as they find it out, proceed to perform a ceremony frequently called *Sarak kamui*. The ceremony is as follows: *Sake* is procured by the relatives of the victim, and messengers are sent to the different villages to invite the men and women to join in the proceedings. The men bring their swords or long knives, and the women their head-gear. On arriving at the appointed hut, the chiefs of the people assembled proceed to chant their dirges and worship the fire god. Then, after eating some cakes, made of pounded millet, and drinking a good proportion of *sake*, they all go out of doors in single file, the men leading. The men draw their swords or knives, and hold them, point upwards, in the right hand, close to the shoulder, and then altogether they take a step with the left foot, at the same time stretching forward to the full extent the right hand with the sword, and calling, as if with one voice, "*Wooi!*" Then the right foot is moved forward, the sword at the same time being drawn back, and the *wooi* repeated. This is continued till the place of accident is reached. The women follow the men, and with dishevelled hair, their head-gear hanging over the shoulders, they continue to weep and howl during the whole ceremony. Arrived at the place of accident, a continual howling is kept up for some time, and the men strike hither and thither with their swords, supposing that thus they are driving away the evil *Sarak kamui*. This finished, the people return to the house of the deceased. The ceremony of attending *Sarak kamui* is called *Niwen horibi*.

*From *The Ainu of Japan;* the religion, superstitions and general history of the hairy aborigines of Japan; by Rev. John Batchelor, missionary to the Ainu; pp. 356; illustrated; Fleming H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago, publishers.

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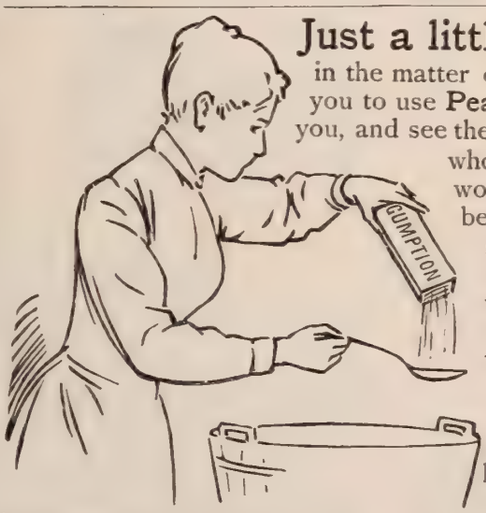

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Absolutely the Best
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For sixty days only we offer our OXFORD JEWEL SEWING MACHINE, No. 17, guaranteed for 10 years on terms below mentioned. This machine has best sewing qualities and does as large a range of work as any machine made. It uses the American self-threading shuttle and self-setting needle with all Attachments Free.
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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

NUMBER 12.
VOLUME 16.

TWENTY PAGES.

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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, MARCH 22, 1893.

PRICE 5 CENTS.
Annual Subscription, $1.50.

"THE DOOR OF HOPE."

A Rescue Mission in New York that has been Greatly Blessed—Girls Plucked like Brands from the Burning—Lifting Up the Fallen and Kindling Hope Anew in Joyless Hearts.

A FEW months ago, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD published the touching story of "Bluebird," the girl who had been saved from a life of sin in the slums of New York, through the instrumentality of a godly woman,

MRS. E. M. WHITTEMORE, *the Founder.*

and transformed into a messenger of the Gospel to many others. That simple story reached the hearts of many of our readers who are deeply interested in mission work of this character. Letters recalling the bright close of "Bluebird's" short missionary career, and expressing kindly sympathy for the unfortunate class of which she was once a member, have been received from many quarters. "The Door of Hope" is a home established with a view to the rescuing of girls who have turned aside from the path of purity. Suitable places are provided for the girls, some being employed in the Home itself, and others engaged elsewhere. Every girl, on entering the Home is expected to do whatever work may be requisite, and daily three hours are devoted to sewing and other duties. The proceeds from this labor go direct to the support of foreign missions, as no money received from such work is retained for the support of "The Door of Hope." Mrs. E. M. Whittemore is the Founder and Superintendent of the Home, and Miss Anderson is the Matron. Both are noble Christian women, consecrated to the work they have undertaken and which has already been richly blessed under their charge.

Like the Spurgeon and Muller Orphanages in England, and the institutions established by the late Dr. Cullis in this country, "The Door of Hope" has no endowment and no regular sources of support. It is carried on by faith alone. Many times it has been in financial extremity, but the Lord has never yet failed to supply all its needs. In his love he has moved the hearts of Christian friends in different parts of the country to contribute voluntarily in the past sufficient funds for carrying on the work, and Mrs. Whittemore trusts him also for the future, feeling positive of divine guidance in the whole work since its inception.

A "Morphine Fiend" Rescued.

Pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD might be filled with instances of the good work done under God's blessing by this unassuming Rescue Mission, and its kind-hearted Christian Superintendent. One very attractive young girl entered "The Door of Hope," shortly after it was opened. Though her countenance denoted refinement and culture, her heart was scarred with sin, and from the unnatural glitter of the eyes one could perceive the nature of the principal trouble; not drink, but the deadly morphine and chloral habit. She was in a desperate state when she came to the Home. She stayed there only a few days, and, after a display of temper, left suddenly. To the matron at the McAuley Mission she confessed that she was

Resolved upon Suicide.

Mrs. Whittemore sought her out and tenderly brought her back to the Home, where she talked to her comfortingly about her troubles, and held out to her the pardoning love of Christ. She surrendered a loaded pistol with which she had intended to destroy herself. For three weeks, the sufferings of the unfortunate girl were intense, her entire system being saturated with the morphine poison; but she rallied again, and, in full surrender of heart, was soon comparatively well and a "new creature" in Jesus. Before many months had passed she found a position of trust, which she has held ever since.

How the Work Began.

Mrs. Whittemore tells, very interestingly, how she came to enter upon this work:

MISS ANDERSON, *the Matron.*

"God put into my heart to open a house some day for a select class of fallen girls, such as could only be rescued in the most private manner possible. From the first, I felt impressed, after waiting upon the Lord most prayerfully, that no contribution towards either sustaining or opening such a Home were to be solicited, and that it would be pleasing to him, to literally fulfil Phil. 4:19, in answer to Mark 11; 24, for this special work. Shortly after this a most generous amount of many hundred dollars was put at my disposal for just such an enterprise, but I was at once withheld from accepting it, by being informed that personally the one offering it could not conscientiously consent to such a method of support after the Home was opened. It was nevertheless a great temptation to push energetically ahead, and I became a good deal perplexed, when finally I

(*Continued on page 191.*)

A SCENE IN THE SITTNIG-ROOM OF THE DOOR OF HOPE.

The Tabernacle Pulpit

RELIGION AT HOME.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage. Text, Joshua 24: 15, *"As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."*

ABSURD, Joshua! You will have no time for family religion; you are a military character, and your time will be taken up with affairs connected with the army; you are a statesman, and your time will be taken up with public affairs; you are the Washington, the Wellington, the McMahon of the Israelitish host, you will have a great many questions to settle, you will have no time for religion. But Joshua, with the same voice with which he commanded the sun and moon to halt and stack arms of light on the parade-ground of the heavens, says, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

Before we adopt the resolution of this old soldier, we want to be certain it is a wise resolution. If religion is going to put my piano out of tune, and clog the feet of the children racing through the hall, and sour the bread, and put crape on the door-bell, I do not want it in my house. I once gave six dollars to hear Jenny Lind warble. I have never given a cent to hear anyone groan. Will this religion spoken of in my text do anything for the dining-hall, for the nursery, for the parlor, for the sleeping apartment?

It is a great deal easier to invite a disagreeable guest than to get rid of him. If you do not want religion you had better not ask it to come, for after coming it may stay a great while. Isaac Watts went to visit Sir Thomas and Lady Abney at their place in Theobald, and was to stay a week, and stayed thirty-five years; and if religion once gets into your household the probability is it will stay there forever.

Now the question I want to discuss is: What will religion do for the household? Question the first. What did it do for your father's house, if you were brought up in a Christian home?

That whole scene has vanished, but it comes back to-day. The hour for morning prayers came. You were invited in. Somewhat fidgety, you sat and listened. Your father made no pretention to rhetorical reading, and he just went through the chapter in a plain, straightforward way. Then you all knelt. It was about the same prayer morning by morning and night by night, for he had the same sins to ask pardon for, and he had the same blessings for which to be grateful day after day and year after year. The prayer was longer than you would like to have had it, for the game at ball was waiting, or the skates were lying under the shed, or the school-books needed one or two more looking at the lessons. Your parents, somewhat rheumatic and stiffened with age, found difficulties from their kneeling. The chair at which they knelt is gone, the Bible out of which they read has perhaps fallen to pieces, the parents are gone, the children scattered north, east, south, and west; but that [illegible] exercise in your father's house debasing or elevating? Is it not among the most [illegible] reminiscences? You were not as [illegible] as some of the older members of [illegible]

ing with you at the time, and you did not bow your head as closely as they did, and you looked around and you saw just the posture your father and mother assumed while they were kneeling on the floor. The whole scene is so photographed on your memory that if you were an artist, you could draw it now just as they knelt. For how much would you have that scene obliterated from your memory? It all comes back to-day, and you are in the homestead again. Father is there, mother is there, all of you children are there. It is the same old prayer, opening with the same petition, closing with the same thanksgiving. The family prayers of 1840, 1850 as fresh in your memory as though they were uttered yesterday. The tear that starts from your eye melts all that scene. Gone, is it? Why, many a time it has held you steady in the struggles of life. You once started for a place, and that memory jerked you back, and you could not enter.

The broken prayer of your father has had more effect upon you than all you ever read in Shakespeare, and Milton, and Tennyson, and Dante. You have gone over mountains and across seas. You never for a moment got out of sight of that domestic altar. O my friends! is it your opinion this morning that the ten or fifteen minutes subtracted from each day for family devotion was an economy, or a waste of time, in your father's household? I think some of us are coming to the conclusion that the religion which was in our father's house would be a very appropriate religion for our homes. If family prayers did not damage that household there is no probability that they will damage our household.

"Is God dead?" said a child to her father. "No," he replied; "why do you ask that?" "Well," she said, "when mother was living we used to have prayers, but since her death we haven't had family prayers, and I didn't know but that God was dead, too!" A family that is launched in the morning with family prayers is well launched. Breakfast over, the family scatter, some to school, some to household duties, some to business. During the day there will be a thousand perils abroad—perils of the street car, of the scaffolding, of the ungoverned horse, of the misstep, of the aroused temper, of multitudinous temptations to do wrong. Somewhere between seven o'clock in the morning and ten o'clock at night there may be a moment when you will be in urgent need of God. Beside that, family prayers will be a secular advantage. A father went into the war to serve his country. His children stayed and cultivated the farm. His wife prayed. One of the sons said afterward, "Father is fighting, and we are digging, and mother is praying." "Ah!" said some one, "praying and digging and fighting will bring us out of our national troubles." We may pray in the morning, "Give me this day our daily bread," and sit down in idleness and starve to death; but prayer and hard work will give a livelihood to any family. Family religion pays for both worlds. Let us have an altar in each one of our households. You may not be able to formulate a prayer. Then there are Philip Henry's prayers, and there are McDuff's prayers, and there are Philip Doddridge's prayers, and there are the Episcopal Church prayers, and there are scores of books with supplications just suited to the domestic circle.

"Oh!" says some man, "I don't feel competent to lead my household in prayer." Well, I do not know that it is your duty to lead. I think perhaps it is sometimes better for the mother of the household to lead. She knows better the wants of the houshold. She can read the Scriptures with a more tender enunciation. She knews more of God. I will put it plainly, and say she prays better. Oh! these mothers decide almost everything. Nero's mother was a murderess. Lord Byron's mother was haughty and impious. You might have guessed that from their children. Walter Scott's mother was fond of poetry. Washington's mother was patriotic. Samuel Budget's mother was a thorough Christian. St. Bernard's mother was noble-minded. So you might have guessed from their children. Good men always have good mothers. There may, once in ten or twenty years be an exception to the rule; but it is only an exception. Benjamin West's mother kissed him after she had seen his first wonderful sketch with the pencil. Benjamin West afterward said, "That kiss made me a painter."

A young man received a furlough to return from the army to his father's house. Afterward he took the furlough back to the officer, saying, "I would like to postpone my visit for two weeks." At the end of the two weeks he came and got the furlough. He was asked why he waited. "Well," he replied, "when I left home I told my mother I would be a Christian in the army, and I was resolved not to go home until I could answer her first question." Oh the almost omnipotent power of the mother! But if both the father and the mother be right, then the children are almost sure to be right. The young people may make a wide curve from the straight path, but they are almost sure to come back to the right road. It may not be until the death of one of the parents. How often it is that we hear some one say, "Oh! he was a wild young man, but since his father's death he has been different!" The fact is that the father's coffin, or the mother's coffin, is often the altar of repentance for the child. Oh! that was a stupendous day, the day of father's burial. It was not the officiating clergyman who made the chief impression, nor the sympathizing mourners: it was the father asleep in the casket. The hands that had toiled for that household so long, folded. The brain cooled off after twenty or forty years of anxiety about how to put that family in right position. The lips closed after so many years of good advice. There are more tears falling in mother's grave than in father's grave; but over the father's tomb I think there is a kind of awe. It is at that marble pillar many a young man has been revolutionized.

O young man with cheek flushed with dissipation! how long is it since you have been out to your father's grave? Will you not go this week? Perhaps the storms of the last few days may have bent the headstone until it leans far over. You had better go out and see whether the lettering has been defaced. You had better go out and see whether the gate of the lot is closed. You had better go and see if you cannot find a sermon in the springing grass. O young man! go out this week and see your father's grave. Religion did so much for our Christian ancestry, are we not ready this morning to be willing to receive it into our own households? If we do receive it, let it come through the front door, not through the back door. In other words, do not let us smuggle it in. There are a great many families who want to be religious, but they do not want anybody outside to know it. They would be mortified to death if you caught them at family prayers. They would not sing in the worship for fear their neighbors would hear them. They do not have prayers when they have company!

They do not know much about the nobility of the Western trapper. A traveler going along was overtaken by night and a storm, and he entered a cabin. There were firearms hung up around the cabin. He was alarmed. He had a large amount of money with him, but he did not dare to venture out into the night in the storm. He did not like the looks of the household. After a while the father, the Western trapper, came in, gun on shoulder, and when the traveler looked at him he was still more affrighted. After a while the family were whispering together in one corner of the room, and the traveler thought to himself, "Oh! now my time has come; I wish I was out in the storm and in the night rather than here." But the swarthy man came up to him and said: "Sir, we are a rough people; we get our living by hunting, and we are very tired when the night comes; but before going to bed we always have a habit of reading a little out of the Bible and having prayers, and I think we will have our usual custom to-night; and if you don't believe in that kind of thing, if you will just step outside the door for a little while, I will be much obliged to you."

Oh! there are many Christian parents who have not half the courage of that Western trapper. They do not want their religion projecting too conspicuously. They would like to have it near by so as to call on it in case of a funeral; but as to having it dominant in the household from the first of January, seven o'clock A. M., to the thirty-first of December, ten o'clock P. M., they do not want it. They would rather die, and have their families perish with them than to cry out in the bold words of the soldier in my text: "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

There was, in my ancestral line, an incident so strangely impressive that it seems more like romance than reality. It has sometimes been so inaccurately put forth that I now give you the true incident. My grandfather and grandmother, living at Somerville, New Jersey, went to Baskingridge to witness a revival under the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Finley. They came home so impressed with what they had seen, that they resolved on the salvation of their children.

The young people of the house were to go off for an evening party, and my grandmother said:

"Now, when you are all ready for the party, come to my room, for I have something very important to tell you." All ready for departure, they came to her room, and she said to them: "Now, I want you to remember, while you are away this evening, that I am all the time in this room praying for your salvation, and I shall not cease praying until you get back." The young people went to the party, but amid the loudest hilarities of the night they could not forget that their mother was praying for them. The evening passed, and the night passed.

The next day my grandparents heard an outcry in an adjoining room, and they went in and found their daughter imploring the salvation of the Gospel. The daughter told them that her brothers were at the barn and at the wagon house under powerful conviction of sin. They went to the barn. They found my uncle Jehiah, who afterwards became a minister of the Gospel, crying to God for mercy. They went to the wagon-house. They found their son David, who afterwards became my father, imploring God's pardon and mercy. Before a great while the whole family were saved, and David went and told the story to a young woman to whom he was affianced, who,

as a result of the story, became a Christian, and from her own lips—my mother's—I have received the incident.

The story of that converted household ran through all the neighborhood, from family to family, until the whole region was whelmed with religious awakening, and at the next communion in the village church at Somerville, over two hundred souls stood up to profess the faith of the Gospel. My mother, carrying the memory of this scene from early womanhood into farther life, in after years was resolved upon the salvation of her children, and for many years every week she met three other Christian mothers to pray for the salvation of their families. I think that all the members of those families were saved—myself, the youngest and the last.

There were twelve of us children. I trace the whole line of mercy back to that hour when my Christian grandmother sat in her room imploring the blessing of God upon her children. Nine of her descendants became preachers of the Gospel. Many of her descendants are in heaven, many of them still in the Christian conflict. Did it pay for her to spend the whole evening in prayer for her household? Ask her before the throne of God, surrounded by her children. In the presence of the Christian Church to-day, I make this record of ancestral piety. Oh! there is a beauty, and a tenderness, and a sublimity in family religion.

There are but four or five pictures in the old family Bible that I inherited, but Dore never illustrated a Bible as that book is illustrated to my eyes. Through it I can see into marriages and burials, joys and sorrows, meetings and partings, Thanksgiving days and Christmas festivals, cradles and death-beds. Old, old book! speak out and tell of the sorrows comforted, and of the dying hours irradiated. Old, old book! the hands that held thee are ashes, the eyes that perused thee are closed. What a pillow thou wouldst make for a dying head! I salute all the memories of the past when I press it to my heart, and when I press it to my lips.

Oh, that family Bible! The New Testament in small type is not worthy of being called by that name. Have a whole Bible in large type, with the family record of marriages and births and deaths. What if the curious should turn over the leaves to see how old you are? You are younger now than you will ever be again. The curious will find out from those with whom you have played in your childhood how old you are. Have a family Bible. It will go down from generation to generation, full of holy memories. A hundred years after you are dead, it will be a benediction to those who come after you. Other books, worn out, or fallen apart, will be flung to the garret or the cellar; but this will be inviolate, and it will be your protest for centuries against iniquity, and in behalf of righteousness.

Oh! when we see what family religion did for our father's household, do we not want it to come into the dining-room to break the bread, into the nursery to bless the young, into the parlor to purify the socialities, into the library to control the reading, into the bedroom to hallow the slumber, into the hall to watch our going out and our coming in? Aye, there are hundreds of voices in this house ready to cry out, "Yes! Yes! As for me and my house we will serve the Lord."

There are two arms to this subject. The one arm puts its hand on all parents. It says to them: "Don't interfere with your children's welfare, don't interfere with their eternal happiness, don't you by anything you do, put out your foot and trip them into ruin. Start them under the shelter, the insurance, the everlasting help of Christian parentage. Catechisms will not save them, though catechisms are good. The rod will not save them, though the rod may be necessary. Lessons of virtue will not save them, though they are very important. Becoming a through and through, up and down, out and out Christian yourself will make them Christians."

The other arm of this subject puts its hand upon those who had a pious bringing up, but who as yet have disappointed the expectations excited in regard to them. I said that children brought up in Christian households, though they might make a wide curve, were very apt to come back to the straight path. Have you not been curving out long enough? and is it not most time for you to begin to curve in?

"Oh," you say, "they were too rigid." Well now, my brother, I think you have a pretty good character considering what you say your parents were. Do not boast too much about the style in which your parents brought you up. Might it not be possible that you would be an exception to the general rule laid down, and that you might spend your eternity in a different world from that in which your parents are spending theirs?

I feel anxious about you; you feel anxious about yourself. Oh! cross over into the right path. If your parents prayed for you twice a day, each of them twice a day for twenty years, that would make 29,000 prayers for you. Think of them!

By the memory of the cradle in which your childhood was rocked with the foot that long ago ceased to move, by the crib in which your own children slumber night by night under God's protecting care, by

THEY FOUND JEHIAH PRAYING IN THE BARN.

the two graves in which sleep those two old hearts that beat with love so long for your welfare, and by the two graves in which you, now the living father and mother, will find your last repose, I urge you to the discharge of your duty.

Though parents may in covenant be,
And have their heaven in view;
They are not happy till they see
Their children happy too.

Oh! you departed Christian ancestry, fathers and mothers in glory, bend from the skies to-day, and give new emphasis to what you told us on earth with many tears and anxieties. Keep a place for us by your blissful side, for to-day, in the presence of earth and heaven and hell, and by the help of the Cross, and amid overwhelming and gracious memories, we resolve, each one for himself, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people

"THE DOOR OF HOPE."

(*Continued from first page.*)

asked the Lord, if it was really to be a work of faith, to send me some money. Before twenty-four hours were over, one hundred dollars was received from a friend (who knew nothing of these circumstances), with a written request that, as God had prompted her to send it for the object most upon my heart, I must not refuse to accept it. My faith was not only strengthened by this, and other smaller sums, which shortly followed, but I felt satisfied that the first impressions received were correct."

The commodious house No. 102 East Sixty-first Street was secured for the purposes of the Home and "the Door of Hope" was chosen as a name eminently suited to the work to be undertaken. Miss Anderson, a devoted Christian lady of Boston, was selected as Matron. Among the first offerings was one of furniture from a girl who had been turned from sin to Christ through the instrumentality of Mrs. Whittemore and several friends who had labored and prayed with her for months. Friends arose in unexpected quarters, and unsought gifts came which soon enabled the enterprise to progress satisfactorily. Some of these offerings came from far distant cities.

The "Door" Opened.

The good work of rescue has been going on unceasingly ever since the opening of "The Door of Hope." Young women from many different walks in life and whose childhood was passed amid a variety of social surroundings but who have fallen under temptation, find there a hand ready to lift them up and welcome them back to the paths of purity and peace. Mrs. Whittemore tells of many interesting cases that have occurred within her own experience where kindness and love have won back girls from their unhappy life when all other means have failed. Some of these have come from gilded dens of vice and others from the foulest haunts of sin within the boundaries of the metropolis. They have come to the "Door" dressed in the finery of their shame, and with their gaudy jewelry, yet with tears of repentance trickling down their haggard faces; still others have come almost in rags, with their poor bodies bruised and broken, and with discolored faces, swollen almost beyond human semblance by disease. The world would turn with loathing from such creatures; yet "The Door of Hope" welcomes them gladly, soothes and comforts them and leads them very gently to repentance.

One of these girls who after her conversion became an active worker for Christ, in addressing the convicts at Auburn Prison, gave the following graphic description of a life of sin:

A Saved Girl's Story.

"It isn't the pleasantest thing in my life to stand up here and tell you that I myself have been the same way," she said, "but when I was low down, and cast out by everyone, so that I did not care what I did, but kept drifting and drifting, until I started on a run down hill, shunned by even my own people, thinking there was no use to do better, then I found I could lead a better life. Everyone of you can do the same, if you will only trust in God.

"I tell you friends when we first start to serve the devil it may be in diamonds, but it soon comes down to glass. It may be gold, but it soon comes down to coppers. It may be silks but we will soon find ourselves in rags. I tell you, friends, I served the devil faithfully for many years. He sent me

"THE DOOR OF HOPE."

to prison, time after time, sent me to the hospitals, with pain and suffering; still it never brought me to my senses. It wasn't long prayer; it wasn't any long nagging, but it was the power of God."

The Door of Hope" is generally crowded. It is not a prison-house or reformatory institution in the sense of restraint upon the liberty of the inmates, for there are neither bolts nor bars. They are restrained by the Divine love alone:

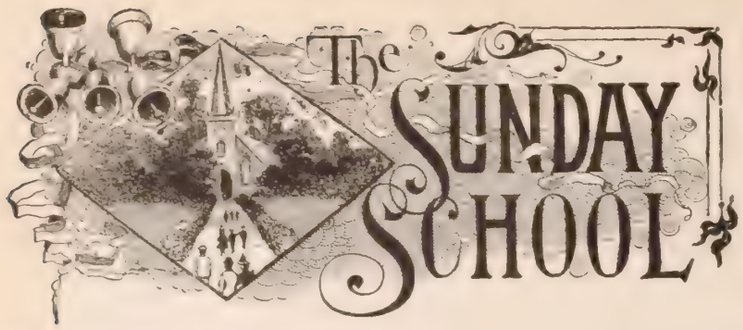
Door of Hope for souls returning,
Hasten now His words to claim,
Jesus over lost ones yearning,
Bids thee enter in his name.

Every encouragement is offered to the inmates, not only to reform and lead honest and useful lives, but to accept the free gift of pardon and salvation through Jesus, and there have already been a number of remarkable conversions. Some are themselves now active in rescuing those with whom they formerly associated in sin. Others have been restored "clothed and their right mind" to the bosom of their own families; and still others are earnestly seeking the peace and happiness that come to

Those Who Sincerely Repent.

Mrs. Whittemore believes in the virtue of industry and its influence in driving out morbid and evil thoughts. All the girls are required to work, and a large variety of house-cloths, towels and aprons, may be seen in the "Missionary Closet" of the Reception-room. This is a labor of love by the inmates. In less than a year $150 was obtained in this manner. In the near future one of the rescued girls intends to go forth to distant lands for Christ, and the others are looking forward to sustain her in this way.

No fee for board or shelter is ever exacted from any inmate at "The Door of Hope." The only condition of admission is willingness on the part of the girl herself. Regular services are held, and every Thursday forenoon a public meeting for prayer, praise and testimony. The good already accomplished by this unassuming work is beyond estimate and its peculiar field is almost unlimited. The Home has recently been incorporated. Its whole history, thus far, is a triumph of faith. In two years and three months, Mrs. Whittemore has received over $29,000 in direct answer to prayer. The entire mortgage of $20,000 on the Home was cleared off by means of the money supplied through the channel of faith. At the outset, Mrs. Whittemore had $305 in all, with which to start the enterprise. This money her father had given her. The holder of the mortgage on the Home voluntarily reduced the amount to $19,000, thus contributing $1,000 to the work. No appeal has ever been made for the support of "The Door of Hope," its founder having the firmest confidence that all its wants will be supplied in the future, as in the past, by the exercise of faith in him whose work it is and who will not permit it to lack whatever is needful.



THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.*

S. S. Lesson for April 2. Matt. 28: 1-10. Golden Text, 1. Cor. 15: 20. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

"NOW is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept." The son of the woman of Sarepta, the first dead body which was ever raised on earth, is not therefore the first fruits from the dead, for he had to die again. But Christ, being raised from the dead, dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over him." By the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, God hath begotten us again unto a living hope, the hope of being taken away without dying when Jesus comes, as by faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death, and was not found because God had translated him." The resurrection of Christ was permanent, his flesh could not see corruption, "it was not possible that he should be holden of" death; his resurrection was

No Temporary Reprieve

from death, as in the case of those whom he raised or who were raised before his life on earth. Death, which had conquered the first Adam, was conquered by the second Adam and he became in his own right, and by virtue of his own resurrection, "the Resurrection and the Life," the first fruits of them that sleep, the Guarantee of resurrection and the Guarantee of life to those whom he unites to himself as the branch to the vine.

A great earthquake ushered in Christ's resurrection. A grasp of the lifeless hand, a touch of the bier, a word of command, had sufficed him to call back others from the dead; but the earth itself must shake and tremble when her Lord arose. No hand of man was suffered to unseal and roll back the stone which the unbelieving and impious Jews had placed on the sepulchre: an angel from heaven must do it; the power of man over God's Christ was now at an end, and when the women came to the sepulchre on the morning after the Sabbath, they found life, not death there; an angel with a message from God, instead of the death of all their hopes; "Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here; for he is risen as he said. Come see the place where the Lord lay."

The woman sought the place of death, Jesus, even Jesus crucified, was still to them more than all the world beside, and to them the resurrection message came. Death must precede Resurrection. "If we die with him we shall also live with him, if we suffer with him we shall also reign with him." Paul died daily, but always with the end before him: "to know him and the power of his resurrection. We are buried with him by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, even we also should walk in the newness of life," new in the power of his resurrection.

To the outward eye everything was lost in the death of Jesus. Who would believe in the miracles of him who could not deliver himself from his enemies? Who could accept the teachings of an executed Criminal? What was there left of the cause of this King of the Jews, when the very twelve who were his constant followers abandoned him, and nothing was left of what man would call his pretensions, but the mere title on the Cross given him in mockery? And yet this very death "abolished death and brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel; it was death for resurrection. This very supposed Criminal, through death, destroyed him that had the power of death, even the devil, to deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage."

Many do not understand what a dying life, or a life of dying daily means; they therefore miss "the power of his resurrection." When Job said: "Till I die, I will not remove mine integrity from me. My righteousness I hold fast, and will not let it go; my heart shall not reproach me as long as I live." (Job 27: 5, 6) This was not dying daily; the tenacity with which he clung to his own righteousness showed how alive he was to his own reputation. But when Gehazi had so misrepresented Elisha to Naaman the Syrian as to make him believe, through his lie, that the prophet had repented of his disinterestedness in letting him go without taking any gift at his hand—Elisha, while dealing with Gehazi about his sin, makes not the slightest effort to set himself right with Naaman, and does not give vent to one word of wounded pride or self-pity; this was

Dying to Self.

When Paul, who could, when it was necessary, recount such a list of trials and sufferings as he gives us in II. Cor. 11: 23-29, yet says of his life: "To me to live is Christ;" not persecution, famine, stripes, perils, imprisonments, etc., but Christ,—this was dying to self-consideration. When he could bear, in the present, even the preaching Christ of strife and contention, and, instead of worrying, rejoice, because God overruled; when he could look forward in the future to bonds and imprisonments, and say: "None of these things move me," that was dying to self-consideration. It is in the details of life that we are put to the proof, and it is in these things we learn what Paul longed for; —fellowship with his sufferings, and conformity to his death, if by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead, ("out from among the dead," is the more literal translation.)

All men will rise from the dead, and therefore Paul could not mean that he could be an exception, but this expression, only this once used in the New Testament, indicates that there will be a selection from among the dead saints, as well as from the living ones, when Jesus comes, and "one shall be taken and the other left." In I. Thess. 4: 23-18, and I. Cor. 15: 50-54, it would seem as though there were but one coming of the Lord for his Church, but in comparing Matt. 24: 29-41 with verses 40, 42, we cannot but see that it is the latter description:

"One Taken

and the other left," for which we are told to "watch," not only daily, but every hour. And if we are right in supposing that Paul's longing was that from among the dead saints he should have part in that first company "out from among the dead," which shall meet together in the air with those out from among the living, who are counted "worthy to escape these things which shall come to pass," (Luke 21: 36), then we can understand how all his life was directed to this end. "One thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

But, say some, can the Church of Christ be divided, can part of a body be left on earth and part translated to heaven? How is it at the present moment? Will not the apostles of the Lamb, who are all gathered into the presence of their Lord, make part, and a very important part of the Bride? Yet they are in heaven, and others who may be members of the Bride are still on earth! In Rev. 12, there is a vision of a woman clothed with the sun, with heavenly light of the Sun of righteousness. Can this be other than the Church of Christ? After throes of anguish, she gives birth to a man child, literally a man son the fruit of the woman, the result of the Church's existence, the "people for his name." So it appears to us. Not a divided body, but the result and fruit of the body of Christ.

Many shall be purified, and made white, and tried (Dan. 12: 10); may it be that those who have not understood and accepted their vocation as crucified with Christ, and as living on earth in the spirit, and in the power of his resurrection, may be purified and made white and tried, and join that company who have come out of the great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, who shall be blest indeed, and yet it is not said that they shall

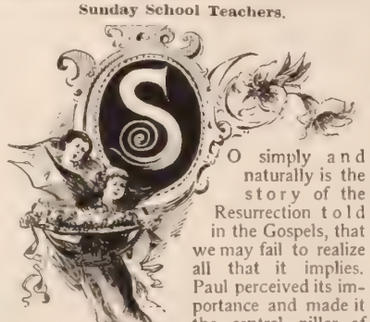
Reign with Christ?

His Bride shall reign. The overcomers shall sit with Christ upon the throne; the living creatures are "in the midst of the throne;" and the four and twenty elders have crowns. And the servants who have part in the holy city which is called "the Bride, the Lamb's wife," "shall reign for ever and ever," but there are some who do not reign.

And our part, what is it? He is the Resurrection; but are we children of the resurrection (Luke 22: 36), because we are willing like the women at the sepulchre, to forego, and die to all which is life to the world and to self-gratification, honor, pleasure which ministers to our self-life,—and follow Jesus at any cost to ourselves, dying with him that we may live with him? He is waiting until his Bride has learned to follow him, waiting for a people for his name, whose life throughout eternity shall be the glorious fruit of his death, the witness to his resurrection. How long shall we keep him waiting?

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



SO simply and naturally is the story of the Resurrection told in the Gospels, that we may fail to realize all that it implies. Paul perceived its importance and made it the central pillar of Christianity. "If Christ be not risen," he wrote, "our preaching is vain." To him, all hung on that one fact. It is important, therefore, that teachers emphasize the evidence in support of it and leave no doubt in any child's mind as to the reality and veracity of the record. The time may come when the child will come in contact with doubters and he should be prepared to defend his belief. The fact is the most cogent evidence of Christ's divinity. There are other records in the Bible of resurrection from the dead, but in those was the intervention of a prophet, or of Christ himself. This is the one solitary instance of the dead rising spontaneously from the grave. He who so arose must be superior to death, as he overcame it.

Jesus was really dead. The Romans took care that there should be no doubt of that. He appeared dead, but that was not sufficient. The soldier thrust his spear into the side, piercing the vital parts. The fact that blood and water flowed out, showed that the sac in which the heart beats had been punctured. The body was removed from the Cross and placed in a new tomb, preventing the possibility of substitution. Its entrance was closed by a stone, probably in the shape of a millstone, which covered it, and this stone was sealed, so that no one should enter. In addition, a guard of soldiers was set in front of it. About thirty-six hours later, the women coming to the tomb with the spices, with which it was customary to anoint the bodies of the dead, find the soldiers prostrate and unconscious, the stone rolled away, and the tomb empty. Later Peter and John also go into the tomb and find it empty. John's observations were minute and he describes the appearance of the tomb and how the clothes in which the body had been wrapped were lying. Evidently the tomb was empty; and as the enemies of Christ had no motive for removing the body, but every motive for preventing it being removed; and the friends of Christ could not have removed it, protected as it was by the seal and by the Roman soldiers, there could be no explanation but the one that Jesus had risen from the dead. Then there is the evidence of the people who saw him alive. He was seen by John who had seen him pierced, and he recognized him. The women saw him and spoke with him. Thomas who, happily for future discussions, resolutely refused to believe in the resurrection, without ocular and tangible proof, was convinced; and as Paul tells us, five hundred people afterward saw him at the same time, many of whom were living at the time when Paul cited their witness. Beside this, Peter openly declared, within a few months of the event, that Christ had risen and this, not in some distant town where the statement could not be verified, but in Jerusalem itself, where the resurrection took place and before the Council who had abundant opportunity to disprove it, if it could have been disproved. No fact in history is so completely established by direct testimony of eye-witnesses. Only those who reject the credibility of the Gospels altogether can refuse to believe the fact of Christ's resurrection.

There was a great earthquake. The women must have felt it as they went to the tomb, but they were evidently not alarmed, for they went on; but they found the soldiers shaking and become like dead men. During an earthquake in Italy the inhabitants of a small village were very much scared. They were greatly surprised by the demeanor of a pious old lady, who, in the general consternation, was perfectly calm and unmoved. "Are you not afraid?" they asked her. "No," said she, "I rejoice to know that the God I serve can shake the world."

Rolled back the stone. The women had been worried about that stone. They could not think how they could get it rolled away but when they arrived it was already rolled away. It is often so with our difficulties. They look formidable at a distance but when we go boldly up to them trusting in God they disappear. A great preacher said that when in his early days he had to travel extensively in the West on horseback he used to have a great dread of the fords. He said, "Though I was courageous in most things I was afraid of those dark uncertain crossings. In going from place to place the thought of the fords I would have to cross was a perpetual terror to me. For instance, I would go through White River all right, and Blue River would be back of me; but there would be Eel River to cross. That was the worst of all—the one ahead is always the worst. At last I would come to it and I would brace myself up to go across; but instead of there being a raging foaming torrent such as I had anticipated the water would be so low that the horse would not be knee-deep in any place, and I would be mad because of all I had so needlessly suffered." There are many fords to cross in this life, but if we are wise in the things that make for our happiness we shall not worry about them till we come to them.

Fear not ye. A traveler relates that on a recent voyage a bird followed the ship so long that through sheer weariness it was obliged to alight. It was so worn out that it was easily caught. At first it was in terror, but one of the men who held it in his warm hands, was so gentle with it that the bird was quite content to stay there, and nestling its cold feet in its feathers, lay in the hands of the man, looking around with its bright eyes as if it felt perfectly safe. If it could have known when it was wearily following the ship how kind would be its reception, it would not have continued so long on the wing. Those who come to Christ always wish they had come earlier.

I know ye seek Jesus. A man entered the inquiry-room where Mr. Moody was talking with seekers, and said, "Mr. Moody, I wish you would tell me why I cannot find Christ." Mr. Moody replied, "Yes, I can tell you; you have not sought him with all your heart." The man said he thought he had. "Well," said Mr. Moody, "I think you haven't; because every one who seeks that way always finds him. Now I can tell you the day and the hour of your conversion; it will be when you seek Christ with all your heart, because the Scriptures assure us that none ever do that without finding him."

He is not here: he is risen. The world should see Christ in the life of his people. When anyone who has come to love Christ and be called a Christian becomes kind and gentle and forbearing and helpful then Christ has risen in that person's heart and life and the world can see in the change what he is. In some Roman Catholic churches are to be seen people kneeling before a carved image of the dead Christ, called a crucifix, and sometimes before relics of saints and bits of wood purporting to be fragments of the true cross. They need to hear a voice saying to them, Christ "is not here; he is risen. He is not now on the cross, he should be exhibited in your lives."

Go tell my brethren. Huber, the great naturalist, tells us that if a wasp discovers a deposit of honey or other food, he will not stay to devour it, but will return to his nest and impart the good news to his companions, who will sally forth in great numbers to partake of the fare which has been discovered for them. Christ's command is still in force to all who have tasted the good things he provides, "Go, tell my brethren."

A TEMPLE OF HELPFULNESS.

The New Home of the United Charities in New York—To be a Great Centre of Evangelical and Charitable Effort—Its Founders and Managers.

HOW to ameliorate the condition of the poor and elevate them from dependence to self-support, has become one of the leading sociological questions of the age. Various schemes, all more or, less impractical have been suggested, and the literature of the subject would make a formidable library. In the meantime, the situation has been steadily growing

JOHN S. KENNEDY.
(*Who built and endowed the New Home*)

worse, and, as nearly all the advocates of amelioration entertain radical differences of opinion, very little of real value has yet been accomplished through social, political or other public channels.

About ten years ago, a number of philanthropic Christian gentlemen in New York began to give the subject a full and serious consideration and made personal investigation to ascertain the causes that had produced such widespread poverty and wretchedness as existed in that city, and which were to be found duplicated in every great centre of population. Even at that time, some very effective work was being done in the metropolis in the interest of the destitute poor.

About seven years ago, the Charity Organization Society proposed the plan of

A Central Home of Benevolence,

and the idea was very widely discussed, meeting with general approbation. Soon $150,000 was pledged for this purpose, the total amount necessary to carry out the Society's scheme being $250,000. In March, 1891, Mr. John S. Kennedy, who has for many years been interested in Christian and humanitarian work, offered to erect a building for the Society, and to endow it at his own expense. The site formerly occupied by St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, Fourth Ave. and Twenty-second St., was bought, and plans were prepared for a great temple of helpfulness which was completed early in the present year and the formal dedication of which took place recently.

Our illustration on this page shows the new home of the United Charities of New York. The total cost of the undertaking has been nearly $700,000. Mr. Kennedy presented the building to the four great benevolent organizations: the Charity Organization Society, New York City Mission and Tract Soctety, the Children's Aid Society, and the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor. Appropriate speeches explaining the gift were made by the president of each of these societies. The property is vested in a Board of Trustees representing all four organizations, Mr. Kennedy being president of the board, and his associates being R. W. DeForest and Hugh D. Anchincloss of the Charity Organization Society; Rev. A. F. Schauffler and Stephen Baker of the New York City Mission; J. Kennedy Tod and Charles L. Brace of the Children's Aid Society, and James A Scrymser and R. Fulton Cutting of the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor. Mr. J. Kennedy Tod was appointed treasurer of the Board, with Mr. Baker as secretary.

The new Home is the handsomest and most complete structure devoted to charity in the world. Its height is seven stories and the materials of which it is constructed are blue stone, terra-cotta, and St. Louis brick. The exterior is classical but plain, and it is unburdened with needless ornamentation, the object being rather to provide a commodious office building than an imposing edifice. It is fireproof throughout, and lighted electrically. In addition to

The Four Societies

named, it the headquarters of a number of educational, benevolent and philosophical organizations, including the New York Cooking School, the St. Andrew's Society, the Hospital Book and Newspaper Society, the Fresh Air and Convalescents' Home Society, the Orphan Asylum Society, the Society for the Prevention of Crime, and the Blue Anchor Society. Benevolent organizations can there find the advantages of a permanent headquarters at nominal cost. The income from all rentals goes to the four parent societies who are charged with the maintenance of the property. Nearly all the offices have already been rented.

Housed together, the charity organizations of the metropolis can now work more harmoniously and effectively than ever before. This event marks a new departure in charity work in New York, and a very important one. Thousands of wealthy citizens have taken a deep interest in the progress of the new movement, and it will undoubtedly be the means of re-enforcing very largely the resources heretofore placed at the disposal of the different societies for their work among the poor.

To Mr. Charles D. Kellogg, the General Secretary of the Charity Organization Society, belongs

The Credit of the Conception

which has now been successfully carried into effect. Mr. Kellogg is a native of Troy, N. Y., and has been actively interested in organized charity since 1878, when he aided in the formation of the Society of Organized Charity in Philadelphia. When the need of a similar organization in New York became apparent, and the Charity Organization Society was formed, Mr. Kellogg became its General Secretary, and still holds that office. Sometime ago, the position of Superintendent of Charities of the District of Columbia was tendered to him by President Harrison, but was declined.

Mr. Kellogg's familiarity with the relief work among the poor has made him an authority on the subject. He has discovered many things that are exceedingly interesting to the philanthropic element in the community, one being that vicious and wilful pauperism increases in proportion to the relief provided. During a period in which the population of the country doubled, the census of the dependent classes increased five-fold. In large cities, the number of poor in five years increased 56 per cent. as against a 30 per cent. increase in population. This is the

Best Possible Argument

against indiscriminate charity, which has the tendency to encourage voluntary pauperism and to stimulate imposition. He found, also, that abundant and indiscriminate charity in a community created, among the poor, a sense of right to unearned support, destroying all desire for industry and thrift. Moreover, unorganized relief agencies were so multiplied that mischief, instead of good, was frequently the result of their well-meant actions. Imposture and vice thus found in charity an ally, to the detriment of the really deserving poor.

THE UNITED CHARITIES BUILDING, NEW YORK.

Under the present system of organized charity in New York, these abuses are very largely remedied, and with all the societies working together in the new building, the facilities for acquiring accurate information as to the condition and needs of applicants, as well as for affording prompt relief, will be vastly improved. The Charity Organization Society has affiliated with it ninety-one societies and institutions, over 150 churches and congregations, and upwards of 1,000 private families. The societies also work in co-operation with the Department of Charities and Correction. The entire city is mapped out in districts, each district being in charge of a committee. Any necessitous case reported is immediately investigated and relieved, and an effort is made to encourage the beneficiary to self-maintenance. The new bond of union will render the charitable efforts of the city and its Christian people more efficacious, and much good will doubtless be realized in behalf of the deserving poor.

"PAY THAT THOU OWEST."

THOUGHTLESSNESS of the needs of others is one fault of which a Christian should never be guilty. The consequences of it may involve terrible responsibility. A rich banker in a great city, a man who was noted for his large gifts to charities, and for his kindly disposition, was hurriedly asked one day to go to the succor of an unfortunate shoemaker who had attempted suicide. The appeal came from a starving family, whose wretchedness had goaded the father to the rash act. The banker went to the house indicated, and came face to face with a sad scene, of which to his startled surprise his own conduct turned out to be a cause. "It is not my husband's fault," said the weeping wife, "my husband is a hard-working, sober man. But we have been without food for days, for he could neither get work nor the money for that which he had done. To-day he went for the last time to collect a debt due by a rich family, but the gentleman was not at home. My husband was weak from fasting, and it ended—that way."

The banker hurried to his own house, opened his desk, and took out a file of bills that should have been punctually paid, but through sheer carelessness were not. Among them was an account made out by the poor cobbler he had just visited. It was the rich man's neglected debt that had nearly caused a fatal act. He resolved that never again should there be a day's delay in the payment of a debt, and begged God to avert the calamity that seemed impending. The prayer was answered. The man recovered, and the banker, grateful for his escape from the responsibility for his death, took care that he was never again in danger, through poverty, of committing suicide.

GOD'S CARE OF THE CHILDREN.

J. E. MCN., BARNUMSVILLE, Vt., writes: "I believe that no true and sincere Christian parent ever gave his or her child into the care of God, in proper manner, with requisite faith, and that child went astray and was lost. It is too sadly common for children of professing Christians to go to the bad, and infidels and unbelievers grasp all such cases with great avidity. But it is a delusion; it is an attempt of the Evil One to prove that either the arm of God is too short, or he forgets his promises to his children."

OUR POPULOUS GLOBE.

READERS of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD frequently write inquiring the numbers of the present population of the world. This inquiry and others having relation to the same subject are fully answered in a recent publication entitled *Bevolkerung der Erde*, which is translated and reviewed by Dr. Billings in the *Chautauquan*. According to Emile Levasseur, the French Academician, the total population of the earth in 1886 was 1,483,000,000. Over half of the people in the world live in Asia, and nearly one-fourth in China, which slightly exceeds the whole of Europe in population. India contains a little over one-fifth, and Africa

CHARLES D. KELLOGG.
(*General Secretary, Charity Organization Society*)

about one-ninth of the world's people. Less than one-fourth belong to what are ordinarily known as civilized nations, and of these nearly one-third, or about one-thirteenth of the total population of the world, belong to the English-speaking peoples.

In Europe there are more females than males—1,019 females to each 1,000 males; in the United States there are but 952 females to each 1,000 males. The difference in this case is mainly due to the fact that more males migrate than females. In almost all civilized countries the birth rate is diminishing. In 1660, Riccioli estimated the total population at 1,000,000,000; in 1810, Malte-Brun gave it as 640,000,000; in 1840, Bernoulli gave it as 764,000,000; in 1858, Dieterici estimated it as 1,270,000,000; and in 1868, Kolb gave it as 1,270,000,000. In 1872, Behm and Wagner estimated it at 1,377,000,000. In 1880, they reached 1,556,000,000. In 1882 they rejected the result of the so-called census of China in 1942, taking 350,000,000 instead of 405,000,000 as its population, which reduced the total result to 1,434,000,000, equivalent to 1,401,000,000 in 1880. In the figures of Wagner and Supan for 1891, a further reduction is made of 46,000,000, 38,000,000 being dropped from Africa alone. According to revised estimates, the population of the earth increased in eleven years from 1,355,000,000, to 1,480,000,000, giving an annual increase of 0.84 per cent. Taking into consideration the fact that excessive death rates prevail in semi-civilized and barbarous nations, it seems probable that the average annual increase by excess of births over deaths is certainly less than one per cent. of the population.

A PRAYER.

Written for "The Christian Herald"

SAVIOUR, abide with me:
Sweet are my thoughts of thee;
Help me from sin to flee—
Be thou my guide!
Dark are the ways of sin,
May I the victory win,
Oh, Saviour, take me in,
Safe to thy side!

Thou art the way of light,
Making the pathway bright
Up from the realms of night
Into fair day;
May I draw near to thee,
Let my thoughts ever be
Of sweet eternity,
Fadeless for aye!

And when my life is o'er,
To a more peaceful shore
Bid my freed spirit soar,
Into new day;
There with my God to be
Through all eternity;
Do thou abide with me,
Saviour, for aye! —ARTHUR LINDEN.

EASTER.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing April 2. John 11: 25; John 14: 19

PAUL'S desire that he might know the power of Christ's resurrection is shared by every Christian who has realized his true mission in the world. To have that power is to have everything that ennobles life and raises it spiritually above mere existence. It opens a new world to the vision, in which there is a limitless prospect of attainment, reaching up to the infinite. The disciples were awed by its presence when they saw it in Christ himself. At those meetings during the forty days between the resurrection and the ascension, there is perceptible, in the meagre records we have of them, an evident reverence and veneration not manifested in their previous intercourse with their Lord. He was clearly something more than they had thought him, even when he was working miracles. This mysterious life of his marked him out as a Being above any conception they had previously formed of him. The power, by which he had shaken off the chains of death and emerged from the tomb, had never before been seen in the world and the disciples perceived it in wondering bewilderment. What that power was they could not understand; but they were to be endowed with so much of it as their humanity could receive and it was to transform their lives. The resurrection was only a manifestation of God in Christ, and they had the promise that God would be in them by his Spirit. In them, tainted as they were, by the sins and the frailties of human nature, the power would be repressed and straitened, as it never had been in him, but its quality would be there and it rested with themselves how much of it they should have and wield. They seem to have been surprised at its effects when they tentatively exercised it after their Lord was parted from them; but as they used it, as they had seen Jesus use it, in the healing of the sick, their confidence grew and they were sure of its presence.

And this power, of which the resurrection was the astonishing manifestation, is still imparted to men. To know that power by personal experience is a boon for which all that the world treasures might well be sacrificed. All that would prevent its presence, or hinder its exercise, is a personal loss. As we have seen men of brilliant powers and commanding intellect become useless in the world, through their subjection to some degrading vice, so the Christian who has worldly desires and gives himself to worldly pleasures, nullifies the gift he possesses. It is only through purity of heart and life that the resurrection power can make itself felt. All that we comprise in the word "flesh" must perish before the power can dominate the life and have its proper influence. When that happens and the man is dead to the world, impervious to its temptations, unmoved by ambition, or avance, or lust, and full of love for men and eager to give himself for their welfare, then the power that is in him becomes mighty and the world recognizes the divine presence in him. Christ has risen in his heart and life and God gives not his Spirit by measure unto him. As we celebrate this day the resurrection of the Lord the desire of every heart should be that the power which produced it and which produced that life of exquisite loveliness, may reign there in its fulness and might.

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TENTH ANNIVERSARY.

THE Y. P. S. C. E. of the Reformed Church of Belleville, N. J., celebrated its Tenth Anniversary recently. Although the weather was unfavorable, yet the audience was large. At 7.45 o'clock a service of song was held, followed by responsive reading of the 103rd Psalm. Mr. A New, President of the East Avenue Baptist Church of Long Island, then followed in prayer. Mr. Wm. Wylie, President of the Society, gave a cordial welcome to all the delegates and also spoke a few words concerning the past history of the Society. The Secretary, Miss Dora G. Black, read a report giving the synopsis of the history of the Society for the past ten years. The next item on the programme was an address by Rev. A De W. Mason, of Boonton, N. J., but a telegram was received stating that sickness prevented his being present.

Miss Caroline H. Brookfield, N.J. State Secretary of Bellvidere, N. J., was then introduced and she received an attentive hearing, her address was on "steadfastness in Christian Endeavor." She not only held the attention of the seniors, but every child in the audience was deeply interested. Rev. Wm. J. Leggett pastor of the church, then gave a stirring address; Dr. Leggett was followed by Mr. Arthur N. Clark, Corresponding Secretary of the Essex County C. E. Union. The proceedings were terminated by a Consecration Service under the able leadership of Mr. Halsey Hammond of Boonton, N. J. During the evening the choir sang two anthems and several well known Christian Endeavor hymns were sung in a spirited manner by the Congregation.

S. R. C.

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THE Y. M. C. A. IN VIRGINIA.

AT the recent State Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of Virginia, an encouraging report of progress was presented. It appears that five new associations have been organized during the past year. Good work has been done in the college department; three deputation men had devoted their time to visitation among the colleges. Probably the largest advance has been in the railroad department. The several railroad companies in Virginia are contributing to the support of the work at nine points, the sum of $6,500 per year. At Clifton Forge the Chesapeake and Ohio Company has promised $7,000 toward a building for railroad men, and the citizens at this point have contributed in addition $3,500. This same company has promised $4,000 for a building at Gladstone for railroad men. The railroad association at Crewe has just completed a building costing $4,000. The independent association at Roanoke has been reorganized as a department. The secretary reported 237 visits to fifty-two points, and that in the prosecution of his work he had traveled 30,663 miles. New features adopted by the convention were: The holding of conference for college association presidents; that more attention be given to the encouragement and development of work among boys; that an additional man be employed by the State Committee during the coming year, if his services be required; and that special attention be given to corresponding members of the State Committee; $3,900 were raised on the floor of the convention for the work of the coming year.

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THE ARMENIAN CIRCLE.

THE King's Daughters among our readers will be glad to hear something of a circle which meets in the old Bible town of Cesarea. It is extracted from a letter which Miss Carrie P. Fowle sends to the *Silver Cross*. She says: "Nine years ago, a number of young girls united together to form a Circle of workers for Christ, and took for themselves the name of 'Desteraz' or freely translated—'The Lend a Hand' Circle. They did not belong to any society, but were just a band of young women who desired by united effort to do some good. Though many of them were poor and unable to do great things, yet all tried to help as best they could, giving of their time to the making and selling of useful articles and fancy work, such as people in this land would buy, and thus striving to earn something for the Master's work. It has been a delight to me to watch the growth of these young Christians and see how God has blessed them.

"Their last effort was to start and maintain a Kindergarten. It was begun with fear and trembling, and many prayers, but God has richly blessed us, and given the school greater success than we ever dreamed of attaining. Everybody is delighted with the school. Parents come and sit for hours at a time, listening to the songs and stories and seeing the beautiful exercises of the little children. Their eyes are being opened. They begin to understand how to treat their children, so that, besides teaching these little ones, the school has become an object lesson to their parents, teaching them lessons of very great importance, and perhaps doing as much for them as for their children! Bright pictures—many of them Bible scenes—are hung about the walls of our school-rooms, and the little people are hearing of him who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.' They carry the 'old, old story' home to parents who listen with a new interest, as they hear it from the lips of their own little ones. Thus the 'bread' is being 'cast upon the waters,' and who can measure the good that it is doing for their children and their homes!

"My great object in writing is to ask if there are not some Circles of the King's Daughters or the King's Sons who would like to 'lend a hand' to us in this work for little children, in this ancient Cappadocian city! The work has grown too large for one small Circle to carry on alone. We do not wish to stop it, when so many good results are already visible, and yet we cannot go on without help." The needs of the Circle are for the salaries of the native teachers, three of whom are now employed at an aggregate cost of $210 a year.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

THE Convention of the Epworth League of the Genesee Conference at Rochester, N. Y., was a scene of memorable enthusiasm. Over eight hundred delegates attended and the Convention was continued for three days. The General Secretary was present and gave a stirring address. The number of Chapters in the Conference is now 215 with an aggregate membership of 18,014——The League of the city of Newark, N. J., has been holding its first annual convention. It elected Mr. B. F. Clark president for the year and Dr. George M. Whitfield, secretary.——At Columbia, Ind., the League has been doing good service in connection with a revival campaign. It took entire charge of the musical exercises, providing soloists as well as chorus. The pastor Rev. J. M. Driver is loud in his acknowledgments of the value of the service rendered by the League. ——The Broadway Chapter of Baltimore, Md., is one of the most important and useful departments of church work. It frequently takes charge of the Sunday evening service and does much of the visitation of the sick which usually falls upon the pastor. It is also active in philanthropic work.——The Chapter at Grand Ledge, Mich., has taken a thoughtful and useful step in arranging special meetings for the help of the young converts brought into the church during a recent revival.——In the young State of Washington, the League is prospering. Nearly every church has adopted it and at the recent Convention there were testimonies to its usefulness from all parts of the State. In revival work, especially, it has done good service bringing young people to the meetings and looking after the converts.

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THE Y. W. C. A. OF N. Y.

FROM the annual report of the Young Women's Christian Association of New York which has just been issued, it appears that the membership is now 827. Of these 277 are active members, 370 associate, eighty-two life and 98 honorary. Much useful work has been done during the year of an educational as well as of a spiritual character. Unhappily it seems probable that its usefulness will be curtailed by a temporary lack of funds. In trying to bring the advantages of the Association within the reach of the self-supporting girls who need them most, the rate of subscription was fixed at a point below that necessary to meet expenses. It was hoped that philanthropic people would make up the deficiency by their contributions. That, however, has not been done, and the deficiency of last year is a debt which the Association does not know how to pay. Unless aid comes from wealthy ladies who know what excellent work the Association is doing, it will be necessary to discontinue some of the departments or to raise the rate of subscription. Either course would impair the usefulness of the institution, but the managers do not feel justified in incurring more debt. An urgent appeal for assistance has been issued to which, it is hoped, there will be a liberal response. The actual need of the Association is for about thirty-five thousand dollars. Wealthy ladies desiring to help their poorer sisters could not find a more efficient way of doing so than by relieving this institution of its load of debt.

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A CHINESE C. E. SOCIETY.

IN the course of his tour around the world in the interest of Christian Endeavor, Dr. F. E. Clark received a warm reception at Shanghai, China. In describing it in a letter to the *Golden Rule*, he says: Our five pleasant, busy days in Shanghai gave us an insight into the work of this great missionary city. Here are centred stations of the Presbyterians, Southern Methodists, American Episcopalians, English Episcopalians, London Missionary Society, and the China Inland Mission. There are probably few places on missionary soil on the face of the earth where more missionaries are congregated; and in respect to quality it was a rare audience of intelligent and earnest Christian men and women that greeted me in the Union Church of Shanghai. At once a self-constituted committee of missionaries volunteered to translate and print sufficient literature of the movement for present needs, and Shanghai will doubtless become one of the centres of Christian Endeavor effort for all the East. *The Illustrated Christian News*, a monthly Chinese paper that has a large circulation among the native Christians, will devote much space to the Society.

One of the most pleasant meetings that I have attended in Shanghai was that of the Christian Endeavor Society connected with the American Presbyterian Mission Press. Connected with this large establishment, famous throughout all China, are many Christian Chinamen, who work as compositors and pressmen, as well as foremen of the several departments of the establishment. These, under the leadership of Dr. and Mrs. Fitch, whose son and daughte are well known to Christian Endeavorers in Wooster, O., have formed themselves into a vigorous and efficient Christian Endeavor Society. They hold their meetings every Thursday night, and it was my pleasure to attend one of these meetings, to see the earnest faces of these printer Endeavorers, and to hear of the good work that they are trying to do for the Master. So far as I am aware this is the first printers' Christian Endeavor Society in the world.

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THE GENERAL OUTLOOK.

THE number of Young Men's Christian Associations in Germany which open their rooms daily for religious meetings is forty-four.

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Mr. George Homes, Y. M. C. A. missionary secretary for Egypt and Palestine, is now helping forward the work being carried on by Mr. Frank T. Ellis at Mount Zion, Jerusalem.

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A B. Y. P. U. has been organized at Hillsboro, Tex. In less than a month it had ninety-six members. The pastor is one of the vice-presidents of the State Union.

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The Second Annual Convention of the Baptist Young People's Union of Ontario and Quebec will be held in the town of Woodstock on Thursday and Friday, March 30, 31.

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A rally of the Baptist Young People of Indianapolis was held on Friday evening, March 3, in the First Baptist Church of Indianapolis, to open preparations for the coming Indianapolis Convention. All the Baptist pastors of the city were present and the churches well represented.

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A Y.P.S.C.E., which was started in December in the Mission, Dockhead, Southeast London, has already been the means of bringing out many young people and winning others. Mr. Bustin, the manager of the mission, declares he has found the Society the greatest possible help in the whole work.

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It has been definitely settled that the next British Convention of the Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor will be held in Bradford, Yorkshire, England, during the first week in June. Dr. F. E. Clark, the founder of the movement, hopes by that time to reach England and take part in the proceedings.

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THE Y. P. S. C. E. of the Union Congregational Church, Brooklyn, N.Y., is preparing for a series of special services, to take place some time this month. Miss Gertrude L. Wood, of the Y. P. S. C. E. of the Classon Avenue Presbyterian Church, who is superintendent of the work of the Junior Christian Endeavor Societies, is expected to make an address.

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ANNOUNCEMENT is made of the English Y. W. C. A. Annual Meeting to be held in London, April 20th to 22d. The Members' Conference, in which members alone take part occupies the last afternoon and evening, at 316 Regent Street. The notice states, "We should be glad to hear of any members likely to be in London from any part of the world."

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We shall be glad to receive from readers who are members of Christian Endeavor Societies, the King's Daughters, etc., reports of the progress of the work in their localities and of any new methods which have been found successful.

Famous American Homes.

Some of them Humble Enough, Others Palatial, but all have Sheltered Great Men.

HISTORY, the collective biography of nations, is doubtless the most attractive and instructive study in the world, and it is equally true that the most fascinating part of history is found in the individual record of those daring and progressive spirits who have been the principal actors in the events of the time in which they lived. Every detail concerning the careers of the men who left their impress upon the age is of interest, and this interest does not expire with their own death. Thus we find, even to-day, that the people of our Union are still keenly watchful and appreciative of any new fact that comes to the surface, relating to any or all of those, now passed away, who shone on the battlefield, in the legislature, or on the forum. The scene of their birth, however humble, the field of their early struggles and triumphs, and the quiet retreats where, after the heat of the battle, they sought seclusion and repose toward the end of life, are each regarded with an attention little short of veneration.

In the homes and birthplaces of famous Americans, which are depicted in the illustration on this page, there is a variety of surroundings sufficiently marked to indicate the difference in social station in almost every case. Thus the unpretentious rural birthplace of Webster, with its single row of windows and its old-fashioned door, and the equally rude birthplaces of Washington, Lincoln, and Garfield, with their air of comfort, industry and rigid economy, form a powerful contrast to the splendidly classic home of Mr. Jefferson at Monticello, and the no less picturesque later residence of Washington at Mount Vernon—the last in which he ever lived.

Investigation shows that a majority of the great men, of our own nation at least, came from the country, most of them very likely from homes quite as unassuming as those shown by the artist. The brain and stamina of all great cities are recruited from the country. It is natural, and perhaps inevitable, therefore, that when the energies of life have been expended and the battle is nearly done, they should turn again to the fields and hedges, the woods, streams and hills with a great longing to seek amid such surroundings the repose they can find nowhere else. It was this longing that led Adams and Jefferson to seek retirement near the close of their lives. Daniel Webster enjoyed the felicities of a quiet existence in his old age at Marshfield, Jackson at the Hermitage, and Henry Clay at Ashland. With riper knowledge, ampler means, and matured and educated minds, they sought to conjure up and revive the pleasures of their youth; and failing this, it was as though they had quite agreed with the poet who, imbued with the love of the country, thus sang of the delights of a rural existence during life's declining years:

> Happy the man, whose wish and care
> A few paternal acres bound,
> Content to breathe his native air
> On his own ground—
> Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread
> Whose flocks supply him with attire,
> Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
> In winter—fire.

To a person of means and possessed of any degree of refinement in the modern sense, such primitive simplicity would not be tolerable. The home of Washington at Mount Vernon was a model of substantial comfort and even of elegance, while that of Jefferson at Monticello was adorned with rare works of art and costly furniture. He loved music, therefore he had a half dozen or more instruments, from a harpsichord to a flute; he delighted in books and antiques, hence he had acquired a valuable library, and much costly bric-a-brac.

From "Memorial Life of James G. Blaine." HOMES OF GREAT AMERICANS. *Historical Publishing Co., Phila.*

These homes, though some of them are yet in existence, will gradually pass away as will every vestige of their visible earthly possessions, but the splendid family and public influence of those distinguished men will remain for the encouragement of posterity. Simplicity, purity of purpose, absolute incorruptibility in public affairs, were their characteristics. It would be well indeed if the example were more generally followed in these days than it is.

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Woman's Power.

"MEN not yet gray have seen the colleges opened to women, with nearly all the professions beyond those of school-marm, seamstress and saleslady," writes Frederic M. Bird. "Is it not rather too early to determine finally what are their meagre abilities and large limitations? Give them a chance to get used to to their new and partial enfranchisement, to practice their untried powers awhile, to throw off the long burden of contempt, disparagement, and repression; and then—perhaps within a century or two—they will show us what they can or can not do. I do not know that they will develop powers of ratiocination; of initiation, of practicality, of creation (if there be any such power vouchsafed to mortals), equal to those of men. Very likely not; but let us wait and see. Why mistake appearances or probabilities for certainties, and pretend to know what we don't know. All over the world, the present century has been marked by the advancement of women."

THE CITY OF GOD.

Written for The Christian Herald

PERFECT through suffering God's children shall be,
In the light of his Word their victory they see.
There's a robe and a crown at the end of the race
And a mansion prepared, which no storms can deface.

In that beautiful city of which we are told,
The walls are of jasper, the streets of pure gold;
The gates are of pearl, the foundation sure
And its glories forever and aye endure.

O City of God! O home of the blest!
Where earth's weary pilgrims shall find perfect rest,
May I with the prophets and martyrs of old
Forever in rapture thy glory behold!

Du'Bois, Ill. —M. V. FOSTER.

THE MOTHER'S HOUR.

MY mother's habit was every day, immediately after breakfast, to withdraw for an hour to her own room, and to spend that hour in reading the Bible, in meditation and prayer, writes Canon Farrar. From that hour, as from a pure fountain, she drew the strength and sweetness which enabled her to fulfil all her duties, and to remain unruffled by all the worries and pettishnesses which are so often the intolerable trial of the narrow neighborhoods.

As I think of her life, and of all it had to bear, I see the absolute triumph of Christian grace in the lovely ideal of a Christian lady. I never saw her temper disturbed, I never heard her speak one word of anger, of calumny, or of idle gossip; I never observed in her any sign of a single sentiment unbecoming to a soul which had drunk of the river of the water of life, and which had fed upon the manna in the barren wilderness.

The world is the better for the passage of such souls across its surface. They may seem to be as much forgotten as the drops of rain which fall into the barren sea, but each drop adds to the volume of refreshful and purifying waters, "The healing of the world is in its nameless saints. A single star seems nothing, but a thousand scattered stars break up the night and make it beautiful."

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Children at Church.

IN early years children accompanied their elders to church, writes Hon. E. Lyttelton in his book entitled *Mothers and Sons*. As early as possible get the boys to understand something of the history of our forms of worship, and keep on reminding them judiciously of what you have told them. How can you expect a fidgety boy of twelve to get much good from a service unless he knows why he is there, why certain prayers are used; and lastly, unless he feels that to subdue the inclination to incessant movement is part of his offering? I trust you will not fall into the error of supposing that by diminishing the obligation of praise and prayer you will guard a boy against the modern fashion of avoiding church services. If you accustom him to only one service on Sunday, how will he attend when he grows up? Teaching is what he requires. Something would be gained if boys were taught to regard sermons as not the most important part of the service. Strangely enough, people insist that if sermons were more attractive, young men would go to church in flocks. Perhaps they would, but what then? They would tolerate the worship and the supplications offered by others, in order to enjoy an eloquent or a pungent discourse, seasoned to suit their dainty palates. And no one is so fastidious about a sermon as a young gentleman who cannot abide being bored and who is restive under the average pulpit discourse.

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

RAISING OF THE WIDOW'S SON.

A Sermon Preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York, last Sunday, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D. Luke 7: 11-16.

THE subject of our meditation this morning is the raising from the dead by our divine Lord of the son of the widow of Nain. That we may better understand the facts as they are brought before us in the narrative, let us go back two days in the history of our Lord, before this miracle was performed. The sermon on the Mount had been uttered, and so great was the interest attaching to the words which were then spoken that large multitudes of people followed Jesus from the hillside to his dwelling place in Capernaum. His own familiar friends did not understand him. He was spending his nights in watching and in prayer; he was spending his days in teaching the people and in working miracles. They believed that he was not himself, and they made an effort to lay hands upon him; because, said they, "He is beside himself."

The Journey.

The day before this miracle was performed, Christ healed the centurion's son at Capernaum, he and his disciples and a multitude which had gathered about him, leave Capernaum and journey toward Nain, a distance of twenty-one miles, where this miracle took place. Their road lay along the hills of Galilee, passing the base of Mount Tabor; and now toward evening they descend to the plain of Esdraelon, that historic, that wonderful plain of Palestine.

Note, in passing, the fact that this miracle is recorded by Luke alone. The miracle of the raising of Lazarus from the dead is recorded by John alone. The miracle of the raising of the daughter of the ruler of the synagogue is recorded by Matthew, Mark and Luke. Luke, therefore, is the only one of the evangelists who records more than one raising from the dead. Matthew and Mark give the first, Luke gives it also, and in addition he gives this one, which is peculiar to himself. John stands apart, so far as the miracle of the raising of Lazarus is concerned. Now we are concerned simply with the narrative as it is found in the Gospel of Luke. He has brought out all the facts so clearly, and has given them so much of beauty and dignity, so much of grandeur and glory, that we cannot but study them with pleasure and with profit.

The Scene of the Miracle.

It is now toward evening, our Lord and his disciples are entering the plain of Esdraelon. The little village of Nain lay directly before them. It is four miles south-west of Tabor. It is twenty-one miles south-west of Capernaum. There is a small village on this very spot to-day; it contains some twenty houses, huts more strictly speaking; unadorned, rude Syrian huts. Dean Stanley has described his visit and the location of this place so vividly and minutely that we can almost see the place as we follow his narrative. It is situated picturesquely on a low mountain-spur of Little Hermon as it juts out into the plain. There is a natural monument, a fountain which stands close by, and the name which it bears even to this hour, marks it with sufficient distinctness. There is still to be seen the very spot where it is supposed, this miracle occurred. There was in all likelihood only one approach to the little town of Nain, that on the side sloping down toward the plain; and, doubtless, the funeral procession was coming out of the village, just as Christ with his disciples was coming in, and so the two processions met near the gates of the city. It was toward evening, for Christ and his disciples had come twenty-one miles during that day; and in all probability the sun was just setting behind the western hills, throwing the beams of his golden glory over this little town as the mournful procession was coming out of the gates.

The Tombs in the Cliffs.

You must bear in mind that the Jews, like the Greeks and the Romans, never buried their dead within their cities, except in the case of some distinguished persons, such as the Kings of the house of David, who were buried in the city of David. Sometimes one of the family of kings might be buried in a royal city, but, as a rule, the dead were never buried in the city. It is a great pity that in more modern times we have not more closely followed this worthy example. Nothing is more abhorrent, nor more unnecessary, and sometimes it may be said that nothing is more hurtful, than the burying of the dead in churches and chapels, as is so often done in the Old World, even to this day. The Greeks and the Romans knew better; the Jews knew better; and the son of this widow must be borne outside the walls of Nain to his tomb in the neighboring cliffs. A short distance east of the village remains of tombs hewn in the rocks are still seen.

Notice, in the first place, our Lord's tender compassion, as shown in this narrative. We have two processions; one of Christ and his disciples going toward the town; the other of the mourners going out from the town. They meet near the gates, and as they meet, Christ bids the procession stop. A glance reveals to him all the circumstances, and the sight which met his eyes filled his heart with pity. He had never seen that woman before, and, so far as we know, she had never before seen him. He had never been in Nain before; and, so far as our knowledge or information extends, Nain was an inconspicuous town. It is never mentioned in the Old Testament, and it is nowhere else mentioned in the New Testament. Christ in his former circuits in Galilee had not gone in the vicinity of Nain. This woman, therefore, was

A Stranger to Him,

yet he knew her well. He needed not than any man should tell him what sorrow lay on her heart, for no one in all that procession of sympathizing villagers knew the secret sorrows of that woman's life as they were known to the Lord Jesus Christ.

With what a strange command he greets her. He said to her, "Weep not." I doubt not that she was startled when she heard his words. Who is this stranger who so speaks to me? Does he wish to mock my grief? Would he make light of my sorrow? And we may well conceive of her anxiously looking up through her tears into the benignant face of our Lord Jesus. It is to her the face of a stranger, yet the love of Christ's heart is seen in his face. But why should he give this command? He will soon remove all cause for weeping. May she not weep out her sorrow until the hour of her rejoicing shall come? No, although Christ knew what he was about to do, the sympathy of his heart would not permit him to remain silent. He must speak the word of comfort and of sympathy that she may not grieve so much. There was much in the case to excite the sympathy of one less compassionate than was Christ. This young man was her only son; and the original shows that he was not simply the only son she then had, but he was the only son that she ever had; that is the real meaning of the word here employed; the only son that she ever had, and she was a widow.

Here, then, is the picture painted with two strokes of the narrator's brush; and she stands before us overwhelmed by

Her Twofold Sorrow.

This was not the first bier that she had followed to the grave. Perhaps it was not long since her husband had died. All her thoughts turned toward, and all her hopes rested upon this only son. But disease came, death soon followed; and now he was borne from her sight to his last resting-place. Alone in her grief she is a picture of the keenest sorrow, as she follows him to the grave. Dear friends, what a delight it is to think of Christ's pity, to observe the tokens of his tender compassion, and to remember that when Christ says to the sorrowing, "Weep not," he is able himself soon to dry their tears. Our words of sympathy are often cold. They give less comfort sometimes than in our hearts we long to impart. Often one remains silent, because he feels that his words are too bold, even though they come from the heart in all sincerity. Often the grasp of the hand is more eloquent than words which our lips strive to utter. But it is not so with Christ. When he says, "Weep not," he himself soon wipes away the tears. He came down from heaven to anticipate that time which is promised us when "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Christ can do it; Christ did it; Christ still does it.

Notice, in the second place, Christ's triumphant command.

The Procession Stopped.

The young men laid the bier upon the ground. We know not whether it was a bier, or, as we might say, a coffin; both were used, and both are used still in Palestine and in Greece. Travelers tell us it is usual now in Palestine to dress the dead in their ordinary clothing, and to bear them out either upon a bier or upon a very shallow coffin, but a coffin so constructed that it would be quite possible for one to sit upright or leap out of it, if life were not extinct. The shroud is not placed upon the body until the grave is reached. I mention this fact, because it is well to remember that it was quite easy and natural for this young man to arise. If he had been already wrapped in a shroud it would have been difficult for him to have arisen; but he was not so wrapped; it was not the custom then; it is not the custom now. Not until the grave is reached is the long shroud or winding sheet wound about the corpse as it was about Lazarus, around every limb. But this young man was dressed in his ordinary clothing. If he lay in a coffin it was uncovered, and the cover was carried in front of him. His face was perfectly exposed, and the rest of his form covered with some light garment which was carefully thrown over him. I state these facts to illustrate how perfectly true to the customs of that day, and to those of this day this narrative is; how perfectly in harmony with the facts of the case are the statements of the evangelist,

Personal Contact.

Our Lord bade the procession stop. He came nearer. There was authority in Christ's person. He awed men into silence by his presence. That procession felt that a kingly man was before them. Power went out from Jesus even though his lips were silent. He came up close to the bier; that was Christ's rule. When the Lord blessed men he came close to them. When he would lift up the poor lunatic boy, he took him by the hand. When he would restore the daughter of the ruler of the synagogue, he takes her by the hand that he may give her to her mother. When he healed men who were deaf, he put his fingers into their ears; when he healed men who were dumb, he put his finger on their tongues. These acts were not necessary; for he could heal with a word when necessary, as in the case of the Centurion's servant; the wonderful miracle wrought the very day before the raising of the widow's son, and at a great distance from the one sick. Nevertheless, it was Christ's rule to come close to men whom he would help. We may not enlarge upon this thought further now, but you can learn a very interesting lesson from this fact. You cannot do effective work for Christ at long range. You must get close to men if you are going to help them. Sometimes there is much of the Gospel in the warm grasp of the hand; there is vast power in a word of kindness. The preacher and church that shorten their weapons make them more effective. This blessed Bible is the sword of the spirit, and if you and I are to wield that sword effectively,

We Must Come Close to Men.

The pulpit is too far away from the pews; the preacher too far away from his people; some pulpits are dying of dignity; some churches are shorn of power, because of their supposed respectability. We must, my friends, come close to men. Christ came close to this dead young man. Would that we knew how to come close to men, that we could put our heart into our hand, all warm with a Saviour's love, and give it to them as we grasp them by the hand! We must do it, if the Church of Christ is to accomplish the mission which God intends it should accomplish for a lost world.

Jesus touched the bier, and they that bore the dead stood still; then Christ uttered his irresistible command, "Young man, I say unto thee, arise!" What majesty! I who am the resurrection and the life; I who am the fountain of life, say unto you, "Young man, arise!" It is sublime to stand beside this life-giving Lord. I feel the power of my Lord as I utter these words. There was no delay. No time of prayer and of passionate effort as in the case of Elijah and Elisha, but only this simple, authoritative utterance; the dead heard and obeyed. It was as easy for Christ to raise the dead from the bier as for another to raise the sleeping from the bed.

It might seem ludicrous for a strolling Rabbi to so speak to one who is dead; but there was neither time nor room for doubt or comment—"He that was dead sat up, and began to speak." So Christ spoke to the man with the withered arm, "Stretch forth thine hand." Well might the man have said, "Why that is a strange command; for years this withered arm has hung dangling at my side, how can I stretch it forth?" But with the word Christ gave the power also. That hand was stretched forth and was restored wholy like the other. So was power given in this case; and so it is still often in the preaching of this blessed Gospel. Men are like this young man, dead, dead in trespasses and sins. Perhaps there are young men here who are spiritually dead, whose hearts do not throb with the life of God, who have never felt the power of divine life. And I stand here in Christ's name and say, "Arise from the dead!" As I give the command Christ will accompany it with his power and you also may arise from the dead even as did the widow's son of Nain.

It is exceedingly touching for us to notice the evidences of his restoration to life, for we are told that he that was dead sat up and began to speak. The evidence of Christ's power was instantaneous.

The Man Sat up and Spoke.

Spiritually this was significant. Men who have heard Christ's voice are no longer to retain the posture of dead men. They are to arise; they are to sit up and testify. The young man began to speak. What wonderful things he might have told us, but no word comes from the world of spirits. No voice comes in the case of Lazarus. You have often been startled at that. I doubt not that he began to speak the praises of the power of divine life and love, in the same manner as the man whose eyes were opened followed Christ glorifying God. Men who have been restored by Christ must at once begin to speak. A dumb Christian is a contradiction. The man whose lips have been touched by the finger of Christ must declare the glory of Christ. It is very sad that in so many of our prayer-meetings we have men and women who for the most part are afflicted with a dumb spirit. It ought not to be so. If your feet have been taken out of the miry clay, and have been put upon the Rock, and a new song has been put into your mouth you ought to glorify the grace of Jesus Christ. Not to acknowledge Christ is to deny Christ. If I am speaking to any who profess to be Christians and who have never had a voice to declare the love and the grace of God, suffer this word of exhortation. It is to be feared that you have not experienced the love of Christ in your heart, for out of the fullness of the heart the mouth

Must Speak His Praise.

Have you known Christ? Begin to speak of him. Say with Cennick:

> Then will I tell to sinners round,
> What a dear Saviour I have found.

Young men, do it to-morrow. Do it in your office. Do it in your store. Do it in your boarding-house. Sit up, stand up and speak out as witnesses for him who has called you out of darkness into his marvelous light.

Still further we read, "And he delivered him to his mother." He had not belonged to her for some time. Perhaps during his illness she had begun to feel that he was no longer hers; he was slipping away from her. That is a trying time in a mother's life when the son of her love is going from her. Often have I gone to the bedside of the sick and have seen all that medical skill could do, done in vain; I have seen all that loving hearts could suggest prove useless, and as we have seen the beloved ones floating out, the cables slipping and their ship sailing into the sea so broad and deep, floating away to that land that is so near and yet so far off, we fully realized that our loved ones no longer belonged to us. Then death comes and suddenly our phraseology changes. We begin to speak another way. We speak of the body, we speak of the remains; we do not speak of the person; he is no longer ours. I am sometimes saddened by the thought of the suddeness of that change. It may be a wife, a husband, a child, yet the language is inevitable, because it corresponds to the truth. They no longer belong to us, they have gone from us. There is the casket; but the jewel is missing. So, doubtless, it was in the thought of this widow of Nain.

The Mother's Joy.

How beautiful is this action on the part of Christ, even as was the other act on the part of Elijah! What an anxious heart was in that mother's breast. While Elijah was up-stairs in the loft with the dead boy, pleading for him, pacing that apartment in the agony of despair, throwing himself upon the dead, and then praying to God again, with what emotions must that mother have heard their steps as they came down. It was a touching sight. Christ "delivered him to his mother."

I think that something quite analogous to this takes place in the spiritual resurrection. Young men and women are twice their mother's when they have given their hearts to their mother's God. There is a great gulf between every parent and child if the parent is a Christian and the child is not. And when God comes by his grace and converts our children he takes his hand out of his bosom a second time, and delivers to us our children. I can think of a son once fallen. Year after year the mother prayed, and yet she went her way alone, and he went his. Hers was the narrow path; his was the broad road. But God was gracious. He heard her prayer and turned her son's feet into the narrow path, and if God had spoken by an audible voice he could not have more really given that son to his mother than he did. Soon, side by side, they went to the house of God; soon she heard his voice in prayer and praise, and he was born again, not only born again into the kingdom of God but born again into that mother's heart and life.

Sons Dead to their Mothers.

Ah, that is a beautiful picture; Christ gave the boy to his mother's heart. Perhaps there are some mothers here whose boys do not belong to them in this sense. They are absent from them. It may be some young man is present this morning who has left father and mother behind and left the God of his father and mother also, and has come to this great city and has gone into the ways of sin. Oh, will you not listen to the voice of Jesus? He says, "Young man, I say unto thee, arise!" Will you not permit Christ with his mighty and tender arm to bring you back to himself, and to give you back to your mother?

Again, this is prophetic. All these raisings from the dead are prophetic of the great resurrection at the last day. The ruler's daughter is given to her parents, the widow's son is given back to his mother, and Lazarus is restored to his sisters. Is not this raising prophetic of that great day when families long separated shall again be united? Is there not to be a great delivering up of those once dead to one another? I love to think of this as prophetic. We are to see the

Long Separated Ones

come back again. I recently attended the funeral of one whose wife had died a little time before, and during all his last hours she seemed to be near him. He called her by name and spoke to her as if she were just within sight, within hearing. Perhaps Jesus was delivering him to her and her to him. And I think it will give a tenderer joy to the bliss of heaven that those we have known and loved on earth we may know and love again in the kingdom of God's dear Son.

In closing, notice how this miracle stirred the hearts of the people, bringing fear upon all and leading them to glorify God, and to rejoice that a great prophet was risen up in Israel. For four hundred years the voice of prophecy had been silent, but that voice is once more heard. And what was true of the effect upon them is true always of the presence of Christ's power upon any community. When men are raised from the dead and when Christians are girded with power, fear comes upon the people; they are led to glorify God.

God grant that the resurrection power of Jesus Christ may come to all our hearts, that we may arise to walk in newness of life and to enjoy the foretaste of that day when the dead in earth and sea shall come forth in obedience to the mighty voice of Christ, who is "the resurrection and the life!"

A SUPERFLUOUS PRIEST.

A CHEERING incident is reported by a correspondent of the *Baptist Missionary Magazine* who says: The early triumphs of the mission among the Karens in Burmah are recalled by the story of a visit of one of our Christian preachers to a remote Karen district on the borders of Siam. He found the people very well to do, some having as many as one hundred and twenty elephants. They had built for themselves large Buddhist temples and monasteries. When the preacher asked them if they understood what they worshipped, they said they did not, and listened with great attention while he unfolded the doctrine of the true and living God. That night their Buddhist priest ran away, seeing that his occupation was gone, and the people asked the preacher to remain in his place, and agreed to give up the worship of idols and send their children to his school if he would stay. He remained for a time, and at last reports two hundred were asking baptism.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people

Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

Morning on the Mountains.

Rev. M. L. HOFFORD. HENRY C. WORK.

1. Morning on the mountains In its beauty breaking, Morning in the
2. Morning on the mountains Changing night and sadness, Morning in the
3. Morning on the mountains Golden light is streaming, Morning in the
val - leys Thousand tongues awak - ing, Songs of prais - es bring - ing
val - leys Bring-ing light and glad-ness, Songs of prais - es wing - ing
val - leys Soft - er ra - diance beaming, Joy - ful - ly as - cend - ing
To the throne above; Hal - le - lu-jahs singing To the God of love.
Their triumphant way, Notes of rapture ringing O'er the break of day.
To the throne a-bove, Mingled voic-es blending Fill the air with love.
CHORUS.
Chil - - - - dren join the cho - - - - rus,
Chil - dren, join the cho - rus, While the morn is nigh,
While..... your day is dawn - - - - ing,
While the day is dawn - ing In - to clear - er sky,
In its dewy sweetness, In its dewy sweetness, In life's radiant morning.

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KING JESUS.

KING Jesus is coming,
His kingdom to take;
And Satan, and all of
His servants, may quake.
King Jesus is coming,
We know not how near;
Or if he in person
On earth will appear.

The light of that coming
His foes will dismay;
The breath of his mouth
Will proud Antichrist slay.
All nations will crown him
The King of all kings;
All knees are bowed to him,
Each lip homage brings.

King Jesus is calling
His servants to-day,
To rise in his might,
And his banner display.
With darkness and evil
Unceasing war wage,
Each one in his station,
From youth to old age.

King Jesus will call us
From earth very soon,
He may come at midnight,
At morning or noon.
Work while 'tis yet daylight;
Night fast cometh on.
Our rest will be sweet when
He sayeth—"Well done." —M.J.J.

Allegheny City, Pa.

THE WORLD AFTER THE ADVENT.

The Events to Occur at and After the Second Coming of Christ.

BY THE VERY REV. DEAN BAGOT.

AS soon as the purpose for which this present dispensation has been established shall have been fully accomplished, Christ will come back to the world to set up that kingdom for the coming of which he has directed his Church to pray. That his kingdom shall be established at the time of his Second Coming, is evident from what he himself announces in Matt. 25: 31: "When the Son of Man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory." And according to the declaration of the prophet Daniel, he receives his kingdom when he comes in the clouds.

The locality of the Saviour's kingdom shall be on the earth, for it is expressly said by the same prophet that "the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the saints of the Most High" (Daniel 7: 27), and, furthermore, it is said in the Book of the Revelation that when the seventh angel sounds, there are great voices in heaven saying, "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ." And there is a propriety in this, that the place which was once the scene of the Saviour's sufferings should become the theatre of his future glory.

When the Lord returns to our world he will begin to give effect to his great plan of redemption, by bringing about those events which are necessary for that end. Then shall the day of Judgment commence, even that day to which the Apostle Paul referred in his sermon at Athens—"Because he hath appointed a day, in which he shall judge the world in righteousness by that Man whom he hath ordained." This day is not a period of twelve or twenty-four hours' duration, but extends over the entire length of the period which is called the Millennium, for as the whole of this present dispensation is called "the day of salvation," so the whole of the dispensation after this, and which is to be ushered in by the coming of our Lord, is called "the day of judgment." The judgment of those who shall be alive upon the earth when he comes is described in Matt. 25: 31–46. At his Second Advent he will also raise up his people who have died in the faith and hope of the Gospel. The dead in Christ shall rise first; they shall have dominion over the wicked in the morning, as they shall be raised incorruptible at the commencement of the eternal day of glory; and then shall those saints who shall be alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord be changed by his divine power, assuming bodies that shall be incorruptible and immortal. Thus shall all his people be admitted into his kingdom, and share with him in the work of judgment, and reign with him on the earth, partaking of his glory. They shall not die any more, for they shall be equal to the angels, and shall be the children of God, being the children of the resurrection. Those amongst the living when the Lord comes who are not his believing people, shall be shut out of the Millennial kingdom; among these death shall take place as it does now, and to them the Gospel will be preached with a power and success that was never known before.

But it is most important to attend this—that the Millennial period is not the final, but only a preparatory dispensation; it is not the glory, but only the dawn of that day. It is the time during which the Saviour gives effect to his great purposes of redemption, and prepares the world for becoming the residence of his happy and glorified people throughout the eternal reign of blessedness which is to follow. The distinction may be seen from the fact of its being stated that those who are partakers of the first resurrection shall reign with Christ a thousand years, while it is afterwards said (in Rev. 22: 5), that they shall reign for ever and ever. At the end of the Millennial reign, we are told that Satan, who had been bound and restrained during that period, shall be loosed out of his prison, and shall go out to deceive—not those who are within the Millennial kingdom, but—the nations which are in the four quarters of the earth, and shall bring them up against the saints of God. This insurrection, however, instead of being at all successful, shall only give occasion for the utter destruction of all the wicked from the face of the earth, for then shall take place the general resurrection and the general judgment; and after that, the earth, which was, perhaps, partially renovated at the commencement of the Millennium, shall be completely delivered from the curse. It shall not, as some suppose, be annihilated, but the heaven and the earth shall be changed into a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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LUCK GOOD AND BAD.

WE hear many people talking about "good luck." But things are not at loose ends. Behave yourself well, and things will come out about right; sin against God—and matters will come out all wrong. He who cheats and lies and swears, will always have bad luck. He who faithfully serves God will always have good luck. When we see a boy coming in from a street fight, with bruised eye, and soiled coat, and rough behavior, we say, "That boy has had bad luck." When we see a girl with a pouting lip, cross and snarlish, and hard to please, saying sharp things to her mother, and making herself, in the house and school, very disagreeable, we are apt to say, "That girl has had very bad luck."

But it would be better to talk more of the kind Providence that arranges our lot, and less of chance. There is no such thing as luck; our blessings are more than our losses. People ought to hunt more for marigolds and buttercups, and less for burs and thistles. We could not tell you how many times we have met with what people call good luck. If we were about to start on a journey, and wanted fair weather, though we heard it storm in the night, we have almost always found that the sun shone brightly in the morning. If we had a bad cold, and feared that we would not be able to preach next Sabbath, by the time the day came we were hale and healthy. If some one stole our umbrella, we generally found that an unknown person had lost his umbrella in our entry. We left our cane in the cars, but a friend presented us with another. Our carriage broke down, but we got the benefit of exercise in walking. We missed the train, but by that means escaped a terrible accident.

A steamboat on the Hudson River took fire, but we had chosen that same night to go on the other one that came through undamaged. We never knew an unkind thing to be said about us, but it in some way turned out to our advantage. We had an unexpected call for $20, and from the gutter on Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, we picked up a pocket-book containing $20. Almost everything that we expected to turn out wrong has turned out right. We have been fortunate in selecting our grocer, our tailor, our doctor, and our friends. We were born in a very good place, at just the right time, [illegible] We would not trade off our circumstances for anybody else's circumstances.

We have had what people call good luck in the morning, good luck at noon, and good luck in the evening. We have trod on many sharp thorns, and drank [illegible] dark skies, but still we can say, "Goodness and mercy have followed us all the days of our life." Henceforth let us give more time to thinking of our joys, and less of our vexations. That is what we mean by hunting more for marigolds and buttercups, and less for burs and thistles.

BETTER TIMES FOR TOIL.

WE congratulate American labor upon the fact that it is coming to more appreciation than ever before. There is not a circle of refinement or culture in which you do not find there men who have fought their own way up; with the toil of their hand, with the toil of their foot, and with the toil of their brain gaining those positions. So we have come to the conclusion in this country, when we find a man contemptuous of labor, and acting as though he never worked at all, and as though his ancestors had never worked, we make up our mind that if you go a little further back in that man's ancestral line you will run against a scavenger's cart or upset a soap-boiler's kettle. The question in this country is becoming more and more, not who was your father? or who was your mother? or who were your grand-parents? but who are you? what are you doing for your country? what are you doing for your God? what is your moral character? When the Congressional halls shall next open, there will be the representatives of every trade there present,—farmers, teamsters, plumbers, shipwrights, drovers, masons, carpenters. The crowbar of the Pennsylvania miner, the flail of the New Hampshire yeomanry, the axe of the Oregon settler, the buzz of the Lowell carpet factory will have their echo in the Congressional halls of Washington. There will be enough farmers there to see that agricultural interests are defended; there will be enough manufacturers there to stand up for the American shuttle; there will be enough sea-coast men there to look out for the fisheries; there will be enough miners there to defend the coal shafts; and if, in any Legislature in this country, or in any Congress, a man should rise up, contemptuous of human toil, and propose a bill that would degrade American labor, his name would be dropped; it would be ground under the potter's wheel, and bored of the cabinetmaker's bit, and split of the settler's hatchet, and torn of the farmer's corn-thresher, and consumed in the furnace of the gas-fitter. We bless God that human toil is coming to a higher appreciation, and that, in this country, if a man will be industrious and honest and pure-hearted toward God and man, he will be respected and honored.

What opportunities are opening on every side for men who have a mind to work! The farm says, "Strike deeper the plough, and we will send up mightier harvests." The forest says, "Bring on the lumbermen, and we will float all the rivers with material for navies and cities." The waters say, "Strike out with your fishing-smacks, and cast the net on the right side of the ship, and you shall see miracles of floundering wealth in the cod and shad and mackerel." And joining in the great song of American industry are the deep bass of the rolling-mills, and the soprano of the turner's saw, and the drum of the grist-mill, and the shrill piping of steam-whistles, and the chime of factory-bells all along the Susquehanna, the Connecticut, and the Merrimac. But all that has been done is but little compared with the field opening to-day before the mechanic and agriculturist. Not an acre of American soil has yet done its best; not one wheel but it might have easier motion; not one hulk but it could make quicker time. O, when shall all the prairies be redeemed and all the table-lands be brought under cultivation; and the thousands of acres, where now only the deer browse and the wolf barks and the panther screams, surrender their mines of gold and harvests of corn at our feet? God lays down before us the map of this continent, and says, "Look at your inheritance. Go where you will. Do you like the cold? Go up by the Northern lakes. Do you want summer to glow in your veins? Go to California. Do you want adventure? Set your face toward the Rocky Mountains. Are you satisfied with the place you have? Stay at home, gather a competency, educate your children, please your wife, serve God, and die an honest man and a Christian."

"EDUCATED BEN."

WE were standing on the piazza of the hotel at Saratoga, one summer, looking across toward a tent which had painted on the outside an advertisement of the wonderful things that were being performed inside by a highly cultivated pig called "educated Ben." The boy in us said: "You had better go over and see it," but professional propriety made us hesitate. While we were discussing the matter within ourselves, and our capacity to withstand the temptation was getting weaker and weaker, we found three prominent clergymen, one of the Episcopal Church, one of the Presbyterian Church, and the other of the Reformed Church, who were resolved to go. We immediately said: "If they are going it must be respectable to go." In ten minutes we were all at the exhibition. At the bidding of the exhibitor, "educated Ben" told the time of day by a watch, the ages of the auditors, the year of their birth having first been given, and played a game of cards in which none of the clergymen participated. It was wondrous beyond all description.

Ever since reading Æsop's Fables, in boyhood, we have been in the habit of moralizing, and this performance of the learned pig set us a-going in that direction, and we thought how many educated Bens there are in the world.

First, there are the learned men who, from something in their temperament, may be said to be all bristles. You cannot smooth them down. They are covered with sharp, disagreeable points. Now-a-days when we meet with such men, we feel that all their attainments cannot make up for their sharpnesses of demeanor, and we say within ourselves that they are no more nor less than educated Bens.

In this company, also, we place those who with large acquirements, prefer the mire. Let this prodigy of the Saratoga exhibition get off of its clean platform and loose in the street, its first pilgrimage would be to the mud puddles. So there are educated men who are fond of the mire. They have a genius for dirt. You see it in the subjects on which they write, and in the unclean stories they tell. They would rather wallow than soar. Educated Bens.

In this company are the learned men who are uncleanly in their personal appearance. Some of them take pride in shaving but once a week. Their glory is a begrimed shirt collar. Their finger-nails in mourning for a dead bar of soap. Not able to get Horace Greeley's brains and heart, they come as near to him as possible by upholstering the top of their left boot with a profusion of pantaloons. No amount of genius can atone for uncleanliness of person or dress. Yet we have seen in exquisite circles many "Educated Bens."

Let our scholarly men remember that they are watched and imitated by soft heads, who will get chiefly their shortcomings, and while the leaders of the taste of the world are careful to have their minds polished, let them not despise the Christian duty of having their bodies made presentable. There are men who imagine themselves to be Lord Byrons, merely because they have jerked their "turn over collar" clear down, till the button breaks off.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

GOOD WOMEN.

THERE came one day, at the close of the service, a little body, and poured out the following tale of woe: "O, he is such a good husband, but is not a Christian; what can I do?" She had come to me for soul help, just as folks go to doctors for bodily help; and just as they do, I began at once to diagnose the case; for how can one prescribe, except he knows the disease? I knew there was some reason for his being out of the Church. I knew more, and that was, that he, like all men, had an entrance to the heart, and if once found, the citadel can be taken. So I plied her with questions. I found he had been brought up right. He had a good, Christian mother; there was a time when he used to pray. I asked her if he prayed now?"

"No; not that I know of."

"Do you pray?"

"Oh, yes sir; all the time."

"No, not that; I mean do you have stated seasons and places for prayer?"

"Oh, yes."

"What are they?"

"Every morning and night."

"Do you pray out loud?"

"No; oh, no. Never!"

I said to her, "Your husband can be converted."

"Oh! Can he? Can he? Tell me how?"

"Kneel down there by your bed and pray out loud for his immediate salvation."

"I can't! I can't! I never prayed out loud in my life."

"But you can."

"No, Mr. Yatman, I cannot."

"Yes, you can," said I; "you can buy a bonnet, can't you?"

She thought me trifling, when I spoke about "buying bonnets"—I saw it in her face.

"Oh, I know you can pray out loud, for it takes a heap of talking to buy a bonnet, and if your tongue can go for that, it can go in prayer for your husband."

I well knew it could.

We turned to that marvelous verse, so much needed by those in heavy straits, 2 Corinthians, 9:8: "God is able to make all grace abound toward you, that ye always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound unto every good work."

Together we read, together we prayed; and I left her not till she gave me the promise she would do as I told her.

A fortnight after that I saw her. Her face was the picture of joy. I knew what had happened. "Tell me about it, won't you?" I felt if she would, it might help me to help others. And so she told me:

"After we separated that day, when I gave you my promise 'to pray out loud,' I felt as though I had promised to lift a mountain. Some days went by, but the burden got so heavy I could not carry it. So one morning I told Jesus he must help me for that night. I would keep my promise—I would pray out loud. At breakfast, my husband noticed my face was flushed, and asked me if I were ill, or had fever. I told him 'no.' When he came home to dinner at six, I could scarcely look at him, knowing what was to come. Again he asked me about the high color in my face. I turned it off as best I could. We had a lovely evening together. He read, and then, by-and-bye, said: 'Come, my dear; it's getting late.' I thought I could never get up stairs; my knees but just gave out, I prayed inwardly, and we prepared to retire, as usual. He got in bed; then I got down and silently asked the great God to help me; in a moment I forgot he was there; I forgot my fears; I forgot everything, save that my husband needed salvation, and was pouring out my petitions aloud, 'that God would save him,' 'make him a Christian,' 'save his life and years, as well as his soul.' And, sir; the first conscious knowledge I had of his presence was his arm about my waist, saying: 'Wife, wife, keep on praying, keep on praying. I must be saved now.' And he, too, prayed. We both prayed together; and when I got up from my bedside, I had a new husband, for he was saved."

Oh, women! pray them in, pray them in. Few men can long withstand the prayers of a good and noble wife; fewer still can withstand their audible cries.

C. H. Yatman

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

COURTESIES IN MOROCCO.

FOREIGN visitors to Morocco are not usually well received. Neither to the Sultan nor his people is the European a welcome guest. As long as it was possible, the foreigner was excluded from the country, and now that he is admitted, the restrictions are contrived so as to be irksome to him. The Sultan has, however, deemed it prudent to be at least courteous to one visitor who is now in his dominions. Sir West Ridgeway has gone to him as a representative of the English Government and has been received with as much cordiality as the Moor can bring himself to extend to one whom he regards as an infidel. The illustration on this page represents the envoy and his party being escorted to the official quarters. The object of the visit is to restore friendly relations between England and Morocco. The Sultan having paid the indemnity for the Englishman who was killed in the riot of last year and having apologized for the insult to Sir Charles Euan-Smith, to whom he offered a bribe, all grounds of offence are supposed to have been removed and Sir West Ridgeway is sent to renew friendly overtures. He is a man of less dignity and more tact than Sir Charles Euan-Smith, and may be more successful in negotiating a treaty of commerce which is doubtless his real business. He is one of the officials of the Irish Government, and has given proof of his fitness for such a mission as this in the fact that he is popular alike with the English and Irish in Dublin. It may be hoped, for the sake of the Moors themselves, that he will win the favor of his majesty, Mulai Hassan. England doubtless sees her way to profit in a commercial treaty, but it is the Moors who most need the commerce, and the civilization which would result from it. At present there is no outlet for their productions and the people are poor and miserable while possessing commodities which the English would gladly purchase. Contact with Europeans might also lead them to understand something of national liberty and progress of which now they know nothing. But the chief advantage to be hoped for is that they might hear the Gospel which is able to make them wise unto salvation. (II. Tim. 3:15.)

A Scared Tippler.

THE curious taste in ornaments of a Colorado mine-owner caused a Chicago man a terrible fright a few days ago. The mine-owner has been spending the winter in Florida and while there captured a chameleon of remarkable beauty. It had a body about an inch long with a fine tapering tail. Following a fashion in vogue in the State he decided to wear it as an ornament. A gold chain so fine as to be almost invisible attached its body to his scarf and the little creature soon became at home on his person. During a visit to Chicago he wore the strange ornament which was much admired. But one day in his hotel it attracted the attention of a man whose sight was not very clear, owing to the frequent potations of liquor. He looked intently at the novel scarf ornament and then rubbed his eyes and looked again. He moved as close as he could to the stranger and his face grew pale as he gazed. The stranger made a slight movement and the chameleon ran rapidly to the end of its chain hiding itself under his vest. Then the drinking man fell back against the bar. Holding up his hand he said, "I never thought I would come to this; I'll never drink another drop of liquor as long as I live." As that was a very desirable resolution on his part, he was not informed that the phenomenon he had supposed to be the first symptom of an attack of delirium tremens had so simple and natural a cause. An habitually sober man would not have been scared by the spectacle but an accusing conscience made him quail. "The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion." (Prov. 28: 1.)

A Narrow Escape.

During the great fire in Boston, Mass., on March 10, a fireman had a marvelous escape from death. When the fire was at its height he was seen at a window on the eighth story of a high building, of which the lower stories were burning fiercely. There was no ladder which could reach so high, and it looked as if the man must surely die. He was seen, however, to sway himself out of the window and clutch an electric cable containing several light wires, which crossed the street. Then he was recognized as chief of one of the fire-brigades, and it was remembered that he had been confined to the house by a broken collar-bone. The crowd below watched him anxiously as he swung at the dizzy height, and the firemen brought a net and spread below, in case he should fall. Dense masses of smoke surrounded him, and the flames from the burning building came perilously near him, but the man held on and slowly worked his way, hand over hand along the cable, to the middle of the street. The firemen shouted to him to hold on, but he was evidently getting very weak. Eventually, the firemen succeeded in detaching one end of the cable, which they gently and carefully lowered, while on a ladder, set up on the other side, were firemen ready to catch the swinging man when he was lowered within their reach. In this way he was brought safely down, and was carried fainting to a place of safety. The firemen have often protested against the overhead wires, which are a hindrance to them in their work, but for once they were the means of saving a valuable life. There are many evils in life that are hard to bear, which the Christian is encouraged to submit to patiently, trusting his heavenly Father to overrule them for good. (Genesis 50 : 20.)

THE BRITISH COMMISSIONER'S ARRIVAL IN MOROCCO.

Constructive Damages.

A NOVEL question of law has just been decided by the Court of Appeals of New York State. It arose out of the suit of a widow for the loss of her husband's life. She and her husband and their little boy were walking across a bridge over one of the State canals. The bridge was unguarded and the little boy fell over into the water. His father jumped in to rescue him, but both he and the child were drowned. The State authorities accepted responsibility for the death of the child and paid the widow's claim on its account. But they demurred to her claim for the death of her husband. They pleaded that his death was not due to the absence of the guard-rail, because he did not fall into the water, but voluntarily jumped in, as he probably would have done if a guard-rail had been there. The Court of Appeals has sustained the widow's claim. In delivering judgment the Court said that, although, the immediate cause of the man's death was his paternal instinct to save his child's life, the necessity for doing so would not have arisen if the State had not been negligent in leaving the bridge unprotected. The State must be held responsible for all the consequences of its negligence and the man's death was one of them. There is no question as to the decision being morally right and the principle applies in matters that do not come before the courts. A parent's negligence in training his child, or a Christian's inconsistencies have far-reaching consequences which he is powerless to control. (Rom. 14: 7.)

The Chief Justice's Love Letter.

An amusing incident in connection with the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court is reported in the *Washington Post*. It states that Mr. Fuller, having occasion to consult his physician, walked around to his residence. A man who has recently been engaged by the physician, opened the door to him. He said that his employer was out, but had left word that he would soon return. He evidently had no idea of the exalted position of the gentleman he was addressing, but seemed to have confidence in him, for he invited him into the physician's library to wait until he returned. The Chief Justice accepted, and seated himself in his old friend's chair. He had barely done so when the serving man came in, and in an embarrassed way asked if the gentleman would do him a favor while he waited. He had a sweetheart, he said, and was very anxious to send her a letter, but unhappily he could not write. If the gentleman would write it for him, he would feel deeply grateful. Without hesitation Mr. Fuller acquiesced, and, taking up a pen, wrote probably the most unique letter ever penned by his hand. It would be a treasure to the autograph collector, but its value to the girl who received it, would consist in its being a message from her lover. If it told her what she wanted to know, she would care very little by whom it was written. If Christians had the same feeling about their heavenly Father's message, there would be less acrimony in the theological disputes which have so long agitated the church (2. Peter 1 :21).

An Ungrateful Man.

A singular case of ingratitude is reported in a journal of the State of Washington. A farmer, sixty years of age, had occasion to go through a forest in Clarke County. On his way he disturbed an exceptionally fierce she bear, who chased him. The farmer was unarmed, and realized that his only chance of escape lay in his running powers. Those were not so good as in his youth, but he made the best speed he could. He succeeded in getting out of the forest and reaching the open country, but the bear kept up the pursuit. He soon found that he was getting weak from the unwonted exertion, while the bear was as fresh as at the start, and was gaining on him. He knew that some distance ahead was a farm on which he could take refuge, and he made a desperate effort to reach it. Fortunately for him, a lady who happened to be alone in the farmhouse saw his plight from an upper window, and hurried down with a gun. Just as the bear almost touched him, a well-aimed shot from the lady's rifle rolled her over, and the man was saved. Then the ungrateful man claimed the hide, as the finder of the bear, and would not admit the right of his rescuer, as the person who killed it. A dispute ensued, which was ultimately settled by the compromise, to which the man reluctantly agreed, that the hide be sold, and the proceeds be divided between himself and the lady who had saved him. One would have thought that nothing he had would have been good enough for him to give to the person to whom he owed his life. But gratitude is not a common virtue. The cause of Christ would not languish as it does for want of funds if men proved by their gifts their consciousness of what they really owe to him (Philemon 19).

BRIEF NOTES.

Madam Tel Sono's many friends will be glad to know that she is receiving a very hearty and cordial reception in England.

A large meeting of girls employed as clerks in stores in Berlin, has been held to demand complete Sunday rest. A resolution was adopted that they should have a day of rest guaranteed by law.

Major Whittle and Mr. Stebbins are holding a mission in Belfast, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. The meetings commenced last month and will continue all through March. Much good is being done.

There are now over one hundred medical missionaries in China, and fifty-six of them are women. They reaeh those who are beyond the reach of male missionaries, even though physicians, and touch the home life as no others can.

The Synod of the Russian Church has decided to undertake a revision of the Russian Bible, and has intrusted the undertaking to a number of prominent Russian theologians and scholars. The movement is being pushed energetically, and the revision is expected to be soon ready for publication.

Evangelist E. P. Telford closed his meetings at Newport, L. I., on March 10. He is now conducting meetings at the Presbyterian Church, Freeport, L. I., at the close of which he goes to Newark, N. J., to the Clinton Avenue Reformed Church, where preparations for a great work are being made.

As an evidence of the value of revival work a minister in Baltimore, Md., writes that during the recent services of Messrs. Moody and Sankey in that city, the most earnest and devoted workers were Christians who were converted as young men under Mr. Moody's preaching when he was there many years ago.

The Young Men's Christian Association of London, has been carrying a heavy burden in the mortgage on its building, Exeter Hall, London. An anonymous gift of $25,000 in liquidation of it was handed in recently by a gentleman who said he wished in that way to express his obligation to the institution.

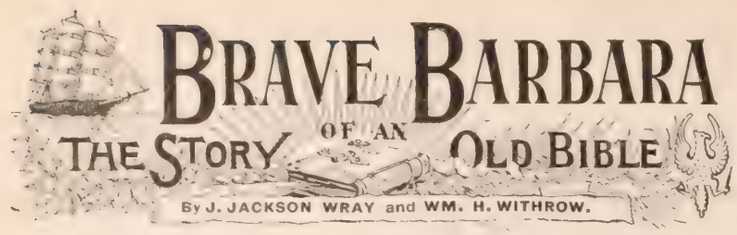
A proposition has been made in France to form a federal union of the Protestant Churches in France—including the Lutheran, Reformed, Free, Methodist, and Baptist Churches—for common action in matters concerning the relation of the churches to the government, and in their attitude toward the Roman Catholic Church.

Bishops Newman and Hurst of the M. E. Church have been appointed a committee to wait upon the President and call his attention to the imprisonment by the goverment of Brazil of Prof. J. H. Nelson. It is hoped that the State Department will issue instructions to our minister there to move actively for his liberation.

There is a strong religious feeling in some districts of Ireland against Home Rule The Protestants believe that there will be no religious liberty in the country if the pending bill is passed. Special prayers are being offered in every church in the dioceses of Down, Connor and Dromore that God would avert the danger apparently impending.

The latest annual report of the Hawaiian Evangelical Association gives the statistics of the churches which have grown out of the work of the American Board in those islands. They count 5,427 members of the Hawaiian-speaking churches, with 4,916 in the Sabbath school; there are also 1,190 members in English, Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese and German churches connected with the Association.

It is gratifying to learn from Washington dispatches that however radical may be the difference between the political principles of the President and the ex-President, they are in harmony on the subject of the observance of the Lord's Day. Several days before the inauguration, Mr. Cleveland learning that it had been proposed to use the Pension Building for a Sunday concert telegraphed to the Secretary of the Interior: "I am strongly opposed to the use of the Pension Building for a Sunday concert on the fifth inst., and object to regarding such a thing as a feature of the inauguration." Secretary Noble telegraphed in reply: "Your telegram received. Orders were issued already forbidding the use of the Pension Building Sunday, and I am gratified that this action is in accordance with your wishes."



CHAPTER IV.

PROSPERITY AND DECLENSION.

GLIDING slowly, but smoothly, with the low coast of Long Island on the one hand, and then the yellow curve of Sandy Hook and Staten Island on the other, the *Colleen Bawn* passed through the Narrows, and, rounding the green slopes of what are now known as the "Heights of Brooklyn," dropped anchor hard by the wooden quay which served to meet the requirements of the port of New York.

How strangely different was the scene which met the eyes of our little band of adventurers, along those final stages of their voyage, from that which greets the traveler over the same route to-day!

When the *Colleen Bawn* spread her brown sails above the waters of the spacious and magnificent bay and harbor, New York—a quaint Dutch town, with some few thousands of inhabitants, covering but a small patch on the eastern corner of the now million-peopled Island of Manhattan—gave no promise, in its low, mean, wooden structures, and sluggish business fashions, of the sumptuous, Babel-voiced city of to-day.

Hearty "Good-byes" were interchanged between our immigrants from the mother country and the genial Captain O'Connor, who had piloted them with so skilful a hand and so stout a heart across the sea. Barbara Heck did not fail to press upon the skipper a hearty offer of "bed and board" should Providence bring him within hail of the roof-tree under which she and her good man Paul hoped to find a home.

"Thank you, kindly," said the skipper, as he held her hand in his, half-lingeringly, as it seemed, and with a sailor-grip. "An' sure, Misthress Heck, the light av your face an' the swate flavor av your voice will be a pleasant mimory with Phaylim O'Connor for many a day;" and so they parted, the Romanist and the Methodist, strong and true in their mutual regard, despite all that the antagonisms of creed and customs had done to hinder.

Captain O'Connor was very loth to part with his "cabin-boy," Michael Finnigan. That rising genius, who had baptized himself "Lucky Mike," had beeome of real use and service to the skipper, and he would fain have kept him by his side.

"Sure, an' you've the makings of a capital sailor in you, Mike Finnigan," said the skipper, as Mike was standing by his "Misthress Aroon," ready to follow as soon as she should leave the ship. "Come back with me to ould Ireland. I've got a dacent home for you in Limerick, down by the Shannon shore, an' my wife an' me have nayther chick nor child—"

"It's the koind heart ye hev, Captain, an' it's myself that knows it, for Oi niver had a friend but you, barren' wan," he said, looking at Barbara in a way that might well have convinced the Captain that his request was useless, "an' more between, the misthress hez pussuaded Another Wan to take me in hand, and be this an' be that, Captain; sure, on' Oi'll never laive, neither the wan nor t' Other av 'em, for iver and iver, Amen! You've been a moighty good friend to me, Captain, an' sure ivery pit-pat av my heart says' 'Thank-ye.' May the blessed saints—no," said he, correcting himself, "may the good God bless ye all the days av your life, an' whin you die, may the 'ivens be your bed."

Mike's eyes were red, and so, in sooth, were Captain O'Connor's. The skipper shook him warmly by the hand, and left a piece of gold in his palm. "You're right, boy, "stick close by Misthress Heck, and may you be Lucky Mike, all the days av your life!"

Barbara looked at her young henchman, and smiled approvingly. Mike looked at his patroness and then at the captain, and laughed his satisfaction and delight; then, being the [illegible] Barbara, escorted by her good man, Paul, with happy Mike Finnigan close behind her, was soon hidden in the narrow streets, and among the quaint houses of New York.

I have already informed my readers that when the German palatines were sent to England from the camp of the Duke of Marlborough, a considerable number of them were dispatched at Government cost, to the colonies of North America.

Many of these earliest of the German exiles had come from the same district, and even from the same town or village from which the Rechels, the Hecks, the Schweitzers, themselves had sprung. Some of them were relatives of a distant degree; and all of them were countrymen and co-religionists. By this means our travelers were able to find provisional shelter; and they and their belongings were housed with some degree of comfort until they had time to look about them.

Paul and Barbara Heck, and Philip Embury and his wife Mary, found a temporary home in the house of a Dutch merchant, Jan Stuyvesant by name. He had married the descendant of a Bohemian follower of John Huss, who, like that illustrious martyr, had suffered at the stake for conscience sake. In this way Jan Stuyvesant had become linked in blood and sympathy as well as faith with the Palatine emigrants who had just arrived.

Jan's heart was as burly as his body, which is saying much; and Lisbeth, his wife, was in all things except his girth, his better half, which is saying more. Better still, as an all too rare accompaniment of these rare couplings of excellence, Lisbeth was kind and genial; she had broad and homely features which characterize her race; a class of face which is uncapable of wearing an indifferent, stern, and even forbidding aspect; but which when it is pervaded with sunshine, it is sunny indeed, and is endowed with a beauty that the fine arts cannot supply. That sunshine Lisbeth Stuyvesant wore, and it was seldom clouded, a sudshine all the more lovesome that it was kindled at the heart.

Philip Embury, wishing to gain time for the prudent selection of a plot of land, hired himself to till the ground of a German kinsman, and to secure a preparatory training in the style of farming fitted for that soil and clime; and Lucky Mike found abundant employment.

Paul Heck found abundant and remunerative employment as a carpenter, and, by his diligence and skill, seemed likely enough to swell his little hoard of savings in such wise as to bring within, not distant reach, a freehold farm of his own. The rest of our little band of Palatine pilgrims also were speedily located in the colony, some in New York itself and its immediate neighborhood, and others, with more money in their pouch, on lands purchased from Government, in more distant localities, but within reach of the central supplies and markets of the city.

Then there began for our adventurers a period of hard toil, a continuous experience of chance and change, and for a while, until crops were gathered, climate changes overcome, and the first stress of emigrant effort struggled through, they had a hard time of it. The cost of "necessaries" was heavy, and necessaries themselves were scarce.

In this way, some four or five years passed by and then the hearts of the Palatines were cheered; and their flagging faith was stimulated by the arrival of a new batch of relatives, neighbors and compatriots from Palatine. Peter Schweitzer who had come from his outlying "Concession" to do his marketing in New York, happened to have business on the wooden quay, on which he had set foot five years ago. He had one of his stalwart lads beside him, both of them sun-browned and swarthy; both of them wearing the rough, broad-brimmed straw hat, the rough, woolen, guernsey-like shirt and stout corduroy, or fustian nether garments of the Colonial farmer, and both of them bearing on their faces the witness of the rigor of their daily toil.

They were seated on the front bar of a rude wagon, of clumsy make and lumbering dimensions, to which two oxen were harnessed. Near them was a pile of bags, which, doubtless, contained some "necessaries" waiting transference to "Ballypeter," as Schweitzer's farm was called.

The two sat there thinking silently and seriously, though not sadly, for things were going well with Peter; thinking of Ballygarane: thinking also of that strange voyage. Peter's eyes were fixed on a "sail," which was ploughing its way with speed across the bay. His eye caught sight of the brown, canvas, rounded by the favoring breeze, of the oddly shapen lines of the hull beneath.

"Laddie!" he shouted, as he slapped his son on the shoulder, "That's the *Colleen Bawn*, as sure as there's fish in the Shannon, or frogs in the marshes of Ballygran." A few more minutes were spent in watching the approaching schooner; then Peter jumped from the wagon at a bound, and exclaimed:

"That's Captain O'Connor!" and, running to the outermost edge of the pier, he put his hand to his lips by way of speaking-trumpet, and shouted: "Is it Captain O'Connor?"

"It is—on me honor," responded the bluff voice of the genial captain.

All his love for *auld langsyne* was on Peter's lips as he waved his old straw hat above his head and cried:

"Hoch! Hoch! Hoch! Good luck to the *Colleen Bawn*."

Scarcely had the little vessel dropped anchor by the quay than Peter's hands were seized by his own brother David. He was followed by Jacob Rechel, youngest brother of Barbara Heck, and he by many another playmate, comrade, neighbor, relative and friend.

"Why, all Ballygran must be coming over!" said the delighted Peter.

"'Tis like enough," said John Lawrence, a fine, hardy, intelligent young fellow, part farmer, part artizan, whom Peter Schweitzer well remembered as a class-mate in Philip Embury's Methodist class-meeting in the city of Limerick; "It's like enough, brother Schweitzer, if the times don't mend. Mend, indeed, sure they're growin' harder an' worse instead of better. But how is it with you, brother? Where do you meet in class, and how do you fare for the means of grace?

The hot blushes forced their way through all the tan that browned the cheeks of Peter Schweitzer, and his head dropped in conscious shame. He felt then how far himself and others had gone from the "old ways;" how far distant they had allowed themselves to drift from the "first love" which turned Ballygarane, with all its poverty, into a land of Beulah, and their little homesteads in the Palatine into "a place of much delight!"

"We have no class-meeting at Ballypeter, John; indeed, there are none in New York. There is no Methodism in this country. What of the English church there is is dead and dry as the bark of a stricken tree; and of other worship there is none, or none that is not in the same evil case. Besides," continued he, speaking more boldly, as self excuse is apt to do, "there's no time here for religious exercises. It's hard work here, I promise you; and the 'twelve hours' of the Irish working-day have grown to a good eighteen, and——"

"That'll do, brother," said plain-spoken John Lawrence, with much sadness and some sarcasm in his voice; "there is little need to excuse such backsliding, seeing that in this brave young land of plenty, there is no need of God!"

Here the brief conversation ended. Peter was glad to be able to direct the new-comers to the warehouse of Peter Stuyvesant, who as a leading paymaster, had official authority to look to the early wants of fresh colonizers, and hearty goodwill toward all. Then Peter returned to his boy and his oxen, not to laden his wagon and depart, but to quarter them and himself in the queer straggling old hostelry, know as the 'King's Arms,' and kept by that redoubtable supporter of King George III, and royalty in general, George King.

Both Peter and the "laddie" found it more than they could do to turn their backs at once on all these new arrivals and on all the possible news they had brought along with them, even though it were to turn their faces toward home. But whether in the hotel or at home, Peter was bound to carry with him a sorely troubled conscience, so sharply wounded was he with the arrow, which had been shot from a bow drawn at a venture from honest John Lawrence's unconscious hand.

John Lawrence had, in truth, hit upon the great blot in the behavior of our Irish Palatines in their new home beyond the sea. By far the most of them had left their Methodism behind them; and, very naturally, seeing that they had found nothing in its stead, their religious profession followed suit; and so in turn, it is greatly to be feared, its possession, unsustained by the "communion of saints," dwindled out. Only a few, a very few, still held to the faith—notably, Barbara Heck and her husband, and Philip Embury and his young wife

But although the pressure of time and toil furnished the Palatines with many excuses for neglecting religious worship, it provided them them with abundant reasons for social gatherings, pleasant merry-makings, and pastimes at each other's houses, and at the cozy old hostel kept by the Englishman, George King.

Such a gathering was being held in the "King George," when Peter Schweitzer and his promising boy took ud their lodgings in the inn to hear the news of the "Ould Country." Nothing would serve the old friends and acquaintances whom he met there, but that he must "take a hand" with them and "take a cup of kindness for the days of auld lang syne."

But what could he do? He could not be churlish in such company, for he was glad to see them, and there was no mistaking the pleasure they felt in seeing him. Besides, he and his boy would both be away again in a day or two, and uo harm would be done. So the old, old, and still new, excuses for giving way, wrought their accustomed will on him and Peter Schweitzer became hail-fellow-well-met with the party round the table.

Impulsive Peter had just seated himself with his glass when the door opened, and in walked none other than his sister, Barbara! If they had been pressed to guess whose hand was laid upon the latch before the door was opened, never a soul among them would have thought of Barbara Heck. Her presence there was as if a thunderbolt had fallen. Her tall form, her stately mien, her striking face and features, the frown upon her brow, the working of her lips that told of suppressed emotion, her extended finger pointing to the glasses on the table, all united to impress them into silence. It was as if a prophetess stood before them! All brave Barbara's soul seemed to be alight in those blue eyes!

For a full minute this tableau remained fixed, intense; and then Barbara, turning to the bewildered groups at the table, said, in tones of deepest feeling:

"May the great God forgive your sin and folly! What! Will you crucify your Lord afresh, and put him to an open shame? His first disciples forsook him and fled, and thereby filled their souls with coward guilt; but ye, more vile than they, have not only fled from him, but towards the devil for whom you sold him!"

At this point, the heroic element in Barbara's character suddenly failed her, and the true womanly asserted itself. And yet I know not whether the tears and pleadings that followed were not equally heroic in their desperate resolve to stand in the breach for good and all. Brave Barbara's voice trembled; she gasped for breath; the big drops coursed down her cheeks in quick succession, and then with her heart upon her lips, she entreated for her Saviour and for them. Laying her hands lovingly on the shoulders of her old friend and neighbor, Peter Schweitzer—it was he whom she had come to the King George to greet, for the sake of the older days—she said:

"Peter, do you not remember the little class room in the meeting-house at Limerick, and the means of grace that came to us like breezes from Zion's Hill? That was the gate of heaven. But, what is this? Think you it was for this that the Lord brought us over the deep and wide sea holding us in the hollow of his hand?"

"Amen, Barbara!" cried Peter Schweitzer, unable any longer to stand the barbed arrows which had joined with John Lawrence's pioneer dart to distress the soul within him. His boy, too, his young heart taken captive by the valiant defender of the faith, whom he had known and loved aforetime, came forward from his seat in the chimney corner, and half unconsciously laid his hand on his father's arm.

"Let us go away, father, said he, "you and I have no business here."

Barbara had not noticed the presence of the youth hitherto, but now she greeted him with a winsome smile, bent forward to kiss her young kinsman, saying:

"Thou art right, David, neither thou, nor I; nor hath the rest of us any business here. Up, men!" she said, in commanding tones, and speaking to the whole group. "Arise, for we on whom the light hath shined must be about our Master's business?"

Peter Schweitzer rose from the seat he had previously taken, saying, seriously and sadly; "You are right, Barbara. David, my son, you have said truly, 'We have no business here.'"

Peter Rechel, too, followed suit, and with the facility with which his moods changed under the influence of feeling, he left the table saying:

"Right. God bless her! She is always right. And we—" And then Peter wept.

Little more was said, for again a great silence fell upon them; one by one the company dispersed. Some few were not so greatly convicted as others, but all were moved, and the bold action of Brave Barbara was fated with results which are still pulsing in wide and even world-spread power for good at this day.

(To be Continued.)

A Christian Hero.

JOHN HALYDAY GORDON, in the terrible calamity that visited Oil City, Pa., June 5th, 1892, saved forty-one lives. He resides at Siverlyville, a village one mile above Oil City. He is thirty-nine years of age, married, in humble circumstances, with a family of eight children, the oldest not yet grown to womanhood, depending on him for support.

That fatal Sunday, Mr. Gordon heard of the threatened danger to life, in consequence of the rising of the water in Oil Creek, caused by the incessant rains, followed by a cloud burst. Taking a small boat, he hastened to the scene of the terrible disaster. Sounds of alarm had been given, cries of help were heard upon every side. "Help, help, for the love of God!" he heard all about him. With wonderful presence of mind, he commenced his noble work of rescue. With his small boat he faced the angry flood, which came down Oil Creek valley in a mighty torrent, carrying death and destruction in its path. Houses were moved from their foundations and floated about like toys upon the water. Men, women and children were clinging to trees, window ledges, and fences, calling piteously for help. Seven times Gordon's little boat went through the submerged streets, returning each time with a freight of human beings, which he landed in places of safety.

Superhuman were his efforts whilst wrestling with the deluge, but he pursued his course with unflinching determination, rescuing the helpless. At last he felt the end had come, and as the thought of his wife and little ones flashed before him, he prayed earnestly to God to spare his life for their dear sakes.

Nearer, nearer, came the fiery flood, devouring everything in its path. Gordon plunged into the water, diving down to prevent being roasted by the burning mass. Twice he came to the surface for air, which resulted in the burning of his face and hands. The third time that he reached the top of the water, he was able to make his escape to the shore, and was saved from the river of fire.

When he was out of danger, he was so dazed that it seemed to him that he had been the victim of a terrible nightmare, and he could hardly realize that he was standing there alive. It was some moments before he could convince himself of the fact. Nearly overcome with fatigue, suffering torture from the burns he had received, he tried to reach the home of his relatives in the town, and was soon fortunate enough to meet a friend who assisted him to find them.

Mr. Gordon who is a thorough Christian, is modest, and in speaking of the work that he did, said, "I was in God's hands, his instrument; he had work for me to do and I did it, with his help the best I could. I ask no praise, and I desire no earthly reward."

Forty-one human beings, most of whom were women and children, owe their lives to this hero. Mr. Gordon has so far recovered from his burns as to be able to resume his employment.

March April May

Are the best months in which to purify your blood. During the long, cold winter, the blood becomes thin and impure, the body becomes weak and tired, the appetite may be lost, and just now the system craves the aid of a reliable medicine. Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiarly adapted to purify and enrich the blood, to create a good appetite and to overcome that tired feeling. It is the ideal Spring Medicine.

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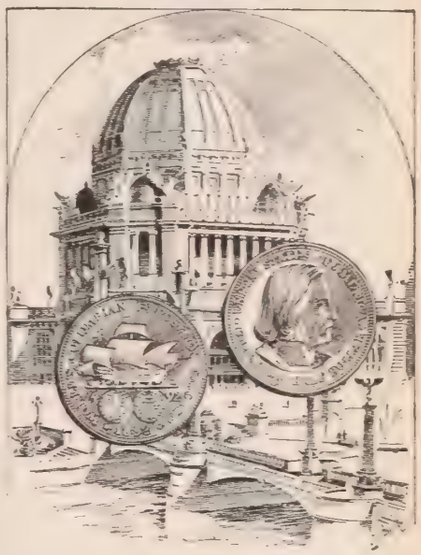
THE WORLD'S FAIR WILL BE CLOSED ON SUNDAY.

This puts the Seal of God upon the great enterprise and Christians will support it. May 1st is almost upon us. The great portals will soon swing open and millions will be pressing for admittance.



A WORD IN SEASON

Among the coming throngs that will crowd Chicago, a visitor, who is ignorant of its streets, car-lines and hotels will be quite bewildered. If not as *"a lamb among wolves,"* he will indeed be *"a sheep without a shepherd."* There is an urgent call therefore, for

A Central Bureau for Christian People

Where one may go direct from the train and secure **trustworthy** and **unbiased information** concerning rooms, board, carlines, objects of interest, and a thousand and one things which visiting strangers desire to know. **The Central Headquarters** in Chicago, for Christians of **all sects,** is the beautiful **TEMPLE** where the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and *The Ram's Horn* have quarters. This building is within a moments reach of every principal car-line in the city, and is accessible from every depot. It is in the heart of Chicago. Since **The Ram's Horn** is the only *non-sectarian* religious weekly in the city, it seemed natural that it should be the one to throw open its rooms in the **Woman's Temple** for the entertainment of the Christian public—from every sect—who plan to visit the Great Fair. On arriving in Chicago, therefore, ask immediately for **The WOMAN'S TEMPLE**—anybody can tell you. Come directly here and ask for the offices of **The Ram's Horn.** On one slight condition, named below, that enterprising paper will be your host and guide in the following particulars:

WOMAN'S TEMPLE, CHICAGO.
THE NEW HOME OF THE RAM'S HORN.

1. *You may have your mail sent in care of THE RAM'S HORN.*
   This will be a great privilege to those who, on leaving home, are uncertain where they are to stay in Chicago.
2. *THE RAM'S HORN will give you a card of introduction to one of ten or twenty good hotels, which will guarantee you fair treatment and reasonable charges.*
   This will be an invaluable service to strangers, since hundreds of cheap structures are now being erected for the entertainment of World's Fair visitors. They are **TINDER BOXES** and should be avoided.
3. *THE RAM'S HORN will also give a card of introduction to reliable tradesmen and professional men who are held in Chicago to be most TRUSTWORTHY.*
   This service will be esteemed highly by those who intend, while in Chicago, to make purchases in any line or to consult professional advice.
4. *Best of all THE RAM'S HORN will send you ABSOLUTELY FREE a directory, which (besides containing a map of Chicago, and much valuable information about the city, hotels, parks, car-lines, ect.,) will also give a list of about*

1,000 ROOMS IN PRIVATE HOUSES

Which may be rented by respectable people during all or part of the World's Fair period. This will be a glad boon to Christain people everywhere—especially those whose limited circumstances do not allow them to go to the high priced hotels, or who are afraid to trust themselves to the cheap structures which have lately been built. These **PRIVATE ROOMS**, however, are (almost without exception) in Christian homes, belonging to people in great part who read *The Ram's Horn*. Exact information regarding location, description and rates will be furnished by *The Ram's Horn*, Correspondence with reference to engaging rooms will be carried on between the parties directly interested.

This will prove **HAPPY TIDINGS** to those who desire to see the Great Fair but who stagger at the thought of landing as a stranger (at night, perhaps) in a city of one and a half million inhabitants.

To all such, the above privileges can scarcely be over-estimated, and it will seem almost a paradox when you are told that they will **NOT COST YOU ONE PENNY**. Of course, they will cost **THE RAM'S HORN** a great deal, and, of course, we must enforce some easy but practical condition in order to escape imposition from the unworthy. We infer that only **RESPECTABLE** people would care to read a religious paper, so we will only require that your name be among *Ram's Horn* subscribers, and in order to make the condition still more easy the paper will be sent you **FROM NOW TILL JANUARY, 1894, FOR ONLY $1.00.**

What is The Ram's Horn?

It is a religious paper for everybody; for busy people especially; for you in particular.
It is for religion, as against religions. Not for sect, but for souls.
It has no church news, but tells *all about how to get to heaven.*
It has a good deal of sunshine, cheer and reverence.
It has often whole sermons in a sentence.
It has **FRIENDS**. For instance:

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D. L. Moody.

Francis E. Willard, Evanston, Ill.: It rolls forth a clear-toned rally note for the militant army of our Lord.

Frances E. Willard.

Cut out this blank (or copy it exactly) and send to us **AT ONCE** with $1.00 enclosed. You will get **THE RAM'S HORN** for almost a year and a certificate securing you all privileges in the World's Fair Bureau as above described.

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WOMAN'S TEMPLE,
CHICAGO.

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Questions & Answers

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Many subscribers have written asking what Scriptural authority there is for the observance of Sunday. We have nothing to add to the answer given on the subject in our issue of Jan. 4, to Sid. J. Hare.

L. G. Curtis, Alexandria, Mo. Who was David's mother?

Her name is nowhere stated in the Bible.

Subscriber, New Windsor, Ill. What is President Cleveland's religious denomination?

He is a Presbyterian.

Subscriber, New York. Where in the Bible is there any statement that Jesus authorized any beside the twelve to eat of the bread and drink of the cup at the Holy Communion?

Paul says (1. Cor. 11. 23), that he had received a special message from the Lord on the subject and this message which is given in the following verses implies general participation.

Subscriber, Gainesville, Tex. Is there any proof in the Bible that men are fallen angels who have been cast out of heaven?

None whatever. You will see by referring to Jude 6 and other passages in which fallen angels are mentioned that they differ from men in order, origin and destiny.

J. R. Armstrong, Newman, Cal. 1. Is the equality of the three persons of the Trinity anywhere stated in the Bible? 2. Did Christ say anywhere that he was God?

1. The clearest and most explicit statement is in 1. John 5: 7. 2. Christ's answer to the High Priest (Matt. 26: 63, 64), "Thou hast said" was the customary mode of affirmation.

Flavia V. Loop, Savannah, Ill. What was the height and width of the wall around Jerusalem?

A fragment which is supposed to be part of the original wall still remains near the town of David. It is seven feet thick. The height varied with the level of the ground. It is believed to have varied from twenty feet on the high ground to forty feet on the low.

Reader, Niagara Falls, N. Y. Why are ministers given the title of "reverend"?

It is a title which, for many centuries has been prefixed by courtesy to the names of ordained preachers. In the Anglican, Protestant and Roman churches, the title is given to ecclesiastics of the second and third orders, the bishops being styled "right reverend." The expression doubtless originated in an intention to describe the attitude and demeanor of ministers in sacred things.

J. N. Gay, Folkston, Ga. What gives Easter Sunday its name?

Easter is a word of Saxon origin and originally related to a goddess of the Saxons, *Estera*, to whom sacrifices were offered annually about Passover time. When Christianity supplanted the heathen observances, the Christian festival of the resurrection happening at Passover time, the old appellation of *Easter* was still retained; hence we even yet say *Easter-day* and *Easter-Sunday*, though improperly.

Jane McComber, Pearl, Vt. When was the Ark of the Covenant destroyed?

There are various conjectures about the final disposition of the Ark. One supposes that when the Temple was plundered and demolished by the Babylonians, it was taken away and destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar. It was worth about $2,500,000, the estimated value of the gold of which it was composed. Another conjecture, which the Jews believe to be the true one, is that the priests hid it in some cavern of the mountains where it is still concealed, and that it will be ultimately revealed when the Messiah comes.

Mrs. M. B. Cook, Ill. 1. Was Christ's temptation after his baptism, to accept the proffered temporal kingdom? If not, what is more reasonable? 2. Was the pinnacle of the Temple figurative of temporal honor? 3. The wilderness, is it not [illegible] ? 4. Was he tempted in all points as other men? 5. [illegible] him? 6. Was it possible for Christ to renounce his redemptive work? 7. If man is brought in[illegible] by the indwelling Spirit of God, is this not the mystery of the Trinity? 8. Can you inform me where I can get a book: title, "The Great Temptation?"

1. The temptation is more or less of a mystery to every one. We have no information, of course, but the Bible narrative. It would appear, however, that at the outset of his work, Christ retired to the desert to prepare for it. There the temptation was presented to him of securing the kingdom by means which appeared to him equivalent to an act of homage to Satan. If you can imagine a church desiring [illegible] opening a saloon or a gambling resort to get [illegible] the principle of that particular temptation of Christ.—2. The pinnacle of the Temple was probably a genuine temptation. Christ had fallen into depression after his long fast and mental conflict. He was tempted to doubt his sonship. The suggestion was made to him to test it by placing himself in peril of his life. If he threw himself down and no harm came to him, then he would know that God had owned him as his son. Christ put the temptation from him with a quotation as before.—3. It may be, but more probably it was the literal desert.—4. You have the Scriptural statement to that effect. (Heb. 4: 15.)—5. The account of the temptation represents Satan as asking for worship, not service.—6. We cannot conceive of his doing so. We cannot answer as to the possibility of an inconceivable thing.—7. The mystery of the Trinity is the relation of the three Beings composing it. We cannot see how there can be any connection between the two points you mention.—8. No. A bookseller could probably tell you.—9. The one was necessary to the other. He came to reveal God to men and his death was the culmination of the redemptive work.—10. We know nothing about Adam and Eve, except what is told us in the Bible. So far as we understand the narrative, there is nothing in it to indicate that they were angels. The Bible says, "a man and a woman."

Mrs. E. H. Bayley, Ruthven, Ia. and "Theodosia," Carbon, Col. Write to librarian, Astor Library, New York City.—C. McC. Baltimore, Md. Yes.—Regular Reader, E. St. Louis, Ill. Those born here, but of African descent, are Afro-Americans. All belong to the negro race and may be properly so classified.—L. A. Spencer, Fernandina, Fla. Thanks for information.—John A. Bader, Sea Cliff, N. Y. "There are father and mother in the room," is right.—M. S. Brown, Conewango, N. Y. Mr. Moody's address is Northfield, Mass.—S. A. Moore, Columbus Grove, Pa. 1. It will, in due time. 2. Send 25 cents and the [illegible] will be forwarded.—B. F. Brown, Piatt, Ill. In the Greek Church only.—D. C. Reed, Eureka Mills, Cal. We have no news regarding the Sessions family.—J. C. L., Jacksonville, Ill. An encyclopedia will give the desired information.—Nellie Patch, Kirkwood, Ill.—Oliver T. Barnes, Hopeton, Va. Yes; there is no pardon without repentance. There should be restitution also when that is possible.—Ed. Hartley, Kennard, Ind. 1. Christ wished to show his identity with the race in complying with the law and the ordinances. 2. In those days women were in subjection and to have spoken in the Church would have been to bring upon them the charge of immodesty. There is difference of opinion as to whether the prohibition was intended to be in force perpetually. Probably not. 3. The fundamental unity for which Paul longed as Jesus did. Paul was probably referring to some trouble such as he describes in 1. Corinthians 1: 14. 4. Not exactly as you quote. You will find such expressions in the following passages: Deut. 32: 30; John 16: 24; Rom. 3: 23, 24.—E. R. S., New York. We limit the number of fish because John who was present says that there were 153. See John 21: 11.—Reader, Springdale, Pa. Send your name and address to William F. Round, Burnham Industrial Farm, Canaan, Four Corners, N. Y.—Mrs. A. Metcalf, Elmwood, Ill. We don't know.

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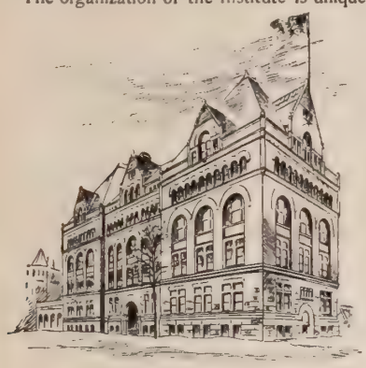

THE ARMOUR INSTITUTE, CHICAGO.

and is briefly explained in the *Boy's Brigade Courier*. Its management consists of the president and the associated council, the faculty and the board of instruction. Its school organization centres about a scientific academy. In this academy, for the first year, there will be only one regular course. The requirements for admission will be as high as those of the best public high schools. It will be opened to both boys and girls above the age of fourteen. About this academy, in striking similarity to the organization of the finest universities, are grouped various schools. For the first year there will be a school of English, a school of Librarians, school of Mathematics, a school of Chemistry, a school of Electricity, a school of Mechanical Engineering, a school of Physics, a school of American History and Politics, a school of Domestic Sciences, a Kindergarten College, and a school of Fine Arts, Mechanical Drawing and Architecture.

The present buildings of the Institute are located three miles south of the business centre of Chicago, in a district central for the uniting of rich and poor in social and educational enterprises. The lower floor of the Armour Mission building is given to the Kindergarten College; the other departments of the Institute are in in the new building, which was erected in 1891, and is located adjacent to the main building. The equipment of the building is now being made. Many of the best exhibits of the World's Fair will be put into the Institute as equipment. The Library will contain by September 1, ten thousand choice newly-purchased volumes.

The faculty of the Institute has been very carefully chosen from the best material possible. Prof. Frank W. Gunsaulus is President and each of the associate professors is a specialist in his line. Rev. Charles T. Wyckoff is the pastor of the Institution.

ALMOST PERSUADED.

IN the course of a missionary tour of two months in India, the Rev. Elbert Chute, the Baptist missionary of Palmur, was visited by a Brahmin who declared himself a convert to Christianity and asked for baptism. Mr. Chute says: While examining him as to his Christian experience, we asked him if he was willing to take off his caste thread and the religious mark on his forehead. He said that he would do so. One of his friends then said:

"If you do that, your friends will cast you out of their caste, and your own family will not eat with you or even allow you to come into your own house."

"I know it," he said, "but salvation is of more value than all of these things."

"But you have a grant of land from the Gudwall king, the rent of which brings you five hundred rupees annually. This he will take from you if you became a Christian, will he not?"

He answered, "Yes, but I will let that go also. Salvation is worth more than that."

One of the men said: "But what will your son say if you let all of his property go by becoming a Christian?"

He hesitated again. A man sitting near suggested that he should make his property over to his son and then take baptism. I protested against this, and told him he would then put his son under the same temptation from which he now finds it so difficult to escape. I exhorted him earnestly to follow the Saviour at once. But it was unavailing; for he said, "I will first secure my property and then I will receive baptism." I exhorted him to remain firm in the faith and not be deceived again by the Brahmins. He replied that he was firmly believing, and that no one could deceive him. He left us, and I heard no more from him until the evening of the next day, when a man came, bringing the books that I had given him, and said that he had sent them back to us and did not want them. It seemed that the Brahmins had been persuading him during the last twenty-four hours not to become a Christian, and in his weakness they had prevailed. We felt very sorrowful about it, for he seemed sincere and was about ready to take the last step into the kingdom; yet he failed. We are forcibly reminded of the words of our Saviour, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven."

EVENING THOUGHTS.

I sat by the western window
At the close of a summer's day;
Before me the dewy meadow,
And wooded hillside lay.

The sun was slowly setting,
Filling the land with light,
As if to the sad though beautiful world
It were loth to bid good night.

And, I thought of the Holy City
Which the spirit revealed to John,
Whose glory was like the glory of God,
And its light like a precious stone.

And I drew for myself a picture
In that changing western sky,
Of the city which John, on Patmos Isle,
Saw descending from on high.

And as I looked, I pondered;
A reed of golden light,
Seemed like the reed of the angel
To measure the city's height.

And I thought of the power and goodness
Of the Maker and Giver of all,
Who into our lives lets the sunshine
As well as the shadows fall.

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MANETTIA VINE. This grand vine is the most magnificent flowering vine in cultivation, either for the house or garden, and is full of bloom every day in the year. Fine plants already budded and blooming, 20c. each.

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The Lord of Life. A new Easter Service of Song and Responses, prepared by J. R. Murray. Price, 5 cents, post-paid. Other good services at the same price are: "*The Risen Messiah*," "*He Lives!*" "*Death's Conqueror*," "*The King of Love*," "*Savior Victorious*," "*Easter Morning*," "*The Risen Christ*," etc., etc.

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THE KING IMMORTAL, A new Service by the Rev. ROBERT LOWRY. 16 pp.
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CHOOSING A PROFESSION.*

THERE are countless reasons against your boy becoming a clergyman merely because he has found other avenues closed to him. But there is no reason whatever why this profession should not be suggested to him at sixteen as one of the alternatives, supposing, of course, you see that he has an honest and good heart. There are many lads in the country quite well fitted to prepare for holy orders, as far as disposition goes, who yet do not give the matter a thought, simply because their parents have shrunk from suggesting such a course to them, for fear of forcing them. It sounds plausible enough to leave them to make their own choice, and not to bias them, and so forth; but if you talk other professions and never mention this one, you are biassing them against it. The fairest thing to do is to bring the matter before the boys at the right age, and explain what the clerical profession means, just as you would explain what colonial life means. It is impossible that they should know the truth about one any more than the other, unless some one tells them. If you are inclined to make much of the need of a call from God before a boy can decide on such a point, remember that the call may come through you quite as easy and as truly as through any other channel. If, on the other hand, you are inclined to be influenced by mundane considerations, and to feel that though the work of a clergyman's life is good, yet the pay is miserable, I would remind you that unless you do something, such as I have suggested, your boy may soon find himself without either work or pay. There must be scores of young barristers, doctors, architects, etc., in this plight. The uncertainty of a curate ever being able to support a family is felt by many parents to be an objection to the profession; but such as it is, it applies to others, too.

THE MULTIPLYING POWER.†

"BRING them hither to me." The blessings of Jesus was that which converted a handful of provision into a plenteous feast. Need it be said that it is ever so with the Gospel. The servant, the worker, the preacher, does his best, if he is earnest; and then, if he is wise, he counts it nothing, and less than nothing, without the Master's blessing. The most elaborate human effort is utterly useless and powerless in divine things, simply as human effort. Eminently does this apply to the labor of the Gospel ministry. If we were asked to select from literature the acme of effort in that kind, we should without hesitation fix upon the court preaching of Louis XIV's time in France. In that depraved court, amid intense profession of religion, there were such preachers (Bossuet, Bourdalone, Massillon) as have never since the days of the Apostles been surpassed for impassioned vehemence and power of oratory. The preachers were pious, evangelical, intensely in earnest. Admiring crowds gathered around them. The result in France, in Paris, in those royal and noble circles, was nothing. It was perhaps the most useless and ineffectual preaching that ever dropped from human lips.

On the other hand, how often has the Master blessed most largely and sovereignly the plain efforts of plain, humble, and earnest men! How often has he been pleased to use of the labors of his trained and accomplished workers even those parts that were to themselves the least pleasing or comfortable! It is a necessary balance to that other necessity for our utmost and conscientious all. In this (as in most) success is skill—the success of turning many to righteousness. He that "winneth souls" is the "wise" worker. And doubtless those who aim at this persistently, painstakingly, will win and wear the crown. But for us all, both that speak and hear, the prime requisite is to comply with the injunction of our Lord about the loaves: "Bring them hither to me." Let us get our spiritual provision passed under the Master's blessing hand. Let us neither give nor take what has not first gone round by the head of the table. If all our utterances only went from the study to the pulpit, to the class-room, to the preacher's desk by way of the mercy-throne, and then came from us to the pew through another cloud of the incense of the hearers' prayers, we should doubtless have pentecostal days of the Gospel's power.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The World of the Unseen; an Essay on the Relation of Higher Space to Things Eternal; by Arthur Willink; cloth; pp. 184; price $1.25; Macmillan & Co., New York, publishers.

A Winter in North China; by the Rev. T. M. Morris; with an introduction by the Rev. Richard Glover, D.D.; with a map; cloth; pp. 256; price $1.50; Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, publishers.

Madagascar, Its Missionaries and Martyrs; by Rev. William John Townsend, D.D.; cloth; pp. 160; price 75 cents; Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, publishers.

CATALOGUES RECEIVED.

Pike & Ellsworth's Catalogue of Rare Florida Flowers and Fruits; pages 76; fully illustrated with colored plates; issued by Pike & Ellsworth, Jessamine, Fla.

The Good & Reese Co. Manual of Flowers; pages 144; copiously illustrated; colored plates; illuminated covers; issued by The Good & Reese Co., Springfield, O.

J. Roscoe Fuller & Company's Catalogue for 1893; 32 pages; fully illustrated; issued by J. Roscoe Fuller & Co., Floral Park, N. Y.

James J. H. Gregory & Son's Catalogue of Seeds; 72 pages; illustrated; issued by James J. H. Gregory & Son, Marblehead, Mass.

Get Macbeth's "pearl top" and "pearl glass" lamp-chimneys; they are made of tough glass, tough against heat; they do not break in use; they do from accident.

They are clear, transparent, not misty. Look at your chimney. How much of the light is lost in the fog?

Be willing to pay a little more.

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PATENT Lambskin-with-wool-on shoe-swob and book—How to Take Care of Leather—both free at the store.

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a spare minute.

To use it rightly is the secret of success; but you must *have* it; keep it always under your eye.—Does your watch occasionally "stop to think?" That's bad. *You* want to do the thinking. Get an accurate, jeweled, **quick-winding Waterbury.** $4 to $15.

Forty styles of this watch are sold by all jewelers: A gem chatelaine for ladies (14-karat, filled, gold, or coin-silver), gentlemen's watches and boys' watches. Who in your family is "off the hinge?"

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Ramey & Co., 85 Dearborn St., Chicago, guarantee that their Medicator and accompanying treatment will cure catarrh and all head and throat troubles, or they will refund the purchase price. Instrument and four months' treatment only $5. Send for testimonials. Agents wanted. See advertisement in another column, and read what the Governor of Indiana says:

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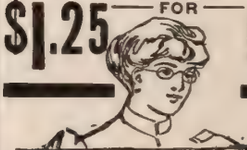

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IN SUNNY CALABRIA.*

AS you trudge up the stony mile-track through the green valley, it strikes you that after all it is easier to walk from Diamante all this way to Verbicaro, than to face a March storm in the gulf of Salerno in an open boat on a dark night. Up you go, past that strange ruin of the great Norman-Saracen castle standing alone on the steep little hill which rises out of the middle of the valley, commanding the roads on the right and the left. You have heard of the Saracens, but not of the Normans. What kind of people lived there amongst those bristling ivy-grown towers? Thieves, of course. Were they not Saracens and therefore Turks, according to your ethnology and therefore brigands? It is odd that the government should have allowed them to build a castle just there. Perhaps they were stronger than the government. You have never heard of Count Roger, either, though you know the story of Judas Iscariot by heart as you have heard it told many times in Scalea. Up you go, leaving the castle behind you, up to that square house they call the tower, on the brow of the hill. It is a lonely road, a mere sheep-track over the heights. You are over it at last, and that is Verbicaro, over there on the other side of the great valley, perched against the mountain side, a rough, grey mass of red-roofed houses, cropping out like red-tipped rocks out of a vast, sloping vineyard. And now there are people on the road, slender, bare-footed, brown women in dark, wine-colored woolen skirts and scarlet cloth bodices, much the worse for wear, treading lightly under half a quintal of grapes; well-to-do peasant men—*galantuomini*, they are called in Calabria—driving laden mules before them, their dark-blue jackets flung upon one shoulder. Out at last, by the little chapel, upon what is the beginning of an inland carriage road—in a land where even the one-wheeled wheel-barrow has never been seen.

And now you are in the town. The streets are paved, but Verbicaro is not Naples, not Salermo, not even Amalfi. The pavement is of the roughest cobblestones, and the pigs are the scavengers. Pigs everywhere, black, and happy. Red-skirted, scarlet-bodiced women, too, all moving and carrying something. Galantuomini loafing at most of the corners, aud the shopkeeper's nose just visible from a distance, as he stands in the door of his dingy den. Dirtier and dirtier grow the cobblestones as you go on. Brighter and brighter the huge bunches of red peppers fastened by every window, thicker and thicker on the walls and shaky balconies the black melons and yellowish grey cantalopes, hung up to keep in the high, fresh air, each slung in a hitch of yarn to a nail of its own.

Here and there some one greets you. What have you to sell? Will you take a cargo of pears? Good this year, like all the fruit. The figs and grapes will not be dry for another month. They nod and move on, as you pass by them. Verbicaro is a commercial centre, in spite of the pigs.

THE GOOD-NATURED PASSENGER.†

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE describes in his fragment of autobiography a journey from Massachusetts to Kentucky in the days before the railroad. He noticed, he says, that the tone of a stage coach party often depended upon the temper of a single individual. A cross, ill-natured, complaining fellow would make all the other passengers cross, ill-natured, and complaining. "Once," he says, "when going through the Cattaraugus woods, where the road was mostly deep mire or rough corduroy and there was every temptation to be cross or uncomfortable, one man so enlivened and entertained our party, and was so accommodating and good-natured that we seemed to be having a pleasant picnic, and the other inmates of the coach took the same tone. I therefore found it best for my own sake, as soon as we took our places in the coach for a long journey, to manifest an interest in my fellow-passengers and their comforts; offering, for example, to change places with them if they preferred my seat to their own, and paying them such little attentions as are always agreeable. It happened almost always that the other passengers would follow this lead, and take pains to be civil and accommodating." Is not that a parable of human life? Widen out a stage-coach and you get a neighborhood. And set down one individual in that neighborhood who tries a good many times a day to do what Christ says, and you get a glimpse of the millennium.

The Helpers of the Poor.

One of the most helpful people I know in Pittsburg lives in a back street, in an unpleasant neighborhood, in a small house. Everybody in that neighborhood knows her, and she knows them and their children. They go to her with their troubles and she gives them her sympathy. As for money, she would give them, too, if she had any to give. She gives herself. The whole street is better because she lives on it. But if she had the means which some have, what would she do I wonder? Would she fall before the temptation of a comfortable life? Would she get, perhaps, to thinking that because she had plenty of butter on her bread so had everybody else? and because she was contented, all the mutterings of discontented people were but needless grumblings? Anyhow, it is true that the kindest, most thoughtful, most helpful people, quickest to bear the hardest inconveniences for a neighbor, readiest to lift up those that are down, are the poor.

THE ROYAL ROAD.

ONE morn when we had lifted up a prayer,
Which should for that day's need bring help to guide,
A little one rose up with thoughtful air [side:
From where he had been kneeling at my
"Mamma," he said, with rev'rent speech and low,
Yet glad of heart the precious truth to seize,
"Mamma, I know that God is very high,
But papa always climbs there on his knees."

Could each sad soul thus count its access sure
Made so by love that died to give it ease,
'Twould find by Calvary the upward path,
Nor seek the steeps of Sinai on its knees.

When our endeavors reach the shining goal,
We shall with backward glance our way retrace,
To find we climbed there on our bended knees,
Uplifted and upheld by constant grace.

—CYNTHIE HANNON WILSON.

Springfield, Ills.

* From *Children of the King;* a tale of Southern Italy. By F. Marion Crawford. Cloth, pp. 320. Price $1. Macmillan & Co., New York and London, publishers.

† From *Christianity between Sundays*, by Rev. Geo. Hodges, a series of practical addresses on religion in daily life, containing more sound, good sense than we have ever before seen comprised into so small a space. Pp. 267; price, $1; published by Thomas Whittaker, 2 Bible House, New York.

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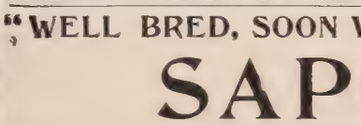

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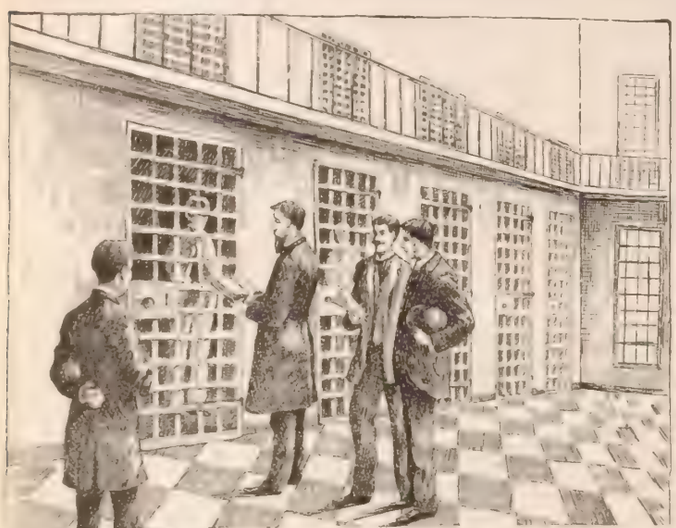
Sunday in the Boston Tombs.

How the Prisoners in the Cells are Visited and Pointed to the Sinners' Friend—A Wife's Message—A Tenor Singer in Trouble

CHRIST-LIKE work which is but little known, has been going on for some six years past in the city prison of Boston, Mass. Perhaps some account of it may lead Christian young men in other cities to undertake a similar work in the prisons to which they may have access. It appears that in the year 1886 some members of the Young Men's Christian Association learned that on Sundays there were often a number of men in the cells of the prison, who had been arrested on Saturday and were kept there all day to await the sitting of the courts on Monday. No one was specially



A TALK THROUGH THE BARS.

interested in their moral and spiritual welfare, and it occurred to the young men that if they were visited, it might be that some of them would be in a susceptible mood and could be reached with Christian influence. It was determined to make the experiment and a permit to visit the Tombs was obtained. From that day to this, the weekly visits have been made and from time to time the Christian young men have been encouraged by knowing that God has blessed their labors in this unpromising field.

The plan adopted is to hold a short service in the corridor on which the grated doors of the cells open, to sing some old melodies, offer prayers for the forgiveness of the wrongdoers and then in simple plain language declare the Gospel message and give to the penitent the assurance of God's pardon through Christ. Special emphasis is always given to the fact that Christ particularly invited sinners to come to him and that none, however despairing they might feel, or however crushed by the disgrace that had fallen upon them, would be excluded if they came humbly to God asking him for Christ's sake to forgive them.

After the service, the young men go from one grated door to another and talk with the inmates of the cells. Very sad and pitiful are the stories they often hear from the unhappy men. On one occasion a man looking through the bars told how he had come to Boston on business from a country town. There he was a respectable man, attending the Methodist church regularly and of good moral character. But being in the city among strangers he was induced to take a glass of liquor before returning home. He was not apprehensive of danger, but before he realized his condition, he was helplessly intoxicated and did not recover his senses until he was a prisoner in the Tombs. He wept bitterly as he thought of his wife and family, who doubtless were anxiously waiting his coming and were distressed by the delay.

[illegible] cases met with in the cells are those in which the prisoner attributes his trouble directly to intoxicating liquor. A very remarkable case was one of a policeman. He was a highly respected officer in another city, who being in Boston on a visit, indulged in a few drinks with a friend. Many a drunken man in his own town had he locked up, or taken to his own residence, so that he could not plead ignorance of the results of drinking. To his horror, he found himself in custody in a strange city and was spending the Sunday in bitterly lamenting his folly. His experience, he said, would be a lesson to him all his life. He would have more sympathy with the drunkard and show him more kindness and forbearance.

A general lesson that is learned from this experience of contact with wrong-doers has been the value and power of kindness and encouragement. The wrongdoer who has been caught and imprisoned seldom needs to have the evil of his ways pointed out to him. He is, as a rule, feeling that more intensely than any one could show it to him. He is in greater need of cheer and hope. He thinks all is lost, that there is no longer any hope for him and it is no use trying to retrieve the past. He needs to be assured of God's love and the longing in the divine heart for his restoration. "It is remarkable," says Mr. Frank F. McLeod, one of the workers in this prison-visiting band, "how surely a reference to the prisoner's mother touches his heart. Would he be where he is if he had followed her counsels? How would she feel if she could see him where he is at this hour? In answer to such questions the prisoner's head droops and the tears come to his eyes. The answer almost invariably is that the mother was as good a woman as ever lived. In the softened frame of mind a promise of amendment can generally be extracted, and then we pray that God will help him to keep it."

Those prayers have often been answered. Not long ago a well-dressed man went into the office of the Boston *Transcript*, and asked to see Mr. Allen. When that gentleman appeared the visitor asked him if he remembered him. "No," said Mr. Allen, "I do not recollect ever meeting you before." The visitor looked at him earnestly and said, "But I remember you very well. I was a prisoner in the Tombs when I first saw you. I had been drinking and was locked up one Sunday and you and your friends came into the place. I was going fast then on the road to utter ruin. My wife had lost hope of me and I had lost hope of myself. I believed I should never be able to reform. But you pointed me to Christ and put new courage into me. I followed your advice and did not rest until I became a Christian. I am a member of the church now and have a good position in a leading clothing house in our town. When I was coming to Boston yesterday I told my wife I should come to see you and thank you and she begged me to tell you of her heart-felt gratitude and to beg you to go on with your good work."

Five similar cases are on the records of this prison-visiting band. In each case the victim of drink was on the high road to ruin, but is now living a Christian life and doing Christian work. Another remarkable instance is that of a man whom the visitors found behind the bars, one Sunday afternoon. He was charged with embezzlement, and was afterward convicted. He had been the tenor singer in a church, and had sat for years unmoved under the preaching of the Gospel. He felt his disgrace keenly, and for a long time could not be led to take heart and begin life again in the right way. Ultimately, the young men were successful in leading him to trust in Christ for salvation, and after serving his sentence they met him and helped him. He is now thoroughly reformed, and is leading a Christian life. Not always does the reformation begun in jail prove thus permanent, but the failures do not discourage workers who believe [illegible]

Sunday after Sunday this good work goes on. The sinner is pointed to the sinner's Friend, and the despairing are urged to put their trust in him who casts out none who come to him. It is a noble, Christian work, such as he will reward, who bade his servants go into the highways and hedges and invite all to his Father's house.

A SCOTTISH PEASANT'S HOME.

OUR home, writes Rev. John G. Paton, the missionary to the New Hebrides, consisted of a "butt" and a "ben" and a "mid-room," or chamber. The one end was my mother's domain, and served all the purposes of dining-room and kitchen and parlor, besides containing two large wooden erections, called by our Scotch peasantry "box beds." The other end was my father's workshop, filled with five or six "stocking frames," whirring with the constant action of five or six pairs of busy hands and feet, and producing right genuine hosiery for the merchants at Hawick and Dumfries. The mid-room was a very small apartment betwixt the other two, having room only for a bed, a little table and a chair, with a diminutive window shedding diminutive light on the scene.

This was the sanctuary of that cottage home. Thither daily, and oftentimes a day, generally after each meal, we saw our father retire, and "shut to the door"; and we children got to understand by a sort of spiritual instinct, that prayers were being poured out for us, as of old by the High Priest within the veil in the Most Holy Place. We occasionally heard the pathetic echoes of a trembling voice pleading as if for life, and we learned to slip out and in past that door on tiptoe, not to disturb the holy colloquy. The outside world might not know, but we knew, whence came that happy light of a new-born smile that was always dawning on my father's face; it was a reflection from the divine Presence, in the consciousness of which he lived.

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DARKEST AFRICA.

FROM Bondango comes a thrilling description of the miseries of heathenism. Mrs. Cole who is stationed there with her husband and his colleague, Mr. Scarnell, writes: "It is fourteen months since we came here where no missionaries had yet been. I had no conception until I saw it how low and degraded human nature could become. Up to the time when the station was opened, a very brisk and persevering trade was carried on in slaves by traders from Down River. For ages this part of the country has been drained to supply hewers of wood, drawers of water, and subjects for the execution knife, for other and stronger peoples. Human sacrifice is common, and cannibalism also, except immediately near us. But recently we had tangible proof of this from a town about three miles distant. I held in my hand the jaw-bones of one poor unfortunate, on which the little flesh which remained was still moist. Shocking are the details of the discoveries we make from day to day. The inveterate and abominable superstitions which hold our people, are legion.

"It is scarcely possible to conceive the universal power exercised by the witch-doctors over the devil-blinded and unthinking minds. The cunning fellows can make the credulous people do anything, say anything, and give just what they choose to ask. No one is supposed to die a natural death; some one's 'evil spirit' somewhere must be the cause; so the witch-doctor is called to give his verdict."

OUR CROSSES.

THE life that you loved into being has fled,
The lips that you kissed into sweetness are dead,
The heart in whose pulses you counted your own,
And molded for years with a look or a tone,
Untouched by your sighing,
Unmoved by your crying,
His tasted the pain and the sweetness of dying.

You were watching unseen when the curtain was drawn
And the soul that awoke in the Heavenly dawn,
And the arm you stretched out, as he passed from your sight,
Was caught by a ray of the Heavenly light.
Very near to the door
Do we stand in the hour,
When our children pass by us, and enter before.

Ah! we may be purer—but think of the years
When we shaped them with love, and baptized them in tears—
They who should live after to conquer our pain,
And recover our losses by aid of our gain,
And wiser and younger,
And better and stronger,
Take the burden of life when we bear it no longer.

To wear all our virtues, like jewels reset;
To redeem all our failures, our errors forget;
And step from our shoulders to heights more sublime,
Than ever our feet have been able to climb—
What sorrows we wear!
What crosses we bear!
When they leave us alone in the valley of prayer.

But his soul was unstained, and his record all pure—
"Would you lay your cross on him" to do and endure?
Though he stood in the line of promotion unscarred,
Would you stay "his commission" that comes from the Lord?
With nothing for fears,
Is there matter for tears
That for him is bridged over the anguish of years?

Oh! stretch out your arms o'er the grave and the sod,
And lay what you have on the bosom of God.
Draw nearer, and nearer, the veil is so thin
Love makes it transparent, and gazes within.
Love hath no denials,
Its crosses and trials
Mark ages of bliss on its Heavenly dials.

We are glad when our babes come safely to earth,
Through the perils, and pangs, and the rapture of birth;
As we felt in the hour when they opened their eyes,
Let us feel when again they are born in the skies.
And year after year!
Draw near and more near!
Till Heaven may be seen through the lens of a tear!

M. R. BUTLER.

$50 to aid you to comprehend the figures **33,000,000**

Because the ordinary mind fails to grasp any such amounts, we offer this sum for the best illustration of the fact that thirty-three million pounds are made by MENIER, of the famous chocolate—"CHOCOLAT MENIER"—yearly. To show the marvelous hold this perfect product has upon the civilized world, for quick comprehension, in the size of this advertisement, either by word or illustration, is the point to attain.

Address our advertising representatives, thus:—

Every competitor will receive a sample of the finest chocolate on earth.

DODD'S ADVERTISING AGENCY, 265 WASH'N ST., BOSTON, MASS. Menier Competition. World Bldg., N.Y.

Remember that CHOCOLAT MENIER can be taken immediately before retiring so easily is it digested. Cocoa and Chocolate bear the same relation as Skimmed Milk to Pure Cream. Sold throughout the civilized world MENIER, West Broadway, N. Y. City.

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This is the specialty of the largest Rose growing establishment in the world. It is the means by which the fame of the *D. & C. Roses* has been extended to every part of the land. If you live on the other side of the Continent it enables you to buy the Roses you love best, from Rose headquarters, as easily and satisfactorily as though you were our next door neighbor. We prepay the postage, and guarantee the safe delivery of the flower; all you have to do is to plant it in pot or garden, and it will grow and bloom as sturdily as it would in the home of its birth. If you are not experienced in the art of flower growing, our new **"Guide to Rose Culture"** will give you the knowledge and experience it has taken us twenty-five years to acquire. Drop us a line and receive it *free*, together with a specimen copy of our popular magazine, **"Success with Flowers."**

The Dingee & Conard Co.
Rose Growers and Seedsmen,
WEST GROVE, PA.

Plant Ferry's Seeds
and reap a rich harvest. They are always reliable, always in demand, always the best.
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D. M. FERRY & CO. DETROIT, Mich.

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Absolutely Perfect!
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MARCHAL & SMITH PIANO CO., 235 East 21st St., N.Y.

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THREE RARE, HARDY FRUITS, 50c.
No Dwarf Shrub Fruits ever introduced, created such a sensation as our Buffalo, June and Tree Cranberry. From the time the leaves begin to unfold they are a source of constant beauty, blooming and bearing continuously.

THE BUFFALO BERRY. TREE CRANBERRY
Hardy, from the lava beds of the Dakotas. Extremely prolific. Each 30 cents; 10 for $1.25, postp'd.
DWARF JUNEBERRY. A shrub of great beauty. Covers itself with a great mass of pure, white, delicously fragrant blossoms, followed by large, dark colored berries, excellent for pies, sauce, etc. Each 25c.
TREE CRANBERRY. Everybody is fond of cranberries. Here we have shrub that will flourish and bear prodigiously in every section of America. These 3 Shrubs are hardy as oak. Each 35c.
One plant each of above three novelties for but 50c, postpaid.

For 14c Postpaid. (With Catalogue 22c.)
We will mail 4 pkg. Early Vegetables and 5 pkg. Flower Seeds; in all 9 PKG. listed nowhere under 90c. This is done that you may test our choice Northern Grown Seeds for only 14c. Our Seed and Plant catalogue is the finest, largest, most complete catalogue issued in America. It is mailed upon receipt of 8c postage.

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO. LA CROSSE WIS

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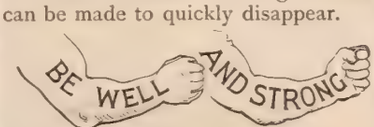

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Root, Bark and Blossom

which is sent by mail for fifty cents, if your druggist does not keep it, and is enough for one month's use.

This pleasant remedy will quickly set you right, making you well and happy. It is composed only of roots of shrubs, barks of trees, and blossoms of native plants. *It creates an appetite, removes poison and disease from and tones up the system, clearing the complexion and strengthening the whole body, and is just what is needed for any weakness or debility.*

For all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, and Blood disorders, such as Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, Lump in the Throat after Eating, Cold Chills, Flushes of Heat, Fulness and Swelling after Meals, Disturbed Sleep, Biliousness, Belching of Wind, Headache, Dizziness, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Eczema, Tetter, Boils, Ulcers, Weak Stomach, Pains in the Back and Limbs, Tired, Dragged Out, Nervous Feeling, Debility and Low Vitality.

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We have at last demonstrated that a good watch can be made in this country for a low price. In lots of 10,000 we make this watch surprisingly cheap and can sell it for $1.50. Every part is made and put together in our New England factory & every watch is timed and guaranteed by us. The publishers of this paper will tell you that our guarantee is good. It is just as shown in cut and description, and anyone not perfectly satisfied will receive money back. Description: Cut is 2/3 size; weight 4 oz; American Lever Movement; Lantern Pinion, 24 beats to minute; Patent winding & setting attachment requiring no key; Patent Escapement and Regulator; Strong case of composition metal. Gold Plated & elegantly finished; Hour, Minute & Second Hands. Mention paper and we will send free gold plated CHAIN & HALF.

PRICE, $1.50 POSTPAID.
This watch will not vary a minute in 30 days. None sent C.O.D., but all warranted as above.
ACENTS & DEALERS sell these watches in great quantities. Send for special terms and our catalogue of 1000 specialties.
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FAT PEOPLE YOU can reduce your weight permanently from 10 to 15 lbs. a month at home, secretly, without **starving, sickness** or **injury**, by the use of **Dr. Clarke's Home Treatment**. Perfected in many years' practice. Causes no **wrinkles** or flabbiness. **Stout abdomens**, difficult breathing, relieved by sure scientific methods. No experiments. Guaranteed. **Best references.** Price within reach of all. Write today. Positive proofs and testimonials free.
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"MRS. WINSLOWS' SOOTHING SYRUP for CHILDREN TEETHING SOFTENS THE GUMS, REDUCES INFLAMMATION, ALLAYS PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC. Twenty-five cts. a bottle.

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PAY WELL.
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RHEUMATISM One of the greatest discoveries of the century. **Safe, speedy, sure Cure** for **Rheumatism**, Rheumatic Gout, **Syphilitic Rheumatism, Skin diseases** and **Dropsical tendencies.** All cured promptly by this remedy. It has cured hundreds, and will cure where instructions are followed. Purifies the blood and regulates the system. Large bot., $2. 3 for $5. Reg., $1.25 3 for $3, delivered. Cat. **free**, with ref. **Burt Chemical Co., Box 24 Cambridge, O.**

CHRYSANTHEMUMS
Seed 25c. per packet. Circular free.
J. H. SPAULDING, ORANGE, N. J.

Swiss Lozenges. For relieving **Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis, &c.** By Mail, Price, 25 cts. a Box.
H. EDWARD WENDELL, S. E. cor. 3d and George Streets, Philadelphia

THE GEM.

SCOTT'S · ROSES.

6 New and Rare Roses · · · · · · · ·

FOR 50 Cts. Embracing one strong plant each of Pernet's Triumph, a new Hybrid Tea, color rich carmine; Champion of the World, rich glowing pink; Marion Dingee, deep crimson; Clotilde Soupert, rosy flesh color; Meteor, rich dark velvety crimson; Marie Guillot, pure white.

Purchased separately the above new and rare Roses would cost $1.15, which they are well worth, but to introduce our Roses into thousands of new homes this year we will send the entire collection, post-paid, FOR ONLY 50 Cts.

6 Winter Blooming Roses · · · · · · ·

FOR 50 Cts. For House Culture this is the best collection ever offered. The varieties are: The Queen, pure white; Mad. Cusin, bright crimson tinged and shaded with yellow; Perle des Jardins, canary yellow; Catherine Mermet, flesh colored rose, very large; Clotilde Soupert, pearl white deepening to peach; Papa Gontier, crimson, beautiful buds.

8 of the Best Hardy Hybrid Perpetual Roses FOR $1.00.

MRS. JOHN LAING, light pink flowers the first year

RODOCANACHI, a new Rose with immense flowers of a most transparent shade of carmine. We consider this variety to be one of the best Roses in cultivation.

DINSMORE, large double flowers of a dazzling crimson, [illegible] of dwarf compact growth

GEN. JACQUEMINOT, a well-known favorite, brilliant crimson, beautiful buds.

MAGNA CHARTAR, bright pink suffused with carmine.

BARON DE BONSTETTEN, dark velvety crimson, the darkest Rose.

PAUL NEYRON, color pale, soft rose-shaded violet. The largest variety known, flowers often measuring six inches across.

ULRICH BRUNER, deep carmine, shaded with crimson.

The best variety for forcing. Buds sold last Winter at Philadelphia at $1.00 per bud.

All of the above eight superb hardy Roses sent post-paid, for $1.00. If you want to plant hardy hybrid Roses this is the best and cheapest collection ever offered.

$1.00 Introduction Box of Roses.

OUR INTRODUCTION-BOX of ROSES, carefully prepared each spring, has been a most important factor in bringing our large Rose business to its present high standard. This special box does not contain a collection of untried varieties, but embraces **twelve** of the **best standard Roses**, which will thrive, with ordinary care, in any garden. We send out **strong, healthy plants** that are **true to the label they bear**, and *we personally select the varieties*.

MAD. ELIE LAMBERT.
WOOTON.
ANTOINE VERDIER.
LA FRANCE.
MARIE GUILLOT.
THE GEM.
MAD. HONORE DEFRESNE.
COQUETTE DE LYON
PERLE DES JARDINS.
HEOMOSA.
MARIE LAMBERT.
J. B. VAROUNE.

ONE DOLLAR buys *one good strong plant* each of the **above twelve Roses**, neatly boxed and guaranteed to arrive in fine condition at any post office in the United States.

ROSES FREE

SCOTT'S strong and reliable Roses have given satisfaction and pleasure for forty-four years, and succeed where others fail. To introduce our Roses into new homes this year, we make the following offer:

FOR A CLUB ORDER OF $3.00 selected from this advertisement, we will send FREE to the getter up of the Club, either of the 50-cent Collection described above.

FOR A CLUB ORDER OF $5.00 selected from this advertisement, we will send FREE to the getter up of the Club, either of the $1.00 Collections of Roses described above.

In ordering, mention THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and give the full name and address of each member of the Club. This offer is good until May 15, 1893.

CLOTILDE SOUPERT. This beautiful Rose has a wonderful record as a flower producer. While a comparatively new Rose it has become so popular that our customers, who at first purchased a single plant, are now ordering it by the dozen and hundred. Last year we sold over sixteen thousand mailing-size plants, and for 1893 we have not only provided an immense stock of young, thrifty plants for mailing, but have a splendid stock of our two-year-old size that will make an effect at once. The growth is vigorous and compact. The flowers are medium in size, very double, and of a pearly white color, shading to a center of rosy pink. It has stood ten degrees below zero without protection.

Price 15 cts. each, 4 for 50 cts., large plants by Express only 35 cts. each.

MARION DINGEE, is a splendid companion to Clotilde Soupert; the habit of growth is short and compact, and the flowers are rich crimson.

Strong mailing Plants from 2 1-2 inch pots 25cts. each; $2.00 per doz.

For $3.00 we will send, post-paid, **eighteen Clotilde Soupert** and **twelve Marion Dingee** thirty Roses in all, that will plant a circular bed as per illustration above four feet in diameter. We make this specially low offer to induce every reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to try these two Roses this year.

Order Now as this advertisement will not appear again, and ask for SCOTT'S CATALOGUE OF BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS FOR 1893. It fully describes the grandest novelties and specialties in PLANTS, SEEDS and BULBS, and is mailed FREE.

ROBERT SCOTT & SON, Penrose Nursuries, 19th and Catherine Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 16. NUMBER 1

COPYRIGHT 1893, BY LOUIS KLOPSCH.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, MARCH 29, 1893.

PRICE, 5 CENTS.
Annual Subscription, $1.5

★ The Resurrection of Lazarus ✠

The Traditional Tomb of the Brother of Mary and Martha at Bethany.

OF all the miracles performed by the Saviour, none have excited such universal wonder and controversy as "the three raisings from the dead." Three evangelists tell the story of the raising of the young daughter of Jairus, a ruler of the synagogue at Capernaum. Luke, the most circumstantial of the Apostles, relates in detail the wondrous incident of the restoration of the widow's son in the public thoroughfare and in the presence of a multitude of mourners and sight-seers from both Nain and Capernaum, who crowded about the bier. Unquestionably those two miracles, more than all that had preceded them, drew popular attention to Christ's mission and doctrine, and simultaneously awoke the bitterest hatred of the Sanhedrim. It needed but a crowning incident to urge his enemies to act, and this was furnished in the raising of Lazarus, the last and greatest of the resurrection miracles. At the home of the two sisters, Mary and Martha, (who kept house for Lazarus, their brother, at Bethany, a beautiful suburb of Jerusalem on the eastern side of Mount Olivet) Jesus was a frequent and welcome visitor. The family were probably orphans. Socially, they were of considerable importance, in Bethany at least, and their home had some pretensions to luxury. Even to-day its ruins, as pointed out to travelers, indicate a mansion of unusual size and claims to opulence. Lazarus fell sick, and the sisters after vainly applying such medical skill as was at their command in the little village, despatched a messenger in great haste to Jesus who was then twenty-five miles distant in the Perea, on the thither side of the Jordan, preaching to the people and healing the sick. Christ received the messenger calmly. The latter, dust-stained and travel-worn, had been a full day on the road, and on the very day of his arrival, Lazarus died, though he knew it not. Jesus, however, knew all, and sent the messenger back to the sorrowing home, saying: "The sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby." This strange and seemingly unsympathetic response must have mystified those who received it. Meanwhile the home at Bethany was the scene of mourning. Friends came from Jerusalem and the country round about, to be present at the obsequies of the departed. A grave was chosen in a beautiful garden on property belonging to the family. In those days, cemeteries were principally devoted to the interment of paupers and strangers. Wealthy and even moderately well-to-do people had private burying-grounds, and these were usually chosen in some secluded and picturesque spot, near the ancestral home and on the ancestral soil. That of Lazarus was, like thousands of other tombs in Palestine, a chamber or recess cut sheer into the face of the limestone rock, or fashioned out of some natural cave in the cliff, and closed with a heavy stone that swung into a groove, excluding all air and light and affording ample protection against desecration by prowling animals. There the body was laid, having first been anointed with spices and made fragrant with myrtle, aloes and rose water, then robed in the garments worn in life and finally swathed in linen wrappings.

After the interment, the days of mourning continued. Hired mourners beat their breasts, their heads and their feet and wailed, wept and sang, while they extolled the virtues of the departed. The death-flutes sounded gloomily throughout the home. The sisters, dumb with their great sorrow, sat apart, enveloped in heavy veils. Friends were comforting them as best they could, when the news reached Martha's ears that "Jesus was coming." He had indeed returned from beyond Jordan. He had told his disciples in loving tenderness: "Our friend Lazarus is fallen asleep," and they, misapprehending him, replied that it was well, as he would then probably recover. Thereupon the Master of

THE TOMB OF LAZARUS, AT BETHANY, AS IT NOW APPEARS.
(From a photograph obtained in Palestine by Rev. Dr. Talmage.)

spoke plainly: "He is dead, and I am glad for your sakes that I was not there, to the intent that ye may believe. Nevertheless, let us go unto him." The disciples hesitated; but to cross the Jordan was to come again within the reach of priestly power and malice. They believed that if Jesus came to Jerusalem, the Council would arrest and kill him, and that they also would probably share his fate. But loyalty and courage prevailed, and all accompanied him.

Martha, meeting Christ, immediately on from the fullness of her heart, in a half reproachful word, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." She had begun despairingly yet almost with the same breath, she declared her belief in Jesus' divinity and mission and exclaimed, "Whatsoever thou wilt of God, will give it thee." To test her faith still further, and lead her mind to the things of eternal life, the Saviour told her that her brother would rise again. "I know," she responded, "he will rise again in the resurrect

(*Continued on page 211.*)

The Tabernacle Pulpit

ANYTHING IN DREAMS?

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, preached last Sunday Morning in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Text: Genesis 28. 11: "He took of the stones of that place and put them for his pillows, and he dreamed that place to sleep and he dreamed."

A SLEEP on a pillow-case filled with hens' feathers it is not strange one should have pleasant dreams. But here is a pillow of rock, and Jacob with his head on it, and lo! a dream of angels, two processions, those coming down the stairs met by those going up the stairs. It is the first dream of Bible record. You may say of a dream that it is nocturnal fantasia, or that it is the absurd combination of waking thoughts, and with a slur of intonation you may say: "It is only a dream;" but God has honored the dream by making it the avenue through which again and again he has marched upon the human soul, decided the fate of nations, and changed the course of the world's history. God appeared in a dream to Abimelech, warning him against an unlawful marriage; in a dream to Joseph, foretelling his coming power under the figure of all the sheaves of the harvest bowing down to his sheaf; to the chief butler, foretelling his disimprisonment; to the chief baker, announcing his decapitation; to Pharaoh, showing him first the seven plenty years, and then the seven famine-struck years, under the figure of the seven fat cows devouring the seven lean cows; to Solomon, giving him the choice between wisdom and riches and honor; to the warrior, under the figure of a barley cake smiting down a tent, encouraging Gideon in his battle against the Amalekites; to Nebuchadnezzar, under the figure of a broken image and a hewn-down tree, foretelling his overthrow of power; to Joseph, of the New Testament, announcing the birth of Christ in his own household; to Mary, bidding her fly from Herodic persecutions; to Pilate's wife, warning him not to become complicated with the judicial overthrow of Christ.

We all admit that God in ancient times and under Bible dispensation addressed the people through dreams. The question is, does God appear in our day and reveal himself through dreams? That is the question everybody asks, and this question this morning I shall try to answer. You ask me if I believe in dreams. My answer is, I do believe in them, but all I have to say will be easily [illegible]

[illegible] the first: the Scriptures are so [illegible] that if we get no communication from him in [illegible] night, nevertheless, to be [illegible]

[illegible] this magnificent [illegible] the eyes [illegible] closed, the senses are dull, the entire [illegible] goes into a lethargy which in all [illegible] is used as a type of death, and [illegible] the soul spreads its wing and never sleeps. It leaps the Atlantic Ocean and mingles in scenes three thousand miles away. It travels great reaches of time, dreamed about the first night they slept in a new house. If in their dream they take the hand of a corpse, they are going to die. If they dream of a garden, it means a sepulchre. If something turns out according to a night vision, they say, "Well, I am not surprised. I dreamed it." If it turns out different from the night vision, they say, "Well, dreams go by contraries." In their efforts to put their dreams into rhythm, they put their waking thoughts into discord. Now, the Bible is so full of revelation that we ought to be satisfied if we get no further revelation.

Sound sleep received great honor when Adam slept so extraordinarily that the surgical incision which gave him Eve did not wake him; but there is no such need for extraordinary slumber now, and he who catches an Eve must needs be wide-awake! No need of such a dream as Jacob had with a ladder against the sky, when ten thousand times it had been demonstrated that earth and heaven are in communication. No such dream needed as that which was given to Abimelech, warning him against an unlawful marriage, when we have the records of the county clerk's office. No need of such a dream as was given to Pharaoh about the seven years of famine, for now the seasons march in regular procession, and steamer and rail-train carry breadstuffs to every famine-struck nation. No need of a dream like that which encouraged Gideon, for all through Christendom it is announced and acknowledged and demonstrated that righteousness, sooner or later, will get the victory.

If there should come about a crisis in your life upon which the Bible does not seem to be sufficiently specific, go to God in prayer and you will get especial direction. I have more faith, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, in directions given you with the Bible in your lap and your thoughts uplifted in prayer to God, than in all the information you will get unconscious on your pillow. I can very easily understand why the Babylonians and the Egyptians, with no Bible, should put so much stress on dreams; and the Chinese, in their holy book, Chow King, should think their emperor gets his directions through dreams from God; and that Homer should think that all dreams came from Jove, and that in ancient times dreams were classified into a science; but why do you and I put so [illegible] upon [illegible] a supernal book of infinite wisdom on all subjects? Why should we harry ourselves with dreams? Why should Eddystone and Barnegat lighthouses question a summer fire-fly?

Remark the second: all dreams have an important meaning.

They prove that the soul is comparatively independent of the body. The eyes are closed, the senses are dull, the entire [illegible] flashes back eighty years, and the octogenarian is a boy again in his father's house. If the soul, before it has entirely broken its chain of flesh, can do all this, how far can it leap, what circles can it cut when it is fully liberated! Every dream, whether agreeable or harrassing, whether sunshiny or tempestuous, means so much that rising from your couch you ought to kneel down and say: "O God! am I immortal? Whence? Whither? Two natures. My soul caged now—what when the door of the cage is opened? If my soul can fly so far in the few hours in which my body is asleep in the night, how far can it fly when my body sleeps the long sleep of the grave?" Oh, this power to dream, how startling, how overwhelming! If prepared for the after-death flight, what an enchantment! If not prepared for the after-death flight, what a crushing agony! Immortal! Immortal!

Remark the third: the vast majority of dreams are merely the result of disturbed physical condition, and are not a supernatural message.

Job had carbuncles, and he was scared in the night. He says: "Thou scarest me with dreams and terrifiest me with visions." Solomon had an overwrought brain, overwrought with public business, and he suffered from erratic slumber, and he writes in Ecclesiastes: "A dream cometh through the multitude of business." Dr. Gregory, in experimenting with dreams, found that a bottle of hot water put to his feet while in slumber made him think that he was going up the hot sides of Mount Etna. Another morbid physician, experimenting with dreams, his feet uncovered through sleep, thought he was riding in an Alpine diligence. But a great many dreams are merely narcotic disturbance. Anything that you see while under the influence of chloral or brandy, or "hasheesh," or laudanum, is not a revelation from God. The learned De Quincey did not ascribe to divine communication what he saw in sleep, opium saturated; dreams which he afterward described in the following words: "I was worshipped, I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brahmah, through all the forests of Asia. Vishnu hated me. Sceva laid in wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris. I had done a deed, they said, that made the crocodiles tremble. I was buried for a thousand years in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes in narrow chambers in the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed with the cancerous kiss of crocodiles, and lay confounded with unutterable slimy things among wreathy and Nilotic mud." Do not mistake narcotic disturbance for divine revelation.

But I have to tell you that the majority of the dreams are merely the penalty of outraged digestive organs, and you have no right to mistake the nightmare for heavenly revelation. Late suppers are a warranty deed for bad dreams. Highly-spiced salads at eleven o'clock at night, instead of opening the door heavenward, open the door infernal and diabolical. You outrage natural law, and you insult the God who made those laws. It takes from three to five hours to digest food, and you have no right to keep your digestive organs in struggle when the rest of your body is in somnolence. The general rule is, eat nothing after six o'clock at night, retire at ten, sleep on your right side, keep the window open five inches for ventilation, and other worlds will not disturb you much. By physical maltreatment you take the ladder that Jacob saw in his dream and you lower it to the nether world, allowing the ascent of the demoniacal. Dreams are midnight dyspepsia. An unregulated desire for something to eat ruined the race in Paradise, and an unregulated desire for something to eat keeps it ruined. The world during six thousand years has tried in vain to digest that first apple. The world will not be evangelized until we get rid of a dyspeptic Christianity. Healthy people do not want this cadaverous and sleepy thing that some people call religion. They want a religion that lives regularly by day and sleeps soundly by night. If through trouble or coming on of old age, or exhaustion of Christian service you cannot sleep well, then you may expect from God "songs in the night;" but there are no blessed communications to those who willingly surrender to indigestibles. Napoleon's army at Leipsic, Dresden, and Borodino, came near being destroyed through the disturbed gastric juices of its commander. That is the way you have lost some of your battles.

Another remark I make is that our dreams are apt to be merely the echo of our day thoughts.

I will give you a recipe for pleasant dreams: Fill your days with elevated thought and unselfish action, and your dreams will be set to music. If all day you are gouging and grasping and avaricious, in your dreams you will see gold that you cannot clutch, and bargains in which you were out-shylocked. If during the day you are irascible and pugnacious and gunpowdery of disposition, you will at night have battle with enemies in which they will get the best of you. If you are all day long in a hurry, at night you will dream of rail-trains that you want to catch while you cannot move one inch toward the depot.

If you are always over suspicious and expectant of assault, you will have at night hallucinations of assassins with daggers drawn. No one wonders that Richard III. the iniquitous, the night before the battle of Bosworth Field dreamed that all those whom he had murdered stared at him, and that he was torn to pieces by demons from the pit. The scholar's dream is a philosophic echo. The poet's dream is a rhythmic echo. Coleridge composed his "Kubla Khan" asleep in a narcotic dream, and waking up, wrote down three hundred lines of it. Tartini, the violin player, composed his most wonderful sonata while asleep in a dream so vivid, that waking he easily transferred it to paper,

Waking thoughts have their echo in sleeping thoughts. If a man spends his life in trying to make others happy, and is heavenly-minded, around his pillow he will see cripples who have got over their crutch, and processions of celestial imperials, and hear the grand march roll down from drums of heaven over jasper parapets. You are very apt to hear in dreams what you hear when you are wide awake.

Now, having shown you that having a Bible we ought to be satisfied not getting any further communication from God, and having shown you that all dreams have an important mission, since they show the comparative independence of the soul from the body, and having shown you that the majority of dreams are a result of disturbed physical condition, and having shown you that our sleeping thoughts are apt to be an echo of our waking thoughts, I come now to my fifth and most important remark, and that is to say, that it is capable of proof that God does sometimes in our day, and has often since the close of the Bible dispensation, appeared to people in dreams.

All dreams that make you better are from God. How do I know it? Is not God the source of all good? It does not take a very logical mind to argue that out. Tertullian and Martin Luther believed in dreams. The dreams of John Huss are immortal. St. Augustine, the Christian father, gives us the fact that a Carthaginian physician was persuaded of the immortality of the soul by an argument which he heard in a dream. The night before his assassination the wife of Julius Cæsar dreamed that her husband fell dead across her lap. It is possible to prove that God does appear in dreams to warn, to convert, and to save men.

My friend, a retired sea-captain and a Christian, tells me that one night while on the sea he dreamed that a ship's crew were in great suffering. Waking up from his dream, he put about the ship, tacked in different directions, surprised everybody on the vessel—they thought he was going crazy—sailed on in another direction hour after hour, and for many hours until he came to the perishing crew and rescued them, and brought them to New York. Who conducted that dream? The God of the sea.

In 1695, a vessel went out from Spithead for West India, and ran against the ledge of rocks called the Caskets. The vessel went down, but the crew clambered up on the Caskets, to die of thirst or starvation, as they supposed. But there was a ship bound for Southampton that had the captain's son on board. This lad twice in one night dreamed that there was a crew of sailors dying on the Caskets. He told his father of his dream. The vessel came down by the Caskets in time to find and to rescue those poor dying men. Who conducted that dream? The God of the rocks, the God of the sea.

The Rev. Dr. Bushnell, in his marvelous book, entitled: "Nature and the Supernatural," gives the following fact that he got from Captain Yount, in California, a fact confirmed by many families: Captain Yount dreamed twice one night that one hundred and fifty miles away there was a company of travelers fast in the snow. He also saw in the dream, rocks of peculiar formation, and telling his dream to an old hunter, the hunter said: "Why, I remember those rocks; those rocks are in the Carson Valley Pass, one hundred and fifty miles away." Captain Yount, impelled by this dream, although laughed at by his neighbors, gathered men together, took mules and blankets, and started out on the expedition, traveled one hundred and fifty miles, saw those very rocks which he had described in his dream, and finding the suffering ones at the foot of those rocks, brought them back to confirm the story of Captain Yount. Who conducted that dream? The God of the snow, the God of the Sierra Nevadas.

God has often appeared in dreams to rescue and comfort. You have known people—perhaps it is something I state in your own experience—you have seen people go to sleep with bereavements inconsolable, and they awakened in perfect resignation because of what they had seen in slumber. Dr. Crannage, one of the most remarkable men I ever met—remarkable for benevolence and great philanthropies—at Wellington, England, showed me a house where the Lord had appeared in a wonderful dream to a poor woman. The woman was rheumatic, sick, poor to the last point of destitution. She was waited on and cared for by another poor woman, her only attendant. Word came to her one day that this poor woman had died, and the invalid of whom I am speaking lay helpless upon the couch, wondering what would become of her. In that mood she fell asleep. In her dreams she said the Angel of the Lord appeared, and took her into the open air and pointed in one direction, and there were mountains of bread, and pointed in another direction, and there were mountains of butter, and in another direction, and there were mountains of all kinds of worldly supply. The Angel of the Lord said to her: "Woman, all these mountains belong to your Father, and do you think that he will let you, his child, hunger and die?" Dr. Crannage told me by some divine impulse he went into that destitute home, saw the suffering there, and administered unto it, caring for her all the way through. Do you tell me that that dream was woven out of earthly anodynes? Was that the phantasmagoria of a diseased brain? No; it was an all-sympathetic God addressing a poor woman through a dream.

Furthermore, I have to say that there are people in this house who were converted to God through a dream. The Rev. John Newton, the fame of whose piety fills all Christendom, while a profligate sailor on shipboard, in his dream, thought that a being approached him and gave him a very beautiful ring, and put it upon his finger, and said to him, "As long as you wear that ring you will be prospered; if you lose that ring you will be ruined." In the same dream another personage appeared, and by a strange infatuation persuaded John Newton to throw that ring overboard, and it sank into the sea. Then the mountains in sight were full of fire and the air was lurid with consuming wrath. While John Newton was repenting of his folly in having thrown overboard the treasure, another personage came through the dream, and told John Newton he would plunge into the sea and bring the ring up if he desired it. He plunged into the sea and brought it up, and said to John Newton, "Here is that gem, but I think I will keep it for you, lest you lose it again;" and John Newton consented, and all the fire went out from the mountains, and all the signs of lurid wrath disappeared from the air, and John Newton said that he saw in his dream that that valuable gem was his soul, and that the being who persuaded him to throw it overboard was Satan, and that the One who plunged in and restored that gem, keeping it for him, was Christ. And that dream makes one of the most wonderful chapters in the life of that most wonderful man.

RESCUED THROUGH A DREAM.

A German was crossing the Atlantic Ocean, and in his dream he saw a man with a handful of white flowers, and he was told to follow the man who had that handful of white flowers. The German, arriving in New York, wandered into the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting, and Mr. Lamphier—whom many of you know—the great apostle of prayer-meetings, that day had given to him a bunch of tube-roses. They stood on his desk, and at the close of the religious services he took the tube-roses and started homeward, and the German followed him, and through an interpreter told Mr. Lamphier that on the sea he had dreamed of a man with a handful of white flowers and was told to follow him. Suffice it to say, through that interview and following interviews, he became a Christian, and is a city missionary preaching the Gospel to his own countrymen. God in a dream!

John Hardock, while on shipboard, dreamed one night that the day of judgment had come, and that the roll of the ship's crew was called, except his own name, and that these people, this crew, were all banished; and in his dream he asked the reader why his own name was omitted, and he was told it was to give him more opportunity for repentance. He woke up a different man. He became illustrious for Christian attainment. If you do not believe these things, then you must discard all testimony, and refuse to accept any kind of authoritative witness. God in a dream!

Rev. Herbert Mendes was converted to God through a dream of the last judgment; and I doubt if there is a man or woman in this house to-day that has not had some dream of that great day of judgment which shall be the winding up of the world's history. If you have not dreamed of it, perhaps to-night you may dream of that day. There are enough materials to make a dream. Enough voices, for there shall be the roaring of the elements, and the great earthquake. Enough light for the dream, for the world shall blaze. Enough excitement, for the mountains shall fall. Enough water, for the ocean shall roar. Enough astronomical phenomena, for the stars shall go out. Enough populations, for all the races of all the ages will fall into line of one of two processions, the one ascending and the other descending, the one led on by the Rider on the white horse of eternal victory, the other led on by Apollyon on the black charger of eternal defeat. The dream comes on me now, and I see the lightnings from above answering the volcanic disturbances from beneath, and I hear the long reverberating thunders that shall wake up the dead, and on one side I see the opening of a gate into scenes golden and amethystine, and on the other side I hear the clanging back of a gate into Bastiles of eternal bondage, and all the seas lifting up their crystal voices, cry: "Come to judgment!" and all the voices of the heaven cry: "Come to judgment!" and crumbling mausoleum, and Westminster Abbeys, and pyramids of the dead with marble voices, cry: "Come to judgment!"

And the great archangel seizes an instrument of music which has never yet been sounded, an instrument of music that was made only for one sound, and thrusting that mighty trumpet through the clouds, and turning it this way, he shall put it to his lip and blow the long, loud blast that shall make the solid earth quiver, crying: "Come to judgment!"

Then from this earthly grossness quit,
Attired in stars, we shall forever sit.

The Resurrection of Lazarus.

(Continued from first page.)

at the last day." Then, like a glorious revelation overwhelming her soul, came the thrilling words from the lips of the Master of Life: "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth on me, though he were dead yet shall he live; and whosoever believeth on me shall never die."

"Death," wrote a famous Christian commentator, "is the sleep of the saints, in the language of heaven." Lazarus had been asleep in death four days when Jesus entered the desolated home at Bethany. He was unmoved by the noisy lamentations of the hired mourners, but the mute grief of the sisters touched the Divine heart, and when he saw Mary weeping, prostrate at his feet, her beautiful yellow hair trailing in the dust, he "groaned in spirit and was troubled." He asked, gently, "Where have ye laid him?" and the answer came, in whispers broken by bitter sobbing: "Come and see." Silent tears dropped from the eyes of the Master, which caused the observant mourners to remark: "Behold how he loved him!" If there had been lacking in his ministry a single sublime proof of his complete sympathy with humanity, it was found in this spectacle of the Son of God shedding tears—not of sorrow or repentance or regret, but tears of love—with these stricken friends.

It was a strange gathering that assembled in the garden on that afternoon, before the tomb in which, four days agone, the beloved dead had been laid. St. John's narrative tells, with a beautiful simplicity of detail, all that occurred: the alternate doubts and fears of the relatives, the explanation by the practical Martha, which showed how little hope she had, after all, of any real help from the Master. But Divine Omnipotence had chosen this hour when all human hopes were utterly blasted, in which to assert itself. The stone was rolled away, and at the command of Jesus, "he that was dead came forth," yet bound in the cerements of the tomb. Who can picture the wonder, the joy, the ecstacy of that moment when the brother, but lately lost, was restored to the sisters? Their faith in Jesus, strong before, was now rendered impregnable, and gratitude overflowed their hearts. Never in the history of the world had so stupendous a miracle been wrought, and it necessarily made multitudes of converts to the faith, even while it intensified the hate of the Sanhedrim, who now plotted the destruction of both Jesus and Lazarus. To this even Caiaphas, the Sadducean high priest, assented. Lazarus lived thirty years after being restored from the grave, and tradition states that after the death of Jesus, he went to Provence with his sisters, and preached the Gospel in Marseilles, finally dying in Cyprus at a ripe old age.

The photograph on the first page of this issue of The Christian Herald is one that will interest every believer. It is an accurate representation of a very ancient, rock cavern-tomb at Bethany, and is affirmed on undisputed local authority, to be the identical scene of this greatest of our Saviour's miracles—the raising of Lazarus. Through all the changes of the centuries it has been wonderfully preserved, having been faithfully guarded and repaired from time to time, and it still remains as a mute memorial of that day when the "Master of Life" stretched forth his hand, and the obedient grave gave up its prey.

Such was the fame of this great miracle that in later days the name of Bethany has been changed to that of *el-Azariyeh*, or simply *Lazarieh*. The village is now a comparative ruin—a mere hamlet, occupied by a score of families. Its inhabitants point out not only the traditionary tomb shown in the photograph, but also the house of Lazarus. Of the latter only a square tower now remains. The tomb is a deep vault in the rocks and the bottom is reached by twenty-six steps. This was the standard style of sepulchre among the Jews, and varied but little from the usages in patriarchal times. Only kings, princes and prophets were buried in cities; all others were placed in tombs without the walls, usually in gardens, on roadsides or even adjoining houses, in the open country.

There are several notable differences between the ancient Jewish methods of interment and those of other contemporary nations. No sarcophagus or coffin was used at a Jewish funeral; no pyramid was raised, and, strangest of all, no inscription or painting either naming the dead, declaring his virtues, or expressing the religious attitude of the race toward death and the grave, was ever placed upon a tomb. In New Testament days, there were probably in existence many of the tombs of famous prophets, to repair and adorn which the Jews regarded as a work of piety. A majority have been obliterated by the ravages of time.

AFFLICTIONS SANCTIFIED.

S. S. Lesson for April 9. Job. 5: 17-27. Golden Text, Heb. 12: 6. By Mrs M. Baxter.

"WHOM the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." (Heb. 12:6.) So spake God in his own Word, and yet the majority of men look upon trial, if they recognize God's hand in it at all as a righteous retribution for wrongdoing; and they seek to find some reason in the life and conduct of the afflicted one, which will justify God in thus causing him to suffer. The spirit of judgment belongs to our fallen nature, grace refers everything to God, and suspends judgment. It is God's loved ones whom he chastens or educates, his received sons whom he scourges, and he does it for our profit, that we may be partakers of his holiness." Job was one of God's loved ones, a received son. Therefore it was worth God's while to take pains with his education. Just because

He Could Count Upon Him

the Lord put him through more tests than almost any other man of the old dispensation. It was God's own testimony regarding him, a testimony born by Satan himself, that there was "none like him in the earth, a perfect man and an upright one that feareth God, and escheweth evil." There was not another man upon earth whom God could have trusted to pass through the trials to which he had called Job; it was a proof of his faithfulness and not of his sin, that his Lord could deal with him as he did. What other man could have borne to hear in one day of the total loss of all his property; oxen, asses, sheep, camels, servants, and above all, the terrible bereavement of all his children, without a possibility of a last farewell,—and yet have looked up to the God who could have prevented all this evil, with confidence and submission? Job said: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord?" A man who, under such circumstances can not only bow down in the submission of endurance, but can look up and praise the Lord, can have even God himself as Witness that he is a "perfect man and an upright one that feareth God and escheweth evil." God had borne this witness to him before he was tested, but now it was proved beyond dispute, and Satan himself, whom God had challenged to test him was driven to other resources than the greatest external losses, before he could in any way touch the man whose confidence in God was so great.

Tried child of God, do not let the enemy persuade you that trial is punishment. Education [illegible] like that of the Master [illegible] Man, "learned obedience [illegible] he suffered." But it is [illegible], or righteous retribution for [illegible] when your Lord leads you into [illegible] where few are called, or permitted to tread.

God has Other Thoughts:

He leads thee where all that is human, all that [illegible] where only the being [illegible] Divine Nature; only [illegible] "the hope of glory" will be [illegible] but the end is to [illegible] In the education [illegible] this [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

YOUNG SOLDIERS OF THE KING.

The Phenomenal Growth and Extending Influence of the Boys' Brigade, Here and Abroad —Teaching True Christian Manliness and Military Discipline Together—Brigade Rules.

THE Boys' Brigade, which is spreading all over the United States and Canada, had its origin in Glasgow, Scotland. It is a religious society with a military organization. Its object is, according to the constitution, the advancement of Christ's king-

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.
(Honorary President, Boys' Brigade, Scotland.)

dom among boys, and the promotion of habits of discipline, self-respect and all that tends towards true Christian manliness. Every member is bound in honor and duty to govern his conduct by the following rules: To read his Bible every day, to abstain from liquor and tobacco, never to use profane language and to avoid the company of those who do; always to prefer duty to either pleasure or inclination; to obey strictly the Company rules; to endeavor constantly to maiptain the kindness, courtesy and Christian confidence that should prevail in a company of Christian boys.

On the 4th of October, 1883, twenty-eight boys and three teachers in a Sunday School in the Northwest District of Glasgow met together and called themselves "The Boys' Brigade," and in the ten years that have elapsed since then, this simple beginning has grown into a regularly-constituted organization, with headquarters in Glasgow, Scotland; and also in San Francisco, Chicago and Boston, and now numbers 21,000 boys in Glasgow alone, with 490 companies. The growth in

The United States and Canada

has been so rapid, that it has outrun any reliable figures. At the close of 1892 there were 112 companies in the United States, with an estimated attendance of about 4,000 boys. This did not include fully as many more company organizations in different parts of the country who had not reported to headquarters. The original Brigade in Scotland was constituted of boys between twelve and seventeen years of age, who were members of some Sunday School or Christian organization. This movement originated in 1883, and was the conception of W. A. Smith, of the First Lanark Rifles, Glasgow, Scotland. Mr. Smith had been a member of a military company for a number of years, and was interested in Sunday School work. He recognized the fact that the boys, after reaching the age of sixteen years, drifted away from the Church, and it occurred to him that a military organization in connection with the Sunday School might prove attractive to them. With this end in view, he called together the twenty-eight boys and three teachers. His success was marked from the beginning. Its simplicity and practical nature commended it to many who were interested in boys, and the organization rapidly grew to its present membership.

In the organization of the Brigade are three distinct factors: First, the Company, second, the Battalion, and third, the Brigade. The Company is a detachment of boys connected with each church or school. It has a local designation, and is numbered according to the order of formation. These companies are connected with Protestant denominations, and, although the Brigade is undenominational, it is part of the constitution that each individual Company must be connected with a church, mission or other Christian organization. Wherever there are three or more companies, a Battalion is formed. The officers of the Company form the Battalion Council. The term "Brigade" which is used very frequently with a wrong meaning, embraces the whole organization. A Company is designated as, "The First Detroit Co. of the Boys' Brigade."

Prof. Henry Drummond, Hon. Vice-President of the Boys' Brigade, says:

"Contrary to the somewhat natural impression, the Boys' Brigade

Does not Teach the Art of War

nor does it foster or encourage the war spirit. It simply implies military organization, drill and discipline, as the most stimulating and interesting means of securing the attention of the boys, and of establishing in them self-respect, chivalry, courtesy and the host of kindred virtues. To teach drill is not to teach the art of war nor is the drill spirit a war spirit." The true aspiration in teaching the Brigade could not be better summarized than in this quotation from its efficient leader:

"Our boys are full of earnest desire to be true men, and if you want to make them brave, true, Christian men, we must direct this desire in the right channel, and show them that in the service of Christ they will find the bravest, truest life it is possible for them to live. The foundation of the Boys' Brigade is laid on this idea: To win boys for Christ by presenting them with that view of Christianity to which we know their natures will most readily respond. There are points where religious teaching directly comes in. Every company being connected with some existing Christian organization, the boys are urged to attend whatever Bible class exists, and wherever no existing interest is conflicted with, the Captains usually provide a class of their own. These special Company classes are a part of the work, and are usually attended by a very large per cent of the boys, who are members of the Company. The work of the Brigade is divided in Scotland into two principal departments: the military drill, and the Bible class work. In the United States a department has been added known as the Missionary Society. The drill is in all essential parts a regular military drill, and the boys are expected to yield perfect obedience to discipline. The drill differs only as to location. In England and Canada the drill is that of the officers and soldiers in Her Majesty's service. In the United States it is the official United States Infantry tac-

W. A. SMITH.
(The Founders of the Boys' Brigade.)

tics. In addition to the drill department supervision is made over the physical development of the boy. Athletic clubs are formed. The various setting up exercises of the United States Infantry tactics, and other gymnastic systems are adopted. Summer camps are organized, which are conducted under the care and attention of the officers of the church.

One of the most interesting features of the work is the 'Ambulance Drill,' in which the study of anatomy and physiology is symplified and brought before the boy to enable him to be of assistance in cases of emergency. This portion of the work has been developed to a very high state of perfection. The organization of drum corps, bands for street parade, etc., is encouraged. Everything that would tend to the development of the manly side of the boy is fostered under the auspices of the church. Reading and club rooms have also been formed by some Companies, and are valuable social and educational influences. In Glasgow the work has drawn to itself the attention of some of the ablest thinkers of the day. The Earl of Aberdeen, the Hon. President of the Boys' Brigade is an enthusiastic friend of the work. Among the Vice Presidents we find the names of the Earl of Mount Edgecumbe, the Right Honorable Lord Kinnaird, General Sir Donald Stewart, Sir Thomas Clark, and Prof. Henry Drummond, whose able pen has been enlisted in this work, and who has contributed quite largely to its literature. The President is J. C. Alston, No. 9 Loraine Gardens, Glasgow. Mr. W. A. Smith, the originator of the movement is the Brigade Secretary, with headquarters at No. 68 Bath Street, Glasgow, Scotland.

The History of the Movement

in the United States begins with the organization of the First San Francisco Company, August 10th, 1889. Previous to this there was one Company formed in Minneapolis, but for some reason the work was given up. After a few months of drilling the Second San Francisco Company, and the First Alameda were organized and very soon after a temporary organization was formed, which has since grown into its present magnitude. The Rev. J. Q. Adams, San Francisco, Cal., is President of The Boys' Brigade in America, and A. H. Fish of the same city Brigade Secretary. The work in the United States developed under the fostering care of these gentlemen. Companies were formed in other cities, notably Chicago and Cincinnati. In Chicago under the care of Rev. Howard H. Russell of Armour Mission, seven Companies were organized uniformed and brought to a condition of perfect discipline. In Cincinnati the Rev. Johnston Meyers organized seven Companies in connection with the mission work of his church. These Companies have all united with the general organization.

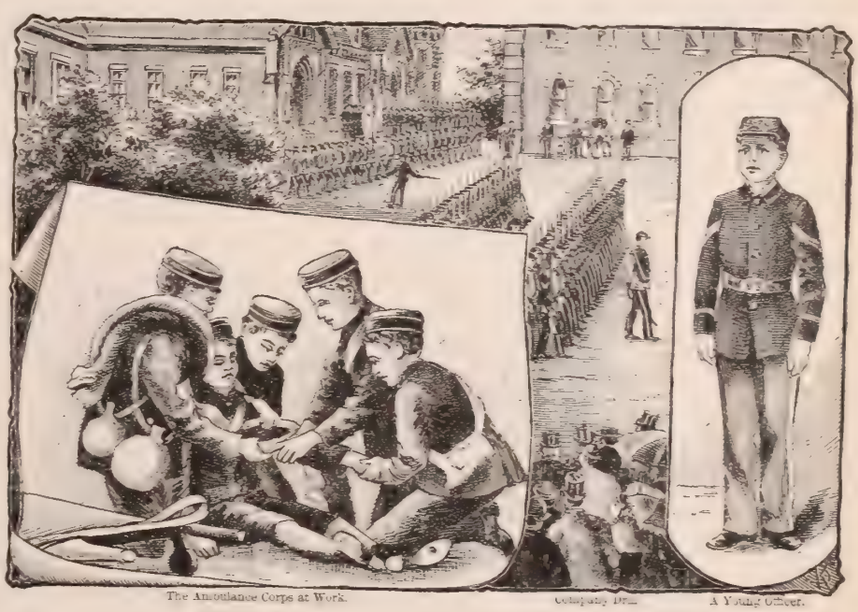
The field in the United States having been found too large to be handled by a single headquarters, was divided into three sections, the Western, the Central and Eastern, each with a vice-President, General Secretary and members of the executive committee. The President and Brigade-Secretary have charge of the Western Division, and are the head of the organization. General O. O. Howard is the vice-President of the Central division, Rev. Howard H. Russel, Secretary. The Eastern division is in charge of Rev. Willard E. Waterbury, as vice-President. T. Frank Fernald as Secretary. For the last year the work has grown with great rapidity, numerous Companies forming in all parts of the United States, twenty-seven states and three territories being represented in recent reports.

The Canadian Organization

is under the charge of the Rev. T. F. Fotheringham of St. Johns, Canada, as President, and T. W. Nesbit of Sarnia, Canada, as Brigade Secretary. There are some twenty-three or four Companies reported at Headquarters, and a large number of Companies now forming.

The organization has its literature, which has been brought to perfection by the ablest writers of the day. It supports a very handsome monthly magazine in Scotland, *The Boys' Brigade Gazette*, and is represented in the United States and Canada by *The Boys' Brigade Courier*, a weekly international sixteen page illustrated paper, published in Detroit. It has also a monthly paper, *The Bulletin*, published on the Pacific coast, while a number of the Companies connected with churches have small papers devoted to the work.

The growth of the organization bids fair to outrun anything of a similar nature brought into the Christian work. The reports from the different churches having a company of, The Boys' Brigade in connection with their Sunday School are very encouraging. They report increased attendance, and a higher order of morality on the part of the boys, and better than all this, frequent accessions to the church. A careful study of the work for two years prompts the following deductions: The Boys Brigade offers a safe and sure method of holding the boys during that time when they are most liable to slip away from the church influencess



The Ambulance Corps at Work. Company Drill. A Young Officer.

SCENES IN THE BOYS' BRIGADE.

The military features of the work develope the physical nature of the boy; the discipline developes his love of order and his willingness to obey the commands of his superiors. The organization of the Company is such that it permits the teachers to get in close touch with the boys, and if rightly organized the Bible class can be made one of the most efficient methods of saving the boys.

The vastness of the field and the rapid growth of this work prevents anything more than a brief summary of its essential points.

CHARLES B. MORRELL.
Editor of "The Boys' Brigade Courier."

THE HEART'S OPEN DOOR.

O LORD, to-day, behold my grief,
Because of doubt and anxious fear.
I know thou canst afford relief,
And let me feel thy presence near.

I ask no earthly joy beside,
Till this alone thou dost bestow.
Come near, and in my soul abide,
And cleanse and make me white as snow.

Oh blessed rest! Oh sacred peace!
To feel thee near, and that to bless.
Make all rebellious actions cease,
And clothe me in thy righteousness.

'Tis rest, O Lord, to work for thee,
For strength divine thou dost supply.
Reveal thy will in love to me,
As on thy help I now rely.

Guide thou my steps from day to day,
And give of earth what suits thy will;
So shall I walk the shining way
And all the terms of grace fulfil.

—GEO. W. MCPHERSON, M.D.
Lancaster, N. Y.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.

T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

The Christian Herald [illegible]

Subscriptions may commence [illegible]

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Expiration of subscription. The date on the [illegible]

Change of Address. [illegible] and your new address when you ask us to change [illegible]

The Name of the Town and the State you live in should always follow your own name when writing [illegible] We cannot find your name on our books unless this is done.

Letters [illegible]

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

A GOOD DAY.

WHAT is "a good day?" Does it depend upon the length of the day? No. Some of the most disastrous days we have ever had were in the summer time when the days were long; while some of the happiest have been in the holidays, which are always short. A good day does not depend upon the amount of money we make. A man may make a thousand dollars in a day and yet be unfortunate; while a man may lose a thousand dollars another day, and be happy.

We shall give some of the characteristics of a good day. It begins about six or seven o'clock. We have not much sympathy with this qualification of early rising. In the country where people may retire at eight or nine o'clock in the evening, a rousing bell at five o'clock in the morning may not be unchristian; but where, because of the imperious customs of city life, we have engagements taking us late into the night, a good day will be found to begin at six or seven o'clock in the morning. Great damage has been done to people by the stereotyped story of Napoleon, who slept only three hours; but remember that you have neither Napoleon's work to do nor Napoleon's brains. Albert Barnes went every morning to his study at four o'clock, and did a glorious work for God and the Church. The first penalty he paid was the loss of his sight; [illegible] the breaking down of his entire health. It would have been better if he had spread the work over more years; then we might have had him to this day, [illegible] all his illustrious faculties devoted to God. If we have twenty miles to ride and in the first ten miles we drive our horse so fast that we can go no further, we are not a wise driver.

We ought to rise in the morning rest- [illegible] seven o'clock. Further, a good day be- [illegible] no more think of going to business without communion with Christ, than of go- [illegible] We need to have a very poor [illegible] and to set it every morning in order that we might make from it a guess about the time of day. Our souls are poor timepieces, utterly disordered; [illegible] by the Sun of Righteousness. Before we start off to the store we need to pray for patience. We will be harassed and perplexed. Men will wrong us, and impose upon us, and cheat us; and before the day is past, if you have not laid in a large supply of patience, you will half swear with your lips, and perhaps make a whole swear with your hearts.

Further, a good day is one that accomplishes something positive in a religious way. You will pass five hundred or a thousand men in the street. They will all, in a very short time, be in eternity. Over which one of the five hundred men that you met to-day, did you exert a positively religious influence? A merchant comes in from Chicago to buy a bill of goods. But that is only a subordinate fact in that man's history. God sent him there, perhaps, to see what you would do for his soul. Ask him where he goes to church; and if he goes to church you will immediately have a line of influence between your heart and his. If he goes nowhere to church, then you have a point at which, in a courteous manner, you may move upon his soul. You may go into a young man's store and find him discouraged. His countenance is clouded. Ask what is the matter. Tell him of your own early struggles, and how, by the grace of God, you got out of them. Stop on your way to and from business, at the houses of suffering and sickness. One "Good-morning," or "Good evening," may bring comfort and heaven to a suffering soul. That is a good day in which you make some one happy. It is astonishing how little it takes to make one happy. Feel that the day is wasted in which you have not succeeded in this. Never put upon any one an unnecessary burden. Never tell a man what mean things you have heard about him. If you find in a newspaper an unpleasant paragraph in regard to him, do not cut it out and send it to him by mail. Do not write him a valentine. About the best man in the world we could rake up in society enough unpleasant things to make him miserable.

Further, a good ends with God. You will at the close of the day find that you have made many mistakes, said things you ought not to have said, and done things you ought not to have done. Confess it frankly in your prayer to God. Go to bed at peace with all the world.

A DISCOURAGED TIME.

EVERY spring-time a multitude of young men start out from law schools and medical colleges and theological seminaries, and are waiting for practical life. Positions do not immediately open. The young minister, diploma in pocket and licenced, is waiting for a call. He has preached in three or four places, and has not yet heard from them in any emphatic way. He begins to conclude that perhaps he has got into the wrong profession, and that he may have mistaken the Lord's call. Churches are not appreciative of his style. They want a young man with more physical stature, or glibber tongue, or different color of hair. Meanwhile, a fair girl is waiting to stand up with him at the marriage altar, and is wondering that her affianced, the most wonderful young man in all the world, is not almost pulled apart by congregations, all anxious to get him at the same time. Be patient, young theological. Some of the mightiest men of the Church passed many months before getting a call. At the right time, and when your heart is prepared to hear the divine voice leading you in any direction, you will find a large envelope with letter in the post office, signed by six or seven church officials, deciding for you what you ought to do. Within a year you will be master of a parsonage and a pulpit—if the pulpit does not master you. The Lord, having given you hammer and adze and plane, is going to give you a shop to work in.

So the young lawyer. He has his embryo library in calf-skin. Has had his breakfast, and sits in his office waiting all day long for clients. No one comes. Legal education wasted. Might as well have been reading Bulwer's novels as Blackstone. The world seems ruinously peaceful. But only wait. Two farmers have had a quarrel about a line fence. The probability is that one of them will take off his coat and give the other a tremendous drubbing. It will surely be a case of assault and battery, and one of them will be at your office door waiting, some morning, when you come. Before you get through with him you will have a land trial in the Circuit Court, as well as the criminal proceedings in Oyer and Terminer. Charge moderately, study hard, throw yourself on the weak points of your opponent, and soon you will be one of the foremost at the bar.

So the young physician. He has his pill boxes all ready; he can write a prescription as undecipherable by laymen as though an old physician had written it; has sawed off arms and legs in the dissecting-room; and yet no patient. He has worn out his first horse by rapid riding in pretence of sick people who must see him immediately, and sent his name to the pulpit of the village several times saying that a messenger at the door would like his professional service forthwith; yet no patients. Courage! for some time to come the world will have enough disorders to keep the doctors busy.

In a word, let all young ministers, doctors, lawyers, mechanics and farmers keep hopeful. There is a work just suited to you somewhere. God never makes one blade of a scissors without reference to some other blade, nor a wheel with cogs unless there be some other wheel with cogs to fit it. There is an occupation just adapted to your body, mind and soul, and you and it will join harmoniously. Plenty of room for honest and earnest men. The world is not yet half finished or cured. There is work for us all to do. Let us do it.

MINISTERIAL DRESS.

THERE seems to be a great variety of opinion as to what ministers ought to wear. There is much caricature of white cravat, and coat with buttons clear up to the top, and black kid gloves on ordinary occasions. Others advocate these peculiarities of clerical dress, and do not like to see preachers walking about with coat and cravat and manners like other people. It is said that there ought to be something to distinguish them from men of other occupations, and that then they would be more highly respected for their office. We cannot see the force of either side of this argument. Our feeling is, let every minister dress as his taste dictates. We do not see why ministers have not the right to as much liberty in matters of apparel as men of other professions. If the clergyman desire a white cravat, and so many buttons on straight-cut coat and vest, that it may seem to settle forever the long-disputed question of the nursery: "Button, button, who has the button?" we cannot see any objections. Certainly no question of righteousness can be involved if he have paid for the buttons. On the contrary, we think that a soft hat and sack coat and white pants, if the weather be hot, are just as allowable. No doubt the Pharisee had all the habiliments of propriety; but the Publican came out ahead of him. We deny the right of any one to tell us what we shall wear. We shall not forget the dolorous countenance of a minister of the Reformed Dutch Church, who once labored with us very seriously for the offence of side whiskers, saying he thought it might cripple our influence. But he himself has since lost his integrity, and now wears a mustache. Dear us! If side whiskers are a sin, at what bad place must that man come to who wears into the pulpit, in sight of all the people, a mustache? While we never wore a white cravat but three days in our life, and that made out of a handkerchief tied around the boil on our neck, we co tend for the right of ministers to an independent wardrobe.

YATMAN'S COLUMN

GOOD WOMEN.

WHAT is the duty of a wife, or rather what are her duties? I answer, to live for her husband, home and heaven. Faithfulness here, will bring a sure reward. It is to bear and forbear; it is to let love work out love's fulfilment. To be as true when it's "for worse," as when it's "for better." To be as careful in dress and manner after marriage as before. Many a woman had the roses at her bosom or belt before marriage, who never thinks of it now; many a woman has grown careless, both in manners and person, thereby weakening her hold upon him, her companion. God pity the man who does not love his wife better, and find more enjoyment in her society twenty years after marriage, than on the day when he led her to the altar.

Some wives are so unwise as to let the children come in between husband and self. Some will make great efforts to arrange nice things, dainty dishes, clean linen for company; but never bother when only husband is to be at home. Foolish women! let the best you have be given unto him.

Wives must be careful, and keep the confidence of their husbands. A man will trust his wife with anything and everything, if she is true and is tactful. Their joys should be mutual, their secrets mutual; little things which belong only to husband and wife. She should be ready and able to help him, when the heavy loads come, to be pulled up high hills. Her gentleness, her love, her wise caresses; her tact when to speak and when not to, will make him twice a man in his life and business. Let her be all that woman was to her husband, in New York on that awful "Black Friday," when the financial crash came and ruined thousands.

This man bade his wife and children good-bye, and passed from a costly home up-town, to Wall Street, that memorable morning. The hours passed: many had already gone under; more than once it seemed as if he, too, must sink, but more securities brought out, saved him; then again the close push to the wall, and more securities. At last, to save himself and his creditors, he put his name to paper, covering all he owned everywhere; home and all. This tided over the doom for a little while: then came the crash, and all was swept away; and he was penniless.

Rumors had reached his good wife; more than once she went to the window and wistfully looked out. At last she saw him coming; she could tell by his face there was trouble. Opening the door for him, she saw the white face; she heard his bitter cry:—

"It's all gone, wife, all gone! Not a cent left; home gone too; all gone."

Then came the help of a heroic wife.

"No, no, husband, all is not gone. I'm not gone; the children are not gone, and God is not gone."

And she led him like a child into the parlor where he cried only as a man can cry.

"Don't cry, dear, its all right; we can find a place to live. I could get along in two rooms; and I'd rather live with you there, and have you honest, than to live here and owe people. And I can teach music if necessary. Don't cry.

"Husband, you are a good man, you have helped God's cause in a thousand ways. You have not spared when he called; and now when you are in trouble, I don't believe he is going to desert you." And she dropped on her knees in front of him, and began to pour out her heart to God. Such a prayer! it had a double mission: it reached the throne in heaven, and it reached him. Bending over, he kissed her and said,

"Oh, Mary, God will hear your cry, I know he will, I know he will. He will help." And courage came back in his heart, and lo! the outcome. In a strange manner friends came to his relief; lent him money on his own name; helped him regain his feet in the financial world; and the result was, he paid dime for dime, dollar for dollar; and does not need moved from their home on the avenue, for God sent help in answer to that cry that day.

Such a woman is better than an angel to help a man. He finds more enjoyment in her company, than in all the clubs born. Men love women like that, and love them forever.

C. H. Yatman

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A LUSHAI RESIDENCE.

STRANGE accounts of life and customs have been recently sent home by an officer attached to the expedition now in the Lushai country. It is a region lying between India and Burmah to the northeast of the Bay of Bengal. The Lushai tribes with their neighbors, the Chins, have been making incursions into India for the purposes of robbery, and it was necessary to send a force to punish them and compel them to pay indemnities. The expedition had to proceed in boats up the Karnaphulli River to Demegri, where a landing was made, and the troops marched through a dense forest to the Lushai country. They found the people little better than savages. The houses in which they live are made of matting and are raised on poles above the ground. The villages are filthy in the extreme, and dogs, pigs and rats swarm everywhere. The people are dirty and lazy and spend much of their time under the influence of an ixtoxicating liquor, called zu, which they distil from rice. Their principal chief, to whom the commander of the expedition was referred, was an elderly man named Lalluova. He came to the interview dressed in an old swallow-tail coat and a tall hat that had once been white. With a long pipe at his mouth and a pot of zu by his side, he listened to the complaints of the officer and affected much surprise at his story. He professed to know nothing of the raids which his people had made on Indian territory and was profuse in his promises to prevent them in future. It was evident that his authority over the people was very slight, but from the reports current among them it appeared that on occasions he would shake off his laziness and mete out savage punishment in a capricious manner. It is evident that life in the Lushai conntry is of a most degraded type and that the land is one of those which prove the truth of the Psalmist's assertion that "the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." (Ps. 74:20.)

A Bride in Pawn.

THE proprietor of a hotel at New Brunswick, N. J., adopted a novel method of collecting a bill recently. Four persons came to his house on March 17, and asked for rooms. They were accommodated and remained until night. Then one of the party, a young man, had an interview with the landlord and in an embarrassed way told him that it was a wedding party. He wanted to be married to one of the two ladies and would be glad if the landlord would secure the services of a minister. The landlord sent around to his own clergyman, who responded and performed the marriage ceremony in the hotel. The next morning, he inquired from the clergyman if he had received a good fee and was informed that the bridegroom had excused himself from paying any fee, bnt had promised to remit when he returned home. The information made the hotel-man uneasy on his own account and he immediately sent up his bill with a request for payment. He learned that both the young men had departed, leaving the bride and bridesmaid behind. The two women proposed leaving, too, to look for the young men, but the landlord objected to their going until his bill was paid. The plan, however, did not succeed. The bride had evidently no money and the bridegroom did not come to redeem her, so the hotel keeper allowed her to depart. She must have felt deeply mortified by her situation. That her husband should have borne to be separated from her when he could have had her with him by the payment of so small a sum of money, indicated either his abject poverty or his indifference to her. A greater contrast cannot be easily imagined than in the treatment by Christ of the church, which is his bride, and which he redeemed by his precious blood. (Rev. 5:9.)

A Farmer's Stone Coffin.

AN aged farmer of Madison County, Kentucky, gave an order a few days ago to a stonemason which astonished him. The old gentleman is very wealthy, but has not been remarkable for eccentricity. This order, however, did appear eccentric, for it was for a regular sarcophagus. He wanted it made of Kentucky limestone, a quarry of which was on his own estate. He was very precise as to the measurements and had a drawing of the design for outside ornament. The order was taken and is being executed. When complete, the coffin will weigh fifteen hundred pounds. His reason for adopting this now novel mode of sepulture, is that the country around his home is overrun with polecats, minks and groundhogs, and he believes that the only way to keep them from devouring his body is to have it enclosed in a stone coffin. It may be hoped that he has not limited his precaution to his body. His soul will need protection against an enemy who "as a roaring lion walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." (1 Peter 5:8.)

An Abandoned Child.

A STRANGE trust has been confided to a lady living at Elizabethport, N. J. On March 14, just as she was retiring to rest she heard a timid ring at her door-bell. She unfastened the door, which had been secured for the night, but no one was there. On the stoop, however, was an old-fashioned valise. Taking this into the house she noticed that both ends of it had been cut out. On opening it, to her amazement, she saw a beautiful girl baby about a month old. It was well dressed and a bundle of clothing and some money lay beside it. There was also a closed can of condensed milk apparently placed there as a hint to her of the best kind of nourishment for the child. An explanatory letter was also in the valise. It stated that the writer was the mother of the babe. She and her husband, the letter said, were of opposite religious beliefs; they had been quarreling on the subject of creed ever since their marriage and the birth of the baby had intensified the strife, as they could not agree as to how she should be brought up. They had determined to separate, and, not knowing what to do with the child they had decided to commit it to the care of this lady who is well-known for her kindliness and philanthropic spirit. The lady has accepted the charge and will bring the child up as her own. Probably the child will be better cared for so than by its own parents, but it is a sad and unnatural arrangement. One would have thought that, though there were differences in the creeds of the parents, there would have been enough in common to enable them to fulfil parental duties. But it is only an illustration of a common sectional spirt. The sects are so much occupied in contention over minute questions of doctrine and ritual that they are apt to neglect the duty of preaching Gospel to the heathen at home and abroad. (Titus 3:8, 9.)

He Proved Too Much.

A DISAPPOINTED lawyer is living in Macon, Ga. He was recently summoned to the city prison by a man who was charged with attempting murder. The case was a very serious one; as the victim had been so brutally assaulted, that for several weeks he lay at the point of death. There was no question as to the identity of the perpetrator of the deed, and the lawyer had therefore a difficult case to defend. After a thorough study of it, he concluded that the only way to save his client was to plead insanity. He worked hard and made a brilliant defence, supported by medical evidence and the testimony of friends of the prisoner, whom he carefully instructed as to the facts they should emphasize on the stand. He spent an unusual quantity of time and labor on the case and eventually secured a verdict declaring the prisoner insane at the time he committed the crime. The man was sent to the asylum, and the lawyer congratulated himself on his success. He had taken the precaution to secure a good fee before the trial. The prisoner had no money, but he owned an eligible building lot in the suburbs of the city, and this he deeded to the lawyer as his fee. When the trial was over, the lawyer put the land on the market, but was surprised to learn from the lawyer of an intending purchaser, that the title was not good. The fatal defect was that the deed under which he held, was signed by a man whom the courts had pronounced insane, and, therefore, incompetent to dispose of his property. The lawyer cannot gainsay the fact which he was at so much pains to establish, and he is consequently liable to lose his fee. Some of our theologians are likely to find themselves similarly caught in a snare of their own making. If the time should come when they need to get from the Bible the comfort and support that their fathers obtained from it in trouble and sickness and death, they will regret their success in proving that it is not inerrant. (Prov. 11:19.)

A Repentant Patriot.

A remarkable confession was made recently to a visitor by Arabi Pasha, the Egyptian patriot. Arabi is now living in Ceylon, whither he was exiled after his downfall. Some twelve years ago he was the most powerful man in Egypt. He headed a rebellion, which was nominally against his sovereign, the Khedive, but which Arabi insisted was really on the Khedive's behalf. He wanted, he said, to deliver the Khedive from foreign domination, and to preserve Egypt for the Egyptians. He made a brave and desperate fight, but was beaten, and has since then been living in retirement in his Cingalese home. It appears that he has kept up a correspondence with his friends in Egypt, and has been a careful reader of the newspapers. He said pathetically that he had nothing else to do, now. His interest in Egyptian affairs, and his love for his country is as intense as ever. To his visitor, whose letter is published by the New York *Tribune*, he declared that his whole life had been a mistake. He regretted opposing the English occupation, for he found that the English had done for Egypt what he had hoped to do, but could never have succeeded in doing. "Not one of her own sons," said Arabi, "could have given Egypt the relief from oppression and injustice and the good government that she enjoys now. All that I fought for, and struggled to attain, is accomplished. In my blindness I was resisting the surest means of achieving my own aims. I was not fighting for ambitious ends, but for the liberation of my country. I am sorry, now, that I did so, and am glad for my country's sake that I was defeated." It was strange, said the visitor, to hear this once powerful leader making the manly confession of error, and avowing his satisfaction in the success of his opponents. It is a similar confession that every sinner has to make when he becomes reconciled to God. He finds that he was resisting his best Friend, and that as a servant of God he is happier and more useful than when he was his own master. "The way of man is not in himself; it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps" (Jer. 10.23.)

INTERIOR OF A HUT IN THE LUSHAI COUNTRY, INDIA.

BRIEF NOTES.

Major Whittle, Miss Whittle and Mr. Stebbins have been holding revival services at Arklow, Ireland, with much success.

Rev. B. Fay Mills began his meetings at Minneapolis, March 8, with crowded houses and with evidences of hearty co-operation on the part of ministers and churches.

Dr. Thomas E. Vermilye of the Collegiate Reformed Dutch Church is dead. He was the oldest minister in New York having attained his ninety-first year. He was pastor of the old church in Vandewater Street in 1825.

Union meetings have been commenced at Lockport, N. Y., under the charge of the pastors of the town. No evangelist has been invited, but the meetings are of decided evangelistic character.

Countess Li, wife of the Chinese Statesman, Li Hung Chang, is dead. At one time she was cured of a malady by a medical missionary, and in gratitude built an hospital for the missionary, equipping it and paying expenses from her own purse, she also protected Christians.

Evangelist C. S. Mason has been much blessed in his services at Port Townsend, Wash. Baptists, Methodists and Presbyterians have united in the work and many souls have been won. All three denominations have received additions to their membership, and there are many inquirers, especially among young men.

Rev. J. P. MacPhie, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Meridian, N. Y., had the pleasure of receiving fifty converts into church membership on one Sunday lately. They were the first fruits of the revival services held under the leadership of Rev. E. E. Davidson. Many others are waiting to join.

The Floating Bethel of the Brooklyn City Mission was formally dedicated on Sunday, March 12. It is intended to anchor the boat for the present in the East River at the foot of Joralemon St. The boat will accommodate about 250 persons. Captain Hiram L. Meeker, who is in charge, has been the largest contributor toward the purchase.

Tuskegee, Ala., in the centre of "the Black Belt" has now an an excellent training school for colored ministers and Christian workers. It is modelled on Mr. Moody's Bible Institute of Chicago. The building which was dedicated March 9, is the gift of Miss O. E. P. Stokes of New York. Dr. Lyman Abbott of Brooklyn, who suggested the idea of the Institute presided at the dedicatory exercises.

Complaints are made that telegrams from missionaries in Turkey to the United States are stopped by the Sultan's government. The American Board has laid the complaints before the State Department, and last week a deputation from the Board went to Washington to have an interview with Mr. Gresham on the subject. It is stated that our minister at Constantinople has already had occasion to complain on his own account.

We regret to learn that the Rev. George C. Needham is again prostrated by severe illness and has been peremptorily ordered by his physicians to abstain from all work, both speaking and writing, for six moths. He has been compelled to cancel all engagements and will rest until October. The trouble is due to weakness of the heart, resulting from thirty years of incessant toil.

Rev. C. H. Yatman had the pleasure on March 19 of welcoming a Jewish rabbi, who desired to make profession of his faith in Christ, as a result of the Forward Movement meetings which Mr. Yatman is holding in the city. Larger accommodation is needed for both the Sunday and week-evening meetings, and the committee is seeking suitable quarters. Extensive preparations are being made for the summer work.

The People's Tabernacle at Spokane, Wash., is doing a much needed work in that city. From a report sent to us by Mr. David Klopton, it appears that Lieut. Lavery, who is in charge of the Institution, has carried it through the first three months of its existence at a total cost of less than a thousand dollars. Philanthropic and evangelistic work are combined in its sphere of operations and Christianity has been made the helpful agency for body as well as soul which it was intended to be.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's meetings in Muscatine, Iowa, are being greatly blessed. The *News-Tribune* of that city says that never was such a scene witnessed there as that of March 12, when at the Young People's meeting in the Congregational Church and at the Adults' meeting in the Methodist Church, the people rose to ask for prayer in response to the evangelist's invitation. At the two meetings, 175 cards were handed in, signed by persons who expressed their desire to lead a Christian life.

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

A Sermon Preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York, last Sunday, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D. John 11: 1-54.

THERE are, as we have seen, three recorded raisings from the dead by our Lord during his public ministry; there are also several hints showing that there may have been many unrecorded raisings from the dead. Having discussed the first two, that of the daughter of Jairus, and that of the son of the widow of Nain, we are now prepared to consider the third case, that of Lazarus, the brother of Martha and Mary. This miracle is the most stupendous one ever performed by our Lord. It is recorded, however, only by the evangelist John. Matthew, Mark and Luke pass over it without a word of record and without a hint or suggestion. Why was this miracle omitted by the three earlier evangelists? Its omission by Luke is especially remarkable, because he was so diligent in securing and selecting the materials for his gospel. Many answers have been given to the question as to why the writers of the synoptic gospels made this omission. Some have said that at the time of the writing of their gospels the family of Lazarus may have been living, and the giving of this account might have subjected them to persecution and possibly to death. We know that John wrote later than they, and that he probably wrote at Ephesus, outside of Palestine. Consequently the danger of exposing the friends of Lazarus to persecution cannot have existed in his time. But this answer is entirely unsatisfactory. We cannot suppose that Lazarus would shrink from enduring persecution, or would in any way deny the Lord who had called him back from the grave. It has also been said that the three earlier evangelists recorded miracles which occurred, for the most part, in Galilee, except that Luke relates the Perean ministry, while John confines himself to those which occurred in Judæa. This statement is true, but it does not answer the question; it only pushes it further back. It is only stating in other words the fact which we are endeavoring to explain. Still others have said that the number of miracles performed by Christ was so large that all could not be recorded. This statement also is correct. John himself teaches us that the world itself would not contain the record of all that Jesus said and did, but it is difficult to suggest any principle of selection which would warrant the retention of less important miracles and which would exclude the account of the greatest of all miracles, especially as this miracle led to the conflicts which ended in the death of Jesus. But we know that the Holy Ghost guided each evangelist to select out of the materials at his hand those which were best fitted to the special purpose for which each wrote. There was marked appropriateness, therefore, in having this record made by John rather than by any of the other evangelists. His special object was to prove the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ. In the opening verse of his gospel he gives us the proposition, which he intends to prove and to emphasize—"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." The whole trend of his gospel goes to prove this fundamental proposition. Near the close he affirms that what he wrote was written that men might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God. It was fitting that he should present this tender picture of holy sympathy, this beautiful illustration of family life and love, as seen in Christ's relation to a noble family, and to a godly home. It was eminently appropriate that John, who speaks of Christ as the Light and the Life of men, should present him to us as the giver of life to one whom he loved and with whom he often sojourned. The miracle of raising Lazarus more than any other proved Christ's divinity, and thus was admirably adapted to the purpose of the evangelist John.

It is a narrative which abounds in minute touches of great beauty and tenderness, and a narrative whose silences are as voiceful, if we listen well, as are its voices themselves. It is a story of touching kindliness and of matchless beauty. Thousands upon thousands have read it with suffused eyes and with throbbing hearts. They have also received unspeakable comfort from the divine sympathy here shown. Our Lord's love as here manifested is as discriminating as it is tender; for Lazarus seems to have been an only brother, and the hearts of his sisters clung to him with peculiar fondness. He seems also to have been the youngest of the family. We behold then the wonderful compassion of Christ's loving heart; and the sweetness and blessedness of his divine-human sympathy.

It was important in writing the life of Christ that an example of his dealing with a household in deep grief should be given. Had there been an omission of these tender touches the picture of his life would have been incomplete, and the force of his example would have been greatly weakened. There is no duty which comes to a minister of Christ that more taxes his resources and more tests his skill, no duty which requires more delicate tact or sanctified sense than dealing with families in sorrow. I have often felt my utter incompetency in going to homes stricken with grief; and I never feel my need of divine help more than when I am called upon to minister to those whose hopes are blighted and whose hearts are nearly broken. The example of Christ then in this case is greatly helpful to all ministers of Christ and workers for souls.

In these three raisings from the dead we have proofs of Christ's power over death and the grave. He came into personal contact with the great destroyer and vanquished him in every case. He rescued the victims of death from his giant grasp, and restored them in life and health to their families. Humanly speaking, as we shall later see, there is an ascending scale of difficulty in these three cases; but Christ proved himself able to snatch from the grave as truly as from the bier or the bed.

For a moment we have a glimpse of the beautiful home and the blessed family life in Bethany. This was a home which Jesus loved and to which he often repaired. Here a glad welcome was given him by these two sisters and their noble brother. Not only in their homes but also in their hearts was this joyous reception given to the divine Lord. When weary with the conflicts of foes in Jerusalem Jesus was often glad to cross the mountain and to find welcome, peace, and rest in this happy dwelling. It is delightful for us to think of the family life there enjoyed. He loved both the sisters and the brother with a peculiarly tender and genuinely divine and human affection. Beautifully is this brought out in two verses in the chapter which we are studying; beautiful also is the distinction between his love for Lazarus and that for the two sisters emphasized. In the third verse

His Love for Lazarus

is described as that of human friendship, but in the fifth verse where the sisters are joined with their brother as objects of his affection we have a word which suggests regard and esteem rather than affection and love as in the first instance; the latter suggests divine love rather than human friendship. The nearness of Bethany to Jerusalem made it easy for our Lord frequently to visit this home and to enjoy the sunshine of this family love. Mary is often represented as sitting at the Master's feet, while Martha honors her divine guest by a faithful performance of the duties of the home. But even upon this home a deep, dark cloud falls, a cloud whose silver lining does not at first appear. Those whom Christ loves most are subject like all others to the trials and bereavements incident to human experience. Jesus is now absent, probably at Bethabara beyond the Jordan; and the first thought of the sisters in their sorrow is of their absent Lord. In their need they turn to him for sympathy and help. To whom else could they go? He alone had the words of life; he alone had the heart of fullest love and greatest tenderness. Nothing can exceed the beauty and delicacy of the message which they sent to the absent Lord. They do not ask him to come; they simply state the case, "Lord, behold he whom thou lovest is sick." They are willing to leave to Christ's own judgment and affection all the results. They well know that if it is best that he should come he will come; they know that if he do not come his delay will be the result of wisdom and love;

They can Trust Him Fully;

they leave the issue entirely in his hands. Lazarus probably in the meantime had died and the sisters are alone in their grief with their dead. Could it be that that their divine Lord had deceived them? It is easy for us to imagine that these and similar questions filled their thoughts and pained their hearts. They do not then know that Christ's absence was for the purpose of giving him the opportunity of making a grander display of his power and love than his presence would have permitted. It is ever so. Christ's delays are not denials. His apparent absence is often a greater blessing than his assured presence.

He abode two days in Bethabara after the messenger had arrived. Then he determined to return to Judæa. We cannot suppose that the detention was caused by any special duties in Bethabara; but rather to afford him the opportunity of the greater display of his power in Bethany. He could, of course, have healed by a word; but his tarrying was a part of the discipline of love, and also a necessary incident in the manifestation of divine life and power. It is evermore true that

Our Extremity

is God's opportunity. Not until all the sources of comfort have failed these sisters does he come in his majestic power and in his tender affection. All things are now ready for the return journey. He utters the sublime enigma regarding the twelve hours in the day, teaching that we are safe in the performance of our duty while our day of opportunity lasts. The determination of Thomas suggests both his weakness and his bravery, his timidity and his loyalty, his pessimism and his consecration. He cannot think it possible to return to Judæa without meeting death at the hands of the Lord's enemies; but this conviction only emphasizes his determination. At that point our Lord plainly teaches that Lazarus is dead. This he knows, not because any additional news has come, but from his own divine power. He will go, however, to wake him out of this sleep, for "in the heavenly tongue" death is only "sleeping in Jesus."

We glance once more at this home in Bethany. In all probability the death of Lazarus occurred soon after the departure of the messenger. One day would be required by the messenger to go to Bethabara, a distance of twenty-five miles; two days, we are told, Jesus remained still in that place. It would then require a day for Jesus to reach Bethany, so that we have him now present on the fourth day. Doubtless Lazarus was buried according to the Jewish custom, immediately upon his death, and thus it comes to pass that he was four days in the grave, as is later affirmed. Many friends and neighbors came to comfort

The Sisters in their Grief;

this custom was common in the time of Christ. There are indications that the family was not poor, but in very comfortable circumstances. The number of their friends, therefore, would be large and of the more influential class. Martha is the first to hear of Christ's approach and the first to go out to meet him. Mary, true to her character, remains still in the house; but so soon as she hears of the Master's arrival she rises quickly and hastens to him. Both are ready to speak words of partial rebuke, "Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died." The bitterest drop in their cup of anguish is the thought that the Lord was absent. Sorrow always makes us selfish; every man's sorrow is the greatest that has ever been. Sorrow also leads us to rebuke ourselves because we omitted this or that which might have prevented the disaster. Christ does wisely in letting the sisters speak out all that is in their hearts. We never knew a loving heart that did not voice itself after the fashion of Martha and Mary. We are almost surprised to find both the sisters expressing the same thought. Christ's reply there and then that their brother shall arise again does not give them needed comfort. Martha

Knows that He will Rise

again at the last day, but that assurance does not fully assuage her present grief. The Lord therefore, utters his great sentence, "I am the resurrection and the life." He tells her that she need not wait for comfort to the resurrection in the future. Here and now Christ is the resurrection and the life; here and now he triumphs over death and the grave; here and now he is a living, glorious, and triumphant Redeemer. He does not simply give resurrection life; he is the resurrection and the life. He possesses it evermore in himself; he bestows it evermore upon us. There are volumes of meaning in this double title which he here assumes. This statement is the very heart of this narrative, and the glorious miracle which follows the conclusive proof of this sublime announcement There is profound comfort in the further assurance that those who believe in him shall never really die. Were ever more majestic words spoken than these which now come from the lips of the divine Christ? He stands here before the world in all the majesty and glory of his divinity. Those words have come down through all the centuries, as words of matchless sweetness and marvelous power. They have dried the tears from many eyes; they have banished sorrow from many homes. "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live." It is as if Christ had said, "I am the giver of a higher life. I am

The Giver of Life

which death can never destroy. I am the giver of a hope which blossoms and blooms in the tomb. I am the giver of a life which so far from separating you from me and separating you from your brother, will but bring you closer to us both, for neither death nor life, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

So, then, dear friends, we make a great mistake when we try to comfort mourners by simply assuring them that the dead shall "rise again." We ought to do that. We should do more. We ought to teach them that if we are united to Christ by a living faith we can never die; and we can never be separated from those we love. The grave may intervene, but faith overleaps it. Death may come; but only as the messenger to open the golden gates. Death will be God's servant, and above its voice will be the voice of Jesus, proclaiming, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." Dead as to his lower life, the believer is alive as to his higher life. "And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this?" said Jesus to Martha. I put it to you, each one. Believest thou this? O, man! O, woman! have you this life? Are you united to Christ by a living faith? Then you can triumph over death, you can smile at the grave, you can take up the glorious and immortal words of Paul: "O, death, where is thy sting? O, grave, where is

thy victory? But thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

We now see Christ revealing himself in matchless tenderness and in exalted majesty. We see him one moment

Weeping at the Grave

as a man, and the next moment speaking words of majesty as Deity. We do not wonder that all the spectators were astonished at Christ's tenderness, at his wonderful love for this honored family. It is not wrong to weep with those who weep? The heart is often refreshed as sorrow pours forth its tears. The thought has well been expressed, that we ought to keep the stream of sorrow within its banks, but we ought not to try entirely to stem it.

We cannot follow our Lord in detail through all these wonderful scenes; we hear the glorious the mighty, the victorious words, "Lazarus, come forth." We have already heard the same heavenly voice uttering its thanksgiving to the Father; and the same voice is heard still although with a changed tone, the tone of irresistible power, the tone of divine authority. We are not surprised to read, "He that was dead came forth." Marvellous moment, sublime victory, divine and glorious Redeemer! We here anticipate the time when "all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth." The narrative, after the method of the Holy Scripture, does not go into details; it breaks off suddenly. It tells us in a few words the effect produced upon those who beheld. Many of them believed on Jesus, but some of them went their ways to the Pharisees to report the things that Jesus had done.

The Quickener.

Standing in the midst of these stupendous events there are some lessons which we can learn. First, Christ quickens those who are spiritually dead. He alone can quicken; he alone could call back to life the daughter of the ruler, the son of the widow, and the brother of Martha and Mary. He alone can arouse and vivify those who are now dead. No human voice, unaccompanied by divine power, can reach the dull ear, and move the dead heart. I pray for that power to-day. May God Almighty accompany divine truth by divine power at this moment, and may the dead be called back to life!

Second, Christ's power can reach the most difficult cases. Dean Trench and many other writers have called attention to the fact, already suggested in this discoure, that we have an ascending scale of difficulty in these three raisings from the dead. The daughter of the ruler of the synagogue was still upon her bed; life had just left her body. The son of the widow of Nain was not upon his bed, but upon his bier; and Lazarus was not upon his bed in the house, nor upon his bier in the street; but in the grave, and he had been there so long that his sister could not bear to have his grave uncovered, but the mighty voice of Christ echoes through the chambers of death and the dead come forth in obedience thereto. Christ can rekindle the vital flame, not only when it has just been extinguished, but when nothing remains but the cold ashes. There is no case too difficult for his divine power; no soul too lost for his mighty love.

The Unloosing.

Third. Christ uses human instrumentality in performing his greatest and divinest works. Human hands could remove the stone; human hands could loose the bandages. What we can do that we must do. Christ never puts a premium on human indolence. There are stones of ignorance, stones of prejudice, stones of evil habit, which we can remove; there are bandages of many kinds which we can unloose. This work Christ commands us to do, for in doing it we shall be laborers together with him for the glory of God and for the salvation of souls.

Fourth. Christ gives liberty as well as life. There stands Lazarus, bound hand and foot. He is helpless; he cannot run in the way of duty, he cannot walk in the path of service. He is alive, but he is in bondage. He must be loosed, and human hands can loose him. All about us are men and women in whose souls are stirrings of divine life, but they are bound with bandages of traditional notions, conviction and conversion, and with traditional prejuice against public confession of Christ We must loose them. We must co-operate with God in the completed work of human redemption.

To-day, we stand beside the empty grave of Lazarus. Next Lord's day we shall behold the empty grave of Jesus. By faith we look forward to the time when the graves of the world shall be empty, and when the song of a redeemed church shall echo through earth and heaven with the triumphant words: "O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory!"

Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

Ring again, Glad Easter Bells.

F. J. CROSBY. GEO. F. BRISTOW.

1. East - er bells, glad East - er bells, Ring a-gain, O ring a - gain;
2. East - er day, se - rene - ly fair, Welcome here, O welcome here;
3. East - er flow'rs, sweet Easter flow'rs, Pure and white, so pure and white,
CHORUS.—East - er bells, glad East - er bells, Ring a-gain, O ring a - gain;
FINE.
While each heart with rapt - ure swells, Ring, O ring a - gain.
Day of rest from ev - ery care, Welcome, wel-come here.
Gath - ered fresh from dew - y bow'rs In the morn-ing light.
While each heart with rapt - ure swells, Ring, O ring a - gain.
Swift as thought, from pole to pole, Let the blissful ti-dings roll;
From the tomb where Je - sus lay, An-gels rolled the rock a - way;
Ten - der buds of ear - ly spring, Gifts for Him, our Saviour King,
D.C. for CHORUS.
Par - don now for ev - ery soul, Ring, glad East - er bells.
Bless - ed day, O bless - ed day, Wel-come, wel-come here.
Now with grate - ful hearts we bring, While His praise we sing.

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"TALITHA CUMI."

OUR little one was sick, and the sickness
pressed her sore.
We sat beside her bed, and we felt her hands
and head,
And in our hearts we prayed this one prayer
o'er and o'er:
"Come to us, Christ the Lord; utter thine
old-time word,
'Talitha cumi!'"

And as the night wore on, the fever flamed
more high,
And a new look burned and grew in the
eyes of tender blue;
Still louder in our hearts arose the voiceless
cry,
"O Lord of love and might, say once again
to-night, 'Talitha cumi!'"

And then, and then—he came; we saw him
not, but felt.
And he bent above the child, and she ceased
to moan, and smiled;
And although we heard no sound, as around
the bed we knelt,
Our souls were made aware of a mandate in
the air,
"Talitha cumi!"

And as at dawn's fair summons faded the
morning star,
Holding the Lord's hand close, the child we
loved arose,
And with him took her way to a country far
away;
And we would not call her dead, for it was
his voice that said,
"Talitha cumi!"

—SUSAN COOLIDGE.

"I WILL COME AGAIN."

JOHN 14: 3.

SOMETIMES the shadows fall across my way,
Sometimes I feel that life is almost vain,
Then I look up—then work with freshened
zeal,
He whispers: "I will come again."

What matters it if all my hopes should fail?
What matter if my friends should faithless
prove?
He has prepared a happy home for me,—
A wondrous mansion in the realms above.

So, on I go, not caring, where he leads,
No matter if in joy or if in pain,
My solace and my spur to noble deeds,
That whisper: "I will come again."

—FRANK H. GAMEL.

THE EASTER PLEDGE.

Christ's Resurrection the Basis of Hope for the Race.

BY REV. CHARLES GRAHAM.

WHILE repeatedly mentioning both resurrections at the same time, Holy Scripture emphatically makes a distinction between the resurrection of the just and of the unjust. Thus our Lord declares to the Jews: "The hour is coming in which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth, they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation." Paul makes the same distinction as to character when he declares before Felix that "there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and unjust." The believer is "quickened together with Christ"—that is, he has received into his soul the resurrection life of the Lord Jesus. This secures the resurrection of the body. The resurrection of Christ himself as the first-fruit is a pledge of the harvest; and "the harvest is the end of the age." "Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first-fruits of them that slept. The sleepers are the righteous (I. Thess. 4: 14). It is only of such Christ could be the first-fruit. The wicked shall be raised by hie power, but it will be in the end of his millennial kingdom. "For as in Adam all die. even so in Christ shall all be made alive. But every man in his own order: Christ the first-fruit, afterwards they that are Christ's at his coming. Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the Kingdom to God, even the Father."

The selective character and distinctiveness of the resurrection of the righteous is evident from the fact of its depending on moral fitness. Our blessed Lord declares: "They who shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry nor are given in marriage; neither can they die any more, for they are equal unto the angels, and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection." Their title to this resurrection "from the dead" is that they are children of God (Luke 20: 35, 36). This was the end for which Paul lived and labored, that he might attain to the resurrection from (or from among) the dead.

Again, we notice that as Christ risen is the pledge of our resurrection, so also is the Holy Spirit dwelling in us. In this respect the Spirit in us, as well as Christ at God's right hand, is the first-fruit of resurrection. The whole creation, Paul tells us, groans, though unintelligently. for deliverance. "And not only they, but ourselves also, who have the first-fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption—to wit, the redemption of our body" (Rom. 8: 23).

In Holy Scriptures the coming of the Lord to set up his kingdom and the resurrection of his people are inseparably connected. "Our conversation [citizenship] is in heaven, whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ; who shall change the body of our humiliation, that it might be fashioned like unto his most glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself" (Phil. 3: 20, 21).

The Scriptures are clearly against the view of those who look for a spiritual, not personal, reign of Christ, who teach that there will be no resurrection of the dead until after the Millennium. In the Millennial Kingdom, as we have seen, Christ will reign until he shall have put all enemies under his feet. Then as the man Christ Jesus, he will deliver up the kingdom to God the Father, and God will be all in all. Will it be when he has delivered up the kingdom that he will come to raise his sleeping saints and change the living ones? Shall we begin to reign with him only when he has delivered up his kingdom? Or will he reign in a glorified body and his saints in a disembodied state, reign with him?—that is, shall they reign while death reigns over them? Shall the apostles sit on twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel while death will hold their bodies in the grave? Nay, nay; Dan. 3 shows us that when Christ takes the kingdom the saints will take it with him, and they will not take it disembodied. The very advent of Christ will be to give them victory over death, and enable them to sing, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

In Rev. 20: 4, John sees the martyrs living and reigning with Christ. They are kings and priests unto God. The resurrection of the unjust will be to condemnation, to shame, and to everlasting contempt. They shall go away to everlasting punishment; they shall be cast into the lake of fire, which is the second death. In the prospect of the end of all things being at hand, how ought we to live that we may be found by the Lord without spot and blameless at his appearing?

DELIVERANCE IN TROUBLE.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing April 9. Job 5: 19-22. II Cor. 12: 9, 10.

MAN'S universal need is for a deliverer in time of trouble. Every one has been in trouble and those who have escaped the troubles that come from without, usually prepare an artificial trouble, quite as hard to bear as the real thing. They are of many kinds, business troubles, family troubles, spiritual troubles, troubles of bereavement, of sickness and of poverty. Physicians and lawyers and clergymen spend much of their time in delivering people out of trouble; but man's great need is for one universal deliverer to whom he can go and find relief in any emergency. Eliphaz the Temanite pointed Job to such a Deliverer but his words proved how little he knew of him. He was wrong in the particular case to which he attempted to minister and modern experience has proved him to be in error again and again. God is represented as being displeased with the character Eliphaz and his friends drew as being his, and he repudiated it. There are some troubles from which he does not deliver, and from which it would not be well for us that he should deliver. Paul's case, which is described in the second passage chosen to illustrate the topic, is a case in point. The crude view taken by Eliphaz was falsified in Paul's experience. The Apostle found a refuge and a support in God but not a Deliverer. God had permitted the trouble for a wise and useful purpose and though Paul recognized it as a messenger from Satan and smarted under it, he came to understand that God acquiesced in it. His appeal for relief was rejected, but he gained something better than relief in an accession of strength which he used in other emergencies. God deals so with all his trusting children. It is so the wise father deals with his children. He wishes them to become strong and patient and self-reliant and knows that it is better they should grapple with difficulties and overcome them than that they should expect him to relieve them. So, when the child of God is in [illegible] often apparently deaf to his prayers and the trouble remains to harass and distress him. When the discipline is needed to [illegible] faults, to render us humble and [illegible] to prove our faith, we have no reason to expect deliverance. Sometimes the affliction we dread most of all, is permitted to befall us, simply that we may learn that even [illegible] is able to support us. But the [illegible] given is a real relief. The Christian [illegible] a fretful child, or with the [illegible] ist. He is supported by an [illegible] ence in his Father's wisdom and love. He knows that God does not willingly afflict, or grieve the children of men and he bears the infliction patiently, strong in the [illegible]

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A BUSY CIRCLE.

THE record of a year of activity is sent by Miss Pryer of New Rochelle, N. Y., to the [illegible]. The brief outline that she modestly sends shows that the Circle has realized [illegible] of the Order. [illegible] S. D., [illegible] ✠ [illegible] "The Muse [illegible] ✠ [illegible] ✠ [illegible] ✠

AN EASTER CAROL.

WELCOME, the springing of flowers;
Welcome, the singing of birds;
Welcome, the music of soft-falling showers,
And the bleating of the herds.

We will sit at thy feet, O thou beautiful Spring,
And learn the sweet lesson from each budding thing,
That the risen and glorified Jesus, our Lord,
Speaks the dead into life, by the power of His Word. —H. P. ANDREWS.

Everett, Mass.

South Sea Island Homes.

Once Savage and Cannibal, but now through Christianity made Peaceful and Happy—King George's Remarkable Career.

WHAT the Gospel has done in the past and may still be expected to do in the future for the savage races of the earth, is strikingly illustrated in the history of the Tonga nation, a brief account of whose late monarch, King George, was published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD two weeks ago. The Tongas are a group of islands in the South Pacific Ocean, which were first discovered by Tasman, the explorer in 1643. Captain Cook gave them the name of Friendly Islands, but they are now generally known as the Tongas, after the name of the principal island of the group, Tongatabu.

Much less than a century ago, the Tongas were cannibals," and infanticide and other crimes peculiar to savage peoples were everywhere prevalent. Their ruler was a ferocious young savage, whose nature is sufficiently disclosed in the fact, that in 1806, he led an attack on a French whaling vessel, the *Port-au-Prince*, and directed the massacre of her entire crew, with one exception.

In 1824, two devoted Wesleyan missionaries, Messrs. Hutchinson and Thomas, labored in the Tonga group, where they soon succeeded in collecting the people to hear the Gospel, and in establishing schools for the instruction of the children. Shortly afterwards several of the chiefs renounced idolatry. Messages were also received from the chiefs of the Vavue and Haapai Islands, requesting missionaries. In 1830, Mr. Thomas proceeded to Lefuga, the chief island of the Haapai group, and found that King Taufaahau, who had previously visited the Tonga Islands, had renounced idolatry; and not only so, but had proceeded to the other islands in his group and endeavored to persuade his people to follow his example, and in fourteen out of the eighteen islands the people expressed their willingness to accept Christian teachers. The king had been baptized, and had adopted the name of George Tubou, in token of his new faith. At one place the chiefs were indignant at the acts of the king, and determined to celebrate a great festival in honor of the gods. The king, however, received an intimation of this, and drove a large herd of pigs into the sacred enclosure, converted the temple into a sleeping apartment for his servants, and suspended the images of the gods to the rafters of his house. When the priests came to sacrifice, they were astonished, but thought it best to take it quietly.

The king had often exhorted the chief of the Vavue group of islands to turn to God, but for a long time without success. At last, however, in answer to King George's earnest entreaties, he said he would spend one Sabbath with him in worship. This was the turning-point of his life, and from that day he set his mind to the destruction of his idols and soon both he and his people avowed themselves Christians.

During the year 1834, a remarkable religious movement began in Vavue, and quickly extended to the whole of the Haapai group of islands nearby, and afterward to the Tongas. Polygamy was abandoned; the Sabbath was strictly observed; and daily and family prayers became the common practice of the converts. In less than a month 2,262 persons joined the mission.

King George, who became ruler, both of the Haapai and Vavue groups in 1833, entered heart and soul into the work. He and his Queen met classes and superintended schools, while he became a local preacher, and fulfilled his appointments with the greatest cheerfulness. He also liberated his slaves, giving them words of exhortation and advice, till the whole of them, the king and queen included, wept aloud. Their missionary zeal was also aroused, and they greatly helped in planting the standard of the cross on the Fiji Islands and several other places. It was through his personal influence that the late King Cakobau of Fiji was converted and induced to abandon cannibalism.

Although the king had become a Christian with many of his people, there still survived among the Tongas a strong heathen element, which occasionally gave trouble. In 1840, a number of native Christians were murdered in their homes, and for a time the mission work was seriously hindered. Good came out of it all, however, for the result was that the entire group of islands was placed under the rule of the Christian king, and all the Friendly Islands were soon in pleasant union, under the influence of the Gospel. Happy days followed for the people of Tonga! Homes sprang up everywhere, and, little villages and communities multiplied. The sound of church bells and the sweet music of children's voices took the place of the loud, heathen orgies and the voudoo worship of other days. King George convened a parliament and good laws were enacted; frequent religious festivals were held, at which much love and zeal were displayed for the Gospel, and many heathen were brought into the fold. Twelve years ago, the king established a Free Church of Tonga, and appointed the Rev. Shirley Baker as his Prime Minister. The latter continued in office until 1890.

THE CHRISTIAN PREACHER-KING OF TONGA AND HIS PALACE.

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Child Book Lovers.

"I do not think it is very serviceable," writes Charles Dudley Warner, "to make a list of books for children to read. No two have exactly the same aptitudes, tastes, or kinds of curiosity about the world. I knew a boy, a scrap of a lad, who almost needed a high chair to bring him up to the general level of the dining-table, who liked to read the encyclopædia. He was always hunting round in the big books of the encyclopædia—books about his own size—for what he wanted to know. He dug in it as another boy would dig in the woods for sassafras root. It appeared that he was interested in natural history and natural phenomena. He asked questions of these books, exactly as he would ask a living authority, and kept at it until he got answers. He knew how to read. Soon that boy was an authority on earthquakes. From that he went on to try to discover what caused these disturbances, and this led him into other investigations, and at last into electricity, practical as well as theoretical. He examined machines and invented machines, and kept on reading, and presently he was an expert in electricity. He knew how to put in wires, and signals and bells, and to do a number of practical and useful things, and almost before he was able to enter high-school he had a great deal of work to do in the city, and three or four men under him. These men under him had not read as much about electricity as he had."

It is so in spiritual things, also. The child who has been trained to love the Lord, will take delight in reading the Word, and by persistent waiting upon him, attain such a development in the spiritual life that the world will accord him the authority and position of one who lives "near to God."

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The Armchair in the Home.

WHAT a flood of pleasant memories is awakened by the sight of the old armchair in the home of our childhood! Blessed is the household that has such an armchair.

A figure is in my mind, says a reverend writer, the figure of an old lady whose hair is as white as snowdrift. What storms have passed over that whitened head, I wonder! Along what thorny paths has she been compelled to go! Doubtless troubles have closed around her many times, until it seemed that that there was no way of escape; but she was led on, step by step, and there was always the pillar of cloud by day or fire by night. She has come past all the thorny ways at last, and rests on the shores of the placid river. "What a lovely face!" is the cry of every one who sees her, and people turn and look after her lingeringly. "What a lovely face!" Blessed is the household that has an armchair in it. Put the armchair in the cheeriest corner. Let light and pleasant conversation and general laughter be about it. If you have cares, keep them to yourself. The trembling form that sits in the armchair has borne the burden for a long time, and now has the right to lay it down. Some day there will be no use for the old chair. The snowy hair will be smoothed down for the last time; the wrinkled face will settle into profound repose. Keep smiles and sunny warmth for trembling old age while it is here.

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Carrying the Lambs.

WHEN the shepherd carries the lambs in his bosom, he has little difficulty about leading the sheep. The women on whose little children the Saviour laid his hands in blessing did not deny, or reject, or betray, or crucify their friend. They ministered to him in life, they followed weeping as he went out to suffer, they were "last at his cross, and earliest at his grave."

He who grasps the key of childhood opens the doors of the home. Said a godly mother in parting from her son as he was leaving home to enter upon the ministry of the Gospel:

"Others may tell you more in knowledge, but let me impress one thing upon you. Every time you lay your hands upon a child's head, you lay it upon his mother's heart."

There is a lesson here for the proud, the self-conceited, the austere to learn, "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones."

***

Well-Ordered Lives.

THE methodical man is never in a hurry. He moves along in his orbit, as Goethe says the stars do, "without haste and without rest." He knows what is first to be done, what next, and how long each item to be attended to will require. He sees in an exigency what can be omitted or deferred, and what must be done according to the programme he has made. If he is due at a certain train, he is there on time, with five or ten minutes to spare. If a certain task is to be done by a certain date, the work is ready a little in advance of the date. All this comes of a habit of forecasting, planning out, of working daily according to a settled programme, of allowing of each tick of the pendulum a second to tick in.

Some housekeepers are always in a hurry about breakfast or dinner, or getting to church, or having their sewing done, or making calls, or something else; and they do not realize that hurry is in their state of mind, is within them, and not caused by circumstances outside of them.

***

"IN THE SEVENTIES."

FROM an aged friend in Chicago, comes a letter in which she thus freely unburdens her heart:

"I have come to the last hour of my 69th year and I want to tell you that I do believe your sermon 'Threescore and Ten' in the last CHRISTIAN HERALD, was divinely appointed for my special benefit, and I accept your congratulations, as I enter upon my 70th year, with great pleasure. To think that I have gotten so nearly through with the vicissitudes of life is a joy to me, like one upon a long tiresome journey, glad to be be nearing the end. 'Are we almost there?' said a dying girl, as she was nearing the homeland after an ocean voyage in vain search of health.

"I often think, 'Are we almost there?' and, like Paul, am in a strait betwixt two opinions—desiring to depart and be forever with the Lord—nevertheless it seems needful to abide still in the flesh. I am feeling the weight of these 60 years very much. What must the lonely summit of fourscore be, when the summit of 70 is so lonely to me?

"It is a sadness unspeakable to me to think I can never hear another sermon or lecture—thankful for what I have heard—I often urge the text, 'Faith comes by hearing' and I tell folks they never will get the faith to save them by staying home and reading Sunday newspapers. I wish you would speak a message for me to those who have ears to hear and heed not the Gospel. The time may come when they cannot hear if they would. All my life I have been a church-goer and an attentive hearer, and I am so thankful for it now. I used to like so much to go to conventions and associations, missionary and temperance, and I am shut in now and take my sermons from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in cold type, lying in my bed while others are at church.

'Tis a blessing to live, but a gain to die,
And the best of this world is its path to the sky,
Be it gloomy or bright, for the life that He gave,
Let us thank Him—but blessed be God for the grave!
'Tis the end of our toil—'tis the crown of our bliss—
'Tis the portal of happiness, aye, but for this
How hopeless were sorrow, how cheerless were love
If they looked not from earth to a rapture above.'

"We have long since passed our nooning at the half-way house, my husband and I, and are waiting for the sunset glow that lights up the evening sky till we can almost see the new Jerusalem:

Where waiteth many a well-known face,
Where none are poor or sick or lone—
And as we think of all we knew
Who there have met to part no more—
Our longing hearts desire home, too.
With all the strife and trouble o'er,
So poor the world now they have gone.
We scarcely bear to think upon
The years before our rest is won.

"This is Sunday eve, March 12th, my 70th birthday anniversary. Please accept these little lines with my best wishes for temporal and spiritual good." M. M. L.

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Influence of a Mother's Prayers.

THE mother of Rev. Archibald G. Brown of England, died on Feb. 10. He thus referred to the event in a recent sermon on Prov. 31: 28: My mother's father, that is, my grandfather, dear old Job Heath, a member of a family that for two hundred years belonged to the Baptist body in London, came of age in the year 1802. He was thus blessed by his mother; and then my own precious mother in her girlhood, and under the holy influence of that home, found peace in the Lord Jesus Christ, and confessed his name. She lived a life of prayer.

"After my father went to business in the morning, my mother always went upstairs, and I would not see her for some little while. I could hear her praying, and praying for her children by name, one after another, for in those days she always prayed aloud. There was never a day in which she did not have that time alone with her Lord, to spread the cases of her children before him. I never heard her speak one angry word—never once."

CHAPTER IV.

A PLOT AND HOW IT FAILED

PHILIP EMBURY turned from his daily labor, and being quick to read the evidence of the calm, grey eyes, noted the eloquent look of high purpose and settled strength that sat on Brave Barbara's expressive face. He felt also that something had come to the atmosphere of home which was scarcely to be understood

"Barbara," said he at last, after the evening meal was over, "is there anything amiss? Your countenance is sad, and yet the light in your eyes hath waxed brighter as if a fire was newly kindled. What is it, sister?"

It was characteristic of this remarkable woman, whose gentleness of spirit fully matched her strength of principle and devotion to duty, that before answering Philip's question, she went across the room to the place where Mary was sitting, and kissed her warmly on either cheek. As she retired, her young friend felt that a tear from Barbara's cheek had fallen on her hand, and she knew that whatever she might say to her Philip, love and duty were at the bottom of it all.

Standing before the curious and somewhat anxious Embury, Barbara felt that her strong message to her spiritual leader and pastor, her dear and valued friend, must come with a spurt, if it had to come at all.

"Philip!" she said firmly, "the ark of the Lord is in danger! You must preach Christ to us; or we shall all drift to hell together, and God will require our blood at your hand!"

The arrow was sped; the bolt was shot; the fair, but determined archer, had concentrated all her moral muscle, all her keen decisiveness of aim and purpose in one sentence. He looked steadily at her, much surprised. He was a staid and serious man, a little autocratic in his inner build, and but for the Christ in him was inclined to be imperious; reserved, too, but keen of speech under pressure; but still and ever a man worth loving, worth trusting, worth following, ay, worth fearing; for he was a man!

Philip looked, and as he looked, he felt a little rising of the "old man" within him, felt ready to protest a little hotly; the words were on his lips, words which would have smitten sore, but he looked, and saw the quivering lips, the arching brows, the widely-open eyes, the outlook of a yearning soul within, the nervous action of the fingers. He looked and saw, and heard, and felt a call from God! His chin dropped upon his breast; his hands folded themselves together on his knees, he was lost for one moment to all surroundings; in that moment, so long, so short, the past, the present and the future lay before him like a book, and on every page he read, "My debt; my fault; my duty; my Redeemer!" and in his heart he said, "Here am I; send me!"

When he lifted up his eyes again, he saw Brave Barbara looking down on him as he sat, with a smile upon her lips, an exultant light in her eyes, a glow of grace upon her face as if an angel shone. Seizing both his hands, she said, "I know! I know! My Pastor; my dear Pastor! The name of the Lord be praised!"

"I cannot preach," he said, "my plough has rusted so long in the furrow that it has lost its point; my sword has lain so long in its scabbard that it has no edge."

"You shall grind them both on the Stone of Israel," said Barbara. "The ploughshare shall prepare a harvest for God and the sword shall be so mighty in our hand that many shall be the slain of the Lord."

"But I have no place to preach in, nor is there any congregation to preach to;" persisted Philip.

"My brother Peter's house will do for a be-[illegible] temple is [illegible] and the grass for a floor. The very birds of heaven shall [illegible]"

"Ay, but the people?" murmured Philip.

"Oh, I'll fetch in the congregation," said Barbara. "And, indeed, we cannot do better [illegible] Schweitzer may [illegible] and carry the [illegible] news that has come to it for many a day!"

Her energy was irresistible, the homely kitchen of Peter Rechel was requisitioned almost on the spot, and the very next day, Barbara had summoned a little band of hearers, to whom Philip Embury, his tongue only partially unloosed, spoke with slow and unfamiliar speech, the Word of Life. Just previous to that little public beginning, a small handful of them held a service, at which they so felt that Christ was in the midst of them that tears of joy and songs of hope glistened in every eye and leaped from every tongue.

At the subsequent meeting, David Schweitzer gave his young heart to God, came forth to avow himself a disciple of Jesus, while his father tried to sing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and could not for the lump in his throat that stopped the tune. The triumphant song was sung, however, for all that, and Peter Rechel's homely hearth was "Ballygarane over again and something better," as he was not slow to affirm, in the hearing of happy Barbara, who, for reasons, had wonderfully little to say.

But though she had said little, my heroine had done much. All that day, she had gone to and fro, planning, working, preparing for the evening's venture, except, indeed, when she was alone in her chamber, with her black-letter Bible laid open on her bed, talking to her Master, and listening for the answers that came through the pages of her Talisman, and the secret wires of her own heart. Having done duty there, the Book was taken to Peter Rechel's cottage. Being laid on the little table, flanked with two candles, and Wesley's "Hymn Book" for a close companion, "Philip the evangelist," opened it and read the 53d chapter of Isaiah. Then, like his namesake in the chariot of the Ethiopian, "beginning at the same Scripture he preached unto them Jesus!" A name, at that time, not by any means familiar to the busy thousands of New York.

The next day, Peter Schweitzer and his son, having laden their rude wagon with the "necessaries" they had come to fetch, returned to Ballypeter. It is not too much to say that both father and son found that the new grace of life which had come to them, had not only "kindled in their hearts a little heaven," but had "made the rough paths of rugged nature even," for the wild and almost trackless way that lay between Ballypeter and the city was "smoothed with hope and cheered with song." David, especially was most musical; musical from the heart outwards, for the gift which had come to him while kneeling on the lowly floor of Peter Rechel had made and kept him songful all the time. From his earliest childhood the boy had been remarkable for the beauty of his voice, and of a certain childish way of making little rhymes. The undoubted genius which he possessed, and the gift of song in which he delighted, were now held in fee by Jesus Christ; and "Jesus and his love" will be his theme when gathered multitudes of delighted listeners hear his message and hang upon his tongue. The first recruit enlisted by Philip Embury at the first Methodist meeting held on "the other side the sea," was destined to become a valiant soldier of the Cross.

Immediately after the ice had been broken, as Paul Heck put it, by Philip Embury's first sermon, a Methodist class-meeting was established in the same place. Of course, Philip Embury was the chosen leader. The first members of it were Paul and Barbara Heck, though Barbara's name stands first upon the list; then follow the names of John Lawrence, the young Irishman fresh from Ballygarane, who had become "hired man" to Paul, whose business as a carpenter was a rapidly growing quantity. After this, it is pleasant to find the name of "Betty." It does not appear that she had any other name, at least none other is recorded in the list from which my information is obtained. Betty was a full-blooded negress, the servant, probably, he slave, of some better-class citizen of New York.

It was customary for the negroes to be known among each other by the surnames of their owners and employers; and in all likelihood, "Betty" is not so registered, lest her master should be affronted by having his name set forth on the contemptible little catalogue of secretaries, who had no right to come "between the wind and his nobility." Be that as it may, Betty holds high place at the head of the roll of a Christian discipleship, which numbers many millions—at the head of a religious organization, which now covers the American continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Gulf of Mexico to the snowy peaks of the Frozen Sea.

Previous to this newest of new departures, our friends, the Emburys and the Hecks, had left the hospitable roof of the Stuyvesants, and had found homes of their own. Both Philip and Paul were doing well in their individual calling, and both Mary and Barbara rejoiced greatly that it was now in their power to welcome to their own hearthstone their true friend and sister, Lisbeth Stuyvesant, who, because her heart was as their heart, had given them her hand in a firm friendship that was not likely to be broken off. The goodwill, too, of honest Jan, though he was possessed of far greater store of worldly gear, and though he held high civic office, was heartily continued.

True, the two Palatines were "king's men," and with their wives, were wonderfully loyal to their monarch and his government beyond the sea: true, also, that Jan Stuyvesant was a colonial democrat who, like his restive fellow-lieges, grumbled hard at British taxes, and longed to cut the bonds of British rule; true, that political discussion often waxed warm and even hot, between them; but, nevertheless, they greatly esteemed each other, and the intervention of the merry-hearted Mary, the prudent Barbara, and the quiet Lisbeth set things square again, and brought the temperature down to a more equable degree.

The preaching service and the class-meeting were now removed from Peter Rechel's to Philip Embury's more spacious and convenient quarters; but the number, both of members and hearers, grew and grew, until the place was too strait for them. It was needful to place the people round the windows, and to crown the "stoop" or porchway of the house with men, women, and young people, who came to hear, and feel and seek after God, while Philip Embury lifted before them in simple yet forceful fashion, the Gospel of the Cross of Christ.

Even then, however, as in later time, there were those who were inclined to "let well alone;" to listen to the voice of caution, which is often but another name for fear, and oftener still, another name for something much less worthy; and Peter Rechel gave it voice.

"Beware what ye do," he said, "there is much enmity to the truth in this city, and ye may not hope to escape the teeth thereof, if its jealousy be aroused. 'Twere better to let the sleeping dog lie, and bear yourselves quietly, lest it arise and wax fierce against you."

To all such counsels of fear, Barbara Heck had one all-sufficient answer. "The good Lord," said she, "hath kindled a fire in our souls, and it must shine forth. If we shut it up within ourselves so that other folks shall not blink to look thereon, the fire will die out into darkness, being smothered for want of air."

Barbara's warning against retreat, had the desired effect. The embryo church that, like the oak in the acorn, contains millions in its feeble-looking germ voted as one man for expansion. Out from that little room went forth the little band of Christian believers, filled with all the ardor that comes of a living faith in Christ. Red Cross Knights were they intent on a New Crusade.

On the very first Sabbath after this high resolve was taken to prosecute a "forward movement," their courage was put to the test. While Philip Embury was giving out the opening hymn, and Barbara was about to lead the singing, some half-dozen strangers entered. Two of them were commissioned officers in the king's forces; two of them were connected with the city constabulary, and two of them wore the three-cornered head-gear, the powdered wigs, the lapelled coat, extensive vest and knee-breeches favored by the upper class of that day.

One of these latter, who seemed to be the leader of this unexpected and unwelcome invasion, stood a little advance of his companions. Without uncovering, he stared hard at Philip and then at the audience in a supercilious and imperious fashion, which put a heavy strain on that honest Irishman's self-control. The preacher's first impulse was to bid this personage doff his hat; his second was to pause and see what was next intended, his third and best was to continue reading out the hymn. A smile stole over his sedate features as the thought came to him that a bit of pure undiluted Gospel was there ready for the newcomers. With much force and pathos he read out the next verse.

Meanwhile that good soul, Lisbeth Stuyvesant, who had some inkling of their errand and had all her wits about her, whispered to Mike Finnigan who always kept his wits conveniently at hand. Mike slipped out of the crowded room as quickly and almost as noiselessly as an eel, and running with the speed of a hare along the quiet streets, he was soon standing in the presence of Jan Stuyvesant. That worthy man was seated in a capacious wicker chair in the "stoop" or porch overlooking the garden, and smoking the long pipe which was his favorite diversion in his hours of ease.

"Av yo' plase sor, the misthress says, 'Will yo' come to the meetin' at wanst?' There's Captain Lister and Squoire Blake an' other redcoats an' cocked hats an'——"

But Jan Stuyvesant had laid down his pipe, picked up his straw hat and gone before Mike had finished, muttering to himself—

"Squire Blague, eh? His business dere vos meesjief I egsbect! I sall put a spogue in his vheel." Off he went along the roughly paved Upper Street much faster than his custom was; for burly Jan Stuyvesant was generally in favor of making haste slowly.

Meanwhile, Squire Blake, who was none other than the chief officer of customs in the port of New York, and likely enough, therefore, to be over loyal to the cause of King George, had ventured to interrupt the proceedings at the meeting-room by demanding of Philip Embury, as other cavillers demanded of his Master, "by whose authority doest thou these things, and who gave thee this authority?"

"By the authority of the Lord God Almighty, in the form of this book," said Philip, holding up Barbara's old Bible with both hands, "and by letters patent written by the Holy Spirit in our hearts; and that," he continued, with solemn emphasis, "is an authority before which King George himself—God bless him!—is content to bow. In the king's name, as well as in that of the king's King, I demand by what authority you interrupt Christian worship in this unseemly manner?"

Hereupon, Squire Blake, who was considerably taken aback, and having, just then, no more to say, turned to Captain Lister for moral support, and, perhaps, for inspiration. That gentleman, clad in full regimentals, stood erect in all his inches, as the king's representative might well do. He was about to deliver himself, when the preacher deftly turned the tables on him—took all the wind out of his sails, as he afterwards confessed, by appealing to him for protection!"

"In this free country," said Philip, "where the right of free speech has never yet been questioned and in which his Most Gracious Majesty is the bulwark of law and liberty, I demand, for the law-abiding citizens assembled here, the protection of those who wear his colors and defend his lieges."

(To be Continued.)

What is Nervous Prostration?

A condition resulting from the over-expenditure of vital force—living, in work or society, "beyond our means" as far as brain and nerve power is concerned. Its deplorable symptoms are thus graphically described by a recent writer: "Nervous prostration is as much to be dreaded as any disease which does not threaten speedy death. It is most treacherous, producing a condition more painful than pain, a weakness weaker than extreme fatigue, despondency more dejected than the lowest of low spirits, an instability of self-control destructive of confidence, making work, mental and physical, more distasteful to the once energetic nature that never knew weariness than to the constitutionally lazy; while the exterior aspect is one of health and muscular strength for a single effort may not be impaired. Add to this a craving for sympathy without the means of eliciting it because it is 'mere nervous prostration.'"

Is it to be expected that any medicine put into the stomach can restore a person so afflicted? Is it not more reasonable to look for help to natural means and methods?

The records of Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, of Philadelphia, discoverers and only dispensers of Compound Oxygen, abundantly prove that such is the case. During their twenty-three years of wide practice, thousands (literally) have, after trying every other means attainable, found in Compound Oxygen the one thing needful to put them on the right side of the line of health and happiness.

They constantly receive letters similar to this: "DRS. STARKEY & PALEN:—I take pleasure in recommending your C. O. to any one suffering from *nervous prostration*. I have realized from its use a degree of benefit I had never expected. Overwork and weak lungs had almost brought me to the end of my rope. C. O. used regularly for three weeks cured a cough which physicians' prescriptions had failed for months to cure. In two months time I believe my entire system was reconstructed. I weigh twenty pounds more than I did when I began its use and feel as big as a house. I have always strenuously objected to the use of drugs and have never used them but by the advice of a physician or one in whom I had confidence. I like C. O. especially because it is not a drug.

HALDEMAN M. AYER, Ed. *Florence Times*, Florence, S. C."

Many of the most prominent and best known people in the country have had a like experience, and we are at liberty to refer the interested inquirer to them. The treatment can be taken at home, and consultation before and throughout it is free. Address, Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, or Chicago, San Francisco, New York, and Toronto, Ont.

A REMARKABLE GATHERING.

FROM one of our subscribers, Mr. J. E. McNaughton, Barnumville, Vt., we have received a letter enclosing a list of the very aged people of Manchester, Vt., writes: "It may interest you to see how fast old people go home. On the 6th day of November, 1890, I was 73 years of age, and having canvassed the town, (Manchester, Vt.), I sent through the press an invitation to one hundred and eight persons. Eighty persons gathered at my house and took dinner, and each received a list."

The list inclosed by Mr. McNaughton is certainly a most interesting and instructive one. There is not a name on it of anyone younger than seventy years, and there are many over eighty, and a few over ninety years of age. Of the total number of guests (108), twenty-nine have died since the reunion. There are about 1,900 inhabitants in Manchester, of whom there were one hundred fully seventy years of age on January 1, 1890. At the head of the invitations to this unique gathering, Mr. McNaughton had printed the text from Zechariah, 8:4: "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts; There shall yet old men and old women dwell in streets of Jerusalem, and every man with his staff in his hand for very age." Surely, there has never been a more remarkable gathering of old people anywhere. It is to be hoped that those who have passed away have already entered on the reward of useful Christian lives, and that they who remain will in due time follow after to enjoy the same happiness.

In the Spring

Many people are troubled with dizziness, dullness, unpleasant taste in the morning, and That Tired Feeling. Pimples, boils, and other manifestations of impure blood also appear, annoying and depressing.

To all such sufferers we earnestly urge a trial of Hood's Sarsaparilla. No preparation ever received such unanimous praise for its success as a general Spring Medicine. It cures scrofula, salt rheum and every other evidence of impure blood. It overcomes That Tired Feeling and all other debility.

If you make up your mind to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy some substitute in its place. Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Where other preparations fail. It possesses merit **Peculiar to Itself**. Try it.

Hood's Pills Cure all Liver Ills, Biliousness Jaundice, Indigestion, Sick Headache.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

FOR HOUSEHOLD USE

UNLIKE ANY OTHER.

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For INTERNAL as much as EXTERNAL use.

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SOOTHING, HEALING, PENETRATING

Dropped on Sugar, Children Love

to take Johnson's Anodyne Liniment for Croup, Colds, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis, Colic, Cramps and Pains. Relieves Summer Complaints, Cuts and Bruises like magic. Cures Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Cholera-Morbus, Chilblains, Chaps, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Muscles or Strains. Inhale for Nervous Headache. Ill'st'd Pamphlet free. Sold everywhere. Price 35 cts. Six bottles, $2.00. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

Ramey & Co, 85 Dearborn St., Chicago, guarantee that their Medicator and accompanying treatment will cure catarrh and all head and throat troubles, or they will refund the purchase price. Instrument and four months' treatment only $2. Send for testimonials. Agents wanted. See advertisement in another column, and read what the Governor of Indiana says:

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, INDIANAPOLIS. Ind., Dec. 22, 1892. Messrs. Ramey & Co. Gentlemen:—

I have used your Medicator with entire satisfaction for colds and slight catarrhal trouble. When used according to directions its effect is immediate and a cure seems certain.

I shall not travel without it.

Very respectfully yours, IRA J. CHASE.

CUT THIS OUT, send to us with 15 cents in stamps, and we will send our big family journal 3 months, also Game of Authors (48 cards), Checker Board, Secret of Ventriloquism, Album Writer's Manual, 14 Magic Tricks, Fortune Telling Secrets, 6 new Puzzles, 12 Parlor Games, Language of Flowers, and several other things. All for only 15 cents in stamps. Send to-day and be happy.

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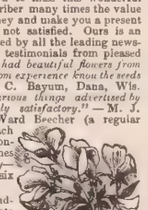

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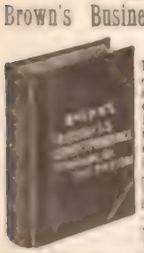

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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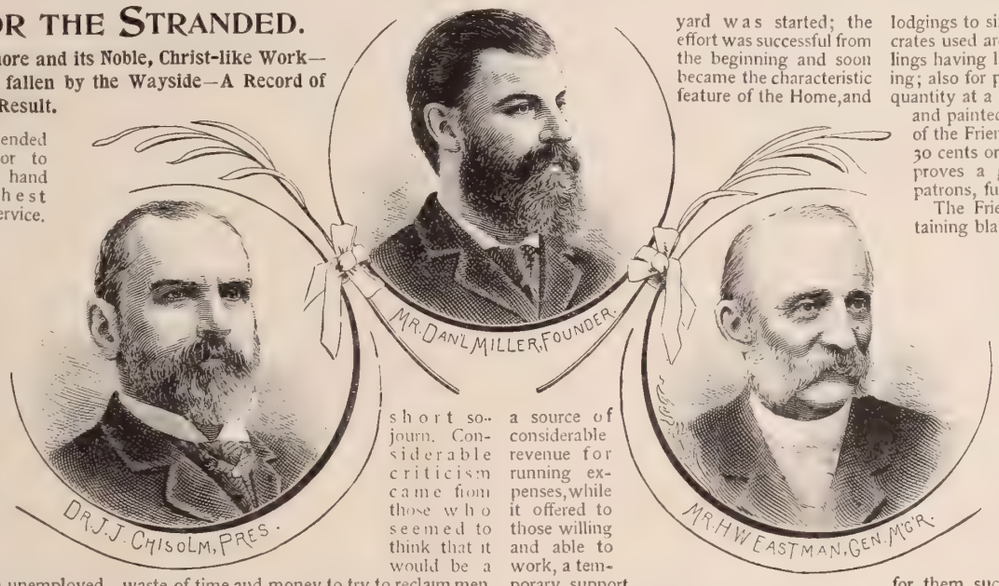
REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor. Offices Bible House, New York. NEW YORK, APRIL 5, 1893. PRICE, 5 CENTS. Annual Subscription, $1.50.

A SHELTER FOR THE STRANDED.

"The Friendly Inn" of Baltimore and its Noble, Christ-like Work—Reclaiming Men who have fallen by the Wayside—A Record of Consecrated Effort and the Result.



EVERY hand that is extended to raise the fallen, or to succor the needy, is a hand engaged in the highest form of Christian service. The present is an age of broad philanthropies and ever widening charities, done in the name of One who thought it not beneath him to become the servant of others, the better to illustrate the nobility of such service when rendered with loving hearts and hands.

One of the best known institutions in Baltimore, Md., is "The Friendly Inn," yet few outside of that city have any conception of the work that is being done in that refuge and home for unfortunate men. It is situated on Sharp St., near Camden St. It was in the latter part of 1884 that the Friendly Inn began its work: there was no Home for the unemployed men in the city at that time and Mr. Daniel Miller, of the firm of Daniel Miller & Co., feeling that there should be a resort of this kind, discussed the subject with a friend and fellow-merchant, Mr. D. W. Glass, stating his willingness to assist such an enterprise if started. Mr. Glass mentioned the name of Mr. H. W. Eastman, who had long been identified with the Y. M. C. A., and other Gospel work. In the private office of Mr. Miller, an arrangement was speedily agreed upon to establish a resort for men in destitute circumstances, and so "The Friendly Inn" was started, Mr. Miller offering to furnish substantial aid, and Mr. Eastman agreeing to accept the permanent management. At first it was a hard struggle and it was looked upon by many as a hazardous experiment. There are numerous charities which profess to be willing to help the respectable and deserving "only" but this Institution proposed to offer to the apparently irreclaimable a temporary shelter, from which, if so disposed, they might seek employment: having in view the prospect of reforming their lives and helping them up to social reinstatement, during their short sojourn. Considerable criticism came from those who seemed to think that it would be a waste of time and money to try to reclaim men in such a low condition, but Christianity teaches the reverse.

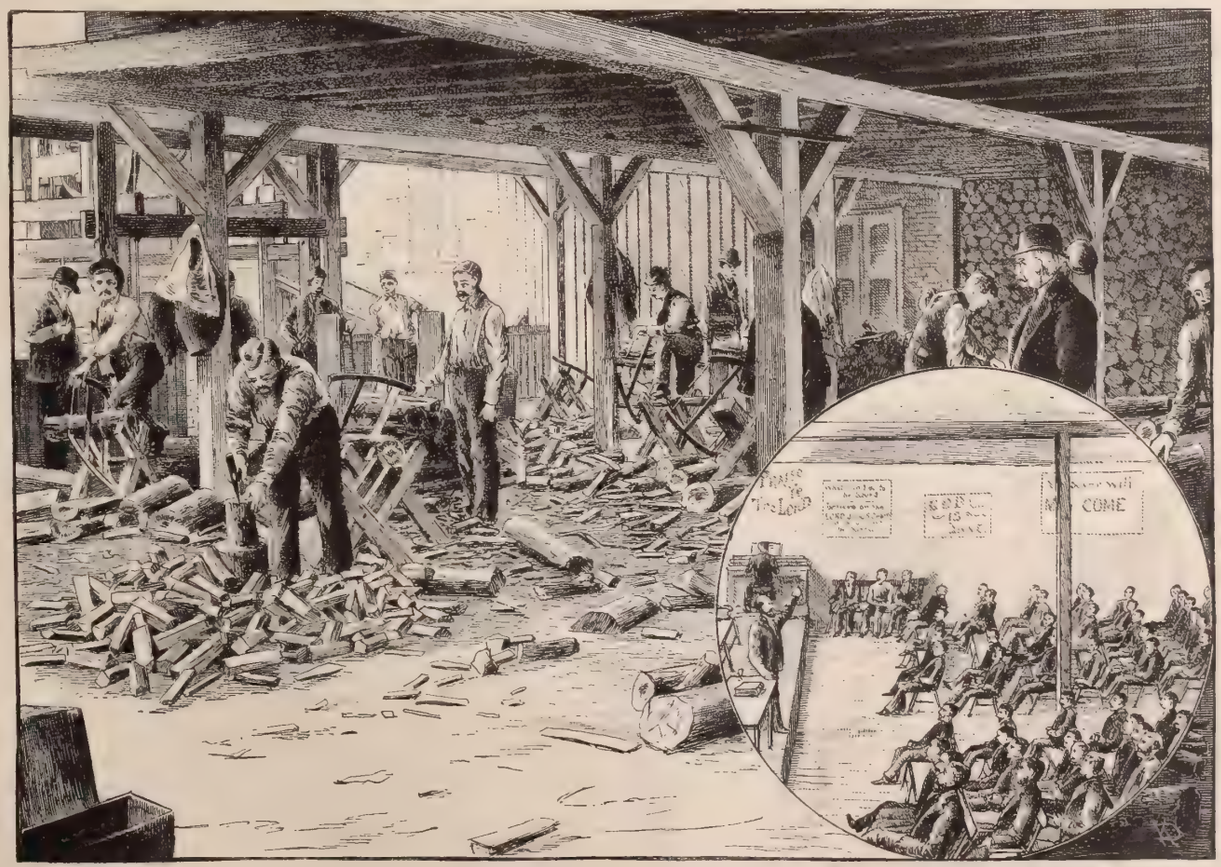
The management conceived the plan of opening a wood-yard in connection with the institution, where the unemployed might be furnished with work, and thus be enabled to earn their meals and lodgings. It did not take long to put the idea into practice. The wood-yard was started; the effort was successful from the beginning and soon became the characteristic feature of the Home, and a source of considerable revenue for running expenses, while it offered to those willing and able to work, a temporary support.

Sawing and splitting four sticks secures a good lunch, and ten sticks a regular meal or lodging over-night in a comfortable bed in a heated room. No money is given for the work; the wood is sold at regular city prices and promptly delivered by teams belonging to the institution. Buying a single cord of kindling gives a lunch to forty men, or furnishes lodgings to sixteen homeless ones. The wood crates used are designed for offices and dwellings having limited room for storage of kindling; also for persons preferring to buy a small quantity at a time. The crates are nicely made and painted, and they remain the property of the Friendly Inn. One crate is sold for 30 cents or four for $1. This plan, while it proves a great accommodation to many patrons, furnishes extra work for the men.

The Friendly Inn furnishes books containing blank orders for relief. Those orders are largely used by the various city charitable associations, and also by prominent ministers, lawyers, doctors, merchants, etc. Small envelopes are also furnished with the books, as each order for help is required to be given in a sealed envelope. The order must give the name of the person helped. The amount is charged to the donor, and the bills are collected monthly, the checks being presented as vouchers with the bill. By this plan many cripples, and men physically incapacitated for hard work, are temporarily relieved, and an opportunity is afforded to procure for them such light work as may be found adapted to their circumstances. The Inn desires that its patrons shall assist, in this way only those unable to work in the wood-yard.

The Inn originally occupied one three-story dwelling house, but it soon became apparent that more room was needed, and the adjoining dwelling was purchased. As the work progressed, the two were found to be inadequate, and a third building, also adjoining, was bought. This gave a frontage of 78 feet on one of Baltimore's principal streets, with a depth of 95 feet. The plan of helping men to help themselves soon met with the hearty approval of the charitably disposed, and the money needed for expenses and extensive enlargement and improvement was contributed, and the work of renovation commenced, the management purchasing the property and mortgaging it. A large two-story brick building, 78 feet in length and 50 feet wide, was built on the rear lot. The first story is used for the storage of "long wood" and for stabling wagons, carts, etc. The second is the wood-splitting room, connected by elevator with the floor below. The wood is sent up to the men as they

(Continued on page 227.)



THE WOODYARD AND CHAPEL OF "THE FRIENDLY INN," BALTIMORE, MD.

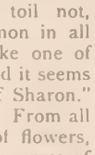
The Tabernacle Pulpit

THE SLEEPERS WAKENED.

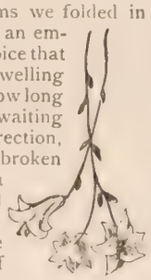
Dr. Talmage's Sermon, preached last Sunday Morning in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Text, 1 Cor. 15: 20, *"Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept."*

ON this glorious Easter morning, amid the music and the flowers, I give you Christian salutation. This morning, Russian meeting Russian on the streets of St. Petersburg hails him with the salutation, "Christ is risen!" and is answered by his friend in salutation, "He is risen indeed!" In some parts of England and Ireland, to this very day, there is the superstition that on Easter morning the sun dances in the heavens; and well may we forgive such a superstition which illustrates the fact that the natural world seems to sympathize with the spiritual.

Hail! Easter morning. Flowers! Flowers! All of them a-voice, all of them a-tongue, all of them full of speech to-day. I bend over one of the lilies and I hear it say: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." I bend over a rose, and it seems to whisper: "I am the Rose of Sharon." And then I stand and listen. From all sides there comes the chorus of flowers, saying: "If God so clothed the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" Flowers! Flowers! Braid them into the bride's hair. Flowers! Flowers! Strew them over the graves of the dead, sweet prophecy of the resurrection. Flowers! Flowers! Twist them into a garland for my Lord Jesus on Easter morning. "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be."



Oh, how bright and how beautiful the flowers, and how much they make me think of Christ and his religion, that brightens our life, brightens our character, brightens society, brightens the Church, brightens everything! You who go with gloomy countenance [illegible] better than I am because of your lugubriousness, you cannot cheat me. Pretty case you are for a man that professes to be more than a conqueror. It is not religion that makes you gloomy, it is the lack of it. There is just as much religion in a wedding as in a burial, just as much religion in a smile as in a tear. Those gloomy Christians we sometimes see are the people to whom I like to lend money, for I never see them again! The women came to the Saviour's tomb and they dropped spices all around the tomb, and those spices were the seed that began to grow, and from them came all the flowers of this Easter morn. The two angels robed in white took hold of the stone at the Saviour's tomb and they hurled it with such force down the hill that it crushed in the door of the world's sepulchre, and the stark and the dead must come forth. I care not how labyrinthine the mausoleum or how costly the sarcophagus or however beautifully parterred the family grounds, we want them all broken up by the Lord of the resurrection. They must come out. Father and mother—they must come out. Husband and wife—they must come out. Brother and sister—they must come out. Our darling children—they must come out. The eyes that we close with such trembling fingers must open again in the radiance of that morn. The arms we folded in dust must join ours in an embrace of reunion. The voice that was hushed in our dwelling must be retuned. Oh, how long some of you seem to be waiting—waiting for the resurrection, waiting! And for these broken hearts to-day I make a soft, cool bandage out of Easter flowers.



My friends, I find in the risen Christ a prophecy of our own resurrection, my text setting forth the idea that as Christ has risen, so his people will rise. He the first sheaf of the resurrection harvest. He "the first-fruits of them that slept." Before I get through this morning I will walk through all the cemeteries of the dead, through all the country graveyards, where your loved ones are buried, and I will pluck off these flowers, and I will drop a sweet promise of the Gospel—a rose of hope, a lily of joy on every tomb—the child's tomb, the husband's tomb, the wife's tomb, the father's grave, the mother's grave; and, while we celebrate the resurrecion of Christ, we will at the same time celebrate the resurrection of all the good. "Christ the first-fruits of them that slept." If I should come to you this morning and ask you for the names of the great conquerors of the world, you would say, Alexander, Cæsar, Philip, Napoleon I. Ah! my friends, you have forgotten to mention the name of a greater conqueror than all these—a cruel, a ghastly conqueror. He rode on a black horse across Waterloo and Atlanta and Chalons, the bloody hoofs crushing the hearts of nations. It is the conqueror Death.

He carries a black flag, and he takes no prisoners. He digs a trench across the hemispheres and fills it with the carcasses of nations. Fifty times would the world have been depopulated had not God kept making new generations. Fifty times the world would have swung lifeless through the air—no man on the mountain, no man on the sea, an abandoned ship ploughing through immensity. Again and again has he done this work with all generations. He is a monarch as well as a conqueror; his palace a sepulchre; his fountains the falling tears of a world. Blessed be God, in the light of this Easter morning I see the prophecy that his sceptre shall be broken, and his palace shall be demolished. The hour is coming when all who are in their graves shall come forth. Christ risen, we shall rise. Jesus "the first-fruits of them that slept." Now, around this doctrine of the resurrection, there are a great many mysteries.

You come to me this morning, and say: If the bodies of the dead are to be raised, how is this, and how is that? and you ask me a thousand questions I am incompetent to answer; but there are a great many things you believe that you are not able to explain. You would be a very foolish man to say: "I won't believe anything I can't understand."

Why, putting down one kind of flower-seed, comes there up this flower of this color? Why, putting down another flower-seed, comes there up a flower of this color? One flower white, another flower yellow, another flower crimson. Why the difference when the seeds look to be very much alike—are very much alike? Explain these things. Explain that wart on the finger. Explain why the oak-leaf is different from the leaf of the hickory. Tell me how the Lord Almighty can turn the chariot of his omnipotence on a rose-leaf. You ask me questions about the resurrection I cannot answer. I will ask you a thousand questions about every-day life you cannot answer.

I find my strength in this passage: "All who are in their graves shall come forth." I do not pretend to make the explanation. You can go on and say: "Suppose a returned missionary dies in Brooklyn; when he was in China his foot was amputated; he lived years after in England, and there he had an arm amputated; he is buried to-day in Greenwood; in the resurrection will the foot come from China, will the arm come from England, and will the different parts of the body be reconstructed in the resurrection? How is that possible?"

You say that "the human body changes every seven years, and by seventy years of age a man has had ten bodies; in the resurrection which will come up?" You say, "A man will die and his body crumble into the dust, and that dust be taken up into the life of the vegetable; an animal may eat the vegetable, men eat the animal; in the resurrection, that body distributed in so many directions, how shall it be gathered up?" Have you any more questions of this style to ask? Come on, and ask them. I do not pretend to answer them. I fall back upon the announcement of God's Word: "All who are in their graves shall come forth."

You have noticed, I suppose, in reading the story of the resurrection, that almost every account of the Bible gives the idea that the characteristic of that day will be a great sound. I do not know that it will be very loud, but I know it will be very penetrating. In the mausoleum where silence has reigned a thousand years that voice must penetrate. In the coral cave of the deep that voice must penetrate. Millions of spirits will come through the gates of eternity, and they will come to the tombs of the earth, and they will cry: "Give us back our bodies; we gave them to you in corruption, surrender them now in incorruption. Hundreds of spirits hovering about the crags of Gettysburg, for there the bodies are buried. A hundred thousand spirits coming to Greenwood, for there the bodies are buried, waiting for the reunion of body and soul.

All along the sea route from New York to Liverpool, at every few miles where a steamer went down, departed spirits coming back, hovering over the wave. There is where the *City of Boston* perished. Found at last. There is where the *President* perished. Steamer found at last. There is where the *Central America* went down. Spirits hovering—hundreds of spirits hovering, waiting for the reunion of body and soul. Out on the prairie a spirit alights. There is where a traveler died in the snow. Crash! goes Westminster Abbey, and the poets and orators come forth; wonderful mingling of good and bad. Crash! go the Pyramids of Egypt, and the monarchs come forth.

Who can sketch the scene? I suppose that one moment before that general rising there will be an entire silence, save as you hear the grinding of a wheel, or a clatter of the hoofs of a procession passing into the cemetery. Silence in all the caves of the earth. Silence on the side of the mountain. Silence down in the valleys and far out into the sea. Silence. But in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, as the archangel's trumpet comes pealing, rolling, crashing across mountain and ocean, the earth will give one terrific shudder, and the graves of the dead will heave like the waves of the sea, and Ostend and Sebastopol and Chalons will stalk forth in the lurid air, and the drowned will come up and wring out their wet locks above the billow; and all the land and all the sea become one moving mass of life—all faces, all ages, all conditions gazing in one direction and upon one throne—the throne of resurrection. "All who are in their graves shall come forth."

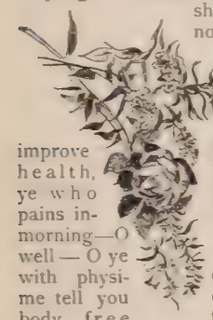
"But," you say, "if this doctrine of the resurrection is true, as prefigured by this Easter morning, Christ 'the first-fruits of them that slept,' Christ rising a promise and a prophecy of the rising of all his people, can you tell us something about the resurrected body?" I can. There are mysteries about that, but I shall tell you three or four things in regard to the resurrected body that are beyond guessing and beyond mistake.

In the first place, I remark in regard to your resurrected body: it will be a glorious body. The body we have now is a mere skeleton of what it would have been if sin had not marred and defaced it. Take the most exquisite statue that was ever made by an artist, and chip it here and chip it there with a chisel, and batter and bruise it here and there, and then stand it out in the storms of a hundred years, and the beauty would be gone. Well, the human body has been chipped and battered and bruised and damaged with the storms of thousands of years—the physical defects of other generations coming down from generation to generation, we inheriting the infelicities of past generations; but in the morning of the resurrection the body will be adorned and beautified according to the original model. And there is no such difference between a gymnast and an emaciated wretch in a lazaretto, as there will be a difference between our bodies as they are now and our resurrected forms.

There you will see the perfect eye, after the waters of death have washed out the stains of tears and study. There you will see the perfect hand, after the knots of toil have been untied from the knuckles. There you will see the form erect and elastic, after the burdens have gone off the shoulder—the very life of God in the body.

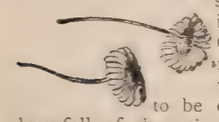
In this world, the most impressive thing, the most expressive thing, is the human face; but that face is veiled with the griefs of a thousand years; but in the resurrection morn that veil will be taken away from the face, and the noon-day sun is dull and dim and stupid compared with the outflaming glories of the countenances of the saved. When those faces of the righteous, those resurrected faces, turn toward the gate, or look up toward the throne, it will be like the dawning of a new morning on the bosom of everlasting day! O glorious, resurrected body!

But I remark also in regard to that body, which you are to get in the resurrection, it will be an immortal body. These bodies are wasting away. Somebody has said as soon as we begin to live we begin to die. Unless we keep putting the fuel into the furnace the furnace dies out. The blood-vessels are canals taking the breadstuffs to all parts of the system. We must be reconstructed hour by hour, day by day. Sickness and death are all the time trying to get their prey under the tenement, or to push us off the embankment of the grave; but, blessed be God, in the resurrection we will get a body immortal. No malaria in the air, no cough, no neuralgic twinge, no rheumatic pang, no fluttering of the heart, no shortness of breath, no ambulance, no dispensary, no hospital, no invalid's chair, no spectacles to improve health, ye who pains in- morning—O well—O ye with physi- me tell you body, free from all disease. Immortal! Immortal!



I will go further, and say in regard to that body which you are to get in the resurrection, it will be a powerful body. We walk now eight or ten miles, and we are fatigued; we lift a few hundred pounds, and we are exhausted; unarmed, we meet a wild beast, and we must run, or fly, or climb, or dodge because we are incompetent to meet it; we toil eight or ten hours vigorously, and then we are weary; but in the resurrection we are to have a body that never gets tired. Is it not a glorious thought?

Plenty of occupation in heaven. I suppose Broadway, New York, in the busiest season of the year, at noonday, is not so busy as heaven is all the time. Grand projects of mercy for other worlds. Victories to be celebrated. The downfall of despotisms on earth to be announced. Great songs to be learned and sung. Great expeditions on which God shall send forth his children. Plenty to do, but no fatigue. If you are seated under the trees of life, it will not be to rest, but to talk over with some old comrade old times—the battles where you fought shoulder to shoulder.



Sometimes in this world we feel we would like to have such a body as that. There is so much work to be done for Christ, there are so many tears to be wiped away, there are so many burdens to lift, there is so much to be achieved for Christ, we sometimes wish that from the first of January to the last of December we could toil on without stopping to sleep, or take any recreation, or to rest, or even to take food—that we could toil right on without stopping a moment in our work of commending Christ and heaven to all the people. But we all get tired.

It is characteristic of the human body in this condition; we must get tired. Is it not a glorious thought that after awhile, we are going to have a body that will never get weary? O glorious resurrection day! Gladly will I fling aside this poor body of sin and fling it into the tomb, if at thy bidding I shall have a body that never wearies. That was a splendid resurrection hymn that was sung at my father's burial:

So Jesus slept, God's dying Son
Passed through the grave and blessed the bed.
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning breaks to pierce the shade.

O blessed resurrection! Speak out, sweet flowers, beautiful flowers, while I tell you of a risen Christ and tell of the righteous who shall rise. May God fill you this morning with anticipation!

I heard of a father and son who, among others were shipwrecked at sea. The father and the son climbed into the rigging. The father held on, but the son after awhile lost his hold in the rigging and was dashed down. The father supposed he had gone hopelessly under the wave. The next day the father was brought ashore from the rigging in an exhausted state, and laid in a bed in a a fisherman's hut, and after many hours had passed he came to consciousness, and saw lying beside him on the same bed, his boy. Oh my friends! what a glorious thing it will be when we wake up at last to find our loved ones beside us! Coming up from the same plot in the graveyard, coming up in the same morning light—the father and son alive forever, all the loved ones alive forever, nevermore to weep, nevermore to part, nevermore to die.

May the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant make you perfect in every good work, to do his will and let this brilliant scene of the morning transport our thoughts to the grander assemblage before the throne. This august assemblage is nothing compared with it. The one hundred and forty and four thousand, and the "great multitude that no man can number," some, of our best friends among them, we after awhile to join the multitude. Blessed anticipation!

My soul anticipates the day,
Would stretch her wings and soar away,
To aid the song, the palm to bear,
And bow, the chief of sinners, there.

A LETTER FROM PERSIA.

Most of our readers have heard of Deacon Abraham and his good work in and around Oroomiah, Persia. The following is a letter recently received from him by an English friend: Praise the Lord we have been delivered from the plague of cholera, and preserved in the midst of the many trials that oppress and destroy our country. Christians are greatly harassed here. We are weary of pleading our cause to the Government. We appeal to the Lord, who saves wonderfully; but we are weak and often forget our refuge and salvation.

Our poor fellow-Christians under Turkish rule, in the mountains of Kurdistan, are also oppressed. For some years past their land has brought forth little produce—corn, etc.—and there is scarcity. More than in any previous year we have sheltered the poor and needy. Sometimes our stables and mangers are full of them, so that our hungry cattle have to give place to the wretched creatures, hungry and almost naked.

As my door is open to them, they come to our morning prayer-meetings. Then I generally give them each a loaf of bread and a handful of raisins; but this we are not able to do always. Our circle of orphans, workers, etc., is more than sixty in all. We ourselves are often in need, but the Lord has been very gracious to us, and we believe he will continue to be so.

A SHELTER FOR THE STRANDED.

(Continued from first page.)

apply for work; large bins are provided for the "kindling," also for "pine blocks" of various sizes, for the fire-place, etc. Here also the crates are filled and stored ready for delivery.

With the money contributed, the Inn was also enabled to build a large three-story brick building, the first floor being used for kitchen and dining-room purposes, the second a "cleansing department," and containing the latest improved hot and cold "showers." The largest dormitory contains fifty-six beds. This room is 78 feet by 40 feet, well ventilated and comfortably heated by steam. It is a model room in every particular. The second dormitory is smaller, having a capacity of twenty beds, heated and ventilated as is the larger room. Besides these, there are twenty-four other bedrooms of various sizes and some single rooms, the total sleeping capacity at present being 125 beds.

THE LATE MR. JOHN D. WATTLES.

Among the recent improvements is a beautiful chapel and entertainment room. Since the beginning of the work of the Friendly Inn the managers have felt that the permanent reclamation of the men was of far greater importance than the temporary shelter and food earned by the sawing of wood. The Inn has always had a small room, in which Gospel meetings were held, but it was found far too small. The new room seats 150 persons and is well lighted, ventilated and heated. In the room, Gospel meetings are held on the Sabbath and on certain nights during the week, the city churches volunteering help, in the way of speakers, organist, singers, etc.

Among the unfortunates are found many men of fine education and business qualifications, who have drifted with the ebb tide, too careless to pull for the shore of prosperity. Some who find a temporary home at the Inn, once held positions of influence and affluence. They are mostly the victims of strong drink. The manager reports that many who come to him literally in rags and filth, have gone away from the Inn reclaimed, and have been restored to the friends and society. Some are now in the Gospel ministry, or in Y. M. C. A. work. Others are merchants, doing a prosperous business. The Inn aims to offer to the unemployed a transient home until they can secure permanent employment, and while seeking this opportunity, to reclaim and fit them for a higher and more useful life.

Practical Work.

In eight years the Friendly Inn has furnished 276,960 meals., of which 250,376 were either paid for or worked out. The number of lodgings for the same period were 118,021, of which 104,150 were worked out or paid for. As a means of lessening the tendency to pauperism, the report of the manager shows that at the beginning of the work, 30 per cent. of the meals and lodgings were given away, while it is now less than 5 per cent. Although the Inn is exclusively for men, yet a considerable outside charity work, in the way of relieving poor families, is done through the order check-books, which contain blank orders for soup, coffee and bread.

The Friendly Inn is an incorporated institution under the supervision of a Board of twenty-four Directors, of which Mr. Daniel Miller has been president for the past eight years. He declined a re-election at the last annual meeting, and Dr. J. J. Chisolm was elected president, with Mr. Daniel Miller treasurer, succeeding Mr. I. K. Miller, who had held that office for the previous eight years. Mr. H. W. Eastman was continued as Manager. The Inn is at this time burdened with a debt of some $15,000, and it is the purpose of the management to make a vigorous effort to pay it off. The present president, Dr. J. J. Chisolm, M.D., LL.D., is the organizer and executive head of the celebrated hospital known as the Presbyterian Eye, Ear and Throat Charity Hospital, and is one of the most widely known practical oculists and as a manager and organizer of intelligent, charitable work, he has hardly a superior. So much good has been accomplished in the past, and the work has been so generously acknowledged and blessed, that the directors have every confidence that its wants will be as abundantly supplied in the future.

A LIGHT-BEARER FALLEN.

The Career of the Late Mr. John D. Wattles, the Well-known Philadelphia Publisher.

In the death of Mr. John D. Wattles of Philadelphia, which occurred on March 21, the religious public has sustained a severe loss. The services it was his honor and privilege to render to the cause of Christ in our land were of a value it is impossible to overestimate; and they will bear richer fruit yet, as the years roll by. As civilization advances, life becomes more complex, and opportunities of usefulness multiply, beyond the conception of previous generations. One of these opportunities Mr. Wattles perceived and grasped, using it so wisely and energetically that tens of thousands of his fellow Christians became his debtors. The opportunity came with the adoption of the International system of Sunday School Lessons. The fact that the attention of millions of children in the Sunday Schools of our own and other lands would, on a given day, be concentrated on the same passage of Scripture, was very suggestive. Many of these children would be grouped around teachers who were intensely desirous of doing them all possible good by bringing out of the subject the lessons it was capable of teaching, but who were ill-prepared to give effect to their desire. Many of them were engaged in business during the week and few had access to the theological libraries in which are stored the results of centuries of Biblical study. If the best light could be gathered and concentrated on the subject for the day, and its vehicle be placed within the reach of all, how great a boon that would be for teacher and pupil! It was this task that Mr. Wattles set himself. He was already associated with Dr. Trumbull, the graceful and luminous writer, and the ablest American authority on Sunday School work. From every field, historical, exegetical, anecdotal and practical, material available for use in the school was collected by Dr. Trumbull and his aids and so arranged as to be an exhaustive commentary on the Sunday School lesson of the week. This commentary in miniature Mr. Wattles embodied in a journal, which, by skilful management, he produced at a price so low that every teacher could possess it. With the genius of the born publisher, rarer even than the literary gift, he made the existence of the publication known in the Sunday Schools throughout the land and called the attention of the teachers to the advantages to be derived from its perusal. Thus the *Sunday School Times* began its more extended and beneficent work, equipping the teacher for his duty and enabling him to give to his pupils an intelligent and practically useful knowledge of his theme. Those alone who realize the importance of having the next generation thoroughly rooted and grounded in Scriptural knowledge, can estimate such a service.

Mr. Wattles was comparatively a young man when he died. He formed the connection that was to lead to his life work in 1870, when he was little more than twenty years old. He was living at that time at Norwich, Conn., and was a teacher in a Sunday School there, when he first met Dr. Trumbull, who at that time had charge of the affairs of the Sunday School Union in New England. He became Dr. Trumbull's assistant, and, subsequently, his son-in-law. When, in 1865, Dr. Trumbull accepted the invitation of Mr. Wanamaker to become the editor of the *Sunday School Times*, Mr. Wattles accompanied him and became business manager of the paper. After two years, they purchased the property and became its sole owners. The circulation of the journal at that time was less than 25,000, but under Mr. Wattles's enterprising management it grew rapidly. How much the tact, sound judgment, energy and sterling integrity of Mr. Wattles had to do with its success, Dr. Trumbull gracefully acknowledges. "I could have done," he says, "little without him; and he deserves the credit of the best that has been secured in every department of the paper." Mr. Wattles was also active in church affairs. He was a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church, a member of various Boards, the Superintendent of a Sunday School and a manager of the Pennsylvania Bible Society. In all his offices he rendered valuable service and his place will not be easily filled.

JOB'S APPEAL TO GOD.

S. S. Lesson for April 16. Job. 23: 1-10. Golden Text, John 13: 7. By Mrs M. Baxter.

"WHAT I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." How many Christians do not trust God's dealings with them because they do not understand them! And yet how often is it that the dispensations of God which seem to us the most incomprehensible, are the very means in his hand to lead us on to a new and deeper knowledge of himself! Job could understand how to obey God, submit to and to trust him, even when it cost him the loss of all he had upon earth, as long as he maintained his repute for holinesss. But to suffer thus, and

Get no Credit for it,

to be misunderstood and despised by the very friends who had looked up to him as the perfect man, just when his submission to God had stood the most tremendous strain, to lose his health as well as all else, and then his reputation—he who had been so true to God—it was too much, even his patience gave way.

Job was an old Testament man, he had not yet learned the power of the blood of Christ to justify the ungodly, he knew nothing of denying himself in the sense of letting his cause and his reputation go out of his own hands; he had no conception how to "endure grief suffering wrongfully" (1. Pet. 2: 19), when the wrong came through the hands of man. Job would meet God in his old character as the perfect man with an unbroken spirit and an unstained reputation; his conscience did not condemn him of being untrue; and he was deeply hurt that his past endurance seemed to be unappreciated. All his arguments with his friends, all his appeals to God went to the same end, to obtain a justification of his life and conduct which he thought was due to him. But God would lead this old Testament man on to other lines. Job's desperate clinging to his old reputation as the "upright," "the perfect man" must be conquered, and Job must be broken before he could be blest in a new and higher way.

How little he knew that he was going to be an object lesson for men of many lands and many generations! How thankful he must be now for the honor which God put upon him in thus trying him that he might be made so wide and so lasting an instrument of blessing! How infinitely more important than to set himself right with his three friends and his acquaintances during his short lifetime on other earth, and to have, for that brief season, a self-satisfaction in a conscious superiority to them! Oh how small is any position here on earth, compared to working with God or reigning with Christ!

There had been much which was terribly galling in the insinuations of Job's three friends. Their only idea of helping him was to reproach him, and to suggest that he and his children had sinned in a way which had provoked God to send this judgment upon him. Formerly sitting at his feet to learn, now, in the time of [illegible] to dictate to him as an inferior, with all the vulgar assumption of unrefined and unspiritual minds. Who would not have failed under such circumstances? Only such as have the spirit of Christ.

It is a rare thing when God calls any one of [illegible] that he could count upon him; there was not another man in his generation who was, in the same measure, made to be a battle ground between God and Satan. The more [illegible] one of his children is, the more difficult will be his path, the more intense the fire of the great [illegible]

God Needs Living Witnesses

Job's attempts to meet and disprove the insinuations, and even false accusations of his friends, prove utterly useless. Again and again in answering them, they seem to drop out of his sight, and, like the compass to the pole, he turns back to his God. And wonderful gleams of light break in upon him in the midst of the darkness which almost hides God from him. Once he says in the midst of his earnest cry that he may understand, that he may know his transgression and his sin: "Though thou slay me, yet will I trust in him." (13: 15.) A kind of intuition of God's dealings with him makes him say, "He hath also set me up for his mark" (16: 12), and a consciousness that his cause was God's makes him assert: "Even now behold, my witness is in heaven, and he that voucheth for me is on high" (16: 19 R.V.) and again after a word of deepest grief and almost despair, a vision of the resurrection bursts upon him (19: 23-27.) What a proof that God does not abandon his children in the time of darkest trial: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." In every lions' den there is an angel, in every fiery furnace the Lord's presence, for trusting children of God.

But, in spite of these gleams of heaven's light, Job had yet to learn that he must abstain from all defence and retaliation. He said truly that his friends were "forgers of lies," physicians of no value," (13: 4), "miserable comforters," (16: 3), but God could have said it to them far better than Job could. The personal feeling which he showed robbed the very truth of its power to convict them, and brought Job down to their level, and out of communion with God. Every word they spoke came to him as the perpetual dropping of water, the perpetual friction which leads to desperation. Oh how man fails either to comfort or to understand a heart which is being tried, proved, and educated by God! Man is out of place where he interferes with God's education of his child. Job's contact with man brought him so down to man's level that he descends to recrimination, and seems sometimes even to lose sight of God; "Suffer me, and I also will speak; and after that I have spoken, mock on. As for me, is my complaint to men? And why should I not be impatient? Mark me, and be astonished, and lay your hand upon your mouth." (21: 3-5, R.V.) Was this the perfect man? Such asperity, after the vision of the resurrection shows how little Job's spirit was really broken, and how much he still lived in time. The reply of Eliphaz whose conceptions did not in any way take in God's dealings with Job, only made things worse. It was as one

Groping in the Dark,

having lost for the time his communion with God, and yet unconscious of any wilful sin, that Job says: "Even to-day is my complaint bitter, and my stroke is heavier than my groaning. Oh that I knew where I might find him! that I might come even to his seat." But how mistaken is his view of things: "I would order my cause before him and fill my mouth with arguments!" The more closely God dealt with him, the more Job was on the defensive, because he had such an unconquerable belief in his own integrity. His trust in God had been proved great indeed, but his trust in himself exceeded his trust in God. "I could order my cause before him," conduct my own case: Oh how ignorant was Job of the need of a Mediator; how little he really knew his own heart! A mouth full of argument can never prevail with God. "The spirit should fail before me, and the souls which I have made" (Isa. 57: 16): God seeks the Mary spirit which sits at his feet and hears his word. Job was ready to do, to say, to endure anything which would manifest his own devotion and integrity of purpose, but as yet he could not trust his case out of his own hands even into God's.

He continues his assertions: "I would know the words which he would answer me, and understand what he would say unto me." (R.V.) Poor Job, it was just here that he failed, he did not know or understand what God was saying and what he was not still enough to hear. "Would he contend with me in the greatness of his power? Nay; but he would give heed unto me. There the upright might reason with him; so should I be delivered for ever from my judge" (R.V.) Poor mistaken man, when he thinks it is his misfortune and not his fault that he cannot find his God. Job came to God in a character which finds

No Admission to His Presence.

"I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." (Matt. 9: 13) "The upright," the consciously innocent; such was Job in his own eyes, and in such a character he would conduct his case, and argue it out with God. He had not yet heard the invitation: "Come now and let us reason together saith the Lord," not about your uprightness; no, but about your sins. "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow, though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." (Isa. 1: 18.) Only sin can separate man from God, but Job had yet to learn how to measure sin in the balances of the sanctuary, and to let God teach his conscience.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

The Refiner of Gold.

A SERIES of speeches from the friends and replies from Job intervene between this lesson and that of last week. The author while attending to his main business of setting he problem before his readers is artistically true to nature in making his characters defend the positions they have respectively taken. Eliphaz, who represents the man of position and wealth and social eminence, defends his argument by instances from his own wide experience "I have seen," he says, again and again. Bildad, who represents the student and the scholar, fortifies himself with the sayings of former ages. While Zophar as the plain, common-sense business man, bluntly tells Job that God has given him a lighter punishment than he deserves. To all of which Job replies that he has not been the sinner his friends think him; that God knows it and that whatever may be the meaning of these calamities, they are not punishments for sin. He is sure that if he could stand before God and vindicate himself, that there would be an authoritative explanation. The passage in which he declares his conviction is the subject of the lesson. In the Revised Version it reads thus:

Even to-day is my complaint rebellious:
My stroke is heavier than my groaning.
Oh that I knew where I might find him,
That I might come even to his seat!
I would order my cause before him,
And fill my mouth with arguments.
I would know the words which he would answer me,
And understand what he would say unto me.
Will he contend with me in the greatness of his power?
Nay, but he would give heed unto me.
There the upright might reason with him;
So should I be delivered for ever from my judge.
Behold, I go forward, but he is not there;
And backward, but I cannot perceive him:
On the left hand, when he doth work, but I cannot behold him:
He hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him.
But he knoweth the way that I take:
When he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.

Oh, that I knew where I might find him! It is the man who is in earnest that obtains what he wants. "I must see him," said an applicant at the office of a public person. "You cannot see him," said the servant, but the man waited at the door. A friend went out to him and said, "You cannot see the chief, but I can give you an answer." "No," said the unfortunate pleader, "I will stay all night on the doorstep, but I will see the man himself. He alone will serve my turn." You do not wonder that, after many rebuffs, he ultimately gained his point. It would be an infintely greater wonder if an importunate sinner did not obtain an audience from the Lord Jesus.

He would give heed unto me. The second Duke of Gordon who was a Roman Catholic rented one of his farms to a Protestant. The man paid his rent punctually for many years, but one year misfortunes came upon him and the rent fell in arrear. The Duke's steward after waiting some time seized the farmer's effects and advertised them for sale. The farmer was sure that if he could only see the Duke himself that time would be granted him, but the Duke was traveling on the Continent and the farmer had no means of finding him. Happily, however, he returned before the goods were sold. Then the farmer eagerly sought an interview. "What is the matter Donald?" the Duke asked. Donald told the story and it touched the Duke's heart. Not only was time granted but the debt was remitted. Donald was going away joyfully when his attention was attracted by some old pictures hanging in the place of honor in the Duke's library. The Duke noticed the farmer looking curiously at the pictures and said, "They are my patron saints." Donald was puzzled and asked what that meant. "I pray to them to intercede with God for me." Donald looked at him in pity, "Ah your Grace," he said, "you'd better do as I have done—go to the fountain head. I went to Sawney Gordon and it did no good. I'd have been sold up if I had not gone to the Duke himself. If your Grace will go to God himself he will forgive your sins as freely as you have forgiven my debt."

I cannot see him. We have sometimes to trust God in the dark as Job did, and we have to hold fast our belief that he is wise and good and loving even when he is taking from us what we love and treasure most. But those who thus trust him without knowing the reasons for what he does are safe. A gentleman once wished to examine a deep coal mine. Coming through the mouth of the shaft, he noticed a rope by which he supposed the miners descended. Taking hold slowly he let himself down. When at last he came to the end of the rope, he found to his horror that he had not reached the bottom of the mine; he realized that he had made a fatal mistake. He could not reascend, and to let go his hold was to fall, perhaps hundreds of feet, to the rocks below. All around was darkness. He called wildly for help, but there came no response. At last, giving up to his fate, he let go the rope and fell. He dropped about six inches, and stood safe and sound upon the rock bottom of the mine.

He knoweth the way that I take. We may not know, and the experience may be alarming, but if we are sure that God is guiding us we shall not be terrified. Dr. Guthrie says: "Were you ever at sea in a storm, when the ship reeled to and fro like a drunken man, and struggling as for life in the arms of death, now rose to the top of the billow, and now plunged into the trough of the sea? Partially infected with others' terror, did you ever leave shrieking women and pale men below to seek the deck and look your danger squarely in the face? In such circumstances I know nothing so reassuring as the calm confidence that sits on the brow of the weather-beaten man who, with iron strength, leans upon the wheel and steers our ship through the roaring billows. Such, only much higher, is the confidence we draw from the wisdom of God."

The conviction that nothing happens to us without God's knowledge and consent is a great comfort. Darwin describes a marine plant which rises from a depth of one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet, and floats on the surface of the water in the midst of the great breakers of the Western Ocean. The stem of this plant is less than an inch through; yet it grows and thrives and holds its own against the fierce smitings and pressures of breakers which no masses of rock, however hard, can long withstand. What is the secret of this marvellous resistance and endurance? How can this little slender plant face the fury of the elements so successfully? It reaches down into the still depths, where it fixes its grasp, to the naked rocks; and no commotion of the upper waters can shake it loose.

I shall come forth as gold. Gold is not pure until it has been through the fire. The ordeal is necessary to remove the dross from it. The assayer then puts his mark upon it showing how near it is to absolute purity. God's children bear the marks of losses and trials and sorrows which show how much discipline they have borne in being purified and fitted for God's service. "I remember," says Dr. Mac Larem, "a story of Mr. Mack, the famous Baptist minister. He had not seen his mother for many years, but when he was preaching in Glasgow he went to visit her. He knew her at once, but he had changed so much that she did not recognize him. It so happenened that when he was a child his mother had accidentally wounded his wrist with a knife. To comfort him she said, "Never mind, my bonnie bairn, your mither will ken you by that when you are a man." When Mack's mother would not believe that the grave fine-looking visitor could be her own child, he turned up his sleeve and cried, 'Mither, mither, dinna ye ken that?' In a moment they were in each other's arms. Ah, brethren! the Lord knows the spot of his children. He acknowledges them by the mark of correction. He knows the wounds he made when exercising his sacred surgery."

KING UMZILA'S REPROOF.

Missionary Richards Relates a Striking Incident of his African Experience — "Why Did you not Give us the Good Book before?"—Establishing a Chain of Missions in Zambesia.

YOUNG as far as modern knowledge and civilization are concerned, and still in their childhood, in a spiritual sense, the races of Africa yet belong to a land which once possessed a culture and civilization equal in many respects to any in the world. Mashonaland, supposed to be the ancient Ophir of the Bible, is a country whose heathen population knows nothing of its history of the remarkable ruins of temples, towers and fortifications with which their territory abounds and which point to a power and magnificence long since passed away. Thus far the natives are strangers to the Gospel, for with the exception of a few outlying mission stations, no attempt has yet been made to send the message of grace to the Mashonas. It is to these people, rude, ignorant and heathen as they are, yet possessing some of the finest traits of the African races that Bishop William Taylor is now arranging to send missionaries and to establish mission stations at different points in Zambesia and particularly in Mashonaland. Rev. E. H. Richards and Mrs. Richards will shortly start from this country as the pioneers of the new movement. Mr. Richards has already spent ten years in Eastern Africa in missionary work, and is therefore familiar with at least the outlying portions of the new field. He is acquainted with a number of the African languages and his knowledge will be of great practical value in his future work, as he pushes on to the interior, to points where no white man has yet stood as witness for Christ. Both he and Mrs. Richards are earnest, energetic, devoted workers, and it is hoped that their efforts may be divinely blessed in bringing about the foundation of a chain of mission stations which shall girdle Mashonaland, and be the means of bringing in many thousands of its people to the Gospel fold.

Mr. Richards tells some unusually interesting episodes in his experience as a missionary in Africa:

"Few Americans," he says, "have any idea of the extent of the Zambesi Valley. It is fully half as large as the Mississippi Valley. The Zambesi river is 2500 miles long, its most important feature being Zambesi Falls, where a tremendous volume of water drops from a height of 360 feet with a sheer plunge that dwarfs other falls into insignificance. The Victoria Falls are the finest in the world. Flat-boats could probably sail the entire length of the Zambesi. It will be our aim to navigate it as far up as possible.

"The kings of the different tribes along the Zambesi Valley have always accorded a friendly welcome to missionaries. Livingstone went through Zambesi, from one side to the other. Dr. Colliard, the French missionary, is already at Victoria Falls. Mashonaland, the new field which we are about to open up to the Gospel, is bounded on the north by the Zambesi and on the south by the Limpopo rivers. Gazaland lies on the east while on the west is Matabeleland. The capital of the country in Salisbury, 400 miles inland from Port Beira, on the Indian ocean. It is our purpose to enter the Zambesi district, and secure the most favorable sites for missionary operations. Missions in Mashonaland will be under the protection of the British flag.

"I am Superintendent of Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church," continued Mr. Richards, "and I have offered to go there in the name of the Church, under Bishop Taylor. As to the people among whom we propose to work, I may say this: The people of those sections on the lower side of the Zambesi river to the east are the Gaza people among whom I have have experience. They have been subdued by the Zulus fifty or sixty years ago. Mashonaland lies west of Gazaland, and its people are supposed to use the Zulu language. In Matabeleland also the Zulu tongue is spoken.

"In 1881, we had the pleasure of being the first missionaries to enter Gazaland. Approaching the royal court at a place called Umoyamuhla (which means 'Haven of Fair Winds'), we learned that Umzila ('Cows' Tails) was king. When we were still six miles from the royal kraal, a native—a person of some importance, apparently—halted us and stepping up to our hammock, asked in fair English:

"'Can you read?'

"To a man who had not spoken English for six months, this was surprising.

"'Certainly I can,' was the answer. 'I want to hear you,' he continued. I took out a Zulu testament and read, translating as I proceeded:

Ku hugula tuni,	In the beginning,
Nungungulu,	the Great-Great,
A di Gira,	He did create.
Juu ja ji,	the heavens,
Ni Mifu,	and earth, etc.

"Hearing me read, the man looked earnestly and said: 'He is one of them; yes, I am sure he is one of them. Can you sing?' 'Yes.' 'I want to hear you.' I always sing for anybody who will listen, so I sang a hymn. 'Yes, indeed,' he muttered again. 'I knew. He is one of them. Have you a gun?' 'Yes.' 'Have you any ivory?' 'No sir.' 'A gun, no ivory; well then are you *umfundisi* (missionary?') (In their tongue, *funda* means to *learn, fundisa, to cause to learn,* and the noun is *umfundisi*, which is applied to all missionaries as teachers, and means *one who causes to learn.*) I answered him in the affirmative. 'If you are a missionary, you will have an interview with the king; if you are a traveler, you will be done up in your hammock and returned to the coast.' 'Who are you?' I asked. 'I am Nhlanhlaka (Two-jaws-of-the-face.) Four years ago,' he said, 'I went eight hundred miles below to Natal. I was in one of their churches and saw the Zulu children reading and singing and receiving presents from the Christmas tree. I saw the people and the cattle and oxen and property in Natal, and they all told me it was the book that made the difference. Umzila the king, is very anxious to see the book.'

"We passed on the royal kraal and Umzila sent a messenger to invite us in. On the outside of the village we struck our tent in a spot beautiful for situation. The king, we learned, had about one thousand wives. He was said to have twenty regiments of soldiers and at the time of our visit, there were probably 50,000 to 75,000 persons in that place. It was the largest native village I had ever visited. When the heat of the day had passed—perhaps about 4 P. M.—the king came out of his kraal and seated himself on the ground. I spread a blanket for him, but he declined to use it, saying: 'the ground is accustomed to me; you sit on the blanket; you are not well.' I did so, and we began conversation. He was eager to see the book which he had heard the white man had. I insisted on presenting my gifts, but he immediately gave them away. A cornet horn pleased him much, but he gave it back, saying: 'I have no ivory to pay for it.' I had a spare suit of clothes which I presented—a coat to one and trousers to another, and it was amusing to see how these garments were utilized, the arms answering for the legs, and *vice-versa*, and the buttons being fastened around the neck with the utmost confidence that this arrangement was quite proper.

"Now it happened that I had two Testaments in the Zulu language," continued Mr. Richards, "but one had been at the bottom of the Zambesi river. The other was a handsome gilt-edge one, and I wanted—naturally I suppose—to keep it for myself. So I took the wet Testament and gave it to my boy. He said: 'Why don't you give him the best?' I then gave the king my gilt-edged Testament. I supposed that he would carry it as a fetich; but he didn't. When the boy presented the book, he said: 'Father, white man has brought you a book.' Umzila had never seen a book. He rose, walked over to my blanket and took the book in his hand, and turning to me, said:

"'Ya bonga incwadi yako,' ('I thank you for the book.') I immediately rose and said, 'Father, why do you thank me?' 'I thank you,' he answered, 'because now I shall own the white man's things.' 'Why do you think the book will be so valuable to you?' 'Now I shall have cattle, goats, powder and wagons.'

"Such was the opinion this powerful ruler had formed of the white man's Bible!

"I then related to him the substance of the Gospel, showing that the King of kings the '*great great*' is not only king of this world but of the other world which we cannot see. Umzila turned around with the book still in his hand and said, 'Is this the same book the white man has?' 'Yes.' 'For the black man, too?' 'Yes.' 'This King of kings, the great-great, sent this book into the world?' 'Yes.' 'Will it make my bad people good?' (The king is not only the ruler but the administrator of the law, and directs the execution of all criminals.) 'Yes.' 'And does it show us the path to that other world of which you speak, and does the sun shine on the path?' 'Yes; it gives light on the path the whole way.' 'Will I be a king over there and not a woman?' (He did not want to be a woman.) 'Yes, we will all be kings over there.' 'My people, will they be with me?' 'Yes, they can all go there.' 'And that sorrow that splits men's souls, will that be done away?' 'Yes, there will be no more sorrow, nor tears nor crying.'

"Then he asked, in the most serious manner, *'If these things are so, why haven't you told us before?'*

Friends of the project for establishing the new missions have been actively engaged in raising funds for the equipment and support of the pioneer movement. Generous responses have been received from different parts of the country from those interested, and any readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD whose hearts are in the evangelization of the Dark Continent, and who desire to help to lift the standard of the Cross among the Mashonas, can have an opportunity of doing so by addressing Mr. Richards, in care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

A GROUP OF NATIVES OF HEATHEN MASHONALAND.
From a Photograph taken by Rev E. H. Richards.

His Was a Helpful Life.

COL. ELLIOTT FITCH SHEPARD, who died suddenly in New York a few days ago, while undergoing a surgical operation, was a noble type of the Christian gentleman and was one of the most generous contributors in the metropolis to all deserving charities. He was born in Jamestown, N. Y., in 1834, of New England Puritan ancestors, his father being Fitch Shepard, President of the

THE LATE COL. E. F. SHEPARD.

National Bank Note Company. Mr. Shepard adopted the legal profession. At the breaking out of the war he raised a regiment of volunteers known as the Shepard Rifles.

In 1867, he married Miss Margaret Louise Vanderbilt. Five years ago he purchased the New York *Mail and Express* from Cyrus W. Field and at once attracted attention by his uncompromising advocacy of Sabbath observance, and by the printing of a Bible text daily at the head of the editorial page. Col. Shepard became the Chairman of the Sabbath Observance Committee of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church and the President of the American Sabbath Union, an office he held ever since its organization in 1888. He founded the New York Bar Association.

In 1884 he gave up his law practice and went abroad, and some time later visited Alaska, where he was greatly interested in the social and moral condition of the people. For several years he spent not less that $12,000 annually, building churches for the natives and supplying them with teachers and food. He never wearied of doing good deeds or relieving the needy. Few seekers left him empty-handed; he aided many weak churches, established funds and scholarships in a number of institutions, and gave liberally to the Boards of the Presbyterian Church. St. Paul's Institute, Tarsus, in Asia Minor, was largely founded and supported by Col. Shepard. His life was essentially a helpful one. It has been said, probably with truth, that Col. Shepard gave more largely to church and charitable purposes than any man in the United States in proportion to his fortune. His widow and five children survive him.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

The Christian Herald is published every Wednesday. The subscription price is $1.50 per year, payable in advance.

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Letters should be addressed
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

SLIPPERY PLACES.

DURING the past winter in this latitude, we had an opportunity of finding out what the old Bible writers meant by slippery places. In those warmer climates they may never have seen a sheet of frozen rain covering the earth, as we on many occasions saw; but they might have had a general idea of it. As one audience on one particular slippery night adjourned, some went flat down, some fell head foremost, some gracefully sat down; but the more part struck out indefinitely, and swung round, and slipped about, and caught after things. We never saw such a spectacle. Neither sliding nor skating seems appropriate on your way from church, but there was nothing else to do. Walking was abolished. Elders, deacons, and clergymen, after singing the doxology, took to field sports. We saw one good man, of undoubted sobriety, getting down into the gutter as though he intended to stay there. A modest woman, without introduction, threw her arms around a lamp-post as though it were a friend from whom she had been parted for fifteen years. A sedate and inoffensive man went round like an unmanageable ship at sea, and ran the boom of his umbrella into a lady's head rigging. Tides of travel from different churches met each other, unable to stop: Presbyterians and Methodists, Baptists and Pedo-baptists, who had been quarreling for some time, suddenly and convulsively embracing each other. It seemed to us incongruous that so many people should have taken their prayer-books along with them when they went a-sliding. As we went creeping along home, holding on iron fences, and balancing ourselves against door-steps, and listening to the thump, and crash, and sprawl, and scrabble, and emphatic exclamations of unfortunate pedestrians on all sides, we fell to moralizing. We thought how easy it is to sit in church and sing "Rock of Ages," and preach about duty and heaven, not realizing there is a cold, slippery world waiting for us outside. The tug, and strain, and self-poising, comes after the doxology. First the benediction, then the ice. That [illegible] sing, and preach splendidly go down as soon as they get out of doors. They imagine it is going to be Antioch, and Mount Pisgah, and Coronation, all the way. The reason that so many good men fall, is because they do not take heed of their steps. David seems to feel his feet going from under him on an uneven cake of ice when he cries out: "My steps had well-nigh slipt."

But alas for those who have nothing to hold on to as they pass on their way! Their feet will slide in due time. The pond of sin is smoothly frozen over, and they venture on it only to fall through; and the litany to be chanted over their demise, as most appropriate, is Psalm 73: 18, "Surely thou didst set them in slippery places; thou castedst them down unto destruction."

We noticed, however, on the icy night spoken of, that many who slipped did not fall. There was some one's arm to take hold of just in time to prevent a serious casualty. Because a Christian makes a bad slip, do not conclude that he has fallen. Laying hold of an arm omnipotent, he may recover himself and get safely through. But it is a fortunate thing, if Christians must fall at all, that they fall on their way toward home, as was the case with hundreds of people on pavements of that Sabbath night.

GOD'S TELEPHONE.

SERMONIC publication gives the people wide choice of pulpit ministration. In country villages there may be but one church, and the services may not be edifying; or in the city, circumstances may make it best to attend a church where the pulpit service is not edifying. Here comes your paper, which gives you a choice of pulpit ministrations. You pick up the paper and see a sermon; it does not suit you. Unless you are an infidel or a fool you will find something for your soul to feed on in every faithful sermonic publication in the weekly papers. Then such publication gives you a symmetrical presentation of the truth. One minister is full of soft sentimentality, and his religion is a jelly-fish. Another gives you nothing but the rigors of the Bible, and his religion is a javelin. The one man's sermon is all heart; the other's, all backbone. But put them together in the same column, the heart in its place and the backbone in its place, and you have a healthy organization. Morality is all that one man preaches. Faith is all that another man preaches. Put them side by side, and let the one tell you that you are saved by faith, and the other man tell you "faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone;" then you will have the whole truth, you will have a complete temple of truth—one man laying the solid foundation, another setting up the fluted columns, another springing the groined arch, and another ringing the Gospel chimes of invitation, inviting all to come and worship. So all together we shall complete the architecture of the temple.

Now, let us be frank in the Church of God, and acknowledge that the printing press is a mighty auxiliary of the Christian pulpit. "Go, teach all nations." How will you teach them? In every way possible. Sometimes by music, sometimes by tract, sometimes by newspaper. Who cares which way the people get the Gospel, if they only get it? Instead, therefore, of harsh criticism by the religious press of the secular press, and instead of great differences on the part of good people—sometimes they sneer at sermonic reporting in the secular press—let God be praised that the Gospel is carried every week on the wings of the secular press to those who would otherwise never see or hear the message. This is the telephone which God has set up to make all the churches and all the earth one great audience. Let the cylinder of the printing-press roll and the compositor continue to set up his six thousand "ems" a day. Place them all in line, the secular and religious press of the country and of Christendom, and at the command of God's Providence, rush these battering-rams against the walls of ignorance and sin until they fall flat as the walls of Jericho, thundered down by the Lord God of Joshua.

* *

Have you never felt the grappling-hooks of the devil on your heart? Have you had no severe battle to fight with "the world, the flesh, and the devil?" Have there not been passes in your life when but for the grace of God you would have been utterly ruined and discomfited? O, do you not feel, you who have never experienced the power of God's grace, that you want some supernal help in the hour of grievous temptation? You all have your temptations. But Christ comes, and with his Divine arm holds you, and he declares you shall not be tempted above that you are able; but that with every temptation he will bring a way of escape, that you may be able to bear it. Do you not acknowledge the fact that you want Christ as a deliverer?

A PERSONAL APPEAL FROM T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

THE Brooklyn Tabernacle whose doors are set open, not only for its own people, but for hundreds of thousands of strangers every year, and in a course of years for millions of strangers of this and other lands, and free of charge, is about to be turned into a theatre or concert hall, and my pastorate here closed forever. Why? Because we have been compelled to build three immense churches, two of them having been destroyed by fire. That is explanation enough for all common-sense people. No congregation ever gathered could have endured such a process. We have a floating debt of one hundred and twenty-four thousand dollars. Seventy-five thousand dollars will pay it, through the kindness of creditors.

I appeal to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for help. If the response is like the magnificent response they made for the Russian Famine Fund, Brooklyn Tabernacle, the largest Protestant church in America, is saved for the cause of God, and my pastorate continues. If not, under the Sheriff's hammer, the church goes down. "Going! Going! Gone!"

To show that I am willing to do my share, after having given my services practically free for three years, I having received only about $625 over and above that which I have paid out for the church, I hereby enclose through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, for the Brooklyn Tabernacle Emergency Fund, my check for *Ten Thousand dollars* to pay the last ten thousand of the entire floating debt.

Let all monies be sent to the Publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and not to me. Yours, T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

Brooklyn, March, 1893.

Since the above came to hand the following Subscriptions have been received:

Publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,	$1,000 00
H. S. Smith, Philadelphia,	500 00
P. B. Bromfield, Jamaica, L. I.,	100 00
Rev. Thomas Harrison,	5 00
Rev. Stephen Merritt,	25 00
A. W. Dennett,	25 00
F. E. Robinson, Rutherford, N. J.,	2 00
W. H. McIntyre, Greenville, N. J.	2 00
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H. Dressner, 1601 Ave. A., N. Y.,	1 25
T. W. Gratz, W. 10th, N. Y.,	2 00
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Miss Vandewater,	5 00
Mrs. A. M. Hull, Durham, N. Y.,	10 00
Valentine Young, Bloomsburg, N. J.,	1 00
Mary P. Young, Bloomsburgh, N.J.,	1 00
J. G. Hill, Cranberry, Pa.,	3 00
Subscriber, Bushwick Ave., Bklyn,	5 00
Friend, Hancock St., Bklyn,	5 00
Total, with Dr. Talmage's $10,000,	$11,714 25

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

YOUNG CONVERTS.

THE devil is getting more followers from the ranks of the Church to do devilish things, than from his own crowd. And why? Well! because the young converts are not looked after as they should be. Let a person be converted, then run the Christian race a little while and fall back, and the wickedness of his life is, as a rule, ten-fold greater than before conversion.

Young converts should have all the care and watchfulness of babes; and that means much. Ask any mother what it means to tend a babe for the first six months or a year of its life. Nursing, bathing, dressing, petting, rocking, watching. Oh! I wish the preachers and the deacons of the Church could be mothers for just once! I think they would know what it means to take care of babes in Christ.

What Friendship Means.

A study of the fifteenth verse of the fifteenth chapter of John will be no wasted time. It will open up the subject of "Friendship." Henry Clay Trumbull has written a book on the "Master Passion," and it will do you good to turn its pages, but better still to apply its lessons.

Friendship means more than kind words when all is going well. A smile in return for a smile is of little value. The friends I want are the ones who will help me: help me be a better man; reprove me when needed; cheer me when jaded; encourage me when disheartened; lift with me when the dead weight of trouble is on my shoulders; give me money when I am in need, and buy the flowers for me before I get in my coffin.

Friends who will stick amid storms of any and every kind; who will stand by me when Job's experience comes; who will see the good in me, and help to bring it out; who will help me to crush out the bad. Such a friend, who cares more for me than for Mrs. Grundy.

Oh! the depths of that word, "Friendship!"

He Knows it All.

My heading does not refer to God, but to a man I have lately met in writing. He is telling how the masses are to be reached; and I am astounded at his wisdom and ability, and with it all, how many fools there are in the world; for everybody not working after his pattern is — is — is — well, "is on the wrong track," to put it mildly.

Oh, dear! when will men learn that God has not shut himself up to any one method, or set of methods, or set of men; or machines, or set of machines? What is the use of a fellow with a little church yelling away at the fellow with a big church, telling him, "little churches only can reach the crowd?" Why should the man with a fine edifice and nice pews and a big organ, cry out against the man who takes a hall, and gathers in those who only will go there—or the ordained and set-apart fellow throw mud at the Salvation Army lassie who goes to the slums, where he never was born to go, or if he does go, will have to be born again?

I just write to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD reader to say, beware of the man who "knows it all," who has the only way of reaching people with truth. He needs to be reached himself, with the truth of 1. Corinthians 12: which is the "Gift Chapter," and there he will discover that one may possess by divine right what another has not. And if anything is true it's this, that there is a difference between a hoe and an ax; but the farmer does well to have both on his farm.

Mr. Long-Tongue.

I have met this man, or his wife (I cannot tell them apart), and if he or she is to be in heaven, I want my mansion on some other street than theirs: unless a second work of grace is wrought before they enter the portals. I really think their hearts have been converted, but as to this one member, there is no question but it's yet in the control of Satan, or a score of his imps. They have brains too: quite a lot, I should say; but there is seemingly no connection between the brain and the tongue; if there is, it don't work; or if it does work, it works too slow; for the tongue gets in first, always.

If they would just talk about some good thing, it would be all right; but like people of this class, their eyes have a peculiar squint which enable them to see defects only, and eye and tongue are in league for destruction.

C. H. Yatman

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE RUSSIAN CRIME.

CABLE dispatches on March 21st announced that a deplorable crime had been committed in the ancient city of Moscow. While M. Alexieff, the mayor of the city, was presiding at a meeting of the City Council, a man entered the Council Chamber and asked to speak with him privately. M. Alexieff went to ascertain his business and the man drew a revolver and shot him in the stomach. It is difficult to imagine what could have been the assassin's motive for the crime, as the mayor has proved an exceptionally good official. He was public spirited and philanthropic to a remarkable degree. He had been in office eight years and during that time had devoted the whole of his salary of six thousand dollars a year to charity. He had also been most efficient in the discharge of his duties, had given the city an excellent system of drainage and provided for a good water supply. When the city was threatened with a visitation of cholera last year, he had it thoroughly cleansed at his own expense, and, while the work was in progress, he personally superintended the scavengers, spending twenty-one hours of the twenty-four in going from place to place to see that the work was being thoroughly done. In his conduct of his private business he was similarly thoughtful of others. In taking on new employes, his foremen were instructed to engage those who most needed employment, especially widows with families. When Mr. Klopsch and Dr. Talmage visited Moscow last year to distribute the relief generously provided by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers for the famine sufferers, he entertained them hospitably, and manifested hearty sympathy with their mission. The murder of so exemplary a man has caused general surprise. It could not have been caused by personal enmity, as the assassin was a stranger to the mayor. The police charge the crime to the Nihilists, and their contention is confirmed by the fact that they found on his person a slip of paper bearing the words, "The lot has fallen on you." This would indicate that the mayor's death is a penalty for his loyalty to the Czar, with whom he was a great favorite. The Nihilists have of late been striking down the Czar's friends, apparently with the hope that he will be alarmed on his own account and institute reforms. It shows how deeply ingrained in the human mind is the idea of vicarious sacrifice. As in the case of the Phœnix Park murders and the assassination of Lincoln and Garfield, the crime seems to have been conceived in the hope that, by sacrificing an innocent person, a whole people might be benefited. Caiaphas had the same idea when the death of Jesus was plotted (John 11: 50.)

A Count's Troubles.

A prisoner who was convicted in the Municipal Court of Boston, Mass., on March 2 of defrauding a hotel of his board bill, tells a romantic story, the truth of which was proved by documents in his possession. He is a French Count, the son of a wealthy nobleman. About three years ago he met a Belgian lady in Paris, to whom he became engaged. She was very beautiful and fascinating, and his father, after seeing her, approved of the match. After a few months, however, he discovered that he had made an unwise choice. He dissolved the engagement, but, not wishing to injure her, did not disclose his reasons to any one, not even his father. The lady turned his magnanimity to her own advantage. She carried her story to the father who is an old man and very susceptible. She completely captivated him and incensed him against his son. Under her influence the old man wrote his son, ordering him to fulfil his engagement or be cast off and disowned. The son was deeply pained by his father's letter, and being too proud to explain, quitted the country and came to America. He thought that being well educated he could easily support himself. He had, however, no special knowledge that could be put to practical use. He could not get employment, and sank into such poverty that he was glad to accept work in a cotton-mill, at one dollar a day. His habits had not fitted him to live on so small an income, and he got into difficulties which eventually resulted in his arrest for defrauding the hotel. He is certainly in pitiable circumstances, and his trouble is all the greater because it is through his father's misunderstanding him that he is deprived of his love and confidence. Happily, the Christian is safe from that possibility. When all men misconstrue his conduct and accuse him falsely, he can rely on his heavenly Father and say, as Job did, "He knoweth the way that I take" (Job 23: 10.)

A Conscientious Executor.

AN extraordinary suit is now pending in the Superior Court of New York State. It has arisen out of a dispute over the validity of a will. The will was drawn by the testator himself. It bequeaths the bulk of his large fortune to the children of an adopted daughter. The remainder is devoted to small legacies to his brothers and sisters and to a few charitable institutions. There is much ambiguity in the phraseology of the will and there were other grounds for questioning its validity. One of the testator's brothers was made executor, and he insists that the will is valid and proposes to execute its provisions as he understands them. His brothers and sisters, however, have interposed, and have brought suit to have the will set aside and have the estate divided under the intestate law. The executor has secured able counsel and is prepared to make a vigorous fight to uphold the will. He has been reminded that if the will is broken, he will receive over one hundred thousand dollars, which will go to strangers if he wins his suit. To this consideration, however, he pays no attention, and is defending the will that disinherits himself. A man whose conduct is governed by right and conscience and not by considerations of personal interest belongs to the nobility of the earth, and is akin to him who pleased not himself, but gave his life a sacrifice for others. (Mark 10: 45.)

MOSCOW, RUSSIA, AND PORTRAIT OF MAYOR ALEXIEFF, RECENTLY ASSASSINATED.

A Fatal Treasure.

A REMARKABLE fatality occurred at a fire in Philadelphia on March 19. Three adjoining houses were burned early that morning. On the third floor of the second house two girls were sleeping in the same room. They were awakened by the smell of smoke and the crackling of burning wood. They rose and rushed to the head of the stairs, but their escape by that way was cut off, as the stairs were already on fire. There was another staircase, and the girls ran to it at the top of their speed, fearing lest that too might be on fire. But the flames had not reached it and they made their way quickly to the street, arousing the other inmates of the house as they went down. After the fire was extinguished, the firemen found a charred figure in the girls' room, beside the open drawer of a bureau. In the drawer was ninety-seven dollars in gold. An examination revealed the fact that the charred figure was the burned corpse of one of the two girls, who had escaped. She had returned to rescue her savings and had been overcome by the smoke, and, falling on the floor, had been burned to death. Probably the money was all she had in the world and she would naturally be reluctant to lose it. But she had better have lost that than her life. It is sometimes difficult to get the awakened sinner to take that view of his situation. Rather than lose the soul, it is better to make any sacrifice, though it be of something as precious as a right hand or a right eye. (Matt. 18: 8, 9.)

A Weak Foundation.

Two imposing business houses in New York were seriously injured last week by a singular accident. Formerly, two much more humble houses occupied their site, but at different times the two handsome edifices have been built from the ground up. When they were erected, it was difficult to get at the foundations, as both were built on the same party wall. The owners therefore contented themselves with building a separate and independent wall above the level of the street, and they ran them up very high, according to the custom of late in the city. On the night of March 17, a policeman passing the place heard a loud crash, and saw the plate glass windows in both stores suddenly shattered into thousands of pieces. No one was near to do the mischief, but it was easy to see what had caused it. Each house had a list of several inches from the level. The house on the north leaned toward the south, and the southern house leaned toward the north. The foundation wall on which both houses depended for support had crumbled under a weight it was not intended to bear, and the massive upper walls of both houses had sunk. Efforts will be made to repair the damage, but experienced builders think that it may be necessary to pull both houses down and rebuild them on independent and more substantial foundations. Such calamities are not without parallel in the realm of morals. Sudden wealth, or popularity, or political eminence coming upon a nature fitted for humble life is apt to try the foundations of character, and if they are not built on the one Rock, to lead, as we have seen recently in Europe, to moral and social ruin. (1 Cor. 3: 11.)

Music Spoiled.

A PIANOFORTE manufacturer in Boston, Mass., describes a strange experience he is having in one district of the city. He has received requests from citizens to examine their pianos as they have become useless. The trouble in all cases was much alike. When the keys were struck, the hammers struck the strings several times in a helpless fashion, marring the music. He knew that such an effect must be due to some defect in the tapes which hold the hammers in place. He was puzzled by discovering in the first piano he attempted to set right, that the tapes had wholly disappeared. He could not understand what had become of them until he took the piano to pieces. Then he found that a family of mice had settled in the piano and had used the tapes to make their nest. A bunch of tapes chewed into pulp, as large as a cocoa-nut, was at the bottom of the instrument, forming a comfortable bed for a number of young mice. Since then, he has found a number of pianos reduced to silence by the same cause. In that district of the city, the mice have either simultaneously discovered this new use for piano-tapes, or have in some way communicated the fact to each other. Evidently piano-owners there and elsewhere will do well to guard against the little pests, by preventing their getting access to the interior of their instruments. Similar vigilance is needed in the Church, and the family, and the individual life, to prevent the harmony being spoiled. Evil thoughts and what are called, little sins, if they once gain entrance and remain, soon produce discord. (Cant. 2: 15.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Salvation Army has purchased for $200,000 the site of its barracks on Fourteenth Street near Sixth Avenue, New York, and will erect there a four-story building as the headquarters of the United States contingent.

Bishop Tucker of Equatorial Africa, announces the discovery of the remains of the murdered Bishop Hannington. They were found under an old ammunition box buried beneath a half-demolished hut. The skull was plainly recognisable.

Mr. Isaac V. Brokaw has given $50,000 to the Madison Avenue Reformed Church in New York, with which it will erect a new mission building on the East side of the city. It will contain a school large enough to accommodate 1,200 children, a chapel, rooms for rescue work and a day nursery.

Rev. E. P. Telford closes this week his services at Clinton Ave. Reformed Church, Newark, N. J. The meetings have been very largely attended. Fully a thousand persons have been present at the meetings for men. Rev. Daniel H. Martin, the pastor of the church, has cordially co-operated with the Evangelist in the movement.

Major Hilton's Gospel Mission at Los Angeles, Cal., is growing in power and usefulness. Both the spiritual and philanthropic departments are in active operation. The monthly reports show how great a blessing it has proved to the city in relieving the poor and reclaiming the fallen.

The Rescue Mission at 70 Springfield Avenue, Newark, N. J., has been doing valuable work in reclaiming lost and degraded characters who frequent the neighborhood. Mr. Walter James Lovell, who has taken a deep interest in the effort, writes us that the managers are in urgent need of money to continue their work. Any assistance rendered them will be gratefully received.

Dr. B. Labaree, who has been a missionary in Persia for many years, is now in this country for rest and recuperation. He is anxious to enlist the people and the government, in an effort to obtain some relief from the Russian Government for the persecuted Stundists. At the Monday lecture in Boston, Mass., where he spoke, a resolution was passed urging an appeal to the Czar on behalf of these much suffering people.

Dr. L. W. Munhall has moved the whole town of Muscatine, Iowa, by the united meetings he has been holding there. The *Daily News-Tribune* says that they were the greatest ever held there, not in size only but in their results. The paper has been publishing daily reports of the sermons and recording the growing number of converts. All the evangelical churches of the town will receive accessions of membership.

The programme of the World's Congress of Missions, to be held in connection with the World's Fair, is already printed, and correspondence is going on with influential friends of Missions in England, France, India, Africa, China, Germany and this country, to speak on the great subject which will be brought before the gathering, from September 28 to October 5 inclusive. It is hoped that Canon Farrar, Mr. McAll of Paris, Rev. George F. Pentecost, Rev. Charles F. Parkhurst, D. L. Moody and many other eminent men will take part.

A convention to organize a national association of Open Air Workers is called for April 17, at 2:30 P.M. It will be held in the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue, New York. All men and women engaged in, or interested in open-air Christian work, whether in preaching on street corners, or in Gospel wagon work or tent work are invited to attend. Among the signatures on the call for the convention are those of Drs. A. J. Gordon, Josiah Strong, Teunis S. Hamlin, R. A. Torrey, A. F. Schauffler and A. C. Dixon.

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

THE WONDERFUL TOMB.

A Sermon Preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York, on Easter Sunday morning, April 2, 1893, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D. Text: Matthew 28 : 6 "Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

ONCE more we greet to-day with garland, song and prayer, our risen, victorious and ever blessed Redeemer. We prostrate ourselves at his feet, while "All Hail" salutes his ear. Every Sunday is the Lord's day, and commemorates his resurrection; but it is fitting that once a year we should earnestly and tenderly emphasize this glorious fact. We dislike the name Easter. It is connected with the Anglo-Saxon goddess E-tera and Ostara; a deity once the object of heathen worship. This was the goddess of light and spring, in whose honor a festival was celebrated in April, and this month came to be known as Ostarmanoth or Easter month. It was natural to compare the sunrise and the spring time to the new light and life in the resurrection of Jesus Christ. There is no doubt a transfer of the celebration of this heathen deity to the observance of the resurrection of our Lord. But even

Heathen Myths

as Dr. Schaff suggests, are often unconscious prophecies of Christian truths. The objection to this name might be made also to the names of the days of the week and of the months of the year. They are of heathen origin, and we might well oppose their use if there was any possibility of discontinuing the same by the selection of Christian substitutes.

The significance of Easter, it is difficult to overestimate. It is the Christian Passover, and the oldest and greatest of all the holy days of the Christian Church. Its observance can be traced to the first century of our era. It ought to be a time of holy joy, of devout thanksgiving and of joyous expectation. It is not surprising that in some branches of the early Church the preceding night was spent in reading the Scriptures, in singing joyous hymns and in offering devout prayers until the dawn of Easter morning. In this way the transition from the deep sorrow caused by meditating on Christ's death to the great joy in his resurrection as the Prince of Life was made in that early day. Church historians tell us that large numbers of pagans were accustomed to join with Christians in these services, watching together for the dawn of the resurrection morning. It was long believed that Christ would on this morning come again in power and in glory. In the Russian Church, after impressive ceremonies during the night, the day begins with the jubilant salutation, "The Lord is risen;" and the joyous response is made, "He is risen indeed." To-day angels might well sing anew their songs of praise to their Lord and our Redeemer; to-day the First Begotten from

The Dead Comes Forth

from the conflict crowned with victory; to-day hell and the grave are defeated; to-day the kingdom of darkness is spoiled; to-day the Son of man is declared with power to be the Son of God; to-day the Church wears the robes and crown of royalty and glory. All [illegible] forth bearing in his girdle the keys of death and hell and wearing on his brow the crown [illegible] Memorial Day there much of [illegible] thoughts of gratitude and love, of certain [illegible]

It will be profitable for us to meditate for a little on the myth[illegible] It is interesting to observe, at the outset, that it is the invitation of an angel. The angels [illegible] heaven to become the Saviour of men. Angels followed him on his downward journey from the throne of God to the manger in Bethlehem. They made, in solo and in chorus, celestial music on the night when the Christ was born. Doubtless they were often with him during his earthly sojourn. We may well believe that they honored the scene of his baptism by their seraphic presence. We know that they ministered unto him amid the trials, the humiliations, and the agonies of Gethsemane; and now we find them

Keeping Watch at His Grave.

One at the head and the other at the foot of the place where the Lord had lain. An angel rolled back the stone from the door and sat upon it, an angel whose countenance was like lightning and whose raiment was white as snow. No wonder that at that great sight the keepers did shake and become as dead men; but when the devout loving women approached, the angels had for them messages of tender encouragement and of earnest hope. The angels knew well whom these women sought. They, therefore, invite them to come that they may see the place where the Lord lay. Later, angels command them to go and tell his disciples that he has risen from the dead. Angels felt honored in being the servants of their Lord and the servants of his people. He is their king as he is ours. Perhaps he is not their Saviour as he is ours; but nevertheless they owned his authority and gave him the reverence which is his due. We might well imagine the conversation which was held by these angels as they spoke to each other while watching by his grave. They rejoiced in honoring the spot which was honored by their Lord and Master while he lay in the power of death and the grave. We may well listen to this angelic invitation and go under this heavenly guidance to the place where our Lord lay.

The Tomb of Deity.

It is also the tomb of the greatest visitant which earth or Hades ever knew. Christ was King of men as he is the Lord of heaven. His tomb is the shrine of the loftiest genius as truly as the altar of the tenderest love. Men visit with softened tread the tombs of earth's heroes, whether it be that of a Napoleon, a Lincoln or a Grant, but never was there a tomb so conspicuously that of gentleness and greatness, of lottiness and lowliness, of divinity and humanity as is the tomb of Jesus Christ. Tell us not of Palestine's tombs of the kings, not of India's glorious Taj, not of Italy's Campo Santo, not of Russia's Tombs of the Czars, not of France's Pere La Chaise, not of Scotland's Necropolis or Greyfriars' churchyard, not of England's Frogmore and Westminster Abbey, Joseph's tomb is the tomb of humanity and the tomb of divinity. It is the unique tomb of the world. The world is now beginning to recognize him as its profoundest thinker, its wisest leader, and its divinest sufferer. He is ruling the thoughts of men to-day with a kingly sceptre and with irresistible power. The world will never go beyond the Sermon on the Mount, either for breadth of thought, clearness of vision, tenderness of statement, or divineness of spirit. Christ rules to-day as king on the throne because once he died as a sacrifice on the Cross. This is the tomb of the world's greatest Man. Compared with him all other great men shrink into significance, and the lustre of their genius is lost in darkness. Why will men worship heroes and refuse to give the homage of their hearts to Jesus Christ? Why will men glorify the destroyers of life and refuse to give their love to him who came not to destroy, but to save? Why will they glorify weak and sinful men, and refuse to give glory to him whose perfection as man is without spot, and whose divinity is clearly proved by his perfect humanity? This is

A Sweet and Blessed Spot

We cannot accept this invitation literally today because the hand of time, the hand of the infidel, and the hand of the vandal has so obscured the place that we cannot be sure of its location. Little did the angels who first gave that invitation know that it would sound through the ages to come, and would finally reach our ears in this far-off land and in this distant century. The invitation is sweet to our ears, notwithstanding the uncertainties regarding the locality and the changes in the characteristics. Never was grave so charmful as that of the Son of God. He has perfumed it by his presence. Sweeter breath than that borne upon the gales of Ceylon salutes us as we are conscious of that holy fragrance of that blessed tomb. Our divine Lord never saw corruption. Sweet and blessed is this tomb. Voiceful is it in its silence, and eloquent in its emptiness as with the loving women we draw near to it this morning in obedience to the invitation of the angels.

A Costly Tomb.

Standing beside this empty tomb there is much of interest that we may observe. The now sainted Spurgeon, in one of his earlier sermons, called attention to the fact that it is a costly tomb. He was quite right in emphasizing this fact. No common grave was that of our divine Lord. His was not the grave of a pauper; he was buried in no potter's field; his was truly the tomb of a King. The prophecy was made seven hundred years before that he should make "his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death." Nothing apparently could be more unlikely of fulfilment than the ancient prophecy; but it was fulfilled to the very letter. A princely tomb was the tomb of the Prince of life. This fact is the more wonderful when we remember that in life he had not where to lay his head. No sumptuous palace was his, no crown of gold, no sandals of silver were his. Why does he not fill a pauper's grave? Why should he be with the rich in his death? Why should many difficulties in the fulfilment of that ancient prophecy be overcome that our divine Lord might sleep in a new and costly tomb? Is there not here a sweet suggestion for every true believer? If Jesus is to be buried the rich Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus of the Sanhedrin shall assist in that burial. His work of expiation is now finished. No more shall shame, buffeting, and reproach be visited upon his sacred person. When he said, "It is finished," his experience of the contempt, contumely, and ignominy of men is ended. His body will be embalmed with precious spicery and robed in costly shroud for

The Tomb of Honor

and not the tomb of disgrace. Courtly hands will bear the sacred head, and womanly tenderness will wipe the pierced brow; and thus with love and reverence will the sacred body be laid in the new-hewn sepuchre. Loving hearts will follow as mourners, and the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea will become the tomb of Jesus the King.

We observe also that this tomb is in a garden. This is indeed a striking circumstance. It is a strange place for a tomb. Not in gardens do we ordinarily expect to find tombs. It is true that occasionally the tombs of kings were in gardens, but such occasions were rare and were associated with princely splendor and royal greatness. As we look about us we see clearly that this is no place of graves. Here are no other memorials of the dead; there is but a single tomb and that in a garden. There is here a strange mingling of opposites. Gardens suggest life, growth, beauty; tombs suggest decay, death, corruption. This mingling of opposites is suggestive of all experiences of life. Every garden in life has its tomb, whether it be the garden of the heart, of the home, or of the Church. Every path leads to some tomb. This fact is the sad side of earthly experience; but there is a bright side as truly as there is a dark side. For while there is a tomb in every garden there may be

A Garden Around every Tomb.

That fact is inexpressibly sweet. Meet it was that Christ, the Lord of life and glory, should be buried in a garden. Was it not in a garden that sin and death were born? Ought it not to be in a garden that sin and death should die, and life and love should have a new birth to die no more? In Eden death won his first victory, and in the garden near Calvary, death received his last stroke from the great Conqueror. This garden suggests the other garden, the paradise of God where sin can never enter; where sorrow is unknown, and where love lives on rejoicing in the immediate presence of God.

If we observe more closely we shall see that the grave clothes are orderly arranged, and the napkin is laid in a place by itself. These facts are full of suggestion to every thoughtful mind. We see clearly that this tomb was not rifled, that Christ did not hastily arise, and that loving hands disposed of the cerements of the grave, and folded by itself the napkin that was around his thorn-pierced brow. Doubtless our Lord showed in this way his appreciation of order and propriety, and thus taught lessons of homely instruction while he was proving truths of highest and divinest importance. Clumsy was the story told by the soldiers, that his disciples stole him away while they slept. The condition of the tomb is itself the contradiction of their foolish affirmation. Glorious was the rising from the grave, and amid its majestic elements was the regard for the proprieties of life in these humble details. No human eye saw Christ arise; the angels did not say that they saw him rise. Evermore in silence are God's sublimest deeds wrought. Perhaps when the angel rolled away the stone and sat upon it, the divine Lord came forth, without haste, without confusion, in the calmness of conscious power, and in the majesty of divine achievement.

All the surroundings of the tomb are full of suggestion. It was cut in a rock, as was fitting for the temporary resting place of him who is the Rock of Ages. It was a new tomb, as became him of virgin mother born, and of unique life as well as birth. Had another ever been buried in that tomb it might have been claimed, as in the case of the man who touched Elisha's bones, that so Christ arose from the dead; but none other ever slept in that tomb. It was reserved for the exclusive use of the mighty monarch of death's domain as of earth's dominion. We may well bless God for all the circumstances of that wondrous burial, that costly tomb and this glorious resurrection. Joseph intended the tomb for his own family; but it became the tomb of heaven's King and so is immortal among the tombs of earth.

An Empty Tomb.

We observe also, and chiefly, that this is now an empty tomb. The angels invite the women to come that they may behold the place where the Lord lay, not where the Lord lies. This is the greatest and sublimest truth ever taught the children of men. The doctrine of our Lord's resurrection is the foundation stone of the Christian Church; and that stone is laid practically in the empty grave of Jesus Christ. Nothing is more certain than that Jesus Christ was truly dead. In that rocky tomb, motionless and dead, the mighty Redeemer lay; and nothing is more certain than that this dead Christ arose from the grave to die no more. As well might we attempt to deny the existence of Cæsar or Napoleon as the resurrection of Jesus Christ, than that no historical event is more certain. He burst Cæsar's seal, and proved that the rocky walls of Joseph's tomb could not imprison the Lord of life and glory.

The resurrection of Christ has changed the literature, the sculpture, the painting and the music of the Church and of the world. It teaches us great lessons, some of which we do well to emphasize as we stand to-day beside this empty tomb. We here receive conclusive proofs of the divine nature of the Redeemer. Proofs enough he gave during his lifetime that he was truly the Son of God and the Saviour of men. But his words were misunderstood, misinterpreted and rejected. His resurrection, however, must convince all candid inquirers, and at least silence all captious cavilers. This effect it seems to have produced when the apostles first went forth to declare the mighty fact. Christ had himself rested all his claims to be the Son of God upon

The Sublime Fact

of his resurrection. Had he not been truly the Son of God he never would have come forth from the tomb of Joseph. When challenged to give a proof of his claims, he referred to his own resurrection from the dead. His resurrection was, therefore, a fulfilment of his own prophecies, as well as the working of the greatest of miracles.

His resurrection is also a proof that his work of atonement was accepted by God the Father. It was the Father's seal upon the atoning work of the Son. Not on the cross, but rather in the tomb did that work reach its completion. In the tomb the great battle was fully fought and the sublime victory gloriously won. Then it was that the son of David was declared with power to be the Son of God. Then it was that the foundation of Christ's reign among men was laid. Other founders of religion lived and died, but Christ is the only founder a religion who came forth from the grave. His resurrection is the unique fact in our holy faith; it is the divine proof of its absolute certainty. It carries with it all the facts of his birth, his life, his death. His resurrection has justly been called "God's amen and the hallelujah of humanity." It gives us a striking proof of his divinity. To

This Crowning Miracle

the teachers of Christianity constantly appealed; to be the witnesses of his resurrection was one of the objects for which the apostles were appointed. In his great sermon on the day of Pentecost, the Apostle Peter affirms, "This Jesus hath God raised up whereof we all are

witnesses." Paul, addressing the men of Athens affirms that, "He hath given assurance until all men in that he hath raised him from the dead." To this same miracle the teachers of Christianity may now refer as proof of its supernatural claims. It is the key-stone in the arch of our faith. If it be true all other affirmations of that faith may be easily proved.

The doctrine of the resurrection also accounts for the existence of the Church. We know that the Christian faith has transformed the world; but we cannot account for the Christian Church, except we admit the resurrection of the Lord. Were the first teachers of this new faith deceivers? Who dare so affirm? Were they deceived? Who can so believe? Deny the resurrection and you cannot account for the Church. This fact any man may safely affirm in the presence of any student of history. You may safely challenge any man who denies the resurrection of Christ to account for the existence of the Church. No sensible man will accept the challenge. Nothing is more logical or sublime than the Apostle Paul's reasoning in 1. Cor. 15th chapter, when he says that if Christ be not risen our faith is in vain. But he gloriously affirms that Christ is risen, and he exults in the fact that our faith is not vain.

One other and more personal lesson we may learn as we stand beside this empty grave—Christ's resurrection is

A Prophecy and Proof

of our resurrection. He is the only one instance of a complete victory over death in his own person. He met death in his own domain and won in that dark territory his glorious victory. Hitherto Death was an inexorable tyrant never bribed by tears and never melted by beauty. He struck his deadly blow and humanity fell before his power. Enoch and Elijah really won no victory over death, for they never really grappled with this foe. They were translated without meeting him on the field of conflict. There is, as we have seen during the past three weeks, proof that the ruler's daughter, the widow's son and Lazarus were rescued for a time from the power of death; but death afterward claimed them for his own. Christ alone of woman born ever grappled with the mighty wrestler death, and overcame him in his own dark domain. Death never before had such a visitant in his silent realms. Jesus wrenched the sceptre of empire from his hand, and took the crown of dominion from his brow. Jesus won a full and a final victory leaving the sepulchre that morning to return no more forever. Nothing but that empty tomb remained to tell that once the Son of God slept on this rocky bed.

We thus have a sweetly personal interest in this victory. Christ won it not for himself alone. As he died for us so

He Rose for Us.

The good Shepherd ever goeth before his sheep. Our resurrection depends upon his. Fast as the grave seems now to shut in our beloved, it is doomed to relax its grasp. An angel shall visit all the tombs of earth, as angels visited the tomb of Jesus, and these tombs like his must give up their dead. When men say that the scientific objections are such that they cannot believe in the doctrine of the resurrection, we have simply to ask them, Did Jesus rise? This is a question of fact. Is it true? There are, all admit, difficulties in the doctrine of our resurrection. They are inexplicable; but were there not also difficulties in the resurrection of Christ? The difficulties in the case of a general resurrection are not greater, from a strictly scientific point of view, then those in the case of the resurrection of Jesus. To believe that he died and rose again is scientifically as difficult as to believe that we die and may rise again. He who denies that the dead can rise must also deny that Christ did rise. "But now is Christ risen." Then we, too, may arise. Empty as was Joseph's tomb, so empty shall all the tombs of the world be when the archangel's trump shall sound. All hail, then, thou risen Jesus! Thou art he who once was dead, but who now liveth forevermore. At thy girdle are the keys of death and hell. March forward, thou mighty Conqueror, in thy sublime victory! Let all the bells of heaven ring on this glad Easter morning. With thee we bear the cross; with thee we shall be buried in the grave; with thee we shall rise in triumph; and with thee we shall sit on thy throne to die no more, but to rejoice evermore in the triumphs thou hast won—thou Christ of God, blessed forevermore!

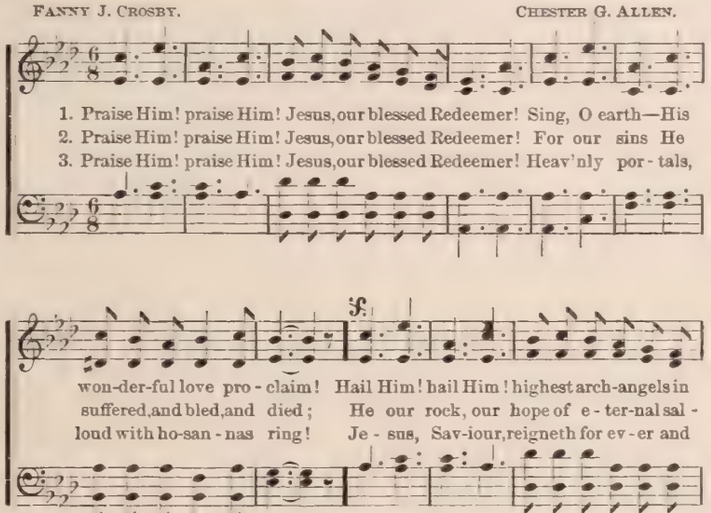
The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people

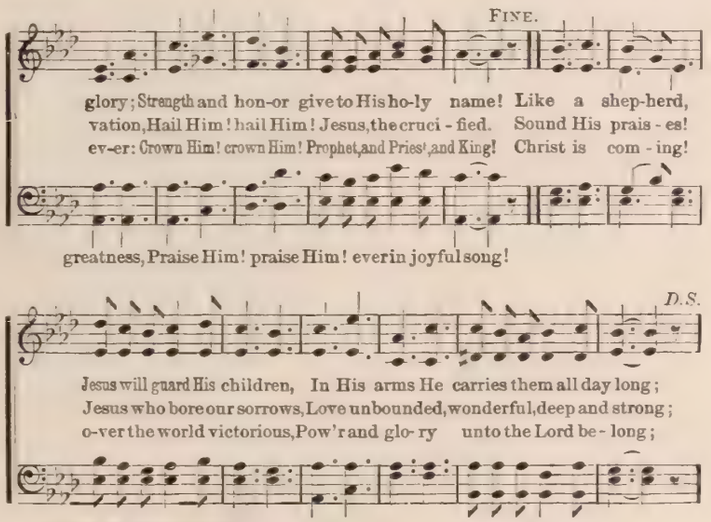
Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

Praise Him! Praise Him!

"I will sing praises unto my God."—Ps. 146: 2.

FANNY J. CROSBY. CHESTER G. ALLEN.


1. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer! Sing, O earth—His
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer! For our sins He
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer! Heav'nly por-tals,
F.
won-der-ful love pro-claim! Hail Him! hail Him! highest arch-angels in
suffered, and bled, and died; He our rock, our hope of e-ter-nal sal-
loud with ho-san-nas ring! Je-sus, Sav-iour, reigneth for ev-er and
D.S.—Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His excellent


FINE.
glory; Strength and hon-or give to His ho-ly name! Like a shep-herd,
vation, Hail Him! hail Him! Jesus, the cruci-fied. Sound His prais-es!
ev-er: Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com-ing!
greatness, Praise Him! praise Him! ever in joyful song!
D.S.
Jesus will guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long;
Jesus who bore our sorrows, Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong;
o-ver the world victorious, Pow'r and glo-ry unto the Lord be-long;

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IT PASSETH KNOWLEDGE.

NO tongue can tell, nor pen indite
The love of Christ, the Infinite;
'Tis high as heaven, than hell more deep—
The love which caused those eyes to weep:
Boundless as God's Eternity,
Else it had ne'er reached down to me!

The joys of heaven my Lord forsook,
And of our mortal flesh partook;
Tho' rich for us, became he poor,
That we might enter heaven's door.
Such wondrous kindness as he felt
A heart of adamant might melt!

That tender heart was pierced with woe,
That we the love of God might know.
It braved men's deadly hate and scorn,
And vanquished Satan's "hope forlorn."
His life, his love laid freely down
To win us an immortal crown!

Dost pity him? Thy load he bears,
Thy sins have caused his bitter tears,
In his own body and for thee
He groans and dies on yonder tree;
Haste, burdened one; to Jesus bow,
Awake! Arise! He calleth now!

—"E." in *Christian Witness.*

CHRIST IS THE WAY.

"WHICH is the way?" a wayfarer said,
Looking o'er the many before him.
The bird voices from the sky had fled,
And deep clouds were gathering o'er him.
"The ways are many; how shall I know
Along which one my poor soul should go?"

"Most of them have been chartered by man,
And I wist not where they may lead me;
Still I cannot take all—no man can—
And little the guides seem to heed me."
He wiped his brow and in sorrow cried,
"O, when shall my soul be satisfied?"

Darker and darker still grew the night,
The clouds, one by one, coming nearer;
Each path had a claim that each was right,
But never one ray made it clearer:
"Dear soul of mine, lift thy thoughts above,
There must come light from a Father's love."

Never did light that was prayed for fail:
Now it flooded his soul while pleading,
Moved the thick clouds like a thinning veil;
Light came with the darkness receding,
When he heard a voice those sweet words say:
"Christ is the Life and Christ is the Way."

Perth Amboy, N. J. WILLIAM LYLE.

THE COMING ANTICHRIST.

His Origin, Identity, Rise, Culmination and Destruction.

BY REV. WYNDHAM M. MADDEN.*

FROM an early period of the Divine Revelation and onward to the very end, there are distinct intimations given of one who is to be revealed as the great antagonist of the Church of God. Let an examination be made into some parts of the Psalms; let the more precise utterances of the prophet Daniel respecting the Little Horn be remembered; and I feel convinced that the existence of such an enemy will be allowed. Men have agreed to call this adversary by the name of Antichrist.

It would be interesting to know where, and in what manner, such an adversary of godliness will arise; and the Bible gives us some little information regarding this. The prophecies of the seventh of Daniel and the seventeenth of Revelation, prove that the Antichrist will spring up among the ten kingdoms of the Roman Empire. If you will examine and compare together the seventh and eighth chapters of the book of Daniel, you will see that the antichrist will most probably arise in the eastern division of the empire, from one of the four kingdoms into which the Grecian or Alexander's empire was divided.

There is an intimation in Daniel 11 of the manner of his rise. In that chapter I understand the history of one person to be detailed, from the commencement of the twenty-first verse to the conclusion; and that person I believe is to be Antichrist. If this be so, his beginning is obscure and insignificant. He is denominated here "a vile person, to whom they shall not give the honor of the kingdom." But though obscure and insignificant at first, he is cunning and crafty; for "he shall come in peaceably and obtain the kingdom by flatteries."

Then, having once obtained some footing, he will contrive the fall of three of the ten kings. This is told us in the seventh of Daniel. Yet it will be effected in such a manner, that whether the kings themselves are supplanted, and new ones raised in their places or not, the ten kingdoms will remain as before.

He eventually becomes the ruling head of the Roman Empire. The beast from the sea in Rev. 13, I consider to be the Antichrist as fully manifested; and as is generally allowed, he is therefore represented as the head of that empire. I gather that the Antichrist will at his commencement support and uphold Romanism. It may be that to a certain extent he will be identified with Romanism, and that he will be the means of raising that idolatrous system to an almost unparalleled prosperity: yet this will not last long; the conduct of the Antichrist is evidently only a scheme for securing his own aggrandizement. He will carry the woman as long as he cannot do without her, but when he can dispense with her assistance he will be ruled no more.

Then again, it is important to notice the connection of the Antichrist with Satan, which is of deep moment. The Antichrist will be under the guidance of Satan; nay more, will occupy Satan's seat; will reign for Satan in his character of the god of this world; will act by the energy of Satan; will acknowledge him; will probably worship him; will be, as far as that is possible, an incarnation of Satan; and in conjunction with the false prophet who has the power of working miracles, and with the old serpent himself, will seem at least to be blasphemously imitating the divine mystery of the Godhead.

Yet, when I say this, it must not be supposed that I think that the features most revolting to human nature, which we are apt to look upon as characteristic of Satan's rule, will be rife on earth; far from it. Satan, through the Antichrist, will then appear, not as the tyrannical oppressor of this world but as its god, to raise it to its best and most prosperous estate. His great agent in this work will profess himself, and be recognized as the world's Messiah, the coming man, of whom some people are wont to speak, really come; the man who will lead them where they never have been led before; who will give them an honor, and a glory they have dreamed of, but never realized; who will gratify all their tastes, even the most refined; who will please all their fancies, and flatter their vanities; and be the one universal representative of themselves. He will come in his own name, and men will receive him. There will be nothing to humble human nature in submitting to him; nay, the world will think that humanity has then gained its culminating point. Yes, and it will be its culminating point; its culminating point of evil, from which the Lord Jesus himself will hurl it down to its fitting judgment.

*From [illegible]

Questions & Answers

OUR MAIL-BAG.

[illegible] N. Y. [illegible]

Why [illegible]
Then conversion of course will draw nigh.

Possibly some of our readers may be able to [illegible]

Thos. M. Hill, Welford, S. C. What was the name of [illegible]

According to the Arab traditions, her name [illegible] An edifice at Maricaba, in Arabia, bears an inscription which some antiquarians believe refers to her, under the appellation of "Almacah" or "Balmacah."

R. A. B., Granite Falls, Minn. What is the length [illegible]

The Wan-li-Chang ("myriad-mile wall") was built about 220 B. C., and is about 1,250 miles long, 20 feet high, 25 feet thick at base and 15 feet wide at top.

J. B. M., Keokuk, Ia. How did the belief in witch-[illegible]

It is older than history; 4,000 years before the Christian era, the Accadians, who lived on the banks of the river Euphrates, were Shamanists and believed in spirits. Even at that remote period magic spells and conjuring rites were practised. Egypt, Persia, and India were the means of strengthening and extending the belief in witchcraft in later ages.

M. S. Sims, Luna, New Mexico. How is it that historians of the first and second centuries of [illegible]

The historians of that day, like many of the historians of subsequent times, fixed their attention on battles, the affairs of kings and courts, and the rise and fall of dynasties, rather than on religious movements. As Christ preached to the poor; and as the converts to Christianity in apostolic days, and afterward were chiefly from the humble classes, the secular historians would naturally regard the movement as too unimportant for notice. Irenæus, Clement, Tertullian, and Justin Martyr, who all lived before the year 200, wrote fully about Christ, and Pliny wrote in 107 a letter describing the early Christians.

"Old Subscriber," Milwaukee, Mis. What has in-[illegible] teachings, or what does it offer in exchange for [illegible]

It has done nothing. Infidelity has reared no temple, formulated no system of law or morals, established no humanities, built no orphanages, asylums, hospitals or similar institutions, advanced no good cause for the physical, mental, or moral elevation of man. There is not in the wide world a solitary distinctive work to which infidels can point and say: "This is what we have done for the betterment of the human race." It offers nothing in exchange for the Bible, the Christian religion, or the promise of eternal life. It would take away the sweetness of the present and the glorious faith of the future, and substitute only ashes and despair.

Mrs. T. W. Hewitt, Marianna, Ark. 1. Did Nebu-[illegible] Did Dani. l ever return to Jerusalem?

1. We do not know any more on the subject than is related in the Bible. The natural inference from the narrative is that the king became crazy, and crazy people often do things as unnatural as eating grass. There is nothing improbable in the Biblical statement. It has been suggested that the narrative means nothing more than that the king left his palace and the cares of state and lived the life of a peasant for seven years; or, as we might say, vegetated in rural seclusion; but the plain statement of the text is that generally accepted. Daniel 4: 35-37 indicates that he became at least outwardly a believer in the true God. 2. No; the fact that his return is not mentioned by the sacred historian is fair ground for be-[illegible]

HOW TO FIND GOD.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing April 16. Job 23 : 3; Luke 11 : 9-13.

SUCCESS in seeking God depends on three conditions. One of them is the state of the seeker's mind. If he is seeking him with a wrong motive, or for a wrong purpose, or in a wrong spirit, his search will in all probability be unsuccessful.

A story is told of a merchant in an Oriental land, who was very regular in his prayers. Every morning, before he took his seat in his bazaar, he never failed to attend to his devotions. Whatever else he neglected, he never omitted to pray. Yet his transactions were knavish; and the inconsistency prompted a traveler to find out what was the character of his prayers. After much pressing, the merchant acknowledged that his prayer was, "Send me this day plenty of customers, with full pockets and empty heads." In our day and in our land, perhaps, no one would offer a prayer so transparently immoral; but, it is not improbable, that many seek God in the belief that there is no better way to worldly success than to have the Almighty for a friend. The very promise chosen for the second illustration of the topic, has led many to approach God with unworthy motives. We learn enough of the character of God, in the New Testament, to be sure that selfishness is abhorrent to him. Probably one reason why some souls fall back into sin, after being brought in under the preaching of men, who dwell chiefly on the misery of the lost, is due to the fact that their concern has mainly been to escape punishment. After the scare has passed away, the motive for a religious profession has vanished, and the world, in which selfishness reigns, is the most congenial atmosphere. The man who came to Christ to know what he should do to inherit eternal life received little more consideration from the Great Teacher, than he who went to him and said, "Speak to my brother, that he divide the inheritance with me." The man who seeks God, because he feels it his duty, because he desires to be at peace with him, because he is conscious of spiritual inability to do what is right and because he longs for righteousness, will be sure to find him.

A second condition of success is earnestness. The Apostle Paul compares the successful seeker to the athlete training for Olympian contests. He is so anxious to win that he submits to restriction, to self-denial and to tests, which under other circumstances, would have been too irksome to be borne. Christ suggests the same idea in the man finding a treasure hid in a field and the merchantman seeking goodly pearls. He said that they sold all that they had to obtain the prize. The seeker after God must be ready to sacrifice habits, friendships, honor and all that is dearest that he may succeed.

The third condition is the Way. We may see God in nature and in Providence, but only as we see him in Christ do we find him with help to the soul. The power of the Creator, the majesty of the Monarch we recognize apart from Christ; but it is a loving Father that we seek and in him God is revealed. So sought, the seeker finds fulfilled the assurance that David gave to his son, "If thou seek him [illegible]

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B. Y. P. U. NOTES.

Local organizations of young people connected with Baptist churches are in some cases unattached, because the members do not know what may be involved in affiliation nor how to effect it. The *Young People's Union* in-[illegible] such societies that they will be as per-[illegible] free after affiliation as before, because the Union cannot legislate, though it may advise as to local affairs. No financial obligations are incurred by affiliation. All that it is necessary [illegible] lution ratifying the purposes of the Baptist [illegible] People's Union of America, and to for-[illegible] of the fact, and a list of officers [illegible] 122 Wabash Ave., Chicago. The Society will then be enrolled free of charge and is entitled to send delegates to the International Conventions.——The custom of local unions paying visits to other unions is spreading with excellent results. The Secretary of the Union at Ambler, Pa., says that several visits have been made by that Union to its neighbors within an area of a few miles and both the hosts and their guests were cheered and encouraged by the social intercourse.——Fully fourteen hundred members of Baptist Young People's Societies and friends were present at Immanuel Church, Chicago, to listen to the addresses of President Chapman and Dr. Wilkin[illegible] who had just come from Indianapolis and reported the progress of the arrangements for the great International Convention.

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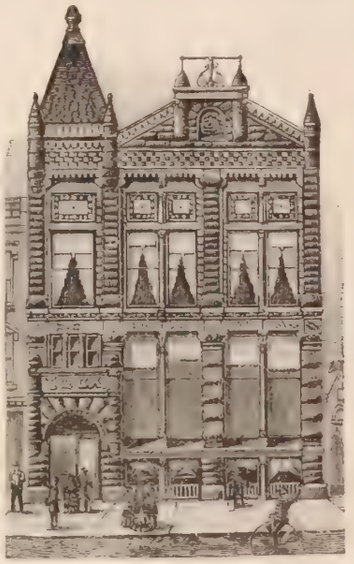
THE FORT WAYNE Y. M. C. A.

The members of the Young Men's Christian Association of Fort Wayne, Ind., are rejoicing in the release from a burden which has been pressing upon them for some time. They have succeeded in paying off the whole of the debt on their handsome building, a picture of which appears on this page. The history of the Association is one of remarkable prosperity. Though



THE Y. M. C. A. OF FORT WAYNE, IND.

not organized until 1880 it has now a building worth forty-five thousand dollars absolutely its own. It was erected in 1888 and thirty thousand dollars of the cost had then been contributed. The members took a short breathing time after that effort and then, in 1800, set energetically to work to clear off the remaining indebtedness. That has now been accomplished and the Association freed from all obligations is prepared for vigorous aggressive Christian work. The building is well arranged and well furnished. It contains a spacious gymnasium with all the modern appliances and has an able and experienced instructor in athletics. It has also a reading-room and a Library of 1,200 volumes. The membership is now 374, but is likely to be largely increased now that the Association is in so prosperous a condition with improved facilities and advantages.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

At the third annual convention of the Jersey City League, held recently at Bayonne, N. J., it was officially announced that there are thirty Leagues and four Leagues of Christian Endeavor in the district. The aggregate membership is over 2,500. In the majority, a regular weekly prayer-meeting conducted by the members, is held before the Sunday evening service. Nearly five thousand dollars was raised by the societies during the year, some of which was used by the Mercy and Help departments, some given to the local churches and the balance devoted to general religious work. Of the total sum the Chapter of Emory Church, Jersey City, contributed $875; Bayonne Chapter, $505; Hoboken, $400; Centenary, $400 and Wortendyke, $300. The following were the officers elected for the year: President, J. V. Forster; Recording Secretary, Miss C. E. Johns; Corresponding Secretary, Rev. Edwin N. Crasto; Treasurer, Dr. Fred. G. Pitts.——In North Dakota, the Fargo District has been holding its second annual convention. The League is thriving at all the churches. The delegates entered heartily into the discussion of topics connected with the work and were evidently desirous of getting advice and suggestions for making the organization efficient in their local spheres. The President for the year is Mr. Eugene May; Secretary, A. A. Bentley; Treasurer, Roy Porte.——An excellent showing is made by the League of South St Church, Portsmouth, O. The members learned that there was much suffering in the city during the last spell of cold weather, coming unexpectedly at the end of the long winter. They extemporized a relief headquarters, where they received gifts of clothing and shoes which they gave out to the needy. They were surprised to find how many people in the city were glad to supply the articles when it was known that the Leaguers were ready to be almoners. Subsequently a coal fund was raised and about four hundred families received a much needed gift of fuel. This is Christ-like work, and it is matter for congratulation that the Church has an agency ready to meet such emergencies.

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THE GENERAL OUTLOOK.

The Christian Endeavor Society of the Second Presbyterian Church of Oil City, Pa., has given a six months' scholarship, amounting to $38.50, for a "poor white" in Washington College, Tenn.

✻

At Saginaw, Mich., the East side branch of the Young Men's Christian Association has made remarkable progress during the year. Ninety-eight new members have been received, raising the total membership to 512.

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Mr. Frank West, the corresponding secretary of the Broad Street Christian Endeavor Society of Westerly, R. I., is forming correspondence classes of secretaries for discussion of objects and methods of work.

✻

The Y. M. C. A. of Hastings, England, is commencing a crusade against gambling and betting. Mr. George Williams, the founder of Young Men's Christian Associations is taking an active interest in the movement.

✻

Mr. F. S. Arnot, the hero of the mission at Garenganze, Africa, is now in England, and has been delivering addresses at the Young Men's Christian Associations of various cities. Under the inspiration of his addresses many young men have pledged themselves to missionary work in Africa.

✻

At Hastings, Neb., the Y. M. C. A. has organized a series of evangelistic meeting and engaged Rev. J. E. Wolfe to lead them. The members were active in personally conversing with the people and were especially useful in the Inquiry room. Already 144 persons, the majority of whom are young men, have made profession of faith.

✻

The Young Men's Christian Association, of Glasgow, Scotland, has a total membership of 9,008, with an average attendance at the fellowship meetings for the study of the Bible of 4,307. The Association is making arrangements for a regular lecture on the books of the Bible, and Dr. Stalker has been invited to undertake the duty.

✻

A Young Woman's Christian Association has just been organized in Detroit, Mich. The question as to whether the membership should be confined to evangelical churches gave rise to extensive discussion, being carried even into the newspapers, and aroused considerable feeling. It was finally decided, 200 to 27, so to restrict it.

✻

The committee of the Young Women's Christian Association at Hastings England, is endeavoring to secure a larger house. Between 500 and 600 business girls, school teachers, and others from London, &c., have been accommodated in the Home each year, seeking rest and change, and the workers feel increasingly the uncomfortable and inadequate size of the present house. A beautifully situated house, in every way most suitable, has been offered privately for sale for $25,000 and the Association is hopeful of buying it.

LIFE'S DAY.

Suggested by reading Dr. Talmage's Sermon: "From Twenty to Seventy."

IN the fresh, sweet-scented dawn
Of our life's bright, sunny morn.
Oh, the dream!
Blissful dream!
Of a true heart all our own;
Of a life work nobly done;
Of an easy victory won;
Thus we dream.

When we pause, surprised, at noon,
At the mid-day come so soon,
How we pray!
Wildly pray!
In the midst of battle's din,
In the midst of doubt and sin,
Who shall conquer? Who shall win?
So we pray.

At the tender twilight's fall,
Listening for the Father's call,
Now we trust,
Only trust!
Has the day been dark or bright,
Great our burdens been or light,
We are victors in His sight,
If we trust. —JENNIE A. CROFT.

Richmond, Va.

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The Deaconess Homes.

They are now Multiplying Throughout the Union and Doing a Noble Work for Christ —A Glimpse of Life in One of the Homes

EVERY passing year broadens the field of humanitarian effort in this Christian land of ours. There is a steady increase in the ranks of those who consecrate themselves to God's work among the poor and the suffering and the spiritually ignorant. Colleges, training schools, and Homes are multiplying at such a pace that it is inevitable that before another generation passes, a great moral uplift will have been experienced by the people of this Union.

Among the most interesting and by no means the least important of the agencies now at work are the Deaconess Homes and Training schools of the M. E. Church, one of which is represented in the illustration on this page. The first Deaconess Home in this country was established in Chicago about ten years ago. The General Conference shortly afterward authorized the institution of the "Order of Deaconesses," and there are now Deaconess Homes in Boston, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Colorado Springs, Denver, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Omaha, St. Louis, St. Paul, Buffalo, Detroit, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Syracuse, Washington, Chicago and New York. Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer was the founder of the Chicago Home. The Superintendent of the New York Institution is Miss Isabelle A. Reeves, who is a lady of kindly benevolence and gentle manner, with deep devotion to the work in which she is engaged. There are usually in the New York Home from twelve to fifteen inmates training for the work. Miss Layton, the first Superintendent, had previously been engaged in missionary work in India, and now sleeps on the banks of the Ganges near the city of Cawnpore. Some of the graduates of the Home have gone out on missionary service and still others are filling out their lives with a like consecrated work at home. Although in the Deaconess Home at 241 West 14th Street, New York, the force of laborers is totally inadequate, compared with the extent of the field, the work actually accomplished in a year is something surprising. In 1892, 14,137 calls and visits were made; the Nurse Deaconess, made over 1,000 calls at hospitals, the Tombs, the Penitentiary and at the sick-rooms in the tenement districts. 1,109 garments were distributed to the poor, and hundreds of dollars spent for food, medicine and delicacies for the sick. Cottage and children's meetings were conducted, Sunday School and industrial classes taught, surgical cases attended, and employment secured for the idle.

The training system of the Deaconess Homes is a magnificent preparation for the active career of a Christian worker, either at home or abroad, combining as it does, both practical and theoretical knowledge. It embraces lectures on elementary medicine and nursery, church history, hygiene, surgery, dentistry, elocution, temperance and kindergarten. While in the Training School the pupils wear no uniforms, but on becoming Deaconesses and entering on actual work, they adopt a distinctive dress, plain and inconspicuous. Their work is not confined to any denomination, but it is their pleasure and privilege to help all sects alike. It is impossible to estimate the good that is done by these consecrated women. Their self-sacrifice can never be measured by human appreciation. They enter the Training School after their twenty-first year, and are received on trial for a month. After a year of study, (at a merely nominal cost of $100 for board, fuel and light, tuition being free), they can, if they so desire, become Deaconesses, and be supported the second year by the Home. Arrangements are made whereby young women feeling called to Christian work can be admitted without expense. Two afternoons each week are devoted to house visiting in addition to the other forms of Christian work. Among those who address the students during the term are Mrs. E. M. Whittemore, Mrs. Bottome, Rev. Dr. A. F. Schauffler, Rev. Bishop E. G. Andrews, President Buttz of Drew Theological Seminary, and others.

THE NEW YORK DEACONESS HOME AND TRAINING SCHOOL, M. E. CHURCH.

Rev. Theodore Fluldner, a Lutheran Pastor in Germany, first conceived the idea of establishing an Order of Deaconesses for charitable work in that country. The scheme was afterward successfully adopted in England and it now promises to be one of the greatest and most efficient aids to church work in this country. The motto of the Deaconesses is "For Jesus's Sake." No vows are exacted of them on entering the Home and any one is at liberty to relinquish her office at any time. Their duties are to minister to the poor, to visit the sick, pray with the dying, comfort the sorrowing and devote themselves exclusively to the Christian work that lies nearest to hand and is most suited to their different abilities—all working subordinately to a superintendent who in turn is governed by the laws of the church with which the Home is affiliated.

Thus it happens that these Deaconess Homes, in every city where they have been established, have become centres of Christian effort and widespread benevolence, reaching out to the very poor in tenements and the slums, and doing the very work that Jesus commanded us to do; "searching out the highways and by-ways." What we have given is but a fragmentary glimpse of the actual work done in New York alone. What an amount of God's sunshine and cheer to be diffused by a single home!

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A Child's Idea of Art.

"OBSERVE a child in a picture gallery," writes George L. Schreiber, "it never wonders how a picture was painted, nor does it admire the clever brushwork; all its impressions resolve themselves into the great question: what does all this mean? What it sees is something that appeals to its consciousness of being and its whole sensitive nature responds at once. The child is here confronted with an array of something which we unwittingly might call 'pretty,' but, which, for it, stands for all there is; and it is wisely silent. But watch this child when it reaches home and leave it to itself, and it remembers that it saw something and forthwith begins to draw, no matter how crudely, what it has recognized as a real thing — and each added stroke adds to its self-consciousness. Or better, give it some clay and it will begin to do, what the most ancient records show us man in his infancy did, and, which put into a museum might hold its place as a primitive work of art. Here we touch upon the child's artistic seeing powers—it is self-consciousness beginning to express itself; this is the beginning of all art."

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Dangerous Associations.

MANY young people nowadays are not careful as to associates. If you wish to retain the spirituality of your religion, you should be very careful how you mingle with the world. The company of ungodly men or women, no matter how witty or learned they may be, is a positive peril. It is impossible to associate with such by choice without suffering by the contact. One may be amused or delighted by such people, but will turn, even from the festival of wit, with a lean soul. —D. J. F.

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Bright Faces.

ONE of my friends who seems to have gained the secret of perpetual youth and good spirits, writes Miss Kate Sanborn, said to me lately: "Do you notice I always put on my sweetest, most unruffled expression when I'm in a great hurry or get caught in a crowd, a thing I detest, or whenever I want to look worried, because most other women do look so like crazy frights in a crisis?" It is not the great men or women who look the most borne down by responsibility and anxiety. Gladstone has less lines of care than a woman out on a shopping tour on "bargain day."

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DON'T CARRY TALES.

TALE-BEARERS almost always deal in superlatives, writes Dr. Talmage. If a man shows a little impatience, they say he was lived with rage. If he were seen drinking soda, they call him a besotted inebriate. They put the blow-pipe of their exaggeration into the slightest inconsistency, and blow till their cheeks are distended, and the bubble swells, and the story is rounded into a great orb in which swim all the rainbows of conceit, and you can see almost anything you want to see. They are hounds, good for nothing but a chase. When you hear evil of any one, suspend judgment. Do not decide till you have heard the man's defence. Do not run out to meet every heated whelp of malice that runs with its head down and its tongue out. The probability is that it is mad, and will only bite those who attempt to entertain it.

Be lenient with the fallen. You see a brother fall, and say, "I never could have done that!" Perhaps you could not, because your temptation does not happen to be in that direction; but you have done things in the course of your life that these fallen men would never have done, because their temptation was not in that direction.

Do not say in boasting, "I never could have done such a thing as that!" You don't know what you would do if sufficiently tempted. You have an infinite soul-force. If grace direct it, a force for the right; if evil influences seize upon it, a terrific force for the wrong There are passions within your soul that have never been unchained. Look out if once they slip their cables!

In our criticism of others let us remember that we have faults which our friends have to excuse. How much would be left of us if all those who see inconsistencies in us should clip away from our character and reputation?

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Late Hours.

CHILDREN'S amusements should be such as do not of themselves involve late hours, or tend directly to the premature developing of their young natures. They should not be such as are likely to become permanent occupations rather than temporary amusements; such as gain a stronger and stronger hold with the passing years instead of being outgrown with childhood; or such as open the way to the child's becoming a professional amusement-maker. They should be such as will have a centripetal rather than a centrifugal force, as related to the home circle.

It ought to be so, in every well-ordered home, that a child can find more pleasure at home than away from home; and this state of things will depend very much upon the kind of amusements that are secured in a child's home. It is not enough that there be amusements at the home, but the amusements there must be those that cannot be engaged in elsewhere as well as there. Many a parent makes the mistake of trying to keep his children at home by introducing amusements there that arouse in the children a desire to go elsewhere for some of the same sort in greater freshness or variety.

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"Don't God Know?"

T.G., Oswego, N.Y., writes: "Having seen in late issues of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, two articles, one headed 'Faith of Childhood,' another 'Confidence of Childhood,' I thought I would venture to send you two incidents in the life of my four-year-old daughter, which I put in rhyme:

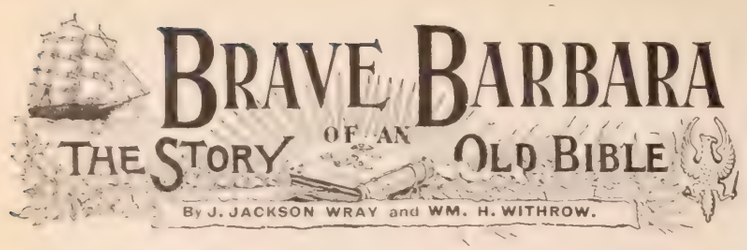
"Don't God know best when to let it rain?"
Asked my child, who a ride expected,
And the rain came down, yet I saw no frown,
And she seemed not the least dejected.

Another day, and the sun's warm ray
Shed o'er earth a breath of summer,
With impatience now she wiped her brow,—
Such heat might well o'ercome her.

But, mark a change on her glowing cheek,
Deep thought her bosom swelling
Like pent-up waters gushing forth
From the depths of the fountain welling,

And "Don't God make the sunshine too?"
She asked in a tone so confiding,
And a bright tear gleamed in her eye of blue,
Like dew 'mong the violets hiding.

"And don't He know when the sun should shine,
And when it should be raining?"
Then again she smiled, a happy child,
And I heard no more complaining.



CHAPTER V.

THE CAPTAIN PREACHER.

"I SEE not how I can interfere," said Captain Lister to the meddlesome customs officer, "further than to counsel you to quietly withdraw;" and, suiting the action to the word, the man of war retreated to the door, as became a man of peace. He was quite clear that the invaders had taken up an untenable position, and, for interested reasons, was bent on playing the part of peace-maker.

The other civilian in the little group of objectors was not so readily to be silenced. His name was Carruthers—a man of wealth and "family" in the island, whose strong points, in his own estimation, were that he was allied to the English nobility, was a landed proprietor, thanks to a Government "grant," obtained in shady fashion by Court favor, was also a senior church-warden in the parish in which "these Methody sectaries had set up their 'preaching shop,'" and a close friend of the clergyman, the Reverend Sydney Pemberton, who had declared his intention to "shut 'em up," to "snuff 'em out," and otherwise "make an end of 'em."

Squire Carruthers was utterly disgusted with the turn that matters were taking. His somewhat highly colored and bibulous cast of countenance which largely explained his exile from the old country, waxed hotter than it was wont to be. In stentorian and indignant tones he proceeded to deliver his soul:

"I must protest, Captain Lester," said he, "against any kind of grace or favor being shown to these contemptible Swaddlers who have come out from the slime of their Irish bogs to crawl over our fair city, and to croak out their damnable heresies—"

"Egsguse me, Herr Carruthers. You haaf said wot is not drue; and if it vos drue, you haaf said it where you haaf no beesness. As a joostice of de beace, I sall be gombelled to order your arrest," said Jan interrupting.

"Oh, no, no!" said Philip Embury, lifting up his hand in deprecation.

"Dat is joost as dese goot beople sall vish," said Jan Stuyvesant, who had arrived in time to hear the churchwarden's flowers of speech. "Den dere is von oder way. Herr Carruthers moost abologise. Eef not, den Gonstable Morris, who makes one of dis brecious band of brawlers, has my orders."

So saying, Jan Stuyvesant stood waiting, clothed with authority as one of the civic "powers that be," stroking his short beard and looking from under his bushy brows in a [illegible] convinced Carruthers that he meant what he said. That gentleman, feeling that discretion was the better part of valor "abologized," and the crest-fallen brawlers silently

Our little band of truly primitive Methodists however, were a good deal scared by what [illegible] might be. Occasionally, they were the sub- [illegible] and the profane; and on more than [illegible] speaking, however, [illegible] but surely leavened with Gospel

[illegible] communications to an old friend [illegible] time, Philip Embury [illegible] the Word [illegible] is born- [illegible] effect, [illegible] Lord."

One [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

AN EASTER LESSON.

VERY early in the morning
Came the Marys to the tomb,
Bearing for their Lord's anointing
Spices rich of rare perfume.
But their hearts were sad and dreary
As they journeyed on their way;
And they asked, in fear, the question,
"Who shall roll the stone away?"

"Who shall roll the stone away?"
Trembling, anxiously they say.
Knowing not that angel fingers
Had the stone then rolled away.

Are we like the Marys, going
On some mission of Christ's love?
Does there rise across our pathway
Something we cannot remove?
Are our hearts, too, heavy laden
As we journey on our way?
Do we ask, like them the question:
"Who shall roll the stone away?"

"Who shall roll the stone away?"
Trembling, wistfully we say,
When perhaps, by hands of angels,
'Tis already rolled away.

Rhea Springs, Tenn. —S. A. GORTNER.

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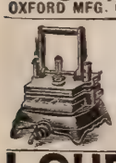

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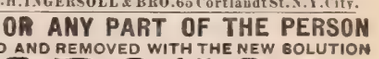

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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AMONG THE SYRIAN DRUSES.

The Swiss of Palestine, who Dwell on the Bleak Heights of Mount Carmel.

PEASANT life in Palestine has many features in common with the same social station in other countries. One thing, however, impresses itself upon the traveler in Syria: he discovers that poverty is not necessarily accompanied by idleness, for industry is the rule rather than the exception among the Syrian poor. Beyond a rare instance in some of the larger cities, there is no such abject destitution to be found as exists among the very poor in some European and American cities. An interesting phase of peasant-life in the East is depicted in the illustration on this page, showing a party of Druses at their repast. They are dwellers in one of the villages far up the side of the ridge of Mount Carmel, and have in all likelihood assembled in some town in the valley below either to discuss matters relating to politics and local administration, to arrange a marriage contract affecting a bride and groom of social importance, or to arbitrate some dispute relating to property. Such a conference would naturally be held in the house of the Sheikh of the tribe, who everything being satisfactorily concluded, would invite all to remain as his guests and sup with him. At the head of the group sits the venerable Sheikh, with the guest of honor on his right, while the others are ranged on cushions spread on the matting of the apartment. Servants enter, bearing huge dishes of food and spoons. The larger dish has, first, a layer of bread, then one of rice and another of meat, all appetizingly cooked. It may be that all the guests have not spoons, and in that contingency the fingers are used to convey the food to the mouth. This is no violation of the proprieties, as everywhere in the East the hands are thoroughly washed both before and after meals.

Although the refinements of the modern cuisine are tolerably well known in the large cities of the East; in the villages and rural districts of Palestine everything that relates to the kitchen is still very primitive. Food is simple and wholesome, and well-cooked and abundant. One substantial dish (usually compounded of bread, rice and stewed meat), followed by coffee, constitutes the entire meal, the repast being practically limited to a single course. Robed in their long *abbas* or cloaks, beneath which are the *kibbirs* or lighter undercoat, and with characteristic white linen turbans, the group of Druse peasants makes a not altogether unimposing picture. These men belong in all likelihood to the farming or shepherd class, the most prosperous among the Druses. Carmel is not their native home. There are nearly 80,000 Druses scattered throughout Syria, most of them living among the hills. They are the Swiss of Palestine, and are refugees or the descendants of refugees, who being accused of complicity in the massacre of Lebanon Christians in 1860, fled to escape French retaliation, and chose a retreat in the most lonely and inaccessible parts of the mountain ranges of the Holy Land.

They are a peculiar people. Believing themselves to be descended from Jacob, they are yet neither Jew, Moslem nor Christian. Their religion is a strange mixture of conflicting beliefs. Mohammed Ben Israel Darasi, the founder of the sect, and from whom they derive their name, they call "The Impostor." They mingle Mohammedan with Christian ideas in their devotions and tincture the whole with nature-worship and idolatry. They believe in transmigration. They have no priests and offer no prayers, but have buildings set apart for the purpose of religious meditation, and as depositories for their sacred writings. Their daily lives are moral and virtuous; but the ancient, inherited hatred against the Christians seizes every opportunity for oppression, in districts where the Druses are numerous and influential. Courageous beyond description, they are the finest horsemen in Palestine, excelling even the Bedouins. They are subject to the Moslem laws, but prefer to settle their own disputes, wherever possible, by the patriarchal system of government, which they still preserve. Among them are men who rank as princes and great chiefs. They are represented by leaders of ability in the administration of local affairs, under Turkish supreme jurisdiction, however.

On the topmost plateau of the long ridge of Carmel is the Druse village of Esfia. At that great height, 1700 feet above the sea level, hid among these rocky and sterile wilds, it is invisible from the fertile valleys below. Herds of cattle, sheep, asses and goats belonging to the mountaineers, roam the sides of Carmel, seeking a scanty herbage, although there are many places, far up the hillsides, where the land is rich and where wheat, beans and lentils can be raised in abundance. The Druses are very industrious and thrifty and their little villages blossom like flower-clusters among the mountain ridges, from whose flinty slopes and thin soil they have wrung a degree of prosperity that shames the slower dwellers of the plain beneath. These villages are scattered all over the Lebanon mountains from Samaria toward Damascus, the range being merely a semi-barren ridge with few peaks. The Druse villages consist of flat-roofed houses of stone, one-story high. Only a few hundred feet above their white roofs can be seen the perpetual snows, while, it may be, the crater of some long extinct volcano lies an equal distance below. Half exiles, half hermits, scattered over Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, found also in the Hauran and as far north as Beyrout, this strange sect, whose members have wandered from God, and alienated themselves from their fellowmen, will yet be reconciled and restored to their righteous allegiance in the day when "He gathereth together the outcasts of Israel. (Ps. 147:2.)

DRUSE PEASANTS OF MOUNT CARMEL AT THEIR REPAST.

From a photograph obtained in Palestine by Rev. Dr. Talmage

The Tabernacle Pulpit

MIDNIGHT IN TOWN.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, preached last Sunday Morning in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Text, Genesis 1 : 5: "And the darkness he called night."

TWO grand divisions of time. The one of sunlight, the other of shadow; the one for work, the other for rest; the one a type of everything glad and beautiful, the other used in all languages as a type of sadness, and affliction, and sin. These two divisions were made by the Lord himself. Other divisions of time may have nomenclature of human invention, but the darkness held up its dusky brow to the Lord and he baptized it, the dew dripping from his fingers as he gave it a name—"and the darkness he called night." My subject is midnight in town. The thunder of the city has rolled out of the air. The slightest sounds cut the night with such distinctness as to attract your attention. The tinkling of the bell of the street car in the distance, and the baying of the dog. The stamp of a horse in the next street. The slamming of a saloon door. The hiccough of the drunkard. The shrieks of the steam-whistle five miles away. Oh! how suggestive, my friends; midnight in town.

There are honest men passing up and down the street. Here is a city missionary who has been carrying a scuttle of coal to that poor family in that dark place. Here is an undertaker going up the steps of a building from which there comes a bitter cry which indicates that the destroying angel has smitten the first-born. Here is a minister of religion who has been giving the sacrament to a dying Christian. Here is a physician passing along in great haste, the messenger a few steps ahead hurrying on to the household. Oh! the midnight in town! What a stupendous thought—a whole city at rest!

Let the city sleep. But, my friends, be not deceived. There will be thousands to-night who will not sleep at all. Go up that dark alley, and be cautious where you tread, lest you fall over the prostrate form of a drunkard lying on his own door-step. Look about you, lest you feel the garroter's hug. Look through the broken window-pane, and see what you can see. You say, "Nothing." Then listen. What is it? "God help us!" No footlights, but tragedy ghastlier and mightier than Ristori or Edwin Booth ever enacted. No light, no fire, no bread, no hope. Shivering in the cold, they have had no food for twenty-four hours. You say, "Why don't they beg?" They do, but they get nothing. You say, "Why don't they deliver themselves over to the almshouse?" Ah! you would not ask that if you ever heard the bitter cry of a man or a child when told he must go to the almshouse.

Pass on through the alley. Open the door. "Oh," you say, "it is locked." No, it is not locked; it has never been locked. No burglar would be tempted to go in there to steal anything. The door is never locked. Only a broken chair stands against the door. Shove it back. Go in. Strike a match. Now, look. Beastliness and rags. See those glaring eyeballs. Be careful now what you say. Do not utter any insult, do not utter any suspicion, if you value your life. What is that red mark on the wall? It is the mark of a murderer's hand! Look at those two eyes rising up out of the darkness and out from the straw in the corner, coming toward you, and as they come near you, your light goes out. Strike another match. Ah! this is a babe, not like the beautiful children of your household, or the beautiful children smiling around these altars on baptismal day. This little one never smiled; it never will smile. A flower flung on an awfully barren beach. Oh! Heavenly Shepherd, fold that little one in thy arms. Wrap around you your shawl or your coat tighter, for the cold night wind sweeps through.

THE CITY MISSIONARY AND THE HOMELESS ONE.

Strike another match. Ah! is it possible that that young woman's scarred and bruised face was ever looked into by maternal tenderness? Utter no scorn. Utter no harsh word. No ray of hope has dawned on that brow for many a year. No ray of hope ever will dawn on that brow. But the light has gone out. Do not strike another light. It would be a mockery to kindle another light in such a place as that. Pass out and pass down the street. Our cities of Brooklyn and New York and all our great cities are full of such homes, and the worst time the midnight.

Do you know it is in the midnight that criminals do their worst work?

At half-past eight o'clock you will find them in the drinking-saloon, but toward twelve o'clock they go to their garrets, they get out their tools, then they start on the street. Watching on either side for the police, they go to their work of darkness. This is a burglar, and the false key will soon touch the store lock. This is an incendiary, and before morning there will be a light on the sky, and cry of "Fire! fire!" This is an assassin, and to-morrow morning there will be a dead body in one of the vacant lots. During the daytime these villains in our cities lounge about, some asleep and some awake, but when the third watch of the night arrives, their eye keen, their brain cool, their arm strong, their foot fleet to fly or pursue, they are ready.

In the midnight, gambling does its worst work. What though the hours be slipping away, and though the wife be waiting in the cheerless home? Stir up the fire. Bring on more drinks. Put up more stakes. That commercial house that only a little while ago put out sign of copartnership will this season be wrecked on a gamblers' table. There will be many a money-till that will spring a leak.

In the midnight hour, pass down the streets of our American cities, and you hear the click of the dice and the sharp, keen tap of the pool-room ticker. In one year, in the city of New York, there were seven million dollars sacrificed at the gaming-table. Perhaps some of your friends have been smitten of this sin. Perhaps some of you have been smitten by it. Perhaps there may be a stranger in the house this morning come from some of the hotels. Look out for those agents of iniquity who tarry around about the hotels, and ask you, "Would you like to see the city?" Yes. "Have you ever seen that splendid building uptown?" No. Then the villain will undertake to show you what he calls the "lions" and the "elephants," and after a young man, through morbid curiosity or through badness of soul, has seen the "lions" and the "elephants," he will be on enchanted ground. Look out for these men who move around the hotels with sleek hats—always sleek hats—and patronizing air, and unaccountable interest about your welfare and entertainment. You are a fool if you cannot see through it. They want your money. In Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, while I was livin that city, an incident occurred which was familiar to us there. In Chestnut Street a young man went into a gambling saloon, lost all his property, then blew his brains out, and before the blood was washed from the floor by the maid, the comrades were shuffling cards again. You see there is more mercy in the highwayman for the belated traveler on whose body he heaps the stones, there is more mercy in the frost for the flower that it kills, there is more mercy in the hurricane that shivers the steamer on the Long Island coast, than there is mercy in the heart of a gambler for his victim.

In the midnight hour, also, drunkenness does its worst. The drinking will be respectable at eight o'clock in the evening, a little flushed at nine, talkative and garrulous at ten, at eleven blasphemous, at twelve the hat falls off and the man falls to the floor asking for more drink. Strewn through the drinking-saloons of the city, fathers, brothers, husbands, sons, as good as you are by nature, perhaps better. In the midnight meetings a great multitude have been saved. We want a few hundred Christian men and women to come down from the highest circles of society to toil amid these wandering and destitute ones, and kindle up a light in the dark alley, even the gladness of heaven,

Do not go from your well-filled tables with the idea that pious talk is going to stop the gnawing of an empty stomach or to warm stockingless feet. Take bread, take raiment, take medicine as well as take prayer. There is a great deal of common sense in what the poor woman said to the city missionary when he was telling her how she ought to love God and serve him. "Oh!" said she, "if you were as poor and cold as I am, and as hungry, you could think of nothing else."

A great deal of what is called Christian work goes for nothing for the simple reason it is not practical; as after the battle of Antietam a man got out of an ambulance with a bag of tracts, and he went distributing the tracts, and George Stuart, one of the best Christian men in this country, said to him, "What are you distributing tracts for now? There are three thousand men bleeding to death. Bind up their wounds, and then distribute the tracts."

Are there in this assemblage this morning those who know by experience the tragedies of midnight in town? I am not here to thrust you back with one hard word. Take the bandage from your bruised soul, and put on it the soothing salve of Christ's Gospel and of God's compassion. I could give you the history, in a minute, of one of the best friends I ever had. Outside of my own family, I never had a better friend. He welcomed me to my home at the West. He was of splendid personal appearance, and he had an ardor of soul and a warmth of affection that made me love him like a brother. I saw men coming out of the saloons and gambling-hells, and they surrounded my friend, and they took him at the weak point, his social nature, and I saw him going down, and I had a fair talk with him—for I never yet saw a man you could not talk with on the subject of his habits, if you talked with him in the right way. I said to him, "Why don't you give up your bad habits and become a Christian?" I remember now just how he looked, leaning over his counter, as he replied: "I wish I could. Oh! sir, I should like to be a Christian, but I have gone so far astray I can't get back."

So the time went on. After awhile the day of sickness came. I was summoned to his sickbed. I hastened. It took me but a very few moments to get there. I was surprised as I went in. I saw him in his ordinary clothes, fully dressed, lying on the top of the bed. I gave him my hand, and he seized it convulsively, and said: "Oh! how glad I am to see you. Sit down there." I sat down, and he said: "Mr. Talmage, just where you sit now my mother sat last night. She has been dead twenty years. Now, I don't want you to think I am out of my mind, or that I am superstitious; but, sir, she sat there last night just as certainly as you sit there now—the same cap, and apron, and spectacles. It was my old mother—she sat there." Then he turned to his wife, and said, "I wish you

would take these strings off the bed; somebody is wrapping strings around me all the time. I wish you would stop that annoyance.' She said, "There is nothing here." Then I saw it was delirium.

Arrangements were made for the obsequies. The question was raised whether they should bring him to church. Somebody said, "You can't bring such a dissolute man as that into the church." I said, "You will bring him in the church; he stood by me when he was alive, and I will stand by him when he is dead. Bring him." As I stood in the pulpit, and saw them carrying the body up the aisle, I felt as if I could weep tears of blood.

On one side of the pulpit sat his little child of eight years, a sweet, beautiful little girl that I had seen him hug convulsively in his better moments. He put on her all jewels, all diamonds, and gave her all pictures and toys, and then he would go away as if hounded by an evil spirit, to his cups and house of shame a fool to the correction of the stocks. She looked up wonderingly. She knew not what it all meant. She was not old enough to understand the sorrow of an orphan child.

On the other side the pulpit sat the men who had ruined him; they were the men who had poured wormwood into the orphan's cup; they were the men who had bound him hand and foot. I knew them. How did they seem to feel? Did they weep? No. Did they say, "What a pity that such a generous man should be destroyed?" No. Did they sigh repentantly over what they had done?" No; they sat there, looking as vultures look at the carcass of the lamb whose heart they have ripped out. So they sat and looked at the coffin-lid, and I told them the judgment of God upon those who had destroyed their fellows. Did they reform? I was told they were in the places of iniquity that night after my friend was laid in Oakwood Cemetery, and they blasphemed, and they drank. Oh! how merciless men are especially after they have destroyed you! Do not look to men for comfort or help. Look to God.

But there is a man who will not reform. He says, "I won't reform." Well, then, how many acts are there to a tragedy. I believe five.

Act the first of the tragedy. A young man starting off from home; parents and sisters weeping to have him go. Wagon rising over the hill. Farewell kiss flung back. Ring the bell and let the curtain fall.

Act the second. The marriage altar. Full organ. Bright lights. Long white veil trailing through the aisle. Prayer and congratulation, and exclamation of "How well she looks!"

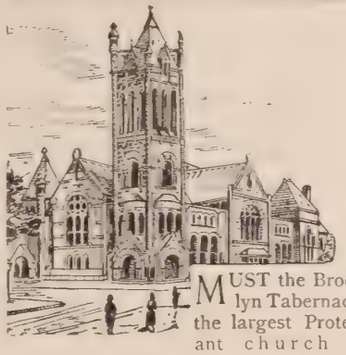
Act the third. A woman waiting for staggering steps. Old garments stuck into the broken window-pane. Marks of hardship on the face. The biting of the nails of bloodless fingers. Neglect, and cruelty, and despair. Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.

Act the fourth. Three graves in a dark place—grave of the child that died for lack of medicine, grave of the wife that died of a broken heart, grave of the man that died of dissipation. Oh! what a blasting heath of three graves. Plenty of weeds, but no flowers. Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.

Act the fifth: A destroyed soul's eternity. No light. No music. No hope. Anguish coiling its serpents around the heart. Blackness of darkness forever. But I cannot look any longer. Woe! woe! I close my eyes to this last act of the tragedy. Quick! Quick! Ring the bell and let the curtain drop. "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart rejoice in the days of thy youth; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." "There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof is death."

To Save the Tabernacle!

Generous Responses from Many Quarters to Rev. Dr. Talmage's Appeal—Warm Letters of Sympathy—The Fund is now Nearly $13,000.



MUST the Brooklyn Tabernacle, the largest Protestant church in America, and the scene of the labors of the greatest modern preacher, go under the hammer, or shall it be saved to Christianity? This is the startling question submitted by Rev. Dr. Talmage to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in the personal appeal we published from his pen in our last issue. It was probably the most striking document ever written by one whose writings, sermonic and otherwise, have enthralled millions of readers all over the world. In presenting that appeal, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD confidently believes that it is affording the great army of spiritually-minded and self-sacrificing men and women, whom it delights to count as its friends, a privilege they will not be slow to accept.

Beyond the merest reference, Dr. Talmage has said nothing of his own sacrifices to help the Tabernacle. There is a widespread impression that he is in receipt of a princely income from his church, whereas the actual fact is, that he has given his services practically free for three years—a thing unheard of in metropolitan pastorates. While his congregation was worshipping in the Academy of Music, during the erection of the present Tabernacle, he neither asked nor accepted any compensation whatsoever. After the opening of the Tabernacle, for the first year he donated his services publicly. Thus far, on the second year, he has received in addition to the repayment of the $6000 which he advanced to make the continuation of the work possible, only the paltry sum of $625, leaving a balance due him of $10,000. As was seen from his personal appeal published in these columns, in addition to foregoing this claim, he forwarded his check for $10,000 to the Emergency Fund, making his total gift to the Tabernacle at the present time *Twenty thousand dollars*. So much for the self-sacrifice of a pastor who, after having devoted a lifetime to helping others, and after building three Tabernacles in succession (two of which were consumed by fire), now finds that unless his own efforts and those of his immediate flock are supplemented by the vast congregation to whom he speaks weekly through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the third Tabernacle, too, must soon become a thing of the past. From its pulpit Dr. Talmage has spoken to all Christendom, for his inspired sermons have been translated into a multitude of tongues and are read by *twenty-five million* people weekly throughout the year. Never was there a grander agent for spreading the religion of Christ than the Brooklyn Tabernacle. In twenty years it has seated nearly *five million strangers*, or an average of 250,000 a year. It has raised in a single year for religious purposes, $94,000.

We believe there are thousands among the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and their friends and acquaintances, who find spiritual inspiration and encouragement in its pages, who would gladly contribute their mite to save the Tabernacle. To them Dr. Talmage's appeal now comes, and we need hardly explain that the need is urgent. Every contribution of one dollar and upward will be *personally acknowledged* by Dr. Talmage over his own signature.

The following contributions to the Emergency Fund have been received during the week:

Norton P. Otis, N. Y.,	$25 00
Mrs. D. F. Russell, Williamson, N.Y.	1 00
J. W. Benson and family,	1 00
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A. H. Tevis, Kansas City, Kan.,	5 00
Laura and Ethel Tevis,	50
Mrs. Robt. and Kate Barr, Hillsboro, Ia.,	1 50
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Mrs. C. A. Smith, Farmer, N. Y.,	50
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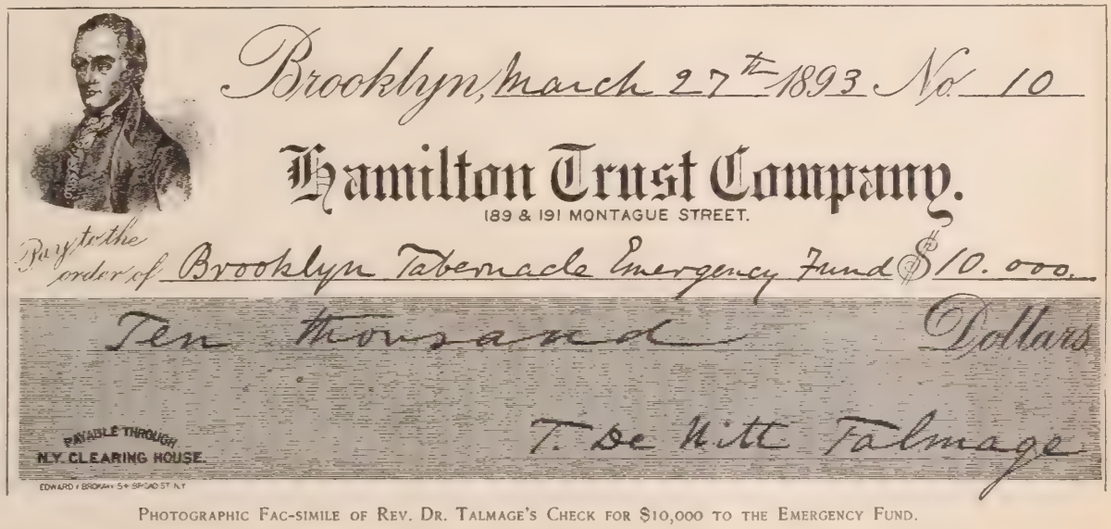
Peter H. Thusen, Ord, Neb.,	1 00
An Admirer, Upper Block, Eddy, Pa.,	1 00
Mrs. Mary Johnston, Glens Falls,	1 00
A. D. Smith, Bethel, Va.,	50
C. J Anderson, Raritan, N. J.,	5 00
Mother and daughter, Allegan, Mich.,	$2 00
J. C. Earl, 241 W. 16th st.,	2 00
Miss Georgie Earl, 118 E. 71st st.,	1 00
M. Hallo, 521 E 85th st.,	50
C. B. H., City,	1 00
K., City,	1 00
G. W. Mooney, City,	50
G. T. Moore, Bloomfield, N. J.,	1 00
Roanoke family, Toledo, O.,	1 39
In His Name, Newburyport,	10
J. W. Allen,	1 00
Allen Robertson	3 00
T. H. Lidford,	5 00
L. H. Engelhard,	40 00
Miss Sylvester,	10 00
Miss Blanche Alexander (King's Daughters.)	25 00
Mrs. Storms,	46 25
Louis Klopsch, N. Y.,	1,000 00
H. S. Smith, Philadelphia,	500 00
P. B. Bromfield, Hempstead, L. I.,	100 00
Rev. Thomas Harrison,	5 00
Rev. Stephen Merritt,	25 00
A. W. Dennett,	25 00
F. E. Robinson, Rutherford, N. J.,	2 00
W. H. McIntyre, Greenville, N. J.,	2 00
Charles O'Hara, Brooklyn,	2 00
H Dressner, 1601 Ave. A, N. Y.,	1 25
T. W. Gratz, N. Y.,	2 00
Rev. Ross Taylor,	20 00
Miss Vandewater,	5 00
Mrs. A. M. Hull, Durham, N. Y.,	10 00
Valentine Young, Bloomsburg, N. J.,	1 00
Mary P. Young, Bloomsburg, N. J.,	1 00
J. G Hill, Cranberry, Pa.,	3 00
Subscriber, Bushwick ave., Brooklyn,	5 00
Friend, Hancock st., Brooklyn,	5 00
The Tabernacle Sunday School Easter offering,	846 66

The following ladies composing The Ladies' Sewing Society of the Brooklyn Tabernacle Church, have subscribed - $200 00

Mrs. C. F. Alvord, 538 Gates ave.
" Baker, 280 Bridge st.
" Joseph Bradley, 3 Pulaski st.
" E. H. Branch, 451 Sixth st.
" J. W. Birkett, 185 Hancock st.
" Beebe, 244 Quincy st.
" Cromwell, 77 Lafayette ave
" Coleman, 78 Lafayette ave.
" C. S. Durling, 261 Gates ave.


Brooklyn, March 27th 1893 No. 10
Hamilton Trust Company.
189 & 191 MONTAGUE STREET.
Pay to the order of Brooklyn Tabernacle Emergency Fund $10.000.
Ten thousand Dollars
PAYABLE THROUGH N.Y. CLEARING HOUSE.
T. DeWitt Talmage

PHOTOGRAPHIC FAC-SIMILE OF REV. DR. TALMAGE'S CHECK FOR $10,000 TO THE EMERGENCY FUND.

Mrs. C. Earle, 78 Downing st
" Faver, 30 Hanson pl.
" J. H Ferguson, 121 St. Mark's ave.
" W. H. Fletcher, 298 Jefferson ave.
" C. A. Gorton, 467 Gates ave.
" J. A. Gorton, 427 Gates ave.
" Hardenberg, 520 Walworth st.
" A. W. Ketchell, 403 Clermont ave.
" P. J. Legg, 287 Cumberland st.
" A. McClean, 100 St Marks ave.
" McAdams, 71 Quincy st.
" Newkirk, 78 Lafayette ave.
" S. Newby, 322 Monroe st.
" Paulson, 467 State st.
" Pierce, 254 Gates ave.
" G. Parks, 500 7th ave.
" J. L. Pease, 317 Halsey st.
" J. Robbins, 182 Stuyvesant ave.
" W. H. Rich, 191 Van Buren st.
" J. E Smith, 594 McDonough st.
" T. DeWitt Talmage, 1 South Oxford st.
" Totten.
" W. H. Walton, 398 Vanderbilt ave.
" John Wood, 433 Clermont ave.
" Wendover, 349 Pacific st.
Miss G. Appleton, 258 Lafayette ave
" M. E. Amerman, 321 Adelphi st.
Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, check, - - 10,000 00

From the numerous letters received during the week we can only find space for one or two brief extracts:

Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Young, Bloomsbury, N. J., write:

We see that your spiritual home is greatly encumbered, and is likely, if not released, to become the property of others. This would be sad to us and much sadder to yourself who have labored so long and so faithfully for the Master. Please accept this small token of our regard—our mite to relieve you in this the hour of need.

Hattie J Aldworth, Allegan, Mich., writes:

If each subscriber to your worthy paper would contribute $1, it would quickly raise the Fund. I herewith send express money order from another and myself.

Mrs. Annie M. Hill, Durham, N. Y., writes;

I wish every reader or subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD would contribute a dollar. Your financial embarrassment would soon be wiped out.

Job's Confession and Restoration.

S. S. Lesson for April 23. Job. 42: 1-10. Golden Text, James 5: 11. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

JOB'S arguments against God and man were exhausted, he had come to an end of himself. He had neither convinced his friends, nor had he succeeded in regaining his lost communion with God. At last he gave in and said, "the words of Job are ended." Apparently his spirit was still the same; hurt, wounded, feeling himself badly used; as who would not under such trials as his without a distinct manifestation of God? And yet, the very fact of his silence made it possible for God to speak without coming down to the level of Job's fretful, contentious spirit. Job could listen, God could speak. Job knew the voice of God, but the Lord must first approach him through a fellow creature. That the patriarch might take the place of subjection which befitted him, he must know that he was not the only man living who was near to God, and there was a man from whom even the "perfect upright man" could learn.

Thus God sent him Elihu. This man had learned the lesson which Job needed so much to know,

Patience With Man.

His own patience with God in all his dispensation had been unimpeachable, but he had not learned to recognize God's permission in that which man said and did. Elihu was a young man; to whom God gave wisdom beyond his years. He saw the point of the situation. Job "had justified himself rather than God," and his friends had found no answer and yet had condemned Job; and seeing all this Elihu yet "waited," "listened," "attended"; but found that there was none to convince Job, he had learned the great lesson: "God may vanquish him, not man." This is the position of power which is unassailable. As soon as man learns to retire from the scene, and leave God to act, something can be done. Now that Elihu had found Job's place as a mere instrument, God laid hold of him, the Spirit within him constrained him, and he ceased to "respect any man's person," for he was in the presence of a higher than man.

Thus sent of God, equipped by God, disciplined by God, the young Elihu might be made a teacher even to the man of whom God had said there was "none like him in the earth!" He had a ministry to Job's friends also, but first to Job for, in God's eyes, Job was none the less precious because he had totally failed under these new tests. Coming directly from God, Elihu knew exactly how to approach the exasperated patriarch; he took up his own words about a "daysman." (9: 32, 33.) "I am, according to thy wish, in God's stead. I also am formed out of the clay." Having thus secured Job's attention, he at once goes to the point of issue between his God and him: "I have heard the voice of thy words, saying: "I am clean, without transgression. I am innocent, neither is there iniquity in me. Behold he [i. e. God] findeth occasions against me. He counteth me for his enemy." Elihu does not take up the merits of the case in themselves, but only refers to the parties involved: "God is greater than man," a creature cannot call his Creator to account, and at once Job is convicted of the sin of condemning God. Then he explains what, till now, had been so inexplicable to Job. God has two voices with which to speak to man: one a gentle voice, in "a dream, in a vision of the night; another, and sterner voice: by "pain upon his bed, and the multitude of his bones with strong pain, so that his life abhorreth bread and his soul dainty meat. His flesh is consumed away that it cannot be seen and his bones that were not seen stick out" (33: 14, 19-22); in fact his second voice is sickness. Elihu shews why God thus speaks: "He openeth the ears of men and sealeth their instruction, that he may withdraw man from his purpose and hide pride from man." It had never dawned upon Job that God could find any fault with the purpose, the whole tenor of his life. His conscience did not condemn him of any sin as far as his conception of sin went, but then he was very proud of his integrity and freedom from sin. In his eyes, it was an honest and justifiable pride. It was life to him, it was that which had sustained him through all his reverses that he was such a true and faithful servant of Jehovah. If he might not indulge his pride in this unimpeachable integrity, what was there left him? He was unutterably undone. And yet, in this very "purpose" of maintaining his own integrity, in the very "pride" which seemed to him so justifiable, Job actually sat in judgment upon his God as though he were God's superior!

The tried, crushed Job was too honest to repel the conviction that he had found a man who could explain God's dealing with him. Sick he was indeed, his whole body full of sores, and while he had imagined that God had steeled himself against his prayer, he was himself deaf to the very voice he longed to hear, because it spoke in this unusual way. "If there be a messenger," continued Elihu, "an interpreter, one among a thousand, to shew unto man what is right for him (R.V.) then he is gracious unto him, and saith: Deliver him from going down into the pit,

I have found a Ransom."

What was this? Did Job's integrity go for nothing, and did God's Ransom do more for him than his own recommendation of himself to God? This was new light to Job. And when Elihu said that healing would follow: "His flesh shall be fresher than a child's, he shall return unto the days of his youth," and renewed communion: "He shall pray unto God, and he will be favorable unto him," light from heaven, revealing the sin of his own heart, and God's way of return, began to pour in upon his soul; he saw that reconciliation must begin on God's side. Elihu next addressed Job's friends on the same line, and shewed them in his presence, that his sin had not been such as they had so heartlessly and groundlessly supposed, but he "multiplied his words against God" and "multiplieth his words without knowledge." He then takes up point after point of Job's accusations of God, and refutes them; and then points to his wondrous government in nature, so attracting the eye of Job from himself and from his friends.

When the eye is off self, it is wonderful how soon the self wounds heal up. Job was now in a condition to listen to God. And he who had been watching with intense love all the time his child had been in the furnace, now speaks to him in another voice than sickness; but it is out of the whirlwind not yet the quiet still communion with which he lets his children walk with him. He endorses what Elihu has said about Job's sin of "words:" Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge? "Job had said: O that I knew where I might find him, that I might come even to his seat, I would order my cause before him I would fill my mouth with arguments." Now God speaks to him unfolding his laws and purposes in nature, and shewing Job both his ignorance and his littleness until at last he appeals: "Shall he that contendeth with the Almighty instruct him? he that reproveth God, let him answer it." But Job's arguments had vanished: "Behold I am vile," is his reply: "what shall I answer thee? I will lay mine hand upon my mouth. Once have I spoken; but I will not answer; yea, twice, but I will proceed no further."

Job was Conquered;

but God would bring him lower still. He must know, as God sees it, the depth of his sins: "Wilt thou condemn me that thou mayest be righteous? Hast thou an arm like God? Or canst thou thunder with a voice like him. Deck thyself now with majesty and excellency, thou who art loathsome with thy sores and array thyself with glory and beauty. . . Then will I confess unto thee that thine own right hand can save thee." And again the Lord appeals to his works in nature, all of which are subject to their Creator, all of which carry out his purpose. It was enough, Job was thoroughly subdued and emptied, he could answer now, but not order his cause, he could only bow to his Superior: I know that thou canst do everything, and that no thought can be withholden from thee. Who is he that hideth counsel without knowledge? Therefore I have uttered that I understand not; things too wonderful for me, which I knew not. Hear, I beseech thee, and I will speak: I will demand of thee, and declare thou unto me. I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee; wherefore I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes. My heart shall not reproach me as long as I live, he had said, but now he was dead, slain by the Word of the Lord.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

THE final triumph and vindication of Job are the subject of the lesson. To learn how the author of the book works out the result, the intervening chapters should be briefly summarized. At the place of last week's lesson, each of the three friends had made a speech and Job had replied. Another series of speeches from the friends and replies from Job follow. The friends are more personal and bitter in their second speeches. They are represented as grieved that Job should persist in denying that he was guilty of heinous sin, when, according to their theory, the fact of his being so terribly afflicted was positive proof of his guilt. But still Job refuses to confess. Then they become angry with him and reprove him sharply in a third series of speeches. No mention of Zophar is made in this third series, but he evidently was not silent. His third speech begins at the eleventh verse of the twenty-seventh chapter and extends to the twenty-third verse. That speech looks, in our version, as if it were a part of Job's reply to Bildad; but when it is read carefully it is clear that it is not Job who is speaking, as the passage traverses Job's argument. The style and the matter are Zophar's as will be seen by comparing the speech with his two former speeches. It is evident that through an inadvertence, some ancient copyist has dropped the usual introductory words, "Then answer Zophar the Naamathite and said." Job again replies and shows that he is still unconvinced. He is still confident that if he could come face to face with God he would be able to prove his innocence. But when God speaks the man quails. His mouth is not full of arguments as he said it would be. He is appalled and overwhelmed and abhors himself. Then God declares himself satisfied. Job has been brought to the state in which he declares that though he cannot understand God he trusts him and acquiesces in his will. The story is complete. Satan had contended that Job served God because God prospered him. Events have proved that even if Job must serve God for naught, he would still serve him.

I uttered that which I understood not. We do not know God's purpose in our trials and disappointments. God sometimes brings out of them a better good than could have been produced by ease and comfort. When John Bunyan was shut up in prison he probably thought it a mysterious providence. He would wonder that God did not protect him. He was so busy preaching and teaching that it seemed sad to have the good work stopped. But we understand it now. John Bunyan could never have done so much good by his preaching as he did by writing the *Pilgrim's Progress* in prison. A few might have profited by his preaching, but hundreds of thousands have profited by the work he did in prison and which he would never have done if he had not been shut up there. Sir Humphrey Davy, the great chemist, said that his failures had led him to his most remarkable discoveries. And so God often allows persons to fail and to come to an end of their own ability before he makes his strength perfect in their weakness. Fire on the farm of George Thurman, five miles north of Pomona, California, brought him singular good fortune. To stop the progress of the fiery monster which was fast devouring his stubble-field, he ploughed a furrow, and in doing so he turned up a tin can, which would hold about half a gallon. He found, upon opening it, a large quantity of gold, both coin and nuggets. The value of the find was 7,000 and it was gained through a calamity. So when we fret and repine under trouble we show a want of faith. The trouble may have come to bring out of us some result of special value. Therefore when in our hearts we blame God for the trouble and plead with him to take it away, we, like Job, "utter that which we understand not."

I heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth thee, I abhor myself. So long as Job's friends talked to him and spoke about God, Job maintained his confidence in himself. He felt that he was as good as they. But when God revealed himself, Job lost his self-respect. Compared with the omnipotent, the all-wise, pure and holy Being, he seemed to himself a poor, miserable creature. He abhorred himself. Every one is liable to become a Pharisee while his eye is fixed on other people, but he soon has a different opinion of himself when he studies God's character. He judges then by a higher standard. Henry Ward Beecher said: "One day when I was with Mr. Hicks, the painter, I saw on his table some high-colored stones, and I asked him what they were for. He said they were to keep his eye up to tone. When he was working in pigments, insensibly his sense of color was weakened, and by having a pure color near him he brought it up again, just as the musician, by his test fork, brings himself up to the right pitch. Now every day men need to have a sense of the invisible God. A clear conception of the perfect One produces a moral impression."

Ye have not spoken of me the thing that is right. Not only by our speech, but by our actions, we may misrepresent God. People who do not read the Bible and do not pray to God, do not know anything about him. The only way that they form any idea of him is by the lives of his people. If Christian people are gloomy, and morose, and ill-tempered, and selfish, the people who do not know God think that he is the same kind of Being, and so they do not love him as they might, if they had a different idea of him. A poor girl, partially intoxicated, was brought to the door of a Christian woman in Chicago. The latter was a poor woman, yet she took the wanderer in, and cared for her as best she could. The girl said she had no home or friends, and that she could no longer endure the life she was then leading. Looking in the woman's face as she ministered to her, she said, "I don't know anything about God, I can't love him; but I do love you." "But," said the good woman, "I am naturally bad. The only reason why I am different from you is that God has put his Spirit in me." The girl looked at her wonderingly, and then said, "I don't understand it, but if God has made the difference he must be very good." And afterward she came to know that what she loved in the good woman was the part of her nature that was God-like, and then she sought the same Spirit for herself.

And the Lord turned the captivity of Job when he prayed for his friends. These men had added to Job's afflictions by their unjust suspicions. His losses and bereavements and bodily suffering had been a heavy burden alone, and his friends had made it heavier. He had been vindicated and the natural man would have felt justified in scorning and upbraiding them. But he prays for them. This was the highest step in Job's development. He proved himself magnanimous. The author of the book makes a significant connection in telling this part of the story. Job's captivity was turned *when* he prayed for them. That is, the long dreary road of subjection to repeated strokes of trial ended and he turned to the new road of prosperity. It was a forecast of the prayer we now offer in the fuller light of the Gospel, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive." The turning point was the point where he forgave and prayed for his tormentors. A missionary in India reached in the same way a point where failure turned to success. He was preaching to a crowd of idol-loving Hindoos. He was suddenly interrupted by a native who went behind the desk, intending to knock him down with his stick. The blow, however, fell on the minister's shoulder and did not inflict a serious injury. The congregation were very angry at the offender, and seized him while attempting to escape. "What shall I do with him?" said the missionary. "Give him a good beating," answered some. "Send him to the judge," cried others. "No," said the missionary, "I will forgive him for Christ's sake." The effect of this scene on the Hindoos was most impressive; unable to keep silence, they sprang to their feet and shouted, "Victory to Jesus Christ!"

GEMS FROM THE MIRE.

How the Fallen Girls of New York's Slums are Being Sought and Rescued by two Devoted Christian Ladies.

THREE instances are recorded in the Gospels, of Jesus coming in contact with women of depraved character and in each case his words were kind, pitiful and gentle. He did not shrink away, as if fearing pollution, nor did he show any of the scorn with which

MISS JESSIE DE VIE.
A Convert and now Manager of the Rescue Mission.

such women are usually treated. The church has been slow to follow her Master's example. She has dealt very severely with women who have lost their purity, however leniently she might treat the men who were partners in their sin. The women must become outcasts, when their character was known and when the Gospel was preached to outcasts, the invitation was seldom wide enough to cover this class of sinners. In the increasing light of this century, as the Church has been advancing out of the barren lands in which she lived on the husks of theory and theological quibbles, and has struggled to possess the spirit of Christ, a change has come also in this matter of the fallen. Efforts have been made to reclaim and restore the lost and to open the path to a new and better life. Then the discovery was made that, in a large number of cases, the women did not continue in their sin through perversity, or because they were callous, but because they thought the gates were barred against their return. That discovery involved a duty. It was imperative that the offer of mercy should be carried to the hopeless ones and the assurance given them that full forgiveness awaited any who would forsake their evil way and turn to God. Many consecrated men and women have engaged in this work and scarcely any other field has yielded so rich a harvest.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has described several such efforts, such as the Florence Missions in New York and San Jose, the Margaret Strachan Home and the Door of Hope. There is, however, another work which is little known and which deserves notice, if only as a suggestion to sympathetic Christians in other cities. It bears the same relation to the Missions as the field corps of the hospital service, in war time, bears to the hospitals. As the wounded on the field often need prompt attention and are often unable to reach the hospitals, so there are many of these women, who are too much crushed and maimed in the battle of their lives to make their way to the Missions, where Christian people are waiting "to bind up the broken-hearted."

The origin of the work is very interesting. One Saturday night last summer, a number of Christian young men and women started on an expedition through one of the most depraved districts of New York. Some of them came from Rev. A. B. Simpson's college, where they were being trained for work in heathen lands. They are now scattered through Africa and China, but they see there no lower depth of heathenism than they saw in New York between sunset on that Saturday night and dawn on Sunday morning. The scene of their exploration was the district of which Mulberry Bend is the centre. Dirt and squalor were to be seen on every hand, and vice in all its forms flourished unrestrained. Low-class saloons and opium dens and cheap gambling resorts were doing a thriving trade and the victims with haggard faces and wild eyes, flaming with intoxication, crowded the narrow sidewalks.

The visitors received scant attention; some listened to them in incredulous astonishment, some ridiculed them and others were too much stupefied with opium or liquor to understand what was said to them. About two hours after midnight, a wild, bare-headed woman emerged from some miserable tenement and hurried along Worth Street on a quest for whiskey. She was then under its influence, as she had been for three weeks past; but she had arrived at the stage when she craved more of the stimulant to settle her quivering nerves; so she left her bed and went out only half dressed to get it. A kind word from one of the visitors arrested her steps and she waited long enough to give a mocking answer. But she was not one who had always been such as she then was. Her memory responded to the appeal that was made to her and it called up a picture of happy and pure life which she had known. She broke down in a fit of weeping and ultimately yielded to the invitation to go to a refuge in the upper part of the town. But she insisted that she must have the whiskey first. She would die on the way without it. Her new friends pleaded with and coaxed her as they would a fretful child and eventually induced her to take a glass of soda instead. It was a painful experience taking her up to the home which the Salvation Army has opened in 123rd Street. Her conduct on the elevated railroad was immodest and her speech profane, but at last the destination was reached and she was received. She remained there under Christian influence, was converted, and is now a respected and respectable member of society, earning an honest livelihood, and suggesting, neither by word nor manner, the slough from which she was rescued.

These nocturnal expeditions have been continued and many such trophies have been won. Many of the workers, have, however, been called to other fields and others have been physically unable to bear the strain of the effort. Among the band on that July night was one who has never faltered in the work. Miss Louise Beiser seemed to see in that night's work a special call to her for service. She had already done much Christian work in the slums, supporting herself on her own means and the product of her labor and giving her Christian labor freely to the Lord, for the love of him. She soon became a familiar figure in Mulberry Street and the neighborhood; and many of the degraded people there gave her their respect and confidence. One after another she wooed away from the fascination of vice and carried away to be cared for and taught by Christian people in some mission where there might be room. In some cases they were young girls of seventeen and under, just beginning a life of sin, who occasionally could be restored to their families; others had drunk the cup of sin and misery to the dregs. Some had been well educated and came from Christian homes; other had grown up in practical heathenism; but in all, there was the material for the Holy Spirit to use for the transformation of the whole being into a new creature in Christ Jesus.

Early in Miss Beiser's work, she secured a helper of the most efficient kind in Miss Jessie De Vie, who had herself been rescued from a life of sin and shame through God's blessing on the efforts of the friends at the Florence Mission. It would serve no useful purpose to lift the veil which Jessie gladly draws over the early years of her life. She had sunk very low when she was rescued, was a slave to the opium habit; and had a host of wealthy friends who assailed her with offers of money and luxuries if she would return to the vicious circles over which she had reigned as a queen. The first few weeks of her new life were a horrible ordeal. It seemed as if the temptations with which she was plied, the force of habit, and the craving for luxuries to which she had been accustomed, would draw her back into the Malstrom from which she had barely escaped. But the power of Christ overcame and gradually she was completely delivered. Then there came to her that longing, which every rescued soul feels, to rescue others. She knew by painful experience the characteristics of a vicious life and she could tell the victims, as no other could, how Christ delivers those who trust in him. She acted as Miss Beiser's guide and led her to many concealed haunts, where one and another of Jessie's old acquaintances were found and rescued.

As the work extended, the need of some temporary refuge in the slums made itself felt. Sometimes, after a girl had been with difficulty induced to accept the invitation to enter a home, she would change her mind during the hours that must elapse on the journey. Or, when they reached their destination, they would find that the home was already crowded and their charge could not be received. Sometimes the woman was partially intoxicated and could not be taken on the Elevated Railroad and in any case much valuable time in the night hours was lost in traveling. Miss Beiser and Jessie had many consultations on the subject, and finally they hired with their own scanty resources two rooms in a tenement house, at the rear of 76 Mulberry Street. To these they could take any girl who, tired and worn and weary, felt the promptings to a better life. There she might rest and sleep, and the next day, washed and tidied and calm she might go to the Mission that could receive her.

SCENE IN FRONT OF THE NEW RESCUE MISSION, MULBERRY STREET, NEW YORK.

The poor, dreary, dingy rooms were tenanted every night, and the grimy walls have echoed to many a pleading cry for pardon and strength, and to many an earnest appeal from the servants of Christ to the lost and erring to turn from their wickedness and live. Two other rooms on the same floor were rented as the need grew. The rent absorbed their scanty means, and left nothing available for furniture. But the women who were brought there were concerned about more serious matters than that, and were glad to accept the mattresses on the floor, which was the best accommodation their loving hostesses could afford to offer. Things are a little better now, though few of our readers would like to sleep in such a place. The writer was in the rooms a few days ago, and was glad to see some half dozen cheap but clean, comfortable cots there. Two of them had been gratefully labeled THE CHRISTIAN HERALD cots, as they were the gift of Mr. Klopsch; another bore the name of Mr. Spicer of the Sunday School Union, and another the familiar initials I. H. N., showing that some King's Daughter had provided it. Jessie said that ten women had slept in the rooms the night previous, and as many more would have come if there had been room. The guests had been very grateful, and their hostesses were thankful for the privilege of receiving them. "It is sad to think," Jessie observed, "that we cannot receive all who come, but the place is so small. The rent of these four rooms is $17 a month, There is a convenient house on the next block that would exactly suit us, with eight large, light rooms. If we could get that, then we should be able to do a great work." But the rent is $110 a month, and how could we ever get so much money together? If some of the fathers and mothers who have daughters, and realize what it means to save a girl from sin and shame, knew of our work and how much we could do with a little money, I think they would help us, and then we could have that house. I have set my heart upon it, and I believe the Lord will send us the money yet." Jessie's faith is very beautiful, and those who know how God provides the means for those who are intent on serving him, will not think that it is misplaced.

A Gift to Humanity.

Dr. Joseph Gardner Dedicates a Tract of Land in Indiana to the Red Cross.

DR. JOSEPH GARDNER of Bedford, Ind., has presented to the American National Red Cross, as "the almoner of humanity," a valuable tract of land in the state of Indiana, for the purposes of a home headquarters for the organization. The gift is a princely one, consisting of 782 acres, or something over a square mile in extent. There is a village upon the land with post-office, barns, tenant-houses, orchards, forest, maple groves, oolitic stone quarries, excellent water springs and a river frontage of one mile. A trunk line of railway passes through it and there are three other lines of railway near. It is three hours from Louisville, four from Cincinnati, four from Indianapolis, six from St. Louis, and seven from Chicago. Miss Clara Barton, President of the American National Red Cross, has accepted the gift in behalf of the organization. In her letter to Dr. Gardner she says:

This and will be the one piece of neutral ground on the western hemisphere, protected by international treaty against the tread of hostile feet. It is a perpetual sanctuary against invading armies, and will be so respected and held sacred by the military powers of the world. Forty nations are pledged to hold all material and stores of the Red Cross, and all its followers, neutral in war, and free to go or come as their duties require. While its business headquarters will remain, as before, at the Capital of the Nation, this gift still forms a realization of the hope so long cherished—that the National Red Cross may have a place to accumulate and produce material and stores for sudden emergencies and great calamities; and if war should come upon our land, which may God avert, we may be ready to fulfil the mission that our adhesion to the Geneva Treaty has made binding upon us.

The new property will be known as "Red Cross Park," and for the present will be under the advisory care of Dr. Gardner, who has appointed Mr. J. H. Morlan as his assistant and Park manager. Improvements are already going on, grain is being sowed, and stables erected, and already offers of fine stock are being made from some of the leading stock men of the country. This new acquisition will be of inestimable value to the Red Cross, enabling it to be more than ever prompt and serviceable in the succoring of sufferers by war, flood, famine or pestilence and in the broad field of humanitarianism everywhere.

A CHRISTIAN HOSPITAL IN DAMASCUS

AN effort is being made to secure the funds for building a Christian Hospital at Damascus. Dr. Mackinnon, who has been laboring as a medical missionary in that city, pleads earnestly for the help, and draws a pathetic picture of the need of the people. Many worthy Christian people in London are interested in the movement, so that there is little doubt of its success. The ancient city of Damascus has a population of nearly 200,000 inhabitants, the greatest majority of whom are fanatically opposed to Christianity; it is without hospitals, dispensaries, poor-houses, asylums, or the other expressions of Christian brotherhood. Dr. Mackinnon's work is the only sign the people have that Christianity is a religion of love and kindness. He urgently needs a medical missionary colleague. The first missionaries of the Cross were sent out "two and two," and the wisdom of this Divine arrangement is obvious in efficiently carrying on medical missionary operations; in carrying on the ordinary work of the dispensary or hospital, and, at the same time, outside visitation; in itinerary work; in time of sickness or furlough—the presence of a brother medical missionary must prove an incalculable blessing.

With the establishment of an hospital the aid of a fully-qualified nurse also becomes indispensable. To carry out the scheme—the purchase of land and the erection of a hospital, with accommodation for some sixty patients, dwelling-house, dispensary, etc.—about $25,000 will be required, of which a large part is already subscribed.

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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SCIENTIFIC CHRISTIANS.

WE are too willing to give up our weapons to the enemy. The world boasts that it has gobbled up the schools, and the colleges, and the arts, and the sciences, and the literature, and the printing press. Infidelity is making a mighty attempt to get all our weapons in its hand, and then to keep them. It is making this boast all the time; and after a while, when the great battle between sin and righteousness has opened, if we do not look out we will be as badly off as the Israelites once were without swords to fight with, and without any sharpening instruments. I call upon the superintendents of literary institutions to see to it that the men who go into class-rooms to stand beside the Leyden jars, and the electric batteries, and the microscopes and telescopes, be children of God, not Philistines. The Carlylian, Emerson, and Tyndallean thinkers of this day are trying to get all the intellectual weapons of this century in their own grasp.

What we want is scientific Christians to capture the science, and scholastic Christians to capture the scholarship, and philosophic Christians to capture philosophy, and lecturing Christians, to take back the lecturing platform. We want to send out against Schenkel and Straues and Renan, a Theodore Christlieb of Bonn; and against the infidel scientists of the day, a God-worshipping Silliman and Hitchcock and Agassiz. We want to capture all the philosophical apparatus, and swing around the telescopes on the swivel, until through them we can see the morning star of the Redeemer, and with mineralogical hammer discover the "Rock of Ages," and amid the flora of the realms find the "Rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley." We want a clergy learned enough to discourse of the human eye, showing it to be a microscope and telescope in one instrument, with eight hundred wonderful contrivances, and lids closing 30,000 or 40,000 times a day; all its muscles and nerves and bones showing the infinite skill of an infinite God, and then winding up with the peroration: "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?" And then we want to discourse about the human, its wonderful integuments, membranes, and vibration, and its chain of small bones, and its auditory nerve, closing with the question: "He that planted the ear, shall he not hear?" And we want some one able to expound the first chapter of Genesis, bringing to it the geology and the astronomy of the world, until, as Job suggested, "the stones shall be in league" with the truth, and "the stars in their course shall fight against Sisera."

Oh, Church of God, go out and recapture these weapons. Let men of God go out and take possession of the platform. Let the debauched printing-press of this country be recaptured for Christ, and the reporters, and the type-setters, and the editors, and publishers made to swear allegiance to the Lord God of truth. Ah, my friend, that day must come, and if the great body of Christian men have not the faith, or the courage, or the consecration to do it, then let some Jonathan, on his busy hands and on his praying knees, climb up on the rock of hindrance, and in the name of the Lord God of Israel slash to pieces those literary Philistines. If these men will not be converted to God, then they must be destroyed.

YOUNG MEN TO THE FRONT.

THERE are places innumerable where young men can go and find libraries and secular literature, but to the Young Men's Christian Associations be the honor of having established reading-rooms where the spiritual and immortal nature finds healthful culture. The only way to fight bad books and diseased literature is by Gospelized literature. The only way to drive out unwholesome pictures is by pure engravings and wood-cuts. Give it a fair chance, and one sharp Christian pen will conquer fifty that are iniquitous, though they be golden and diamond handled. A reading-room armed with evangelical magazines and newspapers is one of the mightiest agencies of the Young Men's Christian Associations.

How many of our youth have, through this institution, been saved for this world and the next, we could not estimate. There is but a poor chance for a young man when he comes to town, unless this institution meets him. The first six months in the city have swamped many a young man forever.

The most of you were born in the country. You remember the farm-house, the brook where you waded knee-deep for pebbles; the old hickory of the woods which you climbed for nuts; the old pear tree behind the house which you shook for fruit; the path along which you drove the cattle a-field, or over which they came, when at even-tide they were waiting with their heads through the bars. You remember the first time you saw a great town; your blood tingled, your eyes danced. Your country residence had not prepared you for what you were to see and hear. We admit that there were sins among granaries and corn cribs as certainly as among custom-houses and broker-shops, but they were less elaborate and deceptive. The trees never issue false stock. Wheat fields are never guilty of dishonorable competitions. The gold on the grain is never counterfeit. Buckwheat fields from drought may ask an "extension of time," but hardly ever make a total failure. Rivers are almost always "current." Acquaintance with the cattle on a thousand hills is no preparation for the "bulls and bears" of the money market. You slept in your country home the night long without having the doors locked, so you were not prepared to hear the slam of bolts and snap of patented spring locks. Then you carried your money loosely about you; but now you run against the placard, "Beware of pickpockets!" Then, when men offered you services, you knew it was from disinterested motives; now you say, "How much do you ask?" You found that you had suddenly entered upon a new world. You found yourself among some to whom honesty meant stealing beyond the law's reach.

In the moment of fresh arrival in town, the Young Men's Christian Association has saved tens of thousands, and that is the time to do the work—namely, before they are lost. It is a grand thing to help ashore the shipwrecked, but a grander thing to provide a compass and give the warning before they crash into the rocks. May God save our young men from the seething, scalding, blasting, damning temptations of city life. Foremost and mightiest in that work are the Young Men's Christian Associations. May God multiply and augment them!

GOOD AND BAD ANGELS.

I ONCE saw a tragedy on a street corner. A young man, evidently doubting as to which direction he had better take. Splendid young man. Cultured young man. Honored young man. Why did he stop there while so many were going up and down? The fact is, that every man has a good angel and a bad angel contending for the mastery of his spirit, and there was a good angel and a bad angel struggling with that young man's soul at the corner of the street. "Come with me," said the good angel; "I will take you home; I will spread my wing over your pillow; I will lovingly escort you all through life under supernatural protection; I will bless every cup you drink out of, every couch you rest on, every doorway you enter; I will consecrate your tears when you weep, your sweat when you toil, and at the last I will hand over your grave into the hand of the bright angel of a Christian resurrection."

"No, no," said the bad angel, "come with me; I have something better to offer; the wines I pour are from chalices of bewitching carousal; the dance I lead is over floor tessellated with unrestrained indulgencies; there is no God to frown on the temples of sin where I worship. The skies are Italian. The paths I tread are through meadows, daisied and primrosed. Come with me."

The young man hesitated at a time when hesitation was ruin, annd the bad angel smote the good angel until it departed, spreading wings through the starlight upward and away, until a door flashed open in the sky and forever it vanished. That was the turning point in that young man's history; for, the good angel flown, he hesitated no longer, but started on a pathway which is beautiful at the opening, but blasted at the last. The bad angel, leading the way, opened gate after gate, and at each gate the road became rougher and the sky more lurid. Passed each portal, there was a grinding of locks and a shoving of bolts; and the scenery on either side the road changed from gardens to deserts, and the June air became a cutting December blast, and the bright wings of the bad angel turned to sackcloth, and the eyes of light became hollow with hopeless grief, and the fountains, that at the start had tossed with wine, poured forth bubbling tears and foaming, and on the other side the road there was a serpent, and the man said unto the bad angel, "What is that serpent?" and the answer was, "That is the serpent of stinging remorse."

On the left side the road there was a lion, and the man asked the bad angel, "What is that lion?" and the answer was "That is the lion of all-devouring despair." A vulture flew through the sky, and the man asked the bad angel, "What is that vulture?" and the answer was "That is the vulture waiting for the carcasses of the slain." And then the man began to try to pull off of him the folds of something that had wound him round and round, and he said to the bad angel, "What is it that twists me in this awful convolution?" and the answer was, "That is the worm that never dies!" And then the man said to the bad angel, "What does all this mean? I trusted in what you said at the street corner; I trusted it all, and why have you thus deceived me?" Then the last deception fell off the charmer, and it said: "I was sent forth from the pit to destroy your soul; I watched my chance for many a long year; when you hesitated that night I gained my triumph!"

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

BOOKS WHICH HAVE HELPED ME.

"TELL me the books which have helped you in your religious life, Mr. Yatman?" Thus a friend sought me one day with his queries. It may be my answer will help others.

First, my own Bible. It is one with a wide margin for notes, and full of references, with a text-book in the back. This has been my greatest help, for I have the pencil and ink notes which I have made, from time to time, on texts and chapters, and little gems gathered here and there, stored away on the margins and blank leaves. There never will be much growth in grace, till a Christian gets a Bible of his own, and knows it like a good housekeeper knows the house.

Second, my Illustration Book. This is a little book I have made and had bound. As a Christian, I know I ought to contribute my share in making religious meetings good; and finding how powerful illustration was to help folks understand the truth of Scripture, I began to collect from every source, all good illustrations which I could use well, and here they are stored up for service. That and my Bible go together.

Third, Arthur's "Tongue of Fire." I doubt if there is a better book for hungry Christians than this; it is almost inspired. Its presentation of the Holy Spirit is such as to set one seeking for the treasure of power, till he come forth anointed for service.

Fourth—"The Life and Lectures of Charles G. Finney." There is something so marvelous in this man's life, at and after conversion, that for real spiritual stimulant it has no equal. He deals with God and truth and sinners in such a way as to leave no doubt of divine guidance. And for me, I like to trace the lives and work and writings of God-led men.

Stalker's "Life of Christ and Paul," put things in such clear shape for understanding that much help came from them.

"The Life of John G. Paton," in the "New Hebrides" helped my faith very much. Spurgeon's Lectures to his students, and Mrs. Booth's "Aggressive Christianity," had no small effect both on my mind and heart when I read them, which I did over and over again.

The little tracts "House-top Saint" and "Thanksgiving Ann" are bits of writing born of wisdom and love.

I have saved to the last the one book which I think and feel has in it the power to entertain, instruct, guide and bless, by repeated readings, and that is "Pilgrim's Progress." I'm quite sure, though you may have read it once or even a dozen times, yet there is gold to be had by going over it again. Try it.

Seven Times a Day.

There are some very weak Christians, very weak indeed; and there is no sunshine of joy for them, because they fall into sin so often. If not actual transgression, it's so near the border line that nice distinctions are not made by them in judgment, and under condemnation they go, and there they stay most of the time.

I pity them! and have been searching out of the Bible what I could find. Of course the staid, old, orthodox saint will say, "give them passages on Victory, and the power of grace, and such like."

Well, yes, I suppose that's good advice; but God himself can't make a calf out of a cat, or at least he doesn't; and the very make-up of these people is such, that to expect strong, robust Christians out of them, is to expect bass-wood to be as hard as hickory. There is no use expecting it; you cannot make watch-springs out of wood.

But, again, to my findings in the Scripture for them. It all came so sweet where he tells us if one sins and repents, we are to forgive him: and if he sins seven times a day and repents every time, we are to forgive him; and then the "seventy times seven" story came to add its testimony to what should be done, and after reading all, I said, "Well, if he, the great Teacher, tells us thus we must do, he himself surely will not do less."

So I write unto you weaklings, taking all the risk which I know I run, and say to you, whether up or down, keep your mind on the mercy of God.

C. H. Yatman

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE FIRST AMBASSADOR.

THE appointment of Mr. Bayard as Ambassador to England has received general approval throughout the country. There is a common belief among men of all parties that he will represent this nation with dignity, wisdom and discretion. He brings to his new duties a long experience in public affairs. For about eighteen years he was the leader of his party in the Senate, and for four years he was Secretary of State. He is therefore familiar with all the subjects with which it will be his duty to deal, and especially with the relations of our Government to the country to which he is accredited, as the English difficulties were the chief business of the State Department while he was at the head of it. His new title of Ambassador is unfamiliar, as since the early years of the Republic the Government has been represented at foreign courts by ministers plenipotentiary. Congress, however, authorized the change in order that our representatives abroad might enjoy the respect, dignities and honors which European courts accord to the higher rank. We also derive an advantage in the type of men which those courts will now send to Washington. They will no longer be diplomats of the lower order. The duties to be performed will be practically the same though the Ambassador has larger powers and more privileges than the Minister. He is supposed to be more directly a personal representative of the head of his Government and as such is entitled to greater respect. It is significant that the title is used in the Bible in relation to preachers of the Gospel. They are, says Paul, "ambassadors for Christ" and as there can be no higher dignity, so their mission is one of transcendent importance. Its supreme object is to persuade men to be reconciled to God. (II. Cor. 5 : 20.)

A City in a Volcano.

In a recent letter from Japan to the Springfield *Republican*, an American traveler describes a visit he had just paid to the volcano of Aso San, thirty miles from Kumamoto. In ascending to the crater, which is the largest in the world, being more than thirty miles in circumference, he was surprised to find a city of twenty thousand inhabitants nestling within its walls. The sides of the crater tower around it to a height of eight hundred feet, completely shutting it off from view. There was plenty of evidence that the volcano was not extinct, in the hot springs that abound throughout the city. In one place the visitor found a stream of hot water, brick-red, which was being used to turn the wheel of a rice-mill. The inner crater is an aperture about half a mile in diameter. It is only a short distance from the city, but it is plainly visible, by the high column of steam which continually arises from it. Nine years ago it caused some alarm by spouting up vast quantities of black ashes and dust. This continued for three days, and during the time semi-darkness prevailed in the adjacent city, and the people were much terrified. But the discharge ceased as abruptly as it began, and the normal ejection of steam was resumed. There seemed to the visitor an utter absence of apprehension in the homes of the people in this strange city. Peaceful farms producing excellent crops, school houses and sacred shrines were to be found there, as in other cities of Japan. How people could live calmly and contentedly in such a place with the knowledge that at any time the volcano might burst into activity and engulf them in its horrible fires, was a mystery to the visitor. But he can see a still greater mystery nearer home. In any American town he can find men who know that they must die, and who believe that an awful doom awaits them then, yet are unconcerned, and go about their business as if they were in no peril (Luke 12: 19, 20.)

A Guest of Rank.

A strange incident of the Inauguration ceremonies has just come to light, and is related by the Washington *Star*. It appears that a lady who lives not far from the capitol in Washington invited a party to luncheon on Inauguration Day. An elaborate repast was prepared, but the guests did not come. The severity of the weather was ultimately found to have been the cause of their absence. The disappointed hostess, not willing that the viands be wasted, thought of the soldiers in front of the house. She suggested to her husband that as their friends had failed to come he go out and invite some of the shivering men to come in. To this her husband assented, and seeing a little group of soldiers standing apart from the others he invited them all. They accepted, and after partaking of the eatables and coffee the leader of the party thanked the lady for her kindness, and requested her name, which being given, he informed the hostess that he was Gov. Russell of Massachusetts, and that his companions were members of his staff. She must have been greatly surprised as well as gratified. Similar surprise will be felt at the last great day when rewards are distributed, and it is found by some who have relieved the poor for Christ's sake, that they have unawares done a kindness to the children of the King (Matt. 25: 37.)

A Marriage Under Government Auspices

An American lady who is shortly to be married has had to make provision for obtaining the consent of the Emperor of Germany to the nuptials. It appears that her lover is an officer in the German army, whose suit has been accepted by the lady and approved by her mother. But the young man is required by law to show that he has an assured income of $620 annually, before he can marry, and he must also have the Emperor's consent. He was unable to fulfil the financial condition; but the bride is the possessor of a large fortune, bequeathed to her by her father, who died a few years ago. Her trustees have invested in German bonds a sufficient sum to produce the stipulated income, and the bonds have been deposited with the Minister of War at Dresden, as security that the investment shall be permanent. Thus qualified, the officer has applied to the Emperor for his consent, and when that is granted, which is regarded as certain, the marriage will take place. It is well for the lover that the lady is able and willing thus to remove the obstacles to their union. When the obstacles are of that character it usually rests with the lover to remove them and the achievement sometimes costs him years of labor and self-denial. Jacob served seven years for Rachel, and it is the glory of the Church that the Lord so loved her that he gave his own blood for her redemption. (Eph. 5: 25-27.)

HON. THOMAS F. BAYARD, AMBASSADOR TO ENGLAND.

To Prevent Suicide.

A recent suicide in New York gives significance to a discussion which took place on March 16, at the meeting of the Society of Medical Jurisprudence. The question before the society was as to the best mode of dealing legally with the crime of self-murder. One eminent physician expressed the opinion that all legislation on the subject was useless. He called attention to the fact, that in spite of the stringent law of the State for the punishment of intending suicides, only one conviction had been secured under it. In that case the man had been in prison for ten years for jumping into the river while suffering from delirium tremens. The effect of prescribing penalties was only to make the intending suicide more careful to escape them by providing against failure in carrying out his purpose. The old English law, which provided that the estate of a suicide should be confiscated, and his body buried at the junction of four cross roads with a stake driven through it, was equally inoperative as a deterrent. A man sufficiently desperate to commit suicide, he said, did not care what became of his body or estate. The doctor might have added that neither did the man care what became of his soul, which is really in such a case the most important consideration, for the suicide, when he is mentally responsible, is a murderer, and as such is warned that he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven (Rev. 22: 15.)

A Heart Literally Broken.

In a recently published volume by an eminent surgeon, a remarkable instance of a broken heart is described. It is stated that Dr. J. K. Mitchell, of Jefferson College, Philadelphia, was formerly surgeon on board a ship plying between Liverpool and American ports. The doctor formed a close friendship with the captain of the ship and during their voyages had much pleasant intercourse with him. During their last voyage together, the captain informed Dr. Mitchell that a long pending courtship, of which he had frequently spoken, had taken a favorable turn and on the arrival of the vessel in port he was to be married. Upon this subject he evinced great warmth of feeling, and showed some costly jewels and ornaments which he intended to present as bridal gifts. On reaching his destination he was abruptly informed that the lady had married some one else. Instantly the captain was observed to clasp his hand to his breast and fall heavily to the ground. He was taken up dead. A post-mortem examination revealed the cause. His heart was found literally torn in twain. The tremendous propulsion of blood, consequent upon such a violent nervous shock, forced the powerful muscular tissues asunder, and life was at an end. It would appear from this case that we may be nearer the actual truth than we suppose when we speak of people dying broken-hearted. But in the spiritual sense the word is in direct contrast, for while life was at an end when the captain's heart broke, life in its best sense is just beginning when the sinner's heart is broken by divine grace. (Ps. 34: 18.)

Mortgaged His Father's Grave.

A dispute about a lot in Mount Hope Cemetery, Boston, Mass., is pending and will probably involve litigation. It arose out of a money lending transaction. A young man who wanted to borrow a hundred dollars found that he could not do so without giving security. The only collateral he could offer was the ownership of a lot in the cemetery in which his father and mother are buried. The money was advanced on that security and the borrower gave a note for the amount at sixty days. He also signed an undertaking that if he did not pay at the time stipulated, he would have the bodies removed from the lot. He was unable to pay, but the cemetery trustees refuse to permit him to fulfil his agreement. They contend that the lot was originally sold subject to their regulations, one of which prohibits the removal of a body without their consent. There have been severe comments on the heartlessness of a son who risked the disturbance of his parents' bodies from their last resting place. Perhaps he consoles himself with the thought that his parents are safe with God and will not now care where their bodies may lie. We may hope that is true. No misconduct on his part could cause them to lose their eternal habitation, but it could cause him to lose his own, which would be an infinitely greater loss than the loss of a grave. (Luke 12: 4, 5.

BRIEF NOTES.

The Baptist Missionary Society in England is raising a special fund in celebration of its centenary. Already $550,065 is contributed.

Prince Oscar Bernadotte, the second son of the King of Sweden, has organized a Total Abstinence Society among the soldiers at Carlskrona, and he has accepted the office of president of it.

A remarkable revival has been witnessed at Babylon, L.I., under the preaching of Evangelists A. J. Smith and William Billings. Even the saloon-keepers closed their places under the interest that was aroused and the meetings were thronged by eager listeners.

Dr. A. J. Gordon's appeal to his congregation in the Clarendon Street Baptist Church, Boston, on a recent Sunday on behalf of the Centennial fund for Foreign Missions, received a liberal response. The collection amounted to $8,500 which makes the contribution of Dr. Gordon's church to Foreign Missions this year no less than $16,000.

Rev. Jacob Freshman has returned from his five months preaching and lecturing tour and has resumed his work at the Hebrew Christian Church in St. Mark's Place, New York. Mr. Freshman received a warm welcome there last Sunday morning. He announced that in the future he would preach every Sunday morning in German and every Sunday evening in English.

At Rising City, Neb., Evangelists Billings and Byers have been holding successful services. The meetings were the largest ever known in the neighborhood and many professed their faith in Christ after the meeting closed. The evangelists proceeded to Springfield, Neb., at special invitation to commence a campaign there.

A full report of the Northwestern Christian Convention, conducted at Minneapolis last month by Revs. B. Fay Mills and J. Wilbur Chapman has been issued. It contains beside the addresses of the two evangelists, a general report of the three days' proceedings. It has been published for the Committee by Horace B. Hudson, 400 Bank of Commerce Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

The Quinn Anti-Gambling car, *Roanoke*, is at Fostoria, O. Over twenty services have been held since leaving Washington, D. C., on a Western tour, and large audiences have gathered to hear Evangelist Quinn's eloquent exposures of the vice of gambling. Many have signed the anti-gambling pledge. Friends of the crusade can address Secretary O. S. Palmer at 142 Monroe Street, Chicago.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's services at Muscatine, Ia., have been followed by large accessions to the churches. From the cards signed it appeared that 110 would join the Methodists; 78 the Congregational Church; 64 the Baptist; 63 Presbyterian and the others are distributed among the United Brethren, Lutheran, Protestant Episcopal, etc. It is believed that over six hundred souls were brought in during the meetings and many more were deeply impressed who are now under the care of the pastors of the city.

A novel feature of Temperance work has been adopted at the village of Eyota, Minn. The village recently voted no license. One of the difficulties was that the funds for lighting the streets were derived from the license fees and it was feared that when license was abolished the streets would be in darkness. The Women's Christian Temperance Union obtained charge of the street lamps, raised money for oil by subscription, and allotted a lamp to each girl, whose pleasure it will be to keep it trimmed and burning.

Contributions to the fund for supplying colored ministers in the South with this journal have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of $33. They were from: Josie A., Newark, N. J., 50 cents; John F. Boyle, Olmity, Kan., $10; Subscriber, Haydenville, Mass., $1; Mrs. A. B., N. Y. City, $1; S. Melville, Heislerville, N. J., $1; Loren Peterson, Occidental, Cal., $1; R. A. McM., Gatesville, Tex., $1.50; M. S., Lewiston, Pa., $2; Subscriber, Sug Creek, O., $10; M. E. Andrews, Prophetstown, Ill., $3; Dick Gray, Livingston Manor, N. Y., $1; S. S. Wise, Toledo, O., $1.

Rev. Thomas Harrison commenced his revival campaign in the Brooklyn Tabernacle on Good Friday, March 31, under very auspicious circumstances. On Sunday evening he had an audience of more than five thousand persons. When he invited those who desired the prayers of God's people for their conversion to stand up, over two hundred rose. The inquiry room was not large enough to contain all who remained after the service for personal conversation. The meetings are being held every evening in the week except Saturday.

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

IN ROYAL ROBE AND DIADEM.

A Sermon Preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York, last Sunday, April 9, 1893, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D. D. Text: Isa. 61: 10. *"I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God: for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels."*

THE sixtieth chapter of Isaiah begins a beautiful and glorious description of the golden age of the Messiah. This description continues through the sixty-first and the sixty-second chapters. The blessings of that period are represented as numerous and glorious. They are described in the exalted and poetic imagery so often employed by the prophets, and especially by the evangelical prophet Isaiah. This prophet, in harmony with his usual method of foretelling, puts himself into the midst of the scenes which he so strikingly describes. In this connection he portrays the time when the Gentiles shall be gathered in, and when the whole earth shall be illumined with the glory of gospel truth. The sixty-first chapter is a marked portion of this grand description; it sets before us the blessed results of the coming and the work of the Messiah. In the text we have the language of the prophet himself, or of some other who speaks authoratively on behalf of Zion. The truth here taught is that the prosperity of Zion, the true church and kingdom of the Messiah, is a sufficient cause for rapturous joy; and that this prosperity should lead all God's true people to give thanksgiving for the great mercy experienced in the reign of the Messiah.

A Joyful Age.

But all true Christians in our day are as really the people of God as were the saints in the days of Isaiah, and they can make this language their own. They more truly than God's people of that earlier day can rejoice in the grace of God in their own hearts, and in the spread of the kingdom of God throughout the world. The world never was so small, so far as the means of reaching all its parts are concerned, as it is to-day. All the inventions and discoveries of the hour are contributing to the spread of the Gospel and to the establishment of the kingdom of God. Telephones and telegraphs have made the world a whispering gallery to echo the story of redeeming love. Steamships and railways in carrying God's messengers are instruments for the spread of the Gospel and for the salvation of the race. Never before might the church so rejoice in the glory of God's grace as to-day. In looking more closely at this text we see that it gives us its salient thoughts with great clearness and with equal beauty.

This text contains, in the first place, a joyous resolution: "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, and my soul shall be joyful in my God." The joy spoken of here is described as great. Those who rejoice in God have

Cause to Rejoice

greatly. No other joy can be half so joyful; no other joy is worthy the name. The joy of this world perishes even while it is used; but the joy which comes from heavenly things increases with the using, and it shall be enjoyed more fully in heaven than upon the earth. In speaking of this heavenly joy extravagance is impossible; in attempting adequately to represent its greatness economy in statement is sinful. If our joy be in God we cannot rejoice too much. Well might the psalmist say, in the second verse of the thirty-fourth psalm, "My soul shall make her boast in the Lord." Boasting in God is not only justifiable but its absence is unpardonable. The psalmist recognized God as the fountain whence his joy sprang in a full and continuous stream. No [illegible] self and exalts only God as the object of his trust and the subject of his boast. If our joy [illegible] the perfection of his character and in the preciousness of his love, will be in our joy. Only as God is in our joy can joy be truly joy. The first Gospel song which earth ever heard was a song of ineffable joy. In that moment of tremulous excitement when there came to the heart of the Hebrew maiden the realization of all the honor that was to come to her, and all the blessing that through her was to come to the world, she burst forth in a song of holy ecstacy. The lofty words of the lowly Hannah came spontaneously to her lips. Her soul was saturated with the

Glowing Lyrics

of the saints; she was imbued with their spirit, and her thoughts naturally took the form of this glorious Old Testament poetry. And so the gentle maiden sang, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." And the "Magnificat" of Mary has echoed through loyal hearts ever since, and has found expression on the lips of men and women under the spell of lyric impulse and of religious emotion. The "Benedictus" of Zacharias was the natural echo of the Magnificat of Mary; and soon the "Gloria in Excelsis" of the angels is heard. The birth of the Lord gave them, as well as us, new cause for joy. Over the plains of Bethlehem rang their voices making night melodious with heavenly music. The birth of Christ was cause for joy to saints and seraphs in heaven, as well as to all pure hearts and noble souls on the earth. Indeed the whole atmosphere was tremulous with song at the time of the Lord's birth. Never before did loving hearts so utter themselves in lofty song as then. We are not surprised at the "Nunc Dimittis" of Simeon after we have listened to the other strains of music evoked by the rapturous emotion of that marvelous time. No wonder that Simeon, as he takes the divine babe into his arms, finds himself uttering strains of music which had long been shut up in his own reverent heart.

The noble Paul drank in

The Spirit of Joy

He says, "Rejoice evermore," and elsewhere, "Rejoice in the Lord always; and again, I say, rejoice. The apostle shows us that joy in the Lord is not simply a privilege but a duty. The apostle but echoes the words of the Old Testament prophet who states a profound psychological as well as a deeply religious principle when he affirms, "The joy of the Lord is your strength." Religion evermore gives joy. Religion makes joy bells ring in heaven and among redeemed souls on earth. It is an ancient, and also a satanic, slander to affirm that a religious life is a life of gloom. Satan, as his name implies, is evermore a slanderer. We have seen lives sad because they were without God and without hope. It is true that religion has its solemn elements; it is true that while Christ was annointed with the oil of gladness above his fellows, he was also the man of sorrows. All his people share with him in these times of sunshine and shadow. That is a shallow life which knows no lofty joy and no deep grief.

We see also that this is spiritual joy—"My soul shall be joyful." The joy here described is real, internal and spiritual. It springs from the deepest elements of the soul. It is a quality of the essential being. It is not a simulated but a genuine joy. It does not wreathe the face with

Smiles While the Heart Breaks

with grief. In the experience of mere worldly joy there is often an aching heart beneath a bridal veil. Worldly pleasure cannot satisfy the heart's deep need, but true religious joy fills the soul, and springs up from the [illegible] It realizes in the noblest sense personal joy—"I will rejoice . . . my soul will be joyful." The heart thus becomes a well-spring of joy. This joy is not [illegible] from internal possession. It is not something which "haps" to one, but something which springs up from hidden sources within. Joy, therefore, is a much greater possession than mere happiness. Happiness comes or goes according to the frowns or smiles of external fortune, but joy remains because it has its origin within rather than without, and because it springs up from deep and inexhaustible sources within the soul itself. All without may be dark as deepest midnight, but all within may be bright as clearest noonday; without may be only the world's harsh discords, within there may be celestial harmonies. This joy was the blessed gift of Christ to his own before his crucifixion and after his resurrection; it was also his parting legacy as he went back to take his place on his Father's throne. This is the blessed peace which the world can neither give nor take away.

It is to be observed, further, that this is a resolution of divine joy—"Joy in the Lord." This thought we have already expressed, but it is here brought out with greater fulness of meaning. This is beautiful language; and the experience here suggested is a proper subject for the joy here declared. We can never exhaust the joy which

Has God for its Source.

The life that is hid with Christ in God is a charmed life. It draws upon an unending fountain of blessing and source of delight. All the other streams may become dry; this stream cannot know diminution. Like a river with constantly multiplying tributaries, it flows on widening and deepening in its progress. One day this enlarged stream will pour itself into the ocean of eternity. All the world's fountains are not really fountains, but simply cisterns, and broken cisterns which can hold no water. When our lips are parched with thirst we reach the hand for some cup of earthly joy and we find that it is cracked, and that it contains no water; and at its bottom we find only poisonous sediment. Thrice happy is the man whose soul can be joyful in the Lord! That soul can be joyful in adversity as in prosperity, in darkness as in light, in shadow as in sunshine, in death as in life, and in eternity vastly more than in time! In the forty-fourth psalm and the eighth verse we have the thought expressed in the word, "In God we boast all the day long. Here not a momentary joy is described but a continual and increasing joy is expressed. Every true believer may have such joy here and now. We live far below our privileges when we are satisfied with dwelling

In the Porter's Lodge

rather than in the king's palace. We walk in the valley singing jeremiads, when we might leap on the hilltops singing hallelujahs; too often we insist upon calling ourselves servants when God proclaims us to be sons. Jesus Christ is our Emmanuel, God with us. He is perfect man and perfect God, he is the Son of Mary and the Son of God, he is the child of the manger and the Ancient of days. In God let our souls make their boast; with him on our side we can defy the world and the devil. Let us shout his praise and have even here sweet foretastes of the fuller joy we shall experience, and the grander victory we shall achieve in his immediate presence.

We have, in the second place, in this text, a sufficient reason for such a resolution, "For he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, etc." God reveals to the soul its need of clothing. Dr. Bushnell, in his suggestive discourse on "Putting on Christ," reminds us that the highest distinction of man, considered as an animal among animals, is not in his two-handedness nor in his erect figure, but in his necessity and right of dress. The lower animals have no option regarding their figure and appearance. Their dress is a part of their organization; it grows upon them as their bones grow within them. This is true whether their dress be feathers, fur, hair or wool; but man shows his superior dignity by the necessity of additional clothing and the high prerogative which he may exercise regarding its character. This remark is as true morally as it is physically. When the first pair sinned,

The Garment of Purity

which had been on their soul was lost; they, therefore, tried to substitute for it external garments of their own devising. Their act unconsciously declared their sin. Many men and women still follow their example. Education, refinement, culture and many other graces of manner are manufactured coverings for moral deformities. Proud men and women do not wish to be reminded that they are poor, and blind, and naked. Instead of turning against their moral defects, they are apt to turn against the preacher for uttering unwholesome truths. Except men be clothed with the garments of salvation, they are unclothed so far as the noblest elements of character and the highest attainments of divine culture are concerned.

God also reveals the fact that he alone can provide garments of salvation and robes of righteousness. This truth, also, men and women are slow to learn; they wish to help God. They desire a share in the work of salvation at a point where their service is neither needed nor possible. The enforcement of these solemn truths humbles pride and destroys self-sufficiency. Some men are so inflated with self-righteousness, that they think they have need neither of the mercy of God nor the cross of Christ. They sit at their own loom and weave their own robes; they act, so far as their moral nature is concerned, precisely as did our first parents in Eden in respect to their physical clothing. But even here at times these Pharisees discover

Defects in their Robes,

and here and there put in the silver or golden thread of some good deed, some holy aspiration, or some saintly resolution. They expect that God's mercy will make up for all threadbare spots, ragged rents and deep-dyed stains. They would unite their rags to Christ's robes. Believe me, it is impossible to cover the soul in this way. You must put on Christ's robes, or you will not be suitably attired for the wedding feast; otherwise you will not have on the wedding garment. Quaintly has some one said that "the filthy rags of the first Adam must not be joined to the princely robes of the second Adam." We know, indeed, that Christ's righteousness is imparted as well as imputed; and when so imputed and imparted, all men take knowledge of its possessor that he has been with Jesus. Christ in the heart makes his presence seen in the life. He cannot be hid. A rose in our bosom will fill the atmosphere about us with its fragrance; so does Christ, the Rose of Sharon. In the robe of his righteousness there is no seam and no stain. Even the eye of infinite holiness and purity cannot see any defect in that perfect robe. Self-righteousness is no righteousness. Impurity cannot purify itself. Our prayers need to be prayed for; our very

Tears Need Washing.

As well might a man lean for support on his shadow as for a guilty sinner to seek comfort and hope in his own goodness. As a ground of acceptance with God, our own righteousness is only "sinking sand." Christ will not share with us the glory of his finished work as a part of our justifying righteousness. We are told that Nidias, the great sculptor, was employed by the Athenians to make a statue of the goddess Diana, and he produced a masterpiece. It elicited his own admiration; it filled his soul with artistic enthusiasm. But self-glory took the place of devotion to his art, the place of reverence for the subject of his artistic labors and genius; and being anxious to hand his name down to posterity, we are told that he secretly engraved it in one of the folds of the drapery. When the Athenians discovered his duplicity, his unpatriotic ambition, his unartistic selfishness, they indignantly banished the man who had polluted the sanctity of their goddess. Self-righteous sinners to-day act the part of this ancient sculptor; they would add their own name to Christ's in his robe of perfect righteousness.

The true Christian is clothed with the garments of salvation and the robes of righteousness. The clothing is actually on his soul here and now. The Gospel armor is useless except it be put on; the bread of life worthless except it be eaten; Christ powerless to save, except by a living faith he is received into the soul.

The Second Robe.

Why should we have here both garments of salvation and a robe of righteousness? Some have suggested that we have here an instance of Hebrew parallelism; but I certainly think we have here more than a mere rhetorical form. The garments may refer to the needed grace, and the robe to the beauty and glory of religion. The soul is not only protected, but it is ornamented. The robe that was thrown over the shoulder was an article of beauty; it manifested the dignity, the royalty and the sonship of the wearer. We have here then the garments of the divine nuptials; we have the flowing robes of the heavenly kingdom. They can be made white only in the blood of the Lamb. Behold the redeemed in glory! Whence came they? See their flowing robes of spotless white! Marvelous mystery of redeeming love, these robes are made white by the cleansing power of blood. O precious truth! O blessed Gospel! O mighty Saviour! While the Roman soldiers at the foot of the cross were casting lots for Christ's seamless robe, he was preparing for you and me a seamless, spotless and sinless robe of righteousness. That robe by his grace I now offer you. It will hide your deformities. It

will make you a son, a daughter of the Lord of life and glory. It will be the wedding garment for the King's feast. It will be the flowing robe of heaven's redeemed and triumphant inhabitants. Will you put it on? Will you receive Christ now? Then he will be your wisdom, your righteousness, and your redemption now and forevermore.

We have here also a striking comparison—"As a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels." We see that Christians thus attired are compared to a bridegroom decked with the priestly crown. It is

A Strange Combination

of ideas, but a combination which the original words clearly suggest. The allusion, doubtless is to the magnificent robes of the high priest when performing his functions. Special reference is made to the mitre and the crown of gold on its front. The great truth is here taught that all true believers are priests and kings. They are heirs of glory; they are joint-heirs with Christ; theirs shall yet be, as two apostles have taught us, a triple crown—a crown of righteousness, a crown of life, and a crown of glory.

All these truths are again beautifully suggested by the description here given of the bride adorned with her jewels. The Bible exhausts all human relations in setting forth the blessedness of Christians. Human language can scarcely bear up at all times under the weight of human thought; but it breaks down utterly under the weight of God's thought when he strives to make known his relations to men, or the exalted positions to which by his grace he raises them. What tender thoughts gather about a bride's preparation for her marriage. Father and mother, brothers and sisters friends and neighbors wait upon her, and her slightest wish is considered and if possible gratified. She is

The Princess of the Home;

she is the queen of the hour. Some of us have seen among the fjords of Norway marriage processions of the humble and yet noble peasants of that rugged country and brave people. On the brow of the peasant girl on this wonderful day rests a crown, while neighboring maidens with evident satisfaction, and perhaps with occasional envy, watch the marriage procession. This custom incarnates a universal thought and expresses an appropriate honor. In every country if the bride have wealth she takes from her jewel case rare ornaments for her adornment. Beloved, the Church is Christ's redeemed, beatified and beautified bride. He came from heaven to woo and to win her; he sought and found her; he redeemed, exalted and glorified her; he loves her with an everlasting love. She marches triumphantly through the wilderness leaning joyfully and trustfully on the arm of her beloved. She is going up to take her place by his side on his throne. His throne is large enough to welcome to his side all his redeemed; they are to share in his glory and to rejoice in his victory. Will you accept the honors which he offers to those who become kings and priests unto him and joint heirs with him to his Cross and throne?

O glorious bride of Christ, redeemed by his grace, adorned by his robe, glorified by his presence, march through this world singing already the first notes of that song which shall fill heaven's arches with its melodious music when the bride shall be seated with the heavenly Bridegroom on his glorious throne!

A MESSENGER LEARNING.

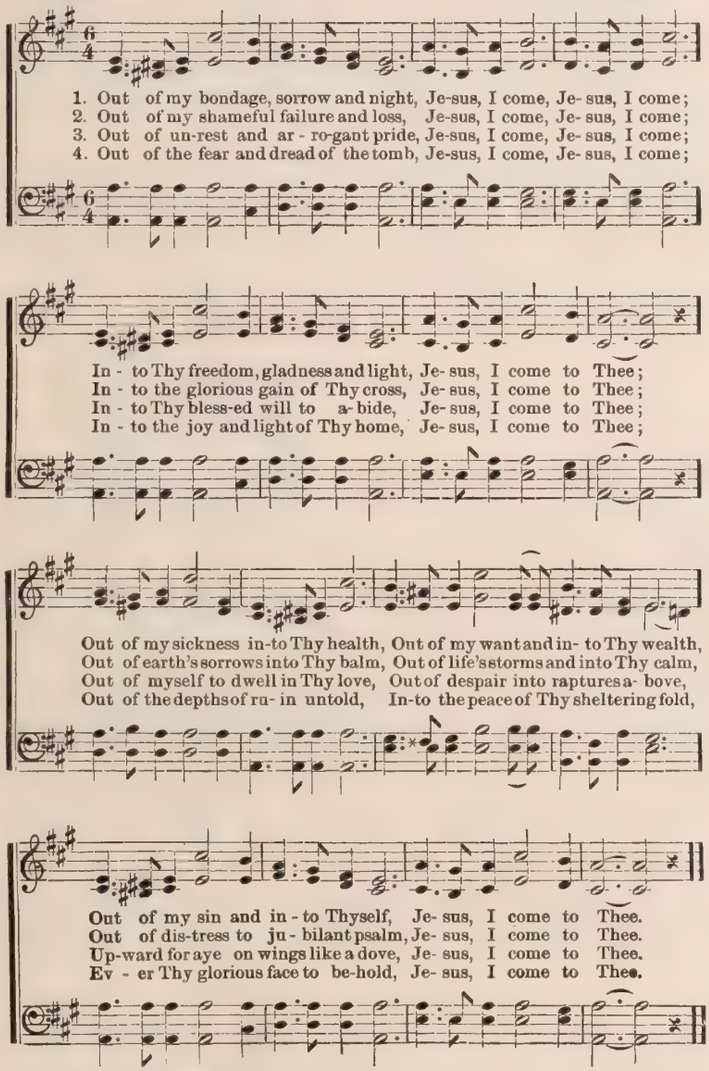
A servant of God, who has been living a life of faith for many years, relates that he was encouraged to commit himself to it by the confidence of an aged widow, which he was the instrument of justifying. "In my younger days in Scotland," he says, "I had a country charge. I returned one afternoon, fatigued with the day's work. As I came home I felt a strange prompting to visit a poor widow, who, with her invalid daughter, lived in a lonely cottage in an outlying part of the parish. I was naturally thinking only of the poor widow's spiritual needs; but when I reached her little house I was struck with its look of unwonted bareness and poverty. I began to inquire into their circumstances, and found their supplies had been utterly exhausted since the night before. I asked them what they had done. 'I just spread it out before the Lord!' 'Did you tell your case to any friend?' 'Oh, no, sir; naebody kens but himsel' and me! I ken he would not forget, but I didna ken hoo he wad help me till I saw you come riding over the brae, and then I said, 'There's the Lord's answer!' Many a time in a sore strait has the recollection of this incident encouraged me to hold fast my faith in the loving care of my Heavenly Father."

Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

Jesus, I Come.

"Deliver me, O my God."—Ps. 71: 4.

W. T. SLEEPER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Out of my bondage, sorrow and night, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
2. Out of my shameful failure and loss, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
3. Out of un-rest and ar-ro-gant pride, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
In-to Thy freedom, gladness and light, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to the glorious gain of Thy cross, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to Thy blessed will to a-bide, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to the joy and light of Thy home, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
Out of my sickness in-to Thy health, Out of my want and in-to Thy wealth,
Out of earth's sorrows into Thy balm, Out of life's storms and into Thy calm,
Out of myself to dwell in Thy love, Out of despair into raptures a-bove,
Out of the depths of ru-in untold, In-to the peace of Thy sheltering fold,
Out of my sin and in-to Thyself, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Out of dis-tress to ju-bilant psalm, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Up-ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Ev-er Thy glorious face to be-hold, Je-sus, I come to Thee.

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WATCHING FOR THE MORNING.

(*Written for "The Christian Herald."*)

"Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching." Luke 12: 3, 7.

WATCHING for that glad new morning,
When the glorious adorning
Of God's elect shall come;
Angel hands will gather in,
All free from every taint of sin,
To their eternal home.

Guests at the banquet of the Lord,
Each heart attuned in sweet accord;
Oh! who would not be there?
And who would not a "watcher" be
Hoping e'er long his Lord to see?—
Thy soul for him prepare!

Prepare to join the white-robed throng,
And with them chant redemption's song,
Upon the shining shore.
With the "Chief Shepherd" always near,
No want, no care, no doubt, no fear,
What can one wish for more?

Charlton, Va. —REV. H. PETTY.

LEAD ME

COME, blessed Jesus, fill my heart
So full of love for thee,
That I shall always heed thy voice,
Rejoice thy voice to see.

Come lead me, Lord, come help me walk
The road thy sons should tread,
Cause me to feel with faith supreme,
Thy blood for me was shed.

Most gracious Saviour, guard my heart,
Make it entirely thine,
And teach me never, at thy will,
To murmur, or repine.

Oh! come and place thy loving arms
Around thy wayward child;
Come, let me feel thy sweet embrace
And feast upon thy smile.

My dear Redeemer, I would spread
O'er all this earth thy fame,
And in some heart, that knows thee not,
Light up Love's holy flame.

—FRANCIS P. GRIFFITH, M.D.

La Grange, Ind.

THE LORD'S RETURN.*

A Vivid Hope and Potent Influence with the Apostles and the Early Church.

BY PRINCIPAL RAINY, D. D.

PROBABLY there is no feature in which the average Christianity of to-day varies more from that of the early Christians, than in the faint impressions, and the faint influence, experienced by most modern Christians in connection with the expectation of the Lord's return. The difference seems to arise mainly from a secret failure of faith on this point, due to the impression made by long ages in which Christ has not come. "Where is the promise of his coming? All things continue as they were."

The expectation of the coming of Christ out of the world of supreme truth and purity, where God is known and served aright, to fulfil all his promises,—this is the Church's and the believer's great hope. It is set before us in the New Testament as a motive to every duty, as giving weight to every warning, as determining the attitude and character of all Christian life. In particular, we cannot deal aright with any of the earthly things committed to us, unless we deal with them in the light of Christ's expected coming. This expectation is to enter into the heart of every believer, and no one is warranted to overlook or make light of it. His coming, his appearing, the revelation of him, the revelation of his glory, the coming of his day, and so forth are pressed on us continually. In a true waiting for the day of Christ is gathered up the right regard to what he did and bore when he came first, and also a right regard to him as he is now the pledge and the sustainer of the soul's life: the one and the other are to pass onward to the hope of his appearing.

This may suggest, however, that influences are recognisable, tending to form, in modern Christians, a habit of thought and feeling less favorable to vivid expectation of Christ's coming. It does not arise so much in connection with individual experience, but is rather an impression drawn from history and from the common life of men. In the days of Paul, general history was simply discouraging to spiritual minds. Darkness, corruption, and social wrong continued to mark the scene, and there was little to suggest that prolonged effort might gradually work improvement. Rather it seemed that a rapid dispensation of grace, winning its way by supernatural energy, might well lead on to the winding up of the whole scene, sweeping all away before the advent of new heavens and a new earth. But, for us, nineteen hundred years have well-nigh passed. The Christian Church has been confronted all that time with her great task; and, however imperfect her light and her methods have often been, she has set processes agoing, and pressed on in lines of action, in which she has not been without her reward.

All this tends to fix the eye on what may happen before Christ comes; for one asks room and time to fight the battle out, to see the long co-operant processes converge upon their goal. The conflict is thought of as one to be bequeathed, like freedom's battle, from sire to son, through indefinite periods beyond which men do not very often look. Yet all this shall not replace the coming of Christ, and the redemption that draws nigh with him. The longing eyes that gaze into the prospects of public-spirited beneficence and Christian philanthropy, do well; but they must also look higher up and further on.

One thing must be said. It is vain for us to suppose we can adjust beforehand, the elements which enter into the future. Two ways of looking at the future are apt to strive together. The man who is occupied with processes that, as he conceives, might eventuate in a reign of goodness reached by gradual amelioration, by successive victories of the better cause, may look askance on the promise of Christ's coming, because he dislikes catastrophe and cataclysm. First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear, is his motto. And the man who is full of the thought of the Lord's return, and deeply persuaded that nothing less will eradicate the world's disease, may look with impatience on measures that seem to aim at slow and far results. But neither the one mode of view nor the other is to be sacrificed. Work is to be done in the world on the lines that promise best to bless the world. Yet also this faith must never be let down—The Lord is coming; the Lord shall come.

*Extracted from the Epistle to the Philippians, by Robert Rainy, D. D., a valuable addition to the "Expositor's Bible" series. The treatment is spiritual and practical, the product of ample learning and yet easy of comprehension; pp. 368: price $1 50; published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 51 East 10th St., N. Y.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Daniel W. Miesner, Bismarck, Ont. What is the meaning of the [illegible] phrase before the date in most of the chapters of the Old Testament, commencing with Joshua 23: in the Oxford Teacher's Bible given as a premium with THE [illegible]

It is [illegible] of the Latin preposition "circa," which means "about"—"cir. 1427 B. C." should be read, "about the year 1427 before Christ."

Mrs. A. L. Downs, Washington, D. C. Is it correct for a lady to use her maiden name in connection with that of her husband?

It is done in numerous instances but is to be regarded rather as an exception than the rule. In England and on the Continent generally it is much more common. There would seem to be no reasonable objection to the usage, and in cases where the family name of the lady is a distinguished one, it is now frequently adopted.

M. Joy, Jr., Toledo, O. 1. How many muscles are there in a man's body and how much blood in his veins? 2. What is the lifting capacity of the [illegible]

1. Anatomists hold that there are in all about 263 bones and twice that number of muscles in the human body, both sexes being pretty much alike in these respects. There are somewhat less than thirty pounds of blood in the veins of a full-grown person. 2. It forces the blood through the system once in every three minutes, exercising a lifting power equal to raising a ton weight to a height of 122 feet.

P., New York City. Of the various forms of government in the world at the present time, which one is most according to the will of God and agreeing with Scripture history?

The highest form of government ever known to mankind—a theocracy, with God as king and the high priest as his interpreter and administrator—was that of the Hebrews after the Exodus. It had many of the features of a democracy. Among modern governments, the republican form seems to be most harmonious with the divine will in human affairs. To demonstrate this fully would, however, require more space than we can afford to devote to the matter.

Mary C. Tison, Ococa, Fla., writes:

In a recent number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD I find the question, "What was the name of Mary's father?" A converted Jew of the Tribe of Gad told me his name was "Heleih"—of the Tribe of Judah of course. He said also that the Jews had a chronological list of the Tribes that would measure forty yards in length.

On the same subject, Asa Driscoll, Otter Hill, Va., writes:

[illegible] Now, if Abigail was David's sister, (see 1. Chron. 2: 16), and Nahash was the mother of Abigail, see II. Sam. 17: 25, why was she not also David's mother?

J. T. Smith, Manhattan, Kas., whose former letter we could not publish in full owing to the overcrowded condition of THE MAIL BAG, writes us again concerning the prohibition question in Kansas. He informs us that, as far as Topeka is concerned, the army pensioners are in no danger of being victimized by saloon-keepers as in other states, since Topeka has no saloons and has not had for years. In Mr. Smith's own town of Manhattan, there are probably one hundred scholars in the Sunday School of which he is superintendent, who have no recollection of ever seeing a saloon.

T. P. Norton, Boston, Mass. Sometime ago, I read in the Western newspapers about an Armenian priest, named Nouri, who claimed to have discovered the remains of Noah's Ark on the topmost peak of Mount Ararat. Was his remark-

The absurdity of the claim was explained in THE MAIL-BAG at the time, and we furnished the names of a number of noted travelers and others who made the ascent of Ararat at different times, and who would inevitably have discovered the presence of what Nouri claimed to have seen, had it actually been there. There is no evidence that Nouri ever ascended Ararat, but there is a very strong suspicion that he is the victim of a hallucination. He has been committed to an insane asylum by the authori-

[illegible] question of degree, and it frequently happens that [illegible] in [illegible] e, by [illegible] Sab- [illegible] n week-days. No [illegible] The general [illegible] at the [illegible]

PRAYING FOR OTHERS.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing April 23. Job 42: 8-10; Phil. 1: 4-10.

No keener satire on religious teachers could have been written than that which the author of the Book of Job puts in the closing verses of his work. The three men, who represented the spiritual teachers of their day, have lectured Job and reproved him for the sins they imputed to him, have exhorted him to repent and return to God, and have assumed, quite in the orthodox manner, to speak for God, to explain his ways and to declare his will. They are on God's side and they settle all the difficult questions and pronounce harsh judgments in a way which we are very familiar with in this day. But God is represented as repudiating them altogether. They have done him grievous injustice by misrepresenting him. He is so angry with them that he will hold no communication with them. If they wish to make their peace with him, they must do it through Job. This poor man whom they have been hectoring and worrying and denouncing will be heard, and they must get him to plead for them. It is the lesson Christ taught in the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican. The despised man went to his house justified, while the proud Pharisee was unheard.

It is significant that the only result of Job's pleading for his friends that is recorded, is a result affecting Job himself. In pleading for others, he was blessed himself. This is by no means an uncommon result. It is a law of God's kingdom that no unselfish effort is wasted. The man who is concerned for the welfare of those about him and tries in any way to help them by his prayers and gifts, his sympathy or his labor, is a better man by his act. He becomes larger-hearted, stronger and happier through his altruism. The qualities he exercises, which develop by the exercise, as our muscles do, are the brightest and the most God-like in his nature. He rises out of the low, mean valley of his own being to the heights where the air is purer, more bracing and exhilarating. He is blessed, though he was not seeking a blessing for himself. Perhaps there is no man who has not proved the fact for himself in some degree. An entirely unselfish act of kindness is never done without a sensation of delight and satisfaction. Every one has experienced it at some time, though it may not have led to a continuance of similar effort. We are slow to learn and do not avail ourselves of the blessings wherewith God rewards those who walk in his ways. He would teach us to love and serve others, and he beckons us to the duty by rewarding every step. Beside this, there is the direct result of answered prayer. We may be sure that no prayers are so likely to be heard and granted as those we put up for others. They are offered in God's spirit and must be according to his will. Thus an opportunity of service is opened that is within the reach of all. When we can do nothing else to help a brother, we can pray for him. His heart may be closed against us, distance may prevent personal help, his affliction may be beyond human alleviation, but we may still help him by praying for him. Thus a double blessing rewards intercessory prayer.

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A NOBLE KING'S DAUGHTER.

MENTION has frequently been made in these [illegible] of the progress of the Order of King's [illegible] in Great Britain. By the courtesy of the *Silver Cross*, we are enabled this week to present the portrait of the leader of the movement, her Grace the Dutchess of Bedford. This lady, whose rank in the peerage of great Britain is next in order to the Royal Family, is well known for her kindliness and public spirit. Like her sister, Lady Henry Somerset, whose recent visit to this country will be long remembered for the inspiration it gave to the friends of Temperance, the Duchess of Bedford has consecrated her life to the service of humanity. On her late husband's estates, the poor among the tenantry hold her in the highest esteem. Not only does she give freely to every good work among them, but personally visits them in their homes and learns by actual contact with them the difficulties and the burdens of their lot.

In the various public movements for the amelioration of social conditions she has taken a deep interest, especially in the Temperance reform. She has personally set the example of abstinence and has maintained her position on the question for eleven years. The fact is

THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD,
President of the Order of King's Daughters in England.

no slight evidence of her courage and strength of mind, considering the character of the society in which she moves. Unhappily there is need of such an example in that society, as well as in the lower ranks, and it is all the more difficult to set it. The introduction of the Order of King's Daughters in England enlisted her support at the outset and its members have done wisely in placing her at the head of their Executive Board. The sudden death of her husband a few weeks ago, will probably diminish her power of aiding the financial department of the Order, but her gifts were the least part of the service she has rendered. The kindliness and sympathetic spirit which have endeared her to her sisters in the Order in the past will, we may be sure, be not less conspicuous in the widow than they were in the wife.

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A BROTHERLY MANIFESTO.

As some misunderstanding evidently prevails as to the relations of the Baptist Young People's Union with the Christian Endeavor Society, it is gratifying to have as clear an expression of fraternal feeling as that which is published by the President of the B. Y. P. U. of Minnesota. It is all the more significant because it is quoted with authoritative approval by the journal of the organization, the *Young People's Union*. It is in part as follows: "The Baptist Young People's Union is not hostile to Christian Endeavor. It is its hearty ally, its hearty supporter, with nothing but praise for it and a God-speed and a blessing upon the noble work it has wrought. The Baptist Young People's Union rejoices—most heartily rejoices—in welcoming to its fellowship every Christian Endeavor Society in a Baptist Church. It shall receive all the privileges of every sort which can be secured by any local society known distinctively as Baptist Union. All can now come together upon a common footing for a common purpose and unitedly we can go on in our Christian service without the disturbing fear that in some way a part of our young people are going to get outside of us. If you want Christian Endeavor, have it by all means. No one will say you nay. Affiliate with the State and national organization of Baptist Young People's Union, and let us know that your heart is with us and that we are to be one in every endeavor to bless and gladden the world." As the Epworth League is also identical in its aims and purposes with both organizations, the example of the Minnesota leader may be commended to the notice of its leaders as one that it might be well to follow. Union may not be possible in existing conditions, but there is no good reason against alliance.

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AN ILLINOIS C. E. SOCIETY.

A TESTIMONY to the value of Christian Endeavor in a country church comes from Elliott, Ill. The Rev. Finley Reynolds, who is pastor of the Church of the United Brethren in that town, speaks in the highest terms of the services rendered by the young people of the Society to the church and pastor. It is only a young society, not yet a year old, but it has entered upon its work with a vigor that promises well for its future usefulness. It has now twenty-five members, which is a fair showing in one church in a town of about five hundred population, in an agricultural district. One department has already succeeded in raising funds for the purchase of a church bell, and another department it well on the way to the accumulation of a two hundred dollar fund with which a new pulpit and furniture is to be procured. When this is achieved, the Society has still other work before it, having pledged itself to the building of a Christian Endeavor Hall, which shall be the centre of work among the young folks of the district. A large portion of the people are Norwegians, and the additions to the population, which are coming in rapidly, are chiefly of the same nationality. There is no better class of immigrants than these intelligant, sober, industrious people from Northern Europe, so that there is every encouragement for earnest effort among them. It is all the more hopeful from the fact that the young people are thus planning to help the pastor, and if they are successful in erecting the proposed hall, a potent influence for good of the highest kind will be in operation.

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A GOVERNOR ON THE Y. M. C. A.

AT the convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of Alabama, held at Mobile on March 26, a most impressive address was delivered by Hon. W. J. Northen, Governor of Georgia. The Governor modestly said that he could not make a speech but he would like to give his hearers some results of his own experience. "The Young Men's Christian Association," he said, "helps the State. When you have good young men you have a good State. What constitutes a State? Not high battlements and so on, but men—good, honored men, who know their duty, and knowing, dare do it. In all this great work the Associations are doing they are doing it bravely. I dare say some of their salaries are stopped while they are absent, while they are working for your homes, your sons and your community, and if they fail they fail for lack of help and recognition." After recounting some painful experiences in receiving heart-broken wives and mothers who had come to him pleading for the commutation of sentences on husbands and sons who had fallen into the clutches of the law and after dwelling on the sad necessity he often felt for refusing their petitions, when he would gladly have granted them, he said: "Oh, but you say these things can't come upon my son. Who are you that the evil should respect your house? If only these mothers had written to the Young Men's Christian Association to take care of their boys they would both have been the happier for it. Help the association, in God's name, to make better men. When I see these fellows try to win back a fellow, I feel like taking them both in my arms and saying, God help them. Where is the man who says he cannot trust in you? These young men here to-night are not only young men, but business men. I believe in encouraging anything that's good and suppressing anything that is evil. I am going to stick up for these associations as long as I live, for they help me a great deal." Gov. Northen's testimony is valuable because of his position and his opportunities of observation.

THE ORPHAN

I HEAR the soft winds sighing
Through every bush and tree,
Where parents dear are lying
Away from love and me.
Tears from my eyes are starting,
And sorrow shades my brow;
Sad was the hour of parting—
I am an orphan now!

My heart is very lonely,
My spirit drear and sad:
'Twas their dear presence only
That made my spirit glad.
From morning until even
Cares rest upon my brow;
They're gone from me to heaven—
I am an orphan now!

They're living with the Saviour
In that bright land so fair;
Their sorrows o'er forever,
For sin ne'er enters there.
And soon they'll meet and greet me,
With crowns upon their brow.
They're happy with the angels:
I am an orphan now!—MAY E. WATERS.

Crose Valley, Col

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An Equatorial Niagara.

"Mosi-oa-tunya" the "Smoke-Sounder," and its Mammoth Cataract, on the Zambesi River—A Region Little Known.

AFRICA holds many natural wonders with which the civilized world is yet very imperfectly acquainted. In the interesting interview with Rev. E. H. Richards, published in last week's CHRISTIAN HERALD, that devoted Gospel missionary and explorer announced his design of traversing the Zambesi Valley. This is the region that was known to the ancients as the empire of Monomotapa, but of the history of its people or the kings who ruled over them, nothing is now known save by tradition, transmitted through Arab sources.

First among Europeans to visit the Upper Zambesi was Livingstone, who entered the great valley about 1852. He discovered the Falls, when several years later he descended the Zambesi to the river's mouth. In 1859, accompanied by the explorer Kirk, he ascended the river as far as the Falls, traced its main tributary, the Shire River, and discovered Lake Nyassa. Since that time, although the entrance to the Zambesi is open to all nations, only a few travelers have ascended as far as the Falls, which rank among the grandest natural spectacles in the world.

The cataract is bounded on three sides by rocky ridges from 300 to 400 feet high, which, like many of the islands in the stream, are dotted with vegetation. Livingstone asserted that the Falls were formed by a vast crack or rent stretching across the hard black basalt which forms the bed of the river. From the chasm of 360 feet—twice the depth of Niagara—arise great columns of spray to such a height that they can be seen at a distance of twenty miles. Immediately below the Falls, the river is gorged and hemmed in by precipitous rocks, the passage being at some points only twenty or thirty yards wide.

Among the tribes of the Upper Zambesi are several who clothe themselves with skins, live upon milk, maize and sweet potatoes and work neatly in ivory.

Mr. Richards, who spent several years in Gazaland, describes the natives of that country as possessed of remarkable mechanical skill—superior probably to a majority of the other races of the Dark Continent. With the rudest of tools they execute carvings that show a surprising amount of artistic taste. Cups, pipes, bowls and quaint designs of many different sorts are wrought out with slow, laborious application, time being no consideration whatever to the native who never saw a watch or dreamed of a sun-dial, and whose keenest appreciation of the flight of the hours is guaged by his appetite.

Eighteen pieces of cloth are considered a fair price for a wife, the cloth passing as coin. Rubber is one of the chief products of the Zambesi Valley. An industrious native gathers rubber on balls, twisted on a stick, until he has altogether 100 pieces. Ten pieces of rubber equal in value one piece of cotton cloth, 100 pieces of rubber are the equivalent of ten pieces of cotton; 18 pieces will purchase a wife.

Among some of the tribes, wife-beating is in practice; indeed the woman seems to be little better than a beast of burden, or a slave among them. Her moral no less than her physical qualities are held in contempt. A young native stripling who is ambitious to become a warrior, loves nothing better than to secure by his own prowess the teeth of a lion, a leopard, or some other wild animal, as a trophy of his skill and daring. These trophies constitute the chief insignia of rank among the warriors; thus, one who has on his string of beads a few big pieces of bone or ivory of cube form is at once recognized as a great hunter or warrior, cubes of certain shapes and sizes denoting degrees of prowess, some the slaying of a lion and others the killing of a man. Some warriors, old in service, have so many of these ghastly reminders on their string of beads, that one cannot help thinking how bloody and cruel are the lives of those who live to manhood and old age without the refining influences of the Gospel.

VICTORIA FALLS, ON THE ZAMBESI RIVER.

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Make Home a School.

MAKE home an institution of learning. Provide books for the centre-table, and for the library of the family. See that all the younger children attend the best schools, and interest yourself in their studies. If they have the taste for thorough cultivation, but not the means to pursue it, if possible, provide for a higher education. Daniel Webster taught at the intervals of his college course to aid an elder brother in the pursuit of a classical education, and a volume of his works is dedicated to the daughters of that brother, who early closed a brilliant career. Feel that an ignorant brother or sister will be a disgrace to your family, and trust not to the casual influence of the press, existing institutions, and the kind offices of strangers. If the family becomes, as it may be, an institution of learning, the whole land will be educated.

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Old and Young Folks' Whims.

CHILDREN are supposed to be the most whimsical creatures in the world, and yet there have been grown men who were quite as much so as any child that ever lived. It is told of a little girl that she cannot go to sleep unless she has a piece of rubber held between her thumb and forefinger, which some people consider to be whimsical in the extreme; but what have these to say to Haydn, one of the greatest composers of music, who could not put two notes together until he had dressed himself in his best suit and had his hair powdered, and who declared that without a certain diamond ring, the gift of Frederick II. of Prussia, on his finger, he could not begin to work, since he could not summon a single idea into his head? Other composers have been equally whimsical. Of Gluck it is said that when he felt himself in a humor to compose he had his piano-forte carried into a beautiful meadow, where he was able to do justice to his muse. Another writer of music, Sarti, could compose only in a dark room lit by a single candle. This peculiarity showed itself in his work, for most of it indicates that he was a man of gloomy imagination.

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Theorizing and Practicing.

"You may see continually girls who have never been taught to do a single useful thing thoroughly," once wrote John Ruskin, "who cannot sew, who cannot cook, who cannot cast an account, nor prepare a meal, whose whole life has been passed either in play or in pride. You will find girls like these, when they are earnest hearted, cast all their innate passion of religious spirit which was meant by God to support them through the irksomeness of daily toil, into grievous and vain meditation over the meaning of the great Book, of which no syllable was ever yet to be understood but through a deed; all the instinctive wisdom and mercy of their womanhood made vain, and the glory of their pure consciences warped into fruitless agony concerning questions which the laws of common serviceable life would have either solved for them in an instant, or kept out of their way. Give such a girl any true work that will make her active in the dawn and weary at night, with the consciousness that her fellow-creatures have indeed been the better for her day, and the powerless sorrow of her enthusiasm will transform itself into a majesty of radiant and beneficent peace."

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A Morning Prayer.

"Subscriber," Cameron, Mo., writes: "Like some other people past seventy years old, I enjoy those lines, 'Now I lay me down,' etc., and other lines for the morning. I also enjoy:

> And now I raise me from my bed,
> May I be by the Spirit led;
> And what I do and what I say
> May all be done in Christ's own way."

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About Swearing.

No man who swears, is a *gentleman* in the proper sense of that word, writes Rev. Peter Ainslie. A cloud rests over his home, for it is the house of irreverence. If all profanity should raise blisters on the tongue as it does on the soul, some men's mouths would be as open sepulchres and their cancerous and swollen tongues would be lolling from distorted mouths. God will summon them before the bar of justice to answer for this senseless wickedness. They will stand or fall by their own words. He may pass them by now, or he may smite them down with the brazen impudence upon their lips, as he did that youth near Ramsgate. During a fearful storm two boys sought protection beneath a tree. The younger was greatly alarmed, but the older boy treated the scene with carelessness, and, to show his bravery, even uttered fearful blasphemies against the storm; and with a dreadful oath, declared he would go to Ramsgate in spite of it. Just then a flash of lightning struck him dead upon the spot, burning off his clothes, and fracturing his skull. A stone marks the spot, and utters a warning voice to us: "Reader, prepare for eternity. A boy was struck dead here in the act of swearing."

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SPRINGTIME IN THE COUNTRY.

THANK God, writes Dr. Talmage, for a good long, full breath in the country! Last evening we sped along on the wood. Our horse prefers to go fast and we like to please him; and what with the odor of spring and the breath of the woods, and the company with us in the carriage, and the moonlight—it was nothing less than enchantment. There is something in the country air to put one in blandest mood. We are at peace with all the world. We would not hurt a spider. We would take our bitterest foe and give him a camp-stool on the piazza. He should be persuaded that if we could not write good sermons and vivacious lectures, we can nevertheless raise good pumpkins, and long orange-carrots, and drumhead cabbage.

Congregations would be advantaged if for a few weeks of every year they would allow their pastors a little farm-life. Three weeks at a fashionable watering-place will not do the work. There is not enough salts and sulphur in all the springs to overcome the tight shoes, and the uncomfortable gloves, and the late hours, and the high living, and the dresses economical at the neck. Rather turn us out to physical work. A sharp hoe will hack to pieces all your dyspepsia. A pruning-knife will cut off the excrescences of your disposition. The dash of the shower that wets you to the skin will cool your spirit for ecclesiastical strife. The daily swinging of the axe will tone up your nerves. Trampling down the hay as it is tossed into the mow will tread into forgetfulness all your perplexities. In the wake of the plough you may pick up strength with which to battle public iniquity. Neighbors looking over the fence may think we are only weeding cantalopes, or splitting rails, or husking corn, when we are rebuilding our strength, enkindling our spirits, quickening our brain, purifying our theology, and blessing our souls.

Flowers seem to me the dividing-line between the physical and the spiritual. The stamen of the honeysuckle is the alabaster pillar at which the terrestrial and the celestial part and meet. Out of the cup of the water-lily earth and heaven drink. May the blessing of larkspur and sweet-william fall upon all the dwellers in country and town! Let there be some one to set a tuft of mignonette by every sick man's pillow, and plant a fuschia in every working-man's yard, and place a geranium in every sewing-girl's window, and twine a cypress about every poor man's grave. And, above all, may there come upon us the blessing of him whose footsteps the mosses mark, and whose breath is the redolence of flowers!

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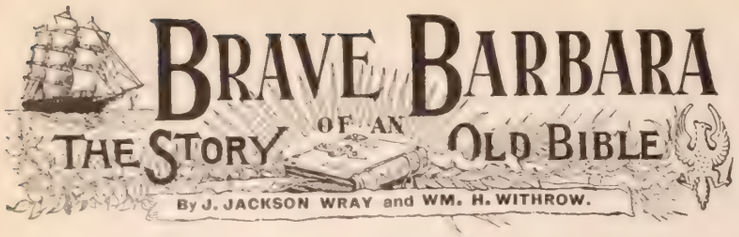
A Boy's Covenant.

ABOUT a hundred years ago, there lived in Strasburg a boy who, at the age of nineteen, wrote this solemn covenant with God: "Holy God, to thee I resign myself this day most solemnly. Hear, ye heavens, give ear thou earth! To-day I profess that the Lord is my God. Accept, O Lord, my word, and write it down in thy book, that henceforth I may be thine. In the name of the Lord of hosts, I resign all other masters who have heretofore ruled over me. I resign every transient thing, that God may be my all in all. To thee I devote all that I am and have, the powers of my soul, the members of my body, my time and my possessions. Help thou me, O Father, that I may employ everything to thy glory, using all in obedience to thy command. Grant me grace, O my God, to continue this covenant." This, kept and renewed in later years, gave to the world a John Frederick Oberlin, and made him instrumental in banishing ignorance, poverty and immorality from the wild mountain parish where he labored.



CHAPTER VI.

THE LOFT OUTGROWN.

The new home of Methodism in New York, though more commodious than any previously occupied by the immigrants, would seem very humble and inadequate to the Methodists of our time; but that poor loft in William Street occupies a hallowed place in history, for it was consecrated by the presence of the Spirit and by many prevailing prayers.

The historic "rigging-loft" was a long, low wooden shed. Its gable-end abutted on the street. Three broad wooden steps led up to the door. A broad, square-paned, old-fashioned window on each side of the door, had hitherto shown for sale such articles of the sail-maker's craft as could be stored there; two small windows over these, each flanked with the green Venetian shutters, completed the "front elevation," with the exception of a small diamond-shaped ornament let into the shingled wall beneath the point of the gable. Such was the outward semblance of the first "ark of the Lord" for the reception of seekers of the great salvation, dedicated to God by the pioneer Methodists of the New World.

Within this transformed sail and rope factory a rude pulpit was erected, and upon it was placed the somewhat expansive and imposing figure-head of a big ship, the gift of the previous occupier, who had small use of it, and probably grudged the cost and trouble of its transference to his new quarters. There was much contention, and a variety of opinions, as to what the colored and gilded effigy represented. Its last proprietor had hazy views on the subject, but he was bold enough to hazard the conjecture that it was a counterfeit presentment of King Solomon, and, therefore, found its fitting position in the high place where "Wisdom" was about to "lift up its voice."

As usual, the strong will and sound common sense and speechful force of Barbara Heck settled the matter to the general satisfaction.

"I have a shrewd notion," quoth she, "that the image is not meant to answer for the head of anybody in particular. The ship that carried it was most likely called 'The King,' or 'King of the Seas,' or 'Royal Monarch,' may be; a king it was surely meant for, and for that let it stand. It has found the very place it ought to fill and the very thing it ought to carry: to up-bear the word of God and to be the servant of King Jesus is the very thing that all kings ought to do and to be.

And so the great question was enthusiastically settled. The imposing figure-head became an excellent reading-desk. On it was laid the old black letter German Bible, brave Barbara's talisman, as it was called—both Embury and Webb used their own more portable copies of the Holy Book—on this, when the militant evangelist preached, he laid his sheathed sword, and from behind this, attired in full regimentals, he engaged in the higher and nobler warfare of the Prince of Peace!

It can easily be understood that this new and singular spectacle soon aroused the curiosity and interest of the citizens of New York. The gossipy Dutchmen of the place; the new colonial Britons who had swelled its numbers to find in it home and fortune, made it, all alike, the subject of wondering comment; and right soon the adventurous band of Christian worshippers found that even this new departure had not sufficed for their growing needs. Still the crowds increased; still the place was too strait for them, and still the prayer broke forth in spite of their new effort, "Give us room wherein to dwell!"

Squire Blake, whose ineffective raid on the little gathering at Philip Embury's I have already chronicled, was still sorely exercised in [illegible] ally attended the services held at the transformed rigging-house, and was often taken to [illegible] doing. But when taunted in this fashion, he said:

"Well, I don't wish even to seem to be encouraging treason, and heresy, and schism; but the presence of an officer of Captain Webb's devoted loyalty and high character makes me dubious of my own opinion; and when men of such reputation and social standing as Jan Stuyvesant attend their meetings, it seems to clothe them with respectability—but I don't know, I dont know," he continued, shaking his head dolefully, "it looks suspicious. Though I must say, the talk's good, very good; and as compared with what one's accustomed to hear—but there, a still tongue makes a wise head—"

This was said to a Boston skipper, Captain Ireton by name; for whom the suspicious custom-house officer was writing out clearance papers for the good ship, 'Betsy Jane,' bound for Barbadoes. That bluff sailor interrupted the Squire's flow of speech. Captain Ireton was strongly possessed by the democratic notions common enough in commercial circles in those days, notions which were ultimately to crystallise into the events of Bunker's Hill.

The demands upon his time and energies were now so heavy and constant that Philip Embury had given up his more distant vocation as a farmer, and had once again returned to the tools and the calling of a working carpenter, an employment with which he had been familiar in his Irish home beyond the sea. Like Paul, the tent-maker, he worked with his hands for his daily bread, and like Paul the Apostle, he dispensed to hungry multitudes the bread of life. Like him, too, he was "in peril oft," both among the hot politicians of both sides, who could not understand a man who was of no party but Christ's, and whose magnificent courage and prowess was all devoted to fighting the devil and leading the armies of the living God.

The decorous and respectable Squire Blake could not understand it. "It is a wild enough business," that worthy declared, in Philip's presence, "to see an officer who is both a scholar and a gentleman, usurping the place of an ordained clergyman in this lawless manner; but to see a mere mechanic, maker of shavings and sawdust, standing up to preach before his betters is intolerable. It is subversive of all social order!" he continued, waxing more and more indignant. "It confuses all distinctions of rank, and reduces the whole business of religion to an absurdity. What is the world coming to, I wonder? It is part and parcel of the flat rebellion which has come upon the land, and nothing less!"

"It were far better, Mr. Blake," replied the quiet and self possessed evangelist, "if the 'whole business of religion' was reduced to an absurdity. That it has been made a 'business' of at all has been the shame and curse of the so-called 'Christianity' which has been foisted on this God-forgetting, and money-getting city. Surely the times of this ignorance God hath winked at, but now he commandeth all men everywhere to repent! True, I am but a voice crying in the wilderness, but it is the 'Name' and not the voice; the Message and not the messenger that shall save this city! nor shall the messenger be hushed or daunted till the 'Name' is heard and loved and honored through all the land!"

"Have ye not heard," exclaimed brave Barbara, in her strong, sonorous tones, "how that the Lord himself was the carpenter of Nazareth? Verily, if these should hold their peace, the very stones would immediately cry out!" Turning to Pastor Embury, she lifted her hands and spoke as if, like a prophetess of old, she had a message from God, "O thou that bringest good tidings, get thee up amongst this people; lift up thy voice with strength! Lift it up, be not afraid! Say unto this city, Behold your God! Behold, the Lord God will come with a strong hand, and his arm shall rule for him; behold, his reward is with him, and his work before him!"

Such were the influences at work to let and hinder the work of the Lord in the growing States; such were the heroes, the heroines whose noble fidelity to Christ fostered and fanned the newly-kindled fires, and so circumvented the hosts of the Evil One that they did but help to spread the undying flame abroad. The old rigging-loft, great an advance though it had been on their first position, soon became too small for the sinewy church and pious peasants imported from the distant uplands of Munster; and swelling numbers of emigrants from the old continent, as well as from the conglomerate population of the city, flocked around their humble door.

Very various and very animated were the comments and the discussions that filled the air of New York as the result of the new doctrines, so simply put and so energetically maintained in the unlicensed conventicle by those who were called "ignorant and impudent sectaries" on the one hand, and "simple gospellers" on the other. A third party called them "enemies to king and country," a title which was stoutly protested against by the "Methody fanatics" themselves, who were loyal to the backbone.

In a little wooden shieling at the corner of William street, hard by the busy quay, dwelt a quaint widow woman, named Vause, who hailed from Nafferton, a rural village near the wolds of Yorkshire, and with her lived a couple of Cornish folks from the west of that granite-crusted country. These, having had early experiences of them Methody's in the old country, were ready enough to link their spiritual fortunes with those of Barbara Heck, whose indefatigable visits had brought them into the new Methodist home in the Western World.

"Deary me! who ever would ha' thought it?" said Widow Vause, "I remember hearing honest John Nelson many a time when he used to come into Yorkshire, an' fair stagger the Bairnsla' fooak wi' his preachin': an' now I've come to t'other side of the wolld to hear the saim sort o' Gospel! I didn't think so much of it, then, being young and foolish like; but, bless the Lord! what I'd forgotten then, I've gotten now, an' the love of Jesus fair makes me sing for joy!"

"Ay, marry, these are good times, neighbor Vause! I never heard John Nelson, though he set all Yorkshire in a flutter by his wonderful talk about the Saviour. But I do well remember hearing John Wesley hisself, down at Gwennap Pit, in dear old Cornwall; an' I've heard Sammy Bradburn, too, preachin' in the early early mornin' at the mine's mouth, an' in the evenin', when the lads came up to bank again."

This remarkable testimony from the lips of her lodger, Mrs. Penwidden, seemed to throw Widow Vause's experiences into the shade, for to be able to boast of having seen and heard John Wesley, was to be closely akin to fame. Still, she did not feel like subsiding in the presence of the greater honor without letting her light shine so far as it reflected the lustre of that brave soldier of the Cross—John Nelson.

"Eh! did you now? That was a thing to tell about! But I wish you could ha' seen John Nelson! I've seen him pelted through Bairnsla, an' Leeds, wi' rotten eggs. Ay, an' I've helped to do it mysen—being young and foolish, you know. This addendum was attached because the honest widow suddenly remembered that that was not so great an honor after all; and by way of toning it down still more, she added, "he was but a common soldier, you know, an' 'the parson' an' 'the squire' headed the mob agin' him."

Such is a fine specimen of "the talk of the town," in these early days of the "Great Revival, whose heaven-kindled fires had set those lands aflame.

Like flotsam and jetsam of the sea, these and similar atoms that formed the nucleus of the Methodist Church were blown across the broad Atlantic, from the white cliffs of Britain, the green shores of Ireland, the grey flats of Holland and elsewhere, and drifted, like seaweed, into the lively eddy of the old rigging-loft in William street.

One evening, after the close of the Sabbath services in the "rigging-loft," a little knot of the fervent worshipers were gathered in the house of Paul Heck, and the all-engrossing subject of "more space to dwell in" at once laid hold of the thought and voice of the entire company. The evening service had been attended by a crowd so large that the ungainly "loft" was simply and almost literally "chokefull," for many had fainted under the sweltering and oppressive heat. At the same time an eager multitude was thronging round the doors and windows in the hope of catching, through those widely-open avenues, some snatches from the lips of Philip Embury, of the "good Word of the kingdom."

"Well, well!" said the volunteer pastor, dropping wearily into a chair beside the open window that looked out into the garden, for he was tired "in the work, though not of it," as another evangelical pioneer used to say, "it is a fear something to put folks' lives in peril in this fashion. I do strongly fear that some who were carried forth from the great congregation are much hurt. I much misdoubt me that we are making more haste than the Lord wills, and that we are running faster than he hath sent. I fear that we shall have the worst speed." Having delivered himself of this gruesome bit of despondency, poor Philip, heaved a sigh of corresponding length and depth, and lapsed into silence. Would that all despondent "laborers in the vineyard had a Brave Barbara beside them to sing the songs of hope."

"Philip Embury!" said she, laying her hand on the arm of her beloved and life-long friend, "what evil spirit hath whispered such misfitting words in thy willing ear. 'Fearsome,' 'peril,' 'misdoubt, 'fear!' Marry, good friend, but the enemy of all brave soldiers hath put thee in parlous case, and like the poor man in Doubting Castle he cudgels thee sore. When the tide flows into the harbor the ship floats across the bar, and the crowds you moan about are God's voice crying aloud, 'Arise, and build me a house, that I may dwell therein!'"

Roused, in spite of himself, out of the Slough of Despond into which sheer physical exhaustion had plunged him, Philip answered eagerly, "Build! ay, but where? There's never a plot of ground in the place to be had for love nor money—that is," he continued, correcting himself, "not among the homes of the people where the house of God ought to be upreared."

"The Lord says, 'Build,' quoth the persistent Barbara; and he is not used to waste words, nor shall they return to him void. He cannot choose his own 'place,' and if he will, it shall come to us for 'love' or for 'money,' or with both. Is anything too hard for the Lord?"

"O, woman, great is thy faith!" quoted Captain Webb admiringly, for Barbara's strong stoutness of heart had impressed him greatly. "If you were a soldier, Mistress Heck, you are just the one to lead the way into the 'imminent and deadly breach."

"As much a soldier as yourself," Captain Webb," said Barbara, half playfully, half seriously, "only that your service is divided between King George and King Jesus, and mine—well, so far as King George is concerned, shall be always and only what the greater King allows."

"There speaks the old German Bible," said Barbara's husband, the steady, thoughtful, mainly-silent Paul Heck, bringing his hand smartly down upon his knee to emphasize the word. 'They that draw the sword shall perish by the sword,' is what your old Book says, good wife; and when the captain puts his sword across the Bible when he preaches about the Prince of Peace, I always feel as though the Book would shortly shut itself and cry aloud, 'Off, off, you have no business here!"

Here our honest and phlegmatic Paul who had astonished himself, as well as other people, by this sudden burst of feeling, and this eloquent assertion of opinion, bethought himself; looked timidly in the face of Captain Webb, and blushing like a school-boy, lapsed into silence. The Captain, it must be confessed, was mightily discomposed. I question whether he was much more startled when a French bullet robbed him of his eye. The fact is, that that particular aspect of his military calling had never been presented to his mind.

Barbara, who had a strong impression that, in this case, her good man Paul was a truer exponent of the doctrines of the Gospel of peace than was the man of war, deftly turned the train of conversation on to the main line again. "Talking about the 'deadly breach,' Captain, I wish you would make it plain to our captain, Philip, here, that the Lord doesn't need that he or anybody else should make a breach in any wall that interferes with his work and will. He just makes the wall to tumble over, and then uses the bricks to rear the work of his own hands."

"Have you heard," said John Lawrence, the young Irishman from Ballygarane, who was at this time a member of Paul Heck's household, and a valued "hired help" in his employ—"that the Mayor of New York has just bought all the open ground on the north side of John Street? That's the place for a new chapel! My word! but that's the spot to fight the devil from! It would make us masters of the city!"

(To be Continued.)

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TIMID HINDOOS.

REV. A. HINDER, of Maharo, Bengal says: "During the past few months we have been busy itinerating in the outlying districts. Many villages were so hid away in the jungle it was difficult to find them. In some places the people were so surprised to see a white man entering their secluded village, that they would either run off to the jungles, leaving everything behind, or hide in their house, and ofttimes it was with great difficulty we could get them to come near us, and then it would only be by singing and our musical instruments. Superstition and fear have great hold upon these aboriginal people. Famine has disappeared, thank God, but cholera visited us for the second time. I had the joy of attending a great number of cases, and though I am not M. D. I knew the best method of dealing with the disease, and I had the Master's blessing upon the medicine dispensed, and all recovered except two cases in which the patients wese too far gone when they came to me." This help that the missionary is able to render in cases of sickness or injury becomes the surest passport to the good will of the people. It is all the greater pity that all missionaries are not physicians too.

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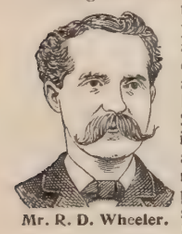

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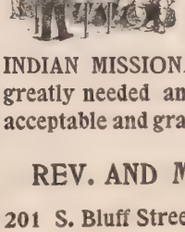

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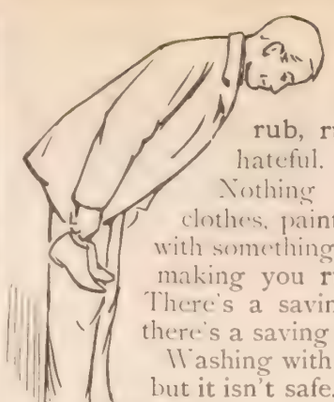

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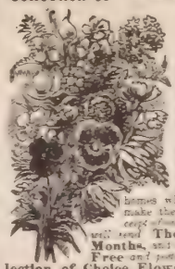

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R. H. Ingersoll & Bro., Room 77, 65 Cortlandt St., New York—*Kind Sirs:* It is a standing rule of mine when I see an admirable trait in any character, or a marked excellence in anything to express appreciation either in public or in private. Taffy is better than *epitaffy*. Post-Mortem praises do the dead no good. The corpse smells no flowers on its casket. Hence I want to say that I am delighted with your Watch—a little gem. I keep it on my typewriter desk during week days, right before my eyes, and it keeps *splendid* time. I then use it on my pulpit Lord's days.
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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 16. NUMBER 16.

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REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, APRIL 19, 1893.

PRICE, 5 CENTS.
Annual Subscription, $1.50.

PREACHING CHRIST IN THE WILDERNESS.

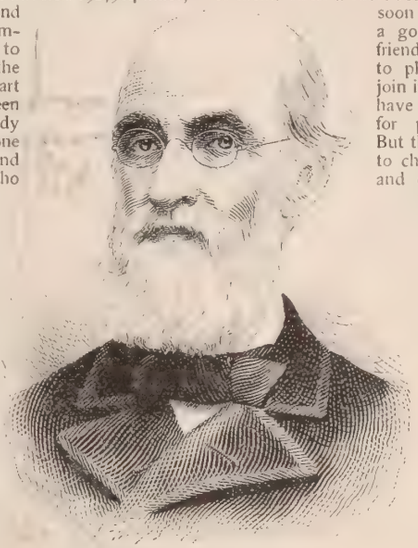
Pioneer Sunday School Missionary Densmore's Life Work Among the Indians and Early Settlers in Michigan—Winning the Red Men by Sacred Song—Hundreds of Schools Planted—Working Amid Perils by Flood, Fire, and Wild Beasts.

FOR sixty-nine years, the American Sunday School Union has been conducting a noble work for Christianity, in establishing and maintaining Sunday Schools in communities where the children have been neglected, and in circulating moral literature. Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and especially those among them who have been actively interested in establishing the work of the Rev. G. W. Sharp, our Sunday School missionary in the Southwest, have been made familiar with this special class of missionary labor, through the medium of Mr. Sharp's graphic letters, descriptive of the work in the wild and almost lawless section of the Union in which he operates. To-day we present a chapter from the experience of a remarkable man, who may be truthfully called one of the pioneer Sunday School missionaries of America.

Henry Densmore was born in Ohio in 1822, and moved with his parents to Michigan when that State was a wilderness, occupied by Indians and wild animals. He belonged to a family of giants, being one of six brothers, each of whom was over six feet tall, Henry being six feet four inches. Four sisters were almost as phenomenal in height as the boys. The father and sons farmed while the women spun flax, made all the garments and kept house. They had no schools or churches for a time, but the parents being of Puritan stock they had a Christian home and a Sunday.

In due time a missionary came along and organized a Sunday School, and at the age of sixteen Henry, without a common school education, was chosen Superintendent. His ardent love for children and the help of the missionary gave him great success in the work, so much so that he was urged to enter the service as a missionary of the American Sunday School Union in his own State. This he declined to do, being still too worldly-minded to recognize a divine call in the matter. Some time after, he contracted consumption and soon the doctors told him he had less than three months to live. Then and then only did he decide to devote the balance of his days to the Lord and he was commissioned, but only for a short period, and against the remonstrances of his friends.

The field was 150 miles from home, among the pine forests, where he miraculously revived, and was soon restored to health. He has never left the service, since that hour when he set out, as his friends fully believed, only to die. His record of twenty-five years' work now shows ~~405~~ new Sunday Schools organized, with 1,829 teachers and ~~16,816~~ scholars; 2,414 addresses made, 671 other schools visited and aided, with 12,199 teachers and 171,541 scholars, books to the value of many thousands of dollars sold or distributed among needy schools, thousands of Bibles and Testaments distributed, and nearly 5,000 visits made to families on the field. To accomplish this work, Mr. Densmore has traveled ~~162,914~~ miles, over mountain, forest and river, a distance computed as fully equal to eight times around the world. The greater part of his traveling has been done on a pair of sturdy Indian ponies. He alone now remains of a band of five missionaries, who began work in the Michigan field about the same time, the others having gone to their reward.



MISSIONARY HENRY DENSMORE.

Missionary Densmore, despite his age, and the fact that he has led an unusually active career, is still strong and vigorous, and almost as tall as ever. His snowy hair and beard frame a face that shines with kindness in every feature. While in New York recently, he visited THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offices in the Bible House and recalled some of his more striking experiences.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC IN A MAPLE GROVE IN MECOSTA CO., MICH.

"I remember," he said, "when the State of Michigan was nearly all forest. The Indians were more shy of the white men than we were of them. After a short acquaintance, I pretty soon found that a good way to make friends with them was to play with them and join in their sports; they have a great admiration for physical prowess. But the best thing of all to chain their attention and open the way to their hearts was by singing. The Indians love music passionately. I remember, we held a yearly camp-meeting on the Indian Reserve, at which all the Michigan tribes and many from Canada assembled. The camp covered five acres of land and lasted a week. On one occasion, I had been singing until late in the evening, when it was time to retire; the Indians wanted us to keep on. 'Wait until morning,' I urged, and then I went to my tent. About 3 or 4 o'clock, I heard stealthy footsteps, and soon the canvas was pushed aside and a brown face confronted my gaze. There were others behind, and all were intently peering in at me with an expression that might mean something very serious indeed. Jumping up, I asked what was wanted. 'Missionary, come, sing hymn,' said the foremost Indian in a guttural voice that was doubtless meant to be gentle and persuasive. Annoyed as I was, I could not help smiling, for they had been sitting up all

(*Continued on page 259.*)

The Tabernacle Pulpit

"CANNOT COME."

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, preached last Sunday Morning in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Text, Luke 14: 18, "*And they all with one consent began to make excuse.*"

AFTER the invitations to a levee are sent out, the regrets come in. One man apologizes for non-attendance on one ground, another on another ground. The most of the regrets are founded on prior engagements. So in my text a great banquet was spread, the invitations were circulated, and now the regrets come in. The one gives an agricultural reason, the other a stock-dealer's reason, the other a domestic reason. All poor reasons. The agricultural reason being that the man had bought a farm and wanted to see it. Could he not see it the next day? The stock-dealer's reason being that he had bought five yoke of oxen, and he wanted to go and prove them. He had no business to buy them until he knew what they were. Besides that, a man who can own five yoke of oxen can command his own time. Besides that, he might have yoked two of them together and driven them on the way to the banquet, for locomotion was not as rapid then as now. The man who gave the domestic reason said he had got married. He ought to have taken his wife with him. The fact was, they did not want to go. "And they all with one consent began to make excuse." So now God spreads a great banquet: it is the Gospel feast, and the table reaches across the hemispheres; and the invitations go out and multitudes come and sit down and drink out of the chalices of God's love, while other multitudes decline coming—the one giving this apology and the other giving that apology; "and they all with one consent begin to make excuse." I propose this morning so far as God may help me, to examine the apologies which men make for not entering the Christian life.

Apology the first: I am not sure there is anything valuable in the Christian religion. It is pleaded that there are so many impositions in this day, so many things that seem to be real are sham. A gilded outside may have a hollow inside; there is so much quackery in physics, in ethics, in politics, that men come to the habit of incredulity, and after a while they allow that incredulity to collide with our holy religion.

But, my friends, I think religion has made a pretty good record in the world. How many wounds it has salved, how many pillars of fire it has lifted in the midnight wilderness, how many simoon-struck Saharas it hath turned into the gardens of the Lord; how it hath stilled the chopped sea; what rosy light it hath sent streaming through the rift of the storm-cloud-wrack; what pools of cool water it hath gathered for thirsty Hagar and Ishmael: what manna whiter than coriander seed it hath dropped all around the camp of hardly-bestead pilgrims: what promises it hath sent out like holy watchers to keep the lamps burning around death-beds: through the darkness that lowers into the sepulchre, what flashes of resur-

Besides that, this religion has made so many heroes. It brought Summerfield, the Methodist, across the Atlantic Ocean with his silver trumpet to blow the acceptable year of the Lord, until it seemed as if all our American cities would take the kingdom of heaven by violence. It sent Jehudi Ashman into Africa alone, in a continent of naked barbarians, to lift the standard of civilization and Christianity. It made John Milton among poets, Raphael among painters, Christopher Wren among architects, Thorwaldsen among sculptors, Handel among musicians, Dupont among military commanders; and to give new wings to the imagination, and better balance to the judgment, and more determination to the will, and greater usefulness to the life, and grander nobility to the soul, there is nothing in all the earth like our Christian religion.

Nothing in religion! Why, then, all those Christians were deceived, when in their dying moment they thought they saw the castles of the blessed; and your child, that with unutterable agony you put away into the grave, you will never see him again, nor hear his sweet voice, nor feel the throb of his young heart? There is nothing in religion! Sickness will come upon you. Roll and turn on your pillow. No relief. The medicine may be bitter, the night may be dark, the pain may be sharp. No relief. Christ never comes to the sick-room. Let the pain stab. Let the fever burn. Curse it and die. There is nothing in religion! After awhile, death will come. You will hear the pawing of the pale horse on the threshold. The spirit will be breaking away from the body, and it will take flight—whither? whither? There is no God, no ministering angels to conduct, no Christ, no heaven, no home. Nothing in religion! Oh! you are not willing to adopt such a dismal theory. And yet the world is full of sceptics. And let me say there is no class of people for whom I have a warmer sympathy than for sceptics. We do not know how to treat them. We deride them, we caricature them. We, instead of taking them by the soft hand of Christian love, clutch them with the iron pincers of ecclesiasticism. Oh! if you knew how those men had fallen away from Christianity and become sceptics, you would not be so rough on them. Some were brought up in homes where religion was overdone. The most wretched day in the week was Sunday. Religion was driven into them with a trip-hammer. They had a surfeit of prayer-meetings. They were stuffed and choked with catechisms. They were told by their parents that they were the worst children that ever lived, because they liked to ride down hill better than to read "Pilgrim's Progress." They never heard their parents talk of religion but with the corners of their mouths drawn down and the eyes rolled up. Others went into scepticism through maltreatment on the part of some who professed religion. There is a man who says: "My partner in business was voluble in prayer-meeting; and he was officious in all religious circles; but he cheated me out of three thousand dollars, and I don't want any of that religion."

There are others who got into scepticism by a natural persistence in asking questions, why? or how? How can God be one Being in three persons? They cannot understand it. Neither can I. How can God be a complete sovereign, and yet man a free agent? They cannot understand it. Neither can I. They cannot understand why a holy God lets sin come into the world. Neither can I. They say, "Here is a great mystery; here is a disciple of fashion, frivolous and godless all her days—she lives on to be an octogenarian. Here is a Christian mother training her children for God and for heaven, self-sacrificing, Christ-like, indispensable, seemingly, to that household — she takes the cancer and dies." The sceptic says, "I can't explain that." Neither can I.

Oh! I can see how men reason themselves into scepticism. With burning feet I have trod that blistering way. I know what it is to have a hundred nights poured into one hour. There are men in this audience who would give their thousands of dollars if they could get back to the old religion of their fathers. Such men are not to be caricatured, but helped, and not through their heads, but through their hearts. When these men really do come into the kingdom of God, they will be worth far more to the cause of Christ than those who never examined the evidences of Christianity. Thomas Chalmers once a sceptic, Robert Hall once a sceptic, Christmas Evans once a sceptic; but when they did lay hold of the Gospel chariot, how they made it speed ahead!

If, therefore, I stand this morning, before men and women who have drifted away into scepticism, I throw out no scoff: I rather implead you by the memory of those good old times when you knelt at your mother's knee and said your evening prayer, and those other days of sickness when she watched all night and gave you the medicines at just the right time, and turned the pillow when it was hot, and, with hand long ago turned to dust, soothed your pains, and with that voice you will never hear again unless you join her in the better country, told you never mind—you would be better by and by; and by that dying couch where she talked so slowly, catching her breath between the words—by all those memories I ask you to come and take the same religion. It was good enough for her—it is good enough for you.

Aye, I make a better plea: by the wounds and the death-throe of the Son of God, who approaches you this morning with torn brow and lacerated hands and whipped back, crying: "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Other persons apologize for not entering the Christian life because of the incorrigibility of their temper. Now, we admit it is harder for some people to become Christians than for others; but the grace of God never came to a mountain that it could not climb, or to an abyss that it could not fathom, or to a bondage that it could not break. The wildest horse that ever trod Arabian sands has been broken to bit and trace. The maddest torrent tumbling from mountain shelving has been harnessed to the mill-wheel and the factory-band, setting a thousand shuttles all a-buzz and a-clatter; and the wildest, the haughtiest, the most ungovernable man ever created, by the grace of God may be subdued and sent out on ministry of kindness, as God sends an August thunder-storm to water the wild flowers down in the grass.

Good resolution, reformatory effort, will not effect the change. It takes a mightier arm and a mightier hand to bend evil habits than the hand that bent the bow of Ulysses, and it takes a stronger lasso than ever held the buffalo on the prairie. A man cannot go forth with any human weapons and contend successfully against these Titans armed with uptorn mountain. But you have known men into whose spirit the influence of the Gospel of Christ came, until their disposition was entirely changed. So it was with two merchants in New York. They were very antagonistic. They had done all they could to injure each other. They were in the same line of business. One of the merchants was converted to God. Having been converted, he asked the Lord to teach him how to bear himself toward that business antagonist, and he was impressed with the fact that it was his duty when a customer asked for a certain kind of goods which he had not, but which he knew his opponent had, to recommend him to go to that store. I suppose that is about the hardest thing the man could do; but being thoroughly converted to God, he resolved to do that very thing, and being asked for a certain kind of goods which he had not, he said: "You go to such and such a store and you will get it." After a while, merchant number two found these customers coming, so sent, and he found also that merchant number one had been brought to God, and he sought the same religion. Now they are good friends and good neighbors, the grace of God entirely changing their disposition.

"O!" says some one, "I have a rough, jagged, impetuous nature, and religion can't do anything for me." Do you know that Martin Luther and Robert Newton and Richard Baxter were impetuous, all-consuming natures, yet the grace of God turned them into the mightiest usefulness? O! how many who have been pugnacious, and hard to please, and irascible, and more bothered about the mote in their neighbor's eye than about the beam like ship-timber in their own eye, have been entirely changed by the grace of God, and have found out that "godliness is profitable for the life that now is as well as for the life which is to come."

Peter, with nature tempestuous as the sea that he once tried to walk, at one look of Christ went out and wept bitterly. Rich harvests of grace may grow on the tip-top of the jagged steep, and flocks of Christian graces may find pasturage in fields of bramble and rock. Though your disposition may be all a-bristle with fretfulness, though you have a temper a-gleam with quick lightnings, though your avarice be like that of the horse-leech, crying: "Give!" though damnable impurities have wrapped you in all-consuming fire — God can drive that devil out of your soul, and over the chaos and the darkness he can say, "Let there be light."

Converting grace has lifted the drunkard from the ditch, and snatched the knife from the hand of the assassin, and the false keys from the burglar, and in the pestiferous lanes of the city met the daughter of sin under the dim lamplight, and scattered her sorrow and her guilt with the words: "Thy sins are forgiven—go, and sin no more." For scarlet sin a scarlet atonement.

Other persons apologize for not entering the Christian life because of the inconsistencies of those who profess religion. There are thousands of poor farmers. They do not know the nature of soil nor the proper rotation of crops. Their corn is shorter in the stalk and smaller in the ear. They have ten less bushels to the acre than their neighbors. But who declines being a farmer because there are so many poor farmers?

There are thousands of incompetent merchants. They buy at the wrong time. They get cheated in the sale of their goods. Every bale of goods is to them a bale of disaster. They fail after awhile and go out of business. But who declines to be a merchant because there are so many incompetent merchants? There are thousands of poor lawyers. They cannot draw a declaration that will stand the test. They cannot recover just damages. They cannot help a defendant escape from the injustice of his perse-

cutors. They are the worst evidence against any case in which they are retained. But who declines to be a lawyer because there are so many incompetent lawyers? Yet there are tens of thousands of people who decline being religious because there are so many unworthy Christians. Now I say it is illogical. Poor lawyers are nothing against jurisprudence, poor physicians are nothing against medicine, poor farmers are nothing against agriculture, and mean, contemptible professors of religion are nothing against our glorious Christianity.

Sometimes you have been riding along on a summer night by a swamp, and you have seen lights that kindled over decayed vegetation—lights which are called Jack-o'lantern or Will-o'-the-wisp. These lights are merely poisonous miasmata. My friends, on your way to heaven you will want a better light than the Will-o'-the-wisps which dance on the rotten character of dead Christians. Exudations from poisonous trees in our neighbor's garden will make a very poor balm for our wounds.

Sickness will come, and we will be pushed out toward the Red Sea which divides this world from the next,and not the inconsistency of Christians, but the rod of faith will wave back the waters as a commander wheels his host. The judgment will come, with its thunder-shod solemnities, attended by bursting mountains and the deep laugh of earthquakes, and suns will fly before the feet of God like sparks from the anvil, and ten thousand burning worlds shall blaze like banners in the track of God omnipotent. Oh! then we will not stop and say, "There was a mean Christian; there was a cowardly Christian; there was a lying Christian; there was an impure Christian." In that day as now, "If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself; but if thou scornest, thou alone shall bear it." Why, my brother, the inconsistency of Christians, so far from being an argument to keep you away from God, ought to be an argument to drive you to him. The best place for a skilful doctor is in a neighborhood where they are all poor doctors; the best place for an enterprising merchant to open his store is in a place where the bargain-makers do not understand their business; and the best place for you who want to become the illustrious and complete Christian — the best place for you is to come right down among us who are so incompetent and so inconsistent sometimes.

Other persons apologize for not becoming Christians because they lack time. As though religion muddled the brain of the accountant, or tripped the pen of the author, or thickened the tongue of the orator, or weakened the arm of the mechanic, or scattered the briefs of the lawyer, or interrupted the sales of the merchants. They bolt their store doors against it, and fight it back with trowels and with yard-sticks, and cry, "Away with your religion from our store, our office, our factory!"

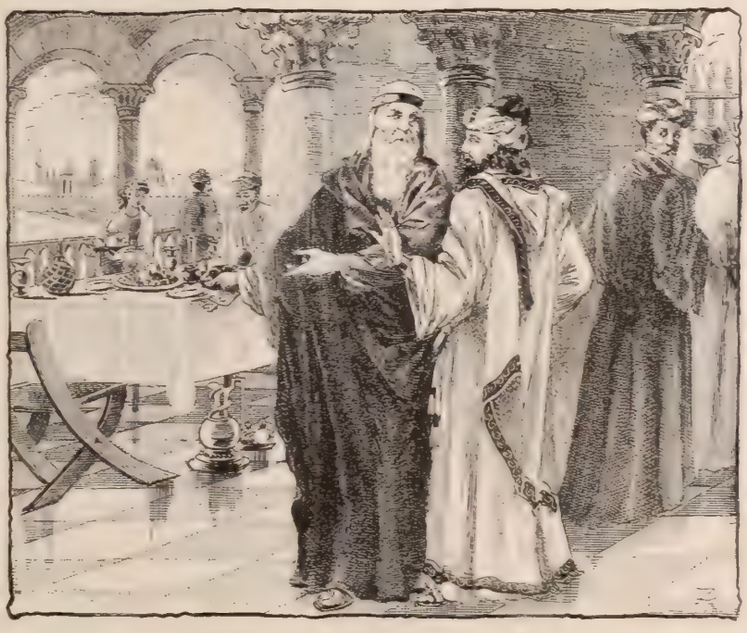
They do not understand that religion in this workaday world will help you to do anything you ought to do. It can lay a keel, it can sail a ship, it can buy a cargo, it can work a pulley, it can pave a street, it can fit a wristband, it can write a constitution, it can marshal a host. It is as appropriate to the astronomer as his telescope; to the chemist as his laboratory; to the mason as his plumb-line; to the carpenter as his plane; to the child as his marbles; to the grandfather as his staff.

No time to be religious here! You have no time not to be religious. You might as well have no clerks in your store, no books in your library, no compass on your ship, no rifle in the battle, no hat for your head, no coat for your back, no shoes for your feet. Better travel on toward eternity bareheaded and barefooted and homeless and friendless, than to go through life without religion.

Did religion make Raleigh any less of a statesman, or Havelock any less of a soldier, or Grinnell any less of a merchant, or West any less of a painter? Religion is the best security in every bargain, it is the sweetest note in every song, it is the brightest gem in every coronet. No time to be religious! Why, you will have to take time to be sick, to be troubled, to die. Our world is only the wharf from which we are to embark for heaven. No time to secure the friendship of Christ. No time to buy a lamp and trim it for that walk through the darkness which otherwise will be illumined only by the whiteness of the tombstones. No time to educate the eye for heavenly splendors, or the hand for choral harps, or the ear for everlasting songs, or the soul for honor, glory and immortality. One would think we had time for nothing else.

Other persons apologize for not entering the Christian life because it is time enough yet. That is very like those persons who send their regrets and say, "I will come in perhaps at eleven or twelve o'clock; I will not be there at the opening of the banquet, but I will be there at the close." Not yet! Not yet!

Now, I do not give any doleful view of this life; there is nothing in my nature, nothing in the grace of God, that



"They all Began to Make Excuse."

tends toward a doleful view of human life. I have not much sympathy with Addison's description of the "Vision of Mirza," where he represents human life as being a bridge of a hundred arches, and both ends of the bridge covered with clouds,and the race coming on, the most of them falling down through the first span, and all of them falling down through the last span. It is a very dismal picture. I have not much sympathy with the Spanish proverb which says, "The sky is good and the earth is good —that which is bad is between the earth and the sky."

But while we as Christian people are bound to take a cheerful view of life, we must also confess that life is a great uncertainty, and that man who says, "I can't become a Christian because there is time enough yet," is running a risk infinite. You do not perhaps realize the fact that this descending grade of sin gets steeper and steeper, and that you are gathering up a rush and velocity which after awhile may not answer to the brakes. O my friends, be not among those who give their whole life to the world and then give their corpse to God. It does not seem fair while our pulses are in full play of health, that we serve ourselves and serve the world, and then make God at last the present of a coffin. It does not seem right that we run our ship from coast to coast carrying cargoes for ourselves, and then when the ship is crushed on the rocks, give to God the shivered timbers. It is a great thing for a man on his dying pillow to repent—better that than never at all; but how much better, how much more generous, it would have been if he had repented fifty years before! My friends, you will never get over these procrastinations.

Here is a delusion. People think, "I can go on in sin and worldliness, but after awhile I will repent, and then it will be as though I had come at the very start." That is a delusion. No one ever gets fully over procrastination. If you give your soul to God some other time than this, you will enter heaven with only half the capacity for enjoyment and knowledge you might have had. There will be heights of blessedness you might have attained, you will never reach; thrones of glory on which you might have been seated, but which you will never climb. We will never get over procrastination, neither in time nor in eternity. We have started on a march from which there is no retreat. The shadows of eternity gather on our pathway. How insignificant is time compared with the vast eternity! I was thinking of this while coming down over the Allegheny Mountains at noon, by that wonderful place which you have all heard described as the Horseshoe—a depression in the side of the mountain where the train almost turns back again upon itself, and you see how appropriate is the description of the "Horseshoe"—and thinking on this very theme, and preparing this very sermon, it seemed to me as if the great courser of eternity speeding along had just struck the mountain with one hoof and gone on into illimitable space. So short is time, compared with the vast eternity!

This morning, voices roll down the sky, and all the worlds of light are ready to rejoice at your disenthralment. Rush not into the presence of the King ragged with sin, when you may have this robe of righteousness. Throw not your crown of life off the battlements. All the scribes of God are this moment ready with volumes of living light to record the news of your soul emancipated.

CHURCH FEDERATION

At a recent meeting of ministers in Boston, Mass., the project of a union or federation between Free Baptists and Congregationalists was discussed. The possibility of such an arrangement being made appeared much stronger than might have been expected.

PREACHING CHRIST IN THE WILDERNESS.

(*Continued from first page.*)

night, waiting for morning, when the promised hymn would be sung, and I suppose their patience had well-nigh been exhausted. I generally got along pleasantly with the Indians. They are exceedingly faithful to a friend and very bitter to an enemy. One old Indian chief told me that the children of his tribe would go through fire and water for their missionary."

Perils from Indians and wild beasts were not the worst dangers that beset the early missionaries in the West. Mr. Densmore can relate thrilling experiences amid the forest fires which in former days were startlingly frequent in the vast pineries of Michigan. These conflagrations levelled the tallest trees and frequently made traveling temporarily impossible. The missionary, hemmed in by fires on either side of a forest path, has seen men and horses crushed into shapeless masses by the falling trees to right and left, while he has been providentially protected. On one occasion his hair and beard were singed while passing through blazing woods. He has been carried down stream while trying to ford a flooded river with his ponies and buggy; been in peril with hunger, thirst, cold and heat, and been menaced by beasts of prey in the wilderness; yet he has come safely and triumphant through it all, with a heart full of gratitude to God for permitting him to be of service among the scattered sheep of the spiritual fold, ten thousand of whom he has gathered in.

Denominationalism plays no part in the work of the American Sunday School Union, which is largely under the charge of laymen,—many of them prominent business men. One Christian sect has no more to do with its work than another Christian sect. It is a union of individual Christians connected with different denominations, and the truths taught are the essentials of Protestant Christianity held in common by all evangelical denominations. The secretaries and missionaries are connected with different denominations and the literature distributed is first sanctioned by a Committee of Publication representing the Methodist, Baptist, Congregational, Presbyterian, Episcopal, Friends, Lutheran and Reformed churches. The missionaries are supported by voluntary contributions from those who have an interest in the moral and religious welfare of the country. They are all picked men of tried Christian character and their work has been for nearly seventy years a potent factor in making America a Christian nation. By bringing in the neglected ones, and organizing them into Sunday Schools they awaken religious interest and pave the way for the success of churches, and stated preaching, and evangelical work generally. These pioneer Union Sunday Schools prepare the way for the denominational enterprises that follow, when the new settlement attains growth and age. They at once unite the scattered settlers and their children in a union of Christian work, in places where separate denominational schools only wither and die. Men like Henry Densmore and George W. Sharp are consecrated soldiers of the Kingdom who carry the Gospel campaign into the "spiritual wastes," and whose watchword is "Christ and Salvation." Through such instrumentality many thousands have been turned away from sin and started on the way that leads to heaven.

Some of the Sunday Schools established by Mr. Densmore are among the largest in the West. Our illustration shows a picnic of one of these schools in a sugar camp of magnificent maple trees in Necosta County, Mich. The aged missionary, who stands at the right of his family, assures us that when the united volume of their fresh young voices ascends in praise through the forest aisles, there can be nothing sweeter this side of heaven!

TOIL AND PATIENCE.

IT is hard to see the crown,
When the Cross before us stands;
It is hard to see the gold,
Glittering 'mid the common sands:
Hard to see the promised goal
When the journey seems so long;
Harder still to find the right,
In the multitude of wrong.

But the things which cost no effort—
These are not the things we prize,
And the soul knows not its power,
'Till it spreads its wings and tries.
'Tis the winning of the medal.
Not the wearing, we enjoy;
As a symbol it is priceless—
Otherwise a childish toy.

—Almeda Costello.

WISDOM'S WARNING.

S S. Lesson for April 30 Prov. 1: 20-33. Gold en Text, Heb 12 25. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE day in which we live is one in which the enemy of souls has succeeded in perverting truth and in turning upside down the true relations between God and man. It is [illegible] intellectual knowledge—possessed by Satan probably in a higher degree than any other created being—should be exalted by man in these days above the fear of God which is the beginning of true wisdom. How few understand that the very highest intellectual development without indwelling God makes men to be only a superior kind of intelligent animal; and that the distinctive mark between him and the animal world is wanting. He is still earthly, his learning is circumscribed by the bounds of this earth, and the astronomical observation which can be taken from this earth. Of God and divine things, of eternity and eternal things, he is as ignorant as the beasts which perish. Intellectual power is a precious gift of God, and may be a blessed instrument in his hands for good; but it is blasphemous assumption, when those who possess it take upon themselves to criticize his word, to dispute his answers to prayer, to reduce both God and our great enemy, to an ideal world, and to exalt man's intellect above him who created it.

If God is God, he must be superior to the works of his hands, and thus the position of the would-be Deists is a false one. The very acknowledging that there is a God who made us, and who rules over the universe, is the claim, that if this God has revealed himself, he should be obeyed and honored, and if not personally known, that he should be sought after until he is found. Solomon, who "was

Wiser than all Men,"

(1 Kings 4: 29-31), says that a wise man will hear and will increase in learning; and a man of understanding will attain unto wise counsels, while fools despise wisdom and instruction. The wisdom of which this wise man testified was not shut up in books or learned in universities, "wisdom crieth without, she uttereth her voice in the streets." Even in the busy thoroughfare, amid the maze of people and vehicles, there is a voice speaking for those who have ears to hear, "How long?" This is God's call to man, "How long?" This is man's call to God. (Rev. 6: 10.) Look at the busy throng in the heart of many of our great commercial cities, and mark the faces full of curiosity, the nervous, hurried footsteps, the almost slavish sense of pressure, of drive, of strain, which tells of desperate ventures, of disappointed hopes, of grasping after much, and reaping nothing. No peace, no joy, no satisfaction, none of the quiet solid strength of a conscience at rest in its God to be seen on the most of these faces. How long? How long is all this to go on? Just as long as man shuts God out of his life. It cannot answer, it leads to disappointment, misery, suicide, and a lost eternity, when man lives only for this poor world and for that which it has to give.

By all [illegible] few quiet, still, sunny faces, amidst these miserable ones, telling of our inner life, witnessing to a living God, his wisdom says: "How long?" But far more, and more [illegible] long is all this to go on?" "How long ye [illegible] Turn you at my [illegible] and man's responsibility [illegible] This is God's side [illegible] If man will not turn, [illegible] and according to his own ideas, independently of God's Spirit, it cannot answer, he will only learn his own powerlessness. God holds man responsible for how he treats his advances. There are times in the life of every man when God draws near to him; he knows that an unusual power is seeking to lay hold of, and influence him, he knows he ought to yield. If he does so, God takes possession of him, if he does not, he becomes a God-rejector, and gets more and more hardened. It is an awful thing to trifle with a call from God. With him none can stand on neutral ground: "He that is not with me, is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth." (Matt. 12: 30.) The tables will be turned when their eyes are opened and they see God was in earnest when he sent them this tremendous message: "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at naught all my counsel, and would none of my reproof; I also will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh. When your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind, when distress and anguish cometh upon you. Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer, they shall seek me early but they shall not find me." Trifling with God must have an end. It is the God of love who speaks thus? Does it not sound like revenge?

Oh that men would learn that God is not weak. Longsuffering he is, and "slow to anger," so slow that after warning the generation of men in Noah's time, he waited one hundred and twenty years to see if any would repent and turn from sin! But he is not weak; he cannot ignore sin; he is just and holy, and "will by no means clear the guilty." (Exod. 34: 7.) All the universe must suffer if God allowed man to prevail against him, or sin to prevail against righteousness. God cannot, consistently with his holiness and justice, ignore one single rejection of him on the part of any single sinner. God bears long with guilty men, guilty cities, guilty churches, but things must some day come to a crisis—"the iniquity of the Amorites" was at last "full"—and when things have reached such a pass, mercy becomes unrighteousness.

God gives to every man his choice, no man will be lost through a fatalism which has made salvation impossible to him, the very heathen are judged by a law of conscience; they, too, in their darkness exercise a choice as far as their light goes. (Rom 2: 14-16.) God's plea against those who reject him is: "They hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord. They would none of my counsel, and despised all my reproof. Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices." Poor food for an immortal soul, this fruit of his own way! A man has lived for himself, has tried to make men, and things, and even God, revolve around him. Himself was his universe; his measure of all things has been how they touched him, his scale of good and bad how things affected his welfare; men were good or bad in his eyes as they ministered to his prosperity, his honors, his comforts, his amusements. And as to God, he was all very well to worship on Sunday, just as a form because it was respectable; but as to his interfering or taking the central place in his life, as to his asserting his supremacy,—no, such an idea could not for a moment be entertained! And yet the puny created thing who thinks, acts, and speaks thus, was created, and has been held in life moment by moment by this very God whom he treats with the last degree of contempt! Would not creation itself cry out "Shame!" if God were not indignant, and if he did not manifest his just displeasure in dealing with this poor despicable creature as he himself has dealt with a holy God?

"The fruit of their own way," they have chosen it, God has let them have it, "Verily I say unto you: they have their reward": earth instead of heaven. A miserable satisfaction down here in their confined and narrow kingdom of self-love, instead of the glorious exalted joy of ministering to God forever, one with the Most High! They have their desire, but it [illegible] bread, bitterness instead of sweetness, anxiety instead of peace, a lost time, and a lost eternity, instead of an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that "fadeth not away!" Irretrievable loss! This life can be lived only once! God can be rejected only once, and then the God-rejector finds no place of repentance though, like Esau, he seeks it carefully with tears. (Heb. 12: 17.)

"But whoso hearkeneth to me shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fear of evil." What a contrast, but how true! God's listeners are the happiest people upon earth: fear of evil is unknown to them; in time and in eternity they want nothing but what God wants, and as they are of one mind with him, who disposes of, and overrules all things, both in heaven and earth, fear dies out of their lives. They can see the bright side, the God side, the heaven side of all things, and they live in heaven through the grace of him who died for them while they are yet on earth.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

THE Book of Proverbs, from which this and the next four lessons are taken, is apparently a composite work, the different portions of which belong to different periods. Its main portion consists of 374 miscellaneous proverbs, chiefly in the distich form of a statement and its antithesis, such as (10: 7), "The memory of the just is blessed: but the name of the wicked shall rot." This portion begins at the tenth chapter and extends to the sixteenth verse of the twenty-second chapter. The proverbs apply to a people leading a simple and largely a pastoral life. It is probable that they were spoken by Solomon and recorded by some officer of his court. It would appear that this secretary or reporter was not always present when the wise king was uttering his sayings; for some of them were current in Hezekiah's time, 250 years after Solomon's death, which were not on record. Hezekiah instructed his secretaries to make a collection of them and they were added to the book and form chapters 25-29. Passages of a kindred character but evidently referring to a different condition of society than that of Solomon's day were incorporated under the heading of "words of the wise." There are two of these, one of them beginning 22: 17, and the other consisting of the last twelve verses of the twenty-fourth chapter. Society had degenerated when those were written. It is clear that drunkenness, gluttony and other degrading habits were common. The people, too, appear to have had bad kings and one verse (24: 21) implies that sedition was rife. The literary style is inferior to the main portion and there are words used of foreign origin. The compiler of the book added three appendices probably from foreign sources. One of these, contained in the thirtieth chapter, is ascribed to Agur, and the second (31: 1-9) to Lemuel both of whom are unknown persons. In the last twenty-one verses of the book is a picture of a virtuous woman, the word being used in the sense of vigorous and capable. In the Hebrew it is an acrostic, the verses beginning with the letters of the Hebrew alphabet in their order. To these various sections making up a volume of proverbial philosophy, some writer, probably the compiler of the book wrote an introduction which occupies the first ten chapters. It is clearly of later date than the Solomonic sections and is of a higher moral tone. The writer enjoins righteousness because it is God's command and not because, as in the other sections, it is the best policy. His name is unknown, but he was evidently a man of culture and learning, living not earlier and probably much later than the reign of Josiah. The book has been called the book of divine common sense, and its one supreme lesson, which is presented in many forms, is that goodness is true wisdom and wickedness is utter folly.

Wisdom crieth without . . . in the chief places of concourse. All are invited to listen and to learn. The time is past when a privileged class monopolizes learning and the blessings of religion. In Greece and Italy, while a few superior minds acknowledged a spiritual worship, the common people were kept in brutish ignorance by the celebrated philosophers of Greece and Rome. In Hindostan, though the doctrines of their complicated faith are freely revealed to the Brahmins and their pupils, it is a law never to be violated that the sacred books shall be locked up from the bulk of the people, and the Paria, or lowest caste, is not only excluded from the common assemblies of the people, but forbidden even to enter the temples to pray or to sacrifice. Nay, the Gentoo code even enacts that, should a priest read the sacred books to the inferior orders he shall be put to death by torture.

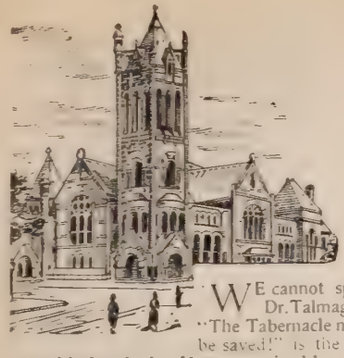
They despised all my reproof. When Moscow was burning, there was a party dancing right over a gunpowder magazine. They did not know the full extent of their danger, so the leader of the festivity shouted, "One dance more!" A messenger entered to tell them how extensive was the fire, but the leader would not listen. Then another messenger came to tell them of the quantity of gunpowder below, but merriment reigned through the palace, and the cry was "One dance more!" and the music played, and the feet bounded, and the laughter rang out; but suddenly, through the fire and the smoke and the thunder of the explosion, eternity broke.

Because I have called and ye refused. The steamship *Central America*, on a voyage from New York to San Francisco, sprung a leak in mid-ocean. A vessel seeing her signal of distress, bore down toward her. Perceiving the danger to be imminent, the captain of the rescue ship spoke to the *Central America*. "What is amiss?" "We are in bad repair; lie by till morning," was the answer. "Let me take your passengers on board now." But the captain of the *Central America* thinking the damage might be repaired, replied, "Lie by till morning." Once again the captain of the rescue ship called, "You had better let me take them on now." "Lie by till morning," was sounded back through the trumpet. About an hour and a half later her lights were missed; and though no sound was heard, the *Central America* had gone down and all on board perished.

They shall eat of the fruit of their own way. It is surprising how often the evildoer is detected and punished in spite of his sagacity and his cleverly planned schemes. Punishment frequently falls, too, on a man who has reformed. A case occurred some years ago in Alabama of a murder of an inoffensive citizen. The murderer made his escape and determined to commit no more crime. He fled to Arkansas, took an assumed name, married an estimable woman, and settled down to the life of an examplary and respected citizen. The neighbors held him in high esteem, and no shadow of the crime ever fell across the threshold of his home during ten years, but at the end of the time some one from Alabama saw and recognized him. A few days afterward an Alabama sheriff arrived, arrested him, and carried him back to the scene of his former murder to pay the penalty of the crime which, he hoped, was busied in oblivion.

It is told of Hercules that he shot his enemy Nessus with a poisoned arrow, and the garment of the slain man was all stained with poisoned blood. Before he died, Nessus gave his clothing to the wife of Hercules, telling her that it would make her husband love her always. After a time she gave the fatal garment to her husband, and no sooner had he put it on than the poison seized upon him, and when in his agony, he tried to pull off the clothing it clung all the tighter, and so he died, killed by his own poison.

The prosperity of fools shall destroy them. "I have seen," says a famous writer, "a tree borne down and broken by the weight of its fruit. I remember, too, seeing a fine sheep lying dead in a field. The shepherd told me that it had been killed by a strange dog. The other sheep in the flock got safely away, through a hole in the hedge, but this fellow was so fat and had had so much wool on him that he could not get through and the dog caught him. He might have been alive, then, said I if he had not had so much wool. I once knew a poor maimed soldier who suffered in the same way. He lost both his legs in a skirmish in the war. He was one of a party which had seized some plunder. The enemy came upon them unexpectedly, but all got away safely save this man, who had secured a larger share than the others and being loaded down with it fell into the rear and was shot by the pursuers. He might have kept his legs if he had not been so intent on keeping his riches. Mind you never get into a state in which it may be said of you 'he might not have lost his soul if he had been willing to part with his money.'" In the ruins of Pompeii there was a petrified woman, who, instead of flying from the doomed city, had spent her time in gathering up her jewels. She saved neither her life nor her jewels. There are multitudes making the same mistake. In trying to get earth and heaven they lose both.



Dr. Talmage's Appeal Not in Vain.

"We Cannot Let the Tabernacle Go Under," is the Universal Answer to His Call for Help—The Tide of Sympathy Rising—The Emergency Fund Growing and more Contributions Still Coming in—Some of the Letters.

"We cannot spare Dr. Talmage!" "The Tabernacle must be saved!" is the cry echoed in hundreds of letters received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD during the past week. Very many of these letters contain offerings to the Emergency Fund, and all breathe courage and hope that the great temple of Christianity may be saved from desecration, and that its pulpit, hallowed by so many sacred memories, may never be profaned by being converted into a theatre.

Dr. Talmage's appeal outlined in brief but realistic sentences, the present situation with regard to the Tabernacle. In addressing the hundreds of thousands who read his sermons in these columns, he employed no subterfuges of diction and kept nothing back. He did as he always does—took his people into his confidence, believing that they would not consent that his pastorate—which is in the highest sense a national one, and not confined to any particular city—should be imperilled for lack of financial support in an emergency like that which now confronts it.

To how many godly men and women in America has he been, in the passing years, the guide, philosopher and friend! What crowds of strangers, from every part of the United States, have sat in the Tabernacle, week after week, to listen to those wonderful sermons, that are an inspiration to mankind! Indeed, he has been peculiarly the "pastor of the strangers." The great Tabernacle was built on its present generous proportions with a special view to their accommodation, and strangers have always constituted a considerable part of its audiences. In building on so extensive a scale, the trustees had no thought other than to accommodate those who came knocking at the Tabernacle gates. And they were never turned away.

There is to-day not a city or town, hardly even a village, in the United States where the Tabernacle Pulpit is unknown, and in which its eloquent pastor has not some who are included among his audiences. His sermons, everywhere read in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, have for many years been a mighty spiritual influence, and it is not surprising that his scattered flock in distant states should have vied with those near at hand in coming cheerfully and gladly to his aid in the present troubles. Some of the extracts from their letters which we print on this page, show rare self-denial and devotion to the cause of Christianity, and all give evidence of the pervading spirit of Christian helpfulness which blesses both the giver and the gift. In the past, this same devotion to good works has led the readers of this journal into many avenues of Christian usefulness and made them instrumental in the accomplishment of much good. Their philanthropies have spread across oceans and into many lands. They supported a Christian missionary in Korea; substantially aided mission work among the Tamils and Teleguse in Ceylon; bountifully fed many sufferers during the Irish famine; strengthened Protestant missions in Mexico, and materially aided others in the South American States. For nearly two years they have supported a Sunday School missionary in the Southwest, where he is doing grand work in extending Sunday Schools in the neglected districts. They helped to found an independent missionary work at Tokio, Japan, and for three years they supported a Christian minister and his wife in a most effective missionary work among the redmen, in the district around McAlester, Indian Territory. They generously upheld a Baptist Church in Pennsylvania, through a crisis caused by a mining fire, when otherwise the church must have gone down. They have aided with their prayers and their substance many worthy movements in the home missionary field for the reclamation of the wanderers from the fold, and they have held out the open hand of brotherhood and succor to the poor negroes of the South, helping to build up substantially their colleges and schools in Florida, Louisiana, the Carolinas and elsewhere. The crowning acts of self-sacrifice last year, when they sent nearly $40,000 worth of breadstuffs to Russia and a supply of food and clothing to the flood sufferers in our own Southwestern States, are too well remembered to need to be recalled now. It is a splendid record, and one probably without a parallel, even in Christian America. The prompt and gracious response to Dr. Talmage's appeal in the present case shows that the zeal for good works has nowise abated and that we did not err in believing that our readers would make the question of saving the Tabernacle a matter of prayer and conscientious action, as they now seem resolved to do. These extracts from their letters show it:

J. W. Schantle, Vinton, Ia., $1. "We cannot let the church go under."

Mrs. E. A. Evans, Dayton, O., $5. "With my prayers for the Brooklyn Tabernacle."

Mrs. K. Page, LaSalle, Ill., $1.00. "I only wish I could place the decimal point farther to the right."

Subscriber, Brockton, Mass., $5. "May the liberal response be as spontaneous as was the Russian Famine Fund."

C. S. Riday, Philadelphia, Pa., $1. "I hope and pray you may receive enough to save the church for the Lord."

Henry J. Adams, Treasurer, Brooklyn, N. Y., $25. "I give it cheerfully toward the payment of the debt of the Tabernacle."

"In His Name," Columbus, Ind., $1.00. "I am going to pray God to open the hearts of the people that the great church may be saved."

Ruth F. Aldrich, Greenville, R. I., $1. "A small offering from a helpless cripple. I cannot afford to lose my weekly sermon in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD."

George W. D. Nangle, Soldiers and Sailors Home, Quincy, Wis., $1. "I am poor and an invalid soldier, but my heart is touched by such an earnest appeal."

Maria B. and Sarah Stilwell, New Paltz, N. Y., $2. "We are poor sewing girls and would give much more if we could. The Lord will not let his church go for a theatre."

Mr. W. S. Hitt and wife, Middlebury, Pa., $5., write: "I hope all the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD may do likewise. Oh, may it be God's good pleasure to save the church through his people."

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Morse, Butte City, Mont. "We enjoy reading your sermons so much, that we feel we ought to contribute our mite towards so worthy an object. May you continue in the good work you are now doing."

Alice Ames, Jefferson, Me., $1. "It is the widow's mite and all I can send. I wish it was more. I trust with God's help many dollars will be sent until the Tabernacle debt will be paid. He surely will bless those who labor for him."

N. E. Arnold, Middleport, O. "We are all interested in you and your grand and noble work. 'The statutes of the Lord are right,' and he will see that his places of worship are cared for. May God aid you and reward you, is my prayer."

"A Widow," New York., $1 50. "It comes with an earnest prayer that the Church may 'come out of the fire' purified, and that that man of God may be strengthened for the great work he has to do. If one-half of your subscribers would do the same, it would help the servant of God to carry a burden which is too heavy for mortal man. I myself am in circumstances needing help; but there is that scattereth and yet increaseth."

Frederick N. Cook, Boundbrook, N. J., $14.45. "This is a thank offering from the members of a little mission school at Chimney Rock; the people are all poor and have a hard time; but when they learned that your church was in need, gladly went about to render what assistance they could. Our school was established by Mr. John Talmage. Each gladly gave what they could, in order that Dr. Talmage and the Tabernacle might not be parted."

Rev. Mr. Oakes, the assistant Pastor of the Tabernacle, informs THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that the creditors of the Tabernacle have decided to defer extreme measures until the result of this appeal is definitely known. If successful the church will be saved; if not it will be sold. In the latter case, *every dollar of the Emergency Fund* will be returned to the senders. This will be welcome news to all who desire to subscribe, but want some assurance that the object of their subscription will be actually accomplished.

CONTRIBUTIONS DURING THE WEEK.

Amount already acknowledged	$12,331 00
Adams, Henry H.	25 00
Aldrich, Ruth F.	1 00
American Sunday School Union	1 00
Ames, Alice	1 00
Andre, Mrs. John H.	1 00
Austin, Geo. F.	5 00
Baum, George C.	1 00
Benneson, Tabitha P.	5 00
Berrien, B. G.	5 00
Berrien, A. M.	2 00
Berrien, S. E.	1 00
Bibber, S. R.	5 00
Branch, Mrs. E. H.: Henry J. Smith, 25.00. Mrs. Jane Knapp C. B. Barker 20.00. Total	50 00
Brooklyn Tabernacle Ushers: T. E. Mace 9.75. H. T. Crimmings 2.20, John W. McDowell 28.00. T. S. Brest 24.50. W. C. Collier 3.50, E. A. Pratt 28.00, C. W. Baxter 15.50, C. Hardcastle 19.50. E. W. Hawkins 20.00. H. L. Polhemus 20.00. C. E. Lawrence 6.70. T. H. Snyder 6.00. C. Fields 9.00. C. Hardcastle 17.30. J. H. McClure 13.00. R. B. Drummond 102.50. C. W. Baxter 45.00. F. Hyde 3.00. R. B. Drummond, Jr., 5.65. B. F. Wells 10.00. J. McCullough 11.00. T. E. Mace 10.10. Total	410 20
Clark & Blodget	1 00
Clarke, Thos. and Elizabeth	5 00
Clarke, J. P.	5 00
Conklin, E. M.	1 00
Chimney Rock Mission School, Bound Brook, N. J.: Miss M. Mackey, Crosby Howard, Mrs. John Brown, F. N. Voorhes, John Goltra, Mrs. John Lamey, Ida Haelig, Jane A. Smith, E. J. Wilcox, Friend, Luther Martin, Samuel Smith, D. P. Miller, Mrs. Voorhes, Mrs. Georges, Mrs. J. Georges, Mrs. R. Wilson, Friend, Mrs. Morgan. Total	14 45
Delaware *Gazette*: Delaware *Gazette* 2, T. Blackburn 1, F. P. Vergon 1, Belle Lawrence 1, D. J. & E. McCurdy 3. Total	8 00
Evening Sentinel, South Norwalk, Conn.: Lewis Tuttle 5, *Evening Sentinel* 5. Mrs. H. L. Woodworth 1. Will J. Leland 2. E. J. Wadhams 1, Cash 1, Friend 1. Total	16 00
Davis, Mrs. S. M.	2 00
Elliott, Mrs. Sarah H.	1 00
Ellis, Isaac	5 00
Evans, Mrs. E. A.	5 00
Every, Mrs. Isaac	1 50
Farri, J. T. and Wife	5 00
Farwell, M. B.	2 00
Francis, Mrs. J. H.	10 00
Friend	1 00
Flavelle & Bro., G. W.	5 00
Fraley, T. J.	1 00
Grant, Mrs. S. P.	5 00
Gray, W. C.	5 00
Green, Mrs. Hannah	2 00
Greenleaf, Mrs. O.	2 00
Grimer, J. K.	1 00
Hanford, E.	1 00
Henry, Peter J.	1 00
Herald Printing & Publishing Co., Erie, Pa.,	5 00
Hinman, Mrs. Caroline C.	5 00
Hitt, W. S. and wife	5 00
Holladay, Mrs. Sarah: Holladay, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. 3.00. Mr. Kullander 1.00. Dr. Willis 1.00. Total	5 00
Hopkins, Wilson W.	5 00
Horton, W. C.	1 00
Humphrey, B. F.	1 00
Hummelstown Star Brook Cave 2.00, Emma Cave 2.00, Mary P. Cave 1.00. Total	5 00
Jefferson, Mrs. C. D.	1 00
Jones, W. C.	1 00
Juvenile Good Templars.	8 10
Kaines, Jasper	2 00
Kent, D.	1 00
Krause, Edward	1 00
Kern, Wm. H.	2 00
Landrum, Mr. & Mrs.	1 00
Lees, Thos.	2 00
MacCarroll, D. R.	1 00
May, Mrs.: Mr. & Mrs. May 5, Caroline Muddleman 1, Florence Winston 3. Total	9 00
Meikle, Frank A.	1 00
McKenzie, Mrs. Mary	2 00
McCoskery, Thos.	25 00
McKibben, Mrs. R. F.	1 00
McWhorter, Hetty	2 00
Moffatt, R.	5 00
Moncrieff, W. J.	1 00
Mooney, G. W.	1 00
Moore, H. E.	1 00
Moss, Mr. and Mrs. Henry	3 00
Musson, George	2 00
Nangle, Geo. W. D.	1 00
Oaks, L. A.	2 00
Page, Mrs. K.	1 00
Paneak, Isaac	5 00
Pease, A. L.	1 00
Peatfield, Hannah M.	2 00
Pendleton, R. P.	1 00
Pursell, G. S.	2 00
Post, H. A.	3 50
Riddle, Fannie M.	1 00
Rees, D. W.	2 00
Reynolds, Lily	50
Riday, C. S. C.	1 00
Roebuck, Mrs. P. J.	2 00
Rollfs, Chas. W.	2 00
Rue, Edmund	1 00
Shaw, Mrs. R.	1 00
Smith, C. M.	5 00
Smith, Robert	5 00
Sinsabaugh, Mr. R. P. L.	1 00
Sinsabaugh, Miss E. M.	1 00
Sunbeam Circle King's Daughters.	1 50
Somerset *Democrat*, Somerville, N. J.: H. C. Carmer 25c., C. W. Clickener 25c., G. W. Cooper 25c., Joshua Dougherty, Jr., 25c., Phineas Dunn 25c., J. C. Fields 25c., H. V. N. Garretson 1.00, Miss Catherine King 25c., G. L. Loomis 25c., C. D. McMurtry 25c., A. P. Sutphen 25c., W. H. Taylor 25c., Lena Thatcher 25c., W. H. Thompson 25c., G. A. Vosseler 25c. Total	4 50
Speaker, Elwyn	1 00
Sterritt, Miss M. A.	2 00
Stilwell, Maria B.	1 00
Stillwell, Sarah	1 00
Stinson, Mrs. Daniel	10 00
Sykes, H. B.	2 00
Tarrish, May S.	5 00
Taylor, Chas. A.	1 00
Taylor, Kate M.	1 00
Warne, John	5 00
Watson, Mrs. B. M.	1 00
Willson Bros., Taylor, Tex.: Otwell, Gerard and Williemet Crossett 45c., Joe Lusby 1.00. Total	1 45
Wismer, Edmund R.	0 50
Wright, C. B.	1 00
MISCELLANEOUS.	
Anxiety, Greenfield	1 00
B., Matteawan, N. Y.	5 00
Friend, Washington, Ill.	1 00
Friend, Peekskill, N. Y.	1 00
Gilliam, Wm. C., 12 West 50th St., N. Y.	1 00
"Humble Christian" Clay City, Ind.	25
In His Name, Columbus, Ind.	1 25
In His Name, St. Paul, Minn.	1 00
King's Daughters, N. Y. City	1 00
K. K., Paris, Ont.	5 00
L. D. R., Auburn, N. Y.	5 00
L. W., Hatfield, Mass.	1 00
Lane, Cynthia A., Buel, N. Y.	1 00
Mary, Connecticut	2 00
Nelson, G., Wild Rose	2 00
Reader, Philadelphia	1 00
Reader, Knoxville, Ill.	1 00
Readers of *Christian Herald*, Bridgeport, Ct.	5 00
Smith, Miss Kate, Cohoes, N. Y.	1 00
S. P. G., Georgetown, Mass.	1 00
Subscriber, Jersey City, N. J.	2 00
Subscriber, Brockton, Mass.	5 00
Subscriber, Little Sandusky, O.	1 00
Subscriber, N. Y.	1 00
Subscriber, Athens, O.	1 00
Subscriber, Dodgeville, Wis.	1 00
Subscriber, Brewsters, N. Y.	1 00
Subscriber, Lewiston, Me.	3 00
Subscriber, Kiskatom, N. Y.	1 00
Subscriber, Tuxedo Park, N. Y.	2 00
"Widow," N. Y. City., N. Y.	1 50
W. S., N. Y. City, N. Y.	1 00
——, Royersford, Pa.	2 00
Episcopalian, Potsdam, N. Y.	10 00
W. W., Union City, Pa.	5 00

The Sessions Family Heard From.

Nathan Albert Sessions, the Adopted Son, Dies on the Congo—An Afflicted Missionary Household—Mr Sessions also Sick

NEWS has been received from the Congo, announcing the death by fever of Nathan Albert Sessions, the adopted son of George W. and Alice Sessions, who last year started out to found an independent, self-supporting mission in Africa. Nathan was the real leader of the party, which consisted of

THE LATE N. W. SESSIONS.
Died in Africa January 15, 1893.

Mr. and Mrs. Sessions, Mary and Howard, their children and Myrtle Irene Perry, a neice. For several years the missionary spirit had been growing in the little household, which was formerly at Correctionville, Ia., where the Sessions owned a comfortable homestead. It was finally decided to sell the place and on Washington's birthday, 1892, the family set their faces toward Africa. For many months no word came from them. The story of their consecration and the journey they had undertaken, which was published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at the time, awakened a widespread interest and many letters have been received inquiring about their welfare. To-day we are enabled through the courtesy of Bishop Taylor's mission, to lay before our readers extracts from letters received from Bethel Mission, the name of the station founded by the Sessions at Catella, Congo.

Writing under date of December 23, 1892, young Nathan Webb states that the entire party was in good spirits. With the exception of Howard, who had a slight attack of fever, All were then well. On May 30, 1892, after much difficulty a location was chosen and work begun on mission buildings, and these were fairly finished by October 1. Gospel and farm work were also begun and the outlook was promising. By the same mail came a letter from Mrs. Sessions dated January 10, 1893, telling of the sickness and death of Nathan, who was taken with a chill on January, and died on the 15th. Mr. Sessions was sick of fever at the time of writing.

In his letter written while still in good health and working hopefully at the mission, young Nathan said: "We have had four hours of school each day since the 25th of October (teaching the natives and the younger members of the family). We are much encouraged with our progress and feel that with five already in our school being trained for missionaries, we can truly sing with the Congo Band of New York City: 'We're bound to take the Congo for Jesus.' We have religious services each day with the laborers, through our interpreter, but as yet are not able to do much spiritually among this people."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

The Christian Herald is published every Wednesday. The subscription price is $1.50 per year, payable in advance.

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Letters should be addressed

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

HABIT A TASKMASTER

HABIT is a taskmaster; as long as we obey it, it does not chastise us; but let us resist and we find we are to be lashed with scorpion-whips and bound with ship-cable, and thrown into the track of bone-breaking Juggernauts! During the war of 1812 there was a ship set on fire just above Niagara Falls, and then,cut loose from its moorings,it came on down through the night and tossed over the Falls. It was said to have been a scene brilliant beyond description. Well there are thousands of men on fire of evil habit, coming down through the rapids and through the awful night of temptation toward the eternal plunge. Oh ! how hard it is to arrest them. God only can arrest them.

Suppose a man after five, or ten, or twenty years of evil-doing,resolves to do right ? Why, all the forces of darkness are allied against him. He cannot sleep nights. He gets down on his knees in the midnight and cries, "God help me !" He bites his lip. He grinds his teeth. He clenches his fist in a determination to keep his purpose. He dare not look at the bottles in the window of a wine-store. It is one long, bitter, exhaustive, hand-to-hand fight with inflamed, tantalizing, and merciless habit.

When he thinks he is entirely free, the old inclinations pounce upon him like a pack of hounds with their muzzles tearing away at the flanks of one poor reindeer. In Paris there is a sculptured representation of Bacchus, the god of revelry. He is riding on a panther at full leap. Oh, how suggestive ! Let every one who is speeding on bad ways understand he is not riding a docile and well-broken steed, but he is riding a monster, wild and bloodthirsty, going at a death-leap.

THE HEAVEN OF THE SCEPTIC

I HAVE not heard yet one single intelligent account of the future world from anybody who does not believe in the Bible. They throw such a fog about the subject that I do not want to go to the sceptic's heaven, to the transcendentalist's heaven, to the worldly philosopher's heaven. I would not exchange the poorest room in your house for the finest heaven that Huxley or Stuart Mill or Darwin ever dreamed of. Their heaven has no Christ in it; and a heaven without Christ, though you could sweep the whole universe into it, would be no heaven. Oh, they tell us there are no songs there; there are no coronations in heaven. But that would not satisfy me.

Give me Christ and my old friends—that is the heaven I want, that is heaven enough for me. O garden of light,whose leaves never wither, and whose fruits never fail ! O banquet of God, whose sweetness never palls the taste and whose guests are kings forever ! O city of light, whose walls are salvation, and whose gates are praise ! O palace of rest,where God is the monarch and everlasting ages the length of his reign !

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold ?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold.

GIVING A LIFT.

EVERY man wants help. Tens of thousands of people trudge on in life with no one to address them a cheering word. There are those who scold at them, cry over them, groan about them; but as to any exhilarant sympathy, these weary ones get none of it. Now, there is help for every one, if he only knows where and how to get it. Go away from us,with your croaking and snuffling, and give us a few robust words of joyous inspiration !

There are some days when there comes with unusual impressiveness upon our mind the fact that this world is a most insufficient portion, and that we must have something better than is here afforded. If we should go among our readers and ask the question (and you were frank in responding to it) : "What is the great want of your life ? " one would give this and another would give that. One would say: "It is restored physical health I want." Another would say : "It is more clearness of mental power that I want." Another would say: "It is more worldly means that I want."

Another would say: "It is better social position that I want." There would be others who would make no reply at all, for they have in their soul an indefinite longing for something, they know not what, and if they have not been able to define it to their own soul they certainly would not be able to define it to any human ear. But you have all made a mistake in this reply, unless you have said within yourself: "My great want is Jesus Christ. If I possess him already in my heart, I want more of him—more of his light, more of his love, more of his pardon, more of his salvation."

PRAY AND DIG.

GOD is infinite in resource. When the city of Rochelle was besieged, and the inhabitants were dying of the famine, the tide washed up on the beach as never before, and has never since, enough shell-fish to feed the whole city. God is good. There is no mistake about that. History tells us that,in 1555, in England, there was a great drought. The crops failed, but in Essex, on the rocks, in a place where they had neither sown nor cultured, a great crop of peas grew, until they filled a hundred measures; and there were blossoming vines enough promising much more.

But why go so far ? I can give you a family incident. I will tell you a secret that has never been told. Some generations back there was a great drought in Connecticut, New England. The water disappeared from the hills and the farmers living on the hills drove their cattle down toward the valleys, and had them supplied at the wells and fountains of the neighbors. But these after awhile began to fail, and the neighbors said to Mr. Birdseye, "You must not send your herds here any more; our wells are giving out." Mr. Birdseye, the old Christian man, gathed his family at the altar, and with his family he gathered the slaves of the household—for bondage was then in vogue in Connecticut—and on their knees before God they cried for water; and the family story is, that there was weeping and great sobbing at that altar, that the herds and flocks might not perish. The family rose from the altar. Mr. Birdseye, the old man, took his staff and walked out over the hills, and in a place where he had been scores of times without noticing anything particular, he saw the ground was very dark, and he took his staff, and turned up the ground, and the water started; and he beckoned to his servants and they came, and they brought pails and buckets until all the family, and all the flocks and the herds, were cared for, and then they made troughs reaching from that place down to the house and barn, and the water flowed, and it is a living fountain to-day ! Now, I call that old grandfather, Elijah, and I call that brook that began to roll then, and is rolling still, the brook Cherith; and the lesson to me, and to all who hear it, is, when you are in great stress of circumstances, pray and dig, dig and pray, and pray and dig. How does that passage go ?—"The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my loving kindness shall not fail." If your merchandise, if your mechanism, fail, look out for the ravens. If you have, in your despondency, put God on trial, and condemned him as guilty of cruelty, I move, this morning for a new trial. If the biography of your life is ever written, I will tell you what the first chapter, and the middle chapter, and the last chapter will be about if it is written accurately. The first about mercy, the middle chapter about mercy, the last chapter about mercy. The mercy that hovered over your cradle. The mercy that will hover over your grave.

SIN CANNOT BE HID.

YOU cannot keep an iniquity quiet. At just the wrong time the sheep will bleat and the oxen will bellow. Achan cannot steal the Babylonish garment without getting stoned to death, nor Benedict Arnold betray his country without having his neck stretched. Look over the police arrests, these thieves, these burglars, these counterfeiters,these highwaymen, these assassins. They all thought they could bury their iniquity so deep down that it would never come to resurrection. But there was some shoe that answered to the print in the sand, some false keys found in possesssion, some bloody knife that whispered of the deed, and the public indignation, and the anathema of outraged law hurled him into the Tombs or hoisted him on the gallows.

At the close of the battle between the Dauphin of France and the Helvetians, Burchard Monk was so elated with the victory that he lifted his helmet to look off upon the field, when a wounded soldier hurled a stone that struck his uncovered forehead and he fell. Sin always leaves some point exposed; there is no safety in iniquity.

Francis the First, King of France,was discussing how it was best to get his army into Italy. Amaril, the court fool, sprang out from the corner and said to the king and his staff-officers: "You had better be thinking how you will get your army back out of Italy after once you have entered." In other words, it is easier for us to get into sin than to get out of it. Do not think that you can hide any great and protracted sin in your hearts. In an unguarded moment it will slip off the lip, or some slight occasion may for a moment set ajar this door of hell that you wanted to keep closed. But suppose that in this life you hide it, and you get along with that transgression burning in your heart, as a ship on fire within for days may hinder the flame from bursting out by keeping down the hatchways, yet at last, in the judgment, that iniquity will blaze out before God and the universe.

* * *

On the day when the coffin goes out of the front door, and down the front steps, it leaves a house very lonesome if there be no Bible on the stand and no Christ to stand at the desolated hearth-stone.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

HOW TO HELP HIM.

I MEAN your preacher. You can help him by a recognition that he is yet human and susceptible to the ordinary influences which touch human nature. Pinch him, and it hurts; say mean things, and he will feel it like any other mortal; starve him, and you will make him weigh less: and keep it up and you will hold a funeral. Pay him so he has to buy skimmed milk, and you will know it in his sermons. Talk about his wife and children whom he loves, and with all his grace, be sure he will get mad. I don't mean wickedly mad, but righteously so.

To help him, don't do any of these things. To increase the power of his sermons, try an increase in salary. To get him to be more sociable, try to entertain him a little better. To get him to call oftener, ring the parsonage door-bell more frequently. To get more gems of thought, give him some, in the shape of books, etc. To hear some other preacher, give him money to get a good supply now and then. These are a few of the "helps" which can come from pew to pulpit.

A Good Sexton.

I heard a minister of the Gospel tell in a meeting the other day of the mercies of God in the shape of "a good sexton." No small mercy that: to get a man who can keep the house of the Lord clean, and give the right temperature, keeping doors from squeaking, windows from rattling, drafts from blowing, and a score and more of other necessary things essential to a good service, is no small thing, I tell you.

But good sextons are made, not born; and they are made by other means then slaps, and thrusts, and faultfindings,and cross looks, and crosser words. Two things, yea three, will produce the man, either male or female. First: Good instruction as to what is wanted. Second: Good pay for the work done Third: Open recognition of faithful service. I might add a fourth, and that is: proper facilities and helps for doing the work. You can't wash a window with a coal scoop, or dust the pulpit with a broom; neither can you expect the sexton to keep the church cool with the meacury up to ninety-five. A congregation needs sense, as well as the sexton.

Unproven Promises.

A PROMISE is of no account till put to the test. This is true of God's promises just as much as those of men. Here is a man who says, "I will help you"; now it's when I am in trouble I go to him, and ask him to stand by his promise, and he does and I get help. Then I realize the meaning of his words. So with the many promises of God recorded in the Bible: they are only good or of real value when proven.

Take the promise of guidance in Psalm 32: 8. There are now tens of thousands who know not which way to turn or what to do. Some in mental distress, others in spiritual want, others in business difficulty,many more in the "battle for bread find the war they wage going against them. All of these in sad need of help as to what they shall do. And here is a promise God is only too glad to fulfill to all of these and more, if they will only put the weight of their absolute trust in him, to do what he has said.

Maybe my reader will say, "I'm one of them, I need guidance." Well ! let me help you; don't quibble or quabble with Bible expositors, but you just turn to that promise, kneel down, and tell the Mighty One you want him to prove that true to you now, and as sure as two and two make four, he will do it. And then the fact of a proven promise in your mind will do more to counteract the tendency to doubt and scepticism than a thousand sermons, be they the very best.

Don't Want a Resurrection.

THERE are some graves I hope will never be opened. Never. I don't want the trumpet to sound, nor God to speak, that will bring forth in any shape the following, which I have buried; buried, I hope, forever.

1st. Old grudges against people.
2d. Sins of omission and commission.
3d. Mean looks and meaner acts.
4th. Unholy aspirations, and,
5th. False judgments.

C. H. Yatman

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

INTERNATIONAL LITIGANTS.

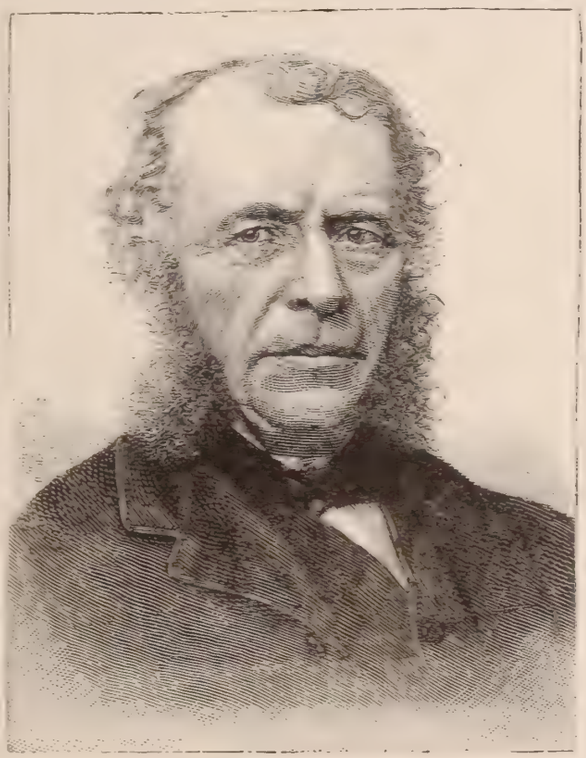
AN opportunity for the display of legal skill was afforded at the sitting of the Court of Arbitration in Paris on April 4. The Court is appointed to decide the points of dispute between our Government and that of England, relative to the respective rights of the two nationalities in Behring Sea. This was the first business sitting of the Court which met by adjournment from March 24. It was somewhat unfortunate that at the very opening of the proceedings, there was an exchange of personalities and an acrimonious dispute between the legal gentlemen employed, such as frequently occurs in our courts of law. It arose out of the proposal of the English counsel to introduce evidence, which the American counsel contended was inadmissible at that stage of the case. It referred to the method of conducting the seal fisheries on the islands and in the open sea. Our counsel argued that if the decision of the court was against the United States, on the claim for exclusive jurisdiction in the sea, then a treaty would be necessary by which the United States and England should arrange measures for the protection of the seals from poachers. Then the evidence as to the methods of sealing would be pertinent, but if the court should decide that the United States has exclusive jurisdiction, no treaty would be necessary and the evidence would not be required. This question was argued with considerable asperity, and Sir Charles Russell on the English side, and Mr. E. J. Phelps on the American side dispensed with the courtesy toward each other which is generally maintained in international disputes. If Mr. Phelps's contention is correct, it is not surprising that he lost patience with his antagonist. It is absurd to waste time in discussing the details of a condition which may never arise. It is, however, a common disposition, and is often met with by ministers of the Gospel. Men are often eager in the discussion of the mysteries of the future state and the locality and occupations of heaven when they should be intent on the practical question of securing their own entrance to that state through Christ. (1. Timothy 1: 4.)

A Pre-Historic Wall.

THE discovery in Texas of an ancient wall has been reported to one of the scientific departments of the Government. A correspondent of the St. Louis *Republic*, who has examined the marvelous ruin, writes that it is nearly twenty miles in length, and from ten to fifteen feet high, and as many feet thick. It passes through Milano, and runs north-east and south-west from that point. It is now almost entirely underground, being probably buried under the ruins of its upper portions. Inscriptions have been found on its face in several parts, but they are in an unknown character and will probably never be deciphered. It is the general belief that it must have been built by the Aztecs, seven or eight hundred years ago, if not by the Toltecs, who preceded them. It is known that a large Aztec population occupied the district about that period, and that they had attained a high civilization. Remains of their temples have been discovered, which show remarkable beauty of architecture. One of them, the ruins of which are on a high hill near Milano, had two hundred lofty pillars, made of hard baked clay. Fragments of idols have also been found in the neighborhood, and evidences that animals were offered in sacrifice to them. It is thought that human sacrifices were also offered. That these people built the newly discovered wall is highly probable. It may have served as a boundary and a protection against attacks of the enemy, like the great wall of China, which it closely resembles in construction and extent. But its purpose, its builders and all connected with it, are matters of conjecture. The fact is significant. Although these people were capable of erecting edifices so beautiful that their ruins fill us with wonder and admiration, we know scarcely anything of the people themselves. It is not by those achievements which we are in the habit of calling permanent, that the memory of a nation is most surely perpetuated. While the scholars who are familiar with the history and character of the people who built the Pyramids, and even the Parthenon and Coliseum, are comparatively few, there are millions who are familiar with the history of the Jews, a people who left no notable architectural memento of their existence. Even in this world, "The things which are seen are temporal, but those which are unseen are eternal" (II. Cor. 4: 18.)

Homeless in his Home.

A SAD history was brought to light in Brooklyn, N. Y., a few days ago, by the discovery of the dead body of a homeless tramp, in a vacant house. The house has been empty for two years and during that time has often been occupied at night by vagrants, who happened to know how to get into it. It had seen better days. It was once the property of a wealthy young man named Fagan, who, on inheriting his wealth, began there a career of dissipation. The walls had echoed with the songs and laughter of many an orgie, when Fagan and his friends held revelry there. But the money was soon spent and the friends scattered. The house was sold and the new owner lived in it. Misfortune came upon him; his wife went crazy and was sent to an asylum and soon afterward he died. No one troubled to keep the house in repair, or to obtain new tenants for it. It stood vacant, except for the vagrants before mentioned, who secretly used it for a free sleeping-place. When the police were informed, the other day, that there was a dead body in one of the rooms, they made a search and found the corpse in tattered clothes huddled in a corner. Evidently it was that of a homeless tramp who had sought a shelter to die in. The residents of the neighborhood went to look at the body as it lay awaiting removal to the morgue and they identified it. Death had brought back to the seamed and grimy face, as it often does, the expression of youth and they knew the man for the once wealthy Fagan who had owned the house into which he had crawled to die. His returning in his poverty and misery, like the Prodigal, to the home of his youth was very pathetic and it was sad that he should have found there only desolation. It is a pity that no one was with him then to point him to a heavenly home where a loving Father waits to forgive and welcome repentant prodigals. (Hosea 14: 4.)



HON. E. J. PHELPS, U. S. COUNSEL IN THE BEHRING SEA CASE.

A Family Claim.

THERE is a curious history connected with an application for office which has been recently sent to the President from a town in Texas. The Post-office in that town was held, according to the story published in the Galveston *News*, by a Republican who died during President Arthur's administration. His widow was appointed Postmistress, and the duties of the office were performed by her daughter's husband. He declared himself a Democrat, and when the new administration came in he applied for the office and was appointed. He lost it when Mr. Wanamaker was wielding the axe, but his mother-in-law put in her claim as the widow of a Republican and a former office-holder. She obtained the appointment and her son-in-law continued his duties. Now that there is another change in the administration the son-in-law has applied for the office, and the *News* says he has indorsements to his application that will insure its success. When there are differences in politics in a family there is generally estrangement, but in this case the difference seems to have worked to the general advantage, enabling the same man to continue his employment under both the rival parties. There are some who are trying to make the best of both worlds as this man is making the best out of both political parties, but the attempt never succeeds. Neither by family connection nor church relations can any man secure an inheritance in Christ's kingdom. The glory of the throne is for those only who have borne the cross (Luke 14: 27.)

A Dog Saves a Life.

A REMARKABLE evidence of a dog's intelligence is contained in a report in the *Daily Mail* of Toronto. It states that the previous night a man living a few miles out of Tottenham, near the railroad track, was aroused in the night by the barking of a dog. He drove him away, but he returned and resumed his howling and scratching at the door. Finally, for the sake of peace, the man, supposing the dog wanted a shelter from the storm, went down and opened the door to him. But the dog did not want to come in; he wanted the man to come out, and he showed it as plainly as he could by running a short distance and waiting for the man to follow. Very reluctantly the man dressed and went out, feeling sure that there must be some reason for the dog's strange actions. Following the dog, he came to a dark object lying across the track, which he found to be the body of a man. He dragged the unconscious form away, only a few minutes before a train came thundering over the place. He must have been lying in his perilous position nearly two hours. The dog must have seen him and perceiving his danger, gone to the nearest house for help. But for his sagacity the man would have been killed. We are accustomed to take credit for superiority to the brute creation, but it would be difficult to define the grounds for the claim in a case like this. The dog, with such faculties as he possessed, perceived that a stranger was in peril and took the best measures for saving him. It is not always that men show similar concern and are equally in earnest for the rescue, in cases where not only life here, but life throughout eternity is in peril. (Gen. 4: 9.)

Signed Without Reading.

AN impressive proof of respect and confidence in the learning and ability of a judge was given recently in the State of Maine. An eminent judge of another State was visiting one of the justices of the Maine Supreme Court. The two jurists were sitting in the library discussing a complicated case which was then pending in the Supreme Court when a messenger entered and handed a package to the Maine justice. He opened it and remarked to his friend, this is Judge Walton's judgment on that case. They were both interested in the decision, but before reading it, the Maine justice took up a pen to affix his signature to the document. "You surely are not going to sign that opinion before you have read it?" said his friend. "Certainly I am," was the reply. "This, as you know, is a complicated case, involving intricate questions of law. Now Justice Walton knows law and I know him. I am sure that whatever decision he has arrived at is right. I am as sure before I read it that I am right in endorsing it, as I shall be after I have read it," and he wrote his signature across the decision and then proceeded to read the opinion he had signed. If men habitually exercised the same confidence in God's wisdom in the affairs of life as this judge displayed in his brother justice they would be spared much worry and anxiety. (Psalms 19: 8.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Major Whittle has been much blessed in the services he held in Edinburgh. Queen Street Free Presbyterian Church was crowded.

Christ Church, New York, celebrated last week the one hundredth anniversary of its foundation. Next to old Trinity, it is the oldest Protestant Episcopal Church in the city.

The arrangements for Mr. Moody's meetings in Chicago during the fair have been completed. Preparations have been made to hold meetings in every part of the city each night beginning with May 1.

Dr. L. W. Munhall commenced services at Ypsilanti, Mich., immediately on the close of the series of meetings at Muscatine, Iowa. Recent reports indicate that the deep feeling and blessed results of the Muscatine work will be duplicated at Ypsilanti.

Rev. Arthur J. Smith, who formerly assisted Dr. Chapman at Bethany Church, Philadelphia, has been conducting revival services at Millvale, Pa., with much success. Very large audiences gathered at every meeting, and over four hundred pledge cards were signed.

Dr. Samuel Cox, the eminent English Baptist minister, died on March 27. Dr. Cox was well known in this country by his volume on "The Quest of the Chief Good," and other expository works. He was one of the most brilliant theologians in the Baptist denomination in England.

The African Methodist Episcopal Church mourns the death of her favorite bishop, John M. Brown. He was seventy-six years of age and had been twenty-five years a bishop. He had seen much trouble and persecution and had more than once been in prison for the sake of his principles.

As the first fruits of the meetings recently held in Springfield, O., by Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, fifty-four persons joined the First Church, forty of these from the Sunday School. Fifteen joined the Lagonda Avenue Church, and more are expected to join both churches at the next communion.

The death of the Rt. Rev. William I. Kip, Bishop of California, took place on April 6. Dr. Kip was eighty-two years of age and had been Bishop of California forty years. He was the author of many famous works which have had a wide circulation, among which were: "The Early Conflicts of Christianity," "Unnoticed Things of Scripture" and "The Church of the Apostles."

The Sunday School Exhibition Building in connection with the World's Fair will be located just outside the Exposition grounds. Four prizes have been awarded to the competitors who sent in plans for the building. The Sunday Schools of Chicago and friends of the movement have pledged $30,000 toward the expenses and an appeal has been sent to other schools for help to defray the balance. Mr. B. F. Jacobs has made himself personally responsible for the amount demanded.

The burning of the College at Marsovan, in Armenia, of which an account recently appeared in this journal, with a portrait of Dr. Herrick, its principal, is to be made a test case by our Government. Secretary Gresham has cabled a formal demand on the Turkish Government for reparation, and has also entered a protest against the violation of the United States mails. Dr. Herrick's letters to the Consulate, notifying it of the outrage were opened and some of them detained.

The twelfth anniversary or the International Medical Missionary Society was held in the Marble Collegiate Church, New York, on March 23. Attention was called to the fact that beside its chief work of training medical missionaries for work in heathen lands it had done valuable service in New York through its eight dispensaries. No less than 150,000 patients had been treated there and 25,000 had been visited in their homes. The average admission of students has been at the rate of fifty each year. Dr. John G. Kerr from China was present at the meeting and described his experience as a medical missionary in Canton. Dr. Geo. D. Dowkontt is sanguine of realizing the sum needed for the Laboratory of the college.

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

THE ETERNAL PARADOX.

A Sermon Preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York, last Sunday, April 16, 1893, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D. D. Text: *"He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."* Matt. 10: 39.

TO the superficial reader this text is self-contradictory; to the careful thinker it is harmonious and sublime. It is the formulation of a universal and eternal law. The man who loveth himself dies; the man who loves God supremely and his fellowmen rightly, lives here and will live in glory forever.

There is a sense in which all the higher truths are obscure and mystical, whether they be truths of science, art or religion. Nature gives up her secrets only to her ardent worshippers; to see her beauties our eye must be trained; to hear her hidden harmonies our ear must be cultivated. To appreciate the Alps we must have mountains in our brains; to enjoy the sea we must have oceans in our soul. So to see God we must have the appropriate faculty—purity of heart; to understand his teaching we must have devotion to his will. They who do his will shall know his doctrine. The words of Christ were seed-thoughts, whose germination has only begun; much as they have developed they will develop vastly more in the ages to come.

Germinal Truth.

"Heirs of the ages though we be" the ages yet to come shall have a nobler heritage of truth for our heirs. Our fathers saw truth from afar and rejoiced; we touch the hem of her garment and find virtue in the touch. But our sons shall be admitted into her presence and commune with her forever. Christ spoke with a seeming obscurity because he could not speak otherwise. Earthly language can scarcely bear up under the weight of human thought; it breaks down utterly under God's thought. Christ packed away so much thought into his words that no one generation can get it all out. His words had a meaning for the simple men who first heard them and they are to have an ever-expanding meaning for all time. It is this fact which gives them their freshness, their charm; and their power. Their flower and aroma are constantly revealing themselves. The sayings of Christ open to us worlds of thought and feeling into which we may enter, but which are too full to be emptied of all their treasures by human hearts and minds. Our text is one of these suggestive germinal truths. It is an epitome of the wisdom and history of the past; and it is a prophecy of the wisdom and history of the future. It furnishes the crucial test of character, explains the secret of true greatness. I shall endeavor to illustrate both sides of the truth here presented in the order in which they are given.

Life Lost and Found.

First, then, how can it be averred with truth, "He that findeth his life shall lose it?" A fuller interpretation of the word life will [illegible] of the possibility of finding it [illegible] it, and will also reduce the seeming [illegible] to perfect harmony. As we have [illegible] uses here the same word, [illegible] uses. The first refers to the natural, physical, lower life; the second to the higher, nobler, spiritual life. In the 29th verse [illegible] passes from one meaning to the other. The idea is, "He that is bound up in himself, in saving his earthly life, shall lose his spiritual life; but he who in his devotion to Christ is [illegible] lower life shall save his higher life. The truth here taught goes to the very centre of being; [illegible] his mortal life in the service of Christ shall [illegible] immortal life—if I may so speak. And [illegible]

the future life—the words of comparison being used in the past tense—but between the outward, secular, earthly life, and the inward, spiritual, eternal life which commences on earth and will be perfected in heaven. The man who has not lost himself to this lower life is dead even now, and the man who has found himself in Christ has this life even now.

Christ teaches us that to live is more than to be. Mere being is only the animal side of living; but true living is

The Godlike Side of Being.

Those who heard these pregnant words from the lips of Jesus were to be prepared for his sake to give up their bodily lives; his reference to the cross shows that he had that possibility in mind. In our day the words have a somewhat different application. We are not called upon to give up our lives as martyrs; but we are called upon to give up the sinful self-life of the old man, which is truly death, and which is to be lost by an internal and continual crucifixion, in order that we may find our true life both here and hereafter. To lose life, then, in the application of the sense of the text to ourselves, is to lose our sinful self. To lose self is to lose sin, and sin, when finished, is death. This explanation harmonizes the text with itself and with all our experience.

All the principles of action among men may be reducible to two. The first is that of Satan and Cain; the second is that of Christ and Paul. The first in Satan exalts above all that is called God; and in Cain sneeringly asks, "Am I my brother's keeper?" The second in Christ says, "Not my will but thine be done," and in Paul, "I count not my life dear unto me;" and in both Christ and Paul loses its life that others may find life. We are all to-day obeying one or the other of these principles. Our only hope, as individuals and churches, is that we shall follow, here and everywhere, in the footsteps of Christ. Our prayer should be that we may be lifted out of this low, sinful, dying, self-life into the high and holy and Christly life of him who is the way, the truth, and the life.

The Life Sacrificed.

Permit me also briefly to illustrate the other side of my text: "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." If it be true that selfishness is the essence of sin, and that sin is death, that loving our lower life begets disease, that corrupts, and finally the canker which destroys the soul's true life, then the opposite of this—self-abnegation—must produce opposite effects. True living must be in our loving God and our fellow-men, laboring "together with God" for their good. This truth Jesus taught in his works, his words, and his death. His life was an illustration of and a commentary on my text. His was a life of self-sacrifice. He lives now, the mightiest force in the world's thought, because once he gave his life for the world's sin. He is the world's prophet, priest and king, because he was the world's sacrifice. Never did kingly crown betoken such royalty, or demand and receive such homage, as Christ's crown of thorns. He was maligned, mocked, murdered; but no one ever charged him with living for himself. His enemies sneeringly said, "He saved others; himself he cannot save." His complete self-abnegation is marvelous. He had no self-life. He knew himself only as obedient to God, and ministrant to man. His life is so blended with that of his Father that he could say, "He that believeth on me believeth not on me, but on him that sent me;" and yet in his consciousness of personality he could triumphantly say, "I lay down my life, and take it up again—no man taketh it from me."

The Conquering Power.

Those who have taken in the meaning of Christ's life, who at his cross have kindled their hearts with his love, and who by daily communion with their risen Lord have kept the flame burning, are the men and the women who are to win the world to Christ. God knows men, and with a justice unwavering and a wisdom unerring he rewards them. The law of my text is universal as gravitation, and eternal as God. It is not an arbitary enactment, but the revelation of an eternal principle. If we put ourselves in line with it by coming as helpless sinners to Jesus, losing at his cross our poor, sinful, selfish, lower life, we shall find our higher life here and eternal glory hereafter. If we refuse, and cling to our dying life we must die now, and we shall die the second death hereafter.

And as Christ was thus obedient to the will of God, so Paul was obedient to the will of Christ, and could say, "I live, yet it is not I that liveth, but Christ that liveth in me." He lost himself in his devotion to Christ, and yet he stands more conspicuously before the world than any other man. No personality is more unique, none so imperishable, as that of Paul. He counted not his life dear unto him; he was willing to give it up—he did give it up—for Christ; he

Lost Himself in Christ,

and if necessary so losing himself he found a life, which the Christian world will cherish forever. And all of us who have met great temptations, and who have overcome them through him who has loved us and given himself for us, have learned that in losing ourselves at the altar of Christ we have found our nobler life. When a man first learns that he is a child of God through faith in Jesus; that he has gone out of his old, sinful self-life into that of God, a thrill of intenser being, such as he never knew before, fills his soul. Such a man sees God in everything and everything in God. He loses all dread of eternity; God and eternity are in him and he in them. A great love which puts a man into sympathy with others' hearts reproduces in him something of the life and love of all those with whom he thus sympathizes; and the greater the tension of his love, the greater will be the intension of this life. It was thus that Christ could taste death for every man, for his life took in that of every man.

Profoundly is he to be pitied who has never known a love which has enabled him to enter into and partake of another's life; unspeakably happy is he who has so entered into and partaken of the life of Christ; for he who has fellowship with him in his sufferings shall have kinship with him in his triumphs.

The Highest Life

—like Christ's—is always the most unconscious life. Let us remember that Christ, in giving us such a principle as my text contains, is not forcing upon us an arbitrary rule; he is merely revealing the universal law of life. It is not true simply because he uttered it; but more strictly speaking, he uttered it because it is true. The geologist does not make the laws of his science; he reveals them. This law existed before Christ came, and would exist had he never come; he merely revealed it. With this law conform the lives of all men who have become truly great. They did their work; they thought not of themselves. They were willing to be lost and God found them. When the tide of public feeling turned against Socrates all his pupils left him but one. A sophist twittingly said, "Ha! Socrates, your reputation is gone, you have but one pupil." "Yes," said he, "but that one is Plato." Day by day he walked the groves and taught his pupil, and that pupil, by the influence of his writings, has made Socrates walk through the world as a teacher ever since. He was willing to lose not only his pupils, but his life, in support of the truths he taught; and no sooner was he dead than he rose to live in the world's history. He lost his life; he found a higher life. I do not indorse him in all his life; but heathen though he was, he illustrates the truth of my text. This principle is illustrated in the case of Savonarola,

The Florentine Friar,

whose aim was to glorify Christ and to purify the Roman church. He died a martyr, but his death was his life; it made him immortal, and being dead, he spoke from his grave to Martin Luther, and other reformers, cheering them on to victory. Twenty years after his death, Raphael painted his portrait among the saints in the halls of the Vatican. In 1789 all England was astonished when Wilberforce delivered his great speech on the slave trade. Burke declared that he was not surpassed by any of the great orators of Greece or Rome. But his friends mourned over the position which he had taken; it would estrange his warmest supporters, destroy his fair reputation, and blast his promising career. The brilliant young man who dazzled Paris and delighted England with his wit and wisdom was in his self-sacrificing course a mystery to all. But there is an explanation. At the age of twelve he learned at the house of a Methodist aunt something of Jesus and his love. The gaiety of the French court, the flattery of admirers, and the consciousness of triumph did not obliterate these thoughts. Conscience was continually active; and finally he felt himself to be a lost sinner. Then he saw the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world. At the Cross of Christ he found peace in believing. There he lost himself in the will of Christ, and there he determined that if he took part in the Government of Great Britain it would be as a servant of Jesus Christ. On Sunday the 28th of October, 1787, he wrote these words in his journal: "God Almighty has set before me two great objects—the suppression of the slave trade, and the reformation of manners." He knew the difficulties before him. "But then," said he, "we have God and Christ on our side, the crown is everlasting life and the struggle short compared with eternity." The love of Christ was his inspiration.

Victory out of Failure.

Could the astonished members of Parliament in 1789, who heard him speak and saw him vote have looked into that room where two years before he laid his life, his hopes and fears, his defeats and triumphs on the altar of Christ, they would have learned the secret of his power and the motive of his life. He lost himself; God found him, the world has honored, and eternity will glorify him.

The text finds its illustration not only in the great events of life, but also in the ordinary routine of duties when performed in the Spirit of Christ. The young man who, in a little homely meeting-house in Boston on a wet and cheerless evening in October, 1823, preached to a few shivering people a sermon which the next morning he confessed to have been an utter failure, saying it fell perfectly dead, was finding himself when he little dreamed of such a result. A thoughtful deacon had the sermon published. It soon ran through several editions. A leading Presbyterian highly praised it, and Robert Hall on reading it predicted a brilliant future for its author. Its subject was "The moral Dignity of the Missionary Enterprise." That sermon made Francis Wayland president of Brown University, and made him his country's Wayland.

Often in morals, as in science, we are obliged to reason back from the facts to the law governing the facts. In this way, from our observations of life, we might have discovered some such law as that stated in the text. For we know well that when a man deliberately proposes self as the object of his worship it is not difficult to foresee the result. Such worship degrades the man—doing violence to all his nobler instincts and aspirations. Such a man sinks from love into hate; from life into death. Thus the fearful and

Inevitable Penalty

of seeking self ends, directly in harmony with the fundamental law of life, in losing self. This is also its indirect result. Outside influences co-operate with the laws of being in bringing about this result. Society is suspicious of such men. It watches them, combines against them, overthrows their best-laid plans, defeats their projects, and gives to others the prizes which they fondly hoped to win. Novelists teach a great truth when they make villainy fail of its end, just because of the villainous means by which it hoped to gain its end. God is neither asleep nor on a journey; and he will most effectively thwart the selfish by permitting them to fall into their own snares.

History illustrates and corroborates this truth. Never had a man a grander opportunity for doing grandly than had Pilate. Never did a man fail so fatally. Never before might justice have appeared so just; never wickedness so wicked. His was a great part to act; it might have been sublime; it was unspeakably base. He sat on the throne of power, when he who had all power was weak before him; he was judging him who was the Judge of the quick and the dead. One scarcely dares think of the awful possibilities and destinies of time and eternity which hung on the actions of Pilate. We may not presume to go too far into these awful mysteries; but this we do know—Pilate

Ought to Have Done Right.

He was so disposed at the first. He knew little and he cared less about the annoying questions of these annoying Jews. Christ is to him at worst but a wild enthusiast; he finds him innocent of any crime; he will set him free. But Jewish hatred to Christ will not be baffled so easily. Priestly cunning will arouse self in Pilate, and thus accomplish its end. "If thou let this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend." Pilate was an ambitious politician; the question is now no longer one of right. It is position, power, self on the one side; justice, truth, Christ on the other side. Pilate, as we all at some crisis in life, must slay the demon self or the divine Christ—must lose the lower life or forfeit the higher life. Self Pilate loved; self he was determined to find; he therefore slew Christ. His hands he might wash in

the sight of the multitude from the blood of Christ, but his soul in the sight of heaven he could not wash from the sin of slaying the Holy One. He should have remembered the grand Roman motto, "Let justice be done though the heavens fall;" he should have made it impossible for the Jews to take Jesus. I do not judge Pilate by the Christian standard; such a judgment would be manifestly unjust. I judge him merely by the Roman law, which he was bound to execute, and by that law, according to his own confession, I condemn him.

A Double Loss.

But did Pilate gain his object? Did he cheat God? Did he falsify my text? To conciliate the Jews, and thereby retain his position, he violated every principle of right, and God made those very Jews his instruments in punishing Pilate, charging him with crimes before the home-government, and depriving him of the very office to retain which he sacrificed all justice. And Pilate in his lonely banishment in Gaul, finally taking his life with his own hand, losing himself with an eternal loss, is a fitting sequel to Pilate finding himself at the sacrifice of eternal rectitue. It is an awful crisis in a man's life when he must—as we all must at some time—decide between self and Christ. God help us all to do right when these great decisions are to be made!

"He that findeth his life shall lose it" was literally fulfilled in the case of Archbishop Cranmer. He confessed Christ against the devil and his first-born son, the Pope; and as a reward for his loyalty to truth he was ordered to be burned. Then in the hour of trial the flesh became weak; the lower life asserted itself over the higher; he recanted; but notwithstanding he signed six recantations nothing short of his death would satisfy his foes and he was burned on the 21st of March, 1556. The hand that signed the recantation he held in the flames to be burned first, as an atonement for its baseness; and that shriveled hand seems still to point with warning finger to the words, "He that saveth his life shall lose it."

Many Losers.

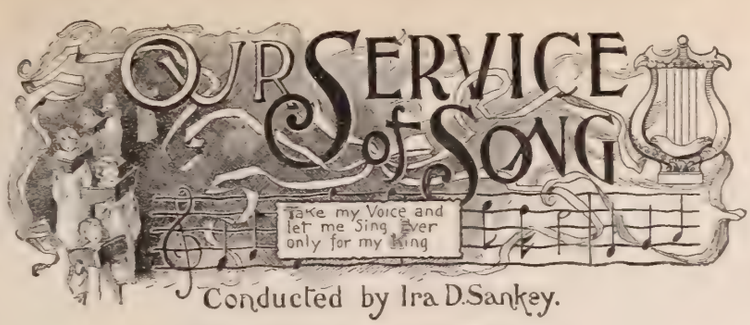
These illustrations might be greatly multiplied. The pages both of profane and sacred history are blotted over with the names of those who—to save self—became traitors to their country, their souls and their God—those who, to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, sacrificed on the altar of self all that is noble in manhood and glorious in immortality. Looking at their folly and wickedness one might speak harshly, but remembering that we all find in our own hearts so much of self and sin, our severity gives place to pity and our pride to prayer.

And, God be thanked, this finding is not limited to those whose loss for Christ is conspicuous before the world. Those sweet and gentle natures, who come like angels of God to earth, and then pass away before their work seems half done, have not lived in vain. A man's infirmity is often his power. You remember Kirke White's plaintive song, "I shall die and be forgotten, and the world will go on as if I had never been; and yet how have I loved, how have I longed, how have I aspired!" We feel to-day the impulse of his brief life, and poetry catches new inspiration at his grave. And all that host of unknown men and women whose presence has

Filled the World with Blessing

—though their hallowed names may not like Howard's be mentioned in the households of the world—those quiet, patient wives and mothers, whose tears are now jewels, and whose groans are angelic music—all those who loved Christ and labored for him, in however humble a capacity, while their eyes grew brighter, their cheeks paler, and their hearts purer, until they laid aside the vail of flesh and gently passed away—God holds them in everlasting remembrance.

Do we talk of our losses for Christ? Compared with his cross what is ours? Compared with his sacrifice we shall be ashamed to mention ours. There is no corner sufficiently obscure to hide a man who has zeal to work, patience to wait, and faith to pray. The world wants such men, and it will find them. God wants such men, and he reaches out his hand to them and says, "Come up higher." The quiet, faithful, self-sacrificing men and women who are willing to lose themselves for Christ are those who do the work of Christ in the world. To those who seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness will be added all other things. O men and women, give yourselves to God. Lay your poor, weak lives at his feet; let him take your sinful hearts that he may make them his temple. Let this lower, earthly, sinful self die with Christ on the cross; then you shall live to walk here with Christ in newness of life and forever with him in the bliss of heaven.



O Songs of the Beautiful.

F. J. CROSBY. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. O songs of the beau - ti-ful, songs of the blest, That breathe o'er the
2. O songs of the beau - ti-ful, songs that we hear, When clouds o'er our
3. O songs of the beau - ti-ful, songs that we love, That come from the
4. O songs of the beau - ti-ful, songs we may sing In yon - der bright
spir - it the calm - ness of rest; We list to their mu - sic, we
path-way are heav - y and drear; They tell of a cit - y no
home-land of E - den a - bove; We rise with their ca-dence, we
pal - ace where dwell-eth our King; Thro' a - ges e - ter - nal their
ech - o the praise Of Christ, our Re-deem - er, The Ancient of days.
mor-tal hath trod, A cit - y whose build-er and mak - er is God.
join in their strain, And harps that were si - lent are joy - ful a - gain.
cho-rus shall roll, "All glo - ry to Je - sus," the Light of the soul.
REFRAIN.
Songs of the beau - ti - ful, songs of the beau - ti - ful,
Songs of the beau - ti - ful, Songs of the blest.

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THE FRIGATE-BIRD OF BRAZIL.

(Tachypetes-aquilina.

Written for "The Christian Herald".

ONE frigate-bird, thou'rt coming o'er the deep,
Through sunset glow, to quiet isle asleep,
To sepulchre where all thy kindred lie,
Thou'rt coming home, unerringly to die!

Far hast thou roamed, but now, thy duty done,
Back to thy race, brave bird, at set of sun
Thou'rt coming on, with unabated breath,
To face in faith the phantom men call death.

So would I go, life's service all complete,
In faith and love, trusting Christ's summons, sweet,
Gathered to him as child to mother's breast:
"Come ye to me and I will give you rest."

—MRS. M. E. THROPP-CONE.

Santa Barbara is the largest island of the Abrolhos, a cluster group off the Brazilian coast midway between Bahia and Rio Janeiro. At its southwestern extremity is a little isle, whitened by birdlime and bones, called "O Cemeterio." It is the strange, pathetic fact, as we were assured, that the frigate-bird in the vicinity invariably resorted to this sepulchral-looking spot on the approach of death, and that the islet was strewn with their bones. "At low water one day," says Prof. C. F. Hartt, the geologist, "I visited 'the cemetery,' and I found such to be actually the case. There were the remains of hundreds of these birds, some freshly dead, but the most of the skeletons were dessicated and bleached. Nowhere else did I see a dead frigate-bird, and it would seem that for generation after generation they had gone to 'O Cemeterio' to die."

COME TO JESUS.

O SOUL, alone and weary,
With burdens hard oppressed,
Come lean thy fainting heart to-night
Upon the Saviour's breast.

A refuge safe and quiet
In Jesus thou shalt find;
The calmness of his changeless love
Will heal thy troubled mind.

O soul, grown sick of sinning,
Bowed low with shame and grief,
Christ waiteth to receive thee now;
His mercy brings relief.

O heart, oppressed and weary,
Thy rest thou'lt never find
Until thou find it in the arms
So strong and true and kind.

—LAVILLE D. LANDON.

AN APOCALYPTIC MYSTERY.

Who Were the Nicolaitanes Against Whom the Church is Warned?

BY SIR S. ARTHUR BLACKWOOD, K. C. B.*

THE attempts to identify the Nicolaitanes with a special heretical sect, and to trace their origin to a particular individual, have confessedly failed, but we are, nevertheless, bound to use every means at our disposal in order to ascertain who they were, what were their "deeds," and what was their "doctrine." For concerning them the great High Priest speaks in these mysterious utterances, to which he seven times calls the hearing ear to hearken, not once, but twice.

In Rev. 2: 14, 15, where those that "hold the doctrine of Balaam" are evidently identical with those that hold "the doctrine of the Nicolaitanes," we are set upon the right track. The name of Balaam, according to the best etymology, signifies destroyer of the people, and Nicolaos is no more than a Grecizing of this name. Now, how did Balaam act so as to be a "destoyer of the people?" He "taught Balak to cast a stumbling-block before the children of Israel," to eat things sacrified to idols, and to commit fornication." In other words, having failed to carry out Balak's wish, so as to curse the people that they might be overcome in open warfare, and eager to obtain "the wages of unrighteousness," he suggested that by means of the attractiveness of "the daughters of Moab, Israel might be led into such a union with them as would make them no longer an enemy to be feared. Too well did he succeed. The Midiantish women invited the people to the sacrifices of their gods, "and the people did eat, and bowed down to their gods. And Israel joined himself unto Baal-peor." They were "mingled among the heathen, and learned their works, and they served their idols."

It is clear, then, that if the expression "Nicolaitanes" has the same meaning, we should expect to find that their deeds and doctrines tended in the same direction, and that some had arisen in the early Church to play the same part with regard to the followers of Christ that Balaam played with regard to Israel. Can there be, then, a doubt that when our Lord, in figurative terms, alludes to the presence of those who, like Balaam, would seduce his people from the path of separation, and thus destroy them by mingling them with the world, and who, lording it over the general body of Christians, would arrogate to themselves power and wealth, he would speak to them as "subduers of the people,"—the mass or laity of the Church,—and give them the enigmatical title of Nicolaitanes, a title which accurately describes their character and work?

And does not history confirm such an interpretation? Very soon indeed (for the mystery of iniquity had begun to work even in Paul's day—II. Th. 2: 7) did there arise men claiming superiority in spiritual matters, forming themselves into a separate clique or caste of "clericals" (thus applying to themselves the name belonging to the whole heritage, or *cleroi*) calling themselves "the Church" as distinguished from the laity, and becoming, ere long—and notably when the empire became nominally Christian—the prime agents in bringing about that absorption of the world into the Church, or mixture of the Church with the world, that has made what is called Christendom for many centuries little else than baptized Paganism.

They have usurped the dignity of the priesthood appertaining solely to the Great High Priest, assuming to be mediators between God and men, and claiming to offer sacrifices for sins, to forgive sinners, and to admit to or exclude from heaven. They have lorded it over the professing Church with a diabolical tyranny, and have allured into the paths of destruction millions upon millions, by the lusts of the flesh and the false promises of liberty.

Yes. Nicolaitanism is Priestcraft, Clericalism, Sacerdotalism, seen in its full-blown form in Rome, in its blossom in Ritualism, and in its bud wherever a so-called minister of the Gospel of Christ takes a position of superiority over his fellow-Christians—otherwise than as a teacher over scholars—and in any degree assumes sacredotal functions. Such a one becomes a subduer of the laity—a destroyer of the people, like Balaam, a gainsayer of high-priestly prerogative, like Korah.

Prophecy predicts this terrible evil; history attests its rise and progress; it is that which Christ "hates," and which has done more to debase, degrade, and unchristianize the Church of God than all other forms of error, for it has absorbed them all into itself. It has wrought havoc for nearly two millenniums. Its downfall, thank God, is sure and imminent.

*From a recent article in the *London Christian*.

Questions & Answers

OUR MAIL-BAG.

A. R. Reed, Hastings, Va. 1. Where and how [illegible] twelve [illegible] 2. What country does Palestine belong? 3. What is the seating capacity of the [illegible] Can [illegible] Psalm 49: 14

1. This has already been answered in these columns. 2. Turkey. 3. 7,000 have been accommodated on occasion, although the ordinary seating capacity is about 6,000. 4. Write to J. E. Jewett, bookseller, Bible House, N. Y. 5. The Psalmist designs to show the vanity of worldly honors, power and riches, which have their end in the grave; he teaches that earthly advantages are not reliable for permanent happiness, and that the righteous alone are safe in God's care.

Mrs. J. Q. Logan, Sargent, Colo. Please explain Isa 66: 3.

The passage doubtless refers to heathen sacrifices. It practically says that a sacrifice, if offered in a wrong spirit, even though the sacrifice might be in accord with the Levitical law, would be as offensive to God as if a man had been killed and offered in sacrifice. Its teaching for our time is that gifts to the church or to philanthropic objects though commendable in themselves are not acceptable to God if the giver presents them with the object of getting glory or popularity to himself.

Luckets, Loudon Co., Va. The "letter" in question is a cheap forgery, designed to delude the ignorant and credulous.——W. Martin, McKeesport, Pa. [illegible] Mich.——James W. [illegible] Wesbadener has mentioned the existence of a tablet, which some claimed to be genuine, but without himself asserting as much. Write to the Secretary, British Museum——L. Weber, Providence, R. I. The Sessions' family have been heard from. An article concerning them is published in another part of this issue.——Subscriber, Russellville, Ky. No; they have no public place of assemblage there. ——C. W. Hale, Arkalan, Kan. They are very fortunately situated in your section. Here a person not known at a bank must be identified before he can hope to get a check cashed.——W. P. Hart, Franklin, Ill. It is a custom older than history, and cannot now be traced.——Subscriber, Smith, Mich. He is a Presbyterian.——W. S. Wharton, Tracy, Iowa. Fanny J. Crosby usually dictates to an amanuensis.——W. H. Fitzwalter, Zachary, La. No, it is not.

George Latham, Fairburn, Ga. 1. Is there a religious organization in the United States which worships idols? 2. Are heathen who know nothing of Christ or God, but who worship idols, saved when they die?

1. The Chinese societies in this country bow down before their "Joss." Some of the Indian tribes, still unevangelized, may be called idol worshippers, to a certain extent. There are many who would feel justified in denouncing as idolatrous the mariolatry and saint-worship of the Romish church. 2. There is very little ground afforded for reaching a conclusion on this question, which has long been a disputed one. The principal passage bearing upon it is that in Luke 12: 47, 48. These are the Saviour's own words. There have been at different times, in so-called heathen lands, men eminent in philosophy and morals, diligent searchers after wisdom and truth, yet without God, and worshipping the idols of their race.

Frederick C. Yonker, Muskegon, Mich. 1. Was the breath that God breathed into Adam's nostrils (Gen. 2: 7) simply air, or was it a spiritual [illegible] in the transmission of souls from parent to child, or does every individual receive his soul direct from God? 3. Is man simply earth and air, or is he a spiritual descendant of God? 4. Has the brute creature any life after death? 5. Does the Bible say anywhere that God created anything out of nothing? Does he not always use existing [illegible]

1. The word used in the original is in the plural, "the breath of lives." As man is a compound being, the word doubtless covers physical, mental and spiritual life. He became a living being when he received into his nostrils the breath of God, whatever that term implies. 2. It would be unwise to speak dogmatically in a matter of which we can know little. Arguing, however, from what we do know, and from analogy, we infer that the soul, [illegible] ent to child. The principle of life and growth which is in the acorn, the fruit of one oak and the germ of another, may serve as an illustration, though it is an inadequate one. 3. Man [illegible] y earth and air. He has a spiritual nature, imparted originally by God. 4. Many have thought so, but there is no assurance of the fact in the Bible and we have therefore no means of knowing. 5. The Bible frequently speaks of God as "making" as if he used existing material. But in speaking in the first chapter of Genesis of the production of the universe, the Hebrew word "*bara*" is used. Its precise meaning cannot be accurately defined, but it is generally understood as implying creating from nothing. However far back evolution may go, we presume there must have been [illegible] en even the first element of matter [illegible] t exist and that must have been created out of nothing.

THE CHOICE OF LIFE.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing April 30. Prov. 1: 29; Matt. 6: 19-24.

EVERY man has his choice. Neither riches nor poverty, neither distinguished station nor obscurity, neither talent and education nor obtuseness and ignorance can rob him of his right to decide on the object for which he shall live. He may make his choice deliberately or

MRS. E. A. HILL,
Pres. of the Florida W. C. T. U.

unconsciously; but in one way or the other, he does make it. Other people may influence him in it if he will let them, and, as time passes, he may drift into associations which restrict his freedom and render it difficult for him to live as he desires to live; but the responsibility of his choice of the chief object in life is his own and the joy or the penalty will be his own. The fact cannot be brought too early or too clearly before the mind. No child, who is able to think at all, is too young to learn that it is for him to decide whether he will live to the flesh or the spirit, whether he will serve God or mammon. God has left him free to make his choice. It was essential to the production of the highest order of intel- [illegible] that men should be free to choose the evil, if he wished to do so. Where there is compulsion there is neither strength nor honor. The man who, being free to choose, deliberately chooses the good, is the man of whom something can be made. He is fit for higher conditions and will reach them on planes of being stretching ever upward and onward to infinity. Every man stands as Adam stood in Eden and he may take what is "pleasant for the eyes and good for food," or may put it away from him and choose the course of self-denial and spiritual good. If he takes the former, he forfeits the privilege of intercourse with God and would no longer delight in it if he could have it. He has taken his place with the animal nature within him; and the Godlike nature, which is also within him, dies. Before his decision, it was open to him to nourish and develop the one nature or the other, and his choice has been that of the multitude. To cultivate the animal nature is easy and pleasant and the means are ever within reach. To cultivate the spiritual is a perpetual combat, a perpetual restraint of the clamorous brute within, which is eager for indulgence, watching for every moment of relaxed vigilance; a life of struggle, of disappointment, of lonely vigils, of weary conflict that could not be endured, if God did not give the struggler the help of his almighty strength. It is between these two paths that we stand, and on our own choice depends our destiny. If we live for the flesh we die, but if we live for the spirit, we begin an everlasting life.

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THE W. C. T. U. IN FLORIDA.

An interesting feature of reformatory work is that which has recently been developed in Florida under the auspices of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Mrs. E. A. Hill the President of the Union in that State, has been laboring earnestly to propagate the principles of the White Ribbon Army and to thoroughly perfect its organization for effective work. She and her sisters in the cause were recently greatly encouraged by the gift of several acres of land for the use of the Union. They propose as soon as they have accumulated a building fund to erect a large auditorium on this site which shall serve as State headquarters for the Union. They have named their little estate Somerset Park in honor of Lady Henry Somerset whose work in England and whose services to the cause during her recent visit to America the ladies of the W. C. T. U. heartily appreciate. The Park has already been put to useful purpose in entertaining Union Conventions and Temperance picnics in the open air. With the recent experience of severe weather experienced in the north there would not seem to have been much occasion for some months past for such entertainments, but the illustration on this page, which is reproduced from the photograph of a convention held in Somerset Park in February last, shows that a February picnic in Florida may be enjoyed. The ladies believe that the Park will prove a most useful and valuable acquisition to their Union. So many visitors from various States of the Union now spend part or the whole of their winters in Florida, that an opportunity is afforded of influencing public opinion in distant places in favor of Temperance, through the visits of representative people.

A WINTER TEMPERANCE PICNIC IN THE W. C. T. U., SOMERSET PARK, FLORIDA.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

A chapter of the League which stands high on the roll for efficient organization is that of Petoskey, Mich. It has a membership of 120, all of whom are earnest, enthusiastic workers. It has accumulated a library of two hundred volumes chiefly on subjects specialy interesting to Methodists and League workers.—The Simpson Church at Detroit, Mich., was the scene, recently of an enthusiastic League gathering. Papers were read on the life and works of Whittier and on the discoveries of Spanish and English explorers. These, with the contributions of the musical members of the League made up an evening's entertainment which was thoroughly enjoyed by all who were present.—The *Epworth Herald* reports a novel entertainment recently held by the League at Bridgeton, N. J. The members occupied the evening with five minute talks on the subject in which they were most interested. A very curious medley of subjects they were but the speakers made them interesting and instructive. The ladies spoke on Dressmaking, Carpets, Millinery, Stenography, Housekeeping, Cooking, etc., and the men on Shoes, Carpentering, Glass, Nails, etc. The pastor also added a specialty of his own on his experiences in performing the marriage ceremony.—On April 6th, the Brooklyn Chapter, of which Mr. Charles E. Teal is President, gave a musical entertainment in the Hanson Place Church which attracted a large audience. This chapter has an average attendance at the Sunday evening prayer meeting of two hundred and several times lately over four hundred have been present. It has also a strong attachment in the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific circle of sixty members and its Mercy and Help Department is in active and vigorous operation.

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A COLORADO B. Y. P. U. VISIT.

The Denver Union of Baptist Young People has adopted the plan of fraternal visits. A short time ago the young people went by special train to Golden, about fifteen miles distant, to hold a union service with the Golden B.Y.P.U. The other young people's societies in Golden desiring to participate, the opera house was secured; but the large turn-out of the Golden people, augmented by over four hundred Denverites, was too much for the capacity of the opera house, and a second meeting was conducted in the Baptist church. Rev. H. H. Beach, of Golden, gave a hearty "welcome," to which President Lake of the Denver Union responded. Rev. Kerr B. Tupper, D.D., made stirring addresses at both meetings. Testimony services were held, and some of the young people declared themselves desirous of partaking of the free salvation through faith which is in the Saviour Jesus Christ. The excursion was a delightful experience, and on the journey back to Denver, which occupied nearly an hour, the time was appropriately occupied by services of song in the several coaches of each train.

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The Young Men's Christian Association of Taylorville, Ill., is now in its new quarters, consisting of parlors, reading room, recreation room, gymnasium and baths. The attendance at Sunday meetings is increasing.

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Eighteen members of the Y. M. C. A. of Dallas, Tex., have made confession of Christ during the past season, all of whom have been won at the meetings of the association. The roll of membership now contains 503 names, with an average daily attendance of 120.

SOLD THE FARM.

OUR father has sold the farm.
The hill, and the flowery mead:
The green where the chickens used to feed,
And the barn where they nestled warm.
The chambers resound at morn,
But not to our father's voice;
Another goes with his gleesome boys,
To mould the rustling corn—
Our father has sold the farm.

The money is counted and paid,
The deed is witnessed and sealed;
And everything in each beautiful field,
The wealth of another is made.
The room where the children were born,
Where Mary and Benjamin died,
The roses and flowery borders that sighed,
When the hearts that loved them were gone.
Our father has sold his farm.

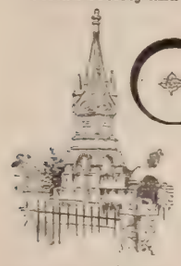
O! why did our father sell!
Because, on a beautiful day,
The soul of our mother was carried away,
In the home of the angels to dwell.
But O! there are memories still,
That sigh in the wings of the breeze;
That glide o'er the garden, and flit by the trees
And rest on the brow of the hill.
Our father has sold his farm.

—EZRA E. ADAMS.

Formerly Editor, "Presbyterian Observer."

Home Life in Liberia.

How Africa's Sole Republic is Progressing in Christian Civilization—A Glimpse of Liberian Society and Culture as it is To-day.



COMING into the port of Monrovia, the capital of the Liberian Republic on the West Coast of Africa, the traveler is struck with the pleasant and attractive appearance of the town. It lies a little back from the beach on a gentle slope, and is clean-looking and light. Between it and the ocean are the palm-thatched houses of Krootown, with rows of slender canoes, turned bottom upward on the white sands. Monrovia looks like some thrifty and prosperous New England sea-coast village, and is as far removed, in outward appearance, from the popular conception of an African town as could well be imagined. It is a patch of Western civilization set in amid a wilderness of ignorance and half-heathenism. Its quiet, grassy streets, beautified by native palm-trees, are very inviting, and its buildings would not discredit many American villages.

PREST. ROBERTS' TOMB.

The story of the founding of the first African republic by a brave company of colonists from America, and of their early struggles and sacrifices before they finally conquered the natural obstacles that opposed them, and won the confidence of the native Liberians, has already been told in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Now the descendants of these colonists are reaping the fruits of the hardships and sufferings their predecessors endured. With a Congress and Constitution modeled after our own, with a number of industries fairly active, and with prospects steadily improving, the Liberians have the way open to become, if they will, a power for Christ and civilization in Africa. They need more schools and colleges, better roads, and individually and collectively a new infusion of energy and the spirit of modern progress. The 18,000 or more Afro-Americans in Liberia will yet have to solve the problem of ultimately governing, civilizing and harmonizing native tribes, aggregating nearly twelve times their own number. That this result is still very remote is shown by the fact that several wars are now going on among the tribes, in which the Liberians have become involved.

On this page are several illustrations that will help the reader in forming an impression of the present condition of Liberian society. The monument to the late President Roberts was erected by his widow. Mr. Roberts served the Republic as Executive during four terms of two years each. After an interval of about ten years he served three terms more. He was a remarkably able man and at his death bequeathed some valuable property to the Methodist Episcopal Church. His widow has recently been engaged in an effort to raise money in England and this country to build a hospital in Liberia. The group of portraits includes Hon. J. J. Cheeseman, the present President of the Republic, Rev. Mr. Gibson, his Secretary of State, and Isaac Dickinson, his Aide-de-Camp. Another illustration shows the Executive Mansion at Monrovia, with the Liberian flag drooping at the pole in front.

Prof. O. F. Cook, writing to the New York State Colonization Society, says of the black republic: "There is now plenty of society in Liberia eminently civilized in its way. What is needed is a considerable element of the population interested and earnest in intellectual and moral matters. In a country where the conditions of life are as easy as in Liberia, culture must be sought for its own sake alone. To maintain high standards requires much more stedfastness than in the United States. Fortunately the negro mind is strangely open to suggestions of the right kind, and quick to choose the line of improvement."

There is a general dearth of domestic animals in Liberia. The Mandingoes, an interior tribe, have many horses, but at Monrovia there are hardly any. Horses are found at Lagos and Boporu. Sheep, cattle, goats, chickens, turkeys and ducks are successfully raised by the Liberians. There are many successful coffee plantations in the republic. The houses in Monrovia are of brick, stone or wood, generally substantial and kept in neat trim. Prominent among the structures are Liberia College a short distance to the southeast of the town, and the Methodist Seminary. The business part of the town lies so low that it is little wonder that the mortality among white stranger is so great, but the residence portion is on higher ground.

Church and mission work in Liberia makes excellent progress and the Gospel is gradually extending far into the interior.

Col. DICKINSON, Aide-de-Camp. Hon. J. J. CHEESEMAN, President. Rev. Dr. GIBSON, Sec'y of State.

THE EXECUTIVE MANSION AT MONROVIA, LIBERIA.

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Words of Sympathy.

THERE is value in the simplest expression of unaffected interest and sincere concern. It deprives sorrow of more or less inseparable feeling of loneliness. It is a proof to the stricken heart that the burden is shared by others. With God's blessing it applies help and comfort. He who has words at his command will do well to use them thoughtfully as possible in the blessed ministration of sympathy. He who has no choice of words, but can only in simple bluntness of speech make manifest his own concern at his neighbor's distress, will do well not to be too timid. The mere hand grasp, with the transfigured look, and the faltering words that have genuineness of soul in them, will tell the other all he needs to know.

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The Palm-Bush in the Parlor.

You may make your life bright from now on whether rich or poor, sick or well, called or not to the foreign field, wherever you are, if you will walk in the sunshine, writes Rev. Dr. Cuyler. The sunshine will reach you, for Christ is always sunshine to those that seek his light and love it and bask in it. As plants need it, so we plants of Christ do. Only the other day in my own home a little palm bush tried to bloom. It was in the front parlor. It put out its smothered flowers. It seemed to be struggling in that way for four or five days, I believe. My wife took it on one of the cool days of last month to the rear of the parlor where the sun shone, and within thirty minutes after the time it was taken there, it had opened. There it was hungering and thirsting for sunlight, and we did not know it. When my wife put it where the sunshine fell, as if by a sudden inspiration it burst into bloom. How many here are there waiting for that? If you will bask in the sunshine of Christ, then when the Master calls you, in the dark or in the light, you will be ready to do his bidding.

***

Motherly Patience.

IT was about fifty years ago that in a small apartment of a certain city a newly married pair set up a home. The first guest that was invited to the residence was the Lord Jesus Christ, and the Bible given the bride on the first day of her espousals was the guide of that household. Days of sunshine were followed by days of shadow. Did you ever know a home that for fifty years had no vicissitude? Years passed on, and there were in that home hilarities, but they were good and healthful; and sorrows, but they were comforted. Marriages as bright as orange blossoms could make them, and the burials in which all hearts were riven. They have a family lot in the cemetery, but all the place is illuminated with stories of resurrection and reunion. The children of the household that lived have grown up; and they are all Christians, the father and mother leading the way, and the children following. What care the mother took of wardrobe and education and character and manners! How hard she sometimes worked! When the head of the household was unfortunate in business she sewed until her fingers were numb and bleeding at the tips. And what close calculation of economies, and what ingenuity in refitting the garments of the elder children for the younger! And only God kept account of that mother's sideaches and headaches and heartaches and the tremulous prayers by the side of the sick child's cradle, and by the couch of this one fully grown. The neighbors often noticed how tired she looked, and old acquaintances hardly knew her in the street; but without complaint she waited and toiled and endured all these years.

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In a Uganda Home.

MISS ADELAIDE ELY, one of our subscribers, sends to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD another very interesting letter from Miss Annie E. Myers now in Uganda, Africa, in which the writer tells something of the domestic life of the natives. She writes:

"They eat ants, snakes, frogs, rats, caterpillars and things of that kind. Goats, deer, pigs and chickens are a great treat for them. Meat is eaten with greater relish when it has begun to decompose. Women are not allowed to touch animal food, as it is considered 'holy' and only fit for men; and they live mostly on vegetables.

"I have learned the language well enough to talk to the children about ordinary things. One evening, I told them that the sun did not move, but the earth did, and they were surprised. I try to tell them about the difference in countries and the distance between them. They look at me in astonishment and say, 'God is so good to send us a teacher.' I shall be glad when I can speak to them about our dear Saviour and his love to us and them. This station is only about two years old, and I think we have nearly forty Christian boys.

"Some have very bright minds and sweet dispositions. A number of those who came here are now able to read and write."

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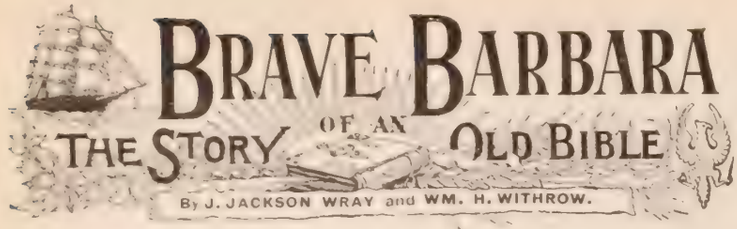
A Beautiful Life.

A WESTERN reader sends us some lines in commemoration of the gracious life and character of a very dear friend and they are so unique in their description of the daily record of Christian living that we give them here:

His early Sunday morning song
Kept singing Monday, Tuesday long.
And Tuesday, with his morning prayer,
His song still floated on the air;
And Wednesday reading of the Word,
He sang the song of Christ, the Lord;
Thursday the echoes of the strain
Of love and duty would remain;
Friday and Saturday each day
He sung, and read, and knelt to pray,
And [illegible] from week to week was given
His praises to the Lord in heaven.

It was not one week set apart,
But daily it was in his heart;
When at the end of each refrain
He prayed for strength to so remain



CHAPTER VI.
MIGRATION.

EVERY one who heard John Lawrence's [illegible] there being no better place for a chapel than the land just acquired by Mayor Hodgkiss in John Street.

The Mayor, however, was no friend to the Methodists and had even been heard saying that, the Rigging-Loft and the fanatics who met there were a nuisance. Small chance did there seem to be of getting any of his land as a site for a chapel. Barbara Heck thought of it, prayed about it and finally resolved on seeing the Mayor and asking for a strip of his land. She reasoned that God could so turn his heart that he would sell them as much as was needed; nay that he might give them the land. True to her livelong habit of seeking guidance from the Divine Helper, Barbara laid her plans, as Hezekiah did the letter of Sennacherib, "before the Lord." Some days elapsed before she felt moved to seek the interview she so strongly desired, and then, despite the protest of her husband who had no faith in her success, she set out for the city, bent on bearding the lion in his lair; or, in plainer speech, on seeking an audience with the Mayor in his busy and crowded warehouse. The mayor's stores fronted on one of main arteries of the city, and Barbara was not surprised to see the long, low line of buildings closely skirted with bullock wagons, carts, buggies and other vehicles. These were being emptied or laden with such merchandise as the thriving mayor dealt in. But there was one thing that did surprise her, and that was the face of her bronzed and bearded kinsman, Peter Schweitzer, and the winsome features of his son David.

That sweet singer, David, caught sight of Barbara as she was cautiously threading her way around the wheels of the lumbering bullock-wagon from which the father and son were unloading the harvest spoils they had brought from the farm at Ballypeter. David had been lightening his labor, and giving voice to the lightness of his heart, by singing some of the songs of Zion, with which he was accustomed to wake the solitudes of their distant home among the hills; and many a passer-by, even in that busy thoroughfare, had paused to listen to the charm of his "wood-notes wild."

Now, the unlading operations in which the two Schweitzers were engaged were being conducted directly under the open window of Mayor Hodgkiss's private office, and as that gentleman was busily occupied at his desk, his unaccustomed ears were regaled by the rousing ditties that his Majesty's loyalest of lieges, John Wesley, had provided for his people. That is how it was that the hymn "for the King" came floating through the open window of the mayor's office, and that that high dignitary heard, with smiles and nods, and strong approval, the words:

[illegible]

Just then it was that David caught sight of Barbara Heck. He hushed his song to greet her, in a voice that spoke of strong affection. [illegible] ha' thought of seeing you in these noisy quarters."

I do not gather that David and Brave Barbara did actually stand in this relationship. They were relatives, of that there is no doubt, though [illegible] and Peter Schweitzer, [illegible] high esteem and regard [illegible]

"I am here on business, Peter," said Barbara, smiling on him. "On the Lord's business, Peter; and both thyself and thy boy David must pray for me that it may be well done. Pray for me," she said, looking up at him, and speaking with great earnestness, "that, as Nehemiah said when he wanted to build up the walls of Jerusalem, God will 'grant me mercy in sight of this man.'"

"What man?" said father and son, in a breath.

"His worship the Mayor, whom may God guide aright," replied Barbara, "as he surely will."

Hereupon, the gentlemen so pointedly referred to quietly withdrew. He wondered to himself, as he returned to his desk, "what in the world the woman wanted," and, feeling strongly assured, though he could not very well account for it, that, whatever it was, in reason—and he could not bring himself to believe that she could ask what could be otherwise—he should most likely grant it.

After a moment's space a knock was heard at his door, the name of "Barbara Heck" was announced. "She wants to see you, sir, on business," said the servant at the door. "Ay, on the Lord's business," said the mayor to himself; and Brave Barbara was ushered in.

Without introduction, and with no circumlocution, Barbara told her errand; told how God had "prospered his work," and had compelled them to seek room wherein to grow: how that they had heard that his worship had bought land on John Street, how that they had heard that he had declared the space was more than he wanted; and that, after earnest prayer to God, she had come to ask him to give or sell them space on which to build a house for the worship of Almighty God.

The mayor does not seem to have made many inquiries, certainly not many objections. Whatever objections he might have had were answered without her knowledgs. One thing he did ask: "And what induced you to think that I should be willing to grant your request?"

"Well, sir," said Barbara, very much as a matter of course, "when our Lord wanted to enter into Jerusalem, he had only to say to those who could help him, 'The Lord hath need,' now that he wants to enter into the city of New York, he sends the same message to you—'The Lord hath need!' and," she continued, with the fervor of one in whom the Spirit speaks, "those who give bestowments to the Master shall in no wise lose their reward."

And so it came to pass that the land was given; and on the record of the time it is written that the Mayor subscribed also to the building fund; and so as Brave Barbara had predicted the "place" acquired was obtained for love, and with money, to make the donation more gracious and complete. It may be said here, that a list of those who contributed to that first Methodist chapel in the New World is still extant. Captain Webb is down for the sum of thirty pounds; the largest benefaction—and representing probably five hundred dollars of modern money. The sums recorded below that represent the gifts of willing donors, from his worship the Mayor down to the poor negroes, who are only mentioned by the one name their condition of servitude had given them. It is a document held in high esteem, by those who inhent the "trust" of that historic temple of the Lord.

We are told that it was large and "neat and clean and the floor covered over with sand as white as snow;" that Philip Embury, the pastor, "being a skillful carpenter, wrought upon it with great diligence." We are told that "there was no breast-work around the gallery-front"—which must have been a little [illegible] for those who sat in the front row—[illegible] that there was "no stairs, but only a rude ladder" by which to ascend. The seats on the ground-floor were "plain benches without backs."

Money was scarce, and mechanical labor [illegible] still; and so it was that Barbara [illegible] of the white-washing;"—a [illegible] fined to walls, and not used as in these degenerate times, to coat with a semblance of purity other surfaces as well. Brave Barbara seems to have done downright journeyman's work in this "up-rearing," though she received no journeyman's wages. It was done "all for love and nothing for reward;" except that which comes in time and turn to all who are "in love with duty, nobly done," and whose inspiration is "for Christ's sake."

Pastor Embury constructed the pulpit with his own hands, and, in due time, mounted the desk which his own honest hands had made, and dedicated that temple to the worship of Almighty God. Once again the old black-letter German Bible that Brave Barbara had brought from the little farm-house at Ballygarane was brought forth and placed on the sacred desk. Likely enough, it was a Lutheran Bible which had been brought by her Hussite ancestry from their Palatine home on the banks of the Rhine. From its sacred pages had come many an afflatus of light to cheer the soul and warm the heart of Christian confessors in dark days. Many a time and oft its sacred influence had lifted her own soul out of darkest night into lightsome day. As we have seen, this sacred volume had been linked with the history of these Irish colonists from the day that Philip Embury read from its passages on the deck of the *Colleen Bawn* by the quay of Londonderry, to the day when Captain Webb laid his sword upon it in the transformed rigging-loft. There was little wonder, therefore, that, as the old volume lay upon the sacred desk in the newly-built "Wesley Chapel," the eyes of its owner were wet with tears.

It was not long before the new chapel had eager occupants of most of its sittings. Since that distant day it has been more than once reconstructed, but at this day a portion of the original building still stands. There is a wooden clock now between its walls which was brought from Ireland by Philip Embury. It still marks the hours of worship, and the visitor can hear the stated tick of the slow pendulum just as it used to fall on the ears of the pioneer pastor of that day, as he spoke about "Jesus and his love." To this day there are marble tablets on its old and eloquent stones that commemorate the name of Brave Barbara, with a record of her beautiful character and her noble work. There also, in enduring stone, is inscribed a fitting memento of Philip Embury, the Barak, who, together with this Deborah, fought so bravely and victoriously the battles of the Lord.

Mainly through the personal influence of Captain Webb, John Wesley was made aware of the firm and abiding hold which his humble disciples had taken on the growing city of the West, and two missionaries were sent out from England, authorized and empowered by Wesley himself to take up the work so well and worthily begun. Richard Boardman and John Pilmoor were the pioneer pair thus harnessed to the Methodist plough, which had turned so deep a furrow, had received so much good seed, and realized so far a harvest under the hands of the exiles of Ballygarane. To these Philip Embury readily gave up his pulpit, glad, indeed, and thankful to be relieved of the responsibility.

Embury had never received any stipend, either fixed or casual, though the love and gratitude of his people found expression in gifts and favors, that told of appreciated service and high regard. "Sirs," he said, as he welcomed the two new comers to Wesley Church; "I have held this place like the lone outpost of a great army. . I rejoice to see the watchful care of these people, and the heavy duties of this office pass into other and better hands. May the Lord give you favor and prosperity, and make this house the birthplace of many souls. Something tells me that the work here is but at its beginning, and that you are but the 'relief force,' to announce the coming of the armies of the Lord!"

It gives us a very clear and suggestive insight into the poverty of these pioneer Gospellers of Wesley Chapel, to find that the trustees of the chapel, presented their retiring and departing pastor, "in the name of the congregation, with the sum of two pounds and five shillings," for the purchase of a Concordance of Holy Scripture, as a memento of his pastoral care of the loving people to whom he had so faithfully ministered in holy things. The words in which the good man returned thanks for this unexpected "keep-sake" have come down to us: "I need no gift," said he, in faltering speech, "and you know it, to keep your memory green. Ye are in my heart to live and die with you, but the hand of Providence beckons me elsewhere. A Concordance I have long desired to have that I might the better study the Word of God, and bring forth out of that treasure things new and old. Now that your love has placed it within my reach, I shall prize it for a double reason; and when distant from you, I shall still feel bound to you by the truest and tenderest tie, the bond that binds us all in the unity of the Book we love, in the concord of a common faith and the accord of a common life—you here, and I yonder, will live on in the glad assurance of a common hope of a personal reunion under the One Shepherd in One Fold, when his sheep are all at Home!"

With these final words, rounded by a benediction that touched all hearts, this humble, warm-hearted, wise-headed, hard-handed peasant-pastor, from the uplands of Ballygarane, passed away from the sight and note of the growing flock which he had gathered and tended with such apostolic care; and the fragrance of his memory clings, strong and beautiful, around the scene of his ministrations, even unto this day.

The war-cloud at this time was gathering thick and dark above the American colonies. Public opinion was becoming more and more hostile to the English crown, and this hostility was so sharply defined that the "king's men," even with officialism and militaryism to sustain them, were in a harrassed, though arbitrary minority. Those colonists who were anxious to live peaceably, "minding their own business," and enduring whatever ills they had for fear of flying to others that they wot not of, and willing to be quiet for loyalty and for conscience' sake, had a hard time of it. So hard and so heavy was their lot that they longed to get away into the still untroubled, untenanted, and uncultivated lands westward, where they might dwell in peace.

This was especially true of the main body of the Irish Palatines—those Protestant and German colonizers from Munster whose history has been briefly sketched in these columns. Our steady-going, silent, and strong principled friend Paul Heck, sturdily bent on standing by his love of peace, and his hatred of the sword as a Christian weapon, and equally bent on maintaining his traditional loyalty to his "rightful king," George the Third, was resolutely bent on "seeking a lodge in some vast wilderness." In this, his good wife, Brave Barbara, for her growing family's sake, was of one heart and mind with him; and so were the Emburys, the Rechels, the Schweitzers, and others of the Ballygarane exiles of former days.

Embarking in a small sloop on the broad and beautiful waters of the Hudson river—its crystal surface but seldom ruffled by the keels of commerce or the boats of strangers from the distant east—Barbara Heck and her little company of adventurers made their way along that noble stream which is now the busy highway to numberless towns and cities and populous regions whose existence was then undreamed of by all but a prophetic few.

It is eminently illustrative of this fine-souled pioneer Christian woman, and strikingly characteristic of her, that in her seat in the quietly-gliding bark that bore her and her belongings towards her unknown home in the unpeopled West, she sat with her dear, well-worn, well-loved German Bible on her knee. Reading aloud to her husband and the little band of thriving boys and girls who called her mother, to Philip Embury and his Mary, and their "beloved belongings," to John Lawrence, and, though last, not least, to Michael Finnigan, her loyal henchman, she read the words of raptured David. "I will extol thee, my God, O King; and I will bless thy name for ever and ever. Great is the Lord and greatly to be praised, and his greatness is unsearchable. I will speak of the glorious honor of thy majesty, and of thy wondrous works."

Passing along on their quest of a new home, our emigrants sailed by the quaint-fashioned Dutch town of Albany, sailed by the then still and silent loveliness where stands to-day the thriving city of Troy, where the names of Barbara Heck and Philip Embury are to this day as household words.

At length the place was reached where they had to leave the river bank and cross inland to the infant settlement by the borders of the Pawlet river, a district which was subsequently known as Washington County. The removal of their goods and chattels through a rough and all but trackless wilderness of uncleared bush and forest was a long and weary business. A couple of big and lumbering wagons of Dutch build sufficed to hold the belongings of the immigrants. Two pairs of oxen were harnessed to one wagon, and three pairs to the other, and these slow-moving beasts of burden, yoked together by their cumbrous collars of wood, drew the creaking wains at little more than snail pace. For cheerful variation, the little company had hymn or song; John Lawrence being especially lively in that direction, and often causing the staid Embury to arch his grey brows, as he listened to John's merry ditties, and much misdoubted whether they were just the thing for Methodists to sing.

(To be Continued.)

THE DOOR OF THE HEART.

PASTOR Theodore Monod remarks: "There was a man, quite an infidel, who was dangerously ill, and a colporteur went to see him. The man would not receive him, and told him never to come again. The colporteur, after a few words, left the house; but he noticed that the man was very poor. Hence he went to the grocer's, and he sent provisions to the man. A little time after he went again. He was well received. The man said, 'If you please, sir, was it you who sent those provisions?' 'Well, yes, it was; but do not let us talk about that.' 'It was very kind of you. I treated you with so much discourtesy, and you were so good to me! My unbelieving friends, who profess to love me, have not done anything for me; but here you have sent me these provisions. Please read me some of your Book. He read to him, and visited him again and again. Before that man died he was brought to a knowledge of Christ. The work had been begun by an act of kindness." It is so in heathen lands. No door opens so quickly to the preacher of the Gospel as that which admits him in the character of the medical missionary.

Hood's Cures

Miss Huntley.

The marvellous cure of Miss Lettie Huntley of Cortlandt, N. Y., has attracted widespread attention. She was nigh to death's door with hemorrhages caused by ulcers in the stomach. Could eat nothing. When the physician said **there was no hope,** her mother urged her to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. She reluctantly consented, and in a few days felt stronger, bloating subsided, appetite gradually returned, and in a month she **could walk across the room.** In six months she was as well as ever in her life, and has been **in perfect health** ever since. She says: "I know that

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and that alone, **saved my life."**

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills, Jaundice, Biliousness, Sick Headache and Constipation.

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K. C., Mo., Feb. 23, 1893.

Mr. Round, Dear Sir. I saw in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the good work you are doing for the boys of New York, so I send the money I have saved for the past two or three years to you, for you to use as you see best. I have broken all the commandments and sinned against God and man, but I thank God he sent a Saviour of souls to our city, and I thank God for the peace of salvation and everlasting life through Jesus. I pray that these one hundred and fifty dollars will do the work of thousands. Give my love to the boys. I am only nineteen years old and work for my living, but God is with me and he has saved me. Glory to his name! Amen.

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R. H. INGERSOLL & BRO. 65 Cortlandt St. N. Y. City.

ARE YOU COMING TO THE WORLD'S FAIR?

If So, Where do You Expect to Sleep While Here? That is a Big Question and Don't You Forget it.

THE AVERAGE daily attendance at the Centennial Exposition was 8 exhibitors and their employees, 11,411 visitors, 62,293. At the Paris Exposition visitors, 137,251. At the Columbian Exposition next summer, there will be an average daily attendance of 8,000 exhibitors and their employees, and conservative estimates place the average daily attendance of visitors at 200,000, while many expect an average attendance of double that number. Where do you expect to sleep while in Chicago attending the World's Fair next summer? Chicago will be able to "eat" all who come without trouble, but to "sleep" these immense crowds is the problem. Take a word of advice from a friend.

ENGAGE A CORNER IN WHICH TO SLEEP BEFORE YOU COME.

Our Organization The World's Fair Temperance Encampment Association has been organized to furnish entertainment during the World's Fair to Temperance men and their families and friends at the lowest possible cost. The capital stock of this Association was at first $10,000, but such a rush of business has come to us that it has now been increased to $50,000. The *personnel* of this Association is as follows:

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

S. M. Singleton, Treasurer Total Abstinence Life Association.

William Pettis, formerly with Reed, Murdoch & Co., Wholesale Grocers, credit department.

Perry D. Creager, formerly Superintendent City Schools, Randalville, Ind.

George Bristow, General Passenger Office, Great Western Railway, Chicago.

J. A. Van Fleet, for eleven years Editor and Publisher of *The Index*.

OFFICERS.

S. M. Singleton, President

William Pettis, Vice-President.

J. A. Van Fleet, Secretary and General Manager

Perry D. Creager, Treasurer.

ADVISORY BOARD.

R. A. Burnett, Commission Merchant, South Water Street, Chicago

Rev. H. C. Dolivar, Pastor M. E. Church, Park Ridge, Chicago.

Prof. W. S. Nichols, Assistant Pastor First M. E. Church, Chicago.

Much has already been accomplished in the way of checking the exorbitant demands of the hotel men of Chicago during the World's Fair.

Tickets.

We sell two kinds of tickets, as follows:

A LEASEHOLD TICKET, which entitles the holder to the use of a tent for one full week of seven days. If the tent is desired for two weeks, two tickets must be purchased, etc., etc. No tent will be rented for less than one week. The holder of a Leasehold Ticket may take as many of his friends as the tent will accommodate into his tent with him without extra charge

AN INDIVIDUAL TICKET, which entitles a single individual to the use of a woven wire cot bed, in a tent, with all necessary bedding furnished, for one full week of seven days. As many tickets must be purchased as the individual desires to remain weeks at the Encampment.

PRICES AND TERMS.

PRICES:

Leasehold Tickets during April,	$ 9 00
After May 1st,	10 00
Individual Tickets,	3 50

TERMS:

1. One dollar for each Ticket desired, whether Leasehold or Individual, must accompany each application.

2. When you select your time of coming (not later than May 1st, for all who expect to occupy Over tents during May or June and not later than June 1st for all who expect to occupy them tents later than July 1st,) a second payment of one-half the entire rental be made.

3. On reaching the Encampment to take possession of the tent the balance still due must be paid.

Not less than thirty days notice must be given if tents are not to be used.

All remittances to be sent by draft on ... New York, P. O. Money Order, Express Company or Express Order. No personal checks accepted.

This notification guarantees every person who engages with them to the use of a tent for the time specified.

TENT FURNITURE We supply furniture at the following rates per week. Woven wire bed, comfortable for two, $1.00 each. Camp chairs, each 15c. Tables, each 15c. Stools, each 10c. Pillows, each 10c. Comforters 25c. Blankets 35c. Mattress 15c. Towels, one per day 5c. Any part of our furniture may be brought from home if parties prefer.

Our Location The Encampment grounds are located in the southern part of the city, near the World's Fair Grounds, on the corner of Indiana Ave. and 57th St. a little over six miles from the Court House. Our facilities for getting "somewhere" and back again are the very best. The State Street cable cars are only three blocks west of us, while the Cottage Grove Avenue cable cars are just across the Park east of us, and the elevated road, which is half way between these two lines, runs within ten feet of the east line of our Encampment Grounds. Either of these roads will take you to the city or to the Fair Grounds for only a nickel. Our grounds are near enough to the Fair Grounds to enable any good walker who wishes to save his nickels to walk back and forth without trouble.

We are in the Prohibition District, which means no saloons and no saloon rowdyism near our grounds. There is nothing whatever to call the bum element to our locality. Three of the most important railroad lines that enter Chicago have stations within a half-mile of the Encampment Grounds, while a dozen others, more or less, have stations only a little farther away. No finer location could have been selected.

OUR TENTS.

Size 10x14 feet, two feet larger than first promised.

MATERIAL.—The very best army duck, with double or fly roofs, and warranted not to leak by the makers, Murray & Co.

FLOOR.—Every tent supplied with washbasins, slop pail and water bucket, free. Additional furniture may be brought from home, or will be supplied by the week, as follows: Woven wire beds, with mattress, comfortable for two, $1; woven wire cots, 50c.; mattress, 30c.; camp-chairs, each, 15c.; comforters, each, 25c.; blankets, each, 35c.; mirror, 15c.; towels, one each day, 5c.

HEAT.—Arrangements are making to warm the tents either by electrical apparatus or oil stoves in case of a "cool spell of weather."

WATER.—Running water, fresh and pure, and a catch basin for slops within 15 feet of every tent, 35 feet better than first promised.

GOOD WORDS Your enterprise, wisely conducted, will prove a source of real benefit and convenience to a large constituency of temperance people.

CAPT. J. F. CLEGHORN, Clinton, Wis.

Your plan should, and doubtless will, be readily accepted and highly appreciated by thousands of people in moderate circumstances. It will check the exorbitant domands that the public must encounter from the hotel men of Chicago during the World's Fair. CAPT. D. H. HARTS.

Lincoln, Ill.

I have known Mr. J. A. Van Fleet for many years, and am so favorably impressed with his energy and ability to bring things to pass that, though I am not familiar with the details of his plan for furnishing entertainment at the World's Fair, I gladly commend Mr. Van Fleet to the favorable consideration of all Prohibitionists who may propose to attend the Fair. I am confident that whatever he undertakes to do he will do with energy and success.

SAMUEL DICKIE, Albion, Mich.
Chm'n Nat. Prohibition Party Com.

CHICAGO, ILL., April 5, '93.

Ex Whitelaw Reid Comments.

I know all the parties who compose the World's Fair Temperance Encampment Association, and regard them as honorable, upright Christian gentlemen. They undoubtedly have not only the disposition but also the financial ability to fulfil all their promises to those who engage quarters in the Encampment. WM. F. SINGLETON,

Pres. Total Abstinence Life Ass'n.

YOUNG LADIES Parties of young ladies who may desire to leave the Fair unattended by gentlemen, will be assigned to special quarters set apart for that purpose. The **motherly matron** of the Encampment grounds will take particular pains to look after all such, and render them any assistance in her power. Large numbers of ladies unattended by gentlemen have already engaged tents in our Encampment.

A NICKEL "Only a nickel" will take you from the Encampment to almost any Depot, Church, Theater, Park, Panorama, Museum and public building in the city, or exposition. Don't allow yourselves to fall into the hands of hack-drivers. If you do you will be thereof. As soon as later date we will send free to all our patrons full information on all these points.

OUR GROUNDS.

SOIL.—We are on a light, sandy soil, where a mud hole is an impossibility.

SHADE.—We are in a delightful grove of young oaks, with a good many additional acres of grove near us, and Washington Park, with its fine driveways, its splendid flower gardens, its grateful shade and its beautiful artificial lakes and sparkling fountains, all free to the public, only a block and a half away.

FENCE.—Our grounds are surrounded by a high, tight fence, with gates through which only those who hold our tickets, or are fully vouched for by responsible parties, will be permitted to pass.

LIGHT.—Brilliant electric lights will be placed in every part of our grounds.

POLICE.—Uniformed police will be on duty day and night. The best known thief-taker in the West, a man who knows a thief at first sight, and who commands a salary of nearly $100 per week, will be in charge.

RESTAURANT The restaurant will furnish meals and lunches as cheap as they can be bought in Chicago and as good. A good cup of coffee can be had for **Five Cents,** and doughnuts, rolls, sandwiches, etc., etc., at proportionate rates. If these prices do not suit, there will be no law against going to the thousand or more other restaurants that will be near.

For sanitary reasons no cooking will be allowed in the tents, but there will be no objection to the use of an oil or alcohol stove for making tea and coffee.

REUNION OF FRIENDS The Encampment Association will arrange for a vast number of **"family"** and **"friendship"** reunions during the World's Fair. To illustrate: A family of half a dozen, more or less, brothers and sisters, are scattered, perhaps, in as many different states, and are heads of as many different families. Possibly they have not seen each other for years. All of them will desire to visit the World's Fair. We invite them all to come at the same time, and will locate them in **adjacent tents,** where they may remain as long as they desire, visiting, attending the World's Fair, and having a good time generally. If any friends who happen to to read these lines would like such a reunion of his or her relatives, we suggest: 1. Send us the names and addresses of such friends, and we will send them information about the plan.

2. Having done this, write each one of them a letter telling them what you want and urging them to co-operate. They will be glad to do it, and will thank you for making the suggestion. Try it and see.

TRUNKS AND VALISES Our charges for transporting trunks and valises to and from the Encampment Grounds will be as follows: Any depot in the central part of the city, trunks, 50c.; valises, 25c. Any depot south of 39th St., and east of Halsted St., trunks, 25c.; valises, 15c. These prices are less than half what the city transfer men will probably charge you. Bring your checks directly to the Encampment, and we will do the rest.

THE DIFFERENCE.

The average rate for each individual, in rooms offered by the Bureau of Public Comfort is

$1.35 PER NIGHT

Accommodations in the Encampment need not cost you more than

20 CENTS PER NIGHT.

"You pays your money and you takes your choice." Send for circular giving particulars.

SAVE A DOLLAR by ordering before the next raise in prices. Address

J. A. VAN FLEET, Sec.,
M. E. Church Block, CHICAGO.

P. S.—Send 30c. in 1-cent stamps for accurate *Handy Guide* to Chicago and World's Fair, with maps and numerous illustrations, worth 5 times its cost if you expect to visit the World's Fair.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor. Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, APRIL 26, 1893.

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HEALING AND TEACHING IN CHINA.

Dr. John G. Kerr's Forty Years' Labor as Chief of the Medical Staff of the Hospital of Canton—Medical Service the Road to the Chinese Heart.

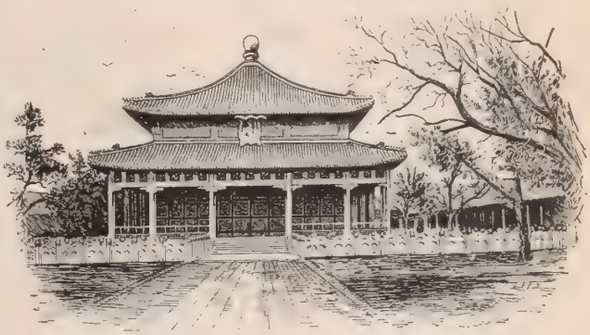
ALL experience of recent years in the foreign mission field has demonstrated no fact more clearly than that of the efficient aid which medical knowledge renders to the propagation of the Gospel. In China, especially, has the value of this aid been conspicuous. It has been said that the pioneer American medical missionary, Dr. Parker, opened China to Gospel preaching by the point of his lancet.

The prejudice which an ancient civilization naturally engenders against modern teachers whom it regards as barbarians, does not easily yield to argument; but when the barbarian has succeeded in saving life or relieving suffering, the prejudice against his teaching is apt to vanish. Even when the patient does not become a convert, he becomes a friend. Many a missionary, venturing out into some unopened district to preach the Gospel there for the first time, and having to face a hostile Chinese mob has been surprised to find some Chinaman, who is a perfect stranger to him, take him by the hand and lead him to his house, protecting him from his assailants, and giving him food and shelter. The Chinaman may not be a Christian, but he has been in the Christian Hospital at Canton, or some other Christian hospital, or has been treated by a Christian physician, and he befriends the preacher out of gratitude. There are now, scattered throughout China, about sixty institutions for the treatment of the sick and injured, which have been established through the efforts of the American and English missionary societies, and the patients treated there are to be found in every Chinese town and in all ranks of society.

The missionary hospital at Canton is the oldest of these institutions. It has been established nearly fifty-eight years and it is now broadening out into a medical college from which native Christian physicians are graduated and sent out thoroughly trained for the double service of preaching and healing. We have much pleasure in publishing on this page a picture, reproduced from a photograph, of a group of these graduates, in the centre of which are Dr. John G. Kerr, the chief of the hospital staff and principal of the College and Dr. Mary W. Niles who is at the head of the female department. Dr. Kerr is a native of the State of Ohio and a graduate of Jefferson College, Philadelphia. He has been engaged in medical work in China for forty years and has had charge of the hospital for thirty-eight years. His colleague, Dr. Niles, is the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman at Hornellsville, N. Y. She has been the lady physician at the hospital for more than ten years. Dr. Kerr, who is now in this country for a brief period of rest and recuperation after his long period of service, speaks in the highest terms of the intelligence of these students. They are, he says, devoted to their studies, are quick to learn and have the mental qualities necessary for their work. Several of them are accomplished linguists. The one whose portrait appears on Dr. Kerr's left in the group has a thorough knowledge of English and has translated into Chinese several medical text-books.

DR. J. G. KERR, DR. MARY W. NILES AND GRADUATES OF CANTON HOSPITAL.

There is no country in which the difference in social rank is so clearly marked by a difference in mental equipment as in China. The American who goes there with his ideas of Chinese character formed on the specimens of the race he has seen here soon realizes the necessity of correcting those ideas. He finds there ignorance and degradation lower than he had conceived; but he finds, too, intelligence and refinement much higher than his conception. The mental disparity between the American hoodlum and the American gentleman is slight in comparison with the mental disparity between the same extremes of Chinese society.



THE HALL OF THE CLASSICS, PEKING.

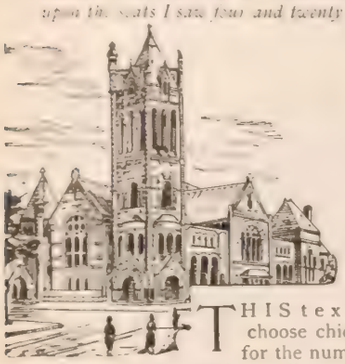
Apart from the distinctively religious work, which, of course, is the main object of the medical missionary in China, the actual direct benefit of the medical service has been inestimable. The practice of medicine by the native physician before the advent of the foreigner was purely empirical. There were no native colleges for medical teaching. The young man who proposes to devote himself to the medical profession is generally the son of a physician who picks up his knowledge from his father, or from the physician to whom he goes as a pupil. There is absolutely no knowledge of medicine or of the nature of drugs, and the prescriptions which they write are such as would amaze and amuse an American dispenser. They have great faith in the virtues of the fossil bones of tigers, petrified crabs, pearls and deers' horns, while powdered dragons teeth often figure among the ingredients of a mixture. They have no idea of the true nature of disease, and it is by no means uncommon to hear a native physician gravely ascribe an epidemic or a single case of disease to a disturbance of the equilibrium between the *yam* and the *yueng*, the universally prevalent male and female powers of nature. The influence of the planets, of evil spirits, and of spiteful men are all, in the opinion of Chinese physicians, potent causes of physical maladies. But it is in cases where surgical skill and knowledge is demanded that the Chinese practitioner most miserably breaks down. He has no idea of the method of controlling bleeding, so dare not use the knife, even to remove a tumor. It follows that all cases in which surgical skill can do so much to save life or relieve pain, must be maltreated or run their course to the death of the patient.

(*Continued on page 282.*)

The Tabernacle Pulpit

SUBJECT: "A BROOKLYN PASTORATE."

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, preached last Sunday Morning in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Text, Rev. 4: 4. *"And round about the throne were four and twenty seats, and upon the seats I saw four and twenty elders."*



THIS text I choose chiefly for the numerals it mentions, namely four and twenty. That was the number of elders seated around the throne of God. But that is the number of years seated around my Brooklyn ministry, and every pulpit is a throne of blessing or blasting, a throne of good or evil. And to-day in this my twenty-fourth anniversary sermon, twenty-four years come and sit around me, and they speak out in a reminiscence of gladness and tears. Twenty-four years ago I arrived in this city to shepherd such a flock as might come, and that day I carried in on my arms the infant son who in two weeks from to-day I will help ordain to the gospel ministry hoping that he will be preaching long after my poor work is done.

We have received into our membership thousands of souls, but they I think are only a small portion of the multitudes who, coming from all parts of the earth, have in our house of God been blest, and saved. Although we have as a church raised a million and one hundred thousand dollars for religious purposes, yet we are in the strange position of not knowing whether in two or three months we shall have any church at all, and with audiences of thousands of people crowded into this room and the adjoining rooms, we are confronted with the question whether I shall go on with my work here or go to some other field. What an awful necessity that we should have been obliged to build three immense churches, two of them destroyed by fire.

A misapprehension is abroad that the financial exigency of this church is past. Through journalistic and personal friends a breathing spell has been afforded us, but before us yet are financial obligations which must promptly be met or speedily this house of God will go into worldly uses, and become a theatre or a concert hall. The $12,000 raised cannot cancel a floating debt of $140,000. Through the kindness of those to whom we are indebted, $60,000 would set us forever free. I am glad to say that the case is not hopeless. We are daily in receipt of touching evidences of practical sympathy from all classes of the community and from all sections of the country and it was but yesterday that by my own hand I sent, for contributions gratefully received, nearly fifty acknowledgments East, West, North, and South.

Our trust is in the Lord who divided the [illegible] like lambs." With this paragraph I dismiss the financial subject, and return to the spiritual. This morning the greatness of God's kindness obliterates everything, and if I wanted to build a groan, I do not know in what forest I would hew the timber, or from what quarry I would dig the foundation-stone, or who would construct for me an organ with a tremolo for the only stop; and so this morning I occupy my time in building one great massive, high, deep, broad, heaven-piercing hallelujah. In the review of the last twenty-four years I think it may be useful to consider some of the characteristics of a Brooklyn pastorate.

In the first place, I remark that a Brooklyn pastorate is always a difficult pastorate. No city under the sun has a grander array of pulpit talent than Brooklyn. The Methodists, the Baptists, the Congregationalists, the Episcopalians, all the denominations send their brightest lights here. He who stands in any pulpit in Brooklyn, preaching, may know that he stands within fifteen minutes' walk of sermons which a Saurin, and a Bourdaloue, and a John M. Mason, and a George Whitefield would not be ashamed of. No city under the sun where a poor sermon is such a drug on the market.

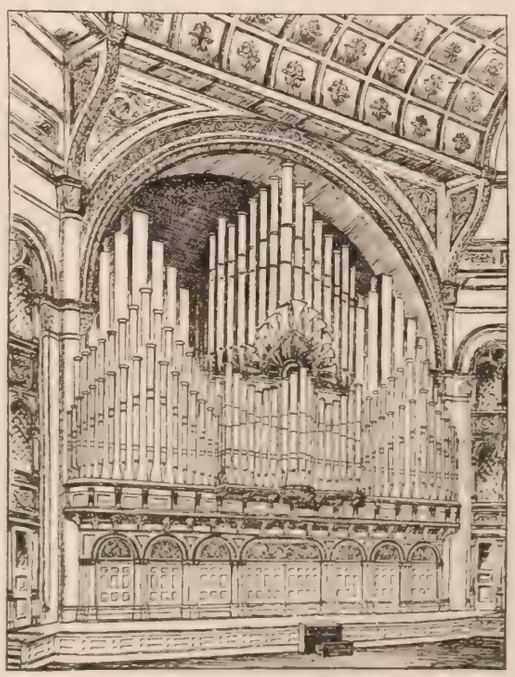
For forty years Brooklyn has been surcharged with homiletics, an electricity of eloquence that struck every time it flashed, from the old pulpits which quaked with the powers of a Bethune, and a Cox, and a Spencer, and a Spear, and a Vinton, and a Farley, and a Beecher, not mentioning the names of the magnificent men now manning the Brooklyn pulpits. So during all the time there has been something to appeal to every man's taste, and to gratify every man's preference.

Now, let me say to all ministers of the Gospel who are ambitious for a Brooklyn pulpit, that it is always a difficult pastorate. If a man shall come and stand before any audience in almost any church in Brooklyn, he will find before him men who have heard the mightest themes discussed in the mightiest way. You will have before you, if you fail in an argument, fifty logicians in a fidget. If you make a slip in the use of a commercial figure of speech, there will be five hundred merchants who will notice it. If you throw out an anchor or furl a sail in the wrong way, there will be ship captains right off who will wonder if you are as ignorant of theology as you are of navigation! So it will be a place of hard study. If you are going to maintain yourself, you will find a Brooklyn pastorate a difficult pastorate.

I remark still further, a Brooklyn pastorate is always a conspicuous pastorate. The printing-press of the country has no greater force than that on the sea-coast. Every pulpit word, good or bad, wise or ignorant, kind or mean, is watched. The reportorial corps of these cities is an organized army. Many of them have collegiate education and large culture, and they are able to weigh oration, or address, or sermon. If you say a silly thing you will never hear the end of it, and if you say a wise thing it will go into perpetual multiplication. There is no need of decrying that fact. The newspaper is the pulpit on the wing. More preaching done on Monday than on Sunday. The omnivorous, all-eyed printing-press is ever vigilant.

Besides that, a Brooklyn pastorate is always conspicuous in the fact that everybody comes here. Brooklyn is New York in its better mood! Strangers have not seen New York until they have seen Brooklyn. The East River is the chasm in which our merchants drop their cares and their anxieties and their business troubles, and by the time they have greeted their families in the home circle, they have forgotten all about Wall Street and Broadway and the shambles. If they commit business sins in New York during the day, they come over to Brooklyn to repent of them!

Everybody comes here. Stand at the bridge entrance or at the ferry gates on Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, or Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock, and you see



The Great Organ in The Brooklyn Tabernacle.

North, South, East, West—Europe, Asia, Africa, New Zealand, Australia—coming to Brooklyn to spend the Sabbath, or part of it in the persons of their representatives. Some of them fresh from the sea. They have just landed, and they want to seek the house of God publicly to thank the Lord for their deliverance from cyclone and fog-banks off Newfoundland. Every song sung, every prayer offered, every sermon preached in New York and Brooklyn, and all along this sea-coast, in some shape goes all round the world. A Brooklyn pastorate is at the greatest altitude of conspicuity.

Again I remark, that a Brooklyn pastorate is characterized by brevity. I bethink myself of but three ministers of the Gospel now preaching here, who were preaching when I came to Brooklyn. Most of the pulpits around me have changed seven or eight times since my arrival.

Sometimes the pastorate has been brief for one reason, and sometimes for another reason. Sometimes the ministers of the Gospel have been too good for this world, and Heaven has transplanted them. Sometimes they changed places by the decree of their denomination. Sometimes they came with great blare of trumpets, proposing to carry everything before them, and got extinguished before they were distinguished! Some got preached out in two or three years, and told the people all they knew! Some with holy speed did in a short time work which it takes a great many years to do.

Whether for good or bad reasons, a Brooklyn pastorate is characterized by brevity; not much of the old plan by which a minister of the Gospel baptized an infant, then received him into the church, after he had become an adult married him, baptized his children, married them, and lived on long enough to bury almost everybody but himself. Glorious old pastorates they were. Some of us remember them—Dr. Spring, Peter Labaugh, Dominie Zabriskie, Daniel Waldo, Abram Halsey. When the snow melted from their foreheads it revealed the flowers of an unfading coronal. Pastorates of thirty, forty, fifty, fifty-five years continuance. Some of them had to be helped into the pulpit or into the carriage, they were so old and decrepit; but when the Lord's chariots halted one day in front of the old parsonage, they stepped in vigorous as an athlete, and as we saw the wheels of fire whirling through the gates of the sunset we all cried out, "My father, my father! the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof."

I remark again: a Brooklyn pastorate is characterized by its happiness.

No city under the sun where people take such good care of their ministers. In proportion as the world outside may curse, a congregation stands close up by the man whom they believe in. Brooklyn society has for its foundation two elements—the Puritanic which always means a quiet Sabbath; and the Hollandish, which means a worshipful people. On the top of this an admixture of all nationalities—the brawny Scot, the solid English, the vivacious Irish, the polite French, the philosophic German; and, in all this intermingling of population, the universal dominant theory that a man can do as he pleases, provided he doesn't disturb anybody else.

A delightful climate. While it is hard on weak throats, for the most of us it is bracing. Not an atmosphere made up of the discharged gases of chemical factories, or the miasms of swamps, but coming panting right off three thousand miles of Atlantic Ocean before anybody else has had a chance to breathe it! All through the city a society of kind, genial, generous, sympathetic people. How they fly to you when you are in trouble. How they watch over you when you are sick. How tender they are with you when you have buried your dead. Brooklyn is a good place to live in, a good place to die in, a good place to be buried in, a good place from which to rise in the beautiful resurrection.

In such a city I have been permitted to have twenty-four years of pastorate. During these years how many heartbreaks, how many losses, how many bereavements! Hardly a family of the church that has not been struck with sorrow. But God has sustained you in the past, and he will sustain you in the future. I exhort you to be of good cheer, O thou of the broken heart. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I wish over every door of this church we might have written the word "sympathy." Sympathy for all the young.

We must crowd them in here by thousands, and propose a radiant Gospel that they will take on the spot. We must make this place so attractive for the young that a young man man will come

here on Sabbath morning, put down his hat, brush his hair back from his forehead, unbutton his overcoat, and look around, wondering if he has not by mistake got into heaven. He will see in the faces of the old people, not the gloom which some people take for religion, but the sunshine of celestial peace, and he will say, "Why, I wonder if that isn't the same peace that shone out on the face of my father and mother when they lay dying?" And then there will come a dampness in his eyes through which he can hardly see, and he will close his eyes to imprison the emotion; but the hot tear will break through the fringes of eyelashes and drop upon the coat-sleeve. He will put his head on the back of the pew in front and sob, "Lord God of the old people, help me!" We ought to lay a plot here for the religious capture of all the young people in Brooklyn.

Yes, sympathy for the old. They have their aches and pains and distresses. They cannot hear or walk or see as well as they used to. We must be reverential in their presence. On dark days we must help them through the aisle, and help them find the place in the hymn-book. Some Sabbath morning we shall miss them from their place, and we shall say, "Where is Father So-and-so to-day?" and the answer will be, "What, haven't you heard? The King's wagons have taken Jacob up to the palace where his Joseph is yet alive."

Sympathy for business men. Twenty-four years of commercial life in New York and Brooklyn are enough to tear one's nerves to pieces. We want to make our Sabbath service here a rescue for all these martyrs of traffic, a foretaste of that land where they have no rents to pay, and there are no business rivalries, and where riches, instead of taking wings to fly away, brood over other riches.

Sympathy for the fallen, remembering that they ought to be pitied as much as a man run over with a rail-train. The fact is that, in the temptations and misfortunes of life, they get run over. You and I, in the same circumstances, would have done as badly; we should have done worse, perhaps. If you and I had the same evil surroundings, and the same evil parentage that they had, and the same native-born proclivities to evil that they had, you and I should have been in the penitentiary, or outcasts of society. "No," says some self-righteous man, "I couldn't have been overthrown in that way." You old hypocrite, you would have been the first to fall!

We want in this church to have sympathy for the worst man, remembering he is a brother; sympathy for the worst woman, remembering she is a sister. If that is not the Gospel, I do not know what the Gospel is. Ah! yes; sympathy for all the troubled; for the orphans in their exposure; for widowhood with its weak arm fighting for bread; for the household which erst resounded with merry voices and pattering feet, now awfully still—broad-winged sympathy, like the feathers of the Almighty—warm-blooded sympathy, everlasting sympathy—sympathy which shows itself in the grasp of the hand, in the glittering tear of the eye, in the consoling word of the mouth—sympathy of blankets for the cold, of bread for the hungry, of medicine for the sick, of rescue for the lost. Sympathy!

Let it thrill in every sermon. Let it tremble in every song. Let it gleam in every tear and in every light. Sympathy! Men and women are sighing for sympathy, groaning for sympathy, dying for sympathy, tumbling off into uncleanliness and crime and perdition for lack of sympathy. May God give it to us! Fill all this pulpit with it, from step to step. Let the sweep of these galleries suggest its encircling arms. Fill all the house with it, from door to door, and from floor to ceiling, until there is no more room for it, and it shall overflow into the street, and passer-by on foot and in carriage shall feel the throb of its magnificent benediction. Let that be our new departure as a church. Let that be my new departure as a pastor. Sympathy! Gratitude to God demands that this morning I mention the fact that during all these twenty-four years I have missed but one service through sickness. When I entered the ministry I was so delicate I did not think I would preach three months; but preaching has agreed with me, and I think the healthiest thing in all the earth is the religion of Jesus Christ. Bless the Lord, O, my soul! What ingrates we are in regard to our health.

I must, in gratitude to God, also mention the multitudes to whom I have been permitted to preach. It is simply miraculous, the attendance morning by morning, night by night, and year by year, and long after it has got to be an old story. I know some people are dainty and exclusive in their tastes. As for myself, I like a big crowd. I would like to see an audience large enough to scare me! If this Gospel is good, the more that get it the better.

Many have received the Gospel here, but others have rejected it. Now, I tell you what I am going to do with some of my dearest friends who have hitherto rejected the Gospel. You are not afraid of me, and I am not afraid of you, and some day, Oh brother, I will clasp your hands together, and I will turn your face the other way, and I will take hold of your shoulders, and while you are helpless in my grasp I will give you one headlong push into the kingdom of God. Christ says we must compel you to come in; I will compel you to come in. Can I consent to anything else with these men, who are as dear to me as my own soul? I will compel you to come in.

SACRIFICE
From Mt. Calvary.
THE LAW
THE LAW
MT. SINAI
MT. SINAI
THE GOSPEL
MARS HILL
THESE MEMORIALS WERE BROUGHT BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE IN 1889 FROM THE HOLY LANDS AND PRESENTED TO THIS CHURCH.

THE FOUR MEMORIAL STONES.
Brought from Holy Land by Dr. Talmage and interred in the wall of the Tabernacle.

Profiting by the mistakes of the past, I must do better work for you and better work for God. Lest I might, through some sudden illness or casualty, be snatched away before I have the opportunity of doing so, I take this occasion to declare my love for you as a people. It is different work if a pastor is placed in a church already built up, and he is surrounded by established circumstances. There are not ten people in this church that have not been brought into the church through my ministry. You are my family. I feel as much at home here as I do in my residence on Oxford street. You are my family—my father, my mother, my sister, my son, my daughter. You are my joy and crown, the subject of my prayers.

Your present and everlasting welfare is the object of my ambition. I have no worldly ambition. I had once. I have not now. I know the world about as well as any one knows it. I have heard the handclapping of its applause, and I have heard the hiss of its opposition, and I declare to you that the former is not especially to be sought for, nor is the latter to be feared. The world has given me about all the comfort and prosperity it can give a man, and I have no worldly ambition. I have an all-consuming ambition to make full proof of my ministry, to get to heaven myself, and to take a great crowd with me. Upon your table and cradle, and armchair, and pillow, and lounge, and nursery, and drawing-room, and kitchen, may the blessing of the Almighty God come down!

During these twenty-four years there is hardly a family that has not been invaded by sorrow or death. Where are those grand old men, those glorious Christian women who used to worship with us? Why, they went away into the next world so gradually that they had concluded the second stanza or the third stanza in Heaven before you knew they were gone. They had on the crown before you thought they had dropped the staff of the earthly pilgrimage.

And then the dear children. O! how many have gone out of this church. You could not keep them. You folded them in your arms and said: "O! God, I cannot give them up. Take all else, take my property, take my reputation, but let me keep this treasure. Lord, I cannot bear this," O! if we could all die together, if we could keep all the sheep and the lambs of the family fold together until some bright spring day, the birds achant and the waters aglitter, and then we could altogether hear the voice of the good Shepherd, and hand in hand pass through the flood. No, no, no, no! O! if we only had notice that we are all to depart together, and we could say to our families, "The time has come. The Lord bids us away." And then we could take our little children to their beds, and straighten out their limbs, and say: "Now, sleep the last sleep. Good night, until it is good morning." And then we could go to our own couches, and say: "Now, altogether we are ready to go. Our children are gone, now let us depart." No, no! It is one by one. It may be in the midnight. It may be in the winter, and in the snow coming down twenty inches deep over our grave. It may be in the strange hotel, and our arm, too weak to pull the bell for help. It may be so suddenly we have no time even to say good-by. Death is a bitter, crushing, tremendous curse.

I play you three tunes on the Gospel harp of comfort. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." That is one. "All things work together for good to those who love God." That is the second. "And the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe all tears from their eyes." That is the third. During these twenty-four years I have tried as far as I could, by argument, by illustration, and by caricature, to fill you with disgust with much of this modern religion which people are trying now to substitute for the religion of Jesus Christ and the religion of the apostles. I have tried to persuade you that the worst of all cant is the cant of scepticism, and instead of your apologizing for Christianity, it was high time that those who do not believe in Christianity should apologize to you; and I have tried to show that the biggest villains in the universe are those who would try to rob us of this Bible, and that the grandest mission of the Church of Jesus Christ is that of bringing souls to the Lord—a soul-saving church.

When a woman was dying, she said, "Call them back." They did not know what she meant. She had been a disciple of the world. She said, "Oh, call them back!" They said, "Who do you want us to call back? "Oh," she said, "call them back, the days, the months, the years I have wasted. Call them back!" But you cannot call them back; you cannot call a year back, or a month back, or a week back, or an hour back, or a second back. Gone once, it is gone forever.

When a great battle was raging, a messenger came up and said to the general, who was talking with an officer. "General, we have taken a standard from the enemy." The general kept right on conversing with his fellow-officer, and the messenger said again, "General, we have taken a standard from the enemy." Still the general kept right on, and the messenger lost his patience, not having his message seemingly appreciated, and said again, "General, we have taken a standard from the enemy." The general then looked at him and said, "Take another." Ah! forgetting the things that are behind, let us look to those that are before. Win another castle, take another standard, gain another victory.

Roll on, sweet day of the world's emancipation, when "the mountains and the hills shall break forth into singing, and all the trees of the wood shall clap their hands, and instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier will come up the myrtle-tree, and it shall be unto the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that cannot be cut off."

A REQUEST FROM ERZEROOM.

A LETTER from Mr. D. A Richardson, Missionary, American Board, Erzeroom, Asia Minor, received by The Christian Herald, says: "The Christian Herald reaches even this remote corner of Asia Minor, in the mountains of Ararat. One of our young men, a graduate of our High School, for some years a teacher therein and a rising photographer, Mr. Mozes Papazian, has subscribed for it, and our High School Teacher, Mr. Mompre Gagossian, has done likewise. These subscriptions I have forwarded. I have long been looking for a Christian paper which should be helpful and elevate plain people. The Christian Herald is just the paper I have been looking for. And this what I want it for—We have a good many young men, educated either in our High School or in the College at Herpoot, whose tastes are formed for good reading, and who can understand plain English, and their vernacular literature is too scanty to satisfy them. But they are nearly all poor. Our preachers and teachers get salaries ranging from $4 to $15 a month, mostly under $7, and many must support families on these stipends. The past year there has been a near approach to famine, which has sent expenses up so that they find it hard to live. The Christian Herald is out of the reach of many of these preachers who would be greatly benefitted by it. Would it be possible for you to recommend to some of your well-to-do readers to pay for subscriptions to some of these young men? Here are the names of four who would be greatly benefitted by the paper, but who can't pay for it:

Yeranik Der Stepanian, Kars, Russia.
Zaharia Sarmasian, Erzeroom, Russia.
Mattes Pilibian, Kharpoot, European Turkey.
Mekhitar Kevorkian, Erzegan, Turkey.

If any of our friends are disposed to undertake this commendable work, The Christian Herald will be sent for a year to any of the addresses given by Mr. Richardson for $1 and $1 additional for foreign postage.

THE VALUE OF WISDOM.

S. S. Lesson for May 7. Prov. 3: 11-24 Golden Text, Prov. 3 : 5. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

TRUST in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not to thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him and he shall direct thy paths." It was no man of weak intellect who wrote these words. "God gave Solomon wisdom and understanding exceeding much, and largeness of heart, even as the sand that is on the sea shore. And Solomon's wisdom excelled the wisdom of all the children of the east, and the wisdom of Egypt. For he was wiser than all men . . . and his fame was in all nations round about . . . And there came of all people to hear the wisdom of Solomon from all kings of the earth which had heard of his wisdom." (I. Kings 4 : 29–34.) Such a man's testimony demands respect even from an earthly point of view. If any man might lean to his own understanding, surely the wisest among men might do so. But the very spring and essence of the wisdom of Solomon was his constant recognition of, and appeal to, the higher wisdom of God.

The ordinary idea, even of Christians, is to trust in the Lord when they can do nothing else; they go upon the principle of that uninspired and man-made proverb: "God helps those that help themselves;" and in this way God is made second instead of first. "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart;" not only after thou hast tried and failed, but before thou dost make trial of a thing. Abraham, Moses, David, and many other saints of God, inquired of the Lord before they took action, not after they had done the best to help themselves. They took God as the Ruler of their lives, not as an occasional counsellor to supplement their own faulty self-government. They trusted in the Lord with all their heart, and leaned not to their own understanding. The wise man shows how

Health

of body, prosperity in circumstances, advance in the school of joy and peace, and the absence of fear come out of that wisdom which fully trusts the Lord. To acknowledge the Lord in our hours of sleeping and waking, is to let him have the command; to let him wake us to commence the day with him when he wills, to rest for his work's sake and not for self-pleasing. To acknowledge the Lord in our work is to work, not under the pressure of our own self-importance, but in the consciousness that he, the Lord our Shepherd, could never give us anything to do for which he does not give us the time and strength. How often has a Christian worker begun the day with a weary sigh: "O, I have got so much to do; I can never get through it," and then leaning to his own understanding, he has tried to press into too little space important things which had to be done that time might be left for other things. Thus the brain has been overcharged, the nerves upon the strain, a sense of oppression and urgency upon the spirit, and a sense of slavery, as though it were too bad that so much should come upon one person in one day. The yoke is a very heavy one; how can it be lightened? "In all thy ways acknowledge him and he shall direct thy paths." But I am expected to do all this, I am not a free agent, I cannot do as I like. Oh, how often this cry like that of Egytian bondage has come into our ears. Does the Lord know, hast thou told it all to him, discharged it all on him, so that the weighty burden rests no more on thee? He shall most surely direct thy paths. He will tell thee what thou must do, and give thee rest in doing it; he will tell thee what thou must leave, and justify thee in leaving it undone. Just the blessed conciousness that the Lord is responsible, rests the weary brain, takes all the strain out of the [illegible] and makes work a rest instead of a fatigue; and thus is fulfilled the word: "Let thine heart keep my commandments, for length of days and long life shall they add to thee." "They are life unto those that find them, and health to all their flesh." Whatever we do in quietude of mind, strengthens and rests us; while all that we do under hurry or strain, and with our minds on the next thing while we do it, wears and tries us and weakens us.

Prosperity.

"Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase: so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine." What does a man generally do when he becomes rich? Does he double or treble his gifts to the missionary societies? Does he put his banking book down at the Master's feet, and say, Lord, I am but thy steward; all this is thine, tell me how I can honor thee with it? Or does he go into a larger house, buy more expensive furniture and pictures. Does he get a carriage, and give receptions, and try to get into higher society? Which does he do, does he serve himself, or honor the Lord with his substance? There is a wonderful power of reproduction in all which is really given to the Lord, given not to get honor or reputation as a benefactor, but from the truest, most loyal appreciation of the claims of God. Paul "suffered the loss of all things," but he could yet say: "I have all and abound." And even when God permits, for a time, that his trusting children shall come into straits, it is but an opportunity for his answer to prayer. Paul could say on God's behalf to those who had supplied his need: "My God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Jesus Christ."

Education.

"My son, despise not the chastening (or training) of the Lord; neither be weary of his correction; for whom the Lord loveth he correcteth even as a father the son in whom he delighteth." (R.V.) When a child of God comes to understand his heart, and really takes in that in his dispensations, God is not wantonly oppressing and tantalizing his children, in the sufferings, trials, temptations and testings through which he allows them to go;—but that he has a definite purpose of love in all,—then everything looks different. God maketh "all things work together for good to them that love him," to the end that we may be conformed to the image of his Son. All our schooling, all our trials, every moment of difficulty in our whole life is permitted and overruled to this end, that we may be made like Jesus. Does everything in the day seem to go crossways so that we are hindered, hemmed in, forced to leave what we felt most needful to do, misunderstood when our intentions were the purest? This is not the result of a tyranny on God's part which is pleased or amused to see his children suffer. No, it is a test as to whether we will indeed trust in the Lord with all our heart and at such moments, so acknowledge him and his reign in all things that he may "direct our paths." A quiet spirit, just when external things are the most aggravating, tells more for God than the most wonderfully eloquent discourses. The presence of the Lord with Joseph in Potiphar's house, and in the prison, proved to idolatrous Egypt that there was a living God.

Joy and Peace.

"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding." The truly wise man is a happy man, he has no burdens for he has cast them on the Lord, no perplexities, for God directs him; he has not the anxiety of looking after an enormous property, he has turned it over to God. He does not lie awake from anxiety or look longingly at food for which he has no appetite; he has found the ways of God's wisdom "ways of pleasantness" and all her paths to be peace. "She is a tree of life to them that lay hold on her, and happy is every one that retaineth her." He deals with God and God deals with all else for him, so that nothing can touch him without his intervention; how then can he but be happy? God is more to him than all the world, and everything, whether it may appear good or bad brings him nearer to his God. The same God who "founded the earth" and "established the heavens" directs his little earthly life; surely he will be well cared for. And he shall not fear. There is a firmness, a consistency, in the walk of a man whose steps are ordered by the Lord. "Thou shalt walk in thy way safely, and thy foot shall not stumble." Even and sure are our goings when our goings are in God. And sure is our rest too: "When thou liest down thou shalt not be afraid; yea, thou shalt lie down and thy sleep shall be sweet." None sleep so sweetly as those who sleep at peace with God, with man, and with their own consciences. Another is on the watch for them, and he says: "Be not afraid of sudden fear, neither of the desolation of the wicked, when it cometh. For the Lord shall be thy confidence and shall keep thy foot from being taken."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

THE passage selected for the lesson is part of the preface or introduction to the main portion of the Book of Proverbs which occupies its first nine chapters. The author, evidently a man of noble spirit and cultivated mind, has set out to woo the young men of his day from unworthy pursuits to the study of wisdom and especially of the wisdom contained in the collection of maxims and adages which follows. Through these nine chapters, he is giving them cogent reasons for making the search after wisdom the main occupation of their lives. If, he tells them, it is happiness that they seek, they can find truer happiness in wisdom than in anything else. The wise man has more real enjoyment than the man of pleasure, has more real wealth than the rich man, and is a more useful citizen than the ambitious man. He pauses in his argument for a moment to guard them against mistake. They must not be surprised if they encounter trial. The prosperity and happiness which he has been promising them are merely incidental. They are not the object for which they seek. It is wisdom they are to seek and the way to it may lie through suffering. But they are not to be discouraged. They may even draw comfort and encouragement from their trial. Regarding it as God's discipline, they may infer that he is helping them and is taking unusual pains with their education, as a loving and wise father does with the training of a son from whom he expects great things. These sufferings are not to be despised nor to be endured with impatience. The result of them will be an advance in wisdom, and wisdom is the most precious of all things. This brings the author back to the main line of his argument and he proceeds to compare wisdom with the various prizes which are most esteemed.

More precious than rubies. To the Oriental mind the comparison was a strong one. The ruby has always been esteemed the most precious of gems. A famous jeweler of the present day says that a ruby of perfect color, weighing five carats is worth ten times as much as a diamond of equal weight. The larger the stone the greater is its proportionate value and rubies of exceptional size command enormous prizes. The largest ruby known in Europe is of the size of a small hen's egg. It was presented by Gustavus III. of Sweden to the Empress of Russia, on the occasion of his visit to St. Petersburg. A large one occupies the centre of the Maltese cross in the crown of Queen Victoria, but it is said to be imperfect. The greatest ruby in the world was that in the possession of the King of Ceylon, which, according to Marco Polo, was as thick as a man's arm and without a flaw. Kublai Khan sent an ambassador to him offering him the value of a city as a price for it, but the king would not sell it. It is not known what has become of it.

None of the things thou canst desire are to be compared to her. They do not give satisfaction as does true wisdom. In a society journal last fall was a significant interview with a lady at Long Branch, N. J., which showed that wealth and luxury may abound and yet their owner be discontented. "This lady," the interviewer said, "created a sensation with her diamonds, her dresses and her dogs. She had every luxury that such ladies prize. During her stay of over four weeks, she changed her toilet five times each day, and never appeared in the same dress twice during the entire time. She brought forty-eight trunks with her when she came, and express packages have arrived daily containing new articles of dress. She had five maids, each of whom is an artist in her individual line. She has over two hundred pairs of shoes and slippers, some of the latter embroidered with real pearls and thickly studded with precious stones of all colors." Thus the report goes on at great length. Yet she dropped sentences during the interview, revealing that all this did not satisfy her; and that she was even happier when in earlier life she was a poor girl hired out as a nurse.

That there are things more to be desired than gold and jewels some have learned by painful experience. A striking example is that quoted by Mr. Stead of the luckless King of Persia whom the Moslems shut up in his own treasury. There all around him, were heaped diamonds, rubies, pearls of inestimable value beside sacks of gold and silver. Wherever he turned he saw enormous wealth; yet in that room he perished of hunger and thirst.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness. A careless man, a reckless sinner, was arrested in the midst of his wild career of wickedness, and brought to repentance. By the great mercy of God he was converted, pardoned, and began to lead a new life. The great change of his habits excited the remarks of all his neighbors. Meeting with one of his old associates one day, the latter remarked, "I hear you have given up all your pleasures." "No," replied the other, calmly, "I never knew what pleasure was until now. And as I have tried the pleasures of sin and religion both, and you as yet have tried only one, I ought to be the better judge."

Thy foot shall not stumble. When a man is trusting God fully and has ceased to fret and worry believing that nothing has happened to him that God does not know of, he treads the path of life with lighter foot and firmer step for he has cast his burden on the Lord. Miss Sarah Smiley gives a graphic description of an experience of her own that illustrates this. She says: "In the summer of 1879 I descended the Rhigi with one of the most faithful of Swiss guides. Beyond the services of the day, he gave me, unconsciously, a lesson for life. His first care was to put my wraps and other burdens upon his shoulders. In doing so he called for all; but I chose to keep back a few for special care. I soon found them no little hindrance to the freedom of my movement; but still I would not give them up until my guide, returning to where I was resting for a moment, kindly but firmly demanded that I should give him everything but my alpenstock. Putting them with the utmost care upon his shoulders, he led the way. And now, with my freedom, I found that I could make double speed with double safety. Then a voice spake inwardly: 'O, foolish, wilful heart! hast thou, indeed, given up thy last burden? Thou hast no need to carry them,' and then, as I stepped from rock to rock down the steep mountainside, I said within myself: And ever thus will I follow Jesus, my Guide, my Burden-bearer. I will cast all my care upon him, for he careth for me."

When thou liest down thou shalt not be afraid. An aged Christian being near death was settling himself calmly to sleep, not knowing whether he would wake again in this world. He was asked if he was not afraid to go to sleep when he was so near death. "No," said he, "if I should not awake again I should be with the Lord, and if I should awake as usual, the Lord would be with me."

All her paths are peace. Those who walk in wisdom's paths enjoy inward peace and being inoffensive generally live in peace. Luther used to tell an incident of a Duke of Saxony who made war on a Bishop. The Bishop had the power to raise an army and the Duke fully expected that he would do so. He sent a friend to ascertain what preparation the Bishop was making. On his return the Duke asked him eagerly what had been done. The spy answered, "Oh, you may easily surprise him; he is doing nothing—making no preparation." "How is that?" asked the Duke. "What does he say?" The spy replied, "He says he will feed his flock, preach the Word, visit the sick and that as for this war he should commit the weight of it to God himself." "Then," said the Duke, "the devil may wage war against him, but I will not."

Thy sleep shall be sweet. When one asked Alexander how it was that he could sleep so soundly and securely in the midst of danger, he told them that Parmenio watched: he felt calm and content so long as he knew that Parmenio was watching. He who trusts in the wisdom and love of God has far more reason for calmness. He can say with David, "I will lay me down and sleep for thou Lord makest me to dwell in safety."

"The Tabernacle Must Stay."

Thousands of Loving Hands Reached out to Redeem it—The Emergency Fund Steadily Growing—Prayer-Consecrated Offerings Flowing in—The Fund nearly $15,000.

AY by day, the Emergency Fund for the redemption of the Brooklyn Tabernacle is steadily growing, each returning sunrise affording increased hope that the desired object may be attained and America's greatest Protestant Church saved from the desecration of being converted to secular uses. The prompt and hearty response to Dr. Talmage's appeal, indicates that the Christian people of this Union are resolved that the Tabernacle shall not go under the hammer, or pass into the hands of those who would convert it into a theatre or a concert hall. Many hundreds of persons, who have been spiritually nourished by the inspired discourses preached in the Tabernacle, have sent very gracious and encouraging words, giving assurance of a deep, fervent, conscientious interest in the effort to avert the impending disaster. Some have been misled by a statement which appeared in certain newspapers that the pressure had been relieved and the Tabernacle saved; but this was unhappily unfounded. Its extended publicity has doubtless been the means of causing delay on the part of many who would otherwise have forwarded their contributions, which they will now be in a position to do, as the need is urgent.

They Love the Tabernacle.

If evidence were asked to prove the love and sympathy that exist throughout the Union for the Tabernacle and its pastor, it is found in the flood of letters that has poured into the offices of The Christian Herald during the past week. They give forth no uncertain tone, but a confident and unshaken belief that the Almighty will take care of his own and will not permit the Tabernacle, after a generation of Christian usefulness to pass under secular control and become a playhouse. Many of the writers recall how Dr. Talmage's sermons in The Christian Herald have cheered and encouraged the closing years of some dear one, now passed away, or have been the means of turning themselves to a better life.

Others send with their contributions, fervent petitions that the embarrassment may be relieved and the hearts of the people opened, and almost all express their appreciation of the privilege of sharing in the blessing that accompanies such service. Among those who have heartily and liberally responded to the appeal are people representing well-nigh every station in life—business men, pastors, members of church societies, mission boards, and Endeavorers. Widows and orphans, too, have cast in their offerings, with a prayer that they might be multiplied for the extinction of the debt. Such a volume of supplication has ascended to the throne in behalf of the Tabernacle and its pastor from these friends, and many are so heartily supplementing their prayers with generous deeds, that the outlook grows more and more encouraging, and we look forward hopefully in the expectation that those prayers, breathed from the lips of Christian men and women, may soon be abundantly answered.

We give below a few extracts from some of the letters:

Some of the Letters.

Rev. C. S. Palmer, (of the Quinn-Palmer Anti-Gambling Crusade), writes from Toledo, Ohio:

Yesterday our thoughts were turned to Dr. Talmage's Tabernacle and the struggle that church is having just now. We felt drawn, even in our poverty, to take an offering for the church in which most of us had been privileged to worship at different times. The gift is very small, but it comes from those who know what it is to want for money to carry on a much-needed work. We hope that not only our own land may respond to the needs of the Tabernacle, but that the whole world may help, since Dr. Talmage is preaching to tens of thousands in every land.

B. G. Collins, Conway, S. C., $5. "Trust your appeal may evoke large liberality, and very soon free you from all embarrassment. God bless you."

F. A. Curtis, Providence, $5. "I wish Dr. Talmage to remain in Brooklyn and I hope the people do so, too."

Dora Wilson, Glens Falls, N. Y., $5. "If those that are so well able to give would only open their hearts and help, it would soon be accomplished. I think the world does not appreciate the good work of Dr. Talmage."

Mrs. Stella D. Zea, Rensselaer, Ind., $1. "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver. I would give $1,000 if I had it to give; but as I have not I will send a dollar willingly. It is my prayer that the amount will soon be raised."

D. H. Ross, Philadelphia, $2. "May God bless this offering, and put it into the hearts of very many to do likewise."

L. M. Welkon, Hillsborough, Can., $1. "May we ever be able to write you God bless you for your good work."

George C. Baum, Napoleon, O., $1. "If my little mite will do anything towards saving the church, I send it. God bless Dr. Talmage and keep him useful in the Master's cause."

A Mite and a Blessing.

B. F. Humphreys, Staunton, Va., $1. "It would be shameful to let a Christian church be turned to the devil's use. May God bless your efforts!"

"Humble Christian," Prairie City, Ind., 25 cents. "I pray to God to open the purses of the rich that his house may be saved and not given to the world and the devil. I send my mite to help save the Tabernacle. God will not put his people to shame. The money will come in as the birds came to the Israelites in the wilderness."

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Landrum, $5. "We are poor ourselves and not able to give much; but if necessary we will remit again and again to help save the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Long live the cause of God in Brooklyn Tabernacle."

Charles and Esther Bartholomew, Mason City, Va., $1. "It comes from our hearts. We are old, and not blessed with a big lot of this world's goods; but what little we have got we are thankful for."

Charles Lindsay, Kenockee, Mo., $1. "May God assist you in this effort, and spare you to a ripe old age to preach in the Tabernacle."

Annie E Wampole, Eastern Pennsylvania, $2. "I sincerely wish it was $200,000 instead."

Residence of Cross River, Westchester Co., N. Y., $5. "We send our warmest sympathy for Dr Talmage. Jesus has favored us many times, and we hope you will accept our offering as coming from Him."

"Old Settler, Milwaukee, Wis., $1. "I have faith to believe that you will receive the desired sum. The cause is God's and must prevail."

Mr. and Mrs. Manypenny, Milford, Mich., $10. "I wish to tell you how much I have enjoyed your wonderful sermons, and have always thought you to be the greatest preacher since the time of Christ, Paul not excepted."

A Token of Gratitude.

J. H. Clark, Argusville, N. Y. "One good turn deserves another. Thirteen years ago you did me a good turn in the old Tabernacle. I went in there the first Sunday morning after my arrival in this country a stranger in a strange land and as homesick as could be. You offered such words of good cheer and encouragement that morning to just such as I, that I made up my mind to stay and persevere. From that day to this I have never regretted the decision, as prosperity has smiled on my efforts beyond anticipation, and now that have an opportunity of acknowledging the good turn received from you, and I am sure you deserve it."

E. D. Handford, Wakeman, O., $1. "God will bless a good cause and save his Tabernacle from the sheriff's hammer. Let every subscriber to The Christian Herald respond with a small amount, and the debt will be paid."

Annie F. Smith, Philadelphia, $2. "Hoping that the heavy load may soon be lifted that Dr. Talmage is now carrying."

W. Etheridge, Coalton, O., $1. "I pray that every Christian may help to pay the debt of the church, and do not believe that God will ever let it go for any other purpose than his house."

M. A. D, Bridgeport, Ct., $2. "With the prayer that our Heavenly Father will open the hearts of his children to give liberally, thereby securing to future generations a temple dedicated to his name, and which will be a lasting monument."

Contributions During the Week.

Amount already acknowledged	$13,875.70
Adair, Alex	5.00
Adams, Samuel, Coldbrook Springs, Mass	1.00
Armstrong, Mrs. E., Cambia, Ia	1.00
Awrand, F., Mifflinburg, Pa	1.00
Baldwin, Mrs. L. F., Milford	1.00
Batley, George W., Phenix, R. I.	2.00
Battey, Geo. W., Washington, R. I.: Battey, Geo., W., Washington, R. I., 1.00; Battey, Mrs. G., do, do., 50c; Battey, Miss Nellie, do, do. Total	2.00
Barber, Mrs. E. H., Rochester, N. Y.	2.00
Barnes, Mrs. A. U., Oswego, N. Y	2.00
Bartholemew, Chas. and Esther, Mason City, Ia	1.00
Bayden, Mrs. F. N., Basden P. O., Mich	1.00
Bergen, C. A., Belle Mead, N. J	1.00
Bidlingmayer, Minnie, Cleveland, O	1.00
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Bond, Mary S., Chelsea, Mass	1.00
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Canover, C. V. S., Belle Mead, N. J	1.00
Carlisle, Miss Elizabeth, Providence, R. I	1.00
Carter, Miss N. M., 213 W. 104th st, N. Y	.25
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Channell, E. J., Scorboro, Md	1.00
Chichester, N. F. N., Centre Moriches, N. Y.	2.00
Clark, D. A., Murray, Ia	1.00
Clark, J. H., Argusville, N. Y	10.00
Cleveland, Emma M., Mentor, O	1.00
Collins, Chas. H., Albany, N. Y	2.00
Cole, Mrs. Mabel, Kilmore, N. Y	1.00
Confer Hiram, Yellow Springs, O	1.00
Covel, Mrs. S., North Fairfield, Me	1.00
Crudginton, Sallie, Breckinridge, Texas	1.00
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Clifford, G. D., Eustis, Fla	10.00
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Collins, B. G., Conway, S. C	5.00
Converse, H. A., Parkman, O	2.00
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Dickenson Laura, Catawissa, Mo	1.00
Dovell, Esther J., Pedro, O	1.00
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Rolleston, Rev. Jas., Fivepoints, Pa	1.00
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do	1.00

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

THE ENTHRONED INVALID.

THE heavenly distribution of spoils will be a surprise to many. Here enters heaven the soul of a man who took up a great deal of room in the church on earth, but there forsooth he is put in an old house once occupied by an angel who was hurled out of heaven at the time of Satan's rebellion.

Right after him comes a soul that makes a great stir among the celestials, and the angels rush to the scene, each bringing to her a dazzling coronet. Who is she? Over what realm on earth was she queen? In what great Dusseldorf festival was she the cantatrice? Neither. She was an invalid who never left her room for twenty years; but she was strong in prayer, and she prayed down revival after revival, and pentecost after pentecost, upon the churches, and with her pale hands she knit many a mitten or tippet for the poor, and with her contrivances she added joy to many a holiday festival, and now, with those thin hands so strong for kindness, and with those white lips so strong for supplication, she has won coronation and enthronement and jubilee. And Christ says to the angels who have brought each a crown for the glorified invalid, "No, not these; they are not good enough. But there is one that I have been preparing for her many a year, and for her every pang I have set an amethyst, and for her every good deed I have set a pearl. Fetch it now and fulfil the promise I gave her long ago in the sick room, 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown.'"

SABBATH BREAKERS.

RESPECT for the Sabbath is to the young man a preservative against evil. God has thrust into the toil and fatigue of life a recreative day, when the soul is especially to be fed. It is no newfangled notion of a wild-brained reformer, but an institution established at the beginning. God has made natural and moral laws so harmonious that the body as well as the soul demands this institution. Our bodies are seven day clocks, that must be wound up as often as that, or they will run down. Failure must come sooner or later to the man who breaks the Sabbath. Inspiration has called it the Lord's Day, and he who devotes it to the world is guilty of robbery. God will not let the sin go unpunished, either in this world or the world to come.

This is the statement of a man who had broken this divine enactment: "I was engaged in manufacturing on the Lehigh River. On the Sabbath I used to rest, but never regarded God in it. One beautiful Sabbath when the noise was all hushed, and the day was all that loveliness could make it, I sat down on my piazza, and went to work inventing a new shuttle. I neither stopped to eat nor drink till the sun went down. By that time I had the invention completed. The next morning I exhibited it, and boasted of my day's work and was applauded. The shuttle was tried and worked well, but that Sabbath Day's work cost me thirty thousand dollars. We branched out and enlarged, and the curse of heaven was upon me from that day onward."

While the Divine frown must rest upon him who tramples upon this statute, God's special favor will be upon that young man who scrupulously observes it. This day properly observed, will throw a hallowed influence over all the week. The song and sermon and sanctuary will hold back from presumptuous sins. That young man who begins the duties of life with either secret or open disrespect of the holy day, I venture to prophesy, will meet with no permanent successes God's curse will fall upon his ship, his store, his office, his studio, his body and his soul. "The way of the wicked he turneth upside down." In one of the old fables it was said that a wonderful child was born in Bagdad, and a magician could hear his footsteps six thousand miles away. But I can hear in the footstep of that young man on his way to the house of worship this morning the step not only of a life-time of usefulness, but the on-coming step of eternal ages of happiness yet millions of years away.

THE MONEY GOD.

THERE are men who started out for financial success. They see how limber a man's back is when he bows down before some one transpicuous. They felt they would like to see how the world looked from the window of a three-thousand-dollar turnout. They thought they would like to have the morning sunlight tangled in the headgear of a dashing span. They wanted the bridges in the park to resound under the rataplan of their swift hoofs. They wanted a gilded baldrick, and so they started on the dollar hunt. They chased it up one street and chased it down another. They followed it when it burrowed in the cellar. They treed it in the roof. Wherever a dollar was expected to be they were. They chased it across the ocean. They chased it across the land. They stopped not for the night. Hearing that dollar even in the darkness thrilled them as an Adirondack sportsman is thrilled by a loon's laugh. They chased that dollar to the money vault. They chased it to the Government treasury. They routed it from under the counter. All the hounds were out—all the pointers and setters. They leaped the hedges for that dollar and they cried: "Hark, away! a dollar! a dollar!" and when at last they had came upon it and had actually captured it, their excitement was like that of a falconer who has successfully flung his first hawk. In the morning of their life, oh, how they devoured the prey!

There came a better time to their souls. They found out that an immortal nature cannot live on Government bonds. They took up a Northern Pacific bond, and there was a hole in it through which they could look into the uncertainty of all earthly treasures. They saw the wizen and paralytic bankers who had changed their souls into molten gold stamped with the image of the earth, earthy. They say some great souls by avarice turned into homunculi; and they said to themselves, "I will seek after higher treasures."

From that time they did not care whether they walked or rode if Christ walked with them; nor whether they lived in a mansion or a hut if they dwelt under the shadow of the Almighty; nor whether they were robed in French broadcloth or in homespun if they had the robe of the Saviour's righteousness; nor whether they were sandalled with morrocco or calf-skin if they were shod with the preparation of the Gospel. Now, you see peace on their countenance. Now, that man says: "What a fool I was to be enchanted with this world! Why, I have more satisfaction in five minutes in the service of God than I had in all the first years of my life, while I was gain-getting."

WASTED LIVES.

SO far back as 959 King Edgar of England made a law that the drink-cup should have pins fastened at a certain point in the side, so that the indulger might be reminded to stop before he got to the bottom. But there are no pins projecting from the sides of the modern wine-cup or beer-mug, and the first point at which millions stop is at the gravelly bottom of their own grave.

"You must stop drinking," says the doctor, "and quit the fast life you are leading, or it will destroy you." The patient suffers paroxysm after paroxysm, but under skilful medical treatment he begins to sit up, begins to walk about the room, begins to go to business. And lo! he goes back to the same grog-shops for his morning dram, and his evening dram, and the drams between. Flat down again. Same doctor. Same physical anguish. Same medical warning.

Now the illness is more protracted, the liver is more stubborn, the stomach more irritable, and the digestive organs are more rebellious. But after a while he is out again, goes back to the same dram shops, and goes the same round of sacrilege against his physical health.

He sees that his downward course is ruining his household, that his life is a perpetual perjury against his marriage vow, that that broken-hearted woman is so unlike the roseate young wife that he married, that her old schoolmates do not recognize her, that his sons are to be taunted for a lifetime by the father's drunkenness, that the daughters are to pass into life under the scarification of a disreputable ancestor. He is drinking up their happiness, their prospects for this life, and perhaps, for the life to come. Sometimes an appreciation of what he is doing comes upon him. His nervous system is all a-jangle. From crown of head to sole of foot he is one aching, rasping, crucifying, damning torture. Where is he? In hell on earth. Does it reform him?

After a while he has delirium, with a whole jungle of hissing reptiles let out on his pillow, and his screams horrify the neighbors as he dashes out of his bed, crying: "Take these things off me!" As he sits, pale and convalescent, the doctor says: "Now I want to have a plain talk with you, my dear fellow. The next attack of this kind you will have, you will be beyond all medical skill, and you will die." He gets better and goes forth into the same round again. This time medicine takes no effect. Consultation of physicians agree in saying there is no hope. Death ends the scene.

* * *

IF a man is right, all the bombardment of the world for five, ten, twenty, forty years will only strengthen him in his position. So that all you have to do is to keep yourself right. Never mind the world. Let it say what it will. It can do you no damage. Oh! when I see the influences abroad to destroy young men, I hardly know what to say. For the young men themselves all sympathy have I, and all compassion. For those who deal out the deadly stuff, all pity that they should bring upon themselves the condemnation of good society and the retributions of God. But for the liquor establishments themselves, the rum-selling restaurants, may God Almighty consume them with the brightness of his coming!

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

I PITY HER.

A WOMAN lately came to me and asked mewhat she should do about going to her own church. Said she, "It's so cold and the services are so cheerless. No life, no food in the sermons. Nor help in the prayer-meetings; it's just agony to go and sit there, longing for the farce to be over."

She felt she backslid every time she went. The place where she sought for rest gave her but an additional burden to carry, and her cry for help was like that of a starving woman for bread. I pity her.

Where lies the fault? I can hardly tell. A cold people, maybe, had made a cold preacher; tired and discouraged, the man of God had become formal and lost heart, and it's with pain that he thinks of two sermons that must be prepared and preached and a mid-week prayer service led. There is no joy over the thought of another opportunity to tell the "old, old story," such as there should be. And hence the breadless meetings, the juiceless services, the starvation gatherings such as this woman described.

What is the remedy? I answer—prayer, prayer, prayer, prayer and prayer—prayer, prayer. Followed by such Scripture as is found in John 15, Ezekiel 33 and 34, Deut. 28, and a getting out of ruts, out of formal ways of preaching and praying and talking about Jesus and his salvation. A turning things upside down—or rather—a turning of their right side up. The reverse is true now. A rest and change, too, might add to the good welfare of matters. Maybe the pastor is jaded, tired, over-worked; has been shut in too much with his books and himself and his own flock. Send him off to rest; to freshen up, to mingle with other men and other work and other workers. Give him a gun and a dog, and send him after duck instead of after men. Send him off fishing for trout; let him climb hills; get up where something else than the air of a church can get in his lungs. Let the songsters in the meadows and woods teach him how to give out the Gospel. Send him away off, where nobody will get after him to preach and let him hear sermons from Nature, and learn through the wild flowers and ferns to know God as an artist. This is the way to change dry meetings, and dry preachers into juicy, and fragrant, and fat markets, where the crowd will constantly resort, because there good things are to be found.

Make Them Laugh.

He will be a blessing to his day and generation who can make folks laugh. I have felt more than once I would give anybody five dollars, if he would set me going till my sides ached.

The Bible says, "A merry heart doeth good like medicine," and I am persuaded doctors bills would be less, if there were more joy which had to be expressed.

The trouble with the church, in many of its departments, is a notion that to make merry is to make for the devil, when the opposite is true. Some preachers would no more be guilty of creating a laugh in the meeting than of exploding dynamite. The result often is that many who might come to the house of God, if there was a little brightness thrown in, now remain away and seek other places where the joy of the evening helps to carry the load of the day. Give them laughter; plenty of it. Make it good.

Narrow, Broad Men.

Its queer how some broad-minded men can prove to be the narrowest of the narrow. Men who in ordinary life and work show breadth of thought and act, turn out in some matters so full of little ideas and notions, that you wonder if they are the same whom you knew as being great in their scope of plan and work.

I have been praying for some individuals that they might be used of God for "greater things," but I now confess my lack of faith, even God cannot make a peck out of a pint, when dealing with humanity. Where even he finds it possible to expand a man and make him grow, there you will find his power of development working. But currant bushes cannot grow like oaks, and I suppose there is no use for one to expect the supernatural to bring such to pass. I think, however, there are some folks who remain palm bushes, when God wants them to grow to be palm trees.

C. H. Yatman

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE FLAG LOWERED IN HAWAII.

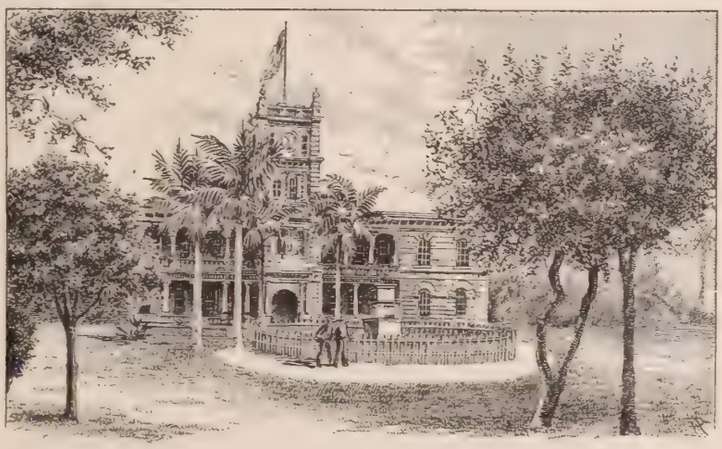
SOME surprise has been caused by the news that the United States flag which was raised over the Government House at Honolulu on Jan. 16, has been hauled down. It was done on April 1 by Mr. Blount, the Commissioner whom the President sent to the Hawaiian Islands to investigate the situation there. Mr. Blount also sent back to their ships the United States marines who had been on guard since the revolution. The first impression produced by the news was that the President and his Cabinet had abandoned the project of annexation. It appears, however, that the inference is not justified by the facts. If it is proved that the people of Hawaii really desire annexation, the conduct of Mr. Blount will be no hindrance to the project. From the reports which have come to hand, it appears that the revolution which overthrew the Queen's government, was the work of foreigners, domiciled in Hawaii, and not of the natives of the Islands. Our minister there was also active on the side of the insurgents and acted with some precipitancy in bringing in the United States forces and raising the Stars and Stripes. All that he was entitled to do, under his instructions and the law of nations, was to bring in a sufficient force to protect the lives and property of American residents. His conduct had the appearance of an eagerness to acquire possession of the Islands, which is common with monarchical governments, but is incompatible with the principles of republics. Mr. Blount's withdrawal of our troops and the lowering of the flag restores to the Hawaiian people their freedom of action. They can now decide without interference how they will be governed. If they wish annexation and give expression to their wish in a legitimate way, our Government can receive their application with dignity and without the suspicion of having acquired control of the Islands by force or intrigue. This is as it should be. It would be an onerous and disagreeable duty to govern an unwilling people. Those who would become a part of our nation should come to us voluntarily. This principle holds in religion as it does in national affairs and its recognition solves a problem which has puzzled many persons. The Kingdom of Heaven which Christ came to establish contains only those who desire to enter it. Those who are of his spirit, who invite him to rule over them and delight to do his will are welcomed, but he constrains no man to become his. (1. Chron. 28: 9.)

A Physician's Confession.

A PAPER found among the effects of a physician who died recently, contained a statement which solves a mystery twenty-eight years old. It appears that in 1865 a lady died in Clarksville, Tenn., after a long and mysterious illness. She was the wife of the Rev. A. M. Feltner, the rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Shortly after her death, her husband suddenly disappeared, and though diligent search was made for him, no trace of him was ever found. Two children were left behind at the rectory. They were adopted by the physician, who had attended Mrs. Feltner during her illness, and have been educated and brought up by him respectably and he has left them all his fortune. The secret of his interest in them as well as of the mysterious death of their father, has now come to light and causes profound astonishment. The physician states in his confession that when Mrs. Feltner died his professional interest was deeply stirred. He had carefully studied her case and given it unremitting attention. It had puzzled him, and after her death, he had an intense desire to learn the true nature of her malady. It preyed on him till it became irresistible. One dark stormy night, when few persons were likely to be abroad, he disguised himself and stole out to the cemetery where Mrs. Feltner was buried. He opened the grave and removed the body. Just as he was about to close the empty coffin he was struck by some one behind him. Turning around he stood face to face with Mr. Feltner. On the impulse of the moment the physician struck him with his spade, intending to stun him and make his escape. To his horror, however, he saw that his blow had crushed the temple bone and Mr. Feltner lay at his feet a corpse. Instinctively he adopted measures for self-preservation. He put his victim's body in the empty coffin and filled in the grave. Mrs. Feltner's body he took home, dissected it and made a discovery which has since proved valuable to science. He then buried the body in his cellar. In caring for the children of his victim and providing for them, the physician made all the reparation in his power, but no one would consider that he did his whole duty, as he evaded the punishment of his crime. We say, justice was not satisfied, the outraged law was not vindicated. Every one perceives the fact; yet how few people realize it when divine justice is concerned! Repentance and reformation are not sufficient in the case of the sinner against God, any more than in the physician's case, and the divine law would not have been vindicated without the punishment of the sinner, if Christ had not suffered in his stead. (Rom. 3: 25.)

An Application Withdrawn.

AN interesting letter was received last week by the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas in New York from an Englishman. It reminded the Clerk that the writer had, ten months ago, made an affidavit in his court declaring his intention of becoming a citizen of the United States and forswearing allegiance to the Queen of England. He now desired that his affidavit be cancelled, as, after mature deliberation, he had decided not to become a citizen but to remain a faithful subject of his Queen. His reason, as expressed in his letter, appears to be based on a religious analogy. He says he is a Christian and he believes that Christ is a King with laws in force on earth and, therefore, his people are "a royal people," and the subjects of a King. The clerk, of course, cancelled his affidavit, as requested. The Englishman has a perfect right to follow his own inclination in the matter, but one would have expected that the reasons he assigns would have led him to the opposite course of action. Christ being his King, he might logically have decided to abjure allegiance to any other monarch. The fact, however, appears to have led him, as it has many others, to the conclusion that the monarchical form of government is divine. That is his affair, but there is this satisfactory consideration about it, that if he is a faithful subject of Christ, he will be a law-abiding man and can live among us peacefully and usefully. He who renders to Christ the things that are his, will render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's. (Matt. 22: 19-21.)



THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE, HONOLULU.

An Eventful Voyage.

A THRILLING story of peril at sea is told by the captain and crew of the *Cresswell*, which arrived at Philadelphia on April 12 from Hamburg. Two days after leaving Dartmouth, where she stayed to take on part of her cargo, she encountered a terrific storm and shipped a sea which carried away two of her boats and smashed the engine-room skylights. On the following day the gale increased to the proportions of a hurricane; and the tremendous seas that rolled over the ship and poured through the broken skylights almost put out the engine-fires. While the storm was at its worst, a dense mass of smoke began to ascend from the hold. The ship was on fire! "People on land," says the captain, "cannot easily realize our situation. A furious hurricane blowing, the steamer tossed to and fro like a toy boat in a whirlpool, huge cliffs of angry water uprearing themselves all around us, and a raging fire in the coal bunkers. While we were fighting the fire a furious blast from the southwest blew away our last remaining storm trysail. After eight hours' hard work the fire was put out, and then the exhausted crew tried to get some rest." But the storm still raged, and when it lulled, the steamer entered a region of fogs in which she twice narrowly escaped being run down. It is marvelous that the steamer could have run the gauntlet of so many perils and come safely into port. There are some souls who are nearing their eternal haven, who, looking back over the voyage of their lives, survey an analogous experience. Buffeted by the storms of trouble and combating the fierce fires of appetite and passion in their own hearts, it has seemed to them at times impossible that they could be saved, but the grace of God has been sufficient for them. (Eph. 6: 12, 13.)

A Fatal Delusion.

A FATALITY occurred at Jersey City, N. J., on April 5, as a result of an insane delusion. An aged man whose mind has become unbalanced, has had the idea for some time past that there was a broad flight of stone steps outside his bed-room window. His wife has always been careful, by securing the window, to prevent his putting his idea to a practical test. On that night, however, she forgot her usual precaution. She was shocked when she awakened just before dawn to see her husband in the act of stepping out of the window into space. She rushed to the window and tried to grasp his clothing, but was too late. He fell heavily to the pavement below and was taken up dead. None but a demented man would have had so insane a delusion, but there are many whose conduct indicates that they are as much deluded as to spiritual things as he was as to material things. When men step out from this life into the life beyond, they will find that neither large benefactions, observance of ordinances and ceremonies, church connections nor even irreproachable moral character afford a solid foothold. Only those who have committed themselves by faith to Christ's keeping will be saved from eternal catastrophe. (II. Timothy 1: 12.)

Holes in the Drinking Cups.

A NOVEL method has been adopted to prevent the loss of the drinking cups in the police stations in New York. Some time ago the Commissioners were constantly being called upon to replace the cups attached to the ice water fountains in the stations. The new supply soon disappeared and a fresh lot was needed. The experiment of chaining them was tried, but the links of the chains were opened and the cups taken. They were not valuable enough to be stolen, but persons who wanted water would take a cupful away and would not bring the cup back. The discovery that it was the water and not the cup that was the motive of removal, suggested a new idea for protecting the property. A hole was punched in the bottom of each cup, so that while any one could use it at the fountain, it was useless attempting to carry water away in it. The device has been successful, the last supply of the cups being still intact at each station. The problem thus solved has a strong resemblance to that which perplexes social economists. People will not be content with the good things of life which they can use, but insist on accumulating a provision for the future, even though, in order to do it, they appropriate the facilities which should be common property. Christ uttered an emphatic warning against this disposition as against all forms of selfishness. (Matt. 6: 34.)

BRIEF NOTES.

An extensive revival is in progress in Newton, Kans., under the leadership of Revs. R. L. Marsh and C. N. Severance. They began under the auspices of the Congregational church but other denominations cordially cooperate and since the building is unable to hold the crowds the meetings are held in the rink.

The Philadelphia Rescue Band desires to thank the readers of this journal for the prompt and liberal response to the appeal recently made in this column. Sufficient copies are now on hand for the work for some time to come and the Band will see that they are distributed where they are likely to do good.

Evangelist Leonard Weaver has been holding services in Rev. B. C. Needham's Church at Chester Valley, Pa. The *Union* of that town says that the crowds which have been gathered and the interest awakened has surpassed anything ever before witnessed in the neighborhood. At the close of the services Mr. Weaver went to Downingtown to commence work there.

Mr. Harry R. Newberry, Secretary of the U. S. Legation at Constantinople, has returned from Marsovan, whither he was sent by our minister to investigate the burning of the American College. He reports that the charge of the Turkish officials that the College was burned by the Armenians themselves was utterly false. The Armenians who have been imprisoned are innocent. Mr. Newberry believes, as was suspected, that the Government officials connived at the crime.

The American Tract Society held its sixty-eighth annual meeting in Washington, D. C., on April 8th. From the report at the meeting it appeared that the income of the Society for the past year had been $375,000. The Society supported 186 Colporteurs who, during the past year had made 146,000 visits to families and had put in circulation 121,452 volumes of religious literature. They found about 12,000 families without religious books and 7000 Protestant families without even a Bible. During the sixty-eight years of its existence the Society has circulated thirty million volumes in 150 languages, beside 415,000,000 tracts.

In a recent letter from a Russian Stundist to Pastor Landman of Scotland, South Dakota, the writer after describing the sufferings of his people from the famine, says: "Many people sent money to us from America and if this had not been the case, we do not know how it would have gone with us. Oh, how many tears has America dried during the past year! May the dear Lord reward them with rich blessing." Rev. P. Z. Easton, the eminent missionary to Persia, who is now in this country and to whom we are indebted for a translation of this letter, says that the Stundists have endured terrible sufferings but have remained true to their faith.

An ancient manuscript has been found in the Convent of Mount Sinai which promises to be of profound interest to Biblical scholars. Photographs of several of its pages have been taken and submitted to Prof. Harris of Cambridge and Prof. Nestle of Tubingen, and both gentlemen are of opinion that it is a Synac version of the four Gospels and probably the oldest in existence. Three eminent scholars have been sent by the University of Cambridge to examine the manuscript itself and make a copy.

A rising of the natives of Corea against the Christians is threatened. A report has reached the State Department in Washington that the lives of several American citizens are in danger. Secretary Gresham has arranged with the Navy Department to send a vessel from our squadron at Hong Kong to the scene of the disturbance. Both the Methodists and the Presbyterians have missionaries there, and, as our readers are aware, Dr. Hall is doing medical missionary work in the country. Prayers should be offered for their safety.

The first Bible in the language of the Gilbert Islanders was turned out a few days ago from the presses of the American Bible Society in the Bible House, New York. It was the result of the labors of Rev. Hiram Bingham who has devoted to it all his spare time for thirty-four years. Mr. Bingham is the son of a missionary and after graduating at Yale College went to the Gilbert Islands in 1856. He reduced the language to writing and in 1873 gave them the New Testament in their own language. Three years ago the manuscript of the Old Testament was finished and Mr. Bingham brought it to New York to be printed. The work has been done under his supervision and on April 11, the first completely printed and bound copy was issued.

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

OBEDIENCE AND PROSPERITY.

A Sermon Preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York, last Sunday, April 23, 1893, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D. D. Text: Joshua 1: 8, *"This Book of the Law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein: for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success."*

JOSHUA, the brave and noble son of Nun, greatly needed the divine counsel and encouragement which he here received. Nothing could be sadder to human view than the death of Moses at this critical time. The noble face which had caught and reflected the glory of the Lord, Israel should no more see; the voice which had so often talked to God and with the people, Israel should no more hear. The majestic man fell just when he was to reap the fruits of his wise counsels, his brave deeds and his loyal faith. His death was as if across the face of the sun at noonday there should come a cloud black as midnight. Heroes die; but, thank God, heroism lives. Moses is dead, but God lives, and his work shall still go forward. It is natural with us to sit with sad heart and clouded face beside a dead leader; but we must not mourn too long over even the wisest of leaders and the greatest of men. The voice of God comes to us at this juncture saying to us, "arise!" No matter who dies, those who live must move on in the line of duty. When great political leaders and our eloquent preachers die political parties and Christian churches must "arise." They must move forward with quickened step and heightened hope. In the most solemn hour of grief we ought to hear the voice of Providence summoning us to renewed effort, to greater exertion and to

Assured Victory.

The sweetest of all consolation is found in carrying on the work which the fallen leaders undertook. No picture could be more heroic and sublime than that of the missionary's intended bride, personally known to many of you, arriving at the mission station three days after her beloved had fallen, and consecrating herself beside his new-made grave to the work to which he gave his life. The voice of Moses is silent in death, but the voice of Joshua rings out solemnly but cheerily, "Forward O Israel."

God always has the right man for the ripe hour. When the clock of his Providence strikes the solemn hour the hand of his Providence points to the needed man. This is evermore God's way. God's choice is always sovereign, but it is never arbitrary and reasonless. Neither David nor Cyrus, neither Paul nor Luther can come on the stage without God's guidance; and by God's grace all of them were gloriously fitted for their gigantic duties and their sublime achievements. God may now and then select men from the walks of luxury and from the circles of fashionable life, men who may be calm in danger and brave in battle. Sudden emergencies may develop unexpected abilities; but, as a general rule, God selects for burdens in manhood those who bore the yoke in youth. From the brick fields of Egypt Joshua came to the leadership of Israel and the conquest of Canaan. His pedigree was illustrious; his grandfather marched through the wilderness at the head of his tribe.

Joshua's Promotion

was not accidental. A prince of the tribe of Ephraim, trained as a soldier, he was prepared for the great occasion when it should arise. He was honored by accompanying Moses partly up Mount Sinai; and he was one of the two spies who came back with a good heart and an encouraging report. The years of silence during the weary wandering in the desert were years of training for the crucial moment when [illegible] years in training for three years of work. Joshua was always the soldier, prompt in obedience, decisive in command and daring in attitude. Wrapped up in his name is the name Jesus, the Captain of our Salvation. Moses found his task great; Joshua found his greater. Doubtless he fully appreciated the situation, and with no light heart did he enter on his terrific struggle. They who know most of war are the least anxious to invite its horrors. God appreciated Joshua's need and gave him great and precious promises. "As I was with Moses, so will I be with thee; I will not fail thee nor forsake thee." Any man with such a promise might achieve impossible things. Wonderful is this "as"; still more wonderful shall be this "so." Both as and so enwrap volumes commemorative of divine goodness and prophetic of human achievement.

The Book of the Law.

In studying this text and its context we have, in the first place, brought before us the value of a divine revelation. Our attention is directed at once to "this book of the law." It is affirmed that it should not depart out of the mouth of Joshua. The reference, doubtless, is to the law of Moses to which God attached the utmost importance. It is spoken of as if it were in Joshua's hand, as if it always must be in his mouth. Thus early is our attention directed to a book of a written law and a divine revelation. When Moses disappears and Joshua comes, the law of Moses is to be the rule for the conduct of Joshua. God does not create another Moses, but he promotes Joshua to the vacant place. Moses was honored by being called "the servant of the Lord." Joshua was prepared to hear the divine voice and to step into the vacant place. That voice had doubtless often been echoing in his own heart in his moments of communion with God. Now that he has entered upon his duty his attention is directed to his written orders. Dr. Joseph Parker reminds us that up to this time there has been no reference to writing as that reference is now made. Is it a wonderful thing that there should now be a book, an authoritative book, a divine book, a sacred scroll, silent yet voiceful? Joshua may thus know what God would have him do. Moses lived on the verbal utterances of Jehovah; but now there is the written Word for the guidance of Joshua and Israel. That Word is still ours, more fully written than in Joshua's day, and more carefully interpreted now than ever before. There is a sense in which the Church of Christ is the Church of the Book. The Book is to abide. It is

The Echo of God's Voice.

It bears the divine *imprimatur*. We must conform our lives to its divine teaching. When it is silent, we may not speak; when it speaks, we may not be silent. Those who strive to be wise above what is written, generally end by being foolish below what is written. Our rule to-day must be as in the past, "to the law and to the testimony." Jesus Christ loved this Book, believed it, taught it. He affirmed that he came not to destroy, but to fulfil the law. Our relations toward God and toward the world are determined in part by our treatment of God's law as made known in his Word. This Book in its present fullness is to be taken into our hearts and its teachings are to be manifested in our lives. The Bible is a library; in it are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. When the Word of God dwells in us richly we have wisdom for every emergency, knowledge for every time of need, and strength for every time of weakness. The Bible asks simply to be read, studied and tested; it is its own witness. Let us thank God for "this Book of the Law"; and let us see to it that it shall not depart from our mouths, but it shall fill them with wisdom, our hearts with truth and our lives with love.

We notice, in the second place, that the next thought in this text is the importance of daily meditation in divine truth. We have seen that the law was already embodied in a written document. We thus see that the book of Joshua gives its endorsement to the Pentateuch. A copy of the law was laid up in the sanctuary; but it was not enough that it should remain there in honor and reverence. God would have it in Joshua's mouth and heart. He was to make it the subject of careful study for personal wisdom and as the official standard for public life. Appointed to a high place in the nation, he was still to remember that he was under the authority of the divine law. This truth should impress itself deeply upon the heart of all Christian magistrates and other rulers in our day. The character of the good man as described in the first psalm suggests the duty here taught to Joshua; he is to meditate upon God's law day and night; and that law was finally to be written upon the tablets of his heart. The word translated "meditate" implies that kind of mental rumination which often expresses itself in audible words. Joshua was a man of affairs, a soldier, a ruler, a leader, and yet he did not plead his public duties as an excuse for neglecting the word of God. He had care enough for a score of men; but he made

The Study of the Word

his daily business. Luther, when he was most pressed with his gigantic toils, said that he could not get along without three hours daily for meditation and prayer. When General Havelock was to march at six, he arose at four that he might have sufficient time to listen to God's voice in his word and to lift up his own voice to God in prayer. Correctly has it been said that no man is delayed on his journey when he stops for food and water. In the divine life we need daily supplies from God for daily duties among men. Israel could not live to-day on the manna of yesterday.

We know that Joshua had many direct communications from God. They came sometimes by outward appearances, as when the angel of the Lord's host met him at a critical moment; and they came sometimes by the Urim and Thummim. Still the written word was to be the subject of daily study. It has been said that these occasional revelations were meteoric flashes; they were lightning gleams in times of special darkness; but the light from the inspired word was the steady flame which ever shone on his path. There is wonderful power in constant and prayerful meditation on God's Word. Such meditation gives ripeness of judgment, pureness of heart, and oneness of high and holy motive. The world and the church to-day need men thoroughly imbued with God's thought. Thinkers are

The World's Leaders;

thought is the world's ruler. Divine thought rules the world divinely. A brilliant American essayist has said, "When God lets loose a great thinker everything is at stake." This thinker is greatest when he thinks as God thinks, and then it is that he will use his power to establish righteousness and to overthrow wickedness. Only as a man muses deeply in oration and sermon, in business or profession, will the fire brightly burn.

There never was such a book for meditation as the Bible. Small as was Joshua's part thereof it was more valuable than all the libraries of the world to-day. Think of the range of the Bible—its glowing prophecies, its sublime histories, its exalted poetry, its simple gospels, its instructive epistles and its majestic apocalyptic visions. The Bible is peerless amid the works of the ages; it is the unique book of the centuries. Here we have the purling brook and the noble river; here the sincere milk for babes, and the strong meat for men and women. Joshua was to study it by day and by night. Constant reading alone will enable us to perceive its matchless beauty, and its radiant glory; no formal perusal will fully reveal to us its hidden treasures. We must stand at the entrance to its long drawn corridors that we may hear the words of prophets and poets, of heroes and martyrs, of evangelists and apostles. We must tread these corridors that we may see the footprints, not of these alone, but also and mostly of the Son of God himself. O for men and women who, in our restless and bustling age, meditate day and night in the law of the Lord! Such men and women will be strong and do exploits.

Practical Obedience.

There was, in the next place, not only to be a revelation from God and meditation therein but there was also to be obedience to the truth received and declared. Joshua was not to let the truth depart out of his mouth. It was to govern him in all his instructions to the people and in all his relations to God. He was to know, to utter, and to obey the law of the Lord. That law was to fill his soul with meditation, his mouth with praise, and to mark his life by obedience. His speech was to be flavored with divine precepts, and his deeds were to be marked by divine truth. Calvin has well said, "Men never act skillfully except so far as they allow themselves to be ruled by the Word of God." God's Word is still the highest authority; it is still the revelation of God the Father, which was once delivered unto the saints. Ours is a faith that is delivered, delivered once for all, and delivered unto the saints. All meditation which is valuable takes form in practical obedience. Thus it comes to pass that Joshua was commanded to do according to what was written in the law. Religion is intensely practical. Christ went about doing good; so must Christians. They are not to spend their lives in dreamy meditation or in vapid utterance. They must bring things to pass; they must secure practical results. It is useless for us to advertise the quantity of water that is in our well while men and women about us are dying of thirst. The value of our well is seen in the number of thirsty souls to which it gives life and hope. Only as we obey God do we show that we love God; only as we do his will is it possible for us really to know his will. Thoughts and words must be translated into deeds. But such obedience does not come except as the result of definite purpose and effort; and so we are taught that Joshua was

To "Observe to Do."

No man makes progress in Christian life except he determines so to do and then uses the means adapted to such progress. No man will become eminently pious unless he determines so to become. Every man who grows in grace must heed the admonitions of conscience, the guidance of Providence, and the teachings of the Bible. No man can see the path in which God would have him walk if his eyes are covered by the scales of ignorance or prejudice.

Neither may we allow ourselves to pick and choose amid God's commands; we see that Joshua was to do according "to all that is written" in the law. The only question with him was, what is written in the law? It was not his purpose to keep the parts of the law which were in harmony with his tastes and feeling, and to violate those which were not. Joshua was determined to turn neither to the right hand nor to the left. He was commanded to be strong and courageous and to keep the path divinely marked out for his feet. Never did Mary, the mother of Jesus, speak more wisely that when she said to the servants at the marriage in Cana of Galilee, "Whatsoever he saith unto you do it." Never did a man more thoroughly need courage than did Joshua; but he dared to do right and in every critical hour God was by his side to inspire his heart, to strengthen his arm and to reward his toil with assured success.

This reference brings us to the last thought in this text—the promise of prosperity. The word translated "prosperous" has in it the suggestion of wisdom of conduct, of action in the spirit of wisdom considering the times and regarding all the circumstances. It is a broad and suggestive word. The man who lives in and for God is the man possessed of practical skill and truest wisdom. He may not be marked by brilliancy of genius, but he will have what is far better, the tact and skill which bring success.

Success Comes to Such Men

in harmony with natural law; it comes also as the result of the immediate promise of God. The man who fears God so much that he knows no other fear is the man who must finally win in the race of life; the man who loves truth so much that he hates all falsehood will have all the forces of the Eternal on his side. The very stars in their courses will fight against his foes and in his favor. The man who has God on his side can really have no one against him. The man who seeks the guidance of omniscience shall have the assistance of omnipotence. Cromwell's Ironsides were irresistible in battle. Going into the conflict chanting the psalms and trusting in God they scattered their foes like chaff before the whirlwind.

A greater than Joshua is placed before us as the model of life and the inspiration to duty. Jesus Christ promised his disciples as they went out on their great mission that he would be with them even unto the end of the world. Each one of us may claim the precious promise which God made to Joshua, "As I was with Moses, so I will be with thee; I will not fail thee nor forsake thee." Was ever so sublime a promise given before to the children of men? Any man can stand when the Rock of Ages is behind him. The man who sees the Invisible can do the impossible. Well might Joshua go forward without fear and with high hope assured that "there shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life." Brave and noble Joshua, faithful in that which was least God made him ruler over the hosts of Israel, gave him an honored place on the inspired page, and made him the type of his own Son, the greater Joshua, the blessed Jesus. May the God of Moses and the God of Joshua be our God now and evermore!

The Great Apostacy.

The Culmination of Sceptical and Vicious Movements in Satanic Incarnation

BY JAMES STEPHENS, M.A.

WE may learn some important facts relative to the development and manifestation of Antichrist from a careful study of the second chapter of the second epistle to the Thessalonians. In writing to this church, the apostle aims to reassure them. They had received some false teaching. The early churches were often assailed by this enemy, the false teacher. There were those at Corinth who said the resurrection was past, and others at Thessalonica who said the day of the Lord had then come. Paul exhorts the believers not to be taken by this snare, for when the day of the Lord shall have come the Lord Jesus Christ shall himself have come, and his people shall have been gathered to him. Therefore be not troubled by teaching to the effect that the day of the Lord is present.

The great argument used is this—before the day of the Lord comes there will be the apostacy and the revelation of the man of sin. A great movement and a notable man. In Ps. 2, we read, "The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against his anointed, saying, Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us." The people will join in this utterance of kings and rulers. Then will be the apostacy, the departure from, the denial of, the Father and the Son.

The movement develops a man who heads it, the man of lawlessness, the man who sets himself forth as God, and takes his place in God's own sanctuary as God—the temple to be rebuilt at Jerusalem. He will claim to be the Deity. He will claim worship as well as homage. Before the day of the Lord comes one claiming in power the attributes of Deity will be revealed.

The time of the revelation is then given. The apostle says the movement was at work even in his day. "The mystery of iniquity doth already work;" but something and some person is restraining, and the man of sin cannot be revealed till this person and this thing that restrains be taken out of the way. I can hardly help thinking the mystery of iniquity is balanced by the mystery of godliness, and he who is maintaining and developing the mystery of godliness is the personal Holy Spirit in the Church. When these restrainers are taken out of the way, then the lawless one shall be revealed.

Thirdly, we have the character of this man of evil. He shall be remarkable above every man who has ever appeared. He shall be in the energy of Satan. Satan has dwelt in many with marvelous effect and still wickedness has its prodigies. But he shall be one in whom Satan's energies shall be manifest in powers, and signs and wonders of a lie. These are the three names applied to the works of the Lord Jesus Christ—power, signs, and wonders. This great man will come as Satan's parody of Christ, and receive power which will manifest itself wondrously like that of Christ. He will actually work miracles, not merely pretended miracles, but real ones, by the power of the devil. And he will have all power of deceiving.

The apostle says, "The mystery of iniquity doth already work." It will continue to work until it culminates in this marvelous being. He is not revealed yet; hence the mystery of iniquity must be working now in the world. What light does this throw on the progress of the age so greatly boasted of? "We are passing on to the golden age; is the world getting better and better?" So we hear on every side. But instead of this we know the mystery of iniquity is at work preparing for the tremendous culmination of sin in Antichrist. Satan is to have an hour of special greatness; but the hour of his greatest power on earth closely precedes the manifestation of the Son of God. Then Jesus shall bind the strong man. When Jesus comes Antichrist and all his power shall be overcome, "destroyed by the breath of his mouth." And Satan shall be cast bound into a pit for a thousand years.

The preparation for the success of the Antichrist, the preparation on the part of men to receive him, is found in the simple fact that they receive not the love of the truth. In this simple thing is the germ of preparedness for receiving Satan's travesty of Christ. Those who receive not the truth are ready to receive strong delusion, to believe a lie. So Jesus told the Jews that refusing to receive him who came in the Father's name they would receive one who came in his own name. In view of these things the apostle exhorts the Thessalonian Christians to "hold fast the traditions taught by word or writing." Paul spoke in the words which the Holy Ghost teacheth, and we must hold fast these words, knowing that God will justify whatever he has said in his own time.

Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

Through the Valley and the Shadow.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley and the shadow."—PSA. 23: 4.

RIAN A. DYKES. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. I must walk thro' the val - ley and the shad - ow, But I'll
2. When I walk thro' the val - ley and the shad - ow, All the
3. Tho' I walk thro' the val - ley and the shad - ow, Yet the
4. I shall walk thro' the val - ley and the shad - ow, I shall
jour - ney in a lov - ing Sav-iour's care; He hath said He will
wea - ry days of toil - ing will be o'er; For the strong arms of
glo - ry of the dawn-ing I shall see; I shall join in the
fol - low where my Lord has gone be - fore; Thro' the mists of the
D.S.—But the dark waves of
nev- er, nev- er leave me, With His Staff He will comfort me there.
Je - sus will en - fold me, And with Him I shall sor-row no more.
an-thems o - ver Jor - dan, Where the loved ones are waiting for me.
val- ley He will lead me, Till I rest on the Ev - er-green Shore.
Jor-dan will not harm me, There is peace in the val-ley, I know.
Thro' the val-ley, thro' the val-ley, thro' the valley and the shadow I must go,

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THE LINE ON A LEAF.

IT was last moving day, and the garret and loft
Had been emptied of books that were broken and torn;
And the mild spring breezes, so scented and soft
Now played with old manuscripts, yello and worn.
As the last dray had rolled from the sidewalk away,
The heavy-framed mirror was lifted with care
From the mantel, where, faithfully, many a day,
It had pictured the faces of loved ones so fair.

As adown through the yard I have wandered alone,
While the new tenants entered with laughter and shout;
A few vagrant leaves by the breezes were blown
From the books that were torn and lay scattered about;
And a tiny old shoe, with a hole in the toe,
Lay near by the path where I sauntered along.
I reached down and took it, it tempted me so,
Not heeding the sneers of the mirth-making throng.

Near the shore lay a leaf that was new, edged with gold,
Bearing tear-wrinkled spots 'mid the writing so pale—
For a heart-broken mother, a-tremble there told
That "To-day baby died," in a pen-uttered wail.
Still not heeding the scoffs of the festive and gay,
I was kissing the page and caressing the shoe;
And with better resolve I betook me away
To that mother, my wife, my companion so true.

When the moving was done, and the fire was aglow
In the grate, as we counted the children anew,
There were eight in the parlor with parents below,
While above in the mansions of God there were two.
As a sigh then attracted the gaze of them all
To the sad face of mamma, so loving and true,
They could see the great tears on the gentle hands fall,
As they tenderly lay on the leaf and the shoe.

—C. HARRY ANDERS.

Questions & Answers

OUR MAIL-BAG.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is in frequent receipt of letters from very needy persons in different parts of the country, some of the cases being pitiful in the extreme. These applications are so numerous as to be altogether beyond our capacity for extending relief. Among the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD there are doubtless many benevolent people who would be pleased to be put in communication with some of these deserving poor ones. If any of our readers so charitably disposed, would send us their names and addresses for this special purpose, we will send to each *one letter a year and no more*, from some needy person who has appealed for help. All letters relating to business of this nature should be addressed to "The Relief Box," CHRISTIAN HERALD office.

H. W. Moore, Philadelphia, Pa. What do the words *Talitha Cumi*, on page 217 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD mean?

The words are Arabic, and the translation is given in Mark 5: 41.

"Subscriber, Mountain State." Had Jesus any brothers or sisters, and was Mary, the mother of Christ, twice married?

If our correspondent will examine Matthew 13: 55, and Mark 6: 3, he will find therein well established the fact that our Lord had four brothers. There is no evidence whatever to support the suggestion in the latter part of the question.

Geo. H. Clark, Savannah Sound, Bahamas, W. I. There is a notion prevailing among some people that the prayer which Christ taught his disciples is wrongly called the Lord's Prayer, and should be called the Disciples' Prayer.

As it has now been known and loved and spoken for 18 centuries as "The Lord's Prayer," we do not apprehend that any suggestion looking to a change in the nomenclature will now be heeded by the Christian world. Besides, it is properly called "The Lord's Prayer," having originated with the Saviour, who taught it to his disciples.

L. Peterson, Sioux City, Ia. How did the ceremony of kissing the Pope's toe originate?

It is probably the highest modern form of the kiss ceremonial, and is a relic of heathen times. The Druids, 1,000 years before Christ, kissed the toe of their high priest. The ancients kissed the toe of the statue of Jupiter, just as the Romanists to-day kiss the toe of the pontifical "descendant of Peter," the only difference being that the Pope wears a slipper with a silver cross embroidered on the toe, at the point where the lips rest and the heathen image of Jupiter had no foot-gear whatever.

J. H. Jones, Ela, Va. We cannot supply the information.——R. W. Moseman, N. Y. In 1832 ——Subscriber, Madison, Fla. It would be illegal in either case, it the condition could be proved.——W. W. A. Ames, North Attleborough, Mass. The manager of some telegraph office can probably inform you.——W. L. Muttart, Bangor, Me. There are about 1200 religious papers and 1750 daily and 13,400 weekly secular papers in the United States.——Mrs. F. Vatro, West Union, Ia. He was a preacher and author; he died several years ago. His books are widely approved.——Subscriber, Reading, Pa. No.——Mrs. J. A. Keiver, Albert, D. C. The Barnardo orphanages in London are undenominational.

E. G. Kirkpatrick, Waterloo, Neb. How many times did the Israelites go into idolatry?

It would be difficult to answer with absolute accuracy. The first allusion to their idolatry is found in Gen. 31: 19, when Rachel stole her father's seraphim. Afterward, we find that the Israelites gave evidence of idolatrous practices on the way from Shechem to Bethel, they defiled themselves with idols in Egypt; later, they worshipped the golden calf, images and stars (Exod. 32: 26), Moloch, Remphan, Chiun, and Baal-Peor, Baal, Baal-berith, Ashtoreth, Chemosh, Milcom, the sun, the moon, were all worshipped in succession. Even after possessing Palestine, they went astray after the idols of the land times without number.

B. L. Boomer, Campello, Mass., writes:

My wife is an invalid and she spends many pleasant hours with her cabinet of shells, quite as much int rested in a new specimen as you would be in a new brick from Nineveh with an unknown inscription. And so she has diligently searched for the identity of the "Onycha" of Dr. Talmage's text from DeBlainville, all the way down through her several catalogues in vain. Referring again to the Bible (which you sent us) we found in Article 39, page 103, Aquatic animals, "Strombus," which I think will admit of, perhaps, this interpretation. Very little odor would arise from the burning of any marine shell, unless it might be the Epidemus, which in some cases is quite thick. If "Onycha" and "Onyx" are identical, then, I think, we have a hint, which followed, makes it very probable that "Onycha" instead of being the shell, was simply the foot or "Operculum" of the shell, which in some species (the Strombus in particular) is very large and precisely like horn, and when burned would of course emit a strong odor. The operculum of most shells (called "eye-stones") is calcareous and would be odorless."

HEALING AND TEACHING IN CHINA

(*Continued from first page.*)

Realizing this condition of the science of healing as practised in China it is easy to conceive how great a boon must be the existence of such hospitals as that in Canton. During Dr. Kerr's superintendence of it, he has performed with his own hand more than thirty-five thousand operations, besides giving nearly a million medical attendances.

Similar happy results have come from the work of Dr. Niles, in Canton. Women were the most common victims of surgical ignorance and incapacity. They would have benefited little from Dr. Kerr's skill, as the average Chinaman would generally prefer that his wife should die than that she should be treated by the male foreign physician. But the lady physician excites no prejudice. Dr. Niles has been called in by the highest officials of the city to attend the female members of their households, and has saved thousands of lives, which, but for her skill, would have been sacrificed. Another feature of her work has been her care of blind girls, who are in China sold by their parents to women who keep them for infamous purposes. Dr. Niles has succeeded in restoring the sight in some cases, and in others has rescued the girls from their miserable fate. Recently, some benevolent Chinamen, who learned what she was doing, subscribed more than a thousand dollars to build a home near the hospital, in which a number of these blind girls could be sheltered under her care.

One peculiarly sad feature of the inhumanity which grows out of the powerlessness to relieve suffering has become a burden on the hearts of both these Christian physicians. Dr. Kerr is making it his principal business during his visit home to meet this difficulty. With the same ignorance that exists in respect to other maladies the Chinese physician is helpless in the presence of insanity. The afflicted creatures are thus left to the care of their families and often suffer horrible barbarities. Many of them might be restored to mental health in such asylums as abound in this country, but of which there is not a single counterpart in all China. Dr. Kerr describes in pathetic language the poor creatures chained up in the Chinese houses, a misery to themselves and a terror to those who are around them. He is endeavoring to enlist the sympathy of Christian people in America in their condition and to raise a fund for the erection of an asylum.

A noteworthy feature of the grand work which has been carried on in the Canton hospital for the past half century,is the small cost it entails on the missionary societies, whose work it has so materially helped. The site of the hospital, which measures six hundred by eighty-two feet, was purchased for its present use by funds raised in China, chiefly by European and American merchants who perceived its need and the advantages to be derived from the institution. The same benevolent persons also raised the funds for the erection of the hospital, which comprises six large buildings used for the accommodation of patients, an operating-room, and a residence for the physicians in charge,to which has been added a seventh building devoted to the medical college. The cost of the hospital is also defrayed in China by the fees of the patients, supplemented by the public contributions, of which a large part comes from Chinese officials who know and value the work of the institution. The only expense connected with the hospital that falls on the Presbyterian Board,is the salaries of the medical staff.

The self-denying labors of the doctors and nurses are a mystery to the affiicted people whom they serve. The popular theory is that they are intent on "accumulating merit" in the future world, but even that theory does not sufficiently explain their motive to the Chinese mind. It is when he is trying to understand it that the opportunity for direct Christian teaching is afforded, and the missionary can tell him of the love of Christ, "which constraineth" and point him to the Great Physician. That such a practical lesson has not been without its effect is evident from the facts. It cannot be merely a coincidence that the real progress of missionary work in China dates from the year of the commencement of medical mission work. Dr. Morrison went to China in 1807, and twenty-six years later Dr Williams wrote home that he had just seen the first and only convert. Not much greater progress had been made in another five years, and when Dr. Kerr went to Canton in 1852, he saw the first convert in that city. Now there are thirteen native churches in and around Canton, with over eight hundred members, and there are fifty thousand Christians in all China. How much of this progress is due by God's blessing to the medical work, eternity alone can determine.

TRUE WISDOM.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing May 7. Prov. 3: 13-18; James 1: 5-6.

WISDOM is a rarer quality than we generally realize. It is not learning, although learning is an aid to it. A man may be deeply read and have an intimate acquaintance with the literature of his own and other lands, and yet be destitute of wisdom. The word, as it is defined, signifies discernment, prudence, judgment and discretion. These qualities are largely natural endowments, which, however, require development. That man must have been a very superficial observer of human nature who believes that all men are born equal. God sends some men into the world richly gifted with powers which may be used to bless and enrich humanity. The poet, the painter, the orator, the philosopher, the inventor bring their powers with them, and the world welcomes them as gifts from a Power higher than itself. So with wisdom; it is the gift of God.

But for our own encouragement we are taught that this gift may be attained. The ordinary endowment may be enlarged and developed. If any man discovers that he lacks it—and how many make that discovery!—the Source of wisdom is accessible to him. "Let him ask of God," is the apostle's advice and he adds the assurance, "It shall be given to him." There is no doubt, or qualification, or hesitancy in the promise. The direction is practical, simple and logical,and the result is assured. It is surprising that we do not more frequently or more earnestly act upon it. The chief reason is that we do not practically believe it and do not put the promise to the test. Thus we come to the conclusion that the praying man is the wise man and the wise man is the praying man. The world does not believe the fact,but that is because the world does not recognize true wisdom when it sees it. The wise men have often been called fools,because they will not reverence the world's idols nor seek its prizes. The wise man, in the world's opinion, is he who can accumulate a fortune and can gain power and popularity. If he can make the best of both worlds so much the wiser he, but it will never admit that a man can be wise who sacrifices this world to the next. So it comes about that the wise man must be content to dispense with the world's homage. But "wisdom will be justified of her children." They may have to wait for their vindication, but it will surely come.

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B. Y. P. U. NOTES.

One of the most gratifying results of the organization of all the Young People's Societies is the impetus they have given to the collections for Foreign Missions. The B. Y. P. U. of Greenwood Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.,is one of many which have done excellent service in this line. It recently sent fifty dollars to Burmah to support a native teacher in one of the Brec villages, where the Gospel has never yet been preached. Fifty dollars was sent also to the Baptist mission on the Congo and twenty-five dollars to Dr. J. S. Grant to endow a free bed for a year in his hospital at Ningpo. A box is being prepared to be sent out this summer to the hospital. It will contain lint, bandages and if possible a case of surgical instruments for Dr. Grant's use.——The Union of Delevan, Wis., has given its attention to another and very interesting field. During the past year it has kept the churches and missions of Chicago supplied with fresh flowers for distribution in the hospitals and homes of the poor. No less than 1,500 bouquets were thus sent and were very gratefully received. —— At Brockton, Mass., the Union devotes its monthly Conquest Meeting to the consideration of the best means of winning the Europeans in America for Christ. As this is a very important and also very difficult sphere of labor there is much room for suggestion and active effort.——The district of Tulare,Cal.,comprises seven unions, all of which are prosperous and enthusiastic in their work. They have devoted their missionary efforts mainly to the support of the chapel railroad car, which is reaching isolated settlements and is doing valuable work.

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MICHIGAN'S NEW B. Y. P. U. PRESIDENT.

The honor of being President of the banner State organization of the Baptist Young People's Union has just been conferred on Mr. Walter H. Merritt of Detroit,whose portrait,by the courtesy of the *Young People's Union*, we publish on this page. The former President of the Union was Rev. A. S. Carman of Ann Arbor, and under his leadership it attained the

MR. W. H. MERRITT,
The New President of the Michigan B. Y P. U.

highest position on the roll of States. It was, however,impossible for him any longer to fulfil the duties of the office and the Union was called upon to elect his successor. There was no difficulty in that duty. Mr. Merritt had conclusively proved his fitness for the important office and he was elected. He has been President of the B. Y. P. U. of the North Baptist Church of Detroit and is President of the Associational Union. Mr. Merritt is a graduate of Kalamazoo College. He was for some time principal of the Grass Lake High School,but of late has been connected with the Detroit *Journal*. Church work, especially the kind that would bring him in contact with children and young people has always appealed strongly to his heart,and he has cheerfully accepted offices involving the sacrifice of much valuable time and labor. He is a Director of the Young Men's Christian Association of Detroit, one of the examiners of his Alma Mater, and was chairman of the Press Committee at the great national B. Y. P. U. convention. There is every reason to expect that the high efficiency, for which the Michigan Union has become famous, will be maintained and perhaps increased under Mr. Merritt's leadership.

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A POLICEMAN'S C. E. SOCIETY.

THE EMBLEM.

A CHRISTIAN Endeavor unlike any other in the world has been organized in New York. Its active membership is restricted to the friends who organized the Society and policemen and ex-policemen. Its meetings are held every Wednesday afternoon at 3:30 in the rooms of the Christian Police Association at 235 W. 30th Street. The emblem of the Society is a combination of helmet, club and shackles which ex-roundsman Mead who is President of the Society interprets, "We club together as a Christian Endeavor to free the policemen of New York City from the shackles of sin." The popular idea of the policemen of the city would not encourage much hope in organizing a C.E. Society among them, but the fact proves that there are on the force many earnest Christian men, who have held fast their faith and consistency of life in spite of the fiercest temptation. The special effort for the New York policemen,which developed into the Christian Police Association, originated in the visit of Miss Gurney, an English lady, who has made this her life work. She commenced it in London, and has since organized Associations in Australia, Africa, India, Sweden, and Canada, besides those in English provincial towns. During her visit to the United States in 1891, she succeeded in organizing Associations in Chicago, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Brooklyn and New York, and they are now spreading to other cities. At first the meetings in New York were held in the rooms of the American Sunday School Union, but as larger accommodations became necessary, the Thirtieth Street rooms were acquired and now there are regular meetings there every Sunday afternoon. Good singing, Scriptural exposition, testimonies, and general conversation on the needs of the men occupy the time, and if any of the members of the force are sick, the fact is reported to some Christian man who is deputed to visit them. On Friday afternoons there is a meeting for the children of policemen which is well attended. A Christian Endeavor Society is an appropriate adjunct to the general work, and the welcome it has received from the men and the enthusiasm with which they have entered into it are encouraging features of the movement.

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THE Y. W. C. A. CONVENTION.

The Fourth Biennial Convention of the Young Women's Christian Associations of the United States and Canada, will be held at Toledo, O., April 27-30. The International Association is composed of three hundred city and college Young Women's Christian Associations in thirty-seven states and provinces. Their headquarters are in the Venetian Building, Chicago, where the International Committee publish the monthly organ *The Evangel*. This committee have charge of development and extension of Associations both local and state, and on the part of the World's Young Women's Christian Associations they also hold summer Bible and Training Schools for young women.

The programme for the Convention includes addresses by Mr. L. D. Wishard, N. Y. City; Dr. T. C. Hall, Chicago; Dr. J. H. Brooks, St. Louis, and Prof. Graham Taylor, Chicago, and many prominent Association members and workers.

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THE GENERAL OUTLOOK.

The Christian Endeavor Society of the First Congregational Church of Spokane, Washington, has pledged itself to raise $1,000 toward the liquidation of the debt on the Church building.

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Dr. F. E. Clark, writing from Bangalore, India, speaks hopefully of Christian Endeavor progress in that land. He had addressed sixteen audiences in ten days, representing the English, Tamil and Telegu peoples. At Madura, he found a C. E. Society in active operation, and was warmly welcomed by a band of native Endeavorers.

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The Y. M. C. A. of Louisville, Ky., has taken up educational work in earnest. A number of the physicians of the city have been giving talks on health during the winter. The last session of the series was devoted to the subject of Personal Purity. Prof. Maurice Kirby has commenced a series of lectures on Political Economy.

✠

The Y. M. C. A. of Charleston, W.Va., has secured a site for its new building. It is in one of the best localities in the city, immediately opposite the State offices. It cost $12,000, including a frame dwelling house, which will be used until the association building is erected, as a gymnasium, a reading-room and a reception parlor.

✠

A change has been made in the date of the International Convention of the Epworth League. It will be held at Cleveland, Ohio, from June 29 to July 2. The change has been made as an act of Christian courtesy to the Christian Endeavor Society,whose conference is to be held at Montreal on July 5–9. When the Epworth League selected that date for its conference, the Committee was not aware that the Montreal conference would be held then; but as soon as the fact was discovered, efforts were at once made to prevent the seeming discourtesy of holding a rival conference at the same time. Considerable inconvenience was involved in making the change, but, as the Christian Endeavor Society was the senior society, and had the claim of priority of selection, the concession has been made.

HOME

THE prince rides up the palace gates,
And his eyes with tears are dim;
For he thinks of the beggar maiden sweet
Who may never wed with him.
For home is where the heart is,
In dwelling great or small,
And there's many a splendid palace
That's never a home at all.

The yeoman comes to his little cot
With a song when day is done;
For his wife is standing at the door,
And his children to meet him run.
For home is where the heart is,
In dwelling great or small.
And there's many a stately mansion
That's never a home at all.

—GEORGE HORTON.

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Bright Hawaiian Girls.

Under Christian Training, they are Becoming Excellent Housewives—A Glimpse of a Hawaiian Cooking School at Honolulu.

FROM a friend and reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in Honolulu, Mr. A. F. Cooke, we have received a most interesting letter, forwarding facts concerning the progress of the Christian educational movement in that country. On this page we give one of a number of photographs sent by Mr. Cooke, being a view of the Cooking Department of the Kawaiahao Seminary, in Honolulu, an institution established by Christian missionaries twenty years ago for the education of young girls, and which probably more than any other similar institution in that country, has exercised a marked moral influence on the present generation of Hawaiian women. There are now in the Kawaiahao Seminary, over 130 girls, under the tuition and direction of Miss Ida M. Pope, Principal, and these young natives of the mid-Pacific kingdom, are as diligent and proficient as girls of their age anywhere. It is really a wonderful transformation that has brought these children, whose grand-parents were painted savages and cannibals, to the enjoyment of bright, happy Christian lives, amid the surroundings of civilization.

There are not a few really fine singers and musicians among the Kawaiahao girls, but amid a variety of different accomplishments, the useful, home-keeping arts are not overlooked. In that "land of lotus eaters," it was formerly a trait of the people that they took things pretty much as they came; but education and the admixture of foreigners has created a new, energetic and enterprising tone, which extends to every phase of life, and is specially felt in the social improvement of the people. However dejectedly one may talk of the Hawaiians and their faults, a visit to the boarding-schools will result in imparting confidence as to the future. There are three for boys and three for girls on the islands, besides good government day-schools and a government industrial school. The mechanical training for boys is careful and thorough, and the girls are equally well taught in various branches, one of the most important being the cuisine.

A Hawaaian *menu* is varied and by no means unattractive, although it usually contains several dishes to which the foreigner has to accustom himself slowly. A recent description of a dinner at Honolulu says: "The table was thickly covered with ferns and vines, on which rested numerous calabashes, some filled with *poi* and others with another kind of pasty-looking substance, which consisted of cocoanut and sweet potato mixed. Crabs, boiled sweet potatoes, baked taro and bread fruit, raw fish, live shrimps, the snake-like squids, moderate-sized bundles tied with *ti* leaves, and small piles of ground *kukui* nuts and chopped onions. A roasted pig graced one end of the table, and mangoes, tamarinds, bananas, oranges, and *ohelos* were spread along the counter. Everybody started right in and ate with the greatest relish. There were plates for all, but not a knife or fork to be seen. Fingers were dipped in the *poi*, a dexterous twist was given to the wrist, and the lump that adhered was carried to the mouth and sucked off with evident enjoyment. The mysterious-looking bundles were untied and full justice was done the delicious and steaming contents of mullet or chicken, which had been cooked underground, in *ti* leaves, and thus had all the juices and flavors preserved. It was somewhat trying to the strangers at times to have a lively shrimp crawl in their direction and to see him snapped up by someone and eaten with relish. The squid was a trifle unappetizing, too, and they found eating out of the same calabash with their neighbors a little unusual, but the crabs and chicken, and fish were all that could be desired, and, unless too fastidious, one need not be hungry at the end of the *luau*."

There is a faint suggestion of a Chinese diet in squid-eating, yet the Hawaaians appear to like it. Food is, after all, very largely a matter of climate and availability, and doubtless much that appears on an American table would be quite as surprising to a Hawaiian as the squids and *poi* of those islanders are to ourselves.

IN A HAWAIIAN COOKING SCHOOL.
From a photograph forwarded from Honolulu, specially for "The Christian Herald"

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Taught by a Boy.

A LAD in Boston, rather small for his years, works in an office as an errand boy for four gentlemen who do business there. One day the gentlemen were chaffing him a little about being so small, and said to him: "You never will amount to much, you never can do much business; you are too small."

The little fellow looked at them. "Well," said he, "small as I am, I can do something which none of you four men can do." "Ah, what is that?" they asked. "I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied. But they were anxious to know, and urged him to tell what he could do that none of them were able to do. "I can keep from swearing!" said the little fellow. There were some blushes on four manly faces, and there seemed to be very little anxiety for further information on the point.

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Good Temper in the House.

"THERE is a grace needed for the pantry," writes Dr. Talmage. "Somehow cups, and glasses, and cake-baskets will get broken, and no one has done it. Knives will disappear, and no one has taken them. An old saucer that was given to your grandmother the day of her marriage is cracked and set back on the shelf as though it had been uninjured. The teacaddy has been despoiled, or flour has unreasonably failed, with no miracle, as in Zarepta, to replenish it. There are but few women who can keep their temper when their best china set gets broken. To study economy a month, and to find the result of this unusual carefulness has leaked out at some mysterious spigot; to have a whole mess of milk soured by one thunderstorm; to have the washboiler boil over and put out the fire; to have the dessert only half done when the people at dinner are waiting, wondering whether it is to be sago pudding or narcisse blancmange; to have the servant make up her mind she don't like the place, and leave the house in the midst of the ironing; to have to provide elaborate entertainment for some one whom you asked to come to your house without any idea that she would accept the invitation; to find after the quinces are all peeled and cut that the brass kettle has been borrowed; all this demands grace for the kitchen."

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A Child's Memory of its Mother.

"SUPPOSE," writes Virginna B. Harrison, in *Motherhood*, "that a woman, having the ability to do so, were asked to paint her own portrait, and write a complete description of herself, of her mental gifts, characteristics, manners, and ways, that in after years, her children might, from them, form an estimate of their mother. Is there anyone of us all, who would not endeavor to have her pictured face, sweet, calm and thoughtful? Who would not make the most of every beauty and soften each defect? Would she not write of her gentleness, truthfulness, and amiability, enlarging, as far as conscience would allow, upon her virtues, and glossing over her faults? Would she omit the narration of scenes, in which she had forgotten her dignity under the stress of temper, had been unjust or indifferent? The autobiography would only be a record of tenderness, good deeds, sweet thoughts and noble aspirations.

"Now have you ever thought, that in the memories and hearts of our children, we are, day by day, painting our portraits, writing our memoirs? Every mother who indulges in out-bursts of temper, in which her face is transformed with anger, may with sorrow and mortification, feel that she has placed these scenes on record, in the mind of her child, and surely such a realization, would lead her to soften and beautify her harsh words and actions."

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Be Kind to the Animals.

He loveth most who loveth best
All things, both great and small.

wrote the poet, and it is certainly one of the signs of a heart right with God that it loves all things, animate or inanimate, that were created by his hand. Mozart was very fond of animals. In the early days of his housekeeping with his young wife, he says: "Sometimes I spent more money than I ought upon some pet, for I was very fond of animals. Once I bought a starling that whistled one of my airs. I was much attached to the dear little fellow, and when he died I erected a monument over his grave in the garden." Von Weber did not consider his establishment complete without pets. When he lived in Dresden, he and his wife took one summer a nice country-house which they called "Little Paradise." Wagner, who at the time of his death was the king of the modern music world, kept many pets about him, and sorrowed greatly when any of them died.

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RELIGION IN THE HOME.

A LADY writes us from Los Angeles, Cal., as follows: "I have taken THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for twelve years. I was present when Dr. Talmage preached his first sermon in Brooklyn and have heard him in his own church since, many times. This morning, in opening our CHRISTIAN HERALD, my eye fell first upon his sermon 'Religion at Home.' It affected me as it is a subject very dear to my heart and has taken form in a Society which, in name, will be new to you, though not in substance. Our first meeting of officers was held this week. They are comprised of pastors of our leading churches (different denominations, Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, English Lutheran, Christian Congregational, Methodist South), and some prominent missionary workers—and I felt after reading Dr. Talmage's sermon I must send him our Constitution and Rules, as it was so in sympathy with his expressed views. We have become so progressive, and we delegate so much of our children's religious training to outside influences such as Christian Endeavor, Epworth League, Y. M. C. A., etc., and their literary drill to the school that, as you say, the family altar in this country is acknowledged by these very officers, as sadly neglected among their parishioners. How can we have the 'fruits' Christ expects to find in the home, when they that love the Lord fail to speak often one to the other in the home circle? God bless you in your work. My sainted father was a pastor in New York." EMILY J. VALENTINE.

Accompanying the letter is a copy of the Constitution and Rules of "The Home Christian Society; an interdenominational society for the promotion of Christian growth at home." This is we believe the pioneer organization. Its officers are Rev. Burt Estes Howard, President; Rev. John W. Campbell, D.D., Mrs. Lucy S. Blanchard, Rev. Daniel Read, LL.D., and Rev. E. J. Scudder, (Santa Barbara), Vice Presidents. Our correspondent is one of the directors of the new society. In a pleasant prefatory note, she explains that she has been assured by "an extensive acquaintance with the home life in many Christian families, that the members thereof frequently live for years under the same roof without that intimate fellowship and 'communion of saints,' that they outwardly profess, also finding with all the helpful societies on record there are none especially devoted to the home, it has been my prayerful desire to aid in changing into harmony, much of the discouragement and discord that our blessed Saviour never intended should mar the Christian development of his children (of larger or smaller growth) in their home life." We hope soon to hear that the Home Christian Society has multiplied exceedingly.

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In the Country in Japan.

IN a very interesting letter from Japan, Kate Elizabeth Clark gives us this pretty picture of juvenile rural life in the land of the Yellow Dragon:

"Over every pool and runnel dart the steel-blue and black dragon-flies, like tiny spears, much hunted by country boys and girls; which reminds one of that brief, pathetic Japanese poem, written as an epitaph upon her little lad of seven by the most famous poetess of Japan:

Tombo-tsuri!
Ky o wa do-ko made
Itta, yara!

which may be translated:

My chaser of the dragon fly!
My son! my son!
How far, I wonder, have those little feet,
This sad day, run?

"Japanese children are early taught to restrain those impulses to cruelty which seem to be characteristic of certain children in every nation—a survival of primitive barbarian instincts. They are not allowed to believe that an insect or a fish has no feeling, and that its little life is of no consequence, and they are constantly warned that every act of cruelty will be punished in a future state. It is doubtless due to this careful inculcation of a humane spirit at a time when the mind is most impressionable, that the Japanese have become, as all travellers say, the politest of nations. One cannot but hope that the quaint and peaceful charm which results from a universal spirit of kindliness may not pass away with the adoption of modern institutions and modern habits of thought."

CHAPTER VII.

ANOTHER MIGRATION.

AT last, the weary journey came to an end. Their plot of land, allotted to them by Colonial Government was handed over to them, and the name of Salem was given to it at the suggestion of Paul Heck—Salem, the City of Peace! Our little party of Palatines, however, were not destined to find anything but a very temporary and disturbed resting-place by the borders of the Pawlet River. That was not the place where Barbara's mission was to be ultimately fulfilled. But they set themselves to the hard, though congenial, task of making for themselves a home at "Salem." The patch of land apportioned to them was only partially cleared, and the log cabins which were to house their children and their few household goods had to be hewn from the forest trees around them. In time all these primary difficulties were overcome; the soil of their virgin farms was sown with the seed they had brought from Jan Stuyvesant's store on the quay of New York, and the evidences of "home" began again to smile around them.

The seed of the Kingdom, too, was not allowed to remain unscattered. Philip Embury did not need, on this occasion, to be prompted to tell the Gospel story to the scattered colonisers round about them; and Brave Barbara soon constituted herself a volunteer missioner, especially among the women and children, who soon learned to trust her as a teacher, and to love her as a friend. John Lawrence, too, and Michael Finnigan, used to tramp the forest ways for many surrounding miles, visiting distant clearings, Sunday by Sunday, to tell the story of the Cross, and in this primitive fashion was the news of the glad evangel carried to isolated farms and settlements. In the course of the following winter, or rather in the early spring, an event happened that filled the little colony by the Pawlet River with alarm. There swept across the land one of those terrible storms that ever and anon work such wreck aud damage. The winds of the wild north west seemed to have concentrated all their possible currents into one broad rapid rush, as if to leave naught but vacuum behind. A strange conglomerate of rain, hail, snow, now at once, and now in instant succession, descended on the astonished earth. The awful ploughshare of the storm left a pitiful lane of ruin behind it. Huge forest trees had come crashing to the ground, torn up remorselessly by the roots, and even hurled to great distances from the place whereon they grew. Isolated buildings, and even clusters of farmsteads were wholly or partially overthrown, and such as escaped by reason of their position on the fringe of the hurricane, were unroofed. In the centre of the track, on which the blizzard sped, men and women, cattle, goats, and other living things, were lifted from their feet and borne helplessly along, and even men and women, where they had not flung themselves upon their faces, were overthrown.

When the hurricane had spent its force, and its consequences were fairly realized, Philip Embury was missing, and could not be found. On the morning of that tempestuous day, and while yet the sun in the eastern heavens shone out serenely, giving promise of a bright spring day, that good man had gone to the distant settlement of Morristown, some miles away. An elderly member of the little Methodist community of that region was sick unto death, and Philip, who shirked no duty, and lost no opportunity of being about his Master's business, had gone to say good words and offer intercessions by the bedside of the dying man.

In the afternoon of that day, the storm came; and on that evening, our friends were seriously disturbed to find that Philip Embury was still absent from his home. His eldest son, accompanied by John Lawrence, set out to [illegible] that he had remained at Morristown, until the blizzard had passed, and would be plodding homeward under the stars.

In the near neighborhood of Morristown, they received with much distress the news that the missing pastor had left the place before the coming of the hurricane, and that he must have been plodding along the forest ways at the very time that the peals of thunder, the flash of the lightnings, and the crash of the forest trees were making pandemonium all around. John Lawrence and his young companion, made their way, with sad hearts and weary limbs, homewards, along the path of the storm, peering through the darkness and calling out, "Father!" "Philip!" but they heard no voice.

That was indeed a sad home-coming on the part of the young searchers who had lost all heart, and a doubly sad reception that awaited them at Philip Embury's partly demolished homestead, where Mary Embury sat amid the ruins of the blizzard, mourning for her absent husband. Of course, Brave Barbara was by her side. Where was she not, when sorrow made silent cry for sympathy and aid? She, too, was much distressed; not only because of the calamity which had come to so many of her friends and neighbors, but because her own faithful and affectionate protege and helper, Michael Finnigan, had also disappeared.

So the long hours of the night passed by; and in the early morning two or three searchparties were voluntarily organized to discover, if possible the missing pastor. It was not till high noon had come and gone, and not till the sun began to climb down in red mist along the western sky, that their labors were rewarded by answering cry to their anxious calls. Then, in response to their shouts of "Philip! Philip Embury!" and the still louder, "Hallo!" that rang through the broken silence of the wilderness, they heard an answering call, "Here!" "This way!" "Come quickly!" Pressing forward in the direction indicated; forcing their way in and through and over the intervening barriers, their renewed cries brought still nearer and more definite replies. "It's here we are; an' within arm's raich av ye! Glory be to God! Misther Embury, avick! That's the voice o' John Lawrence, so it is; the name of the Lord be praised! Here John, *ma bouchal!* Here!"

"That's Mike Finnigan!" said John Lawrence, crashing his way through a network of interlacing boughs, and catching at length a glimpse of his Irish comrade, and of Philip Embury, both of them firmly imprisoned in a labyrinth of thick boughs, broken, bent, knotted, twisted in a fashion such as none but the awful strength of a cataclysm could have woven together!

In as little time as strong thews and sinews and the hearty good will of souls alive to the occasion, could accomplish it, the helpless prisoners within the maze were set free from their perilous position, both of them sorely mauled and almost exhausted by their long confinement amid the unyielding mass and the vain struggles they had made to help themselves. Philip Embury was all but spent, and the rest were filled with anxiety as to whether he could bear removal to the settlement. A couple of messengers were sent forward to Salem to fetch the means and comforts that would enable them to bear him home; but Mike, though bruised and bleeding, and pale as death, stoutly maintained that he was "all right," and now that he had got the weight of that "mortial heavy lump av a tree" off his "chist," that he should be "as good a man as the best av 'em; glory be to God."

It appeared that Philip Embury had been caught in the full sweep of the hurricane. The wonder is that he had not been simply crushed to pieces by the awful elemental war which dealt with the forest giants like nine-pins, and sent them spinning from their places along the groove its resistless course had made. Though he was sorely handled, however, the hurly-burly was, in a sense, his shelter; for the tangle of boughs which had beaten him down hemmed him in, canopied him, and saved him from being dashed to pieces by the wrath of the [illegible]

When Michael Finnigan knew that he was missing, the brave and energetic youth hastened off to Morristown to meet him. The remainder of his day's provision in the field, consisting of bread and cheese and a bottle of "herb-tea"—a grateful and pleasant decoction of "Misthress Barbara's" was still in his possession, and with this he hurried off.

Surely it was a gracious providence that directed him almost straight to the forest-prison in which his friend and pastor was confined. Calling Embury's name loudly and continuously, he was answered at last by the welcome sound of Philip's voice. It was some time before he actually discovered his whereabouts, though he felt that it surely rose from the shapeless heap on which his eyes were fixed. When the truth dawned upon him, with all the hot and generous impulsiveness of his true Irish heart, he thrust his way as closely as his strength would permit to Philip's side. He could touch him, but he could not quite reach him. With all the strength of his muscle he essayed to push away an intervening bough, and succeeded too effectually. It fell forward, and in so doing another unyielding branch pressed down on him;—he, too, became a prisoner, and as his struggles only served to increase the load he wisely resolved to hoard his strength for the sake of the weaker and less capable comrade at his side.

There is little question that Lucky Mike, though himself a prisoner, and with only limited use of his limbs, did really save the life of Philip Embury. The provisions he had brought broke the long fast of the bruised and weary pastor—a fast which in his frail condition might well have been fatal. Michael was able, also, to use his arms in clearing away the smaller twigs and branches from the head and shoulders of his companion in distress; and what was most likely best of all, he kept poor Philip in heart and cheer.

At last the removal of Philip Embury to his home was acomplished. Borne on a sort of traveling ambulance, consisting of the broad branches of the pines, overlaid with blankets, and the shoulders of strong men, he was once again taken beneath his own roof, and attended with loving care by Brave Barbara, by John Lawrence and Michael Finnigan, in whose loving labors, the distressed and anxoious Mary saw and felt to the full the worth and beauty of "practical Christianity." Thanks to the tender care and loving ministrations of devoted friends and a grateful people, Philip Embury rapidly became convalescent, and eventually, indeed, reached a condition of health and vigor to which he had for some time been a stranger.

Nearer and nearer, during these prosperous years was the war cloud traveling; blacker and more thickly it loomed over the thriving colonies of the West, and our Palatine friends at Salem, much distressed, harassed, vexed in spirit by the quarrelsome and rebellious spirit that filled the social air that entered into the market, and gravely influenced the otherwise quiet life of field and farm.

The Hecks, the Embury's the Schweitzers, and others who formed one community of blood, of dialect, of faith, were sore flustered and unsettled. Barbara Heck and her husband were among the first to fix their desires on a still more westerly and distant "land of rest." In Canada, they thought, their loyalty of heart and love of peace would find a congenial habitation; and thither, they suggested, the little colony should go. Philip Embury, whose goods and gear, whose lands and stock was steadily growing, was loth to leave his Salem farm

"Nay, dear heart," he said to his sweet wife, who was a good deal unnerved and timorous by reason of the rumors of outbreak and serious collision that had reached the quiet valley in which they dwelt —"Nay, dear heart, this is only some temporary tumult, raised by the commercial disaffection of interested and selfish men. The colonists, as a body, will never rebel."

Hopeful Philip Embury was wrong. That loyal heart did not rightly interpret the signs of the times. The country was ripe for revolt; the actual crash of conflict, however, did not come until Philip Embury had passed into the Land of Peace. In the summer of 1775, Philip Embury was busy in the harvest-field, when an "accident" occurred that put a sudden and unexpected end to his career. He was riding, it would seem, on the top of the wagon, on which he was piling the spoils of harvest. A broken wheel, or a hole in the stubble, led to his being violently thrown down. The blade of a scythe, the prongs of a fork, or some other harvest tool lazily left where it had no business to be, became the unconscious weapon of destruction, and Philip passed to the place "where beyond these voices there is peace!"

His last hours, like the "passing of Arthur," was the going forth of a hero. Taking affectionate leave of Barbara Heck, he said, "Farewell, dearest of friends, most faithful of helpers, and true mother in Israel. Grace and peace be multiplied to you and yours, as they surely will be. Keep heart of cheer, Brave Barbara, the Lord hath yet much labor for thy loving heart and songful tongue, and also, much reward." To John Lawrence he committed the charge of his weeping wife and family. To his gentle and loving Mary, he could say but little; for the deep stream of his affections, generally still, as deep streams are seemed to stagnate into silence by the very excess and power of its emotions. "My Mary," said he, as his pale face quivered, and his voice sank into a whisper, "Beloved wife of my heart! I leave you and my children to the sure care of our common Father. All is well with me; all will be with you. All is well!"

After he had committed the whole group gathered round his bed to the Father's care, in words that went to every heart, he said, "And now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy Word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Then the silence fell, the saint was sent for, and it seemed as though "a glory shone around."

The burial of this pioneer apostle of the West was in keeping with his humble life and influential career. Like the cave of Machpelah, which Abraham took possession of for the inheritance of Canaan, the simple grave of Embury held the whole land of the new continent in fee for Jesus. It was dug in his own field, as was the case with the Primitive settlers. All the neighborhood was present at his burial, and on the quiet waters of the beautiful Pawlet River, and across the virgin farms of Salem, and through the forest-trees of God's fair temple round, the echoes of Philip Embury's burial song floated on the air.

It is needless to say that it was not without a sore heart-wrench and serious loss that our emigrants left the smiling fields and pleasant homes of Salem. They had made the one, and reared the other, with their own toilsome hands, and the pleasant banks of the Pawlet River had grown to be truly dear. Their beloved dead, too, and especially their loved and lamented pastor slepr there, and they fain would have dwelt there still, if they might dwell in peace.

Peace, however, Paul Heck's supreme delight, seemed to have fled the land in general, and Salem in particular, for the neighbors, who had no grateful memories to fall back upon, were insurgents to a man; and not content with being warriors and war-like themselves, "made it hot" for our Methodist German-Irishmen because they would not tie the red ribbon on their hat. Persecution grew bad to bear among the disturbed and fractious settlers of the Pawlet River, and so, with one consent, Paul Heck and his companions resolved to "Arise and go." For conscience sake, therefore, the Hecks, accompanied by Mary Embury and her children, and by John Lawrence and Michael Finnigan, turned their faces to the distant north. They sold their flocks and herds and farming gear at great sacrifice, to their revolutionary neighbors, who, while they respected their character and esteemed their consistency, were not unwilling to make a gain out of what they called "such fanatical loyalty." When the wheat harvest had been reaped, our exiles reserved sufficient for their provision during the long journey that lay before them, and turned the rest into money to swell the little hoard which should smooth their way in the new lands whither they were bound.

Two large, rough and unwieldy barges, or flat-bottomed boats called "bateaux," had been provided for the long journey over unknown waters to the loyal province of Lower Canada. In them were placed what they had reserved for household gear—such as bedding and other comforts; their stock of wearing apparel, and such portable property as had become endeared to them by use and memory. Among the most precious articles of faith was Barbara Heck's talisman, the dear old German Bible, the latest hymn book, sent to them from New York by the sweet singer, David Schweitzer—who was destined to join them at a future day—also Philip Embury's much-prized "Cruden's Concordence," in its strong calf-binding and enclosed in a bag of black glazed linen, stitched together by the deft fingers of his widow.

A comfortable nest was made for the five children of Paul and Barbara Heck. The eldest was a bright eyed lassie of ten; then came three boys of eight, six and four; a laughing, black-eyed little girl of two summers bringing up the rear.

Paul Heck and John Lawrence had charge of the oars, and Lucky Mike, who declared himself luckier than ever, now that "the Misthress" found him so useful, was "odd man" for any and every service.

Such was the little pioneer party, which was snugly stowed away on the two bateaux, when a band of sympathetic friends and neighbors came to see them off, and to say that sadly familiar word in this changeful world, "Goodbye." The "good Word" was read, prayer was offered, then the last words of farewell were spoken, and the voices of friends on shore blended with those on board in parting song.

(To be Continued.)

The Garden Tomb.

Agnes Ben-Oliel Writes an Interesting Letter on the Much-Discussed Topic.

"NOW in the place where he was crucified there was a garden, and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid" (John 19: 41). Whose was this garden? Clearly, I think, Joseph's of Arimathea. Was it at all likely that the wealthy Joseph, an honorable counselor, would dig "his own new tomb" (Matt. 26: 60) in another man's garden? And if the garden was his, it and the sepulchre remained his private property after the Lord's resurrection; and it would continue to be the private property of himself, or of some one else, till the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, some forty years after the crucifixion.

Whether Joseph was afterward interred "in his own new tomb," which he had excavated expressly for himself; or whether he and Nicodemus, another "honorable counselor"—member of the Sanhedrim—and secret disciple of the Lord Jesus, having by their loving burial of the dear Master become identified publicly with his claim to the Messiahship, were involved in the persecution of the disciples by the arrogant and corrupt priests, scribes and pharisees consequent on Stephen's martyrdom, we know not. More likely it is that they became popular with the multitude, who loved and adored Jesus more than any prophet that ever trod the land of Israel, by their reverential burial of him whom the oldest rabbinic writings recognize and acknowledge as a scion of the royal house of David, inasmuch as they record that he was taken down from the cross early, "for it was not seemly that a member of the royal family should remain on it till sunset, like a common malefactor," and particularly when it became generally known that Joseph had dissented from "the counsel and deed" of the nefarious priests (Luke 23: 50).

Possibly Joseph would esteem it a high honor to be

Buried in the very Tomb

wherein the sacred body of his Lord and Saviour had been laid (see 1. Kings 13: 31); and it is certain he would consider the spot too holy to permit any one else to be buried in it, perhaps not even himself.

What appears positive and indubitable is, that this garden was not a public cemetery at all, and could not become such till long after the destruction of the city; and then, it seems to me highly questionable that after Titus' terrible siege, the obstinate defense and final complete overthrow of Jerusalem, any garden in the immediate vicinity of the city would remain intact and recognizable.

We know that after Stephen's martyrdom "there was a great persecution against the church, which was at Jerusalem; and they"—the disciples—"were all"—(note well *all*), "except the apostles" scattered abroad throughout the regions of Judea and Samaria" (Acts 8: 1), and were preaching the Gospel to "Phenice, Cyprus, and Antioch," and we know, also, that the apostles and disciples quitted Jerusalem before the siege, and took refuge at Pella and other places beyond Jordan. Did any ever return to Jerusalem? It seems highly doubtful. And if any did, say at the rebuilding of the city by Adrian, sixty years after, they could hardly have been of the generation that witnessed the crucifixion and resurrection.

Now, the ground immediately surrounding Golgotha on the west is honey-combed with rock-cut tombs, and there is every indication that it has been a public cemetery from time immemorial. For all these reasons, the idea that Joseph's garden was in immediate proximity—in actual contact, in fact—of the defiled, disreputable, accursed Place of Stoning, appears to me preposterous and incredible. No tomb close to that desecrated, ignominious mound could possibly be Joseph's "own new tomb" in his own private garden. To me, a Hebrew, the supposition appears inconceivable and most incongruous, and I feel it a solemn duty to raise my humble voice against the perpetration of a great, lamentable and

Mischievous Blunder

by fellow-evangelical Christians. I entreat them to pause and reconsider the subject prayerfully and more seriously before they set up another Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem.

Across the narrow road leading to this so-called "Garden of Calvary" of a few Protestants, is the extensive property of the Dominicans, surrounded by solid walls, inside which are seen the ruined foundations of the church built in the middle of the fifth century on the traditional site of St. Stephen's martyrdom,—a very likely spot, for it is close to the Jewish Place of Stoning—to Golgotha; and M. Heydet's pamphlet seems conclusive on the point. This ground is honey-combed with rock-cut tombs, in some places tier above tier. It is here that a tomb, it is said, has been discovered with an inscription stating: "To Nonus and Onesimus, deacons of the church of the witness of the resurrection of Christ, buried near their Lord." I have more than once tried to inspect this tomb and inscription, said to be in a particular vault; but the key is not forthcoming—it is always in the custody of a monk, absent at the time. I must try again, and till then I must reserve my opinion or judgment. No date is alleged, and that is a very material point.

The Dominicans have just finished building a very handsome college. They have several other structures on their property, and are collecting for the rebuilding of the Basilica on its ancient foundations. I dare say they will accomplish their purpose long before the urgently-needed Evangelical Christian-Union Hall is reared in Jerusalem!

Mount Zion.

"Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion, on the sides of the north—the city of the Great King" (Psalm 48: 2). The turning-point in all discussions on topographic and archæologic subjects regarding Jerusalem is the exact situation of Mount Zion. The above-quoted Psalm says it is "on the sides of the north;" but guide books, dragomen and people generally, now-a-days, say it is on the southwest; there is no question respecting Mount Moriah; all are agreed it is the southeast peak of the ridge—the present harem area; but while the Bible, Josephus and all ancient writers place Mount Zion to the north, or, to be geographically precise, to northwest of Morian, most writers and most people say it is the western ridge. It is marvelous how easily people are carried away by common, or popular, assumptions! We know, or ought to know, that in the days of the Maccabees—of Simon—the population of Jerusalem worked day and night during three whole years to reduce Mount Zion—the city of David—the Akra—to a lower level than the Temple peak; but, the present so-called Zion is still higher!

Till this fact of the true location of Mount Zion is grasped clearly and distinctly, the topography of Jerusalem is a muddle full of contradictions, inconsistencies, incongruities, and at utter variance with the Scriptures.

Since writing these "random thoughts," I have read the pamphlet of the Rev. Haskett Smith, author of Murray's Handbook to Syria and Palestine. He is a strong partisan of the tomb in the presumed "Garden of Calvary." Alas! that so many learned men should be still seeking the living, risen Saviour, among the dead! Dr. Cachet's objection is overwhelmingly conclusive against that, or any other tomb in proximity and contact with the "Place of Stoning."

A Pleasant Festival.

On the 11th of January our mission had what was called an entertainment for the mothers of our sewing meeting and their children. Though it had been postponed on account of the non-arrival of some of the toys, it was, we think, quite as well appreciated and enjoyed as if it had taken place earlier. About two o'clock the poor Jewesses began to arrive, some bringing two or three children out of their numerous families, and one woman leading her blind husband who seemed to enjoy it all.

Miss Ben-Oliel is now in England, working up an interest in the Jews among Sunday Schools and branches of the Y. W. C. A. She is very anxious to start a class for teaching the elder girls how to earn their living by dressmaking. A young Christian widow, without children, has offered herself for this work, but we are waiting to find means for her support before bringing her out. For this and materials for the mothers' meetings and the general expenses of the mission, funds are needed.

AGNES BEN-OLIEL.

Jerusalem, Jan. 13th, 1893.

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A STRANGE GUIDE.

LONDON is famous for the density of its fogs, but last winter they were worse than usual. In February, especially, they were numerous, and some of them so heavy and black, that men familiar with the city streets often times lost their way. One curious incident of the time is reported. It was that of a business man, who took a wrong turning on his way home and was completely lost. Hearing a footstep approaching, he waited, and asked the man who came up, if he knew where they were.

"Perfectly," was the reply, "where do you desire to go?"

The gentleman told him without hesitation, and laughingly explained that it was his own house he was trying to find. "Ah," said the stranger, cheerily, "that is almost at hand. Trust yourself to me, and I will lead you to your door." Arrived there, he accepted the gentleman's thanks, and then laughingly said, "I dare say, if you had known what I am, you would have hesitated to place yourself under my care." "That would have depended," replied the gentleman, now eyeing his rescuer furtively. "Well, I think you would," said the other, "for I am blind."

It was certainly a curious and unusual situation, that of a blind man leading one who could see. Yet it is perfectly credible, as walking in the dense fog required the exercise of faculties much more fully developed in a blind man than in one who could see. The same principle holds in spiritual things. It is not the wise and prudent who find their way to Christ, but the child-like who with implicit confidence, are accustomed to walk by faith, not by sight.

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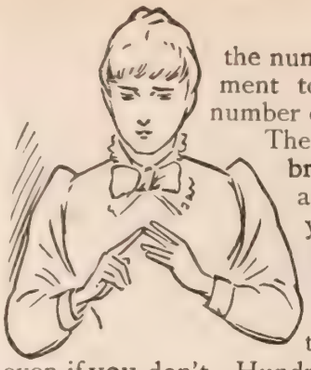

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HELPING EDWARD WATERS COLLEGE.

REV. JOHN R. SCOTT, President of the Edward Waters College, Jacksonville, Fla., has written us extending the sincere thanks of the Faculty and Trustees and of those interested in the advancement of the colored people to the following persons who have contributed to the college after reading of its work in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

L. Maynard, Maynard, Mass., $100.00; C. L. Waite, Braymer, Mo., $10; W. A. Hines, Manchester, Iowa, $10; A friend, Florisant, Mo. $10; A friend, Quincy, Ill., $3; Mrs. Matters, Ankona, Fla., $2; Peter H. Smith, Battle Creek, Iowa, $1; J. P. Pratt, Green Cove Springs, Fla., $1; M. A. Travers, Brooklyn, N. Y., $2; Chas. S. Bryan, Cassville, Mo., $1; Ella Hewett, Ida Grove, Iowa, 25 cents.

MR. SESSIONS LEAVES AFRICA.

MR. JOHN CATLINE, a reader of this paper, writes us that letters have been received giving later news of the Sessions family. "We have learned through some of the Christian Alliance Missionaries who went out in the steamer *Majestic*, soon after them," he writes, "that they were about a hundred miles up the Congo and that Mr. Sessions had been quite sick, and was cried by bearers to a steamer to return to America. His adopted son Nathan had lately died and his neice, Myrtle Perry, was quite sick. Of the other members of the family nothing was said. So much I have learned from letters written Feb. 10, and just received. We are informed, also, that there have been five deaths among those who went out in the *Majestic*."

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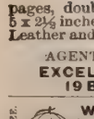

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IN ANCIENT LYDDA.

Surrounded by Orchards and Gardens and Still Beautiful even in Decay—St. George's Birthplace and the Scene of Peter's Visit and the Healing of Aeneas, the Paralytic—One of the Oldest of Old World Cities.

PASSING about nine miles east of Joppa, through the region of Palestine known as the Shephelah, or "Low Lands," and through waving corn-fields, green pastures and olive-girt villages, there is no more picturesque or attractive sight that greets the eye of the traveler to Jerusalem than the white walls and shining domes of ancient Lydda. He approaches through a mile of beautiful orchards and gardens, which enclose the town on all sides except the east, which lies close to the hills. Lydda, which received its name from the Hebrew word "Lod," lies within the limits of the tribe of Ephraim. It appears to have been first built by the Benjamites, although it lay beyond the limits of their territory (1. Chron. 8 : 12). At a later date, its inhabitants are mentioned among those who were sold into slavery by Cassius when he inflicted the calamity of his presence upon Palestine after the death of Julius Caesar, as told by Josephus, the celebrated Jewish historian.

In the New Testament, Lydda is referred to as the scene of Peter's miraculous healing of the paralytic Æneas (Acts 9 : 32—35.) The apostle, on leaving "the saints in Lydda," went to Joppa, where the generous-hearted Dorcas had fallen sick and died (Acts 9 : 38). Later, as we learn from Josephus, Lydda or Lydd (as it is called at the present time by the natives of Palestine) was reduced to ashes by Cestius Gallus, on his march against Jerusalem. However it soon revived, for not long after, we find it at the head of one of the toparchies or states of later Judaea. At that time it is described by Josephus as a village equal to a city, and the Rabbins have much to say of it as a seat of Jewish learning. One of the interesting incidents in the Talmud states that Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine, had celebrated the Feast of Tabernacles there. We learn further, that Lydda became known as Diospolis, in the general change that took place under the Roman dominion.

St. George, the martyr, who was not less renowned in the East than afterward in the West (and who was known to the Moslems as El-Khudr), is said to have been born in Lydda. He suffered martyrdom in Nicomedia, but his remains were carried to his native town, and his head is said to have been buried below the altar of the church consecrated to his memory by Justinian. This church, which stood outside the town, was levelled to the ground by the Moslems during the Crusader wars; but was afterwards rebuilt. The Crusaders invested the martyr with the dignity of their patron, and he afterward became the patron saint of England and of several other states and kingdoms. The church mentioned was finally destroyed by the famous Moslem warrior, Salah-Ed-Deen, in 1191. There is another fine church at Lydda which dates from about A. D. 1150, and which contains a crypt with what is called St. George's Tomb, but the authenticity of the latter is doubtful.

The population of Lydda is between 4,000 and 5,000. It is noted by the neighboring towns and villages for its delicious prickly-pears, cantilopes and water-melons. With side-baskets big enough to hold 2,000 prickly-pears, loaded on donkey-back, the Lyddians are seen in summer time—sometimes fifty or more together—on their way to Ramleh, Jaffa or Jerusalem, to sell their fruits.

It is related that one of the earliest American Presbyterian missionaries in Syria when a prickly-pear was handed to him for the first time, wondered how he was to eat it. He began to drop out seed after seed of the curious fruit, and so continued until there was nothing left in his hand.

What can one have of this fruit?" he asked in surprise. "I threw the seeds away, and there, I have nothing left." His host told him with a smile that the seeds he had thrown away were the eatable substance of the prickly-pear, whereupon the missionary laughed good naturedly at his own mistake. A popular proverb grew out of this prickly-pear incident and to-day they say in Syria: "So-and-so is just like Thompson's prickly-pear," when a thing is not used in the proper way and the result is the total loss of it. Very unhandy are these prickly-pears, as they are covered with thin and nearly invisible thorns and when the Lyddians cut off the fruit, the wind blows the fine points into their faces. Those thorns sting like bees, and when, as often happens, they come into the eye, blindness is the result. Eye-disease is widely prevalent in Lydda, because of this peculiarity of the prickly-pear. A Lyddian is known wherever he goes, his eyes bearing witness for him. Nowadays, comparatively few pilgrims visiting the Holy Land call at Lydda on their way to Jerusalem. The village is on the line of railway which was constructed last year, between Jaffa and the "City of David."

LYDDA, ON THE ROAD BETWEEN JOPPA AND JERUSALEM, AS IT NOW APPEARS.
From a photograph obtained in Palestine by Rev. Dr. Talmage.

The Tabernacle Pulpit

OVER ALL FOREVER.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, preached last Sunday Morning in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Text, Romans 9: 5, *"Christ came, who is over all."*

FOR four thousand years the world had been waiting for a deliverer—waiting while empires rose and fell. Conquerors came and made the world worse instead of making it better, still the centuries watched and waited. They looked for him on thrones, looked for him in palaces, looked for him in imperial robe, looked for him at the head of armies. At last they found him in a barn. The cattle stood nearer to him than the angels, for the former were in the adjoining stall while the latter were in the clouds. A parentage of peasantry. No room for him in the inn, because there was no one to pay the hotel expense. Yet the pointing star and the angelic cantata showed that heaven made up in appreciation of his worth what the world lacked. "Christ came, who is over all, God blessed forever. Amen."

But who is this Christ who came? As to the difference between different denominations of evangelical Christians I have no concern. If I could, by the turning over of my hand, decide whether all the world shall at last be Baptist, or Methodist, or Congregational, or Episcopalian, or Presbyterian, I would not turn my hand. But there are doctrines which are vital to the soul. If Christ be not a God, we are idolaters. To this Christological question I devote myself this morning, and pray God that we may think aright and do aright in regard to a question in which mistake is infinite.

I suppose that the majority of those here to-day assembled believe the Bible. It requires as much faith to be an infidel as to be a Christian. It is faith in a different direction. The Christian has faith in the teachings of Matthew, Luke, John, Paul, Isaiah, Moses. The infidel has faith in the freethinkers. We have faith in one class of men. They have faith in another class of men. But as the majority of those, perhaps all of those here assembled, are willing to take the Bible for a standard in morals and in faith, I make this book my starting-point.

I suppose you are aware that the two generals who have marshalled the great armies against the deity of Jesus Christ are Strauss and Renan. The number of their slain will not be counted until the trumpet of the archangel sounds the roll-call of the resurrection. Those men and their sympathizers saw that if they could destroy the fortress of the miracles they could destroy Christianity, and they were right. Surrender the miracles and you surrender Christianity. The great German exegete says that all the miracles were myths. The great French exegete says that all the miracles were legends. They propose to take everything supernatural from the life of Christ, and everything supernatural from the Bible. They prefer the miracles of human nonsense to the glorious miracles of Jesus Christ.

They say there was no miraculous birth in Bethlehem, but that it is all a fanciful story, just like the story of Romulus said to have been born of Rea Silvia and the god Mars. They say no star pointed to the manger; it was only the flash of a passing lantern. They say there was no miraculous making of bread, but that it is a corruption of the story that Elisha gave twenty loaves of bread to a hundred men. They say the water was never turned into wine, but that it is a corruption of the story that the Egyptian plague turned the water into blood. They say it is no wonder that Christ sweat great drops of blood; he had been out in the night air and was taken suddenly ill. They say that there were no tongues of fire on the heads of the disciples at the Pentecost; that there was only a great thunder storm, and the air was full of electricity which snapped and flew all around about the heads of the disciples. They say that Mary and Martha and Christ felt it important to get up an excitement for the forwarding of their religion, and so they dramatized a funeral and Lazarus played the corpse, and Mary and Martha played the weepers, and Christ was the tragedian. I put it in my own words, but this is the exact meaning of their statements. They say the Bible is a spurious book written by superstitious or lying men, backed up by men who died for that which they did not believe.

Now, I take back the limited statement which I made a few moments ago, when I said it requires as much faith to be an infidel as to be a Christian. It requires a thousand-fold more faith to be an infidel than to be a Christian. for if Christianity demand that the whale swallowed Jonah, then Scepticism demands that Jonah swallowed the whale! I can prove to you that Christ was God, not only by the supernatural appearances on that Christmas night, but by what inspired men said of him, by what he says of himself, and by his wonderful achievements. "Christ came, who is over all." Ah! does not that prove too much? Not over the Cæsars, not over Frederick, not over Alexander the Great, not over the Henrys, not over the Louises? Yes. Pile all the thrones of all the ages together, and my text overspans them as easily as a rainbow overspans a mountain-top. "Christ came, who is over all." Then he must be a God.

The Bible says that all things were made by him. Does not that prove too much? Could it be that he made the Mediterranean, that he made the Black Sea, that he made the Atlantic, the Pacific, that he made Mount Lebanon, that he made the Alps, the Sierra Nevadas, that he made the hemispheres, that he made the universe? Yes. The Bible says so, and lest we be too stupid to understand, John winds up with a magnificent reiteration, and says: "Without him was not anything made that was made." Then he was a God.

The Bible says at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow. All heaven must come down on its knees. Martyrs on their knees, apostles on their knees, confessors on their knees, the archangel on his knees. Before whom? a man? No, he is a God. The Bible says every tongue shall confess—Bornesian, Malayan, Mexican, Italian, Spanish, Persian, English. Every tongue shall confess. To whom? God. The Bible says Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Is that characteristic of humanity? Do we not change? Does not the body entirely change in seven years? Does not the mind change? Does not the heart change? Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. He must be a God.

Philosophers say that the law of gravitation decides everything, and that the centripetal and centrifugal forces keep the world from clashing and from demolition. But Paul says that Christ's arm is the axle on which everything turns, and that Christ's hand is the socket in which everything is set. Mark the words, "Upholding—upholding all things by the word of his power." Then he must be a God.

Then look at what Christ says of himself. Now, certainly everyone must understand himself better than any one else can understand him. If I ask you where you were born, and you tell me, "I was born in Chester, England," or "I was born in Glasgow, Scotland," or "I was born in Dublin, Ireland," or "I was born in New Orleans, the United States," you being a man of integrity, I should believe you. If I asked you how many pounds you could lift, and you should say you could lift one hundred pounds, or two hundred pounds, or three hundred pounds, I should believe you. It is a matter personal to yourself. You know better than anyone else can tell you. If I ask how much estate you are worth, and you say $10,000, or $100,000, or $500,000, I believe what you say. You know better than anyone else. Now Christ must know better than anyone else who he is and what he is. When I ask him how old he is, he says: "Before Abraham was, I am." Abraham had been dead 2028 years. Was Christ 2028 years old? Yes, he says he is older than that. "Before Abraham was, I am." Then Christ says, "I am the Alpha." Alpha is the first letter of the Greek alphabet, and Christ in that utterance declared, "I am the A of the alphabet of the centuries." Then he must be a God. Can a man be in a thousand places at once? Christ says he is in a thousand places at once. "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." This everywhereativeness, is it characteristic of a man or of a God? And lest we might think this everywhereativeness would cease, he goes on and he intimates that he will be in all the cities of the earth—he will be in Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America the day before the world burns up. "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Why, then, he must be a God.

Besides that, he takes divine honors. He declares himself Lord of men, angels, and devils. Is he? If he is, he is a God. If he is not, he is an impostor. A man comes into your store to-morrow morning. He says, "I am the great shipbuilder of Liverpool; I have built hundreds of ships." He goes on to give his experience. You defer to him as a man of large experience and great possessions. But the next day you find out that he is not the great shipbuilder of Liverpool, that he never built a ship, that he never built anything. What is he then? An impostor. Christ says he built this world; he built all things. Did he build them? If he did he is a God. If he did not he is an impostor.

A man comes into your place of business, with a Jewish countenance and a German accent, and says, "I am Rothschild, the banker of London; I have the wealth of nations in my pocket; I loaned that large amount to Italy and Austria in their perplexity." But after awhile you find that he has never loaned any money to Italy or Austria, that he never had a large estate, that he is no banker at all, that he owns nothing. What is he? An impostor. Christ says he owns the cattle on a thousand hills, he owns this world, he owns the next world, he owns the universe, he is the banker of all nations. Is he? If he is, he is a God. Is he not? Then he is an impostor.

A man enters the White House at Washington. He says, "I am Emperor William of Germany; I am traveling *incognito;* I have come over here for recreation and pleasure; I own castles in Dresden and Berlin." But the President finds out the next day that he is not Emperor William, that he owns no castles at Berlin or Dresden, that he has no authority. What is he? An impostor. Christ says he is the King over all, the King immortal, invisible. If he is, he is a God. If he is not, he is an impostor.

Strauss saw that alternative, and he tries to get out of it by saying that Christ was sinful in accepting adoration and worship. Renan tries to get out of it by saying that Christ—not through any fault of his own, but through the fault of others—lost his purity of conscience, and he slyly intimates that dishonorable women had damaged his soul. Anything but believe that Christ is God. Now you believe the Bible to be true. If you do not you would hardly have appeared in this church. You would have gone over and joined the Broadway Infidel Club, or you would go to Boston and kiss the foot of the statue of Thomas Paine. You would hardly come into this church, where the most of us are the deluded souls who believe in a whole Bible and take it all down as easily as you swallow a ripe strawberry. I have shown you what inspired men said of Christ, I have shown you what Christ said of himself; now if you believe the Bible, let us go out and see his wonderful achievements — surgical, alimentary, marine, mortuary. Surgical achievements: Where is the medical journal that gives any account of such exploits as Christ wrought? He used no knife. He carried no splints. He employed no compress. He made no patient squirm under cauterization. He tied no artery. Yet behold him! With a word he stuck fast Malchus's amputated ear. He stirred a little dust and spittle into a salve and with it caused a man who was born blind, and without optic nerve, or cornea, or crystalline lens, to open his eyes on the sunlight. He beat music on the drum of the deaf ear. He straightened a woman who through contraction of muscle had been bent almost double for well-nigh two decades. He made a man who had no use of his limbs for thirty-eight years shoulder his mattress and walk off.

Sir Astley Cooper, Abernethy, Valentine Mott stood powerless before a withered arm; but this doctor of omnipotent surgery comes in and he sees the paralytic arm useless and lifeless at the man's side, and Christ says to him: "Stretch forth thine hand, and he stretched it forth whole as the other." He was a God.

Alimentary achievements. He found a lad who had come out of the wilderness with five loaves of bread for a speculation. Perhaps the lad had paid five pennies for the five loaves, and expected to sell them for ten pennies, and so he would double his money. Christ took those loaves of bread and performed a miracle by which he fed seven thousand famishing people, and I warrant you the lad lost nothing, for there were twelve baskets of fragments taken up, and if the boy had five loaves at the start, I warrant you he had at least ten at the close.

The Saviour's mother goes into a neighbor's house to help get up a wedding party. By calculation she finds out that the amount of wine is not sufficient for the guests. She calls in Christ for help, and Christ, not by the slow decay of fermentation, but by a word, makes one hundred and thirty gallons of pure wine.

Marine achievements. He turns a whole school of fish into the net of men

who were mourning over their poor luck, until the boat is so full they have to halloo to other boats, and the other boats come up and they are laden to the water's edge with the game, so that the sailors have to be cautious in going from larboard to starboard lest they upset the ship. Then there comes a squall down through the mountain gorge, and Gennesaret with long locks of white foam rises up to battle it, and the boat drops into a trough and ships a sea, and the loosened sails crack in the tornado, and Christ rises from the back part of the boat and comes walking across the staggering ship until he comes to the prow, and there he wipes the spray from his brow and hushes the crying storm on the knee of his omnipotence. Who wrestled down that euroclydon? Whose feet trampled the rough Galilee into a smooth floor?

Let philosophers and anatomists go to Westminster Abbey and try to wake up Queen Elizabeth or Henry VIII. No human power ever wakened the dead. There is a dead girl in Capernaum. What does Christ do? Alas! that she should have died so young and when the world was so fair. Only twelve years of age. Feel her cold brow and cold hands. Dead, dead! The house is full of weeping. Christ comes and he takes hold of the hand of the dead girl, and instantly her eyes open, her heart starts. The white lily of death blushes into the rose of life and health. She rushes into the arms of her rejoicing kindred. Who woke up that death? Who restored her to life? A man? Tell that to the lunatics in Bloomingdale Asylum. It was Christ the God.

But there comes a test which more than anything else will show whether he was God or man. You remember that great passage which says: "We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ." The earth will be stunned by a blow that will make it stagger mid-heaven; the stars will circle like dry leaves in an equinox; the earth will unroll the bodies, and the sky will unroll the spirits, and soul and flesh will come into incorruptible conjunction. Day of smoke and fire and darkness and triumph. On one side, piled up in galleries of light, the one hundred and forty and four thousand, yea, the quintillions of the saved. On the other side, piled up in galleries of darkness, the frowning, the glaring multitude of those who rejected God.

Between these two piled-up galleries a throne, a high throne, a throne standing on two burnished pillars—Justice, Mercy,—a throne so bright you had better hide your eye lest it be extinguished with excess of vision. But it is an empty throne. Who will come up and take it? Will you?

"Ah! no," you say, "I am but a child of dust; I would not dare to climb that throne." Would Gabriel climb it? He dare not. Who will ascend it? Here comes one. His back is to us. He goes up step above step, height above height, until he reaches the apex. Then he turns around and faces all nations, and we all see who it is. It is Christ, the God, and all earth, and all heaven, and all hell kneel, crying: "It is a God! it is a God!" We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ.

Oh, I am so glad that it is a Divine Being who comes to pardon all our sins, to comfort all our sorrows. Sometimes our griefs are so great they are beyond any human sympathy, and we want Almighty sympathy. Oh, ye who cried all last night because of bereavement or loneliness, I want to tell you it is an omnipotent Christ who is come.

When the children are in the house and the mother is dead, the father has to be more gentle in the home and he has to take the office of father and mother, and it seems to me Christ looks out upon your helplessness and he proposes to be father and mother to your soul. He comes in the strength of the one, in the tenderness of the other. He says with one breath, "As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him," and then with the next breath he says, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." Do you not feel the hush of the divine lullaby? Oh, put your tired head down on the heaving bosom of divine compassion while he puts his arms around you and says: "O widowed soul, I will be thy God. O orphaned soul, I will be thy protector. Do not cry." Then he touches your eyelids with his fingers, and sweeps his fingers down your cheek, and wipes away all the tears of loneliness and bereavement. Oh, what a tender and sympathetic God has come for us. I do not ask you to lay hold of him. I do not ask you to pray. Perhaps you are too bewildered for that. I only ask you to let go and fall back into the arms of everlasting love.

Soon you and I will hear the click of the latch on the door of the sepulchre. Strong men will take us in their arms and carry us down and lay us in the dust, and they cannot bring us back again. I should be scared with infinite fright if I thought I must stay in the grave, if even the body was to stay in the grave. But Christ will come with glorious iconoclasm and split and grind up the rocks and let us all come forth. The Christ of the manger is the Christ of the throne.

CHRIST THE HEALER AND SYMPATHIZER.

THE BIBLE IN UGANDA.

THE country in the evangelization of which Bishop Hannington sacrificed his life and in which so much Christian blood has been shed must ever be a land of deep interest to Christians everywhere, for it has cost much. It is therefore very gratifying to learn from the *Missionary Herald* that there is an eager demand there for copies of the Word of God. It states that some boxes arrived in Uganda recently containing copies of the Gospels, and large wall reading-sheets. Notice was given that the books would be sold on the next day. The missionary, Mr. Baskerville, was aroused before day-break by the roar of voices and also to find his house in a state of siege. He barricaded the doors to keep the people outside, selling the books through the front window. But the barricades were useless; in came the door, and Mr. Baskerville says that there were 1,000 or more people, each with shells, "mad to buy a book." There were only three loads of books, whereas fifty could have been sold. Such eagerness to obtain portions of the Word of God is certainly a most hopeful sign. Captain Williams says that, in his own opinion and that of the missionaries, the "country is fast settling down, and that there is no serious disturbance to be anticipated."

Japan Drawing to Christ.

A Remarkable Conversion and its Far-Reaching Influence.

HIROSAKI, JAPAN, March 25.

DEAR EDITOR:—Kindly allow me to tender my heartiest thanks to the many kind friends who have helped me in my work by sending extra copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and other papers, and also by their kind, generous contributions towards the "Noshiro" cause. The papers are greatly appreciated. The money sent through Brother Spencer has reached me safely and has been, in part, expended in the purchase of Bibles for the multitudes who hunger for the Bread of Life. The appeal which I made in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of December 14th was so generally and generously responded to that I am very anxious to do something of a permanent nature for Noshiro. Brother Spencer returns to Japan in a month or so, and I have now thought it best to defer the prosecution of any definite plan for the establishment of the cause in Noshiro until he comes. Your correspondent is the only missionary in these two northern provinces (Aomori and Akita), and is 500 miles from Tokyo and nearly 200 miles from any other American.

Speaking of the progress of the work in Noshiro, will you allow me, please, to recite a brief instance which has recently transpired:

Two years ago, a young man from a country town twenty-five miles from here, came to this city as a student. Attracted by our services he came to church, joined one of our Bible classes, became greatly interested in the truths of Christianity, professed faith in Christ and requested baptism. Completing his studies, he returned to his home. His parents were Buddhists, of course, and so were all the family connections and friends. There was not a Christian in the town and never had been. For a long time he hesitated as to the best, wisest course to pursue. He prayed much and finally resolved not to openly profess his "new" religion but, to the very best of his ability, live its holy precepts in his daily life. After a short time he began to do some temperance work and through the establishment of a society, a score or more of young men pledged themselves against wine and tobacco which curse Japan as well as America. Finally such was the influence of his holy, earnest, blameless life, that his father asked him one day what it all meant. "Why are you living thus? Why do you work for temperance?" etc. The young fellow replied, "Father, I'm a Christian." The words were no sooner out of his mouth than he fully expected to see his father rise up in great anger and drive him from the home. But to his surprise the old gentleman dropped his head for a few moments in earnest thought, and then answered: "My boy, if this is Christianity, then I wish to be a Christian; please teach me." With tears for joy coursing down his cheeks, the son went to his room, got his little Testament and sat down at his father's side, and read him the story of the Gospel. The man was so deeply affected that he went to his old friend, the head man of the town (Mayor) and told him all about it, and the Mayor replied that he also would like to embrace the religion which had made such a change in the young man's life, for it must be a good thing. And so the young man had others to teach, until his father's house was full night after night with anxious inquirers.

The blessed Word of God had power and soon the tears of penitence and rejoicing began to flow and now I am called to go down to this town a week hence to baptize these happy people and receive them into the fellowship of the saints. Do you not envy the joy which shall surely be mine? I would'nt exchange my place as a worker for Christ in Japan with that of a king on a throne. The letter which invites me to the performance of this pleasant duty, requests me to place a pastor in their town next year, and they will build a church themselves and, in part at least, support the preacher. What hath God wrought? A year ago one soldier of the Cross in Numadate, to-day thirty or more. Bless his holy name forevermore! Yours "In His Name,"

J. W. WADMAN.

FRUITS OF WISDOM.

S S. Lesson for May 14 Prov. 12: 1-15. Golden Text, Prov. 11: 30. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE fruit of the righteous is a tree of life; and he that winneth souls is wise." (Prov. 11: 30.) "I will bless thee, and make thy name great, and be thou a blessing" (Gen. 12: 2), was God's word to Abraham. It is the will of God that his children should be a blessing; separated, like the Levites of old, to "bless in his name." While an atmosphere of darkness and of death surrounds ungodly men, and all who come in contact with them are the sadder and the worse for their society, God would have his children, as being "the children of light and the children of the day," bring joy and sunshine, health and life with them wherever they go. The fruit of Jesus, the Righteous One, was indeed "a tree of life," and as surely as his children are sun clothed in his light, and their whole bodies full of light, they too become a tree of life; they bear "fruit unto life eternal"; and are wise to win souls. It is a solemn fact that we cannot be neutral in the matter of soul-winning; either we gather with Christ, or we scatter from him; either we, by life and word, draw men to Christ, or by our unreality and un-Christlikeness, our selfishness and indifference, we scatter them from him. Heavenly wisdom, i. e. Christ made unto us Wisdom, as he dwells in our hearts by faith, cannot but be fruitful in the winning of souls. A truly righteous man cannot live in vain.

In the passage before us we are to look for the fruits of wisdom, and they are not far to find. If "the righteous is a tree of life," the tree must have a root. "Every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up." "But those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall still bring forth fruit in old age." God's transplanting is out of ourselves into himself. Out of ourselves, our natural earthly soil, into himself "rooted and fixed in God," having the springs and sources of our life in him. Thus

The Root of the Righteous

shall not be moved. God, in whom he has taken root, cannot be moved, his house is "built upon a rock," and "the gates of hell cannot prevail against it." It is the glory of God to show, as in Job's case, how much a righteous man may be put to the proof, and yet remain firmly rooted in his God. Such ground is no shifting sand, therefore, "the root of the righteous beareth fruit" like "the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind whose seed is in itself. The righteous thus reproduces himself and by his very contact with God makes other people like him. Because his root is right, "the thoughts of the righteous are right;" his inner life, "the hidden man of the heart in that which is not contemptible" is as right as his root and his fruit. A man with evil thoughts is sure to manifest sooner or later what is going on within. Whenever there is a lack of transparancy in the face of a child of God there is always something within to account for it. "The shew of their countenance doth witness against them." (Isa. 3: 9.)

And then again, the words of a righteous man are productive of good: "The mouth of the upright shall deliver them;" he shall be satisfied with the fruits of his mouth. "The tongue of the wise is health." He need not reproach himself for what he has spoken, and waste his time in vain regrets. If he has spoken what the Lord gave him to say, he cannot but have been himself blest in saying it, and a channel of blessing to others as well. What health there was in the tongue of Paul! How often we have known men and women who lived near to God, and whose words were unforgetable, for they were God given words. "If a man offend not in word the same is a perfect man and able also to bridle the whole body." In the lips of the Master "there was found no guile," and he could say: "The words which I speak unto you they are spirit and they are life." He wills that as he was, so should we be in the world, communicators of spirit and life by the God-given words we speak. And yet no man can rule or master his own tongue. "The tongue can no man tame;" it needs the hand of Almightiness, but before the tongue of the wise can be health, it needs to be conquered by God himself.

But what is it which produces a guarded or kept spirit and

A Guarded Tongue?

Attention to God. "He that hearkeneth unto counsel is wise." The man who was "wiser than all men" asked of God "a hearing heart." Solomon never wanted to be other than a learner, he says: "Whoso loveth instruction loveth knowledge;" it was Solomon's delight to learn. He puts into the mouth of wisdom the exhortation: "Hear instruction, and be wise, and refuse it not. Blessed is the man that heareth me, watching daily at my gates, waiting at the posts of my doors." Mary was ready to let the dinner be spoiled rather than fail to understand what the Lord Jesus wanted to teach her just at that moment. (Luke 10: 42.) She could run the risk of Martha's misunderstanding so that only all was well between her Saviour and her. A kept spirit and a kept tongue come from surrender to the Lord, trust in him, and then an uninterrupted watching and waiting upon him. And thus it comes that "the mouth of the upright shall deliver them;" a man shall be satisfied with good by the fruit of his mouth; that "he that speaketh truth sheweth forth righteousness; and the lips of truth shall be established for ever;" the elements of eternal life are in a God filled and God used tongue. And the man who possesses it is a happy man for "to the counsellors of peace is joy."

Then again it is not only in his thoughts and in his words that the righteous man is a tree of life, but

His Deeds Also

are fruitful. "In the way of righteousness there is life, and in the pathway thereof is no death," no real loss, and thus "there shall no evil happen to the just. All things work together for good to them that love God." Was it an evil which happened to Stephen when his enemies, mad with rage, hurled stone after stone at him till he was dead? An evil, when heaven stood open to him, and Jesus Christ visible to him, at the right hand of God, as he looked up to the place of his citizenship, with a face "as the face of an angel," and spent his last breath praying for his murderers? No; it was glory and triumph, and in his very death the martyr was "a tree of life." "The just shall come out of trouble." The same waters of the Flood which destroyed the ungodly bore Noah and his family upward nearer heaven. There is an exit Godward and heavenward, a safety valve on the heaven side, for every tired child of God who trusts in him. There can be no discouragement or despair in one who lives in immediate contact with God. Nothing is real loss to him, "the recompence of a man's hands shall be rendered to him," and the hand of the diligent

Shall Bear Rule.

Joseph was a diligent learner of the Lord who was "with him," and irresistibly everything came under his control. He was but a slave, and yet he was the real master in the house of Potiphar. He was but a prisoner, and yet he was the real master in the prison; because God was with him he bore rule. Elijah was but a recluse by the brookside, but the very ravenous ravens must submit to give up their prey to him, because God who was with him willed it. He was but a friendless stranger in the widow's house, but she must consent to give up the last she had to feed him; and this by no tyranny, but because the Lord was with him, and she recognized it, and believed God.

David must "bear rule" in spite of his brothers' contemptuous depreciation of him. When Paul stood before kings and governors no authority made him to tremble: but the "rule" of the Spirit of God in him made his judges to tremble. And when the same man was carried to Rome by sea, this man, diligent in ascertaining the mind of his God, bore rule in the ship, and took the command of it when the captain was powerless. In the most impossible circumstances, God and those who trust him have the real command, and all others are but powerless, unconscious instruments, to work out his will.

Oh how in these last days, when we are looking for the coming of our Lord, important it is that we should be diligent in acquiring the knowledge of our God. Nothing else is worth living for, working for, suffering for, but to know him fully whom to know is life eternal. This was Paul's one aim, "That I may know him and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformed to his death, if that by any means I may attain to the resurrection (out from among) the dead." The kingliness of our calling, as kings and priests unto God, can never be realized but as we increase in the knowledge of God; this will bring forth the fruits of wisdom. "Wherefore, the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure: for if ye do these things ye shall never fall: for so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

A SERIES of fifteen contrasts forms the subject of the lesson. The previous two chapters have been devoted to the consideration of social conditions. Even at the time they were written, the two classes of the rich and the poor were clearly defined, as well as were the causes which led to each condition. There is no attempt to minimize the advantages of wealth. It is frankly admitted that riches contribute in a very great degree to the comfort and happiness of life. Wealth is a man's strong city, it enables him to ransom himself, it brings him friends and influence and lifts him above temptations to wrong-doing which assail the poor. Since, then, wealth is desirable, the way to it is pointed out and stress is laid on industry, prudence, abstinence and integrity. Then, lest the young man should make the acquisition of money his chief business, there are several drawbacks mentioned. It is insecure, it may lead to arrogance and pride, it may be put to improper uses, and, at the best, it can only be useful in this life. There are other things which must not be overlooked in its pursuit. The man himself is to be developed. He must not be a fool and he is exhorted to watch the growth of his habits and propensities. The abundance of his life does not consist of the things he possesses. He must have riches in his mind, in his conscience and in an equable and benevolent disposition, as well as in his pocket. Then, follow rules of conduct which we are apt to regard as truisms, until we examine ourselves and see how little our lives are governed by them.

The thoughts of the righteous are right. It is important to have a high ideal. As water does not rise higher than its source, so conduct is not better than the principles of the heart. A man often does not live as his conscience tells him he ought to live, but if he maintains the standard of his conscience he will try to attain it and his conduct will become better by the effort. He should never lower his standard but try to bring his life up to it. The widow of Opie the great artist said: "During the nine years that I was his wife, I never saw him satisfied with one of his productions, and often, very often, I have seen him enter my sitting-room, and throwing himself in an agony of despondency on the sofa, exclaim, 'I never, never shall be a painter as long as I live.' It was a noble despair, such as is never felt by self-complacent daubers, and it bore the panting aspirant up to one of the highest niches in the artistic annals of his country. The self-same dissatisfaction with present attainments is a potent force to bear the Christian onward to a high degree of spirituality and holiness.

The house of the righteous shall stand. The righteous man is strong because God is on his side and can make all his enemies to be at peace with him. It is related of Eliot the famous apostle to the Indians in colonial days, that he heard that several Indian chiefs had become open enemies of the Gospel. Eliot was alone in the wilderness without the company of any white man, when several Indian chiefs came to his hut and threatened him. Eliot knew he was in their power, but his Almighty Protector inspired him with such resolution that he said, "I am about the work of the great God, and my God is with me, so that I fear neither you nor all the sachems in the country. I will go on and do you touch me if you dare." They heard him and shrank away.

A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast. He is not wrapped up in his own concerns. His own comfort and convenience are not the chief consideration to him. Everyone around him benefits by the righteousness in his heart and even the animals he possesses are happier than the animals of the selfish man, who might leave them to starve when they were no longer useful. George T. Angell relates that in Atri, one of the old cities of Italy, the king caused a bell to be hung in a tower in one of the public squares, and called it the "Bell of Justice," and commanded that any one who had been wronged should ring the bell, and so call the magistrate of the city and ask and receive justice. In the course of time the lower end of the bell-rope rotted away, and a wild vine was tied to it to lengthen it. One day an old and starving horse that had been abandoned by its owner and turned out to die, wandered into the tower and in trying to eat the vine rang the bell. The magistrate of the city, coming to see who had rung the bell, found this old and starving horse. And he caused the owner of the horse in whose service he had toiled and been worn out, to be summoned before him, and decreed that as this poor horse had rung the "Bell of Justice," he should have Justice, and that during the remainder of the horse's life his owner should provide for him.

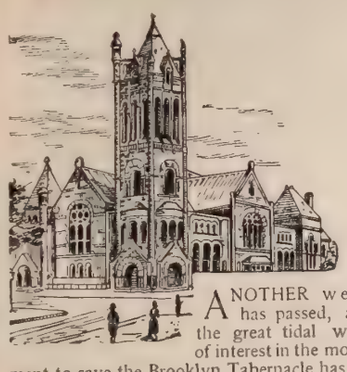
He that tilleth his land shall be satisfied with bread. There is no royal road to wealth recommended in the proverbs. Again and again Solomon insists that the sure road is that of hard work. Dr. Dwight once said that he had never known more than one lazy man become a Christion and he became industrious after he became a Christian. Krummacher the famous German writer puts the results of industry and idleness in the form of a parable, thus: Saboth gave himself up to idleness. Hillel was grieved, and resolved to cure him of his fault. He took him to the valley of Hinnom, by Jerusalem, where was a standing pool full of snakes and vermin, and covered with muddy weeds. "Here," said Hillel, "let us rest." "Not here," said the youth. "Dost thou not perceive what poisonous vapors it exhales?" "Thou art right, my son, this bog is like the soul of a slothful man." Hillel then took the youth to a waste field, producing thorns and thistles. "This," said he, "has good soil to produce all that is good and pleasant, but it is neglected. A little while ago thou didst see the soul; now behold the life of an idle man." Saboth was so impressed that he began to lead a new life. Then Hillel took him to a fertile vale, by the side of a clear brook which flowed between fruitful trees. He said: "This is the picture of an industrious life. Nature, which warned thee, will now reward thee. Her beauty and grace can only give joy to him who sees in her life a picture of his own."

The doings of a man's hands shall be rendered unto him. (R. V.) A sad ending was that to the efforts which a man in Massachusetts made to injure his neighbor. They had quarrelled and the man resolved to poison his neighbor's dog. Arsenic was placed on some bread, and the latter was left where the dog was in the habit of prowling. But his own little daughter found the bread and ate a portion of it, and in a few hours died in great agony. The Bible warns us against all revengefulness. It is often the case, even in this world, that its results are far more disastrous to the one seeking to indulge this passion, than it is to the one on whom he seeks to exercise it.

The way of a fool is right in his own eyes. Charles Reade tells the story of the wreck of a noble ship through the perversity of its captain. As the ship was approaching port the sun set. A pilot offered his services but the captain had perfect confidence in his own skill and knowledge of the coast and declined the pilot's help. There were two passages into the harbor; one a dangerous narrow channel, the other a wide and safer one. The captain determined to pilot himself by the narrow passage. A storm was coming up, and the passengers, with fear and consternation, begged him to take the wider channel. He laughed at their cowardice, and swore he would do as he pleased. As the night advanced the gale increased. Soon arose a cry, "Breakers ahead! breakers ahead!" The captain flew to the wheel; the sails were struck; the wind had the mastery; and the captain found a will that could defy his own. The vessel made a fearful plunge, struck the foreship deep into the sand, to be shattered at the wild waves' pleasure.

LIKE AN ARMY OF RESCUE!

God's People Everywhere Pressing Forward to Save the Tabernacle—Offerings Pouring in from the New World and the Old—The Emergency Fund Nearly $22,000.



ANOTHER week has passed, and the great tidal wave of interest in the movement to save the Brooklyn Tabernacle has expanded in volume, until its extremities now touch both the New World and the Old. Never before have the Christian people of America been so deeply stirred as by this effort to rescue from impending desecration the great Temple of the Gospel of Jesus Christ which has become dear through its associations to his followers in many lands and especially in our own. For the Brooklyn Tabernacle has been, for many years, a centre of evangelism, a Christian Mecca, toward which the eyes and hearts of innumerable multitudes have turned with unfailing regularity, and from which they have drawn spiritual refreshment and encouragement. The Tabernacle has literally kept "open house" to worshippers from every State in the Union, as no other church has ever done. More visitors annually come to New York than any other city on this continent, and a very large proportion of them invariably come to the Tabernacle. Of a thousand persons who visit Chicago or any other large American city, the church-goers may be found distributed among a score of different houses of worship; but of a thousand who come to New York, it is safe to venture the assertion that half the number go to the Tabernacle.

The Emergency Fund is now nearly $22,000 and is steadily growing, affording encouragement to hope that the object may soon be accomplished and the debt that now threatens the future of the Tabernacle extinguished. Unless this is actually achieved, *every dollar of the Fund, subscribed through "The Christian Herald" will be restored to the senders.*

"A Friend," who will not permit his name to be published, has subscribed to the Fund the sum of $5,000. Friends and sympathizers in England have forwarded $625. The great volume of offerings, however, is from the domestic field, where they range from the modest dime of the humble worker to the ten dollar check of the well-to-do. A few have given with exceptional generosity, one lady in New Jersey forwarding her check for $500, while a large number of others sent amounts ranging from $5 to $20.

The contributions during the week have been as follows:

Previously acknowledged..... $14,705.86

LIST NO. 1.

Contributions of ONE DOLLAR each have been received as follows:

Anthony, W. P., Salem, Ill., Abel, E. O., Forest City, Mo., Agnew, M., Mt. Vernon, O., Alden, Mrs. Spencer, Utica, N. Y., Alverson, Mrs. W. B., Oineyville, R. I., Ambridge, Mrs. Wm., Des Moines, Ia., Anderson, John C., W. Boylston, Mass., Atwood, Dr. and Mrs. J. W., Marion, N.Y., Adams, C. N., Jerseyville, Ill., A. R. H., A. J. R., Philadelphia, Pa. Total.... ...$11.00

Bulton, Miss Ella C., Jamestown, N. Y., Bealton, Miss Grace, Coila, N. Y., Beattie, John, Utica, N. Y., Beatty, M. G., Meadville, Pa., Beman, Mrs. T., Albany, N. Y., Benedict, W. E., Steven's Point, Wis., Birks, W. S., Phœnix, N. Y., Bishop Corinne, Mt Lebanon, N. Y., Bliven, Mrs. Lucy, Tenafly, N. J., Bode, E., Iron Mountain, Mich., Boulton, O. W., Redman, Mo., Brinton, Susan M., Stewart's Station, Pa., Burkett, Mrs. H. J., Oceola, N. Y., Brahy, M. Louise J., St. Paul, Minn., Brown, Mrs. M. E., Russellville, Ky., Ballaert, A., 59 Cedar St., N. Y., Baudey, Mrs., Kissimee, Fla., Beitzel, Mr. and Mrs. W. B., Carlisle, Pa., Bell, Mrs. G. M., Blythebourne, L. I., Bell, Ellen, Burnside, Man., Blumer, A. J., Woburn, Bowers, Lucy P., Wilbraham, Mass., Brown, Mrs. W., Wellington, Ill. Total..... 24.00

Calhoun, J. M., Sherman, N. Y., Campbell, Elsie, Troy, Neb., Carlson, Peter V., Vina, Cal., Clarke, Mrs., Winser Mills, Clark, Joanna, New Brunswick, N. J., Cloyd, Mary A., Pelham, N. H., Coates, Willis, Brockville, Ont., Coe, Mrs. W. D., Elkhard, Ind., Coleman, Daniel, Huntsville, Ala., Campbell, Mrs. M. L., Mazomaine, Wis., Conkling, Wm., Bordentown N. J., Cook, Mrs. Mary, La Crosse, Kans., Critfenden, S. D., Paris, Tex., Clement, Flora, Oakland, Ill., C. O., Elizabethport, N. J., C. G., Grand Rapid, C. O., Elizabethport, N. J., Clement, Flora, Oakland, Ill., C., Dover, N. H. Total..... 20.00

Davis, T. P. and wife, Frankfort, N. J., Dibble, Mrs. George, Saybrook, Ct., Denin, Mrs. Rebecca, Lewisburg, Tenn., Day, Wm., Ulysses, Kans., "David's Pebble," Cedar Rapids, Ia., Deafinite., Davis, U. A., Concord, Mass., Davey, E., Cleveland, O. Total..... 8.00

Eustace W., Wakefield, Kan., Eastwood, Susan, North Wilton, Ct., E. D., Andover, Mass., E. M. R., Hackettstown, Ethel, Eliza L., High Hill, O., Endres, Balleind, Noroton, Ct., Eichelberger, H. L., Staunton, Va. 8.00

Farmer, John B., New Brunswick, N. J. Forbes, Mr. and Mrs. G. M., Hygiene, Col. Ferguson, Mrs. J. W., Wilmington, Del., Folsom, Mrs. Mary S., Burlington, Vt., Fowler, Mrs. G. L., Elba, O., Fry, John C., Aurora, Ore., Friend, Worcester, Mass., Friend, Mt. Vernon, Me., Friend, Manitoba, Friend, N. Dak., Friend, Elmira, N. Y., Friend, Ilwaco, Wash., Friend, Coeymans, Friend, Chambersburg, Friend, Champlain, Friend, So. Orleans, Mass. Total 16.00

Goodill, R., Ann Asbor, Mich., Goult, T. O., Oakland, Iowa., Gray, George R., North Wilton, Ct., Green, Maria, Circleville, O., Grover, Mrs. James, Newark, N. J., G. S., J. F. & M. A., Montreal, Total..... 6.09

Harrison, Mrs. Mary O., Troy Hills, N. J., Harrington, Mrs. H. C., Burlington, Vt., Herd, R. H., Columbus, O., Hopkins, Zubulon, Farmington, Del., Hunt, Miss Martha, St. Louis, Mo., Hurlbut, Miss Harritte, Chicago, Ill., Higley, W. E., Becket, Mass., Higley, Arthur L., Becket, Mass., Hemstreet, Mrs. Elvira, Poland, N. Y., Harmish, Annie E., Manheim, Pa., Hamblin, Rev. J. F., Westboro, Mo., Hall, Flora, Blandford, Mass., Hoffine, S., M., Albia, Kan., Hubley, Mr. John, Canning, N. S., Hunt, Mrs. C. A., Jamestown, N. Y., Hunter, John J. J., Emmittsburg, Md. Totrl 17.00

Irish, Mrs. S. A., Hauk Centre, In His Name, Little Boar's Head, N. H., In His Name, Thompson Centre, O., Ingalls, Eunice, Cooperstown, N. Y. Total 4.00

LIST NO. 2.

"A Friend," New York..... .....$5,000.00

Ayres, Mrs. M. L., Beech Hill, O. 10.00

Amman, Tilla, Pabaskala, O. 2.00

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Branham, Mr. and Mrs., Cannelton, W. Va. 2.00

Brewster, Mrs. A. A., Thompsonville, Ct.... 2.00

Caldwell, John, Keysville, Va..... 2.00

Clarke, Mrs. M. G., Maysville, Ky..... 2.00

Clarke, Miss K. G., Galisburg, Ill..... 5.00

Cox, W. B. Plattsburg, N. Y..... 1.25

Dring, H. L., Boston, Mass..... 2.00

Darling, Mrs. A. W., Flint, Mich..... 2.00

Dodd, J. F., Delaware, O.... 2.00

Downing, Mrs. H. E., Round Lake..... 7.00

Earhart, Mrs. Delia S., Chrisman, Ill..... 1.25

Fulton, Wm. T., Oxford, Pa..... 5.00

Green, Levi, Independence, O..... 2.00

Grunow, Mrs. Wm., West Point..... 2.00

Haden, Mrs. J. M., Pueblo, Col..... 2.00

Hinkle, Mr. J. V., Henkles Ferry, Tex..... 5.00

Jameson, Mrs, Wm., Philadelphia..... 2.00

Jepsen, Anna, Hempstead, N. Y..... 2.00

Jewett, Mrs. Philo., Middleburg, Vt..... 5.00

Jones, R. W., Wheeler, Ia..... 2.00

Jones, M. P., Huntsville, Mo..... .50

Kadel, Mrs., Chas., Tilden, Neb..... 1.00

Kemmesers, Mrs. P. B., Assumption, Ills.... 10.00

Kingsby, Mrs. Margaret, Glens Falls, N. Y.. 3.00

Laforce, Miss E. A., Chicago, Ills.... 1.00

Lamb, Mrs. A. W., Shoreham, Vt..... 2.00

Lambertson, Mrs. C., Tabor, Wis..... 1.00

Larson, Otto, Waterloo, Ia..... 1.00

Larue, Abraham, Wren, O..... 1.00

Lawrence, Mrs. M. A., Flemington, N. J.... 2.00

Lawrence, J. H. and wife, Wellington, Kan. 2.00

Lee, Lucy E., Peoria, Ill..... 1.00

Litchfield, Mr. C. M., Lewiston, Me..... 1.00

Litser, Mrs. Anna, Clinton, Ia..... 2.00

Livermore, Mrs. C. J., Smith Center, Kan... 5.00

Lotdell, F. A., Salem Centre, N. Y..... 1.00

Mallette, M. J., Buel, N. Y..... 1.00

Maybry, Mr. and Mrs. L. B., Hopkinton, Mass 2.00

McDowell, Mrs. Jas., Milwaukee, Wis 2.00

McFee, Mrs. G., Mt. Carmel, Pa..... 1.00

McGeehon, Nancy, Petersburg, O..... .50

McKeever, Lena M., Barryville, O..... 1.00

McKenzie, D. S., Holyrood, Ont..... 1.00

McNiver, Elizabeth, O..... 1.00

McWhirk, Sarah, Milton, Mass..... 1.00

McWilliams, Wm., Greenwich, N. J..... 1.00

Meyers, Mrs. S. B., New Orleans..... 1.00

Miller, Mrs. O. G., Madison, Minn..... 1.00

Montague, Dunnville, Ont..... 5.00

Moore, Mrs. B. F., Ames, Ia..... 1.00

Morey, Mrs. L., Evergreen, L. I..... 1.00

Morris, W. R., Radnor, O..... 5.00

Myers, Mrs. C. H., Lewisburg, Tenn..... 1.00

New Centre S. S., Raritan, N. J..... 5.00

Newell, Mrs. G. W., Birmingham, N. J..... 1.00

Nonpareil Ptg Co., Council Bluffs, Ia..... 4.00

Northrop, Mr. and Mrs. J. W., Glenham, N.Y. 1.00

O'Dell, Frank, Cheshire, N. Y..... 1.00

Paddock, Mrs. M. C., Williamstown, N. Y.. 1.00

Palm, Margaret, Lexington, O..... 1.00

Parker, Mrs. R. A., Warehouse Pt., Ct..... 2.00

Pearce, L., Iron Mountain, Mich..... 1.00

Pease, Mrs. H. L., North Blandford, Mass... 1.00

Penn, Mary, Tempe, Arizona..... 1.00

Peterson, Louisa, Verona, Ill..... 2.00

Pollock, Mr. and Mrs., Fern, Pa..... 2.00

Rankin, Mrs. J. E., Bloomingdale, Mich..... 1.00

Reeves, Mrs. E. A., East Palmyra, N. Y..... 2.00

Reeves, Allen J., Pleasant Dale, Neb..... 2.00

Riley, Ann, North Stonington, Ct..... 1.00

Ritson, Mrs. E., Hitchcock, Tex..... 1.00

Roberts, C. A., Ann Ashor, Mich..... 1.00

Roberts, Mrs. W. G., Racine, Wis..... 5.00

Rodemore, Mrs. Jay H., Knoxboro, N. Y.... 1.00

Rogers, C. S. and C. J., Pittsford, N. Y..... 2.00

Rule, Miss Mary A..... 1.00

Saunders, Mrs. M. K., 313 W. 22d St., N. Y. 1.00

Scammon, S. A., Wilton, N. H..... 3.00

Scott, M. A., Saulsbury, Tenn..... 1.00

Sedgley, Chas. L., Cloverdale, Cal..... 1.50

Shepherd, T., Avondale, N. J..... 1.00

Shoemaker, Mr. and Mrs., Nicholls, N. Y.... 2.00

Shores, C. B., Amherst, Mass..... 1.00

Showalton, Bessie, Milford Centre, O..... 1.00

Showalton, Belle, Milford Centre, O..... 1.00

Smith, J. M., Mansfield..... 1.00

Smith, Mrs. Samuel P., New London, Ct..... 5.00

Sourmer, Mrs. Christian..... 1.00

Star, Independent, Harrisburg, Pa..... .25

Stout, Mrs. Burdge, Farmer, N. Y.. .... 1.00

Sudbrink, Mr. Henry, Baltimore, Md..... 2.50

Swan, Mrs. J. H., Sioux City, Ia..... 2.00

Symonds, Mary E., Georgetown, D. C..... 2.00

Taylor, Theo., Genoa, Nev..... 2.00

The John B. Clarke Co., Manchester, N. H... 2.00

Thompson, Mr. and Mrs., Sligo P. O., Md.... 10.00

Travis J. L., 113 Walnut st., E. Orange, N. J. 500.00

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Tyler, Mrs. Geo. C., West Newbury, Vt..... 1.00

Vallean, Mrs. A., Sanborn, Ia..... 1.00

Van Deursen, Eliza, New Brunswick, N. J.. 1.00

Vander, Rorst, Mrs., New York City 5.00

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Wakerly, H. J., Schuyler's Lake, N. Y..... 1.00

Ward, Luman, F., Cook's Corners, N. Y..... 5.00

Wetzel, Eliza, Marion, Pa 1.00

Williams, Ed. D., Utica, N. Y..... 1.00

Williams, Mrs. F., Jacksonville, Fla 2.00

Williams, Mary, N. Y. City..... 2.00

Withers, Mary A., Martinsville, Pa..... 2.00

Wormell, Mrs. E. O., Burlington, Vt..... 2.50

Wormell, Mrs. Angie, Burlington, Vt..... 2.50

Worth, J. B., Santa Maria, Cal..... 2.00

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Wright, Mrs. R. J., Morven, Can..... 5.00

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York, H. G., East Blue Hill, Me 1.00

Young, Abbie A., Kitteny, Me..... 2.00

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Ashton, Henry, Forestville, Ct 2.00

Allington, Elizabeth, Stanley, Wis..... 2.00

Ballard, Deacon V., Thompson, Conn..... 2.00

Baldwin, W. W., Stillwater, Minn..... 2.00

Babcock, Mrs. B. S., Wakefield.. ..... 3.00

Burdick, S. T., Bothell, Wash..... 2.00

Barnard, Mrs. Chas., Utica, N. Y..... .50

Barr, Mr. and Mrs. Jas., Cartersville, Ill.... 2.00

Barker, Mr. and Mrs. A. P., Newport, R. I.. 2.00

Berry, Rebecca C., Germantown, Pa..... 2.00

Brown, Chas., Sag Harbor, N. Y..... 2.00

Brown, Chester, East Hardwick, Vt..... 2.00

Brown, Mrs. J. M., Wheelersburg, O..... 2.00

Brown, Mrs. Lucy, Moultonboro, N. H..... 2.00

Buanes, James L., Norwich Corners, N. Y... 2.00

Bush, Mrs. C. V., Penn Yan, N. Y..... 2.00

Bell, Wm., Niagara Falls, Ont..... 2.00

Curtis, Hannah R., Marple, Pa 2.00

Cairns, Mrs. Jane, Fitchburg, Mass..... 4.99

Carr, Mrs. C. H., Cooperstown, N. Y. 5.00

Dowrman, Geo., Atlanta, Ga..... 2.00

Drummond, Daniel, Philadelphia, Pa..... 5.00

Dunlap, Mr. and Mrs. W., Salisbury, N. H.. 2.00

Daniels, David K., Milford, Mass..... 2.00

Eagleson, Mrs. E., Nutley, N. J..... 2.00

Etzensperger, Mrs. J., Cleveland, O 2.00

Flanagan, Mrs. R. Waltham, Mass..... 2.00

Glasgow, A., Hawley, Minn. 5.00

Goldthorp, J. E., Hanover, Ill..... 5.00

Gadson, Ed and Mrs., White Pigeon, Mich... 1.00

Gilman, Mrs. N. M., Gallipolis, O..... 10.00

Grant, M. C., Shell Mound, Tenn..... .50

Grant, G. A., Shell Mound, Tenn. ..... .50

Grant, S. C. and wife, Shell Mound, Tenn... 1.00

Guber, Geo. E. Milford, Mass..... 2.00

Hall, Mrs. Sarah, Lyons, N. Y..... 2.00

Howell, Mrs. Z. L., Philadelphia, Pa..... 5.00

Humphrey, John, Montreal, Can. ..... .50

Hyde, Margaret and Martha, Chillecothe, O. 2.00

Heath, E. H and L. R., Plattsburg, N. Y... 2.00

Haughton, J. J., Chippewa Falls, Wis..... 2.00

Haas, J. J., Farmer City, Ill. 1.00

Henderson, M. H., Tuskegee, Ala..... 5.00

Johnson, Mrs. Peter, Youngstown, Ia..... 1.00

Johnson, Chas., Milford, Mass 1.00

Johnson, Mrs. Alex, Ia,..... 1.00

J. M., Montpelier, Vt..... 1.00

Kaufman, C., Columbia, Pa..... 5.00

Knox, John R., N. Y..... 5.00

Kring, Helena A., Gloversville, N. Y. 1.00

Lee, Lucinda, Mitchell, Ind..... 1.00

Leiby, Mrs. M. E., Frankfort, S. Dak. ... 1.00

Lowe, Charles, Lost River, Idaho..... 2.00

Lundborg, Chas., Milford, Mass..... 1.00

Lutz, Mrs. H., Bay Centre, N. Dak..... 1.00

Martin, E., Sataria, Miss..... 1.00

Mayne, E. Dalton, Mass..... 2.00

McGriffen, C. B., Baxter, Pa..... 1.00

McNamara, J. J., Lakewood, N. J..... 1.00

Miller, Mrs. Geo. D., Gloversville..... 1.00

Mott, Mrs. J. G., Sauk Centre, Minn..... 1.00

Orcult, Mrs. G. S., Passaic, N. J..... 3.00

Ostrander, G. W., Richmondville, N. Y..... 1.00

Paige, M. D., Ellington..... 1.00

Peters, Maria L., Bushkill, Pa..... 1.00

Pitts, J. W., Somerville, Ga..... 3.00

Porter, R., Selma, Kan..... 1.00

Princeton, Pres. S. S., Phiadelphia, Pa..... 5.00

Querns, Mrs. James, Philadelphia, Pa..... 5.00

Rambo, E., Philadelphia, Pa..... 1.00

Raymond, W. E., Coomer, N. Y..... 1.00

Record, Mrs. W. C., Smyrna, N. Y..... 1.00

Rice, Mrs. K. H., Detroit, Mich. 10.00

Rich, Miss A. E., Daugherty, Va..... 2.50

Robertson, Mrs. G. C., Chicago, Ill 1.00

Robertson, Rev. James, Madrid, N. Y..... 5.00

Roby, Bertha A., Manchester, Vt..... 1.00

Roltman, Albany, N. Y..... 1.00

Rumsey, Mrs. Clara H., Fitchville, O 1.00

Schill, Gustave, Florence, Fla..... 1.00

Schroeder, Lydia W. S., Netherby, Ont 10.00

Seccomb, E., Boston, Mass..... 2.00

Settle, Wm. S., Lewiston, Pa..... 1.00

Shank, Alex., Rogersville, O..... 1.00

Sheldon, C. J., Hudson, N. Y..... 1.00

Sharpless, Mrs. Benj., W. Chester Pa..... 1.00

Shepherd, Hy., Shreveport, La 5.00

Shultz, Mrs. Elizabeth, Plano, Ill... ..... 2.00

Smith, Albert S., Hampden Falls..... 6.00

Sprague, J. N..... 1.00

Stewart, Mrs. J. L., Mannington, W. Va.... 1.00

Stroud, Mrs. Ruth A., Parksburg, Pa..... 1.00

Swan, Eliza B., Briarbend, Md.... ..... 1.00

Taylor, W. H., Syracuse, N. Y..... 1.00

Thacker, Mrs. L., Columbus, O 1.00

Tobin, Mrs. John, Lee, Me. 1.00

Trainor, Mrs. Jas., La Grosse, S. Dak..... .50

Tuttle, Alfred West Pelham 1.00

Walker, Mrs. Jane L., Springfield, Mo..... 1.00

Walker, Mr. and Mrs. A., Rensellaer Falls, N. Y..... 1.00

Warren, Mrs. L. P., Perkinsville, Vt 2.00

Watts, W., Dewesse, Neb..... 1.00

Weber, Michael, Royalton, Ind ..... .50

Weinert, Mrs. J., Buffalo, N. Y..... 5.00

Wheaton, Mrs. Francis, Detroit, Mich. 10.00

White, Mrs. R. A., Sauk Centre, Minn..... 1.00

Wilson, Geo. H., Mexico, N. Y.... .. .. 8.00

Woods, Mrs. Geo. L., Manchester, N. H.... 5.00

Yall, Sarah E., Duck Lake, Mich..... 1.00

Zea, Ernest, Kensellaer, Ind..... .25

LIST NO. 4.

Adcock, E. J., Church Hill, Ky..... .50

Adcock, W. E., Church Hill, Ky..... .50

Anthony, Miss B., Henderson, Ky..... 2.00

Armstrong, Mr. R. D., Sydney Forks, N. S.. 1.00

A. R., Pittston, Pa..... 2.00

Allington, Elizabeth, Stanley, Wis..... 2.00

Bales, Alpha, Densmore, Kan..... 1.00

Ballare, Mary, Earlville, Ill..... 1.00

Barker, Jos., De Bee, N. B..... 1.00

Bell, Wm., Niagara Falls, Ont..... 2.00

Bloodgood, C. L., No. Fairhaven, N. Y ... 2.00

Bowers, Laura, Atlanta, Ill..... 1.00

Bruce, W. O., New Castle, Ky..... 1.00

Cathcart, Mrs. R., Davenport, Wash..... 1.00

Collamore, Mrs. L. C., Boston, Mass..... 1.00

Colley, Mrs. E. B., Burlington Junction, Md. 1.00

Compton, Mrs. C. I., Tecumseh, Neb..... 1.00

Compton, M., Church Hill, Ky..... .05

Creamer, Wallace, Parrott, O..... 5.00

Cumming, Mary, Oregon..... .50

Constant Reader, Harford, Pa..... 5.00

Daniels, Geo., Gibbon, Neb..... 1.00

Dewitt, Sarah B., Kelletville, Pa..... 2.00

Dimock, E. H., Windsor, N. S 1.00

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Doer, Bertha, Harmony, Kans..... .25

Donovan, S. S., Eldora, Ia..... 1.00

Dugan, Fahy H., Brooklyn. 2.50

Ean Vechten, Ward, Sumner, Wash..... .50

Emery, Mrs. M. M., Wilmington, Del..... 1.00

Fletcher, Mrs. A. J., Nashua, N. H..... 1.00

Fitch, M. E., Fort Wayne, Ind..... .25

Friend, Tolona, Ill..... 1.00

Friend, New London, Conn..... 1.00

Friend, Bridgeton, N. J..... 2.00

Friend, Troy, N. Y..... 5.00

Friend, Trumansburg, N. Y..... 2.00

Friend, Newark, O..... 5.00

Friend, Phila 2.00

Friend, Wellsville, Mo..... 2.00

Friend, Mattituck, L. I..... 5.00

Gillespie, H. W., Hastings, Ont..... 1.00

Gregory, M. E., Church Hill, Ky ..... .25

G. H., De Land, Fla..... 1.50

Hewitt, O. M., Marshall, Mich 2.00

Hoffner, Mrs. W. C., Prospect Park..... 1.00

Horting, Frank, Mechanics' Grove, Pa..... .25

Huff, Miss Marion, Burlington Junction, Mo. 1.00

Humphrey, Mrs. L., Mechanics' Grove, Pa.. 1.00

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In His Name, St. Louis, Mo..... 9.00

J. A. P., Geneva N. Y..... 5.00

J. H., New York..... 10.00

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Kitch, Bertha, Harmony, Kan..... .25

Kykendall, S. A., North Victory, N. Y 1.00

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Knipe, J. P., Wrightville, Pa..... 1.00

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M. A. M., New Cumberland..... 1.00

Middlemass, D. C., Clay City, Ind..... 2.00

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McKenzie, Mrs. Chas., Riverside, Cal..... 4.00

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M. S., Kansas City 1.00

McFadden, Geo., Lisbon Center..... 5.00

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N. J., Centreville, N. J..... 1.00

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Oathout, A. C., Alexandria, S. D..... 1.00

O. C. S. Kosciusko, Miss. 2.50

Patten, E. L. Phila..... .50

Perrill, Mrs. Mamie A., Parrott, O..... 1.00

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Rodgers, Mrs. J. M., Blissfied, Mich..... 1.00

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Reader, Riverton, Ill..... 1.00

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Reader, East Berne..... 1.00

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Smithson, E., Church Hill, Ky..... .45

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Subseriber, Heisleville, N. J..... 1.00

Subscriber, Newtown, L. I..... 1.00

Subscriber, Phœnix, Ariz..... 1.00

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Turner, Mrs. Ellen, Reuben..... 1.00

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Van Wogener, Hyersike, N. Y..... 2.00

W., Mrs., West Phila., Pa..... 1.00

Wooly, Mrs. C. N., Atwater, O..... 1.00

Walker, John, Coleraine, Penn... ..... 3.00

Wallbran, L. A., Orisiarry, N. Y..... 5.00

Waterbury, Mrs. A. E., Los Gatos, Cal ... 1.00

Watt, Lydia, Goodland, Ind 1.00

Whetsone, Louisa, Philadelphia..... 1.00

Zeh, Wm. E., Bern, N. Y..... 1.00

Ziegler, Geo., Wetmore, Kan 1.00

——, Brownville, Ont..... 1.00

——16½ Highland Av., Jersey City Heights .. 1.00

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T. DeWitt Talmage
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Letters should be addressed

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

SUMMER PERILS.

THE first temptation that is apt to hover in this direction, in the coming summer, is to leave your piety all at home. You will send the dog and cat and canary-bird to be well cared for somewhere else; but the temptation will be to leave your religion in the room with the blinds down and the door bolted, and then you will come back in the autumn to find that it is starved and suffocated, lying stretched on the rug, stark dead. There is no surplus of piety at the watering-places. I never knew any one to grow very rapidly in grace at the popular summer-resorts. It is generally the case that the Sabbath is more of a carousal than any other day, and there are Sunday walks, and Sunday rides, and Sunday excursions.

Elders, and deacons, and ministers of religion who are entirely consistent at home, sometimes when the Sabbath dawns on them at Niagara Falls or the White Mountains, take the day to themselves. If they go to church, it is apt to be a sacred parade, and the discourse, instead of being a plain talk about the soul, is apt to be what is called a crack sermon—that is, some discourse picked out of the effusions of the year as the one most adapted to excite admiration; and in those churches, from the way the ladies hold their fans, you know that they are not so much impressed with the heat as with the picturesqueness of half-disclosed features. Four puny souls stand in the organ-loft and squall a tune that nobody knows, and worshipers, with two thousand dollars' worth of diamonds on the right hand, drop a cent into the poor-box, and then the benediction is pronounced and the farce is ended.

The toughest thing I ever tried to do was to be good at a watering-place. The air is bewitched with "the world, the flesh, and the devil." There are Christians who in three or four weeks in such a place, have had such terrible rents made in their Christian robe that they had to keep darning it until Christmas to get it mended! The health of a great many people makes an annual visit to some mineral spring an absolute necessity; but, my dear people, take your Bible along with you, and take an hour for secret prayer every day, though you be surrounded by guffaw and saturnalia. Keep holy the Sabbath, though they desecrate [illegible] Stand off from those institutions which propose to imitate on this side the water the iniquities of Baden-Baden. Let your moral and your immortal health keep pace with your physical recuperation, and remember that all the waters of Hathorne and sulphur and chalybeate springs can not do you so much good as the mineral, healing, perennial flood that breaks forth from the "Rock of Ages." This may be your last summer. If so, make it a fit vestibule of heaven.

SOUL SAVING STATIONS.

NEAR my summer residence there is a life-saving station on the beach. There are all the ropes and rockets, the boats, the machinery, for getting people off shipwrecks. A few summers ago I saw there fifteen or twenty men who were breakfasting, after having just escaped with their lives and nothing more. Up and down our coasts are built these useful structures, and the mariners know it, and they feel that if they are driven into the breakers there will be apt from shore to come a rescue. The churches of God ought to be so many soul-saving stations, not so much to help those who are in smooth waters as those who have been shipwrecked. Come, let us run out the life-boats! And who will man them?

I would rather, in a mud-scow, try to weather the worst cyclone that ever swept up from the Caribbean, than risk my immortal soul in useless and perilous discussions. They remind me of a company of sailors standing on Ramsgate pier-head, from which the life-boats are usually launched, and coolly discussing the different style of oar-locks, and how deep a boat ought to set in the water, while a hurricane is in full blast, and there are three steamers crowded with passengers going to pieces in the offing.

An old tar, the muscles of his face working with nervous excitement, cries out, "This is no time to discuss such things. Man the lifeboat! Who will volunteer? Out with her into the surf! Pull, my lads, pull for the wreck! Ha! ha! Now we have them. Let them in, and lay them down on the bottom of the boat. Jack, you try to bring them to. Put these flannels around their hands and feet, and I will pull for the shore. God help me! There! Landed! Huzza!" When there are so many struggling in the waves of sin, and sorrow, and wretchedness, let all else go but salvation for time and salvation forever.

HUMBLE HEROISM.

THE impression is abroad that the Christian rewards are for those who do conspicuous service in distinguished places—great martyrs, great patriots, great preachers, great philanthropists. But there is just as much reward for a man that stays at home and minds his own business, and who, crippled and unable to go forth and lead in great movements and in the high places of the earth, does his whole duty just where he is. Garrison duty as important and as remunerative as service at the front.

There are women who say, "If I had as brilliant a sphere as those people had, I should be as brave and as grand; but my business is to get the children off to school and to hunt up things when they are lost, and to see that dinner is ready and to keep account of the household expenses and to hinder the children from being strangulated by the whooping cough, and to go through all the annoyances and vexations of housekeeping. Oh, my sphere is so infinitesimal, and so insignificant, I am clear discouraged." Woman, God places you on garrison duty, and your reward will be just as great as that of Florence Nightingale, who, moving so often night by night with a light in her hand through the hospitals, was called by the wounded the "lady of the lamp." Your reward will be just as great as that of Mrs. Hertzog, who built and endowed theological seminary buildings. Your reward will be just as great as that of Hannah More, who by her excellent books won for her admirers Garrick, and Edmund Burke, and Joshua Reynolds. Rewards are not to be given according to the amount of noise you make in the world, nor even according to the amount of good you do, but according to whether you work to your full capacity, according to whether or not you do your full duty in the sphere where God has placed you.

A Christian woman was seen going along the edge of a wood every eventide, and the neighbors in the country did not understand how a mother with so many cares and anxieties should waste so much time as to be idly sauntering out evening by evening. It was found out afterward that she went there to pray for her household, and while there one evening she wrote that beautiful hymn, famous in all ages for cheering Christian hearts:

I love to steal a while away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

Shall there be no reward for such unpretending yet everlasting service?

BELIEF IN SPOTS.

"WHERE shall I go?" said a dying Hindoo to a Brahmitic priest to whom he had given money to pray for his salvation. "Where shall I go after I die?" The Brahmitic priest said: "You will go first of all into a holy quadruped." "But," said the dying Hindoo, "where shall I go then?" "Then you shall go into a singing bird." "But," said the dying Hindoo, "where then shall I go?" "Then," said the Brahmitic priest, "you will go into a beautiful flower." The dying Hindoo threw up his arms in an agony of solicitation as he said: "But where shall I go last of all?" Thank God this Bible tells the Hindoo, tells you, tells me, not where I shall go to-day, not where I shall go to-morrow, not where I shall go next year, but where I shall go last of all!

"Ask for the old paths, walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." But follow the crusade against any part of the Bible, and first of all you will give up Genesis, which is as true as Matthew; then you will give up all the historical parts of the Bible; then after a while, you will give up the miracles; then you will find it convenient to give up the Ten Commandments; and then after a while you will wake up in a fountainless, rockless, treeless desert swept by everlasting sirocco. I am in full sympathy with the advancements of our time, but this world will never advance a single inch beyond this old Bible. God was just as capable of dictating the truth to the prophets and apostles as he is capable of dictating the truth to these modern apostles and prophets. God has not learned anything in a thousand years. He knew just as much when he gave the first diction as the last diction. So I will stick to the old paths. Naturally a sceptic, and preferring new things to old, I never so much as now felt the truth of the entire Bible, especially as I see into what spectacular imbecility men rush when they try to chop up the Scriptures with the meat-axe of their own preferences, now calling upon philosophy, now calling on the Church, now calling on God, now calling on the devil. I prefer the thick, warm robe of the old religion—old as God—the robe which has kept so many warm amid the chills of death. The old robe rather than the thin, uncertain gauze offered by these wiseacres who believe the Bible in spots.

* * *

HAYDN was right when he waved his hand toward heaven and said, "It comes from there." Music was born in heaven, and it will ever have its highest throne in heaven; and I want you to understand that our departed friends who were passionately fond of music here are now at the headquarters of harmony. I think that the grand old church tunes that died when our grandfathers died have gone with them to heaven.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

SUPERFICIAL WORK.

LISTEN! Don't do superficial work in any department of Christ's kingdom. Go in to be thorough and deep. This shallow surface work has already wrought much harm. So many think noise and numbers count above all else. Not so. Gideon's army of three hundred was worth more by far to the service of Israel and God than his thirty-two thousand. I can name you to-day, in a dozen churches, not far distant, individuals who are worth more to Zion and heaven, than all the folk who walk up the middle aisle put together. What they do, they do well; and for lasting service, which will tell for the kingdom of Christ, they are worth more than their weight in gold.

I wonder, dear reader, if you count on that side.

Maybe not. It's good to be frank and honest. Seek the smaller and better crowd.

To Men in Trouble.

Listen, men! The devil has a thousand snares to entrap you, and some of his steel traps are saw-toothed, and what is worse I'm writing to some who have been caught.

I want to name a number of these "Traps."

No. 1. "The Money Trap"—stealing! began by taking a little. Now it's larger amounts and how to get out of the thing you don't know. Let me tell you: ask God to help you, and quit; quit this minute for quitting begins in the heart. Then make restitution, cost what it may, straighten things out. Isaiah 42: 16 was written for just such cases and it's now your time to put both God and yourself to the test.

No. 2. "The Swearing Trap," caught in this foul-mouthed thing. Its loathsome breath is worse than a skunk. It is bad enough to be caught by the hand like in trap No. 1, but to be caught by the tongue, this is ten times worse. The remedy is as above.

No. 3. "The Drinking Trap," caught by the throat. Death by strangulation. Hell to follow. Mighty few escape when once caught. Now and then one, but here the powers of the pit get their game and as a rule they skin them alive.

No. 4. "The Licentious Trap," caught by the strange woman, ensnared by passion, gilded vice, but sharper teeth here than any of the above. Caught, maybe, unawares. In seeking to escape there has been more torture than martyrs endured. Suffering now perhaps the woe of the damned. Like a bird in the net, there seems nothing ahead but agony. Perhaps besides the agony, hush money has been going out, and the awful fear of discovery and the conscious knowledge that no help can be expected from the source whence help should come. I mean human help. No recognition of human weakness. No willingness to forgive. No remembrance of vows to stand "for better or for worse." "What shall I do?" is your cry. I will tell you. First of all go straight to Jesus. He knows all our infirmities. He was born of woman. He can and will help you to be pure. He will wash away all guilt and sin in his own blood. Then read Psalms 51 and 32; then Isaiah 41: 10, then pray. Pray like Jacob prayed. Pray till three things are yours. First, God's known favor and forgiveness. Second, divine strength assisting you, purpose never to break the seventh commandment again. Third, courage to confess and seek human help where it should be found, and believe me, the unexpected will happen, the supernatural will assist, the release and peace that comes from bondage broken will be yours, and after all this—keep in the King's highway where people live who know the meaning of Psalm 18.

Your Next Service.

Remember this: every preaching service is set apart by God for some one's salvation and who knows but what next time you enter the house of the Lord some soul may fix its eternal destiny. Do your best to get them to bow before the cross, to humble themselves in the sight of God against whom they have sinned, to receive Jesus as their Lord and Master. Be careful of your methods that by them you do not hinder, but help the sinner. Don't be afraid to give an invitation which is frank, open and plain, be bold, and with it mingle the spirit of love and prayer. Above all, don't side with the sinner and against God that some future time will do for repentance and salvation. Let it ring out in clear and unmistakable tones: "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation."

C. H. Yatman

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

The Popular Victory in Belgium.

A MORE decisive popular victory than that gained in Belgium by the people over their rulers, has seldom been achieved. By sheer numbers and the demonstration of the popular will, the Legislature was compelled to reverse a decision which it had previously passed by a vote of four to one. The question involved was an extension of the franchise. The workingmen of the country demanded the right to vote at the election of legislators. Hitherto the wealthy classes alone have had the vote. The consequence has been that the legislators have faithfully served the class which elected them and neglected the interests of the poor. The condition of the workingman in Belgium was therefore fast degenerating into one little better than slavery. He is without the protection of those laws which, in other lands, in some slight degree restrain the power and rapacity of oppressive employers. The people had come to despair of ever getting such laws unless they could share in the privilege of electing the men who make the laws. When, therefore, the Legislature rejected the bill recently introduced to confer that right, there was great indignation. The labor leaders ordered a general strike, that the men might give expression to the national will. The order was extensively obeyed. At Verviers alone, forty-five factories were closed, and in the province of Hainut fifteen mines and two factories were deserted, and the men thus liberated to the number of 15,000 joined in the ranks of the crowd who were demanding political recognition. The police and eventually the military were employed against them, but were resisted fiercely. In Antwerp the men quitted the docks, where they were employed in loading the vessels, raised barricades in the streets and fought desperately with the soldiers. They secured firearms after a few hours and many of the police and soldiery fell in attempting to disperse them. Similar scenes were witnessed in Mons, Liege and other large towns, besides the great demonstration in Brussels itself. The movement grew more threatening from day to day, until it approached the proportions of a revolution. Then the Legislature yielded. On April 18 it passed the bill extending the franchise, by a vote of 119 to 12. The men were satisfied and promptly returned to work and the streets resumed their normal appearance. There is reason for thankfulness that revolution was averted. The people were in the mood in which excesses, far more terrible than those that were committed, are done. The legislators were evidently terrified by what they saw, and yielded lest worse things might come upon them. It would have been better for them and for the couutry had they yielded earlier. They evidently thought that it was safe to resist people who had no legitimate means of holding them to account. It is never safe to have that opinion and act upon it, for even if the people do not rise, the Bible declares that "when there is a violent perverting of judgment and justice in a province One that is higher than the highest regardeth it." (Eccles. 5: 8.)

Innocuous Medicines.

In the course of an interview with a popular physician in New York, published last week, a disclosure was made which will surprise many patients. The physician said that he was frequently consulted by persons for whom it would be imprudent to prescribe the remedy which would most surely effect a cure. They are hypochondriacs, who having nothing to do and nothing to think about but themselves, imagine that there is something wrong with their hearts, or their livers, or some other part of their system. The best thing to cure them would be hard work or some absorbing study. They suffer as a rule from neither organic nor functional disease, but only from imagination, which would be less active or better employed if they were engaged in practical work for themselves or others. They would be offended with the physician if he treated them on that principle and would apply to another doctor. He therefore gives them pills made of bread or sugar, disguised by some nauseous, but innocuous drug, and leads them to believe that they are on the way to recovery. Ministers and Christian workers are also troubled by this class of people who are perplexed about the unpardonable sin, or some abstruse doctrine, or apparent discrepancy in Biblical history. In their case, however, there is no need of resorting to the physician's artifice, as there is divine warrant for the prescription of work. He that doeth the Lord's will shall know of the doctrine. (John 7 : 17.)

A Cruel Swindler.

A successful imposition on a widow in Hungary is described in a despatch to a New York journal. The woman lives at a small village named Bezdon, where every one knows his neighbor's business. Her husband had been an industrious, thrifty man and he left her all his savings, amounting to about four hundred dollars. A few days after his death, the widow received a mysterious visitor. He came in the dead of night, after she had retired to rest, and he had some difficulty in inducing her to rise and dress and admit him. Eventually, he succeeded, and then he told her that he was the bearer of a communication from her late husband. In fact, he said, he was the Apostle Peter, who had the keys of heaven. Her husband had presented himself there, but had been refused admittance on account of his having during his lifetime neglected to contribute to the charities of the Church. Nothing less than the sacrifice of all his savings would purge him of this sin and he trusted that his widow would consent to the sacrifice. The poor woman was too much agitated by the appearance of her visitor, who had a long beard and wore a loose flowing robe, to exercise her ordinary good sense. She was also much distressed by the report of her dead husband's condition and she finally handed to her visitor the four hundred dollars, which was all she had in the world. The police are searching for the impostor, but so far without success. It is a pity that the woman was not better instructed, but her ignorance is not without parallel. There are many, even among people who should know better, who seem to think that money given to Christ's cause will secure for them admission to heaven, in spite of inconsistency of life. (1. Cor. 13: 3.)

An Arctic Exploring Party.

An expedition to the Arctic is now being arranged which has a different object from that usually sought by Arctic explorers. It is that of finding the magnetic pole to which the needle of the mariner's compass points. The Government Coast and Geodetic Survey Department has offered to supply the necessary instruments and early in the summer Col. W. H. Gilder and a corps of trained, scientific observers will set out on the expedition, to devote three years to a careful study of the problem. It has long been known that the North Pole and the magnetic pole are not identical. The pole to which the needle points is believed to be twelve hundred miles south of the North Pole, and it appears to vary in location. During the last sixty years it appears to have moved to a point about a hundred miles west of the one it occupied in 1831. The movement may be only apparent, as some scientific men contend, or it may be real. This question the expedition hopes to determine. The results of the observation will be of the highest practical value. If the needle on which the mariner relies in guiding his course across the trackless deep, points to a variable centre, he may be misled, and it is of the utmost importance that he should know the law of variation in order that he may allow for it in his observations. Happily for the world, there can arise no doubt as to the Christian's course. We are assured that it is toward him who is "the same yesterday, to-day and forever." (Heb. 13: 7,8.)

An Extraordinary Fence.

The erection of the longest fence in the world is shortly to be commenced in South Dakota. A dispatch from Chamberlain in that State, says that the stockmen on the borders of the Indian reservation have held a meeting to consider an offer from the United States Government, which has been presented by the agent at Pine Ridge. It is for the fencing in of the western and northern sides of the Reservation to prevent the straying of cattle, which has been a fruitful source of trouble with the Indians. The Government proposes to furnish wire and posts, if the stockmen will erect a durable four wire fence. The stockmen accepted the offer and the erection is to be commenced as soon as the material arrives. The fence will be ninety miles long. There are tens of thousands of cattle in that section and in spite of the vigilance of the stockmen large numbers of them every year stray on the Indian lands, where they are captured as estrays by the Indians. There is then a dispute between them and the stockmen as to the ownership, or as to the sum to be paid for their surrender. These disputes always lead to ill-feeling and not infrequently to bloodshed. The building of the fence will, it is hoped, put an end to the trouble, by removing the cause. When professing Christians are seen in the theatre, on the race-course and in other places which belong to the world, rather than the church, one is apt to wish that some such device could be brought into operation to prevent human estrays. But God has never treated men as beasts are treated. He would have them love him so well that they have no disposition to wander. (Psalm 32: 9.)

The Belgian Franchise Riots. Scene in the City of Antwerp.

A Choice of Thermometers.

In illustration of a point he was making in a recent speech, Mr. Chauncey M. Depew related an incident, which occurred while he was at Old Point Comfort. It was necessary, Mr. Depew said, in view of the critical condition of his wife's health, that her room should be kept at a uniform temperature. He therefore went to the store to purchase a thermometer. The store-keeper brought six from his stock and submitted them to Mr. Depew for his choice. He looked at them closely and noticed that no two of them agreed as to the temperature, and between the highest and the lowest, there was a difference of ten degrees. He called the store-keeper's attention to the difference and remarked that they were useless for his purpose, as he should not know from them whether he ought to light a fire in the room, or open the window. The store-keeper had no solution to offer, but suggested that his customer take them all over to his place and try them, and keep the one that suited him best. Probably Mr. Depew would have accepted the suggestion if he had wanted the thermometer for an ornament. As, however, he needed it to register the temperature with absolute accuracy, these varying instruments were of no use to him. The store-keeper's idea, however, is not an uncommon one in spiritual matters. People go in the greatest numbers to hear the preacher whose sermons suit them best, rather than to hear him who is concerned to preach only the absolute truth without fear or favor. (II. Tim. 4: 3.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Protestant Episcopal Church of Newport, R. I., is to receive a church, to cost $100,000, from Mrs. Sarah Jackson, of New York, in memory of her mother, the late Mrs. Andrew C. Zabriskie.

The London Missionary Society recently asked its supporters to adopt "the self-denial week" plan, inaugurated by the Salvation Army. The result was the addition of $35,000 to the Society's treasury.

The following contributions have been received for the Zambesia Mission, described in these columns on April 5: George W. Bugh, $1; A friend, $5; A "Shut-in," $1. Mr. and Mrs. Richards sailed from New York for Zambesia on April 22.

The proportion of missionaries to population in several countries is given as follows in a recent publication: In India there is one missionary to every 275,000 persons; in Persia one to 300,000; in Thibet one to 2,000,000; in Afghanistan no missionary, though there is a population of six millions.

Father Chiniquy, the valiant upholder of Protestantism, who has done so much to expose the errors and crimes of the Roman Catholic Church, in which he was once a priest, has received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the Presbyterian College at Montreal, at its recent convocation. He is eighty-two years old.

Bishop Potter, of New York, has issued a letter to the clergy of his diocese expressing the hope that they will adopt the revised edition of the Book of Common Prayer immediately. The work of revising the book has occupied thirteen years, and has been carefully done. Some of the changes are radical.

Persons desiring to send money to aid the work of the shelter established in Mulberry St., New York, by Miss Louise Beiser and Jessie De Vie, which was described in this journal on April 12, should address it to Mr. J. L. Spicer of the American Sunday School Union, Bible House, New York, who has charge of the finances of the shelter.

A meeting of the International Evangelistic Association was held on April 25 in the Fourth Ave. Presbyterian Church, New York. Mr. John E. Gray who has been Secretary of the English Branch of the Association for six years past attended and described the work in that country. Dr. R. S. MacArthur, Rev. John R. Davies, Dr. M. D. Kneeland of Boston, Donald McColl of Princeton, and other eminent ministers were present and expressed their interest in the work.

The American Sunday School Union celebrated its sixty-ninth anniversary on Sunday, April 30, by a meeting in the Fifth Ave. Baptist Church, New York. Dr. Faunce and Dr. Behrends were the chief speakers. The Union showed by its reports that it never was in greater health and vigor, although it has attained the age of nearly three score and ten years. Its operations are extending every year and our readers have the gratification of knowing that one of its most valued workers, Rev. G. W. Sharp is supported by them.

Prof. H. B. Hartzler of Northfield Seminary, writes us that Mr. Moody has made arrangements for the International Conferences this year as follows: The Young Women's Conference, June 20–28; The World's Student Conference, July 1–9; Christian Workers, Aug. 1–13. Mr. Moody will preside on each occasion. He hopes that the Young Women's Conference, which is a new feature, will be to college young women such a help as the Student Conference has proved to young men. All inquiries should be addressed to Prof. H. B. Hartzler, East Northfield, Mass.

The Berachah Mission in New York has issued its ninth annual report. We have already published pictures of this mission and have frequently referred to the excellent work being done there among the sailors who visit the port, and the slaves of vice who are numerous in and around "Hell's Kitchen" where the mission is located. The past year has been an unusually busy and successful one. Mrs. Henry Naylor who, with her late husband, built the mission and has supported it hitherto, would now gladly receive aid in carrying it on, as its philanthropic department has so greatly extended. Contributions may be sent to her at Berachah Mission, 463 W. 32 St., New York.

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

GROWTH IN GRACE AND KNOWLEDGE.

A Sermon Preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York, last Sunday, April 30, 1893, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D. D. Text: *"But grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."* II. Peter 3: 18.

ROM the discussion in the chapter from which the text is taken, it is certain that the apostle feared that there was danger lest believers should be drawn away from the simplicity of their faith and from the constancy of their obedience. In order that they might be fortified against these dangers he earnestly exhorts them to grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. This thought occupies a prominent place in the apostle's teaching. He deemed it of so much importance that he gives it great prominence in the closing words of this last epistle. If anything were needed to give emphasis to these words the place which they here occupy would secure for them the needed attention and the necessary emphasis. No truth is more frequently taught in the Word of God than that the life of a Christian is to be

A Continuous Growth.

As born of God, he is a little child; he then passes on to the period of youth, and finally reaches the condition of full stature in the Lord. On the subject of growth we need line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a great deal. It thus becomes necessary constantly to repeat this closing exhortation of this epistle of the apostle Peter. Religion is here spoken of as consisting in grace and knowledge. It is not uncommon to represent religion by a single word or by several words. Sometimes it is represented by faith, sometimes by love, sometimes by hope, sometimes by peace, or by some other equally significant word. It is here represented as consisting in growth in Christian grace and knowledge. To know Christ aright is to know the very heart of Christian truth, and to make progress in Christian experience. The ripest Christian knows yet but little of the Lord Jesus Christ. The more we know the more we feel our ignorance, and the greater is our desire for fuller knowledge. Even the apostle Paul needed to know God more fully, for much as he knew he realized that there was vastly more yet to be learned.

No angel in heaven has yet exhausted the knowledge which God can impart, and the glories which his character suggests and illustrates. Right views of his person, his character, and his work are the sum and essence, the heart and crown, of the Christian religion.

Complete Knowledge

of Jesus Christ possesses all that is really essential to his welfare in time, and to his blessedness in eternity. Whatever a man may know of the learning of earthly schools, if he be ignorant of Jesus Christ he is ignorant indeed. Though he may be profoundly skilled in all science, if he knows not the science of salvation he is pitifully blind and ignorant. He may know all other characters of history, but if he knows not Jesus Christ he has never known true excellence in character, greatness in intellect, purity in heart, and divinity in humanity. The school of Christ is the noblest of all universities. The man who sits in the lowliest place at Jesus's feet is the man best prepared steadily to walk in the dizziest heights of human learning. Only the graduate of Christ's school on earth can be a matriculate in the celestial university where saints and seraphs may be his fellow students. The man who knows not the grace and knowledge of Jesus Christ is without the knowledge which pertains to his highest development on earth and to his full blessedness in eternity.

But even if we have come to know Christ as our personal Saviour and have some adequate conception of the knowledge which he imparts, growth is still our privilege and duty. When we are exhorted to grow in grace, the exhortation is equivalent to a command to increase in all that constitutes true religion and in the perfect development of Christian character. The entire Bible is full of exhortations similar in purport.

Growth is a Proof of Life.

The presence of inward spiritual life implies and secures growth in outward Christian acts. Dead trees do not grow; living trees must grow or soon cease to be living trees. If in this glorious spring time there be plants and trees which give no evidence of growth we are warranted in affirming that they are not possessed of life. In the vast laboratory of God marvelous forces making for growth are now at work in blade and plant and tree. Soon the living trees in our parks will be beautiful in the blossoms of spring and in the verdant garments of summer. But if amid this wonderful array of living forces there are trees which show no signs of life, we are warranted in affirming that they are dead. Blossom, leaf and flower are the certain outcome of life in root and branch. When trees thus reveal their inner life, can we not predicate the existence of that life? In the parable of the sower we learn that the seed is sown, and that it springs up in various places, but in many cases dies away. Only in one case is there true life, and this life is shown by the fruit which the plant bears. The godly man is compared to a tree that "bringeth forth its fruit in its season." He is also likened to the tree that "spreadeth out her roots by the river, neither shall cease from yielding fruit." It is also affirmed that he shall flourish like the palm tree, that he shall grow as a cedar in Lebanon, that he shall be as the lily and grow as the vine. If we do not find

Christians Growing

in this way, we are sure that they possess but a weak and sickly life, if they have life at all. Those who do not grow in grace soon die. No man can live upon past grace. No political party can live upon its past achievements, however patriotic and renowned. No religious denomination can long live upon its dead heroes and saints, however illustrious they may have been in their lives and however glorious in their attainments. Political parties, religious denominations and individual Christians must bring forth fruit now, must recognize present obligations and must achieve present victories. Failing in these respects, they will live a sickly life or die a speedy death. As well might a man expect to support his body on yesterday's food as to nourish his soul on yesterday's grace. No man ought to look back at the time of his conversion for the proofs of that conversion. A growing Christian finds the evidence of his Christianity in his present attainments, and in his brightening aspirations. The man who is obliged to look back through several years to the time of his conversion for the proof of its reality has reason to fear that he never was converted.

The figure of a race, which is so often found in the Word of God, teaches the duty, the possibility, and

The Method of Progress.

The apostle Paul teaches us not to rest satisfied with present attainments. He had run long and well, still he says, not as though I had already attained, neither were already perfect. He pressed forward constantly toward the mark of the prize. He daily forgot the things that were behind, forgot his triumphs, forgot his failures, and reached forth unto the things that were before. His was constantly an upward calling, high to-day, it was to be higher to-morrow, and still higher the day after. We are elsewhere taught that the path of the just is a light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

Growth in religion is as natural as in any other faculty of the soul. Often its beginnings are very feeble; our Lord anticipated this truth and gave encouragement in such a case. He likens faith to a grain of mustard seed, which is the smallest of all seeds. But if the faith be genuine, it will grow as did the mustard seed, which finally became a tree with birds lodging in its branches. At the first faith may be like a blade of grass, then the ear, and after that the full corn in the ear. Religion is as susceptible of growth as any other faculty of the mind or virtue of the heart. All professors of religion who have become eminent for piety developed their religious faculties as the result of a definite purpose and by the use of appropriate means. No Christian ever becomes distinguished for faith, zeal and consecration as the result of accident. As well might a man expect to become eminent for learning without earnest study, as to expect to grow in divine grace and knowledge without putting forth the necessary effort and using the divinely-appointed means. Men have no more religion than they determine to have. If they want but little they shall have but little. If they are willing to pay the price in self-abnegation and self-consecration, in giving up all they have and are to the service of God and man, they shall have piety in the most eminent degree. No men become Bunyans and Baxters, Wesleys and Whitefields, Spurgeons and Moodys except they give themselves up body and soul to the service of God. "Men may rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things; but we must die to self if we are thus to rise and are truly to live to God.

Half-hearted Christians

know nothing of the living power, the actual joy and possible bliss of Christians who lay themselves as living sacrifices on the altar of Jesus Christ. Let us remember that the Christian life is governed by laws as universal and uniform as gravitation and as eternal as God. If Christians conform their lives to these irresistible laws they will grow in stature; but if they do not, they will become pitiful dwarfs in the Christian life. No more painful is the physical dwarf in the midst of laughing, romping, growing, and joyous children than is the truncated Christian among stalwart men and beautiful women in the church and army of the Lord. A Christian ought never to sing, and a growing Christian will never sing:

> Where is the blessedness I knew
> When first I saw the Lord?
> Where is the soul-refreshing view
> Of Jesus and his word?

Parts of the hymn from which these lines are taken are exquisitely beautiful and entirely appropriate as the prayer of a growing Christian, but the plaintive cry uttered in these words will never be heard from the lips of a believer who is advancing in divine grace and knowledge. It is quite true that often in conversion the sudden transformation from the darkness of midnight to the brightness of noonday may so emphasize conversion that in after years a believer will look back with thanksgiving and longing to that period; the most progressive Christian will look back with great joy to his entrance upon the Christian life, but after years of Christian service he knows that he is far in advance in grace and knowledge, in joy and peace, in consecration and anticipation of what he was at the time of his initiation into the Christian life. The scarred veteran is better than the new recruit. The man who catches inspiration from the cannon's deep roar is better than he who trembles at the rifle's sharp music. Paul saying, "I have a desire to depart and to be with Christ," is a far greater man than Paul asking, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

School or Hospital?

Too many church members are sulking in their tents instead of working or fighting in the field. Too many think the church is an ambulance to bear them to some spiritual retreat. Too many think the church is a hospital for the wounded rather than a school for learners, a vineyard for workers, and a battle field for fighters. We are matriculated into the church as babes desiring the sincere milk of the Word; we grow as strong men and women upon the strong meat of the Word, and we are graduated that we may partake of angels' food in heaven. Growth and progress must be seen at every stage. I repeat, men have just as much religion as they desire to have; if they are satisfied with leanness they shall be lean, but if they hunger and thirst after righteousness they shall be filled. I can have no sympathy with men and women whose aim is to get something of heaven hereafter, and do as little as possible of God's will here and now. The true Christian never asks, is this or that duty or grace necessary to salvation? The man who strives to do as little as possible, and to possess only such Christian graces as will not interfere with his worldly enjoyment, is guilty of the very climax of folly and meanness. The man who is determined to have only as much religion as will admit him to heaven is not likely to get nearer heaven than he is in his half-hearted Christian life upon the earth.

What is heaven? To be like Jesus. Where is heaven? To be with Jesus. Every man has heaven here and now in proportion as he is like and with Jesus Christ. Heaven and hell hereafter are but

The Completed Conditions

of life on earth. The man who loves God cannot be kept out of heaven; he has heaven wherever he goes; the man who hates God cannot be kept out of hell, he has hell in himself. Heaven and hell are conditions as truly as they are places. No arbitrary allotment of God assigns men to heaven or to hell. They are the fruitage of the characters possessed during our earthly lives. No man will enter heaven at the last except heaven enters him here. No man can be kept out of hell at the last except hell is gotten out of him here. There is tremendous solemnity in these great laws which sweep through the universe of God.

The differences which we see in Christian attainment are caused by the differences in the efforts made to make attainments in the Christian life. Our growth here will determine our standing hereafter. There are degrees in glory as truly as in punishment. No more certain is it that one star differeth from another star in glory, than that one man shall differ from another man in the resurrection of the dead. All who are Christians are saved by the precious blood of Christ alone; but great differences will be seen among the saved. Some are brought into the kingdom at the eleventh hour, plucked as brands from the burning; they are saved, yet so as by fire. There are others to whom an abundant entrance will be given, to whom the gates of glory will swing wide open; there are those who will enter with shining train of the redeemed amid welcoming songs of saints and seraphs. Paul's heaven is very different from the heaven of the robber crucified with Jesus. All in heaven will be blessed, but the capacity for receiving blessing will differ greatly and will depend upon the spiritual development on earth. Some Christians are willing to remain babes in Christ; others earnestly strive to become

Perfect Men in Christ.

Growth depends upon the use of appropriate means. There must first be spiritual life. No amount of tillage will cause a post which has been planted in the ground to grow as a tree. Culture may develop plants but never posts. Christ is the true source of life. No branch can bear fruit except it receive this life-giving sap from Christ, the living vine. There must be a foundation before a building can rise. There must be a candle and it must be lighted before it can give light to all that are in the house. Growth implies and necessitates the existence of life: and there must be advancement or retrogression. A Christian is like a man on a bicycle, he must go on or soon go off. There can be no standing still for any length of time in the Christian race. The Christian race is either climbing or falling; it is either going up or down.

Among the means absolutely necessary to growth is the constant study of the Word of God. Here are to be found the sincere milk for the young Christian and the strong meat for the mature believer. Here is found the bread of heaven, here the true hidden manna. The study of the Word of God fits us for the work of God. The Bible is given that the man of God may be made perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works. Christ asked that his disciples might be sanctified through the truth, affirming in that connection "thy Word is truth." As soldiers of God, part of our armor is to be the "sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God." Ignorance of the Word of God accounts for the sickliness, feebleness, and the worthlessness of many church members. Ignorance of God's Word on the part of God's children is as lamentable as it is astounding. In order to Christian growth there must also be secret, family, and public prayer.

The First Step

on the road away from Christ is usually taken in departing from the closet. Family prayer is much neglected in these busy modern days. Constantine would have his statue representing him as kneeling in prayer. Only as men get down in lowliness before God can they go up in loftiness before men. The closet where the soul meets alone with God is the soul's banqueting-room. A prayerful spirit will always find a time and place for prayer. Isaac found his place in the open field, David in his bedchamber, Daniel by the window, and Peter on the house-top. Only as men have power with God can they have power over their fellowmen. Prayer lays hold of the hand of Omnipotence and brings heaven down to earth. Well might Mary Queen of Scotland say, "I fear the prayers of John Knox more than an army of

ten thousand men." A praying church is the pulpit's strongest bulwark.

Growth in grace implies that we avoid secret sins. Jeremiah asks, "How long shall wicked thoughts harbor in thee?" We cannot always prevent the presence of evil thoughts, but we can help cherishing evil thoughts. We ought to know that if a man covets he steals; if he hates he murders. Secret defects in the Tay Bridge caused the terrific disaster when the thundering train reached the secretly weakened spans. No man is stronger than his weakest point, as no chain than its weakest link. No man can long play the hypocrite; what is in must come out. No man falls suddenly; he has long been leaning in the eye of God before he falls in the sight of men.

The Means of Grace.

If you would grow in grace do not neglect the services of God's house. Much depends on constant attendance. Even one unnecessary absence may result in great harm. Thomas lost much by being absent from the evening assembly on the day of the resurrection. A week of agony, a spirit of unbelief, and an unreasonable demand of evidence resulted from that absence. Too many Christians are neglecting the evening service of God's house. They are giving aid and comfort to the enemies of the American Sunday. The Sunday is violently attacked on the outside, and many Christians are practically attacking it on the inside. Their conduct is disloyal to their church, dishonoring to their Lord, and unpatriotic toward their country.

That we may grow in grace and knowledge there must be on the part of all Christians labor for the conversion of others. Such labor is the first impulse of a redeemed soul. It is only the liberal soul that shall be made fat; it is only he that watereth others who may claim the promise that he himself shall be watered. We need a quenchless zeal, a glowing enthusiasm, and a Christly love for the salvation of those about us. Oh, for the zeal of consecrated laymen like Harlan Page, Uncle John Vassar, Dwight L. Moody!

There must be unwavering trust in God if there is to be growth in grace. He is able to keep that which we have committed unto him; he will complete the work which he has begun. Only he who endures to the end shall be saved; only he who is faithful unto death shall receive the crown of life. Never backslide. Never play the coward. Never deny the Lord who has bought you. It is the remark of Bunyan that "they fall deepest into hell who fall backwards." It is a terrible thing to fall from church membership into an eternal hell. Beautiful is the story told of the brave Highland piper who was captured by Napoleon. He was told to play a march; he played it; to play an attack; he played it; to play a retreat, but the pipes gave forth no sound, he could only say, "I never learned that." Oh, soldiers for Christ, do your duty. Stand firm, march bravely, attack fearlessly, die if you must, but, like the immortal Old Guard, never, never surrender.

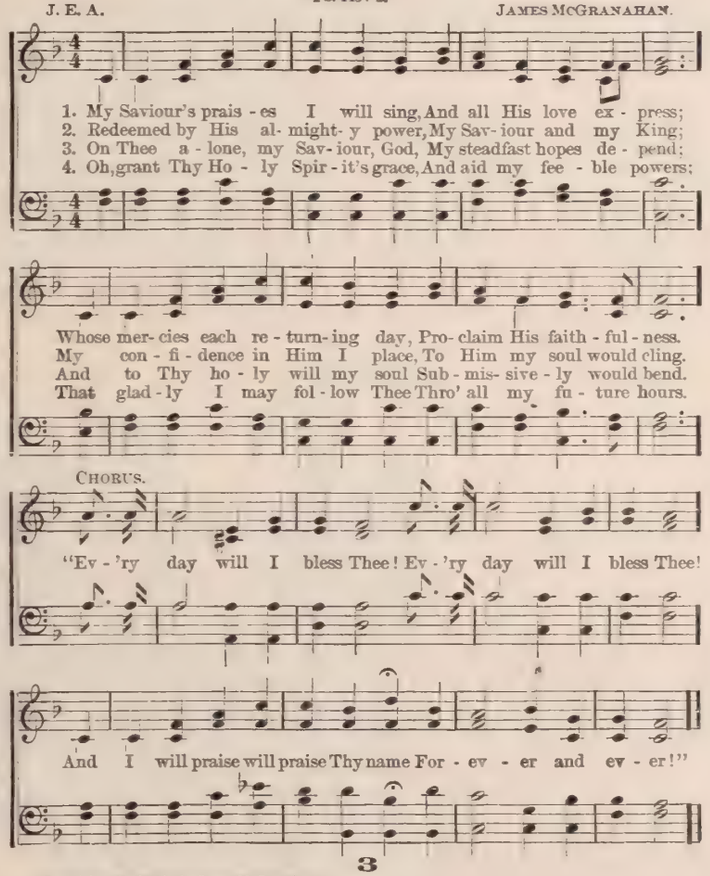
A WIDOW'S LIFE SAVED.

AN incident showing how sorely Africa needs Gospel influence is told in a letter to the *The Baptist Missionary Magazine* by Mr. J. H. Camp who writes from the mission steamer, *Henry Reed*, on the Congo. He says: This morning, just before starting from our last night's anchorage, a woman of about thirty or thirty-five years of age came to me and asked to be taken away from there, saying she was the wife of Chief Mdaumbi, a very powerful chief of the district. As Chief Mpoola on the opposite side of the river, had died, sixteen women were to be beheaded, and fifteen had already been beheaded; and as Mdaumbi was to share the deceased's property, he must send sacrifice, so he was going to send her to be beheaded as the sixteenth victim. She said that she had been hiding in the mission-houses and in the forest waiting for a steamer for over a month, and now wanted us to take her away from there, and she did not care where she went to. As these people will exaggerate in their own favor to such a great extent, I could scarcely believe that this could be, but thought her a criminal fearing punishment, so I told her to keep concealed until we returned, when I would see Mr. Scrivener in her behalf, and, if all was right, I would protect her. As I was busy on my journals and getting out of port, I saw nothing more of her until two hours later, when Charlie came up to plead her case, which she did very creditably, and we took her to Irebu. On returning, I saw Mr. Scrivener, and he said her story was quite true, and that I was quite justified in taking her away. So to-day she is a free, happy woman. I had her released from Mdaumbi by the state, and she will live in safety hereafter. Her name is Akouya.

Every Day Will I Bless Thee.

Ps. 145: 2.

J. E. A. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. My Saviour's prais - es I will sing, And all His love ex - press;
2. Redeemed by His al- might- y power, My Sav- iour and my King;
3. On Thee a - lone, my Sav- iour, God, My steadfast hopes de - pend;
4. Oh, grant Thy Ho - ly Spir - it's grace, And aid my fee - ble powers;
Whose mer- cies each re - turn- ing day, Pro- claim His faith - ful - ness.
My con - fi - dence in Him I place, To Him my soul would cling.
And to Thy ho - ly will my soul Sub - mis- sive - ly would bend.
That glad - ly I may fol - low Thee Thro' all my fu - ture hours.
CHORUS.
"Ev - 'ry day will I bless Thee! Ev - 'ry day will I bless Thee!
And I will praise will praise Thy name For - ev - er and ev - er!"

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JESUS MY SAVIOUR.

THE sunshine of his tender love,
Illumes my darkened soul,
The Great Physician's healing touch,
Hath cleansed and made me whole.
He satisfies my longing heart
As nothing else would do,
I'm trusting now, in perfect peace,
This Friend, both tried and true.

My voice is tuned to sing his praise,
I cannot silent be;
This grateful, joyful song will last
Throughout eternity.
My Saviour, thou alone shalt have,
My praise, my life, my love;
I'll never cease to worship thee,
While here, or when above.

And now I feel that I must tell
My joy to all around;
I long to share with those I love
The peace which I have found.
This peace which fills my happy heart,
Is mine from day to day;
I love and trust my Saviour, Lord,
His peace doth last for aye.

Ottawa. —IDA. H. WILSON.

THE HOUR OF TRIAL.

OH in the hour of trial,
Where tempests wild and dark,
Rise and with fury threaten
To overwhelm thy bark;
When over and around thee,
The thunderings are loud.
Yet hope on; yea, hope ever—
There's light beyond the cloud.

Oh, in the hour of trial,
When with a seven-fold heat,
The furnace of affliction
Seems kindled at thy feet;
Then trust, thy faith yet stronger
In him who heareth prayer.
And when through fire thou passest,
He will be with thee there.

Oh in the hour of trial,
When earth recedes from view,
Shrink not, nor dread the valley;
His love will light thee through.
And with those robed in whiteness,
By sorrows purified,
Give thee "abundant entrance,"
When thou art fully tried.

—MRS. V. A. BELDIN.

REFUGE.

O soul, sad and weary of all that has been!
Dost thou long to be free from the curse of thy sin? [then enter in?
God is love, peace and home—wilt thou

Oh soul, dost thy know what thy Father has done
To purchase thy peace, disobedient one?
He gave his beloved, compassionate Son.

My soul, own thy King. If allegiance thou yield,
Thou shalt know for thyself what his word has revealed,
That he is forever the buckler and shield.

Thy God is thy refuge—he says, "Come to me."
Yea, I come as a bird to her mountain doth flee;
Oh Christ, my Redeemer, I'm hiding in thee.

The tempter may smite me, but God is my aid;
In trouble my heart shall be never dismayed—
On the rock of his promise my soul shall be stayed. —CARRIE ELLIS BRECK.

Vineland, N. J.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Thos. Parks, Newbern, Tenn. Who built the first altar?

The first altar mentioned in Scripture is that of either Cain or Abel, but it is fairly presumable that their parents had already learned to sacrifice and had so instructed their children.

T. W. Thomas, Baltimore, Md. I wish to get the "Oxford Helps" in a separate volume, but I would prefer the type to be a little larger than in the "Helps" bound in with your premium Bible.

These "Helps" are published in nonpareil type and the usual price is $1, but to readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD we send them at half that price. Not more than one copy will be sent to any reader at that figure, however.

C. A. P., Subscriber. 1. How long was the Chinese wall in building, and for what object was it built? 2. Among what nationalities is leprosy found?

1. Probably several generations. The wall was built by the first emperor of the Tsin dynasty about 220 B.C., as a protection against the Tartar tribes. 2. Leprosy is found in Asia, Africa, South America, and a few isolated localities of Europe, but prevails chiefly in China, Egypt, Syria, the West Indies and South Pacific.

Placentia Knowlton, Liberty, Me. When, where, and by whom was the first representative body held?

Sparta probably furnished the earliest known model, and there were no doubt experiments in representative government in still more ancient times; but the first authenticated representative bodies were the Anglo-Saxon "town-moots," at which freemen and cultivators of the land regulated the civil affairs of their own township or parish. The "burgh-moot," a higher body, administered municipal business, and the "hundred-moot," and "shire-moot," still higher bodies, exercised wider jurisdiction. In King Edgar's time, the "witenagemot" or first assembly or parliament, was established, with power to make laws and impose taxes and even to elect and depose the king.

Subscriber, Howard, Kan. Write to Funk & Wagnalls, publishers, New York City.——Mr. P. Jones, Huntsville, Mo. 1. In a few cities they are probably in a majority. 2. Write to John D. Wattles Publishing Co., Philadelphia.——Subscriber, Morrill, Kan. None that we know of.——Lizzie Symonds, Melita, Mich. There are enough wholesome and innocent amusements without resorting to doubtful ones. A true Christian will uncompromisingly cut all of the latter sort off his list.——Henry Warner, Oregon, Tenn. We find no reference to such a passage.——Inquirer, McKeesport, Pa. Longfellow's religious belief may be very clearly gathered from the poem entitled "Christ and the Young Man," which he composed on the occasion of his brother's ordination to the Gospel ministry. It plainly shows a belief in Christ's divinity.——H. Nicholas, Brooklyn, N. Y. He is certainly not a fully qualified charter member unless he has signed.——I. R. I., Paris, Ont. They are identical——G. S., Boston, Mass. 1. Rev. Elijah Brown 2. We don't know.——Anna Shafer, Stillman Valley, Ill. He is an American of foreign descent. We don't know to which Christian denomination he belongs ——Mrs. E. A. Snodgrass, Vancouver, Wash. Presbyterian.——L. M. M., Ackley, Ia. It refers to one of the attributes of Christ.——Constant Reader, Silver Creek, Neb. No; their letters contain no mention of such an event.——S. P. Barbour, Eddy Town, N. Y. We know nothing whatever of the firm you mention.

A. Ross, Sailors' Snug Harbor, New Brighton, N. Y. Supposing a boy, fifteen years old, to be left alone in the world, with no near relatives and no friends especially interested in his fate. He has a common school education and $500 in the savings bank. He is ordinarily bright, but has no special or strong inclination to any calling. Mentally, morally or physically, he is an average American boy, with ambition enough to give him a good chance for success in life. What career will open the best opportunities for him?

There are thousands of boys in just such a dilemma, few of them, however, being quite so fortunate in regard to finances. Everybody is born with talents for some calling. The point is to determine the natural tendency, whether studious, argumentative, mechanical, or analytical. By diligent search, the pursuit for which he is best fitted will ultimately appear. Until the boy has developed sufficiently to make his own preferences clear, suggestions from others may do quite as much harm as good in leading him to a choice. A judicious friend would afford the boy increased opportunities for such voluntary observation as would be helpful to him, rather than endeavor to force a preference. When at last the preference is unmistakable, every endeavor should be made to qualify him for the line of work he will take up afterward, whether farming, physic, the ministry, a commercial or manufacturing life, or any of the mechanical or industrial trades. Don't force the boy; educate him meanwhile and establish him on the basis of a sound morality and religion; develop his better nature, as far as possible, and the problem of a life-calling will soon adjust itself.

THE FIRST SEAL.

The Concluding Events of this Dispensation as Portrayed under the Figure of the Seals.

BY REV. JOHN STORIE.*

JOHN'S view of the coming events, which would close this dispensation, was broken up into a series of pictures. Of these some were introduced by the opening,or breaking,of the seals which were upon the roll that Christ took from the hand of the Father (Rev. 5: 1-7). When the first seal is opened, the present world-power controlled and inspired by Satan's influence will receive the first impact of that stone which Daniel saw striking the image and then growing till it filled the whole earth. Let us see what significance there is for us in these events. As the curtain rises the first seal is opened, or broken amid thunderings.

The hour for action is come. Four mighty angels stand equipped; each with his distinct mission; and each waiting to obey. As soon as the seal is opened a voice is heard; a voice of thunder from within the throne. It is one of those four—the "Living Ones"—that speaks; not an address to John, but a command to one of these waiting angels, "Go!" And, at the word, "I, John, saw, and behold a white horse; and he that sat on him had a bow; and a crown was given to him; and he went forth conquering and to conquer," vers. 1, 2. Who is this rider? In reply, I say, it is the Archangel Michael. We know that he is to be in command of the angels in the coming conflict with the Dragon (Rev. 12: 1-8), that the guiding of the work of the two witnesses and their defence is committed, to him the sealing of the one hundred and forty-four thousand of the tribes of Israel, Rev. 7: 2, 3 (comp. Ezek. 9: 2-4), and the protecting of the persecuted woman to the place provided for her refuge, 12: 6-14. We know, too, that a distinct revelation was made to Daniel that, at this exact crisis in the history of his people—at the commencing of the Parousia, when "Many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake . . . to everlasting life"—they shall not, in their final struggle with the Antichrist, be forsaken; but that "Michael shall stand up" for them, "that Great Prince which standeth up for the children of thy people," Dan. 12: 1-3. Here we find him stand, mounted, ready to the summons, waiting, expecting, and at once he rides forth on his mission; on that steed of heaven; its color white, bearing a righteous summons and a message of glad news, carrying no sword, shedding no blood. Yet strength is given him and the bow, and the promise of a continued success, "conquering and to conquer;" and the "crown" that assures him of final and happy victory.

This is the time of the recall and restoration of the Jews to Palestine; the rebuilding of their Temple; their last siftings and sufferings under the persecuting power of the Antichrist; the conversion and steadfast faith of many of them to their newly-found Messiah; and the final union of Judah and Israel in one kingdom and under one Head.

Many of the Jews will return to Palestine unchanged and unsanctified. They will find the Man of Sin in power, and they cleave to him. They enter into alliance with him (Dan. 9: 27). They accept his patronage. They receive power and lands from him: "Whosoever acknowledges him, he will make them to rule over many; and he will distribute the land as a reward" of their apostasy. Favored and protected by the power of that impious king, they settle, they build, they plant vineyards, they erect a temple; and for a time in false peace, they seem to prosper.

At the time of most urgent need,there come to Israel from the immediate Presence,endowed with mighty powers of miracle, and each with a mighty name, the two inspired and inspiring Witnesses; men who have been in that Upper Sanctuary, who have seen the Lord take that sealed Book from the Father's hand; and who descend to testify that the Messiah is there above, in the Shechinah, waiting to [illegible] to fulfil to them his promise as the Saviour. They speak for the Lord with tongues of fire; they testify what they have seen and know; and, for twelve hundred and sixty days, their voice is heard (Rev. 11: 3-7) calling many to repentance and to the fountain opened for their cleansing (Zech. 13: 1); organizing them in resistance of the Man of Sin; nerving them to face that Great Tribulation, in which Michael is to stand up for them (Dan. 12: 1) who are of the tribes of Israel (Rev. 7: 4-17).

* [illegible] Conference in London:" "The Seven Trumpets."

SOUL-WINNING.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing May 14. Prov. 11: 30; I. Cor. 9: 19-23.

WHAT is it to win a soul? The question needs to be asked in these days of Christian activity, of revival services and organized effort. As the man who is always in a hurry and perpetually in a state of excitement does less work than the quiet, methodical worker, so it is possible to miss the object of Christian Endeavor by aimless or mistaken though very energetic labor. It is important therefore to clearly understand what we are really trying to do when we set out to win a soul. If, as we are sometimes told, a soul is won when the declaration is made of belief in Christ, the task is very simple. That step is a matter for thankfulness, as it may be the beginning of the work; but it is a mistake to suppose that the soul is then won. The real work lies beyond all that. The man who knows there are a hundred cents to the dollar,and understands the rules of business procedure, is not necessarily an honest man. The convert,who simply understands the way of salvation, has still an experience to pass through before it can be said that his soul is won. When he earnestly seeks to be delivered from the power of his lower nature; when he loves righteousness and purity and is trying with every fibre of his being to become holy and godlike; when he deems the attainment of spiritual development the greatest and most desirable good that can be attained and is trusting in Christ as the way to that goal—then,and not till then, can the soul be said to be won. With past degradation retrieved, past sins forgiven, and new strength supplied, the process has commenced, which shall lead to possible developments beyond human conception. To win a soul to such a career is worth every effort; and he that winneth souls is wise.

The word "won" is an indication of method. The soul cannot be driven into the upward path. The wise man wins souls by the subtle power of his own life, as well as by direct effort. It is an attraction, an inspiration, an influence. Christ compared the influence to light. The soul to be won is living in dark places. It needs to be drawn out of its caverns to the mountain side and its gaze directed to the sun-gilded summits. It knows no delights save those it extracts from the earth at its feet, and it needs to be told of other and nobler occupations and of the way to reach them. Sympathy, self-effacement and enthusiasm are needed for success in this duty. Above all, the soul-winner must himself be won, and must know by experience the joy and happiness of the course to which he would win others.

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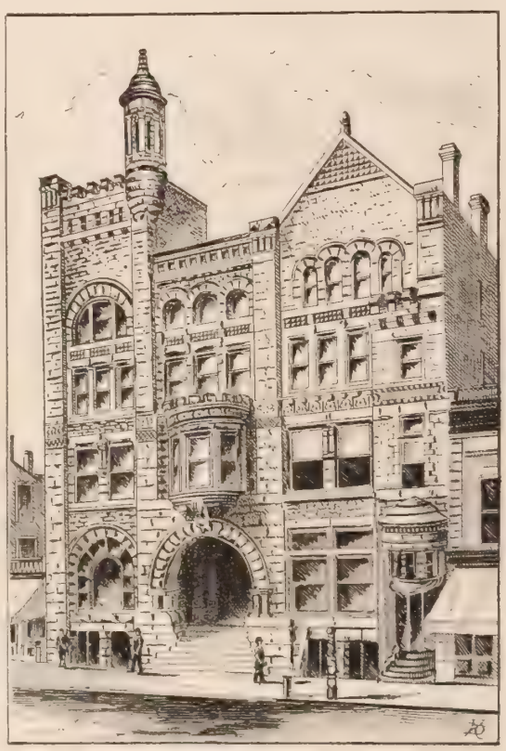
THE Y. M. C. A. OF DAYTON, O.

The handsome and commodious building, a picture of which appears on this page is the home of the Young Men's Christian Association of Dayton, Ohio. It is centrally located on East Fourth Street and covers an area of sixty-six by a hundred and twenty feet. Its cost, including its site was eighty-two thousand dollars. It is thoroughly well equipped for its work in the busy and thriving city of nearly seventy thousand inhabitants. It has a large well-lighted gymnasium with all the modern appliances, a reading-room and a library of about a thousand volumes. The Association is the largest in the State although in seniority it ranks only sixth or seventh. It was not organized until 1870, but it has a membership 1,560, of which more than one half are on the active list. The religious meetings are well attended and nine brances of educational study are carried on with a large number of students.



THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING, DAYTON, O.

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CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR IN GEORGIA.

THE Christian Endeavor movement in Georgia is comparatively new, yet it has taken the same deep hold on the Christian young people there as it has in other States.

The Society that led in the work in Georgia is the Society connected with the Congregational Church of the Redeemer of Atlanta, Ga. This Society started the movement and the work has since gone steadily on. The Church of the Redeemer Society has always been a good live working Society and is especially noted in Atlanta for its work at the Grady Hospital. At this hospital every Sunday afternoon may be found a large delegation of the Society who go there to have a service of song, and after singing, the delegates go into the wards and quietly speak a kind word to the sick as they pass the row of cots, and only those who go there and see how the patients' faces brighten up when they see the delegates can know how the work is appreciated. Men who have never heard a Christian song in years,have their hearts so melted that they do not hesitate to ask the young people to sing some old hymn their mother used to sing years ago,when the now hardened man was a tender youth. This hospital work is a grand one, the Sunday afternoon song service is followed up by a call during the week and gladly are the young people received.

Other members of the Society are teachers at the mission school and do no end of good there as they lead or direct the young of the poor section of the city as to how they should live to become good useful Christians. This Society also assists the church by having a hand in paying the church expenses, and all last summer the Society took full charge of the Sunday evening service. The Society has a great helper in its pastor,the Rev. Dr. Sherrill, who is a great believer and assister of the Christian Endeavor young people. The present officers of this Society are: H. S. Lockwood, President; Miss Aline Jawt, Vice-Pres.; Edward Richmond, Treasurer; Miss Clarimon Kellam, Corresponding Secretary, and Miss Ida Richmond, Recording Secretary.

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UNION MEETINGS IN THE WEST.

IT is gratifying to learn that some of the young people's societies in the West are finding inspiration and stimulus in union meetings. Our friend Mr. H. C. Leffingwell of Salida, Colo., reports that they were tried as an experiment and were found so helpful that it has been decided to hold them quarterly. Arrangements have been made to secure harmonious action and to make each society in turn the host of the others. One society selects the music for the meeting, another society chooses the leader and a third the subject. The time and place of meeting is decided by the general committee and notice is given from the various pulpits and in the local newspapers. There are a Christian Endeavor Society, an Epworth League and a Baptist Young People's Union in the town. As these societies are all working for a common object, they find no difficulty but rather mutual advantage from general consultation and friendly intercourse. As an evidence of the impartiality of the distribution of honors Mr. Leffingwell mentions that at one of the meetings which was held in the Methodist Church, there was a Baptist leader and the music was arranged by a Presbyterian Society. Subjects of common interest of a religious character are chosen and care is taken to avoid such as might be liable to provoke denominational controversy. It is evident that such meetings if continued with the discretion hitherto exercised must be beneficial to the young people of all the societies and occasions may arise in which much good may be accomplished by the utterance of a united voice on some question of social importance.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

THE Michigan League held its third annual Convention recently at Grand Rapids. The Convention was welcomed by Rev. A. M. Gould and a graceful response was made on behalf of the Leagues by Walter G. Sealey, Jr. An able address was delivered by Dr. Potts who expressed his belief that the Epworth League was one of the mightiest and most efficient means of character building which this age had produced. Dr. Berry, editor of the *Epworth Herald*, also took part in the proceedings dwelling on the various relations of the League to other Societies and to social life. Rev. F. L. Thompson spoke on the subject of Spiritual Work and Dr. L. W. Bliss of Saginaw on the Mercy and Help Department. Other papers were: "Our Attitude to Sunday Resorts," presented by Mr. George G. Whitworth, and "How to use the Public Press," by Mr. W. G. Bolles.—The Cleveland Ohio District held its Convention at Lorain, O. It was very largely attended and continued in session two whole days. The Convention re-elected the entire cabinet, G. L. Doty, President; Harry B. Daugherty, Secretary; John E. Heene, Treasurer.—A Chapter which was organized a little over a year ago at Cawnpore, India, has taken the name of the Layton Chapter in grateful remembrance of Miss Layton its president who died recently. It has also raised an appropriate memorial to her in subscribing about $500 with which to provide a free education for one native girl in the High School of the town.—The League has now a Chapter in the City of Mexico. Rev. P. F. Valderrama was active in organizing it and takes a deep interest in its progress. Its department of Literary Work is particularly active. It meets every Friday evening and is reported to be in a very flourishing condition. The Chapter holds its weekly prayer-meeting at nine o'clock on Sunday mornings.

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THE Louisiana State Christian Endeavor Union will hold a convention May 19-21 in New Orleans. The meetings will be held in Rayne Memorial Church. Rev. F. S. Parker of New Iberia will preach the sermon. Addresses have been promised by Rev. J. T. Sawyer, D. D., Rev. John F. Purser, D. D., Rev. Franklin N. Parker, and Rev. C. A. Hyland. Programmes may be obtained from Mr. H. J. Veith, 162 Common Street, New Orleans. A cordial invitation is extended to all friends of Christian Endeavor.

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At the State encampment of the G. A. R., at Benton Harbor, Mich., the music was furnished by an Endeavor chorus of two hundred voices, led by Rev. B. C. Preston.

The Family and Home Circle

A Great Naval Pageant.

The Leading Nations of the World Represented in the Brilliant Review in New York Harbor—A Splendid Spectacle.

COLUMBUS was honored not only by Columbia's sons and daughters but by the civilized nations of the world, on April 27. During the last few weeks, the navies of England, Germany, France, Spain, Italy, Russia and Holland, have been represented in American waters by a large number of magnificent warships, the whole forming the finest and most formidable aggregation of naval strength ever seen in the west Atlantic. The purpose of their coming was to participate in the great international naval review at New York, commemorative of the discovery of America. Hampton Roads was the rendezvous of the united fleets, and for many days prior to the great review in New York Bay, the offing opposite Fortress Monroe presented a brilliant and imposing sight. It was literally crowded with those tremendous floating batteries of death, as many as forty warships being in line, riding peacefully at anchor, while visits were exchanged and courtesies extended by the officers of the different squadrons and boatloads of guests from Fortress Monroe were welcomed and entertained aboard the vessels, they returning the courtesy by a series of receptions on shore. It was a season of such international amity as is seldom seen, and a pleasant thing it was to witness the good-will and fellowship of old-time foes.

On the 24th, the fleets left Hampton Roads for New York, arriving on the 26th and on the morning of the following day, they were marshalled in line in the bay for a parade of such splendor and dimensions as surprised and delighted the hundreds of thousands of spectators, who crowded the pleasure boats and steamers for viewing the spectacle from some convenient point on shore. There were about two score warships, including a number from our own "White Squadron," under the command of Rear-Admiral Gherardi. These were the *San Francisco*, *Chicago*, *Philadelphia*, *Baltimore*, *Vesuvius*, *Yorktown*, *Newark*, *Miantonomoh*, *Bennington*, *Atlanta*, *Bancroft*, *Charleston*, and *Concord*, the dispatch boat *Dolphin*, and the saucy little torpedo boat *Cushing*. All are among the finest representatives of the new American navy. England sent the armored cruiser *Blake* (one of the most powerful warships afloat), the *Magicienne*, the *Tartar* and the *Australia*, all under command of Vice-Admiral J. O. Hopkins. The *Blake* was probably the swiftest and most powerful vessel that participated in the review. France was represented by a fleet of three ships under Admiral Libran, the *Jean Bart*, a magnificent cruiser and a most formidable engine of destruction, being the largest. Her companions were the wooden cruiser *Arethuse*, and the comparatively small warship *Hussard*. Emperor William of Germany sent two of the finest representatives of his new navy—the *Kaiserin Augusta* and the *Seeadler* (Sea Eagle), under Commander Buschel, Imperial Navy. Both are splendid vessels of powerful armament and the transatlantic trip was their maiden voyage. Russia was imposingly represented by the warships *General Admiral*, *Rynda*, and *Dimitri Donskoi*. Italy sent the protected cruiser *Etna*, carrying the biggest guns of any of the foreign fleet, the protected cruiser *Dogali* and the iron-clad *Giovanni Bausan*, with Admiral Magaghni in command of the fleet. Spain contributed the crack cruisers *Reina Regenta* and *Infanta Isabel* and the gunboat *Nueva Espana*, and also the "Columbus fleet," consisting of the three caravels, *Santa Maria*, *Pinta* and *Nina*, built on the exact model of the ships of Columbus. They have already been described in these columns. The Spanish Commander was Rear Admiral Ignacio Gomez. Brazil sent the powerful ironclad *Aquidaban* and two small cruisers, the *Republica* and *Triandentes*. Holland was represented by the large iron-and-steel cruiser *Van Speijk*, Argentina, by the cruiser *Nueve de Julio*, and Portugal by the corvette *Alfonsa Albuquerque*.

During the entire week of the review the metropolis was in gala dress. On Wednesday the warships moved up to an anchorage at the mouth of the Hudson River, preceded by the three caravels, the whole naval line extending from 34th Street to 102d Street. The President and Cabinet, Supreme Court Judges, and high Federal officials arrived from Washington that afternoon, and on the forenoon of Thursday reviewed the fleet; President Cleveland being on the U. S. dispatch boat, *Dolphin*. The route of the naval parade was from the lower to the upper bay. Foreign vessels held the port line, while the starboard column, consisted of American warships with Admiral Gherardi's flagship, the *Philadelphia*, at the head. The double column extended from 32d Street to 88th Street, the turning point being opposite 96th Street, North River. Every ship was gayly dressed and with bands playing, and banners and ensigns flying, they swept proudly up that river which Verrazzani explored thirty-two years after Columbus' discovery, and to which Hendrik Hudson, nearly a century later, gave his name. Hundreds of cannon roared in deafening salutes, as the warships passed the *Dolphin*, with the Presidential party on board. After the review, the commanding officers of the various ships were entertained at a banquet on the *Dolphin*. On the next day, a military land parade took place, in which the foreign crews and marines were invited to participate. The parade was reviewed by the President at Union Square and was witnessed by probably a million spectators.

COMMANDERS IN THE GREAT COLUMBIAN NAVAL REVIEW, NEW YORK.

1. Rear-Admiral Bancroft Gherardi, U. S. N. 2. Admiral Sir John Hopkins, Great Britain. 3. Grand Duke Alexander Meheilovitch, of Russian Flagship, *Dimitri Donskoi*. 4. Captain Victor Concon of the *Santa Maria*.

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Little White Angels.

THERE was a child born in your house. All your friends congratulated you. The other children of the family and of the neighborhood stood amazed looking at the new-comer, and asked a great many questions, genealogical and chronological. You said—and you said truthfully—that a white angel flew through the room and left the little one there. That little one stood with its two feet in the very centre of your sanctuary of affection, and with its two hands it took hold of the altar of your soul. But one day there came one of the three scourges of children—scarlet fever, or croup, or diphtheria—and all that bright scene vanished. The chattering, the strange questions, the pulling at the dresses as you crossed the floor—all ceased. As the great friend of children stooped down and leaned toward that cradle, and took the little one in his arms, and walked away with it into the bower of eternal summer, your eye began to follow him, and you followed the treasure he carried, and you have been following them ever since; and, instead of thinking of heaven only once a week, as formerly, you are thinking of it all the time, and you are more pure and tender-hearted than you used to be, and you are patiently waiting for the day-break. It is not self-righteousness in you to acknowledge that you are a better man than you used to be—you are a better woman than you used to be. What was it that brought you the sanctifying blessing? O! it was the dark shadow on the short grave; it was the dark shadow on your broken heart; it was the brooding of a great black trouble; it was a raven—it was a raven. Dear Lord, teach us that white providences do not always mean advancement, and that black providences do not always mean retrogression.

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Guard Well Your Boys.

"You can't keep boys quite straight, you know. They must have a chance to sow their wild oats." Must? A word from Satan's vocabulary! Look ahead a few years. There he goes—young boy! swearing, swaggering, course, obscene! You hope he will marry and sober down? Yes, if some pure girl will pour the fulness of her sweet-life into the turbid stream of his, there is a bare chance that he may be saved. How much better to have trained him to the right when you had him under your hands! In the outset he was not unlike his sister in morals. You hold her to the proprieties and decencies, while you let him run at his own will in paths of misdeed. Now, in purity of life, they are leagues apart. There are as many boys as there are girls in the infant classes of our Sunday Schools; but one-half as many boys as girls in the Bible classes. Women outnumber men in the church two to one. In the State prison men, outnumber women fifty to one. This sad proportion tells its own story!

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A DESCENDANT OF COLUMBUS.

ONE of the features of the Columbian year is the presence in this country of the

THE DUKE OF VERAGUA.

Duke of Veragua, a Spanish nobleman who comes to us with a peculiar claim upon the kindly courtesies of the people of America. The Duke is a peer of Spain in his own right and a direct lineal descendant of the great explorer, in the eleventh generation. He has come, with his wife, son, daughter and brother, to attend the World's Fair and he has succeeded in making a most favorable impression, not only in New York City but in every other city thus far visited. He is a man of high culture and accomplishments, and since his arrival various municipalities have vied with each other in doing him honor as their guest. He was presented with the freedom of the City of New York, and has been entertained in different cities as a national guest whose distinguished descent and eminent personal qualities entitled him to the warmest courtesies of the American people. He will remain in this country for some time as the guest of the nation and will be present at the opening ceremonies of the World's Fair. Commander Dickins of the American Navy has been acting as the official escort and companion of the Duke since his arrival. There is something refreshingly republican about these descendants of the old Spanish nobility, and the Duke, the Duchess and their family seem to have happily adapted themselves to the spirit and manner of our people more than any other visitors of distinction in recent years.

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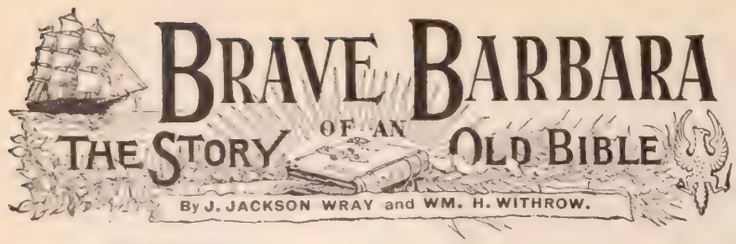
Politeness Doesn't Hurt.

"DON'T be afraid of politeness,—it will not hurt you," says a reverend writer. "Have none of that false shame which crushes the life from so many of you good and noble impulses, and causes you to shrink from performing little acts of tenderness and love toward one another. Let your feet, your hands, your voice be the willing servants of that great master of politeness, the heart. Politeness teaches how to obey, gladly, fearlessly, and openly. The truly polite child is a good son, a good daughter, for politeness teaches him the duty and respect he owes to his parents; he is a kind and grateful brother; his very willingness to help his sister makes her feel better and stronger. He is a true friend, for he scorns the unkind works that wound those who love him. Politeness and charity are twins—they make the true gentleman, the true gentlewoman, helpful, loving, unpretentious. The world would be better if the young boys and young girls, would obey the watchword of true politeness, which is charity."



CHAPTER VIII.

A GALLANT RESCUE.

"TOWARD sunset," writes a chronicler of these days, "our voyagers caught a glimpse of the beautiful South-bay, a narrow inlet to Lake Champlain, glowing in the light of the falling day like the sea of glass mingled with fire. They landed for the night on the carpeted borders of a dense forest, now occupied by the busy town of Whitehall. A rude tent was erected among the trees for the women and children, and a simple booth of branches for the men.

The camp fire was built, and soon the red blaze of the burning pine-knots vied with the crimson glory of the setting sun. A portion of dried meat sent forth its savory odor, and wheaten cakes were baked on the hot griddle. The children, amid shouts of glee, gathered wild raspberries in the woods. A little carefully-hoarded tea—a great luxury at that time—was steeped, and, that nothing might be lost, the leaves were afterwards eaten with the bread. A hearty, happy meal was made; a hymn was sung that made the glades of the virgin forest ring with the name of Jesus and of the Great Father, in whose care the singers felt themselves to be; again Barbara's Bible did gracious duty; and then the trustful and tired travelers slept behind the curtains of the night.

On the second day, the bateaux stretched out into the pleasant bay, and, wafted by the soft south wind, skirted the wooded shores. Day after day, the rude barges with their patient, hopeful voyagers, impelled by oar and sail, glided on the broad and beautiful bosom of Lake Champlain, a perfect paradise of peace. At that time its gently sloping and emerald shores were an almost unbroken wilderness, with here and there the solitary clearing of an adventurous pioneer.

All went well with our adventurous exiles till the afternoon of the third day. And then a strange thing happened. While they were sailing on the widest part of Lake Champlain, wearily and painfully rowing in a dead calm, a sudden tempest rose which threatened them with desperate peril. The day had been hot and sultry; not a breath of air ruffled the still surface of the water. The burning sunlight had been reflected like an oven from the steely surface of the lake. The children drooping like parched flowers, were fretful and restless with the distressing heat; and the oarsmen wearily gasped beneath their toil. Presently a grateful coolness began to steal through the oppressive air; a gentle breeze came to them like the benediction of God, and a spreading cloud veiled from them the face of the scorching sun. While yet our grateful voyagers were congratulating themselves on this most welcome and delightful change, the elders seeing therein the generous act of God, the younger laughing gleefully at this pleasant turn of fortune, another surprise appeared, and cheerful talk and ripple of laughter were silenced by what they saw and heard.

Paul Heck, who had been leisurely scanning the horizon, sitting with bare locks to catch the invigorating breeze, and drinking in, after his own quiet fashion, the glorious beauty of the lake and its surroundings, sprang up with a start and a look of wonder and of fear. "Down with your sail!" he shouted to his co-voyagers, who were some distance off in the other boat, pointing at the same time to the red sky-line in the far west. With eager haste he and Lawrence set to work to take in and close-reef their own sails. To an unobservant eye, there was little sign of danger, blue sky, still seas, and quiet breezes seldom are, but Paul had seen a long white line of foam on which a dim, dark smoke or cloud was hovering, and both advancing with more than race-horse speed along the smiling lake.

"John!" said the thoroughly aroused Paul to his stout henchman, Lawrence, "Take the helm from Mary, keep her well before the squall! It will be on us and over us in five minutes!"

The words were barely out of his lips; not five minutes and scarcely fifty seconds had passed, when the bateaux were suddenly surrounded by foaming billows which tumbled and tossed them about as though they had been cockle-shells instead of lumbering barges, heavily laden. The air with ominous rapidly became thick and dark, lighted up as suddenly with broad flames of electricity which only made the subsequent dark more gloomy still; and this, again, was pierced with those terrible zig-zag lines and lances of forked lightning which too often have death upon their perilous point.

Eager to care for his beloved ones, Paul Heck sought to cross the barge to fling some covering over Barbara and the children. A sudden gust of wind, a sudden heaving of the boat, and our solid and silent Paul was tilted into the subsiding waters of the angry lake. A shriek from the white lips of Mary Embury, and the horrified cry of the boys as they saw the sad catastrophe, was followed on the instant by a leap from the strong limbs of Lucky Mike, who had seen the accident, and who, in the same moment had followed his beloved and honored master into the deep.

Then was it indeed a thing to thank God for that Michael Finnigan had been familiar from his childhood with the power to swim, and to "swim like a duck," as he was proud to boast, though he had never known the full value of the accomplishment as now. Surely the movements of the brave young Irishman were directed at the moment by the Master Mind, for he plunged into the water in the near neighborhood of the unfortunate Paul, kept him in sight, reached him and upheld him until Lawrence lifted him into the boat.

And so it came to pass that Paul Heck was saved amid the mingled prayers and praises of the little crew; and the looks that greet Lucky Mike, the pats and strokes of the caressing children, as if he were a big Newfoundland dog, as he stood dripping, but safe and sound were never forgotten by the poor waif of Munster, until his dying day. But the prize and crown of his reward came to him when "Misthress Barbara" beckoned him to her side, wiped the water from his face, smoothed with her motherly hand his tangled hair, and imprinting a kiss on his cheek, said with the tears swimming in her eyes, "Thank you, thank you, dear friend. It was a happy day for me, that day in the farm at Ballygarane, when I began to make friends with 'Onlucky Mike.' God bless the lad!"

If ever there was a happy mortal in existence, it was Lucky Mike Finnigan on that ever-to-be-remembered day! After a while, even the remnant of that strange storm and hurricane was past, the two bateaux got under the lee of the "Isle-aux-Noix," and our immigrants disembarked thereon in a sheltered and inviting bay. Their limbs, at least those of the woman and children, were cramped and stiffened by long crouching in their water-soaked clothing, and the men were stiff and weary with their sore battle with the storm; but, nevertheless, the great deliverance, the marvellous rescue from the tempest, and that of Paul Heck from the deeps of Lake Champlain filled their souls with gratitude, their hearts with hope and cheer, and their lips with song.

A bright fire was soon blazing on the grass; their wet clothes were soon dried, thanks to the big fire, the pleasant breeze and the warm sunshine which filled the air. A most acceptable meal was prepared, pleasantly discussed, and their sorrows were "like the waters that pass away." Towards evening the stormy lake sobbed itself to rest. The sun set in a serene sky, and the moon, riding the heavens with scarce a cloud to fleck them, flooded the fair landscape of lake and bay and wood and glade with a silvery beauty, amid which they rested and slept in peace.

In the island on which the little party had found acceptable shelter they found a small log block-house, the lone "outpost" of the British force in that region. This little party of red-jackets were the sole defenders of this gate-way of Canada, and received them graciously and treated them kindly as loyal subjects of King George. Here again Lucky Mike was able to do his friends a good turn, for the Corporal in charge of the outpost was not only an Irishman, but a close relation of the "Clan Finnigan," and insisted that our young Irish favorite came of the same "ould stock as himself."

"It's a thrue saying," quoth the corporal "that blood is thicker than wather; an' sure a Finnigan must stand by a Finnigan so long as smoke rises or wather runs, an' niver a wan o' them would grudge the tap av a shillaly or a noggin o' comfort when a Finnigan cries 'Ochone.'"

This colonel kindly guided them to the entrance of the Richelieu River, on which they proposed to enter the river St. Lawrence, and so reach the goal of their desire, the city of Montreal. Thus they were soon on the water way once again, and the distresses of yesterday were soon forgotten in the sunshine and the hope that made for them a glad to-day.

Their next halt was at the little hamlet of Sorel, where they received kindly welcome, certain needful additions to their failing supplies, and were able to give the poor solitary groups of soldiers who held the fort high compensation, by holding a warm and hearty Methodist service in the mess-room.

It was attended by the whole of the soldiers except the two on guard; and the Scottish lieutenant in command, himself of religious bent and bias, undertook the ordering of the all too rare piece of good fortune that broke the monotony of their dreamy lives. John Lawrence won the hearts of his rough and curious hearers by his talk about the Prodigal son, and the Father's open arms; Brave Barbara evoked thunderous plaudits by the singing of spiritual songs. This was foreign to her notions of what should be permitted in a religious service. So she determined to change the character of her song; and as she sung with intensest pathos the immortal hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul," there came no plaudits, but heads were bent low, and eyes unused to weep were filled with tears.

Then again she sang the stanza, "Thou, O Christ, art all I want," and with such pathos and such power that its effect upon herself was to bring her down upon her knees, to plead, with inspired lips, and eyes streaming with tears, that Christ would come there and then. Down knelt the whole band of rude and reckless soldiery, and in a little time a true "revival meeting" woke the echoes of the warlike walls, and John Nelson himself, or George Whitefield "never had a grander time," to quote the latter's favorite expression when the "power of the Lord was present to heal."

The seed sown in the little frowning fortress on the banks of the St. Lawrence, resulted in an enduring harvest, and in after years, both Lieut. Campbell and certain of his comrades came to be fellow disciples with Brave Barbara and her companions in their subsequent home elsewhere.

Embarking anew on the broad bosom of the St. Lawrence, our travelers urged their cumbrous barges on their way to Montreal. Through all the weary and heroic struggle, which tested the strength and endurance of voyagers to the utmost, they were cheered by the brave woman whose insiring songs of Zion filled their hearts with courage.

At last, with glad and grateful hearts the spent and weary voyagers beheld the forest-crowned heights, the grassy ramparts, and the long stone wall that told them they had reached the long-sought and eagerly-welcomed city of Montreal! A red-coated sentry paced up and down the rude landing-stage, and another mounted guard beside the ponderous wooden gate, studded with iron bolts and clamped with iron bars, like the portcullis of some mid-ieval continental town of the Old World.

Paul Heck, Brave Barbara and John Lawrence set out to find temporary lodgings, leaving the rest "to keep the gear and bide by the stuff" until their return. Our pioneer pilgrims entered by what is called the "water-gate" and turned to the long low line of barracks. Their first reception was most disheartening, and, had it not been for Brave Barbara's strength of will and her cool, calm courage, might well have damped their ardor and beaten them back from their enterprise. In reply to Paul Heck's civil inquiry of an idle soldier as to whether there were any "Methodists" in the garrison—for already the close brotherhood of the Methodist bond was asserting itself—the soldier answered and with a laugh: "Methodies! What's them, I should like to know? Never heeard o' no Methodies, I didn't."

Paul explained, more fully, that they were the followers of John Wesley, but that failed to throw any more light on the subject in that quarter.

"John Wesley! Who's he?" was the reply. I niver heeard on him. Zay, Ned, do'ee knaw aught o' Methodies 'i the barracks?"

This was addressed to a comrade.

"Methodists!" said he. "O ay; he means them rantin' Swaddlers wot was in the King's Own in Flanders: don't ye mind? The strait-laced hypocrites! A honest soldier couldn't drain a jack, or win a main at cards, or kiss a lass, or curse a Johnny Crapaud, but they'd drop down on him. No, there bean't noan on 'em here, an' wot's more, we don't want none on 'em nayther."

"Ah, well, we're all Methodists," said Barbara, who was never ashamed of her colors.

"You are!" said Ned, dropping both belt and pipeclay. "Well, you're a plucky 'un, I must say. But there, you're like all the rest of 'em. Still," he continued with a look of respectful wonder, "I shouldn't ha ta'en you for one o' that sort."

"Will you be good enough to take us to the captain?" said Barbara, in such a way that Ned lifted his hand to his cap by way of an instinctive salute.

"Here, Geoffrey," replied the soldier, calling to an orderly close by who was grooming an officer's horse, and suspended operations to listen, "take the parson and, and—this lady to the captain, will you."

"Take 'em yourself," said the irate Geoffrey, who evidently had a good deal of the ultra-democratic leaven in him. "I bean't none o' your sarvant."

The little altercation was suddenly interrupted by the interference of "Authority" itself. A commanding officer appeared; and as he came clattering down the stone steps to the tune of jingling spurs and trailing sword, those "under authority" subsided into submissive silence.

"Hallo!" said the new-comer. "What's the row with you fellows now? Beg your pardon, madame," he continued, catching sight of our little group of voyagers, and involuntarily lifting his cocked hat, as he addressed Barbara Heck, "Can I be of any service to you?"

"We have just arrived from the province of New York," said Barbara, and as she spoke she made an elaborate and old-fashioned courtesy to the gentleman in epaulettes and gold lace.

"From New York, have you?" said the officer, who pricked up his ears in legitimate curiosity at the words, for there had come to be but little intercourse between the new province and the Colonies in those quarrelsome days. "I must ask you to follow me into the Council-room: and, fortunately, the governor is at home."

The officer led the way, followed by our somewhat awe-stricken pilgrims, along the narrow Rue Notre Dame, to a long low rather insignificant-looking building, with quaint dormer windows and a high-pitched roof. A lofty flag-staff was fixed on the open space in front, and from this floated the red-cross flag of St. George.

For some time Barbara and her companions were kept waiting in an ante-room, and our peaceful Paul was not much at his ease in these new surroundings. It certainly did encourage him to catch a peep every now and then at the old familiar flag rippling and rustling in the breeze; but the two sentries in their red-jackets with their fixed bayonets, pacing to and fro beneath the window, was a sight not at all to his heart's content. In due time the captain returned, and conducted them into a long, low apartment, with a flat, wooden ceiling.

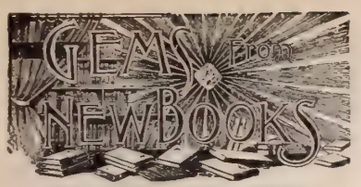
Seated at a large, green-covered table, on which lay his sword, and a number of charts and papers, pay-rolls, dockets, and the like, was an officer of commanding presence and noble mien. His somewhat towsled mass of grizzled hair, the side-whiskers and bushy eyebrows of iron-grey, the tanned and weather-bound features, and a certain alertness in the gleam and use of his piercing black eyes, suggested the thought that he had "seen service." By his side sat a much younger man, busily writing. This was his secretary, who seemed to be engrossed with important business, and scarcely looked at the new-comers who were standing within the door, silently waiting the Governor's attention.

"Oh, ah," said he suddenly looking up, as if he had forgotten all about them: which was, doubtless, true, for in those exciting days the Governor of Montreal had something more important than the fortunes of a few emigrants to think about. "Excuse me: pray be seated. Pierre, bring a chair for the lady;" and so while honest Paul and his friend, John Lawrence, were sufficiently well provided for by the stiff-backed benches provided for the common herd, Barbara was insensibly and naturally regarded as worthy of special courtesy.

"I hear," said Colonel Burton, turning specially to Paul Heck, and speaking with some little sternness, "that you have come from the disloyal province of New York."

"Ye—yes, your worship," said Paul, nervously fumbling with his hat, and wishing his honest self fully fifty miles away.

(To be Continued.)



CHRISTIAN LAND-OWNERS *

THERE is not a word in the positive precepts of our Lord Jesus Christ or of any of the New Testament writers ordaining the existence of communism. The attitude of our Lord Jesus Christ on this subject is worthy of remark. He raised no contention with the old order of things. He announced no principle that by necessary and logical inference would overthrow that order. He mingled continually with those who possessed landed property, and although he was free to denounce oppressors of the poor and despoilers of the widow, no word fell from his lips censuring owners of land.

It would seem from the Gospels that among his closest friends and sincerest disciples were those who occupied homes of their own. He accepted the hospitality of these and other householders with the utmost freedom, and with never a suggestion of disfavor or rebuke. His favorite retreat when at Jerusalem was the beautiful home of Lazarus and his sisters Martha and Mary on Mount Olivet. To this delightful suburban retreat he continually and lovingly resorted after the wearying toils and vexing contentions of a day's teaching in the Holy City. Can we suppose that these beloved Bethany friends were guilty of wrong or impropriety in their ownership of their Bethany home, and that our blessed Lord received therein from them the sweets and solace of hospitality without a word or seemingly a thought of protest or rebuke? We cannot think it.

Among the apostles of Jesus was John, a friend of the High Priest, who owned "his own house." The original expression need not imply that John had a house in Jerusalem, but certainly does show that his usual habitation was fixed, and was his own. When the Master hung upon the Cross in the agonies of dissolution it was to the disciple, the beloved John, that he committed the care of his mother. It would almost appear that the fact of John's ownership of a home in which that venerated mother might fittingly be sheltered, was the one which decided the choice and action of Jesus in committing the Virgin Mary to this disciple's care. It is true indeed that this evidence concerning our Lord's attitude towards the question of personal ownership of land is largely of a negative character; and yet there are circumstances under which such testimony has all the weight of the most positive witnessing. At all events, it is clearly manifest that the teaching and example of Jesus Christ cannot be quoted against the right of individual ownership of land.

*From *The Gospel in Nature;* a series of popular discourses on Scripture Truths, derived from facts in nature; by Rev. Henry McCook, D. D.; pp. 379; cloth; Allen Lane & Scott, Philadelphia, publishers.

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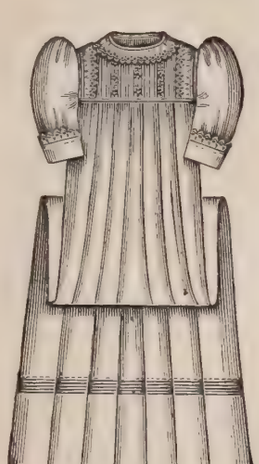

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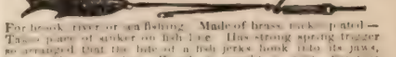

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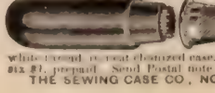

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CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 16. COPYRIGHT 1893, BY LOUIS KLOPSCH. NUMBER 19.

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, MAY 10, 1893.

PRICE, 5 CENTS.
Annual Subscription, $1.50.

TRANSFORMED BY GRACE.

Buffalo's Vice-Ridden Canal District, Once the Terror of the City, now a Centre of Gospel Effort—How the Work of the Homestead Mission has been Blessed.

FEW American cities of like size afford a better field for missionary work than Buffalo. In October, 1889, the delegates to the Christian Workers' Convention, then in session in that city, aided by the laymen and clergy of Buffalo, were led to open a Rescue Mission on Ohio Street, a locality where such a work was greatly needed. After months of financial struggle, the Mission was moved to No. 163 Canal Street, and some time later, an unknown friend gave $10,000 to the project. This sum was placed in the hands of trustees as the nucleus of a fund to carry on aggressive Christian work among the poor of the city. The Christian Homestead Association was incorporated and its affairs are directed by nine leading business men of Buffalo, members of different evangelical churches.

Buffalo stands at the foot of the Lakes and at the head of the Erie Canal and consequently is the rendezvous of thousands of homeless, drifting men. It has been the policy of the police to try and confine this rough element, with scant restrictions, to a little district of which Canal street is the centre or artery, and the result is startling. Not even Chicago or New York can point to a section where vice and misery are more closely huddled together, or where the social condition is so low and degraded as to be more lawless and godless than this. In the district are 296 places of business of which 125 sell liquor, seventeen are "free theatres"—the lowest class of variety show—eighty are disreputable houses, without liquor licence, yet where alcoholic drinks are sold, and there are about ninety-one second-hand stores, barber and cobbler-shops and restaurants—in other words, only about thirty per cent. of the entire business of the district can be classed as legitimate.

THE RESCUE MISSION, CANAL ST., BUFFALO, N.Y.

It was not an easy task that had been undertaken, and for nearly a year it was conducted under most discouraging pecuniary circumstances. In June, 1891, Walter N. Hinman took charge of the mission as Superintendent and through his tireless devotion to the work was the means, under God, of infusing spirit and energy into it and making the Homestead Rescue Mission a power for righteousness in the district. The building in which the Rescue Mission was located, at No. 163 Canal Street, had been formerly a saloon; but now it was transformed into a cheerful and attractive place. It was kept open all day long and Rescue or Gospel meetings for adults were held there every night, the average nightly attendance being about fifty persons. Not a night passed in which some did not rise to ask for special prayer that they might be led to accept Christ. Numbers were converted and of these a very large proportion are now leading better lives. There is good reason to believe that at least one hundred men who once were in different stages of drunkennesss, destitution and crime are now, through the means of this mission, industrious Christians. Some have been reunited to wives and families; some, for obvious reasons, have left the city which witnessed their degradation; others have secured permanent work elsewhere, and still others are scattered through the lumber camps in different parts of the State.

Those rough-spoken and besotted men are often easily persuaded to try earnestly to live the better life, but their habits and their surroundings conspire to drag them down in spite of themselves. For this reason the five-story building No's 84 and 86 Lloyd street, was rented and equipped as a Homestead Lodging House with accommodations for 150 men, and the property itself has since been purchased. This Lodging House was opened in November 1891. It contains a room adapted either for meetings or a restaurant where men can be accommodated at means within the reach of the very poorest. There is also a large and pleasant reading-room. The dormitory is a clean, light loft, with stout wooden flooring, white walls and ceiling. The cots are iron, and at the head of each is a clothes closet, where the occupant can lock up his garments and other belongings. The Reading and Sitting-Room is really a comfortable looking apartment—more like that in some respectable middle-class hotel than in a mission. It is well lighted, abundantly supplied with chairs, and on the walls are several pictures including a copy of the celebrated painting: "Christ before Pilate," by Munkacsy. Over 100 men are now housed at the Homestead. Work for nearly 100 men is secured every year through the instrumentality of the mission, and very few of those so helped have proved unworthy. The amount of destitution in the district is appalling and there are many piteous appeals for shelter, food and clothing at the Rescue mission. Through the liberality of Christian friends who have contributed to the work, these demands have thus far been met by the mission and many hundreds of deserving cases have receive substantial assistance. One of the happiest results of the work accomplished by the Homestead Mission is the great improvement in morals and general character that is now everywhere perceptible in the populous district adjoining the canal. On one street alone, seventeen concert and dance places have been closed and, with the co-operation of the authorities, it is believed that the punfication will be permanent. The work has aroused the interest of the pastors of Buffalo, and clergymen frequently attend the meetings and inspect the field, noting with gratification the changes that have taken place. In addition to the slum and rescue work and the management of the lodging-house, the Homestead Association is a beneficent power in many other ways, its members making visits to the sick, to families, to hospitals, working among the children and fallen women, distributing flowers and tracts and Gospel cards, and doing other personal missionary work. Miss Johanna D. Cutter, the female missionary of these Homestead, labors among the women of the district, her entire time and income being devoted to these duties. Another successful laborer is Miss Ida K. Grein, missionary for the children. The Trustees of the Homestead, including President George N. Pierce, Vice-President H. C. Harrower, Secretary J. J. McWilliams, Treasurer S. M. Clement, Jr., and Trustees Woodworth, Kellogg, Hopkins, Hedstrom, Bond and Johnson, vie with each other in active consecration to the work of reclaiming the fallen and forsaken in a section hitherto neglected. The field in which these servants of the Master labor covers ten blocks or more, and has a resident population of several thousand, while thousands of homeless sailors and wanderers drift into it constantly.

WALTER N. HINMAN.
(*Superintendent, Homestead Mission.*)

THE HOMESTEAD MISSION, LLOYD STREET, BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

It has been known in times past as "the infected district"—the distinguishing mark of moral and physical pollution. It had neither church nor school-house, nor book-store, and was wholly given over to vice and lawlessness. In less than two years, under the Divine blessing, such a change has already been wrought as has surprised the people of Buffalo. Through the efforts of the Homestead's devoted workers, regular church services are now

(Continued on page 307.)

The Tabernacle Pulpit

MAY-TIME THOUGHTS.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., Founded on the Text: "*A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon.*" Solomon's Song 4: 15.

SOME of the finest gardens of olden times were to be found at the foot of Mount Lebanon. Snow descended, and winter whitened the top of the mountain; then, when the warm spring weather came, the snows melted and poured down the side of the mountain, and gave great luxuriance to the gardens at the foot; and you see now the allusion of my text, when it speaks of the fountain of gardens, and streams from Lebanon.

Again and again the church is represented as a garden, all up and down the Word of God, and it is a figure specially suggestive at this season of the year, when the parks and the orchards are about to put forth their blossom, and the air is filled with bird-voices.

A mother wished to impress her child with the love of God; and so in the spring-time, after the ground had been prepared in the garden, she took a handful of flower-seed, and scattered these seeds in the shape of letters all across the bed of the garden. Weeks passed by, and the rains and the sunshine had done their work, and one day the child came in and said, "Mother, come quickly to the garden—come now." The mother followed the child to the garden, and the little child said, "Look here, mother! see, it is spelt all over the ground in flowers, 'God is Love.'"

O my friends! if we only had faith enough, we could see Gospel lessons all around and about us—lessons in shells on the beach, lessons in sparkles on the wave, lessons in stars on the sky, lessons in flowers all over the earth.

Well, my friends, you know very well that there have been some beautiful gardens created. There was the garden of Charlemagne, and you remember that this king ordered gardens laid out all through the realm, and decided by decree of government what kind of flowers should be planted in those gardens. Henry IV., at Montpellier, decreed that there should be flowers planted throughout his realm, and gardens laid out, and he specially decreed that there should be Alpine pyrena and French plants. Shenstone the poet was more celebrated for his gardens than for his poetry: his poetry has faded from the ages for the most part, but his gardens are immortal; to all the beauty of his place he added perfection of art. Palisade and arch and arbor and fountain and rustic temple had their most wonderful specimens, and the oak and the hazel and the richest woods of the forest were planted in that garden. He had genius and he had industry, and all his genius and all his industry, he applied to the beautification of that garden. He gave for it $1,500 and he sold it at last for $85,000, or what was equal to that number of dollars. It was an expensive garden, laid out with great elaboration. And yet I have to tell you now of a garden of vaster expense—the garden spoken of in my text—a fountain of gardens with the streams from Lebanon.

Walter Scott had the great ambition of his life to build Abbotsford and lay out extensive gardens round about it. It broke his heart that he could not complete the work as he desired it. At his last payment of £100,000, after laying out those gardens, and building that palace of Abbotsford, at that time his heart broke, his health failed, and he died almost an imbecile.

A few years ago, when I walked through those gardens, and I thought at what vast expense they had been laid out, at the expense of that man's life, it seemed I could see in the crimson flowers the blood of the old man's broken heart. But I have to tell you now of a garden laid out at vaster expense—who can calculate that vast expense. Tell me, ye women who watched him hang. tell me, ye executioners who lifted and let him down; tell me, thou sun that didst hide, and ye rocks that did fall, what the laying out of this garden cost. This morning, amid the aroma and brightness of the spring-time, it is appropriate that I show you how the Church of Christ is a garden.

I remark first, it is a garden because of the rare plants in it. That would be a strange garden in which there were no flowers. If you cannot find them anywhere else you will find them along the paths, and you will find them at the gateway.

If there be no especial taste and no especial means, you will find there the hollyhock, and the daffodil, and the dahlia. If there be no especial taste and no especial means, you will find the Mexican cactus, and the blue-bell, and the arbutus, and the clusters of oleanders.

Flowers there must be in every garden, and I have to tell you that in the garden of the church are the rarest plants. Sometimes you will find the violet, inconspicuous, but sweet as heaven—Christian souls, with no pretence, but of vast usefulness, comparatively unknown on earth, but to be glorious in celestial spheres. Violets and violets all the time. You cannot tell where these Christians have been, save by the brightening face of the invalid, or the steaming tureen on the stand near the sick pillow, or the new curtain that keeps out the glare of the sun from the poor man's cot. Such characters are perhaps better typified by the ranunculus which goes creeping between the thorns and the briars of this life, giving a kiss for a sting; and many a man has thought that life before him was a black rock of trouble, and found it covered all over with delightsome jessamine of Christian sympathy.

In this garden of the Lord I find the Mexican cactus, loveliness within, thorns without, men with great sharpness of behavior and manner, but within them the peace of God, the love of God, the grace of God. They are hard men to handle, ugly men to touch, very apt to strike back when you strike them, yet within them all loveliness and attraction, while outside so completely unfortunate. Mexican cactus all the time.

Said a placid elder to a Christian minister, "Doctor, you would do better to control your temper." "Ah!" said the minister to the placid elder, "I control more temper in five minutes than you do in five years." These people, gifted men, who have great exasperation of manner, and seem to be very different from what they should be, really have in their souls that which commends them to the Lord. Mexican cactus all the time. So a man said to me years ago, "Do you think I ought to become a member of the church—I have such a violent temper?

"Yesterday I was crossing Jersey City Ferry. It was very early in the morning, and I saw a milkman putting a large quantity of water into his can, and, I said, 'That is enough, sir,' and he got off the cart and insulted me, and I knocked him down. Well," said he, "do you think I could ever become a Christian?" That man had in his soul the grace of the Lord Jesus, but outside he was full of thorns, and full of brambles, and full of exasperations; but he could not hear the story of a Saviour's mercy told without having the tears roil down his cheek. There was loveliness within, but roughness outside. Mexican cactus all the time.

But I remember in boyhood that we had in our father's garden what we called the Giant of Battle, a peculiar rose, very red and very fiery. Suggestive flower, it was called the Giant of Battle. And so in the garden of the Lord we find that kind of flower—the Pauls and Martin Luthers, the Wycliffes, the John Knoxes—Giants of Battle. What in other men is a spark, in them is a conflagration; when they pray, their prayers take fire. When they suffer they sweat great drops of blood; when they preach it is a pentecost; when they fight it is a Thermopylæ; when they die it is martyrdom,—Giants of Battle. You say, "Why have we not more of them in the Church of Christ at this time?" I answer your question by asking another: "Why have we not more Cromwells and Humboldts in the world?" God wants only a few Giants of Battle: they do their work, and they do it well.

But I find also in the Church of God a plant that I shall call the snowdrop. Very beautiful but cold; it is very pure, pure as the snowdrop, beautiful as the snowdrop, and as cold as the snowdrop. No special sympathy. That kind of man never loses his patience; he never weeps, he never flashes with anger, he never utters a rash word. Always cold, always precise, always passive, beautiful snowdrop, but I don't like him: I would rather have one Giant of Battle than 5 000 snowdrops.

Give me a man who may make some mistakes in his ardor for the Lord's service, rather than that kind of nature which spends its whole life doing but one thing, and that is keeping equilibrium. There are snowdrops in all the churches—men without any sympathy. Very good; they are in the garden of the Lord, therefore I know they ought to be there; but always snowdrops.

You have seen in some places perhaps a century plant. I do not suppose there is a person in this house who has ever seen more than one century plant in full bloom, and when you see the century plant your emotions are stirred. You look at it and say, "This flower has been gathering up its beauty for a whole century, and it will not bloom again for another hundred years." Well I have to tell you that in this garden of the Church, spoken of in my text, there is a century plant.

It has gathered up its bloom from all the ages of eternity, and nineteen centuries ago it put forth its glory. It is not only a century plant but a passion-flower—The passion-flower of Christ; a crimson flower, blood at the root, and blood on the leaves, the passion-flower of Jesus, the century plant of eternity. Come, O winds from the north, and winds from the south, and winds from the east, and winds from the west, and scatter the perfume of this flower through all nations.

His worth, if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too.

Thou, the Christ of all the ages, hast garments smelling of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces.

I go further, and say the church of Christ is appropriately compared to a garden because of its thorough irrigation. There can be no luxuriant garden without plenty of water. I saw a garden in the midst of the desert, amid the Rocky Mountains. I said, How is it possible you have so many flowers, so much rich fruit in a desert for miles around? I suppose some of you have seen those gardens. Well, they told me they had aqueducts and pipes reaching up to the hills, and the snows melted on the Sierra Nevada and the Rocky Mountains, and then poured down in water to those aqueducts, and it kept the fields in great luxuriance. And I thought to myself—how like the garden of Christ! All around it the barrenness of sin and the barrenness of the world, but our eyes are unto the hills, from whence cometh our help. There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the city of our God, the fountain of gardens and streams from Lebanon. Water to slake the thirst, water to refresh the fainting, water to wash the unclean, water to toss up in fountains under the sun of righteousness, until you can see the rainbow around the throne.

I wandered in a garden of Brazilian cashew-nut, and I saw the luxuriance of those gardens were helped by the abundant supply of water. I came to it on a day when strangers were not admitted, but, by a strange coincidence, at the moment I got in, the king's chariot passed and the gardener went up on the hill and turned on the water, and it came flashing down the broad stairs of stone, until sunlight and wave in gleesome wrestle tumbled at my feet. And so it is with this garden of Christ. Everything comes from above—pardon from above, peace from above, comfort from above, sanctification from above. Streams from Lebanon, oh! the consolation in this thought. Would God that the gardeners turned on the fountain of salvation until the place where we sit and stand might become Elim with twelve wells of water and threescore and ten palm-trees. But I hear his sound at the garden gate: I hear the lifting of the latch of the gate. Who comes there? It is the Gardener, who passes in through the garden gate. He comes through this path of the garden, and he comes to the aged man, and he says, "Old man, I come to help thee, I come to strengthen thee. Down to hoary hairs I will shelter thee; I will give thee strength at the time of old age: I will not leave; I will never forsake thee. Peace, broken-hearted old man, I will be thy consolation forever."

And then Christ the Gardener comes up another path of the garden, and he sees a soul in great trouble, and he says, "Hush, troubled spirit; the sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night: the Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; the Lord shall preserve thy soul." And then the Gardener comes up another path of the garden, and he comes where there are some beautiful buds, and I say, "Stop, O Gardener, do not break them off." But he breaks them off, the beautiful buds, and I see a great flutter among the leaves, and I wonder what he is doing, and he says, "I do not come to destroy these flowers: I am only going to plant them in a higher terrace, and in the garden around my palace. I have come into my garden to gather lilies. I must take back a whole cluster of rosebuds. Peace, troubled soul; all shall be well. Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Oh glorious Gardener of the Church!

Christ comes to it now, and he has a right to come. We look into the face of the Gardener as he breaks off the bud, and we say, "Thou art worthy to have them; thy will be done." The hardest prayer a bereaved father or mother ever uttered—"Thy will be done."

But you have noticed that around every king's garden there is a high wall. You may have stood at the wall of a king's court and thought "How I would like to see that garden;" and while you were watching, the gardener opened the gate and the royal equipage swept through it and you caught a glimpse of the garden, but only a glimpse, for then the gates closed.

I bless God that this Garden of Christ has gates on all sides, that they are opened by day, opened by night, and whosoever will may come in. Oh! how many there are who die in the desert when they might revel in the garden! How many there are who are seeking in the garden of this world that satisfaction which they can never find!

It was so with Theodore Hook, who made all nations laugh while he was living. And yet Theodore Hook on a certain day, when in the midst of his revelry he caught a glimpse of his own face and his own apparel in the mirror, said, "That is true. I look just as I am—lost, body, mind, soul and estate, lost!" And so it was with Shenstone about his garden, of which I spoke in the beginning of my sermon. He sat down amid all its beauty and wrung his hands and said, "I have lost my way to happiness, I am frantic; I hate everything; I hate myself as a madman ought to." Alas! so many in the gardens of this world are looking for that flower they can never find except in the garden of Christ.

Substantial comfort will not grow
In nature's barren soil.
All we can boast till Christ we know
Is vanity and toil.

How many have tried all the fountains of this world's pleasure, but never tasted of the stream from Lebanon! How many have revelled in other gardens, to their soul's ruin, but never plucked one flower from the garden of our God! I swing open all the gates of the garden and invite you in, whatever your history, whatever your sins, whatever your temptations, whatever your trouble. The invitation comes no more to one than to all: "Whosoever will, let him come."

The flowers of earthly gardens soon fade, but, blessed be God, there are garlands that never wither, and through the grace of Christ Jesus we may enter into the joys which are provided for us at God's right hand. Remember, as the closing thought, that God not only brings us into a garden here, but it is a garden all the way with those who trust and love and serve him, a garden all through the struggles of this life, a garden all up the slope of heaven.

There everlasting spring abides
And never-withering flowers.
Death, like a narrow stream, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

EMIN PASHA POSSIBLY ALIVE.

The reports of the death of Emin Pasha in Africa are not credited in Germany. Dr. Stuhlmann, Emin's former comrade, believes that he will yet be heard from on the shores of Lake Tchad.

"Prince."

The Remarkable Story of an African Potentate's Conversion and his Gratitude to his Benefactor, who secured his Freedom.

SOMETIME in the beginning of the present century, Dr. Cox, an intelligent and energetic young man, graduating at a medical college in Ireland, with a few friends made a tour of exploration in the interior of Africa. He was caught between two armies then contending in one of the wars so common there, and taken by a prince as a captive. He was held for three years, and by his common-sense and ingenuity rendered himself useful and was highly esteemed by the African potentate. He taught the prince the English language and learned from him the African dialect.

After three years, the Doctor expressed his great anxiety to be with his family again in England.

"Why did you not tell me you have a family?" he asked. "You know I love you and don't know how I can well do without you; but I must carry you to the sea and send you back to your family."

The prince gathered up a small command, of about two hundred men, and with the Doctor went to the Mediterranean Sea, engaged and settled his passage on an English vessel, and then returned home.

Soon the prince was again at war with a neighboring tribe, and this time his army was defeated, and he taken a prisoner. Some of the wounded were killed, but the prince was sold to a slave-dealer, who was seeking a cargo for the markets of the South-land, then so inviting. The prince, with others, was brought to New Orleans, and from the slave-pen there he was purchased by Mr. Tom Foster, and brought to his cotton plantation in Adams County, near to Washington, Miss., a short distance from Natchez.

Mr. Foster was proud of his new slave. "Prince," as he was called, was a man of character, and already knew the English language. He was liked by his master, and was made a foreman on the plantation. He attended religious meetings, and, becoming converted, united with the Baptist Church. He was in a little while honored by his church as a deacon. He grew in the confidence of his master, and in favor with all who knew him. He had an interesting wife and children. I have myself conversed with one of his sons about this.

About ten years after Prince was in Mississippi, Dr. Cox, not finding such practice as he wished, determined to emigrate to the United States, and landed with his family in New Orcountry, he settled at Washington, Adams County, Miss., only a few miles from the plantation of Mr. Foster. A day or two afterward, when Prince was selling potatoes for his master in Washington, he met Dr. Cox, and, recognizing him at once, threw down the bag, and embracing Dr. Cox, exclaimed:

"Dr. Cox! Dr. Cox! Don't you know me?"

"Why! who are you, sir?"

"I am Prince. I held you as my captive in Africa for three years! I sent you to England, and how came you here?"

The Doctor perceiving that he was recognized, at once acknowledged the fact, and comparing notes, they were again fast friends. Dr. Cox then promised to aid in returning Prince to his people. Prince said:

"Not so; I would only go back to carry the glorious Gospel there, to my fatherland. I love my Saviour, and now rejoice that my slavery has brought me into the knowledge of the Gospel of Christ. I am happy here! I am (though a slave), the Lord's freeman. I love my Master and would only consent to return to that land, that I might aid in presenting the Gospel to my kinsmen according to the flesh! I would only go that way, Dr. Cox! and only with my wife and children!"

Conference was then had with Mr. Foster, the master, and with Mr. Henry Clay, the warm friend of the Colonization Society, and Prince and his family, having been purchased for two thousand dollars from Mr. Foster, they were sent back to Africa on a United States vessel Mr. Henry Clay paying a part of the purchase money and President Adams approving and possibly aiding in this scheme.

I have had these incidents substantiated by descendants of Dr. Cox who lived in Natchez in 1877 and 1878. W. H. Robert.

TRANSFORMED BY GRACE.

(*Continued from first page.*)

held, there is a growing Sunday School, a Sewing School for girls, a Kitchen-garden School with semi-weekly sessions, a Girls' Prayer-meeting, a Women's Meeting, night meetings for men, free baths, a Free Supper Friday nights during the cold months, and a generous system of aid for all who may need it. The Homestead Lodging-House shelters nearly 50,000 men every year, and gives over 5,000 free baths. At the restaurant over 100,000 meals at prices from 2 to 10 cents are served in the same period. At the free suppers in the Rescue Mission during the cold season 10,250 sandwiches were distributed and a like number of cups of coffee.

Wholly dependent upon contributions from those interested in the work, the Homestead Mission has endeavored with all the powers and facilities at its disposal, to capture this stronghold of sin for Christ. Its efforts thus far have been greatly blessed. With larger resources, it might have accomplished even greater results. On the first page of this issue of The Christian Herald are illustrations showing the Rescue Mission on Canal Street, and the lodging house on Lloyd Street—the latter a large five-story building, which the Mission recently purchased for $10,000, of which $4,000 has been paid. A portrait is also given of Mr. Walter N. Hinman, the Superintendent of the Homestead Association, to whom is due in a great measure its remarkable growth in the field of Christian helpfulness and evangelization.

He was born in Ontario County, New York, August 11, 1854. He is a Presbyterian. Both of his parents were ardent temperance advocates. He received a good education and a happy and prosperous life seemed to be his; but he made the fatal mistake of thinking he had no need of a personal Saviour. For twelve years he fought a losing battle with drink. On the night of Oct. 3, 1890, he wandered into St. Bartholomew's Mission, New York City, a seemingly ruined and lost man, where he was converted.

He went forth from the Mission a redeemed man. The change in his life was complete. He began at once an earnest, Christian life, and the result is manifest in the zeal and ardor with which he has conducted the successful warfare on the hotbeds of sin in the city of Buffalo.

In the diagram printed on this page (prepared by Superintendent Hinman), the character of the district in which the Homestead Mission operates is strikingly illustrated. It is indeed a sin-infected section and one in which there is still abundant room for Gospel effort. Under Providence, it has already been greatly improved and there is hope that it may ere long, be spiritually cleansed throughout and become an honor instead of, as it was in the past, a disgrace to humanity and to one of the leading cities of the Union.

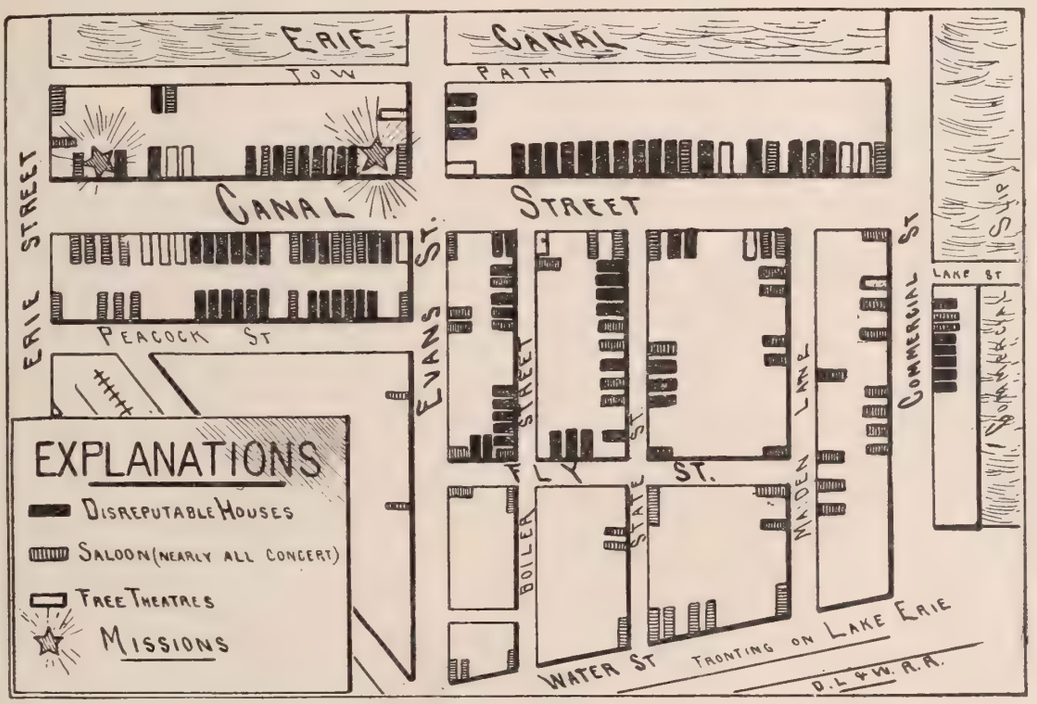


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE FIELD IN WHICH THE HOMESTEAD MISSION OF BUFFALO OPERATES.

THE KEY.

God holds the key of all unknown,
And I am glad;
If other hands should hold the key,
Or if He trusted it to me,
I might be sad.
What if to-morrow's cares were here
Without its rest?
Better that He unlock the day,
And as the doors swing open say,
"My will is best."

REPENTANCE.

THOUGH filled with sin as dark as nigh
And deep as ocean's wave;
If with repentant hearts we come
There's One our souls can save.

With contrite hearts and humble voice,
If we but seek His face.
'Twill cause the angels to rejoice
Around the throne of grace.

And if we gain the wondrous prize
Of life's eternal spring,
On wings of light our souls shall rise,
Ten thousand praises sing.

—Arthur Linden.

La Grange, Ind.

THE TESTIMONY OF LIFE.

In a recent letter from P'iang-yang Fu, China, Mr. T. H. King, who is laboring for Christ in that town, in speaking of some recent converts, says: "One is an old man named Wang, the father of one of our brightest Christians. He was led to decide for Christ through being asked, as the head of his clan, to consent to have a nephew beaten because he would not worship his ancestors. This nephew had lived a bad life, and the change in him was so thorough that when there was a talk of persecuting him, this uncle came to his rescue.

"The uncle not only refused to consent to his being beaten, but said that he himself would study the doctrine; and he was convinced of the truth of the religion that was able to work such a change in his nephew. Since then the uncle has shown clear evidence that he has become a child of God. Three other converts were the mother and wife of Mr. Wang's nephew, and also a youth who was formerly his companion in sin."

INTEMPERANCE.

S S. Lesson for May 21 Prov. 23: 29-35. Golden Text, Prov. 20: 1. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE drunkard is a terrible object lesson. God says to them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus, called to be saints, with all that call upon the name of our Lord Jesus Christ in every place, their Lord and ours: "Know ye not that ye are a temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man destroyeth the temple of God, him shall God destroy, for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are." The miserable drunkard destroys the body which is created and redeemed to be the dwelling place of God the Holy Ghost. Every man who destroys his own body by drink, by narcotics, tobacco, opium, etc., or by impurity, robs God the Holy Ghost, as well as himself; and God's unutterable sentence upon him while he lives in his sin is:

"Him Shall God Destroy."

His spiritual nature has no life, he quenches the Spirit by his sin: his affections are the slaves of his animal passions. He has lost control of his tongue, and says things which he neither wills nor knows, he has lost the power to direct his steps, and he goes whither he will not. His nerves are unstrung, his liver cannot act, the action of his heart is abnormal. Self-destroyed first, but more terrible still afterward, God-destroyed when the righteous God has set the seal of his righteous judgment on the wretched drunkard's abuse of the should-be-temple of God.

Who is to blame for the terrible intemperance that abounds? The moderate drinker looks down from his pedestal of pride that he can control himself and keep the dangerous enemy in check, and he blames the drunkard. The law of the country sides with such, and, while providing by its numerous licences, for places of temptation for the drunkard's easy fall, yet places him individually as soon as he is down, in the mire. Some blame the brewers and the distillers as the cause of the terrible curse. Some blame intoxicating liquors themselves, but there are other and quicker poisons which cannot hurt those who do not touch them. Some blame the government. It is an awful fact that in lands where the revenue is not obtained by the vices of the people, sensual vices do not obtain the ascendency in the same degree. But after all, what is it in the drunkard which makes him drink? The saloon? But other men can pass the saloon without going in to drink: why cannot he? Is it not his own lust which draws him away and entices him? (James 1: 14.) Has he really prayed the prayer with such belief in the living God that he can praise him for answering it even before he is tempted, "Lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil."

There is no need for a man to become a drunkard if he will only flee to God to save him, and yield himself fully up to him. There is no need for a man who is a drunkard to continue so, if he will come with his temptation, and his sin, to a ready, waiting Saviour. If a drunkard is willing to be delivered, and at any cost, he will never find the Lord Jesus unwilling to deliver him. He who cast seven devils out of Mary Magdalen is also willing to cast out the devil of drink from any who really fly unto him for refuge, and learn the power and the value of his cleansing blood. The real cause of the drunkard's sin is not in the government, the saloon, or the drink itself,

His Independence of his God.

throne of our being, there is a Power over us which is "able even to subdue all things unto himself." (Phil. 3: 21.)

Some may argue that they have been changed from drunkards to sober men by sheer force of will, and without the grace of God. This is quite true, but in many such cases, we have grieved to see that enemy who was cast out, Jesus, "swept and garnished" has brought with him seven other spirits more wicked then himself who have entered in and dwelt there. (Matt. 12: 43-45.) We have seen in such the spirit of self-righteousness which despises the blood that bought us; the spirit of greed after money; the spirit of harsh judgment and contempt of those who are now what he once was, and other kindred spirits, which make him to savor more of the Pharisee than of the poor publican, and which cause him to be farther off from God than when he was a consciously lost, undone sinner. Many a drunkard, in his better moments, is kind and even generous to others who are in trouble, while the self-saved drunkard rarely is so.

Our golden text declares: "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." Of course the question for the Christian is:

"Am I Right to Use Strong Drink?"

For the man or woman who comes under its power, the question is easily settled: "Can a man take fire into his bosom, and his clothes not be burned? Can one go upon hot coals, and his feet not be burned?" (Prov. 6: 27, 28.) It is an awful thing, or wilful suicide, to tamper with a known foe, in yielding up the body to a power which enslaves. But then there are those who have power over their own will, and still better, who can trust the Lord Jesus to keep them; can it be wrong for such to use intoxicants? Let us answer by the truth which regulates the whole life of a true follower of Jesus: "Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price; therefore, glorify God in your body and in your spirit which are God's." (1. Cor. 6: 19, 20.) Does a believing child of God, who knows the devastation which the drink is making in the bodies and souls of his fellow creatures, really make use of it to glorify God in his body and his spirit? "Christ died for all, that they which live should henceforth not live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them and rose again." (II. Cor. 5: 15). Does a believing child of God use stimulants with a purely unselfish motive to benefit, not himself but others? "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me." (Matt. 16: 22.) Does every child of God who uses intoxicating drinks, in his use of them deny himself or indulge himself, take up his cross or shirk his cross, follow Christ or follow his own desires?

How often the use of intoxicants by well known Christian men and women, to whom they had never been a snare, have encouraged weak brethren to whom they were a snare, and a terrible one, to take the steps which led to their final perdition! "Let us not therefore judge one another any more; but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling block or

An Occasion to Fall

in his brother's way." (Rom. 14: 13.) "Destroy not him with thy meat for whom Christ died." (Rom. 14: 15.) Thank God, we are not under the law as a schoolmaster, binding us to do this and not to do that, lest we die, but we are "within the law to Christ." As though, being one with Christ we could not have a thought or will consciously apart from him and his holy law. It is in such a spirit that we, as disciples, have the privilege to live. It is no longer a question of what I must do or must not do, nor yet of what I wish to do or not. It is a question of what my Lord wants done, that he may be glorified in me.

The passage chosen for our subject, is a vivid picture of the victims of liquor. Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes? It does not need a skilful physician to detect these symptoms. Ask the drunkard's wife, or may be, the drunkard's husband; they will know. Ask the drunkard's child, and he will answer: "That is just like father." There are those who know a sorrow which shall be turned into joy; not so the drunkard. He is on an inclined plane, every woe hurries on a deeper woe, every sorrow a deeper sorrow, until at last it is irremediable, and he is lost! His life is all a dead loss; lost strength, lost health, lost reputation, lost self-respect, lost opportunities, lost salvation, lost heaven, a lost soul! "Wounds without cause," which have never been brought to the only Physician who could heal such!

"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright." Look where, then? Off unto Jesus. Looking at the wine, or at any other occasion of temptation, blinds the eyes to him. "At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." Know ye not that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey; his servants ye are to whom ye obey? How many have the idea that the "mocker" is a useful servant, but instead of making this powerful thing serve them, they find when it is too late they have been cherishing a serpent and an adder! And the result? Impurity; a loss of respect for true womanhood: "Thine eyes shall behold strange women." The sin of impurity goes hand in hand with other sensual sins, such as drunkenness, opium-eating, etc., and very generally lying follows in its wake. Then as it gets more and more possession, the brain reels and the reason becomes disordered. "Thine heart shall utter perverse things. Yea: thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea, or as he that lieth upon the top of a mast." Worse than the worst sea-sickness this indescribable horror of falling, drowning, and no help! The only hope of the miserable drunkard is to get more drink, "I will seek it yet again!" "They have stricken me, shalt thou say, and I was not sick; they have beaten me and I felt it not: when shall I awake? I will seek it yet again."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

WHO hath woe? Out of every hundred paupers seventy-five are the result of intemperate habits; out of every hundred lunatics, eighty are the consequence of drink; of the women in the insane asylums, the great majority were sent there through the cruelty of drunken husbands. Seventy-five out of every hundred divorce cases are connected with the curse of rum, and ninety per cent. of the criminals now in our State prisons attribute their downfall to liquor, while no less than 120,000 men and women, each at some time in life some mother's darling, annually fill as many drunkards' graves. Surely the serpent is in the cup. It may be honey to the tongue, but it is gall to the heart. It may sparkle with the hues of the morning, but it shades the most promising prospects with all the gloom of night that knows the shining of no star, the breaking of no gladdening day.

Look not upon the wine. The advocates of moderation in the use of intoxicating drinks will get but little comfort out of God's Word, for not only does it denounce those who are given to drink but also those who put the cup to their neighbors' lips. Solomon's advice is "look not upon the wine." The advice of all good men is on the same line and even the drunkard, conscious of his enslavement and the degradation it entails, joins in the cry of warning. In total abstinence alone is safety, and unless you are in search of abject misery and eternal ruin, touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing.

Admiral Farragut one of the bravest of American naval heroes, and to whose memory a magnificent cold water fountain was dedicated some years ago on Union Square in New York City, told the following exceedingly interesting story of self-conquest. "When I was about ten years old, and when I accompanied my father as a cabin boy to New Orleans, with the little navy we then had, to look after the treason of Aaron Burr, I had some qualities that I thought made a man of me. I could swear like an old sailor, I could drink as strong a glass of grog as if I had sailed around Cape Horn, and could smoke like a locomotive. I was good at cards, and fond of gambling in every shape. At the close of the dinner, one day, my father turned everybody out of the cabin, locked the door and said to me, 'David what do you mean to be?' 'I mean to follow the sea!' 'Follow the sea! Yes, be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital in a foreign land?' 'No,' said I, 'I'll tread the quarter-deck and command, as you!' 'No, David, my boy; no boy ever trod the quarter-deck with such principles and habits as you have. You'll have to change your whole course of life if you ever expect to become a man.' My father left me and went on deck. I was stunned by the rebuke. A poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast; kicked and cuffed about the world, and to die in some fever-hospital! That's my fate, is it? I'll change my life and change it at once. I will never utter another oath; I will never drink another drop of intoxicating liquors; I will never gamble. And, as God is my witness, I have kept those three resolutions to this hour."

At last it biteth like a serpent. In one of the older universities of Massachusetts about forty years ago there was seen a youth of the highest promise, bearing an honored name and concentrating in his own intellect the moral power of two generations of his ancestors. He was a prodigy of learning. While others were plodding slowly through Xenophon, he would be reading the Greek tragedians with the greatest facility. He siezed a language almost by intuition. Called upon by the professors at the University to read dissertations on difficult and abstruse subjects, he would read from blank sheets, pouring forth arguments that thrilled while they convinced and charmed while they persuaded. His person was faultless; his hair like the raven's wing; his eye like the eagle's. On the day he received his degree he married one of the most beautiful girls in the vale that embosoms the college. His course was onward and upward. His profession, the law, led him to the highest office in the State. He was Attorney General at an age when most students are admitted to the bar. Suddenly, when as yet no one knew the cause, he resigned his high appointment, giving no reasons. But soon the facts leaked out. Slowly but surely the appetite for rum had enslaved him. He was a secret drunkard. His sense of honor was too high to entrust himself longer with the destinies of society. With horror we turn from the years of degradation that followed. He sank like a mighty ship in mid-ocean, though not without many a lurch, many a sign of striving earnestly once more to plough the proud seas that were destined to entomb him forever.

They have beaten me and I felt it not. Passing through a village one day, Mahomet was delighted at the merriment of a crowd of persons enjoying themselves with drinking at a wedding party; but being obliged to return by the same way the next morning, he was shocked to see the ground where they had been drenched with blood; and, asking the cause, he was told that the company had drunk to excess and getting into a brawl fell to slaughtering each other while stupidly drunk. From that day his mind was made up—the mandate went forth from Allah, that no child of the Faithful should touch wine, on pain of being shut out from Paradise.

ENLIGHTENING CHINESE WOMEN.

JUST one year ago I had the honor of opening in Penang, a city of one hundred and twenty-five thousand souls, what was then and is now the only school or mission school for natives, writes Rev. D. Davies Moore of Penang, in *The Gospel in all Lands*. It was called the Anglo-Chinese Girls' School. The Methodist Episcopal Mission had no lady worker on the ground, and that fact may partly account for the difficulty experienced for months in getting girls to come.

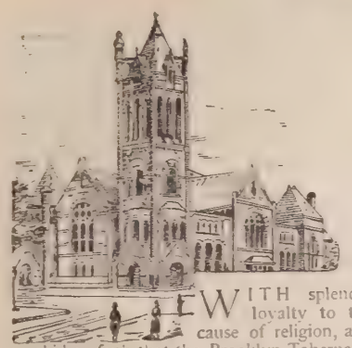
After six months of daily search for pupils, I was only able to report four girls at the annual meeting. But we are now seeing the fruit of our work in the changing attitude of many of the influential Baba Chinese toward female enlightenment. Our school roll at present registers twenty-eight, although some of these are very little boys coming with their sisters. Our teacher, an earnest Christian woman of this city, combines considerable zenana work with her duties as teacher. A definite part of each day is spent in Christian instruction and in learning Christian hymns, which they sing very sweetly. One of the mothers (they frequently visit the school) was present lately during the whole day. Our teacher felt a little afraid when she came to the hour of Bible teaching lest this novice would be so alarmed as to lead her own child and others from the school. But she did not hesitate.

The novice became more and more interested as the lesson went on. At its conclusion she arose, came up to the teacher's desk, and said very earnestly in Malay: "*Mem, hamoak bark itu, walau sahnapanna anak horang dugar sama itu macham, pukol sama dia quot.*" For which an American mother would say: "Mam, that is first-class; if this child of mine does not attend to that sort of teaching, give it a sound thrashing."

Such incidents as these cheer our hearts. We perceive that the fear of our Christian teaching is growing less.

THE FUND STILL GROWING.

It Is Now Approaching $25,000, and the Rescue of the Tabernacle Is Almost Assured.



WITH splendid loyalty to the cause of religion, and an abiding faith that the Brooklyn Tabernacle is destined to do many years of future service in that sacred cause, the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have come forward in increasing numbers during the past week, to help the relief movement. Their offerings to the Emergency Fund have been given with a spontaneous heartiness that makes them twice welcome. The rapidity with which friends in all parts of the Union are now responding to the Rev. Dr. Talmage's appeal argues well for the success of the fund.

In another column of this issue we give extracts from some of the letters received. Every mail brings many such, which we should like to print, did space permit.

The contributions to the Emergency Fund during the week have been as follows:

Previously acknowledged..... $21,750.35

LIST NO. 1.

Argant, Frank	$ .25
Anderson, Mrs. M. F., Kinsman, Ohio	1.00
Ayer, Miss C., Chelsea, Vt	1.00
A. S. B., Mrs., Sandy Lake, Pa	1.00
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Lasbury, Geo., Broad Brook, Conn	3.00
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Strever, B. A., Pine Plains, N. Y	1.00
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Subscriber, Lebannon, Pa	1.00
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Burrell, F. A. M., Arlington Pl., B'lyn, N. Y.	1.10
Ball, Mrs. C. G., Melrose, Fla	5.00
Boynton, Mrs. J., Bradford, Vt	2.00
Baas, A. M., Madison, Wis	1.00
Bigelow, Mrs. Jason, N. Y	1.00
Beck, Mrs. R. A., Bellefonte, Pa	1.00
Bliss, E. S., Forest Ave., Chicago, Ill	1.00
Crafts, Mr. and Mrs. W. I., Wahpeton, N. D.	10.00
Clark, W. H., Cortland, N. Y	2.00
Carney, F. W., Sault Sts., Marie, Ont	2.00
Ellis, G., Wylam, Ala	2.00
Ellis, T., Wylam, Ala	1.00
Ellis, H., Wylam, Ala	1.00
Ellis, R., Wylam, Ala	1.00
Forsyth, T. B., Nelson, N. Y	1.00
Four King's Daughters, Williamsburg, Tex	4.00
Finlay, Mr. and Mrs. J., Battle Creek, Mich	2.00
Friend, Le Moyne, O	1.00
Friend, Grand Rapids, N. D	2.00
Friend, Martin, Mich	20.00
Friend, Brooklyn	1.00
Friend, Fitchburg, Mass	1.00
Friend, Webster	1.00
Friend, Waukegan, Ill	2.00
Greer, Mrs. A., Walnut Hill, Mass	1.00
Hazlett, Jno., Ottawa, Ill	1.00
E. H., Miss, Watkins, O	1.00
Hasty, Alvin C., Kalona, Iowa	1.00
Hayes, Mrs. M. E., Eureka Springs, Ark	1.00
Hollister, Mrs. H. H., Rutherford, N. J	5.00
J. J. and wife, New Malden	4.00
Johnston, David, Ansonville, Pa	1.00
J. D. R., N. Y. City	1.00
J. M. S., Mrs., Elmira	1.00
Ludiaw, Mrs., Edwards, N. Y	1.00
Lowry, Mrs. M. E., Valley Head, Ala	1.00
Longnechrard, Miss R. E., Independence, Ia	1.00
Lyle, Wm., Perth Amboy, N. J	5.00
M. R., Easthampton	2.00
Moir, R. T., Schenectady, N. Y	10.00
Merres, Carrie, Biltmore, N. C	5.00
Mead, Mrs. Swain, Gouverneur, N. Y	2.00
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Morse, Elijah A., Canton, Mass	25.00
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Smith, M. A., Commonwealth Ave., Boston	1.00
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Thompson, Miss Anna P., Litchfield, Conn	1.00
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Wisner, J. A., N. Y. City	5.00
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A good Wisher, Buckhannan, W. Va	1.00
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Benedict, Mrs. J., Katonah, N. Y	2.00
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Caldwell, M. S., Middlebury, Ind	1.00
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Cash, Piedmont, Wyo	1.00
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Clough, Mrs. Jno., Carrallton, Ill	1.00
Codding, L	2.00
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Cowell, Mrs. Sarah M., Port Richmond, S. I	5.00
Cozad, Harold, Blue Mound, Kas	1.00
Dickson, James, Baltic St., Brooklyn, N. Y	1.10
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Edwards, Mrs. Mary E., Toledo, O	1.00
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Emerick, Mrs. F., Johnsonsburg, N. Y	1.00
Friend, Clayton, N. Y	1.00
Friend, Hillsdale, Mich	2.00
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Friend, Lodi, O	10.00
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Friend, Wilmington, O	1.00
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Green, A. L., Wellsburg, W. Va	1.00
Grover, Mrs. A. J, Zumbrota, Minn	1.00
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Hayward, Mrs. Sarah T., De Land, Fla	1.00
Hemoch, Washington, D. C	5.00
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Lancaster, M. A., Latham, Mo	1.00
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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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Letters should be addressed

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

RELIGION AND WEATHER.

INIQUITY does not cease in summer-time. She never takes a vacation. The devil never leaves town. The child of want, living up that dark alley, has not so much fresh air nor sees as many flowers as in winter-time. In cold weather the frost blossoms on her window-pane, and the snow falls in wreaths in the alley. God pity the wretchedness that pants and sweats and festers and dies on the hot pavements and in the suffocating cellars of the town!

Let us remember that our exit from this world will more probably be in the summer than in any other season, and we cannot afford to die at a time when we are least alert and worshipful. At mid-summer the average of departures is larger than in cool weather. The sunstrokes, the dysenteries, the fevers, the choleras, have affinity for July and August. On the edge of summer, Death stands whetting his scythe for a great harvest. We are most careful to have our doors locked, and our windows fastened, and our "burglar alarm" set at times when thieves are most busy, and at a season of the year when diseases are most active in their burglaries of life, we need to be ready.

Our charge, therefore, is, make no adjournment of your religion till cool weather. Whether you stay in town, or seek the farm-house, or the seashore, or the mountains, be faithful in prayer, in Bible reading and in attendance upon Christian ordinances. He who throws away two months of life wastes that for which many a dying sinner would have been willing to give all his possessions when he found that the harvest was past and the summer was ended.

PICTURES OF HEAVEN.

HOMER'S heaven was an elysium which he describes as a plain at the end of the earth or beneath, with no snow nor rainfall, and the sun never goes down, and Rhadamanthus, the justest of men, rules. Hesiod's heaven is what he calls the islands of the blessed, in the midst of the ocean, three times a year blooming with most exquisite flowers, and the air is tinted with purple, while games and music and horse-races occupy the time. The Scandinavian's heaven was the hall of Valhalla, where the god Odin gave unending wine-suppers to earthly heroes and heroines. The Mohammedan's heaven passes its disciples in over the bridge Al-Sirat, which is finer than a hair and sharper than a sword, and then they are let loose into a riot of everlasting sensuality.

The American aborigines look forward to a heaven of illimitable hunting-ground, partridge and deer and wild duck more than plentiful, and the hounds never off the scent, and the guns never missing fire. But the geographer has followed the earth round, and found no Homer's elysium. Voyagers have traversed the deep in all directions, and found no Hesiod's islands of the blessed. The Mohammedan's celestial debauchery and the Indian's eternal hunting-ground for vast multitudes have no charm. But here rolls in the Bible heaven. No more sea—that is, no wide separation. No more night—that is, no insomnia. No more tears—that is, no heart-break. No more pain—that is, dismissal of lancet and bitter draught and miasma, and banishment of neuralgias and catalepsies and consumptions. All colors in the wall except gloomy black; all the music in the major-key, because celebrative and jubilant. River crystalline, gate crystalline, and skies crystalline, because everything is clear and without doubt. White robes, and that means sinlessness. Vials full of odors, and that means pure regalement of the senses. Rainbow, and that means the storm is over. Marriage supper, and that means gladdest festivity. Twelve manner of fruits, and that means luscious and unending variety. Harp, trumpet, grand march, anthem, amen, and hallelujah in the same orchestra. Choral meeting solo, and overture meeting antiphon, and strophe joining dithyramb, as they roll into the ocean of doxologies. And you and I may have all that, and have it forever through Christ, if we will let him with the blood of one wounded hand rub out sin, and with the other wounded hand swing open the shining portals.

INDOLENT PEOPLE.

IN some families there are persons of no practical service to the household or community; and though there are so many woes all around them in the world, they spend their time languishing over a new pattern, or bursting into tears at midnight over the story of some lover who had shot himself! They would not deign to look at Ruth carrying back the barley on her way home to her mother-in-law, Naomi. All this fastidiousness may seem to do very well while they are under the shelter of their father's house; but when the sharp winter of misfortune comes, what of these butterflies? Persons under indulgent parentage may get upon themselves habits of indolence; but when they come out into practical life their soul will recoil with disgust and chagrin. They will feel in their hearts what the poet so severely satirized when he said:

Folks are so awkward, things so impolite,
They're elegantly pained from morning until night.

Through that gate of indolence how many men and women have marched, useless on earth, to a destroyed eternity! Spinola said to Sir Horace Vere: "Of what did your brother die?" "Of having nothing to do," was the answer. "Ah!" said Spinola, "that's enough to kill any general of us." Oh! can it be possible in this world, where there is so much suffering to be alleviated, so much darkness to be enlightened, and so many burdens to be carried, that there is any person who cannot find anything to do?

Madame de Stael did a world of work in her time; and one day, while she was seated amid instruments of music, all of which she had mastered, and amid manuscript books which she had written, some one said to her: "How do you find time to attend to all these things?" "Oh," she replied, "these are not the things I am proud of. My chief boast is in the fact that I have seventeen trades, by any of which I could make a livelihood if necessary." And if in secular spheres there is so much to be done, in spiritual work how vast the field! How many dying all about us without one word of comfort! We want more Abigails, more Hannahs, more Rebeccas, more Marys, more Deborahs consecrated—body, mind, soul—to the Lord who bought them.

SIXTEEN AND TWENTY-FIVE.

THERE is no age in life when a woman can accomplish so much for Christ, I believe, as between sixteen and twenty-five. But now suppose those years have passed along and she has come to the afternoon of life, or to the eternal world, and she looks back and says: "O, how much sickness there was in that day in which I lived my girlhood life; how much sickness there was: and I never alleviated any of it. There were all those children that I might have picked out of the street fifteen years ago, but who are to-day in houses of abandonment because I did not, while they were in childhood, come to the rescue. There are twenty, thirty, forty years which I might have made tell for the welfare of the world which I then lived in, all gone for nothing and worse than nothing." Can you tell me any place dark enough for such a soul to weep in? "To think; there was that city, with scores of thousands of poor, wretched, suffering, groaning, bleeding, blaspheming, dying people; scores of them and scores of them, and thousands and thousands of them; and I lifted no hand of help, I uttered no word of comfort."

Oh, to crawl away into eternity without a crown or a plaudit, when you might have entered hailed by a bannered procession and a great shout from all the battlements. I would to God that all the young women of this land might rise up in soul to day, and say: "Oh Lord, here I am for time and eternity. If there is anything in my arm, anything in my look, anything in my soul, anything in my vivacity, it is all thine and thine forever."

Worldliness and frivolity may seem to do very well while the lustre is in the eye, and the flush is on the cheek, and the gracefulness is in the gait; but when years and trouble have clipped off these embellishments, what a life to think of! Oh, if there be nothing to remember but flowers that faded, and splendid apparel that is worn out, and brilliant groups that are scattered! When the trinkets are all gone; when the gay feet have halted; when the revel is done—what then? What then?

SMOOTH TALK.

FLATTERERS are ever false. Yet flattery in one form or another is grateful to nearly all. Many people like to have their qualities appreciated, but more like to have them overestimated. Self-conceit invites the language of adulation, and in turn exaggerates the meaning of complimentary words. It is always dangerous to place a proper self-respect at the mercy of those who will flatter for their own ends:

True dignity resides with him alone,
Who in the secret hour of sober thought
Can still suspect and still revere himself
As man.

When, however flattery rules the pulpit, and preachers of the Gospel prophesy smooth things because the people like to have it so, then the beguilement of words is Satanic in spirit and in effect.

The Gospel is a discovery of man to himself. It is intended to let him see the plague of his own soul. It holds up the mirror to nature as it is. But is there not much of so-called preaching in our day which ignores human depravity, apologizes for wrong-doing as an infirmity, and makes small account of the deceitfulness of sin while it prates of the dignity and capability of human nature?

We believe that a successful pulpit will tell the truth plainly in love. It will not handle the Word of God deceitfully. It will not keep back the "hard sayings" lest they should prove distasteful. The Gospel is gentle, but it is also honest.

PRAYERS WITH THEIR GIFTS.

Some of the Letters Sent to the Tabernacle Emergency Fund.

AMONG the hundreds of letters received during the week, relating to the Tabernacle Emergency Fund, are many that contain expressions at once so fervent and touching that we cannot pass them without remark. Some are like prayers rising to heaven for the rescue of the Tabernacle from the impending danger; others like strong blasts from the trumpet of faith, sounding aloud the conviction that God will not allow his work to fail and that the great Protestant temple will be saved by his power, and by the prayers and generosity of his people. "May God keep the church from being delivered into the hands of sinners," writes Allen J. Reeves of Pleasantdale, Neb., and this sentiment, coming from a far distant state, finds a thousand echoes. "I want to see the Tabernacle free from debt, and stand alone for the cause of Christ and his work only," writes H. L. Dring of Boston. R. J.

"Not Ashamed."

H., Algona, Iowa, writes: "If you will reverse the saying of old and put it 'I can work for the Master and to beg I am not ashamed,' we will not only believe both statements, but every dollar will be raised to pay off that debt. May God preserve the new Tabernacle and so bless you that your last days may be your best days, and that your sun may not go down behind the darkened West, but melt away into the brightness of heaven."

Mrs. E. D. Williams, Utica, says: "To-day an old soldier friend called on me—a soldier of the late war—a soldier of the Cross. Not liking to have so great a calamity befall, as that the temple, which is dedicated to God should go into worldliness, he gave me this bill ($2) which I enclose. I attended the Brooklyn Tabernacle once and shall never forget the singing. As I entered they were singing, 'Pass me not, O Gentle Saviour,' in a manner such as I never heard it sung before. If the debt is raised, I think it would be grand to be where I could listen to the praises that will come from the audience."

Instances of Self-Denial.

Mrs. C. H. Downing, Round Lake, sets an example of self-denial when, in forwarding her contribution ($7) she writes: "I think I will enjoy the wearing of my old bonnet another year and give the money to continue the glorious work Dr. Talmage has been carrying forward in the name of the Lord so many years. My heart was carried heavenward in the singing of

Joy to the world, the Lord has come

every time I went to that house. I found the Lord was in his holy temple. It has been blessed to many as well as to myself."

Even the little children are doing what they can for the sake of him who so greatly loved the little ones while he sojourned on earth. Was there ever a purer, sweeter spirit of childish faith and consecration than this letter discloses? Earnest Zea, Rensselaer, Ind., writes:

A Poor Boy's Offering.

"I do not know whether you ever receive letters from children. I am blind and a cripple; cannot walk or see. I could see and walk, too, once; but when I was eighteen months old I had spinal fever, and ever since have had to creep around on my hands and knees. I am now eleven, but I am happy and know God will make it all right in the end. Perhaps I am one of his chosen to suffer. I can play on the organ. The first piece I ever learned was 'Jesus Lover of My Soul.' I do not go to Sabbath School very often, but mamma reads me nice stories. She told me the story of Nehemiah, how he went to Jerusalem to help build up the broken walls, and I committed it to memory. I will send twenty-five cents in stamps to help pay the debt on Dr. Talmage's Tabernacle. It is so little I am ashamed to send it; but the Bible teaches us to commence with the littles."

Mrs. J. K. Macomber, New York City, $2, writes, "I am a poor woman and have not a great insight into business matters, but I have an impression that money will flow in for the Emergency Fund until you will be obliged to say stop."

W. H. Kearn, Red Hill, Pa., $2, writes, "This is a work of God, and you can feel assured that the Tabernacle will not fall into the hands of Satan."

Mrs. M. K. Sanderson, Detroit, Mich., $1., says: "If ever I wish I was rich, it is at such a call. I do not feel it to be a gift, in one sense, so much do I receive every week from your sermons."

Charles A. Taylor and Kate Taylor, Brockton, Mass., $2. "Our prayer is that God may bless and continue the good work of Dr. Talmage and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD."

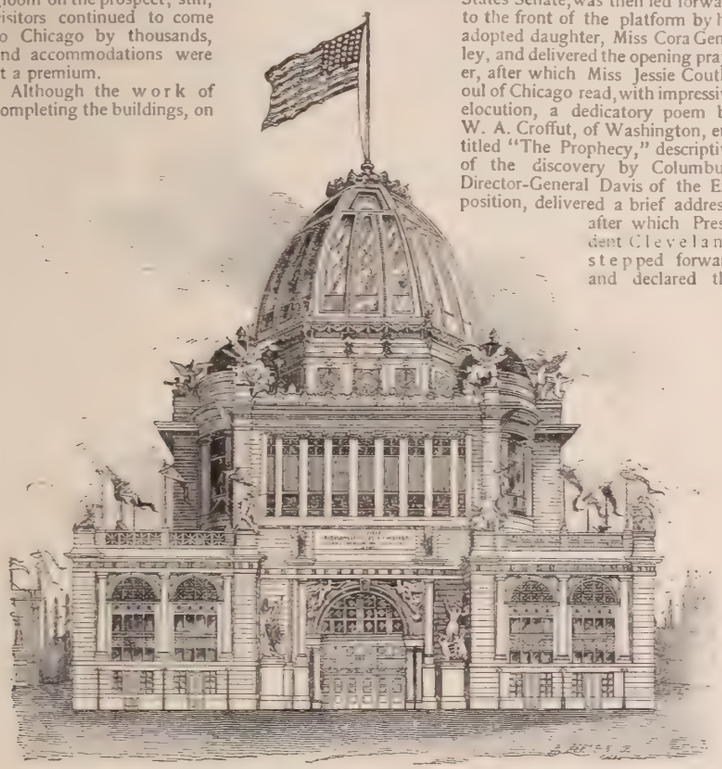
THE WORLD'S FAIR OPENED.

A Great International Event Fitly Celebrated—How the Fair Looked to Visitors—Mr. Cleveland's Pressure of the Button moves the Wheels and Sets Flags and Banners Flying.

MONDAY, May 1st, was an auspicious day in Chicago—"the White City by the Lakes"—when the World's Columbian Exposition was duly opened according to programme. For several days the weather had been wet and disagreeable, casting somewhat of a gloom on the prospect; still, visitors continued to come to Chicago by thousands, and accommodations were at a premium.

Although the work of completing the buildings, on which a vast army of mechanics and laborers have been industriously engaged for many months, was still far from complete, they were sufficiently advanced to allow of the opening ceremonies taking place on the day appointed. The programme was an elaborate one, and was faithfully carried out. Hours before the time set for the exercises to begin, a vast multitude congregated in the neighborhood of the Administration Building. A platform had been erected extending across the entire front of the building, and this was decorated with flags and bunting. President Cleveland, the members of the Cabinet, Judges of the Supreme Court and other high officials in the National Government, together with many officials connected with the management of the Fair, the Chicago City authorities, etc., proceeded in carriages to the Fair grounds at Jackson Park. They were preceded by a platoon of mounted park police, following which was a body of mounted city police and troops of cavalry and infantry. In one carriage were President Cleveland, President T. W. Palmer of the Columbian Exposition, and H. N. Higinbotham. In another were Vice-President Stevenson, and two Exposition ex-Presidents, Messrs. Gage and Baker. In the next carriage were the Duke of Veragua, ex-President Waller of Connecticut, Commander Dickins of the United States Navy, and first Vice-President of the Exposition F. W. Peck. Following the Duke's carriage came one containing the Duchess of Veragua, Mrs. Potter Palmer and Mrs. Commander Dickins. The family of the Duke followed in other carriages, and after them came vehicles containing the Ambassadors, the Mayor and municipal authorities of Chicago and distinguished guests. The start was made from the Lexington Hotel, where President Cleveland had his headquarters. Marching past the decorated mansions on Michigan Avenue and along the Grand Boulevard, the long column filed down the Midway Plaisance and thence up Central Avenue into Jackson Park, where the Presidential party and other prominent guests entered the Administration Building and passed out upon the great platform overlooking the immense square, which was densely packed with a multitude of spectators.

In a special stand, on the centre of the platform, President Cleveland, Vice-President Stevenson, the Duke of Veragua and party, and a number of high officials were stationed, and immediately behind them were the sections assigned to the Diplomatic Corps, leading officials and prominent guests, the orchestra of 600 pieces being in the rear of all. As the orchestra played the "Columbian March," a wave of enthusiasm passed over the great throng that faced the President. Rev. W. H. Milburn, the blind Chaplain of the United States Senate, was then led forward to the front of the platform by his adopted daughter, Miss Cora Gemley, and delivered the opening prayer, after which Miss Jessie Couthoul of Chicago read, with impressive elocution, a dedicatory poem by W. A. Croffut, of Washington, entitled "The Prophecy," descriptive of the discovery by Columbus. Director-General Davis of the Exposition, delivered a brief address, after which President Cleveland stepped forward and declared the World's Fair Exposition formally opened. During his remarks, he said:



THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING AT THE WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO.

"We who believe that popular education and the stimulation of the best impulses of our citizens lead the way to a realization of the National destiny which our faith promises, gladly welcome the opportunity here afforded us to see the results accomplished by efforts which have been exerted longer than ours in the field of man's improvements; while in appreciative return we exhibit the unparalleled advancement and wonderful accomplishments of a young nation, and present the triumphs of a vigorous, self-reliant and independent people.

"We have built these splendid edifices, but we have also built the magnificent fabric of a popular Government, whose grand proportions are seen throughout the world. We have made and have gathered together objects of use and beauty, the products of American skill and invention; we have also made men who rule themselves." He added:

It is an exalted mission in which we and our guests from other lands are engaged, as we co-operate in the inauguration of an enterprise devoted to human enlightenment; and in the undertaking we here enter upon, we exemplify in the noblest sense the brotherhood of nations.

Let us hold fast to the meaning that underlies this ceremony, and let us not lose the impressiveness of this moment. As by a touch the machinery that gives life to this vast Exposition is now set in motion, so at the same instant let our hopes and aspirations awaken forces which in all time to come shall influence the welfare, the dignity and the freedom of mankind.

The President then turned to a table on the left, on which was the electric button connected with the machinery. Pressing its tiny surface with a single finger, he looked toward the great throng and at the same moment a deafening cheer went up from tens of thousands of throats, the orchestra broke into the "Hallelujah Chorus," the wheels of the great engine in Machinery Hall began to revolve, the electric fountains in the lagoon tossed their torrents skywards, water gushed through all the fountains in the different parts of the Fair grounds filling the basins, and the sound of machinery, the thunder of artillery salutes from the vessels on the lake, the chimes from the great bells in Manufactures Hall all mingled together in deafening yet melodious acclaim. Nearly one thousand flags and banners were unfurled as if by magic at the same moment, and the opening of the Columbian Exposition to the world was a thing accomplished.

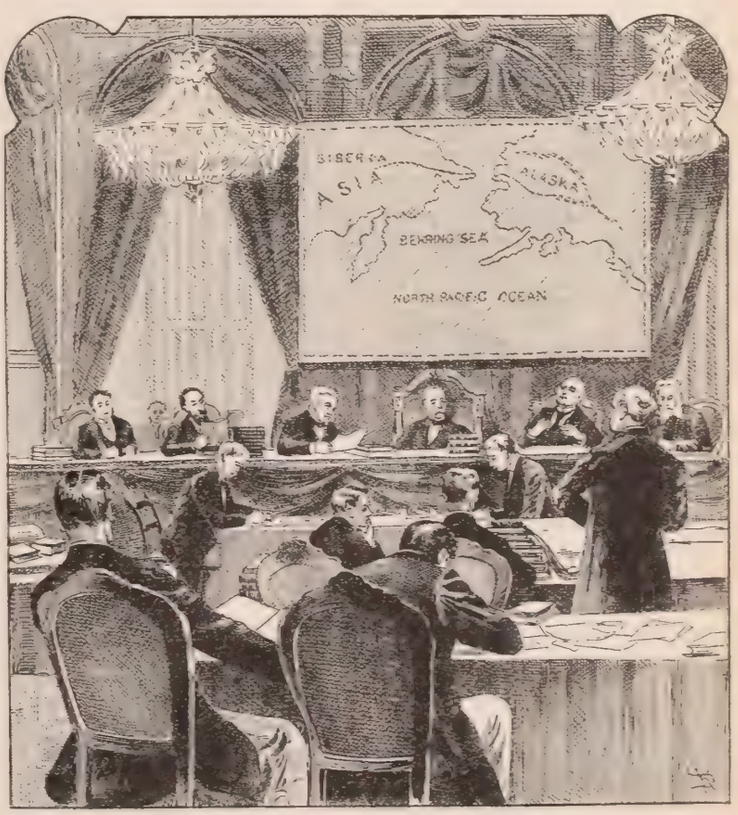
The condition of the Fair, despite all drawbacks, was a source of general satisfaction. In the Agricultural Building, everything was in excellent shape, and many of the exhibits were complete, notably those of New York and Wisconsin and the Canadian exhibit. In the Manufactures Building, much still remained to be done; in the Electricity Building, domestic exhibitors made a magnificent display, and the Mines and Mining Building was a realm of wonder and delight, the German, Canadian, Australian, Egyptian, Chilian and British exhibits being already complete. Machinery Hall will still require a good deal of work before it is in perfect shape. Transportation Hall has many fine displays, but there are numerous places yet to fill; the Horticultural Building is in a somewhat similar condition of incompleteness, and the Art Palace is the same, especially as to the main gallery, where the display is promised to be specially fine. Satisfactory progress has been made in the Fisheries and Government Buildings.

The buildings of the different States are in various stages of incompleteness, and among those erected by the foreign governments, Japan, Germany and England are furthest advanced.

The southern end of Jackson Park presents a chaotic appearance, being covered with buildings in various stages of erection, some little more than started. It is stated by the Fair Managers, however, that at the present rate of progress, very little time will be necessary to complete every building on the grounds, and that long before the end of the present month, the Fair will be in perfect condition, with every exhibit displayed to the best advantage.

THE BEHRING SEA DISPUTE.

On this page we give an illustration of the Court of Arbitration, now sitting in Paris for the consideration of the Behring Sea fishery question. Thus far, much of the time of the Court has been consumed in discussing the admission of certain supplementary evidence on the part of Britain, and the main subjects to come before it have not been reached. In this country, British Columbia, and England, the sessions of the Court are watched with keen interest. Meanwhile the customary precautions against invading American rights in Behring Sea have been taken, and the President has issued the usual proclamation prohibiting the capture of fur-bearing animals. Several steamers are now patrolling the entrance to the Sea and keeping a sharp look-out for poachers. The Canadian sealing fleet, which returned to Newfoundland lately, reported the worst season in thirty years. It is expected that the Court of Arbitration's sittings will be protracted probably until the end of 1893.



THE BEHRING SEA COURT OF ARBITRATION AT PARIS.

Signed it With His Blood.

How a Young Japanese Convert Pledged Himself to Christianity.

REV. J. W. WADMAN, missionary at Hirosaki, Japan, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as follows: A few weeks ago we went to a railroad town quite distant and opened up some services for the first time in that large city. Crowds came to hear the glad tidings and listened very attentively. Even two or three Buddhist Priests were among the number, and remained to the close of each service. We believed a good impression prevailed, and were not disappointed in our hope and prayer, as will be seen. The last night we were there five bright, intelligent well-to-do young men came to our little hotel and desired to have a conversation about what we had been talking of night after night. They stayed until three o'clock in the morning and were deeply impressed. Among other things spoke of was the promise of Christ to pardon and keep a man from all sin, even from wine and tobacco.

At this point they all became greatly interested and while they had never heard the like before from any of their religious teachers, yet they felt that it was all true and they wished to signify in some way their desire to forsake such sin and live Christian lives.

A pledge was suggested and so we wrote one in due form and after earnest prayer to God for his blessing, these young men began to sign it and we could see by their manner that they meant it with all their heart. At last it came the turn of one quiet young fellow to put his name and stamp to the paper, and before doing so, he deliberately rolled up his sleeve, took his knife and gashed his arm until the red blood flowed quite profusely! It was rather a startling sight and one never to be forgotten. The look of determination on that young man's face was something not to be often seen. Dipping his stamp in the blood he applied it to the paper and thus, according to a very old Japanese custom, now almost extinct, signified the sacrifice of life itself rather than the violation of the pledge. Think of that! Here is surely the stuff martyrs are made of; and when it is told that this same young man, together with the others, is now reading the Bible and seeking after the truth as it is in Jesus, our friends will have an idea of the foundation upon which the infant church of Japan is being built.

Oh! let all the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD pray earnestly for Japan! Pray that these 40,000,000 souls may yet and speedily rise up out of the dim "Light of Asia" into the glorious light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

J. W. WADMAN.

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

THE NEW CREATION.

A Sermon Preached last Sunday, May 7, 1893, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D. D. Text: *"Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; Behold, all things are become new."* II. Cor. 5: 17.

THE chapter from which this text is taken ought not to have been separated from that which precedes it. We know that the division of the Bible into chapters and verses is the work of man and not of God; and we know also that it is a work which often was very imperfectly performed. This chapter is so closely connected in thought with the preceding that it is really an inseparable part of that discussion. In the previous chapter we have as the main subject some of the characteristics and work of the ministry. The fidelity and honesty with which the apostle Paul and those associated with him labored, as well as the dangers which they incurred and the consolations which they enjoyed, these form the heart of the discussion. In the present chapter we have a full explanation of the motives and comforts of the ministry. Few chapters in the Bible so abound in exquisite beauties of thought and expression. The Word of God might well be studied for its rhetorical beauty and for its intellectual stimulus, apart from its spiritual truths.

Coming to the text itself we have, in the first place, a condition affirmed—"If any man be in Christ." This form of expression is Pauline to an unusual degree. You will remember that he uses it with great frequency and in a variety of connections. We have such expressions as these: "the heavenly places in Christ;" "he chose us in him;" "bestowed on us in the beloved;" "in him we have our redemption;"

"The Good Pleasure

which he purposed in him;" "to sum up all these things in Christ;" "in him, I say;" "in him also we were made a heritage;" "we who had before hoped in Christ;" "in him also ye having heard the word of truth." Such expressions as these and "in himself," "in Christ," etc., occur, it is said, one hundred and seventy-six times in Paul's epistles, and thirty-six times in the epistle of the Ephesians alone.

This is certainly a remarkable phrase, a profound formula, a subtle expression, involving a meaning deeper than human language can fathom. This expression sets forth Jesus Christ as the atmosphere in which the believer moves, as the source whence his life comes, as the root of his character, as the controlling influence of his life, as the arena of all his activity, as the object of his love and as the goal of his desire. It represents Christ as the believer's spiritual home, in a word, as his all and in all.

Christ is the sustenance by which the believer lives, and

A Man Enters into Christ,

he is born from above. He is then a new creature and possesses a new nature. His will is changed; his understanding is illumined and his heart is inspired. Christ becomes the centre of his entire being and Christ's will the law of his life. These expressions thus denote the closest and most intimate union and communion. The life of the believer and the life of the Lord becomes one life. The union is such that Christ can best represent it by the union between the vine and its branches. Only as we thus abide in Christ and he in us can we become fruitful, or even retain our spiritual existence. Believers are now partakers with Christ in his sufferings; and they shall at last be partners with him in glory.

This relationship is set forth both by the baptismal act and formula. The formula properly translated is not, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," but "into" the name of the persons of the blessed Trinity. This change in the form of the preposition is profoundly significant, and it is of great importance that the formula should be properly given. In this connection would a meaning in reference to the name, or by the authority of the trinity. But *into* suggests more than relationship to or by the authority of; it sets forth identity in character, union in being, and unity in purpose and life. It involves an allegiance to and a fellowship with the triune God which are peculiarly tender solemn, beautiful and divine. The thought of the formula is in harmony with the significance of the act of baptism. Baptism sets forth a death, a burial and a resurrection. The external act symbolizes a profound internal experience of death to self and sin, of partnership with the new life that is

Hid with Christ in God,

and of a resurrection to walk in newness of life before men. Most significant spiritual truths are thus taught by the Pauline expression, "in Christ." May God help all believers to come into a deeply spiritual realization of the significance of their communion with Jesus Christ! May God help us to realize that we are, with absolute literality, partakers of the divine nature!

But all men are not in Christ Jesus, are not united to him in life, purpose and destiny. Many are openly or secretly opposed to Jesus Christ. The Scriptures everywhere recognize these two classes of men. Under manifold figures this idea is again and again emphasized. It is deeply solemn that while one class of men are in Christ Jesus, with all the fullness of meaning which the phrase implies, another class of men are opposed to Jesus Christ, with all the solemnity in life and destiny which this opposition includes. The Word of God represents the race as sheep that are lost and sheep that are found, as those who have joyfully accepted or those who have rudely refused the gracious invitation of the divine host to a princely feast. We have the five virgins who were conspicuously wise and the five who were hopelessly foolish; and in the august picture of the great day with its white throne, its divine Judge and its assembled hosts, we have the goats on the left hand, while the sheep are on the right. A deep solemnity attaches to these positive affirmations and parabolic representations. We also in the same divine record read of those who are dead, and who are sharply distinguished from those who have been quickened; of those who were in darkness, but who have been translated into

God's Marvelous Light;

those who are distinctly called the children of God, and of others described as the children of wrath and of the devil; we also read of those who are not condemned, and sadly of those who are condemned already. All have gone astray, but some have gratefully returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of their souls; some were once afar off, but are now made nigh by the precious blood of Jesus Christ. You are to-day either in Christ or out of Christ. There is no alternative; there is no middle ground. You are either with and for Christ or against him. If you are against him, rejecting the offers of his love, and refusing the invitations of his grace, he must at least banish you, because you first banished yourself from his glorious presence. If you are in Christ, you are now a sharer in his strength, blessedness and joy, and at the last you shall be a partaker of his fulness, felicity and glory. No matter what character men formerly possessed, if they are in Christ Jesus they are candidates for glory, and will be sharers in eternal blessedness.

We notice, in the second place, the character affirmed of the man who is in Christ Jesus—"He is a new creature." The literal translation of the phrase is a new creation. Frequently in the New Testament the word which is here translated creature means creation. It denotes the act of creating, and also the thing thus created. It is sometimes applied to the universe in general, and sometimes and especially to mankind. We have the words, "The new man which after Christ is created in righteousness and true holiness." The great truth here taught is that the new character manifested by believers is so different from that which they formerly possessed and exhibited, that no change less than a new creation can account for the difference. The change is so great that the man may properly be described as made over again, and thus as having become a new man. There is in every true conversion a manifestation of divine power as truly as in the creation of the world itself. The old man is not patched up and mended; the old man dies and is buried and a new man created in Christ Jesus comes forth as if from the tomb of a dead man. This new man shows his newness by possessing new views, by manifesting new desires, by being governed by new motives and animated by new aims and hopes. Christ is confessedly and joyfully enthroned in the centre of his soul; self is joyously and

Completely Dethroned.

Many who are truly converted cannot lay their finger on the exact date of the birth of this new life in their soul. It came gradually as the rising sun, scattering the clouds of night and illumining the earth with its radiant beauty and its dazzling splendors; but there is a date; there is a time in God's knowledge when the line was crossed and when the new life was begun. God knows the moment of death, of creation, and of resurrection. It is not necessary to the genuineness of our conversion that in all cases we should know the exact moment of the death of the old man and of the birth of the new man. Death is death; and life is life. To transmute death into life requires an exertion of divine power as truly as did the raising of the daughter of Jairus, the son of the widow of Nain, or the brother of Martha and Mary. In the mind of God there must be a moment when that divine power is exerted and when the new life is begun. There is really no shading of death into life, but the chasm separating the two is instantaneously crossed in Christ's knowledge.

The Process of Dying

may indeed be greatly prolonged, but there is a moment of life, and another when the spirit takes its flight and the man is dead. The process of living may be prolonged, as far as the development of this life is concerned; but there is a moment when it begins, a moment when a man by personal faith comes into touch with Jesus Christ, the author of life, and that moment the man so believing has life in himself. These statements are in harmony both with the teachings of the Word of God and with the experience of many believers.

Language such as is used in this text is common among all nations to describe great changes in human experience and condition. Among the Jews conversion of a man from idolatry and wickedness was often denominated a new creation. All men readily understand the force of language such as is here employed. Men are ever ready to quibble with the language of Scripture, although they find no difficulty in understanding similar forms of expression when applied to matters of worldly experience. The reality of this new creation is always seen where it has actually taken place. The man who formerly was a child of Satan now shows by his changed life that he is a child of God. He who formerly was a slave of sin is now victorious over sin and has his fruit unto holiness. The man who formerly was controlled by pride is now meek and humble. The man who once lived for this life alone now has his portion in God, and looks not simply at the things that are seen, but at those which are unseen and eternal. The man who was a drunkard becomes sober and again resumes his place in the family and in the walks of business life. The man whose life was grossly impure

Becomes a Model Son,

husband, and man. Every pastor has witnessed just such transformations as these. There are miracles of divine grace occurring now which are not less miraculous and divine than were the miracles of feeding the hungry, healing the sick, and raising the dead performed by our Lord during his earthly ministry. If a man denies the existence and operation of divine grace in the conversion of souls and in the transformation of life and character, we can safely challege him to account for these marvelous transformations which are constantly occurring. No other moral change takes place on the earth which is so deep and radical as pastors frequently see and joyously welcome. How can we account for the change of Saul the violent persecutor into Paul the consecrated disciple, if we deny the presence and omnipotence of divine and almighty grace? God be thanked for the power which works such miracles, which transforms lost men into happy believers.

We ought to emphasize, in the third place, the universality of the change set forth—"Old things are passed away: behold, all things are become new." This is a broad and sweeping statement; but it is no broader than the experience of thousands justifies. The change in the case of many Jews

Converted in Apostolic Days

was as great as this strong language would imply. Their former prejudices against Christ and Christianity were entirely destroyed; and their attachment to the faith of their fathers utterly ceased. They no longer trusted in the rites and ceremonies of Judaism for their eternal salvation; and they learned to love all who loved Jesus as their brethren whatever may have been their former condition, or whatever was their nationality. How wonderful was the transforming power of God's grace, which could remove the deep-seated prejudices from the minds of Jews toward Gentiles, and Gentiles toward Jews in that early day! Gentiles were, perhaps, as much under the influence of this prejudice as were the Jews themselves; but they were willing to abandon it under the influence of this new light and love They gave up their degrading idolatries and received Christ as the only hope for

Lost Men and Women.

Christianity alone truly teaches the great lessons of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men. Christianity is not the religion of any one country or century, or any race or condition. All other religions were ethnic, tribal, or at most, national; but Christianity was suited to, needed by, and intended for all classes and conditions of men, in all countries and at all timss. It alone aimed to conquer the world; that conquest is its divine destiny and its exalted purpose. Toward the attainment of that end it is moving forward with rapid strides, increasing energy, and multiplying assurances of success.

The truth taught here regarding the passing away of old things, and the becoming new of all things, is a truth which all truly converted men and women fully endorse. Their whole conception of life and duty is changed. In the heart of all unconverted men self in some form rules; the last analysis of sin clearly shows that it is some form of selfishness. But now the supreme love of self has passed away; the love of the world has ceased to be dominant; the love of Christ now constrains, energizes, and inspires every faculty of the soul and every activity of the body. The love of earthly friends is sweetened, ennobled and purified, and it is subordinate to the all-controlling love of Jesus Christ. The Christian is now consecrated to higher and holier objects than selfish pursuits. The imagination feels the uplifting touch of Christ's presence, and it is henceforth used for the exaltation of life and

For the Glory of God.

The Bible also is a new book. A new meaning is found in its old words. Texts often repeated are now throbbing with new life and radiant with heavenly glory. God is now a new Being to his new-born child. He is no longer merely the Creator of the universe, but is a personal friend and a reconciled Father. Fellowship with God is heaven begun. A new love for all mankind is often found in the heart of the new creature in Christ Jesus. Only a man possessed of divine love can be a true philanthropist. Christ was the Son of man as well as the Son of God. He was the head of a new race. He is the author of a new creation. Only as we catch his spirit can we live over again his life. The great Chalmers preached for years before he knew fully what it is to be a

New Creature in Christ Jesus.

When he came forth from the room in which this experience came into his soul, a new life was in his heart, a new light in his eye, and a fresh eloquence on his tongue. The people marveled at the change which had taken place in his preaching. No longer did they hear formal essays, but glowing exhortations, thrilling experiences, and irresistible invitations.

Every new creature in Christ Jesus has also new hopes for the future. This earthly life is now for the first time rightly understood; it is simply the vestibule of a higher and nobler life. He who lives for this world alone does not truly live even for this world; he has missed life's true meaning and highest glory. The man who lives for the world to come wins both the life that now is and that which is to be. In such a man's heart and on his lips there are even now the first notes of a new song which will be sung in its fulness and blessedness of the new heavens and the new earth. Let us prove that we are new creatures in Christ Jesus by living the Christ life here and now. Come now to his feet and to his heart; die to self and sin that you may live to Christ and for heaven!

BEN.

BY REV. C. H. MEAD.

HAVE you heard the story of Ben? My lips have told it so often, that I think it but fair that my pen should tell it once.

He was as crooked and straight a specimen of humanity as you could find anywhere. His body was crooked, but his soul was straight—an arrangement he much preferred to a crooked soul in a straight body. His back was broken, but his soul had been made whole. His body reminded you of a scrub oak, but his soul resembled a tall cedar in Lebanon; the one excited your pity,—the other your admiration. His body made you ache with sympathy, but his soul made you long to be like him. His face—ah, his face! While his crooked body made you think of midnight and darkness, his face reminded you of noon-day and sunshine. It was a beautiful face, with peace written all over it. The forehead was the frontal of good thoughts, and the curves of his lips were gentleness and good-will. The ever-present smile reminded you that "the peace that passeth all understanding" could evolve sunshine out of physical suffering, and prepared you to hear him frequently sing, "There is sunshine in my soul to-day." If the eyes be the windows of the soul, never did a soul have more beautiful windows to look out of. They were large and expressive, bright and blue, and beamed with kindness and trust. The soul never uttered a word nor gave a look of complaint, but you could not help feeling it was greatly cramped for room. It made the best of the crooked house in which it lived, but that it sometimes longed to move out, you could discover when you saw Ben reading from the Book of books, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." A peculiar longing would flash out from his eyes, and his face fairly glowed with delight, as he turned back the pages and read: "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am ye may be also."

From his mother he inherited his beautiful face and his gentle spirit, and his advent in the home was a benediction. His broken back came from his father, though Ben would never admit it. Crazed by drink, the father came home one night, and when his seven-year old boy ran to greet him, with one kick he broke Ben's back and his wife's heart. The wife never forgave him, but Ben never blamed him. The little fellow's cry of pain sobered the man forever, while the broken back stood out as a forcible protest against the assertion "if you leave drink alone, it will leave you alone." His body never grew a particle after that, while his soul never before grew so fast. After the first few weeks of suffering, whatever of pain he felt, he kept to himself, and his gentlest look and brightest smile, he kept for his father; for it was a question as to whether the mental suffering of the man was not far greater than the physical suffering of the boy. Ben seemed to realize this, and to help his father became his daily task.

His love for sunshine, flowers and music was intense, for in them he found helps in the development of his soul. He seemed to be supremely happy, when through the large window came streams of sunshine, and on the stand were fragrant flowers, while he sang with exquisite sweetness:

> Dear Saviour, let thy watchful eye,
> Protect me day by day;
> That from the precious fold I love,
> My feet may never stray.
> Make me humble, loving, dutiful,
> Make thy way within me beautiful;
> Keep my heart from sin,
> Let no stranger in.

To those who do not know the wonderful power of grace, it was marvelous how the little fellow's soul grew in the next seven years; and to those who watched him closely, it was plain he would soon be compelled to move out of that body, so distorted by that cruel kick. But his faith grew stronger as his limbs grew weaker, and the nearer he came to eternity, the brighter became his face.

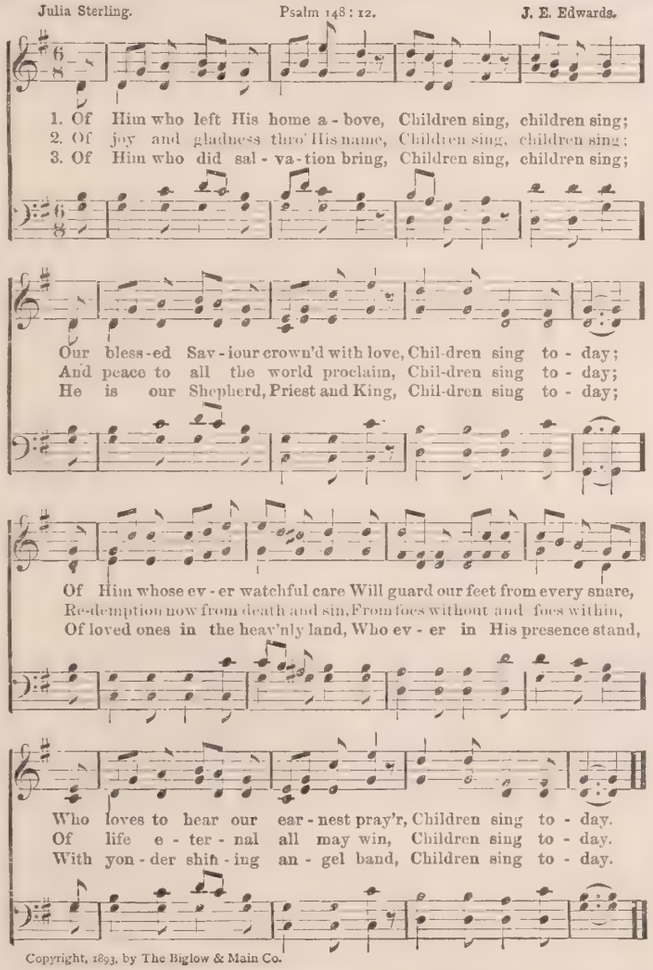
As time faded, but one thing troubled him, and that was: Who was to blame for his broken back? He reasoned it out in this wise: "If it was right for men to vote to license the sale of drink, it was right for men to sell it; if it was right for men to sell it, it was right for men to drink it; and if it was right for men to drink it, it was right for boys to have their backs broken by those who were under the influence of drink." So ran his logic, and it was terrible in its truth. Ben with his broken back lay under his father, and the father under the seller of the drink, and the seller under the license system, and the voters for the system were on the top of the heap. So, for awhile it troubled him, until he remembered that eternity would reveal the mysteries of this life; then he contentedly dismissed the problem, with the remark, "It may be that God wanted my back to be broken, but if he didn't, then it will be found that papa was not to blame."

It was a bright spring day when Ben moved out of his crooked house into one of the Father's many mansions. The cheeks of the watchers were wet with tears, but the face of the little fellow was radiant with "the coming glory." He had ripened fast during the seven years in that crooked body, and the Father's call to move out and up found him ready. With a bright smile and the cry of "Here!" he swept through the gates into the eternal city. Ben has gone to his rest, but the problem as to who was responsible for his broken back, yet remains to be solved.

Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

Children Sing To-day.

Julia Sterling. Psalm 148: 12. J. E. Edwards.


1. Of Him who left His home a - bove, Children sing, children sing;
2. Of joy and gladness thro' His name, Children sing, children sing;
3. Of Him who did sal - va - tion bring, Children sing, children sing;
Our bless-ed Sav - iour crown'd with love, Chil-dren sing to - day;
And peace to all the world proclaim, Chil-dren sing to - day;
He is our Shepherd, Priest and King, Chil-dren sing to - day;
Of Him whose ev - er watchful care Will guard our feet from every snare,
Re-demption now from death and sin, From foes without and foes within,
Of loved ones in the heav'nly land, Who ev - er in His presence stand,
Who loves to hear our ear - nest pray'r, Children sing to - day.
Of life e - ter - nal all may win, Children sing to - day.
With yon - der shin - ing an - gel band, Children sing to - day.

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From JUNIOR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SONGS, by per. of the Publishers.

A WORTHY PROJECT.

A friend of the poor in New York has placed at the disposal of the Charity Organization Society ten acres of land on an island in Long Island Sound, within three miles of Stamford, Conn., for any church or society which will use it for fresh-air excursions. There is excellent boating, bathing and fishing, and all that is needed is for some society to erect a suitable building and transport its needy friends to the place for a few weeks' sojourn during the summer months.

HE KNOWS.

I CANNOT think but God must know
About the things I long for so;
I know he is so good, so kind,
I cannot think but He will find
Some way to help, some way to show
Me to the thing I long for so.

I stretch my hand—it lies so near;
It looks so sweet, it looks so dear.
"Dear Lord," I pray, "O, let me know
If it is wrong to want it so!"

He only smiles—he does not speak;
My heart grows weaker and more weak
With looking at the thing so dear
Which lies so far, and yet so near.

Now, Lord, I leave at Thy loved feet
This thing which looks so near, so sweet;
I will not seek, I will not long—
I almost fear I have been wrong.

I'll go and work the harder, Lord,
And wait till by some loud, clear word
Thou callest me to Thy loved feet
To take the thing so dear, so sweet.

—SAXE HOLM.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Ellie Schedler, Turbeville, Pa. 1. What was the length, height and thickness of the wall of ancient Jerusalem? 2. How many gates were in the walls, and what were their names, and why were they so called?

1. The first or old wall was ten cubits thick and twenty-five high; its length is not known. The second or middle wall, and the third or outer wall were nearly of the same dimensions. 2. As to the number and names of the gates of ancient Jerusalem, we may depend on the 3rd chapter of Nehemiah; thus we find seven gates which are: the Sheep gate, Fish gate, Old gate, Dung gate, Fountain gate, Water gate, and Miphkad gate. The names of the gates were changed with the changes that fell upon ancient Jerusalem.

A Reader, West Orange, N. J. What is a shekel, a measure, a cubit and a mite?

A shekel was in ancient times a piece of money, equal to 224 grains, corresponding with 8 pennies which are about one-half of an ounce. A measure is the rendering of a number of Hebrew and Greek terms denoting a specific length or capacity; a cubit, immediately derived from the Latin *cubitus*, means the lower arm, about 19 inches; it was used in ancient times as a measure of the human body being the length from the elbow to the extremity of the longest finger; and a mite was a coin, thin like a scale. In Mark 12: 42 we learn that two mites were equal to one farthing.

Geisinger, Warrentown, Mo. 1. Why do men worship with head uncovered, and women with head covered, under the new dispensation? 2. What does Paul mean in 1. Corin. 11: 4-6? Does this mean that a woman should cover her head in public worship, also in the family?

1. Because, in conformity with the apostolic prescription, the men attended public prayers in the churches bareheaded and the women veiled; that is, besides covering the head, women wore a veil in connection with the head-dress to cover also the face, modestly leaving only the space from the eye-brows to below the nose exposed. 2. It is nowhere directed that women should cover their heads in the family or at household worship. They were directed to cover or veil themselves only when out-doors.

E. C. Haynes, Rylie Texas. When, where and by whom was the first practice of taking the Lord's Supper every Sunday morning, instituted?

As we learn from sacred history, the partaking of the Lord's Supper every Sunday morning was a custom in use among the Christians of the primitive Church during the first three centuries. The date of the first observance after the death of the Saviour is uncertain. In the apostolic church the celebration regularly took place in public assemblies, in private dwellings, at common tables, in hidden places during the persecutions, at the sepulchres of martyrs, and, later, in the churches at special tables or altars.

Mrs. H. F. Kennedy, San Francisco, Cal. When and by whom was Christianity introduced into England?

It is generally believed that it was introduced into Britain before the end of the second century. Clemens Romanus (A. D 101), says, that Paul went to the "limits of the West," and Theodoret, another early writer, declares that Paul brought salvation to the isles of the ocean. There are traditions attributing its introduction to St. James, St. Simon Zelotes, and Joseph of Arimathea, the last-named, it is said, having gone to Britain about A. D. 35, and died there. Still another legend is that Lucius an English King, sent to Bishop Eleutherius at Rome for religious instructions, and on the return of his messenger, he and all his court were baptized.

G. W. B., Louisburg, Kan. Nowhere.——O. Templeton, Phillips, Wyo. We know of none.——Mrs. C. Livingston, Yonkers, N. Y. If you send us the words of the hymn, we may be able to find the music.——Victor W. Heldt, Chicago. Sometimes several weeks, owing to the number of inquiries.——W. P. Sharp, Upola, Kan. We cannot tell.——Mrs. W. E. Zeh, Bern, N. Y. Send your copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to Miss R. Perkins, missionary, Arupukottei, Southern India.——V. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. A true Christian will make almost any sacrifice, rather than permit secular duties to interfere with the observance of the Sabbath. A business that cannot be conducted without Sunday violation is a good one to drop.——Mrs. F. P. Butler, Wheat, Tenn. Queen Victoria's maiden name was Alexandrina Victoria Guelph. The last-named is the family name of the house of Hanover, of which she is a member.——Mrs. Elma I. Compton, Tecumseh, Neb. The olive wood slabs, with inscription, will be forwarded at twenty-five cents each, post-paid. Have forwarded your letter, as requested.——J. E. Smith, Grinnell, Kan. The best means of ascertaining the address of Hugh Smith, formerly of Fort Scott, Kan., would be to advertise in the Kansas newspapers.——Subscriber, E. Pharsalia, N. Y. The two are identical.

THE SECOND AND THIRD SEALS.

The Concluding Events of this Dispensation as Portrayed under the Figure of the Seals.

BY REV. JOHN STORIE.*

"AND when he opened the second seal I heard the Second Living One say, Go! and there went forth another,a Red horse; and to him that sat thereon it was given to take peace from the earth and that men should slay one another; and there was given to him a great sword."

It is the Day of the Lord; of searching and sanctifying chastisement to Israel; of avenging wrath to the nations. When this seal is broken that wrath is let loose on men. From the midst of the throne, there is heard the second voice of command, "Go!" and the second Rider,waiting only to obey, rides forth on his mission—the angel of war and worse than war. The horse he rides is red, flame-colored, the hue of passion,violence and blood. In the Rider's hand a "great sword;" not that used in battle; an assassin's rather than a soldier's weapon: the sword of a despot, whose frown is death. "And to him it was given to take peace from the earth, and men shall slay one another;" not alone in the open strife of nations,but in private revenge,in nihilistic frenzy; with no regard for human life when it stands in the way of lust or covetousness, or ambition,or personal animosity. That is what the earth will be, its condition of unscrupulous violence and of restless fear and suspicion, under the judgment action of this horse and his Rider.

This angel goes forth,then, from the judgment Throne to ride through the earth, from nation to nation on his mission of judicial and avenging wrath; waking up with that great sword the fierce passions of men into deeds of war, assassination, and blood: and so making this earth,by the force of men's own misdeeds, the field of their own execution, with this one exception, which will only be an aggravation of human misery, that when—on the sounding of the fifth trumpet subsequent to the opening of this seal—the abyss is opened for the issue of a demon host, the slaying of man by the hand of man is to be for five months arrested. "In those days" of agony "shall men seek death and they shall not find it; and they shall desire to die, and death shall flee from them." The power of self-destruction is then gone! (Rev. 9: 6.)

The Third Seal.

"And when he opened the third seal I heard the Third Living One say, Go; And I saw, and behold! a black horse, and he that sat on him had a balance in his hand; and I heard as it were a voice in the midst of the four Living Ones say, A measure (a *chœnix*) of wheat for a penny (a *denarius*) and three measures of barley for a penny; and the oil and the wine hurt thou not!" Again it is a voice from the "Living Ones" — the third — that commands this Rider forth on his mission.

John is startled as he gazes. "I saw it," he exclaims; and the sight filled him with new anxiety and dismay. That "black horse;" its color and form that spoke of wasting want, of slow starvation, and the "scales" in the rider's hand to weigh out the scanty food to the faint and famishing; and the price of the wheat and the barley fixed by that voice from the midst of the Living Ones (the voice of the Lord himself), while this rider is bearing down among men the sentence and the doom—all this struck home to the heart of John the words of that ancient curse, as though it were specially to affect his own kindred and people.

The judgment will be spread by this commissioned rider, wide and deep, through all the nations. The prices are judgment prices, affecting the absolute necessaries of life and will afflict with direst distress the mass of the population. The *denarius* was the ordinary wage for a day's work; the *chœnix*—a pint-and-half measure—as the ordinary allowance of wheat for a man's daily ration. In times of plenty the denarius could purchase sixteen or twenty measures, now only one.

The command of this angel to spare "the wine and the oil," that is, to lay no restrictive hand on the luxuries of life in this time of agrarian distress, of sickening want, of slow, wasting starvation, gives a significant intimation that the selfish indulgences of the wealthy [illegible] be exercised to aggravate the sense of helpless a. d unhelped wretchedness, add to exasperate into outbursts of social disturbance, as in the [illegible] sufferings, and the discontent so grievously afflicting the earth.

[Illegible]

* [illegible]

A PIONEER ENDEAVORER.

Mr W H Pennell the First Signer of the Christian Endeavor Constitution—A Heroic Worker and his Worthy Son.

FEW men deserve more hearty recognition at the hands of the members of the Christian Endeavor organizations, of New England at least, than Mr. William H. Pennell, whose portrait is given on this page,together with that of Mr. H. B. Pennell, his son. Mr. Pennell, the elder, is now in his fiftieth year, but is still as young and vigorous and as zealous in the cause as when he set the example to the Endeavorers of this Continent by becoming the first man to sign the constitution of the pioneer Endeavor Society.

A veteran of the war, and a man of wide culture and travel, for many years Mr. Pennell had been active in Church and Sunday School work in Portland. On Feb. 2,1881,he visited the residence of his pastor with his class of young men, and steps were then taken to organize the parent society of Christian Endeavor. When the question of a constitution was under discussion, there was some hesitation about signing the stringent prayer-meeting pledge it contained, but Mr. Pennell stepped to the front and grasping his pen, attached his signature to the document. The entire class did likewise,and the pioneer society which has been multiplied a thousand times, became an actuality. During the years since then,he has been a most energetic and popular member of the Order,and has by his personal example set a splendid pattern to the younger members. He is a trustee of the Portland Society.

MR. W. H. PENNELL,
The first Signer of the C. E. Constitution.

Mr. H. B. Pennell, his son, carries into his connection with the organization the same energy and enthusiasm that have characterized the elder Pennell's career as an Endeavorer. At eleven years of age, he was the leader of the first Christian Endeavor prayer-meeting—probably the only instance on record where a boy so young led on such an occasion, yet so fervent was his piety and so exceptional his ability even as a lad, that he did it in the simplest and most natural manner possible. He is now a successful architect in Boston.

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THE MONTREAL CONVENTION.

AMONG the noted speakers who have promised to take part in the coming International Convention of Christian Endeavor at Montreal, which opens Wednesday, July 5, and closes Sunday night July 9, are:

Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Evangelists B. Fay Mills and J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D.; Rev. S. P. Rose, D. D., Montreal; Rev. E. M. Hill, Montreal; Hon. Geo. E. Foster, Ottawa, Ont., Minister of Finance; Rev. P. S. Henson, D. D., Chicago, Ill.; President Francis E. Clark; Mrs. Francis E. Clark; Rev. J. W. Cowan, Tabor, Ia., the pastor who first organized a Junior Christian Endeavor Society; Rev. Wayland Hoyt, D.D., Minneapolis, Minn.; Rev. Chas. Perry Mills, Newburyport, Mass., the pastor of the second society and a pastor who has the distinction of being longest pastor of any one society of Christian Endeavor in the world; Bishop B. W. Arnett, D. D., of the African M.E. Church; Rev. Gilbert Reed, China; Rev. Leander Keyser, Springfield, Ohio; Rev. C. E. Eberman, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. Canon J. B. Richardson, London, Ont.; Mrs. Frances J. Barnes, President Young Woman's Temperance Union; Mr. Anthony Comstock, New York City, N. Y.; Mrs. Alice May Scudder, Jersey City, N. J., and nearly 100 others.

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A PERTINENT QUESTION.

MR. H. Y. RUSH, West Milton, O., writes: "Would it be in keeping with interdenominational comity and essential Gospel relations, for the Epworth League or the Christian Endeavor Society to solicit membership one from the other? Or, would it be proper that the Epworth League seek to recruit its membership from any other than the denominational membership, Sunday Schools and congregation which that Society represents? This inquiry is not made for use in any controversy, but for the satisfaction and benefit of several leading clergymen." We submit the question to our readers and would be pleased to hear from them briefly on the matter.

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A PROGRESSIVE ASSOCIATION

THE Radford Va. Y. M. C. A., one of the youngest organizations,is thriving finely. During the first six months of its existence, its financial receipts were $588.25, the expenses being $440.05,leaving on hand $147.30. It has a "Social-room," a library of over one hundred volumes and a reading-room containing thirty daily, weekly and monthly publications. Its members include a number of railroad men, who take a great interest in the Association, where they can pass their leisure hours.

MR. H. B. PENNELL.

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A DESERVED TRIBUTE.

DR. A. T. PIERSON of Philadelphia, in a recent address to the Young Men's Christian Association of London, said that he honored the Young Men's Christian Association for the loyalty it has ever given to the word of God, and he believes that its success had been largely due to this.

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NOTES OF THE ORDERS.

The thirtieth international convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of North America was held in Indianapolis, Ind., May 10-14. Nearly a quarter of a century has elasped since the convention met in Indianapolis, in 1870.

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The State Committee of the Connecticut Young Men's Christian Associations has just issued its annual report. The membership of the twenty-four Associations is 8010 as against 7070 last year. Ten Associations have buildings valued at $411,000, and other real estate valued at $74,700. Two Associations have endowments aggregating $70,000. Fifteen Associations have conducted eighty-four educational classes; thirteen do special work for boys; ten report 380 professed conversions.

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The Y. P. S. C. E. of the Memorial Lutheran Church of Washington, D. C., held two special Thursday evening prayer meetings during March, preparatory to the regular church services held during Passion week. They were a great success and much spiritual good was accomplished. At one of the meetings the subject was "Why is Christ precious to me?" and the testimony presented by the young people brought tears to the eyes of many present.

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"IN HIS NAME."

"IN His Name," be this our watch-word
As we toil along life's way;
May our hearts be pure and holy
As we work from day to day.

And may we not be wanting,
When the Master calls his own,
But be gathered with the faithful
To stand around His throne.

If "In His Name" we labor,
And trust Him on life's way,
We shall cross the shining river
And reach the golden day.

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WITH OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

A strong missionary movement has been aroused in the Southport Y. M. C. A., by the visit of Dr. Harry Grattan Guinness, who conducted two services in the largest hall in the town recently, and lectured on "His Recent Experiences on the Congo," on the following day. A visit from Mr. Hudson Taylor is expected shortly. It is believed that several of the members will volunteer for work in the foreign field.

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R. H. S., Louisville, Ky. There are experiences too sacred to be talked of publicly; but you can speak without referring to them. Try to say something helpful to others and you can give personal testimony of your love for Christ without being, or appearing boastful. It is due to him that you should let it be known that you are on his side. Merely reciting a passage of Scripture scarcely covers your duty either to Christ, yourself, or the Society.

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At the recent celebration of the seventeenth anniversary of the Y. M. C. A., of Denver, Colo., it was announced that the Association has a total membership of 1,089. The business management is under the control of the most practical business men of the city. Two hundred and fifty-four employees of the Denver and Rio Grande railroad shops at Burnham are members. They have their own rooms well furnished and equipped, with a paid secretary in charge, educational classes, baths, library, and everything needed in a full fledged association.

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Adoniram Edwards, Bangor, Me. There is nothing dishonoring to Christ in your associating in Christian work with other young people who are not of your way of thinking about baptism. You must not suppose that in differing from you as to the mode or time of baptism they are violating their conscience. If they love the Saviour and are trying to follow him and serve him, co-operate with them cordially in the work and do not let questions of rites and ceremonies separate you from your brethren and sisters in Christ.

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The Jubilee of Young Men's Christian Associations to be held next year in London will be attended by friends of the Association from all lands. An effort will be made to enlist the co-operation of all in organizing a special Jubilee fund which will be used in supporting more traveling secretaries. The results of the work of those now employed have been most encouraging. They have organized new Associations, revived old ones and stimulated those already in working order.

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G. S. H., Chicago. In such a country district as you describe you would be wise in organizing an Epworth League of Christian Endeavor, rather than an Epworth League. The former would unite the young people of all the churches, while the latter would be exclusively members of your own church. The Society would be stronger and would be able to do more efficient work for Christ if it included all the young people, and the members would be mutually benefited by association with each other. Pay no heed to those who have told you that organizing an Epworth League of Christian Endeavor is disloyalty to the church. You will be loyal to Christ,who prayed that his people might be one and no church can require more of you.

At Mary's Tomb.

The Traditional Scene of the Burial of the Virgin—A Spot Perpetually Lighted and held Sacred by Moslems and Christians Alike

NEXT to the Holy Sepulchre within the walls of Jerusalem, (the most sacred place in the city, or round about it) there is no spot in Palestine more highly revered by the followers of the different Oriental sects than the burial place of the Virgin which is shown in the illustration on this page. "The Tomb of the Virgin" is situated at the western corner and outside the wall of a small enclosed field near the Garden of Gethsemane, just across the brook Kedron, and at the foot of the Mount of Olives. The people of Palestine, despite their different beliefs, do not doubt the authenticity of the site, and all regard it with reverence, even the Moslems. The entrance downward to the interior of the tomb is by a flight of rude steps. Being underground, it has the aspect of a cave, and is very dark; indeed, were it not for the lights that are perpetually burning within, nothing could be distinguished by the visitor. Thousands of Greek, Latin, Koptic and Maronite pilgrims visit the tomb with the hope of thereby securing after death a speedy translation to the bliss of heaven through the intercession of the Virgin. The people of the East, unquestioningly believing in Mary's saintly intercession, seize every opportunity of visiting her burial-place and hence it is nearly always crowded with petitioning pilgrims, or *Zowar*, seeking salvation through this source.

Mary's tomb is called by Oriental Christians "Kabir Sittna Maryam" (the Grave of our Lady Mary.) It is in the possession of the Latin Church, which bought the ground on which it is situated. One of the Eastern gates of Jerusalem leading to it has been called "Bab Sittna Maryam" (Gate of our Lady Mary) and this official recognition of the genuineness of the site has led to its acceptance very generally by the public, although learned Orientalists are not quite agreed on this point.

Before their arrival at the tomb, western pilgrims—especially Russians—begin their harmonious melodies in the Virgin's honor; then, holding unlighted candles in their hands, they devoutly enter the chapel of the tomb, and kneel down before the grave, where they sometimes remain prostrate for hours. No sign of weariness is ever shown, although they may have come a long distance for the purpose of kneeling and repeating their prayers in this hallowed spot. Their joy at having been privileged to see where the mother of the Saviour was laid to rest is rapturous beyond description and songs of thanksgiving are lifted up in memory of the "Mother of the Lord." On concluding their visit, and while passing a tray or salver at a certain place near the chapel entrance, they give a liberal offering to assist in the preservation of the sacred place and then they emerge with songs again on their lips. Many pilgrims also leave gifts of candles to serve for the constant lighting in the chapel. Religious services are held morning and evening at the tomb, whether there are visitors or not.

THE TOMB OF THE VIRGIN, NEAR JERUSALEM.
(From a photograph secured in Palestine by Rev. Dr. Talmage.)

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Sandwich Island Children.

IN the Hawaiian Islands, the children are brought up to be moral and healthy first, and there is not a boy or girl in any family that cannot ride and swim perfectly before the age of eight years. In rich families, the little ones never wear shoes or stockings until they are three years old, or more, except on state occasions, indoors. They live in the elements, — air, wind, water, and sunshine — and the ladies are all experts in outdoor amusements. Many of the ladies ride at great speed over the superb roads of those islands. The result of this free, out-of-door life for both boys and girls is a magnificent physique in both.

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A Life Lesson.

"WHEN I was a little boy," said a gentleman one day to a friend with whom he was talking, "I paid a visit to my grandfather. He was an aged man, and wore a black velvet cap, and knee breeches with large silver buckles at the knees. When I went to say good-bye to him, he took me between his knees, kissed me kindly, and then laying his hand on my head, he said: 'My dear boy, I have only one thing to say to you; will you try to remember it?' I looked him in the face and said, 'I will, grandpa.' 'Well,' said he, 'it is this: Whatever you have to do, always do the best you can.' This was my grandfather's legacy to me. It was worth more than thousands of gold and silver. I never forgot his words, and have always tried to act upon them."

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Remembered Courtesies.

THERE is a French saying that courtesies and favors are like flowers, which are only sweet while they are fresh, but afterward they quickly fade and wither. "Not so," replies a noted man; "the favors you did us nearly twenty years ago are as fresh to me as if they were done yesterday. I distill them in the alembic of my memory, and they turn to essences." A beautiful reply, indeed; and how much truth there is in it! Surely all of us cherish certain kindnesses and courtesies and favors we have received from friends, and even strangers, many years ago, and they form quite a part of the pleasures of memory. How often have we heard the expression, "I shall never forget her kindness;" or, "I shall never hear that gentleman's name spoken but I recall with pleasure his courtesy to me." The fragrance of these flowers of courtesy always remains.

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After Moving Day.

MOVING-DAY is gone but its memories linger, writes Dr. Talmage. Seated on the boxes in the new home you take tea, and then down with the carpets. They must be stretched, and pieced, and pulled, and matched. The whole family are on their knees at the work, and red in the face, and before the tacks are driven all the fingers have been hammered once and are taking a second bruising. Nothing is where you expect to find it. Where is the hammer? Where are the tacks? Where the hatchet? Where the screw-driver? Where the nails? Where the window-shades? Where is the slat to that old bedstead? Where are the rollers to that stand? The sweet-oil has been emptied into the blackberry-jam. The pickles and the plums have gone out together a-swimming. The lard and the butter have united as skillfully as though a grocer had mixed them. May-day is a social earthquake that annually shakes the city. It may be that very soon some of our rich relatives will, at their demise, "will" us each one a house, so that we shall be permanently fixed. We should be sorry to have them quit the world under any circumstances; but if, determined to go anyhow, they should leave us a house, the void would not be so large, especially if it were a house well furnished and having all the modern improvements. We should be thankful for any good advice they might leave us, but should most highly appreciate a house.

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A MORNING PLAINT

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art.
Make me as a weaned child:
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave;
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

As a little child relies
On a care beyond its own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone:
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard and Guide.

—JOHN NEWTON.

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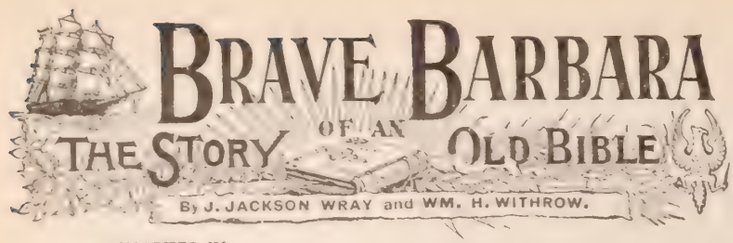
A BRAVE MOHAMMEDAN LAD.

THE Rev. Charles Wood tells a story of a Mohammedan boy in Egypt who made up his mind to be a Christian. His older brother told him that if he did change his religion he would kill him, and this was no idle threat. The brother meant to do just what he said; for if a Mohammedan changes his faith, the people think that he has forfeited his life, and one who kills him does a good deed. But Hassan —for that was the boy's name— felt that he must be a Christian, no matter how much it might cost him. Knowing that his life was in danger, he ran away to the house of a missionary, and asked that he might stay there for a little time. The missionary kept the lad. Afterward they learned that Hassan's brother had come to watch the missionary's house at night. He had a rifle, and looked at the windows, hoping that he might see his brother, or at least his shadow, and then he meant to put a bullet through the young Christian.

After awhile the family got possession of Hassan. His father locked him up, and said he would kill him the next day unless he gave up his Christian faith. The mother of the boy was a Mohammedan; but she was also a mother. Going out into the garden, she left the key in the gate, and told the boy to take a walk in the garden. He turned the key and escaped.

See how much the Mohammedan boy was willing to suffer as a Christian; but there are some reading this story whose parents would be made happier by having them say they would be Christians than by anything else they could say, and yet they will not take Christ as their Master and Saviour. Ought not the story of Hassan, who was determined to be a Christian even if it cost him his life, to shame you? Yet there are many Hassans in our own land,—boys whose ungodly surroundings are constantly drawing them away from Christ, and who have a hard battle with temptation to sin. Let such take courage from the story of Hassan.



CHAPTER IX.

AT THE CROIX BLANCHE HOSTELRY.

Our [illegible] little accustomed to the society of men who kept such state as the Governor. They became nervous, not so much on account of his manner, as because of the reverence which they saw the officers pay to him. The Governor's first question was naturally about the state of public feeling in New York. "I hope there is some loyalty there even yet," he said.

"Oh yes, your worship—I mean, your Excellency," said the nervous Paul. "All the people are not gone astray after Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who would make all Israel to sin."

This somewhat obscure reference to Scripture as an illustration of backslidings in the colonies was little better than Greek to the Governor, whose studies in the Old Testament had not been of an extensive kind. "Jeroboam! Who's he?" said the Colonel, thrusting his fingers through his grizzled hair, and fixing his grey eyes, in a mystified way, upon the speaker.

The governor had called in Colonel Featherstone, the second in command, thinking that something of import might be elicted in this interview with the new-comers.

"Do you know anything of this Jeroboam, Featherstone?" said the governor. "One of these rebels, I suppose, who has come to the front, latterly. What we want to know," continued he, turning to Paul with a reassuring smile, "is whether the New Yorkers are all gone mad after the treason-plotters who—"

"Oh, no, not so, your Excellency," said Paul, in his eagerness, "there are yet seven thousand who have not bowed their knees to Baal."

"Seven thousand? Baal? What does the man mean, Featherstone?" said the governor.

"Hanged, if I know," said that officer, a blunt old veteran, who knew a good deal more about the "Marlborough Campaigns" than the Hebrew Scriptures.

"He means," said Barbara, "that there is a considerable remnant of the people in the province of New York who are still loyal subjects of King George."

"Ha! that's more to the purpose," said the governor, with a nod and a smile. "That's a horse of another color. But how many did you say, my good man? Have they enrolled themselves in any way?"

"I said seven thousand, my lord—your Excellency, because that's the number that Elijah said were faithful to the God of Israel; but I mean a great number, you know, a great number," said Paul, gaining confidence. "I shouldn't wonder if there are even a hundred and forty and four thousand, such as—"

"That may be all very well," said the commander, sticking to his point. "But what are they going to do about it. Will they fight?"

"Many of them eschew carnal weapons, your Excellency," said Paul, who had felt the ground firm to his feet, now that he had got hold of a congenial topic. "I am not a man of war myself. My Captain is Jesus Christ; and his words are, 'Put up the sword into its sheath. My kingdom is not of this world, else would my servants fight.' I have come here with my wife and little ones, to try to serve God, and honor the king in peace and quietness; and there's many more, your Excellency, who will follow as soon as they can get [illegible]

Then up spake honest John Lawrence. Not being himself a Palatine, he had not the same motives of gratitude for favors which filled the [illegible] persecution by the British flag; and though he [illegible] putting down rebellion and striking a blow in self-defence. "Some of us have not the same [illegible]" he, "and if the king wants more soldiers for the [illegible] raise a few regiments of loyal Americans: and I, for one—"

"That's the sort of speech, young man," said the commandant, slapping his thigh in his satisfaction. "That has the right ring about it; eh, [illegible]

The delighted Featherstone saw a recruit in honest John, and was about to ask him his name with a view to business, but the quiet and wary Barbara, seeing how things were tending, and not at all willing, either that Paul should be blamed or John entrapped, interposed.

"When the time comes, your Excellency, Paul Heck will do his duty, be it against his liking or be it otherwise. My husband is a lover of peace and a hater of strife; but when those who strive for the right are in straits, he will be there, and John Lawrence, too—but not till then."

"Right, very right," said her hearers. "We want true-hearted and loyal subjects such as you, in this quarter to colonize this magnificent province. I make you heartily welcome and as many more of your kind as you can induce to come."

He wrote a hasty note, and calling on the valet, who had been waiting within earshot, he said, "Here, Pierre, take these good people to the Croix Blanche. Give this note to Jean Baptiste Lafarge;" and bowing our immigrants politely out of the audience chamber, the Governor warmly wished them well, and promised to send for them again as soon as he had determined how he could best serve them.

"The Lord reward you for your kindness to strangers in a strange land!" said Brave Barbara; and it is not too much to say that the unfamiliar form of words, as she uttered them, touched the gallant soldier's heart more than he would have cared to own.

As the young and vigorous Irishman, John Lawrence, passed by Col. Featherstone, that wide-awake old soldier, touched him on the shoulder, and said half-aloud, and with much meaning, "You ought to be a soldier, young man. Come and join the King's Own. You'd win a sergeant's stripes within twelve months."

Honest John was not insensible to the compliment, but just then his loyalty to Christ and the "faith that was in him," came strongly to the front.

"I'm a soldier already," said he, with a ready smile, "and though I'm only a private yet, I've the best prospects of promotion, sir."

"In what regiment?" said the colonel, taken by surprise.

"The Methodists," said Barbara, answering for him. "In the army of Immanuel, Prince of Peace."

It may well be believed that those simple words of my noble peasant heroine were the first proclamation of Methodist loyalty to Immanuel made in Canada, the land in which so much and so many of Wesley's triumphs have been won.

Brave Barbara and her two comrades were conducted by the valet to a narrow back street close by the high stone wall that guarded the rear of the town. The Governor had well judged that inexpensive accommodation was a matter of importance to the wanderers he was so willing to befriend. Part of this old wall still remains, but the historic old "Croix Blanche" where Brave Barbara found home and shelter has passed away.

The inn was a queer, rambling old building of one story, with thick stone walls, with immense gambles and stacks of chimneys. The roof was very steep, and from it rose two rows of small dormer windows. It was almost as high as the walls, and gave the quaint old house the appearance of a rather small man with an uncommonly large hat; and like all the buildings which marked the curious old French Canadian cities of those days was both odd and comfortable to look at and to live in.

Mine host of the "Croix Blanche," Jean Baptiste Lafarge by name, was a rubicund old fellow, whose rotundity of girth somewhat belied the aspect of his face. Being not only an innkeeper, but also one of the town bakers, Jean Baptiste wore the big white apron and the round white cap peculiar to his calling. He evidently did not take kindly to the new-comers; and intimated to them first in French, and then in very broken English that he would rather have their room than their company.

Barbara gathered from his somewhat voluble speech that he had no room; and then that he had "not plenty suffeecient mattress," and finally that the "Croix Blanche" was especially "une auberge Canadienne," [a Canadian inn.] At this point, however, the courteous Pierre was able to get a word or two edge-wise, and bade the irate Jean read the Governor's letter.

This produced an instant and remarkable change in the manner of the worthy innkeeper.

"Ah!" said the worthy baker, in a tone of geniality, "if it will be a sairvice to Monsieur le Governeur, I will have ze plaisir to entertain messieurs and ze madames," and here our host bowed low, especially to Barbara, washing his hands the while with invisible soap in imperceptible water. "Marie!" he called to his wife—a black-eyed, pleasant-looking dame in a bright red kirtle and a snow-white Norman cap, and asked her to show their guests to such apartments as they had at their disposal. With a bright smile on her face, the French-woman led them up the narrow, crooked stairs to a range of queer, quaint rooms, half chamber, half attic, which were sufficiently spacious, and which had the further advantage of being "sheap, vare sheap," as Marie affirmed in such broken English as she could command."

Thoroughly satisfied with her new quarters, and more than content with the prospect of a clean and restful bed, after her long half-gipsy, half-sailor life on board the lumbering barge, Barbara declared herself "at home," and won the heart of the kindly little French-woman by her ready witness that the apartments were "so clean and comfortable; reminding her of her own dear home in the farm-house at Ballygarane, on the other side of the sea."

Paul and John Lawrence hastened off to the quay to fetch Mary Embury, and the little folks, to the quaint old hostelry which was to provide them all with a temporary home. When this was done they set about removing their little store of goods and chattels from the batteaux to a large out-building that flanked Jean Baptiste's bakehouse, and our two pioneer families were happily housed under the hospitable shelter of the "Croix Blanche."

"If only Pastor Philip had been here," said Barbara, as she sat at the table with the old German Bible lying open before her, "surely our comfort will be complete. And yet," she continued, laying her hand on the arm of the young widow who was seated by her side, "his comfort has no drawbacks. They say that the name of this city is really Mount Royal, and a royal resting-place and beautiful it is, to this day, but our well-beloved comrade Philip has his high dwelling in the real Mount Royal, where he sees the King in his beauty, in the land which is, to him, no longer afar off. We are pilgrims yet. Paul, my dear," she continued, handing over to her worthy husband the thin homely "Book of Hymns," roughly bound in mottled calf-skin, which, next to her German Bible, was the most sacred of volumes in her eyes, "Let us read the Pilgrim's Song. Line it out, so that the children may all hear it, and understand from it that to us Montreal is only a station on the way to the real Mount Royal, where Jesus and Philip are."

No sooner said than done, and in a few moments the grand and stirring old hymn which has raised the spirits of thousands of tired pilgrims like the sound of a trumpet, woke the echoes of the "Croix Blanche" with:

Come on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through this wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel,
Awhile forget your griefs and fears
And look behind this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill

Then kneeling around the wainscotted old chamber, the group were led in prayer by the staid and earnest Paul, and then at her husband's request, by Brave Barbara, who had a listener behind the wainscot of whose presence she was unaware. This was none other than the kindly-spirited, pleasant-faced hostess of the "Croix Blanche," Marie Lefarge! Her curiosity had been awakened in the first instance by the Governor's recommendation, and by Barbara's words of praise. It was a good deal sharpened by the thrilling sounds of the pilgrims' song; and Marie could not forbear taking advantage of a convenient and inviting crack in the boarded partition.

By the alternate application of eye and ear, she was able to understand a little of the sacred exercises in which our immigrants were engaged. When she saw the hands of Barbara uplifted, and her face upturned the while she talked with God, and heard her pray for Jean Baptiste, and for "the dear, kind Marie, whose voice is so gentle and her smile so sweet," the good soul turned her eye to the crack to look on her again, and could not, for her tears were falling, but she did whisper to herself, "Amen" as she softly turned away.

In this instance, as in many another, Brave Barbara, like many another co-worker with God, was sowing better than she knew—was well and wisely placing the good seed of the kingdom, all unconscious of the harvest of fruit and service which was to be reaped for our Lord and Master—under the sign and shadow of the Croix Blanche!

As Brave Barbara and her friend Mary Embury were standing, subsequently, at the quaint window of their dormitory, talking over the haven of peace to which they had come, and the wonderful way in which the Lord had led them, the elder woman, fancying she saw some traces of anxiety on the widow's face, set herself to the sweet task of administering good cheer to them that were cast down.

"All is well, sister Mary," she said. "Ours has been a wandering life, and full often the way has in it something of the wilderness, but much of sunshine and many a patch of green pastures and still waters. To you," she said, turning her expressive eyes upon her companion, who still carried the weeds of widowhood, which only set off the superior beauty of her face, "has fallen the shadow of death—ay, and to me, too," she continued, as she thought of the curly-haired little lassie over whose grave at Salem she had let fall the tears of bereavement; "but we know that they we mourned for are through the 'shadow' and out of the 'valley.'"

"True," said Mary, with half a sigh and with half a smile; "it doth not become me to grieve: does it? And yet," she said, with a longer sigh, that would rise in spite of her, "I am but a lone widow in a strange land, and my children have no father's willing hand and loving heart to protect, maintain, and guide them at times, though I try to hide it for my friends' sakes—yet it will up and out in spite of me."

"Nay, nay," quoth Brave Barbara, "I cannot permit you to have such thoughts. No father? and yet I see the children kneeling in your company, morn by morn, saying in your ear, 'Our Father which art in heaven,' and taught to say it by our dear Philip and yourself in the happy yesterdays. Philip has gone, but 'Our Father' stays, stays all the time, and will never leave nor forsake you or yours."

The conversation between the two friends was interrupted at this point by the entrance of their hostess, Marie Lefarge. She came to invite her guests to look over the old house and to see the wonderful view from the window of her own little chamber. Barbara Heck and Mary Embury were pleased by this sign of friendliness and willingly accompanied her. The view from the window was one to impress a lover of the picturesque, and they stood long gazing on the green meadows and the fair slopes of Mount Royal with its forest-crowned crest. Turning from the room, Mary noticed a little shrine built into the wall, containg a small image of the Madonna, before which stood two candles, not now alight, and two nosegays of sweet flowers. Mary, with native delicacy, and the true Christian spirit which respects its neighbor's conscience, quietly drew back, and the three passed on, but the hostess noted with surprise that neither of her visitors, who, she thought, were very good and pious, made any gesture of adoration to the image. She did not refer to the omission then, but when, a little later, the tour of the house being finished, she was making her little speech of courtesy, she said that she hoped they would be happy in the "Croix Blanche," and added rather pointedly, "I will pray ze blessed Mere de Dieu to have care of you."

(To be Continued.)

The Great Value of Fresh Air.

Every one knows the physical benefit that comes from a day in the open air, but few stop to reflect on the reason. This may be found in the fact that the air so breathed has contained more oxygen, and therefore helped the blood, with which it has come in contact in the lungs, to throw off an unusual amount of the body's waste and impurities in the form of carbonic acid gas.

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A Soldier for Christ.

Lieutenant Lavery, once Drunkard and Dive-Keeper, now a Brave Worker for Jesus—The "People's Tabernacle" in Spokane.

ONE of the best-known Christian workers in the West is Lieutenant Thomas Lavery, Superintendent of the People's Tabernacle, Spokane, Wash., whose portrait is given on this page.

Mr. Lavery is a native of Vermont and is fifty-one years of age. While still a very young man, he acquired a taste for liquors, and squandered his earnings in bar-rooms. In 1861, after a somewhat wild career, he entered the army and his bravery and ability secured him speedy promotion. At the battle of Shiloh, he was severely wounded. After the war, he engaged in the saloon business and gradually fell lower and lower in the social scale, until he became the keeper of a "dive" in Chicago and a hard drinker. In 1881 he was converted while listening to an address by Ben Hogan, the reformed pugilist and drunkard. Since that time, the path of Lieutenant Lavery has been upward and onward in the spiritual life.

LIEUTENANT THOMAS LAVERY, EVANGELIST.

In 1884, Mr. Lavery and his wife, now fairly embarked in evangelistic work, assumed charge of the Day Nursery at 368 South Clark Street, Chicago, under the auspices of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, Mr. Lavery looking after the destitute people in that section of the city, distributing clothing and speaking to the drinking men words of advice and counsel, and opening to them the Word of God. In 1885-6 he had charge of the Bethel Home Mission, in which position he accomplished much good. From the results of his labor in Illinois, Iowa, Indiana and other States, his friends predicted for him increasing success in his Master's vineyard.

Sometime ago he went to Spokane, Wash., and held a series of Gospel meetings in the First Methodist Church which were greatly blessed. He was chosen as Superintendent of the People's Tabernacle, Spokane, and under his energetic management and vigorous spirituality a great work was inaugurated. The founder of the People's Tabernacle is Mr. W. J. Dunstan of Spokane, a gentleman of large liberality and one of the leading promoters of every good work in that city. The Tabernacle is a church, employment agency and lodging-house combined, the object being to help the deserving poor. None is sent away hungry or cold. The upper floors are fitted as dormitories, library and dispensary. In the first quarter of the present year, the following was the record: baths given, 70; garments distributed, 307; lodgers from Jan. 25, 265; employment provided for 105 people; secured transportation for four persons; legal advice free to nine persons; medical assistance to 47; visits paid to the poor, 33; funerals officiated at, 3; average daily attendance at the gospel meetings, 75; number of conversions reported, 74. Mr. David Clopton, of Spokane, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as follows:

Lieutenant Lavery is, beyond doubt, one of the greatest workers for the cause of Christ that I ever knew. He organized three months ago an institution to which men and women who have met with adversity can come and find shelter, food and raiment free of all cost and in the same building he has been conducting a series of revival meetings every evening during the week and twice on Sunday for three months past, so that not only have these poor unfortunate people the things pertaining to this life but to the life everlasting. He has awakened an interest among all classes of people here and his meetings are very largely attended. Souls are being brought to Christ, and ministers of different denominations have sanctioned his good work. This institution is non-denomination al in its character, for each church is represented by a Board of Trustees.

THE RING FOUND.

PEOPLE who are discouraged by seeing no results from Christian work which Providence seemed to closely indicate as a duty, may find consolation in a Persian legend which appears in a foreign journal. It suggests the thought that although we may see no benefit, nor prospect of any, God may have some design which we are unconsciously advancing. The story runs that a certain king needed a faithful servant and two men were candidates for the office. He took both at fixed wages and his first order to them was to fill a basket with water from a neighboring well, saying that he would come in the evening and see their work. After putting in one or two bucketfuls, one of the men said, "What is the good of doing this useless work? As soon as we put the water in one side it runs out on the other." The other man answered, "But we have our day's wages, haven't we? The use of the work is the master's business, not ours." "I am not going to do such fool's work," replied the other; and throwing down his bucket he went away. The other man continued until he had exhausted the well. Looking down into it he saw something shining, and he managed to get up a diamond ring. "Now I see the use of pouring water into a basket," he exclaimed. "If the bucket had brought up the ring before the well was dry, it would have been found in the basket. Our work was not useless." Christians, when called upon to do or suffer something which seems very unreasonable and useless, must believe that their Divine Master knows what is best, and that in due time they themselves will know and understand.

Sciatic Rheumatism

Mr. R. D. Wheeler, the popular deputy sheriff of Burlington County, Vt., says: "I suffered terrible tortures for 10 years with sciatic rheumatism. I tried about everything, but never got a dollar's worth of help I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Since taking it I don't have any pain and can get around all right. If Hood's Sarsaparilla cost $10 a bottle I should continue using it. I have advised a good many of my friends to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, for I know that

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POETS AND ROYALTY.*

JOHN LYLY was born in Kent in 1553 or 1554, and studied at both Universities. He attached himself to the Court of Elizabeth, and it was said that he "was heard, graced and rewarded" by the Queen. The reward, whatever it was, came tardily, for after much seeking of the post of "Master of the Revels," he had at last to "ask for some little grant to support him in his old age." . . .

Sir Thomas Wyatt attracted great attention, partly by his handsome person and partly by his wit. One day the King (Henry VIII.), feigned some conscientious scruples as to his separation from Queen Catherine, whereupon Wyatt exclaimed: "That a man cannot repent of his sin without the Pope's leave!" . . . Lands and honors were conferred upon Wyatt, who, in his later years, was constantly seeking to exchange the vitiated atmosphere of the Court for the quiet and repose of his own country home . .

Queen Elizabeth, in recognition of Edmund Spenser's services to the Crown, bestowed upon him 3,000 acres in the county of Cork. Residence was imposed upon him and it was here he wrote a considerable portion of his *Faerie Queene*. He was regarded with fierce jealousy in Ireland, and ultimately the murmurings of the people gave place to action and he had to leave his home with such precipitancy that it was said one of his children was lost in the firing of the old castle at Kilcolman. Broken in health and spirit when he reached London, he died there in 1599 . . . .

Sir Walter Raleigh's soldier-like qualities brought him into the favor of Queen Elizabeth, who knighted him and made him a grant of lands. He engaged in various expeditions to the Americas and from his maiden sovereign Virginia received its name. Suspicion attached to him, and at the hands of the Queen he suffered various indignities; but it remained for her successor, James, to avail himself of a court conspiracy to extinguish him. . . .

John Donne interested himself in the controversy between the English Reformed Church and the Church of Rome, while his loyal views brought him into the favor of King James. The king urged him to enter the Church and, after three years' delay, he consented. A year or two later, the king invited Donne to dinner, sat down himself and proceeded to address him thus: "Mr. Donne, I have invited you to dinner; and although you sit not down with me, I will carve you of a dish I know you love well; for knowing you love London, I do, therefore, make you Dean of St. Paul's, and when you have dined, then take your beloved dish home to your study, say grace there to yourself and much good may it do you."

*From *Lyrics of English Poets, 1500-1800;* with notes by Rev. H. Car[illegible]; pp. 25[illegible]; cloth, top gilt. D. Appleton & Co., New York, publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED

How to Get to Heaven or the Shoemaker by the Grace of God. A discussion. 127 pages cloth illustrated. price 75 c. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, Publishers.

Outlines of the History of Dogma. By Dr Adolf Harnack, Professor of Church History in the University of Berlin. [illegible] Prof. Knox Mercer. Pp 567. Price $2.50. Imported by Funk & Wagnalls, Astor Place, New York.

Amiel's Journal, the Journal-Intime of Henri-Frederic Amiel; translated with an introduction and notes by Mrs. [illegible] Ward, author of "The History of David Grieve," etc.; 2 vols.; pp. 721, cloth; half gilt, with a portrait; price, $1.50; MacMillan & Co., New York and London, publishers.

Journal, Letters and Remains, with an introduction by Mrs. [illegible] Ward; pp. 718 price $1.25 MacMillan & Co., New York and London, publishers.

The [illegible] by Rudolf Lenggfeld; cloth; pp. 425; price $1. Macmillan & Co., New York, publishers.

The [illegible] Hugh Johnston; pp. 255, price $1. Macmillan & Co., New York, publishers.

Fishers of Men, by J. A. Richards; paper. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago, publishers.

Gems of Thought, by James Parton; cloth; pp. 382; D. Appleton & Co., New York, publishers.

Sermons to Members of Literary Societies; paper, pp. 46; price 25 cents. Thomas Whittaker, New York, publisher.

The Lessons in Human Power; cloth, pp. 276 price $1.25. MacMillan & Co., New York and London, publishers.

Moses, the Servant of God, by F. B. Meyer, B.A.; cloth; pp. 180, price $1; Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, publishers.

How to Become Rich, by R. A. Torrey; cloth, pp. 121; price 75 cents; Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, publishers.

The Gentle Heritage, by Frances E. Crompton; cloth, pp. 188 price 75 cents, E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, publishers.

Tom Cody's Ward, by G. W. Hamilton; cloth; pp. 238, price $1. The Standard Publishing Co., Cincinnati, publishers.

The Epistle to the Philippians; one of the series of The Expositor's Bible, by Rev. Robert Rainy, D.D., cloth, pp. 368; price $1.50; A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York, publishers.

The Pastoral Works of Jaffles DeRuyter Blackwell; vol. 1; cloth; pp. 224; published for the author by E. J. Hale & Son, New York.

The Story of Malta; by Maturin M. Ballou; cloth; pp. 318; price $1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York, publishers.

The First Millennial Faith; by the author of *Not on Calvary*; cloth; pp 84; price 50 cents. Saalfield & Fitch, New York, publishers.

Abraham Lincoln, a comprehensive and complete biography of the "Martyr President," by John T. Morse, Jr., in two volumes, (continuation of the series of "American Statesmen,") cloth, top gilt, 760 pages, with photograph, price $2 50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, publishers.

Thoroughness, Talks to Young Men; by Rev. Thain Davidson, D.D.; cloth; pp. 96; price 50 cents; Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, publishers.

The Gate of Paradise; a Dream of Easter Eve; by Edith A. Jacob; pp. 32; paper covers; price 20 cents. Thomas Whittaker, New York, publishers.

Heroes of the Goodman Sands, by the Rev. Thomas Stanley Treanor, M. A.; cloth; pp. 255; price $1.50; Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, publishers.

Old Miss Audrey, a Chronicle of a Quiet Village; by Evelyn Everett-Green; cloth; pp. 319; price $1.50; Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, publishers.

A Century too Soon. A Story of Bacon's Rebellion, by John R. Musick. 400 pp. illustrated, $1.50. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Co., Astor Place, New York.

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At the Eleventh Hour.

IT was a long, weary night of watching that the young girl spent by the bedside of her dying father. None but those who have sat the hours through know how seemingly endless they are from midnight to dawn, and Marie Fabre had no experience, and was very nervous besides. But the physician who attended the sick man had said that he must have constant attention; so Marie sat up, for she would not trust a hired nurse. Besides, her father might become fully conscious and want to speak to her.

Marie loved her father, though she feared him, too. She had come with him and her mother when they fled across the Atlantic after those terrible days of the Commune in Paris, when Jules Fabre had been in the front ranks, and had done his share in the bloody deeds which made all Europe shudder with horror. In America he had prospered, but his associations were with wild, desperate men, whose talk made Marie's cheek pale and her heart sink with dread at the thought of the reign of anarchy for which they were so eager. Her mother had been dead for some years, and now her father lay dying. For herself, Marie had no fear. She, by her mother's management, had secured Christian friends who would have made a home for her away from her father and his infidel associates, if she would have consented to leave him. By them she had been led to the Saviour.

Through the long night she sat wakeful and alert, but there was no change in the dying man. He took his medicine mechanically when she gave it to him, but he did not recognize her, nor appear to know where he was. "Oh," said Marie earnestly, "if he would only awake, that I might offer but one prayer with him before he dies. Perhaps he would let me pray with him now." She could not be sure of it; for early in his illness, when she suggested it, he had sternly bade her do no such thing, and had spoken more harshly than he ever spoke to her before. Since then Marie had prayed much for him, and she hoped her prayers would be heard.

As the day broke he slowly opened his eyes and looked at her intelligently. Marie saw that the light of reason had returned, and was instantly at his bedside. His voice was very feeble, and the huskiness of death was in his throat.

"Father, dear father," said Marie, "will you not let me pray for you?"

"I am dying, I suppose," said the sufferer; "they generally fetch a priest at the last, but I do not want one; they can do me no good. I will die as I have lived."

"I will pray, father, if you will let me; we need not send for a priest."

"Well, little one, as you like; it can do me no good; I have led a bad life, and I must take the consequences."

"You need not, father; God will forgive you if you will only ask him to do it, for his dear Son's sake, who died for you."

"You are a good girl, little one; do you pray. Perhaps God will hear you; he would not listen to me."

"He will, indeed, father, if you really want him to."

"But I do not know what to say."

"Say just this, 'God be merciful to me a sinner, for Christ's sake.'"

"That is the right prayer for me, surely. I can say that." And the dying man said it with evident sincerity. Then Marie prayed earnestly for him, holding his hand as she knelt. Suddenly she felt the grasp relax, and heard a long-drawn sigh. Looking up quickly, she saw the unmistakable change, and realized that her father was gone. Had his prayer been heard in that last sad hour? Marie hoped so, and the thought comforted her. Like the thief on the cross, he had appealed to infinite love and mercy, and none could say that it would be refused to him.

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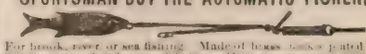

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 16. NUMBER 20.

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Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, MAY 17, 1893.

PRICE, 5 CENTS.
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KING HEZEKIAH'S POOL.

A Historic Part of Jerusalem which Few Pilgrims Fail to Visit—Memories of Israel's "Great and Good King."

HISTORY, ancient or modern, holds no nobler figure than that of the good King Hezekiah, who ascended the throne of his fathers in Jerusalem and of whom it is recorded that "he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord." A young man of twenty-five, he brought to the duties of government a firm hand and steady purpose, an upright heart and a pure conscience that revolted against the idolatries and wickedness of his father, Ahaz. He immediately took steps to abolish idolatry and restore the worship of Jehovah. Such was his zeal for religion that he would not tolerate even a remnant of the sinful practices of his predecessor, and he destroyed the altars and places of idol worship in Ephraim and Manasseh and other places. Equally great in peace and in war, the good king cultivated agriculture and the industrial arts and at the same time showed himself an efficient military leader in various campaigns. It was while fortifying and preparing Jerusalem against a threatened attack by the armies of Sennacherib, that Hezekiah, by skilful engineering, diverted the water-courses and conducted the stream of Gihon into the city by a subterranean canal. When the Assyrian general, treacherously violating his compact, a second time laid siege to the Jewish capital, Hezekiah laid the matter before the Lord, and help came in the most marvelous and unexpected manner—185,000 soldiers in the overcrowded camp of the besiegers dying in a single night!

Hezekiah's pool (shown in the illustration on this page), although constructed 2,500 years ago, is still in a fair state of preservation. When the King wanted his engineers to stop the upper watercourse of Gihon (II. Kings 20:20; II. Chron. 32:30), he "digged the hard rock with iron and made wells." This pool, called by the natives of Jerusalem *Birket-il-Hammam* ("bath pool"), is in the northern part of the modern city, not far east from *Bab-el-Khaleel*, or the Jaffa gate. There is no doubt that it is the true location since the waters of the upper pool of Gihon, *Birket Mamilla*, flow through small, roughly-built aqueducts in the vicinity of the Jaffa gate, and thus reach the Hezekiah pool, whose waters flow into the Turkish bath nearby. The pool is 144 feet broad and 240 feet long, but not very deep; and the rocky bottom is covered with cement. In winter it is well filled with water, and is very serviceable to that part of the town, especially as the neighboring houses are dependent on its water during nearly the whole year. In the hot season, the cisterns are empty and water is sometimes very scarce, and the water of the pool is welcome, though then in its worst condition, having lain stagnant, perhaps, for months since the rains. The pool is capable of containing about 300,000 gallons, but it is in bad repair. As to cleaning it out, nothing so revolutionary ever entered the brain of a Jerusalemite. The bottom is deep with the black mud of decayed leaves and vegetation. Were the Hezekiah pool in good condition and containing 600,000 gallons of water—its full capacity—it would doubtless be sufficient for the whole population of Jerusalem.

But as long as the Turkish officials only think of their own comfort, no repairs can be made. Fortunately, the cisterns of the monasteries, however, are very wide and deep, holding a large quantity of water, of which a good portion is given away, not only to the Christians, but also to many Moslems during the dry season.

King Hezekiah's pool has on its north-west margin a Coptic monastery; on the east, a line of private houses, one of which was in 1868 the chapel of an evangelical congregation. Farther east is a Mohammedan mosque, with a minaret and a military school for young Moslems. A little beyond this is the celebrated Church of the Holy Sepulchre. These places are on Christian Street (*Haret-el-Nasherel*), so-called, because it is a quarter occupied only by Christians. On the left side of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, is another Moslem mosque. All these are shown in our illustration.

Besides the regular supply from Hezekiah's Pool, in case of scarcity of water in Jerusalem in summer, there is a considerable quantity of water brought to the city from the neighboring spring of Siloam in the lower part of the city upon the East side, and adjacent to the brook Kedron, and also from the spring or cistern known as "Job's Well," at a distance of about two miles from the Siloam fountain. The spring of Siloam is at the foot of Mount Zion, on which part of Jerusalem is situated. It has the shape of a cavern with a few rude steps leading to the underground rivulet or spring which constantly trickles down, scantily in summer, yet quite sufficient for the village of Siloam, and enough to furnish a small surplus for sale to the natives of Jerusalem. There are many men in Siloam whose work in summer consists solely of transporting water from this spring, on donkeys, to sell in the city. They sell a sheep-skin of water for a piastre (five cents), and upward. If a Siloam man is so fortunate as to own two donkeys, he can then go from five to ten times a day to the city with six leathern sacks full every time, which bring him at the close of the day a revenue of about seventy piastres.

The water supply from "Job's Well" is disposed of in the same way as that from the Siloam fountain; but it is dearer, because the supply is purer. It is drawn with iron or wooden buckets, bound to [illegible] from which the water has to be taken. In years of little rainfall, when Siloam spring and "Job's Well" cannot satisfy the necessities of the people of Jerusalem, the natives of Ain Karem and Malha, two neighboring villages, convey water to the city and dispose of it at exorbitant prices. The water of Ain Karem is the sweetest and purest in Palestine, and is highly esteemed by poor and rich alike.

THE BIRKET-IL-HAMMAM, OR POOL OF HEZEKIAH, JERUSALEM.

From a photograph obtained in Palestine by Dr. Talmage.

The Tabernacle Pulpit

HARP AND JAVELIN.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, preached last Sunday Morning in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Text, 1 Sam. 18: 10, 11: *"And David played with his hand, as at other times: and there was a javelin in Saul's hand. And Saul cast the javelin; for he said, I will smite David even to the wall with it. And David avoided out of his presence twice."*

WHAT a spectacle for all ages! Saul, a giant, and David, a dwarf. An unfortunate war ballad had been composed and sung eulogising David above Saul. That song threw Saul into a paroxysm of rage, which brought on one of his old spells of insanity, to which he had been subject. If one is disposed to some physical ailment, and he get real mad, it is very apt to bring on one of his old attacks. Saul is a raving maniac and he goes to imitating the false prophets or sibyls, who kicked and gesticulated wildly when they pretended to be foretelling events. Whatever the physicians of the royal staff may have prescribed for the disordered king, I know not, but David prescribed music. Having keyed up the harp, his fingers began to pull the rhythm from the vibrated strings. Thrum! Thrum! Thrum! No use. The king will not listen to the exquisite cadences. He lets fly a javelin, expecting to pin the minstrel to the wall, but David dodged the weapon and kept, on for he was confident that he could, as before, subdue Saul's bad spirit by music. Again the javelin is flung and David dodges it and departs. What a contrast! Roseate David with a harp and enraged Saul with a javelin. Who would not rather play the one than fling the other? But that was not the only time in the world's history that harp and javelin met. Where their birth-place was, I cannot declare. It is said that the lyre was first suggested by the tight drawing of the sinews of a tortoise across its shell, and that the flute was first suggested by the blowing of the wind across a bed of reeds, and that the ratio of musical intervals was first suggested to Pythagoras by the different hammers on the anvil of the smithy, but the harp seems to me to have dropped out of the sky and the javelin to have been thrown up from the pit. The oldest stringed instrument of the world is the harp. Jubal sounded his harp in the book of Genesis. David played many of his psalms on the harp while he sang them. The captives in Babylon hung their harps on the willows. Josephus celebrated the invention of the ten-stringed harp. Timotheus, the Milesian, was imprisoned for adding the twelfth string to the harp, because too much luxury of sound might enervate the people. Egyptian harps, Scottish harps, Welsh harps, Irish harps, have been celebrated. What an inspired triangle! Everlasting honors to Sebastian Erard, who, by pedals invented, called the foot as well as the hand to the harp. When the harpsicord maker for whom he worked discharged him for his genius, the employer not wanting to be eclipsed by his subordinate, Erard suffered from the same passion of jealousy that threw Saul of my text into the fit during which he flung a javelin at the harpist. The harp is almost human, as you find when you put your finger on its pulse. Other instruments have louder voice, and may be better for a battle charge, but what exquisite sweetness slumbers between the harp strings, waking at the first touch of the tips of the fingers. It can weep. It can plead. It can soothe. It can pray. The flute is more mellow, the trumpet is more startling, the organ is more majestic, the cymbals are more festive, the drum is more resounding, but the harp has a richness of its own, and will continue its mission through all time and then take part in celestial symphonies, for St. John says he heard in heaven the harps of God.

But the javelin of my text is just as old. It is about five feet and a half long, with wooden handle and steel point, keen and sharp. But it belongs to the great family of death-dealers, and is brother to sword and spear and bayonet, and first cousin to all the implements that wound and slay. It has cut its way through the ages. It was old when Saul, in the scene of my text, tried to harpoon David. It has gashed the earth with grave trenches. Its keen tip is reddened with the blood of American wars, English wars, German wars, Russian wars, French wars, Crusader wars, and wars of all nations and of all ages. The structure of the javelin shows what it was made for. The plowshare is sharp, but aimed to cut the earth in preparation for harvests. The lightning rod is sharp, but aimed to disarm the lightnings and secure safety. The axe is sharp, but aimed to fell forests and clear the way for human habitation. The knife is sharp, but aimed to cut the bread for sustenance. But the javelin is sharp only to open human arteries and extinguish human eyesight and take human life and fill the earth with the cries of orphanage and widowhood and childlessness. Oh, I am so glad that my text brings them so close together that we can see the contrast between the harp and the javelin. The one to soothe, the other to hurt; the one to save, the other to destroy; the one divine, the other diabolic; the one to play, the other to hurl; the one in David's skilful hand, the other in Saul's wrathful clutch. May God speed the harp, may God grind into dulness the sharp edge of the javelin!

Now what does all this make you think of? It suggests to me music as a medicine for physical and mental disorders. David took hold of the musical instrument which he best knew how to play and evoked from it sounds which were for King Saul's diversion and medicament. But, you say, the treatment in this case was a failure. Why was it a failure? Saul refused to take the medicine. A whole apothecary shop of curative drugs will do nothing toward healing your illnesses if you refuse to take the medicine. It was not the fault of David's prescription, but the fault of Saul's obstinacy. David, one of the wisest and best of all ages, stands before us in the text administering music for nervous disorder and cerebral disturbance. And David was right. Music is the mightiest force in all therapeutics. Its results may not be seen as suddenly as other forms of cure, but it is just as wonderful. You will never know how much suffering and sorrow music has assuaged and healed. A soldier in the United States army said that on the days the regimental band played near the hospitals all the sick and wounded revived, and men who were so lame they could not walk before, got up and went out and sat in the sunshine, and those so dispirited that they never expected to get home began to pack their baggage and ask about time-tables on steamboat and rail train. Theodosius, the Emperor, wrathful at the behavior of the people of Antioch, who, on some sudden provocation, tore down the statues of Emperor and Empress, resolved severely to punish them, but the Bishop, knowing that the Emperor had a group of boys sing to him while eating at the table, taught the boys a plaintive song in which the people lamented their bad behavior, and the king, under the pathos of the music, cried out: "The city of Antioch is forgiven." The rage of Achilles was assuaged by a harp. Asclepiades swayed rebellious multitudes by a harp. After the battle of Yorktown, when a musician was to suffer amputation, and before the days of anesthetics, the wounded artist called for a musical instrument and lost not a note during the forty minutes of amputation. Filippo Palma, the great musician, confronted by an angry creditor, played so enchantingly before him that the creditor forgave the debt and gave the debtor ten guineas more to appease other creditors. An eminent physician of olden time contended (of course, carrying our theory too far) that all ailments of the world could be cured by music. The medical journals never report their recoveries by this mode. But in what twilight hour has many a saint of God solaced a heartache with a hymn hummed or sung or played! Jerome of Prague sang while burning at the stake. Over what keys of piano or organ consolation has walked. Yea, in church one hymn has rolled peace over a thousand of the worried, perplexed and agonized. While there are hymns and tunes ready for the jubilant, there is a rich hymnology for the suffering—"Naomi" and "Eventide" and "Autumn Leaves" and "Come, ye disconsolate," and whole portfolios and librettos of tears set to music. All the wonderful triumphs of surgery and all the new modes of successful treatment of physical and mental disorders are discussed in medical conventions and spread abroad in medical books, and it is high time that some of the millions of souls that have been medicated by music, vocal and instrumental, let the world know what power there is in sweet sound, whether rolling from lip or leaping from tightened chord or ascending from ivory key. Music is a universal language. At the foot of the Tower of Babel language was split into fragments never to be again put together, but one thing was not hurt, and that is music, and it is the same all the world over. Last summer in Russia at a watering-place we were greeted as we entered a great auditorium, which was filled with thousands of Russians, whose language I could not understand any more than they could understand mine. But after the grand band had, out of compliment to us, played our two great American airs, I stepped on the platform and said to the bandmaster, "Russian air! Russian air!" and then he tapped with his baton on the music rack, and with a splendor and majesty of power that almost made us quail, the full band poured forth their National Anthem. They understood our American music, and we understood their Russian music. It is a universal language and so good for universal cure. I should not wonder if in the day of Judgment it should be found out that more souls have been saved by music than by preaching. I should not wonder if, out of the one hundred and forty and four thousand ransomed souls that John foresaw before the throne of God, at least one hundred and thirty thousand had been saved by sweet song. Why does not the church on earth take the hint? Heaven is the great musical centre of the universe, the place of doxologies and trumpets and harps, and in preparation for that place, we ought to make more of music on earth. The band of music at Waterloo played the retreat of the Forty-Second Highlanders back to their places, and sacred music has returned many a faltering host of God into the Christian conflict with as much determination and dash as Tennyson's "Six Hundred." Who can tell what has been accomplished by Charles Wesley's seven thousand hymns, or by the congregational singing of his time, which could be heard two miles off? When my dear friend, Dio Lewis (gone to rest all too soon), conducted a campaign against drunkenness at the West, and marshalled thousands of the noblest women of the land in that magnificent campaign, and whole neighborhoods and villages and cities shut up their grog-shops, do you know the chief weapon used? It was the song:

Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

They sang it at the door of hundreds of liquor saloons which had been open for years, and either at the first charge of the campaign or the second the saloon shut up. At the first verse of "Nearer, my God, to thee," the liquor dealers laughed; at the second verse, they looked solemn; at the third verse, they began to cry; and at the fourth verse, they got down on their knees. You say they opened their saloons again. Yes, some of them did. But it is a great thing to have hell shut up if only for a week. Give full swing to a good gospel hymn and it would take the whole world for God!

But when in my text I see Saul declining this medicine of rhythm and cadence and actually hurling a javelin at the heart of David, the harpist, I bethink myself of the fact that sin would like to kill sacred music. We are not told what tune David was playing on the harp that day, but from the character of the man we know it was not a crazy madrigal, or a senseless ditty, or a sweep of strings suggestive of the melodrama, but elevated music, God-given music, inspired music, religious music, a whole heaven of it encamped under a harp string. No wonder that wicked Saul hated it and could not abide the sound, and with all his might hurled an instrument of death at it. I know there are styles of music that sin admires, and you hear it as you pass the casino or the dance hall, and the devil has stolen most of the fiddles, though I am glad the Ole Bulls have snatched up the charmed strings from their desecration; but it is a fact that sin has a javelin for sacred sounds. In many churches the javelin of criticism has killed the music, javelin flung from organ loft or from adjoining pew of the supersensitive. Saul's javelin aimed at David's harp. Thousands of people so afraid they may not sing scientifically, they will not sing at all, or sing with such low tone that no one hears them. In many a church the javelin of criticism has crippled the harp of worship. If Satan could silence all the Sunday School songs and the hymns of Christian worship, he would gain his greatest achievement. When the millennial song shall rise (and it is being made ready) there will be such a roll of voices, such a concentred power of stringed and wind instruments, such majesty, such unanimity, such continental and hemispheric and planetary acclamation, that it will be impossible to know where earth stops and heaven begins. Roll on, roll in, roll up, thou millennial harmony!

See also in my subject a rejected opportunity of revenge. Why did not David pick up Saul's javelin and hurl it back again? David had a skilful arm. He demonstrated on another occasion he

could wield a sling, and he could have easily picked up that javelin, aimed it at Saul, the would-be assassin, and left the foaming and demented monster as lifeless under the javelin as he had left Goliath under a sling. Oh, David, now is your chance. No, no. Men and women with power of tongue or pen or hand to reply to an embittered antagonist, better imitate David, and let the javelin lie at your feet and keep the harp in your hand. Do not strike back. Do not play the game of tit-for-tat. Gibbon, in his history, tells of Bajazet, the great Moslem general, who was brought a captive to the tent of Timur. He had attempted the massacre of Timur and his men. Timur said to him: "Had you vanquished us, I am not ignorant of the fate which you reserved for myself and my troops, but I disdain to retaliate. Your life and honor are secure, and I shall express my gratitude to God by my clemency to man." Beautiful! Revenge on Christian's tongue or pen or hand is inapt, and more damage to the one who employs it, than the one against whom it is employed. What! A javelin hurled at you and fallen at your feet, and you not hurl it back again? Yes. I have tried the plan. I learned it from my father and have practiced it all my life, and it works well, and by the help of God and javelins not picked up, I have conquered all my foes, and preached funeral sermons in honor of most of them. The best thing you can do with a javelin hurled at you is to let it lie where it dropped, or hang it up in your museum as a curiosity. The deepest wound made by a javelin is not by the sharp edge, but at the dull end of the handle to him who wields it. I leave it to you to say which got the best of that fight in the palace—Saul or David.

See also in my subject that the fact that a man sometimes dodges is not against his courage. My text says that when Saul assailed him, "David avoided out of his presence twice," that is, when the javelin was flung, he stepped out of its direction or bent this way or that, in other words, he dodged. But all those who have read the life of David know that he was not lacking in prowess. David had faults, but cowardice was not one of them. When David, who was, I guess, about four feet and a half high, went out to meet the giant, who was, I guess, about ten feet high, it was a big undertaking, and the inequalities of the struggle were so great that it struck the giant's idea of the ludicrous, and he suggested to the little fellow that he would make a fine dinner for a buzzard or a jackal: "Come to me and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air and to the beasts of the field." When David went out to meet that giant and conquered him, he demonstrated, as he did on other occasions, his courage. But I am so glad that when Saul flung that javelin, David dodged it, or the chief work of his life would never have been done. What a lesson this is to those who go into useless danger and expose their lives or their reputations or their usefulness unnecessarily. When duty demands, go ahead, though all earth and hell oppose. Budge not one inch from the right position. But when nothing is involved, step back or step aside. Why stand in the way of perils that you can avoid? Go not into quixotic battles to fight wind-mills. You will be of more use to the world and the Church as an active Christian man than as a target for javelins. There are Christians always in a fight. If they go into churches they fight there. If they go into presbyteries or conferences or consociations they fight there. My advice to you is, if nothing is to be gained for God or the truth, stand out of the way of the javelins. 1. Sam. 18: 11, "David avoided out of his presence twice." Washington was as mighty in his retreats as in his advances. His army would several times have been destroyed if he had not dodged. He dodged on Long Island, he dodged on New Jersey Heights. Lincoln on his way to inauguration at Washington was waited for by assassins, but he took another train and dodged the desperadoes. We have high example of the fact that sometimes a man will serve God best by disappearing from this or that place, this or that environment. A mob brought Christ to the top of the rocks back of Nazareth. They did not like his preaching and they proposed to hurl him down the precipice. But while they were getting ready for the massacre, Christ darted into the crowd, and amid the confusion escaped to Capernaum, and continued exorcising devils and cooling fevers and filling fishnets and giving healthy circulation of blood to paralysis, and curing dementia, and turning corpses into living men and women, and doing his chief work. What a good thing he dodged the crowd on the rocks back of Nazareth! Likewise at Jerusalem one day, while he was sauntering up and down in Solomon's Porch waiting for an opportunity to say kind words or do a useful deed, the people proposed to pay him for his self-sacrifices by stoning him to death, but the record is "He escaped out of their hands."

See also in my subject the unreasonable attitude of javelin toward harp.

David Playing Before Saul.

What had that harp in David's hand done to the javelin in Saul's hand? Had the vibrating strings of the one hurt the keen edge of the other? Was there an old grudge between the two families of sweet sound and sharp cut? Had the triangle ever insulted the polished shaft? Why the deadly aim of the destroying weapon against the instrument of soothing, calming, healing sound? Well, I will answer that if you will tell me why the hostility of so many to the Gospel, why the virulent attacks against Christian religion, why the angry antipathy of so many to the most genial, most inviting, most salutary influence under all the heavens? Why will men give their lives to writing and speaking and warring against Christ and the Gospel? Why the javelin of the world's hatred and rage against the harp of heavenly love? You know and I know men who get wrathfully red in the face and foaming at the mouth and use the gesture of the clenched fist and put down their feet with indignant emphasis and invoke all sarcasm and irony and vituperation and scorn and spite at the Christian religion. What has the Christian religion done that it should be so assailed? Whom hath it bitten and left with hydrophobiac virus in their veins that it should sometimes be chased as though it were a maddened canine? To head off and trip up and push down and corner our religion was the dominant thought in the life of David Hume and Voltaire and Shaftesbury, and even the Earl of Rochester, until one day in a princely house, in which they blasphemously put God on trial, and the Earl of Rochester was the attorney against God and religion and received the applause of the whole company, when suddenly the Earl was struck under conviction, and cried: "Good God, that a man who walks uprightly, who sees the wonderful works of God and has the use of his senses and reason, should use them in defying his Creator! I wish I had been a crawling leper in a ditch rather than have acted toward God as I have done." Javelin of wit, javelin of irony, javelin of scurrility, javelin of sophistry, javelin of human and diabolic hostility, have been flying for hundreds of years, and are flying now. But aimed at what? At something that has come to devastate the world? At something that slays nations? At something that would maul and trample under foot and excruciate and crush the human race? No, aimed at the Gospel harp. Harp on which prophets played with somewhat lingering and uncertain fingers, but harp on which apostles played with sublime certainty, and martyrs played while their fingers were on fire. Harp that was dripping with the blood of the Christ, out of whose heart strings the harp was chorded and from whose dying groan the strings were keyed. Oh, gospel harp! All thy nerves a-tremble with stories of self-sacrifice. Harp thrummed by fingers long ago turned to dust. Harp that made heaven listen and will yet make all the earth hear. Harp that sounded pardon to my sinful soul and peace over the grave where my dead sleep. Harp that will lead the chant of the blood-washed throng redeemed around the throne. May a javelin slay me before I fling a javelin at that. Harp which it seems almost too sacred for me to touch, and so I call down from their thrones those who used to finger it, and ask them to touch it now. "Come down, William Cowper, and run your fingers over the strings of this harp." He says, "I will," and he plays:

There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins.

"Come down, Charles Wesley, and touch the strings." He says, "I will," and he plays:

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly.

"Come down, Augustus Toplady, and sweep your fingers across this Gospel harp." He says, "I will," and he plays:

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

"Come down, Isaac Watts, and take this harp." He says, "I will," and he plays:

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die.

"P. P. Bliss, come down, and thrum this Gospel harp." He says, "I will," and he plays:

Hallelujah, 'tis done,
I believe on the Son.

Ineffable harp! Transporting harp! Harp of earth! Harp of heaven! Harp saintly and seraphic! Harp of God! Oh, I like the idea of that old monument in the ancient church at Ullard, near Kilkenny, Ireland. The sculpture on that monument, though chiselled more than a thousand years ago, as appropriate today as then, the sculpture representing a harp upon a cross. That is where I hang it now, that is where you had better hang it. Let the javelin be forever buried, the sharp edge down, but hang the harp upon the cross.

And now upon our souls let the harps of heaven rain music, and as, when the sun's rays fall aslant in Switzerland, at the approach of eventide, and the shepherd among the Alps puts the horn to his lips and blows a blast, and says, "Glory be to God," and all the shepherds on the Alpine heights or down in the deep valleys respond with other blast of horns, saying, "Glory be to God," and then all the shepherds uncover their heads and kneel in worship, and after a few moments of silence some shepherd rises from his knees and blows another blast of the horn, and says, "Thanks be to God," and all through the mountains the response comes from other shepherds, "Thanks be to God," so this moment let all the valleys of earth respond to the hills of heaven, with sounds of Glory and Thanks, and it be harp of earthly worship to harp of heavenly worship, and the words of St. John in the Apocalypse be fulfilled: "I heard a voice from heaven as the voice of many waters and as the voice of a great thunder, and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps."

WON BY A CHILD'S KINDNESS.

THE family of a petty official at Berlin was recently treated to an agreeable surprise owing to the charitable disposition of the smallest member of their household—a three-year-old girl. During the month of May she met, sitting on a bench in a public square near her home, an old, poorly, but neatly clad man, who attracted her attention by his sad looks and lonesome air. Thinking he must be hungry, she stepped up to him and, with the question, "Want a piece of pie?" she resolutely handed him half of her simple lunch. The man appeared somewhat perplexed, but smilingly received the piece with thanks and ate it. From that day, both might be frequently together engaged in lively conversation, the little girl never forgetting to offer her old friend part of her lunch, which she was in the habit of eating in the open air after playing about the lawn, nor even admitting of any refusal on his part to take at least a little bit. At the beginning of the month, Hermine one morning returned home with the distressing news that the "poor" man had not appeared. Neither had he been seen for several days after, when Hermine's father received an unexpected summons to appear at court. Here he was told that the "poor old man," who really was a wealthy citizen of Berlin, had left his whole fortune to little Hermine. His will contained the following paragraph:

"I had despaired of the whole world, for those who were nearest and dearest to me had deceived me. Thus, I renounced all, for what I desired I was unable to obtain. I became a miser, because my liberality was only rewarded with ingratitude. Nearing the end of my course, I was mightily touched by a child's heart, which reconciled me with humanity. It was only for a short time; but if I had millions to bestow, those few moments would not be paid for too dearly. May my wealth serve my little friend for better ends than it did me, who never knew how to appreciate or to expend it."

THE EXCELLENT WOMAN.

S. S. Lesson for May 28. Prov. 31: 10-31 Golden Text, Prov. 31: 30. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE wise man asks: "Who can find a virtuous woman?" A woman after God's heart; one who comes up to his own ideal. Behold, this have I found, saith the Preacher, laying one thing to another to find out the account, which my soul still seeketh, but I have not found: one man among a thousand have I found, but a woman among all those have I not found (Eccles. 7: 27, 28, R.V.) And yet when the Lord Jesus could not find a disciple among the men who left all to follow him ready to understand his Cross, he found a woman who entered into his thought and who could anoint him for his burial. When not one of the twelve had understood his resurrection, there was nevertheless a woman who could come alone while it was yet dark unto the sepulchre, and whom he could make the apostle of his ascension to the apostles themselves. To a woman he committed the message: "Go to my brethren, and say to them: I ascend unto my Father and your Father, to my God and your God." (John 20: 17.)

It may be that under the law a virtuous man was easier to find than a virtuous woman, but the Cross of Christ changes all things: "There is neither male no female; for ye are all one in Christ Jesus." (Gal. 3: 28.) The Lord includes in himself both man and woman. Just as all the fulness of the Godhead dwells in him (Col. 2: 9), so also all the fulness of humanity. The nearer a man's life approaches that of the Master, the more of true manliness is to be seen in him; and equally so, the nearer a woman's life is to the life of Jesus the more of true womanliness is manifest in her. The true man, moved by the temptation of the enemy from the position of "dominion" given in the creation to Adam, overcome by no subterfuge of those who sought to catch him in his words, silencing devil and man, so that neither had a word more to say, was yet womanly when he said: "I am among you as he that serveth." (Luke 22: 27), and in his touching the leper before he healed him by his Word. (Matt. 8: 3.)

The key to all which is said of the woman in our chapter is contained in the Golden Text:

"A Woman that Feareth the Lord,

she shall be praised;" i.e., a woman who has an eye to God in all which she does; the price of such an one "is far above rubies." "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her." Blessed is the man who knows that he will never be misguided by his wife! Blessed is the man who knows that she will never give him counsel which is not given in the fear of the Lord; that all which she says to him has first been received from heaven. A woman who brings God near to her husband, because she lives near to God and brings his presence with her is indeed a blessed woman. "She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life." She may not always please him: if she is true to God, she will rather risk her husband's displeasure than her God's: she will be true to her husband at any cost to herself. A woman that fears the Lord is a woman who puts God first. Oh! how many unhappy homes might be happy ones if the wife and mother were but true, if she did but know how to speak the truth in love, and if the husband and children would be willing to take, as from the Lord, what God has committed to a godly wife and mother! The pride of man makes him unwilling to learn from a woman, especially from his wife. And yet, perhaps the means whereby he can be most truly blest of God is just that which he rejects. A wife who dictates to her husband is not a woman that feareth the Lord, a woman who argues with her husband is not a woman that feareth the Lord, a woman who throws the responsibility of a worldly house upon her husband, one who excuses herself at her husband's expense, one who [illegible] her husband's faults or mistakes is not a woman that feareth the Lord. Yet again a woman who lets things go which she knows to be unpleasing to God in her husband's life, and fails in loving faithfulness to him, a woman who idolizes her husband and makes him, rather than the Word of God, her guide, is not a woman that feareth the Lord.

There is no relation of life so sacred, so blessed and yet so full of danger as the marriage relation. The precious opportunities of laying down self-will and yet the constant temptation to self-denial with a selfish object; the absolute necessity of constant, ceaseless prayer on the part of a wife if she would do him good and not evil all the days of her life. Prayer is equally useful on the part of a husband; but we are speaking here especially of the wife. A true wife is a painstaking wife: "she worketh willingly with her hands." That is a strange and unhealthy idea which makes some silly young women imagine that it is derogatory to those in a superior position to do anything with their hands beyond the few accomplishments which they have learned at school. They little know what slaves they are and how much of both health and pleasure they lose in this miserable idleness. They do not know the help work may be sometimes to an overburdened housemaid. A woman that feareth the Lord is everyone's willing servant, she has a quick eye to see the needs of everyone around her, and a ready hand to help. Not occupied with herself, it is easy to her to bring help and gladness to them, and she is welcome in houses where only one servant or perhaps none at all is kept, just because she never troubles anybody.

She "bringeth her food from afar," i.e., she is not negligent about the table. Those who are her guests will see a kindly thought for everyone in the provision: a remembrance of the old man whose teeth are gone, in something tender when he is there, the cup of tea covered quickly over when anyone is called away, that it may be found comfortably hot on his return. All these little attentions, though they may be found in worldly women, are sure to be found in a woman that feareth the Lord. Whatever hour others may rise, a woman that feareth the Lord is generally an early riser: "she riseth also while it is yet night." A woman's life,—especially when she has a family, an institution, a school, or is in any way specially occupied—is a life full of interruption. Her husband may have some of his time quite free, but if she is to be sure of time alone, she must take it from the night. A woman's early morning is a woman's strength for the day. Then she takes rest in her God, sits at his feet, hears his Word, brought home by the Spirit as she reads, and there she settles with him the questions which are likely to arise during the day, and puts in his hand all which is unforeseen.

But this does not make her idle. Our chapter speaks of the wise woman as being a good woman of business, in the field, and in various merchandise and manufacture. But this, not with the idea of amassing wealth; she stretches out her hands to the poor, and reaches forth her hands to the needy. She cares for the clothing as well as the provision of her household, it is her kingdom, but she is only steward there; she who feareth the Lord lets the government be upon his shoulder. And thus in dependence on him, she looketh well to the ways of her household, nothing unseemly is allowed there, the voice of gossip, the unkind word, cannot live in the atmosphere of "a woman that feareth the Lord."

"She shall rejoice in time to come." One cannot but be reminded of the words of Paul to Timothy: "Charge them that are rich in the world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they may be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life." (1. Tim. 6: 17-19.) If time, money, strength, is all laid out in the present with a view to the future, such sowing to the Spirit will most surely reap life everlasting, and so bring "rejoicing in time to come." "She openeth her mouth with wisdom, in her tongue is

The Law of Kindness."

This is a wonderful expression for the Old Testament, for surely this law of kindness is the royal law (James 2: 8): "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," which in the New Testament, and the teaching of our Lord, takes a wider range and culminates in love to enemies as well as neighbors; those who curse, hate, despitefully use, and persecute. The law of kindness supersedes: "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." The law of kindness overcomes evil with good, and hatred with love. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh" (Matt. 12: 34); the law of kindnesss must have conquered the heart, in order to rule the lips of the woman that feareth the Lord. How much more often is the law of unkindness than the law of kindness in the mouth even of God's children. Only a heart possessed by God, who is love, can rule the tongue by "the law of kindness."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

PLACED thus at the close of the Book of Proverbs, probably by a compiler who lived after the exile, is this exquisite picture of the good woman. In the original language it is an acrostic poem, each verse beginning with a different letter of the Hebrew alphabet in its order. The author is unknown. It is possible though not certain that it may be by the same author as the first nine verses of the chapter. But even so, we have no record of any king by the name of Lemuel. The name means "Dedicated to God," and is probably fictitious. The advice, however, is such as a wise mother might be expected to give a son who was liable to be attracted, as young men still are, by women of vain, frivolous character. They are not the kind to be desired, he is told, and then the picture of a really good woman is sketched in detail and we learn what qualities were in the author's opinion essential to his ideal. They are not such as we should expect to find in an Oriental's catalogue. "Beauty is vain;" the wife is not to be merely an ornament to the home. She "makes strong her arms;" does not pride herself on being frail and delicate. Her hands hold the distaff and spindle; she is not above doing manual work. She makes garments not only for her household, but for the market, she "delivereth girdles to the merchant." She has foresight for "she laugheth at the time to come," being prepared for emergencies. She has business tact and invests in real estate. She has the faculty of organization, and gives tasks to her maidens. She is not a scold; "the law of kindness is on her tongue." She is charitable; her hands are spread out to the poor. It is not necessary for her husband to make desperate efforts to raise money to meet extravagance at home; he has "no need of spoil," for he "doth safely trust in her." Such is the author's ideal of a good wife. Its conception of her position seems to be that of a confidential and faithful servant of her husband, rather than his companion. It indicated, however, a decided advance over the position of the wife in the polygamous society of the time. The picture is not exactly that drawn by men and women who in modern days advise young people about to enter the marriage relation. But even now the conditions of life have not so changed as to render the qualities here mentioned undesirable in a wife and the mistress of a household. The happiness and prosperity of her husband and those about her, depend more on her possession of those qualities than on her possession of many charms and accomplishments.

[illegible] willingly with her hands. Many people think it is degrading to do manual work. A student at Andover purchased some wood and tried to get some one to saw it for him. As he was a new comer at the University and did not know where to get any one to do the work, he finally went to Prof. Stuart and asked him if he knew of any man who would undertake it. The professor, who knew that the student was poor and felt sorry that he should spend in paying wages money that he would need for his education, replied, "Oh yes, I can find a man who will do it for you, but you will have to pay him for his time. Why not do it yourself and save the money?" The color rose to the student's cheeks. "I see your pride is hurt," said Professor Staurt; "you feel that work is beneath you. Well, never mind, I will saw the wood for you. I'm not proud and I can afford to do it for you for nothing." The student looked at him in amazement. "No," he said, "if you are not ashamed to do it, I need not be. I'll do it myself."

She stretcheth out her hand to the poor. She was kind and sympathetic. Charity may be done in different ways. Some people when they give to the poor fling their gifts out in a patronizing way to people at a distance. There is no sympathy in the act. The hand should be stretched out in kindness and love and with a friendly grasp. It need not be loaded down with gifts in order to find a response. A Christian minister tells us in his interesting book *Christianity between Sundays* that one of the most helpful people in his city lives in a back street, in an unpleasant neighborhood, in a small house. Everybody in that neighborhood knows her, and she knows them and their children. They go to her with their troubles and she gives them her sympathy. As for money, she would give them that too if she had any to give. She gives herself. The whole street is better because she lives on it.

Not afraid of the snow for her household. A naturalist relates an incident, which came under his own observation, showing how a bird displayed an instinct very like the wisdom of the good woman. He says: In front of a window where I worked last summer was a butternut tree. A humming bird built her nest on a limb that grew near the window, and we had an opportunity to watch her closely, as we could look right into the nest from the window. One day there was a very heavy shower coming up, and we thought we would see if she covered her young during the storm; but when the first drops fell she came and took in her bill one of the large leaves growing close to the nest, and laid this leaf over it so it completely covered the nest. Then she flew away. On looking at the leaf, we found a hole in it; and in the side of the nest was a small stick that the leaf was fastened to or hooked on. After the storm was over, the old bird came back and unhooked the leaf, and the nest was perfectly dry. In building her nest she must have taken into account that storms would come and have provided the stick for just such an emergency.

She maketh fine linen and selleth it. This good woman was in business and she made a profit on it. Some people think that a Christian cannot be a good business man and a good Christian at the same time. Dr. George Hodges, of Pittsburg, Pa., recently wrote to a number of business men asking them whether in their opinion it was possible to succeed in business if they conducted their business on Christian principles. Among the replies, was one in which the writer said: "It is not only possible, but, as a rule, most profitable, to do business on Christian principles; and I cannot admit for one moment that those principles antagonize legitimate business as the world is now constituted." Another wrote: "In my judgment it is impossible to succeed in business without Christian principles, except temporarily. It is not only not impossible to do business on Christian principles, but absolutely necessary. A man who does to another in business any different than he would be done by, is not looked upon as a first class business man."

In her tongue the law of kindness. That would make her own life pleasant and would be pleasant for all about her. Employers, both men and women often fail to get the best service because they alienate their employees by harsh, bitter words. A kind word has often unconsciously won the love and gratitude of some desolate heart. A city business man stopped to buy a newspaper from a wizened, shrieking newsboy one morning. He spoke kindly to him as was his habit and the incident passed from his mind, but he noticed afterward when he was in the same locality a boy following him with a wistful face. "Do you know me?" he asked at last. The wretched little Arab laughed. "No; but you called me 'my chile' one day. I'd like to do something for you sir. I thought before that I was nobody's child." Christian men and women may do much towards saving the neglected little one who feels he is "nobody's child," teaching him, as no money can do, that we are all children of one Father. When Christ would heal or help the poor outcast he did not send him money; but he came close and touched him.

ONE WEEK MORE OF THE FUND.

A Hearty and Generous Final Effort Now will Place the Brooklyn Tabernacle Beyond all Danger—Contributions Still Flowing in.

CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Brooklyn Tabernacle

WITHIN two weeks from the date of this issue, THE Emergency Fund must close. If, when that time arrives, the response to Rev. Dr. Talmage's appeal, made through these columns, has not been such as will accomplish the object in view—the extinction of the floating debt—every dollar contributed through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be returned to the senders forthwith.

But we are hopeful that in the fortnight which still remains, there may be such spontaneous and substantial evidence of sympathy by the friends of the Christian religion in all parts of the Union, as will forever dispel the danger of the Tabernacle passing under the control of those who would sacrilegiously transform it to other than a temple of worship. During the week a large number of contributions have been received, and are acknowledged below. These came with such showers of blessing and fervent invocation, that we are encouraged to believe that there are thousands of others who will not permit the final appeal to pass unanswered.

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"Shall the Lord's House be Sold?"

I.

CHRIST, give us faith to say
Thy love shall win the day;
Give us Thy grace.
Make hearts unite and melt,
Save where in tears we've knelt,
And Thy sweet presence felt.
Lord, save this place!

II.

Shall the Lord's house be sold?
More precious far than gold:
In His dear eye.
The place that gathers in
Souls from the ways of sin,
Out of earth's dark, to win
A crown on high!

III.

Men! can you let it go?
Here, Christ the Lord, doth show
Mercy and love
Ne'er will its influence cease,
Till earth has found release,
And over all God's peace,
Broods like a dove!

IV.

Save it! Ye men who can!
Save it! to fallen man!
For Jesus' sake.
He, in great love, did die
In shame and agony,
That with Him, you and I
Our home might make.

V.

Oh! rescue His abode! Oh! lift the heavy load From His dear home.
Let not His banner fall. It is the Master's call: Oh! answer one and all.
"Our King, we come!" N. M. CARTER.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
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THE DIVINE SHADOW.

MANY people have found this world a desert-march. They go half consumed of trouble all their days. But we are not turned out on a desert to die. Here is the long, cool, certain, refreshing shadow of the Lord.

A tree, when in full leafage, drops a great deal of refreshment; but in a little while the sun strikes through, and you keep shifting your position, until, after a while, the sun is set at such a point that you have no shade at all. But go in the heart of some great rock, such as you see in Yosemite or the Alps, and there is everlasting shadow. There has been thick shade there for six thousand years, and will be for the next six thousand. So our divine Rock, once covering us, always covers us. The same yesterday, to-day and forever! always good, always kind, always sympathetic! You often hold a sunshade over your head passing along the road or a street; but after a while your arm gets tired, and the very effort to create the shadow makes you weary. But the rock in the mountains, with fingers of everlasting stone, holds its own shadow. So God's sympathy needs no holding up from us. Though we are too weak from sickness or trouble to do anything but lie down, over us he stretches the shadow of his benediction.

It is our misfortune that we mistake God's shadow for the night. If a man come and stand between you and the sun, his shadow falls upon you. So God sometimes comes, and stands between us and worldly successes, and his shadow falls upon us, and we wrongly think that it is night. As a father in a garden stoops down to kiss his child the shadow of his body falls upon it; and so many of the dark misfortunes of our life are not God going away from us, but our heavenly Father stooping down to give us the kiss of his infinite and everlasting love. It is the shadow of a sheltering Rock, and not of a devouring lion.

SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS

M[illegible] was very unhealthy. It seemed a terrible distemper that killed every boy and girl that it touched. If I found myself some day better than common, I corrected the mistake, for fear I should die, although it was the general opinion that I was not in much danger of over-sanctity. But I do believe that children may have religion and yet live through it. A [illegible] of peeac will do marvels. Timothy lived to grow up, and we are credibly informed that little Samuel woke. Indeed, the best boys I ever saw occasionally upset things and got boisterous and had the fidgets. The goody-goody kind of children make namby-pamby men. I should not be surprised to find that a colt which does not frisk becomes a horse that will not draw. It is not religion that makes that boy sit by the stove while his brothers are out snow-balling; but the "dumps." The boy who has no fire in his nature may, after he has grown up, have animation enough to grease a wagon-wheel, but he will not own the wagon nor have money enough to buy the grease. The best boy I ever knew, before he went to heaven, could strike a ball till it soared out of sight, and in the race, far as you could see, you would see his red tippet coming out ahead. Look out for the boy who never has the fingers of a good laugh tickle him under the diaphragm. The most solemn-looking mule on our place had kicked to pieces five dashboards.

There are parents who notice that their daughter is growing pale and sick, and therefore think that she must be destined to marry a missionary and go to Borneo, although the only recommendation she has for that position is that she will never be any temptation to the cannibals, who, while very fond of cold missionary, are averse to diseased meat; or, finding their son looking cadaverous, think he is either going to die or become a minister, considering that there is great power of consecration in liver complaint, and thinking him doubly set apart who, while Presbytery are laying their hands on his head, has dyspepsia laying its hands on his stomach.

Oh, for a religious literature that shall take for its model of excellence a boy that loves God and can enjoy his dinner. Be not afraid to say, in your account of his decease, that the day before you lost him, he caught two rabbits in his trap down on the meadow, or soundly thrashed a street-ruffian who was trying to upset a little girl's basket of cold victuals. I do not think that heaven is so near to an illy-ventilated nursery as a good gymnasium. If the Church of God could trade off three thousand hogsheads of religious cant for three thousand hogsheads of fresh air and stout health, we should be the gainers, but the fellow with whom we traded would be cheated mercilessly and forever.

WEALTH HAS WINGS.

"Riches certainly make themselves wings; they fly away as an eagle toward heaven." Proverbs 23: 5.

"He that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at the end shall be a fool." Jere. 17: 11.

MONEY is a golden-breasted bird with silver beak. It alights on the office-desk, or in the counting-room, or on the parlor centre-table. Men and women stand and admire it. They do not know that it has wings larger than a raven's, larger than a flamingo's, larger than an eagle's. One wave of the hand of misfortune and it spreads its beautiful plumage and is gone—"as an eagle toward heaven," though sometimes I think it goes in the other direction!

Remember that the man who gets his gain by iniquity will soon lose it all. One moment after his departure from life, he will not own an opera house, he will not own a certificate of stock.

Stand close by Christ, and Christ will stand close by you. The greater the temptation, the more magnificent the reward. But, alas! for the stock-gambler—what will he do in the judgment? That day will settle everything. That to the stock-gambler will be a "break" at the "first call." No smuggling into heaven. No "collaterals" on which to trade your way in. Go in through Christ, the Lord, or you will forever stay out.

After you have done your last day's work on earth, and the hushed assembly stands around with bowed heads at your obsequies, God forbid that the most appropriate text for your funeral oration should be "As a partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them not, so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at the end he shall be a fool."

Price of many a crime untold,
Gold, gold, gold, gold.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is in frequent receipt of letters from very needy persons in different parts of the country, some of the cases being pitiful in the extreme. These applications are so numerous as to be altogether beyond our capacity for extending relief. Among the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD there are doubtless many benevolent people who would be pleased to be put in communication with some of these deserving poor ones. If any of our readers so charitably disposed, would send us their names and addresses for this special purpose, we will send to each *one letter a year and no more*, from some needy person who has appealed for help. All letters relating to business of this nature should be addressed to "The Relief Box," CHRISTIAN HERALD Office.

Mrs. C. F. Nickelson, Sherburn, Minn. Where in the Bible is the passage about being foolishly good?

You probably have reference to Ecc. 7:16,17.

John Lant, Whittlesly, O. When was meat first ordered to be eaten?

See Gen. 9: 3.

Mrs. H. Williams, Harlem, O. I have never been able to find in the Book of Job where one of his children was killed, called before he did?

See Job 1: 18, 19.

Reader, Jersey City, N. J. Where is the W.C.T.U., at Somerset Park, Fla., situated?

The proper address is Somerset Park, Lake Helen, Fla.

Reader, Pilgrim Lake, Texas. Is the Red Cross Society a Roman Catholic institution?

Decidedly not. It is Christian and humanitarian, and belongs to no sect or denomination.

W. P. Corwin, Altoona, Pa. Is it true that New England still sends great quantities of rum to Africa?

Boston exporters send about 500,000 gallons of liquor to Africa annually. The fact is lamentable and a disgrace to Christian America.

Ephraim S. Dyer, Truro, Mass. Is Dr. Talmage the author of the book entitled "The Life of Christ, or From Manger to Throne," or is it extracts taken from his sermons?

Dr. Talmage is the author. He wrote the book while abroad on his Palestine tour in 1889, the entire volume being practically completed in M.S. before his return to America.

Subscriber Mass. Will you tell me the name of the author of the lines:

Christ never asks of us such busy labor,
As leaves no time for resting at his feet;
The waiting attitude of expectation
He oftimes counts as service most complete.

Some reader may be able to indicate the authorship of the foregoing verse.

Jas. Renfew, Germantown, Pa. When was the discovery of "Vinland" made by the Norsemen?

All that exists concerning it is traditional. Ari, a Norse author, who first wrote about it, lived about 1100, and even then it was only a tradition, and had been so for probably a century or more. The date is approximately fixed as about 1000 A. D.

Alex. Porter, Elmira, N. Y. Talking with a temperance friend recently, he suggested, half seriously, that it would be a good idea for the liquor element to have a celebration of Paracelsus this year simultaneously with the Columbian Celebration. What did he mean?

He probably referred to the fact that Paracelsus, the famous chemist who is said to have discovered alcohol, was born 400 years ago, and also that Paracelsus, although he claimed divine properties for alcohol and called it "the elixir of life," himself died a sot—the victim of his own discovery.

Leland M. Haight, Bangall, N. Y., 1. Who were the [illegible] of the Psalms of David were written? 2. Were the Psalms sung by [illegible] in religious services?

1. Asaph was one of David's chief musicians; the sons of Korah; Heman (1 Chron. 15, 16); Ethan the Levite of Meraris' family whom David made chief musician along with Asaph and Heman. (1. Chron. 15: 44; 25: 1, 6.) 2. The Psalms were sung by those persons in religious services, also by the Levites. (II. Chron. 29, 30.)

Francis P. Griffith, La Grange, Ind. Thanks be to God, his commandment did triumph over the powers of darkness, and Congress ordained that the World's Fair should be closed on Sunday. But with what persistence did the agents of sin urge every conceivable argument, to resist God's law and desecrate his Sabbath. All the secular papers of Chicago, members of Congress, World's Fair officials, and even men professing godliness were anxious to evade, or violate Jehovah's edict. But against all sophistry and craft, in favor of Sunday opening, God's great sentence rose up, stood out in bold and grand utterance, and commanded attention; and the consciences of our servants, the law-making power, came up to the line in obedience to God.

G. C. Waterman, Brickfield, Me. The verses which accompany this were composed by a drum-major under the following circumstances: He was connected with a regiment during the revolutionary war. Wishing to visit his family, he applied for a furlough which was granted on condition that he compose a song and set it to music. These verses with others were the result. Can any of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD supply the missing verses, and give the name of the author?

A soldier, Lord, thou hast me made,
Thou art my Captain, King, and Head;
And under thee I mean to fight
The fight of faith with all my might.
Grant me the weapons of thy Word,
The spirit's powerful two-edged sword,
To slay thy foes whoe'er they be
And own the victory won by thee.
The cross, all stained with hallowed blood,
The ensign of our conquering God,
And when our General shall come
With sound of trumpet, not of drum,
'Tis then our well-dressed ranks shall stand
In full review at God's right hand;
And when our foes are put to rout
And Jesus wheels them left about,
Then we'll march up the heavenly street
And ground our arms at Jesus feet.

Possibly some of our readers can give the information desired.

Citizen, Milwaukee, Wis. When the Saviour was crucified, did all the weight of his body rest on the spikes that were driven through his hands and feet, or did his feet rest on some block or projection? If it did not, would not the spikes have torn through the flesh?

In crucifixions, it was customary to attach to the cross a projection or seat, upon which the weight of the body could partially rest. This was done probably less from motives of humanity than with the view of prolonging the agony.

Benj. Nicholson, Towle, Cal. 1. Is it right or not to use the Lord's Prayer in this dispensation? A friend here says it is wrong for us to pray for God's kingdom to come; that we have the kingdom within us already. 2. What is your opinion on the doctrines of the Salvation Army?

1. It is entirely right to use it. The Lord's Prayer is the most perfect of all petitions, embracing every possible want, temporal and spiritual, and suited to every clime, age and circumstance. In the sense conveyed, the Kingdom will not come till the millennium dawns. 2. We have no criticism other than approval. The Salvation Army is doing an excellent work in a field not reached by the organized churches and which has hitherto been left exclusively to the evangelists and home missionary workers.

W. Bradford Williams, Philadelphia. Is there any ground, other than the Book of Job, on which the fact of Job's having lived, could be proven? Is the name of Job's wife anywhere given?

Job is also mentioned in Ezekiel 14: 14-20 and James 5: 11. In the Greek translation of the Septuagint he is mentioned as Jobab, king of Edom. This, in turn, is declared to be translated from a Syrian book which states that Job dwelt in Austites on the confines of Idumea and Arabia; that he married an Arabian woman (name not given) and that his eldest son's name was Ennon. He himself was a son of Zare, one of the sons of Esau, and his mother was Bosorra. He was the fifth in descent from Abraham the patriarch. Job's tomb is still shown to Oriental tourists. The Talmud maintains that he was a veritable historical character. There are many writers, however, who hold that the character and experiences of Job were created by the author, and that the book is a parable.

J. H. Reid, Philadelphia. It is Presbyterian.—A. Stewart, Cranberry, O. See Ps. dm 55: 23.—Constant Reader, Washington, D. C. David in declaring that he had "never seen the seed of the righteous begging bread," doubtless spoke from personal observation and in the pious belief that the Lord will abundantly care for those that trust in him.—Lewis Land, Prairie City, Ia. The first two probably 4,000 each, the last between 5,000 and 6,000.—J. G. Knotter, New York. Apply to Rev. A. B. Simpson, 692 5th Avenue, New York City.—L. L. Pillston, Pa. No; he edits no paper and has no connection with any other than THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to which he occasionally contributes.—Subscriber and Friend, Kineman, Ks. We cannot answer without seeming invidious especially as to living persons.—Subscriber, Lansing, Mich. 1. You are already apparently well advised on historical study. You might add Josephus and Rollins in turn. 2. There are many very obscure passages in the book of Job—the one you quote belongs to the number. It cannot be explained in a brief paragraph and we would advise you to consult your pastor about it.—Sarah Jeans, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Advertise in the local paper of that neighborhood.—Reader, Goshen, N. Y. Publishers, as a rule, have their plans laid many months ahead.—The acceptance of matter depends altogether on two things—quality and availability. Different publishers have different requirements.—Subscriber, Racine, Wis. 1. From $5 to $2,000. Stories are seldom paid by the column, generally by the thousand words or as a whole. 2. Usually very little. 3. It depends on prearrangement. No publisher or paper would care to run the risk of accidents which might happen unless he were well supplied ahead.—Womoke, Lloyd, Wis. Many profess to believe in divine words, but we have no well authenticated modern cases of their successful employment.—Mrs. E. Goodsell, Westbury, N. Y. Presbyterian.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE FINANCIAL STORM.

SEVERAL large failures in Wall Street on May 4, produced an excitement that approached a panic. Since the Secretary of the Treasury announced that there was a possibility under certain circumstances of the Government suspending gold payments, there has been an indisposition on the part of the banks to lend money on a particular class of securities. The stringency embarrassed speculators and trust companies, who have depended on securing loans on easy terms. One of the latter, which borrows largely during a part of the year and repays during the other part, when its product is chiefly sold, had recently made a change in its financial arrangements, with a view to avoid the recurring loans. The change was regarded in financial circles as an admission of weakness and the price of its shares fell with unprecedented rapidity. Other companies which are practically monopolies were also affected. They were chiefly combinations which have taken over the business of prosperous firms and by absorbing or driving out of business their competitors, have obtained the control of the trade in sugar and other commodities. While the directors and principal shareholders were undoubtedly wealthy men there was widespread distrust in the stability of the combinations and the value of their securities decreased enormously. The sudden depreciation caused the failure of several large houses. A few days previously they were accounted rich by themselves and others, but as their wealth consisted largely of the securities, which, in the crisis, they could neither sell, nor use as collateral, they were unable to meet their engagements. The Bible warns us that the time is coming when all wealth will prove similarly unavailable. "Riches profit not in the day of wrath; but righteousness delivereth from death." (Prov. 11: 4.)

A Consul's Enemies.

AN amusing report to the Washington Government has been received from Dr. Edward Bedloe who is now United States Consul at Amoy, China. Expecting that the new Administration will soon replace him by a Democrat, Dr. Bedloe has made preparations for leaving his post and has made an inventory of the furniture at the consulate, belonging to the Government. The only article, he says, that he can report as being in an undamaged condition is the iron safe. Every wooden article is the prey of white ants. The grub is no larger than a fine needle when it enters the wood but it thrives and grows until it becomes five times as large as the garden ant. By that time it has eaten its way deep into the article of furniture it has attacked and it then begins to eat its way outward. When it emerges it makes a hole a quarter of an inch in diameter. It leaves the wood a mere honeycomb. Millions of the creatures are in the consulate. Chairs, tables, bookcases, racks, doors, windows, and the flooring have been eaten away and have collapsed without warning and have had to be replaced. Dr. Bedloe says he knows that the ants are busy inside a dozen articles of furniture in the house but he can do nothing to prevent their ravages and must patiently wait the end of them. Happily we have no such pest in this country, but we have many examples of similar ravages in moral character. Many a man, whose character, like the furniture in the consulate, has seemed to be solid and substantial has by its sudden collapse showed that it must have long been a hollow mockery undermined by secret sin. (Matt. 23: 27.)

Invoking the Fetich.

DURING his travels among the tribes of the West Coast of Africa, DeBrazza, the French explorer and geographer, encountered many striking instances of native superstition and idolatry. He relates that on one occasion, while traveling in the Adouma country, his party was greatly delayed by the failure of a petty chief to keep his promise of furnishing a pirogue and native rowers to enable the voyagers to pass the rapids of a river, which they dare not attempt in their own small boat. Arguments were unavailing, and even threats seemed ineffectual to secure the desired assistance. At last, the chief consented to send his two sons on to a large village some distance ahead, with a message from the explorers, and he announced, that the fetich, or idol of the tribe, should be consulted. The ceremony of invoking the fetiches was a peculiar one. The chief took a chicken and slaughtered it to awake the spirits and then demanded advice. This request, which it was supposed would be aided by his ancestors, was supplemented by the gift of a dish of bananas, which, it was hoped, would bring a favorable answer. The young men of the tribe took locks of their hair and tied them around the ankles and wrists, and imitated the gestures and actions of the chief, their father. Afterward these locks were all tied up together in a package and placed with much ceremony in the hut of the fetich. The voyagers had nothing to fear and, as it afterwards proved, the "response" must have been construed as favorable, for the party were shortly enabled to continue their journey and ultimately reached in safety their white friends, who had been waiting with impatience the news of the expedition. The illustration on this page represents the ceremony of invocation as it was performed in the idol hut. Although we hold in deserved contempt such means of prognosticating the success or failure of an enterprise, the equally silly belief in luck and omens is not at all uncommon. In cases of doubt and perplexity few remember the prophet's injunction when warning his people against wizards he said: "Should not a people seek unto their God?" (Isa. 8: 19.)

THE INVOCATION OF THE FETICHES IN THE ADOUMA COUNTRY, AFRICA.

A Benefaction Thwarted.

THE World's Fair managers have missed a large addition to their funds through an unpleasant dispute. It was announced recently that the famous pianist, Paderewski, would give two concerts at the Fair, and present the proceeds to the treasury, as a mark of his gratitude for the reception he had met in this country. Estimating the probable receipts, on the basis of those at the concerts he has given in New York and other cities, it was evident that the profit to the Fair would be at least five thousand dollars, as Paderewski had undertaken to pay all the expenses. When, however, it was learned that he would play on his own piano, and that the piano had been made by a firm who did not exhibit at the Fair, an objection was raised. One journal went so far as to charge the pianist with being merely an advertising agent of the piano manufacturer, and that the firm was thus seeking to advertise their instrument by a ruse. It was ultimately decided that the distinguished stranger might play on his own instrument, but the dispute had been so painful, and so many insulting remarks had been made, that Paderewski declared he could not play. His nerves had been strained, and his sensitive temperament had suffered so severely under the unjust suspicions published, that he would be unable to do himself justice, and he must withdraw his offer. This he did, and on May 6 he left the country without doing the graceful service he hoped to have done. It is a pity that the benefaction was lost, but the disposition through which it was lost is by no means uncommon, and it often manifests itself in religion. Men often lose the greatest of all blessings because it is not offered in their way. They would be willing to purchase salvation or work for it, but they will not gain it by simple faith and the renunciation of themselves, which is God's way. (II. Kings 5: 13.)

A Fugitive Criminal Caught.

A REMARKABLE case of detection was reported in New York on May 3. A policeman on duty in Broome Street noticed an excited man beckoning to him. On inquiring what the trouble was, the policeman learned that the man was a Russian who had just seen a compatriot enter a store, and wanted the policeman to arrest him. He was so much in earnest and his story was so coherent that the policeman arrested the man and took him before a judge. He had arrived in New York only three days previously and appeared much surprised by his arrest. His accuser charged him with murder. He said that he had received a letter from a friend in Russia stating that his uncle had been murdered eight weeks ago at Drodney in Russia, by this man, whom he had known well before coming to this country. He was much distressed by the news, but being unable to return to Russia he had no hope of bringing his uncle's murderer to justice. To his amazement, however, he recognized the criminal in New York and had caused his arrest. The accused man denied that he had ever seen his accuser before and declared himself innocent of the crime. Under pressure, however, he broke down and admitted his guilt. He said that the murdered man had ruined him by causing his ejectment from his farm and, knowing him to be possessed of a large sum of money, he had killed him and escaped to America. To his astonishment, he had come to the very city where lived the man most concerned in having him punished. It is strange that men and women who have fallen into grievous sin are not afraid of making a similar blunder when they resolve on committing suicide. They put away from them the opportunity of repentance and pardon, and rush unbidden into the presence of God who has declared that he will punish sin. (Heb. 12: 29.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The last session for this season of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy will be held on Monday June 5 in the Hamilton Hall of Columbia College. Dr. D. H. Greer and Prof. Edward North are the speakers.

The statistics of the Moravian Church in the United States for the year ending December 31st, 1892, show that there are in the five districts into which the Church is divided 12,161 communicants and 1,229 non-communicants. There is an increase in the former of 182, and a decrease in the latter of 100.

The union meetings held by Dr. L. W. Munhall at Bethlehem, Pa., were very successful. Beside the regular preaching service every evening, cottage meetings were held daily in eight different districts for Bible study and prayer. At the first Sunday evening service 440 persons signed cards expressing their desire to begin the Christian life.

Subscribers wishing to send their copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD where they will do good, may be glad to hear that Chaplain J. M. Crocker, of the Penitentiary, Anamosa, Iowa, would be pleased to receive them and distribute them among the prisoners. He says that he has found no literature so useful, so beneficial, or so eagerly welcomed by the prisoners as this journal.

Dr. Wm. Lawrence who has been chosen as successor to the late Bishop Phillips Brooks, is Dean of the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge, Mass. He is forty-three years of age and graduated from Harvard in 1871. He was rector of Grace Church, Lawrence, Mass., before taking office in the University.

Among the Evangelists who have gone to assist in Mr. Moody's Evangelization work during the World's Fair are Major D. W. Whittle, Mr. Wm. Robertson of Edinburgh, Mr. George C. Stebbins and Lord Chas. Bennet, son of the Earl of Tankerville, who was converted under Mr. Moody's preaching in London.

At the recent meeting of the managers of the Bible Society it was announced that Dr. L. N. Wheeler the Society's agent in China had died suddenly. The appropriations made by the Board included aid to the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church for work in Germany and Switzerland, the Evangelical Society of Geneva for Bible work in France, the Bible Society's Committee in Japan, and to the society's agencies in Persia and China.

The Rev. J. F. Carson has accepted the invitation of the Brooklyn Sunday School Union to give talks on the International Lesson to Sunday School teachers on Saturday afternoons in the Y. M. C. A., 502 Fulton Street.

Recent reports of the mortality of British troops in India, covering a division of five thousand men, show that the mortality of the free drinkers was 44 per thousand; of moderate drinkers, 23 per thousand and of teetotalers, 11 per thousand.

The American Home Missionary Society has had the most successful year since its organization, sixty-seven years ago. Its total receipts from all sources, up to April 1, were $739,841.39. This sum is $77,052.11 in excess of the receipts of the preceding year and frees the Society from debt.

Rev. Frank Talmage, the son of the editor of this journal, was ordained on May 7, in Olivet Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia. Dr. Talmage preached the ordination sermon. A vast crowd gathered in front of the church long before the hour of service and, after the large church was filled, fully two thousand persons were outside who had been unable to gain admission. Dr. Talmage made a short address to them from the steps, before preaching to the people inside the church. Dr. A. G. McAuley, Dr. Henry C. McCook, and Dr. L. Y. Graham, pastor of the church, took part in the exercises. Dr. Graham's son, the Rev. Ralph L. Graham, was ordained at the same time.

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

ZEALOUS SERVICE FOR GOD.

Sermon Preached last Sunday, May 14, 1893, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D.

"Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord." Romans 12: 11.

THE Bible is an intensely practical book. It is full of common-sense. It does not contain specific rules for the government of our conduct. Manifestly it could not. The Arabian commentators of Mohammed, being desirous of furnishing a rule for every situation in life, prepared a book containing seventy-five thousand directions; but it was soon found that cases occurred for which no rule of the entire number was applicable. The Bible follows another method; it lays down broad principles of everlasting righteousness, and it gives us wisdom to understand and grace to apply these principles. These principles, like all God's commandments, are "exceeding broad." They confront the merchant and his customers, the employer and the employed, the physician and his patient, the lawyer and his client, the pastor and his people.

The practical character of the Bible is finely illustrated in the relation between this chapter and the one which precedes it. In that chapter we have a statement of some of the important doctrines of Christianity; in this chapter we have a dissertation on some of the important duties of Christianity. Religion is intended to beautify and to glorify life. It is not a series of speculations, it is rather a system of obligations. It is designed not simply to inform our minds, but also and chiefly to reform our lives. We have in this chapter many pithy and practical directions—the application of the doctrinal teaching of the previous chapter. The apostle reminds us that the faith which justifies, works by love; that although God prepares in his free grace the highway to heaven, it is walked in only by those who walk in truth and love. We have in the text a threefold direction to guide our activity in daily duties.

Diligence in Duty.

The first direction is, "Not slothful in business." A little explanation may be necessary in regard to the word here rendered "business." In the eighth verse of this chapter the same word is translated "diligence." It might with propriety be so rendered here. "In diligence not slothful." It denotes ardor or intensity of mind, and then industry or labor. Religion is always the friend of industry. Paul in writing his second letter to the Thessalonians, third chapter and tenth verse, says, "For when we were with you, this we commanded you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat." The evil complained of here began to show itself even while the apostle was with the church. Some were idlers and needed Paul to rebuke them and to incite them to labor. He was himself a remarkable example of industry. Often did he spend the day in preaching and teaching, and then labor far into the night at his "craft," rather than be dependent on the bounty of others. He becomes righteously indignant at the Thessalonian idlers. They were not to be supported by the charity of others, unless they had done all they could for their own support. At the very dawn of human history we are taught that man was to earn his bread in the sweat of his face. A man who will not work ought to starve. You ought not to help him. Aid [illegible]

Labor Demanded.

It is easy to learn the lessons which God would teach us in the light of these truths. He has no place, at least no good place, in [illegible] Here all God's servants do what their hands find to do with all their might; there the redeemed are "before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple." It is [illegible] industrious, as it is to read the Bible and to pray. Labor is not so much God's curse as it is God's blessing. A true Christian is to be more attentive to his duties than the most [illegible] street." Whatever is right in business, that a Christian is to do with all his might; whatever [illegible]

edly avoid. He ought not to let anyone pass him on the line of honest endeavor. A lazy Christian, whether in business or religion, must greatly try God's patience.

Experience and observation abundantly prove the truth and wisdom of these Bible teachings The Italian proverb says: "He who labors is tempted by one devil, he who is idle is tempted by a thousand devils." It may be a bad thing to have too many irons in the fire—although Dr. Adam Clarke did not think so—but it is a great deal worse to have no irons in the fire. An idle man is to be profoundly pitied. Our greatest American preacher has said: "It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear.

Worry is Rust

upon the steel blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction." Luther could preach daily while he was burdened with "the care of all the churches;" at the same time he attended to a correspondence which fills many volumes, and was also engaged in bitter controversies with the ablest men of their day. Similar things are told of Calvin. He wrote his "Institutes," which have so profoundly affected the thought of the world, before he was twenty-seven. While he was at Strasburg, he preached or lectured daily. In Geneva his labors were even greater; there he was pastor, professor, and almost magistrate. He carried on an extensive correspondence with learned men in almost all parts of Europe. He wrote many volumes, and was at the same time a constant sufferer from infirmities of the flesh. Wesley often preached three times a day; one sermon was sometimes preached before the break of day to the hard-working miners meeting in the valleys and on the hill-sides of England. In addition he could ride forty miles a day and make a sermon or two in the saddle. Men seldom die of hard work. Bad methods of work, allowing work to drive us instead of our driving it, late hours and spasmodic efforts—these and similar bad habits often prove fatal. Honest work in any department of life's activity is God's medicine for men. Intense activity, physical, mental, and spiritual, is the only salvation of some Christians.

The Divine Worker.

Christ was one of the most intense workers that ever trod this earth. He worked right up to the measure of his strength; often he seems to have reached the point of fatigue and exhaustion. He lay down to sleep that night on his hard pillow on the stem of the little fishing-boat as thoroughly tired as was ever any laboring man in this audience. He sleeps the sleep of weariness, although the rain beat upon his face, the lightning flashes over the lake, and the thunder roars among the hills. He sleeps until the cry of despair reaches him, then he rises in his might and majesty, rebukes the loud storm and hushes the wild waves. Mark is the Evangelist who especially speaks of Christ as the mighty worker. The earlier chapters of this gospel frequently contain the words, straightway, immediately, forthwith and anon, as translations of one word, indicating intense earnestness in work. These chapters give us the idea of the utmost activity on the part of Christ as he presses forward to his great work.

An idle life puts a man into antagonism with nature and nature's God. Such a life cannot, like the divine life in the heart, "Spring up into everlasting life;" it must either stagnate or freeze. The highest genius is willingness and ability to do hard work. Any other conception of genius makes it a doubtful, if not a dangerous possession. Buffon said, "Genius is patience." William Carey, our distinguished Baptist missionary, explained the secret of his marvelous progress, from being a shoemaker to becoming the founder of the Baptist mission at Serampore, Professor of Sanscrit and Bengalu at the College of Fort William, and translator of the Scriptures into several Oriental languages, when he said, "I can plod." Good work will tell. Young men don't whine; don't complain that you are not appreciated. If you are capable of filling a high place, go up and fill it. Who will hinder you? The world wants such men. God wants such men, and he will reach down his hand and say, "Come up higher." John Ruskin says, "It is only by labor that thoughts can be made healthy; and only by thoughts that labor can be made happy, and the two cannot be separated with impunity." Thus all experience and observation, the Law of God in his Word and in his work, and the example alike of Christ and the Father, emphasize this part of our text—"Not slothful in business."

Fervor in Spirit.

The second part of the Apostle's direction is "fervent in spirit." This fervor is the divine fire which kindles the sacrifices of diligent toil, and carries upward the offering of a sweet-smelling savor. Religious work is pleasing to God only as the human spirit is moved upon by the divine Spirit. God demands that we worship him in spirit and in truth. All true labor for the glory of God is worship. A holy zeal must mark all our deeds of service. Communion with God is to be maintained amid the din of Broadway and the excitement of Wall Street. The world is not to quench the holy fire in a Christian's heart; but that fire is to kindle a flame in the world's heart. If your business freezes your religion, either your business must be very bad, or your religion is very poor. Your religion ought not simply to keep your business from freezing it, but it ought to warm up your business. This religious fervor will make you more successful even in your business. True religion will arouse every element of manhood in your soul; it will summon into activity every dormant faculty, and will start you with rapid steps in the line of noble achievement. Do not tell me that you have been a less successful clerk, partner, or professional man, because you are a Christian. Do not plead neglect of business obligations because of attendance upon religious duties. The somewhat erratic Dr. Cumming—to whom I am indebted for some suggestions—says: "Like the ancient patriarch, you will go out with your sacks to get corn, and will return with the sack filled with the corn; and you will find hid in the sack, not literally a golden cup, as he did, but something more precious than all—a full sack filled with this world's success, and buried in the midst of it the blessing that maketh rich, and addeth no sorrow."

Religion Pays.

Many of the rich men in New York to-day are as distinguished for their piety as for their wealth. "How can I make the most of myself?" This is a fair question for any one to ask. We travel this road but once. If at the close of life we are compelled to write over that life "failure," the sad record must remain forever; we have no second chance. The Christian's answer is the true one. If there were no future life it would pay to be a Christian. He has the highest joys even here, and the highest hopes which the future world can give him; and in the world to come he has a crown, and a throne and bliss which can neither be expressed nor conceived. Look at the nations of the world! To-day America and Britain march side by side to the high places of the earth. These English-speaking and Protestant nations rule the world to-day. The mercantile enterprise and progressive civilization of the world obey their voice and follow their steps. Wherever they tread the plants of ignorance and superstition die, and the flowers of liberty and religion bloom. The world to-day is at their feet, because they to-day, as nations, are at the feet of Jesus. Thus it will even be true that fervor in Christian spirit, and success in mercantile enterprise, will go side by side. This is true of individuals and of nations. If Christ be in a man's heart, industry will be in his hand, and in the end success will crown the labor of his life.

The Man of Influence.

This fervor of spirit is needful to the highest success in Christian work. If it be wanting, that success will be wanting also. Its possession gives many a man irresistible power, its absence robs some men of nearly all power. We have often been reminded that Cranmer and Ridley were much more learned scholars than Bishop Latimer. He did not dare to quote from the "Fathers" as did they; but Latimer knew his Bible, and a flaming zeal marked his preaching. This brave man has, perhaps, made a more lasting impression on his nation than any other English reformer. Bishop Ryle, himself a fine example of fervor of spirit, tells us that although Baxter was not equal to some of his contemporaries in intellectual gifts, yet few men exercised so great an influence on his generation as did he, because of his fiery zeal. This remark he also applies to Whitefield and Wesley. They were inferior in mental attainments to Bishops Butler and Watson; but they produced effects on the people which fifty Butlers and Watsons would probably never have produced. They saved, he says, the Church of England from ruin, and their zeal was the secret of their power. What a power Christians would be in the world if each one could honestly voice this wish of Brainerd, "Oh, that I was a flaming fire in the hands of my God!" Dr. Mason said that Dr. Chalmers' power lay in his "blood earnestness." New York churches, in pulpit and pen, need this fervent spirit to-day. This alone will melt the iceberg, and burn up the "wood, hay and stubble" in our churches. Would to God that we believed in every drop of the blood the solemn truths of God's Word! Oh, for quenchless love, glowing enthusiasm and fiery zeal! Men are about us on every side who are strangers to God's grace. They are on the road to the judgment seat of Christ and are without God and without hope! While we are not "slothful in business," let us see to it that we are also "fervent in spirit."

Serving the Lord.

The last element in this direction to Christians is "serving the Lord." This latter part of the direction gives unity, beauty, and sanctity to the entire exhortation. Our diligence in duty, and our fervor in spirit, must be governed by a zealous desire to serve Christ. This must be the lofty motive whence all forms of activity proceed. Activity in business is likely to take our affections from God. It is of the utmost importance, therefore, that we engage in our so-called secular duties in a religious spirit. Every duty should be begun, continued, and ended with reference to the will of God. We are constantly in danger of separating too widely between what we call secular and sacred things; we too often put asunder what God has joined together. According to this creed, religion is the business of the ministers, and business is the religion of all other men. Religion is very well for sanctuaries and Sabbaths; but it is not suited to the activities of business and the enjoyments of social life. With the locking up of the church, and the laying aside of Sunday garments, the duties of religion are also, too often locked up, and its responsibilities are laid aside. But it is possible to be diligent in duty, and yet to serve God. This motive gives dignity and glory to the humblest child of God; it crowns with unfading honor the labors of every toiler in the Lord's vineyard. The needle of Dorcas wrought for her an inscription, though not in brass or marble, but in thread on garments for the poor, yet one more durable than either brass or marble. Her eulogy will be read when the victories of Roman arms and the glories of Grecian arts are forgotten. The broom of the domestic servant may be as truly used for God as was the sceptre of David or Solomon. You may have the humblest home in social life, and it may yet be more resplendent with the glory of

An Indwelling Christ

than was the temple in all its grandeur. The hod-carrier's ladder may be trodden by angel's feet, as truly as was the ladder which united heaven and earth in the vision of Jacob, and the hod itself may be radiant with the glory of the Lord. You may be just as much called to your work as the preacher of the Gospel is to his. If you are earnestly engaged in an honorable calling for the glory of God, you as truly serve him in that calling as the most successful preacher of the Word. As students, this thought will give direction to your studies; as business men, it will give inspiration to your pursuits; as wives and mothers, it will give glory to the daily routine of life, and as employes in any capacity, it will make your service as not unto men, but unto Christ.

Let us not think that we must do some great thing, as we call it to honor God; let the little things of life be done with a great motive, and God will be honored. It is just as much the duty of some men to make money, as it is the duty of other men to preach. They ought, therefore, to make money for God; they ought to feel that they do it to serve the Lord Christ. No man in health has a right to give up business; he may have a competency, but the Lord's cause needs and demands all that he can make and bestow. But is it possible for the merchant, the doctor, the lawyer, and the preacher to have distinctly before his mind at every moment, this exalted motive? Perhaps not. I start for Boston, the railway train winds and turns; at some particular moment I seem to be going in the contrary direction, but I know that this is the Boston train, and am sure that it will reach that city. So let a man know, in the very bottom of his soul, that the dominant purpose, the controlling motive of his life is to glorify God, then let him throw himself with the utmost enthusiasm into his work, and he will not fail of glorying God in all his undertakings.

My Bible teaches me that every obligation which rests upon a minister to glorify God, rests equally upon every member of the Church This spirit ought to characterize us in our duties as citizens. Men say, We do not want politics in religion; it is certain, at least, that we need more religion in politics. I do not mean to advocate sectarianism at the polls; but that question has been thrust upon us. The willing tools of an unscrupulous hierarchy are asking our support for men nominated for office in our noble city; our public schools, and other rights, are in danger. Silence in such a case is not golden. Here and now I utter my emphatic protest. The right of suffrage is a great privilege; you ought to exercise it in the spirit of prayer and for the glory of God. You ought to march to the ballot-box with the same religious spirit as when you partake of Holy Communion. This is not to degrade religion, but to apply religion, and to glorify by its presence every duty in life. The religion which does not sweep through, control, and glorify every duty in life, is a religion not worth having. It should manifest its power in the marts of trade as truly as in the sanctuary of God—making better employers and employees, better husbands and wives, better parents and children—thus making earth a foretaste of heaven. Quaintly and truly has it been said:

> In labor's ballad oft more piety
> God finds, than in Te Deum's melody.

Poor, indeed, is that man who lives for this world alone. He forgets that although he may gain the whole world if he loses his soul, he makes an infinitely bad bargain. To-day I urge upon you who are Christians, to make the text of this morning the motto for life; let all your business undertakings be conducted with an eye single to the glory of God. I urge those of you who are not Christians, first to give your hearts in joyful obedience to Christ as your personal Saviour; then live for him whom you have thus made your Prophet, Priest, and King; and you will sweetly realize how blessed it is to be "Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord."

A Missionary in the Cyclone.

Rev J. P Lane of the American Sunday School Union loses House, Home and Property in the recent Oklahoma Cyclone.

WE regret to learn that one of the sufferers from the recent cyclones in the West is Rev. J. P. Lane, a valued missionary of the Sunday School Union. Mr Lane has been very successful in planting schools in the Oklahoma district and in missionary work among the Indians. He recently took up a claim under the Homestead Law and built two houses on the land, one of which he lived in and the other he rented to a physician. They were partially paid for by the slow savings of many years of hard toil and frugality and Mr. Lane hoped to pay the balance by the rent he was to receive from the doctor. On April 25, he went with his family to the nearest town to make some purchases. When they returned a scene awful beyond description met their gaze.

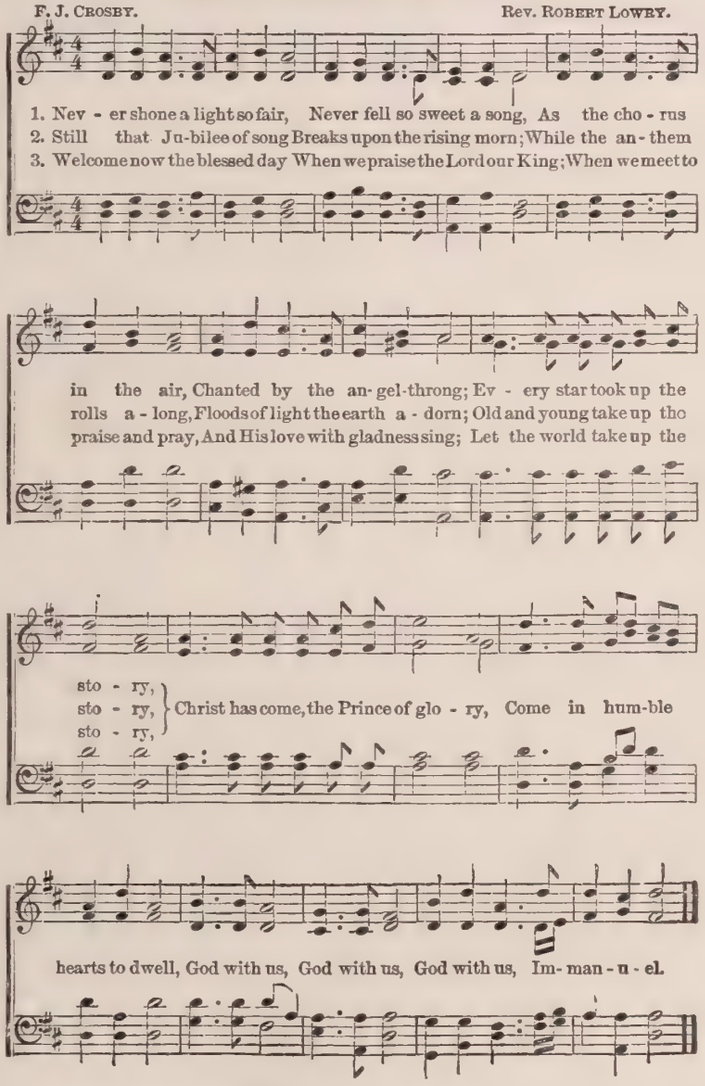
Both houses with all they contained had been swept away by the appalling cyclone which had passed through the territory. A few small articles such as knives, forks and spoons were found on the site, but of the houses and furniture not a vestige. Although thus stripped of all he possessed, Mr. Lane was congratulated by some people in his section whose lot was worse than his own. They were not only financially ruined, but bereaved. Some had lost wives and children, others parents and relatives in the fearful storm. Mr. Lane could but thank God for the providence that took him and his family to the town on that day or he too might have been mourning the loss of some loved one. He is now busily occupied in helping the sufferers, and the saddest part of his duties has been in officiating at the funerals of many whom he knew, some of whom were killed under the ruins of their houses and others have since died of the wounds they received in the storm. All that remains to Mr. Lane now is his claim, and even that he fears he will lose, as the law requires that he live upon it in order to substantiate his title. It is true he may get a tent or construct a dugout, but either will involve much privation and hardship. It is very sad that the calamity has fallen upon one who has given so many years to self-denying labor for the good of other people. He is, however, supported by the consolations he has often administered to the afflicted and sorrowing during the years of his ministrations. Some gifts to enable him to erect some kind of shelter, so that he may not have to forfeit his claim, will, it is hoped, reach him from people who appreciate the value of his past labors.

Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

Never Shone a Light so Fair.

"I am come a light into the world."—JOHN 12: 46.

F. J. CROSBY. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.


1. Nev - er shone a light so fair, Never fell so sweet a song, As the cho - rus
2. Still that Ju-bilee of song Breaks upon the rising morn; While the an - them
3. Welcome now the blessed day When we praise the Lord our King; When we meet to
in the air, Chanted by the an-gel-throng; Ev - ery star took up the
rolls a - long, Floods of light the earth a - dorn; Old and young take up the
praise and pray, And His love with gladness sing; Let the world take up the
sto - ry, sto - ry, sto - ry, } Christ has come, the Prince of glo - ry, Come in hum-ble
hearts to dwell, God with us, God with us, God with us, Im-man-u-el.

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A LITTLE GOSPEL MAIDEN.

(Written for "The Christian Herald.")

WE knew a little maiden
Of Gospel nature true,
Fairer than any flower,
Born of the sun and dew;
Such azure eyes! full jeweled,
Of wealth that none can buy;
A face as full of sunbeams
As summer's morning sky.

This little Gospel maiden,
With busy steps each day,
Strews love-light gems that exile
The shadows far away.
She often is seen hastening,
Ere day has just begun;
Her hands both filled with blossoms,
To cheer some prostrate one.

Toilers account her blessed;
The humble poor in need,
To whom in dwellings lowly
Her tireless footsteps lead,
Tales sweet of her come singing—
Tales joyous to recite;
Of cares and shadows lifted,
And heavy hearts made light.

Thus day by day she scatters
The shadows, every one;
Her love-light deeds surpassing
The brightness of the sun.
Oh, blessed little maiden,
With but this "Christ-kind" thought,
How she may lift the shadows
With which our paths are fraught.

This world has gems exhaustless,
And glorious works of art—
Can they, like gems of love-light,
Lift shadows from the heart?—L.S.D.

KEEP THOU ME.

NEARER to Thee would I come,
Nearer to Thee.
Close to Thy wounded side
Keep Thou me.

From the heart's temptations and sins,
From the promptings to evil within,
From earth's allurements and din
Keep Thou me.

Then shall I safely glide
O'er life's rough sea,
Peace and a haven find
If kept by Thee.

—GRACE HEWITT SHARP.

Sowing Gospel Seed.

"The Christian Herald" Sunday School Missionary tells of his Work in Missouri—A whole Community Converted.

SINCE my letter in March I have traveled in four counties. One point visited was reached by a few hours' ride on a freight train. As it made long stops at small stations, where the people assembled, I availed myself of the opportunities of distributing Sunday School and religious papers, and tracts to the people at the depots, as well as on the train, and of conversing with a number of people on religious topics, which in every case seemed to be well received. One sceptic, however, proved to be a desperately wicked man. I had a lengthy interview with him and warned him faithfully of the spiritual danger of such infidelity.

The next day I visited three Sunday Schools in a town, preached twice and distributed tracts. It was a joyful sight after preaching, to see so many come forward. There were many proofs of God's blessings upon the services, and the tour enabled me to encourage Sunday School work and spread the Gospel. I also visited a Presbyterian meeting and preached a sermon previous to the ordination (by that body) of two young men to the Gospel ministry. The text was Jude 3. At the same place I conducted a devotional exercise for the Woman's Missionary Society, representatives of which had assembled there, and distributed among the Sunday Schools and others a large number of helpful Gospel books and tracts, at the same time addressing the laborers on methods of promoting Sunday Schools and missionary work.

In a third tour (in another county), I visited a country school house where I had organized a school a few years ago. The farmer at whose house I had lodged at that time has since been converted with several of his family, and many more in the neighborhood, which is now transformed from a state of carelessness and wickedness into a pious community. At my recent visit the blessing of God was very manifest. The school goes forward with increasing interest. Those who have confessed their faith in Christ have proved the genuineness of their conversion by their changed lives, and their zealous and godly conversation. I encouraged them to erect a house of worship, and think it will be built soon.

My fourth tour was in another county where the people heard the preaching and Sunday School talks gladly. At one place, which I visited about six months ago, the Sunday School has been allowed to close in the severe cold weather; but it has been revived with encouraging prospects, and with earnestness on the part of the workers. They had been without preaching since I was there six months ago.

I ask earnest prayer that I may have all grace necessary for the work, and bodily strength for it. I am now traveling in the country district. GEO. W. SHARP.

Chariton Co., Mo., April 20.

A RELIGION WITHOUT A GOD.

THERE is much agnosticism among the educated classes of the Siamese, writes Rev. J. A. Eakin of Bangkok, in *The Church at Home and Abroad*, especially among the younger men. In a conversation with the Prince the brother of the king of Siam—he spoke of the orthodox doctrine of the way to order one's life in this world so that he would reach Nirvana at last. When he was asked whether it would not be better to teach that there is a Divine Father, and that when men die they may attain to eternal happiness in the future life, he looked thoughtful for a moment, and then said: "Yes, that is better. For the common people it is." He insisted that the mass of the people held a religious belief that was essentially different from the teachings of Buddha on several important points. They worshipped spirits and prayed to a god, both of which were contrary to the precepts of Buddhism. They looked forward to a reward of merit or a punishment of demerit after this life is ended, instead of fixing their hopes upon the dreamless repose of Nirvana. He said: "When I was a child, I was taught to pray to the god; but when I grew up and entered the priesthood, I found that the teachings of the priests were very different from what my mother had taught me."

The priest delights in abstractions, and teaches his pupil that there is no help for him except in himself. By his own efforts he must control his evil nature and prepare for that state in which joy and sorrow, hope and despair, love and hatred will be ended; nay, even thought will cease, and only existence will remain, in a sleep that knows no waking. It is a religion without a god.

THE FOURTH AND FIFTH SEALS.

The Concluding Events of this Dispensation as Portrayed under the Figure of the Seals.

BY REV. JOHN STORIE.*

"AND when he opened the fourth seal I heard the voice of the Fourth Living One say, Go! And I saw and behold a livid horse; and he that sat upon him was Death; and Hades followed with him; and there was given them authority upon the fourth part of the earth, to kill with the sword, and with famine, and with pestilence, and by the wild beasts of the earth." Again the voice of command is heard, "Go!" It comes from the midst of the throne. It is the voice of the fourth of these Living Ones. He who rides forth now is the angel of death, the Destroying Angel, as the executioner of the sentence that issues from this dread page of that book: "to slay,to kill." But this word "kill" is not in reality the same as in verse 4. Here it conveys the sentence of a judge and the act of a legalized minister of justice.

He rides forth, this angel, in the wake of those destructive agencies that have gone before through those fields of wasting misery, with instruction and authority to reap the harvest down; and Hades—impersonating the insatiable gulf of the dead—follows to receive and store the slain. They may kill with "the sword, and famine, and pestilence." These have been already at work; but to them a fresh weapon is now given, "the wild beasts of the earth." War and strife have brought famine; and famine has brought pestilence, and in the lands so desolated, wild and ferocious beasts will make their lair, and find their almost unresisting prey. Yet there is a limit to the power of these two executioners. How long is not defined, but how far is. The fourth part of the earth is given up to them; and the land of Israel is not exempted. For this is no doubt the same visitation of judgment; and the religious condtion of Israel, during the time of their covenant with the Man of Sin, the same as we find in that prediction of Ezekiel14:12-23.

We have it also foretold in connection with the mission of the two Witnesses, who, while these judgments are going forth from this book, "have power to smite the land with all plagues as often as they will;" to shut the heaven that it rain not as Elias did, and so to produce or deepen this famine to turn the waters into blood; to bring down fire from heaven (Rev. 9: 5, 6); and, as Elisha did against the scoffing sons of Bethel, so, too, may they call in the wild beasts to remove the blasphemers (II. Kings 2: 23, 24)

"And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw underneath the Altar the souls of them that had been slain in the cause of the Word of God and for that testimony which they held fast; and they cried with a great voice, saying: Until when, O Thou Master, the Holy and True, dost Thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that are dwelling on the earth."

Who are these martyrs? Not the martyrs of the past ages, for these already have their crowns, and are with Christ in the risen glory. But they are the martyrs of this judgment-time, who had heard God's true Gospel from the burning lips of the two Witnesses; who had mourned in deep penitence for their own transgression; who had looked, like Thomas, with the eye of faith, on Christ! and had in this sifting time held fast the Word of God in the face of the prevailing apostasy.

And what is their cry? It is loud and claimant for avenging justice. Murdered, expelled from the earth, their blood crying to heaven they appeal to the Son of David and the Son of God for avenging justice on the Man and his Antichristian hosts, who are now invading, oppressing, and slaughtering the faithful. "Lord, until when?" And to whom is their cry? To him who is there grasping in his hand that Seven-sealed Roll, in command and power; the Lord, the Master. They do not address him as the Jesus, as the Lamb slain, but as the Master.

To their cry there is an immediate response. "And it was said to them that they should wait yet for a short time;" not rest, the word does not mean that; but wait, cease, suspend their cry for avenging justice. It is near; but the hour is not yet struck. The tribulation in [illegible] in it yet more impious; and there are faithful men—"fellow servants of theirs and brethren—left in it, who are yet to pass through the baptism of blood. Their names are in the Book of the Lamb. When their number is full, and they, too, clothed in "White Robes;" then will they all, if not permitted to take part with him in that last act of avenging doom, look [illegible]

* From his article in the *Prophetic News*.

THE IDEAL OF CHARACTER.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing May 28. Prov. 31: 20-31; II Timothy 2: 15.

PROTESTANTISM has often been reproached with laying more stress on creed than on character. Unhappily there has been ground for the reproach. It was the inevitable reaction from the system which had degenerated into formalism and the observance of empty rites and ceremonies. In insisting on the heart being right and on the futility of outward conformity while there was no inward change,an impression was produced on unthinking persons that so long as their creed was orthodox, they might live as they chose. A new reaction has now set in and we are again in danger of being indifferent to creed, when the conduct is right. It seems impossible to obtain a general and popular adherance to the true order of a righteous and beneficent life springing from sound principles and strong faith. Yet it should not be difficult for a Protestant people, who take the Bible as their guide. The Bible is as clear about the necessity of inward grace as of righteousness of life. It insists on a good life as emphatically as if men were to be saved by their works; and on faith as emphatically as if faith alone were required. It is only when we perceive that the faith demanded—the only faith which saves—is a faith that produces a beneficent life, that we obtain the clue to the mystery. In the sketch contained in the passage selected for the topic, we have a character which is the natural expression and embodiment of inward grace. The duties to the family, the household,and the poor and needy are fulfilled with intelligence and energy. So much is required of every one and the Christian has no immunity from the obligatton. Rather, there is an additional obligation in the fact of the necessity of letting his light shine before men. If religion were merely a device for enabling a man or woman to escape the penalties of wrongdoing in this life, it would be a curse to the world rather than a blessing. It is intended to make men better, to make their lives in this world better, purer, stronger and more beneficent than they would be without it. There is no duty in the house,the family, or the world, that can be escaped by becoming a Christian. The persons with whom we come in contact ought to be more secure of our doing our duty to them when we become Christians, than they are when they depend on our kindliness or honesty. The Christian ought to be a better son,a better husband and father, a better neighbor and employer and a better citizen because of his being a Christian. He has a higher motive and he is under a higher obligation than he has who is not a Christian. The world knows this, even if he does not realize it himself. The very head lines in our newspapers emphasize the fact. If a wrong is done, and the wrongdoer has made a profession of religion, the fact is blazoned as an additional reproach, an evidence of darker turpitude, the man being one of whom better things were expected. It is not that the Christian doing his duty entitles him to future glory as a reward, but that he who is fit for future glory must possess the qualities which ensure his doing his duty here. And the converse is true; for he who wilfully and habitually neglects his duty, gives ground for the suspicion that he is without the grace of God which sanctifies and purifies the life.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

THE Holston (Tenn.), Conference District Epworth League held a Spring rally on April 20, in the First Church, Knoxville. Fully four hundred delegates were in attendance, and about three hundred attended the sunrise prayer meeting, at 5:30 A. M. As an indication of the progress of the movement in the district, it was noted that sixty Leagues reported at this rally, while at the one in October, there were only twenty-four. The increase in membership was about a thousand. Rev. E. S. Lewis, D. D., pastor of Trinity Church, Cincinnati, took the place of Dr. Schell, the General Secretary, who was prevented by sickness from attending the rally. Dr. Lewis conducted the Question Box, and gave an address on "How to Conduct the Devotional Meeting."—Newburg District held its third annual convention at Middletown, N. Y. The meetings were large and enthusiastic. The officers elected for the year were Rev.O. H. Merchant, President; Corresponding Secretary, Rev. DeWitt B. Thompson; Recoiding Secretary, Miss I. M. Benton; Treasurer, Miss Lizzie Thompson.—One of the most successful District Conventions of the year was that held on May 4 and 5, in the Nostraud Avenue Church, Brooklyn. It was the Second General Conference District Convention, which comprises thirty presiding elders' districts. Beside the six delegates from each district there was a large attendance from local Leagues of the city and neighborhood.—At least ten thousand delegates are expected to be at Cleveland, O., on June 29, to attend the great national convention. This will be an average of one delegate from each chapter. Probably all the Chapters will not be represented, but the deficiencies of the more distant Chapters will be more than balanced by those near the city.

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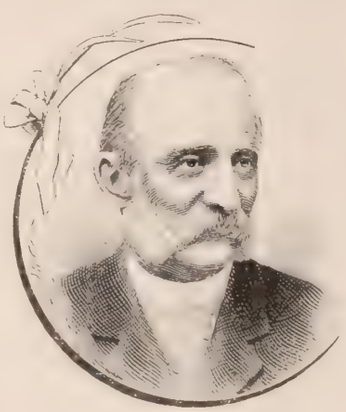
HE WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD

MR. HENRY W. EASTMAN, one of the founders and manager of the Friendly Inn, Baltimore, Md , whose admirable work was described in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a few weeks ago, died



THE LATE MR. HENRY W. EASTMAN.

on Sunday, April 30th. Mr. Eastman was a man of heart and purpose, and went constantly "about doing good." He was a philanthropist who tried to build up both the souls and bodies of men and especially aimed to help men to help themselves. He was peculiarly fitted for the position he held, and brought to the Master's service rare qualities for the special work. Under his skilful management, the buildings of the Friendly Inn multiplied, its field of benevolence was widened, and it became a blessing to those who most needed help. Mr. Eastman was an untiring worker for the upbuilding of this practical charity. He was greatly loved and will be missed by hundreds to whom his kindly presence was an inspiration and a blessing. The Friendly Inn Building has recently been renewed and rebuilt, and will continue to carry on the good work which Mr. Eastman, together with his associates, Mr. Daniel Miller, Dr. Chisholm and Mr. D. W. Glass, founded and established in the spirit of Christian helpfulness.

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THE Y. M. C. A. OF NEW YORK STATE

THE April issue of "State Notes of Young Men's Christian Associations of New York," contains facts and figures of the growth of this work in New York State during the past year. We note that there are 150 associations in the State, with 113 General Secretaries and 68 assistants; also 33 Physical Directors, who have in charge the Physical Department of Association work. This feature marks a wonderful growth in that so many men are giving their entire time as Secretaries to this department of Christian work. There are 45 buildings owned by the Association, with a valuation of $3,004,250. 141 of the 150 associations have an aggregate membership of 38,044,with 10,918 active members. There are 27 associations among railroad men, 18 in the colleges of the State, 4 among German, and 1 for French-speaking young men. There is an organized work for boys in 58 of the Associations, having their own religious meetings and Bible classes. Although the work of the Association is so largely preventive in its nature, over 1,200 professed conversions are given.

An interesting report of the Saratoga Convention held in February last is also contained in this number. Addresses upon different forms of Association work by prominent clergymen and Association men are included with the practical discussions and papers contained in the very full programme.

The "State Notes" including this report can be had by application to the State Executive Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations, No. 40 East 23rd Street, New York City.

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THE INTERNATIONAL Y. W. C. A. CONVENTION

A MOST enthusiastic gathering was that which assembled at Toledo, O., April 27-30 for the International Convention of Young Women's Christian Associations. Two hundred and seventeen young women were present as delegates from Associations in Canada and fifteen States of the Union. An invitation was presented from the Associations in Great Britain to unite with them in forming a World's Young Women's Christian Association. After some discussion this was accepted. The report of the International Committee showed that new Associations had organized since last session in 1891,in Lowell, Harlem,Los Angeles, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Indianapolis, Detroit, Pittsburg, Leland Stanford, Jr. University, Chicago University, Northfield Seminary and many other prominent cities and colleges. Several interesting addresses were delivered by eminent persons. Dr. Thomas C. Hall, Chicago, spoke on "Neglected Rights Worth Contending for;" Mr. L. D. Wishard, New York City, presented the claims of Young Women of the Orient; Prof. W. W. White of Xenia Theological Seminary conducted Bible lessons from Philippians. Leading Association members presented papers on the business, social, physical, intellectual and spiritual departments.

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C. E. LEADERS AT MONTREAL.

As at former Christian Endeavor Conventions, there will be denominational conferences at Montreal, in the various churches. The following list of the denominations, and the pastors who have promised to preside at the respective conferences, has been prepared by Mr. J. Willis Baer, the General Secretary:

Christian, Rev. T. S. Weeks, Wolfeborough, N. H.

Reformed (Dutch), Rev. A. DeW. Mason, Boonton, N. J.

Friends, Rev. M. M. Binford, Carthage, Ind.

United Presbyterian, Rev. W. H. McMillan, D. D., Allegheny, Penn.

United Brethren, Rev. R. L. Swain, Westerville, O.

Disciples of Christ, Rev. J. H. Wright, West Liberty, O.

Methodist Protestant, Rev. A. L. Reynolds, New Brighton, Penn.

Baptist, Rev. W. H. Geistweit, Minneapolis, Minn.

Lutheran, Rev. M. Rhodes, D. D., St. Louis, Mor

Moravian, Rev. C. E. Eberman, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Congregational, Rev. James L. Hill, D. D., Medford, Mass.

Evangelical Association, Rev. J. Berg Esenwein, Lebanon, Penn.

Canadian Presbyterian, Rev. William Patterson, Toronto, Ont.

Reform Episcopalian, Rev. William Tracy, Philadelphia, Penn.

Protestant Episcopal (joint rally, Canadian and United States), Rev. J. B. Richardson, London, Ont.

Methodists of Canada, Methodist Episcopal, and Methodist Episcopal, South, Joint rally, Rev. A. M. Phillips, Toronto, Ont.

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NOTES OF THE ORDERS.

There are now 557 Christian Endeavor Societies in England.

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Christian Endeavor Societies who wish to assist in Presbyterian Home Missions under the Women's Executive Board, should write Miss Elizabeth M. Wishard, 53 Fifth Ave., New York for information.

The Family and Home Circle

A ROYAL SILVER WEDDING.

Humbert and Margherita and their Simple Domestic Life—A Peep into a Palace.

GALA days indeed for the sons and daughters of "Sunny Italy" were those during which, a few weeks ago, the "Silver Wedding" of King Humbert and Queen Margherita was celebrated throughout the kingdom. Of course there were the usual fetes, fireworks and banquets and the inevitable state balls, at which fashion in all the pride and pomp of officialism displayed itself to the multitude. But the quiet celebration in the royal palace itself was not for the common gaze.

There is quite a pleasant story current in the Italian Court, concerning the early acquaintance of Humbert and the Princess Margherita, which illustrates the truth that, as a rule, affection is not a considerable factor in royal marriages. However, it is undeniable that in the case of these two, the arrangement turned out to be a fortunate one. In 1868 Prince Humbert was twenty-four years old, and his father wished to find him a wife. The wife destined for him — an Austrian Archduchess — had died. One day Victor Emmanuel told his Prime Minister, General Menabrea, that he must absolutely find a spouse for the Prince. To this peremptory command the soldier quietly remarked that she was already found, and he mentioned the Princess Margherita, the beautiful daughter of the Duke of Genoa and niece of the King. Victor Emmanuel was at first surprised, but resolved to make inquiries into the Princess's character, and to pay her an unexpected visit. He set out for Turin, and was charmed with all he saw. The marriage was in due course arranged, and on April 21, 1868, was celebrated with great pomp at Turin.

On the death of old King Victor Emmanuel, Prince Humbert ascended the throne, but his new responsibilities made no change in the happiness of his domestic life. Many are the anecdotes which are related in illustration of the manner in which he and the simple Queen live. The King, in contrast to the Queen, is quite inartistic in his tastes, and, above all, has no ear for music. The Queen, some years back, found it needful to wear spectacles in order to read. These glasses annoyed the King, who, when he saw them going up, would say at once, "Margherita, put down those glasses." She did not obey. "Margherita, if you don't take off those glasses I shall sing," and she has such a dread of his false notes that she obeyed at once to save herself from that torment.

Queen Margherita is as accomplished as she is beautiful. She speaks a number of foreign languages, and with German and French literature she has quite an extensive acquaintance.

A writer who has enjoyed the privilege of a personal acquaintance with the Queen for many years, thus speaks of her girlhood: "At sixteen she was a slender and remarkably graceful girl, somewhat above the average height of women, with brilliant, fair complexion, glossy golden hair, and large, bright blue eyes. To me she appeared to be one of the most amiable, cheerful and vivacious girls I had ever seen. From Piedmontese dames, who had one time or another been in waiting upon her mother and herself, I learned that she was an adept in every kind of needlework, useful and ornamental, a skilled executant upon the pianoforte and zither, an agreeable singer of *lieder* and *stornelli*, and an able artist.

AN ITALIAN SILVER WEDDING—KING HUMBERT AND QUEEN MARGHERITA.

Apropos of needlework, in which 'Madame Marguerite's' interest has been steadfastly maintained during the past quarter of a century, I may here reproduce a true story related to me on her wedding-eve by one of the ladies above referred to, in illustration of the Princess's goodness of heart and earnest patriotism. As soon as the date of her marriage day was fixed, early in February, 1868, preparations for the *trousseau* were at once commenced, and it was proposed to order the dresses, laces, linen—in fact all the articles of which a royal bride's countless toilettes are composed—direct from Paris. On hearing of this project the Princess at once insisted that the making of every article of dress required for nuptial equipment should be confided to the local charitable institutions, schools and refuges, of which she was an indefatigable and generous patroness. She was told that the things would be badly made, and replied that if she was satisfied with them no one else need be discontented. 'But there will be no time for their completion.' 'If not, let those articles which cannot be got ready by my little people be ordered from abroad, if you like; but by Turin tradesfolk, so that my fellow-countrymen may derive whatever benefit be attainable by them from my marriage.' Her commands were literally obeyed."

The noble behavior of King Humbert, the *Re Cavaliere sco* ("Cavalier King"), during the last great cholera epidemic in Southern Italy, when he braved death, week after week, by house-to-house visiting among the victims of that deadly malady, is still fresh in the public memory, as well as his touching kindness to the sorrow-stricken mother of his would-be assassin, Passanante. This is certain: that a more chivalric soldier, devoted patriot, and high-souled man than Humbert, has rarely worn a diadem of European sovereignty.

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Indian Baby-brides.

IN an article written by Soonderai B. Power, on infant marriage in India, the writer says: "The day a girl is born, her people begin to speak of her marriage, and are in search of a husband; and if they come across a small baby boy, at once they promise his parents that they will be glad to give their daughter to their son. As soon as they agree with each other, the father of the son sends some jewels to the girl.

Then they have pleasant dinner parties, and both families send sweetmeats to their relatives and friends. From that time these children are engaged. The girl must be a wife before she is ten years old. Sometimes the children are married in their cradles. The expensive jewels and dresses the children cannot wear, so they decorate the cradles with them. Higher classes of people have to give a dowry to their daughters. Among the lower classes they sell their children as we do animals.

'When an offer is made for a girl, the buyer will say to the father of the girl, 'If you will give your daughter to my son, I shall give you two hundred rupees for her.' Then her father says,

"'Our daughter is very pretty and active. We will take at least five hundred rupees for her.' Then the other replies, 'Very well; take three hundred rupees.' In this way they bargain.

"In the Marwadi caste, the girl is not married soon, because one thousand rupees are required if the girl is one year older. If a girl is ten years old, her parents get ten thousand; if she is fourteen years old, her parents get fourteen thousand, and so on. Poor girls of India, they are to be pitied."

SOUL HOUSES.

FROM cellar unto attic, all is clean
Nothing there is that need evade the eye:
All the dark places by the world unseen,
Are as well ordered as what open lie.

From winter's revelry and summer's ease,
Souls seem to get as foul as houses do;
Each spring, each autumn, revolution sees;
And they are "swept and garnished all anew."

Spirit, how is it with those rooms of thine?
What front the world look very clean and fair;
Thy curtains are so white, thy windows shine.
Are dirt and cobwebs hiding anywhere?

Ah! souls are houses; and to keep them well,
Nor, spring and autumn, mourn their wretched plight,
To daily toil must vigilance compel,
Right underneath God's scrutinizing light.

—CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

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THE OLD ROCKER

YOU see the edge of that rocker, worn quite deep? That is where her foot was placed while she sat with her knitting or sewing, on summer afternoons, while the bees hummed at the door and the shout of the boy at the oxen was heard afield. From the way the rocker is worn, I think that sometimes the foot must have been very tired and the ankle very sore; but I do not think she stopped for that. When such a cradle as that got a-going, it kept on for years.

Scarlet-fever came in the door, and we all had it; and oh how the cradle did go! We contended as to who should lie in it, for sickness, you know, makes babies of us all. But after a while we surrendered it to Charlie. He was too old to lie in it, but he seemed so very, very sick; and with him in the cradle it was "Rock!" "Rock!" "Rock!" But one day, just as long ago as you can remember, the cradle stopped. When a child is asleep, there is no need of rocking. Charlie was asleep. He was sound asleep. Nothing would wake him. He needed taking up. Mother was too weak to do it.

The neighbors came in to do that, and put a flower, fresh out of the garden-dew, between the two still hands. The fever had gone out of the cheek, and left it white, very white—the rose exchanged for the lily. There was one less to contend for the cradle. It soon started again, and with a voice not quite so firm as before, but more tender, the old song came back: "Bye! bye! bye!" which meant more to you than "*Il Trovatore*," rendered by an opera troupe in the presence of an American audience, all leaning forward and nodding, to show how well they understood Italian.

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Teasing.

LET sisters not begrudge the time and care bestowed on a brother. It is hard to believe that any boy you know so well as your brother can ever turn out anything very useful. Well, he may not be a Moses. There is only one of that kind needed for six thousand years. But I tell you what your brother will be—either a blessing or a curse to society, and a candidate for happiness or wretchedness. He will, like Moses, have the choice between rubies and living coals, and your influence will have much to do with his decision. He may not, like Moses, be the deliverer of a nation, but he may, after your father and mother are gone, be the deliverer of a household.

BRAVE BARBARA

THE STORY OF AN OLD BIBLE

By J. JACKSON WRAY and WM. H. WITHROW.

CHAPTER X.

ON THE BATTLE FIELD.

OUR loyal immigrants were anxious to take up land at once, as their wont was by the tilling of the soil. But the disturbed condition of the country forbade this, made it, indeed, almost impossible. It was like enough that these seekers after rest and quiet were again to be disturbed by the ravages of war.

So the Governor of Montreal, who had received them with such favor and showed them such kindness, dissuaded them from settling down for the present on any grant of land; and he offered the men constant work and liberal wages in strengthening the defences of the town. In a little while the united families were comfortably bestowed in a large and disused storehouse not far from the Government quarters. Here they had a roomy and comfortable home of their own, but even then they did not unlink themselves from Jean Baptiste and his wife Marie.

Scarcely had our little party of adventurers got themselves happily and comfortably housed in their new home in the empty store rooms of the Government premises, and in immediate contiguity to the barracks, than they were once more committed to a season of agitation and unrest. The Governor-General of Canada, Sir Guy Carleton, resolved to recapture, if possible, the two strong forts of Crown Point and Ticonderoga, which had been seized by the insurgent colonists across the border.

He called upon the land-owners of the province, and their tenantry, to provide militiamen for the purposes of war, according to the terms on which they held the soil from the British Crown. Many of the "seigneurs," as the proprietors were called, responded to the call, but the tenants, who had not forgotten the hardships of the last war, denied their liability to further military service, and severely stopped at home. The Governor who had only about eight hundred regular soldiers under his command for the protection of the province, issued a proclamation, declaring the country under martial law, and calling out the militia in imperious terms. But the more he called, the more they would not come. The mandate of Bishop De Briand, the French Metropolitan of the diocese was added to this, but without avail.

As soon as this fact was discovered by the American Colonists, they began to invade Canada, in the firm belief that its people sympathized with the Republic, and would join in the general revolt, and were only waiting for the coming of an armed force to join in the Revolution, which was to establish a new American nation in the land from Hudson's Bay to the Mississippi. This decision was instantly followed by the advance of an army of over a thousand men, under General Schuyler. Crossing the river St. Lawrence by night, a force of over three hundred men sought to take Montreal by surprise. In the dim dawn of a September morning, Brave Barbara Heck was aroused by a great commotion in the barrack-[illegible], and yet the shrill blare of the bugle rent the air, and the rapid roll and throb of drum beat up the men to arms. The soldiers rushed from their quarters to take their places in their companies, buckling on their belts and adjusting their accoutrements as they ran. Ball cartridges were served out in hot haste, and the brave fellows filed out through the narrow streets to the western gate.

Brave Barbara, followed by her husband and her ever-present comrades, felt that she was wanted, or would be, when the deadly onset should arrive, hastened after them, and soon discovered that her instincts had led her right. The soldiers were only two hundred and eighty men, all told. They found themselves face to face with a superior force, and the hurly-burly began. The Americans had taken up their position behind some farmhouses barns, etc., just outside the walls; and soon the crack of guns, the shouts of contending foes, and the groans of the wounded, were heard upon the morning air!

After a sharp and desperate struggle the decimated forces recrossed the river, but not until they had left both dead and dying on the fiercely-fought field. The defenders, though not so severely handled, had to mourn considerable loss, mainly in sorely-wounded men, and among these latter were Colonel Featherstone, the officer in command, and Major Wilson, a militia officer, who was also a leading merchant of the city, and a man of great influence.

These were tended, nursed, and cared for by Barbara and Mary Embury, to whom it was owing, under God, that they did not perish as the result of the short, but fearful fray. With her own hands the brave and ever-ready Barbara had fetched some bundles of straw from a neighboring barn. A rude couch was formed of these, and the two wounded men were carried by Paul Heck, John Lawrence and Michael Finnigan, and placed in the kindly and gentle care of the two women, who were "ministering angels, good at need," and whose precious help in that testing hour was never forgotten by the wounded warriors whom they kept in life.

No sooner were their patients cared for, and placed in the ward of the barrack-surgeons than our volunteer nurses busied themselves among the wounded soldiers; and many a hearty "God bless you!" made music in their ears from the lips of the brave fellows whose pains they soothed, and whose path they smoothed towards the "bourne from which no traveler returns."

Amongst the rest of the sufferers who had "chanced upon that evil hour" was Ned Stennit, who had spoken so strongly about "them Methody Swaddlers" and their abominable doings in Flanders. Ned was lying in the rude impromptu hospital which had been set up in a farmer's barn; and as he lay, sore wounded and helpless on the heap of straw which did duty for a bed, he found occasion to modify his opinion on that subject. Barbara Heck and her friend, Mary Embury, those two true "sisters of mercy," had tended him so kindly, had visited him so constantly, and had done so much to relieve and comfort him, that he made haste to unburden his conscience concerning them.

It so happened that our quaint friend and favorite, Lucky Mike, was put in charge of the prostrate Ned, and of half-a-dozen other wounded men, Geoffrey Higgs, the officer's man who refused to obey Ned's orders about Barbara, among the rest.

"Mike Finnigan's my name, comrades," he had said, when he was put in charge, "or, rather Lucky Mike, if you plase, an' all the luckier if 'I can do the laist bit in the world to make yo' a saft spot on the straw, or whatever a willin' hand can do to make ye aisy, now. Sure an ye ye've only got to give yer orders, lads, an' Lucky Mike, that stands fornenst ye is yer humble sarvint."

As he spoke, he ran his fingers through his towsled hair; it would not submit to treatment; his face and eyes were lighted up with a peculiar blend of sympathy and humor, and the "lads" took to him at once.

"Orders, is it?" said one of them, "then in the devil's name give us a drink o' water, Pat!"

All the poor, thirsty sufferers followed suit and the call for water was heard on every side.

"Look here, me bhoys!" said Mike, quietly, taking no notice of the somewhat contemptuous "Pat," which would once have electrified every hair of his red head, and have produced a response more pat than pleasant—"you shall hav' the wather at wance, an' the best that's on the brew; but not in the name av the divil, av ye plase. Sure, and I'll hev' nothing to do with the ould, black-hearted haythen. In the name of the blessed Lord Jesus, ye shall have it." Leaving the barn, he made haste to fetch the coveted supply.

"He's another o' them Methodies," said Geoffrey Higgs to Ned Stennit, who lay near: "they can't be such a bad set after all."

"I've had nowt to say of 'em besides black words an' hard curses; but if the Swaddlers are much o' the same kidney as them two women and this kind hearted brick of an Irishman, all I've got to say is, the Swaddlers may swaddle for all me; and I'm not sure that a bit o' Methody mixture, whatever it is, mightn't be good medicine for me."

By this time Mike had returned with the "cup of cold water" which in his Master's name, he had brought for each of those over whom he had watch and ward. In each case Mike kept the refreshing beverage in his own hands; lifting it to the parched lips of the applicants, so that they should not overpass the doctor's regulations; and passing round and round again, so that the poor fellows might have enough. A general expression of content rewarded him, and he smilingly advised his patients to compose themselves to sleep. "Sleep! not much!" said one. "It 'll be time enough for that at sun-down."

"I say, Mike," cried Ned Stennit. "You might sing us a song, old fellow. Give us 'The Green Hills of Killarney,' or 'The Limerick Bells.'"

"I'll sing to ye," said Mike with a laugh, thinking to himself as he spoke, that he was Lucky Mike once again, and straightway he sung, and sung well, for Mike had a remarkable faculty in this direction, an old and favorite ditty which was familiar to them all. He was pressed, as he was expecting to be, to sing them yet another, and readily consented.

"With the greatest pleasure in life," said Mike. "The wan that I sung for ye just now, was an ould wan, now you shall have a new wan, as purty a beauty, sure, as was ever set to music. The music's good, but the words are better, swater an' more—but there," said he, as if giving up the effort at description in despair, you shall hear for yourselves. I only wish the Mistress were to the fore, for it's her that can——"

"Who's the Misthress, as you call her?" said Ned.

"Cushla ma chree!" said Mike, speaking with an earnestness and energy that showed his whole soul to be in the expression, an expression which, being tamely translated into English, means "The vein of my heart," and which did not inaptly describe the depth of his devotion. "Cushla ma chree!" said Mike a second time, "that's who the Mistress is, God bless her! an' it's her that could char-r-m the sowls o' ye wi' the new song that I towld ye av."

While these and kindred sentences were being interchanged, who should make her appearance on the scene but brave Barbara, who, accompanied by John Lawrence, had brought the wounded soldiers an appetising dish of nourishing food suited to their invalided condition; and Ned Stennit and Geoffrey Higgs, as spokesmen for the rest, were quick to voice their thanks in rough and vigorous, but genuine language of the heart.

"It's just a mother you are to the lot of us," said Ned, with real feeling. "You wont mind what I said consarnin' the Methodies, will you, ma'am? 'Twas the jabber of a misbe-knowin' fool, an'—

"There, that's enongh, and more than enough," said Barbara, laying her hand gently on his brow. You are not to get excited; and you didn't know the truth. The Methodies, as you call us, are only simple, honest folk who love the Lord Jesus, and dearly want to get other folks to do the same. "Listen, lads," she said, looking round upon the wounded men, "I'm going to sing a new song. You're fond of singing; all soldiers are. Its just a song for tired and wounded ones like you."

As Barbara's sweet, clear voice gave forth the strains of "Jesus, Lover of My Soul!" her audience of wounded soldiers were hushed into an awed, yet rapt and wistful silence. Even those whose pains were wont to extort a half-suppressed groan or a muttered curse, seemed to find, in the sweet chords, an anodyne that made them forget. Needless to say, the "Sister of Mercy," winsome messenger of Jesus, put all her soul into her singing, and when she came to the words,

> Other refuge have I none,
> Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,

it seemed as though a mute confession sat upon the face of every pallid listener, and as if the very air was like enough to vibrate of itself with the strength of their conscious need. By-and-by the singer sounded the exultant and trustful note, "Thou, O Christ, art all I want." One of the poor fellows, a young soldier who had been fearfully wounded and had borne his sufferings with heroic patience, raised himself on end, despite the pain it cost him. He fixed his eyes upon the singer, smiled his thanks with such intensity of meaning that Barbara had much ado to master the choking in her throat, and, lifting his hand, he said, "All I want," and fell upon his bed of straw.

The rest of the song remained unsung. Barbara, in another moment, was kneeling by his side, while John Lawrence hastened off in search of the barrack-surgeon. It was evident, however, that the end had nearly come. The young soldier had swooned away, and came to himself again while Barbara, on her knees, was pouring out her soul to God in prayer. Again the soldier, evidently dying, smiled upon her, looked up and whispered, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." The doctor came; the soldier shook his head, and said, as he lifted his eyes once again, "All I want." With his hand laid within the palm of the tearful and sympathetic Barbara, he passed away, the smile upon his face still bearing witness of the "plenteous grace" he had found as he sank to rest.

The effect upon the soldiers was so great that it caused a silence deep and profound, a "powerful silence," as it was well called by Mike Finnigan. It was broken by Barbara, who spoke of the soldier's happy departure to be with Christ, and of their equal share in the Lover of souls. Then she sang the final stanza of the immortal hymn amid the lingering strains of which Private Rodwell had soared to heaven; and every listener caught the glorious message and felt its power as she voiced the glorious proclamation, "Plenteous grace in Christ is found."

The outcome of the startling episode in the early days of Brave Barbara's career in Canada, was a revival of religion in the barracks themselves; and in the city, too, for the spacious bakery-room of Jean Baptiste Lafarge was placed at the disposal of our religious reformers. Paul Heck, John Lawrence and Michael Finnigan, aided by Mary Lawrence, and, shall I say, led by Brave Barbara, held evangelistic services and thus planted a vital and immortal tree of life in the heart of the city, which until now had been mainly under the domination of "La Vierge," and the superstitions which had gathered round her name.

I cannot find space to dwell on this most interesting chapter in Barbara's history. It must suffice to say that her new and right worthy friend, Marie Lafarge, became also her comrade in Christian pilgrimage and active religious labor, and the simple way in which Marie told the story of how she transferred her trust from "La Vierge" to Jesus, her Saviour, told as it was in her broken English, had no small share in trimming and brightening the Gospel lamp that shines so luminously in Montreal to-day.

Among those who were, at any rate, partially drawn within the Methodist net, was none other than the keen old soldier, Major Featherstone, who had tried to induce John Lawrence to enlist in the service of George the Third. The remarkable skill and gentle kindness with which Barbara had ministered to his needs as a nurse in his wounded condition, had led him to weigh her whole character and her Methodism in balances free from prejudice. He had seen service in Flanders, where the Methodist movement was strongly represented, and he was compelled to acknowledge that the Methodist soldiery who had been under his command were men, than whom none were braver and few were relied on better or trusted more.

Major Featherstone found a real satisfaction, and in truth much profit, in the long conversation he had with his volunteer nurse; and it may well be believed that the ready Barbara lost no opportunity of preaching to him in one form or another, mainly in a seemingly unconscious way, the Gospel of her Lord and Master.

On one occasion Paul and his heroic wife happened to be in conversation when the Major entered with the news that the two forts of Chambly and St. John were in danger of siege from the forces of the revolted colonies: and that volunteers were being enrolled to defend the forts and repulse the invaders.

"I say, Heck," said the Major, "why don't you, together with that fine fellow Lawrence, take service for the king? With your steady habits and superior ability, you would be sure of promotion when the campaign's over."

"Service for the king!" said Paul, all alive with fervor in a moment; "I already serve the Best of Kings, and to be a good soldier of Jesus Christ is just the best and biggest ambition of my life. As for king George, I am quite willing to suffer, if need be. But fight for him, or for anybody else, I cannot. They that use the sword shall perish by the sword; and my Master says, 'Vengeance is Mine.'"

"You are an unpracticable sort of fellow, Heck," said the Major. "If all men were of your belief, our business would soon be at an end. However would this queer world wag if all men were of your way of thinking?"

"I expect the widows and orphans of his Majesty's slain soldiers, and the thousands of unhappy families who are ruined and stricken by the accursed business, and the multitudes who really believe in the brotherhood of man, would wag on more merrily and cheerily if wars should cease unto the ends of the earth. The Bible says that the day is coming when the nations shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks, and they shall not learn war any more. And my business, and every Christian's business, is to help on that glorious day!"

(To be Continued.)

SAVED BY A MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

IN a distant city, in a saloon of the lowest type, a man was shot and fatally injured during a drunken brawl. It caused no great commotion, as it was a common occurrence. He was taken to the hospital where he lay on the snow-white cot unconscious; but kind, pitying faces bending over him, seemed to warm him to life again, and bring the wandering mind back, somewhat. As he lay thus, a picture floated before him—a picture of a room, humble, though as neat and tidy as the untiring mother-hands could make it; before the broad old-fashioned fireplace sat a figure that in days gone by had been as dear to him as life itself. The face was one of those sweet, patient ones that seem to express nothing but love and kindness, and as he gazed on it, he heard a voice, as sweet and low as the sighing of the summer breeze. Hark! you can catch the words:

Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed;

The little form in her arms nestles closer as the song goes on:

Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

As the last soft notes died away the little tot slipped out of her arms and knelt at her knee, and the childish voice lisped a prayer. She lifted her wee darling in her strong, loving arms and printing a mother's good-night kiss on the round cheek, she placed him in his tiny bed.

For a moment all was dark, then again he saw that little room; he could hear the soft breathing of the wee sleeper, and kneeling by the little bed, with her hands uplifted and her eyes suffused with tears, was that loving young mother, pleading with God to care for and guide her boy, and make him a good, pure man. The picture again faded; his features worked convulsively, and the nurse bending over him, caught the whisper, "Oh! God of my boyhood days, forgive!"

Once more came the panoramic view before him, the same room, the same form sitting before the fire, the same sweet, patient face, though the cheek was not so round, and the wrinkles had chased away the dimples, and there were silver threads among the gold; but there was no tiny form in her arms; no, they were empty now, and the hands, clasped so tightly in her lap, looked worn and weary, but that upturned face was so full of yearning and love, and the eyes that gazed into the fire were filled with such intense longing! The pale, trembling lips, though silent, seemed in his fancy to be uttering a prayer for her boy. With a cry of anguish he threw out his arms to clasp that loved form, but it was gone. The tears flowed in torrents over the hard cheeks, upon the pillow; his lips quivered, he clasped his hands, and in a voice of perfect agony, he exclaimed, "Oh God! I have been so wicked! How could I have strayed so far from that angel mother's prayers and love. Pity me, oh, my mother's God, before it be too late."

Suddenly his face lit up with a light almost divine; he seemed to be gazing into the beyond, his hands quietly dropped on his breast, the light gradually faded from his eyes, the breath came slower and slower, until finally it ceased, but that sweet, glad smile still lingered. And the watchers that stood around the cot of that poor, homeless, degraded and forsaken wretch, looked into each others tearful eyes and nodded, as much as to say, "Surely, like the thief on the cross, he has passed through the gate into Paradise." J. BURRITT PEIRCE.

A STUDENT AT SEVENTY-FIVE.

HENRY CHAPMAN is the oldest student in Princeton Seminary. He is in his seventy-fifth year. Fifty years ago he wanted to enter the ministry, but was too poor to secure an education. Recently by the death of a brother he inherited considerable money and the longing of his youth returned. He is now studying theology with enthusiasm.

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should early learn the necessity of keeping on hand a supply of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk for nursing babies as well as for general cooking. It has stood the test for 30 years. Your Grocer and Druggist sell it.

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European physicians and medical journals report a positive cure for Asthma, in the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola Compound by mail to all sufferers from Asthma, who send name and address on a postal card. A trial costs you nothing.

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Hood's Cures

Miss Huntley.

The marvellous cure of Miss Lettie Huntley of Cortlandt, N. Y., has attracted widespread attention. She was nigh to death's door with hemorrhages caused by ulcers in the stomach. Could eat nothing. When the physicians said **there was no hope,** her mother urged her to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. She reluctantly consented, and in a few days felt stronger, bloating subsided, appetite gradually returned, and in a month she **could walk across the room.** In six months she was as well as ever in her life, and has been **in perfect health** ever since. She says: "I know that

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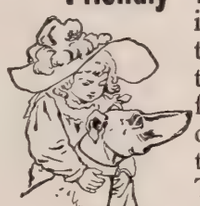

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BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VA., September 29, 1892.

Colonel Thomas F. Goode:

Dear Sir:—It is now four weeks since I reached Buffalo Lithia Springs, suffering from the effects of recurrent attacks of acute articular gout in both feet, which had lasted and confined me to bed for two months. Though I had biennally, sometimes annually, suffered for short periods, the malady on this last occasion was more violent than before and threatened to take a chronic form. My digestive organs were impaired, my health was shattered, I was crippled, and calcareous deposits were appearing on both feet. Directly on my arrival I copiously used the water of Spring No. 2 conjointly with daily hot baths. A fortnight later I was in condition to walk without the use of crutches, the swelling and inflammation of the parts had measurably subsided, and my health improved. To-day my general health is better than it has been in twelve months, the deposition of uric-acid sediment is dissipated, and my feet, though sensitive to pressure, are restored to their normal condition. Respectfully yours, COLTON GREENE.

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Statement of Mr. Charles Bernaschina, of Hot Springs, Ark.

Proprietor of Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va.:

Dear Sir:—I cheerfully place at your disposal the following statement, showing the remarkable benefit which I have derived from the Buffalo Lithia Waters in a case of Gout. I am a resident of the Hot Springs, Ark. In October, 1885, I was attacked with Rheumatic Gout, in a very severe form, being confined to my bed until the April following. For fourteen consecutive months I used the hot baths, and visited many of the noted mineral resorts of the country, and from time to time since have made use of the hot baths, but without finding any relief. Chalky deposits formed in most of my joints, I was unable to walk or to use my hands. Four months ago to-day I arrived at these Springs, and was for some time after confined to my bed. At the expiration of six weeks slight improvement was perceptible, the chalky deposits began to disappear, and I have continued to improve to the present time, and to an extent that I consider, under the circumstances, almost marvelous, the chalky deposits having almost disappeared. I am now in vigorous general health, and walk readily and actively, walking often several miles over the surrounding hills, and am able to use my hands in dressing myself and at the table, which I was not able to do previous to coming to the Springs.

You are doubtless aware of the fact that my case has attracted unusual attention among your many guests from all parts of the country.

Yours very respectfully,

August 6th, 1892. CHAS. BERNASCHINA.

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FREE Dr. Judd's Electric Belt and Battery Combined, sent to anyone on trial, free Price $3, $6, $10, $15 if satisfied. Cures Rheumatism, Lame Back, Effects of La Grippe, Weakness of either Sex, other diseases. Headache Relieved in One Minute. Free Medical Advice. Electric Trusses. Give Size. Agents Wanted.
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D. S. WILTBERGER, Proprietor, 233 North 2d St., Phila., Pa.

BIBLE STUDY IN CHINA.

THE holding of an advanced Bible-class at Kui-su, China, is described in a letter from Rev. J. M. Foster to the *Baptist Missionary Magazine*. He says: I arranged to be at Kui-su, a centrally located chapel in my portion of the field, during the month of January, or the last part of the eleventh and the first half of the twelfth month of the Chinese year. Invitation was given to church members and attendants at chapels to come and study as long as they could leave their home duties; all who were able to bring their own rice should do so. The chapel is not large, so the boat Hope was detailed to serve as accommodation for the two native teachers, and any others not provided for at the chapel. The whole was an experiment, but it was made the subject of prayer, and has apparently been blessed to the good of those who came. The average attendance was about eight, though twelve or more different ones were present, evenly divided between church members and those not yet baptized.

Among the latter was *a Chinese school teacher* to whom a former preacher gave some tracts more than fifteen years ago. He has never manifested any very deep concern about the truth, but was sufficiently interested to come and study for these four weeks (Chinese schools are closed during the last few months of the year, because the children are needed at home to help in rice harvest, and in grinding the sugar-cane.) I do not know how much this man was impressed by the truth, but he certainly asked an infinite number of questions, and studied all that the class went over faithfully. His interest in the Bible, too, evidently increased, and he was anxious to get at the meaning of passages. It is very difficult for a school teacher to break away from heathenism, because he is sought to write charms, look out lucky days, and many other like things, besides having a shrine to Confucius in the school room for the children to worship. We hope this man may be so led of the Spirit that he will break away, even at great temporal loss, and quit all these follies, and choose the reproach of Christ rather than his present comfort.

We are encouraged to find that they wish to come again and study in the first part of the Chinese year before rice planting. If we can continue this kind of work, the Christians will be better fitted to assume charge of the services at their stations, and to lead others into the light.

At Pu-Ning we are renting a larger shop, where Dr. Scott expects to begin dispensary work ere long. This is a very important point, and one where we are obliged to move with great caution. There is not one Christian in the Pang clan, which rules the city, and is influential all through the outlying region. The New Year has checked our evangelizing, and kept us at home for a few weeks, but soon all our boats will be in motion again.

THE RIGHT WORD.

A GERMAN emigrant widow sat with her children in the waiting-room of a station. A lady passing to a train, struck by the misery in her face, stopped a moment to speak with her. The stranger had but one instant. She passed a little money into the poor woman's hand and said, "You look sad and lonely, but Jesus is with you! He never will leave you alone!" Ten years afterward the woman said: "That word gave me courage for all my life. When I was a child I knew Christ and loved him. I had forgotten him. That chance word brought me back to him."

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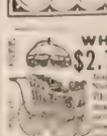

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*From *The Pillar in the Night:* by Rev. J. R. Macduff, D. D; pp. 336; cloth; A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York, publishers.

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The Book of Joshua, one of the series of the Expositor's Bible); by William Garden Blaikie, D.D., LL. D., cloth; pp. 416; price $1.50. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York, publishers.

The Concentration of Wealth: a Study as to its Causes, Results and Remedies; by Albert Chavannes; paper; pp. 107; price 25 cents. True Nationalist Pub. Co., New York, publishers.

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Faith, Hope, Love; these three: Hymns and Metrical Psalms; by Thomas MacKellar, Ph.D.; cloth; top gilt; pp. 262; Porter & Coates, Philadelphia, publishers.

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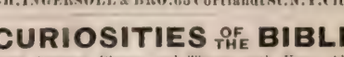

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THE GOSPEL AMONG CANNIBALS.

Rev. Dr. Nassau's Thirty Years' Pioneer Missionary Work on the Ogowe River, in French-Congo, Africa—The Savage Bengas and Galwas—The "Gorilla-Land" of Du Chaillu—Many Native Churches the Result of a Consecrated Life-work.

SOME thirty years ago, the Gospel of Jesus Christ was only known at wide intervals by the tribes of the West Coast of Africa. In those days, missionary work meant much more than it now does; it meant pioneering in the most literal sense, and an abundance of hard work, danger and discomfort. The missionary who then went to the African field did so at much greater risk; for not only were the majority of the tribes still in a savage state, but there was not then any extended European influence in those territories, such as exists at the present time when almost all the civilized governments are working together in the interest of progress and enlightenment. We give below the record of one of those devoted Gospel pioneers who by years of effort and unselfish devotion, have opened up the savage wilderness of the West Coast. This servant of the Master did his share in blazing a path for civilization and Christianity. After nearly thirty years spent in Africa, he has now the gratification of seeing the fruit of his labors in thriving churches and steadily growing congregations, where idolatry, superstition and witchcraft once predominated, with the dark train of vice and wretchedness peculiar to heathen life.

Robert Hamill Nassau was born in Montgomery Co., Pa., in 1835. He entered Princeton, graduating in 1854, and five years later was graduated from the Theological Seminary, and in 1861 from the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania. While still a very young man he took up missionary work, and during his seminary vacations, was a Bible colporteur in Western Missouri and Kansas. Afterward, when he become a missionary in the foreign field, he had many trying experiences, but was probably never nearer to a violent death than on one occasion while colporteuring in Missouri. In the summer of 1857, while the "Border Ruffian" troubles were still fresh, he with a fellow-student happened to be near St. Joe, when a force of armed citizens, hunting for horsethieves, ran across him, and he and his companion were marched to an improvised court. The charge was made that their animal was stolen. It was true that three horses had been missing, and his bore a strong resemblance to one of them. All in vain did he protest his innocence. The situation became serious, with visions of being dragged in the direction of a convenient tree, with a rope held menacingly near.

Finally, the leader of the crowd listened to reason, and decided to afford the young colporteur a chance to prove his innocence. After two weeks' gathering of legal proof of the horse's history for the previous two-and-a-half years, making a story of most remarkable mistaken identity, an alibi, satisfactory even to his captors, was established.

In 1861 Dr. Nassau went out as a missionary under the auspices of the Presbyterian Board, to a station on the island of Corisco, a Spanish colonial possession off the West Coast of Africa, inhabited by a tribe called the Benga. This island station was chosen for the reason that it was supposed to be less unhealthy than the mainland (where the climate is insalubrious owing to poisonous exhalations from the morasses), and that the missionaries could work among the natives to better advantage. They found, however, that Corisco was no healthier than the mainland, and the hope of training the Benga to go out among the other tribes as Gospel workers was doomed to failure.

Dr. Nassau's longest missionary experience was in French-Congo territory, and here, in a most beautiful but savage country, among tribes who had never before heard of the Gospel of Jesus, and many of whom had never even met a white man, he lived and labored successfully for many years, performing noble pioneer missionary work and opening up to others what has since proved a rich spiritual field. In those wilds he had constantly to encounter and overcome not only tremendous natural obstacles, but the suspicion and hostility of savage tribes, some of them cannibals. He found the Bakele, who dwell between the upper and lower courses of the Ogowe River, and the Fans, who occupy most of the region east of the Gaboon, and north of the Ogowe, to be among the most warlike, and frequently at variance with their neighbors and each other. They are light-complexioned muscular and vigorous, and very intelligent, energetic and industrious. Both these tribes practise cannibalism in the inland districts. We give his further experience in his own words:

"My next field after Corisco was at Benita, in the upper part of the French Congo. The worst obstacle to Christian work that I had to encounter was a strong secret society, called the Ukuku, to which men only belonged. It assumed to settle difficulties between individuals that could not be otherwise adjusted and this gave it dignity. The members claimed that the decisions or judgments of the Ukuku were uttered by a spirit or oracle. Some man would change his voice and speak the decision that had been prearranged, and everybody would concede and declare it was the voice of the spirit. If any woman's curiosity should lead her to see the proceedings of the Ukuku, she would be put to death.

"There were no missions there when we went among the Benitas; now there are five prosperous churches. These people believe in a Supreme Being, but, practically, they hold that God, having made man, does not care for him, and we are then left to the operation and control of evil spirits. They believe in a future life. I have known of natives, with their last breath, threatening vengeance upon those who had injured them during life, and saying they would come back and exact retribution. They believe that the future life will be very much like this life; they do not think that there is any marriage, in the future life, but the people eat and drink there as here. Their religious ideas are, of course, very crude.

"We stayed with the Benita people from 1865 till 1871. Then, my first wife having died, I took a furlough and came to this country in 1872 for two years, returning in 1874. I then started a new mission one degree south of the Equator—still pioneering. Indeed the greater part of my missionary work has been that of a pioneer. I started up the Ogowe River in September, 1874, proceeding a distance of 130 miles to a place called Kangwe. My new field was among the Galwa tribe. I had to repeat the same experience of starting in the forest, cutting a way the trees and building a little hut, while we gathered material for a larger house. I have built five houses at different times in mission work. The natives, as a usual thing, have a little mechanical taste and are readily taught simple carpentering.

"I stayed at Kangwe until 1880 and left the station well established, with boys' and girls' schools, and a growing church. The first church on that river, which I organized in 1879, in November, has grown so large that it

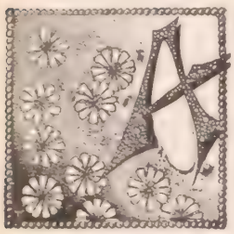
(Continued on page 341.)

ROYAL AFRICAN COURTESIES—DE BRAZZA'S AUDIENCE WITH KING RENOKE.

The Tabernacle Pulpit

ONLY A TOUCH.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., Founded on the Text: "Who touched me." Mark 5: 31



A GREAT crowd of excited people elbowing each other this way and that, and Christ in the midst of the commotion. They were on the way to see him restore to complete health a dying person. Some thought he could effect the cure, others that he could not. At any rate, it would be an interesting experiment. A very sick woman of twelve years' invalidism is in the crowd. Some say her name was Martha, others say it was Veronica. I do not know what her name was; but this is certain: she had tried all styles of cure. Every shelf of her humble home had medicines on it. She had employed many of the doctors of that time when medical science was more rude and rough and ignorant than we can imagine in this time, when the word physician or surgeon stands for potent and educated skill. Professor Lightfoot gives a list of what he supposes may have been the remedies she had applied. I suppose she had been blistered from head to foot, and had tried the compress, and had used all styles of astringent herbs, and she had been mauled and hacked and cut and lacerated until life to her was a plague. Beside that, the Bible indicates her doctors' bills had run up frightfully, and she had paid money for medicines and for surgical attendance and for hygienic apparatus until her purse was as exhausted as her body.

What, poor woman, are you doing in that jostling crowd? Better go home and to bed and nurse your disorders. No! Wan and wasted and faint she stands there, her face distorted with suffering, and ever and anon biting her lip with some acute pain, and sobbing until her tears fall from the hollow eye upon the faded dress; only able to stand because the crowd is so close to her push ing her this way and that. Stand back! Why do you crowd that poor body? Have you no consideration for a dying woman? But just at that time the crowd parts and this invalid comes almost up to Christ; but she is behind him and his human eye does not take her in. She has heard so much about his kindness to the sick, and she does feel so wretched, she thinks if she can only just touch him once it will do her good. She will not touch him on the sacred head, for that might be irreverent. She will not touch him on the hand for that might seem too familiar. She says: "I will, I think, touch him on his coat, not on the top of it, or on the bottom of the main fabric, but on the border, the blue border, the long threads of the fringe of that blue border; there can be no harm in that. I don't think he will hurt me, I have heard so much about him. Beside that, I can stand this no longer. Twelve years of suffering have worn me out. This is my last hope." And she presses through the crowd still further and reaches for Christ, but cannot quite touch him. She pushes still further through the crowd and kneels and puts her finger to the edge of the blue fringe of the border. She just touches it. Quick as an electric shock there thrilled back into her shattered nerves and shrunken veins and exhausted arteries and panting lungs and withered muscles, health, beautiful health, rubicund health. God-given and complete health. The twelve years' march of pain and pang and suffering over suspension-bridge of nerve and through tunnel of bone instantly halted.

Christ recognizes somehow that magnetic and healthful influence through the medium of the blue fringe of his garment had shot out. He turns and looks upon that excited crowd, and startles them with the interrogatory of my text: "Who touched me?" The insolent crowd in substance replied, "How do we know? You get in a crowd like this and you must expect to be jostled. You ask us a question you know we cannot answer." But the roseate and rejuvenated woman came up and knelt in front of Christ, and told of the touch, and told of the restoration, and Jesus said: "Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole. Go in peace." So Mark gives us a dramatization of the Gospel. Oh, what a doctor Christ is! In every one of our households may he be the family physician.

Notice that there is no addition of help to others without subtraction of power from ourselves. The context says that as soon as this woman was healed, Jesus felt that virtue or strength had gone out of him. No addition of help to others without subtraction of strength from ourselves. Did you never get tired for others? Have you never risked your health for others? Have you never preached a sermon, or delivered an exhortation, or offered a burning prayer, and then felt afterward that strength had gone out of you? Then you have never imitated Christ.

Are you curious to know how that garment of Christ should have wrought such a cure for this suppliant invalid? I suppose that Christ was surcharged with vitality. You know that diseases may be conveyed from city to city by garments as in case of epidemic, and so I suppose that garments may be surcharged with health. I suppose that Christ had such physical magnetism that it permeated all his robe down to the last thread on the border of the blue fringe. But in addition to that there was a divine thrill, there was a miraculous potency, there was an omnipotent therapeutics without which this twelve years' invalid would not have been instantly restored.

Now, if omnipotence cannot help others without depletion, how can we ever expect to bless the world without self-sacrifice? A man who gives to some Christian object until he feels it, a man who in his occupation or profession overworks that he may educate his children, a man who on Sunday night goes home, all his nervous energy wrung out by active service in church, or Sabbath-school, or city evangelization, has imitated Christ, and the strength has gone out of him. A mother who robs herself of sleep in behalf of a sick-cradle, a wife who bears up cheerfully under domestic misfortune that she may encourage her husband in the combat against disaster, a woman who by hard saving and earnest prayer and good counsel, wisely given, and many years devoted to rearing her family for God and usefulness and heaven, and who has nothing to show for it but premature gray hairs and a profusion of deep wrinkles, is like Christ, and strength has gone out of her. That strength or virtue may have gone out through a garment she has made for the home, that strength may have gone out through the sock you knit for the barefoot destitute, that strength may go out through the mantle hung up in some closet after you are dead. So a crippled child sat every morning on her father's front step so that when the kind Christian teacher passed by to school she might take hold of her dress and let the dress slide through her pale fingers. She said it helped her pain so much and made her so happy all the day. Aye, have we not in all our dwelling garments of the departed, a touch of which thrills us through and through, the life of those who are gone thrilling through the life of those who stay? But mark you, the principle I evolve from this subject. No addition of health to others unless there be a subtraction of strength from ourselves. He felt that strength had gone out of him.

Notice also in this subject a Christ sensitive to human touch. We talk about God on a vast scale so much we hardly appreciate his accessibility, God in magnitude rather than God in minutiæ, God in the infinite rather than God in the infinitesimal; but here in my text we have a God arrested by a suffering touch. When in the sham trial of Christ they struck him on the cheek we can realize how that cheek tingled with pain. When under the scourging the rod struck the shoulders and back of Christ, we can realize how he must have writhed under the lacerations. But here there is a sick and nerveless finger that just touches the long threads of the blue fringe of his coat, and he looks around and says, "Who touched me?"

We talk about sensitive people, but Christ was the impersonation of all sensitiveness. The slightest stroke of the smallest finger of human disability makes all the nerves of his head and heart and hand and feet vibrate. It is not a stolid Christ, not a phlegmatic Christ, not a preoccupied Christ, not a hard Christ, not an iron-cased Christ, but an exquisitely sensitive Christ that my text unveils. All the things that touch us touch him, if by the hand of prayer we make the connecting line between him and ourselves complete. Mark you, this invalid of the text might have walked through that crowd all day and cried about her suffering, and no relief would have come if she had not touched him. When in your prayer you lay your hand on Christ, you touch all the sympathies of an ardent and glowing and responsive nature.

You know that in telegraphy there are two currents of electricity. So when you put out your hand of prayer to Christ there are two currents—a current of sorrow rolling up from your heart to Christ, and a current of commiseration rolling from the heart of Christ to you. Two currents. Oh, why do you go unhelped? Why do you go wondering about this and wondering about that? Why do you not touch him?

Are you sick? I do not think you are any worse off than this invalid of the text. Have you had a long struggle? I do not think it has been more than twelve years. Is your case hopeless? So was this of which my text is the diagnosis and prognosis. "Oh," you say, "there are so many things between me and God." There was a whole mob between this invalid and Christ. She pressed through and I guess you can press through.

Is your trouble a home trouble? Christ shows himself especially sympathetic with questions of domesticity, as when at the wedding in Cana he alleviated a housekeeper's predicament, as when tears rushed forth at the broken home of Mary and Martha and Lazarus. Men are sometimes ashamed to weep. There are men who if the tears start will conceal them. They think it is unmanly to cry. They do not seem to understand it is manliness and evidence of a great heart. I am afraid of a man who does not know how to cry. The Christ of the text was not ashamed to cry over human misfortune. Look at that deep lake of tears opened by the two words of the evangelist: "Jesus wept!" Behold Christ on the only day of his early triumph marching on Jerusalem, the glittering domes obliterated by the blinding rain of tears in his eyes and on his cheek; for when he beheld the city he wept over it. O man of the many trials, O woman of the heartbreak, why do you not touch him?

"Oh," says some one, "Christ don't care for me. Christ is looking the other way. Christ has the vast affairs of his kingdom to look after. He has the armies of sin to overthrow, and there are so many worse cases of trouble than mine he doesn't care about me, and his face is turned the other way." So his back was turned to this invalid of the text. He was on his way to effect a cure which was famous and popular and wide-resounding. But the context says, "He turned him about." If he was facing to the north he turned to the south; if he was facing to the east he turned to the west. What turned him about? The Bible says he has no shadow of turning. He rides on in his chariot through the eternities. He marches on crushing sceptres as though they were the crackling alders on a brook's bank, and tossing thrones on either side of him without stopping to look which way they fall. From everlasting to everlasting. "He turned him about." He whom all the allied armies of hell cannot stop a minute or divert an inch, by the wan, sick, nerveless finger of human suffering turned clear about.

Oh, what comfort there is in this subject for people who are called nervous. Of course it is a misapplied word in that case, but I use it in the ordinary parlance. After twelve years of suffering, oh, what nervous depression she must have had. You all know that a good deal of medicine taken if it does not cure leaves the system exhausted, and in the Bible in so many words she "had suffered many things of many physicians, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse." She was as nervous as nervous could be. She knew all about insomnia and about the awful apprehension of something going to happen, and irritability about little things that in health would not have perturbed her. I warrant you it was not a straight stroke she gave to the garment of Christ, but a trembling forearm, and an uncertain motion of the hand, and a quivering finger with which she missed the mark toward which she aimed. She did not touch the garment just where she expected to touch it.

When I see this nervous woman coming to the Lord Jesus Christ, I say she is making the way for all nervous people. Nervous people do not get much sympathy. If a man breaks his arm everybody is sorry, and they talk about it all up and down the street. If a woman has an eye put out by accident, they say: "That's a dreadful thing." Everybody is asking about her convalescence. But when a person is suffering under the ailment of which I am now speaking, they say: "Oh, that nothing, she's a little nervous, that's all," putting a slight upon the most agonizing of suffering.

Now, I have a new prescription to give you. I do not ask you to discard human medicament. I believe in it. When the slightest thing occurs in the way of sickness in my household, we always run for the doctor. I do not want to despise

medicine. If you cannot sleep nights do not despise bromide of potassium. If you have nervous paroxysm do not despise morphine. If you want to strengthen up your system do not despise quinine as a tonic. Use all right and proper medicines. But I want you to bring your insomnia, and bring your irritability, and bring all your weaknesses, and with them touch Christ. Touch him not only on the hem of his garments, but touch him on the shoulder where he carries our burden, touch him on the head where he remembers all our sorrows, touch him on the heart, the centre of all his sympathies. Oh yes, Paul was right when he said, "We have not a high priest who cannot be touched."

The fact is Christ himself is nervous. All those nights out of doors in malarial districts where an Englishman or an American dies if he goes at certain seasons. Sleeping out of doors so many nights, as Christ did, and so hungry, and his feet wet with the wash of the sea and the wilderness tramp and the persecution and the outrage must have broken down his nervous system: a fact proved by the statement that he lived so short a time on the cross. That is a lingering death ordinarily, and many a sufferer on the cross has writhed in pain twenty-four hours, forty-eight hours. Christ lived only six. Why? He was exhausted before he mounted the bloody tree. Oh, it is a worn-out Christ, sympathetic with all people worn out.

A Christian woman went to the Tract House in New York, and asked for tracts for distribution. The first day she was out on her Christian errand she saw a policeman taking an intoxicated woman to the station house. After the woman was discharged from custody, this Christian tract distributor saw her coming away, all unkempt and unlovely. The tract distributor went up, threw her arms around her neck, and kissed her. The woman said, "O, my God, why do you kiss me?" "Well," replied the other, "I think Jesus Christ told me to." "Oh, no," the woman said, "don't you kiss me; it breaks my heart: nobody has kissed me since my mother died." But that sisterly kiss brought her to Christ, started her on the road to heaven. The world wants sympathy; it is dying for sympathy, large-hearted Christian sympathy. There is omnipotence in the touch. Oh, I am so glad that when we touch Christ, Christ touches us. The knuckles and the limbs and the joints all falling apart with that living death called the leprosy, a man is brought to Christ. A hundred doctors could not cure him. The wisest surgery would stand appalled before that loathsome patient. What did Christ do? He did not amputate, he did not poultice, he did not scarify. He touched him and he was well. The mother-in-law of the Apostle Peter was in a raging fever; brain fever, typhoid fever, or what, I do not know. Christ was the Physician. He offered no febrifuge, he prescribed no drops, he did not put her on plain diet, He touched her and she was perfectly well.

Two blind men come stumbling into a room where Christ is. They are both entirely sightless. Christ did not lift the eyelid to see whether it was cataract or ophthalmy. He did not put the men into a dark room for three or four weeks. He touched them and they saw everything. A man came to Christ. The drum of his ear had ceased to vibrate and he had a stuttering tongue. Christ touched the ear and he heard, touched his tongue and he articulated. There is a funeral coming out of that gate, a widow following her only boy to the grave. Christ cannot stand it, and he puts his hand on the hearse and the obsequies turn into a resurrection day.

O my brother, I am so glad when we touch Christ with our sorrows he touches us. When out of your grief and vexation you put your hand on Christ, it wakens all human reminiscence. Are we tempted? He was tempted. Are we sick? He was sick. Are we persecuted? He was persecuted. Are we bereft? He was bereft.

St. Yoo of Kermartin one morning went out and saw a beggar asleep on his doorstep. The beggar had been all night in the cold. The next night, St. Yoo compelled this beggar to come up in the house and sleep in the saint's bed, while St. Yoo passed the night on the doorstep in the cold. Somebody asked him why that eccentricity. He replied, "It isn't an eccentricity; I want to know how the poor suffer, I want to know their agonies that I may sympathize with them, and therefore I slept on this cold step last night." That is the way Christ knows so much about our sorrows. He slept on the cold doorstep of an inhospitable world that would not let him in. He is sympathetic now with all the suffering and all the tried and all the perplexed. Oh, why do you not go and touch him?

You utter your voice in a mountain pass and there come back ten echoes, twenty echoes, thirty echoes perhaps, weird echoes. Every voice of prayer, every ascription of praise, every groan of distress has divine response and celestial reverberation, and all the galleries of heaven are filled with sympathetic echoes, and throngs of ministering angels echo, and the temples of the redeemed echo, and the hearts of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost echo and re-echo.

I preach a Christ so near you can touch him—touch him with your guilt and get pardon—touch him with your trouble and get comfort—touch him with your bondage and get manumission. You have seen a man take hold of an electric chain. A man can with one hand take one end of the chain and with the other hand he may take hold of the other end of the chain. Then a hundred persons taking hold of that chain will altogether feel the electric power. You have seen that experiment. Well, Christ with one wounded hand takes hold of one end of the electric chain of love, and with the other wounded hand takes hold of the other end of the electric chain of love, and all earthly and angelic beings may lay hold of that chain, and around and around in sublime and everlasting circuit runs the thrill of terrestial and celestial and brotherly and saintly and divine sympathy. So that if this morning Christ should sweep his hand over this audience and say, "Who touched me?" There would be hundreds and thousands of voices responding: "I! I! I!"

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people

SAVED IN A PRISON CELL.

How John H. Murray, a Criminal, was Converted and became a Faithful Evangelist.

THIS is the age of evangelism, and every day furnishes illustration of the fact that God frequently chooses the most extraordinary instruments for his purposes. Young men and old; women both cultured and simple; men who have occupied high positions socially and commercially, and others who have passed from sin to salvation within the walls of a prison, may all be usefully employed in this common service.

One of the most active of the younger order of evangelists is John H. Murray, who has now charge of the Rescue Mission at Easton, Pa. Mr. Murray, while quite a boy, drifted into crime, and from petty irregularities passed to burglary and highway robbery, finally resulting in imprisonment. Mr. Murray was born in Ohio in 1866, and was arrested the first time when only thirteen years old. He fell into evil company and ran the gamut of juvenile crimes; he frequented saloons and gambling places, drank and associated with sinful people—mistakenly believing he was having "a good time." Smaller crimes led to greater, until, insensibly, he found himself an outlaw and the associate of burglars and robbers. In 1884 he was arrested and convicted.

EVANGELIST JOHN H. MURRAY.

It was while a prisoner that the great change occurred which made of him a new creature. He himself tells the story.

"I was reading an old Bible which I had found in the cell, and turning to the story of the Prodigal Son, I realized in that picture my own case. My career had been a disgraceful one, and now I was reaping the harvest of my sins. My friends had forsaken me, so in my distress I came to myself. I read the life of Jesus, and when I came to the point where they crucified him, I knelt down and prayed to him to have mercy on me. That was the happiest night of all my life, I knew that when I had asked him on my knees to forgive my sins he did it. I repented bitterly, but that night was the sweetest sleep I ever had."

On being released from prison he resolved to consecrate his whole life to the service of him who had emancipated him from sin. He was free before the law of man, and no longer criminal before God.

Colonel Henry H. Hadley, who has established a number of Rescue Missions in different cities, perceived in Mr. Murray a man of more than usual capabilities, and at once secured him to co-operate with him. He has been actively engaged in evangelistic work for some time and is meeting with remarkable success. Col. Hadley says:

"He possesses the wonderful gift of capturing the hearts of his audience and riveting their attention with his first words, or, indeed, before he utters a word, and as Mrs. Bottome once said, 'He draws blood with the first blow.' I once introduced him to a large audience as the 'dying thief' who was converted in the Ohio Penitentiary while reading the Bible through. The curiosity with which he was received immediately changed to sympathetic interest and confidence when he began to speak. His manner and words are eloquent and fascinating, his talk homely, clear, well-chosen and convincing. He does not claim a high education, but is specially gifted in being able to use what he has to the full, and impresses one with the fact that he is a close student of books and men."

When the People's Mission in Rochester was started, three years ago, Mr. Murray was placed in charge and continued there for two years, during which time nearly every church in the city was brought to the support of the Mission and hundreds were converted. When S. H. Hadley and Col. H. H. Hadley started the McAauley Mission in Manchester, N. H., Mr. Murray was sent there and got it well under way. He afterwards opened and established the Rescue Missions at Altoona, Pa., and Easton, Pa. A portrait of Mr. Murray is given on this page.

A TRUTH THAT WENT HOME.

RESCUE work among the most degraded and destitute, is mostly of a depressing nature, but strange incidents sometimes happen. At one of the evening meetings of the Homestead Rescue Mission in Buffalo, not long ago, a keen, bright-looking fellow of the "crook" stamp, arose during the testimonies, and said earnestly:

"What you folks say sounds all right, but there's too many hypocrites around. Folks who says one thing and does something else. I'm the kind of a feller that don't believe in false pretences, an' I won't join no association with them that ain't just as frank. I don't pretend to be anybody, but I'm as good as them that claims to be my betters."

Miss Cutter, the missionary, rose quickly in the back part of the room, and said: "Let me see that man! That's the kind of a man we want in this mission, men who are not hypocrites."

The man turned squarely around, saying: "Here I be."

"My friend," continued Miss Cutter, "Don't you know there will be no hypocrites in heaven? Don't you know that if there was no good money in the world there would be no use of counterfeiting it? Did ——"

"There!" cried the man, "that's jest like you church people—calling a feller names and twittin' on the past," and he seized his hat and indignantly went out.

It was afterward learned that he had just finished serving a term for counterfeiting. The truth spoken by the missionary had gone home.

A LAME CHINAMAN.

MISS C. PATMER, of the China Inland Mission station at Hub-Shan, writes: "My mornings are taken up with visiting and seeing the sick people. One morning, about three months ago, I was busy with my patients as usual, when a woman came and asked me to go and see a man who had met with an accident. She added, 'he cannot walk; won't you please give him some medicine? He has tried Chinese doctors a fortnight, and is worse instead of better.' So I gave a little simple remedy. The next day she again appeared, saying, 'He has used the medicine, and is much better; would you please go and see him?' I went to see the patient. Poor man, he was suffering badly. After making him as comfortable as circumstances allowed, Sannat, the Bible-woman, preached unto him Jesus. The Lord blessed the simple means used from the very first day. In about three weeks he could put his foot to the ground a little, but not walk. I told him as soon as he got a little better, to come to worship. He said, 'If my son is at home, I will come on Sunday.' To my surprise, on Sunday he appeared, his son carrying him on his back, and behind followed his wife. From that time they have attended regularly, and have daily prayers in their house. The man is now able to work; and what is best of all, their souls are saved."

A TEMPERANCE COAT.

ONE bitter winter's night, the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse had taken a cab from a London suburb, and on reaching home bade the driver come in and get something warm and comfortable, but non-intoxicating. He noticed that "cabby" had no overcoat, and inquired how it was that he was so insufficiently clad. The man explained his poverty, and Mr. Pearse said: "Well, now, I've got a coat upstairs that would just suit you. But before I give it to you I'm bound to tell you that there is something very peculiar about that coat, and it is right I should explain it to you before you put it on." "What's that, sir?" said the man, considerably mystified, and not knowing whether he might not find it wise to decline the mysterious garment. Said Mr. Pearse, solemnly, "that coat never had a glass of beer or spirits inside of it from the day it was made until now. I want you to promise me as long as you wear that coat you will let 'the drink' alone." "All right, sir," said cabby, holding out his hand, "all right, sir; I won't upset the coat by putting any drink inside of it." Many months afterwards Mr. Pearse met the same man again, and learnt that he had kept to his bargain and that the coat had never been disgraced by drink.

REVERENCE AND FIDELITY.

S. S. Lesson for June 4. Eccl. 5: 1 12 Golden Text, Rom. 12 : 11. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

"KEEP thy foot when thou goest to the house of God; for to draw near to hear is better than to give the sacrifice of fools." (R.V.) When God revealed himself to Moses in the burning bush, he gave him the command: "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." (Ex. 3: 5.) And the same command was given to Joshua when the Lord revealed himself as the Captain of the host of the Lord: "Loose thy shoe from off thy foot, for the place whereon thou standest is holy." (Josh. 5: 15.)

God is There.

No noise of human footsteps, no sign of man's presence, no announcement that he is there, marks the worship of a holy man of God. The fact of God's presence overshadows, and for the time obliterates his own from his consciousness. God's presence brought Ezekiel, Daniel, and the apostle John down on their faces, as helpless, powerless dead men before him.

How many of those who go, professedly to worship God, be it in the churches, chapels, Mission Halls, or wheresoever, know anything of this spirit of holy reverence which fears to make a sound in the presence of the All Holy One? When one enters a meeting where God's children come together to worship, and to study his Word, and, till the very last moment, talking is heard all over the room, where in the consciousness of the presence of God? One cannot but be conscious that that those who find it possible thus to occupy every moment with what they have to say, and what has occupied them, have not really come together to meet with God at all, but only with one another. They have not come to hear what the Lord has to say to them, but to hear perhaps some preacher, or to say something themselves. The Pharisee, when he came into the temple, "prayed with himself": there was nothing in his prayer which manifested a consciousness of the presence of God. He had not put off the shoes from his feet. His whole attitude, his whole presence, his whole prayer spoke of himself, and he departed from the temple having manifested himself, but not having met with God. No more was accomplished by his prayer than by the senseless noise made by the priests of Baal on Mount Carmel; neither they nor the Pharisee had any result from their prayer.

The first necessity for real worship, whether in secret communion with God, or in the congregation, is the

Certainty of the Presence of God.

He that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a Rewarder of them that diligently seek him. (Heb. 11: 6.) If we believe he is present, we shall act in accordance with our belief, and there will be the same regard to his presence, the same holy reverance which makes the seraphim in the unseen world veil their faces and their feet that they may not be seen. (Isa. 6: 2.) There will be the instinct to be silent. How do we come to believe that he is? By the same power which teaches us all the things that be of God, the Holy Spirit. "The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in Spirit and in truth, for the Father seeketh such to worship him. God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. And how really as Christ was in the world in the days [illegible] any needy one, there he was with his ready [illegible] sick, the sorrowful, the needy, never found him unwilling. The Holy Spirit strives with man now as in the days before the flood. There are times when every man, without seeking it, is drawn by the Holy Spirit into a [illegible]

must be real with the Holy Ghost, and take for granted that he is leading us without waiting for a feeling, because it says, "When he is come he will guide you unto all truth." (John 15: 13.) We must take for granted that he is guiding our prayers even if we have no feeling of fervency. (Rom. 8: 26.) His work is to lead us away from our feelings to the reality of God, away from what we are to what he is. We may have the best of feelings, and yet be very irreverent. We cannot know by the feeling that the holy God is present, and lightly intrude what is of ourselves.

Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God; for to draw nigh is better than to offer the sacrifice of fools.

To Draw Nigh.

This is true worship, when we take into consideration to whom we draw nigh. There is a child of God who, when he speaks of praying for anyone, says: "When I drew near to God for him." The Epistle of the Hebrews is full of drawing near to God. "We have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but One that hath been tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore draw near with boldness unto the throne of grace that we may receive mercy and find grace to help us in time of need." (Heb. 4: 15, 16, R. V.) Alone, sinners must stand afar off, but coming in the name of, and together with, our great High Priest, who brings his own blood to atone for our sins, we may draw nigh, intensely nigh, and always nearer to the throne of grace. How different this from offering the sacrifice of fools! How different from the miserable mistaken conceit, which imagines that there is some value in the prayers or the praises of self made fruit of our own will, our own reason, our own understanding, or anything of our own, independent, like Cain's altar, of the blood of the Lamb. There is no drawing nigh without the Blood. The disannulling of the law makes room for the bringing in of a better hope "through which we draw nigh unto God." The hope of drawing nigh, through our unaided obedience to God, is a vain hope; but through the precious blood "I ought" becomes "I may, and I can." And "He is able to serve unto the uttermost them that draw near unto God through him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." (R.V.) And yet again "Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holy place by the blood of Jesus by the way which he hath dedicated for us, a new and living way, through the veil, that is to say, his flesh; and having a great High Priest over the house of God, let us draw near with a true heart in fulness of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our body washed with pure water." (R.V.)

Thus we see how we may draw nigh: not independently of, but through the Person of Another, in the name of Another, by the blood of Another, but with true hearts and real assured trust in that Other, our High Priest, Jesus Christ. Impossible to draw thus nigh, and not to worship, even if we do not speak.

Worship does not Consist in Words,

but in nearness to God. "Therefore be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thine heart be hasty to utter anything before God, for God is in heaven and thou upon earth, wherefore let thy words be few." Eloquent prayers belong more to earth than to heaven, and have more of man in them than of God. "A broken and a contrite heart he will not despise." Let the Holy Spirit dictate the prayer. "The spirit should fail before me and the souls which I have made," saith "the High and Holy One that inhabiteth eternity," and that which most touches God in every real prayer is the Spirit's intercession with groanings which cannot be uttered, because he that searcheth the hearts knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit. God searcheth the heart not to see how earnest we are, but how much of the mind of the Spirit we have in our prayers "because he maketh intercession for the saints according to God." Then prayer becomes divine, and the Spirit of God within answers to the will of God in heaven. God is in heaven and thou upon earth; therefore let thy words be few. A self-conscious prayer, however beautiful the sentiments, is not necessarily a prayer that is heard. "For a dream cometh through multitude of business: and a fool's voice with a multitude of words."

Silence

is a grace which few possess, and which few know the power of. Those whose words tell most when they are spoken, are those who know how to refrain from speaking. A silent man has opportunity, while others are dissipating the time by useless talking, to pray over that which they speak of; and thus when his turn comes to speak, he has got his matter made out with God, and he is ready. Our Master knew the unruly nature of the tongue so well, that he never ventured to speak at all on earth, except the words which the Father gave him.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

AN ORIENTAL WORSHIPPER.

THE book of Ecclesiastes, from which the lesson is taken, has always had a special charm for thoughtful readers. It deals with the difficult problems of life, which still perplex us, and which we are no nearer solving than was the author of the book. The mystery surrounding the book is another reason for the interest it excites. We have begun to understand it better of late, since learned men have given less attention to theology and more to the Bible itself; but even now there are many parts of it that are obscure. It appears, from the critical study which has been devoted to the book, that it was not written by Solomon, as was generally supposed, but by an author about six hundred years after the wise king's death. There are several reasons for this conclusion, two of which are worthy of mention. One is that words occur in the book which were not in use in Solomon's day, but were added to the Hebrew language during the captivity in Babylon. A second reason is based on an expression found in the twelfth verse of the first chapter: "I, the preacher *was* king over Israel in Jerusalem." The Hebrews were very precise in the use of their tenses and there was no period of Solomon's life in which that profound scholar would have used the expression. He would have written, "I *am* king." But the expression would be perfectly natural with a later writer who, in teaching the lessons of Solomon's life, threw his sermon into the personal style common in those days, and made Solomon himself the speaker, as Shakespeare put words in the mouths of Richard and Henry which were consistent with their character, but which no one supposes they actually spoke.

The author calls himself Coheleth, the preacher. The question he discusses in his work is, how to make the best use of life. What is the best thing a man can do with his life? What shall he strive after? What is the highest and best good man can attain? The statement of the conditions which he saw around him and proposed to study, occupies the first eleven verses of the first chapter. Then the author describes his experiences in seeking the chief good of life successively in wisdom, in pleasure, in business, in politics and in wealth. They all disappoint him; he succeeds in each, but he is not happy. Finally he comes to the conclusion that the happy man is he who cheerfully and tranquilly enjoys the present life, while he trusts God for the life to come. In the lesson of to-day, the preacher turns his attention to the house of God. There he sees men with their minds preoccupied with worldly affairs, making prayers in which they do not put their hearts and making vows that they never intend to pay. Then he goes into the city and sees them perplexed with the anomalies of life, injustice, oppression, and poverty and he bids them not become misanthropic but console themselves with the thought that there is a God seeing and guiding all the affairs of life and also reminding them that the rich are not so happy, nor the poor so miserable, as they appear.

Therefore let thy words be few. If a man were admitted into the presence of a powerful monarch at certain intervals and had the privilege of asking for anything that he needed, he would be little likely to learn a vague speech by heart and repeat it mechanically at each audience. Yet it is quite common for men to offer the same prayer to God almost without thinking what they are saying. The story is told of a Scotchman whose child was ill, that his wife begged him to pray that its life might be spared. True to his old instincts, the good man kneeled down devoutly, and went out on the well-worn track, as he was wont to do in the prayer-meetings at the kirk. Through the routine petition he plodded along until he reached, at last, the honored quotation: "Lord, remember thine ancient people, and turn again the captivity of Zion!" A mother's heart could hold its patience no longer: "Eh, man!" the woman broke forth impetuously; "you are aye drawn out for the Jews, buts its our bairn that's a-deein'." Then, clasping her hands, she cried: "Oh! help us, Lord, and give our darling back to us if it be thy holy will; but if he is to be taken away from us, make us know thou wilt have him to thyself!" That wife knew what it was to pray a real prayer; and to the throne of grace she went, asking directly what she wanted most.

A dream cometh through the multitude of business. When the mind is full of business or amusements or any worldly matter, real prayer is impossible. The man's body may be kneeling in private prayer, or he may be sitting in church with his eyes fixed on the preacher and yet his mind be far away in a reverie or dream. Worship of that kind is useless; it is mocking God. Not long ago a young Christian fell into great distress about not being able to pray more earnestly. He went often upon his knees, he made long prayers but he went away empty and unsatisfied. "Have you followed the Master's rules?" asked an old preacher to whom he told his trouble. The young man said he thought he had. "You entered into your closet?" "Yes." "How about shutting the door? Did you shut out all your business worries? all your plans for pleasure? all your self-esteem?" The young Christian felt with a thrill that the speaker had found out the secret of his discomfort in prayer.

The profit of the earth is for all. There are, however, many who do not get their share. That is chiefly due to the selfishness with which our race has mismanaged social conditions. The earth produces enough food to satisfy every living thing upon it; but there are some who have more than they need or can use, while others perish from hunger. We have become so accustomed to see this condition of affairs, that its injustice does not impress us. An incident which occurred in one of the recent polar expeditions illustrates the situation. A party of American explorers were awaiting relief. Provisions ran short and it was doubtful if there would be sufficient to keep the men alive until they were rescued. The Captain took account of the food there was, and gave an order that so much should be given every day to each man. In this way he hoped the provisions would last until help came. But the provisions disappeared more rapidly than they should have done. A watch was set and it was found that one of the men was stealing them. After receiving his share for the day, he would crawl to the store and take more and eat it. Every one felt that the man was an enemy. If his depredations went on they might all die of hunger before help came. The man was called up and warned that he was endangering the lives of the whole party by eating more than his share. He was selfish, however, and did not care who died, if he could satisfy his own appetite and so he stole again. Then a council was held and it was decided to kill him, and he was shot, lest by taking more than his share he might cause all to die.

The king himself is served by the field. His station does not raise him above the common needs of humanity. He depends like the poorest of his people on the earth yielding her increase. The basis of wealth is the product of the land. The king must depend ultimately for his subsistence on the results of the toil of the laborer. It is he who produces the property from which the revenue of the government is derived. The fact is often forgotten by kings and nobles and millionaires who often despise the working man and oppress him. Many years ago over the door of an inn in London hung a sign representing the four ruling elements of the government. It was the picture of four men standing upon the shoulders of each other. At the top stood the king; on his breast was the legend, "I govern all;" under him the soldier, and on his breast the motto, "I fight for all;" under him stood the clergyman, and on his breast the motto, "I pray for all;" at the bottom stood the laborer with brawny sinews, every nerve strained to support the burden resting upon him, and on his breast was the motto, "I pay for all."

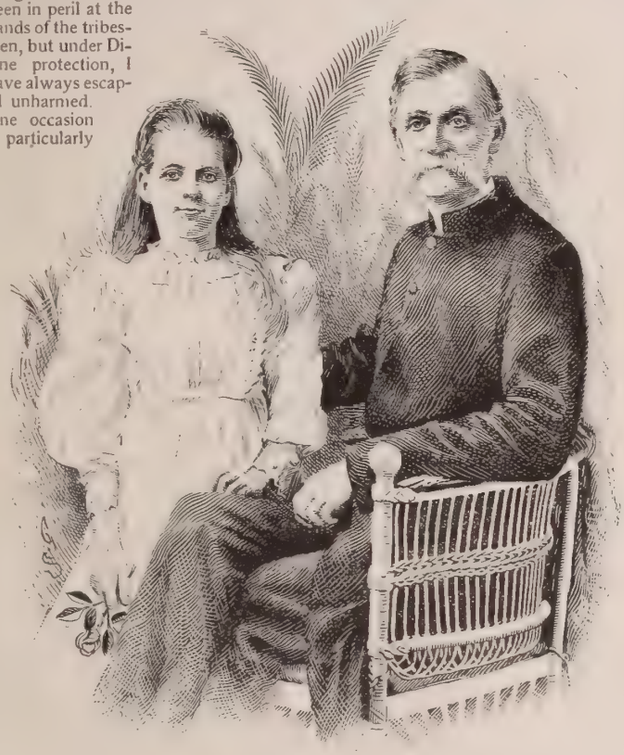
The Gospel Among Cannibals.

(Continued from first page.)

is now sub-divided into four branches, with an aggregate membership of four hundred. It has a white pastor, but the church officers are natives.

"I came back on a second furlough in 1880, returning to the field, married in 1881. I then went seventy miles further up the Ogowe river and established a new station, called Talaguga, right among the cannibal Fang tribe. At different times, my life has been in peril at the hands of the tribesmen, but under Divine protection, I have always escaped unharmed. One occasion I particularly recall. A native—a refugee who had been guilty of some offence—came to my place for shelter, and shortly afterward a native chief arrived with a party of thirteen armed followers, and demanded that I deliver him up. I refused, and on the chief attempting to force an entrance to my house, I opposed force with force, believing the man's life to be in immediate peril. We wrestled in the doorway, the chief striving to get in and trying to use his gun, the barrel of which I had grasped, and I exerting all my muscular power to keep him out. I was for the moment the stronger, and besides, I was defending a principle, and that principle was that the mission premises should be a sacred refuge and open to all travelers and visitors, and that any man who landed on those premises must be safe. If I had allowed the chief to force his way in I would have had no influence thereafter with the tribes. I always carried a gun as protection against the wild animals one meets in those forests, but I had never raised it against my fellow-man nor did I then; but the natives did not know whether I might not shoot. At this juncture, and when a tragedy seemed not improbable, my wife, who was standing calmly and prayerfully watching the struggle from a little eminence nearby, sent me a little pencilled note, suggesting that I should inform the chief and his people that unless they withdrew, I would summon the French troops at the military station not very many miles distant. This would probably have brought matters to a crisis at once, as the natives stand in dread of the troops; but fortunately it was not needed. The chief's own people dragged him away and took his gun from him, and when I saw this I put mine aside, and they then said to me: "You are right, and he (the chief) is in the wrong." This conclusion was not surprising, as their own laws require that a guest should be protected by his host at any risk, and I was simply following the native custom.

"From that time my premises were safe from intrusion; people would come there and know they were safe. After the trouble I have related, one of the chief's own people said, "We made a mistake to-day coming on the missionary's ground." Two days later, I was greatly pleased to receive a visit from the chief himself. He came in peace and brought me chickens, goats, and other things and laid these at my feet, begging me to restore my friendship to him. We were stanch friends afterward. I stayed there nine years; my wife died there and left me with a little daughter, whom I kept there and to whom I was both father and mother. I trained and reared her in that country, solely with the aid of a good native Christian woman, until she was seven years old, and then I ught her to the United States where she now is.



MISSIONARY R. H. NASSAU, M.D., D.D., AND HIS DAUGHTER MAY.

"Cannibalism still exists among the tribes of the Ogowe," continued Dr. Nassau. "The old people practice it, but the young men are beginning to be ashamed of it and deny it. It is difficult of detection in the towns. In my own experience, however, there were two instances that may be accepted as evidence of the fact of its existence. It must be remembered that the events I am about to relate occurred after the people had begun to be somewhat civilized.

"A member of a neighboring tribe came to the village to sell ivory, and was sitting quietly in the village street. A certain man in the village, who was violently enraged at some other villager from a distance, rushed out with his gun and fired wildly, and the bullet struck the stranger and killed him. Now, the question came up: What shall be done with the body of this stranger? and right here is where the cannibalistic propensity cropped out. There were three parties in the town council. One party—the least civilized of the three—said: 'It is meat; let us eat it.' The second and half civilized party said, 'He was of a lower tribe; we do not care to bury him; let us throw the body into the river.' Those who were beginning to be Christianized said: 'He is a stranger and our guest; let us give him an honorable burial.' This third party, constituting the Christians, gave him a proper burial.

"My little daughter was with me when the next instance occurred and we both saw it. We were traveling in my boat (a craft thirty feet long and rowed by a crew of six natives), to a point twenty miles down the Ogowe river. As we floated along quietly past a village, I heard a voice at the landing-place, calling out: 'Come, buy meat!' and, I saw a man holding up some object to the gaze of my boatmen. My daughter and I, being under the canopy, could not be identified as white persons at that distance, otherwise the man on shore would have doubtless kept quiet. 'We have been down river and killed two men,' he cried. 'Come, buy meat!' And then, with a shudder, I recognized the thing he held as a human arm! I turned away from it, and a word to the rowers soon drew us past the sickening sight.

"With these people, cannibalism is not a question of hunting human game for the purpose of eating it; I don't think they ever do that. Having killed an enemy, they conclude the best way to dispose of the body is to treat it as 'meat' and eat it. That is really what cannibalism to-day amounts to, on the West Coast at least. It is only a question of time when the last traces of it shall have disappeared."

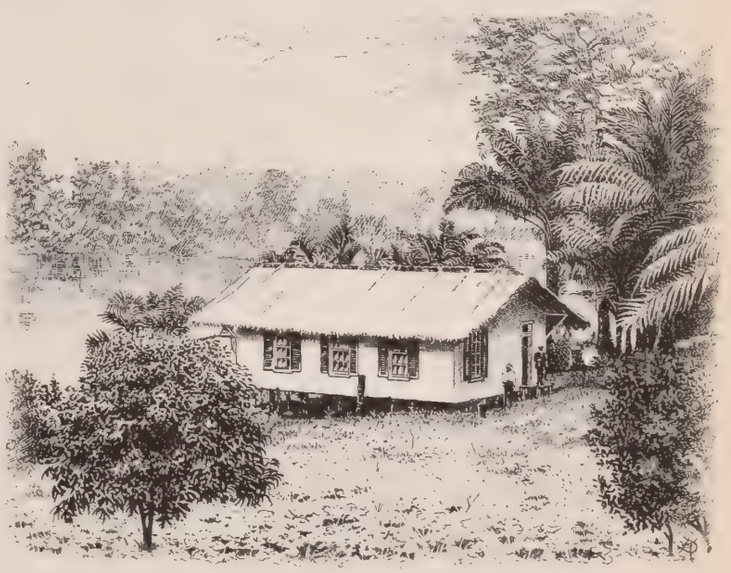
Dr. Nassau's experience in Africa, like that of Dr. Kerr in China (recently related in these columns), is a powerful argument in behalf of medical training as an important part of missionary equipment.

"I regard medical knowledge as almost indispensable," he said, "for the sake of the missionaries themselves, if for no other reason. In all the thirty-two years of my African experience, I have never had the African fever. My first wife died of it; but my second wife, who had been three years in that country, never had even a touch of it. Medical knowledge enables one to take the necessary precautions to avoid it. I formed a precautionary habit of fortifying myself by proper treatment before going into danger, in order to prevent myself taking the fever, instead of waiting until I contracted it and then beginning treatment, after it had already invaded the system. And I may say truthfully that I have been more exposed in camping out in sun, rain and in generally insalubrious conditions than any of my associates in the mission field.

"The native priest is also the native doctor in Africa. I think that probably they do have some drugs of medicinal value; but their theory is that the drug is efficient only because of the spirit they associate with it, and which, entering into the body of the sick person, drives out the evil spirit that has caused the disease. I suppose in cases where the sick man gets well, that the drug was really good. There are barks and leaves that they use that have unquestionable medicinal value; but they will not tell a stranger from what tree the leaf or bark comes. The special branch of medicine that would be most useful there would be surgery, because the native doctors know nothing about surgery. They would not attempt to amputate and do not know how to set a bone. The natives have frightful abcesses which ought to be opened, but the doctors do not know where to cut them. One of the most startling cases of native surgery I ever witnessed occurred near my own station. Two men who were friends were out hunting and accidentally became separated in the thicket. One of them mistook the other for a wild beast and shot him, the bullet penetrating his breast. He was taken to his home in the town, and the natives very properly concluded that the bullet should be extracted. Then the native doctor, in order to extract it, made a perpendicular incision in the man's chest, extending down to the last rib, and then he cut diagonally across and actually lifted the wall of the chest and groped among the vitals for the ball. He got it. But here his surgery failed, for he sent the man to me to be sewed up. But the patient was dead!

"In Africa," added Dr. Nassau, "one needs quinine, although it can easily be overdone. Lemon juice in a cup of good strong tea will frequently remove biliousness and avert more serious complications. I do not believe in stimulants. They can never be used with safety in Africa as a beverage."

Little May Nassau, whose portrait, along with that of her father, is given on the first page of this issue, is a native of Africa and the first white girl born in the French Ogowe. Her first syllables were lisped in the African tongue and it is the language to which she is most habituated, although she talks English fluently, having learned rapidly since she came to this country. Dr. Nassau's mission stations on the Ogowe River were popular not only with the natives, but with missionaries and other white men who frequently came from points far distant to enjoy his hospitality. As a hunter and savant, no less than as missionary and physician, he was distinguished by the valuable pioneer work he accomplished during these more than thirty years' residence on the West coast. De Brazza, the Governor of the French Congo Colony, famous as an explorer, was his occasional guest. Few men have had so many exciting experiences in Africa as De Brazza, who has hobnobbed with many kings and potentates. An illustration on the first page shows De Brazza conducting a "palaver" with Renoke, one of the West Coast monarchs. The latter sits surrounded by his admiring wives and courtiers, blowing wreaths of smoke from an immense pipe, the bowl of which is kept supplied by a naked gamin. The territory of French Congo is the same of which Paul Du Chaillu wrote in his earlier books on African explorations. It is the "Gorilla Land" of his travels, and lies in the very centre of what may be designated as the gorilla belt; for, strangely enough, that animal is found within a few degrees north and south of the Equator and nowhere else. Dr. Nassau, in his hunting expeditions, has had frequent encounters with the giant ape, and bears testimony to the absolute accuracy of Du Chaillu's description of the gorilla, which, when first published, excited general wonder and incredulity. It is harder to hunt then any other animal, and the adults will not bear to be captured alive. Indeed, this can only be accomplished by taking them in pits, for it would require the strength of many men to capture them. Dr. Nassau, sometime ago, sent the brains of three gorillas to the Academy of Natural Science of Philadelphia, for purpose of comparative analysis. He had two live gorillas in Africa, and hoped to bring them on, but was disappointed.



THE FIRST OGOWE CHURCH, KANGWE STATION, WEST AFRICA.
Founded by Rev. Dr. Nassau, Gaboon and Corisco Mission.

THE HEART OF A CHILD.

A CURIOUS-LOOKING old woman, having a bundle in her hand, and walking with painful effort, sat down on a curbstone to rest, writes "Pansy." A group of three little ones, the oldest about nine, stopped in front of the old woman, saying never a word, but watching her face. She smiled. Suddenly the smile faded, and a corner of the old calico apron went up to wipe away a tear. Then the oldest child asked:

"Are you sorry because you have not got any children?"

"—I had children once, but they are all dead," whispered the woman, a sob.

"I am sorry," said the little girl, as her chin quivered. "I'd give you one of my little brothers, but I haven't got but two, and I don't believe I'd like to spare one."

"God bless you, child—bless you forever," sobbed the old woman, and for a minute her face was buried in her apron.

"But I'll tell you what I'll do," seriously continued the child, "You may kiss us all once, and if little Ben isn't afraid, you may kiss him four times, for he's just as sweet as candy."

Pedestrians who saw three well-dressed children put their arms around that strange old woman's neck and kiss her, were greatly puzzled. They didn't know the hearts of children.

THE GREAT CAUSE OF CRIME.

Lord Coleridge, the Lord Chief-Justice of England, recently said that judges are "weary with calling attention to drink as the principal cause of crime," and declared that he "can keep no terms with a vice that fills our goals, destroys the comfort of homes and the peace of families, and debases and brutalizes the people of the islands."

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

WHY COMPLAIN?

THE largest number of complainers you shall find among those of us who have lucrative professions, large stores, well-warmed houses, luxuriant wardrobes and plenty of attendants. It would be well if, when tempted to complain, we would go down to see how other people have it. Saadi, the poet of Persia, in his poverty, walked the streets barefooted and soliloquized day after day: "What a pity that I, the greatest poet in Persia, should have no shoes!" "No shoes!" he constantly complained to himself, until one day he met a man who had no feet. "Ah!" he said, "that man is worse off than I am. I have no shoes, but he has no feet." According to my calculation, in the six thousand years of the world's existence there must have been about two million days of sunshine, allowing one hundred and ninety-five thousand days for storm. Of the myriads of blossoms on my peach orchard there was not one blossom that did not beat Walter Scott's Marmion or John Milton's Paradise Lost. In weeding out one patch of cantaloupes I threw over the fence about five thousand Tennysons and Longfellows. Nothing but Omnipotence could have made legs strong enough to hold up the great Thanksgiving table of a world. Every grasshopper has a solo, and every snow-flake a psalm, and every honeysuckle a censer, and every pond lily is a gondola for eternal glories to sail in, and there are pyramids in the cones of the white pine, and the place of the sunset is where the river of delight flashes into the sea of the great Forever. Amid so much beauty and luxuriance how can we complain.

It would be well if, not only in looking at our own condition, but at other people, we set out the sparkle instead of the gloom. With five hundred faults of our own, we ought to let somebody else have at least one. When there is such excellent hunting on our own ground, let us not with rifle and greyhound-pack spend all our time in scouring our neighbor's lowlands. I am afraid the imperfections of other people will kill us yet. All the vessels on the sea seem to be in bad trim except our schooner. A person full of faults is most merciless in his criticism of the faults of others. How much better, like the sun, to find light wherever we look, letting people have their idiosyncrasies and every one work in his own way. But people in the critical mood groan after what they call the good old days. They say: "Just think of the pride of people in our time." O ye modern hair-dressers, stand aghast at the locks of our ancestry! They say our ministers are all askew, but just think of our clergymen entering a pulpit with their hair fixed up in the shape of some of the ancient bishops. The great George Washington had his horses' hoofs blackened when about to appear on a parade, and writes to Europe, ordering sent for the use of himself and family, "one silver-laced hat, one pair of silver shoe buckles, a coat made of fashionable silk, one pair of gold sleeve buttons, six pairs of kid gloves, one dozen most fashionable cambric pocket handkerchiefs," besides ruffles and tucker. Talk about dissipations, ye who have ever seen the old-fashioned sideboard! Talk of parties of to-day and keeping of late hours! Why, did they not have their bees and sausage-stuffings and tea parties and dances that for heartiness and uproar utterly eclipsed all the waltzes, lancers, redowas and breakdowns of the nineteenth century? The world was then such a bad place that I do not see how our fathers and mothers could have been induced to stay in it, although on our account I am glad they consented.

The world is coming under the domination of the intelligent races. The great characteristics of these races, as you trace them down from the tenth century in England until this present hour, are their love of liberty, their obedience to law and their desire for progress. While these races have sometimes abused their power and sought advancement in improper ways, their main tendencies have been right, and no philanthropist can read the tendencies of the times in which we live without rejoicing that the intelligent races are becoming dominant in all the earth.

BIBLE PICTURES.

WHAT a poor world this would be if it were not for pictures! I refer to your memory and mine when I ask if your knowledge of the Holy Scriptures has not been mightily augmented by the wood-cuts or engravings in the old family Bible, out of which father and mother read, and laid on the table in the old homestead when you were boys and girls. The Bible scenes which we all carry in our minds were not gotten from the Bible typology, but from the Bible pictures. To prove the truth of it in my own case, the other day I took up the old family Bible which I inherited. Sure enough, what I have carried in my mind of Jacob's ladder was exactly the Bible engraving of Jacob's ladder; and so with Samson carrying off the gates of Gaza; Elisha restoring the Shunamite's son; the massacre of the innocents; Christ blessing little children; the Crucifixion and the Last Judgment. My idea of all these is that of the old Bible engravings which I scanned before I could read a word.

The great intelligence abroad about the Bible did not come from the general reading of the book, for the majority of the people read it but little, if they read it at all; but all the sacred scenes have been put before the great masses, and no printer's ink, but the pictorial art must have the credit of the achievement. First, painter's pencil for the favored few, and then engraver's plate or wood-cut for millions on millions!

I implore all parents to see that in their households they have neither in book, nor newspaper, nor on canvas anything that will deprave. Pictures are no longer the exclusive possession of the affluent. There is not a comfortable home that has not specimens of wood-cut or steel engraving, if not of painting, and your whole family will feel the moral uplifting or depression. Have nothing on your wall or in books that will familiarize the young with scenes of cruelty or wassail; have only those sketches made by artists in elevated moods, and none of those scenes that seem the product of artistic delirium tremens. Pictures are not only a strong but a universal language. The human race is divided into almost as many languages as there are nations, but the pictures may speak to people of all tongues. Volapuk, many have hoped, with little reason, would become a world-wide language, and printer's types have no emphasis compared with it. We say that children are fond of pictures; but notice any man when he takes up a book, and you will see that the first thing that he looks at is the pictures. Have only those in your house that appeal to the better nature. One engraving has sometimes decided an eternal destiny.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

W. B. Lawrence, Flat, Pike Co., O. Have you regular binders for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and what are they worth?

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Binder is sent by mail for 75 cents.

G. A. Raynor, Albany, N. Y. When and were was the first Sunday School organized?

In Gloucester, England, in 1781, by Robert Raikes.

Harvey J. Kelso, Delaware, O. How are the "Bible Helps" which you furnish to readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at half price, bound, and are they the same as those bound in with the Oxford Teachers' Bible?

They are neatly bound in cloth, with flexible covers, and are forwarded to our readers at 50c. They are identical with the Helps in the Oxford Bible.

E. Louise Faxon, West Philadelphia. Seeing an account of "The Young Soldier of the King," in a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, I became greatly interested. It is just what is needed in the Boy's Club of which I am manager. Would you kindly inform me where I can send for constitution and all other data concerning the organization?

Write to Editor, *Boys' Brigade Journal*, Detroit, Mich.

Constant Reader. 1. In what part of the United States is missionary work most needed? 2. How and where can I obtain information concerning it? 3. Where can I obtain information concerning the "poor whites" of the South?

1. In large cities where the population is dense and the surroundings incite to vice and lawlessness, and also in the South and sparsely settled portions of the Southwest. 2. Write to the American Missionary Association or the American Sunday School Union, both in the Bible House, N. Y. 3. Write to Rev. C. B. Curtis, Beloit, Ala.

A. E. Cox, Navasota, Tex. What is the meaning of 1. Corinthians 6: 2, 3?

The apostle was condemning the practice of Christians appealing to heathen courts of law for judgment in disputes with each other. He urged them when they had a dispute with other Christians to submit it to the arbitration of the Church and reminded them that in much weighty matters Christians were to act as judges. We are not told in what way saints will judge angels but Christ's own words (Luke 22: 30) show that in the millennial kingdom, they will be invested with judicial powers which at present are not fully explained.

Chandler Barber, Strykerville, N. Y. 1. How old is Queen Victoria? 2. How many living children has she? 3. How many married and to whom? 4. Which one will succeed to the crown at her decease?

1. Seventy-four. 2. Seven living children. 3. All are married as follows: Princess Victoria, is the widow of the late Emperor Frederick of Germany; Albert Edward, Prince of Wales to the Princess Alexandra, of Denmark; Alfred Ernest Albert, Duke of Edinburgh, to Grand Duchess Marie of Russia; Helena Augusta Victoria, to Prince Frederick Christian of Schleswig-Holstein; Louise Caroline Alberta, to John, Marquis of Lorne; Arthur, Duke of Connaught married to Princess Louise Margaret of Prussia; and Beatrice Mary Victoria Theodora, to Prince Henry Maurice of Battenberg. 4. Prince of Wales is the next in line of succession to the throne.

Jordan Dunning Lander, Mass. I recently listened to a sermon on baptism, and one of the preacher's strong points was that "it was impossible for John to have stood in the River Jordan long enough to baptize even a few, because of its swift and ice-cold current, which comes rushing down from the snows of Mount Lebanon at the rate of about two hundred miles per hour, and its hurrying on so rapidly gives it no chance to be warmed by the hot climate. A man or beast couldn't cross it without being carried away in its current."

You may have misunderstood the speaker in some particulars; certainly no river in the world has a current that runs two hundred miles per hour. There is no doubt that the Jordan is a swift-flowing river; but the water, at the spot where John used to baptize, is calm and safe, both in spring and summer. Anyone can stand in it and bathe as long as he likes, the water being in those seasons of moderate temperature and very agreeable, so that one could remain in it and baptize as many persons as he pleased. This place is called by the natives "Hajla," and is the traditional site of Bethabara, which is the place, as we learn from the Scriptures, where John used to baptize. A few miles above where the Jordan throws its water into the Dead Sea, the river is wide and deep, and people are carried across in small canoes. This place, however, is a considerable distance from the scene of baptism. In winter, the Jordan water is very cold, and it is true that one could not stand in it long.

R. P. Mylan, Ala. What does Christ mean by new wine breaking old bottles, in Mark 2: 21, 22?

He was speaking of bottles made of skins which were in common use in Palestine. They were liable to break under fermentation of the wine. The power of the new Gospel he was preaching could not be contained in the narrow limits of the old Jewish system of laws and ordinances.

F. Middleton, Viola Dale, Man. 1. Is it possible to attain sinless perfection in this life? 2. Is sanctification instantaneous or a gradual process? 3. If it is possible to attain perfection would the perfect person be liable to fall away?

1. Christ enjoins us to aim at perfection and that goal should always be kept before us. Some attain nearer to it than others, but we have never heard of anyone who became absolutely perfect. Some have claimed it, but those who knew them best were least disposed to admit the validity of their claim. 2. Sanctification is a gradual process beginning at conversion and increasing as the subject yields up more and more his own will and inclinations to the influence of the Holy Spirit. 3. There is always need of vigilance. The Apostle Paul dreaded lest he should become a castaway. It is, however, a ground of encouragement that those who love God and look to him for strength will be mercifully preserved from falling away. We believe that no person who has once been really converted will be finally lost. He may fall into grievous sin as Peter did, but God will bring him to repentance and restoration.

C. C. Ozias, Philadelphia. No, we believe not.——G. W. Reeves, Tecumseh, Okla. There is a great deal of speculative nonsense that passes with many people for science, and the clipping you send us is a fair sample ——Friends, Picton, Colo. Thanks for your very kindly suggestions.——Z. Jones, Fithian, Ills. We don't know of any that does.——John Boom, Dumont, Ia. No; time was differently reckoned in those ages.——E. M., Piqua, O. Write to Mr. Hubert P. Main, of Biglow & Main, music publishers, E 9th Street, N. Y.——M. B. Munson, Waukegan, Ill. 1. We never heard of it. 2. We know of no reason why he should not do so. 3. There is no opening at present ——Mrs. D. G. Crawford, Connellsville, S. C. The first is the mother, the other the stepmother.——T. J. Faulkner, Perry, Fla. Any dictionary will supply an answer to your question.——Subscriber, Brooklyn, N. Y. Miss Louise Beiser's address is 72 Charles Street, New York.——Subscriber, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Many people have asked your question but it can never be answered authoritatively, as the only two people who are said to have seen them have died and left no record beyond that to which you refer.——O. M. Hawkins, Minneapolis, Minn. There is no possibility of such a contingency arising as you suggest, so it would be useless to discuss what should be done if it did arise ——O. R. Fauss, Sand Brook, N. J. Baptism is a duty prescribed by Christ himself and every Christian will be careful to observe it, but it is a mere rite and ceremony which can never save a human being. Neither that nor the Lord's Supper have any saving power.——S. M. Davidson, Bells Valley, Va. No; the Lord's Day is a day of loving commemoration and the Christian will cheerfully consecrate it to Christ's service rather than to mere physical rest. He rests from physical labor and secular business as the Jew was required to do; but he uses the time, or should use it, in doing something to help forward Christ's kingdom on earth.

C. H. H. Dodge, Spring Valley, Minn. 1. What miracles did Jesus perform during his childhood (not found in the Bible.) 2. Who were the Ante-Nicene fathers? 3. Was the origin of baptism pagan?

The Evangelists pass over the boyhood of Jesus with the simple remark that his obedience, intelligence and piety, won the affections of all who knew him (Luke 2: 40, 50, 51.) There is no authentic record to show that he performed miracles during his childhood, although the Romish Church preserves certain traditions to that effect. The Ante-Nicene fathers were those whose writings date before the Council of Nice A.D. 325. The chief among them are: Justin Martyr, Hermias, Dionysius of Corinth, Hegesippus, Tatian, Athenagoras, Theophilus bishop of Antioch, Irenaeus bishop of Lyons, Minucius Felix, Clement of Alexandria, Tertullian, Hippolytus, Origen head of the catechetical school at Alexandria, Cyprian bishop of Carthage, Dionysius surnamed the Great, bishop of Alexandria, Gregory bishop of Neocaesarta, Victorinus, Arnobius and Lactantius. 3. The act of purification by water, in the sprinkling of the face and hands was in use long before the Christian era and very probably gave rise to its adoption for purposes of baptism by the early Christian Church. Holy or consecrated water was used by the pagans to exorcise or drive out devils. Its first use, as a symbol of purity, is undoubtedly very ancient. Whether or not the custom was of pagan origin cannot be determined.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

CANADA'S NEW GOVERNOR.

THE announcement is made by cable that a new Governor-General of Canada has been appointed. Lord Stanley, who now holds the position, succeeds to the title and estates of his brother, the Earl of Derby, who died recently, and it is necessary that he should return home to attend to his family duties. Mr. Gladstone has selected as his successor in the high office, John Campbell Hamilton Gordon, Earl of Aberdeen, whose portrait appears on this page. The Earl is forty-six years of age and has for several years held a distinguished position in religious and philanthropic as well as in political circles. He succeeded to the Earldom in 1870, on the death of his elder brother. He was at that time a Conservative in politics, but in 1878 he disapproved of the action of Lord Beaconsfield in espousing the cause of Turkey and risking war with Russia. He with several other prominent statesmen severed his connection with the party and subsequently joined the Liberal party. He has given his attention both in and out of Parliament less to party measures than to social subjects. When a Royal Commission was appointed to collect evidence and suggest legislation for the prevention of railroad accidents, Lord Aberdeen was made chairman of it, and he also did efficient work as a member of the Committee on Intemperance. He was also appointed High Commissioner of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland and held the office for four years. He came, however, most prominently before the public as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, a thankless office, which usually covers its occupant with opprobrium. Lord Aberdeen, however, was an exception to the rule; he and his wife were cordially liked by the Irish, and when he quitted office at the downfall of the Gladstone administration, they overwhelmed him with their testimonies of affection. No greater proof of a man's tact and geniality could be produced. During the Conservative supremacy, the Earl has of course been out of office, but he has led a busy life in connection with the many religious and philanthropic societies with which he is associated. He has been much concerned at the privations and hardships of the unemployed in London, and when Gen. Booth of the Salvation Army, organized his scheme of relief, Lord Aberdeen gave him five thousand dollars toward the expenses. Canada is to be congratulated on having at the head of her government a man so worthy and so sympathetic with all efforts for the benefit of the people. That qualification is set down in the Bible as of greater value than statesmanship. (Prov. 31: 9.)

Immigrants Mixed.

THE immigration inspectors at New York tried the new law on May 10th, and it was evident from their weary, jaded appearance when their work was finished that the law had tried them. The *Majestic* of the White Star line brought 967 immigrants and other vessels brought large numbers, making a total of four thousand persons to be examined. Each immigrant was required to answer nineteen questions, and in order to facilitate the examiners the law requires the steamship companies to put the questions to immigrants before departure or during the voyage. They are also required to group them according to their answers and supply them with labels corresponding with a manifest sheet. When this system is carried out, the examiners in New York can pass entire groups at once, without questioning them individually. They will only have to see that the immigrants of a group correspond to the entries on the manifest. The steamship companies last week appeared to have failed to understand what was required of them and in some cases no grouping had been done, while in others the groups were mixed. The immigrants had grouped themselves according to congeniality of disposition, or according to friendships formed on the voyage. As a party entered one of the eight narrow lanes leading past the examiners' desks it would be found that the twenty or thirty persons, who should have formed one group, represented almost as many groups as there were persons, and the long string of questions had to be put to each person. It took seven hours' hard work to get throught the entire crowd. A similar mistake is made by society in grouping the travellers on the voyage of life. We group them according as they are rich or poor, ignorant or educated; but at the end of the voyage we shall find that our distinctions have been superficial. Social ties and class distinctions will be removed; and men, "being let go, will go to their own company." (Acts 4: 23.)

A Whale's Attack on a Schooner.

A FIRM of shipowners at Victoria, B. C., received notice last week from Japan that one of their vessels, the schooner *Mermaid* was obliged to go into dock at Yokohama for repairs. She had received severe injuries in a conflict with a whale. It appears that while off the coast of Japan three weeks ago, the man at the wheel sighted an enormous whale, lying apparently asleep, in the schooner's course. He called the captain, who ordered the ship's course changed so as to avoid the big fish. The monster, however, was soon seen to be moving and it came directly toward the schooner. It came rapidly as if in rage, lashing its terrible tail. The sailors were afraid of it and tried to steer the vessel away from it, but the whale also changed its course, and made a dart at the bow. Its huge tail struck the stem of the vessel with a crash which stove in the upper part, and carried away a portion of the rigging. The sailors expected the whale to return and finish the destruction of the ship, but, to their surprise, it dived and disappeared. The reason for its retreat was explained when the vessel reached the dock at Yokohama, where she went to repair the damage. The jagged ends of her broken timbers were coated with great pieces of the whale's flesh, showing that the blow must have injured the whale as much as it had injured the ship. Many a bullying man who, like the whale, has sought a conflict which his antagonist was trying to avoid, has had a similar experience, and it is always true that he who rebels against God injures himself. (Prov. 11: 17.)

A Marriage on a Bridge.

An unexpected difficulty arose at a marriage ceremony at East St. Louis a few days ago. A large party of friends assembled at the Methodist Church there, to witness the marriage of a popular young lady to a young man of St. Louis. When the time arrived for the ceremony, and the minister was in his place with the couple before him, one of the persons present called his attention to a defect in the license. The bridegroom had procured the document in St. Louis, and it was evident that a Missouri license was useless in Illinois. The wedding would have to be postponed until an Illinois license had been procured, or it must take place across the border. The latter course was chosen. The bridal couple, with the minister and their friends, proceeded to the big Eads Bridge, and took up their places just beyond the State line. There the marriage ceremony was performed. The delay and trouble were vexatious, but they were necessary to make the marriage valid. Probably the bridegroom thought that if he had a license he could be married anywhere at any time. It was a mistake. The marriage will be recognized as valid in Illinois, or wherever the young people may go, but it had to take place in the State in which the license was granted. It is important that everyone should realize that an analogous provision applies to union with Christ. It will be recognized in heaven, but it must take place on earth, where alone the privilege of becoming united to him by a living faith is open to all men (Matt. 10: 32.)

The Emperor and the Reichstag.

A SPEECH which has set all Europe wondering and talking was made on May 9, by the Emperor of Germany, to the officers of his Guards on the Tempelhofer Feld. It referred to the Army Bill which was recently rejected by the Reichstag. After expressing the sorrow and disappointment with which he had seen "men indifferent to the welfare of their country" defeat the patriotic party, the Emperor went on to say: "I was obliged to dissolve the Reichstag in the hope that the new Reichstag would pass the bill. I am determined, in case this hope also be disappointed, to stake all in my power to obtain the enactment of the measure, for I am too thoroughly convinced of its necessity as a guarantee of the peace of Europe to allow it to be finally defeated." The Emperor spoke slowly, pausing slightly after every sentence, and emphasized all significant words, as if to attract attention to the seriousness of the situation and the firmness of his resolution to win. The officers listened in silence to what must have seemed to them like the pronouncement of a dictator. Similar utterances may have fallen from the lips of such despots as Commodus, who militarized the Roman Empire with his Prætorian Guards, Severus, who enjoined his son, Caracalla, to "enrich the soldiery and despise the people," and who was justly accounted as the author of the Empire's ruin; or of Napoleon I., whose incessant drafts on the manhood of France for war purposes, left it a ruined and helpless nation. Their careers illustrated the falseness of that logic which asserts that national armament to the point of military enslavement, is the best means of securing national peace and prosperity. It would be well for Germany if the Emperor heeded the warning of the Psalmist, "There is no king saved by the multitude of a host." (Psa. 33: 16.)

How He Saved his Child.

A LITTLE girl five years old, the daughter of a physician at Sag Harbor, L. I., had an experience on May 10, which neither she nor her parents will ever forget. She had a fondness for the taste of citrate of magnesia and while playing about the house she found one of the dark blue bottles which she recognized as the kind from which she had often been allowed to take little tastes. This bottle, however, had been used by some careless person to hold oxalic acid. The child knowing nothing of

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN,
The New Governor-General of Canada.

the difference in its contents raised the bottle to her lips and drank enough to kill two persons. The pungent fluid burned the little mouth and throat cruelly. She dropped the bottle and called for "mamma." Her father heard her cry and ran to her. A glance at his pet holding her throat with both hands, and at the broken bottle, the contents of which were eating into carpet and floor, explained the trouble to the physician. There was not an instant to lose. Pulling his knife from his pocket, the quick-witted doctor sprang to the whitewashed wall and scraped a quantity of the plaster into his hand. This he threw into a glass of water and made the agonized child drink it. Almost instantly the little throat grew better. The sharp cutting and burning of the acid stopped; it was neutralized by the alkali from the limed wall. The child's life was saved, though it will be some days before the cruel blisters on her mouth and throat are healed. But for her father's knowledge and presence of mind she would probably have died. It was unlikely that anyone but a skilful physician would have known that an antidote was so near at hand. As it is, she has suffered torture through someone's inexcusable carelessness in putting poison into the magnesia bottle. Spiritual poison is in these days often unwittingly taken through similar means. Unsuspecting people accustomed to accept without question the teaching of the pulpit and professedly Christian books, are liable to be deceived, and unhappily, there is not always someone at hand who can administer the proper antidote by prayer and faith. (1. John 4: 1.)

To Generate its Own Light.

A NOVEL invention for lighting railroad cars was tested at Newark, N. J., on April 19. A car which was fitted up with incandescent electric lamps was attached to a train. At the rear of the car was a closet in which an electric generator was placed, and this by an ingenious contrivance was so connected with the axles of the car as to obtain an armature speed of twelve hundred revolutions a minute. The generator was in connection with secondary batteries under the car, which fed the twenty incandescent lamps. The experiment was a complete success. It needs now, only the perfection of the storage arrangements, which will keep the lamps alight in the interval between the stopping and the starting of the car. So long as the car is running, the same power that gives it motion, gives it light. The economy of the device will probably soon bring it into general use. It has long been known that an analogous principle operated in the spiritual world. Those of God's children who were most active in his service have always been those who have enjoyed the most spiritual light; and both light and power have come from the same divine Source. Christ's promise is fulfilled: "He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness but shall have the light of life." (John 8: 12.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Dean William Lawrence has written to Rev. William H. Brooks, D.D., accepting the Bishopric of Massachusetts to which he was elected in succession to the late Rt. Rev. Phillips Brooks.

At the last annual meeting of the American Sunday-School Union, the annual report showed that 1546 new schools have been organized and 404 revived. This makes the total 7,216 schools.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, formerly of Philadelphia, has commenced revival services at Eau Claire, Wis. Two meetings are held each day. Rev. W. N. Sloan, of the First Presbyterian Church, and Rev. D. C. Jones, of the Second Church, with the other pastors, are working heartily with the evangelist. The meetings are interesting and promise great good to all in attendance.

Evangelist E. P. Telford has been holding revival services in Dudley Street Baptist Church, Boston, Mass., of which Rev. A. S. Gumbart is pastor. The church has a wonderful record as a strong, active church, and Mr. Telford's services were heartily appreciated. The Evangelist went thence to Lowell, Mass., where he is holding services in Rev. Hugh Montgomery's M. E. Church.

The national Temperance Society held its twenty-eighth annual meeting in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, last week. Mr. John Wanamaker was elected President for the ensuing year. The speakers congratulated the Society on the vast amount of good it has accomplished. Dr. J. M. Buckley made a strong protest against the theory that drunkenness was a disease. He said that it was a fact that the so-called "Gold Cure" had resulted in many instances in relapse and in others in insanity.

At the seventy-seventh annual meeting of the American Bible Society held in New York it was stated that the disbursements for the past year amounted to $536,537. The total receipts from all sources were $578,930. It was announced that the Society was making an exhibit at the World's Fair of the Bibles and Bible portions printed in 242 languages and dialects which it prints in the Bible House. A souvenir pamphlet has also been issued containing the verse John 3: 16, in each of these languages.

The many readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who have sent contributions to the shelter for fallen women in Mulberry street, New York, described in our issue of April 12, will be glad to learn that through remarkable providential circumstances, a large house has been secured in Varick place, for the shelter. It is in every way suitable for the work, and the owner, who heartily sympathizes with the object of the mission, has made liberal concessions in the rental. Mr. J. L. Spicer, of the American Sunday School Union, Bible House, New York, has charge of the finances, and will be glad to receive contributions toward the expenses.

Dr. L. W. Munhall announces that the Sixth Annual Inter-Denominational Bible Conference will be held at Asbury Park, N. J., Aug. 11–21. As many of our readers attended the former Conferences, and derived great benefit from them, this early intimation is given so that they can make arrangements for attending this, which promises to surpass all its predecessors in interest and helpfulness. Among the speakers who have promised to take part in the proceedings are Dr. William H. Green, of Princeton; Dr. William G. Moorhead, of Xenia, Ohio.; Dr. Talbot W. Chambers, of New York, and Dr. James H. Brookes, of St. Louis. A summer school for Bible Study will also be held during the Conference, under the charge of Dr. William J. Erdman, and other eminent Bible scholars.

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

PENTECOST FULLY COME.

Sermon Preached last Sunday, May 21, 1893, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D.

"And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place. And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting," etc. Acts 2: 1-4.

E to-day celebrate with appropriate services what is known in some churches as Whitsunday. It is well known that this name refers to the white garments worn by candidates for baptism, or worn by those who had been recently baptized. It is a festival of the Church in commemoration of the descent of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost. Although not observed very early in the Church, it came to be one of the most prominent of all the sacred feasts. In the early Church the entire period from Easter to Pentecost was observed as a joyous occasion. It was a time of thanksgiving, because of the exaltation of Christ to the right hand of God. In some portions of the Church this period was considered as a continuous Sunday. It was also marked by an absence of all fasting and of kneeling at all the public prayers. It was considered a time of holy jubilation. But, unfortunately, after a time, it degenerated into mere merrymaking. As marking the descent of the Holy Spirit and

The Birthday of the Church,

the season appeals to our loyalty and is deemed one of chief importance and worthy of an honored emphasis. For long periods it was the chosen time for the observance of baptism and for the giving of ordination to the candidates for the Christian ministry. It is fitting that an occasion so honored of God, and so influential in its relations to the Church, should receive our consideration even now.

We must not allow ourselves to suppose that the Holy Spirit was not in the world until this Pentecost. From the very beginning of creation the Spirit was active both in the creation of the universe and in the re-creation of men. But when Pentecost was fully come the Spirit came with greater fullness of life than ever before. He has dwelt in the church ever since. This is, in a special sense, the dispensation of the Holy Ghost. Christ promised to send another comforter, as one of his ascension gifts. The work of God the Father was especially marked previous to the incarnation of the Son. The work of God the Son continues now at the right hand of God since his ascension and enthronement, and the work of God the Spirit, on the day of Pentecost, marked a new era in the divine manifestation and economy. There is in the divine plan a fulness of time for the manifestation of each person in the blessed Trinity.

The day of Pentecost is the beginning of the second period in the New Testament dispensation. We speak of Christmas as the birthday of the Lord; we must speak of Pentecost as the birthday of his church. As the birthday of Christ was proclaimed by angelic voices chanting his praises, so the birthday of the church was proclaimed by human voices chanting his praises in the various tongues of earth. Christmas marked the incarnation of the Son;

The Incarnation of the Spirit.

Ever since believers have been his temple. Under the dispenation of the Spirit the mind of God entered into a new relationship with the

time until God the Son shall return in his great glory and heavenly splendor to call his

In the study of this subject it is well for us, in the first place, to emphasize the time of the Spirit's coming. We have every reason to believe that the Spirit came on the first day of the week. Honor was thus for the second time done to this day. Not only did it mark the resurrection of our Lord but also his enthronement at the right hand of the Father. The first day of the week is, therefore, a standing memorial of the resurrection of Christ and of the descent of the Spirit. These two considerations give additional dignity and glory to it as the Lord's day. We have not given the day sufficient honor as a memorial of the coming of the Spirit. Whitsunday as well as Easter-day should stimulate the gratitude and evoke the praises of all God's devout children. As the one day commemorates Christ's birth from the tomb, so the other commemorates the birth of the church, and marks an era in the history of redemption. If Christian people would observe the Lord's day with reference to these two great truths the day would have increased dignity, solemnity and tenderness in their thoughts. We honor it as the time of the birth of the church, which next to the birth and resurrection of Christ is the greatest event in the history of our race.

At a Prayer-Meeting.

The spirit came also when God's children were met for prayer. This circumstance also is worthy of an emphasis which it seldom receives. It is true that some have reckoned so as to make this Pentecost fall on Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath. But all the Christian traditions point to Sunday as the day and all the Christian observances of the day, as far back as they can be traced, lead to the same conclusion. When we turn to the fourteenth verse of the preceding chapter we see that all who are named were with one accord in prayer and supplication, Mary the mother of Jesus being one of the number. On some former occasions there had been jealousies and envyings among the disciples; but these are now entirely gone. There are now no schisms, no opposing interests, no discordant ambitions. There is here a beautiful picture of earnest devotion and of united supplication. Mary the mother of Jesus has cast in her lot with the apostles and is also a supplicant at the feet of her divine Son and Lord. We have here one of the finest examples of earnest prayer which the Word of God anywhere gives us. The disciples had followed their Master to the eastern declivity of the Mount of Olives. While the words "to the uttermost part of the earth" are on his lips he is parted from them. They steadily watch him as with uplifted hands he pronounces his blessing, and then they see him moving sublimely upward, all the laws of gravitation submitting to his higher authority. The everlasting doors lift up their heads and the King of glory triumphantly enters. Within the veil he receives the worship which is his due, and on the earth his disciples lift up their prayers and praises in his name. This was

A Wonderful Experience

even for the disciples. They now understand what he meant when he said, "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you." During the forty days he spent upon the earth he opened to them the Scriptures; they now saw as never before what his death meant, and that there was to be no more temple and no more altar. Perhaps they expected that the Spirit would come almost immediately upon the Lord's departure; but day after day passes until a week is gone. "Not many days," said the Master, and so they wait and pray and pray and wait.

Never had such prayers ascended from earth to heaven as these. Eight days are gone: ten days are gone! Is the promise to be broken? What did Christ mean when he said, "Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high?" But God's children never wait and never pray in vain. The promise is near the fulfilment; the day of Pentecost is dawning; the longing of their hearts will be fully met. There is some work for them during the interval of ten days between the ascension of Christ and the effusion of the Spirit. An apostle is to be elected in the room of Judas who had fallen. This work done, they continue to wait for the Spirit as they who wait for the morning. They are sure of his coming, but they will not relax their earnest prayers and will not cease their continuous waiting. Persevering prayer and unity of purpose are divinely appointed means for opening the heavens. Through the cloud, which shut out the ascending Lord from the strained eyes of the disciples, the incense of prayer may rise and the dews of blessing may fall. Thus they wait and thus they pray.

The chief note of time, however, for the coming of the Spirit is that the day of Pentecost was fully come. We know that the word Pentecost literally means the fiftieth of something; but the Greek adjective finally came to be used as a substantive and is so used in this connection. It was applied to the festival which occurred fifty days after the Passover. We know that this feast was also called "the feast of weeks," and "the feast of harvest, or first fruits." Nothing could be more important than that the Spirit should descend on the occasion of

The Historic Feast.

According to the Jewish tradition, as we learn from Maimonides, this feast commemorated the giving of the law on Mount Sinai, which event occurred on the fiftieth day after the departure of Israel from Egypt. It was the fiftieth day after the sixteenth of Nisan, and was believed to be the very day on which the law was given on Mount Sinai. Pentecost was one of the three yearly feasts prescribed in the Mosaic law. The selection of these three periods was not arbitrary, but in strict harmony with national events and with natural events and with the changing seasons. Nothing could be more beautiful than the connection between the descent of the Spirit and the crucifixion of Christ on the one hand, and the relation between the feast of the Passover and the feast of Pentecost on the other hand. Fifty days after the paschal lamb was slain God came in fire and flame on Mount Sinai inaugurating a new dispensation, and fifty days after the true Paschal Lamb was slain God came again in fire and flame and inaugurated the dispensation of the Spirit. It is impossible to fail to see the connection between these symbolic events of the olden time and the deeply spiritual experiences of these apostolic days. At the first Pentecost the law was given on tables of stone; at the last Pentecost the Spirit came to write that law on the hearts of the disciples.

Visible and Audible.

Let us observe, in the second place, the manner of the Spirit's coming. It was to be expected that so great an event as the inauguration of a new spiritual dispensation, that so sublime an occurrence as the special manifestation of the third Person in the Trinity should be preceded and accompanied by sensible and audible phenomena. We are not, therefore, surprised to know that "suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting." This was an extraordinary sound. It came suddenly; it came from heaven. This expression intimates that it was not the result of any natural influence; it may suggest also the origin of the sound, that it descended as if from God. It is to be observed that this was not a rushing mighty wind, but simply that it gave forth a sound that could best be represented by this description. There seems to have been no gale sweeping over the city, no wind that violently struck the sides of the building or that swept furiously through the street. The sound fell directly downward without cause, or presence or movement to explain its existence. It came like mighty showers in a dead calm and from a cloudless sky. God was pleased to give two witnesses to the descent of the Spirit, one appealing to the sense of hearing, this strange sound; the other appealing to the sense of sight, the tongues of flame. We stand in awe of this mysterious sound. Whence came it? What means it? Is it not

The Lord breathing upon His People?

Was not this a supernatural sign of the divine presence? Was not this invisible witness mightily testifying to the presence of the Holy Ghost? Was not this sound emblematic of the mighty power of the divine Spirit? May we not well imagine that the head of each disciple bowed reverently as this strange sound was heard? Who among them could resist the conviction that the mighty Spirit of the living God was breathed upon them in fulness of blessing and in the majesty of God himself?

We are not surprised to learn that this sound filled all the place where they were sitting. We are to refer this expression to the sound rather than to the wind, for it is not even affirmed that there was any wind blowing. Far more terrific than a tempest was this windless sound. A sound of wind when no wind was blowing might well fill every soul with holy awe. We are to believe that they were meeting in a private dwelling rather than in any part of the temple. This sound was symbolic of the presence of the all-pervading Spirit. Cyril of Jerusalem has said, "For as he who sinks down into the waters and is baptized and is surrounded on all sides by the waters, so also they were completely baptized by Spirit." O mysterious and blessed baptism! Now the disciples were receiving the divine enduement of power for which they were to tarry in Jerusalem. Now they will go forth with irresistible power to declare the story of redeeming love. Only as men are endued with power from on high can they so declare the glorious Gospel that Christ shall be honored and souls shall be redeemed.

The Cloven Tongues.

The visible sign of the Spirit's presence was "cloven tongues like as of fire." The word translated cloven is more correctly rendered by the word "distributed." Painters have represented these tongues as divided into two or more portions; the form of the Pope's cap was derived from an incorrect interpretation of this passage. The tongues were not themselves cloven, but each tongue was separated from a mass of seeming flame. Flames naturally assume the form of tongues, and so we have the expression, common in many literatures, "a lambent flame." These tongues were not of fire, but were "like as of fire." They possessed the brightness without the burning of fire. One of the tongues sat on each of those present. We know that fire has ever been regarded as a striking emblem of deity. Thus God is said to have revealed himself to Moses in the bush which burned, but was not consumed; thus on Mount Sinai God descended in the midst of thunder, lightning, smoke and fire, striking emblems of his presence and power; thus startlingly in the Old Testament, and in the New God is described as

A "Consuming Fire."

We are familiar also with the fact that the most famous classic writers frequently represent their deities by fire and flame in various forms. It was especially fitting that the Holy Spirit should be so represented. The prediction of John the Baptist was, "He shall baptize with the Holy Ghost and with fire." The purity and the purifying power of the Spirit were thus strikingly set forth.

We cannot, however, fail to observe the special form of this flame. It might naturally assume the form of a tongue; and frequently in the Bible we read of "the tongue of fire" suggesting the thin, long, narrow point which flames naturally assume. But in this instance we are warranted in seeing a degree of significance in the tongue-like form of the flame. Not a shapeless flame is here presented to our view, not Abraham's lamp, nor the coal of Isaiah, but a tongue comes before us. Over the head of each one of that honored group rests a tongue of flame. There is a sense in which the tongue was to be the symbol of the dispensation now inaugurated. Any form of fire would have suggested the presence of God, but its particular form taught an additional truth. Well has William Arthur said, "Christianity was to be a Tongue of Fire." Not by the printed page, mighty as it may be for good and for God, but by the living voice of the living preacher is the glorious gospel to be proclaimed.

A Tongue Set on Fire

of the Holy Ghost is a power neither man nor devils can resist. The tongue, when consecrated to God, is the mightiest and most glorious instrument for good which the world has ever known. It is the power which has confounded enemies, which has confronted learned councils, and which has silenced opposing hosts of every kind; this is the power which is to-day girdling the world with the blessed story of redeeming love. Oh, that the Lord God Almighty would consecrate to his service by the touch of his mighty love the tongue of eloquence in every language and country!

We are also called upon, in the third place, to notice the results of the Spirit's coming so far as set forth in the text. Those who were present—and the number is certainly not limited to the apostles, nor perhaps to the one hundred and twenty—"were all filled with the Holy Ghost." Up to this time the Spirit had come to men in smaller measures, had come simply as foretastes of this larger blessing. Now the children of God were entirely under the influence and power of the Spirit of God. To be filled with anything is a Scriptural phrase implying that all the faculties are prevaded by it, or are under its control. Our attention was previously called to the external evidences of the divine presence, but now to the internal. The Spirit was now present in fulness. He pervaded the whole being of those upon whom he came. He imparted to them extraordinary powers of many kinds. Under the old dispensation he was given only to chosen leaders or to skilled workmen, or to such honored servants as Elizabeth, Zacharias

and John the Baptist. There were special and transient occasions on which we hear of persons being filled with the Holy Ghost. Now he is to be

The Permanent Indweller

in God's people. His abiding presence is their joyful privilege. Previous to this the apostles had enjoyed only the ordinary influence of the Spirit, but now his indwelling in the largest measure. Now God's Spirit is put into all his people. In the early day the Spirit of God strove with men both before and after the flood, but it was only when the Son of God came to earth that the Spirit of God returned to the earth in fulness In the second Adam he dwelt without measure, and now he sends down the Spirit to dwell in this larger form with the disciples whom he left upon the earth. As vessels they were long prepared for this infilling, and when the Spirit came on the day of Pentecost these prepared vessels were filled to overflowing.

We read also that they "began to speak with other tongues." How can we explain so wonderful an event? There have been many attempts made to deny or to modify this miracle. Some have said that the miracle was not in the speaking of the apostles but in the hearing of the people; but this cannot be, as the use of the tongues was manifested before the hearers were met together. Nothing can be more certain from what follows than that these disciples actually spoke with other tongues. We know that they did not merely speak in different dialects of the Greek language, for the people were met from many lands and were of many tongues. We here see that the disaster of Babel was more than remedied by the blessings of Pentecost. Sin separated man from God and man from man. Salvation comes to unite men to one another and all men to God. Pentecost is

The Divine Remedy for Babel.

The native tongue of many of the people was the barbarous dialect of Galilee. Some, indeed, were acquainted with Greek and Latin; but there is no reason to think that any were acquainted with the divers languages represented on this occasion. The natural meaning of the passage is that these disciples were endowed by the power of the Holy Ghost to speak the foreign languages. This ability was predicted in the Old Testament; it was also promised by the Lord Jesus when he commissioned his disciples. It was vastly important on this occasion that the Gospel should be proclaimed in the languages of those present at this feast. We do not, however, suppose that the disciples used this miraculous gift in their ordinary work. The Greek tongue was so general throughout the Roman Empire that they could ordinarily use it in their preaching; but the ability to speak in various languages ministered marvelously to the rapid spread of the Gospel at the Pentecostal feast. The ability to speak in these varied tongues on this occasion carried the Gospel to more people than could have been reached by the ordinary ministrations of the Word for a series of years. Pentecost was a great hilltop, and kindling the light thereon it shone out across many lands and for the illumination of many peoples. It is glorious that these first disciples were thus able to speak as the Spirit gave them utterance, glorious that each man could hear the Gospel in the language in which he was born. It is still the duty of the Church to give the Gospel to all peoples not only in the tongues of the learned, but in the language of daily speech and of the common people.

America's Opportunity.

The churches in America have special opportunities and obligations resting upon them now in connection with the Columbian Exposition. Here will be met representatives from every land under heaven. These men come to study American institutions and to learn the secret of America's greatness. We need to be endued with power from on high to declare the Gospel to these assembled nations. We need to hold up before Mohammedan and Buddhist, before Brahmin and Confucianist, Jesus Christ as the perfect One, as the desire of all nations, and as the one hope of this fallen world. We need men over whose heads rests the tongue of fire, men whose hearts are aglow with love to God, men whose lips have been touched by a coal from the divine altar. All our churches need this divine enduement. Oh, for the Pentecostal baptism! Oh, for the tongue of fire! Oh, for the prayer which pierces the clouds and which brings these blessings! God in heaven, make this year of 1893, in this America of ours, the Pentecostal birthday of a new era in the church of God, the culmination of the hopes of the past and the prophecy of a still more blessed Pentecost as the twentieth century dawns!

Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

Do Good to Others.

F. J. Crosby. Matthew 5: 44. H. P. Danks.

1. A lit - tle gold - en sun-beam Came steal-ing in one day,
2. I stood be - side a brook-let That murmured soft and clear,
3. The mer - ry birds were sing-ing A - mong the wav - ing trees,
4. O precious, pre-cious teaching, Of sun-beam, brook and bird;
And as I sat and watched it, I seemed to hear it say:
And while I paused to list - en, These words I seemed to hear:
And thus they sweet-ly car - oled A - mid the play - ful breeze:
I'll ne'er for - get their les - sons, But treas - ure ev - ery word.
CHORUS.
Go forth, do good to oth - ers, Be gen - tle, kind and true:
Re - mem-ber your Cre - a - tor, Who loves and cares for you.

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From JUNIOR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SONGS, by per of the Publishers

THE ARMOR OF GOD.

YOUNG Soldier of the Cross, beware!
A watchful foe besets thy way,
His bow is ready bent to slay
The soul unarmed and bare—
Gird on thine armor for the fight,
Close on the left hand and the right.

Let truth's pure girdle belt thee round,
Let Christ's own righteousness complete
Protect thy breast—and be thy feet
With Gospel fitness bound;
Thy shield be Faith's own changing light,
Salvation's hope thy helmet bright.

Grasp in thy hand that potent sword
In heaven's high armory prepared,
Quick to attack, and strong to guard,
The weapon of God's word;
Then, strong in prayer, pursue thy way,
Nor foe shall crush nor arrow slay!

—JOSEPH H. CLINCH.

CHRIST, THE GUIDE AND COUNSELLOR.

JESUS, my truth, my way,
My sure unerring light,
On thee my feeble step I stay,
Which thou wilt guide aright.

My wisdom and my guide,
My counsellor thou art;
O never may I leave thy side,
Or from thy path depart.

I lift mine eye to thee.
Thou gracious, bleeding Lamb,
That I may now enlightened be,
And never put to shame.

O make me like to thee,
Before I hence remove;
Settle, confirm and 'stablish me,
And build me up in love.

—HENRY HEAP.

UNDER THE SHADOW.

JESUS my Lord! to thee I come,
To thy dear arms, if yet there's room,
For one so vile as I,
To thy bright robe oh let me cling,
To hide beneath thy sheltering wing,
For safety would I fly.

I cast myself beneath thy Cross;
Now take away my sin and dross,
And fill my soul with peace;
Oh! take me by thy loving hand,
And lead me to that blissful land,
Where pleasures never cease.

Come, quicken now, my power to love,
Set my best hopes on things above,
Help me to love thee true,
Help me adore thy holy name,
To spread abroad thy matchless fame
And yield thee all thy due.

La Grange, Ind. —FRANCIS P. GRIFFITHS, M.D.

Signs to Precede the Advent.

Notes of an address on the Impending Reconstruction of the Roman Empire.

BY REV. A. J. STEED.

THERE are certain conspicuous events which are to take place in this world preceding the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and one thing is the organization of a Ten-kingdomed Confederacy within the boundaries of Cæsar's original Roman Empire. There are 23 kingdoms now, but before the Lord comes the Bible clearly teaches us that these 23 kingdoms are to be changed into ten kingdoms. In Daniel 2: 31, we read that Nebuchadnezzar saw a great metallic image, whose head was of fine gold, his breast and arms of silver, the thighs of brass, the legs of iron, the feet part of iron and part of clay. Daniel said the interpretation of this image was that Nebuchadnezzar's kingdom should be followed by three kingdoms and the last kingdom should be divided into ten divisions as represented by the ten toes of the image. These kingdoms have existed, the Babylonian kingdom was the head; Medo-Persian, the arms and shoulders; Grecian, the loins; Roman, the legs; and they are a faithful representation of the Roman Empire as it was divided into western and eastern divisions, which were afterwards sub-divided into 23 kingdoms, but we have not had the ten kingdoms yet. We are looking for them and for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, for in the days of these ten kingdoms (Dan. 2: 44), God will set up a kingdom that will never be destroyed, an everlasting kingdom.

Another great thing to precede Christ's Advent is the embryo rise of a terrible monster, called in the Bible, Antichrist, the Wicked One, the Man of Sin, and the Son of Perdition; one, who will exalt himself and set himself against everything, even God himself. Now, this Antichrist will arise *after* the formation of the Ten-Kingdomed Confederacy, as we are told very plainly in Daniel 7: 24, and 8: 9. There Antichrist comes forward as a Little Horn, out of one of the four kingdoms into which Alexander the Great's kingdom was divided after his death. Antichrist is to become King of Syria: I daresay he will be a very pleasant man to talk to: there will be something very fascinating in his manner. He will get the kingdom by flattery; he shall come in a subtle way, according to Daniel 11: 21. He will work the thing so as to attain his object. He will give the Jews religious liberty, and allow them to worship God with sacrifices in a rebuilt temple, concerning which he will, according to Daniel 9: 27, make a seven years' covenant with them. But in the midst of the seven years the ten kingdoms will give him all their power, and then he will give up his pleasing ways, and will be seen to be the terrible creature that the Bible represents him to be, and then he will commence to persecute the Christians. He will go so far as to have his image set up in the temple at Jerusalem, and he will decree a number, 666, to be known as his imperial stamp, and all who will not have this number placed on their foreheads or hands, will be put to death.

Before the first stage of Christ's Advent in the air, this confederacy must be formed, as one of the signs of the Lord's second coming. I don't think we shall have to wait long for it. Before long some gigantic European war will break out and produce this ten-kingdomed confederacy. After this happens, the Lord will speedily come.

There are many reasons for believing that this advent of our Lord is very near. One is that as Daniel "understood by books the number of the years" (Dan. 9:2), and perceived that the end of the Jewish captivity was approaching, so in our day learned men have "understood by books" notably from Daniel's own book that the end of this dispensation is approaching. You are familiar with these calculations which seem to me as clear and cogent as a proposition in Euclid. Then there are other signs, which are marvellously like those of which our Lord said, "When ye shall see all these things, know that it is near, *even at the doors.*" (Matt. 24: 33). There is that emissary from hell, called spiritualism, which is surely a sign that we are living in the last days. St. Paul says, "Men shall depart from the faith, giving heed to the doctrines of demons." Look at the upside-down state of the world. The spirit of discontent reigns on all sides. Agitation exists on every hand. Capital against labor, and the employed against employers. Look at the constantly recurring earthquakes. Look at the confusion in which the world is; it is in such a disquieted state that no government can put things right—neither kings nor congresses nor parliaments can reform it. It needs the King to come; and not until Jesus Christ comes will things be as they should be.

THE APOSTLE OF THE COMMUNE.

The Death of Rev. R. W. McAll, Who for More than Twenty Years Preached Christ to the Anarchists of Paris.

ALL Christendom joins in the mourning of the immediate friends of the valiant and devoted servant of Christ, who was called from earth on May 11. The Rev. R. W. McAll quietly and unostentatiously began and carried forward a work which has made his name famous in every land where Christ is preached. It was a work of extraordinary difficulty, and one which only a man of unbounded faith in the power of Christ to save and keep, would have taken up. It began in 1870, when the whole world was ringing with indignation against the desperadoes who had slain the Archbishop of Paris, and had defaced and destroyed monuments and works of art of priceless value. "Let them stew in their own gravy," had been Bismarck's expressive order, and truly it seemed that no worse punishment could be devised than that of leaving them to their own way. The Republic, when it asserted its authority and the majesty of the law, had no remedy for them but the bullet and the manacle. But when Mr. McAll saw the savage, desperate men, whose natures seemed more demoniacal than human, his soul went out to them in pity. "God loves you; I love you," were the simple words he uttered in his broken French. The fierce faces changed their expression of brutal hate, as the unexpected words fell on their ears. Such words they had never heard before, and many of them had never heard the name of God at all, except in imprecation. The good man stayed among them for a few months, and they soon learned that his love for them was no mere phrase, but an active principle. Months stretched to years, and, one after another, rooms were opened, in which the message of the love of God for the poor and the lost and the despairing was proclaimed to attentive ears. Mr. McAll and his wife took no money for their work. They had a small income, which sufficed for their modest requirements, and they gave themselves freely to the work. Friends in England and America, who heard of his effort, supplied funds to pay the rent of the rooms in which the Gospel was preached, and so, from year to year the movement lived and spread, until last year the ceaseless activity of Mr. McAll's life seemed to have made no inroads on his vitality, but last fall it was noticed that he was breaking down. He was persuaded to go to his native place for a brief rest. Last month, however, he could bear his separation from his beloved work no longer, and he appeared again among his friends in Paris. It was a last effort; it was evident that the end was near. A few days later, his devoted spirit which had sustained him for more than twenty years of arduous labor was summoned home, and thousands of God's children feel themselves bereft.

THE LATE REV. R. W. M'ALL.

ASSAM COMING TO CHRIST.

THE Welsh mission to the Khasi Hills in Assam has recently been visited by a medical missionary, Dr. Macphail, who labors among the Santhals. His report of this out-of-the-world quarter may come as a glad surprise even to the diligent student of missions. The mission field is now so wide, and so rich in information, that it seems impossible to keep in touch with all that is going on. He writes: "They are an enterprising, industrious and well-educated people; once among the most troublesome of the hill tribes, they are now the most prosperous. Out of a population of [illegible] there is every probability that in a few years the whole country will be Christian. Their [illegible] mission church I have seen in India. It holds [illegible] well filled."

MR. SPURGEON AT CHICAGO.

Rev. Thomas Spurgeon, who is on his way from Australia to succeed his late father as [illegible] tic work of the World's Fair.

VOW AND PAY.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing June 4. Eccles. 5: 4; Colos. 3: 22, 24.

IF the form in which the topic appears is intended as an injunction, the meaning of the word "vow" needs to be clearly understood. Webster defines the act as giving, consecrating or dedicating to God by a solemn promise. This is clearly the Christian's duty as to his strength, his labor, himself and his life. Conscious that God has redeemed him from the world and his lower nature, and has imparted the Holy Spirit to him to sanctify him and develop his spiritual nature so that he may be fit for a higher state, he does right to dedicate himself to Christ's service resolving to be and do through all his life what Christ would have him be and do. He is no longer his own, but Christ's, a being consecrated to God. Like the vows uttered at the marriage altar, this vow changes the whole life, imposes new duties and obligations and implants new motives of thought and action. Vows as to the consecration of income and property are a part of this duty. Few Christians know how much or rather how little they give to God. Spasmodic giving is necessarily unsatisfactory. A definite proportion of every Christian's income should be set aside and that proportion should be settled in advance and as honorably paid as a debt to a human creditor. It is the Lord's money and should never be applied to any other purpose. In all these particulars the Christian naturally and rightly in assuming the name of Christian takes upon himself the vows of citizenship in the kingdom of Christ. They should not be assumed lightly or hastily but with clear knowledge remembering that it is better not to vow than to vow and not pay.

The word "vow" is, however, more frequently used in another sense. A man in peril of his life, a parent whose child is sick, a business man over whom heavy losses are impending, will sometimes make a solemn vow that if God will avert the evil he is dreading, he will do something or give something. The act shows a misapprehension of the character of God. The idea of offering God a bargain is repugnant to any man of sense, when it is seen in its true light. If adversity, present or prospective, is recognized as chastisement or discipline, the first duty is amendment and that amendment ought to be a matter of conscientious performance, not contingent on the trouble being removed. God is not a Being to be bribed to a course of action. "Thy will be done," is the Christian's proper prayer. He may ask for what he needs and wishes, but his duty remains the same whether his prayer is granted or not. Sometimes the vows offered in these circumstances are extremely childish and foolish, as was the case in Jephthah's life. (Judges 11). Many a man is in the ministry to-day who has neither the spirit nor the talents suitable for the work, and who would never have been there if his parents had not dedicated him in his infancy to the occupation. Many other examples of foolish vows will occur to every one. Not infrequently the keeping of such vows involves a wrong to the person making the vow and to others. In all such cases, it cannot be supposed that God will be pleased with the fulfilment of the vow and however solemnly they may have been made, they are better broken than kept.

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A PROSPEROUS Y. M. C. A.

OUR friends of the Young Men's Christian Association of Germantown, Pa., celebrated their twenty-second anniversary on May 9, under peculiarly agreeable circumstances. It was the first anniversary in their new and handsome home. They are proud of the edifice as they have just reason to be. It ranks tenth in size of all the Y. M. C. A. buildings in the United States and its excellent taste and novel arrangements make it a model likely to be extensively copied. Its front is of Pompeiian brick, faced with Indiana limestone and relieved a short distance above the pavement by two courses of dark porcelain brick. The main entrance is one of the most striking features of the building. It is a low, wide arch set on dwarf columns. This admits to a beautifully tiled vestibule sixteen feet wide and twelve feet high, from which rises a graceful staircase in quartered oak to the second floor, where the chief offices are located. On the outside, the front, over the entrance, is set back, so as to leave a wide deep balcony in front of the reading-room on the second floor. Here also are reception, lecture, and amusement-rooms. Above, on the third floor, are the rooms of the Ladies' auxiliary, the managers' offices, the boys' department, and classrooms, which may ultimately become on occasion kitchen and dining-room. The gymnasium is a large, well-equipped room sixty-five feet square on the ground floor in which is a large swimming-bath. The entire cost of the building was nearly $125,000, and the Association and its friends feel that it is well worth all that has been paid for it.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

THE Long Island Chapters held an enthusiastic Convention at Patchogue, on May 11. About five hundred delegates were present. Revs. Edward A. Blake, Chauncey W. Brown, J. B. Morrell, W. P. Ferguson, Sam'l A. Smith, and Presiding Elder C. S. Wing, were among the speakers. Twenty-two chapters reported the organization of Junior Leagues. The question of the reference to amusements in the new pledge evoked a wide difference of opinion and an animated discussion took place at the morning session. The sense of the Convention appeared to be that there should be uniformity in the matter throughout the League and that it should be adopted by all chapters or by none. Mr. W. H. Baker, of East Orange, was elected President for the ensuing year. — The New Jersey Convention at Newark on May 11, elected the following officers for the year: President, Dr. J. C. Clark; Vice-Presidents, Dr. C. Frank Nettleship, J. B. Shaw, Rev. J. R. Mace, and Robert M. Collyer; Corresponding Secretary, Frederick J. Lovatt; Recording Secretary, W. W. Dobbins; Treasurer, Samuel W. Fox.—The League is making rapid progress in Michigan. The Watervliet Chapter has more than doubled its membership since its organization. Its devotional meetings, which are held every Sunday, are well attended, and its bi-weekly business meetings are full of interest. The League at Lincoln Avenue Church, Detroit, is similarly prosperous. Its "convention evenings," devoted to music and the reading of short original papers by the members prove a complete success and are thoroughly enjoyed.

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A WARD OF THE ORDER.

A PATHETIC story of the adoption of a child by two circles of King's Daughters and one of King's Sons is told in the Canadian department of the *Silver Cross*. It appears that the young Christian people of Belleville, Ont,, learned that in the local jail there was a boy seven years old confined there, not for any wrongdoing, but because having no father, mother, or relatives willing to care for him, the jail was a safe place for him. The three circles held a united meeting to take his case into consideration. It naturally occurred to them that a child housed in jail so young and growing up amid such surroundings, had very little hope of becoming a useful man. The Psalmist said that if his father and mother forsook him, the Lord would take him up. The King's Daughters and Sons came to the conclusion that in taking up this friendless child they would be doing the Lord's work. After much correspondence an excellent school was found at which the child could be received and boarded and taught for a hundred and four dollars a year, providing he should remain for nine years. The three circles undertook to provide the funds, but the school required the guarantee of some township, and for a long time no township would undertake the responsibility. Ultimately the city of Belleville was induced to accept the risk on receiving the personal bond of several members of the Order. The boy was taken out of prison and introduced to his new friends. His appearance showed that there was more to be done for him. The child was in rags. The King's Sons supplied garments from their wardrobes, and the King's Daughters became tailoresses and worked with a will until the child was not only well clothed, but had a trunk-full of good garments to take to school with him. Thus equipped he was duly forwarded to the school. His safe arrival was reported. Regular statements of his condition and progress are to be sent to his self-appointed guardians, who are praying that he may grow up a good and useful man.

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A Christian Endeavor Society has been formed in Shanghai, China, in the Union Church, since Dr. F. E. Clark's visit to the city.

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An encouraging account is to hand of the work of the nine Young Men's Christian Associations that have been established in Russia, and it is stated that two others are in course of formation. There are between six and seven hundred active members, and double the number of associates.

"FALLEN ASLEEP."

WE garner memories rich and rare,
Find wayside flowers, fresh and fair.
We pluck and twine in clustered wreaths,
Where fragrant memory sweetly breathes;
But, ah, too soon these drop and fade
And low by Time's sere frost are laid:—
In cadence solemn, low and deep,
We hear that "Some Have Fallen Asleep."

Asleep till resurrection's sun
Shall tell of a new life begun,
When our frail craft, in turn, shall glide
Down Time's swift stream on flowing tide;
Then may we meet our loved anew,
To part no more with sad adieu;
No more to weary vigils keep,
And mourn that "Some Have Fallen Asleep."

— CLARK W. BRYAN.

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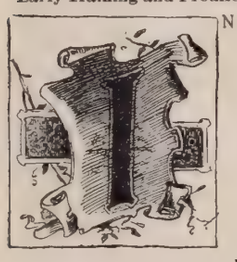
Three Child-Monarchs.

Alexander of Servia, Alfonso of Spain, and Dainty Little Wilhelmina of Holland—Their Early Training and Predilections.



IN civilized countries where the government is a monarchy, when a child succeeds to the throne, the affairs of the nation are usually administered by a Regent. Seldom is a juvenile king or queen heard of in connection with state affairs until the years have arrived when the full powers and responsibilities of the throne can he assumed. History records few cases in which unfledged monarchs have wrested the power from their Regents, as did Alexander, the young Prince of Servia lately, when he dismissed his Regents summarily, and with his own boyish hands grasped the sceptre. It was a bold stroke on the part of the young Prince, to defy the people of Servia in the persons of the Regents; but he had an army at his back, and a coterie of nobles urging him on. He did not hesitate to place M. Ristitch, the chief Regent, and his fellow-members, practically under arrest,—thus accomplishing by the strong hand what could not otherwise have been secured until he had reached his full majority, three years hence. The boy King is now seemingly seated securely on the throne which his father, ex-King Milan, disgraced. It will be very unfortunate for the Servians if Alexander should not prove a worthier monarch than Milan, who spent much of his time and almost all the revenues in dissipation and vice, and whose conduct finally was the cause of his abdication and exile. Alexander is the youngest reigning monarch in Europe, being barely eighteen. He comes of a very ancient and noble family—the Obrenovitches. He is said to be popular and loveable and has at least shown himself to possess the quality of gratitude, for he has appointed his tutor to an important post in the new government.

A pleasanter picture is that of the young king of Spain, Don Alfonso XIII.—who is only eight years of age. This royal lad was proclaimed king of Spain on the day of his birth, in the hope that his helpless boyhood would be an additional security to the throne and might bring peace to that distracted country. The Spaniards did not care to have his widowed mother, Queen-Regent Christina, rule over them, even nominally. She is a most excellent, careful and devoted mother, and is training her little son to appreciate the high duties before him. Besides she is a generous and loving woman, and this disposition shows itself in many different ways. On the day that little Alfonso donned his first pair of shoes, Mamma Christina gave 300 pairs to that number of poor children in Madrid. On his first birthday, 30,000 poor persons in Madrid received each a present from the Queen-Regent in the baby's name, and a hospital was founded to testify the mother's gratitude to God, and her love for her little son. The Spaniards are a stormy, impetuous race, and during the last thirty years, factious risings and rebellions have been frequent; but on more than one occasion, since Alfonso's birth, a glimpse of the Queen-mother and the baby-king have sufficed to quell such disturbances.

When he was only eighteen months old, and before he could lisp in Spanish, the baby-king presided at the opening of the Cortes or National Congress. Of course, he didn't sit on the throne of all the kings and emperors of Spain unaided; a pleasant-faced, motherly peasant from the Asturias held him on her knee while round about stood the Queen-Regent and all the royalties and grandees and statesmen and high functionaries. Mamma Christina read the "Speech from the Throne" in behalf of her little boy, who, of course, could hardly be expected to read at such an age. The chubby fellow was, as the peasant-woman afterwards admitted "real good," and did not interrupt the proceedings more than once or twice, on which occasions he attempted a speech from the throne on his own account and his prattle was as eagerly listened to as the words that fell from the lips of his royal mother. He can talk now however, and he is big enough to sit on the throne without a nurse and gives every promise of becoming a noble, earnest man and a just ruler. He is not strong in physique but is winning in his manner and has a great love for learning. There is no doubt that Alfonso will, if spared, creditably hold the reins of government in Old Castile.

EUROPE'S TRIO OF YOUNG ROYALTIES.
ALFONSO OF SPAIN, WILHELMINA OF HOLLAND AND ALEXANDER OF SERVIA.

Next comes a dainty little lady—the youngest of queens. She is Wilhemina Helena Pauline Marie of Holland, and she is just fourteen. Like Alfonso, she is under the care or guardianship of a good mother, Queen Emma, the widow of the late King William of Holland. The ex-Queen has proved herself to be a most intelligent lady, remarkable for tact, courage and energy, and while she has been the practical ruler of Holland since her husband's death, she has won the confidence and love of her people, who voluntarily made her Regent during her daughter's minority. Wilhelmina, when she comes of age, will be the ruler of 4,500,000 Hollanders, besides some 30,000,000 more subjects in the colonies of Java, Sumatra, Borneo, Guiana, Moluccas, West Indies, Surinam and other parts of the world. Her education occupies a good part of the time of the Queen-mother. No frivolities are permitted and her tutors are directed to address her simply as "Fraulein," without using any title, the mother's idea being that, in the relations of tutor and pupil, the teacher should be regarded as superior. This is really a most practical illustration of the old proverb that there is "no royal robe to learning," and that princes as well as peasants must undergo the same ordeal and perform the same labors if they would reach the distinction which belongs to men and women of cultured minds and well-stored brains.

Religious training in the royal homes of Spain and Holland has not been neglected, and both Alfonso and Wilhelmina have been reared with due regard to their religious duties. Such peculiar conditions have surrounded the boyhood of Alexander of Servia, that it is a question whether he has been equally fortunate.

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An Accomplished Oriental Girl.

ONE of the most interesting and striking figures among the students of Oxford College, England, is Cornelia Sorabji, a tall, slender olive-skinned girl. Clothed in her native dress of pale blue crepe, embroidered with gold, with its mantle draped over her head like a veil, and shadowing her astonishingly large and brilliant eyes, she makes a strange picture among the rosy Englishwomen with their fashionable gowns. At eighteen, and Professor of Literature in the University at Bombay, she still thirsted for broader opportunities and found her way to Somerville, and attracted attention by her brilliant examination papers for the history and literary schools. The Government decided, however, that a woman, with knowledge of law, was needed to collect evidence in the Zenanas, and she immediately entered upon a legal course. After six months' study, her papers on Roman law were held by the examiners to be the most remarkable and able ever presented by any student of either sex in the University. Prince Dhuleep Singh's two daughters are also members at Somerville, and on its rolls stand very many of the most noted and noble names of England. These are probably the best examples at the present time of the actual progress in University life that has been achieved by women native to the East and therefore laboring under peculiar disadvantages.

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A Boy's Larger View.

A BOY goes to business, and at his business begins by simply doing the things he is told to do, and doing them in a common and ordinary way, writes Rev. Lyman Abbott. If he stops here, he remains all his life long a drudge. But if he begins to see that business has a significance, that his life is not merely sweeping the store, not merely writing letters, not merely selling goods, if he begins to see the higher life involved in business, if he begins to see that business is a greater instrument of beneficence than what we call beneficence, that trade is clothing thousands of men where charity clothes ten, that agricultural and milling industries are feeding thousands of men where charity feeds ten; if he begins to see how the whole history of the world is linked together, and is God's way of building up humanity and serving humanity—as he gets this larger view, and enters it, life is enriched, and becomes itself the minister whereby love is enlarged and conscience is strengthened.

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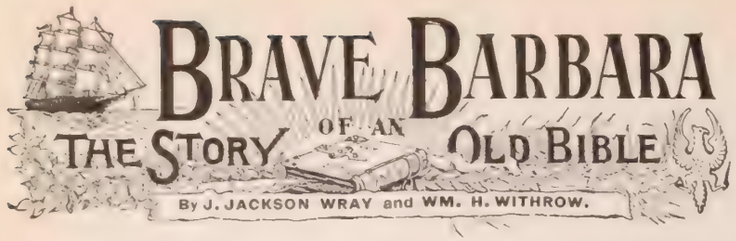
THE CONDUCTOR'S DREAM.

HE had been on the train all day, had met all kinds of people, received all sorts of treatment, punctured all kinds of tickets, shouted "All out!" and "All aboard!" till throat, and head, and hand, and foot were weary, writes Dr. Talmage. It would be a long while before we would get to another depot, and so he sagged down in the corner of the car to sleep. He thought that he had just stepped on the platform of his car, and a lady handed him a bouquet fresh from the hot-house. A long line of railroad presidents and superintendents had come to the depot to see him off, and tipped their hats as he glided out into the open air. The car was an improvement on Pullman's best. Three golden goblets stood at the end, and every time he turned the spigot of the water-eask, it foamed soda-water—vanilla if you turned it one way, strawberry if you turned it the other. The spittoon was solid silver, and had never been used but once, when a child threw into it an orange-peeling. The car was filled with lords and duchesses, who rose and bowed as he passed through to collect the fare. They all insisted on paying twice as much as was demanded, telling him to give half to the company and keep the rest for himself. Stopped a few minutes at Jolly Town, Gleeville and Velvet Junction, making connection with the Grand Trunk and Pan-Handle route for Paradise. But when the train halted there was no jolt, and when it started there was no jerk. The track was always clear, no freight-train in the way, no snow-bank to be shoveled—train always on time. Banks of roses on either side, bridges with piers of bronze and flagmen clad in cloth-of-gold. The steam whistle breathed as sweetly as any church-choir chanting its opening piece. Nobody asked the conductor to see his time-table, for the only dread any passenger had was that of coming to the end of his journey.

As night came on, the self-adjusting couches spread themselves on either side; patent bootjacks rolled up and took your boots off; unseen fingers tucked the damask covers all about you, and the porter took your pocket-book to keep till morning, returning it then with twice what you had in it at nightfall. After awhile the train slackens to one hundred and seventy-five miles an hour, and the conductor, in his dream, announces that they are coming near the terminus. More brakes are dropped and they are running but ninety miles the hour; and some one, looking out of the window, says, "How slow we go!" "Yes," says the conductor, "we are holding up." Now they have almost stopped, going at only seventy miles the hour. The long line of depot-lamps are flashing along the track. As the cushioned train flashes into the depot and stops, wedding-bells peal, and the gong of many banquets sounds, and white arms are flung about necks, reckless of mistake, and innumerable percussions of affection echo through the depot, so crisp and loud that they wake the conductor, who thought that the boisterous smack was on his own cheek, but finds that he is nothing but a bachelor railroad-man, with a lantern, at midnight getting out into a snow-bank.

Application: Get an easy position when you sleep, if you have any choice between angels and gorgons. Many think that sleep is lost time. But the style of your work will be mightily affected by the style of your slumber. Sound Asleep is sister of Wide Awake. Adam was the only man who ever lost a rib by napping too soundly; but when he woke up, he found that, instead of the twelve ribs with which he started, he really had nigh two dozen. By this I prove that sleep is not subtraction, but addition. This very night may that angel put balm on both your eyelids five minutes after you touch the pillow!



CHAPTER XI.

UNDER ARMS

OUR young and vigorous friend, John Lawrence, did not share the objections to a soldier's career that governed the conduct of his senior comrade, Paul Heck. In the stirring necessities of the case, with the enemy at the gates and the French peasantry deaf to the appeal of the Governor who was half out his wits for men to defend the forts, John volunteered his services, and enlisted, much to Major Featherstone's delight, in the forces that were sent to man the threatened fortress of St. John.

General Carleton got together about a thousand men, Canadians, regulars, and Indians, for the relief of that garrison. Crowding his forces into a fleet of some fifty boats, he attempted to cross the St. Lawrence, and for this purpose embarked from the quays of Montreal, and almost from beneath the windows of the house in which the Hecks and the Emburys had found a home. A great crowd of the townspeople, mothers, wives and children of the volunteers, and other non-combatants, gathered on the shore, or on the city walls to watch the departure of the flotilla.

Barbara and Mary Embury, standing at their open casement, recognized the pleasant features of John Lawrence, who had been put in charge, thanks to his experience as a bargeman on the Hudson and the St. Lawrence, of one of the bateaux which carried the small army. He had donned soldiers' attire, wore suitable accoutrements, and according to Barbara's strong opinion, looked to be what he certainly was, a "splendid fellow."

Bravely the fifty bateaux rode the waters of the St. Lawrence, and under the force of the strong arms that rowed them, resisted the downward sweep of the broad current, and carried their precious burden to the perilous haven whither they were bound. The music of fife and drum grew fainter and fainter in the distance, and a last hearty cheer went up from those who were left behind to watch and fear, to wonder, and to pray. The flotilla had almost reached the opposite bank and the soldiers were preparing to disembark, when they received a check. The American General had laid in ambush a strong party of more than three hundred men, carefully masked by the bushes that lined the shore. These were not perceived by the luckless voyagers, until they opened fire. A deadly volley of musketry and the hoarse boom of two pieces of artillery put a new complexion on the enterprise. Many men were wounded, some of the boats were shattered and began to sink. General Carleton gave the command to retreat, and the discomfited expedition slowly made its way back to Montreal.

Brave Barbara was still standing at her casement with Mary Embury by her side. She had not lost sight of the departing fleet, when the crack of the muskets, and the roar of the cannon smote upon her ear. Hastening downstairs and drawing Mary behind her, under pretence of getting their work done, she avoided explanations, and gave her excitable and sensitive companion "something to think about."

It was well; for when the luckless troops were returned and disembarked it was found that many had been slain, that many more had been sore wounded, and amongst the rest, John Lawrence, who had been shot in the arm and leg, besides receiving a deep gash in the forehead from a flying fragment of a shattered boat. He was carried ashore and up the slope towards the barrack-buildings by Paul Heck and Mike Finnigan, who had gone down to the quay in haste, and these, with the help of an Indian from the boats, bore him home.

John's wounds were not serious. The bullets had passed through the fleshy part of arm and thigh, and under such nursing as Barbara's skill and Mary's love, and Paul's tending, and Mike's bright humor would supply, the wounded man was soon convalescent.

It became pretty clear, too, that "Richard," or, rather, John, was not only to be himself again, but that Mary Embury was fated to be himself too; for there was no room for further pretence, or reason either, as to the love they bore each other; and so it was evident that if the marriage union really unites two in one, John and Mary were likely enough to become one entity when the campaign was over and John's soldiering days were done. But the present, with its awful shadows of disaster and death, was no time for the indulgence of tender emotions; and Mary and the convalescent John soon became Brave Barbara's willing lieutenants in her voluntary hospital labors. It was found that the Indian, Tookalusca, who had helped to carry the wounded John Lawrence to his quarters, had been himself wounded. With the self-repression which characterizes the Indian warrior, he had silently endured, until his growing weakness caught the observant eye of Barbara.

Our heroine, who had played so many parts in the drama of life, and who had lifted the cup of salvation to so many parched lips, had now the joy—for it was a joy of no mean order—of preaching Jesus to the "poor Indian" the while she aided the barrack surgeon to nurse him back to strength and life. Tookalusca, like most members of his race was eminently gifted with the talent of silence. It was not until the tender and kindly tending of Brave Barbara had unlocked the "secret place" of the patient's heart that she could get him to listen to the story of Jesus, or, at any rate, to frame an answer into words.

I have not space in these pages to narrate the slow, sure, resolute steps which Barbara took to bring the poor Indian within the ring of those who, in the best sense, have "seen the Lord." One thing is certain, Tookalusca, Indian brave, heathen idolater, and reckless warrior though he was, came to know and trust in the Sinner's Friend! My heroine managed to "preach unto him Jesus;" and like the black-skinned servant of Queen Candace, he "went on his way rejoicing" in that highest and choicest of all learning that can come to the mind and heart of man.

When Tookalusca was thoroughly recovered, and was again with the soldiers on the march, or in the field or camp, he used to find his way back to talk with Barbara about Jesus and his love. We shall hear again of Tookalusca; suffice it, therefore, to say here, that under the influence of this truly remarkable woman, the name of Jesus was heard among the swart denizens of the northern wilderness.

The disaster which had befallen the volunteer relief party who sought to aid the beleagured Fort of St. John, compelled the starving soldiers there to capitulate to the enemy, in unconditional surrender. The greatest part of the regular British troops in Canada had now been captured by the victorious Americans; and their commander, General Montgomery, at the head of his forces, flushed with victory, marched rapidly upon Montreal.

Our poor and sorely-handled band of immigrants from the Irish Palatinate, who had come hither to find peace, had found once again not peace, but a sword. There was no help for it, however, and gathering their brood together, even as a hen gathers her chickens under its wings, Brave Barbara held special service of prayer in the bakery of her friend Jean Baptiste Lafarge. Hither came amongst the rest, that same Major Wilson, the merchant, who was wounded in the fight at the Water Gate, and who had been nursed back to life and health by Barbara and her friend Mary Embury. Major Wilson was one of the leading merchant-citizens of Montreal, and held high civic office. He had come to hold Brave Barbara in high respect, and even reverence, and in his gratitude for her priceless services to himself, he lost no opportunity of doing her service in return.

"What are we to do, Mistress Heck?" said the merchant, just before the hour of prayer commenced. He felt himself to be in a great quandary. He knew that the commander of the city, General Carleton, would not shrink from immolating his whole handful of soldiers in an attempt to defend the city; and yet the worthy militia-officer shrank from what he felt would be a useless butchery of brave men.

"I should advise, Major Wilson," said she, seriously, "the quiet surrender of the city, without striking a blow. No defence will avail. Why should innocent blood be spilled without even the poor reward of beating an [illegible]."

On these lines of purpose and petition, the meeting for prayer was conducted, and the sentence that left the lips of Paul Heck was felt to be right, "O Lord," said he, "keep the men of strife and the men of peace apart! They are rushing together; and there will be the clash of arms and the spilling of blood, if they meet. Put thyself between them, Lord! And say to one or other of them, 'Depart! that this city may abide in peace!'"

So pleaded Paul Heck, and so prayed in heart and spirit the little band who talked with God with bowed head and bended knee, in the humble warehouse of Jean Baptiste Lafarge. Then Major Wilson repaired with other citizens to confer with Governor Carleton.

"We do counsel," said Major Wilson when he was admitted to General Carleton's presence, "one and all, for the sake of the innocent citizens, and because of the utter uselessness of prolonged resistance, we do unitedly counsel a policy of non-resistance. What can you do, General, brave as are both you and your men? Montgomery has a thousand men behind him, and there are more troops to follow. Resistance would be, not folly only, but madness and murder. Submission means safety to the city, peace to the citizens, life to your little band of brave men."

General Carleton looked at them fiercely; he pulled the grey mustaches and fidgetted nervously in his seat, evidently moved more than he cared to show by the appeal. "Citizens of Montreal," he said at last, "I believe that you are right. My reason has told me so all the time: but my duty seemed to say it Nay. We will fall back upon Quebec."

In the fitful moonlight, the troops marched to the barracks, amid the plaudits of the people. The night was spent by them in destroying the army stores that they could not carry with them. Then, in the early morning, the little garrison filed out of the East Gate, just as the attacking forces blew open the West Gate, and marched into the central square.

"What has become of Carleton and his men?" said the wondering Montgomery, addressing Major Wilson. "They are well on their way to Quebec, General," said the merchant, seriously.

"What! without striking a blow?" said Montgomery, with a strong flavor of contempt in his tones. "What led them to act so tamely," he continued, half-inclined to suspect that there was treachery and peril behind it. "The advice of a Christian woman, who wanted to spare brave lives, and win kind treatment for the citizens."

"And that she has won," said the General, well pleased to think the capture was so easily achieved.

General Montgomery treated the people with great consideration: and won their good-will by his generous and conciliating attitude. He made provision for the maintenance of public order, and, though the city remained for well-nigh eight months in the hands of its captors, Montreal was, happily, free from the sufferings which almost invariably attend the lot of the vanquished. All honor to Gen. Montgomery! But it must not be forgotten that this gracious fortune was largely owing to Brave Barbara, the praying peasant woman from the slopes of Ballygarane.

The sharp struggle that ensued between Britain and the revolted colonies for the possession of the province of Canada, took place around the city of Quebec; and the stirring events of that rough winter campaign are exciting reading for all who can find interest and enjoyment in the blood-red tales of battle, and the cruelties done and suffered by brave men. I have no taste that way. To make the story short, there followed but one more desperate struggle for the mastery. Then the American forces were withdrawn; and thus ended, the invasion of Canada during the Revolutionary War. Among the weather-beaten and travel-stained soldiers returning to home after the evacuation, were our familiar friends, John Lawrence and Lucky Mike. When the little troop marched into the barrack yard, they both caught sight of Barbara Heck and Mary Embury standing at the casement of their military-looking dwelling. In a moment, up went their Glengarry bonnets, spinning high into the air, and a characteristic sentence shouted from each of them did not fail to tell where their hearts lay.

"There's Mary!" quoth John, "God bless her!"

"There's swate Mistress Barbara! 'Cush-lama-chree!'" shouted Lucky Mike, and unable to restrain the hot Celtic energy that filled the soul of him, he broke into action and danced a perfect bandando of delight! Needless to say, the two women at the window were every whit as warm in their welcome as the new-comers were in their greeting.

Nothing would serve my fine-souled heroine, but that a special thanksgiving service should be held in the spacious bakery of their good friends, the Lafarges, and that the praises of God should be sung in commemoration of the young men's safe return, and of the termination of the deadly feud which had so long filled the land with the throbbings of the war-drums, the groans of the dying, and the sighs of those who mourned for the brave dead.

I have no space to tell of that singular religious service, except to record, as I am able to do from trustworthy documents, that it was there and then decided to establish a Methodist cause in the city of Montreal. John Lawrence was installed as temporary pastor, with no emoluments in any earthly currency. Paul Heck was instituted general official factotum, and also man of all work. Brave Barbara, Mary Embury, her son Philip, and the girls and boys of the musical Heck family became voluntary choristers. Lucky Mike, "luckier, be-dad, than any mortal man, let alone a tow-headed gossoon from an Irish bog has any raysonable ixpictancy of," became town missionary, and alike in the slums of the city, in the barracks, in the market-place, and in the way-sides and hedges, he successfully invited men and women, soldiers and civilians to the Gospel feast.

And not only so, for in a peculiarly effective manner, the warm-hearted Irish lad went about his Master's business. The gracious lessons he had learned from "Misthress Barbara, God bliss her," and the high tuition which had come into the heart of him, direct from the Spirit of the Great Teacher, had filled the whole soul of Lucky Mike with something to feel, the whole mind of him with something to know, and the lips and tongue of him with something to say. In addition to all this, he had a fund of dramatic power, a marvelous command and variety of facial contortions and expressions, and such a supply of good temper and happy wit and humor, that Mike's invitations were not only given, but accepted, and in many cases, the unlikeliest were the willingest, and followed Lucky Mike to a place at the blessed banquet where Jesus plays the host, and where Mike himself has found a welcome.

In the home of the Hecks and Emburys were gathered the rest of the Palatines, who came with them in the lumbering bateaux of the St. Lawrence, together with a few who had followed since then from the same stock of immigrants who had left the farms of Ballygarane more than twenty years before. This special gathering, partly family, partly social, partly festive, and partly in the interests of the new Methodist church was to give John Lawrence and Michael Finnigan an opportunity of telling their strange experiences as volunteer soldiers in the siege of Quebec.

Or, rather, shall we say? to give their friends an opportunity of extracting the stirring story of what was to all intents and purposes a Methodist mission under difficulties. These two soldiers of Jesus, by the aid of a third comrade, whom they found in Quebec, not only "Held the Fort" for their Captain, but "bore down upon the foe, in battle for the Lord." The story, as John Lawrence and Michael Finnigan combined to tell it to their interested and excited listeners, has come into my hands, and I count myself fortunate, indeed, for my readers' sakes, that a sketch of it can be given here. Sure, I am, that no more genuine, thrilling or worthy episode in the Holy War which is winning the world for Christ, was ever told.

"Of all the sore winters that ever it was my hard lot to feel and to shiver in," said John Lawrence, "'tis very sure that was fifty times the hardest, and a hundred times the worst."

"And since when, John Lawrence, have you larn'd so to be lashin's av fancy on the honest back av the naked truth. Is it fifty winters, or a hundred that ye mane, more betoken than that ye look more like thirty than ayther av 'em; but, maybe, your winters came in clusthers, as filberts do."

There was a merry laugh at Mike's humorous way of intimating to his comrade that he should keep well within the bounds of actual fact, and John himself, who did look almost laddishly young after so trying a campaign, accepted the rebuke, and continued,

"Well, I guess it would have been bad to breed a worse," he said with a smile. "Natur' can make a winter in Quebec hard enough and sharp enough when Jack Frost is left to his liking; but in this case man did his best, more's the shame and pity, to make matters worse. So it was that the labor was awfully hard, and the fare was miserably poor, and the clothing was mortal scarce, and the fighting was cruelly constant, and the hospitals were sorely crowded, and the fever was on the rampage, and it's hard to say whether the besiegers or the defenders were the worse off."

(To be Continued.)

Closing Days of the Fund.

Money Still Flowing in and the Tabernacle's Redemption Practically Assured.

AT the beginning of the last week of the Emergency Fund, the outlook for saving the Tabernacle by extinguishing the floating debt is very bright. The Fund, as already announced, will positively be closed at the end of the present week, after which no further contributions can be received. Those sent in during the past week were as follows:

LIST NO. 1.

A Member of Oxford Presbyterian Church, Phila. Pa	100.00
A. M. & A. L. R., Acushnet, Mass	1.00
Alderman, John L., Jasper, Fla	.50
Ames, Mrs. Mary A., Woonsocket, R. I	.50
Anderson, Alfred, Loup City, Neb	1.00
Bickett, J. M., Traer, Iowa	1.00
Bicket, F. A., Traer, Iowa	2.00
Biggs, Mrs. J. D., Patchogue, N. Y	1.00
Burdick, Mrs. H. G., Hope Valley, R. I	1.00
Baker, John, Gilford, Mich	5.00
Bray, Mrs. S., Enfield, Can	2.00
Bowers, Goo. I., Rossville, Ill	1.00
Bumpus, Mrs. H. H. & Lettie, Lowell, Mass.	2.00
Bailey, Mrs. M. D., West Mystic, Conn	2.00
Bayles, H. C., Gardner, Mass	1.00
Braby, Mr. & Mrs. Wm. T., Highwoods, N.Y.	1.00
Brother, Ea. Providence, R. I	1.00
Bader, Jacob, Castwell, Tex	2.00
Brower, Miss Anna, Plankinton, S. D	1.00
Balch, Sara P., Lyme, N. H	1.00
Barnes, Geo. P., New Bedford, Mass	5.00
Bacon, C. H., Hutchison, Kan	1.00
Bayles, Olive, Uneva, W. Va	1.00
Cabble, Emma, Hancock St., Brooklyn, N. Y	10.00
C. V. B., Mrs., Yolo, Cal	1.00
C. & M., Linoleumville, N. Y	2.00
Cooley, J. G., Hillsboro, N. C	2.00
Crowther, Henry, Albion, N. Y	2.00
Croysdale, Mrs. Elizabeth, Paterson, N. J	10.00
Campbell, John M., Lee, Mass	1.00
Christ'n Endeavor Soc'ty, Susp. Bridge, N. Y	5.00
Clarke, Henry C., Columbia, Ct	1.00
Clark, J. & M., Stickney ave., Toledo, O	2.00
Cole, J., Fish Lake, Ont	1.00
Davis, Jos. V., Danielsonville, Conn	10.00
Dan, Mrs. Sarah E., Freesvil, Mich	1.00
Dickson, Emily E., Alta Vista, Kans	.10
Drakesboro Sab. School, Muhlenbery Co., Ky	10.00
De Voe, Rachel, South River, N. J	1.00
E. L. U., W. Fort St., Detroit, Mich	1.00
Elder, Miss M	2.00
Friend, Williamsburg, Kans	1.00
Friend, Walnut St., Binghamton	1.00
Friend, Columbus, O	1.00
Friend, Mountain View, Mo	1.00
Friend, Kankakee, Ill	10.00
Friend, Phila., Pa	2.00
Friend, Manchester, N. H	1.00
Friend, New Almaden, Cal	.50
Friend, Plessis, N. Y	1.00
Friend, Plankinton, S. D	1.00
Friend, Lowell, Mass	2.00
Friend, Bellevue, Pa	2.00
Family Group, Milltown, N. J	3.00
Fletcher, E. E., St. Paul, Neb	1.00
Farrow, Mrs. A. M., Cohoes, N. Y	1.00
Forbes, Mrs. S. S., New London, O	2.00
Foss, Mrs. Jno. L., Athens, Me	1.00
Fryer, Samuel, Providence, R. I	1.00
Freeman Georgia V., Kickapoo, Tex	.50
Graham, Miss Lucia C., Saltvale, N. Y	1.00
Goddard, Mrs. D. B., Worcester, Mass	1.00
Garrioch, John West Newton, Minn	1.00
G. G. W., Pulaski, N. Y	1.00
Grant, John, 2nd St., Bay City, Mich	1.00
G. A. H., No. Chichester, N. H	1.00
G. J., Westbury, N. Y	1.00
Harbison, Mrs. A., Georgetown, Colo	1.00
Horner, Geo. A., St. George, Md	5.00
Hawkes, Thos., Manchester, N. Y	1.00
Haring, Mrs. H. G., Phila., Pa	1.00
Hughes, Merrill, McLouth, Kan	.50
Hocker, M. M., Kokomo, Ind	1.00
Home Ch'n Society No. 1, Los Angeles, Cal	1.00
Holmes, Mrs. F. C., Lyme, N. H	1.00
Hale, John G. & wife, Brecksville, O	1.00
Hartzell, Mrs. Hadnah, Wakefield, Kan	1.00
Harrington, Miss M. A., No. Grafton, Mass	2.00
Irving, Jane, Warren, Mass	.50
Johnson, Miss Ella, Milltown, N. J	1.00
Johnson, Catherine, St. Paul, Neb	5.00
Jones, Grace, Henry & Daniel, Crowther, Pa	2.00
J. H., Hamline, Minn	1.00
Kelley, Miss, N. Y. City	1.00
Kneece, Mrs. I. L., Lorena, S. C	1.00
Kurtz, Lucy, Winchester, Va	1.00
Koontz, A. M., Booneville, Mo	1.00
Kasper, John, West Pittston, Pa	1.50
Kauffman, Alice & Kate, Bellefontaine, O	2.00
Kidd, Geo., Mayflower, Neb	1.00
Lyon, Mrs. L. H., West Bridport, Vt	2.00
Little, Geo. K., Easton Ave., St. Louis, Mo	1.00
Littlejohn, De Lana & wife, Beatrice, Neb	1.00
Long, Mrs. Abigail, Hillsdale, Iowa	2.00
McVicar, Mrs. & daughter, Janesville, Wis	2.00
M. T., Balto., Md	2.00
Moore, Mrs, Sallie, Tyrone, Tyrone, Neb	1.00
Martin, Jas. S., Orangeburg, S. C	1.00
Merrell, Mrs. Alex., New London, Conn	5.00
Maxwell, Miss Bessie, Pendleton, N. Y	1.00
McClennan, L. C., Memphis, Tenn	1.00
McMillan, R., Charlotteton, P. E. I	10.00
Mackenzie, Mrs. J., Providence, R. I	1.00
McLean, S. A., Quesnelle, B. C., Can	3.00
Nicholls, Mr. & Mrs. Thos. B., E. Weymouth, Mass	5.00
Pierson, Mrs., N. Y. City	1.00
Porteous, Thomas, 9th Ave., City, N. Y	5.00
Reader of the HERALD, Birmingham, Ct	2.00
Reader of the HERALD, Antioch, Cal	2.00
Readers of the HERALD, Andover, Mass	4.00
Reber, J. F., Lebanon, Pa	1.00
Roeder, Mrs. Henry, Whatcom, Wash	2.00
Richardson, M. A., Laurel, Wash	1.00
Shaw, Mrs. F., Taintor, Iowa	1.00
Stanwood, L. S., Newbury, Mass	1.00
Sprott, Mrs. L. J., N. Y. City, N. Y	5.00
Selden, Mrs. H. H., West Hartford, Conn	1.00
Subscriber, Cassia, Fla	1.00
Subscriber, Central Ave., Almeda, Cal	2.00
Subscriber, Manchester, N. H	1.00
Subscriber, Mealey, Oreg	1.00
Subscriber, Phila., Pa	1.00
Smith, Fred. Gordon, Montclair, N. Y	5.00
Smith, May, Barre, Mass	1.00
Smith, Alice, Chesaning, Mich	2.00
S. A. N., Brockton, Mass	5.00
S. K. B., Wytheville, Va	2.00
Sudbrink, Herman & Freddie, Balto., Md	.52
St. George, John, Mt. Pleasant, Tex	1.00
Tinglof, O. G., Wilson R'd, Manchester, N. H	.50
Tucker, C. O., Overton, Mo	.50
T. E. M., Washington, D. C	1.00
Watts, Lucy J., Proceeds of Entertainment in Brooklyn, Apr. 12th, N. Y	57.00
W. D. H., Rock Rapids, Iowa	1.00
Wilkinson, Harriet A., Arena, Wis	1.00
Wiser, Mrs. Sarah M., Milan Corner, N. H	1.00
Wood, Mrs. W., Arthur, Ont., Can	2.00
Weaver, Arthur D., Lawrence, Kan	2.00
Winder, Chas., Richmond, Ind	2.00
——, Milton Mills, N. H	1.00

LIST NO. 2.

Archer, B. F., Harvey, Ill	.50
Askew, Mrs. Rachel, Belcherville, Tex	1.00
Ashby, Mrs. J. H., Elwood, Neb	1.00
Anderson, Mrs. S., Pulaski, Iowa	1.00
Allin, Matt., Fruita, Colo	1.50
Arnott's, Miss S. J., S. S. Class, Coila, N. Y	1.50
Breese, Angie, Horse Heads, N. Y	1.00
Banks, Mrs. E. B., Crittenden, N. Y	1.00
Babbags, Mrs. Wm., Hicksville, O	5.00
Brown, Annie W., Linton, O	1.00
Brown, Mary L., Minden, Neb	.50
Beard, H., Decorah, Iowa	5.00
Brooks, Mrs. M. E., Albany, N. Y	1.00
Coursey, Mrs. E. A., Monmouth, Kan	1.00
Conrad, J. S., Centre, Wis	5.00
Cameron, Mrs. John, Chatham, Can	1.00
Cairns, Rob't, Chelsea St., E. Boston, Mass	5.00
Critchlow, Thos., Santa Barbara, Cal	25.00
Dugger, Herman A., Cahaba, Ala	1.00
Dale, Mrs. J., Elwood, Neb	1.00
Dallyn, John, Galena, Ill	1.00
Dugan, Fahys, Brooklyn, N. Y	2.85
Elmer, Ella, Springfield, Ill	2.00
Friend, Morris, Wis	1.00
Friend, Twin Valley, Minn	1.00
Ferry, Mrs. K., Hiram, Waukegan, Ill	5.00
Forrester, Mrs. C., Kansas City, Mo	1.00
Friend, Sunfield, Mich	1.00
Friend, Bristol, Conn	2.00
Friend, Marengo, Ind	1.00
Friend, Sandusky, O	1.00
Friends, Ainslee St., Brooklyn, N. Y	2.00
Forrest, Mrs. J. W., Elwood, Neb	1.00
Forsyth, Ida A., Churubusco, Ind	1.00
Fitch, Mrs. M. E., Fort Wayne, Ind	1.00
Graves, C. M., Gower, Mo	1.00
Gilchrist, Mrs. Mary, Pittsburg, Pa	50.00
Hageman, G. V. O., Ransonville, Kan	1.00
Harvey, Joseph, Leavenworth, Kas	1.00
Hindman, Mrs. N. G., Carthage, Ill	.50
Hunnan, Mrs. H., N. 12th St., Lincoln, N. Y	2.50
H., Eureka Mills, Cal	2.50
Higdow, Mr. & Mrs., Orlando, Fla	1.00
Invalid, York, Pa	1.00
In His Name, Worcester, Mass	1.00
J. A., Miss. Madison, O	.25
Knox, John, Denver, Colo	1.50
King's Daughter, Milan, Mo	1.00
Kennedy Mrs. James, Washington, Kas	1.00
Knooles, Maggie, Paterson, N. J	.50
Layton, Mrs. John M., South Bend, Ind	1.50
Lawrence, Mrs. Fred. E., Brooklyn, N. Y	50.00
Linsley, Miss Emeline A., Fair Haven, Conn	1.00
L. W., Miss, Madison, O	.15
Moore, Roger, Wilmington, N. C	1.00
McConnell, Mrs. J. & Miss M., Fountain Green, Ill	2.00
Mason, Mrs. Fabitha, Carthage, Ill	.50
Meeker, Mrs. Joanna B., E. Oakland, Cal	1.00
McAskill, D. A., Fairfield, Tex	5.00
Mother & Daughter, Whitehall, Phila., Pa	2.00
Miller, Mrs. B. F., Wesport, S. D	1.00
Miller, D. E., Boliver, Mo	5.00
McDaniels, Mrs. Jane, Marshville, Mich	1.00
McGuire, Mrs. A., Kirksville, Me	10.00
M. R., Mrs., Madison, O	.25
Norris, Mrs. F. J., Mt. Pleasant, Ala	.50
N. A., Mrs., Madison, O	.50
Parker, W. H., Woodruff, Kan	1.00
Pierpont, R. D., Waterbury, Conn	2.00
Reader, Aurora, Neb	5.00
Reader, Clarksville, Mich	1.00
Robb, Mrs. T., Tonganoxie, Kan	1.00
Rehling, Miss D., Fairbury, Ill	.25
Seely, W. W., Brooklyn, N. Y	4.00
Smith, Mrs. Thos, Columbus, Wis	1.00
Smith, Miss Louise, Chillicothe, O	1.00
Smith, Mrs. W. A., Micanopy, Fla	2.00
Subscriber, Paterson, N. J	1.00
Subscriber, Charlottsville, Ind	5.00
Subscriber, Sinking Valley, Pa	.25
Subscriber, Mishawaka, Ind	2.00
Steck, S. F., Cramer, Ill	1.00
Stranger, Oakland, Cal	1.00
Smith, Martha I., Caseyville, Ky	1.00
Shomo, Mrs. W. A., Mt. Pleasant, Ala	.50
Shomo, Miss V. E., Mt. Pleasant, Ala	.50
Shomo, Mrs. J. W., Mt. Pleasant, Ala	.50
Smith, I. S., Birchton, N. Y	1.00
Vining, S. B., Belleview, Fla	5.00
Warriner, Mrs. J. E., Frederika, Iowa	1.00
White, H. A., Sussex, B. C., Can	1.00

The Mischief of a Name.

There can be scarcely any question but that the flippant name of "the Grip" has kept much deserved sympathy from those attacked with that epidemic, while it has also tended to make the sufferers much less concerned about themselves than they otherwise would be. The truth is that this disease is a most serious one, and many people have died because of their failure to appreciate the fact. Its greatest havoc is made among the weak and aged people. For that distressing weakness which characterizes every genuine case of La Grippe, Drs. Starkey & Palen's Compound Oxygen is a specific. It offsets weakness with strength—with strength acquired in a natural way, and not by a temporary stimulant. Letters by the hundred prove this.

"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN:—In April last I was suddenly prostrated with *La Grippe* which developed heart failure. I was in a very critical condition, was reported dead. When the C. O. arrived I took it according to directions, and in fifteen days thereafter was riding a mowing machine. My strength came gradually and steadily; there was no pull-back. For several years I had been troubled with *Constipation*, but am not now. Can enjoy a good square meal, sleep well and can do a man's work. These blessings I now enjoy I ascribe to C. O. Treatment. M. W. HUNTINGTON, Jasper, N. Y."

People who wish to keep out or put out La Grippe, should write for further particulars to DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, or Chicago, San Francisco, New York, and Toronto, Ont.

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"When my boy was 2 1-2 years of age, a fall brought on hip disease, which gradually grew worse until, when he was 6, **he could not walk,** and we had him treated 9 months at the Children's Hospital in Boston. But when he came home he was worse, and the doctors said **nothing could be done.** I began giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and he improved at once. The 14 abscesses on his hip healed up, his appetite improved and he could walk, at first

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14K 14K

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SATAN AND THE WORLD.*

ON the whole, Satan is well satisfied with the outlook for his kingdom in this world. He says he is content to have Christian nations send missionaries to the heathen if they will also send rum and opium as they are now doing. He is willing that rich people should give very generously to religious objects if they will get their money by dishonest, unjust, or even doubtful methods. He is willing that the churches shall be as active as they please if they will follow the ways of the world instead of the teachings of Christ. He is much pleased with the custom of requiring members to subscribe to a creed which they either cannot understand or do not believe. It encourages the spirit of equivocation and duplicity which is the very corner-stone of his kingdom. He likes to have people worship God devoutly on Sundays when they serve mammon faithfully the rest of the week.

Satan is far too wise to put forward a transparent lie in furtherance of his designs. His method is to create a partial truth with a sufficient admixture of error to create a false impression, and so to confuse issues that people will think they are following the truth when they are in reality following their own inclination. What better illustration of his shrewdness could be found than this plan of persuading the children of men that belief alone will give them "a title clear to mansions in the skies?" After that idea is once established in the mind, no amount of instruction or exhortation to morality and uprightness of life can remove the impression that conduct is of secondary importance, and has but little practical relation to the life beyond the grave. "Heaven is heaven. Those who succeed in entering will be happy. Belief is a magical key by which entrance may be effected." This false logic, for which the instructions of your Lord and Master do not give a particle of justification, is the fruitful source of nearly all the evils that have crept into the Church.

Satan understands well that his power over the world will be greatly weakened, if not entirely lost, when the truth is universally accepted that Heaven and hell are not merely definite abodes of happiness and misery, but are the results of man's own choice. If he chooses good, he becomes a child of God, and the divine life—that is, heaven—begins in his own soul. He will afterwards go to heaven because he belongs there. If he chooses evil, he rejects God and draws to himself all evil powers and influences, and gravitates to the lower kingdom by his own inward proclivities.

You know that your life on the earth is limited to a certain number of years, at the most, with a possibility that it may be terminated at any moment. Yet you plan and work as if that brief span was an eternity. You deny yourselves and live the life of slaves to hoard up money and goods to be enjoyed—when? It is a moment that never arrives. Yet still you go on in eager pursuit of these phantoms of your own imaginations. Even when you become what you call Christians, and profess to choose heavenly life in place of earthly life, you still cling to your old delusions. If this were not the case, would not your thoughts, interests and plans centre upon the world in which you expect to remain forever? When you anticipate a journey to a foreign land you do not fail to make a suitable preparation for it. You seek information concerning the characteristics of its inhabitants. You study their language and customs. If you meet others who are going to the same country, you hold earnest conversations with them on the subject, comparing views and giving and receiving information. When are groups of Christians found talking about their future home in the same natural way?

[illegible] pp; paper; price 10 cents; published by the author.

A Sensational Story

[illegible] the public has also devoted time to things substantial [illegible]

Do You Have Asthma?

[illegible] Africa, is reported a positive [illegible] York, have [illegible] Write to them.

Thousands of new patrons will take Hood's Sarsaparilla this spring and realize its benefits in blood purified and strength restored. Will you be one of the number? It costs but little

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Conquest of Mexico and Peru, prefaced by the Discovery of the Pacific; a historical narrative poem by Kinahan Cornwallis, author of "The Song of America and Columbus or the Story of the New World;" pp. 450; cloth; price $1. Published at the office of *The Daily Investigator*, New York.

Scientific Christianity, Studies on the Theology of the Divine Immanence. A series of special lectures delivered before the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge, Mass.; by Charles James Wood; pp. 317; cloth; price $1.50. MacMillan & Co., New York and London, publishers.

Millennial Day-Star; A Forecast of the Beginning of the Millennium, and a View of the Camp and the Beloved City, &c.; by R. J. Sims; pp. 258; cloth. Printed for the authors, Nashville, Tenn.

The Plutocrat; a drama in five acts; by Otto Frederick Schupphaus; cloth; pp. 103; price $1. A. Loveil & Co., New York, publishers.

The Preacher's Complete Homiletic Commentary on the Old Testament; with critical and exegetical notes by various authors; Vol. II., Exodus; by Rev. J. S. Exell, M.A.; cloth; 8 volumes; pp. 616; price $3. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York, publishers.

Hadesian Theology, or the Gospel according to Satan. An inside history by Prince Diabolus, translated from the Hadesian Vernacular by Theodore F. Seward, founder of the Brotherhood of Christian Unity. 24 pp, paper, price 10 cents. Published by the author at 19 Park Place, New York. An excellent *brochure* designed to show the need of "a liberal, simple and spiritual system of Christian philosophy."

Conflict of the Nineteenth Century: The Bible and Free Thought; by Rev. Thomas Mitchell; pp. 456; price $2. Published by The Universal Book Company, New York.

Tabernacle Anthems for Chorus and Quartet choirs; by Dr. J. B. Herbert; pp. 207; price 90 cents. Published by Fillmore Brothers, 40 Bible House, New York.

The Abridged Creed of Christendom; by Rev. Curtis E. Long; cloth; pp. 104; price $1. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago, publishers.

The Concentration of Wealth; by Albert Chavannes; paper; pp. 107; price 25 cts. The True Nationalist Pub. Co., New York, publishers.

EVANGEKISTS IN CHICAGO.

A convention of Evangelists, engaged in the World's Fair Evangelistic work, was held last week in the Chicago Avenue Church, under Mr. Moody's presidency. Mr. Sankey, Mr. and Mrs. Towner, and Mrs. Frank Pierson assisted in the singing. Major Whittle, Theodore Monod, of France, Herbert Brooks, the Church of England evangelist, and prominent workers from other European countries, as well as American evangelists, took part in the proceedings. A vigorous campaign is planned, to meet the exigencies of the summer.

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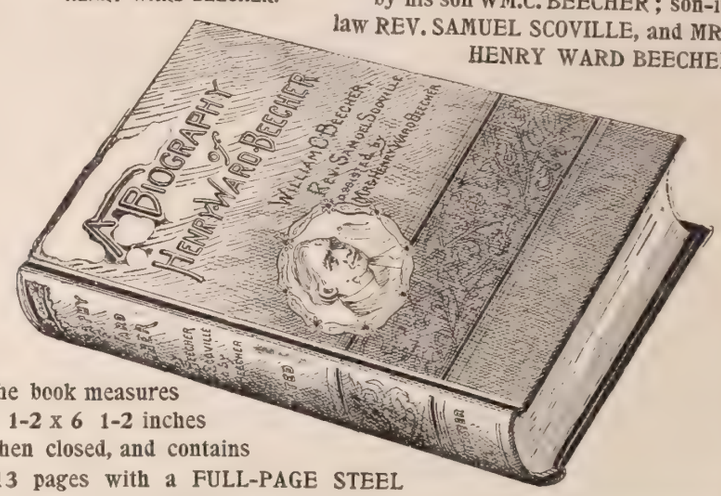

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WARS and rumors of wars will probably continue to agitate the world until the millennial dawn. Europe never held such an armed host as now. Every kingdom and principality, great or petty, is garbed in the full panoply of battle and almost all the males, with the exception of children and the aged, are liable to be summoned for martial service.

In royal houses one of the chief branches of a prince's education is now military science. On this page we present a portrait of the young German Crown Prince, eldest son of Emperor William, in his uniform as a lieutenant in command of the 1st regiment of Prussian Foot-Guards. He is scarcely over ten years of age and is said to be one of the smartest and most intelligent princes in Europe, of an amiable disposition and quick all his studies. This mere child, whose character might be capable of the highest development and who is doubtless as kind and gentle by nature as any being in the world, is thus being trained to regard one of the principal businesses of life as the art of extinguishing his fellow-men. He was seven years old when he first wore a military lieutenant's uniform. Let us hope that, like the good old Emperor William, he may be as wise and gentle as brave, and as merciful as courageous, should the time ever come for him to assume the duties of the government. His boyish character shows both energy and seriousness, with a trace of temper and imperiousness. On one occasion he quarreled with a younger brother and inflicted punishment on him with a whip. There was some noise and the Emperor came up to inquire the cause. The Crown Prince did not hesitate in replying, "Oh, I wanted just to show this rebel who was Crown Prince." "Well, my boy," said the Emperor, "I will show you who is the Emperor." He then took the whip and rewarded him with the same treatment he had administered to his brother.

A ROYAL LIEUTENANT.

The regiment to which the German Crown Prince is attached is a troop of giants similar to the corps of the father of Frederick the Great. It is one of the most famous regiments in Germany, and is the corps in which most of the German Princes hold commissions. The men still wear the old-fashioned Swedish helmet known as the *blechmutze*.

GOOD DEEDS INFECTIOUS.

THE example of a kindness is never lost. It bears fruit, sometimes quickly, as in the following incident: A newsboy took the Sixth Avenue Elevated Railroad car at Park Place, New York, at noon on a Thanksgiving day, and sliding into one of the cross seats, fell asleep. At Grand street two young women got on, and took seats opposite to the lad. His feet were bare and his hat had fallen off. Presently one young girl leaned over and placed her muff under the little fellow's dirty cheek. An old gentleman in the next seat smiled at the act, and without saying anything, held out a quarter, with a nod toward the boy. The girl hesitated a moment, and then reached for it. The next man just as silently offered a dime; a woman across the aisle held out some pennies, and, before she knew it, the girl with flaming cheeks had taken money from every passenger in that end of the car. She quietly slid the amount into the sleeping lad's pocket, removed her muff gently from under his head without rousing him, got off at Twenty-third street, nodding to all the passengers in a pretty little inclination of the head that seemed full of thanks and a common secret. This rebukes Ingersoll's sneer that if he had been God he would have good things catching. They are catching and God made them so.

LIKE THE ELDER BROTHER.

"SOME years ago," says an English clergyman, "I preached one morning about the elder brother in the parable of the Prodigal Son. As I was leaving the church I was asked to visit a dying man. This man had been for many years a careless and irreligious man; but a great change had come over him and he had turned in sincere penitence to his Father. When I entered his room that morning I found him in great happiness, rejoicing in the near prospect of being with his Lord, and perfectly happy. When I took my leave his brother-in-law followed me downstairs, and said, 'I cannot understand this at all. Here have I been serving Christ for these twenty years, and I have never experienced such joy as he expresses; and he has not been a Christian for more than a few weeks.' Immediately I recognized the elder brother."

WOMEN EXCLUDED.

ONE of the lady workers connected with the China Inland Mission writes thus of a visit she recently paid to one of the villages in the Hunnau Province: "My work there was very discouraging. Talk as I would, I could not raise any hope in the hearts of the women; they laughed and shook their heads, saying, 'Heaven for us! No, not for us; heaven is for men, for you foreign women, perhaps, but not for us. How can we women go to heaven! We are sinners, and shall suffer for sin, there is no heaven for us,' and they laughed at the very idea. They were sinners, and it was delightful to be able to talk to them about the Saviour, but they seemed too hopeless to heed. My woman and I preached on until they all went away but one. I asked her to remember that the world's Saviour loved her, and was willing to save her; she listened, but with sadness and indifference."

THE ENEMY ON THE CONGO.

IN a letter recently received by Dr. Guinness, from one of his missionaries on the Congo, the latter says: "You ask if I can give you any particulars regarding the inroads which drink is making in this district. The natives round here are completly debased and besotted by it. A short time ago I was in a town about an hour and a half from this, trying to tell the glad news of the Saviour's love. The very atmosphere seemed to smell of gin. Outside each house was a mound containing hundreds of gin bottles. The houses, which in ordinary towns are often so neat and well-built, were wretched, tumble-down hovels, fitting types of what their owners' bodies had been reduced to through drink. It does sometimes seem so hopeless to work among a people like this! Humanly speaking, it is impossible that they should be saved, but 'all things are possible with God.' There is a similar state of things among the Loangos, who are employed here. On Sundays, when they are not working, one can scarcely get them sober to talk to. What we want is that an act should be passed forbidding the death-dealing liquor to enter the Congo river."

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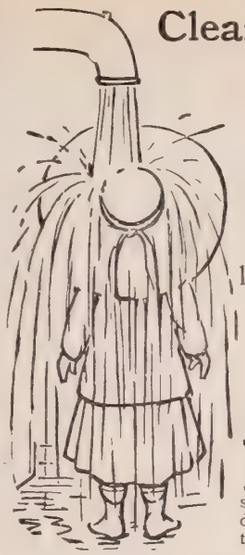

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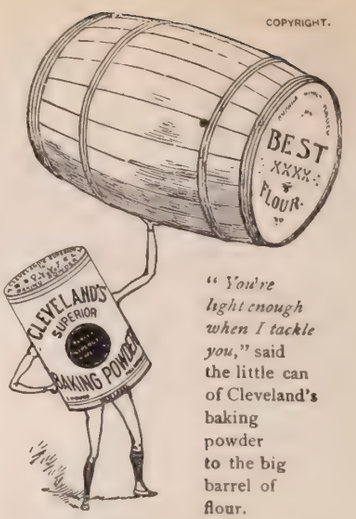

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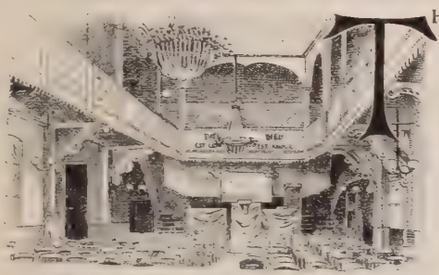
The Late Rev. R. W. McAll's Twenty Years' Labor among the Communists and Anarchists of Paris—More than 100 Halls opened in France through his Efforts.

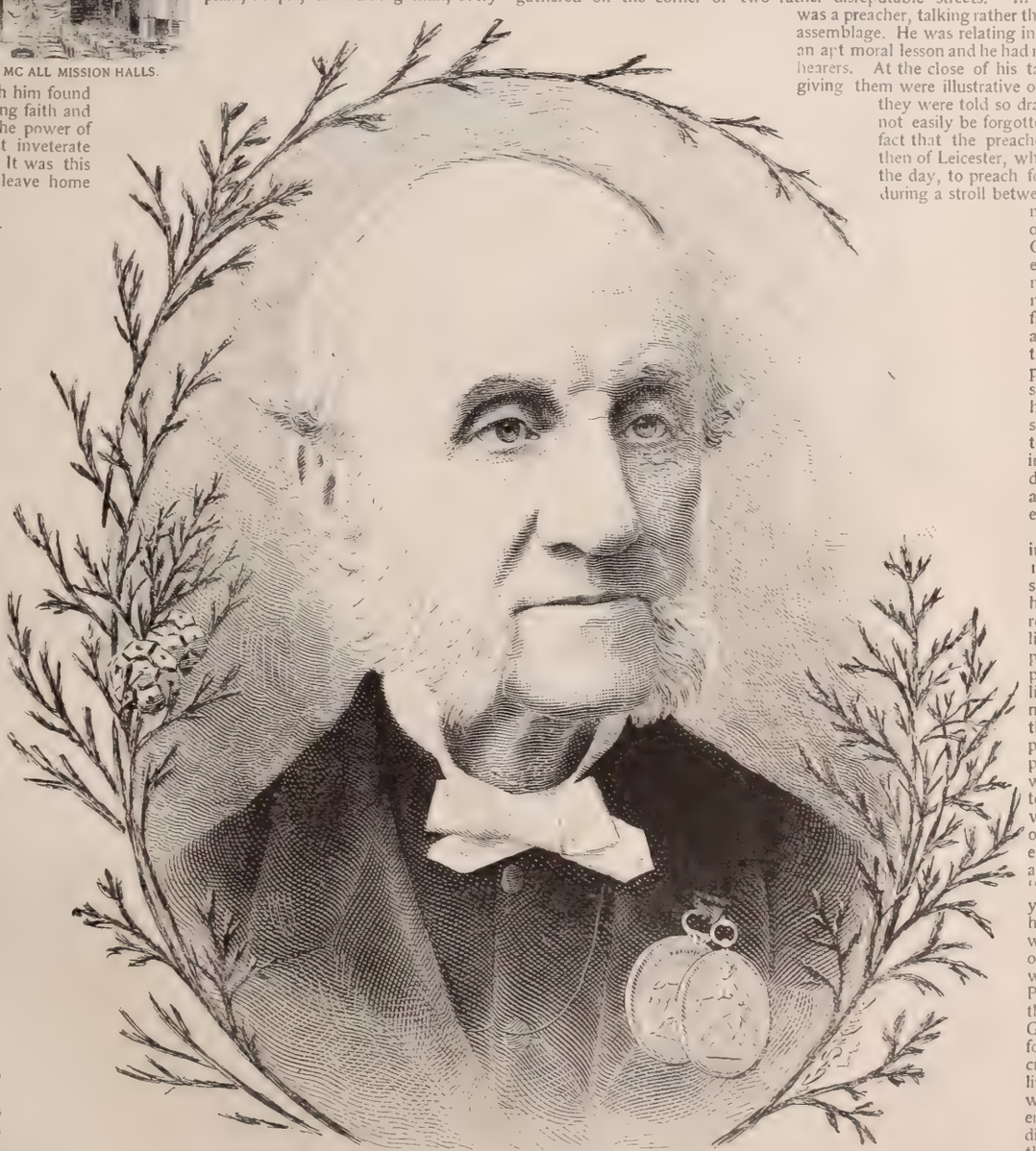


INTERIOR OF ONE OF THE MC ALL MISSION HALLS.

THE sad intelligence of the death of the Rev. R. W. McAll, the missionary to the anarchists and communists of Paris, was briefly mentioned in this journal last week; we are now enabled through the kindness of Mrs. Parkhurst, the President of the American McAll Association, to publish a picture of this famous evangelist, reproduced from the last photograph ever taken of him. A plain, simple, unassuming man, every one who came in contact with him found him to be, but a man of strong faith and deep-rooted confidence in the power of Christ to transform the most inveterate sinner into a child of God. It was this faith which caused him to leave home and kindred and a loving, loyal congregation and go into the unpromising field of French communism, in unwavering confidence that, even there, the Gospel would exercise the power it has ever exercised wherever it has been preached. How God honored his faith in the conversion of wicked and desperate men and the transformation of fierce and abandoned lawbreakers into quiet, peaceable and law-abiding citizens, the world now knows. It has been a marvellous work inexplicable on any other theory than that of omnipotent power with which the Holy Spirit follows the preaching of Christ. Men do not like to acknowledge that power, but they cannot gainsay the facts. These facts in the communistic quarters of Paris were too conspicuous to be denied or ignored. The French soldiery and police, who knew what those quarters were and what they now are, bore witness to the change; and the French government, two years ago, acknowledged its obligation to the Protestant pastor by enrolling his name in the Legion of Honor and giving him those medals which signify to every Frenchman that the wearer has done signal service to France. Probably never before in the history of that famous Legion has the distinction of membership been conferred for purely religious services.

We often speak of the mysteries of divine Providence, and we might speak more frequently than we do of the wonderful wisdom and the adaptation of means to ends which are therein displayed, but so often escape our notice. They were conspicuous in the events which led to the great evangelistic work in the French capital. In August, 1871, Paris was in a strangely abnormal condition. It had passed through two sieges within a few weeks. From the German armies, from the forces of the national Government and, most of all, from the dynamite and torch of its own citizens the devoted city had suffered violence. Its burned palaces, its battered buildings and its blood-stained streets bore witness to the fierce and sanguinary struggles of which it had been the scene. But most ominous of all were the signs of sullen resentment and of savage hatred on the faces of large numbers of its own people. Numbers of them had been executed and their relatives were sworn to revenge; others were suffering ignominious punishment in the penal institutions, and thoughts of them filled with bitter enmity the hearts of those who loved them. None could tell how soon the fierce passions sternly and ruthlessly suppressed might burst forth in furious conflict. Into this seething Maelstrom came the quiet, gentle English clergyman. He expected to stay only a few weeks while he recuperated his exhausted energies for new efforts in the town where his church was situated. But he stayed twenty years, doing such work and winning such triumphs as amazed all who witnessed them.

Dr. McAll was at this time nearly fifty years of age. He was the son of Dr. Robert S. McAll, a famous Congregational minister of Manchester, England. He had been converted in his youth and was educated for the ministry. His first charge was at Sunderland and he subsequently ministered to churches at Leicester and Birmingham. Wherever he labored his work was of a most aggressive character. He was never content with ordinary pastoral work, but was always devising new plans for reaching out after the masses and carrying the Gospel into the homes of the poor. The writer well remembers one Sunday afternoon, in an English cathedral city, where religion is of the most dignified and respectable type, seeing a large crowd gathered on the corner of two rather disreputable streets. In the centre of the crowd was a preacher, talking rather than preaching to the motley assemblage. He was relating incidents, each pointed with an apt moral lesson and he had riveted the attention of his hearers. At the close of his talk, the incidents he was giving them were illustrative of direct Gospel truth and they were told so dramatically that they could not easily be forgotten. An inquiry elicited the fact that the preacher was Robert W. McAll, then of Leicester, who was visiting the city for the day, to preach for a brother minister; and during a stroll between the morning and evening services had used the opportunity for speaking for Christ to the idlers and loafers he had seen in the neighborhood. In the evening he was again in his friend's pulpit preaching to an aristocratic congregation, whose ideas of propriety would have been shocked had they known how his afternoon had been spent. But it was obvious that they listened to him as intently and with as much delight as did his unwashed auditors, two or three hours earlier, on the street corner.



THE LATE REV. R. W. McALL, D.D.
DIED IN PARIS, MAY 11, 1893.

It is easy to surmise how in those sad days in Paris in 1871, such a man would spend his time. Although he was there for rest and recuperation, he would be little likely to be found in pleasure resorts or in the picture galleries. He knew little French, but he had a number of Gospel tracts in that language which he put into the hands of people whom he met; and when his eyes looked into other eyes that were wet with tears, or rested on a gloomy, care-plowed brow, he would stop and say tenderly in French, "God loves you — I love you," the one phrase of his limited stock of French which was most frequently on his lips. Such words went straight to the heart. Probably, some who heard them, did not know of God's love, and others had forgotten his love in the cruel sufferings of their lives. Poor, sad, hopeless, weary of life, some miserable man would be plodding along the street, when these words would fall upon his ear like a strain of heavenly music. He would be familiar with abuse, with threats, with warnings, but not with such sympathetic words. It was not surprising that Dr McAll was urged to tell more of his message. It was like rain on a thirsty land. He held a few meetings and then returned to England. Not, however, to stay. He went merely to sever pastoral relations with his church, which would prosper under the care of any man of God, to break up his home and prepare for a long absence. He was soon back in Paris to cast in his lot with the people whose

(Continued on page 357.)

The Tabernacle Pulpit

TIMBREL OF JUBILEE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, preached last Sunday Morning in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Text, Exodus 15 : 20, 21: "*And Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered them, Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.*"

SERMONIZERS are naturally so busy in getting the Israelites safely through the parted Red Sea, and the Egyptians submerged in the returning waters, that but little time is ordinarily given to what the Lord's people did after they got well up, high and dry, on the beach. That was the beach of the Red Sea, which is, at its greatest width, two hundred miles, and at its least width, twelve miles. Why is the adjective "Red" used in describing this water? It is called the Red Sea because the mountains on its western coast look as though sprinkled with brick dust, and the water is colored with red seaweed, and has red zoophyte and red coral. This sea was cut by the keels of Egyptian, Phoenician and Arabic shipping. It was no insignificant pond or puddle on the beach of which my text calls us to stand. I hear upon it the sound of a tambourine, for which the timbrel was only another name. An instrument of music made out of a circular hoop, with pieces of metal fixed in the sides of it, which made a jingling sound, and over which hoop a piece of parchment was distended, and this was beaten by the knuckles of the performer. The Israelites, standing on the beach of the Red Sea, were making music on their deliverance from the pursuing Egyptians, and I hear the Israelitish men, with their deep bass voices, and I hear the timbrel of Miriam, as she leads the women in their jubilee. Rather lively instrument, you say, for religious service—the timbrel or tambourine. But I think God sanctioned it. And I rather think we will have to put a little more of the festive into our religious services, and drive out the dolorous and funereal, and the day may come when the timbrel will resume its place in the sanctuary. But that which occupied the attention of all the men and women of that Israelitish host was the celebration of their victory. They had crossed. They had triumphed. They were free. More wonderful was this victory and defeat than when the hosts of Richard overcame the hosts of Saladin at Azotus, than when at Bannockburn, Scotland was set free, than when the Earl of Northumberland was driven back at Branham Moor, than when at the battle of Wakefield, York was slain, than when at Bosworth Field, Richard was left dead, than when the Athenians under Miltiades at Marathon put the Persians to flight, for this victory of my text was gained without sword or catapult or spear. The weapon was a lifted and prostrated sea. "And Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand: and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered them, Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."

Brooklyn Tabernacle to-day feels much as Moses and Miriam did when they stood on the banks of the Red Sea after their safe emergence from the waters. By the help of God and the generosity of our friends here and elsewhere, our $140,000 of floating church debt is forever gone, and this house, which, with the ground upon which it stands, represents $410,000, I this day re-consecrate to God the Father God the Son and God the Holy Ghost. A stranger might ask how could this church get into debt to an amount that would build several large churches. My answer is, Waves of destruction, stout as any that ever rolled across the Red Sea of my text. Examine all the pages of church history, and all the pages of the world's history, and show me an organization, sacred or secular, that ever had to build three great structures, two of them destroyed by fire. Take any of your biggest life insurance companies, or your biggest storehouses, or your biggest banks, or your biggest newspaper establishments, and let them have to build three times on the same foundation, and it would cost them a struggle, if not demolition. My text speaks of the Red Sea once crossed, but one Red Sea would not have so much overcome us. It was with us Red Sea after Red Sea. Three Red Seas! Yet, to-day, thanks be to God, we stand on the shore, and with organ and cornet, in absence of a timbrel, we chant: "Sing ye unto the Lord for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." But why the great expense of this structure? My answer is, the immensity of it and the firmness of it. It cost over $34,000 to dig the cellar, before one stone was laid, reaching as the foundation does from street to street, and then the building of the house was constructed in a way, we are told by experienced builders, who had nothing to do with it, for durability of foundation and wall such as characterizes hardly any other building of this city. To the day of your death and mine, and for our children and grandchildren after us, it will stand here a House of God and a Gate of Heaven.

For me, personally, this is a time of gladness more than tongue or pen or type can ever tell. For twenty-four years I had been building churches in Brooklyn and seeing them burn down, until I felt I could endure the strain no longer, and I had written my resignation as pastor and had appointed to read it two Sabbaths ago, and close my work in Brooklyn forever. I felt that my chief work was yet to be done, but that I could not do it with the Alps on one shoulder and the Himalayas on the other. But God has interfered and the way is clear, and I am here, and expect to be here until my work on earth is done. Why should I want to go away from Brooklyn? I have no sympathy with the popular sentiment which defames our beloved city. Some people make it a part of their religion to excoriate and belittle the place of their residence, and there has been more damage, financial and moral, done to our city by this hypercriticism than can ever be estimated. The course of our city has been onward and upward. We have a citizenship made up of hundreds of thousands of as good men and women as inhabit the earth, and I feel honored in being a citizen of Brooklyn, and propose to stay here until I join the population in the Silent City out yonder, now all abloom with spring flowers—sweet types of resurrection!

My thanks must be, first to God, and then to all who have contributed by large gift or small to this emancipation. Thanks to the men, women, and children, who have helped, and sometimes helped with self-sacrifices that I know must have won the applause of the heavens. If you could only read with me a few of the thousands of letters that have come to my desk in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office, you would know how deep their sympathy, how large their sacrifice has been. "I have sold my bicycle, and now send you the money," is the language of one noble young man who wrote to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. "This is my dead son's gift to me, and I have been led to send it to you," writes a mother in Rhode Island. A blind octogenarian invalid in York, Pa., sends his mite and his prayer. Thanks to all the newspaper press. Have you noticed how kind and sympathetic all the secular newspapers have been, and, of course, all the religious newspapers, with two or three nasty exceptions? You say that newspapers sometimes get things wrong. Yes, but which of us does not sometimes get things wrong? If you want to find a man who has never made a mistake, do not waste your time by looking in this pulpit. Thanks to the editors, and reporters, and publishers. Gentlemen of the Brooklyn and New York printing-press, if you never report anything else that I say, please to report that. Yes, I see you are getting it all down.

As a church, we, from this day, make new departure. We will preach more instructive sermons. We will offer more faithful prayers. We will do better work in all departments. We will, in the autumn, resume our Lay College. We will fill all the rooms of this magnificent pile with work for God and suffering humanity. More prayers have been offered for this church, and on both sides the sea, than for any church that has ever existed, and all those prayers will be answered. Clear the track for the Brooklyn Tabernacle! "Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."

But do you not now really think that the Miriam of my text rejoiced too soon? Do you not think she ought to have waited till the Israelitish host got clear over to Caanan before she struck her knuckles against the timbrel or tambourine? Miriam! You do well to have the tambourine ready, but wait a little before you play it. You are not yet through the journey from Egypt to the Promised Land. You will yet have to drink out of the bitter water of Marah, and many of your army will eat so heartily of the fallen quails that they will die of colic, and you will, at the foot of Sinai, be scared with the thunder, and there will be fiery serpents in the way, and many battles to fight, and, last of all, the muddy Jordan to cross. Miriam! I have no objections to the tambourine, but do not jingle its bells or thump its tightened parchment until you are all through. Ah, my friends, Miriam was right. If we never shouted victory till we got clear through the struggles of this life, we would never shout at all. Copy the habit of Miriam and Moses. The moment you get a victory, celebrate it. The time and place to hold a jubilee for the safe crossing of the Red Sea, is on its beach and before you leave it. It is awful, the delayed hosannahs! The belated hallelujahs! The postponed doxologies! The trains of thanksgiving coming in so long after they are due! It is said, do not rejoice over a revival too soon, for the new members might not hold out. Do not thank God for the money you made to day, for to-morrow you might lose it all and more. Do not be too grateful for your good health to-day, for to-morrow you may get the grippe. Do not be too glad about your conversion, for you might fall from grace. Do not rejoice too soon over a church's deliverance, because there might be disasters yet to come. Oh, let us have no more adjourned gratitude. The time to thank God for a rescue from temptation is the moment after you have broken the wine flask. The time to thank God for your salvation is the moment after the first flash of pardon. The time to be grateful for the comfort of your bereft soul is the first moment of Christ's appearance at the mausoleum of Lazarus. The time for Miriam's tambourine to sound its most jubilant note is the moment the last Israelite puts his foot on the sand of the parted inland ocean. Alas! that when God's mercies have such swift wings, our praises should have such leaden feet.

Notice that Miriam's song in my text had for its burden the overthrown cavalry. It was not so much the infantry or the men on foot over whose defeat she rejoiced with ringing timbrel, but over the men on horseback—the mounted troops! "The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." There is something terrible in a cavalry charge. You see it is not like a soldier afoot, thrusting a bayonet, or striking with a sword, using nothing but the strength of his own muscle and sinew, for the cavalryman adds to the strength of his own arm, the awful plunge of a steed at full gallop. Tremendous arm of war is the cavalry! Josephus says that in that host that crossed the Red Sea there were fifty thousand cavalrymen. Epaminondas rode into battle with five thousand cavalrymen, and Alexander with seven thousand. Marlborough depended on his cavalry for the triumph at Blenheim. It was not alone the snow that despoiled the French armies in retreat from Moscow, but the mounted Cossacks. Cavalrymen decided the battles of Leuthen and Leipsic and Winchester and Hanover Court House and Five Forks. Some of you may have been in the relentless raids led on by Forrest or Chalmers or Morgan or Stuart of the Southern side, or Pleasanton or Wilson or Kilpatrick or Sheridan of the Northern side. The army-saddles are the thrones of battle. Hurricanes in stirrups are the cavalrymen. No wonder that Miriam was chiefly grateful that the Egyptian cavalrymen, pursuing the Israelites down to mid-way the Red Sea, were unsaddled, unstirruped, unhorsed. Miriam struck the centre of the tambourine with the full force of her right hand when she came to that bar of the music: "The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." Ah, my friends, it is the mounted troubles that we most fear. The little troubles we can endure. The cinder in the eye, the splinter under the nail, the thorn in the foot, the social slight, the mean fling, the invidious comparison, or the remarks that snub. The annoyances and vexations on foot we can conquer, but, alas! for the mounted disasters, the bereavements, the bankruptcies, the persecutions, the appalling sicknesses, that charge upon us, as it were, with uplifted battle-axe or consuming thunderbolt of power. There are those among my hearers or readers who have had a whole regiment of mounted disasters charging upon them. But fear not. The smallest horse-fly on the neck of Pharaoh's war charger, passing between the crystal palisades of the upheaved Red Sea, was not more easily drowned by the falling waters than the fifty thousand helmeted and plumed riders

on the backs of the fifty thousand neighing and caparisoned war chargers. And I have to tell you, Oh, child of God, that the Lord, who is on your side now and forever, has at his disposal and under his command, all waters, all winds, all lightnings, all time, and all eternity. Come. look me in the face while I utter the word God commands me to speak to you: "No weapon formed against you shall prosper." Don't throw away your tambourine. You will want it as sure as you sit there and I stand here, and the tune you will yet play on it, whether standing on Beach of Time or Beach of Eternity, will be the tune that Miriam played when she cried: "Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." I expect to have a good laugh with you in heaven, for the Bible says in Luke, 6th chapter, 21st verse: "Blessed are ye that weep now, for ye shall laugh." We shall not spend all eternity psalm singing, but sometimes, in review of the past, as Christ says, we shall laugh. There is nothing wrong in laughter. It all depends on what you laugh at, and when you laugh, and how you laugh. Nothing, it seems, will more thoroughly kindle our heavenly hilarities after we have got inside the pearly gate, than to see how, in this world, we got scared at things which ought not to have frightened us at all. How often we work ourselves up into a great stew about nothing. The Red Sea before may be deep and the Egyptian cavalry behind us may be well mounted, but if we trust the Lord, we will go through no more hurt by the water than when in boyhood we rolled our garments to the knee and barefoot crossed the meadow brook on the old homestead. The odds may seem to be all against you, but I guess it will be all right with you if you have God on your side and all the angelic, cherubic, seraphic, and archangelic kingdoms. "If God be for you, who can be against you?" Lay hold of the Lord in prayer, and you will go free as did Richard Cecil with twenty pounds of missionary money in his saddle-bags, and the highwaymen grabbed his horse by the bridle and told him to deliver, and he prayed God for safety, and suddenly one of the robbers said, "Mr. Cecil, I once heard you preach. Boys, let the gentleman go." But let me criticise Miriam a little for the instrument of music she employed in the divine service on the sandy beach. Why not take some other instrument? The harp was a sacred instrument, why did she not take that? The cymbal was a sacred instrument, why did she not take that? The trumpet was a sacred instrument, why did she not take that? Amid that great host there must have been musical instruments more used in religious service. No. She took that which she liked the best, and on which she could best express her gratulation over a nation's rescue. Let everyone take her, or his, best mode of divine worship and celebration. My idea of heaven is that it is a place where we can do as we please and have everything we want. Of course, we will do nothing wrong and want nothing harmful.

How much of the material and physical will finally make up the heavenly world, I know not, but I think Gabriel will have his trumpet, and David his harp, and Handel his organ, and Thalberg his piano, and the great Norwegian performer his violin, and Miriam her timbrel, and as I cannot make music on any of them, I think I will move around among all of them and listen. What a day it will be when we stand on the beach of heaven, and look back on the Red Sea of this world's sin and trouble, and celebrate the fact that we have got through, and got over, and got up, our sins and our troubles attempting to follow gone clear down under the waves. Oh, crimson floods, roll over them, and drown them, and drown them forever! What a celebration it will be—our resurrected bodies standing on the beach, whose pebbles are amethyst and emerald and agate and diamonds! What a shaking of hands! What a talking over old times! What a a jubilee! What an opportunity to visit! In this world we have so little time for that, I am looking forward to eternal socialities. To be with God and never sin against him. To be with Christ and forever feel his love. To walk together in robes of white with

To the Readers of "The Christian Herald"
Hearty thanks for the generous aid which you extended to my church in time of deepest financial distress.
T. de Witt Talmage
Brooklyn May 29. 1893

those with whom on earth we walked together in black raiment of mourning. To gather up the members of our scattered families and embrace them with no embarrassment, though all heaven be looking on. A mine in Scotland caved in, and caught, amid the rocks, a young man, who, in a few days, was to have been united in holy marriage. No one could get heart to tell his affianced of the death of her beloved, but someone made her believe that he had changed his mind about the marriage and wilfully disappeared. Fifty years passed on, when one day the miners, delving in the earth, suddenly came on the body of that young man, which had all those years been kept from the air and looked just as it was the day of the calamity. Strong, manly, noble youth, he sat there looking as on the day he died. But no one recognized the silent form. After a while they called the oldest inhabitants to come. A woman, with bent form and her hair snowy white with years, came last, and looking upon the silent form that had been so completely preserved, gave a bitter cry, and fell into a long swoon. It was the one to whom half a century before, she was to have been wedded, looking then just as when in the days of their youth, their affections had commingled. But the emotion of her soul was too great for mortal endurance, and two days after, those, who fifty years before, were to have joined hands in wedlock, were at last married in the tomb, and side by side they wait for the resurrection. My friends, we shall come at last upon those of our loved ones who long ago halted in the journey of life. They will be as fair and beautiful, yea fairer and more beautiful than when we parted from them. It may be old age looking upon childhood or youth. Oh, my Lord, how we have missed them! Separated for ten years or twenty years or fifty years, but together at the last. Will it not be glorious? Miriam's song again appropriate, for death, riding on the pale horse, his hoofs on our hearts, shall have been forever discomforted. I see them now—the glorified! Assembled for a celebration mightier and more jubilant than that on the banks of the Red Sea, and from all lands and ages, on beach of light above beach of light, gallery above gallery, and thrones above thrones, in circling sweep of ten thousand miles of surrounding and upheaved splendor: while standing before them on "sea of glass mingled with fire," Michael, the Archangel with swinging sceptre beats time for the multitudinous chorus, crying: "Sing! Sing! Sing ye to the Lord for he hath triumphed gloriously, the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."

To Bring Men to Christ.

Some Spiritual Hints by One Long Active in the Work.

PROBABLY no more interesting or helpful little volume on Christian work has appeared in late years than that recently written by Rev. R. A. Torrey, Superintendent of the Chicago Bible Institute, with the attractive title: "How to Bring Men to Christ." Dr. Torrey lays down in plain terms these conditions of success in evangelistic effort:

"1. The one who would have real success in bringing others to Christ must himself be a thoroughly converted person. Jesus said to Peter, "When thou art converted strengthen thy brethren." He was in no condition to help his brethren until he himself, after his cowardly denial, had turned again to his Lord with his whole heart. If we would bring others to Christ we must turn away from all sin, and worldliness and selfishness with our whole heart, yielding to Jesus the absolute lordship over our thoughts, purposes and actions. If there is any directions in which we are seeking to have our own way and not letting him have his own way in our lives, our power will be crippled, and men lost that we might have saved.

"2. The one who would have real success in bringing others to Christ must have a love for souls, i. e., a longing for the salvation of the lost. If we have no love for souls, our efforts will be mechanical and powerless. We may know how to approach men and what to say to them, but there will be no power in what we say and it will not touch the heart. But if like Paul we have "great heaviness and unceasing pain in our hearts" for the unsaved, there will be an earnestness in our tone and manner that will impress the most careless.

"3. The one who would have real success in bringing men to Christ, must have a working knowledge of the Bible. The Word of God is the word of the Spirit. (Eph. 6: 17.) It is the instrument God uses to convict of sin, to reveal Christ and to regenerate men. If we would work together with God, the Bible is the instrument upon which we must rely, and which we must use in bringing men to Christ. We must know how to use the Bible so as (1) to show men their need of a Saviour, (2) to show them Jesus as the Saviour they need, (3) to show them how to make this Saviour their own Saviour, (4) to meet the difficulties that stand in the way of their accepting Christ.

4. "Solid work in soul-winning must be accompanied by a prayer at every step. We must pray to God to lead us to the right persons to approach. God does not intend that we speak to every one we meet. If we try to do it, we will waste much valuable time in speaking to those which we cannot help, nor do good, that we might have used in speaking to those to whom we could have done much good.

"5. The one who would have real success in bringing men to Christ must be "baptized with the Holy Ghost." "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost, is come upon you," said Jesus to his disciples after having given them the great commission to go out and bring men to himself. The supreme condition of soul-winning power is the same to-day: "After that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." A later chapter is devoted to a study of what "the baptism of the Holy Ghost" is and how any Christian can obtain it.

REMEMBER THY CREATOR.

S. S. Lesson for June 11. Eccl. 12 Golden Text, Eccl. 12: 1. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

GOD our Creator! How many there are who seldom think of him as such! Our Saviour? Yes; we need salvation. Our Shepherd? Yes; we need his care. Our Provider? Yes; we need our daily bread. In every relation which he bears to us by which we constantly benefit, the Lord is widely known among those who know him at all. But as the Creator; as the Originator of all things, as he to whom all belongs by truest right, how little is God known! This is why

God's Rights

in his people are so little recognized and respected. "Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and we are his." (Ps. 100: 3, R.V.) By the fact of creation, we are his property; absolutely, unquestionably his. It is the glory of our God to make something out of nothing; he "calleth those things which be not as though they were" (Rom. 4: 17); "he raiseth up the poor from the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the throne of glory.

Holy, becoming reverence springs from a true Scriptural contemplation of our Creator. Who is he, and who am I? The answer is to fall in the very dust before him, ashamed that so much as a breath, a feeling, a word of self-importance has ever asserted our miserable and fallen selves. The age in which we live is an age of self assertion and self importance. Real greatness is never self assertive. The most truly great men have always been the most really humble, because conscious of the exceeding greatness of their Creator.

The Creator is remembered in many of the prayers in the Old Testament, just as the Redeemer is the theme of the praises in the New Testament. God as Creator has a right to expect his creatures to bow and to do him reverence. "For the invisible things of him since the creation of the world are clearly seen, being perceived by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead. So that they are without excuse, because that, when they knew God (*i.e.* as the Creator of all) they

Glorified Him not as God,

neither were thankful." (Rom. 1: 20, 21.) None but the "fool" can ignore that a Power greater than that which is created must have brought this world into being, and must uphold and regulate it continually. And the sin which God lays to the charge of man is that he does not recognize, and seek to know, that mighty Being whose works surround him, that he is not thankful to the God that made him, and in whose hand his breath is. This was the sin of the blasphemous Belshazzar; he had failed to glorify the God in whose hand his breath was. This was the sin of the rich man in the parable, who in his life time received his good things, without any acknowledgement of the hand which gave them.

The strongest argument against idolatry is the powerlessness of the miserable idols which the heathen worship. "Shew the things that are to come hereafter, that we may know that ye are gods: yea, do good or do evil, that we may be dismayed." (Isa. 41: 23.) In splendid contrast is the appeal: "Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance? Who hath directed the Spirit of the Lord, or, being his counsellor hath taught him? . . . Have ye not known? have ye not heard? hath it not been told you from the beginning? have ye not understood from the foundations of the earth? It is he that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers; that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in."

Remember then thy Creator, and what is due to him, not only when trouble comes, not only in the days when the power to enjoy life fails, but "in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say: I have no pleasure in them." Why do young men so often scoff at God and holy things? Is it not from a mistaken conviction that God is not really their friend, and that they can do better for themselves that he can for them? Let the life of every true follower of Christ bear witness against such an idea; let the world know, that it is the infinitely better part to serve God.

There is a terrible idea abroad, even among those who have not altogether broken loose from a certain regard for God, that young men must first "sow their wild oats" before we can expect them to turn their attention to serious things! O this diabolical idea that sin is a necessity! Whence comes it but from the bottomless pit? There are no such noble men as those who have fully served God from their youth up. A young man who will calmly calculate how far he can go in sin, and yet in the end be saved; who will, with the awful depravity of the arch enemy, sum up the probabilities of how far his body can stand his sins against himself, and his soul stand any chance of salvation after deliberate, and

Calculated Sin

against God, has already so much of the atmosphere of hell about him, that it would seem as though the impenetrable darkness of the unpardonable sin were already hanging over him. Heavenly arithmetic leads the young man so to number his days that he may apply his heart unto wisdom. The young man who remembers his Creator in the days of his youth, places at the disposal of his Creator the whole of his being "to serve the living and the true God, and to wait for his Son from heaven." Such a young man was the saintly Robert McCheyne, whose short life and ministry has left such a savor of Christ behind him, that the very mention of his name always recalls the name of Jesus.

Remember thy Creator, before his creations in thy body shall break down, and all thy powers shall fail. It is a miserable, pitiable thing when the earthly tabernacle fails, the eyes grow dim, and the ears grow dull, the hands ("the keepers of the house) tremble," and the loins ("the strong men) shall bow themselves," and the teeth ("the grinders) cease because they are few," and the eyes ("those that look out of the windows) be darkened," and the ears ("the door) shall be shut in the streets when the sound of the grinding is low, and sleepless: "he shall rise up at the voice of the bird," and the voice ("all the daughters of music) shall be brought low"—if the man has lived utterly, irretrievably in vain! All the functions which have worked systematically, the silver cord (the spine) the golden bowl, the pitcher, the wheel, (the action of the heart and other internal organs) cease, "because

Man Goeth to His Long Home."

"Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return to God who gave it." And then? Then what will be the harvests from the sowing of wild oats? Most surely, in the dread hour, an unsaved man shall surely reap what he hath sown.

Let us look at the contrast. A man who had remembered his Creator in the days of his youth, who, even in his unconverted days, had lived as far as his light went "in all good conscience before God" (Acts 33: 1), when he comes to contemplate dissolution, looks through death as if it were but a gauze veil, and says: "Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day." (II. Cor. 4: 16.) And again through our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heaven." (II. Cor. 4: 16.) Paul does not see death, he has an eye which penetrates to the other side, and sees resurrection. Yes: even on earth, he knows, by faith, that the process of transformation to the image of God's Son is going on, "Be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind," which will by and bye, when Jesus comes, be crowned by a transformation of our bodies too, "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump." when "the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed, "For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality." He "shall fashion anew our body of humiliation, that it may be conformed to the body of his glory." Then it will be seen how worth the while it has been to remember our Creator, to know our Redeemer and the power of his precious blood in the days of our youth; to calculate, not how little but how much we could serve him. Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. Fear God, and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment and every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

THE preacher finishes his study of life with a chapter which has given rise to various interpretations. Some students find in it an allegorical description of old age and decrepitude. There may be this meaning in it, but the surface meaning is beautiful and true, if we go no deeper to look for allegory. Remember your Creator, he says, in your youth before evil days come. Then he describes the inevitable end, when death comes, as a storm sweeps over a tropical city. The clouds gather, the sky is lowering and fear strikes every heart. The guards at the palace gates tremble; the women quit their casements, scared at the lightning; the servants stop grinding at the hand mills; the musicians cease playing; and the guests at the table leave the meal untasted. Death comes like such a storm, putting an end to all activity; and man lies useless like a broken wheel or a broken pitcher. That is the end and again the preacher utters his sorrowful refrain, "all is vanity." Such is his conclusion and he commends it to the attention of his readers by a statement of his position as one of the wise, or public teachers, and refers to the care and thoroughness of his studies. His teaching, he says, has two purposes. One like a goad to urge the student to further research and the other like a nail well-fastened, or a stake, holding him to the eternal truth; both purposes having the same source in God. Then he gives in one epigram the whole essence of all his work and study and experiments in search of the highest attainable good. Fear God and keep his commandments. He has tried pleasure, business, politics, study, but in none is there the satisfaction and peace and rest and security that there is in conforming to God's will. That is the best for this life; of so much the preacher's long search has convinced him; and, looking forward doubtfully, but hopefully, he sees a great assize at which the wrongs of life will be righted, the secret evil-doer will be unmasked, men will appear in their true colors, and truth and justice will be vindicated.

Remember thy Creator. Spurgeon used to say: "A man who lives in this world without thinking what he will do when he leaves it, is like a man who registers at a hotel, selects his room, orders wines and all the delicacies in season. He stops at the hotel for some time living on the best that can be had there. By and by the bill is forthcoming, and it takes him by surprise. 'I never thought of that.' 'Why,' says the landlord, 'here is a man who is either a born fool or a beat. What! never thought of the reckoning—never thought of settling with me!'" After this fashion too many live. They eat and drink, and sin, but they forget the inevitable hereafter, when for all the deeds done in the body, the Lord will bring us into judgment.

The years when thou shalt say I have no pleasure in them. Those years come very insidiously. Their approach is not heralded by warnings. A man drifts into them almost without knowing it. While he is young his heart is tender and his conscience sensitive, but gradually both are hardened. "It is," says a famous preacher, "like the freezing of a pond. The first film of ice is scarcely perceptible; but once let it film over and remain quiet and the glaze thickens over the surface, and it thickens still, till at last it is so thick and hard that a wagon might be driven over the solid ice."

Fears shall be in the way. Even good Christian people are sometimes troubled at the approach of death. If a man is not triumphant or even peaceful in death, we must not assume that his faith is weak. The causes may be mental or physical. A Scottish minister who was visiting a pious member of his flock, who was near death, said to the dying Christian, "Well my friend, how do you feel yourself to-day?" "Very weel, sir," was the reply, "very weel, but just a wee confused wi' the flittin'." In Scotland a person who is moving from one house to another with his furniture is said to be "flitting."

The spirit shall return unto God. It is set free and passes to another realm where human power cannot reach it. Among the ministers who were ejected from their benefices in England under Charles II. and were sent to prison, was one, William Jenkyn. The good man was confined in Newgate among criminals of the vilest kind and the prison itself was foul and pestiferous. He sent a humble petition to the king for pardon and with it there was a certificate from the prison physician that the minister's health had broken down. For some reason, probably because the preacher had incurred the enmity of some lady about the court who had influence with the king, Charles declared that he would not pardon him. "Tell Jenkyn," said he, "he need not petition, for he shall never be released." But a few days afterward, Jenkyn fell a victim to the prevalent epidemic and died. "Please your majesty," said a lord to the king, "That man Jenkyn has got his liberty." The king looked up angrily, "Ah," he asked, "who dare give it to him?" The nobleman paused a moment and then said, "One who, Jenkyn said, is King of kings." Charles answered not a word, but was evidently solemnized.

The words of the wise are as goads. They need to be very sharply pointed or some of those whom they are intended to stir up to duty will not feel them. Buchsell relates that a man attended his church who habitually slept all through the sermon. He snored at intervals and annoyed the preacher and congregation. Through the most earnest and rousing appeals and through the most bright and sparkling passages he would sleep on. Buchsell noticed a bright boy sitting near the sleeper and meeting him during the week he asked him if he would sit immediately behind him and touch him from time to time to keep him awake. The boy would not undertake it but agreed to do so when the preacher promised him a groschen for the service. The next Sunday there was an amusing contest. The drowsy man settled himself to sleep as usual and was dropping off when a touch from the boy aroused him. The lad earned his groschen and the sleeper lost his nap. Buchsell wanted to renew the contract for the following Sunday but the boy declined. Buchsell said he would give him one groschen as before; but the boy said, no, the sleeper had already given him two to be allowed to slumber in peace. When a man does not want to learn, and would prefer not to be disturbed in his sin, he usually has his way, unless God, by his Spirit, arouses him.

The preacher sought to find acceptable words. In the town of Goslar in the Hartz mountains there is a fountain in the principal square. It is evidently very ancient and it is very beautiful. There is however one defect in it. Both the jets and the basin into which the water falls are above the reach of any one The way the people have to get the water from the fountain is for each one to bring a long spout or pipe with him. This he puts up to a jet and the water runs through it into his pitcher. It seems never to have occurred to the townspeople that it would be a good thing to attach a pipe permanently to the fountain for general use. Some preachers talk in so lofty a style that their hearers need to bring a dictionary with them if they are to get any of the water of life from the sermon. They do not seek to find "acceptable words."

Every secret thing. "I will tell you," says a quaint writer, "a dream of a friend related to me by himself. Said he 'I dreamed the day of judgment was come, and all men appeared before Christ. Some were white; others had dark spots upon them. Methought I was all white, saving that I had one dark spot upon my breast which I concealed by holding my hand over it. The vast throng was separated into two companies and I was with the white ones on the right hand. Glad was I; but at last one came and plucked my hand from my breast. Then the spot was revealed and I was thrust out into the other company on the left hand.' Let us all pray: Search me and see if there be any wicked way in me; for the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin."

In Chief Seattle's Land.

How the Gospel Work Took Root in Oregon—The Need of More Workers and Christian Education in the Northwest.

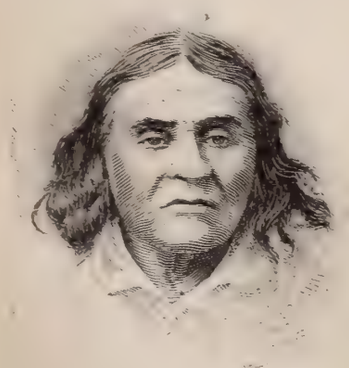
FIFTY-nine years have sped since an Indian from Oregon stood in the streets of St. Louis, pleading for some one to take the "white man's Book of Heaven" back to his far-away people. It was denied him, for none cared to undertake the long, perilous journey over the mountains to that unknown country. But the appeal did not pass unheeded, for soon Dr. Whitman of New York, who had heard of the desire of the Indians of Oregon, was chosen by the American Board of Foreign Missions for the work in that region, and with sublime trust and courage, he started westward. With the eye of faith, he looked down through a half century and saw the thousands upon

MISS N. D. SHELDON.

PUGET SOUND ACADEMY.

thousands that now people the plains and valleys of the State of Washington. He heard the call not only of the Indian but of the white settlers in the new territory, who were without Christian privileges. He foresaw that the Northwest of the future was destined to prepare workers for the fields of Alaska, China, and Japan.

Since the first breaking of ground for the Gospel among the tribes of the Northwest, every year has increased the demand for teachers. "Send us Christian workers, teachers and preachers; build schools where the young may be prepared for this service," is the cry. In the story of Christian progress and development, no part of the Northwest presents a more interesting record than the State of Washington, whose early white settlers had to contend with all the perils incident to Indian warfare and relentless persecution. One of the Flathead Indian chiefs, however, proved a friend



SEATTLE, CHIEF OF THE FLATHEADS.

to the whites. In the Indian war of 1856, Chief Seattle conveyed a warning to the inhabitants of the little white settlement of an intended massacre, and many lives were saved. Through his kindness, however, he incurred the enmity of his tribe; and with his daughter, Angeline, he took refuge in the fort with the settlers. Angeline is still living at a great age—it is said she has passed 102 years.

A remnant of the Flathead tribe is to be found on Whidby Island in Puget Sound, where they have the their dwellings along the beach. They are now fairly civilized, thrifty and seemingly happy. Sailing up the harbor from either the port of Seattle or Whatcom, one can see the village of Coupeville, where many live. This place has also 500 white inhabitants. Strangely enough, this beautiful island town which still shelters some descendants of the native chief who first befriended the whites, is now the scene of the first serious effort at Christian training on the model of the Academic training schools of the East. It is only a few decades since the present State of Washington was practically an unknown land to all except a few. Now, thousands of settlers people its rich valleys and plains. They have come from the middle West, the far East and from Europe to its borders.

In the midst of this tumultuous growth, and while religion was universally neglected, a missionary of the Gospel, confronted by the great question, "How can we best work for Christ here?" raised by personal solicitation ten thousand dollars to establish and develop a home-school where the essentials of Christianity might be taught, and consecrated men and women trained for missionary and evangelistic work. It was located in a geographical centre on Whidby Island. Puget Sound Academy has since become a power for Christ and humanity. Many men and women of mature age have been received who have had no previous instruction in God's Word and who have there learned to know Christ.

For seven years it has been one of the bright oases in a country where commercial strife, rival speculations, immense business plans, and worldly selfishness tend to teach the young that there is nothing but money worth getting in life. The place is on an island of 200,000 acres, the largest of the many isles of that Mediterranean of America. In front, the harbor, four miles long and two broad, nearly cuts the island apart. Beyond, Mt. Erie's blue peak smiles from Fidalgo Island, and Mt. Baker looms up like a giant. Mt. Rainier is visible to the south. Yet in the midst of such inspiring scenes, men in the rush for gold forget their Maker; Sabbath desecration, the saloons, gambling dens, and vice in many forms threaten the moral ruin of the young commonwealth. It is to counteract these influences that such places as this training academy are sorely needed in Washington. Prof. Chas. E. Newberry, the Principal, has performed a faithful service of five consecutive years. The Principal of the Women's Department, Miss F. Olga Obenauer, is a graduate of Olivet, and a daughter of one well-known in the W. C. T. U. Circle, Mrs. Emma Obenauer, of Michigan. There are competent teachers in all the various branches, some of them from the famous Eastern Colleges. An effort is being made to secure a $20,000 endowment for the work, but owing to the financial depression in the West, success is delayed. Hon. Mr. Reeves, of Seattle, has charge of this special effort in the West, and Miss N. D. Sheldon, a member of the Faculty of the institution, is now visiting in the East on the same business. The scope of the work, when fully developed, will include a Summer school, similar to that held at Northfield, Mass., under Mr. Moody's supervision, a branch American Kindergarten, and a manual training department. It will thus become, as its founders designed, the Christian training centre of the Northwest, sending out workers of thorough scholarship and complete spiritual equipment for the duties before them. Five hundred have already been taught during the past seven years. With wider facilities, their number might be greatly multiplied, and the training school on Whidby Island might be made the armory of a race of Christian soldiers who would conquer the Northwest for the Saviour.

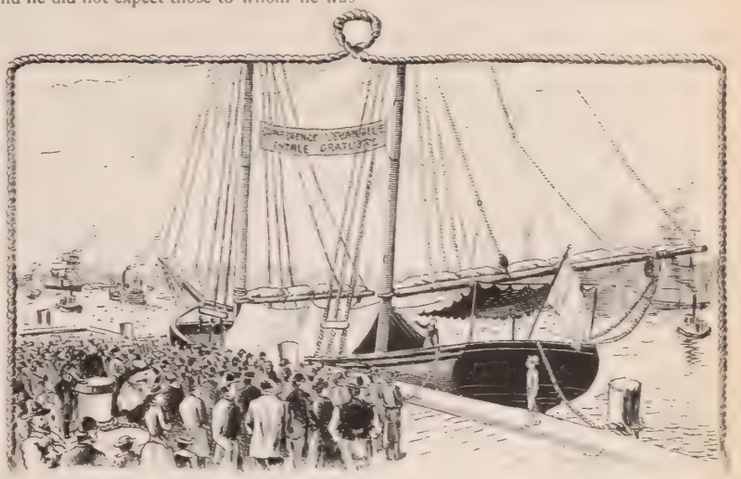
Christianity Under the Red Flag.

Continued from first page.

burdens were so heavy and whose need so great. It was a heroic self-denying act; for there was no society to give him an income and he did not expect those to whom he was to minister to pay him. He had a small patrimony, which would suffice for the modest wants of himself and his wife, and he determined to give himself to the work among these Paris people without reward. During all the twenty years of his life there, he defrayed his own expenses and died a poor man; but thousands of poor French families who learned the way of life through his efforts, made him rich in blessing.

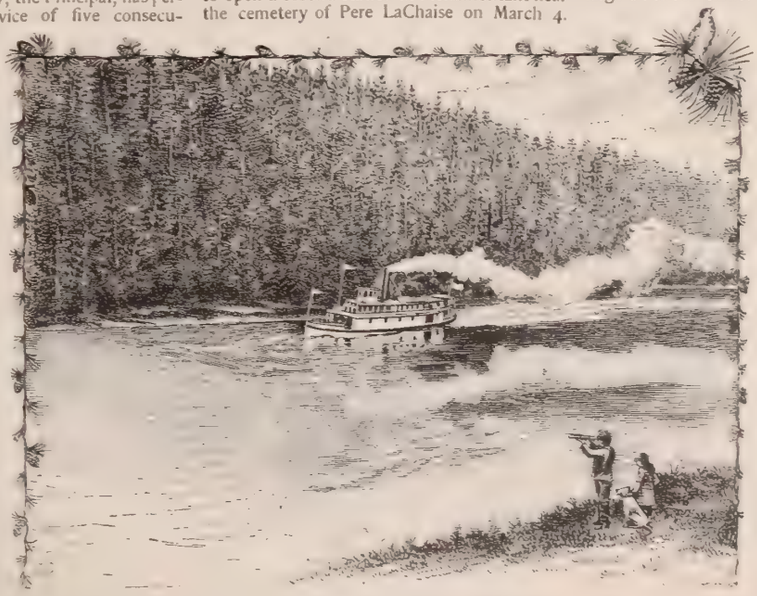
It was to Belleville, the focus of all the worst elements of Parisian communism, that Dr. McAll and his devoted wife directed their steps. That suburb of Paris was originally outside the city walls, but now forms the north-eastern part of the city, the circle of fortifications having been so widened as to embrace it. It contains a population of about one hundred thousand. The houses in general are mean, and the streets narrow. The character of the whole district for squalor and crime was notorious. There Dr. McAll opened his first hall.

The first public meeting in this mission was held January 17th, 1872. The interest manifested from the outset encouraged Dr. McAll to open a second station at Menilmontant near the cemetery of Pere LaChaise on March 4. The district was one of the wildest and most lawless in Paris, but from the beginning the room was well filled. This station was always very dear to Dr. McAll, for it was there that he was permitted to rejoice over his first converts and the number of those, old and young, who have received Christ at that station is known to be very large. It soon became necessary to hire a larger room in the neighborhood and the present hall, which will hold two hundred persons, was secured. Connected with it at the present time is a Mothers' Meeting, a Young Women's Society, and a very interesting Fraternal Society. The work gradually extended, and in his first annual report, Dr. McAll announced that four stations were in operation, with an aggregate seating accommodation of 515, and at an annual cost of $1770, for rent, taxes and light. In his twentieth annual report issued last year he was able to report twenty-one regular stations in Paris with an aggregate seating accommodation of 5060, besides six halls where meetings were held occasionally. In addition to these there have been opened thirteen stations in the environs of the city and in the different provincial districts of France nearly a hundred halls are now occupied, making a total of 136 places in which, through the impetus of the movement initiated by Dr. McAll, the Gospel is being preached to the people. As the movement extended, helpers became necessary. Some were, like Dr. McAll, able to give their labor freely, others needed partial support and a few were maintained altogether at the cost of the Mission. The total expenses for the year 1891-92 amounted to $87,220. This sum included not only the rents and taxes on the halls and the salaries of Bible women and other helpers, but the costs of a dispensary, recently opened, at which a physician and a dispenser give attendance to the sick.



THE MCALL MISSSION GOSPEL BOAT.

The funds for the support of the Mission have been contributed chiefly by Christian people in our own land and in England. Last year England sent him $37,115 and the United States sent nearly $35,000. In many of our large cities associations have been organized to support the work, and many of them support wholly or in part stations, which are called after the names of the cities thus respectively contributing to their maintenance. Besides this, special contributions have been made for purchasing and equipping a mission boat, a picture of which appears on this page, which plies on the Seine and other French rivers and thus reaches country districts not otherwise accessible. Services are held on board this boat and much good has been done through them. Dr. McAll was deeply concerned lest his death, which during the past few months he perceived to be approaching, might interrupt the progress of the Mission. In order to prevent such a contingency, he recently placed the management in the hands of a Board of Directors, of which he was President, and Dr. Edward G. Thurber the pastor of the American Church in Paris was Vice-President. He also made a special journey to England to organize Societies on the pattern of those in America to systematically collect money for the support of the Mission. Such concern was natural in a man who for more than twenty years had labored so earnestly for the cause. It may be hoped that the Christian public both here and in England will accept the duty as a sacred trust and see to it that the work shall not languish for lack of means. Subscriptions may be sent to Miss Alice M. Davidson, 8 West 48th St., New York.



"DECEPTION PASS," AT THE HEAD OF WHIDBY ISLAND.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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A FALSE STANDARD.

DO not build your happiness upon mere social position. You have come out from your home, and you have looked up at a great house, and coveted a life there, when, perhaps, at that very moment, within that house, there may have been the wringing of hands, the start of horror, and the very agony of hell. I knew such an one. Her father's house was plain, most of the people who came there were plain; but, by a change in fortune such as sometimes comes, a hand had been offered that led her into a brilliant sphere. All the neighbors congratulated her upon her grand prospects; but what an exchange! On her side it was a heart full of generous impulse and affection. On his side it was a soul dry and withered as the stubble of the field. On her side it was a father's house, where God was honored and the Sabbath light flooded the rooms with the very mirth of heaven. On his side was a gorgeous residence, and the coming of mighty men to be entertained there; but within it were revelry and godlessness. Hardly had the orange blossoms of the marriage feast lost their fragrance, than the night of discontent began to cast here and there its shadow. The ring on the finger was only one link of an iron chain that was to bind her eternally captive. Cruelties and unkindness changed all those splendid trappings into a hollow mockery. The platters of solid silver, the caskets of pure gold, the headdress of gleaming diamonds, were there; but no God, no peace, no kind words, no Christian sympathy. The festive music that broke on the captive's ear turned out to be a dirge, and the wreath in the plush was a reptile coil, and the upholstery that swayed in the wind was the wing of a destroying angel, and the bead-drops on the pitcher were the sweat of everlasting despair!

[illegible] among those who seek in social life their chief happiness! It matters not how fine you have things; there are other people who have them finer. Taking out your watch to tell the hour of day, some one will correct your time-piece by pulling our a watch more richly chased and jeweled. Ride in a carriage that cost you eight hundred dollars, and before you get around the park you will meet with one that cost two thousand dollars. Have on your wall a picture by Copley, and before night you will hear of some [illegible] studio of Church or Bierstadt. All that this world can do for you in ribbons, in silver, in gold, in Axminster plush, in Gobelin tapestry, in wide halls, in lordly acquaintanceship, will not give you the ten-thousandth part of a grain of solid satisfaction. The English lord, moving in the very highest sphere, was one day found seated, with his chin on his hand, and his elbow on the window-sill, looking out, and saying: "I wish I could exchange places with that dog."

Mere social position will never give happiness to a woman's soul. I have walked through the halls of those who despise the common people; I have sat at their banquets; I have had their friendship; I have heard from their own lips the story of their disquietude; and I tell the young men and women that they who build on mere social position their immortal happiness, are building on sand.

EVERYDAY HEROES.

THE heroes of toil do their work uncomplainingly. It is comparatively easy to lead a regiment into battle when you know that the whole nation will applaud the victory; it is comparatively easy to doctor the sick when you know that your skill will be appreciated by a large company of friends and relatives; it is comparatively easy to address an audience when in the gleaming eyes and the flushed cheeks you know that your sentiments are adopted; but to do sewing where you expect that the employer will come and thrust his thumb through the work to show how imperfect it is, or to have the whole garment thrown back on you to be done over again; to build a wall and know there will be no one to say you did it well, but only a swearing employer howling across the scaffold; to work until your eyes are dim and your back aches, and your heart faints, and to know that if you stop before night your children will starve. Ah! the sword has not slain so many as the needle. Heroes of the needle. Heroes of the sewing-machine. Heroes of the attic. Heroes of the cellar. Heroes and heroines. Bless God for them!

There are men who for their toil and anxiety have no sympathy in their homes. Exhausting application to business gets them a livelihood, but an unfrugal wife scatters it. He is fretted at from the moment he enters the door until he comes out of it. The exasperations of business life augmented by the exasperations of domestic life. Such men are laughed at, but they have a heart-breaking trouble, and they would have long ago gone into appalling dissipation but for the grace of God. Society to-day is strewn with the Wrecks of men who under the north-east storm of domestic infelicity have been driven on the rocks. There are tens of thousands of drunkards in this country to-day, made such by their wives. That is not poetry! That is prose! But the wrong is generally in the opposite direction. You would not have to go far to find a wife whose life is a perpetual martyrdom. Something heavier than a stroke of the fist; unkind words, staggerings home at midnight, and constant maltreatment, which have left her only a wreck of what she was on that day when in the midst of a brilliant assemblage the vows were taken, and full organ played the wedding march, and the carriage rolled away with the benediction of the people. What was the burning of Latimer and Ridley at the stake compared with this?

And what shall I say of those people who have only a half loaf of bread, but give a piece of it to others who are hungrier; and of those who have only a scuttle of coal, but help others to fuel; and of those who have only a dollar in their pocket, and give twenty-five cents to somebody else; and of that father who wears a shabby coat, and of that mother who wears a faded dress, that their children may be well apparelled. You call them paupers, or ragamuffins, or emigrants. I call them heroes and heroines. You and I may not know where they live, or what their name is. God knows, and they have more angels hovering over them than you and I have, and they will have a higher seat in heaven.

Go home to the place just where God has put you to play the hero or the heroine. Do not envy any man his money, or his applause, or his social position. Do not envy any woman her wardrobe, or her exquisite appearance. Be the hero or the heroine. If there be no flour in the house, and you do not know where your children are to get bread, listen, and you will hear something tapping against the window-pane. Go to the window and you will find it is the beak of a raven, and open the window, and there will fly in the messenger that fed Elijah.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is in frequent receipt of letters from very needy persons in different parts of the country, some of the cases being pitiful in the extreme. These applications are so numerous as to be altogether beyond our capacity for extending relief. Among the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD there are doubtless many benevolent people who would be pleased to be put in communication with some of these deserving poor ones. If any of our readers so charitably disposed, would send us their names and addresses for this special purpose, we will send to each *one letter a year and no more*, from some needy person who has appealed for help. All letters relating to business of this nature should be addressed to "The Relief Box," CHRISTIAN HERALD Office.

H. S. Chandler, Chandler, Tex. Where can I get a copy of the Koran? Also a book on fish culture?

Write to Brentano, Union Square, N. Y. for the first and Eugene Blackford, Fulton Market, N. Y. for the second.

Mrs. R. E. Andrews, 751 Warren St., Hudson, N. Y. Can you direct me to any place where I can purchase a good second-hand bell which would be suitable for a small church in a western village?

Some reader may be able to give this information.

Subscriber, Delaware, O. Where did Cain's wife come from? See Gen. 4: 16?

She was probably a native of the country of his exile—the word *Nod* signifying flight. Commentators have vainly tried to locate the place of Cain's settlement some placing it "east of Eden," others in India and different parts of Asia.

Leander White, Harrisburg, Pa. Was Simon of Cyrene who aided the Saviour in carrying the cross, a white man or a negro?

He is believed to have been a native of North Africa, and hence colored as was Philip's convert, the Ethiopian eunuch and Apollos, the great preacher of Alexandria. The early history of Christianity furnishes many illustrious examples of men and women of color who suffered and died for the faith.

A. F. Calerdine, Hartwell, O. Who was Theophilus, mentioned in Luke 1: 3?

He is by some held to have been a Roman Governor, a man of rank, to whom Luke inscribed his Gospel and the Book of Acts. The other commentators have questioned the personality of Theophilus, holding that he was a creation of the writer, representing all those who are "beloved of God," which the word *Theophilus* means. Still others intimate that he was a nobleman of Antioch.

J. C. Lawson, Algiers, La. Is there any difference between shorthand and stenography?

No; stenography is shorthand, or writing by brief, arbitrary signs; while phonography is also shorthand, but is written by signs that represent certain sounds. There are several excellent systems; Pitman's probably being the oldest.

H. W. Schenck, Junction City, Ohio. 1. We are on a [illegible] to be entertained. What shall we talk about when our old bachelor neighbor drops in occasionally Sabbath afternoon and stays several hours? Is it right to talk of crops, politics, etc.? 2. Is it right for us to go to a friend's house for dinner Sunday, the church, the friend or acquaintance living near the place of meeting, which we go three miles, and then stay the rest of the day and talk on various subjects, sing, etc.? That is the custom here among good Christian people, and it we constantly refuse to join them they feel hurt. Please [illegible] me to a correct view on these matters.

1. It is not necessary to offend or alienate your friend, and if you exercise the ordinary tact of a host, you will be able to avoid it, and at the same time to give the conversation a more sensible turn. There are a thousand current topics in connection with religious papers that can be introduced, no matter how the conversation begins; but to be able to interest your friend concerning them, you should first read and master them yourself. 2. Under the circumstances we see nothing wrong in it, as you state it.

J. H. Trevor, Huntly, Neb. 1. What is the abomination of desolation mentioned in Matt. 24: 15? 2. To what class of people will Christ come as a thief? 3. What generation does Christ refer to in Matt. 24: 34? 4. Do the signs of the times indicate the near approach of Christ's coming?

1. Prophetic expositors generally believe that it is the image of himself which Antichrist will cause to be set up in the Temple at Jerusalem which is to be rebuilt in the last days. 2. To all except those who are watching and expecting him. The expression simply means that it will take them by surprise. 3. The generation which witnesses the beginning of these events will witness the end of them. The theory of prophetic expositors is that the stream of prophetic events has been interrupted. That there is an undefined interval between the sixty-ninth and the seventieth week mentioned by the prophet Daniel. The events of the seventieth week of seven years will follow each other with extraordinary rapidity so that one generation will see them all. 4. Several articles on prophecy recently printed in this journal give reasons for holding that belief.

E. M. L., New York. I have the Oxford Teachers' Bible, but it has not a dictionary proper of "Persons and Places" such as I would like.

You need the "Oxford Helps" which contain what you want. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD supplies the "Helps," neatly bound in flexible cloth, to its subscribers at 50 cts., being one-half the regular price.

Emma Whitcomb, Pittsburg, Pa. 1. What was the age of Lucy Larcom when she died? 2. What was her best poem? 3. Where did she receive her training?

1. Lucy Larcom, the poet, was born in 1826, and was consequently 67 when she died. 2. She wrote many beautiful poems, and it would be difficult to indicate the best. "The Mountaineer's Prayer," "A Thanksgiving," "A White Sunday," and "Climbing to Rest," are all notable pieces. 3. She was a cotton spinner when she first began to write verses and Mr. Whittier helped her and published some of them in a paper he edited. Miss Larcom received some training, later, in an Illinois Seminary. She was a natural poet and would probably have written verses had she never gone to school.

An Old Subscriber, Central City, Colo. 1. Please explain Job 14: 1-5 verses? 2. What is the present population of London?

1. Job, in using the language of these verses, undoubtedly represented his own grevious and seemingly hopeless case. He was ina despondent mood when he drew this gloomy picture of man's physical state. But he spoke only of the mortal and not of the spiritual or regenerate condition; for we must not forget that it was Job who later in the same discussion showed his triumphant faith by declaring "I know that my Redeemer liveth." (Read Job 19: 25, 26, 27.) 2. The population of London, according to the last census was 4,231,431. The city proper over which the Lord-Mayor presides is a comparatively small section with only about 30,000 population.

Mrs. George Lincoln, London, Ont. Mrs. Bottome's address is Fordham, N. Y.——T. M. Lucas, Dallas, Tex. If delay means destruction, it is certainly right to save it at once.——George P. Barnes, New Bedford, Mass. For full information concerning valuable American coins, write to George G. Evans, publisher, Philadelphia, for the *History of the U. S. Mint*.——Erik Larson, Iron Mountain, Mich. 1. and 2. Both statements are totally unfounded. 3. In September probably.——D. S. Blen, Bridgeton, N. J. We have not the information wanted.——H. A. S., Mt. Vernon, S. Dak. Yes, provided the society is not of a character to conflict with his religious duties.——Subscriber, West Superior, Wis. The act and the profession seem inconsistent but may probably be explainable.——Sophie D. Tweel, Lagrange, Tenn. Yes; both may be right under certain conditions.——Elma M. Varney, Merrill, N. H. We cannot advise you in these matters. Better write to the parties direct.——Henry Horn, Greenfield, Ia. Harper's *Young People* or *St. Nicholas*.——Mrs. E. C. Robertson, Liberty, N. M. Prof. Totten's address is New Haven, Ct.——Mrs. J. R. Chamberlin, Pelham, N. H. Write to Mrs. Bottome, Fordham, N. Y.——Subscriber, Racine, Wis. You are right in concluding that many authors have in early life had the experience of having their M.S.S. returned. Their experience is the rule and not the exception. Your letter indicates that you need to study and read and acquire much greater skill in composition before you can expect to have a hearing.——William Decker, Thompson Ridge, N. Y. It is nowhere so stated in the Bible.

Miss I. F. Wolcott, Worcester, Mass. The following lines were written by Miss Eliza Stone on her eighty-ninth birthday. She is now ninety-six.

Four score years and nine are numbered
Since I drew my vital breath,
Now with ribs my flesh encumbered,
Signals of approaching death.

While my evening shadows lengthen
As my sun draws near the west,
May its beams my ardor strengthen
My fond hope of endless rest.

In still hours of night I ponder,
God's past mercies call to mind;
Then I pause, and think, and wonder
Why my Father is so kind.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

AN AMERICAN IN TANGIER.

EMPHATIC advice to all Christian people, who love a peaceful life, not to travel in Morocco, comes from a correspondent of the New York *Herald* who is now in that land. He writes from Fez to which city he recently traveled from Tangier. He considers himself fortunate in arriving safely, for his experiences in Tangier and on the journey convinced him that his life was far from safe. Although the people are very assiduous in their attendance at the mosques, and in their devotions in public places, they are prone to robbery and murder. Their antipathy to Christians is more violent than that of other Moslems and the murder of one of them would not be a burden on any man's conscience. Indeed, many of them believe that by no surer way could they establish Paradise than by taking a Christian's life. "It diminishes the pleasure of riding about the streets of the quaint city," says the correspondent, "to be aware that he is surrounded by strong, powerful men holding this belief." He carried a revolver with him to defend himself, but a friend who knew the city well advised him not to use it, but to make himself feared and respected by other means. What these were appeared from his first adventure. As he walked through the street, followed by his servant, a man whom he met, uttered a curse upon him, asking Allah to wither the stranger's body. Instantly he bade his servant seize the man and take him before the *Basha*, or judge, to be thrashed for insulting him. Recent complications with England and France have inspired the Sultan with a wholesome dread of foreign governments and he has enacted laws for the protection of foreign visitors. A crowd gathered about the man evidently sympathizing with him but afraid of compromizing themselves. The appearance of a soldier decided the matter and the crowd dispersed. The offender threw himself on his knees and piteously pleaded for mercy. As he was evidently in dread of the punishment and as the American believed that a sufficient lesson had been administered, he ordered the culprit released, but bade him tell his friends that like mercy would not be granted to the next offender. That the inoffensive stranger should have to resort to such measures to avoid molestation is an evidence of the difference between the two religions. While the most consistent Mohammedan is the most bitter hater of the Christian, the most consistent Christian is he who most loves his enemy. (Matt. 5: 44.)

A Novel Funeral Ceremony.

THE words of the Potestant Episcopal funeral service, "Ashes to ashes," had an unusually literal meaning at a funeral held in St. George's Church, New York, on May 19. Dr. W. S. Rainsford conducted the exercises over the ashes of one of his parishioners whose body had been cremated in compliance with a request she had made during her illness. The ashes had been collected and placed in a metallic urn which was enclosed in a cedar casket covered with white cloth. The casket was eight inches square and eleven high. It rested on a handsome pedestal almost hidden among lilies of the valley, the deceased lady's favorite flower. As Dr. Rainsford read the words, "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," when it is customary to cast clods of soil on the coffin after it has been lowered into the grave, the sexton produced a silver dish on which were some fine white ashes and these the clergyman sprinkled on the box. It is believed that this is the first instance of the funeral service of the church being read over the ashes of a cremated body. Though the ceremony was uncommon, there was nothing in it to indicate a lack of faith in the resurrection. The reflective Christian does not expect that the body his soul inhabits in this life will ever be his abode again, but with Paul, he expects to be clothed with a spiritual body which God will give him at the last day. (1.Cor.15: 44.)

A Teamster's Discovery.

A REMARKABLE story of the discovery of a famous mine is related by the San Francisco *Chronicle*. It states that the mine known as the "Noonday" in the Black Range, which is one of the richest in New Mexico, was originally discovered through an accident. One of the teamsters, who in 1887 carried freight from Lake Valley to the mining camps in New Mexico, was a hard-working man who found it difficult to eke out a decent living. In September of that year he had the offer of a load to be carried a distance of eighty miles, over the side of the Hogback, to a mining camp. As the road was narrow and of steep grade and the load heavy, several teamsters had refused it; but extra pay induced this man to accept. He succeeded in getting safely over sixty miles of the route and had reached a pass where the road was not more than three feet wider than his wagon, when one of the mules became obstinate. It kicked over the traces and would not budge an inch. The teamster whipped and coaxed in vain. In his effort to get the mule to work, he at last received a kick which rolled him off the ledge down the side of the mountain. In the brief moments of his descent in which all his life seemed to pass before him, he gave himself up for lost. But he did not fall to the jagged rocks at the base of the chasm, as he expected. His fall stopped at a ledge thirty feet down. As soon as he recovered from his shaking he looked around and saw that the rocks were rich beyond anything he knew. He climbed back to his team and eventually got his load to its destination. Then he sent to his brother in Denver to collect all the money he could and come to New Mexico. In a short time a gang of men were at work and both men are now worth large fortunes. Whatever the teamster may have thought when the mule kicked him, if he could think at all, it is safe to say that he does not now regard that kick as a misfortune since it led him to wealth. The time will come when the Christian will see his trials and afflictions in the same light if they have their intended effect in his spiritual enrichment. (II. Cor. 4: 17.)

THE GREAT MOSQUE OF TANGIER.

An Aristocratic Foundling.

THE sergeant in charge of Police eadquarters in New York, a few evenings ago, was astonished to see a policeman bring in a handsomely dressed babe. He reported that a man had stumbled over it in a hallway an hour or two earlier in the evening and handed it to him, as he did not know to whom it belonged. The child was a boy, apparently two or three weeks old. He was exquisitely dressed in the finest linen and wore a robe liberally adorned with flounces and lace. The person who had left him in the hallway had taken care to wrap him up warmly in flannels and place him where he would surely be seen. He was taken to the matron's room, after the record of his being found had been entered in the sergeant's book. As there was no clue to his name, he was recorded simply as No. 62, he being the sixty-second child who has been found this year under similar circumstances. No. 61, also a boy, had been found the previous night and was still in the matron's care. He was insufficiently clad when found, and what clothing he had on him, was of the commonest quality. He was evidently the child of poor parents, while the newcomer must have belonged to persons of means. Both were sent together to the Island to become wards of the city and both will receive the same treatment. The little aristocrat will have no advantage from his having worn expensive clothes in his infancy. The children of wealthy parents do not so often lose their advantages of birth, but they must all do so in the end and stand on an equality with their poorer brethren before God. "I perceive," said Peter, "that God is no respecter of persons." (Acts 10: 34.)

A Marriage in a Police Court.

NEWS comes from Buffalo, N.Y., of a strange marriage which took place there on May 16. A girl from Brooklyn was being tried for larceny. She was a bright, intelligent girl of very comely appearance. The sympathy of the Court and the spectators were with her, but when the evidence was given, there was no doubt of her guilt. She had been a domestic servant in the family of a citizen of Buffalo and some jewelry belonging to her employer was found in her trunk. Her grief when the case terminated in a verdict of guilty was intense. She wept bitterly and pleaded for mercy on the ground of its being her first offence. The Court listened to her plea and imposed a fine of thirty dollars, with the alternative of a month's imprisonment. She had no money, so she was being led away to prison, when a young man in court, who said he knew her, asked permission to speak to her. After a few minutes' whispered conversation, he told the Judge that he would pay the fine, if the Judge would marry them there and then. The Judge, thinking that the young man was acting hastily and imprudently, refused to perform the ceremony. Another official, who was competent to officiate, was, however, present in the court-room and he declared himself willing to marry them. The ceremony was duly performed, and then the bridegroom paid the fine and led away his wife whose tears had turned to smiles. It was said that they had formerly been engaged, but the girl had jilted him. If she forgets her obligations to the man whose love survived her disgrace and does not prove a good and faithful wife to him now that he has saved her from imprisonment, she will deserve the scorn of the world. Yet we have sorrowfully to admit that love and fidelity have not always characterized the Church, although she too is under such obligations, having been redeemed by Christ with his blood. (Eph. 5: 25-27.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Executive Committee of the American Home Missionary Society is holding its sixty-eighth annual meeting in Saratoga.

Rev. Charles A. Taylor and Mr. W. F. Bischoft are conducting special meetings in the Presbyterian church at Normal, Ill., with good success.

It may save some of our correspondents time if we state here that the address of Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D., is changed from Philadelphia to Albany, N. Y.

Of the thirty-eight new ministers of the Baptist faith who recently graduated from the divinity school of the Chicago university, fourteen were Swedes and two Danes.

Any pastor or congregation in the vicinity of New York desiring a pulpit supply during this summer can be put in communication with an earnest, scholarly Gospel preacher by addressing this office.

Rev. B. Fay Mills has audiences of five thousand persons in the Auditorium at St. Paul, where he is preaching every evening. The afternoon services in the Central Presbyterian Church are also crowded.

Dr. Avison, a British subject and a zealous Methodist, recently decided to go as a medical missionary to Corea under the auspices of the Presbyterian Board of Missions of the United States. At the farewell-meeting in the Sherbourne Methodist Church, Toronto, Presbyterians Congregationalists, and Methodists participated in the services.

A revival of much power has been enjoyed by the Congregational Church in Fairbault, Minn. Rev. C. W. Merrill assisting the pastor, Rev. S. A. Wallace. There are a large number of converts. At Paynesville, Evangelist D. M. Hartsough has been laboring. There are many converts and a good work in the church.

The death is announced of the Rt. Rev. William H. A. Bissell, Bishop of Vermont, who has for some months been in failing health. The Bishop was much beloved in his diocese and was highly respected throughout the church. He was seventy-nine years of age and had been a bishop twenty-five years.

The woman's foreign missionary meeting, in connection with General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and under the auspices of the six boards and societies, was held in the Church of the Covenant (Dr. Hamlin, pastor), Washington, D. C., on Monday, May 22, at 2 o'clock P. M. The afternoon was largely devoted to addresses from missionaries.

Grave apprehensions are felt for the safety of American missionaries in China if the iniquitous Geary law is enforced in this country. Now that the Supreme Court has pronounced the law constitutional it is open for the government to begin the expulsion of unregistered Chinamen. It is hoped, however, that the President will regard the law as permissive not mandatory.

Dr. Elwood H. Stokes, President of the Ocean Grove Camp-meeting Association, celebrated the jubilee of his ministry on Sunday, May 21. It was exactly fifty years since he preached his first sermon as a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Dr. Stokes is nearly seventy-nine years old but his jubilee sermon showed that he was still hale and vigorous.

The meetings of the Rev. B. Fay Mills in Milwaukee, Wis., are said by a minister who writes to the *Interior* from that city, to have "done the city more good than can be told, and have shown the people what a mighty power for good the church of Christ may become when thoroughly engaged in a great work. The pastors and churches are rejoicing, and have their hearts and hands full of work in visiting the converts and gathering in the new members into the church."

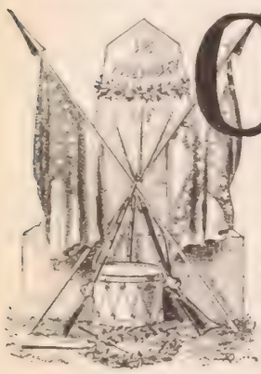
We grieve to learn that Dr. Charles F. Deems has made no progress toward recovery. A recent visitor found him unable to speak distinctly, except by a very painful effort. His right side is paralyzed, so that he is unable to write. His mind is, however, perfectly clear. His chief distress is that he is cut off from his work. He was able to understand all that was said, and evidently appreciated his visitor's sympathy. After trying for some time in vain to say a few words, Dr. Deems at length succeeded. He said slowly, solemnly and clearly, "My faith holds out." That was his significant avowal in his sad circumstances.

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

KEEPING RANK.

Sermon Preached last Sunday, May 28, 1893, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D.*

Text: "*Fifty thousand who could keep rank; they were not of double heart.*" [The last clause is more literally rendered thus: "*Who were not of a heart and a heart.*"] 1. Chron. 12: 33.



ON this Sunday evening preceding Memorial Day we meet in God's house to worship him, to give honor to the memory of our noble dead, and to learn the lessons of duty which the day, with its sad and joyous memories, teaches. The thought of the text selected for this evening is not at the first glance, entirely clear; but when fully seen it is found to be suggestive and inspiring. We have in the chapter from which the text is taken, as Dr. Samuel Cox has reminded us, five muster-rolls, from the archives of the Hebrew people. In some cases the lists are accompanied by marginal notes by an intelligent contemporary, perhaps by David himself. These notes, of course, add vastly to the historic value of these national rolls. Such lists fortunately we have of our own civil war. We have histories by professional historians, and also by our noble and immortal soldiers.

But of what interest are these old Hebrew muster-rolls to us? It would be easy to show that they are of great value to us simply as students of human history, of military tactics and of various forms of government; but I call attention to them at this time especially to emphasize the commendation given in the text. That commendation is full of tender instruction for us as we contemplate the muster-rolls of brave men dear to our hearts; muster-rolls on which are names crowned with honor and radiant with glory. There are American campaigns and muster-rolls which are full of tender memories for us to-night.

It may not seem a very wonderful thing to you that fifty thousand men could keep rank. You may say, it is the business of soldiers to do that. Still it is much to keep rank, not simply on the parade ground, but amid the storm of battle. It is a great honor to say that soldiers could repel a charge or make an assault with an unbroken line; that when brave fellows fell fast, other brave men were ready to close up the ranks, and so present an unbroken front to the foe. But the chief lesson here is the secret of the bravery of David's soldiers—"they were not of a heart and a heart." They did not have one heart for the home and another heart for the battle-field; not one for self and another for David. They had but one heart for David, for country, for God. They were under the control of an overmastering purpose. They forgot everything but the honor of the King and the salvation of the country. Double-hearted men are a failure always and everywhere. But the singleness of purpose, the entire devotion of David's men made them irresistible. It ought to be remembered that it was their unity of heart that led to their uniformity of step; this singleness of purpose in the hearts of David's men that kept them in rank and enabled them to present an unbroken line to the foe. We need men today with similar unity of heart, uniformity of step and invincibility of courage in every duty [illegible]

We need men with the courage to keep rank when great principles are at stake, when the existence of civil and religious liberty is the issue. Great principles are necessary to make men brave in national crises. We ought not to separate widely between our piety and our patriotism. The man who loves God most tenderly will love his country most loyally. The bravest soldier for truth and God should be the bravest soldier for flag and country. I am now addressing men who, I trust, are as loyal in religious faith as they are brave in their devotion to their country in peace or in war. It is extremely difficult to realize that a whole generation has grown up since the war; that the boys of '61 are the mature men of '93; that the mature men of '61 are now feeling the infirmities of age, and that for some of them the final muster-roll is nearly ready. To many even in this congregation the war is only a tradition, and to others it is history, not differing widely from other chapters in the story of our beloved land. There are, in our congregations now, those who remember as among their childish memories the spirit-stirring drum and "the pride, pomp and circumstance" of the war. There are others who remember how their fathers and mothers and older members of the family listened for the cry of the newsboys announcing the reports of the battles of the previous day, and how the lists of the dead and wounded were scanned to see whether loved names were there. But many of you remember the marches and counter-marches, the toils and trials, the dangers and defeats, the sorrows and joys of the war with a vividness that is even now almost painful. It is fitting that this evening these memories should be revived and the lessons of the war should be emphasized.

One hears in certain quarters slighting remarks of the Grand Army, and of our soldiers as a whole. These remarks are usually made by men in the North whose only relation to the army was to fire envenomed darts into the backs of our soldiers, or at the most to send a substitute to the front. The day will never come when the Republic shall cease to honor her brave defenders! Could that day come, America would deserve to be excluded from the sisterhood of the noblest nations. No braver men fought on the field of Marathon; no braver men shouted for liberty among the Swiss Alps, than those who marched from their quiet homes in the North to fight the battles of their country, and many of them to lay their bodies in Southern graves. God forbid that the country should forget her brave soldiers! She will decorate their graves the day after to-morrow with flowers, and although these flowers shall fade, the memory of the soldiers will be forever green in the kindly thoughts and tender affections of their countrymen. Battle flags may decay, and the grass may grow over the graves where sleep our dead heroes, but their brave deeds will forever remain as an imperishable chapter in the glorious history of the Republic.

Brave men, I remark in the next place, will keep step to the sentiment of appreciation of the noble part taken by American women during the trying days of our Civil War. Their heroism in many respects was more sublime than that of the men. They endured in the quiet of their homes without the excitements of the battlefield. In their patient suffering they were upheld by serene hope, by loyal devotion to their country, and by sublime faith in God. The men on the field of battle were under the excitements of music and the shouts of both armies; they were stimulated by the infernal scream of shells, the rattle of musketry, and the booming of cannon. They had also the magnetic influence of brave men by their side; and they were cheered by the [illegible] But the women were alone in the silence of their homes by day, and in the more awful silence of the night. Their hearts were breaking with anxiety for father, husband, son, brother or lover fighting the battles of their country hundreds of miles away. We shall not forget on these memorial days the women who went to nurse the sick and wounded; the women who walked hospitals without fear of fever, and in defiance of pestilence; and the women who [illegible] tering to the comforts of soldiers on the field. To-day let us crown these women with unfading garlands. They are still in large measure the hope of the Republic.

General Trumbull in a recent article tells us of the bravery of one family to whom it is an honor in this connection to refer. In his company, raised at the beginning of the war, was a man of forty-five, a man of influence and wealth. He had a devoted wife and eleven loving children. The eldest son enlisted with his father, and as father and son passed the home on their way to the field, at the gate stood the wife and mother and the remaining ten children. Each one of them, including the baby, waved a flag as the father and eldest brother passed. In the first battle this noble son fell shot through the body. "Tom," said a comrade, are you badly hurt?" "Yes," said he, "I am dying. Give my love to my mother." This comrade rode up to the father and told him that his son was dead. For a moment the brave man fell forward on his horse's neck, and a great sob burst from his heart. Then straightening himself up he exclaimed, "Thank God he died like a brave man! God help his poor mother!" And then cheering on his men he rushed into the battle. After the battle was over the announcement of her son's death was made to this patriotic mother. The news was terrible, but she bore it with heroic resignation, and in the silent watches of the night she mingled mourning for her dead boy with anxiety for her living husband. A year pased. This husband had been made a Lieutenant-Colonel. His regiment had been engaged in a terrific battle; painfully anxious was the noble wife in the quiet home. Looking over the paper the next day, she found among the dead the name of her husband. No sooner had she and the second son made that discovery then the second patriotic boy said, "Mother, I ought to go." And that heroic woman said, "Go!" The days went by, she watched and waited, hearing the sound of a battle in every breeze. A great battle had again been fought; again she eagerly searched among the names of the killed and wounded, and there among the dead, killed at the front, was the name of her boy. Then stood before her the third son repeating the language of the second, and hearing from his mother the word, "Go!" and he went, and like his father and two brothers, he died fighting bravely for his country.

General Trumbull adds that after the war was over he was riding from Waterloo in Iowa to Independence. A lady in the same car suddenly became ill. She was accompanied by her daughter. The daughter recognized the General and came to him saying, "My mother wishes to see you." Approaching the woman he found in her, she knowing him though he did not remember her, the wife of his friend and the mother of the three brave boys. She thanked the General for his care over husband and sons, and for the kind letter he wrote her the day that Tom was killed; and she then said: "The war is over, the country is saved, and I am satisfied; but my heart is broken, and I am going to my old home in Ohio to die." These are the women who make a country great; these are the women who ought to receive honor on this Memorial Day; these are the women whose names will be held in loving memory in all the future history of our great Republic.

We ought to keep rank to the progress of the larger civilization which necessitated the late war, and which was also accelerated by it. Our Civil war was a period of education, emancipation, and general progress. These helpful influences it exercised not over America alone, but over the whole world. European nations could not understand how a Republic could disband a million men and have them return to the peaceful pursuits of industry. It was prophesied in Europe that the military idea would ever after be dominant in our government, and that the United States would be a military Nation; but the soldiers were disbanded and soon became absorbed in the civil population. The United States has been the leader and the teacher of all Nations by this remarkable example. The late war was really but one act in the great drama of American history. It was but a chapter in the story of the conflict between aristocratic privilege and equal rights. Our fathers came to these shores to found a Nation on the principles of equal liberty. They came when the mother country was wrapt in the darkness of caste; they came to lay the foundations of a Nation which should enjoy the right of liberty and the pursuit of happiness, but unfortunately slavery existed. There was an "irrepressible conflict" between the North and the South. It was a conflict between two civilizations. The fruits of liberty and of slavery both grew from seed sown in transatlantic soil. The civilization of the South was that of the middle ages. The planter with his slaves represented the baron and his retainers of mediæval times. Slavery was an exotic in American soil, and in the nineteenth century. The spirit of the North belonged alike to the newer age and the progressive country. It was impossible that these two civilizations could live long side by side on American soil. The conflict was sure to come sooner or later.

But never did braver men march under any country's flag than those who met the heroes of the South on the bloody fields of battle. Sherman's march from Atlanta to the Sea does not lose its honors when compared with the crossing of the Alps by Hannibal, and the campaigns of Grant will lose none of their lustre when placed side by side with those of old world heroes through all the centuries of history. Men inspired by the loftiest patriotism and holiest faith are ever the bravest. We remember that Frederick the Great once overheard his favorite general engaged in prayer, and was about to utter a sneering remark at the general's piety, but the brave old man who had never feared a foe nor his majesty's jest, said: "I have just been asking aid from your majesty's great Ally." Men with such religious faith are irresistible on the battlefield. No foe could stand before Cromwell's "Ironsides," who rushed into the conflict chanting psalms and offering prayers. Their watchword was "The Lord of hosts is with us;" and in the pocket of every soldier was a Bible with marked texts for their instruction and inspiration. General Havelock's bravest men were chosen from his prayer-meeting, for the most desperate attacks. On occasions demanding special heroism, volunteers were always selected from Havelock's "Saints."

Where do you always find the bravest men and the noblest women? In the Church of God; in the army of the Lord. Where the grandest examples of heroism, self-sacrifice, and noble consecration, but in the Church of God? Who but true believers have made the page of history illustrious with deeds of immortal valor? For the love of God and souls brave men have become braver still, and tender women have been transformed into heroines in life and saints in death. They have gone into dungeons damp and loathsome, they have gone from country and friends to the jungles of India and the swamps of Africa, and they have been stretched on the rack and dragged to the stake. They dyed the Alpine snows with their blood; they have trodden the glens of Scotland and climbed its rugged hills, and finally went up from the Grass Market in Edinburgh in a chariot of fire to glory and to God. They have been the Havelocks and the Gordons in battle; they have been the Polycarps, the Chrysostoms, the Luthers and the Bunyans in perils and in deaths for their faith. To-day the loftiest manhood and the divinest womanhood of the world are in the Church of God. Let infidelity hide its diminished head. The glory of manhood is the outcome of Christian faith and love. Christian faith consecrates patriotism and makes brave soldiers for flag and country, braver, manlier, and nobler still.

We must with united heart keep step to the spirit of magnanimity with which Gen. Grant signalized the close of the fearful conflict. Beautiful were the words spoken by Gen. Roger A. Pryor, himself an officer in the Confederate army, at the seventy-first birthday dinner held on April 27th last, in honor of Gen. Grant. Gen. Pryor could pronounce no prouder eulogy on the immortal Grant than that he had overcome the apparently invincible Johnston and the brilliant Lee. But the grandest victory even of Gen. Grant was his magnanimity toward Gen. Lee at Appomattox, when Lee surrendered his sword and the great civil war ended. Grant destroyed the armies of Lee, Early, and Beauregard, but his clemency to the brave and heroic Lee made him victor over the hearts of the South, and over the hearts of all noble men throughout the world. Gen. Pryor and other eloquent speakers affirmed that the time would come when Gen. Grant would be considered as great as a statesman as now he is regarded as a soldier. His influence in settling international disputes by arbitration ought to cover him with everlasting honor. He was a pioneer in this new realm of statesmanship. There is a time coming when civilized nations will no longer think of settling their disputes by the arbitrament of the sword, than Christian gentlemen would think now of resorting to blows to settle their petty differences. There is a time coming when the nations "Shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks;" when "nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." The men who most earnestly fought the battles of the late war are most forward in recognizing that the war is over. Men who were never on a bat-

tlefield are the most ready to continue the conflict and to perpetuate the bitterness of sectional strife. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and Mead, the heroes of Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, Spottsylvania, Atlanta, Savannah, Winchester, Gettysburg and Appomattox, would be the first to rebuke the spirit of bitterness and to rejoice at the advent of assured peace.

We thank God that the conflict is over, that peace is secured, that liberty is universal and will be perpetual. Thank God that no bitterness now marks the spirit of any true Northern soldier. North and South are to-day one great nation. If the call came to fight against a common foe, the boys of the "gray" would march with the boys of the "blue" under our one glorious flag, for the honor of our common and beloved country. Thank God that we can say:

For now the Northern lily
Blooms with the Southern rose.

Let their mingled beauty delight our eyes to-day; let their blended fragrance be sweet perfume to the spirit of patriotism. We rejoice in one country from the lakes to the gulf, and from the mighty Atlantic to the mightier Pacific. We must learn to keep step to the spirit of a genuine American patriotism.

No soldier is worthy his name and fame except he will stand in peace for the principles for which he braved death in battle. We must insist upon equal rights for all men of all creeds in all parts of our redeemed land. There are foes against which we must still fight. The saloon is the nursery of disloyalty, anarchy, murder, and every Satanic vice. The saloon ought to be consigned to the grave where slavery lies buried; and neither ought ever to have a resurrection. Gambling houses are born of hell and they lead to their place of their birth. Pollution of the ballot-box is a crime against civilization. The ballot-box is the ark of the covenant of the Republic. Look at our fair city of New York. Who are our rulers? Are not the names of some of them mentioned almost daily in the papers as the perpetrators of the foulest crimes? Must a man be guilty of murder before he can expect office and honor in our municipal government? Are we men, or are we slaves that we submit to such indignity?

Some of you will remember that in the museum in Berlin there is a fine fresco by Kaulbach. A few years ago I stood before it in wonder and admiration. It represents the last conflict between the Goths and Huns, a conflict that settled for centuries the form of civilization in Southern Europe. The picture embodies the legend which taught that after the battle was over, the spirits of the slain still carried on in the air the terrible conflict that began on the earth. The legend is literally true in our country's history at this hour. The forces of evil are arrayed against the forces of good; superstition against intelligence; and selfish politics against true patriotism. It must be yours to rise above the bitterness of the past, above the selfishness of the present, and to stand with a true heroism, a loyal patriotism, and a Christly manliness against evil of whatever kind and wherever found.

Rightly did Milton sing,

Peace hath her victories,
No less renowned than war.

In this time of peace let us guard against political dangers. Let us resist every form of danger from whatever quarter it comes. Let us strive more for the welfare of the Republic than for the dominance of any political party. Once more let us say with Rufus Choate, "We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union." Once more with the immortal Lincoln: "This nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

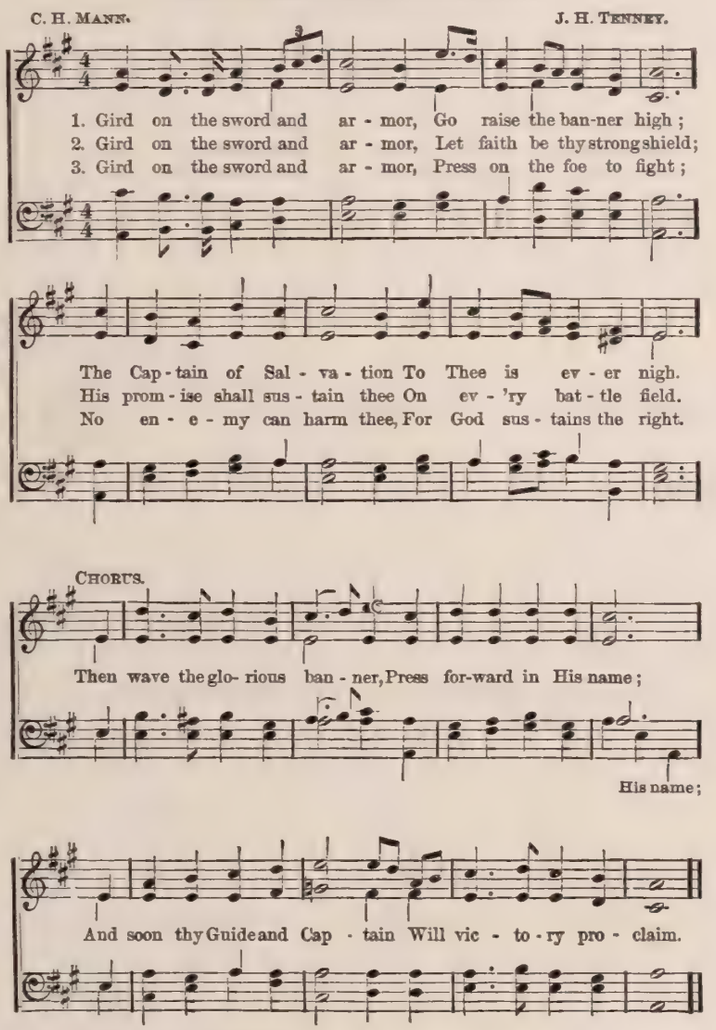
With tenderness, appreciation and affection I appeal to you, veterans, to serve your country and your God in peace as loyally as you did in war; to you, sons and daughters of veterans, that you strive to be worthy of your honored sires; to you, boys of the brigade, that you grow up to be strong men for God and your native land. Be of the number of those who like the soldiers in David's army could keep rank, those who had one heart for truth, purity, patriotism and godliness. As I close, I ring out the words of the brave and matchless Apostle Paul, praying that the spirit of all truth may enable you to apply them in every relation of life: Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong." And may God grant that when you are all mustered out from the ranks of earthly heroes and heroines you may be crowned with immortal glory in heaven as good soldiers and as triumphant victors through the strength of Christ, the Captain of our salvation.

Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

Gird on the Sword and Armor.

"Put on the whole armor of God."—EPH. 6: 11.

C. H. MANN. J. H. TENNEY.


1. Gird on the sword and ar - mor, Go raise the ban-ner high;
2. Gird on the sword and ar - mor, Let faith be thy strong shield;
3. Gird on the sword and ar - mor, Press on the foe to fight;
The Cap - tain of Sal - va - tion To Thee is ev - er nigh.
His prom - ise shall sus - tain thee On ev - 'ry bat - tle field.
No en - e - my can harm thee, For God sus - tains the right.
CHORUS.
Then wave the glo- rious ban - ner, Press for-ward in His name;
His name;
And soon thy Guide and Cap - tain Will vic - to - ry pro - claim.

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THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER'S HYMN.

In a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, a reader in Maine asked whether some other reader could not supply the missing verses of a poem written by a drum-major, part of which the inquirer quoted from memory. Mrs. E. M. Strow of Wooster, O., sends the poem entire, but cannot find the name of the author. It is as follows:

A SOLDIER, Lord, thou hast me made,
Though art my Captain, King and Head.
And under thee I still would fight,
The fight of faith all in thy sight.
The Cross all stained with hallowed blood
The ensign of our cause in God.
The Soldier's heavenly standard is
And I will fight for King Jesus.

Grant me the arrows of thy word,
Thy Spirit's powerful two-edged sword,
To slay my foes where'er they be
And own the victory, won by thee,
That I a dutious child may be
To stand and fight the enemy.
And when the alarm's to "Call the Lord!"
May pass the word unto the guard.

Thou art my guard, keep me I pray
That I may walk the narrow way;
Nor from my duty e'er depart,
But live to Christ with all my heart.
Help me to keep my guardian dress
And march to the right with holiness:
Oh! make me pure and spotless, too,
And fit to stand the grand review.

And when our General he has come,
With sound of trumpet, not with drum,
'Tis then our well-dressed ranks shall stand
In full review, at God's right hand.
It's then the enemy'll get the rout,
And be wheeled by him to the left about;
Then we'll march on, up heavenly street,
And ground our arms at Jesus' feet.

PITY

AH! the thought
That God, the ever-blessed,
When he is truly sought,
Doth dwell in human breast.
And there impart
Both light and love,
With hope of heaven
As home above.

May I this thought receive:
That he may come to me,
And in me, daily live,
From sin to set me free:
And to impart
Both light and love,
The foretaste sweet,
Of heaven above.—*Mid-Continent.*

ANTICHRIST'S ASCENDANCY.

How the Last World Ruler will Gain his Power Over the Ten Allied Kings.

BY REV. W. WHEELER.*

DANIEL'S reference to the events connected with the development of Antichrist (Daniel 11: 20), is more clear in the Revised Version than in the Authorized. It reads, "Then shall stand up in his place one that shall cause an exactor to pass through the glory of the kingdom; but within a few days he shall be destroyed, neither in anger, nor in battle." The question is—Is this "One" of the twentieth verse the Syrian King who will be confederated with nine others when the Ten-kingdomed Confederacy has been first formed? because there would seem to be an historical break between the nineteenth and twentieth verses. The Turkish power appears to set forth typically the character of this new but short-lived Ruler, for Turkey has always been noted for its tax-gathering propensities. Also, the "glory of the Syrian kingdom" would be undoubtedly the land of of Palestine, rising as it is at the present time, with its railways, commerce, and agriculture, the improved condition of the architecture of its towns, and especially the City of Jerusalem, which is also reported as becoming more and more Jewish. Truly a rich field for a raiser of taxes! God in his providence, will see fit to remove him. It would follow almost as a natural course, if this King of Syria died soon after the formation of the Ten-kingdomed Confederacy, that the Prince, who previously had made a covenant with the Jews, would seek his place or office. It is remarkable that the Jewish "prince of the covenant" is named in the twenty-second verse, and "the league" in the twenty-third, as though the covenant were already in existence. This suggests the possibility of a Napoleon making a Seven Years' Covenant while only a Prince, but occupying some responsible position. The "Vile" or "Contemptible" Person to whom "they had not given the honor of the kingdom" is said to come in peaceably, and to obtain the kingdom by flatteries. We read, "He shall come in a time of security." That would surely be "a time of security." when ten kings had confederated together, and they would most likely be glad that the throne of the departed Syrian king should be occupied as quickly as possible.

The support of the nine kings would more than outweigh any lack of interest manifested among the Syrian people; and the princely applicant or aspirant will lure them by flatteries. He would be little at first in general estimation in comparison with his predecessor and of the other nine kings in the Confederacy—but he would rise rapidly into power, and become eventually monarch of them all—first conquering three kings; probably the Turkish, Greek, and Egyptian, so that with the kingdom of Syria already possessed, he would appear as a second Alexander the Great ruling over the four revived Eastern kingdoms, even as Alexander the Great did, and which were afterwards divided between his four generals. Dan. 11: 40, deals with him as supreme head of ten kings, as seen in Rev. 13, and hints at rebellion on the part of the Syrian and Egyptian Rulers at the time of the end of the time of trouble.

Some have thought that the King of the North in this verse refers to the supreme head of the Russian Empire, but there seems no reason why any departure should be made from the generally-received view that it refers to Syria's Ruler. Beside, he is to "enter into the countries," *i. e.*, those represented by the kings of the North and the South—and is to "overflow and pass through" them. Egypt will particularly receive punishment (verses 42 and 43.) It would be more difficult to understand these words if one of the powers were the vast one of Russia, and the other that of England. The tidings of verse 44 might certainly hail from Russia as well as from the East, where the tribes of the children of Israel are supposed to be.

If the tidings out of the North come from Russia, then Ezekiel 38 and 39 would seem to intimate that by his diplomacy he will convert a threatened enemy into an ally, and so cause a meeting of forces around Jerusalem, as assuredly there will be on the occasion of the battle of Armageddon, for Zechariah 14: 2, says, "For I will gather all nations against Jerusalem to battle." And with such mighty forces surrounding him from all the nations of the earth, he plants "the tent of his palace between the sea and the glorious holy mountain, Yet in spite of his great power we are assured "he shall come to his end, and none shall help him." (Rev. 19: 11-21.)

* From *The Prophetic Notes* for May.

TO LEGISLATE FOR THE CHURCH.

The Questions Before the 105th General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church.

A SPECIAL interest, not confined to the Church immediately concerned, attaches to the meetings of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, which commenced on May 18, in Washington, D. C.

This is the one hundred and fifth General Assembly, and it has only once before convened in Washington. That was in 1852, and it was a very much smaller gathering than that of this year. The church has grown enormously in numbers as well as in wealth and influence during the forty-one years which have elapsed, and the conditions have greatly changed. At the Assembly of 1852, the subjects of public interest were very different from those of to-day, and the Assembly was affected by them. Dr. Albert Barnes preached the moderator's sermon, and his utterances on the question of slavery were those which most agitated his hearers. This year theological questions are to the fore.

Three subjects, besides the ordinary routine business, were to occupy the attention of the Assembly and many prayers have been offered all over the land that the Commissioners might be divinely guided in dealing with them. Most prominent of the three, was the appeal of the prosecutors of Professor Briggs of Union Theological Seminary of New York, against the decision of the Presbytery which acquitted him. The second, which grew out of the first, was the definition of the powers of the Assembly in relation to the Theological Seminaries. The third subject was the revision of the confession of faith, which was made by a committee appointed for the purpose, and had been submitted to the Presbyteries. A vote of two-thirds of the Presbyteries was necessary to its adoption, and as that proportion was not obtained in its favor, it remained for the General Assembly to decide whether a new revision should be attempted, or the old Confession remain undisturbed as the creed of the church. There are practically the same parties arrayed against each other on all three questions. The Commissioners who would vote in favor of acquitting Professor Briggs, would also vote together on the other two questions, though in the matter of revision they would have the assistance of allies who would not be on their side on the Briggs question. It is the old partition of Conservatives and Liberals which exists in politics, and social questions as in theology. The liberalism of the advanced section in the church, however, has many degrees. In respect to the creed it manifests itself in a desire to moderate its Calvinism. As it stands at present the creed states the doctrines of predestination and election in terms so harsh as to offend the feelings of those who delight to dwell on the character of God as one of infinite love. Some have abandoned Calvinism altogether and would feel relieved if it were altogether eliminated from the creed.

Included in this party, but by no means embracing all its members, is that advanced section of which Prof. Briggs is one of the leaders. Its members carry their liberalism far beyond Calvinism to the Bible itself. They hold that although the Bible contains the word of God, and is the supreme rule of faith and practice, it also contains an admixture of human writing which is not infallible, or, as they phrase it, inerrant. They also hold that the reason and the church are "fountains of divine authority" and that there is progressive sanctification after death. Prof. Briggs is the spokesman of this party and it rests with the Assembly to decide whether such doctrines are contrary to the creed of the Presbyterian Church. Incidental to this question is the second one previously referred to, whether it ought not to become possible for the General Assembly to prevent any man of whose doctrines it disapproves, holding the position of a [illegible] the students are trained for the ministry. These three questions have been referred to the Assembly as the supreme authority.

The first trial of strength between the two parties in the Assembly took place on the [illegible] it responsibility, as its functions are not confined to the rulings from the chair, but include the appointment of Committees which [illegible] Only two candidates were balloted for. They [illegible] University of Chicago, and Dr. George A. Baker, of Philadelphia. The first ballot was [illegible] Dr. Baker 198. Dr. Craig was described by a [illegible] tive and his election by so large a majority is accepted as an indication of the attitude of the Assembly on the questions before it.

YOUTH FOR CHRIST.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing June 11 Eccles. 12: 1; II Timothy 3: 15; I. Timothy 4: 12.

HOW few persons in middle life or old age there are, who if they had the opportunity of living the past years over again, would live them in the same way! Of that small number almost all are those who have consecrated their lives in early youth to Christ's service. Scarcely any, even of those who have been successful, feel that they have acted wisely when they have given their years to the acquisition of money or power. They may boast of their success, and pride themselves on being self-made men, but in their hearts they are conscious that they might have put their time to better use. Brought into contact with men whose spiritual nature has grown and developed, as it always does when Christ has it in his keeping, the successful worldling feels that his rewards are exterior to himself and are not to be compared to those which are within a man. The peace, the content, the hope of eternal bliss, which fill the heart of an aged Christian and render him indifferent to his surroundings, contrast all to his advantage with the condition of a man who is dependent for his happiness on his keeping the treasure for which he has labored. Then, when the end comes, the exterior prize must be left behind, while he who has lived for spiritual attainment goes out into the future endowed with all that he has won.

But may not both ends be attained? There are two ways of making the experiment. One is to enjoy the world and to work for its prizes in youth, with the intention of repenting and readjusting the life in middle age, after the world's prizes have been won. The other way is to become a Christian and engage in Christian work, and contribute to religious enterprises, but to live on worldly principles strenuously seeking wealth and wordly honor during the week and giving the Sunday to God. Both schemes are popular and with the common idea of what constitutes salvation of the soul, both may be successful. The first is of course attended by the risk of death coming before the intended change has been made and also by the inability to make the change when the time arrives at which it was to be made. The second scheme is frequently spoiled by the preponderance of the worldly element over the spiritual, the latter dying of inanition. But both schemes will be rejected by one who has the true conception of salvation. To escape perdition and to enter heaven "so as by fire" is not the salvation which Christ would have us seek. He would have us seek to be delivered from the power of the flesh, to live after the spirit, to sacrifice and subordinate every inclination, every occupation, every motive to the one supreme aim of becoming like him, having his spirit and living his life. That can only be done by early consecration of the life to Christ. There is no prospect of the spiritual development which is set before us as the true end of life, unless it is commenced in youth before the soul becomes "spotted from the world" and before its powers are maimed by sin.

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A NEW ENGLAND Y. M. C. A.

ONE of the most thriving Associations of smaller towns of New England is that of Burlington, Vt., a picture of whose building appears on this page. Though Burlington has a population of less than 20,000 its association has 770 members, a ladies' auxiliary of 150 members and a boys' department with a membership of 167. It is doubtful if any town of its size in America or indeed the whole world has so large and so aggressive an institution of the kind. Probably a part of its success is due to its vicinity, as 150 students of the Vermont University are on its roll of members. The Association is remarkable also for the prominence it gives to religious work, which in some other institutions of the same name which might be mentioned has unhappily been subordinated to athletics. During the past year forty-three associate members have been led to Christ in the meetings and have joined Christian churches in the town.

THE BURLINGTON, VT., Y. M. C. A. BUILDING.

The building is in all respects worthy of the association. It occupies a site eighty-one feet long by one hundred and fourteen wide and cost with its furniture $105,000. It rents the ground floor in four stores and uses all the remainder of the spacious edifice for its work. It has an excellent library and reading room and a large well-equipped gymnasium forty-four by fifty-five feet, with a suspended running track. The Association has just celebrated its twenty-seventh birthday, having been organized, May 28th, 1866.

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TWO NOTABLE CONFERENCES

THE New York City and Brooklyn Christian Endeavor Societies held their usual Spring conferences on May 18 and 19. The New York Societies met in the Madison Avenue Reformed Church where they received a cordial welcome from the Rev. Abbot E. Kittredge. W. F. Stevens of the Church of the Disciples presided at the Conference of the Look-out Committees; J. R. Wray of the Reformed Presbyterian Church took charge of the Prayer Meeting Committees, and Charles Caldwell of the Social Committees. An earnest address was given by Miss Elizabeth Wishard of the Presbyterian Board of Missions, and Miss Margaret Russell spoke on Sunday School work. Mr. W. E. George presided at the Junior rally. Dr. Howard Duffield, the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, delivered an inspiring address which none of the members are likely soon to forget.

The Conference of the Brooklyn Societies was held in the Church of the Pilgrims and the great edifice was filled to overflowing with the members. Dr. R. S. Storrs, the pastor of the Church welcomed the Conference and spoke in strong terms of the blessing Christian Endeavor had been to the whole city. The Secretary, Mr. W. W. Freeman, announced that there are now 115 Christian Endeavor Societies in the city, with an aggregate membership of over seven thousand. He said: "Twelve different denominations are represented in our inter denominational fellowship. The Presbyterians have hitherto led the other denominations in point of numbers, but they have always been closely followed by their Congregational brethren and, notwithstanding the fact that a year ago the Presbyterians were three Societies in advance and that they have since added several new Societies, they have been overtaken in the race and the Congregationalists now, lead, with twenty-two Societies, while the Presbyterians are second, having but one Society less, and the Baptists third with fifteen Societies." Among the speakers were: Dr. John Humpstone, of Emmanuel Baptist Church; Dr. A. Z. Conrad, of Worcester, Mass.; Gen. O. O. Howard, of the U. S. Army, and Rev. Henry W. Sherwood, President of the New York State Conference.

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AN AGGRESSIVE LEAGUE.

THREE days of hearty enthusiastic work have been passed by the Epworth Leagues of the Spokane Wash. district in their first annual convention. The business was conducted in an expeditious and orderly manner and left time for some really effective and vigorous addresses from the pastors and officers. The election resulted in the appointment of the following list of district officers: President, M. H. Marvin of Pullman; Vice-Presidents, S. E. Cole of Moscow, Mrs. L. M. Sullivan of Colfax; Treasurer, Mrs. Cogswell of Rockford; Secretary, W. S. Buck of Spokane; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Ollie Miller of Colfax; to represent the League in national convention, Rev. V. E. Claypool of Pullman, Rev. W. T. Euster of Colfax. On Sunday, the closing day of the convention, the bell rang at 5.30 P.M. for an early morning consecration meeting. After the old-fashioned love feast at 9.30 A.M. and the Sunday School at 10.15 the church was filled to overflowing, and Dr. McInturf of Eugene, Ore., delivered an eloquent sermon. In the afternoon a large and attentive congregation greeted the members of the Junior League. Miss Clara Gutzler of Spokane, and Mrs. Cogswell of Rockford, gave excellent addresses, relative to the work of the Junior League

In the evening the consecration meeting was led by Rev. W. T. Euster of Colfax, and in the evening Dr. McInturf again preached to a large congregation. An hour of prayer and praise service followed when the meeting dissolved, and the first convention of the Epworth League of the district adjourned.

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THE GENERAL OUTLOOK.

The Christian Endeavor Societies of Chester, England, have united in holding a series of Evangelistic services in the city. Mr. Henry Thorne was engaged to conduct them, the C. E. Societies paying all expenses and actively assisting the work.

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Intelligence has been received of the successful working of the Y.M.C.A. at Hobart, Tasmania, where Mr. Herbert Fairfax, late of Brisbane, has become general secretary. The work is chiefly spiritual, and is carried on by a young and energetic band of members, whose mission efforts have recently been greatly owned of God.

✠

The Central Traffic Association of Chicago has granted the concession of one fare for the round trip to the National Convention of Baptist Young Peoples Unions at Indianapolis, July 12-17.

✠

Mr. McCann, the Y. M. C. A. missionary secretary, sent to India by the English National Council, has taken an extensive tour amongst the towns of the Bombay presidency, helping forward existing work for young men, and, where possible, inaugurating fresh effort in their behalf. At the recent annual meeting of the Bombay Y. M. C. A. it was stated that the gross membership numbers 570, and the receipts more than cover the expenditure.

In Palestine Valleys.

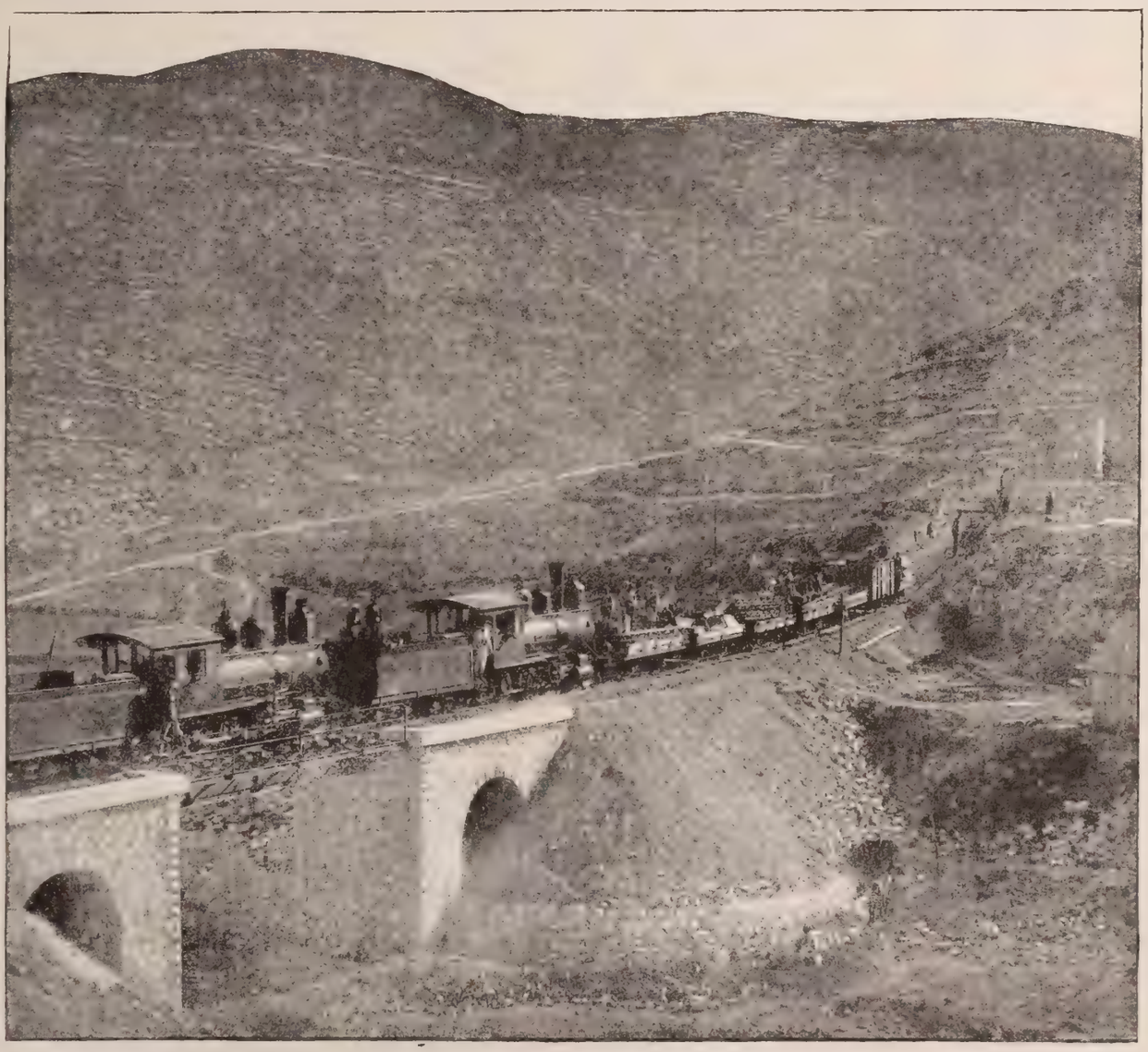
They Now Resound to the Whistle of the Locomotive—The Old Style of Travel and the New as Orientals View Them.

IF the spirits of the Israelitish patriarchs or the doughty warriors of the Maccabbean period, were privileged to revisit, even for an hour, the scenes of their earthly struggles, joys and triumphs, what strange sights they would see! Our illustration on this page, shows one of the stations on the Jaffa and Jerusalem railway, at a village called Batteer, where the engines stop for water. Batteer is situated in a plain and is peopled by some 300 or 400 Moslems. It is in the midst of a grain-growing section where excellent crops of wheat, barley, lentiles, white corn and sesame are raised. But beyond the fact that it has been selected as a midway halting-place for the first railway ever built in Palestine, it has no claims to consideration. Yet those hills that now wear an aspect of bleak solitude, and the valleys where no sound is heard save the sighing of the wind amid the waving grain, until the clatter and shriek of the locomotive break the stillness, once resounded to the tread of armed hosts, and gave back echoes of deadly conflict. Every mile of the new railway traverses historic ground; the sites of battle-fields or of cities long since vanished.

The Jaffa-Jerusalem railway has already been fully described in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and the three and a-half hours' ride between the two cities has become a familiar experience to many who, until last year, were accustomed to perform the journey on camels. The road has five engines, all made in Philadelphia. The cars, which were constructed in France, are open at both ends, and the compartments are divided by partitions and doors. Two hundred tons of coal from Wales and Belgium are consumed per day. Most of the stone work, the cutting through hills, laying walls to support embankments, and dressing stone for stations and bridges, (like that shown in the photograph), was done by workmen from Bethlehem and the neighboring village of Beit Jala. Their ancestors were stone cutters in ancient times. Arab workmen from the plains received thirty to thirty-five cents per day, and Egyptians forty to fifty cents per day, while the skilled men who could work in stone received from seventy cents to one dollar per day. Out of this meagre allowance the men had to supply their own food.

This line of road, which would be accounted a very insignificant affair anywhere else, has already begun to exert a powerful influence on the commercial and social life of Palestine. Of its fifty-three miles of rail, thirty stretch across the plains and the remainder wind through mountain gorges and rocky defiles. There is not a single tunnel, the builders preferring to go around such bluffs as were encountered rather than bore through them. Now that the natives have overcome their repugnance to patronizing the innovation introduced by "the Franks" they take very kindly to riding on the cars and are rapidly beginning to realize that the railroad is a great improvement on the old camel-back method of locomotion, with its slow progress, and its liability to robbers and like misadventures. They therefore regard the dollar spent in fare as well invested. Formerly, in certain winter months, the journey from Jaffa to the Holy City was dangerous, the roads being almost impassable, especially for laden animals. Now, merchandise can be conveyed at all seasons, and the camel-drivers and dragomen are the only sufferers.

It is amusing to listen to a group of natives discussing the new road and the "smartness" of the "people of the West." Among the more ignorant there is still an impression that the men who make great bodies, such as engines and steamers, go without the help of human hands, are in league with spirits; the power of steam is not credited. But the road has already done much to open the eyes of Palestine and to rouse its people from their long sleep. Ere many years elapse, they may fully understand that the great world and its interests are very different from what they have imagined.



SCENE ON THE JAFFA-JERUSALEM RAILROAD AT BATTEER, A WATERING STATION IN THE MOUNTAINS.
(From a photograph secured in Palestine for "The Christian Herald.")

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The Love Power.

STANDING around the death-bed of a faithful old wife and mother were her husband and eight grown-up sons and daughters, writes Rev. E. C. Norton in *The Ram's Horn*. One of them said, "We have the best mother in the world!" The reply came faintly back, "You never told me that before."

Love remembers everything. She never keeps a memorandum book, or ties a string around her finger in order that she may remember her promise or her desire. The mother of a large family never counts her children and she always knows the birthday of each one of them. A little girl who had just returned from her father's funeral, said, "Papa has such a lovely grave! You know he never could bear to sleep in a room without a light, and now one of the cemetery lamps will shine on his grave all the night long." Love remembered all the father's need.

Love forgets everything—every slight and unkind word; every favor she gives and every loan she makes. A gray-haired mother who had suffered for years on account of a dissipated son, had the joy of seeing him become a Christian. One night he told his experience to the congregation and confessed his cruelty toward her who gave him life. When the meeting was over, she put her arms around his neck and said, "How could you say you were so wicked, dear? You have been very good to me all your life." She had forgotten the pain he had caused her and all his sins. So love will forget ours.

***

MOTHER-LOVE.

COMFORTING childish sorrows,
And charming the childish heart
With the simple song and story,
Told with a mother's art.

And often when ready to murmur
That life is flitting away,
With the self-same round of duties
Filling each busy day.

It comes to our spirit sweetly,
With the grace of a thought divine:
"Ye are living, toiling for love's sake,
And the loving should ne'er repine."

***

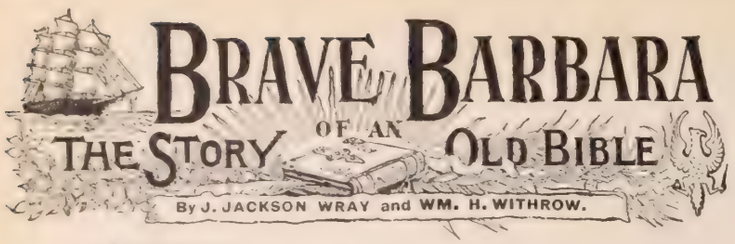
"THE KINGDOM" IN THE HOME

BOYS and girls, if you are going to be Christians, be Christians and not as your grandmothers, writes Professor Drummond. A grandmother has to be a Christian as a grandmother, and that is the right and the beautiful thing for her; but if you cannot read your Bible by the hour as your grandmother can, or delight in meetings as she can, don't think you are necessarily bad. When you are your grandmother's age you will have your grandmother's kind of religion. Meantime, be a Christian as a boy. Do the straight thing; seek the kingdom of righteousness and honor and truth. Keep the peace with those about you, and be filled with the joy of being a loyal, and simple, and natural servant of Jesus.

You can very easily tell a house, or a workshop, or an office where the kingdom of God is not. The first thing you see in that place is that the "straight thing" is not always done. Customers do not get fair play. You are in danger of learning to cheat and to lie. Better, a thousand times, to starve than to stay in a place where you cannot do what is right.

Or, when you go into your workshop, you find everybody sulky, touchy and ill-tempered, everybody at daggers drawn with everybody else, some of the men not on speaking terms with the others, and the whole feel of the place miserable and unhappy. The kingdom of God is not there, for it is peace. It is the kingdom of the devil that is anger, wrath and malice.

If you want to get the kingdom of God into your workshop, or into your home, let the quarreling be stopped. Live in peace and harmony and brotherliness with everyone. For the kingdom of God is a kingdom of brothers. It is a great Society, founded by Jesus Christ, of all the people who try to live like him, and to make the world better and sweeter and happier. Wherever a boy is trying to do that, in the house or in the street, in the workshop or on the baseball field, there is the kingdom of God. And everyone, however small or obscure or poor, who is seeking that, is a member of it. You see now, I hope, what the kingdom is.



CHAPTER XII.

A NEW SETTLEMENT.

WE have now done, in this veracious story of Brave Barbara, with war and conflict, and all the sore restlessness and loss and sorrow which had befallen her by the quarrels that had reddened the land with blood. The days of hardship and struggle came to an end at last. The noble Methodist pioneer, who had carried the banner of Immanuel, so long and so bravely, into the very thick of a hand-to-hand fight for Gospel truth, was about to be brought out of war and storm, and into a land of rest.

To each "United Empire Loyalist," as the people were called who preferred to live in Canada under the English flag than to stay in the new Republic, was assigned a free grant of two hundred acres of virgin land, as also to each child, even to those who were born after immigration, on their coming of age. Each settler received a supply of tools, such as axes, ploughs, hoes, spades, and other needful implements for farming use. And so the wilderness soon began to give place to smiling farms, thriving settlements, and waving fields of grain. We must turn now, to trace more minutely the fortunes of the principal characters of my story, bringing back again some of those with whom we were made familiar at the beginning of this history, and showing how Brave Barbara proved herself still a Gospel pioneer, a prophetess, a heroine, a splendid specimen of womanhood in the days to come as in the days gone by.

Before we pass on to relate the last and crowning chapters in the history of this remarkable woman and brave pioneer of the great Methodist movement in the Far West, we must take one final glance at the career of our little batch of peasant Palatines, before they completed their experiences as citizens and co-workers with God in the sorely-tried, and subsequently prosperous city of Montreal.

Both Paul Heck and John Lawrence, who had "done the State some service" in the times of war, were honestly remembered by the military and civil authorities of the city in time of peace; and both of them might have done well for themselves and their belongings, if they would have "taken service with the king," and joined the army corps in some of its departments. For a little while the uncompromising Paul did earn good wages in doing military carpentering, repairing the furniture and strengthening the wood-work of the citadel. But when he was set to the uncongenial task of making gun-carriages and other implements of war, his soul rebelled. He had "taken service with" the greater King, had joined the army corps whose only battle-cry is "love," and whose colors are "the white flower of a blameless life."

"No, no," said he to Colonel Featherstone, who held him in great esteem, and was doing his best to get him always under his employ, "I keep asking myself the question, 'What would the Man Christ Jesus do if he were in my place?' and I don't believe that he would ever fire off a rifle or use a sword. What he wouldn't do, his servant has no right to do."

John Lawrence, as we have already seen, did not read his New Testament in the same sense. John saw big wages and much patronage before him, and was half minded to listen to the charms of the Colonel and enter the permanent service of Government House. He dearly hoped to take Mary Embury to his heart and hearth, and this would secure him and her a luxurious house and home; for John was clever above the common, and was "sure to rise." So he made Barbara Heck his counsellor, and submitted his plans to her, and asked her to use her influence with Mary to get her to "name the day."

"I'll do nothing of the sort, John Lawrence. I love her too well for that and I think far too well of you, both as a Christian friend and a Methodist brother, to advise you to have anything more to do either with a soldier's life or soldier labor. If your heart hankers after the flesh-pots of military promotion, why, so let it be, but leave Mary Embury alone. I believe she would marry you, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ; but if you desert your captain and 'take service' on the other side, or try the pitiful policy of serving both masters, she'll say, 'No,' John, as sure as you are born—and serve you right!"

Once more Brave Barbara won a conquest for Jesus and the right. As a plain artisan, content for the time to earn small wages, and toiling hard for the little Methodist church of which he was the unsalaried pastor, honest John Lawrence proposed to the blooming young widow whom he had loved through long years; was accepted; and through a long life these two, sternly tried and strongly tested as they had been, served their Master, their generation, and each other, according to the will of God and dwelt in more honor, happiness, and peace, than usually falls to human lot.

Soon after the wedding, the Hecks and the Lawrences determined to escape from city life, to which circumstances had condemned them, and which had never been a matter of choice through all these arduous years. They longed again for the free peasant life of the wilderness. The pursuits of agriculture and the employment of the farm and the clearing were dear to them as ever, and their eyes were longingly turned to the fertile and virgin regions of Ontario, where new settlements were being formed in the heart of the wilderness.

"United Loyalists" from across the border were coming thither in great numbers. Among these were many old friends and acquaintances from their old homes by the Hudson River, even from the slopes of Munster and the farms of Ballygarane. Aided by the Government, Paul Heck and John Lawrence were enabled to join the new settlers, receiving free grants of land, not only as others had done, but receiving also special treatment both of land and means in recognition of service.

It was not without sincere regrets that Barbara and her companions bade farewell to their many kind, true friends at Montreal; especially was this true of the Lafarges, of Col. Featherstone and the few red-coats in the garrison who had become fellow pilgrims to Canaan, and joined the Methodist community worshiping in the bakery of Jean Baptiste Lafarge. At a tender leave-taking there, Brave Barbara, her husband, and the young pastor Lawrence, commended their old comrades to the care of the Great Master.

"As for us," said Brave Barbara, "we go forth as we have had to do many times before, like Abraham, not knowing whither we go. But I have faith to believe that this will prove to be my last removal, and that God will give us a home, and our seed after us. Many changes I have seen; very great, and some of them very sad. But I have always felt that the hand of the Lord was with us, and that he had something for us to do for the cause and kingdom of our Lord Jesus. Now, I and mine are going, at the bidding of our good and gracious Master, to seek a quiet resting-place, and a grave among my children and my children's children."

These words were prophetic. She is now sleeping her last sleep among her kinsfolk after the flesh, for to this day her name is held in reverence and honor by those of her blood and name. As for her spiritual kinsfolk, the great Methodist community, they are scattered far and wide through all the land.

At Lachine, a little way above the rapids, the little company embarked anew their store of household gear and their new stock of implements for the farm, in a fleet of stout bateaux. These were handled by Paul Heck, John Lawrence, and their invaluable and happy helper, Lucky Mike. On board the boats were snugly housed Brave Barbara and her three bright lasses—two sisters of these had found a resting-place in the graveyard of Montreal. With Barbara was Mary Lawrence, now a happy wife, and her daughter Pollie, who found in her new father nothing but a dearly beloved friend in closer relation than before.

The two sturdy lads of Paul Heck, aged respectively nineteen and twenty-one, and young Philip Embury, who had also passed his 'teens, walked all the distance alongside the river bank, slowly driving before them the cows and horses which were to stock the farms in the new land which was to provide them with hearth and home, in which the youthful heirs of a noble heritage were to build for themselves also an honorable name.

The animals the lads thus conducted to their appointed place were detained at certain points of their long journey, in order to haul the laden boats up the rapids of the river. Night after night our voyagers drew up the bateaux, and pitched their tents in the shadow of the primeval forest. After the homely evening meal had been discussed, and the rough blankets had been spread, Barbara read out from the dear familiar old German Bible, some of the Psalms of David, or some portion from the life-story of him who had not where to lay his head.

At last, after many days of toil, and many nights of hope deferred, these pioneers of civilization reached the forest lands allotted to them by the Government. The whole district had been surveyed by the Colonial authorities, and the town of Augusta (that was to be), was roughly mapped out. Their future farms lay on a beautiful, broad upland slope, at the foot of which the St. Lawrence flowed with stately march. To-day, the thriving village of Maitland nestles on the very spot, amid green bowers and fertile fields, and alive with happy and prosperous rural life. At that time, however, it was a wilderness, almost untrodden by the foot, untouched by the hand of man.

Our immigrants were easily able to find the plots apportioned to them, by the trees which had been "blazed" by the surveyors' axes, and which bore the initial letter of their names. Their tents were pitched under the giant trees of the forests; the boats were unloaded; the fires were kindled; and in the long twilight—it was now early spring-time—the united party found once more a place of rest. They ate their bread in their new home, if home it could be called, while not as yet a tree was felled, or yet a roof-tree raised.

The first thing they did after that was, like the patriarch, Jacob at Bethel, to erect an altar and worship the God of their fathers, the Redeemer, who had led them through all the turns of their life-journey, under the lofty vault of the forest cathedral. Once again the old German Bible was reverently laid on the lap of Brave Barbara, and as her fingers were laid lovingly on the beloved pages, she led the happy and hopeful, though weary group, in their devotions.

Then, in their solitary lodge in the vast wilderness, they slept, camped in the invisible pavilion, in which the true Israel of God are safe tenanted however low they lie, however open to the winds of heaven. I have no space to tell of the busy, laborious and exciting days that followed. Day after day, the keen axes rang through the woods. Men, women, and children alike, found pleasant pastime in arduous toil, for their heart was in their labor; home was rising round them and overhead; how well they knew it—God was their covenanted Friend and Father. The monarchs of the forest were felled to earth, and soon lay, cut in log lengths on the sward. Strong hands and brave hearts built the first rude log-houses; the younger children gathered moss to stuff the chinks to keep out the wind and weather; the women and stout-hearted lasses in their teens speedily gave the interior of the rough walls that home look which only women's fingers can; and when, at last, the little cluster of house-cabins, cow-sheds, barns and other erections were completed, the whole hamlet was called "Ballygarane," and while the youngsters listened with brightening eyes, the eyes of the elders filled with tears as the story was told of the old home in "dear ould Ireland" far across the sea which none of them could ever forget.

While these rude erections were still proceeding, our emigrants found time at intervals to turn the rich alluvial soil with surface plough and harrow, and prepare for the harvest time, which would soon come on apace. They could not afford to let those spring days pass by, even though the comfortable shelter of a roof-tree be deferred, lest winter should find them with empty barns.

As will be understood by my readers, from the beginning of things at "New Ballygran," Lord's Day was never broken in upon by any "works of necessity," which have become so sadly numerous in these days. When the bateaux was being unladen, Saturday eve arrived, while yet their goods and gear were half on board and half on shore, and it seemed all but impossible to compass any sleeping arrangement, without continuing their labors right through the Lord's Day.

One brief whisper to that effect from one of Paul Heck's eldest lads, was quite enough to settle that question once for all.

"No, no, my boy. Let come of it what will," said the brave and faithful Barbara. Our King shall have his own day all to himself; for not only has he given us "six days wherein" to do all we have to do, and kept but one for himself, but truly, if we give that day to him, we get it back for ourselves; and moreover, it gives a double value to the other six!

So spake the Methodist mother in Israel, and the golden rule of the place, unbroken by lifted tool or questionable deed, was the law of New Ballygran and of the Maitland hamlet that followed it.

Before the first winter had arrived, the transformation in the settlement was simply wonderful. A wee and winsome hamlet of logs and shingles lay like a gem of civilization in the heart of the desert. The cattle were comfortably housed in well-roofed byres, the horses in cosy stables; and the corn of various kinds was safely piled in barn and granary. While the wintry wind howled without, the regular thud, thud, thud of the flail made music in the ears of those who wielded it, and these were John Lawrence and Michael Finnigan. The latter of whom was wont to declare that "Lucky Mike had been growin' luckier by degrees, barrin' an unlucky patch of soolderin'; but hevin' wance agin found his way to Ballygran, wi' Cushla-ma-cree to tak' care of, he had come to be luckiest av all!"

The winter at New Ballygran, was not by any means a rose-water sort of life; and our group of Methodist pioneers had experiences that needed all their religion to help them to come safely through. More than once or twice hostile Indians made raids upon their possessions; more than once or twice the ice in the river close by exploded like a burst cannon and startled them with fear of warlike attack.

For the prowling bear, and the wily and ferocious catamount, they needed to keep a sharp watch; and taking matters broadly it may be clearly understood that Brave Barbara and her comrades needed to be what we well know they were, brave, strong, hard-headed, and true; the very stuff that emigrants should be made of; and every one of these excellent virtues was made trebly strong, valiant, and successful because New Ballygran was a Theocracy, and its Monarch was Immanuel, the Wonderful, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace!

It is scarcely needful to say that in the midst of their secular labors, their daily round and common task, our little band of Palatines did not neglect their spiritual husbandry. With such a whole souled and hearty leader at their head as Paul Heck, and especially with such a living power in the centre of their family life as Brave Barbara, that was an impossibility. In a short space of time, even in that sparsely populated region, the Methodists of New Ballygran were known and honored, and believed in for many a mile around. Their neighbors'-neighbors, full twenty miles away, were free to testify to the truth of Solomon's dictum, "The righteous is more excellent than his neighbor," for they felt that Brave Barbara and her comrades presented a positive and unanswerable proof thereof.

Long before their own homestead had really become "home," they had commenced Sabbath services, and invited their widely-scattered neighbors to join them in the worship of Immanuel, their King. Their first service was out in the open-air, their second in their newly-roofed log cabin, and so the work went on. John Lawrence was regarded as "chief pastor," but Paul Heck and Brave Barbara, and even our home-spun humorist, Lucky Mike, took turn and turn about in talking to the willing hearers, who came for miles to listen to the "Good Word."

Philip Embury, son of the brave preacher who first held forth in the old sail loft in New York, was now a fine young fellow with a strong physique, and an equal mental vigor and strength of character to that which marked its former wearer. In due time, Philip came to be quite a notable citizen in the district which he helped to form out of this wilderness, a magistrate, and I know not what besides; but he could scarcely wear fairer and more enduring laurels than the part he took as the first class-leader in the great religious movement.

Among the members of the first Canadian class meeting, and standing at the head of the list are the names of Paul and Barbara Heck; and the names of their three sons are recorded on the same roll, and to-day wearers of those very names perpetuate the godly traditions of their worthy progenitors. It would seem likely enough that the house of Brave Barbara and her noble husband, like the house of Rechab, will never fail to have "a man to stand before the Lord."

Within six years William Losee, the first regular Methodist preacher, was appointed to the colony;, and so our heroine and the little group of pioneers around this true mother in Israel become the founders and pioneers of Methodism in upper Canada, as they had been in the United States.

(To be Continued.)

Fishers of Men.*

THERE are lots of people who can't follow Christ. They haven't the "beautiful feet" spoken of in Isaiah. Still there's no trouble with them physically. The difficulty is, that they are dead in trespasses and sins. This command is not spoken to dead people.

"Follow me," said Christ, and here is the secret of all successful fishing. If we would simply take these two words and begin to attach all the importance to them, there were no need to write another word. But, because we're human as well as divine, the Lord has to be explicit, for he not only says "follow me," but he says "And I will make you fishers of men." And where he is explicit we may well be.

The necessity for hiding self often renders a cloudy day the best time for fishing. Days when the Lord has hid himself behind some cloud of sorrow, either from you or the soul sought. At such times you are shut up to naked faith for a knowledge of God and his love, or the soul fished for, realizing that he stands alone, stripped of earthly props, is therefore shut up to God. These are days for a great catch.

Does it strike you as strange that a line is used as an emblem of prayer, because the fishing line goes down into the dark, murky waters, whereas your conception of prayer has always been that it goes up! Well, when you're fishing, always remember that God's where the fish are, and the direction for prayer is to seek him among the fish.

"Where's my tackle?" Haven't you heard such a cry come down from the garret, from the lips of the man or the boy of the house to his mother or wife? "I haven't fished since last spring." There are lots of Christians who seem to think that there are seasons for soul fishing as distinct as those that the law fixes for piscatorial sport. They only fish during a revival. No wonder their hooks get rusty and their lines are snarled when they find them tucked away in some corner. Such people generally find their bait stale and dead, just as the Israelites found their manna spoiled if kept over from one day to another.

Go where the fish are. Yes, that's the next thing, but almost too self-evident to be mentioned. So one would think. But most Christians are doing almost anything else; expecting sinner fish to come to the church to be caught. But pshaw! such are not fishermen, after all; they're these sick-a-bed, half-alive Christians. The true fisherman knows where to go and goes.

* From *Fishers of Men*, by J. A. Richards. Paper, attractively illustrated. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago, publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Gleanings from Chinese Classics: by Rev. Gilbert Reid, M.A., of the American Presbyterian Church, Chi-nan-fu. Illustrated: cloth covers; pp. 191; price 80 cents. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago, publishers.

Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature: by John Kitto, D.D., F.S.A.: cloth; copiously illustrated: 800 pages; price $3. Adam and Charles Black, London, publishers.

This is a compendious abridgment of the famous original Cyclopædia, and is designed for popular use, to which it is admirably adapted. The size is about one-half that of the unabridged Kitto.

Off to War, and How I Came There: a story for the young, being the personal experiences and observations of an American boy during the Civil War; by Private W. B. Smith, of 14th Ills. Volunteers. A bright and entertaining narrative throughout; price $1. Hunt & Eaton, New York, publishers.

Yale Lectures on Preaching 1892: by Robert F. Horton, M. D.; pp. 300; price, $1.50; cloth; Macmillan & Co., New York and London, publishers.

The Art of Singing: by Louis Lombard, Director Utica Conservatory of Music; pp. 114; paper; published for the author; a compact little treatise containing a wide range of expert information concerning the cultivation and management of the voice, instrumental training, etc.

Introductory Studies in the Twelve Minor Prophets: by Wilbur W. White; the outcome of two ten-day courses of Bible study at the Lake Geneva College Student Conferences in 1892. A handy manual of reference for prophetic students; pp. 112; cloth; Young Men's Publishing Co., Chicago, publishers.

To Leeward: by F. Marion Crawford; a story of life in Italy by one of the most famous of modern writers. Like all Mr. Crawford's books, this is "a story with a purpose;" pp. 456; cloth; price, $1.00; Macmillan & Co., New York and London, publishers.

The Odd Women: by George Gissing; a story of strong religious interest; pp. 446; cloth; price, $1.00; Macmillan & Co., London and New York, publishers.

Lost Time

is money lost. Time saved is money saved. Time and money can be saved by using the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk in your recipes for Custards, Puddings and Sauces. Try it and be convinced. Grocers and Druggists.

The people have recognized in Hood's Sarsaparilla an honest medicine at an honest price, honestly recommended for troubles which it honestly cures. This is the secret of its success.

Good News for Asthmatics.

We observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from Asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free, by addressing a postal card to the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free by mail, to sufferers.

WORLD'S FAIR STATION. Chicago.

All trains of the Michigan Central "The Niagara Falls Route," stopping at Jackson Park. Baggage can be checked to and from Hyde Park Station. (53d Street, three blocks from the Exposition Grounds, and in the centre of the World's Fair hotel district. Additional stops are made at 39th Street and 22nd Street, and all trains now arrive at and depart from New Central Station, Park Row, and 12th Street, on the Lake Front, Chicago.

For World's Fair folder, containing valuable information, write to W. H. Underwood, Eastern Passenger Agent, 1 Exchange Place, N. Y.

Numb Spells, Chills

Rush of blood to the head, and other disagreeable symptoms afflicted Mrs. Annie W. Jordan, of 218 Tremont Street, Boston, caused by **bad circulation of the blood.** A collision with a double runner brought on neuralgia of the liver, causing great suffering. She could not take the physician's medicine, so began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and soon fully recovered and now enjoys **perfect health.** She says she could praise Hood's Sarsaparilla all day and then not say half enough—all because

Mrs. Jordan.

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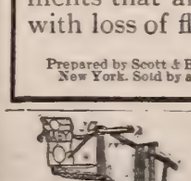

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Little did that girl think then that she would have to spend whole nights in watching and waiting for the return of her husband, and then when he did come, he would be beastly drunk. She did not think then that she and her little children would have to suffer from cold and hunger because the husband and father was a drunkard. She did not know then that she would become a beggar, a disappointed, heart-broken, suffering woman. No, could she have had the future revealed to her, she would have acted quite differently.

"There is a family whom I have visited from time to time, who are now in deep distress. The husband is a drunkard, the wife is heart-broken,—what will become of them! The wife has borne with him for years, but instead of getting better, he only grows worse. One thing and another have been taken to the pawn-shop, until nothing much remains. I have prayed with and advised the wife, and in a few days, I learn, she is going to leave her husband and take her two little children to better quarters, where, if friends can be raised up, and work procured, she can live and earn her bread.

"I could name many once happy wives who, through their husbands' drinking, have become discouraged and are almost ready to destroy themselves. I know a man, who for years was a confirmed drunkard. Nine years ago, you might have see him walking up and down the Bowery; ragged, dirty, hair uncombed, face seldom washed; most of what he ate was stolen from the lunch counters. He slept in the lowest dens or under the doorsteps. One day, he wandered into a mission and was converted. For eight years he has been living a consistent, Christian life, has a fine business, owns a beautiful home, has a loving family around him and is a thorough Christian gentleman. Jesus Christ saved him and is keeping him."

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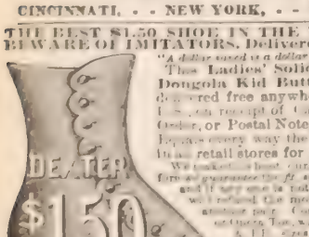

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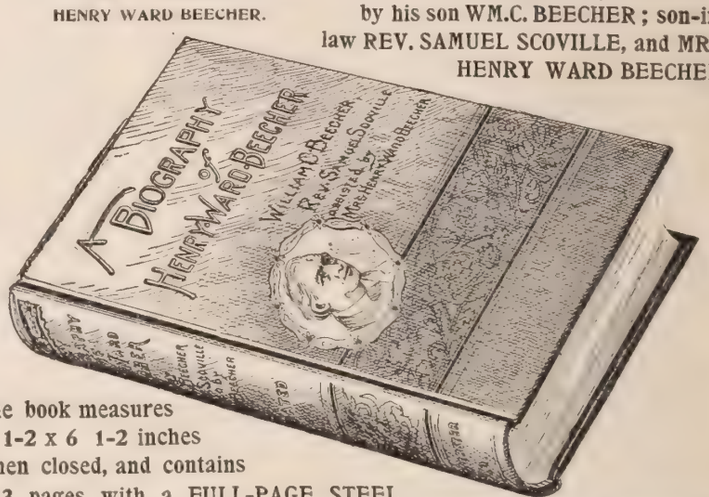

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THE TABERNACLE DEBT SETTLED.

Dr. Talmage Gratefully Thanks the Readers of "The Christian Herald"—Only a Few Minor Creditors Yet to be Paid

IT will be pleasant news for our readers to learn that, mainly through their generous efforts, the peril which threatened to engulf the Brooklyn Tabernacle has been averted. Though the magnanimity of those who held claims against the building in meeting the liquidators more than half-way, the money already raised has been found sufficient to wipe out the greater part of the floating debt, leaving only a few scattering claims. For these THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has given assurance of early settlement.

Elsewhere in this issue, Dr. Talmage over his own signature, sends a cordial message of thanks to his friends for their very timely and valuable aid in the present crisis of the Tabernacle's affairs, and the prominent part they have taken in the effort for redemption. Without their help, that effort would unquestionably have ended in failure. All moneys intended for the Fund must be mailed *not later than next Saturday, June 3.*

The receipts for the Emergency Fund during the week were as follows:

Willie's Mite, Warwick, R. I.	3.00
Watts, W., Deweese, Neb.	1.00
Working Woman's addition, Elyria, O.	1.00
Allen, S. N. Arcadra, Cal.	$ 1.50
Anglin, Mary C., Hopewell, Ky.	2.00
Armstrong, Mrs. J., Alliance, O.	2.00
A. C., Bristol, N. H	1.00
Adams, Henry, Chadwicks, N. Y.	2.00
Adams, Mrs. Henry, Chadwicks, N. Y.	5.00
A. M., Essex, N. Y.	1.00
Atherton, Messrs. John, Tekamah, Neb.	1.00
A Few Women, Morristown, Pa.	3.00
Addis, G. V., Phila., Pa.	2.00
Anderson, S. R., Gainesville, Tex.	1.00
Ayars, Casper W., Trenton, Minn.	1.00
Brashear, Dr. T. B., Mineral City, Tex.	1.00
Bennett, Mrs. M., Springfield Centre, N. Y.	2.00
Batchelor, John & wife, Reece, Kans.	2.00
Beaman, Mrs. M. A., Beulah, Iowa.	1.00
Brabiner, Miss Eliza, Agontz, Pa.	2.00
Bracks, Mrs. Rob't, Norristown, Pa.	1.00
Burnett, Samuel, Britton, Ont	1.00
Barnes, Mrs. L., New Haven, Conn.	2.00
Brown, Wm., Baltic, Conn	1.00
Burke, F. Edna, Greenville, Mich.	.50
Braden, R. Teeswater, Ont	1.00
Bethune, Anne and Edw., Hamilton, Ont.	2,00
Bishop, J. W., Martinsburg, W. Va.	2.00
Bolles, Miss C. E., Richmond, N. H.	1.00
B. I., Rural, Tex.	1.00
Bricker, R. H., Bellevue, Pa.	1.00
Bricker, H. A., Bellevue, Pa.	1.00
Carr, Miss Maggie, Dobbins, N. J.	1.00
Clarke, E., N. Y. City	2.00
Cash, B'klyn, N. Y.	200.00
Cash, Parma, O.	1.00
Coons, Eva, Muir, Ky.	5.00
Collins, Florence M. Havana, Ill	2.00
Carrow, Agnes G., Frederica, Del.	1,00
Carrow, A. W., Frederica, Del.	1.00
Clark, Mrs. Harriet, Ridgeway, Mich.	1.00
Clayton, Mrs. Annie E., Iron Hills, Md.	1.00
Caldwell, T. T. Culver, Kans.	1.00
Chamberlain, John R., Pelham, N. H.	5.00
Cummings, Mrs. J. H. & Friend, Zylonite, Mass	2.00
Clark Catharine, Esther, Neb	5.00
Cunningham, Miss Ida, Stamford, Conn.	1.00
Cunningham, Mrs. Mary, Manchester, Ill.	1.00
Clemons, Mrs. F., Cincinnati, O.	1.00
Demarest, J. J., Waupaca, Wis.	2.00
Dolbeare, David R., Monteville, Conn.	5.00
Deardorff, Isaac N., Canal Dover, O.	1.00
Davis, W. H., Norfolk, Va.	1.50
Dodson, R. S., Balto., Md	100.00
Dorman, Wm. & Mina, Steelville, Pa.	2.00
Dilts, Mrs. Lida A., Copper Hill, N. J.	1,00
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Dilts, Augustus, Copper Hill, N. J.	2.00
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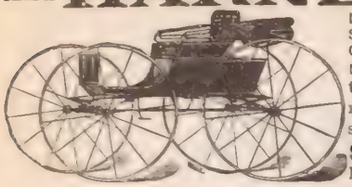

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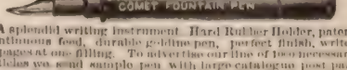

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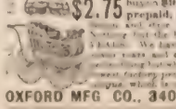

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VOLUME 16. NUMBER 23.

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, JUNE 7, 1893.

PRICE, 5 CENTS.
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Some Quaint Eastern Customs.

Bethlehem Souvenir Sellers and the Picturesque Street Venders of the Orient.

NO more significant monument of the vanished glories of the East exists than the traces of wondrous skill and cunning workmanship in its shrines, temples, palaces, and monuments. The West has never rivalled the marvelous craftsmanship of the Orient in gold, silver and stone, although it has eclipsed it in a thousand different ways through the later developments of science and mechanical skill. The delicate skill of the artificers in metals in Damascus and other Syrian cities is proverbial. Every traveler who has visited Palestine has been both surprised and delighted with the dainty souvenirs sold in almost every city and village, which the native artisans contrive to produce, with the most primitive sort of tools. Our illustration shows a group of souvenir venders—men of Bethlehem, which besides its supremely sacred associations, enjoys the distinction of being one of the most active and thriving industrial centres of Judea. For many years it has had a practical monopoly of the production of articles that are sold as souvenirs, and these were generally made of mother-of-pearl, olive wood, or bone. They have been prized as remembrances of the Holy Land by thousands of pilgrims.

The souvenir industry may be said to have originated with the natives of Bethlehem. Many Bethlehemites take large quantities of those keepsakes and transport them to merchants in every part of the world. France, Spain, Portugal and Italy are the chief markets where such goods can be sold at high prices, and the traffic in beads, crosses, card-cases, sleeve buttons, pen-holders and jewelry boxes is enormous. Many venders have made a fortune by this trade. The poorer class of souvenir sellers do not travel much, but content themselves with peddling about in the villages of Palestine, where the natives are very largely of the Christian faith. Others search out the Christians in Syria, Asia Minor, Central Turkey, and Mesopotamia,, as far as the Persian Gulf. Merchants of this class cannot pay a high rent for stores, so they live in hotels and restaurants. Even when they come to Damascus, Aleppo, Beyrouth, Bagdad, or Smyrna, they are not needlessly concerned about a place wherein to spread their merchandise, but they simply choose a spot in the shade where many people pass by. They put a straw mat or sack on the ground, and on it array their goods for exhibition and sale. They also go selling from house to house. It is not an unusual sight to see these merchants (as in the picture) seated in front of a church where the passengers are sure to be numerous, especially on Sundays, when everybody comes out for worship. In many places these venders are provided with a lodging and shelter by the church officials, who take special pleasure in welcoming Christian believers from the East, and thus in part repaying the hospitality they themselves may have enjoyed when traveling in Syria. Our photograph shows two souvenir sellers of the poorer class, sitting in the open court in front of some church in Akka, (the ancient Ptolemais), on the coast of the Mediterranean Sea and opposite Mount Carmel, which towers to the blue skies, eight miles to the south. The dealers have strung some of their wares across the court, while before them, upon a straw mat other articles are exposed for sale. Among them is a peculiar dried root which, when put in water for a few minutes, expands in the form of a hand. To this the natives have given the appellation of "The Virgin's Hand." A basket, a canvas bag and boxes are the receptacles for their wares, when not on exhibition.

As a rule, the Bethlehem trinket sellers are shrewd business men and know well how to drive a bargain and yet afford entire satisfaction to the pilgrim purchaser. They are famous linguists, too, and coming into contact with Europeans of many different nationalities, rapidly acquire a knowledge of any language sufficient for the purposes of their business. It is not unusual to find that among a small group of merchants, French, English, German, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and Russian are spoken in the ordinary course of an hour's dealings. Besides they invariably have at command a stock of miscellaneous information, just such as a traveler wants, and in their readiness to afford aid to strangers, they set an example of politeness and patience to the world.

BEAD AND SOUVENIR VENDERS OF BETHLEHEM.

From a Photograph secured in the Holy Land by the Rev. Dr. Talmage

In Jerusalem itself, one of the quaintest and most delightfully Oriental features is the seemingly endless variety of street and sidewalk merchant. The walls toward the Jaffa Gate, and in front of the citadel, where there is an open space, have long been favorite haunts of those humble tradesfolk. Some display their wares in booths; others simply spread mats on the ground and use them as a basis for a miscellaneous collection of articles of wood, metal, mother-of-pearl, or amber. Still others sit on low stools made of rushes, with baskets of lemons, figs, oranges, and raisins in front. Their costumes vary quite as much as their wares. Turbans are everywhere, though wide-brimmed hats and cloth caps are also worn, and the striped "abba" or overcoat peculiar to the East is the almost universal garment. It is amusing to observe the extremely dignified demeanor of many of these bearded and turbaned patriarchs, as they sit behind the few handfuls of withered figs or the little pile of oranges and lemons that constitute their entire stock-in-trade. No merchant prince, entrusted with the supplies of a great nation, could possibly administer his trust with more gravity or with a profounder sense of the importance of weights or measures.

As in Jerusalem, so in Damascus, the street venders no less than the bazaars are a source of interest to the visitor. Indeed, Damascus fairly rivals London and Paris in the multiplicity and picturesqueness of its street sights and scenes, for there nearly all trades are conducted out-of-doors. Workmen sit merrily hammering, cross-legged in turban or tarboosh; cooks compound all sorts of dishes; butchers, fruit-sellers, crockery-dealers, bakers, shoemakers—all in the open street. As these streets are frequently so narrow as to be mere lanes, the light that penetrates them is so dingy that a customer is at the mercy of the dealer, should the latter be disposed to misrepresent his wares or overreach the buyer.

The Tabernacle Pulpit

SCENE IN A SUMMER HOUSE.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., Founded on the Text: Judges 3: 15 *"But when the children of Israel cried unto the Lord, the Lord raised them up a deliverer, Ehud, the son of Gera, a Benjamite, a man left-handed."*

EHUD was a ruler in Israel. He was left-handed and, what was peculiar about the tribe of Benjamin, to which he belonged, there were in it seven hundred left-handed men and yet, so dexterous had they all become in the use of the left hand, that the Bible says they could sling stones at a hair's breadth, and not miss.

Well, there was a king by the name of Eglon, who was an oppressor of Israel. He imposed upon them a most outrageous tax. Ehud, the man of whom I first spoke, had a divine commission to destroy that oppressor. He came, pretending that he was going to pay the tax, and asked to see King Eglon. He was told he was in the summer-house, the place to which the king retired when it was too hot to sit in the palace. This summer-house was a place surrounded by flowers, and trees, and springing fountains, and warbling birds. Ehud entered the summer-house, and said to King Eglon that he had a secret errand with him. Immediately all the attendants were waved out of the royal presence. King Eglon rises up to receive the messenger. Ehud the left-handed man, puts his left hand to his right side, pulls out a dagger, and thrusts Eglon through until the haft went in after the blade. Eglon falls. Ehud comes forth to blow a trumpet of recruit amidst the mountains of Ephraim; and a great host is marshalled, and proud Moab submits to the conqueror, and Israel is free. So, O Lord, let all thy enemies perish! So, O Lord, let all thy friends triumph!

I learn first, from this subject, the power of left-handed men. There are some men who, by physical organization, have as much strength in their left hand as in their right hand; but there is something in the writing of this text which implies that Ehud had some defect in his right hand, which compelled him to use the left. Oh, the power of left-handed men! Genius is often self-observant, careful of itself, not given to much toil, burning incense to its own aggrandizement; while many a man, with no natural endowments, actually defective in physical and mental organization, has an earnestness for the right, a patient industry, an all-consuming perseverance, which achieve marvels for the kingdom of Christ. Though left-handed as Ehud, they can strike down a sin as great and imperial as Eglon.

I have seen men of wealth gathering about them all their treasures, snuffing at the cause of a world lying in wickedness, roughly ordering Lazarus off their door-step, sending their dogs, not to lick his sores, but to hound him off their premises; catching all the pure rain of God's blessing into the stagnant, ropy, frog-inhabited pool of their own selfishness—right-handed men, worse than useless—while many a man, with large heart and little pulse, has, out of his limited means, made poverty leap for joy, and started an influence that overspans the grave, and will swing round and round the throne of God, world without end: Amen.

Ah me, it is high time that you left-handed men, who have been longing for this gift, and that eloquence, and the other man's wealth, should take your left hand out of your pockets. Who made all these railroads? Who set up all these cities? Who started all these churches, and schools, and asylums? Who has done the tugging, and running, and pulling? Men of no wonderful endowments, thousands of them acknowledging themselves to be left-handed, and yet they were earnest, and yet they were determined, and yet they were triumphant.

But I do not suppose that Ehud, the first time he took a sling in his left hand, could throw a stone a hair's breadth, and not miss. I suppose it was practice that gave him the wonderful dexterity. Go forth to your spheres of duty, and be not discouraged if, in your first attempts, you miss the mark. Ehud missed it. Take another stone, put it carefully into the sling, swing it around your head, take better aim, and the next time you will strike the centre. The first time a mason rings his trowel upon the brick, he does not expect to put up a perfect wall. The first time a carpenter sends the plane over a board, or drives a bit through a beam, he does not expect to make perfect execution. The first time a boy attempts a rhyme, he does not expect to chime a "Lalla Rookh," or a "Lady of the Lake." Do not be surprised if, in your first efforts at doing good, you are not very largely successful. Understand that usefulness is an art, a science, a trade.

There was an oculist performing a very difficult operation on the human eye. A young doctor stood by and said, "How easily you do that; it don't seem to cause you any trouble at all." "Ah," said the old oculist, "it is very easy now, but I spoiled a hatful of eyes to learn that." Be not surprised if it takes some practice before we can help men to moral eyesight, and bring them to a vision of the Cross. Left-handed men to the work! Take the Gospel for a sling, and faith and repentance for the smooth stone from the brook; take sure aim, God direct the weapon, and great Goliaths will tumble before you.

When Garibaldi was going out to battle, he told his troops what he wanted them to do, and after he had described what he wanted them to do, they said, "Well, general, what are you going to give us for all this?" "Well," he replied, "I don't know what else you will get, but you will get hunger, and cold, and wounds, and death. How do you like it?" His men stood before him for a little while in silence, and then they threw up their hands and cried, "We are the men! We are the men!" The Lord Jesus Christ calls you to his service. I do not promise you an easy time in this world. You may have persecutions, and trials, and misrepresentations; but afterward there comes an eternal weight of glory, and you can bear the wounds, and the bruises, and the misrepresentations, if you can have the reward afterward. Have you not enough enthusiasm to cry out, "We are the men! We are the men!"

I learn also from this subject the danger of worldly elevation. This Eglon was what the world called a great man. There were hundreds of people who would have considered it the greatest honor of their life just to have him speak to them; yet although he is so high up in worldly position, he is not beyond the reach of Ehud's dagger. I see a great many people trying to climb up in social position, having an idea that there is a safe place somewhere far above, not knowing that the mountain of fame has a top like Mont Blanc, covered with perpetual snow.

We laugh at the children of Shinar for trying to build a tower that could reach to the heavens; but I think, if our eyesight were only good enough, we could see a Babel in many a door-yard. Oh, the struggle is fierce! It is store against store, house against house, street against street, nation against nation. The goal for which men are running is chairs and chandeliers, and mirrors, and houses, and lands, and presidential equipments. If they get what they anticipate, what have they got? Men are not safe from calumny while they live, and, worse than that, they are not safe after they are dead; for I have seen swine root up graveyards. One day a man goes up into publicity, and the world does him honor, and people climb up into sycamore trees to watch him as he passes, and, as he goes along on the shoulders of the people, there is a waving of hats and a wild huzza. To-morrow the same man is caught between the jaws of the printing-press and mangled and bruised, and the very same persons who applauded him before cry, "Down with the traitor! down with him!"

Belshazzar sits at the feast, the mighty men of Babylon sitting all around him. Wit sparkles like the wine, and the wine like the wit. Music rolls up among the chandeliers, the chandeliers flash down on the decanters. The breath of hanging gardens floats in on the night air; the voice of revelry floats out. Amidst wreaths, and tapestry, and folded banners, a finger writes. The march of a host is heard on the stairs. Laughter catches in the throat. A thousand hearts stop beating. The blow is struck. The blood on the floor is richer-hued than the wine on the table. The kingdom has departed. Belshazzar was no worse, perhaps, than hundreds of people in Babylon, but his position slew him. Oh, be content with just such a position as God has placed you in. It may not be said of us, "He was a great general," or "He was an honored chieftain," or "He was mighty in worldly attainments;" but this thing may be said of you and me, "He was a good citizen, a faithful Christian, a friend of Jesus." And that in the last day will be the highest of all eulogiums.

I learn further from this subject that death comes to the summer-house. Eglon did not expect to die in that fine place. Amidst all the flower-leaves that drifted like summer snow into the window; in the tinkle and the dash of the fountains; in the sound of a thousand leaves fluttering on one tree-branch; in the cool breeze that came up to shake feverish trouble out of the king's locks—there was nothing that spake of death, but there he died! In the winter when the snow is a shroud, and when the wind is a dirge, it is easy to think of our mortality; but when the weather is pleasant, and all our surroundings are agreeable, how difficult it is for us to appreciate the truth that we are mortal! And yet my text teaches that death does sometimes come to the summer-house. He is blind and cannot see the leaves. He is deaf and cannot hear the fountains. Oh, if death would ask us for victims, we could point him to hundreds of people who would rejoice to have him come. Push back the door of that hovel. Look at that little child—cold, and sick, and hungry. It has never heard the name of God but in blasphemy. Parents intoxicated, staggering around its straw bed. Oh, Death, there is a mark for thee! Up with it into the light! Before these little feet stumble on life's pathway, give them rest.

Here is an aged man. He has done his work. He has done it gloriously. The companions of his youth are all gone, his children dead, he longs to be at rest, and wearily the days and the nights pass. He says, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." Oh, Death, there is a mark for thee! Take from him the staff, and give him the sceptre! Up with him into the light, where eyes never grow dim, and the air whitens not through the long years of eternity. Ah, Death will not do that. Death turns back from the straw bed, and from the aged man ready for the skies, and comes to the summer-house. What doest thou here thou bony, ghastly monster, amidst this waving grass, and under this sunlight sifting through the tree-branches? Children are at play. How quickly their feet go, and their locks toss in the wind. Father and mother stand at the side of the room looking on, enjoying their glee. It does not seem possible that the wolf should ever break into that fold and carry off a lamb. Meanwhile an old archer stands looking through the thicket. He points his arrow at the brightest of the group—he is a sure markesman—the bow bends, the arrow speeds! Hush now! The quick feet have stopped, and the locks toss no more in the wind. Laughter has gone out of the hall. Death in the summer-house!

Here is a father in mid-life; his coming home at night is the signal for mirth. The children rush to the door, and there are books on the evening stand, and the hours pass away on glad feet. There is nothing wanting in that home. Religion is there, and sacrifices on the altar morning and night. You look in that household and say, "I cannot think of anything happier. I do not really believe the world is so sad a place as some people describe it to be." The scene changes. Father is sick. The doors must be kept shut. The death-watch chirps dolefully on the hearth. The children whisper, and walk softly where once they romped. Passing the house late at night, you see the quick glancing of lights from room to room. It is all over. Death in the summer-house!

Here is an aged mother—aged, but not infirm. You think you will have the joy of caring for her wants a good while yet. As she goes from house to house, to children and grandchildren, her coming is a dropping of sunlight in the dwelling. Your children see her coming through the lane, and they cry, "Grandmother's come!" Care for you has marked up her face with many a deep wrinkle and her back stoops with carrying your burdens. Some day she is very quiet. She says she is not sick, but something tells you, you will not much longer have mother. She will sit with you no more at the table, nor at the hearth. Her soul goes out so gently, you do not exactly know the moment of its going. Fold the hands that have done so many kindnesses for you right over the heart that has beat with love toward you since before you were born. Let the pilgrim rest. She is weary. Death in the summer-house!

Gather about us what we will of comfort and luxury, when the pale messenger comes, he does not stop to look at the architecture of the house before he comes in; nor, entering, does he wait to examine the pictures we have gathered

on the wall; or, bending over your pillow, he does not stop to see whether there is a color in the cheek, or gentleness in the eye, or intelligence in the brow. But what of that? Must we stand forever mourning among the graves of our dead? No! No! The people in Bengal bring cages of birds to the graves of their dead, and then they open the cages, and the birds go singing heavenward. So I would bring to the graves of your dead all bright thoughts and congratulations, and bid them think of victory and redemption, I stamp on the bottom of the grave, and it breaks through into the light and the glory of heaven.

The ancients used to think that the straits entering the Red Sea were very dangerous places, and they supposed that every ship that went through those straits would be destroyed, and they were in the habit of putting on weeds of mourning for those who had gone on that voyage, as though they were actually dead. Do you know what they called those straits? They call them the "Gate of Tears." Oh, I stand to-day at the gate of tears through which many of your loved ones have gone, and I want to tell you that all are not shipwrecked that have gone through those straits into the great ocean stretching out beyond. The sound that comes from that other shore on still nights when we are wrapped in prayer makes me think that the departed are not dead. We are the dead—we who toil: we who weep: we who sin—we are the dead. How my heart aches for human sorrow! this sound of breaking hearts that I hear all about me! this last look of faces that will never brighten again! this last kiss of lips that never will speak again; this widowhood and orphanage! Oh, when will the day of sorrow be gone!

After the sharpest winter, the spring dismounts from the shoulder of a southern gale and puts its warm hand upon the earth, and in its palm there comes the grass, and there come the flowers, and God reads over the poetry of bird, and brook, and bloom, and pronounces it very good. What, my friends, if every winter had not its spring, and every night its day, and every gloom its glow, and every bitter now its sweet hereafter! If you have been on the sea, you know, as the ship passes in the night, there is a phosphorescent track left behind it; and as the waters roll up, they toss with unimaginable splendor. Well, across this great ocean of human trouble Jesus walks. Oh, that in the phosphorescent track of his feet we might all follow and be illumined!

There was a gentleman in the rail-car who saw in that same car three passengers of very different circumstances. The first was a maniac. He was carefully guarded by his attendants; his mind, like a ship dismasted, was beating against a dark, desolate coast, from which no help could come. The train stopped, and the man was taken out into the asylum, to waste away, perhaps, through years of gloom. The second passenger was a culprit. The outraged law had seized on him. As the cars jolted, the chains rattled. On his face were crime, depravity, and despair. The train halted, and he was taken out to the penitentiary, to which he had been condemned. There was the third passenger, under far different circumstances. She was a bride. Every hour was gay as a marriage-bell. Life glittered and beckoned. Her companion was taking her to his father's house. The train halted. The old man was there to welcome her to her new home, and his white locks snowed down upon her as he sealed his word with a father's kiss. Quickly we fly toward eternity. We will soon be there. Some leave this life condemned culprits. They refused a pardon, they carry their chains. Oh, may it be with us, that, leaving this fleeting life for the next, we may find our Father ready to greet us to our new home with him forever. That will be a marriage banquet! Father's welcome! Father's bosom! Father's kiss! Heaven! Heaven!

THE GOSPEL IN NEW MEXICO.

A LADY writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from Albuquerque, N. M., as follows: "As my husband is writing to you I take the chance to tell a little of what I have learned about the needs of the Mexican and Indian portion of the population of New Mexico. They outnumber the English or American portion, and the latter are thus, as far as voting power is concerned, at the mercy of the others. Some of the native population have had no chance to get any education, or not enough to do any good; and so are the tools of such as choose to use them to help serve their own purposes.

"As far as I know through the teachers I have talked with about the Mexican and Indian schools, and the people patronizing them, there is a general willingness, even anxiety, to learn so as to be able to think, and act for themselves in all matters. The schools are the medium through which religious truth can be presented to the young; and be rendered attractive to them, if they see it exemplified in the lives of the teachers. One department of government school work is carried on in a large building on a lot adjoining ours. A school was taught some years in the next house north of us, but it is closed now.

"Some of the mission schools have been closed for want of money. There are some towns where no mission school has been started. One of these is an important place not far south of here. How can money be expended more wisely by a Christian, or any one, than in opening and sustaining these schools. The organized Societies are doing all they can with the means at their command, and would gladly use more in this work if it was given to them."

ANCIENT MAUSOLEUM AND TEMPLE IN AN EASTERN GARDEN.

A DOG'S REVENGE.

A CORRESPONDENT of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, writing from the Valley of Virginia, says: "In the spring of 1876, I was riding with my father through a lonely wood which extended almost the entire distance along a road between his farm and a large flouring mill he owned, some two miles distant. This road we traveled almost daily, and old Jim, my father's favorite dog, was always with us. On one occasion, we met an old colored man, who had with him his dog, a much larger animal than my father's. When the dogs met they began to fight furiously, and old Jim was ignominiously beaten and compelled to remain at home for at least a month. When recovered, he took the road again, but whenever we met the old negro and his dog, Jim would hide in the wood until they passed. One day we came upon about twenty men at work on the road. Among the number was the old black man referred to, but his dog had been left at home. Old Jim cunningly found this out, and deliberately walking in among the crowd of men singled out the old black man and attacked him viciously. But for the timely aid of the workmen, who clubbed Jim off with their shovels, the colored man would have been torn to pieces. Nothing could have been more evident to us from the dog's manner than that as he could not whip the big dog, he would take revenge upon his master. . . . . .

So it is with revengeful human nature. Men often bring trouble upon innocent persons when trying to wrong others. We have no right to make use of revenge in any way, for "Vengeance is mine," saith the Lord, "and I will repay." —J. E. LONG, Elkton, Va.

A SURGEON'S REPROOF.

MR. MEIKLE, a gentleman of eminent piety, was a surgeon at Carnwath. He was once called to attend a gentleman who had been stung in the face by a wasp or bee, and found him very impatient, and swearing on account of his pain, in great wrath. "Oh, doctor," said he, "I am in great torment; can you any way help?" "Do not fear," replied Mr. M., "all will be over in a little while." Still, however, the gentleman continued to swear, and at length the surgeon determined to reprove him. "I see nothing the matter," said he, "only the sting might have been in a better place." "Where might it have been?" asked the sufferer. "Why, on the tip of your tongue."

How a Sceptic was Won.

ON one of the days of November, several years ago, a veteran lay missionary, a plain man, rose in the Fulton Street prayer-meeting, in New York City, to state his experience in testing the promises of God. Said he: "I was visiting in the neighborhood of my early home for a few days. Finding myself at leisure in the early morning, I said to myself: 'Now you are not going to hunt nor fish to-day, you might as well go to work just as if you were at home.' I thought I would not pick out an easy job, but would take up the hardest one on my mind, and that was to go and see a gentleman of very high standing and ability, a lawyer, whom I had never faithfully urged to repentance. I felt myself weak for such an interview, but I thought of the promise: 'Them that honor me I will honor.' And that promise I resolved to test.

"On inquiring for the gentleman at his office, I found he was not in. The gentleman who told me so, however, said he could attend to the business just as well. I told him I was afraid not. But he said he must insist upon it; that he was his partner, and wanted very much to do the business. I thought I would let him try. So I told him what I had called for, admitting that he was as much concerned in it as his partner, and hoping that he was as much concerned in it as his partner, and hoping that he still thought so himself. He answered promptly:

"I do. I have felt the deepest interest in the subject for more than a year—so much so that I have attended prayer-meetings and lingered about until everybody was gone, and the lights were out; but nobody ever said a word to me about religion. I have about concluded that there is nothing in it, or there is nobody that cares for me."

"At this moment a gay young fellow drove up to the door, and burst into the room. He wanted to know if the lawyer was ready for 'that ride.'

"'Not now,' said the lawyer. 'Sit down.' He sat down, and we went on talking. Pretty soon he edged his chair in between us. I laid my hand on his shoulder, and said to him: 'What I have been saying to this man is just as applicable to you as to him.'

"'Perhaps so,' said he. 'But I am a sceptic.'

"'A sceptic! How long have you been a sceptic?'

"'Oh! a number of years.'

"'Well, has it done you any good?'

"'I don't know that it has.'

"'Do you expect it will do you any good?'

"'Can't say I do.'

"'Well, then, if it has never done you any good, and is never going to do you any, you would not suffer much loss by giving it up, would you?'

"'No; but the difficulty is to get rid of it.'

"'Do you really want to get rid of it?'

"'Yes, I do.'

"'Let me test that.'

"I drew a total-abstinence pledge from my pocket, laid it before him and said:

"'Will you sign that?'

"He was all excitement from liquor at the time. He took up the paper and read it carethrough, and considered it well. Then he took the pen from the table and signed it. He was getting away from scepticism faster than I expected. He next took a card out of his pocket and copied the pledge on it, and returned it to his pocket.

"His friend looked on with perfect amazement, deeply affected, and signed the pledge also. It was a time for prayer. We went into an inner room, and turned the key. Before we came out, that young man had given his heart to God.

"As I bade him good-morning, he laid his hand on his heart, and said: 'I never felt so in all my life. I don't know why it is, or what it means.'

"'Why, how do you feel?'

"'Oh! strangely peaceful. I am perfectly happy.'

"Not long afterward I heard that this young man was studying for the Gospel ministry. He is now a settled and very useful pastor. As for the lawyer who attended my business: I afterward saw an account of a sermon just preached by this same partner, lawyer, and judge. I felt satisfied that he was attending to my business."

MESSIAH'S KINGDOM.

S. S. Lesson for June 18. Mal. 3:1-12 Golden Text, Mal. 3: 17. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

MESSIAH'S Kingdom! what is it? To the Jew it is the coming of the King to sit on "the throne of his father David," and to fulfil all the promises of temporal greatness and prosperity to his ancient people, the seed of Abraham. To the Jew, Messiah's kingdom is future. But there is, even now for the Christian, a kingdom of God which is within (Luke 17: 21), a kingdom where Christ is already King, in the hearts and lives of his own people. It is "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." This kingdom cometh not "with outward show," it is a hidden kingdom, a kingdom of priests who are being educated to reign with Christ upon earth, in his future outward kingdom when he shall "rule over the house of Jacob forever." It is those who rule now with Christ that shall rule then, those who are now more than conquerors over life, death, angels, principalities, powers, things present, and things to come; who, by passing such standards in the school of Christ's overcomers, shall be fitted to reign with him in his coming kingdom. "To him that overcometh will I give to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne."

"Behold I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me, and the Lord whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple, and the messenger or angel of the covenant whom ye delight in

Behold He Cometh,

saith the Lord of hosts." (R.V.) Who is the messenger, and what is the coming of the Lord here spoken of? is the question which will naturally occur to every one who is inquiring of the Lord. "Behold the day cometh that shall burn as an oven." What day can this be but that time of tribulation spoken of in Dan. 12: 1. It is expressly stated in relation to this messenger, "Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and terrible day of the Lord; and he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse." It was just this which was prophesied of John the Baptist of whom Jesus said: "If ye will receive it, this is Elias, which was for to come;" and again: "I say unto you that Elias is come already, and they knew him not, but have done unto him whatsoever they listed. Likewise shall also the Son of man suffer of them. Then the disciples understood that he spake unto them of John the Baptist." Matt. 17: 11-13. And yet the great and terrible day of the Lord has not yet burst, with all its unprecedented horrors, upon us!

God's Measure of Time.

There are few who understand the delay of the Lord! The apostle Peter understood it: "Beloved, be not ignorant of this one thing that one day with the Lord is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. The Lord is not slack concerning his promise as some men count slackness, but is long suffering to us ward, not willing that any should perish but that all should come to repentance." "And account that the long-suffering of our Lord is salvation." (II. Pet. 3: 8, 9, 15). His education of his own kingly ones, his Bride, who shall reign with him, is the object around which all things circle in his holy eyes. Time with him is measured by the progress made in this, the desire of his heart. God can wait a thousand, two thousand years, as he has already done in this "day of salvation," and then again, when for the elects' sake, he shall shorten the days of the time of trouble. (Matt. 24: 22), he can compress the work of a thousand years into one day.

But he will come, he is coming, and his coming shall be sudden, no time will be left for preparation when he comes. As the sudden flash of lightning, as a snare, as the breaking in of a thief at midnight, shall it be. He shall come to his temple. As the Babe; the Child under subjection, when he was in the midst of the doctors; as the Teacher, as the great Physician, he came to the earthly temple during the days of his flesh. But he is building now, with living stones, "a spiritual house, a holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices" (I. Pet. 2: 5); "a building fitly framed together. . . . a holy temple in the Lord. . . a habitation of God through the Spirit." Eph. 2: 20-22.) To this temple he will come, and with his chosen and prepared Bride, he will manifest himself. But the moment of his coming with her, having first taken her to be with him will be the searching moment for the lukewarm Church and for the world. While "the Spirit and the Bride say, Come," the trenchant question for those who are not looking for him must be, "But who may abide the day of his coming, and who shall

Stand when He Appeareth?"

Those who "serve a living and a true God," and who "look for his Son from heaven," are not in darkness that that day should overtake them as a thief, because they are "all the children of light, and the children of the day," they "are not of night nor of darkness." They shall "stand when he appeareth." What is there in his coming which shall strike terror into those who are unprepared? "He is like a refiner's fire and like fullers' soap. And he shall sit as a Refiner and purifier of silver; and shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver (i. e. with fire), that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness." Under God's fire, all will come to light, all will be discovered. No Ananias or Sapphira will escape his searching gaze or the burning heat of the fiery trial which must try them, and nothing which is not really divine, nothing which is of self or of the flesh will escape. But how about those who are overcomers, and who are ready for him, who are not ashamed before him at his coming? The Refiner's fire has been already upon them, they have understood and met him in his purposes of love and holiness, they have submitted to his "washing of water by the Word," they have purified themselves even as he is pure; they have watched and prayed always that they "might be accounted worthy to escape all those things (the time of trouble), which shall come to pass," and so they shall "stand before the Son of man;" "stand when he appeareth." Blessed are they who accept now day by day, and hour by hour, from the hand of God, the temptations, the annoyances, the humiliations, the crosses, which God permits to work together for the great end of conforming his own to the image of his Son, before the time comes when "the Son of man shall send forth his angels and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them that do iniquity;" that time when "many shall be purified and made white and tried" (Dan. 12: 10) in the midst of the awful calamities of the time of trouble.

In taking his seat upon the throne of David, the great King of the Jews will subject his kingdom to a purification which will give

No Quarter to Sin:

"I will come near to you in judgment, and I will be a swift Witness against the sorcerers (all spiritualism will be purged away), and against the adulterers." The present state of things, in which a woman is degraded for life by the sin of man against her, will be reversed under the holy reign of Jesus, it is the adulterers, not the poor fallen women, upon whom his cleansing scourge shall come. And then the well-known sins of unscrupulous men in commercial transactions shall be judged and brought to light. "He will witness against false swearers, and against those that oppress the hireling in his wages, the widow and the fatherless, and that turn aside the stranger from his right, and fear not me, saith the Lord of hosts." The commercial world shall no longer consist chiefly of a multitude of business men whose great aim is to take all the advantage they can one of the other, at any cost to truth, to the claims of the laborer, the widow, the orphan, and the stranger. The Lord himself will take the weak ones under his personal protection, and injustice shall cease out of the earth.

What then is our part meanwhile? Surely to recognize now, and yield now, to him who is preparing his people for his reign. In the midst of a generation of general declension from real dealing with God; in the midst of those who go "away form his ordinances," who "rob God," whose "words are stout against him," who say "It is vain to serve God," who "call the proud happy—it is our privilege to bring all the tithes into the storehouse," to recognize God's claims and his right in us above all others,—then when his kingdom comes, when his overcomers shall reign with him, it shall be fulfilled; and all nations shall call you beloved, for ye shall be a delightsome land saith the Lord of hosts."

"The time is short," the kingdoms of this world are tottering to their fall, rumors of wars, preparations for war are abroad, the strain among all classes is becoming more and more intense and impossible things cannot long go on as they are going. The present peace of Europe is such that politicians speak of it as liable, at almost a moment's notice, to be changed into a strife of nations such as has been unprecedented in history, because of the size and strength of European armies, and the general distrust and suspicion which is abroad. What then? Does it not behoove those who are watching for the coming King to be "looking for, and hasting the great day of God" "in all holy conversation and godliness?" (II. Pet. 3: 11, 12.)

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

AN ORIENTAL REFINER.

A BOOK of expostulation, reproach and warning is this last book of the Old Testament. The writer vails his personality under the name of Malachi, which means "my messenger." That may have been his name but was probably assumed to impress the people with the idea that the book was a message from God, and that no importance attached to the identity of the messenger. It is believed that the book was written near the end of the life of Nehemiah, when the Temple had been rebuilt and a reaction had set in from the high and devout spirit which had characterized the first years after the return from exile. The prophet wrote under deep concern. He saw a growing laxity of faith and conduct in the people and, which was more ominous, he saw it in the priests. It appeared to him that there was a general forgetfulness of the causes of their long exile. They were getting to be no better than their fathers, who for their sins had been driven out of their land. Let them beware, he said in effect, or a worse evil would befall them. He deals with the priests first, after the brief introduction, occupying five verses of the first chapter. He reproaches them for their mercenary motives. They care, he says, so little about God and his house that they would not so much as close the doors, if they were not paid to do it. Then he deals with the people, who, it would appear, are again marrying heathen wives and doing all kinds of wickedness. Then he proceeds to speak of the Messiah whom they are expecting. He will come, he says, and come suddenly, but they have more reason to dread his coming than to hope for it. It will be a time of reproof, of discipline, and of testing. Like fire it will burn as well as enlighten. The Lord has his jewels among men. Not all are bad. When he comes he will find out who are genuine. The test will be one of fire. The good need not be afraid of it, for it will only refine and purify them; but the false it will utterly consume. The hearts and lives of men must be changed, or God would smite the earth with a curse, and with that ominous word, the light of prophecy, which had burned for about four hundred years, dies out.

I will send my messenger. Those who do work for God should remember this view of the function. It is God's work and he can and will do it; his messenger's duty is simply to prepare the way. The most successful preachers are those who keep themselves out of sight and give Christ prominence. It is narrated of the great sculptor Michael Angelo, that when at work he wore over his forehead, fastened on his artist's cap, a lighted candle, in order that no shadow of himself might fall upon his work! A Spanish artist was employed to paint a representation of "The Last Supper." It was his ambition to throw all the sublimity of his art into the figure and countenance of the Master; but he put on the table in the foreground some chased cups, the workmanship of which was exceedingly beautiful, and when his friends came to see the picture on the easel every one was constrained to exclaim, "What lovely cups!" "Ah!" said he, "I have made a mistake; these cups divert the eyes of the spectator from the Master, to whom I wished to direct the attention of the observer." He then took his brush and deliberately painted them off the canvas, for he was determined that "Jesus only" should be the centre of attraction and admiration.

The Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come. We know now as a fact that although the Jews continued anxiously looking for the Messiah they did not recognize him when he came. They were looking for a king, and because Jesus came in humble station they rejected his claims. One of the chaplains of the Queen of England relates that in former years her majesty during her residence, at Osborne, frequently went about among the cottagers without disclosing her identity. In the early years of her widowhood she spent a great deal of her time in that way. She took a great interest in any woman newly widowed like herself, and seemed to derive comfort herself in trying to comfort them. On one occasion she visited an aged widow who was bed-ridden. The old lady did not know her visitor, but was evidently cheered. As she was alone the queen stayed and read the Bible to her. During the reading two eager girls pushed rudely by the visitor, abruptly asked the old lady if she needed anything and hurried away. The invalid apologized for their manner by saying they were very busy getting ready to attend the morrow's fete in honor of the queen, whom they were anxious to see. The visitor stayed sometime, and on leaving placed a sovereign ($5) in the widow's hand, which she received with tearful joy. She asked the lady for her name. With a pleasant smile, the lady answered, "I am the Queen!" The invalid listened in amazement. "Dear, dear!" she said, her thoughts reverting to the two girls, "how sorry they will be! They have thought so much of seeing you to-morrow."

He shall sit as a refiner. In silver, says Dr. Deems, there are two kinds of dross, that which is mingled with it as quartz or rock and that which pervades its entire substance as chlorine or sulphur. It is necessary to eliminate both before the silver can be called pure. In human nature there are the same two kinds of dross. It is not sufficient to give up evil habits and evil associations; the work is not done until the pervading evil in the nature and the heart is purged. The refiner sitting before his crucible is a significant illustration. A silver refiner was asked, "Why do you sit while you are refining?" He replied, "It is necessary, so that I can fix my eyes steadily on the metal. If it remained too long exposed to the heat it would be injured." "How do you know," was the next question, "when it is sufficiently refined?" The answer was suggestive: "When I can see my face in it, like in a mirror I know the process is completed." When heavy and long-continued troubles fall upon men, we must not infer that they have been wicked and are being punished. It may be that they are precious in God's sight and that he is refining them with care and they will be taken out of the fierce heat when he sees himself perfectly reflected in their lives. He will not keep them in so long as to be spoiled.

Bring ye all the tithes. The prophet puts his appeal on the lowest motive, that he might reach even those who could not be stirred by higher motives. You will prosper, he tells them, more by bringing in to God's house the proportion of your income which is due to him than if you kept it yourselves. Bring in the offering and God will bless you beyond your capacity to contain it. Thomas Fuller illustrates the idea by the story of Alexander the Great. When a child he made an offer of frankincense to the gods. He took a double handful and cast it into the sacred fire. For this he was reproached by his governor, who told him that one handful would have been sufficient. Alexander, however, believed that the gods appreciated liberality and would liberally reward the liberal giver. Afterwards when he had conquered India and all the known world, he reminded his Governor of the incident by sending to him five hundred talents' weight of frankincense. He left the governor to infer from the gift how liberally the gods had rewarded him for his childhood's offering.

PRESBYTERIANS IN COUNCIL.

The Decisive Vote Taken in the General Assembly on the Momentous Briggs Case—The Meeting-place and the Assembly Leaders—A Solemn Declaration by Prof Briggs.

A BRIEF outline of the circumstances which aroused unusual interest in the proceedings of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church appeared in these columns last week; we now give a picture of the New York Avenue Church, in Washington, in which the Assembly meets, and portraits of Dr. William A. Bartlett, the pastor of the church; of Dr. Willis G. Craig, the Moderator of the Assembly, and of the two men whose position in the great case submitted to the Assembly for judicial action answers to those of plaintiff and defendant in civil cases—Dr. G. W. F. Birch and Prof. Charles A. Briggs. That case, as was foreseen before the Assembly met, dwarfed into insignificance all other subjects with which the Commissioners were to deal. It influenced the choice of a Moderator, the composition of the Committees and the arrangement of all matters of business. From the outset of the proceedings it was the most prominent subject in the mind of every Commissioner and his attitude on this case was the main factor in determining his classification.

THE NEW YORK AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

REV. G. W. F. BIRCH, D.D.

It reached its first stage on the way to a final decision in a vote taken on May 26. Prof. Briggs and his friends had contended that the case could not come regularly before the Assembly; but after a long argument the Assembly decided that the trial was in order and should take place. The vote stood 410 to 145 and was regarded as a test vote. The arguments used against the trial were two. First, that there was no justification for an appeal against an acquittal. If a man is charged with a crime and is tried in a court of law and convicted, he has the right to appeal, but if he is acquitted he cannot again be tried for the same offence. As Prof. Briggs was acquitted on his trial before the New York Presbytery he claimed that further proceedings were barred. A second ground for protest was that if an appeal from the decision of the Presbytery could be taken it should be made to the next higher court, which is the Synod of New York, and not until it had been heard there, could it properly come before the General Assembly as the court of final resort. In reply, the prosecution urged that this differed from criminal trials and resembled an action for breach of contract, inasmuch as there was an agreement entitling the Professor to valuable consideration in return for certain services. The action was therefore based on the charge that he had, in teaching the doctrines specified, failed to fulfil his part of the contract and in all such actions either side has the right of appeal if it loses in the first trial. Also that the appeal might be carried at once to the General Assembly, passing over the Synod if, as in this case, questions affecting the whole church were involved and general injury would result from delay. Four days were chiefly occupied in debating and deciding these points and, as above stated, the decision was against Dr. Briggs and his friends.

One of the most impressive scenes of the debate occurred at the close of Prof. Briggs' argument. He had dealt with the technical aspect of the question and paused for a moment. Then with great solemnity of manner he said, "I am charged with teaching doctrines which are fundamental errors. I deny that I have ever taught any doctrines that are fundamental errors, and my Presbytery has acquitted me of teaching any fundamental errors. I affirm before this body that I believe the Holy Scriptures to be the Word of God, the infallible rule of faith and practice, according to the vow that I assumed at my ordination, and which I have assumed every three years, according to the rule of the Union Theological Seminary. I affirm that I hold to the whole doctrine taught in the first chapter of the Westminster Confession relating to Holy Scripture, without any qualification or reservation whatever. I beg leave to affirm that I hold to the entire system of doctrine set forth in the Westminster Confession, and anything that I may have said that at all conflicts with this statement is due to the misinterpretations which have been put upon the language which I have uttered.

"That is all I have to say. If I have said anything that at all injures the feelings of any member of this court, I very much regret it. If I have said anything in my inaugural that has disturbed the peace of the Church or caused any doubt or uncertainty or affliction to even the feeblest of God's children, I regret it more than any one else can do. I have now been a teacher of the Bible in the Union Theological Seminary for twenty years. There are only four members now teaching in your theological seminaries that have been in service longer than I have. There are only two of them that have taught more ministers now in the service than I have. I challenge the production of a single one of these ministers that have been under my instruction during the last twenty years who can say that anything I have taught him has undermined or diminished his faith in the Divine authority of Holy Scripture, or his love for the Word of God."

The applause which followed this eloquent utterance indicated that many of those who heard it were deeply moved. Its evident sincerity, caused many to ask themselves how it could be possible that such a man could be on trial, as he phrased it, "for his ecclesiastical life." The advocates of the prosecution, however, by recalling to the attention of the Assembly certain passages from Prof. Briggs' writings, removed the favorable impression which had been made, and when the Commissioners debated the question afterwards, before proceeding to a vote it became evident that the hostility to the Professor had not been materially diminished. This fact was clearly established by the decisive character of the vote, when it was taken.

REV. WILLIS G. CRAIG, D.D.

It was significant that several of the speakers, while stating their intention to vote for the trial, deplored the necessity of doing so or expressed their personal respect for the accused. One of them plainly declared that no prosecution would have been undertaken if it had not been instigated "by the so-called religious press of the Presbyterian Church." The same opinion was expressed in private by several Commissioners, who regretted that the issue had been forced on the Church. Many who do not agree with Prof. Briggs hoped the Assembly would refrain from branding him as a heretic, lest the impression should be made that freedom of thought was not allowed in the Presbyterian Church.

That hope, however, was doomed to disappointment. The Assembly on May 31, decided by a vote of 383 to 116 to sustain the charges against Prof. Briggs. The decision was not reached without vigorous protest and earnest appeals from a large number of eminent ministers and laymen. Among these was Dr. George Alexander, one of the ablest, most evangelical and most useful Presbyterian ministers in New York. He defined the attitude of the New York Presbytery on the case and explained how many ministers who did not agree with Prof. Briggs voted for his acquittal. He believed that Presbyterianism did not mean entire uniformity of thought and that a man might be a firm Presbyterian while holding the views the Professor had enunciated. Another appeal came from Rev. Geo. L. Spining, who pleaded for peace and quiet, and a generous treatment of Dr. Briggs, whom he eulogized as one of the foremost scholars in the world. There was no one in that building, he said, who would sooner or more gladly lay down his life rather than surrender his conviction that the Bible was the infallible Word of God. Elder Charles F. Griffin of Indianapolis also urged acquittal. He was satisfied with the solemn asseverations Dr. Briggs had made in the hearing of all present of his belief in the Bible. He did not think Dr. Briggs was lying when he made them. But even on the lower ground of policy, he believed a conviction would be a blunder. You cannot, he said, stamp out an honest conviction; you may make Dr. Briggs a martyr, but you cannot compel conviction.

Rev. Henry M. Storrs said: "After a ministry of between forty and fifty years, I should be false to my personal history if I did not hold dear above all else the Bible. But I say to all these scholars: 'Go where you will, learn all you can of the origin and history of all its books, and bring it to me, for it will throw additional light to what I hold to be the perfect Word of God." Frank G. Ellet of Flint, Mich., said: "I believe that fifty years from now, we will see that Dr. Briggs was sent from God to make the Church evangelical. The reformers in all ages have antagonized the Church. I believe he is opening a door out of which may come a broad evangelical Presbyterian Church, which we have not now."

PROF. CHARLES A. BRIGGS.

But these appeals and warnings had no effect on the Assembly. When the final vote was taken, the numbers voting against the Professor were to those votiag for him in the proportion of three to one. So far, therefore, as majorities can decide a question of this kind, this is decided for the Presbyterian Church. Henceforth every man holding such views as those taught by the Professor, whether he be a minister or a layman must understand that he is condemned as a heretic by the governing body of his church. What the effect of the decision will be, it is difficult to foresee. That Prof. Briggs and those who sympathize with him will be silenced is not likely. They may form a new church or join some other denomination such as the Congregational, which would gladly welcome them. Some may prefer to remain in the Presbyterian Church keeping their views in the background, in the hope that the new methods of study which have led them to their present conclusions may become general and that gradually their brethren may be brought into agreement with them. Whatever their course may be, we may confidently leave the issue in God's hands. Both parties in the church have besought his guidance and he will lead them into all truth.

REV. WILLIAM A. BARTLETT, D.D.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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A TIMELY PARABLE.

I have always noticed that just in proportion as a man cannot get along himself he is fearful of some one else making an excitement. Last week a mud-turtle down by the brook opened its shell and discoursed to a horse that was coming down to drink. The mud-turtle said to the horse: "Just as I get sound asleep you are sure to come past and wake me up. We always used to have a good quiet time down here in the swamp till you got in the habit of thumping along this way. I am conservative and like to keep in my shell. I have been pastor of thirteen other mud-turtles, and we always had peace till you came, and next week at our semi-annual meeting of mud-turtles we shall either have you voted a nuisance or will talk it over in private, eight or ten of us, which will probably be the more prudent way."

Then the mud-turtle's shell went shut with a snap, at which the horse kicked up his heels as he turned to go up to the barn to be harnessed to a load of corn that was ready for the market.

Let us all wake up and go to work. There are in the private membership of our churches and in the ministry a great many men who are dead, but never had the common decency to get buried. With the harvest white and "lodging" for the lack of a sickle, instead of lying under the trees criticising the sweating reapers who are at work, let us throw off our own coat and go out to see how good a swathe we can cut.

"SLOW UP!"

SOME of the worst-tempered people of the day are religious people, from the fact that they have no rest. Added to the necessary work of the world, they superintend two Sunday-schools, listen to two sermons, and every night have meetings of charitable and Christian institutions. They look after the beggars, hold conventions, speak at meetings, wait on ministers, serve as committee-men, take all the hypercriticisms that inevitably come to earnest workers, rush up and down the world and develop their hearts at the expense of all the other functions. They are the best men on earth, and Satan knows it and is trying to kill them as fast as possible. They know not that it is as much a duty to take care of their health as to go to the sacrament. It is as much a sin to commit suicide with the sword of truth as with a pistol.

Our earthly life is a treasure to be guarded. It is an outrageous thing to die when we ought to live. There is no use in firing up a steamer to such a speed that the boiler bursts mid-Atlantic, when at a more moderate rate it might have reached the docks at Liverpool. It is a sin to try to do the work of thirty years in five years.

A Rocky Mountain locomotive engineer once told us that at certain places they changed locomotives and let the machine rest, as a locomotive always kept in full heat soon got out of order. Our advice to all overworked good people is, "Slow up!" Slacken your speed as you come to the crossings. All your faculties for work at this rate will be consumed. You are on fire now—see the premonitory smoke. A hot axle!

BALKY PEOPLE.

PASSING along a country road quite recently, we found a man, a horse and wagon in trouble. The vehicle was slight and the road was good, but the horse refused to draw, and his driver was in a bad predicament. He had already destroyed his whip in applying inducements to progress in travel. He had pulled the horse's ears with a sharp string. He had backed him into the ditch. He had built a fire of straw underneath him, the only result a smashed dash-board. The chief effect of the violences and cruelties applied was to increase the divergency of feeling between the brute and his master. We said to the besweated and outraged actor in the scene that the best thing for him to do was to let his horse stand for a while unwhipped and uncoaxed, setting some one to watch him while he, the driver, went away to cool off. We learned that the plan worked admirably; that the cold air, and the appetite for oats, and the solitude of the road, favorable for contemplation, had made the horse move for adjournment to some other place and time; and when the driver came up, he had but to take up the reins and the beast, erst so obstinate, dashed down the road at a perilous speed.

There is not as much difference between horses and men as you might suppose. The road between mind and equine instinct is short and soon traveled. The horse is sometimes superior to his rider. If anything is good and admirable in proportion as it answers the end of its being, then the horse that bends into its traces before a Fourth avenue car is better than its blaspheming driver. He who cannot manage a horse cannot manage a man.

We know of pastors who have balky parishioners. When any important move is to take place, and all the other horses of the team are willing to draw, they lay themselves back in the harness.

First the pastor pats the obstreperous elder or deacon on the neck and tells him how much he thinks of him. This only makes him shake his mane and grind his bit. He will die first before he consents to such a movement. Next, he is pulled by the ear, with a good many sharp insinuations as to his motives for holding back. Fires of indignation are built under him for the purpose of consuming his balkiness. He is whipped with the scourge of public opinion, but this only makes him kick fiercely and lay harder in the breeching-straps. He is backed down into the ditch of scorn and contempt, but still is not willing to draw an ounce. Oh foolish minister, trying in that way to manage a balky parishioner! Let him alone. Go on and leave him there. Pay less attention to the horse that balks, and give more oats to those that pull. Leave him out in the cold. Some day you will come back and find him glad to start. At your first advance he will arch his neck, paw his hoof, bend into the bit, stiffen the traces and dash on. We have the same prescription for balky horses and men: for a little while let them alone.

* * *

Two or three years ago, we were the guests on an English manor. The statuary, the ferneries, the botanical and horicultural genius of the place had done all they could do to make the place attractive. For generations there had been an amassing of plate and costly surroundings. At half past nine o'clock in the morning, the proprietor of the estate had the bell rung, and some twenty or thirty men servants and maid servants came in prayers. The proprietor of the estate read the Scriptures, gave out the hymn, started the music, his daughter at the organ, and then, the music over, the proprietor of the estate kneeled down and commended all his guests, all his family, all his employees to the Lord Almighty. God can trust such a man as that with a large estate. He knows how to abound. He trusted God and God trusted him. And I could call off the roll of fifty merchant princes as mighty for God as they are mighty in worldly successes.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Many letters have reached this office inquiring if the Oxford Bible premium offer is still open. The offer will be continued only as long as our supply of these beautiful Bibles lasts. Those desiring to secure the best reference Bible in the world, containing all the Helps, Concordance, Subject-Index, References and colored maps can do so by sending $2 for a year's subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. To every such subscriber we will send the Oxford Teachers' Bible.

R. V. S. (Subscriber), O. Ayer, Keene, N.H. and several others have forwarded to THE MAIL-BAG versions of "The Soldier's Hymn," which we published last week.

Reader, Albany, N. Y. Where can I get information regarding mission work in Scandinavia and Germany?

Write to the American Board of Foreign Missions, Boston, Mass. and to Rev. Clarence Eberman, 380 Jay St., Brooklyn.

E. M., Schuyler, Neb. If a man has led a Christian life and has done all he could for the advancement of Christ's kingdom, will he have a higher place in heaven than he who lived a wicked life and was converted at the eleventh hour?

Very little has been revealed to us about the conditions of life in heaven. It is therefore difficult to conceive of them. It is however reasonable to suppose that the Christian who has served his Lord for many years on earth would be better fitted to appreciate and enjoy the bliss of heaven than he who has lived in sin almost to the last. Christ's parable of the talents (Matt. 25: 14-23), and Paul's remark that "one star differeth from another star in glory" (I. Cor. 15: 41) imply that there will be differences. But as to places and dignities there, we know nothing.

Mrs. G. W. Mashin, Albia, Ia. Please allow me also to reply to Mr. Bradford Williams' questions, in regard to Job. I cannot suffer that good man to be located in Esau's family, when God's Word plainly tells us that his Father was Jacob's fifth son and his mother (Leah) called his name Issachar, and his (Issachar's) son's names were Tola, Phuvah, Job, and Shimrod. Job's three (pretended) friends were of Esau's tribe, Eliphaz being Esau's oldest son.

H. J. Van Alstine, Galena, S. Dak. In giving out hymns, what is meant by common, long, and short metre, &c.?

To this Mr. Hubert P. Main (the well-known composer and musical authority), replies:

Common Metre is generally given to designate a 4-line hymn when the syllables are 1 line of 8 syllables, 1 line of 6 syllables, 1 line of 8 syllables, and 1 line of 6 (or 8 and 6) syllables. Short Metre is: 1 line of 6 syllables, 1 line of 6 syllables, 1 line of 8 syllables, 1 line of 6 syllables or 6 and 8 syllables. Long Metre: 4 lines of 8 syllables each.

Some books print 8, 6, 8, 6, instead of C.M. 6, 8, 8, 6, instead of S. M., and 8, 8, 8, 8, instead of L. M.

J. H. Freeman, Bat Cave, N. C. Is it consistent with good Christian deportment and church discipline for a church member to hold revenue offices, such as Deputy Collector, Whiskey Gauger, store keeper, etc., for Government Distillers?

While there may be no absolute sin in the mere fact of holding such offices, the association is one that a real Christian would earnestly strive to avoid. The very fact of being connected with anything that might be a means of sin, degradation and stumbling to others, should make us specially careful to avoid such contact ourselves.

Isaac W. Ogle, Ocala, Fla. Is it true that after a man is converted he has to labor and lose his sins pardoned the second time, and like Esau which he must seek after, and that unless and until he attains it he is lifeless and of little use in the church?

You are doubtless aware that there is a difference between justification and sanctification. The former is an act complete and perfect in itself as when a man who is under sentence for crime is pardoned and restored to his rights of citizenship. Sanctification, on the other hand, is a process, as when the same man is being taught how to live a good life. It is an education, a discipline, a continuous development. The Holy Spirit, imparted to him when he is justified, works all this in him. His rate of progress is determined by the degree to which he yields to the Holy Spirit's influence and power. The goal before him is to become like Christ. His growth may be uniform, or there may be occasions when under preaching, or in prayer, he may be conscious of making a greater advance in an hour than he may have made at any time before. The idea of this sanctification being completed in a moment, as people who talk of "the second blessing" generally believe, is misleading. Experience has proved that men whose growth in the divine life is steady, so far from being lifeless and useless, are more reliable and practically useful than the people whose progress is spasmodic.

Mrs. John Maxey, Forest City, Pa. What is George Muller's address?

Ashley Down, Bristol, England.

A. C. Holzwarth, Newark, N. J. Which is the longest book in the New Testament, the shortest book, and the shortest verse?

Luke is the longest, although he has fewer chapters than Matthew or Acts. The second Epistle of John is the shortest. The shortest verse is John 11: 35.

B. Bradley, Hillstown, Conn., in forwarding his contribution to the Tabernacle Emergency Fund, sends this poetic tribute:

Bill's a very poor poet, and very poor scholar,
But, thank God, not so poor that he can't spare a dollar,
And as everything helps, be it ever so wee,
This bard in the shanty beneath the big tree,
Though he earns his wee penny by very hard work,
Sends something to help you to save the big kirk:
For he, Bill, doesn't want Boanerges to flit—
He means that son of thunder, called Dr. DeWitt.
Shall the big kirk in Brooklyn, like Kirk-Alloway,
A playhouse become, in which "auld Nick" may play?
Shall a house built for God by players be bought
And to Satan be deeded? Away with the thought!
God forbid Christ's disciples should let it be so!
May all HERALD readers vociferate No!
Let all give a hand at the rescuing work,
And thwart the old devil by saving the kirk.
Let those who have much, if the Lord they will trust,
As Jonathan said, hurry "down with the dust;"
And let those that have little—like this man of rhymes
If they haven't got dollars, come down with their dimes.
If they can't do big things, let every poor man,
And every poor woman, just do what they can!

R. J. S., Arkansas City, Kans. What will be the work of Christ and his resurrected saints during the millennium?

There is no detailed statement of the specific work; but it is evident that in governing the whole world and bringing it into the physical, social and spiritual conditions in which God would have it, there will be no lack of occupation. Even Christian people do not always lead consistent lives and they will need to be taught and disciplined, or the world would have no millennium such as we understand that condition to be.

A. J. Bryant, Newellton, La. 1. Will this earth abide forever? 2. Does the Bible allow persons to marry again who did not separate for fornication? 3. Is foot-washing binding on Christians now? 4. Will Dr. Talmage preach on subjects suggested to him?

1. You will find an explicit statement on the subject in II. Peter 3: 10-13. 2. The Apostle Paul (I. Cor. 7: 12-16), referring to matrimonial difficulties, made remarks which have been considered by eminent theologians as sanctioning divorce for desertion. They appear to others, however, to sanction separation rather than divorce. With this exception, which is a doubtful one, there is no other cause recognized by the New Testament as justifying divorce. Consequently, persons who have separated for any other cause, cannot have the sanction of the Bible in marrying again, while the persons from whom they have been divorced are living. 3. Yes; the laws of health and decency require people to wash their feet at proper times. But there is no religious reason for one person washing the feet of another, if that other is able to do the duty for himself. If he is willing to do his brother service even a menial service, in a time of need, he fulfils the injunction (John 13: 14) on which some people base the opinion that it is a pious duty to twash the feet of others. 4. We believe that Dr. Talmage is always willing to receive suggestions of subjects, but neither he nor any other minister would pledge himself in advance to accept them.

Friend and Reader, Galesburg, Ill. 1. Write to Simpson, Marshall & Co., publishers, London, Eng. 2. Send old religious papers to Army Chaplain, Fort Niobrara, Mont.—R. C. Webster, Baltimore, Md. We are compelled every week to omit very interesting MSS. for which we cannot find space.—Jas. D. Wellman, New Milford, Pa. The distance traveled by the Israelites in the Wilderness is computed from the point of their deliverance on the further shore of the Red Sea to the point where they forded the Jordan. It should be remembered that the journey was greatly lengthened by the fact that they traveled over much of the distance twice.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

CENTRAL AMERICAN TROUBLES.

THE Central American Republic of Nicaragua, which has acquired a closer interest for us as the scene of the attempt to pierce the Isthmus, has been for several weeks past in the throes of revolution. President Sacaza, whose portrait is here given, appears to have caused the outbreak by dictatorial and unconstitutional acts. He was chosen in 1889, to finish out the four-years-term of President Carazo, who died while in office. Sacaza was anxious to be re-elected for a full term, but doubted whether he could gain his ends by constitutional means. He therefore banished his most powerful rivals, including ex-President Zavala, and, shortly before the day of election, he drafted into military service large numbers of men from the districts opposed to him, thus depriving them of the power of voting. At the same time he liberated a corresponding number of soldiers who were pledged to his support. By these means, and others of a similarly unfair character, he succeeded in getting himself elected. No organized opposition was made; but since his election the popular discontent has increased and culminated. It is charged that he gave out contracts to members af his family, which enabled them to enrich themselves with public money, and when the treasury was emptied, the same persons were authorized to raise loans, a large part of which they pocketed, and which Sacaza pledged the national credit to repay. His enemies succeeded recently in organizing a plot for the overthrow of his government and won over a large part of the army, into which, as before stated, Sacaza had drafted many of his opponents. It was found that only four of the twelve departments of the Republic were faithful to him. At a preconcerted signal a general rising took place, and, on May 20, a battle was fought near Masaya, which lasted twelve hours, and resulted in the defeat of Sacaza's troops. He lost one-half of his army in killed, prisoners and deserters. The insurgents also suffered severely, and being deficient in arms and money, were unable to pursue their advantage. Sacaza at latest reports had recognized the hopelessness of further fighting and was endeavoring to make terms with the insurgents. Preceding and during the decisive battle, Sacaza made havoc in the capital. Most of his enemies took refuge in the foreign consulates, but all whom he could find were treated in summary fashion and many innocent persons suffered at the hands of the soldiery. Sacaza will certainly be deposed and stripped of his wealth even if his life is spared. He must now be in a condition to appreciate the truth of the prophet's warning to all who acquire riches and power unrighteously. (Jer. 17: 11.)

President Sacaza of Nicaragua.

The Ship Saved by a Wave.

A TERRIBLE disaster at sea was averted in an extraordinary manner a few days ago. The captain of the steamship *Wivenhoe* which arrived at Baltimore, Md., on May 25 reported an experience which he says he shall never forget. Just before leaving Cardiff he was asked to take on board ten cases of chemicals which were consigned by a Hamburg firm to a wholesale chemist in Philadelphia. He was unable to accommodate them in the hold with the other merchandise, but offered to take them on the deck and his offer was accepted. On the fourth day of the voyage a gale sprang up with high seas. As the captain was going aft about daybreak he was astounded to see the whole afterpart of his ship a solid mass of fire. Flames leaped from the decks and rose higher than the masts. Both sea and storm at the time were violent. The captain felt that his craft was doomed. Just then a tremendous wave struck the *Wivenhoe*, throwing her on her beam ends. Darkness also took possession of the deck—the leaping flames had disappeared. A hasty examination was made to see if the hold was on fire, but it was not, nor was there a sign of the ten iron-bound cases. The bills of lading were brought out to see what they contained, and to the skipper's astonishment he learned that he had been carrying natrium metallic, a chemical used by photographers which burns when exposed to air or water. The cases had been carried overboard into the boiling sea. If they had been swept away and lost before the flames burst from them, the captain would doubtless have deplored the loss; but after he had seen the flames, he was glad that the cases were gone, as they might have otherwise involved the loss of the whole ship. Sometimes God's providences are to be explained in the same way. A man may grieve when he suffers the loss of property, or office, but he might not do so if he knew what the retention of them might have cost. (Matt. 5: 29.)

A Dog's Achievement.

A VISITOR to the World's Fair, who is the engineer of an electric company in France, gives a report of a strange solution of a difficult problem. His company undertook to make and lay the underground wires which were to connect two cities. They were to be laid in a wide culvert, which had an opening at every interval of a hundred yards. When the firm undertook the work, replacing another firm which had failed to perform it, the culvert was already laid but no arrangement had been made for carrying the cable through it. The difficulty was embarrassing, and no way of overcoming it could be devised for some time. One morning, however, the foreman appeared, accompanied by a small white terrier dog. He announced that his dog could do the work required. He was laughed at, but he insisted that the dog was very intelligent and that he had given it some training. Eventually a trial was made. The end of a light rope was thrown down and the dog at once seized it. He was put in one of the openings of the culvert and, at a word from its master, speedily disappeared. The man hurried off to the next opening and called his dog. In a few minutes the terrier was seen with the end of the rope still in his mouth, having carried it safely through one section of the culvert. The electric cable was drawn through with the rope and in that way the whole cable was laid. The dog is now permanently attached to the company and has since laid many miles of cable. It is a suggestive thought that although the dog can know nothing of telegraphy the fact of his being able to go where men cannot, renders telegraphic communication possible in that district. It is so in spiritual matters; even a child, or a man who cannot preach or teach may do valuable service. There may be persons whom only he can reach and it is his duty and privilege to bring them into communication with God. (Isa. 11: 6.)

THE GOVERNMENT TROOPS SHOOTING DOWN REVOLUTIONISTS.

To Illuminate the Body.

A REMARKABLE exhibition was made before the New York Academy of Medicine on May 24. An eminent physician read a paper on the aid of the electric light in the diagnosis of disease. He exhibited a minute incandescent lamp which had been constructed specially for medical use and which he called a transluminator. It is scarcely larger than a pea and is attached to a rubber handle and connected to an electric battery by wires. A second glass globe surrounds the lamp, the space between the two globes being filled with water to absorb the heat of the carbon filament. The lamp gives a light equal to four-candle power. The lecturer said: "The value of the lamp, lies in the fact that it can be used to examine any portion of the body that is accessible, such as the mouth and throat. By attaching the lamp to a small rubber tube it can be lowered into the stomach, the current turned on and the examination made from the exterior. Of course you could not see every part of the stomach, but if there were a tumor on one side you could locate it on account of the shadows thrown. There were several sizes of the lamps, the smallest being for use in examining the interior of the ear. These lamps will doubtless be of great value to the physician. He is often puzzled by cases which would be clear to him if he could inspect the inner organism and could cure his patient if he could see what was in the man. Happily for us, our spiritual maladies can always be cured by the Great Physician, who, as we are assured, "needs not that any should testify of man for he knows what is in man." (John 2: 25.)

The Kryptophone.

AN instrument which the inventor calls the kryptophone is credited with remarkable powers, by scientific men who recently witnessed experiments with it. Its invention was made known some years ago, but owing to some defects in construction it failed to fulfil the promises made for it. Since then it has been perfected to such a degree that it is now regarded as promising successful practical results in the line marked out by its inventor. In the make up of this peculiar apparatus a very sensitive receiving diaphragm is so disposed that it will respond to and transmit air vibrations produced by any noise to a distant telephone, an alarm bell being provided at the receiving station to attract the attention of the attendant. The sensitiveness of the device is said to be such that, with the receiving diaphragm immersed in a body of water, the pulsations of a steamboat from two to three miles distant are readily discernible, and other tests show its sensitive capacity in giving warning of noises at a distance. This is in line with the telescope, the telephone and other inventions. Man is always trying to extend the powers of his body and find aids for his senses. It is much to be wished that he would avail himself of the greatest of all such powers, the power of faith by which he would perceive more than he can see. (Heb. 11: 1.)

A Deluded Slave.

A REMARKABLE case is set down for hearing in the Circuit Court of Booneville, Mo. The plaintiff is an aged negress who, before the war, was the slave of a man now residing in that town. She claims that during the war, of which she heard only vaguely, the family having kept her secluded from people of her own race, she was constantly employed in domestic service. She did not know anything of the emancipation proclamation nor had any idea that she was concerned in the issues of the war. The family had frequently removed, but she had never been permitted wherever they were to have any acquaintances and, as she could not read, she did not learn from the newspapers that she was free. She has continued to serve the family as a domestic servant down to a recent date, but has never received any compensation for her services. A short time ago she learned, to her astonishment, that she had not really been a slave for well-nigh thirty years and she immediately quitted her servitude. Some friends have entered suit on her account for $1400 back wages at the rate of five dollars a month. Public opinion in the neighborhood is strongly in her favor and it is believed that she will win her suit. It was a cruel wrong that the woman should have been kept in ignorance so long of the fact that she might be free. The same kind of wrong is perpetrated on many people who suppose that they cannot be set free from the thraldom of Satan. They do not know the power of him who redeemed them. (Jude 24.

BRIEF NOTES.

The Samoan Islands support the churches and ministers in their own islands, and last year raised $10,000 to send the Gospel to other lands.

Received from M. M. N., Chicago, one dollar for Rev. J. P. Lane, the missionary of the American Sunday School Union, who lost his property in the recent cyclone.

The friends of Rev. Geo. C. Needham will be glad to hear that he is improving in health. He hopes to be ready for full work in October. His residence is changed from Philadelphia to East Northfield, Mass.

Four grandsons of Garibaldi, the Italian patriot, have been placed by Garibaldi's son in the Methodist Episcopal Institute in Rome to be educated. The father said in entering them, "I do not want my boys to be taught by the Romans."

Dr. John G. Paton, the famous missionary to the New Hebrides, whose preaching many of our readers have had the pleasure of listening to during the past few months, has given to the New Hebrides Mission $25,000, which he received from the publishers of his autobiography.

A revival has been going on at Northfield, Conn., under the labors of Evangelist E. A. Lawrence. So much religious interest has never been known in the town before. Many of the converts are heads of families and some of them had been regarded as indifferent to religious influence.

Rev. E. P. Telford has closed the series of meetings he has been holding in Lowell, Mass. They were very successful, and continued with growing interest fo two weeks. Thence the Evangelist went to Lawrence, Mass., where he has arranged to preach in both the Park and St. Paul's M. E. Churches.

Twelve students of Bangor Seminary have undertaken to hold special services in various churches in Maine during the Summer vacation

Evangelist Wyckhoff has been holding meetings through the past month at Beechwood, Ill., and neighboring villages. In many places where there is no church the services have been held in barns.

Rev. George R. Graff, pastor of the Methodis Episcopal Church of Morrisville, Pa., writes that many souls have been brought into the church in the revival which accompaniedthe labors of Evangelists Grant and Tullar of the Central Union Mission, Washington, D.C.

The programme for the Ocean Grove (N. J.) meetings has been issued. Among the items are: An Oration, by Dr. J. Embury Price of New York, on July 4; The W. C. T. U. meeting on July 6; King's Daughters July 8; Sunday School Assembly, July 11-20; Chautauqua L. and S. C. graduation day, July 20; Rev. Edgerton Young's Lectures on Indian Life, July 24; Home Missionary Society's meeting, July 26; anniversary Services, July 31; Epworth League Convention, Aug. 1; Memorial Day, Aug. 7; Young People's Day, Aug. 13; Women's Encampment, Aug. 16-18.

A praise and thanksgiving service was held a few evenings ago, at the Hebrew Christian Church, 17 St. Mark's place, New York. Among the subjects mentioned as causes for gratitude were: The continued blessing of God on the work; the satisfactory examination of two converts of the mission, one in medicine and the other in theology; the good work being done in mission labor among Jews by Dr. Faust, who was converted under Mr. Freshman, and for the recovery of Mrs. Freshman from a severe illness. In spite of much opposition from influential Jews in the city, Mr. Freshman's work is growing and extending.

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

PREACHER, SUFFERER, CONQUEROR.

Sermon Preached last Sunday, June, 4, 1893, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D.

"The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary," etc. Isa. 50: 4-9.

VEN a casual reader of this chapter will see that it consists of two parts. The second part begins with the first verse of the section chosen as the text. In the first part we have a statement of the reasons for the rejection and the punishment of God's ancient people. They are considered at this time as exiles in Babylon. It is implied in these verses that their punishment was not the result of caprice on the part of God, but of disloyalty on the part of the people themselves. God had both the will and the power to save them. That his hand was not shortened is evident because he was able to dry up the sea, and to change rivers into a desert; but the people had erred from his ways and had brought his displeasure and righteous punishment upon themselves.

With the beginning of the fourth verse a speaker is introduced who makes great claims for himself. He asserts that he is eminently qualified for the office to which he is called; that he is amply

Endowed of God;

that he will meet the fierce opposition to which is exposed with great meekness, and that he will finally triumph over all opposition because his trust is in God and in him alone. We are not surprised that this portion of the chapter has been referred to various persons by different interpreters. The best interpretation, however, is that which concludes that this speaker was none other than the Messiah. Some have supposed that Isaiah himself is here the subject of discussion; but he is not known to have had any of the religious experiences which are here described. Neither is there any other prophet, so far as we know, to whom this language is appropriate. In almost all ages of the Church the majority of unprejudiced interpreters have referred this language to the Messiah. It cannot be denied that all that is here said naturally applies to Christ. Every description of his humiliation and meekness, of the opposition which he encounters, of the faith which he exercises, and of the victory which he finally secures applies with exactness to Jesus Christ. Indeed, some parts of this description can by no possibility, except by a violation of all reasonable rules of interpretation, be applied to any other than the Messiah. In the latter part of the eleventh verse where the speaker threatens to punish his foes, the language certainly cannot be used of Isaiah or of any other prophet, but is immediately applicable to Jesus Christ as King in Zion and ruler over men. All doubt regarding Old Testament prophecies is removed when we find Christ making the application to himself. It is a literal fulfilment of this ancient prophecy. We know, too, that he was perfectly endowed to perform the work which is attributed to the speaker introduced in the text; we know that Christ was entirely obedient to God; that he submitted to all the injuries inflicted on him; that he endured the opposition of men trusting in God, and, in a word, that all these prophecies have in him and in him only their complete fulfilment. We have then, in the first place, Jesus Christ brought before us in the fourth

A Great Preacher

We are accustomed to think of Christ as a preacher in connection with the sermon on the Mount, and with the delivery of his parables, [illegible] Testament. It is at first blush somewhat startling to find Christ described as a great preacher in a passage in Isaiah. We know that Isaiah was the most evangelical of all the prophets; that he saw the glory of the coming Christ as no other prophet of his time, and that he described events which were to occur in the ministry of the Messiah as if he were in their midst at the time of their occurrence. He places himself constantly in the very time of the events which he narrates; this method of description is somewhat peculiar to Isaiah. We have other instances in the Old Testament, as in the case of the "angel of the Lord" who preached at Bochim, of the preaching of Christ in Old Testament times. Without any reasonable doubt, it was none other than Jesus whose touching sermon led to the giving of the name "Bochim," the place of weepers. It is striking indeed that we should find the Christ of God as a great preacher in this ancient day. In like manner we have him introduced to us as a great preacher in this passage in Isaiah. The more we examine the passage the more are we satisfied that the Messiah is the speaker now presented to our consideration.

The first characteristic of Christ as a great preacher is that he has "the tongue of the learned." The more literal rendering of the phrase is the tongue of those who are instructed, or the tongue of the truly eloquent. The entire passage shows us that Christ was endowed of God in a remarkable manner. It is evident that the reference here is not to knowledge of human science, but to the knowledge of that higher and nobler science, the science of salvation. Touching that matter he was qualified as never was man before nor since; he was endowed with

Supernatural Knowledge

and unparalleled eloquence. He made known the will of God as one who had dwelt in the bosom of God. He spoke of the spiritual world as one who had long dwelt there, and was as familiar with eternity as with time. Never man spake as did Jesus Christ touching all matters spiritual. He enforced the claims of God with sublime simplicity, with tearful tenderness, and with awful authority. All his discourses prove the superiority of his knowledge, the tenderness of his spirit, and the affection of his heart. No one can read his discourses, and especially his sermon on the Mount, without feeling that he is breathing a new atmosphere, looking upon a new world, and hearing the divinest man who ever visited this earth. The sermon on the Mount is matchless. It lifts itself above all human discourses as Mont Blanc in Alpine ranges. His other discourses stand around this mountain peak as the white robed sister mountains stand around their peerless queen, Mont Blanc. All who are Christ's disciples may share in his knowledge of God and in his eloquence toward men. Good Matthew Henry has well said God made man's mouth and God alone can make it eloquent. We know that God made the speech of the hesitating Moses mighty to terrify and to subdue Pharaoh; and God made the words of Paul mighty to the pulling down of the strongholds of sin. All great thinkers on religious things catch their inspiration and receive their instruction from Christ who stands in the foremost place among the thinkers and teachers of the world.

The Sympathizer.

Another characteristic of Christ as a great preacher is here given.—He knew "how to speak a word in season." The Hebrew here is "that he might know how to strengthen with a word the weary." Christ knew how to sustain, to comfort, and to refresh weary souls by his wise counsels and by his precious promises. He knew how to lift the burden from hearts weary with care and laden with sin. He knew how to lessen the sorrows of life; how to impart the comforts of the divine presence, peace, and power. Whether the weary were burdened with sin or with the inevitable sorrows of life he knew how to lighten the load and to increase the strength. There is marvelous power in a sympathetic word. Too little do we appreciate its influence, and too seldom do we impart its blessings. There is a sanctified tact which is as rare as it [illegible] *law of etiquette.* Men who learn to practice this rule learn the secret of gentlemanly courtesy, because they have felt the impulses of Christian affection. Grace was poured from Christ's lips, and a sympathetic heart beat in his bosom. His whole life is an illustration of these truths. He came to remove burdens by forgiving transgressions. He learned obedience himself by the things which he suffered. He knew how to say, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The sight of thousands groaning under their burdens was enough to break his loving heart; but he taught us to cast our burdens upon him assuring us that he cared for us and would sustain us.

He knew how to speak the seasonable word to those burdened with the intellectual doubts connected with religious faith and providential experience. His hands swept every chord of the human heart. There were times in his own life when he seemed to stand over great chasms of darkness and doubt connected with God's dealings with men. Precious thoughts are suggested by Christ's sympathy with those burdened with the intellectual mysteries of revelation and of experience. In all times of doubt we can take his hand, kneel at his feet and say with him, "Even so Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight." If men burdened with intellectual difficulties would but cast themselves at his feet he would take them and their difficulties and carry both, giving them sweet peace, clear vision, and joyous faith. He knows also

How to Bear the Burdens

of mortal infirmities. He knew what it was to be weary in body with the toils of the day; what it was to lay his head upon the wooden pillow in the hinder part of the ship and sleep the sleep of utter weariness. It is true he did not know by personal experience the infirmities brought on by old age, but it is quite certain that he knew them by his broad sympathy and by his appreciative affection. Never was there a burden-bearer like Jesus Christ. He knows how to speak peace to the sorrowing. He calls his sheep by name. He speaks to each believer with a select, a special, a discriminating tenderness.

Thou art as much his care as if beside
Nor man, nor angel lived in all the earth;
The sunbeams pour alike their glorious tide
To light a world, or wake an insect's birth;
They shine and shine with unexhausted store;
Thou art thy Saviour's darling—seek no more.

Every minister, and every other worker for Christ, should have this sanctified endowment in some measure at least. It should be coveted as one of the best gifts; it may be possessed partially by all believers, and it may become an element of almost irresistible power.

Another characteristic of Christ as a great preacher was that he had an open ear for instruction—"He wakeneth morning by morning: he wakeneth mine ear to hear as the learned." The thought here is that as a pupil he was wakened early every morning to receive instruction from his teacher. As applied to Christ the teaching is that he was eminently endowed by divine instruction for his redemptive work; that he could teach men as one who was himself taught in

The School of God;

that he could wisely impart because he daily received wisdom from God. He was attentive to the divine commands, and so was able to impart divine truth. As taught of God he would be thoroughly qualified to teach men. As a docile disciple of God he was fitted to be an authoritative teacher of men for God. The open ear is as important for a religious teacher as the ready tongue. The man who is to teach his fellow-men must be a willing pupil awakened by God morning by morning, as an earthly school-master arouses his pupils and gives them necessary instruction. Except we have an open ear to hear God's voice, a ready tongue in teaching men is a source of evil rather than of good. Christ received that he might bestow. In one hemisphere of his life, heart and hand were open to receive from God; in the other hemisphere they were open to impart to men. He who is to preach the preaching which God bids must receive the teaching which God gives. No man can claim the authority rightly belonging to a teacher, except he have first rendered the obedience rightly claimed of a disciple. It is instructive also to observe that this teaching was a daily privilege and duty; this docile pupil was awakened morning by morning to receive instruction. Every day requires new wisdom for new responsibilities; every day needs a new baptism of grace and strength for new duties and burdens. Strength for the day is to be imparted by the day. Happy is that man who begins every day with God; who gives his first thoughts into God's bosom and receives from God's lips his first commands for the day's duties.

We behold, in the second place, from verses five and six, Christ as

A Submissive Sufferer—

"The Lord God hath opened mine ear, and I was not rebellious, neither turned away back. I gave my back to the smiters, and my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair: I hid not my face from shame and spitting." Christ willingly undertook the solemn and blessed task of making God known to men. He was in himself the Incarnate Word; he was God. He came not to do his own will, but the will of God who had sent him; he came to bear all forms of trial, and to suffer all kinds of reproach. One might have supposed that a preacher such as has been described would receive at once the submission and homage and the affection of his hearers. One might have expected that in coming to earth all men would hasten to lay their willing service at the feet of the Lord's Christ. But it was far otherwise. When the Son came, men said, "this is the heir let us kill him." Perhaps it would not be otherwise to-day should the Son of God visit this city and other cities in our land and in the world! Men now would oppose, deride and possibly murder the Lord of glory.

We have in these two verses a statement of Christ's experimental knowledge of God's instruction—"The Lord God hath opened mine ear." Experimental knowledge is the profoundest knowledge possible to men. Indeed it is the only knowlege which is truly worthy the name. All other knowledge is superficial. As the word itself implies, it is knowledge that comes out of us because it has first gone through and through us; it is knowledge that has come to us as the result of actual trial. It is the deepest, broadest, highest, and truest of all forms of knowledge.

Experimental Preaching

is sometimes spoken of with depreciation and occasionally with a sneer; but it is preaching that is high as heaven and deep as hell, it is preaching that sounds the depths of all human existence; it is preaching which, in a sense, is as deep and high as the love of God himself; it is the most unanswerable of all kinds of argumentative instruction. Thrice happy is he who knows God in this experimental way. All the Pharisees in Jerusalem could not make the man who once was blind and was cured by Jesus to doubt the reality of that cure. They might perplex him regarding many difficult questions, but he who knew that once he was blind and that now he saw, could stand on that knowledge as firmly as on the everlasting rock. Would to God that all who hear or read these words might know Jesus Christ by a personal experience! This is not to know about Christ, but it is to know Christ; it is to enter into his life, to catch his spirit, and to be made over again in his image.

We also have here an expression of the Messiah's loyal service—"I was not rebellious neither turned away back." Christ clearly foresaw the difficulties he must encounter; he knew that he was to be despised and rejected of men; he knew that he was to be a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, but he pressed forward bearing every burden and discharging every duty. We are to follow his example in this respect as in all other relations of life. The man who fears difficulties will never accomplish impossibilities. There is apparently a solid wall across every path of duty, but as we walk up to it we see a cleavage, and as we resolutely approach it the wall parts and we pass through. Those who follow God into the Red Sea of difficulties will see that sea rising in crystal walls on each side of their path while

They Walk Onward

on dry land. We have here also an illustration of our Lord's patient obedience. He submitted to be scourged giving his back to the smiters. He submitted to be buffetted, giving his cheeks to them that plucked off the hair; he endured the humiliation of being spat upon, hiding not his face from shame and spitting. he thus received the greatest indignity and the highest insult that could be conceived among an oriental people. To cut off the beard or to pluck it out was an insult which no words could adequately describe. To be spat upon or even to spit in the presence of an oriental, was an insult of the most degrading character. But these acts of indignity were inflicted on the meek and lowly Christ. One's heart grows tender as he thinks of the indignities which the Lord endured on our behalf. What have we done for him who endured so much for us? Was there ever sufferer so innocent, so patient, and so heroic as Jesus Christ? Seeing and knowing all that his incarnation implied, he came willingly into our world, assumed our nature, bore our sins and died the just for the unjust that he might bring us unto God. Oh, that the sight of this submissive sufferer might awaken your love, arouse your con-

science, and finally consecrate your lives to his holy service! Oh, divine Saviour and august sufferer, may thine example rebuke our coldness and lead us to lay ourselves in sweet submission at thy pierced feet!

In verses seven, eight and nine, we behold in the third place, Christ as

A Triumphant Conqueror.

Christ was the Lamb slain from before the foundation of the world; still he was evermore the lion of the tribe of Judah; he was anointed with the oil of gladness above his fellows; still he was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. We love to think of Christ in both of these characters, at both extremes of human experience, as both weak and helpless, as mighty and as glorious. We like a God of power, a God who can bring things to pass, a God who can confound his foes and glorify his friends. We have here the Messiah's confidence in God—"The Lord God will help me." He knew that because of the divine help he would not be confounded and that he would finally triumph over all his foes. God gloriously helps those who trust in him, and who confidently walk in the path of obedience. The Messiah realized that "he is near who justifieth me." He would, therefore, set his face like a flint, and he could resolutely defy the contempt and scorn of all his foes. God was near him in every hour of trial and justified him in every experience of human derision and falsity. God proved him to be righteous,

Vindicated His Character,

and declared his innocence in the face of every earthly foe. At his baptism, God by an audible voice, declared him to be the beloved Son. In all his miracles, God showed that they were wrought by his power. At his trial, Pilate declared him to be innocent; even Pilate's wife, that noble Roman lady who was loyal to him when disciples fled, declared that he was a just man. The Roman centurion, who attended his crucifixion, affirmed that he was a Son of God. His resurrection declared him to be the Son of God with power. God thus approved his course, vindicated his character, and confirmed all his claims. Well may he here defy his foes, challenging any man to contend with him. His confidence in God is unshaken, and his assurance in his own integrity is unquestioned. The language here employed is suggested by trials in courts of justice. It is a solemn call upon any legal adversary to enter the tribunal and prefer his accusation against the Messiah. He is willing to meet such an adversary in the lists. He dares him to a trial of strength and skill; he challenges him to enter a legal action against him. He is assured that he can put all disputants to silence. He is willing to meet foot to foot, shoulder to shoulder with any adversary who dares contend with him. Claims such as these every believer may make. Christ speaks in their name; he speaks as their fearless champion. Who dare be an enemy to those to whom Christ is a friend? Who dare contend with him for whom Christ appears as advocate? Let us once more ring out

The Defiant Challenge

of the Apostle Paul, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" These are stirring words. They ring out like the blast of a trumpet; they stir the blood like strains of martial music. We have been too timid and modest; we have too often asked the pardon of all creation for daring to be followers of the Lord Jesus. We ought to defy the world, the flesh and the devil. We owe the devil nothing but contempt and disobedience. Christ overcame him, and in Christ we also may overcome. All our enemies, as we are here taught, "shall wax old as a garment;" and the Lord Christ shall survive all their opposition. His cause shall live; his truth shall triumph, but his foes shall perish.

Once more we stand in the presence of this divine preacher. Let the voice of the earthly preacher be forgotten; let his presence be unseen; behold him who spake as never man spake; behold him in all the glory of his humanity; in all the immaculate purity of his divinity. Behold him as the babe in Bethlehem; as the boy in Jerusalem, as the beloved Son in the waters of baptism; as the divine physician; as the good shepherd. Behold him bowing in Gethsemane's garden; hanging on Calvary's cross; rising from Joseph's tomb; and ascending to his vacant place on the Father's throne! I ask you, in his sacred presence and by his divine authority, "What will ye do with Jesus who is called the Christ?" Oh, receive him as your Saviour? Sit at his feet as your divine teacher, then you also shall have the tongue of the learned, shall speak seasonable words to the weary, and shall finally triumph over every adversary, coming off more than conquerors through him who has loved you and given himself for you.

Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

"In His Name."

D. W. Morgan. Matthew 12:21. Ira D. Sankey.

1. In His name, O God our Fa-ther, We would ren-der grate-ful praise
2. In His name the poor and need-y We would strive to gath-er in
3. In His name the sick and dy-ing We would comfort thro' the Word;
For the Sav-iour's ten-der mer-cies, Which have ever crown'd our days.
From the highways and the hedg-es, And the dark abodes of sin.
Do-ing all, and trust-ing on-ly, In the name of Christ our Lord.
CHORUS.
"In His name" we plead for oth-ers; And the prom-ise now we claim,
Still to grant us our pe-ti-tion When pre-sent-ed in His name.

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From JUNIOR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SONGS, by per. of the Publishers.

THE PLACE GETHSEMANE.

From the German of Heinrich Richter.

IN Olive's shade I know a spot
Far from the world's loud bustle,
Where Kedron murmurs low its thought,
And trees responsive rustle.
There one looks not from distant height,
On field and wood and sea,
But scans beneath a holier sight:
The place Gethsemane.

In midnight deep, lo! on his knees,
As though some dark transgressor;
Beneath the heavy olive-tree—
Our Priest and Intercessor!
His face uplifted to the skies,
His tears, a streaming flood,
He "Abba! Abba! Father!" cries,
And sweats great drops of blood.

Gethsemane! How just the name!
Lo! here the wine-press treading,
The Woman's Seed, for us who came,
Earth's vale of sorrow threading.
By anguish, here from him was wrung
This balm, our wounds to bless;
The fountain whence our cleansing sprung,
The oil of holiness!

Oh! Lord thou hast, to find me peace,
Within that valley sought it;
From my fell foes to win release,
This battle set, and fought it.
And now henceforth where'er I go,
To what e'er clime I flee,
No place like this can be, I know:
The place Gethsemane!

And should I, oh! in weaker hours
Be into sin's sleep falling,
To save me from infernal powers,
Oh, let me hear thee calling!
Teach me that word: "Thy will be done!"
Thy will, whate'er it be;
For thus by thee was vict'ry won:
The place Gethsemane!

Deserted, if in bitter strait,
By all the world forsaken;
Alone I'll agonize and wait,
My faith in God unshaken.
Whatever anguish I may feel,
Is still well known to thee:
Still there I see thee for me kneel;
The place Gethsemane!

—J. E. RANKIN, LL.D.

Howard University, Washington, D. C.

WANDERING SHEEP.

JESUS, thy wand'ring sheep behold:
Poor souls that cannot find the fold.

Lost are they now, and scattered wide,
With no kind shepherd near to guide.

Thou, only thou, the kind and good,
Can guard the flock and give them food.

Thy glory only let them seek;
Let them believe and therefore speak.

Grass Valley, Cal. —MAY. E. WATERS.

The Closing Dispensation.

The Characteristics of this Dispensation and the Signs Indicating its Nearing End.

BY REV. THOMAS NEWBERRY.*

WHEN Christ made that remark about the destruction of the Temple which so startled his disciples and which was used as evidence against him at his trial, the disciples put three questions to him (Matt. 24: 3), the answers to which have a vital interest for us in these days. The disciples asked:—First, "When shall these things be?" That is, when these great buildings should be thrown down, and not one stone be left upon another. The Lord's answer to this question is not recorded in Matt. 24, nor in Mark 13, but in Luke 21: 7, 20, in answer to a similar question, "What sign will there be when these things shall come to pass?" To which the Lord replies, "When ye shall see Jerusalem compassed with armies, then know that the desolation thereof is nigh." This was accomplished in A.D. 70, when Jerusalem and the Temples were destroyed by the Roman armies.

The second question is, "What shall be the sign of thy coming?" His coming has a two-fold aspect: he will come as Son of God to receive his Church and take his Bride, he also will come as Son of Man to receive and establish the kingdom; of this coming there will be many visible signs. This will be at the end or completion of the age, and answers the third question.

In the first fourteen verses of Matt. 24 the Lord Jesus gives us the character of this present dispensation. Whilst he speaks of his return as the next event to be expected, with nothing between, "I go to prepare a place for you, I come again," still he has given them to understand it is "after a long time" he comes to take account of his servants (chap. 25: 19.) They must be prepared to "wait" as well as to "watch." There are seven particulars to be observed.

First. "Many shall come in my name, saying, 'I am Christ,' and shall deceive many." (ver. 5). The Apostle John tells us that in his time there were many antichrists (I. John 2:18); they have characterized the whole period from beginning to end. Perhaps no age has lacked its antichrists, who have usurped the place and prerogative of the Lord Jesus.

Second. "And ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars; see that ye be not troubled, for all these things must come to pass, but the end is not yet." It is not during the present dispensation that men will beat their spears into pruning hooks; the Church is not going to establish a millennium of univeral peace, but wars and rumors ot wars are to be expected. It has been common to say, when there has been a great war, that the end of the world has come. These things must come to pass, but the end is not yet.

Third. "And there shall be famines." Though God is long suffering and kind, sending his rain on the evil and on the good, giving fruitful seasons, and filling men's hearts with food and gladness; still, there are times when he makes men feel that they are dependent on him for their daily bread.

Fourth. "Pestilences and earthquakes in divers places." Though there are at the present time so many sanitary arrangements, yet, as in former ages, notwithstanding all, at times pestilences and epidemics prevail, and earthquakes are of frequent occurence.

Fifth. Persecutions. The disciples of Christ, for his sake, are hated of all nations. The Gospel has been universally met with persecution, and has carried division into families who have betrayed and hated one another. Not even in our day has persecution wholly ceased. The Christ who would be consistent does not escape opposition or ridicule.

Sixth. False prophets. "And many false prophets shall rise, and shall deceive many." This corresponds with other predictions of the last days of the Church, when perilous times should come (II. Tim. 3: 1), when "there shall be false teachers among you." (II. Peter 2: 1.) Surely this warning is needed now; many false prophets and teachers are arising, and many are being deceived.

Seventh. Lawlessness and lukewarmness. "And because iniquity (lawlessness) shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold. But he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved." The mystery of lawlessness began to work in the apostle's time; how much more is it abounding now—is it not pervading all nations? Hence the importance of the words of the Lord Jesus addressed to the Church in Philadelphia, "Behold, I come quickly: hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."

* From his article in *Word and Work.*

THE CLAIMS OF MISSIONS.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for Week Commencing June 18. Mal.3:1-12

MORE money is being spent in the cause of Foreign Missions than at any previous period of the history of the Church. On this account there is cause for rejoicing. There is less cause, however, when the comparison of periods is left out of consideration. The proper question for every age is whether all is being done that might be done, rather than whether the present is doing more than the past. It is a solemn fact that every society engaged in the work of sending the Gospel to those who are ignorant of it, could do that work on a larger scale and more efficiently if it had more money. In China, in Africa, in India and in all the fields of missionary effort, the force engaged is ridiculously inadequate to the work. In Persia, in Thibet, in Afghanistan and other countries there is not more than one missionary to three hundred thousand persons. Yet more men are willing to go if there were money to send them. When, therefore, the question is asked why these peoples have not heard the Gospel, the answer must be that the Church has kept its money instead of sending out preachers. There is no escape from that fact. In the passage selected for the topic, the prophet reproaches his people for like negligence. Bring the tithes into the storehouse, he urges, and you will have a blessing. A similar appeal needs to be made now. Under the Mosaic dispensation, a tenth of every man's income belonged to God; is it possible that under the Christian dispensation a smaller proportion is given for the Lord's work? Many a man does not give the half of a tenth, even when he includes in his reckoning the cost of a pew in a church, which is really rather money spent on his own comfort or convenience, than it is an offering to God. "Ye have robbed me in tithes and offerings," is the indictment and it has its application now.

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THE INTERNATIONAL Y. M. C. A. CONVENTION.

OVER four hundred delegates were present at the Thirtieth International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of North America in Indianapolis. The officers of the Convention were: President, G. N. Bierce, Dayton, O.; Vice Presidents, L. H. Packard, Montreal; Robert A. Orr, Pittsburgh, Pa.; W. Woods White, Atlanta, Ga.; Joseph E. Clifford, Grand Forks, N. D.; Secretary, James A. Dummett, Portland, Ore. Among the topics considered were: "The opportunities of the Young Men's Christian Associations in the promotion of Bible study," which was opened by Professor W. W. White of Xenia, Ohio; "Educational work, its best form and methods," presented by Mr. E. L. Shuey of Dayton, O.; "The growth and prospects of Association work among colored young men," opened by Mr. W. A. Hunton of Norfolk, Va. In the discussions that followed this topic it was stated that two missionaries now at work in Africa had gone from colored Associations in educational institutions and five more were training for that field; "Work among railroad men," presented by Mr. C. M. Hobbs, of the Denver and Rio Grand R. R., and "Association work in foreign land," presented by Mr. L. D. Wishard who, gave the result of four years' travel and organizing work in the East.

Interesting papers were presented on Association athletics by J. H. McCurdy, M. D., of New York, on work for boys, by Mr. D. W. Corbett of Montreal, and on extension of Association work, by Mr. Seldon Spencer, of St. [illegible]

[illegible] tions, showing an aggregate membership of [illegible] own 284 buildings worth $12,591,000, and other property in excess of all debts (including buildings) to the amount of $14,208,043. An [illegible] the young men's religious meetings during the year, and 350,000 the young men's Bible [illegible]

Ex-President Harrison and ex-Postmaster General Wanamaker visited the Convention and made brief addresses. Mr. Harrison referred to the fact that in the early days of its history he had been president of the Indianapolis Association. Mr. Wannamaker also spoke of his having filled the same office for the Association in Philadelphia.

Resolutions were adopted reaffirming the Portland test of active membership and recommending its adoption by all the Associations, and setting aside the second Sunday in November as a day of thanksgiving and prayer for young men. It was recommended that $75,000 annually be secured to carry on the work of the International Committee for 1893 and 1894. Resolutions were also passed protesting against the Sunday opening of the World's Fair.

Before the opening of the Convention, a four days' Conference of Association secretaries was held in Louisville, Ky., over two hundred being in attendance.

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A THRIVING CANADIAN Y. M. C. A.

A LITTLE meeting in a business office in Hamilton, Ont., one evening twenty-six years ago, planted a seed which has grown to a great tree. There were only seven persons present, all young men, but they were Christians thoroughly in earnest and with a clearly defined object in view. They were concerned for the spiritual welfare of the young men of the city and were anxious to win them for Christ. They committed the matter in prayer to God and then formed themselves into a Young Men's Christian Association. From this nucleus, came the present thriving, prosperous, influential institution, which has been a blessing to vast numbers. Five hundred young men are now on its membership rolls and many have gone forth from its doors to become ministers, evangelists or workers for Christ in other fields. The original plan which has been followed throughout, was to attract young men by offering them facilities for filling up their leisure time with educational, healthful and religious occupations, which would tend to the development of perfect manhood in soul, mind and body. This plan was pursued with energy; Bible classes and athletics, a Chautauqua Reading Circle and Evangelistic services, popular lectures on scientific subjects, concerts and technical classes have been employed for the advancement of the work and in one form or other 250 young people have actively engaged in the service.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION OF HAMILTON, ONT.

The necessity of a suitable building for the home of the Association, was realized early in the movement. The young men, however, had the good sense to wait until the condition of the finances justified its erection. They have now a home, a picture of which appears on this page, which with its furniture and appliances cost $40,000 and the whole of which is paid except a small mortgage of $4,000. An effort was commenced last winter to clear off this sum and raise a further sum of one thousand dollars to develop the gymnasium, baths and recreation ground. So well-known and appreciated is the work that the Association has done in the city, that already four of the five thousand dollars needed, have been pledged. This success encourages the young men to hope that that not only will the whole amount be raised, but that their project of obtaining an educational endowment will be realized. That help would render the institution secure and its beneficent work would be still further extended.

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THE CONFERENCE PROGRAMME.

A PROVISIONAL programme of the approaching International Conference of the Epworth League has been issued. Following are some of its chief features: *On June 29*, Governor McKinley will welcome the delegates on behalf of the State of Ohio, and the Mayor of Cleveland will extend them the city's welcome. Responses will be made by Bishop A. W. Wilson, Dr. A. Carman, and Bishop Fitzgerald. The Conference sermon will be preached by Dr. Candler, of Oxford, Ga. *On Friday, June 30*, papers on the Junior League will be read by Mrs. Howard H. Scribner, Mrs. Myra G. Plantz and Rev. E. M. Mills. At the afternoon session Dr. Robert R. Doherty, of New York, will speak on "Education by Observation;" Prof. Crawford, of Atlanta, on "Reading Courses;" Rev. H. M. DuBose, on "Periodical Literature;" and Dr. John V. Smith, on "Devotional Culture." The subject for the evening session will be "The Epworth League and the College," and there will be three thirty minute speeches by college professors. *On Saturday, July 1*, there will be a sunrise prayer-meeting at six. The morning sessions will be devoted to addresses by Dr. William N. Brodbeck, Dr. Earl Cranston, Mrs. Lucy R. Meyer and Mrs. Jane B. Robertson. In the afternoon the subjects will be, "Temperance," and "City Evangelization." Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, of London, Rev. Louis A. Banks, of Boston, and Mr. W. A. Milbury, of New York, are expected to speak. "Foreign Missions," will be subject for the evening session and among the speakers will be Bishop Thoburn, of India, and Dr. C. C. McCabe. *On Sunday*, Bishop H. W. Warren will preach the Conference sermon. In the afternoon there will be three simultaneous services in the Music Hall, the Epworth Memorial Church and West Side, to each of which eminent speakers are assigned. The evening session will be occupied by addresses from Dr. John. W. Hamilton, of Cincinnatti, and Dr. A. J. Palmer, of New York; the "Watch night" sermon will be delivered by Bishop C. H. Fowler. There will be a love feast at eleven o'clock and a farewell consecration service at 11:45 P. M., led by Bishop Fitzgerald.

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A NORTHFIELD CONFERENCE FOR YOUNG WOMEN

THE following letter from Mr. D. L. Moody which has been sent us for publication will interest many of our readers:

Since 1886 the College young men of the world have met at Northfield for a Summer Conference on Bible study and Christian work. The influence of these conferences has been so widespread, and the benefits to those attending and to other young men, have been so manifest, that an urgent request has come from the young women of some of the leading educational institutions for a similar conference of young women, to be held at the same place this year.

The enlarged advantages of higher education now enjoyed by a greater number of young women than ever before have opened up wide avenues of opportunity and responsibility in the line of Christian service, which call for the highest type of consecrated Christian womanhood. It is therefore eminently fitting that an International Conference of young women should be held, having for its object the study of the most vital questions concerning their spiritual life, the scope of their power of usefulness, and the best methods by which the greatest efficiency therein may be attained.

An earnest and cordial invitation is therefore extended to all College young women and others interested or engaged in any line of Christian work, to meet in conference at Northfield, June 22–29. As this will be a representative gathering, College Presidents, Faculty members and student organizations, are requested to interest themselves in securing a representation of their institutions.

All arrangements for the conference will be made by the International Committee of the Young Women's Christian Associations, and all communications sent to them at Venetian Building, Chicago, will receive prompt attention.

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NOTES OF THE ORDERS.

The Warrenton, Va., Baptist Young People's Union which was started six months ago with fifteen members now numbers thirty-five besides associate members. The Pastor, Rev. F. R. Boston, is president.

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The officers of the King's Daughters have issued a warning to the members of the Order and other young girls against accepting offers of engagements as stenographers, clerks, ticket-takers, or other positions for the World's Fair. Designing persons are plotting to entice girls to Chicago for wicked purposes.

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North Avenue M. E. Church, Allegheny, Pa., was filled the other day with the delegates of the Epworth League of the District. The report showed that there were thirty-two Chapters in the District, eleven of which had been organized within a year. The increase of membership during the year had been over a thousand.

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There are ninety-five Young Men's Christian Associations in France, with 1154 active members and 1127 associates. The growth of the past year is very substantial, and is attributable in a large degree to the energy of the General Secretary, Mr. J. Hughes, who since his appointment in 1889, has given much time and labor to the work. During the present year he is giving all his time.

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The Young Men's Christian Association of Cork, Ireland, has issued its annual report showing that the evangelistic department has been much blessed. The missionary branch goes on well. Two members have gone to Mr. Moody's college as missionary students. The Quaiboe Mission also goes on well. At home open-air preaching, Bible class, and other work goes on steadily.

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The B. Y. P. U. of Omaha, Neb., has a regular plan for securing variety in its meetings. The first Monday of the month is Missionary or Conquest night; the second Monday a study in the Life of Christ; the third a literary and social night; the fourth a consecration meeting; the fifth, when there is a fifth Monday in the month, is devoted to the discussion of some doctrinal subject duly selected at the previous meeting.

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AT the New Jersey B. Y. P. U. Convention, recently held at Camden, the following papers were read: "Methods of Work in Young People's Societies," by Dr. W. W. Boyd, of Newark. "The Uses and Abuses of the Lord's day," by Miss Ida Emmons; "The Importance of Adopting a System of Benevolence," by Edwin Smith; "Shall we Leave Mission Work to our Elders?" by Miss Edith Voorhees; "Young People and State Missions," by Rev. D. DeWolf, State Missionary of Newark; "Opportunities," by Miss Florence G. Sarles, of Stelton. A very large number of delegates were present.

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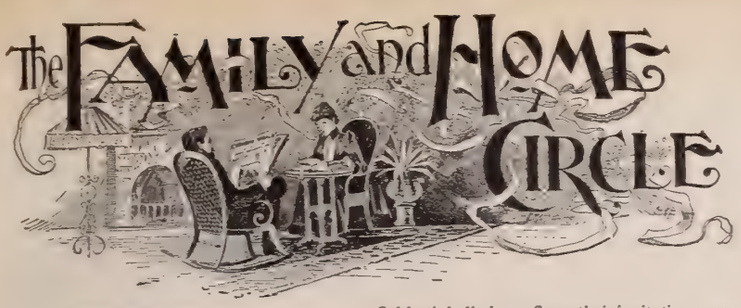
The Loving Service Circle of King's Daughters at Flushing, N. Y., has adopted five rules for the conduct of its members which would do no harm if they were generally adopted. They are are: "Defend the absent; avoid unkind criticism; charity; avoid the use of slang; try to make at least one person happy every day." The Circle looks after the poor of the neighborhood and has two families partially dependent upon it. It has given food regularly every week to one of these families, made articles of clothing for the children, and given them a number of partially worn garments. The Circle has also sent literature to the Flushing Hospital, flowers to the Tenement House Chapter, and to Five Points Mission, New York City. The Circle's last gift was the pulpit furniture, consisting of desk and five chairs, to the new Reformed Church of Flushing.



THE KINGLY GUEST.

HAST thou room for the King in thy house,
If haply he seek thee to-day?
Its chambers are royally fair;
In which wilt thou bid him to stay?
For never, ah! never is mansion so blest,
As one that hath held the dear Lord for its guest.

Hast thou room for the King in thy heart?
It treasureth many a one;
It is crowded and cumbered with care,
It hath sorrow it telleth to none;
Yet, busy, and toilsome, and sad, it shall sing,
If but to its love cometh Jesus the King.

Hast thou ready a room for the King?
It may be he cometh this way,
Defer not thy welcome! Prepare,
If Jesus should seek thee to-day.
Since in house, and in heart, there is never such rest,
As when they have held the dear Lord as their guest.

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Neglected Children.

There are Many in Our Own Land who, having neither Churches nor Sunday Schools, are Growing Up like the Heathen.

DIFFICULT as it as it may be for American boys and girls, who have kind parents and comfortable homes, to imagine other children of their own age, growing up like heathen, under the protection of the same starry flag, it is nevertheless true. There are, at the present moment, many small scattered communities in distant Western and Southwestern States which are absolutely destitute of church privileges, and where the Sunday School, as well as the day school, is as yet unknown. It is in such neighborhoods (which may readily be found in the newer sections of Missouri, Kansas, and adjoining States) that the work of the Sunday School missionary is best appreciated. Nearly two years ago, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, with the co-operation of its readers, placed an energetic consecrated man in this Southwestern field—the Rev. Geo. W. Sharp—and references to his work have appeared at different times in these columns. He has been greatly blessed in being instrumental in establishing many Sunday Schools and not a few churches in the neglected sections, and all who have united to support this special work—which is essentially a home missionary one—have felt a deep general interest in the result. In those years he has traveled, horseback and afoot, many thousands of miles, organized schools and churches, sometimes in barns and sheds, or in kitchens and rustic parlors, and at times even in the open air under the protecting shadow of some giant tree. The seed thus sown has sprung up and born abundant fruit in many flourishing Sunday Schools and chapels where none previously existed.

But the field is a vast one, and although the missionary efforts of the American Sunday School Union have been unsparing for many years, a great work has yet to be performed before it can be truthfully affirmed that throughout the length and breadth of "Christian America" there is no community without its Sunday School. In his occasional letters from the field, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD missionary has given graphic glimpses of the spiritual barrenness he finds in many localities. Our illustration on this page is a case in point. Here is a group of American boys, (photographed by one of the missionary workers) who till now have never seen either church or Sunday School. To them all days of the week are alike, either for work or sport. No sweet Sabbath bells have flung their invitation across the prairie to their homes. It may even be that the Divine name never falls on their ears unless linked with another. They are, in every essential point, white heathen. Hardly a whit less so than the dusky little boys and girls of interior Africa who never heard the name of Jesus until the missionaries came. This photograph is unique in still another respect: it is a Sunday group. The six lads with gun and dogs, are off to spend the sacred day on the prairie hunting! They know no better; have never been taught anything else, and have no compunctions whatever. Is not this a pitiful showing for a country that professes to uphold the religion of Jesus of Nazareth? There are thousands of other boys in the same condition of ignorance and semi-savageism. They are worth saving and the best and readiest way to do it is to plant Sunday Schools among them, where the young hearts not yet hardened in vice, will turn to the Saviour and learn to love him.

A BOYS' SUNDAY HUNTING PARTY IN THE WEST.
Photographed by a Missionary in a section where there are no Sunday Schools.

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Ugliness Not Necessary.

DESPITE all that is said and written nowadays regarding grace and beauty in all things pertaining to daily life, it is astonishing how many people seem still to struggle with the notion that ugliness is or ought to be somehow synonymous with virtue. Only the other day a young woman, the mother of a child who wore painfully ill-chosen and ill-fitting garments, was heard lecturing another young mother on her manifest extravagance in dressing her child. Finally the latter began to defend herself. "You," she said, "are wrong in your manner of reckoning extravagance. My child has many changes and is picturesquely dressed because I give the matter some thought, and have taste to make all her clothes myself. You may regard my doing so as a waste of time, if you will, but it is not extravagance. I am willing to compare expenses in the course of a year, and prove that I expend the least. It costs just as much to to produce ugliness as beauty in dress, and bad taste often displays more vanity than good taste, only it lacks the perception to see its own foibles.

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Perseverance.

"YEARS ago, when a boy," writes a correspondent, "I remember that on a bright spring morning at the summit of a tall tree was perched a robin, which was trying to sing, but owing to some cause its voice was very hoarse, in fact so hoarse that had I not been near enough to get a good view of the bird it would have been difficult, from the sound, to believe that it was produced by a robin. All day long it screeched out its hoarse notes without any apparent change. The next morning it was again on its perch, still persevering with but slight progress over the efforts of the previous day, and only towards evening was there any marked improvement. On the morning of the third day, it was there again as early as usual, still trying to bring out the full and sweet melody peculiar to its species, which it did finally attain towards evening, and keep up most of the time for several days afterwards.

"This bird was doing what many a brave boy and girl have done who at first have difficulty in mastering their lessons, but through persistent efforts have succeeded. Or again, it was the experience of many on entering the Christian life. Its requires perseverance to break loose from our habitual sins, but when once accomplished, by the aid of God, it is not near so difficult to overcome the evil influence. If God will help a little bird, how much more will he assist man, the highest being of his creation."

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Crises in Our Lives.

THERE are in almost every life periods of occurrences that may very truthfully be designated as crises. Indeed, it is difficult to conceive of any human existence so utterly placid and uneventful as to have never been disturbed or changed by some striking incident which has exerted an influence more or less formative on the whole of the career that followed. All who have arrived at middle life, and still more those who have passed it, can recall these crises in their own lives. Most of those in our personal lives are entirely unforeseen, and many of them beyond our control. Some decision made by our parents as to our education or our occupation, some choice made by ourselves when we were young and inexperienced, may have changed the whole tenor of our lives. A marriage or a bereavement, a tide of prosperity or a crash of fortune, a friendship formed or broken, a change of place or scene, a revolution in thought, a sudden accident, a serious illness or some overwhelming influence may have transformed the world for us. Although we cannot foretell what these crises may be, or when they may come, we can do much in the way of preparing ourselves to meet them as they arise. With Divine help as a mainstay, there is no change in human affairs that need excite the fear of the Christian, to whom "all things work together for good."

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A Mother's Resolutions.

A LOVING and pious mother framed for herself the following which may serve as a hint to other mothers:

"That the first duty of the day performed by me shall be prayer to God, especially for strength and wisdom to properly instruct, guide and govern my child;

"That I will never permit my child to wilfully disobey me, or treat me with disrespect;

"That I will earnestly strive never to act from an impulse of passion or resentment, but will endeavor to preserve my judgment cool and my feelings calm, that I may clearly see and truly perform my duty to my child;

That I will devote a certain portion of my time each day to self-instruction, in order to be able to properly instruct my child;

"That I will watch over my own temper at all times, cultivate a habit of cheerfulness, and interest myself in the little matters of my child, that I may thereby gain his love;

"That I will devote my time especially to those pursuits which will increase the comfort and happiness of my home and forward the best interests of my child;

"That I will study the health of my child, reading on the subject and asking the advice of those who are more experienced than myself;

"That I will not yield to discouragements from failure, but will persevere, putting faith in the promise of God to all those who earnestly and faithfully strive to do their duty."

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HOME HEART-ACHES.

WHEN a respectable family, respectably connected, has the misfortune to be overcome, mortified, humiliated, and tortured by the sad mistakes, bad conduct, or wrongdoings of one of its members, and that member alone blamable, the others should have the sympathy of every true man and woman in the community; and to gather and publish to the world all the little incidents and details connected with the affair, both before and after the committal of the wrong, is in most cases to add to the pain and increase the humiliation of the innocent sufferers, which is unmerciful, unkind, unjust, and cruel. Surely it is not in accordance with the golden rule, "As ye would men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." Men and women of delicate and refined sensibilities do not desire to have their deep sorrows and heartrending griefs paraded before an unappreciative world, or published abroad to gratify a low, coarse, and vitiated taste. Deep grief is silent; that which is vociferous is generally shallow and soon exhausts itself, while the other fills the mind and feeds upon itself. "Every heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger meddleth not therewith."

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Keep Busy.

THE one thought that comes to the mind of the old man when he speaks to the young, writes Hon. W. E. Gladstone, is this: Oh, that it were possible to make them know how precious are the hours, how fraught with consequences of incalculable importance, which now fill up each and every day of their comparatively easy lives. I would not ask you to relax your attention to the games that fill up your leisure hours; but, I say, let every one with the same energy with which he plays cricket or football, with the same energy with which he applies himself to leaping or running, or to any exercise whatever of his corporeal powers—and he wants very little exhortation, so far as my experience goes, to be energetic with that portion of his duties—let him carry the very same spirit into the work which is intended to develop his mental faculties. The extension of government employments has given an enormous enlargement to what may be called the official classes—in fact, there is a much larger number of professionals competing now than competed together in the days when I came into this world; but, depend upon it, the profession of the clergyman, if it be more arduous than it has ever been, is on that account also nobler than it has ever been.

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A Lesson for Young Men.

A MAN died lately at the age of 73, who at the age of 18 began keeping a record which he continued for fifty-two years, which is the best commentary we have seen on the life of a mere worldling. His life was not consecrated to a high ideal.

The book he left states that in fifty-two years this "natural man" had smoked 628,715 cigars, of which he had received 43,692 as presents, while for the remaining 585,023 he he had paid about $10,433.

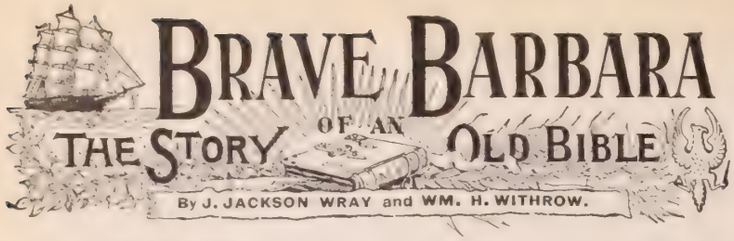
In fifty-two years, according to his bookkeeping, he had drank 28,786 glasses of beer and 36,085 glasses of spirits, for all of which he spent $5,350.

The diary closes with these words:

"I have tried all things, I have seen many, I have accomplished nothing."

A stronger sermon could not be preached than to put this testimony against that of the first missionary.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me in that day."



CHAPTER XIII.

A GIRL-CAPTIVE.

I HAVE already referred to Barbara's family of daughters and I have now to tell of an adventure which befell one of them, the sweet, bright Carrie, her second daughter, whose graces and charms had already begun to fill the mind of young Philip Embury with visions of happiness in relation with her.

One day, a sad day it turned out to be at New Ballygran, Carrie, after her household work and dairy duties were done, had wandered into the forest. The evening was still and fair, and the air was cool and sweet. She wandered further than she knew, and was a little discomposed to find, at length, that her bearings were not clear and that it was growing dusk.

Pausing for a while to think, and to consider in what direction home lay, she was suddenly surprised by a band of Indians, whose presence there, she felt certain, boded no good to her. On the point of fleeing, in any direction, from such unwelcome companions, she was seized and bound and hurried off by the marauders.

The heart of the poor lassie was filled with dread. She had heard that a party of Ojibways had been seen prowling around the settlement in paint and feathers, and evidently bent on hostile deeds. Indeed, more than one of the more distant homesteads on the verge of the settlement had been subjected to thefts of a very serious and unwelcome kind. Ever since the war-time, certain of these red-skinned denizens of the wilderness had given themselves up to a life of outlawry, the natural outcome of the civilized example set them by the two "Christian" antagonists.

Poor Carrie had cause enough to remember them, for a pair of young horses had gone from their own farm some little time before, and had never been recovered; and it was strongly suspected that the Indians had stolen them. As she was being silently and swiftly hurried along through the dusky forest, she wondered with a quick-beating and burdened heart, what design her captors had in view. Her hope was, if hope she had, that their purpose was to hold her in durance until the ransom was paid, which they would doubtless demand, and she found herself wondering how the means could be procured.

Long and far through the night the redskins journeyed, bearing along with them the poor lassie, who was half-dead with weariness and nameless fear. At length they reached an Indian encampment, pitched in a beautiful and open glade, encircled by majestic trees. A quickly flowing stream was making noisy music near by, and Carrie felt her spirits sinking to a lower deep, as she judged from this how far she was, from the silent march of the St Lawrence flowing by her much-loved home.

She was a little relieved to find that she was to be handed over to the care of an Indian woman, who led her to a tent at some little distance from the rest; and still more relieved to find that her swarthy guardian was evidently disposed, judging from deed and smile, to treat her with more consideration than might have been expected from her looks, and certainly far more than her own terrors would have led her to expect. Of course, speech was impossible, for although Carrie, in her wandering life, had picked up a few Indian expressions, they had to do with the dialects of other tribes, and such sounds as those which fell from the tongue of her strange keeper were utterly unintelligible.

One word, which was oft repeated, and which the woman seemed anxious to impress upon her prisoner, Carrie judged to be her jailor's name—"Ooloona;" and the girl was soon assured that the guess was right. The repetition of it invariably won a smile and a nod from its owner, and an attitude as of one who waits for further words. But it was not much to build the basis of a conversation on.

Ooloona provided her guest with food, such as she had, and arranged a bed of ferns for her to sleep on. She, herself, was content to [illegible] a resting-place for what remained of the waning night. Whether it was the sheer weariness that shut up Carrie's eyes in sleep, or whether that was aided by the "good-night" nod and smile with which Ooloona intimated that she should rest in peace, I do not know; but Carrie found herself strangely composed, and murmuring the name "Ooloona," as if to intimate a benediction, she slept. She slept till the sun was shining down over the tree-tops, having climbed so high towards the throne of noon. Or was it that the prayers of Brave Barbara had taken hold of God that night, and so had caused the balsam to be shed on her from the hands of him who "giveth his beloved sleep," aye, and giveth sleep to the beloved of his beloved, in answer to the heart cry that says, "On me and mine!" That, at any rate, was held to be the explanation in after days, and is yet a tradition in the Heck and Embury households, for they still believe, as all "children of the Father" do, that "more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of: for so the whole round world is every way bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

No words of mine can fitly tell the sorrow that filled two homes when the dreadful fact of Carrie's departure came like a thunderclap on the households of New Ballygran. First, the whole immediate neighborhood was scoured in search of the missing girl, who, it was thought, had missed her way, and was "prisoned in the wilderness." Then, messages were sent to more distant homesteads, and a general exploration over a wider area was organized; and so the woesome and vainly wearisome hours of night passed on. The morning came, but with it came no light on the perplexing problem that blanched the faces of the searchers and gave them each a heartbreak. What had become of Carrie?

And what of Barbara, whose mother-heart was rung with anxiety for her absent lassie, and filled with painful apprehensions which she did not dare express? It was eminently characteristic of this woman that, when worn with weary seeking, and while others were snatching refreshment, previous to continuing the search around a wider circle, she should retire to her chamber, "shut to the door and pray to her Father" to send her light and help in the search for her lost darling.

It was still more peculiarly characteristic of Brave Barbara, that in that sacred hour of close wrestling with the angel—she should bring to bear her precious and well-tested talisman, the old German Bible, which had brought her, many and many a time, a message from her Lord and Master. I have no sympathy with that superstitious and unwarrantable handling of the sacred Book which will read in chance texts from a page open at random, a message sent of God; but I do believe, most truly, that to "his own," who live in the "secret of his pavilion," and whose loyal service it is their meat and drink to render him, the Word of the King can be, and is, a guide, an inspiration, a comfort and a help, such as no royal language can address to ear and heart.

And so it came to pass that Brave Barbara talked with God, and as she bowed before the open Book, God talked with her, as he will talk with us if we will keep our ears unstopped by things that hinder, undulled by adverse sounds and voices, and spiritually quick to catch celestial vibrations. And this is what was so distinctly impressed upon her mind that she felt that the Lord had spoken—"Wait on the Lord; be of good courage."

She closed the Book and rose and went forth again to cheer the hearts and strengthen the hands of the searchers for the lost one, and bade them be of good cheer, nor relax their efforts one whit. "Work," said she, "for God is with us." Would that our waiting and hoping and praying had always that word "work" coupled therewith.

And truly God was with them and with the object of their search. On the morning of her captivity, when Carrie awoke to note the sunlight resting on her leafy bed, she woke to note, also, that the eyes of the Indian maiden were bending over her, and that a kindly smile awaited her first look of recognition. Instinctively the musical name of her guardian left her lips. "Ooloona!" she said, lingering on the syllables, as if to convey in them a message of thanks and goodwill. The answer was, a nod, a smile, a courteous motion of the hands; and Carrie wondered how it was that she had obtained favor in the maiden's sight.

She fell to thinking of the pleasant name, Ooloona; to thinking of the pleasant, musical Indian names she had heard aforetime, and how poetical they were. One such name came to her lips; she could, at any rate, show her new-found friend that though she could not speak her language, she knew another Indian word or two, and one, that had greatly impressed her, alike for its own mellow sound and for its bearer's sake; but she was not prepared for what followed. The word was—"Tookalusca!"

Yes, Brave Barbara! At the very time that you were making request and inquiry with the sacred volume "spread before the Lord," God was opening the way for your daughter's release by putting in her mind that talismanic name, and you do well to "wait" with trustful labor and reliant hope.

The face of the Indian maiden glowed with sudden and bright surprise, and the name of "Tookalusca" was repeated by her in a way which revealed more beauty in it than Carrie's unfamiliar fashion of voicing it had done; revealed also, what was subsequently proven, that the young Indian brave who was wounded at Montreal, and who found in Barbara a kindly nurse, and a teacher of the evangel of the gentle Jesus, was the brother of Ooloona. Then a cloud gathered on the speaker's face. She was just about to make some new sign, when there entered the tent an Indian, whom Carrie recognized as one of her captors. Speaking with a rude energy which, so Carrie thought, betokened suspicion, he evidently intimated that the camp was about to be struck, and a second march to be taken without delay.

The next day passed, and still the anxious searchers for the missing Carrie labored in vain. Hope deferred had indeed made their hearts sick, though Barbara, despite the natural grief and distress which filled her heart with sorrow for her darling lassie, held firmly by her prediction that Carrie would be brought back to her. Messengers were about to be sent to the government authorites at Montreal for help in the search, and the two households of the Hecks and Lawrences were gathered in special council. Philip Embury, who bore in his haggard features the token of his bitter grief had declared that he would not rest till he had roused the whole colony to the rescue if such were possible, and then, a strange thing happened.

An Indian was seen approaching the Heck homestead, where the anxious group of Palatines were preparing to resume their mission of rescue. He rode a tired and exhausted steed, which Young Embury soon recognized as one of the pair that had been lost or stolen weeks ago. And, oh, joy, that broke into loud shouts and woke the echoes of the wilderness! Seated in front of the Indian, was the lost Carrie, who, sprang from Tookalusca's arms, and was folded to her mother's breast.

The explanation of this welcome and delightful surprise was soon arrived at. Tookalusca had not entirely broken with his tribe, although he had become a Christian. Barbara's characteristic counsel that he should return to his people when the war was over, and let his light shine among his tribe, compelled him to abide with them; to say nothing of the love he bore his sister Ooloona, and others of his kin. On the other hand, his tribe had good reason for hesitating to utter the anathema that would have cut him adrift. Tookalusca's connection with the Government forces made it worth the while of his tribesmen to retain him.

More than once or twice, through the winter weather, he had gained for their camp supplies of food and other welcome provisions from the Government authorities at Montreal; and the Ojibways knew well the importance of having such a friend at court as would be of service to them in needy days to come. So it was that the Christian Tookalusca still lingered among his old associates, though he had repeated and inviting offers to take up his abode in the citadel he had helped to defend. He would often absent himself for brief spaces of time, to mingle with his white comrades of the war-time, returning with such gifts as won him welcome.

With steadiness of purpose, Tookalusca seized every opportunity of telling his countrymen the story of the Cross, which he had heard from the lips of Barbara, and which had wrought so great a change in his own heart and life. His words were received for the most part with true Indian stolidity, blazing out occasionally into strong antagonism. Three or four of them, however, had been partially won over, and were very willing to listen to the story of "the Great Manitou," who came from the skies on a mission of peace. Among these was Ooloona, who, unlike the general run of Indian women, seemed willing to receive his testimony, remember his words, and ponder them in her heart. No doubt, much of this was due to the love she bore her brother, who had been a notable "brave" among their people, and of whom she was justly proud.

Now it so happened that Tookalusca happened to return to the Ojibway camp, after a prolonged absence, just at the time that the unfortunate maiden, Carrie Heck, had been captured and brought in. Ooloona having been appointed her jailor, would most likely have conversed with her brother on the subject in any case; but Carrie's mention of Tookalusca's name, convinced the Indian maiden that she knew something of her brother's Montreal experiences.

Ooloona had made much of the "great medicine-woman," who had saved her brother's life when in hospital, and had made him to feel the power of the Gospel story, which was now stirring the maiden's own heart. She had a strong conviction that Brave Barbara was somehow linked with her captive, to whom she had taken a kindly liking, so she lost no time in telling Tookalusca all the story.

The young Christian "brave" heard her story, as may well be imagined with the liveliest interest, and at once resolved to effect Carrie's escape. His new principles alone would have impelled him to this course, but when he discovered that the captured maid was stolen from the "wigwam" of Brave Barbara, to whom he owed so much, he was doubly bent on her deliverance. He proceeded with a promptitude inspired of love and gratitude, to carry his purpose into effect.

The one course open to Tookalusca, so far as he could see, and he thought about it long and anxiously, was to steal Carrie out of the hands of her captors. To accomplish this he must use the arts with which he had been familiar in the days of old. Indian silence, secrecy and cunning must be brought to bear, and those in double measure, for those whom he wished to circumvent were Indians like himself, and equally quick in the use of foot, hand, ear and eye. The camp of the Indians was scarcely wrapped in slumber than the conspirators went to work. When the well counterfeited hooting of the brown owl twice broke the stillness of the night, the Indian girl conducted Carrie to a place in the woods hard by. There stood her brother with a horse, one of the pair which had been stolen from New Ballygran and which chanced to be accessible. The two maidens exchanged a tender leave-taking; Carrie, who was a born horsewoman, leaped into her seat behind the Indian; and then, through the long night hours, the rescuing race was run; and on the morrow, as we have seen, Brave Barbara folded her lost lassie to her heart again.

It is needless to say that, for a while, all was gladness and festivity at New Ballygran. It was a holiday thanksgiving, in which it were hard to say whether Barbara and Paul, or Carrie and Philip, or any other of the glad group of happy Palatines, were happier than the glad-hearted Indian who had brought them such a welcome gift from God. Tookalusca had had very little to say; but the gleam in his eye, and the glow on his face, and the way he bent over the outstretched hand of the "great medicine woman," and the few broken words that left his lips, all told the same story, the story of supreme content.

For a short season, life in the new settlement ran smoothly, and nothing transpired to ruffle the even tenor of its way. Tookalusca came and went at ever increasing intervals, so far as the going was concerned. At length he settled down in the midst of his grateful friends, and contented himself with brief but numerous missionary visits to the Indian camp, which could scarcely be "home" to him again. He found in Brave Barbara and her good man Paul, and in Philip Embury especially, willing instructors who were glad to teach him "the way of the Lord more perfectly." With unusual readiness, he became quite an expert in farm labor, finding in John Lawrence and Lucky Mike, comrades entirely to his mind. His sister Ooloona, also under pressure of many hearty messages from the grateful and gentle-spirited Carrie, was induced to join her brother, and found an abiding home among new and faithful friends.

When the Indian maiden was ultimately baptized, for she was not long in seeking and in finding the "good part," there was quite an opposition to all propositions for changing her melodious name for any other. It was finally settled that "Ooloona" should be retained, and as Carrie and she had entered into abiding bonds, that looked as if they would be lifelasting, she became Ooloona Embury.

(To be Continued.)

The Emergency Fund Closed.

It has been, under Providence, the Means of Saving the Tabernacle.

THE Brooklyn Tabernacle Emergency Fund is now closed, and no more contributions will be received, the object for which the Fund was started by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD having been accomplished and the entire floating debt of the Tabernacle liquidated. The contributions received during the week were as follows:

Winn, L. R., Oswego, Ill	1.00
Whitford, Mrs. E. W., Bridport, Vt	1.00
Watson, Mrs. C. D., Stanley & Ralph, Wauntosa, Wis	1.00
Williams, Mrs. Newark, N. J	1.00
Wood, Mrs. I. H., Bucks Bridge, N. Y	1.00
W. C., Doyles, Mills, Pa	1.00
Walker, Wm. C., Davenport, Iowa	.75
Walker, John, Davenport, Iowa	.50
Walker, Sherman, Davenport, Iowa	.25
Walker, Sallie, Davenport, Iowa	.50
Walker, Anna M., Davenport, Iowa	1.00
Ward, R. M., Balto., Md	.50
Wadely, Mrs. Wm., Mercer Sta., Ky	1.00
Wells, G. N, & daughter, Greenwich, N. Y.	2.00
Wasson, Brosig Talmage, Apolonia, Tex	.50
Wasson, Mrs. Emma, Apolonia, Tex	1.00
Werry, John T, Johnstown, Pa	2.00
Wilson, Hugh, Tranger, Pa	1.00
Woodbury, J. Porta, Lynn, Mass	5.00
Young, Mrs. Mattie, Taconna, Wash	1.00
Young, Mrs. Elizabeth, Phila., Pa	1.00
Young Girl, E. Patchogue, L. I., N. Y	.10
——, S. D	1.00
——, Cohoes, N. Y	2.00

LIST NO. 1.

Ansley, A. S., La Grange, Ind	1.00
Atkinson, J. H. & wife, New Cumberland, W. Va	5.00
A. E. W., Chicago, Ill	2.00
Andrews, A. L., Upper Sandusky, O	1.00
Allen, Mrs. Eliza J., Wesco, Pa	2.00
Anthony, Mrs. Orrin, Mayfield, N. Y	1.00
Battersby, Mrs. R. H , Enumelaw, Wash	1.00
Baptist Friend, Baltimore, Md	1.00
Balcom, J., Edenton, N. Y	1.00
Bickel, Mrs. Ruth E., Florid, Ill	1.00
Bickel, A. S., Florid, Ill	1.00
Buchanan, Mrs. M. E., White Bluff, Tenn	.50
Brown, Mrs. Sarah, Gambier, O	1.00
Bradley, Bill, Hillstown, Conn	1.00
Burdett, Mrs. Molly, Charleston, W. Va	.25
Baldwin, Ella, Rock Lick, W. Va	1.00
Browne, Miss Mary L., Phila., Pa	1.00
Burnside, Mrs. Robert, Youngstown, O	1.00
Bell, Mrs. E. A., Zanesville, O	1.00
Cox, Joseph & wife, Peoria, Ill	10.00
Charles, C. W., Columbus, O	1.00
Constant Reader, Sioux City, Iowa	1.00
Cook, Mrs. Jas., Nahma, Mich	1.00
Cleft, Junius R., New Albany, Kan	1.00
Chenoweth, Emery C., Balto., Md	1.00
Colburn, Mrs. Ann, Pratts Fork, O	1.00
Campbell, Catherine, Allegheny, Pa	2.00
Cooke, Edwin, Paxinos, Pa	1.00
Crosby, Mrs. S. M., Worcester, Mass	1.00
Cregar, Mrs. M., Longwood, Ill	2.00
Calhoun, Mrs. M., Zanesville, O	1.00
C. N. C., Blue Earth City, Minn	2.00
Dillon, Mrs. J. C., Clinton, Miss	1.00
D. C., Racine, Wis	1.00
Durham, Mary C., Danville, Ill	1.00
Durkee, A. F., Sheldon, Vt	1.00
Friend, Mason City, Ill	3.00
Friend, Yankton, S. D	5.00
Friend, Harlem	2.00
Friend, Forest Home	1.00
Friend, Wayne, Mich	1.00
Friend, Walloomsac, N. Y	3.00
Friend and Subscriber, Wayne, Mich	5.00
Freeman, Malcohm & Harry, Millington, Mass	1.00
Ferguson, Wm., Leando, Iowa	2.00
Ford, Florence H., Bunker Hill, Me	1.00
Foskett, Mrs. R., Brimfield, Mass	2.00
Graff, Frederick, Orleans, Mich	1.00
Gambrill, M. & Lydia Todd, Willington, Del.	2.00
Glazier, Mrs. F. P., Chelsea, Mich	5.00
Gibbud, M.. & Mrs. E. B., Syracuse, N. Y	2.00
Gould, Mrs. J. E., Somerville, Mass	1.00
Helping Hand Circle, East River, Conn	3.00
Hall, Miss Emma, Lincoln, Ill	1.00
Hersh, Jas. N., Allentown, Pa	5.00
Hoyt, Mrs. Jas. A., Whitehall, N. Y	1.00
Halverson. H. A., Chicago, Ill	1.00
Huntoon, Mrs. C. A., Weyanwega, Wis	1.00
Hildreth, Harriett B., Locke, O	1.00
Holems, Mr. Thos., Wayne, Mich	.25
Henry, J. H., Lincoln, N. H	10.00
Horton, D	1.00
Jeffrey, Orlo, Croton, N. J	1.00
Jones, Theodora & Helen, Breckenbridge, Col.	2.00
Jennings, T. W., Naples, N. Y	1.00
Jucket, Emma M., Providence, R. I	10.00
Johnson, Mary E., Upland, Pa	1.00
King's Daughters, Pleasant Grove, Pa	2.00
Kinyon, Mrs. A. H., Bruce. S. D	5.00
Lewis, Evan D., Doslyn, Wash	1.00
Lover of the Lord, Bath, Me	5.00
Larron, Chas. A., Aberdeen, S. D	1.00
Ludlam, Ida, Hanford, Va	1.00
Loveless, Mr. G. W., Mrs. M. A. & A. A. Nevada, Mo	2.00
Lonergan, Mrs. L. J., Dwight, Ill	1.00
McClary, Mrs. Sophia, Ohio, Ill	1.00
M. A. A. Mrs., Chicago, Ill	1.50
McLennan, Mrs. Donald, Summerstown, Ont.	1.00
McHenry, G. W., Marion Centre. Pa	1.00
McCandless, C. A., Willmathsville, Mo	5.00
Miller, J. R., Trinidad, Colo	1.00
Nostram, Mrs., Chicago, Ill	2.00
O'Hare, Mrs. Emilie, Lincoln, Ill	5.00
Odell, Mr. & Mrs. J., Carlton Centre, Mich	2.00
Old Subscriber, Salem, Mass	1.00
Oxley, Sarah S., Summerstown, Ont	1.00
Perrin, Miss Amelia S., Carrollton, Ill	1.00
Patterson. Sam'l, Chicago Heights, Ill	1.00
Parker, J. E., San Diego, Cal	1.00
Philips, Mrs. E. R., Millis, Mass	1.00
Ringer Jonas, Macomb, Ill	2.00
Ritchie, Mrs. Jennie E., Van Wert, O	1.00
Reader, C.——Co., O	1.00
Reader, St. Louis, Mo	1.00
Raven, Dorchester, Mass	2.00
Radcliffe, Sam'l, Clyde, N. Y	1.00
Stevens, H. C., Carroll, Iowa	2.00
S. A., Mrs., Tacoma, Ind	1.00
Shrewsbury, Mrs. M. I., Charleston, W. Va.	1.00
Scholle, Mrs. Wm. F., Dillsboro, Ind	.25
Skinner, Miss Fanny H., Staunton, Va	1.00
Sinsapaugh, Estelle, Saugerties, N. Y	1.00
Smith, W. R., Live Oak, Fla	5.00
Sinnema, Levi, Carnes, Iowa	1.00
Shelby, Mrs. Mary, New Bedford, Pa	1.00
Sanderson, N. Harvey, Canton, N. Y	1.00
Sanderson, Mrs. Mary C., Canton, N. Y	1.00
Subscriber, Aurora, N. Y	5.00
Subscriber, Buffalo, N. Y	1.00
Subscriber, Newark, Mo	1.00
Subscriber and friend, Englewood, Ill	1.00
Subscriber, Calloway, O	1.00
Subscriber, Providence, R. I	5.00
Subscriber, Godfrey, Ill	1.00
Subscriber, Yankton, S. D	5.00
Subscriber, Clifford, Pa	1.00
Subscriber, Hudson, Mass	1.00
Stevens, Mrs. Alfred & friend, Prescott, Ark.	1.50
Stickney, Julia A., No. Chesterville, Me	1.00
Shaw, M. V., Quebec, Can	2.00
Stuvup & Bro., B. P., Nassau, N. P	2.00
Sibley, Mrs. S. L., Pana, Ill	2.00
Tombaugh, H. R. & Leon M., Munster, Ill	2.00
Tucker, Mary C., Chicago, Ill	1.00
Tyler, Mrs. M. R., Greenfield, Mass	5.00
Thomazin, Mrs. Thos., Lindsay, Neb	1.00
Vineyard, L. E., Lincoln, Ill	1.00
Van Nest, Jacob, Readington, N. J	1.00
Vickers, Miss May, Charleston, W. Va	.50
Vickers, I., Charleston, W. Va	1.00
Vonneeda, Miss Jane, Williamsport, Va	2.00
Whetstone, D., Kilmer, O	1.00
West C. S., Lima, Ind	2.00
Webster, J. B. & wife, Willimantic, Conn	2.00
Word, Lydia F., Herkimer, N. Y	1.00
Windel, Mrs. S., London, Ont	2.00
Wolfe, J. E., Franklin, Neb	2.00
W. H. A., Chicago, Ill	1.50
Willson, A. P., Coal Run, O	1.00
Wagner, Effie, Locke, O	1.00
Young, Boyd, Phila., Pa	2.00
——, Success, Kan	.26
——, Taylor's Falls, Minn	1.00

LIST NO. 2.

Allen, L. C., Newton, Mass	2.00
Anderson, Mrs. H. J., Madison, Fla	1.00
Akins, J. P., Bostwick, Fla	.50
Alison, Flo., Macomb, Ill	1.00
Alexander, E. T., Foxboro, Mass	2.00
A. E. W., Middletown, Conn	1.00
Andrews, Mrs. A. L., No. Wilbraham, Mass.	1.00
Allen, Mr. & Mrs. Wm. E., Colebrook, O	2.00
Boomer, M., Janesville, Iowa	1.00
Bogart, Mrs. E. M., St. Andrews, Wash	1.00
B. L. B., Walla Walla, Wash	1.00
Bedell, Mrs. Almira, Clayton, Mich	2.00
Butcher, J. T., Chicago, Ill	5.00
Bliven, Mrs. Mary & daughter, Scio, N. Y	2.00
Barrett, Emma, Rochester Mills, Pa	2.00
Bowers, Miss Laura, Atlanta, Ga	1.00
Brain, Geo., Unionville, Iowa	1.00
Burne, Mrs. Wm., Chalmere, Ind	1.50
Brandon, Geo., Wesleyville, Pa	1.00
Beetham, Mrs. M. J., Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y.	5.00
Brown, Abram, Millersville, Pa	1.00
Carner, Miss Ella, Floyd, Pa	1.00
Combs, Mr. & Mrs. A. L., Amesbury, Mass	1.00
Cheshire, Mr. & Mrs. W. J., Alliance, Neb	1.00
Carter, Mr. & Mrs. L. H., Americus. Ga	2.00
Crenshaw, Josephine L., Bayon La Batre, Ala	.50
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"THE GREAT PHYSICIAN."

A POOR fisherman belonging to the town of Nairn, on the Moray Firth, had for some years been afflicted with a troublesome cough, and, having consulted many doctors, was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse. He had heard, however, that there were very skilful medical men in Edinburgh, and he determined, poor though he was, to go there as a last resource. Accordingly, hearing of a vessel in the harbor about to sail for Leith, he applied to the captain to be taken on board, offering to work his passage. During the passage, he told some of the sailors his object in going to Edinburgh; and they advised him to go to Sir James Simpson. It was often a very difficult matter to get an interview with Sir James. But, to his surprise, he was at once admitted to the consulting-room, stated his case, and after a short examination, Sir James said, "You've applied to many doctors already, you said?" "Yes, sir, a good many." "Have you gone to the Great Physician?" The man was silent. "Well, my good man," resumed Sir James, "I advise you to go to him; I am sorry I can do you little good. You had better go home, and just take as good care of yourself as you can." The man was very much affected, for he now understood that his case appeared hopeless. Putting his hand in his pocket and taking out a few coins, he said, "What have I to pay you, doctor?" "My friend," said Sir James, putting his hand kindly on his shoulder, "I don't want any money from you. I ask only an interest in your prayers. Don't forget to go to the Great Physician." After thanking the doctor for his kind reception, and good counsel, he returned to Nairn; and the event soon proved that the illness, as Sir James had seen, was hopeless. There is reason to hope that what the good doctor said to him proved "a word in season."

WENT TO MOCK, STAYED TO PRAY.

AN English evangelist went to hold services in Paris. He used to preach in English, and what he said was interpreted into French. There were two sisters in Paris; they lived the usual life of Parisian folly, spending every night at the theatre, concert, or ball-room. One morning one of them was lying utterly tired out on the sofa, when her sister came in and said, "Oh, there's something new; it's the greatest fun you ever heard!" "What is it? Anything for a little excitement," said the poor, tired worldling. "There's a man come over to Paris; he is preaching in English. It's the greatest fun out; everyone is going to hear him." "All right, we will go," said the other. So the carriage and pair were ordered, and she drove to the church. On arriving, she found the church crowded, and she was taken right to the front and put into a seat just facing the preacher as he stood up to preach. He fixed his eyes upon her, and as he looked down at her he said, "Poor sinner, God loves thee," and again, "Poor sinner, God loves thee." The lady understood English, and these words went home to her heart, for the power of God was present in that church. She bent her head and began to cry, and she said to herself, "What a fool I have been to come here!" and there and then the conviction of her selfishness and wickedness, and the emptiness and folly of the life she was leading, came to her heart. And so she cried, and these words led her that night to Christ.

DISGUSTING HINDU RITES.

A YOUNG missionary, in describing the city of Benares, "the Sacred City" of the Hindus, says: "I saw the poor bodies being burnt at the 'burning ghat,' and the ashes being scattered over the river. A few yards further down I saw people drinking this abominable black liquid; it was too disgusting. Then we landed and drove to several of the temples, where equally sad sights met our gaze. The people are grovelling in superstition. Hinduism, pure and simple, is an utterly rotten religion, so far as the masses are cancerned. The temples, one and all, are squalid, dirty holes. The Cow Temple is like a badly kept cow-house, and smells horribly. It was painful in the extreme to see men kissing the tails of cows and bowing before them, drinking the water in which fat old Brahmins have washed their feet, and presenting offerings of rice, yellow flowers, and coins at the different shrines. At one temple I noticed an attendant scraping together the flowers and rice into a heap, and carefully picking out and putting into a bowl the 'pice' and 'annas,' while an old priest kept an eye on him.

"As each worshipper left the temple, a dirty [illegible] mixture on his forehead—the mark of the [illegible] coin had to be forthcoming. These Brahmins are the most debased-looking men, much lower than the gentle-looking cows. At one temple, which was crammed — indeed, all were full of people—a huge bell was being rung. This temple is sacred to Juggernath, 'Lord of the World.' I was glad to get away from the disgusting sights."

A SCEPTIC TRANSLATOR CONVERTED.

WHEN the late Rev. Claudius Buchanan was traveling in India, he obtained from the Jews in the interior of that country, a very singular copy of the translation of the New Testament into Hebrew, made in the sixteenth century. The translator was a learned Rabbi, and his design was to make an accurate version of the New Testament, for the express purpose of confuting it, and of repelling the arguments of his neighbors, the Syrian Christians. But, behold the providence of God! The translator became a convert to Christianity; his own work subdued his unbelief; and he lived and died in the faith of Christ. This manuscript is now in the public library at Cambridge.

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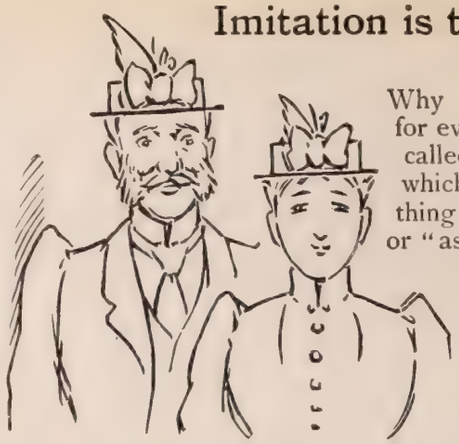

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Conscious Immortality.*

WHEN man has gained some conception of the Divine Lord, his view of life is greatly enlarged. Already he may have perceived that he was a recipient, though not a passive life; but now he comes to know the motive of his Creator and Preserver. He finds him a being of surpassing love joined with wisdom, he comprehends that the power of God is the exercise of love, and he learns that the whole universe is an expression of love and wisdom, except so far as man may have marred it. But he also sees that he is himself the head of the creation; that it has been made to serve him; and that he is superior to it in his capacity to understand it and to make use of it. He distinguishes himself from all else, and gives names to all. He finds that a relation may exist and, for the promotion of his usefulness, ought to exist between him and his Lord; not the relation of the servant who knoweth not what the master doeth, but that of friend, as in the case of a father and son who are at one in spirit. He comes at length to perceive that this God of love could not have dwelt alone, contemplating his own perfections, but must in his very nature have sought for those whom he might bless, thus loving not himself so much as others out of himself. He finds, as all students of mind have found, that he cannot think of God except in his universe; that he cannot form an idea of him except in the field of his work, surrounded by his children, or preparing a place for them that they might dwell with him.

It is also perceived that man is a spirit. This is made plain from his capacity to grow in intellectual power while his body is from any cause declining, from his constant transcendence of space and time as he reads of the past or accompanies in imagination his friend upon a journey, and from his ability to come into relation with a Divine Spirit.

He comes to perceive that his highest aim is to co-operate in carrying out the sublime purposes of his God, and that his highest attainment will be to do so with increasing love and wisdom and power for ever. The perception of these aims, as representing the purpose of the infinite One in creating and preserving man, is the perception of the certainty of immortality.

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us.
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter
And intimates eternity to man.

That this understanding was that of the best life of ancient time there can be no doubt, in view of the indisputable evidence of this fact in the sacred books of Egypt and Asia, and in the traditions of all nations. "There is, I know not how," said Cicero, "in the minds of men a presage, as it were, of a future existence;" and, in the first book of his "Tusculan Disputations," he treats of the "Contempt of Death" by showing that all men look beyond death. "It was the deep-seated belief of those of the Latin race whom Ennius describes as of the greatest antiquity, that there, is consciousness in death; that it is not a catastrophe that takes away and blots out everything, but is, so to speak, a migration and a change of life."

And Cicero made the right distinction between the mortal and immortal parts when he said, "It was not Hector that you dragged, Achilles, but the body that had been Hector's."

In his "Phædo," Plato treats of the soul's immortality, giving his authorities from Homer down. The Latin poet Ennius, a century before the Christ, wrote his own epitaph,—

Let no one grace my funeral with tears;
A living soul, I fly where floats my song.

It is, however, in the Christ that the perception of personal immortality is more distinct. In perfect calmness, as he was about to lay down his life, he spoke of the house of the Father and the place to be prepared for the disciples, using as always the language which they would best understand, and promising them that in due time they should be with him. In all that occurred with him the perception of immortality was conspicuous.

* From *The Human and its Relation to the Divine;* by Rev. Theodore F. Wright. Ph. D. pp. 271, cloth; price, $1.00. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

People's Dictionary of the Bible; describing persons, places, countries, customs, birds, animals, trees, plants, books, events and many other things in Holy Scripture. Edited by Edwin W. Rice, D.D. Pp. 230; cloth, price 25 cents. American Sunday School Union, Philadelphia, Publishers. This work has been prepared for the many who want a comprehensive, concise, handy Bible Dictionary, giving the approved results of the latest exploration and Biblical learning.

The Century Magazine, Vol. 46, containing the monthly issues from Nov. 1892, to April, 1893, tastefully bound in cloth with title page and index; p.p. 960. Published by The Century Company, New York.

A Poppy Garden: by Emily Malbone Morgan; with illustrations by Ella Francis Hayden, pp. 80; cloth; price 60 cents; Anson D. Randolph & Co., New York, Publishers. Also by the same author, *Madonna of the Smoke,* or *Our Mary's Meadow;* pp. 38; paper, price 25 cents. Randolph & Co., New York, Publishers.

Jack's Hymn; by Elizabeth Olmis; a story originally published in serial form. Illustrated; pp. 53; cloth, price 60 cents. Anson D. Randolph & Co., New York, Publishers.

Sanctified Spice, or *Pungent Seasonings from the Pulpit;* by Rev. Madison C. Peters. These are selected from sermons, preludes and Friday night talks by this wellknown popular metropolitan preacher, whose brightness, sarcasm and wit are notable features of all his sermons and writings. The tone of the volume is healthy and inspiring, for Mr. Peters has little sympathy with the religion that drones, cants, moans and whines; pp. 216, cloth; price $1.50. Wilbur B. Ketcham, New York, Publisher.

The Newer Religious Thinking; by Rev. David Nelson Beach; a series of sermons preached at Cambridge, Mass., with an appendix; pp. 227; price $1.25. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.

Twenty Minutes Late; by Pansy (Mrs. G. R. Alden); pp. 374; price $1.50. Published by D. Lothrop Company, Boston, Mass.

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Is there anything so helpless as a woman, whose husband has just died, when, with her children at her back, she goes out to fight for bread? Shall she become a menial servant in some one else's household? No—not the one who has been lying on your arm all these years, and filling the household with joy and light.

How a man, with no surplus of estate, but still enough money to pay the premium on a life insurance policy, can refuse to do it, and then look his children in the face, and say his prayers at night on going to bed, expecting them to be answered, is a mystery I have never yet been able to fathom."

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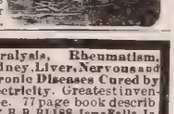

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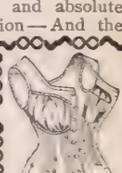

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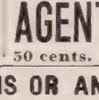

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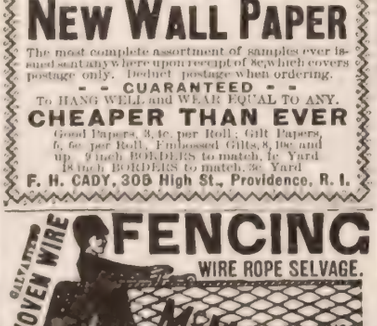

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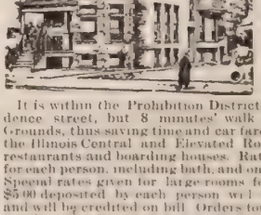

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 16. NUMBER 24.

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REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, JUNE 14, 1893.

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IN JERUSALEM STREETS.

Some of the Strange Sights the Traveler Sees in that Cosmopolitan City — A Kaleidoscope of Many Nationalities and Costumes.

MANY an ancient spot, rendered dear by tradition and sacred association, is disguised under a modern aspect. But though time brushes away the old landmarks and the once familiar scenes disappear, the halo cast by memory remains, and the locality lives in our hearts and thoughts as it was before the change. Every traveller who has visited modern Jerusalem will readily recognize in the photograph below one of the well-known thoroughfares of the Holy City—"the street of the Tower of David." It passes in front of the Mediterranean Hotel and leads from the Jaffa Gate to Mount Moriah. At almost all hours of the day, it presents a lively and intensely interesting panorama to the student of human nature, being unquestionably one of the most truly cosmopolitan thoroughfares in the world. On either side are shops occupied by small tradesmen. In the early morning hours, the street is a fruit market and is crowded. Later it is the scene of a motley and picturesque procession of nationalities in the greatest variety of color and costume. Military-looking Turks wearing the fez, strut past, side by side with grave Arabs in turbans and abbas; Jews wearing wide-brimmed hats, Armenians, white-turbaned peasants; Moors in bright burnous, or baggy, yellow breeches; Continental Europeans, Russian pilgrims and possibly an American or two. Many of the passers-by have the comfortable aspect of prosperous men of business. After a three minutes' walk from the Jaffa Gate the pedestrian reaches a spacious yard where country-women sell various kinds of produce, mostly fruits. At this point the Street of the Tower of David begins, and it ends at the barracks called Kashla, a distance of about an eighth of a mile. Here another path leads to the Armenian Convent and David's Gate on the slope of Mount Zion. On the right side of the street of David is a large ditch or hollow extending to the Jaffa Gate and the Tower, and which is used as a depository for refuse from the barracks of the Turkish troops, where sometimes between 4,000 and 5,000 troops are quartered. On the left in the photograph is the house of the American Consul, the residence of the Episcopal bishop, an English church, and in the background, the buildings of the Protestant Missions for Jews. North of the street of David is the way leading from the Jaffa Gate to the city. The Tower of David looms darkly on the right in the middle distance. It is now utilized as the quarters of a military guard.

THE STREET OF THE "TOWER OF DAVID" IN JERUSALEM.

From a photograph obtained in Palestine by Rev. Dr. Talmage.

There is a question as to the authenticity of the Tower of David, and the general belief is that the foundation alone is genuine, the superstructure being comparatively modern. The street of David is in the very heart of an eminently historic part of Jerusalem. "Christ Street" enters on the left and a few minutes' walk down that street brings the pedestrian to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and the reputed tomb of the Saviour. This sacred edifice and its peculiar surroundings have already been described at length in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

There are several other churches in the vicinity of David's street, one (now occupied by Syrians) being pointed out as the site of the house at whose door Peter knocked after being miraculously released from prison, when he was greeted by the little maiden, Rhoda. Also near at hand are another church with sounding-boards instead of bells, a Lutheran church, which the German residents have constructed on the site of the ruined temple of the Knights of St. John, which the Sultan presented to Prussia in 1869—the descendant of Mohammed welcoming the descendants of the Crusaders!

Jerusalem is by no means a large city. Its population probably does not exceed 30,000 of which 14,000 are Moslems, 7,000 or 8,000 Christians and the remainder Jews. In Solomon's time, the city is said to have had a population of 500,000. The streets are for the most part narrow and anything but clean. At every turn one comes in sight of some great ruin, and where excavations have been made, the street level of the ancient city has been found thirty feet below the present surface. This will not appear so surprising when it is remembered that Jerusalem has suffered more from wars than any other city in the world, having been taken, either by siege or assault, seventeen times, and that on more than one occasion, its people have been slain, their houses demolished and the ground about them sowed with salt.

Some observant travellers have remarked it as a singular fact that the the Arabs think more of David than of Solomon. Among the many groups of tombs, few are so imposing as those that are said to be the final resting-places of David and his royal son, and none are so sedulously guarded. David's tomb, which is on an eminence that overlooks the lower or southern part of the city, is as well authenticated as most of the main objects in Jerusalem, and it was probably this site to which Peter referred when speaking of David he said: "his sepulchre is with us unto this day." This deep, local reverence for the memory of the great and good king will last while a single descendant of Abraham remains within the borders of Palestine.

THE THRESHING MACHINE.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., Founded on the Text: Isa. 28: 27, 28: *"For the fitches are not threshed with a threshing instrument neither is a cart wheel turned around upon the cummin; but the fitches are beaten out with a staff and the cummin with a rod. Bread corn is bruised; because he will not ever be threshing it."*

THERE are three kinds of seed mentioned: fitches, cummin, and corn. Of the last we all know. But it may be well to state that the fitches and the cummin were small seeds,like the carraway or the chick-pea. When these grains or herbs were to be threshed they were thrown on the floor, and the workmen would come around with staff, or rod, or flail, and beat them until the seed would be separated; but when the corn was to be threshed that was thrown on the floor, and the men would fasten horses or oxen to a cart with iron-dented wheels; that cart would be drawn around the threshing-floor,and so the work would be accomplished. Different kinds of threshing for different products. "The fitches are not threshed with a threshing instrument, neither is a cart-wheel turned about upon the cummin;but the fitches are beaten out with a staff, and the cummin with a rod. Bread corn is bruised, because he will not ever be threshing it."

The great thought that the text presses upon our souls is that we all go through some kind of threshing process. The fact that you may be devoting your life to honorable and noble purposes will not win you any escape. Wilberforce, the Christian emancipator, was in his day derisively called "Doctor Cantwell," Thomas Babington Macaulay, the advocate of all that was good long before he became the most conspicuous historian of his day, was caricatured in one of the quarterly reviews as "Babbletongue Macaulay." Norman McLeod,the great friend of the Scotch poor, was industriously maligned in all quarters, although on the day when he was carried out to his burial a workman stood and looked at the funeral procession, and said, "If he had done nothing for anybody more than he has done for me, he should shine as the stars forever and ever." All the small wits of London had their fling at John Wesley, the father of Methodism.

If such men could not escape the maligning of the world, neither can you expect to get rid of the sharp, keen stroke of the tribulum. All who will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution. Besides that,there are the sicknesses,and the bankruptcies, and the irritations, and the disappointments which are ever putting a cup of aloes to your lip. Those wrinkles on your face are hieroglyphics, which, if deciphered, would make out a thrilling story of trouble. The footstep of the rabbit is seen the next morning on the snow, and on the white hairs of the aged are the footprints showing where swift trouble alighted.

Even amid the joys and hilarities of life, trouble will sometimes break in. As when the people were assembled in the Charlestown theatre, during the Revolutionary war, and while they were witnessing a farce, and the audience was in great gratulation, the guns of an advancing army were heard, and the audience broke up in wild panic and ran for their lives, so oftimes while you are seated amid the joys and festivities of this world you hear the cannonade of some great disaster. All the fitches, and the cummin, and the corn must come down on the threshing floor and be pounded.

My subject, in the first place, teaches us that it is no compliment to us if we escape great trial. The fitches and the cummin on the threshing floor might look over to the corn on another threshing floor and say: "Look at that poor, miserable, bruised corn. We have only been a little pounded, but that has been almost destroyed." Well, the corn, if it had lips, would answer and say: "Do you know the reason you have not been as much pounded as I have? It is because you are not of so much worth as I am; if you were you would be as severely run over." Yet there are men who suppose they are the Lord's favorites simply because their barns are full, and their bank account is flush, and there are are no funerals in the house. It may be because they are fitches and cummin; while down at the end of the lane the poor widow may be the Lord's corn. You are but little pounded because you are but little worth, and she bruised and ground because she is the best part of the harvest.

The heft of the threshing machine is according to the value of the grain. If you have not been much threshed in life, perhaps there is not much to thresh! If you have not been much shaken of trouble, perhaps it is because there is going to be a very small yield. When there are plenty of blackberries the gatherers go out with large baskets; but when the drought has almost consumed the fruit, then a quart measure will do as well. It took the venomous snake on Paul's hand and the pounding of him with stones until he was taken up for dead, and the jamming against him of prison gates,and the Ephesian vociferation, and the skinned ankles of the painful stocks, and the foundering of the Alexandrian corn-ship, and the beheading stroke of the Roman sheriff to bring Paul to his proper development.

It was not because Robert Moffat, and Lady Rachel Russell,and Frederick Oberlin were worse than other people that they had to suffer, it was because they were better, and God wanted to make them best. By the carefulness of the threshing you may always conclude the value of the grain.

Next, my text teaches us that God proportions our trials to what we can bear. The staff for the fitches. The rod for the cummin. The iron wheel for the corn. Sometimes people in great trouble say: "Oh, I can't bear it!" But you did bear it. God would not have sent it upon you if he did not know that you could bear it. You trembled and you swooned; but you got through. God will not take from your eyes one tear too many, nor from your lungs one sigh too deep, nor from your temples one throb too sharp. The perplexities of your earthly business have not in them one tangle too intricate.

You sometimes feel as if our world were full of bludgeons flying haphazard. Oh, no; they are threshing instruments that God just suits to your case. There is not a dollar of bad debts on your ledger, or a disappointment about goods that you expected to go up but that have gone down, or a swindle of your business partner, or a trick on the part of those who are in the same kind of business that you are, but God intended to overrule for your immortal help. "Oh," you say, "there is no need talking that way to me—I don't like to be cheated and outraged." Neither does the corn like the corn-thresher; but after it has been threshed and winnowed it has a great deal better opinion of winnowing-mills and corn-threshers.

"Well," you say, "If I could choose my troubles I would be willing to be troubled." Ah, my brother, then it would not be trouble. You would choose something that would not hurt, and unless it hurts it does not get sanctified. Your trial, perhaps, may be childlessness. You are fond of children. You say: "Why does God send children to that other household where they are unwelcome, and are beaten and banged about, when I would have taken them in the arms of my affections?" You say: "Any other trial but this." You trial perhaps may be a disfigured countenance, or a face that is easily caricatured, and you say: "Oh, I could endure anything if only I was good-looking." And your trial, perhaps, is a violent temper, and you have to drive it like six unbroken horses amid the gunpowder explosions of a great holiday, and ever and anon it runs away with you. Your trial is the asthma. You say: "Oh, if it were rheumatism, or neuralgia, or erysipelas, but it is this asthma, and it is such an exhausting thing to breathe." Your trouble is a husband, short, sharp, snappy, and cross about the house, and raising a small riot because a button is off! How could you know the button is off? Your trial is a wife ever in contest with the servants, and she is a sloven. Though she was very careful about her appearance in your presence once, now she is careless because she said her fortune is made! Your trial is a hard school-lesson you cannot learn, and you have bitten your finger-nails until they are a sight to behold. Everybody has some vexation or annoyance, or trial, and he or she thinks it is the one least adapted. "Anything but this," all say. "Anything but this."

Oh, my hearer, are you not ashamed to be complaining all this time against God? Who manages the affairs of this world, anyhow? Is it an infinite Modoc? or a Sitting Bull savage? or an omnipotent Nana Sahib? No; it is the most merciful and glorious and wise Being in all the universe. You cannot teach Omnipotence anything. You have fretted and worried almost enough. Do you not think so? Some of you are making yourselves ridiculous in the sight of the angels. Here is a naval architect, and he draws out the plan of a ship of many thousand tons. Many workmen are engaged on it for a long while. The ship is done; and some day, with the flags up and the air gorgeous with bunting, that vessel is launched for Southampton. At that time, a lad six years of age comes running down the dock with a toy-boat which he has made with his own jack-knife; and he says: "Here, my boat is better than yours. Just look at this jib-boom and these weather cross jack-braces;" and he drops his little boat beside the great ship, and there is a roar of laughter on the docks. Ah, my friends, that great ship is your life as God planned it—vast, million-tonned, ocean-destined, eternity-bound. That little boat is your life as you are trying to hew it out, and fashion it, and launch it. Ah, do not try to be a rival of the great Jehovah. God is always right, and in nine cases out of ten you are wrong. He sends just the hardships,just the bankruptcies, just the cross that it is best for you to have. He knows what kind of grain you are, and he sends the right kind of threshing-machine. It will be a rod, or staff, or iron wheel, just according as you are fitches, or cummin, or corn.

Again: My subject teaches us that God keeps trial on us until we let go. The farmer shouts "whoa!" to his horses as soon as the grain has dropped from the stalk. The farmer comes with his fork and tosses up the straw,and he sees that the straw has let go the grain, and the grain is thoroughly threshed. So God. Smiting rod and turning wheel, both cease as soon as we let go. We hold on to this world with its pleasures, and riches, and emoluments, and our knuckles are so firmly set that it seems as if we could hold on forever. God comes along with some threshing trouble and beats us loose. We started under the delusion that this was a great world. We learned out of our geography that it was so many thousand miles in diameter, and so many thousand miles in circumference, and we said: "O my, what a world!" Troubles came in after-life, and this trouble sliced off one part of the world, and that trouble sliced off another part of the world, and it has got to be a smaller world, and, in some of your estimations a very insignificant world; and it is depreciating all the time as a spiritual property. Ten per cent. off, fifty per cent. off, and there are those here who would not give ten cents for this world—for the entire world—as a soul-possession.

We thought that friendship was a grand thing. In school we used to write compositions about friendship; and perhaps we made our graduating speech on commencement day on friendship. Oh! it was a charmed thing; but does it mean as much to you as it used to? You have gone on in life, and one friend has betrayed you, and another friend has misinterpreted you, and another friend has neglected you, and friendship comes now sometimes to mean to you merely another axe to grind!

So with money. We thought if a man had a competency he was safe for all the future; but we have learned that a mortgage may be defeated by an unknown previous incumbrance; that signing your name on the back of a note may be your business death-warrant; that a new tariff may change the current of trade; that a man may be rich to-day and poor to-morrow. And God, by all these misfortunes, is trying to loosen our grip; but still we hold on. God smites us with a staff; but we hold on. And he strikes us with a rod; but we hold on. And he sends over us the iron wheel of misfortune; but we hold on.

There are men who keep their grip on this world until the last moment, who suggest to me the condition and conduct of the poor Indian in the boat in the Niagara rapids, coming on toward the fall. Seeing that he could not escape, a moment or two before he got to the verge of the plunge, he lifted a wine-bottle and drank it off, and then tossed the bottle into the air. So there are men who clutch the world, and they go down through the rapids of temptation and sin, and they hold on to the very last moment of life, drinking to their eternal damnation as they go over and go down.

Oh, let go! Let go! The best fortunes are in heaven. There are no absconding cashiers from that bank, no failing in promises to pay. Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth. Let go! Depend upon it that God will keep upon you the staff or the rod or the iron wheel until you do let go.

Another thing my text teaches us is, that Christian sorrow is going to have a sure terminus. My text says: "Bread corn is bruised, because he will not be ever threshing it." Blessed be God for

that! Pound away, O flail. Turn on, O wheel! Your work will soon be done. "He will not be ever threshing it." Now the Christian has almost as much use in the organ for the stop tremulant as he has for the trumpet. But after awhile he will put the last dirge into the portfolio forever. So much of us as is wheat will be separated from so much as is chaff, and there will be no more need of pounding.

They never cry in heaven, because they have nothing to cry about. There are no tears of bereavement, for you shall have your friends all round about you. There are no tears of poverty, because each one sits at the king's table, and has his own chariot of salvation, and free access to the wardrobe where princes get their array. No tears of sickness, for there are no pneumonias on the air, and no malarial exhalations from the rolling river of life, and no crutch for the lame limb, and no splint for the broken arm; but the pulses throbbing with the health of the eternal God, in a climate like our June before the blossoms fall, or our gorgeous October before the leaves scatter.

In that land the souls will talk over the different modes of threshing. Oh! the story of the staff that struck the fitches, and the rod that beat the cummin, and the iron wheel that went over the corn. Daniel will describe the lions, and Jonah leviathan, and Paul the elmwood whips with which he was scourged, and Eve will tell how aromatic Eden was the day she left it, and John Rogers will tell of the smart of the flame, and Elijah of the fiery team that wheeled him up the sky-steeps, and Christ of the numbness and paroxysm and hemorrhages of the awful crucifixion. There they are before the throne of God. On one elevation all those who were struck of the staff. On a higher elevation all those who were struck of the rod. On a highest elevation, and amid the highest altitudes of heaven, all those who were under the wheel. He will not ever be threshing it.

Oh! my hearers, is there not enough salve in this text to make a plaster large enough to heal all your wounds? When a child is hurt, the mother is very apt to say to it: "Now, it will soon feel better." And that is what God says when he unbosoms all the trouble in the hush of this great promise: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." You may leave your pocket handkerchief sopping wet with tears on your death pillow, but you will go up absolutely sorrowless. They will wear black; you will wear white. Cypresses for them; palms for you.

You will say: "Is it possible that I am here? Is this heaven? Am I so pure now I will never do anything wrong? Am I so well that I will never again be sick? Are these companionships so firm that they will never again be broken? Is that Mary? Is that John? Is that my loved one I put away into darkness? Can it be that these are the faces of those who lay so wan and emaciated in the back room on that awful night dying? Oh, how radiant they are! Look at them! How radiant they are!

"Why, how unlike this place is from what I thought when I left the world below. Ministers drew pictures of this land, but how tame compared with the reality! They told me on earth that death was sunset. No, no! It is sunrise! Glorious sunrise! I see the light now purpling the hills, and the clouds flame with the coming day."

Then the gates of heaven will be opened, and the entranced soul, with the acuteness and power of the celestial vision, will look ten thousands of miles down upon the bannered procession—a river of shimmering splendor—and will cry out: "Who are they?" And the angel of God standing close by, will say: "Don't you know who they are?" "No," says the entranced soul, "I cannot guess who they are." The angel will say: "I will tell you, then, who they are. These are they who came out of great tribulation, or threshing, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

Oh! that I could administer some of these drops of celestial anodyne to those nervous and excited souls. If you would take enough of it it would cure all your pangs. The thought that you are going to get through with this after a while, all this sorrow and all this trouble. We shall have a great many grand days in heaven, but I will tell you which will be the grandest day of all the million ages of heaven. You say: "Are you sure you can tell me?" Yes, I can. It will be the day we get there. Some say heaven is growing more glorious. I suppose it is; but I do not care much about that. Heaven now is good enough for me.

History has no more gratulatory scene than the breaking in of the English army upon Lucknow, India. A few weeks before a massacre had occurred at Cawnpore, and two hundred and sixty women and children had been put in a room. Then five professional butchers went in and slew them. Then the bodies of the slain were taken out and thrown into a well. As the English army came into Cawnpore they went into the room; and oh, what a horrid scene! Sword-strokes on the wall near the floor, showing that the poor things had crouched when they died; and they saw also that the floor was ankle-deep in blood. The soldiers walked on their heels across it, lest their shoes be submerged of the carnage. And on that floor of blood there were flowing locks of hair and fragments of dresses.

ANCIENT MANNER OF THRESHING.

Out in Lucknow they had heard of the massacre, and the women were waiting for the same awful death; waiting amid anguish untold; waiting in pain and starvation, but waiting heroically—when, one day, Havelock and Outram and Norman and Sir David Baird and Peel, the heroes of the English army—huzza for them!—broke in on that horrid scene, and while yet the guns were sounding, and while cheers were issuing from the starving, dying people on the one side, and from the travel-worn and powder-blackened soldiers on the other—right there, in front of the King's palace, there was such a scene of handshaking, and embracing, and boisterous joy as would utterly confound the pen of the poet and the pencil of the painter. And no wonder, when these emaciated women, who had suffered so heroically for Christ's sake, marched out from their incarcerations, one wounded English soldier got up in his fatigue and wounds, and leaned against the wall, and threw his cap up and shouted, "Three cheers, my boys, for the brave women!"

Oh! that was an exciting scene. But a gladder and more triumphant scene will it be when you come up into heaven from the conflicts and incarcerations of this world, streaming with the wounds of battle, and wan with hunger; and while the hosts of God are cheering their great hosanna, you will strike hands of congratulation and eternal deliverance in the presence of the throne. On that night there will be bonfires on every hill of heaven, and there will be illumination in every palace, and there will be a candle in every window—ah, no; I forget, I forget; they will have no need of the candle or of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign forever and ever. Hail! hail! sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty.

MISSIONARIES KILLED IN AFRICA.

MR. JOHN ELLERY, a missionary at Ikau Station, Africa, writes: "This morning, Jan. 16th, a cry was raised that Mr. Thermol and Mr. Peters of the Congo Free State were killed by the Mongo natives. We hear so much, that we are not apt to believe all we hear at once. But to our horror the news was in this case true. Mr. Peters was speared; his head was cut off and carried away as a trophy. Mr. Thermol was simply stabbed with a spear, and left to die, weltering in his own blood. When the news came, it was of course full of terror. The cry was that we should be dealt with in the same way, and a general wail arose at the station. When I ascertained that statements as to the death of the two officers of Basankusa were true, I thought it my duty to see that they were properly buried. Miss Judd and Miss Whelpdale volunteered to go with me in the canoe, leaving the station in the charge of our workmen, who by the way were armed with guns, owing to threats of the Mongos.

"We got into the boat, pushed off from the bank, and reached the island in front of our ground. All Ikau was out on the landing place. Shouts rang on every hand. What with the noise of our men in the boat, and the excitement and cries of the people, there was a proper din! I hardly knew what to do. You may write of heroines, I certainly had two with me. Not a wave of fear passed over them, yet my heart almost bled for them. We got in the shade of the island. One man, Jina, came over. I noticed that he had a fine knife and a flint gun. We learned next day that his intention was to kill us all three. Ise Njundu, a bad old chief, was very anxious to have all the white men killed. However, we got to Basa N'Kusa safely, and found there a canoe going down river, with State soldiers on board.

"One of these stepped into our canoe to be with our sisters while I went on shore. 'Who will protect us?' they asked me. 'He,' I said, pointing to the soldier; 'but, better still, God.' I hurried on shore, asked for soldiers, and after giving special instructions how to make the coffins, I hastened back to find my charge happy in him who is mighty to save. When we got back to the station, I found that about twenty of the Mongos had made a raid on our goats. Our men fired loudly, and the Mongos stayed their hands. At six o'clock five soldiers (only native men) came to protect us. Being wearied out we committed ourselves to our Father and were soon asleep."

THE OXFORD BIBLE PREMIUM.

Many letters have reached this office inquiring if the Oxford Bible premium offer is still open. The offer will be continued only as long as our supply of these beautiful Bibles lasts. Those desiring to secure the best reference Bible in the world, containing all the Helps, Concordance, Subject-Index, References and colored maps can do so by sending $2 for a year's subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. To every such subscriber we will send the Oxford Teachers' Bible.

THE MUSCATINE OUTRAGES.

The Houses of Three Prominent Citizens Blown up at Midnight to Punish them for Closing up the Saloons.

A REPORT of an outrage almost incredible in its atrocity comes from Muscatine, Iowa. It is an indication of the length to which the men interested in the liquor traffic will go, when the "craft by which they have their wealth is in danger." Special telegrams to the *Voice* state that some weeks ago, three citizens of Muscatine petitioned the courts for an injunction to close up the saloons that were running in that city in defiance of the law. In doing so they were fulfiling a public duty which ought not to have been necessary. It is for the executive officers to see that the laws are obeyed, but when from any cause they fail to perform their duty, public-spirited citizens are bound by conscience to remedy the defect, or the community is open to the reproach of being a lawless one. The three citizens in question, John Mahin, E. M. Kessinger and N. Rosenberger were aware that the duty was a dangerous one but they had the courage to do it and their petition was granted.

The wrongdoers had no resource but to obey as the law was against them. What followed ought to stir the indignation of every American citizen. In the dead of night while these men with their wives and families were wrapt in slumber their houses were blown up with gunpowder. So complete was the wreck that it is little short of a miracle that any of the inmates escaped. In Mr. Mahin's home there were beside himself and his wife, their two daughters, his thirteen-year-old son and a servant. They were awakened by the awful noise and shock. Falling ceilings and overturned furniture told them that some terrible catastrophe had occurred. Yawning holes through the floorings from the basement to the roof showed the force of the explosion. The family escaped in their night-clothes to the friendly shelter of a neighbor's house. In Mr. Rosenberger's family were two little babies, and his pretty home was completely wrecked and the occupants thrown into the ceilar. There were two young ladies at Mr. Kessinger's besides their families. That all should have escaped serious, if not fatal injury, is due to God's Providential care.

There can be no reasonable doubt as to the cause of the outrages. The theory of accidental explosion is untenable, from the fact that the houses blown up were a mile apart, and the explosions were almost simultaneous. There is no explanation possible, but the one that an enemy, full of malice, wrought the havoc. That these three men had recently set the law in motion to restrain evildoers, furnishes all the clue to the perpetrators that is necessary. It should be easy now to collect the evidence to bring them to justice. We are glad to learn that an indignation meeting has been held, and a reward offered for the conviction of the offenders. If a citizen, who performs a public duty in our free Republic, is to be liable to outrage for doing so, it is time we ceased our boasting of the rights and privileges which belong to us under the Constitution.

A BURNING TRACT CONVERTED HIM.

SOME time ago a gentleman as he passed along the street was offered a tract. He somewhat brusquely refused, saying he did not want to be bothered with any of their evangelistic nonsense; but as the officer pressed him to take, he did so, though he assured him he would burn it as soon as he got home; and he kept his word, throwing it into the fire and watching it burn. As the thin paper curled up with the heat, his eye caught the sentence, "The Word of the Lord liveth for ever," and do what he could, he could not rid himself of the words. They buzzed in his ear, they stood out boldly on the white pages of the ledger. Wherever he was, that passage of Scripture haunted him and made him miserable, until unable to bear it longer, he went to a mission hall, and there finding peace, pardon and salvation, he learned to rejoice that the Word of the Lord did live for ever. A little importunity is sometimes a good thing; if that open-air worker had not pressed the tract on that gentleman, then, humanly speaking, that immortal soul would not have been saved.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people

DIVINE GUIDANCE.

S. S. Lesson for June 25. GoldenText, Pro. 3:6
By Mrs. M. Baxter.*

OH, if I only could be quite sure of the will of God!" said a Christian worker one day, to an older and more advanced Christian. "Are you quite sure God wants you to know his will?" replied the man of God. "Of course, I could not doubt that." "And if God wants you to know his will, and you are willing to do it at any cost, can you doubt that he will find means to make it clear to you?" God used these words to bring light and rest of spirit into the heart of the troubled inquirer. The real diffiulty lay in his want of confidence in God. As soon as confidence was reestablished, the enemy lost his foothold, and perplexity, which had involved questions in an almost endless maze within his mind, gave way to quiet listening to God, in the absolute certainty that he had taken the responsibility. Jesus was now walking on the water, and he said: "Peace be still." "The Lord shall

Guide thee Continually,"

not as an exception. Many of God's children are most anxious to be guided at certain times, and under certain circumstances, in which their own experience of the past, or knowledge about the future does not suffice to bring them to a satisfactory decision. Even Benhaded the idolatrous king of Syria, and enemy of Israel, wanted to know the mind of God about his sickness (II. Kings 8: 7, 8), but there is no indication that he was prepared to yield himself up to the guidance of God. He wanted God to serve him, but he was not prepared to serve God. Many a one disbelieves in the distinct guidance which God gives to his listening, obedient children, just because he has sought guidance when it suited himself, without giving up the reins of his entire life into the hands of God. "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." We cannot make God our servant. If he guides us, it must be upon his own terms, and consistently with his position as our Creator, our King, our Father; One so infinitely superior to us, that it is in purest grace alone he guides us. We cannot command his direction as we would that of a mountain guide, whom we hire to suit our purpose. When it is

The Habit of our Life

to acknowledge God in all our words and deeds, to refer to him at all times, and do all under his own eye, it is consistent to expect his clear and constant direction. But the natural pride of the heart does not easily yield to the reins of empire. Most men have a strong belief in themselves, they have not learned the lesson which Jeremiah the prophet both learned and taught: "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps. Far from acknowledging their inability to direct their own steps, they seek also to direct those of other people. Yet it is only God who knows the end from the beginning. He sees what is in future. He knows what the issues are of every step, of every action. "He knoweth what is in the darkness and the light dwelleth with him." (Dan. 2: 22.) How do we know what will be the result of such and such a move which we may make? David, the man after God's own heart, trusted himself so little, that he always inquired of the Lord about his plans and purposes. It was his joy to testify: "He leadeth me beside the still waters . . . He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. (Ps. 23: 2, 3.) And this habitual guidance of his God was such a real rest to him that he could say: "Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." David could trust his Shepherd, he knew that such a Guide was to be relied on, and that he would never abandon his sheep in any dark valley. From the time of his conversion, when he knew the blessedness of sin forgiven, he had proved the faithfulness of his God to his promise: "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eyes." (Ps. 32: 8.) Perhaps it was a page in his own experience which made him add as a warning from God to others: "Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding, whose mouths must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee." This brings us to

The Fundamental Principles

of Divine guidance: "Be ye not unwise, but understanding what the will of the Lord is." This science of understanding God has to be learned like any other, by practice: "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine." God never makes known his will as a theory to be discussed, and thus profane, irreverent minds cannot learn its language, or understand it. He makes known his will to those who yield up their will. "I beseech you therefore brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy acceptable to God which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God." In the true spirit of sacrifice, with our will laid down, and all voices in our own hearts stilled, we are able to hear the voice, and understand the will of our God. And this, not like a servant or a child, who receives a direction, and goes in blind obedience to obey it; the true understanding of what the will of the Lord is proceeds from a joint heirship with him in his designs and purposes which leads to confidence in him whatever happens. He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel." Moses knew the secret of the Lord, he understood his God, he knew him better than he knew anyone upon earth and therefore when he obeyed his direction, however unsuccessful it might seem to him, he was unmoved, he knew his God could not be at fault. God's leadings are often unexpected. When with the children of Israel he "journeyed from the wilderness of Sin . . . according to the commandment of the Lord, and pitched in Rephidim: and there was no water for the people to drink, Moses did not therefore think the Lord had misguided him. He knew his God too well to doubt him, and he simply sought direction fom the God who had taken the responsibility of his people's journeys: "What shall I do unto this people?" was his question, and he was staggered when his God commanded him to smite the dry and burning rock in the desert to procure water. He might not have known beforehand that God's way of deliverance would be to bring water from the rock, but he knew, from much previous experience of his God, that he was going to work some glorious deliverance which would be worthy of him, and would bring relief to his people.

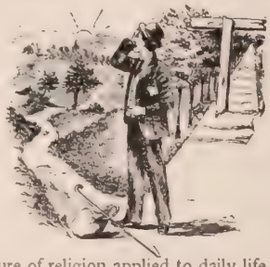
The apostle Paul, when he was guided by a vision to go over into Macedonia and when, after preaching with blessing in Philippi he was thrown into prison, and his feet made fast in the stocks—never doubted that he was rightly led to go to that city. Instead of groaning and mourning in the prison, that he had mistaken the will of his God, or things would never have turned out as they had done, he prayed and sang praises to God as he could not have done if he had doubted the will of his Lord. And he did not find his confidence misplaced; the earthquake, the deliverance from prison, the conversion of the jailer and his family, were proof to him that he was in the will of God. An understanding of God's will causes quiet of spirit in the midst of the most distressing and heartrending circumstances. Knowing that there is a fiery trial which is to try us, those who understand their God do not count it "a strange thing" (I. Pet. 4: 12); they can rejoice inasmuch as they are partakers of Christ's sufferings that when his glory shall be revealed, *i. e.* when he comes again they may be glad also with exceeding joy.

There was a wonderful rest about the life of our Lord upon earth. Knowing as none other can know, the condition of the souls around him, he did not feel the carpenter's shop, and the daily labor, a galling yoke to a spirit which longed to save souls; and yet, so deep was his love to sinners, that when the moment of his Father's will was come he could willingly bear on him the iniquity of us all, and be made sin, made a curse for us. He trusted his Father's will so completely that he rested in it, and therefore was never in a hurry and would do nothing until his hour was come, the hour in which his Father had guided him to do this or that.

God's guidance is always in accordance with, and most often through his own word. The mistaken idea that God gives revelations independently of Scripture is most dangerous, and may lead into fearful error. It is just as the Word of God dwells in and possesses us, that we learn to recognize his guidance in all things, and this brings the quiet of eternity into our earthly life.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



THE lessons which are to form the subject of review this week relate chiefly to practical duties rather than to doctrines. They present a picture of religion applied to daily life. The three from the book of Job, show us our duty in affliction. They represent the good man bowed down under a series of disasters, yet patient though bewildered; confident in the righteousness of God, though ignorant of his purposes in afflicting him; and finally triumphant in his vindication. Three lessons from the book of Proverbs showed how true wisdom is to be sought and valued. A fourth, from the same book, was directed against intemperance, which seems to have been an evil as clearly recognized eight and twenty centuries ago as it is now; and a fifth, also from Proverbs, depicted the ideal woman, a being whose excellences, if unfashionable, are as desirable in our day as in that of the author. Two lessons were from Ecclesiastes, and showed in what the chief good of life consists and that its prizes consisted in character and disposition rather than in wealth or learning. Finally there was the lesson of last week, inculcating honesty toward God and man and the cultivation of the qualities which fit men to be citizens in the kingdom of Christ. It will be well to devote the time at the teachers' disposal to a presentation of all these points, lest the idea, which is now far too common, be perpetuated, that religion consists in forms and ceremonies, in church and school attendance and has no connection with daily life in the world.

When he hath tried me. (Job 23: 10.) A ring came into a lady's possession the value of which she knew nothing of. It was exquisite in workmanship and very beautiful in design. She took it to a jeweller who said that the only way of being sure about it being genuine was to put it in acid. "If it is genuine," he said, "it will suffer no injury; but if it is an imitation the acid will corrode and destoy it." The lady looked tenderly at her ring. It was so beautiful that it seemed a pity to run the risk, but if it was genuine there would be no harm and she would value it so much more after it had borne the test. "Put it in," she said almost breathlessly. The jeweller dropped the ring into the acid while its owner looked on anxiously. In a few minutes she received back her treasure, looking brighter and clearer for the ordeal and perfectly sound. Job may have been as good a man before he was tested by his troubles as he was afterward, but the test proved that he was genuine and true. He was not serving God for what he got by it, as Satan had insinuated.

In all thy ways acknowledge him. (Prov. 3: 6.) Sometimes after being delivered out of trouble we forget to acknowledge God as our deliverer, having lost sight of him in the instrument he employed. We thank the man who was the instrument but omit to thank God who used him to answer our prayers. The story is told that a poor old woman who had exhausted her small supply of food and did not know where the next was to come from, laid her case before God and was overheard by some idle, scoffing, young men who were lounging at her window. Wishing to have some fun, they bought a loaf, wrapped it well up in paper, contrived to drop it down the chimney and then peeped in to see if she was startled. They heard her say, "Thank God." The blasphemous young men called down the chimney, "It wasn't God who sent it. It was the devil." The old woman promptly answered, "The devil may have brought it, but I know the Lord sent it." The young men felt rebuked, and realized that God had used them to supply the old woman's need.

He shall direct thy paths. (Prov 3: 6). Rev. Thomas Kelly writes: "I remember the first time I came down the St. Lawrence; as the Long Sault Rapids hove in sight, all the passengers were intently looking at the rushing, foaming waters in the distance. Soon the boat was stopped and a man taken on board. He was an Indian, a man about fifty-five, stalwart and strong. I watched him with peculiar interest, as he put his hands upon the wheel and pointed the boat toward the rapids. With hands busily plying the wheel at times, and his eyes riveted, as it were, upon some object ahead, he held that great vessel steady to its course; and as we were flying with frightful rapidity, I beheld, little more than an arm's length from the vessel huge rocks protruding from the water. The variation of only two or three feet in the vessel's course would have caused her to be shattered to pieces. But he guided us safely through." So God guides the path of those who acknowledge him in all their ways.

There come times in life when the Christian dare not take the responsibility of directing his own path and he learns then lessons which suggest to him the benefits of always looking up for guidance. Dr. Guthrie said: "I have known a timid traveler whose route lay across the higher Alps, along a path no broader than a mule's foothold, that skirted a dreadful precipice, whence could be discerned the river far down below, diminished to a silver thread—I have known that traveler when crossing that pass deliberately drop the reins on the mule's neck and close her eyes, leaving the mule without guidance. She knew that a touch on the bridle might be a movement precipitating rider and steed into the chasm to be dashed to pieces on the jagged rocks below. She believed that they would be safer if she made no attempt to guide and she just closed her eyes and was carried safely over."

God is in heaven and thou upon earth. (Eccles. 5: 2.) The Rev. J. Gilmour, the devoted missionary among the Mongols, gives the following translation of a Mongolian parable: "A blind tortoise lived in a well. Another tortoise, a native of the ocean, in its inland travels happened to fall into the well. The blind one asks of his new comrade whence he came. "From the sea." Hearing of the sea the blind tortoise wanted to know what that was like. "It is large and vast," is the reply. "Is it as large as this?" is the blind one's next question, and he swims around a circle. "Larger," replied he of the sea. The blind tortoise swims around two thirds of the well and asks, "Is it as large as that?" The sea tortoise answers, "Larger, much larger." The blind tortoise listens wonderingly. "Can it," he asks, "be as large as the whole well?" "Larger, much larger," is again the reply. "If the sea is larger than the well how large must it be?" the blind tortoise asks in bewilderment. The sea-tortoise answers, "You have never known any other water than that of your well, and how can you comprehend the sea? If you were in the sea you might go on for many, many years and explore only a small part of it." "It cannot be," replies the blind one, "it is opposed to all my knowledge and experience—it is contrary to reason. I do not believe there is any such place. You are simply praising your native place in exaggerated phrases."

Pay that which thou hast vowed. (Eccles. 5: 4.) There is a legend of a rich merchant, that in a great storm at sea, he vowed to Jupiter that if he came safe to land with his vessel he would give a sacrifice of a hecatomb—a hundred oxen. The storm ceaseth and anon he remembereth his vow and bethinketh himself that a hecatomb was a large offering. The storm is over, peradventure seven oxen will satisfy the god. Another tempest coming upon him he renews his pledge of seven oxen. But being again delivered, he thinketh that one ox is a great sacrifice and will be sufficient to express his gratitude. On further meditation, the less costly offering of a sheep commends itself to him. It is a sacrifice and it will do—a sheep is enough. But at last, being set ashore, he thought a sheep was too much and purposed to carry to the altar only a few dates. On the way he eats up the dates and has only the stones to lay on the altar.

Dr. Talmage's Assistant.

Rev. Chandler A Oakes, the Energetic Young Pastor, who Helped to Save the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

AMONG the younger generation of divines, whose efforts in pulpit and general pas-

REV. CHANDLER A. OAKES.

toral work give promise of a future of the highest usefulness in the Gospel field, there are some who by reason of special circumstances connected with their sacred calling, come into public prominence. To this class belongs the Rev. Chandler Alban Oakes, the stalwart young assistant-pastor of the Brooklyn Tabernacle and right-hand man of Rev. Dr. Talmage in all that relates to the spiritual and material conduct of the greatest Protestant Church in the United States.

Mr. Oakes was born June 10, 1865, in Delaware, Pa., near the city of Chester. When he was six years old, his father moved to the State of Delaware, near Wilmington, and there young Chandler was brought up on a farm until his fourteenth year, when he went to Wilmington to prepare for college, as he intended to study law. Like many other young men, he became anxious to make money, and leaving school, he entered a cotton-mill office. He quickly mastered the details of the business. During his stay there, he became a church member and was active in all Sunday School and general church work. He organized two Sunday Schools in the city of Wilmington. In the fall of 1885, he entered the Academy of Bucknell University to prepare for college and proved so apt a student that he took the three years' course in two years. In 1887, he entered Lafayette College, Easton, Pa., pursuing the classical course.

The last two years of his college life, he preached each Sunday at Pen Argyl, Pa., beginning with thirty members in a little church. His membership growing, he erected a larger building, capable of seating 400 people. When he resigned in the fall of 1891, the church had 140 members and the services were well attended. In September of that year he entered Union Theological Seminary in New York, and had been there but one month, when a committee from East Stroudsburg, Pa., urged him to take charge of their little church. He did so, going out every Saturday night to preach. Soon the place was uncomfortably filled and he began a movement for a new church, and in August 1892, he dedicated an edifice that cost $12,000 and which was wholly free of debt. During the spring of 1892, he organized a successful movement for raising $50,000 for the last State Normal School to be erected in Pennsylvania. He drew the plans personally and had charge of the men during its entire construction.

These minor details afford glimpses of a strong, self-reliant, Christian character, which, within a recent date, has demonstrated its value in practical church work. Nearly six months ago, Mr. Oakes accepted an offer of the position of Assistant-Pastor of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, Rev. Dr. Talmage having been already impressed, on a short acquaintance, by the marked ability and energy of the young preacher. To Mr. Oakes, in addition to his other duties, was entrusted the sole responsibility for arranging to raise the money to pay off the floating debt on the Tabernacle. It was largely due to his indefatigable efforts that the recent settlement of the debt was effected and the Tabernacle saved. At first, the debt seemed to be an insurmountable obstacle, and although many different efforts had been made to extinguish it, it seemed to increase rather than diminish, until Mr. Oakes undertook the onerous duty of dealing with the problem. By personal solicitation, and through various channels, he raised a considerable sum. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, anxious to avert the danger, and to preserve the Tabernacle to Christian America, came to his relief, and through the generosity of its subscribers, raised an Emergency Fund, which, together with the moneys collected by Mr. Oakes, and Dr. Talmage's personal contribution of $10,000, sufficed to meet the demand of the creditors and to liquidate the entire Floating Debt.

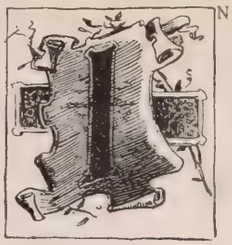
Mr. Oakes is a strong, clear, vigorous Gospel preacher, and has a bright future before him, in whatsoever part of the Master's vineyard he may be called to labor.

THE FATE OF A DRUNKARD.

REV. G. C. GRUBB, a missionary, after riding to a C. M. S. station in Ceylon, related the following incident: "We passed a village where an English sailor, a few weeks ago, fell down drunk at the side of the road. Early the next morning a cobra went over him, which he seized round the neck. The beast wound round his arm till all strength left him; then the venomous creature struck him one fatal blow in the face, and in less than half an hour he was dead. When will people wake up and work in the cause of total abstinence? One planter, who was converted during this mission, and who knew the snare drink is to many, asked the Lord to teach him what to do with the whisky he had in his bungalow. That night he kept waking up uncomfortable about it, and had no peace or sleep till he had emptied every drop down the gutter. One man said, 'What waste! It might have been given to some old people, and done them good.' This was done in one case, where a whole family became abstainers, and did not like to waste their stock, so sent it all to a relative, an old woman of sixty. This woman finished the lot in two weeks, and is now dying of drink, the victim of her thoughtless friends."

An African Colony in Wales.

How a Singular Experiment in Missionary Training has Progressed.



IN past years, so many white missionaries have died at their posts in Africa that it has been decided in one part of the world at least to try the experiment of bringing to a temperate climate a number of African converts to be trained and educated for missionary service in their native land. The initial experiment of this character is now in progress at the town of Colwyn Bay, North Wales. There a Training College has been established and a number of students are being prepared for duty in the tropical field, where the white missionary cannot live. In addition to the consideration of health and life-saving, it is believed that there will be a great economy of expenditure in educating and preparing African students in this way. The expenses attending sickness, for medicines and extra nourishment, and the necessary attendant losses of time, labor, health, and salaries, will be avoided. It costs on an average about $2,500 a year to keep a white missionary in Africa. It has only cost so far, $125 per annum to teach a student in the Colwyn Bay Colony. Last year it cost only $1,250 to keep ten students there—including rent, taxes, maintenance, printing, and traveling expenses. Last year it cost one missionary society in London alone nearly $75,000 to support twenty-seven white missionaries on the Congo. It costs the negro little or nothing to live in his native country, nature being bountiful in supplying food.

In Colwyn Bay the students are cut off from savagery, slavery, and fetichism. They are taught that in future they must use their brains, limbs and physical capabilities for the benefit of their fellow creatures, as well as their minds and hearts for the glory of God. The students have had preliminary education on the Congo, and are the picked of the converts. After having received four or five years' training under the elevating influences of the college and its surroundings, these young men, it may reasonably be supposed, will see the advantages of civilized life and be thoroughly disgusted with the heathen practices and vices of their early days, and return to Africa to dispense among their fellow countrymen the beneficial influences of civilization, spiritually and temporally. They return as assistants at first, under white missionaries.

In the Training College at Colwyn Bay the students are treated with every kindness. They are not permitted to go about much to avoid being spoilt by over-petting; and being kept in discipline for the few years they are in the institute, it helps to mould their character into sober-minded, thinking men, as well as making them good students and observers—qualities that will help their future work.

The late Mr. A. M. Mackay, missionary at Uganda, was greatly in favor of getting hold of the youth of both sexes, and training them industrially, but chiefly educationally and spiritually. The attachment of the boys that Livingstone trained, especially the intelligent one that brought his remains to England, shows how they can be taught to attach themselves to men and ideas, if deserving. Mr. Stanley's experience is the same with those boys he had under his care, and one he brought to England. Colwyn Bay School was founded by the Rev. W. Hughes, F.R.G.S., who, some years ago, determined to go to the Congo as a missionary. Enthusiast as he was in mind, however, his body was not so strong, and he succumbed to the deadly fever, so far, that, to save his life, he was obliged to return to England. Not to be beaten, however, he determined to bring back to England with him a reminiscence of his visit to Africa, in the shape of a slave boy, who had shown a great affection for him. He ransomed the lad for the purpose by giving a bale of cloth, valued at $22.00, to the chief, whose slave he was.

This was the beginning of the little African Colony in Colwyn Bay. From one, the number has grown to ten, and the Rev. W. Hughes and his committee are preparing for housing fifty, and in addition, a number of females; and, as the funds have doubled since this time last year, there seems to be no telling where the movement will end. Through all the difficulties, trials and obstacles, the founder has believed that the inspiration to start and carry out the movement was a divine one, and he declares: "If God be with us, who shall be against us!"

One of the most interesting and useful ideas in connection with the colony, is that the youths are taught something useful in the shape of a trade. When they return to Africa they will teach people of their own color and language how to read and write, build homes, make clothes, cure diseases by the aid of medicinal herbs, engage in honest barter, avoid the savagery of heathen life, and teach the poor, dark worshipper of the fetish, to look away from the fanatical reverence of the dumb idol—to look up from nature to nature's God, to observe, chronicle, and expand upon the works of the great Creator of this world, and the everlasting glories of the spiritual life! What a work for the African!

AFRICAN STUDENTS OF THE COLWYN BAY TRAINING SCHOOL, NORTH WALES.

Three students have already returned to the Congo (Daniel Harvey, Frank Teva, and Wm. Lufwilu), all of whom are doing good work. Daniel has turned out an excellent preacher, and one of the missionaries on the Congo says, "I would give a good deal to lay my hands on another Daniel." Much, therefore, is to be expected from time to time in the future.

BIBLE IN JAVA

"I SAT in a railway carriage in Java one day," writes a missionary, "and heard a Chinaman and a native talking to each other, and one said, 'Did you ever read the Book the English people are bringing about here?' The other said, 'No.' The first said he ought to get it and read it, for it was a good Book. Here was a Chinaman recommending a Mohammedan to get the Book, and saying that it was a good Book. Traveling in Java, I was trying to press these Gospels on several men, and not one only but several told me the same thing—they had read it, and had got to know that it was full of good. A Mohammedan said to me in Malacca, 'It is too holy; if we took it up we could not cheat nor lie, nor get on in business.' I told him, as I have told others that the man who does receive the Gospel is the best in this world and in the world to come.

The Bible is having its effect where it is read, and we believe that, as it has been the reading-book of the West, by degrees it will become the reading-book of the East."

THY PEACE

MY peace I leave with you, the Master said,
I give to you;
And o'er thee rest the quiet I will shed,
For I am true.
In perfect peace that soul shall be
Whose mind is ever truly stayed on me.

Though, tribulation, too, is in the world,
Of good cheer be.
When Satan's sharp and fiery darts are hurled
I'll fight for thee.
Assure thee purified and white [bright.
With wedding garments perfect, clean and

May we in peace—thy peace—be found in thee
At that great day,
In confidence, not shamed, and watching be—
Thus in thy way.
With joyous hearts we'll hear "Well done!"
And ever reign with God's beloved Son.

—A. E. GODFREY.

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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T. de Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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SUMMER RELIGION.

IT takes more grace to be an earnest and useful Christian in summer than in any other season. The very destitute, through lack of fuel and thick clothing, may find the winter the trying season; but those comfortably circumstanced find summer the Thermopylæ that tests their Christian courage and endurance.

The spring is suggestive of God and heaven and a resurrection day. That eye must be blind that does not see God's footstep in the new grass, and hear his voice in the call of the swallow at the eaves. In the white blossoms of the orchards we find suggestion of those whose robes have been made white in the blood of the Lamb. A June morning is a door opening into heaven.

So autumn mothers a great many moral and religious suggestions. The season of corn-husking, the gorgeous woods that are becoming the catafalque of the dead year, remind the dullest of his own fading and departure.

But summer fatigues and weakens, and no man keeps his soul in as desirable a frame, unless by positive resolution and especial implorations. Pulpit and pew often get stupid together, and ardent devotion is adjourned until September.

But who can afford to lose two months out of each year, when the years are so short and so few? He who stops religious growth in July and August will require the next six months to get over it. Nay, he never recovers. At the season when the fields are most full of leafage and life, let us not be lethargic and stupid.

AN ENTIRE BIBLE

NO church of very great influence to-day but was built by those who believed in an entire Bible. Neither will a church last long built on a part of the Bible. As soon as a man begins to give up the Bible he is apt to preach in some hall, and he has an audience while he lives, and when he dies the church dies. If I thought that my church was built on a quarter of a Bible, or a half of a Bible, or three-quarters of a Bible, I would expect it to die when I die; but when I know it is built on the entire Word of God, I know it will last two hundred years after you and I sleep the last sleep. Oh the splendors of an orthodoxy which, with ten thousand hands and ten thousand pulpits and ten thousand Christian churches, is trying to save

In Music Hall, Boston, for many years stood Theodore Parker battling orthodoxy, giving it, as some supposed at the time, its death wound. He was the most fascinating man I ever heard or ever expect to hear, and I came out from hearing him, thinking, in my boyhood way, "Well," that's the death of the Church." On the same street, and not far from being opposite, stood Park Congregational Church, called by its enemies "Hell-fire Corner." Theodore Parker died, and his church died with him; or, if it is in existence, it is so small you cannot see it with the naked eye. Park Congregational Church still stands on "Hell-fire Corner," thundering away the magnificent truths of its glorious orthodoxy just as though Theodore Parker had never lived. All that Boston, or Brooklyn, or New York, or the world ever got that is worth having came through the wide aqueduct of orthodoxy from the throne of God.

Behold the splendors of character built by orthodoxy. Who had the greatest human intellect the world ever knew? Paul. In physical stature insignificant; in mind, head, and shoulders above all the giants of the age. Orthodox from scalp to heel. Who was the greatest poet the ages ever saw, acknowledged to be so both by infidels and Christians? John Milton, seeing more without eyes than anybody else ever saw with eyes. Orthodox from scalp to heel. Who was the greatest reformer the world has ever seen? so acknowledged by infidels as well as Christians. Martin Luther. Orthodox from scalp to heel.

RIGHT AT HEART.

IF you want to enter into Christian service, first of all you must have your heart right. There is no use of your trying to save a man from drowning if you yourself cannot swim. We have known men outside the Church who were anxious for the spiritual up-building of Zion, but they have accomplished very little in that direction. Their life and their personal example accomplished more in the wrong direction than their advice and counsel accomplished in the right direction. It was as though two men were walking along a road until they came to a fork in the road, and one man said, "You take the right road, it is far the best; but I am going to take the left road." The other man would not believe he was honest in his counsel. He would say to himself, "Why, if the man thought this right road was the best, he would himself take it. Now, he takes the left. I really think he must prefer the left road." In other words, you cannot lead men into the kingdom of God unless you go there yourself.

But suppose that you have your heart made right by the grace of God, and that you have become an out-and-out, through-and-through Christian, then we charge you, get ready for Christian work. The vast majority of people never think of any such preparation. If you want to be effective in different departments of Christian service, gather around you concordances and dictionaries and encyclopædia and poems and histories, and wherever you find a man who has a sharp intellect, sharpen your intellect against his.

Oh, that God would make us all earnest workers! We do not know when God is going to call us. As for ourselves we have a great ambition to have our work all done. We would rather die at forty-two years of age, our work finished, than at ninety years of age, our work only half done. Soon the journey will be through and we will lie down to rest. But the idea of rest is absurd to a man who has never worked.

PEDIGREES.

I THINK the genealogical table was put in the first chapter of the New Testament, not only to show our Lord's pedigree, but to show that a man may rise up in an ancestral line and beat back successfully all the influences of bad heredity. See in that genealogical table that good King Asa came to vile King Abia. See in that genealogical table that Joseph and Mary and the most illustrious Being that ever touched our world, or ever will touch it, had in their ancestral line scandalous Rehoboam and Tamar and Bathsheba. If this world is ever to be Edenized—and it will be—all the infected families of the earth are to be regenerated, and there will some one arise in each family line and open a new genealogical table. There will be some Joseph in the line to reverse the evil influence of Rehoboam, and there will be some Mary in the line to reverse the evil influence of Bathsheba. Perhaps the star of hope may point down to your manger. Perhaps you are to be the hero or the heroine that is to put down the brakes and stop that long train of genealogical tendencies and switch it off on another track from that on which it has been running for a century. You do that, and I will find you a fine palace as the architects of heaven can build, the archway inscribed with the words: "More than conqueror."

OUR MAIL-BAG.

A lady, with sufficient means for her own support, wishes to devote her entire time to Christian work in New York or vicinity, without remuneration. Address Worker, care THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York.

Subscriber, Beloit, Wis. Please explain the last clause of 1. Cor. 13: 2.

The Greek word translated in the Authorized Version, "charity" should have been rendered, "love," as it is in the Revised Version. The clause means that love is the chief of the graces. If a man does not love God and his fellow-man he has not the spirit of Christ and has not been born again.

Young Evangelist, Atlanta, Ga., writes:

For several years I have worked faithfully as a singer and taking an active part in Mission work, being richly blessed with capacity for evangelistic work I was prompted by God's Spirit to give myself entirely to the work of saving souls. I continued for two years during which time the Lord crowned my labors with abundant success. After a brief respite I am determined to return to the field. Kindly inform me if there is any particular organization with which I could become connected. I choose no particular field for labor but surrender myself fully to God's services to be submissive to his will.

Any pastor, church or organization, desiring the services of the writer, may address Young Evangelist, care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York.

Mrs. Maria Bennett, Cambridge, N.Y., writes: "In response to the query in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of the 17th inst. from my memory I recall the following lines which may supply the verses you desire. After, "and ground our arms at Jesus' feet."

The war is o'er and we are free
To join the blood-washed company;
Our wages shall be harps of gold
And joys of heaven that can't be told:
Then we shall drink full draughts of wine,
The band of music we shall join,
Sound hallelujahs highest key
Shall be our theme eternally.

The name of the author I cannot recall though one of my ancestors knew it. I probably knew it more than seventy years ago when, as later in life, I was accustomed to sing the beautiful piece.

W. C. T., Bethlehem, Pa. 1. Do you think that the use of unfermented grape juice in the Lord's Supper fulfils the requirement, "This do in remembrance of me?" 2. Do you advise Christians not to go to the Columbian Exposition if it is open on Sunday?

1. Yes. A great deal too much is made of these details. We believe that Christ intended that his followers should meet and partake of simple refreshments as a sign of brotherhood, making at the meal a declaration of loving remembrance of him. We believe that his idea would be realized just as well if water, or tea, or coffee, or any other beverage were used. The one essential is the sense of brotherhood as followers of Christ. 2. We cannot give advice in the matter. If on considering the subject, you believe that you would be doing wrong to go, don't go. "To him that thinketh it is sin, it is sin."

Young Preacher. What is the meaning of 1. Cor. 15: 29?

All that we read about the final judgment indicates that it will be of two kinds. There will be the great separation of the sheep from the goats (Matt. 25: 32) and there will also be another and more joyful judgment, in which rewards are distributed among the children of God in proportion to the work each has done for Christ (Luke 19: 22-26). These rewards will not be given according to the prominence Christians have attained in the world, nor according to the quantity or conspicuity of the work done; but on Christ's principles of fidelity to him and his spirit. The apostle here teaches that many a servant of Christ will miss a reward, because his work has not been done in the right spirit and motive. He will be saved if he is in Christ, but his work will not be accepted.

M. Broad, Mifflintown, Pa. 1. Methodist. 2. About 5000. 3. We believe so.——S. Hamill, Pleasantville, Pa. It depends on the population and church needs of the place. Naturally, one who lives in a country village could have little appreciation of the needs of a great city.——Mrs. Mary Ann Craig, Lumces, Mo. Your druggist can probably supply it.——Mrs. S. W. Fuller, Beddow, Mich. 1. Write to the National Temperance Society, 58 Reade Street, New York. 2. Yes; at the same rate.——Emily T. Parmely, Elyria, O. 1. In the sixth chapter of Joshua, the order to encompass Jericho is given as a special command, and that fact alone was sufficient to relieve the Israelites of all responsibility in the matter. 2. The area of ancient Jericho cannot now be determined as the old landmarks are obliterated.——Mrs. Wm. Fraser, San Francisco, Cal. The type you refer to is doubtless nonpareil. An Oxford Teachers' Bible in nonpareil type will cost $2.00 extra, or together with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, $3.50. Send money either by express order or postal note.——W. E. Copers, Wattleboro, S. C. Yes; Presbyterian.——John F. Starcher, Granby, Mo., and S. A. Rees, Red Lion, O. The whole story is without foundation in fact.——Viola Chase, Kingston Centre, O. We are overcrowded with similar appeals and find it impossible to respond except in urgent cases.——J. W. Roland, Oakland, Cal. The Oxford Teachers' Bible given as premium to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD subscribers is the same as that given last year.——Reader, Dansville, N. Y. Write to Charles A. Burger, 34 Park Row, N. Y.

Inquirer, Brooklyn, N. Y. 1. If a person lived a consistent Christian life and was a true follower of Christ, believed that he had been baptized, but had been mistaken, dies unbaptized, would his soul be lost? 2. Will the world grow better or worse before Christ comes?

1. The very thought of such a thing is absurd. Baptism has not a particle of efficacy in the salvation of the soul. The Christian will be careful to obey this, as he will all other commands of Christ, but if, through sudden death, or through some inadvertence, he does not obey it, he will not suffer disadvantage of any kind. 2. Students of prophecy are almost unanimous in believing that while religious activity will increase and the Gospel will be more widely preached, the Church will become more worldly and the world more unbelieving and immoral as the time of the end approaches.

A. S. G. Frankford, Pa. I wish to study for the ministry, and will be grateful if you will advise me. I have to work for a living and could not study during the day. Would I be allowed by the Church to study privately, and in spare hours for the regular examination? I am in many ways qualified for the field I wish to enter. I have fluency of speech, I try to follow in the footsteps of the Saviour, and do not feel that I am presuming in wishing to enter the great vineyard to work.

In the Baptist and Congregational denominations there is not necessarily a regular examination. If a candidate, after preaching for a congregation, wins its approval, he can then be called and appointed without further formality. Pastor Spurgeon never went to a Theological Seminary and was never ordained. In the Methodist Church you would be permitted to study privately and when duly qualified would receive the necessary license, first as exhorter, then as local preacher, deacon, elder and pastor with charge, in succession. In the Presbyterian Church, as now organized, it is customary to attend a Theological Seminary.

S. Barrow, an Oriental merchant now in New York, writes: "I am a native of Mosul, Mesopotamia, and came to this country as a merchant. A short time ago, I saw a copy of your journal, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and in spite of my being weak in the knowledge of the English language, I tried to read it and was very much interested. Were I in possession of a better knowledge of the English, I would be delighted to translate some parts of the paper into Arabic, and send it to my people and friends at Mosul. Your paper is of great value to me, and I have now decided to be a subscriber to it, hoping that by reading it, I may obtain the religious benefit which young people are in great want of."

Mrs. S. A. M. R., Edenton, N.C., writes: "I have a friend who for years was sadly given to drink, cruel at home, and reduced to utter poverty. One night, three years since, he staggered home and fell on the sofa. His wife was reading one of Dr. Talmage's sermons and immediately commenced to read aloud. He would mutter to her to stop, but she would not, little thinking he could get sober enough to listen. Soon she heard sob after sob, and then went to him. He was perfectly sober, and so repentant and contrite that she was obliged to send at 10 o'clock at night for her minister. He went and remained with the husband till he was composed, with the promise to be at his bedside the next morning at 8 o'clock. The man has never tasted liquor since, is doing well in business, and handsomely supporting a lovely family. I told the wife I would have that sermon printed in gilt letters, frame it, and hang it on my wall, that it might be read by all. She did not do that, but I know she feels that God visited him through you."

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

New Discoveries in Bible Lands.

REFERENCE has already been made in these columns to the wonderful discovery of an ancient manuscript of the Gospels in the convent on Mount Sinai. The discoverer was Mrs. Lewis, whose late husband was an erudite clergyman who at the time of his death was librarian of the University of Cambridge. Mrs. Lewis is a lady of remarkable scholarship and it is to that fact that we are indebted for her discovery. She and her sister have been making a tour in Bible lands, and during a visit to the Convent of St. Catharine obtained permission to examine some of the ancient manuscripts in its library. One of these was in a very bad state of preservation, having been cast aside by the monks as of no use. Its leaves were dirty and were stuck together. Mrs. Lewis caught sight of a word in one of them which arrested her attention. It was the Syriac word for "Gospel." She determined to examine it closely. With the steam from her traveling teakettle, she carefully separated the leaves. She found that the writing was merely the lives of saints, but they had been written over other writing which had almost faded out. She obtained permission to apply chemicals to it, which had the effect of bringing up the faded writing underneath. It was then at once evident that the discovery was of inestimable value, for the faded writing, on becoming legible, proved to be the oldest manuscript of the Gospels extant, and was perfect, with the exception of the first part of the Gospel of John. At that part, some pages had been torn out. Mrs. Lewis spent considerable time in the neighborhood, studying and making photographs. One of these, reproduced on this page, is a photograph of a great rock, having a deep fissure in it which, tradition says, is the rock which Moses struck when the people needed water, and from which the miraculous stream flowed (Numbers 20:8–11.)

The Tramp's Choice.

A saloon-keeper at Tampa, Ga., was behind his bar one day, recently, when a miserable-looking man entered, and telling a deplorable story of want and suffering, begged for relief. The saloon-keeper was no stranger to the signs on the man's face and he perceived that his real trouble was protracted dissipation. "If I gave you money," he said, "you would go and get drunk with it." The man protested vehemently. "Well," said the saloon-keeper, "I will try you. I will lock you in that room with a glass of whiskey and a five-dollar bill. If, at the end of an hour, you have not drunk the whiskey you shall have the money." The tramp's eyes glistened at the sight of the bill, and he readily agreed. Ten minutes after he had entered the room he clamored to be released. He had drunk the whiskey. Although he could have gained five dollars by one hour's abstinence, he was unable to resist his craving. The fact is a remarkable evidence of the power of the liquor habit. There is too much reason to fear that his ultimate fate and that of others like him, did we know it, would furnish a still more startling proof. Though they know that through indulgence they will lose their souls they will not abstain. (Gal. 5 : 21.)

Tramping 2,500 Miles.

A MAN arrived at San Antonio, Texas, on June 1, who had walked twenty-five hundred miles. A little over a year ago he came to New York from Sweden. He hoped to secure employment as a clerk, but was unable to do so. He remained here searching for work until all his money was spent and he was in dire straits. Seeing an offer of employment in Central America he applied and was accepted. He expected to be employed as a clerk or timekeeper, but when he arrived he was sent to a place named Livingston to work on a banana plantation. He was required to work in the hot sun from early morning until night and there was no compensation but food and lodging. Both were bad, the former being deficient in quantity as well as unwholesome. He became sick with malarial fever, but his employers had no mercy on him. He was driven to his work every morning and compelled to keep at it all day, although he swooned several times from weakness and pain. He perceived that there was no prospect of any alleviation and that nothing but death awaited him as the end of all his labor, if he remained; and he determined to make his escape. He waited only for strength for the terrible journey. The hope seemed to help his recovery and just after Christmas he succeeded in slipping away unobserved. He left his surplus clothes and all his belongings behind him and set out to walk. He had great difficulty in procuring food on his way, and at times could cover but a few miles in the day; but he persevered and finally reached San Antonio six months after setting out. He was completely worn out and was sent to the hospital for medical treatment. It is much to be wished that men who are in the service of Satan, and who know that the end of their way is death, would show a similar determination to escape, even if like this man they have to sacrifice all their possessions and endure hardship. (II. Timothy 2: 26.)

A Lost Diamond.

A REMARKABLE story of the loss of a valuable diamond ring appears in the St. Louis *Republic*. It appears that a gentleman well known in that city has a ring containing a very fine stone for which he had paid a very large sum of money and of which he was very proud. He was in the habit of driving out into the country to visit some friends who are farmers. The chief attraction, it turns out, was one of the farmer's daughters to whom he is soon to be married. The crucial question was asked and answered during a drive which he persuaded the young lady to take with him. To seal the engagement, he took off his favorite ring and placed it on her finger. The ring was too large for her, and before they returned to the farm, it had slipped off. The buggy was thoroughly searched, but the ring was not there. Then a search was made for it along the road, and the farmer and several of his family joined in the quest. There had been considerable rain and the country-roads were soft and muddy, so that the ring might easily have been trodden out of sight. It could not be found, and when darkness fell, the search was abandoned. During the evening, some of the boys were in the yard chatting about the event of the day and one of them absent-mindedly pecked with his pocket-knife at the lumps of mud adhering to the wheels of the buggy, as it stood in the yard. As a lump of dirt fell, something glistened. The boy stooped and looked at it and there he saw the lost ring. It must have fallen in the wagon track, and have been immediately picked up by the wheel and carried two or three miles. One can imagine the joy its restoration would afford the young lady who had lost it. As the pledge of her engagement it would be precious, far above its intrinsic value. Its loss must have been to her a cause of sorrow such as the Christian feels when he loses the assurance of his union with Christ. He, too, will recover his treasure more quickly and more surely, not by going back to the period of his conversion, but by removing the impurity he has collected in traveling through the world's miry ways. (Isa. 1: 16-18.)

THE ROCK SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN STRUCK BY MOSES IN THE ARABIAN DESERT.
(From a photograph by Mrs. Lewis)

Exile Worse than Jail.

THERE was general surprise in Philadelphia on May 31, when an ex-State Senator who has been a fugitive from justice for three years, voluntarily surrendered himself. Some years ago he was connected with the management of a Bank and a Life Insurance Company. Both were wrecked and there was good ground for believing that the ruin was caused by a fraudulent conspiracy. The Senator with three colleagues were all indicted and the latter were convicted. One was sentenced to four years imprisonment and the other two to shorter terms. The Senator made good his escape and has been living for three years in Brazil and occasionally in Europe. He avoided countries in which an extradition treaty could reach him and he knew that he was safe from arrest. His state of mind, however, has been one of continual unrest. Remorse and the longing for the sight of his native land and familiar scenes and faces made his life miserable. He grew worse daily, until, at last, he came to the conclusion that no punishment, however severe, would be so hard to bear as his mental suffering. He therefore came back and surrendered himself. He was sentenced to four years imprisonment in the Penitentiary. Much has been said about the punishment of those who die impenitent, but a fact like this shows that the human mind is so constituted that if the punishment consisted of nothing more than remorse and exile from the presence of God it would be intolerable. (Luke 13: 28.)

Measuring Electricity.

The mystery about the system by which the electric light companies learn how much electricity is used by their customers, was explained, in the course of a trial in a Brooklyn court, last week. The company had charged the customer a larger sum than he considered he ought to pay, and they sued him for the amount. The manager of the company said that it was impossible there could be any mistake to the disadvantage of the customer, as the meter could not register more than was used. The instrument consisted of two discs of metal suspended in a jar of acid. They are connected with wires in such a way that when the current passes through them, one piece is decomposed, and the other gains the particles of metal detached from its companion. The electricity supplied to the customer must pass through the jar, and the process of disintegration and accumulation goes on only during the time that the electric current is turned on. At certain intervals the two pieces of metal are taken out and weighed, and the difference in the weight of each indicates how long they have been subjected to the action of the electricity, and consequently how long the lights in the house have been kept burning. The same result might be reached from the weight of either piece of metal, but is made absolutely certain when both are weighed. An analogous principle applied to the two natures that every man possesses, would reveal the extent to which the Christian's light had been kept burning. While it shines, his higher nature gains in strength and purity, while his lower nature loses its power. (Rom. 8: 10.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The managers of the American Bible Society had the pleasure of welcoming Rev. Francis Penzotti, of Peru, at their recent meeting. Mr. Penzotti has suffered a long imprisonment in Peru for acting as the Society's agent in the distribution of Bibles. He is now on a visit to New York and is enjoying the rest and change after his arduous labors.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller has given $150,000 toward the half million dollar endowment of the University of Chicago. This with Mr. Martin A. Ryerson's gift of $100,000, and $100,000 raised from other sources leaves $150,000 still to be raised within three months or the Ryerson and Rockefeller gifts will be lost to the university.

Mr. J. Hubley Ashton, one of the counsel engaged in the cases of the Chinese under the Geary Law, recently said to a reporter that the Chinese Government has already informed the State Department that if the Chinese are deported as required by the Geary law, all relations with China — diplomatic, commercial and otherwise — may be considered as terminated. The Americans now in China will be ordered to withdraw, and our trade with China will cease. Great concern is felt for the safety of the missionries.

A recent dispatch from Corea says that a grievous wrong has been done Dr. W. J. Hall, whose letters on medical mission work in that country have appeared from time to time in this journal. He was enabled to purchase a house for mission work in Seoul; but complaint was made in the courts against him, under an old law forbidding the ownership of real estate by foreigners. The man who sold the house to him has been arrested and imprisoned and the transaction declared cancelled. The house has been taken from Dr. Hall, but the purchase money has not been returned to him.

Mr. D. L. Moody asks us to remind our readers, who may visit Chicago during the World's Fair, that lectures on Bible topics are given at the Bible Institute, 80 Institute Place, every day, except Sunday and Monday, at 9 and 11 o'clock. They are open to every one, and visitors are cordialy welcomed. Among the lecturers are Professors W. G. Moorhead and J. M. Stifler, Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston; Dr. Theo. Monod, of Paris, and Rev. John McNeill and Hubert Brooke, of London.

Mr. D. L. Moody announces that at the close of the Young Women's Conference at Northfield, the World's Student Convention will be held commencing July 1st, and continuing twelve days. Among the speakers will be Prof. Drummond of Glasgow, Prof. Purves of Princeton, and Prof. Jacobus of Hartford. On August 1st will be the General Conference of Christian Workers, at which Rev. B. Fay Mills, Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, Rev. John McNeil and other eminent men are expected to attend. Mr. Moody will preside at all three conferences.

Evangelist Francis E. Smiley has been much blessed in his meetings at Dunbar, Pa. Churches of all demoninations have united in the work and meetings have been held alternately in the Presbyterian and Methodist churches. The newspapers of the town say that in the shops, the offices, and on the streets, men are heard speaking of religious matters as never before.

The First (Old South) Church of Worcester, Mass., has been enjoying a period of blessing unprecedented in its history. Three hundred and thirty three members have been received into membership since the present pastor, Dr. A. Z. Conrad began his labors there in 1891. Of this large number 122 have joined the church on profession of faith this year.

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

MARKS OF THE LORD JESUS.

Sermon Preached last Sunday, June 11, 1893, in Calvary Baptist Church, New York, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D. *From henceforth let no man trouble me: for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus.*" Gal. 6: 17.

THIS has always seemed to me to be a very tender and touching passage of Scripture. It has a plaintiveness and sweetness peculiarly its own. The apostle Paul found the Galatians, what all writers have agreed in styling them, a very fickle people. At the first they were devotedly attached to this noble apostle. They received his instructions with the utmost confidence; and they obeyed his commandments with the utmost heartiness. The apostle bears testimony to their love for him when he says, "I bear you record that if it had been possible, ye would have plucked out your own eyes and have given them to me." This testimony suggests, as many have supposed, that Paul's thorn in the flesh was weakness of the eyes; it also shows that the Galatians had formed a most ardent attachment for him as their teacher. It shows also that their love was changeful, and that the time came when the apostle deeply regretted that they had been "so soon removed from him that called you into the grace of Christ unto another Gospel." They were a people who had been rescued from heathenism of a peculiarly gross and debasing character. They worshipped "the mother of the gods" under names and forms that were utterly degrading. Heathen writers call them "a foolish people." They were, however, a great people physically. They were of three different tribes and nations, and are mentioned by all historians as a tall and brave people.

A Disturbing Element.

Their fickleness was seen in that so soon as the apostle had left them they were turned away from the simplicity of the gospel. It is clear that Judaizing teachers went amongst them and induced them to observe the rites of the Jewish faith. These teachers claimed to have come directly from Jerusalem and to be acting under apostolic authority. They perverted the doctrine which the apostle had taught and affirmed that he was inferior to the apostles in Jerusalem. They endeavored to set at naught his authority, because if he were an apostle at all he had been recently called to the apostolic office, and they insisted that his teachings were inferior to those of the teachers in Jerusalem. They urged also that the laws of Moses were still obligatory, and they led many of the Galatians to submit to the distinctive Jewish rite and to observe some of the Jewish festivals. It is evident that great discussions soon arose in the church and that direct instruction from the apostle was necessary to prevent the spreading of dissension and the possible dissolution of the church.

The apostle Paul showed clearly in this epistle that his commission was received immediately from God; that he had not been instructed by other apostles, that he did not acknowledge their authority and that he did not need to have additional proof of his apostleship. He claimed

To Rank With the Highest

apostles at Jerusalem. Although he had not [illegible] his death, he was supernaturally ordained by him to his apostolic office. He did not hesitate to differ from Peter [illegible] the apostles was clearly wrong. He also in this [illegible] justification by faith and shows that those who trust in the rites of Judaism dishonor the finished work of the Lord Jesus. Most gloriously does he exalt Christ as the all-sufficient Saviour of men. In this connection he proves clearly that the Mosaic ritual was only temporary in duration and introductory in design. Its highest glory was that it was preparatory to the coming of Christ and was designed to lead to him for salvation. The controlling purpose of the epistle is to state and prove the true doctrine of justification by faith, and so he shows that even Abraham was justified by faith rather than by obedience to a ritual.

We see clearly that the opposition made to the apostle caused him great sorrow. He has now reached the close of the epistle and he speaks with a tenderness which reaches the heart of every reader. He says "from henceforth," that is for the remainder of my life, whether it be long or short, "let no man trouble me; for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." His call to the apostolic office had been questioned; his authority to explain and to defend the Gospel had been doubted. Clearly does he vindicate himself at both of these points; fully does he prove the divine authority of

His Commission;

exhaustively also has he explained the great doctrine of justification by faith, showing that the law of Moses is no longer binding; and now, in a tone of mingled authority, resignation, affection and conscious injury, he begs them to give him no more trouble on these points. He surely had sorrow enough to bear. He reminds them, with varied and contradictory emotions, that there is another kind of proof of his apostolic office and authority. It is a delicate proof for him to produce. The thought is as if he had said, "I have not before alluded to this form of proof. It is with hesitancy that I now mention it, but the circumstances of the case justify the delicate allusion. Look at me. Behold and see that I bear in my body the conclusive proofs of my apostleship. These marks I received in the service of my Lord. These wounds are witnesses that I am truly a soldier of the Captain of our salvation, and an apostle of the Lord Jesus. I have need of your prayful sympathy rather than of your critical comments and your captious opposition. It is almost humiliating to me that I have been compelled to vindicate my apostleship in this tender and personal way. Do you doubt my loyalty? Let these 'stigmata' be the answers to your carping criticisms. Suffering as I do in my scarred and feeble body it is positively painful to me to call attention to these delicate matters." Beloved hearers, this line of remark which I have put into the mouth of the apostle is very touching. It is an appeal which is gentle as it is mighty. It moves our hearts after the lapse of the centuries. It must have tenderly touched the fickle nature of these Galatians. It is indeed a touch both of nature and grace which makes the whole Church of God kin.

The Sacred Stigmata.

It is fitting that we should here ask what the apostle means by "the marks of the Lord Jesus." Many commentators have called attention to the fact that the word "stigmata," here translated marks, properly means the brands which were burnt into the body. It is well known that slaves were often branded in this way by their owners so as to make their escape less likely and to make their discovery more certain should they escape. We know also that devotees of certain idol gods in the excitement of their fanatical devotion often imprinted upon their flesh images of the gods whom they adored. Barnes quotes Herodotus as mentioning a temple of Hercules in Egypt in which if any slave took refuge and had the sacred stigmata placed upon him, he was ever afterward considered as devoted to the god whose image he bore, and no man could afterward lawfully injure him. Some have supposed that the apostle Paul here referred to the image of the Lord Jesus as impressed upon him in a similar way; others have supposed that he refers to the form of the cross as being impressed upon some part of his person. Romanists have used his language in the attempt to justify the most extravagant vagaries of their idolatrous beliefs in connection with the face and cross of the Lord Jesus. But such interpretations are fanciful. The apostle simply means to say that in the service of his Master he had received marks as the result of the sufferings which he had endured because of his loyal devotion. In II. Cor. 11: 24-25, he says, "Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck; a night and a day I have been in the deep." In the succeeding verses he gives us an astonishing catalogue of his perils of robbers, and of his perils in the city and in the sea. The catalogue which he gives no one in whose breast there is a heart and not a stone can read without profound emotion. Doubtless it is to such experiences as these that he refers in the text. In his body there were then marks of his heroic service for Christ; they were the witnesses of his apostolic commission and apostolic fervor. Some had in their body the marks of Jewish rites; he the marks of Christian service. Some the images of idols whom they worshipped; he the weals which he had received, from scourges and rods in the hands of the enemies of his Master. How could he possibly give more striking

Evidence of His Devotion

to Jesus? A few weeks ago a brave soldier in our late war showed me with pride the scar which he bears of a wound received before Richmond in a decisive engagement. Of that scar he was rightfully proud. It was an evidence of his devotion to his country and his service in the preservation of the Union. Many an old soldier during the exercises of Memorial Day pointed with pardonable pride to similar evidences of his devotion to his country and his sufferings in her honor. The popular commentator to whom I have already referred quotes Lafayette, when struck in the foot by a musket ball at Germantown, as saying, "I prize this wound as among the most valued of my honors" Without boasting, but with a justifiable pride, the apostle Paul could point to the scourgings which he had received as the pledges of his consecration to the cause of the Lord Jesus. Could any words more closely touch the tenderest spots of the heart than those which are my text this morning? Chrysostom doubtless catches the true thought when he reminds us that Paul does not say "I have," but "I bear" in my body. Paul bore these scars as one is proud of trophies.

All Christians now should bear in some form the "marks of the Lord Jesus." They are not now called upon to suffer for their faith as was the apostle Paul and as were the martyrs who followed him in Christian service, but there are

Marks Which we Must Bear

or we have no evidence that we belong to Christ. There is a spirit which we must possess and manifest or we cannot prove that we are Christ's. What are some of the marks which we ought to bear, which men ought to see as the proofs that we are not our own but Christ's? Such marks are worth more than all the honors which this world can bestow. The time is coming when the "marks of the Lord Jesus" will be worth more than ribbon or star indicating even the loftiest rank among men, worth more than ducal coronet or kingly crown. Do we possess those marks? This question is the most important which we can be asked of any human being. What then are some of the marks of the Lord Jesus which we ought to possess?

But a few can be mentioned, but these are so inclusive that they imply the possession of others of like character. Obedience to the will of God is one of the distinctive marks of the Lord Jesus which we may possess. The obedience of Christ was unquestioning, unvarying and unparalleled. It was the controlling characteristic of his earthly life. David, speaking in the fortieth psalm as a type of Jesus, said, "Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire; mine ears hast thou opened: burnt offering and sin offering hast thou not required, Lo, I come: in the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart." All the way from Bethlehem to Calvary the spirit of obedience to the will of God was one of the marks of the life of the Lord Jesus. At the age of twelve

This Mark was Clearly Seen

when he said to his parents, who found him after seeking him with anxiety, "How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Already the solemn duties and the sublime achievements of his earthly life were pressing upon his boyish mind and heart. This sense of obedience is one of the distinctive characteristics of the Lord in connection with his baptism. When John hesitated to baptize his Lord the answer of that Lord was, "Suffer it to be so now: for [illegible] to fulfill all righteousness." How should the pure and holy Son of God submit to an ordinance which is the sinner's and not the Saviour's ordinance? He took upon himself our nature, not only that he might be "made sin for us," but also that he might set us a perfect example of obedience to the law of God. Had he refused to submit to the act of baptism he would have left incomplete the perfect righteousness which he came to manifest. He shows that this act of holy obedience should be performed by every true disciple, and that its neglect leaves something of the required righteousness unfulfilled. For the time being, he

Took a Subordinate Place

making John the Baptist the actor while Jesus the Christ was the recipient of the divine ordinance. The apostle Paul in Romans 5: 19 teaches us that, "As by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous;" and in Hebrews 5: 8 we have the striking words, "Though he were a son yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered." The same spirit of obedience was gloriously shown in Gethsemane when he submitted to the will of God by drinking to its dregs the painful cup. The apostle Paul in writing to the Philippians emphasizes the thought that Christ became obedient unto death even the death of the cross. His exaltation to the right hand of God stands in close relation to his ignominious humiliation on the cross.

This spirit of obedience is one of the marks of the Lord Jesus which we ought to possess. We are commanded to repent and be baptized. We dare not separate between these divine commands. Both are personal acts, both should receive our prompt and joyful obedience. We are to believe in the Lord Jesus and to confess him before men—are to accept and to declare his righteousness. We ought never to ask: Is this or that command essential to salvation? To us the voice of the Master comes saying, in response to our querulous questioning regarding the essentiality of this or that command, "What is that to thee? follow thou me." Finely does Matthew Henry say, "It ought to be the great care of every one of us to follow the Lord fully. We must in a course of obedience to God's will and service to his honor follow him universally, without dividing; uprightly, without dissembling; cheerfully, without disputing; and constantly, without declining; and this is following him fully." We must obey although we do not fully know the reason for the divine requirement. God knows best, and our highest wisdom is in accepting his will as our highest law. The first obligation of the Order of St. Francis was unquestioning submission to the authority of the superior. We are told that when a monk proved refractory a grave was dug deep enough to enable a man to stand therein.

The Disobedient Monk

was put into it and his associates shovelled in the earth, while the superior looked on without an emotion of tenderness. The earth reaches the knees of the stubborn monk. St. Francis stooping down asked, "Are you dead yet?" There was no answer. The burial went on until the earth reached to the waist, to the shoulders, and finally to the lips. Once more St. Francis bending down said, "Are you dead yet?" A little more dirt thrown into the grave and the rebellious monk would be suffocated. No longer might he resist. The iron will of the superior could not be broken; that of the monk must yield, or death would be his fate. "I am dead," said he, and his release was immediately ordered. In a higher and nobler sense we are to be dead to self, to sin, and the world, and we are to be alive to Christ. We are his only as we do his commandments; obedience alone proves our friendship to him and our true discipleship in his church. His own words are, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." Only as our faith takes the form of practical obedience is it helpful to us or acceptable to God. Noble was the spirit of

The Roman Commander

who forbade a battle with the enemy, and whose son challenged and defeated that enemy, who, when the son came in triumph carrying the spoils won from the enemy, refused to give him honor because he had disobeyed his father's and commander's orders. Even though his disobedience resulted in victory it was more worthy of death than honor. Beautiful were the words spoken by the mother of Jesus when she said to the servant at the marriage in Cana, "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it." These words might be written on the first page of every Bible, over the vestibule of every church, over the head of every preacher, and in the heart of every disciple. Beautiful the words of the old prophet, "To obey is better than sacrifice." What is it to be a Christian? This: To obey Jesus Christ. Obedience proves faith, love, joy and every grace.

Another mark is a life of holy zeal in the cause of God and man. This mark is kindred to the one already presented. Christ's life gives us many illustrations of this characteristic. In

Mark 3: 21 we read that his friends said, "He is beside himself." They could not understand the spirit which prompted his unresisting service in the cause of God. We read of his performing miracles during the day and retiring to the mountain to pray during the hours of the night. He spent the night in prayer before calling his twelve apostles. He often spent hours in silent communion with God. Men could not understand the secret of his all-consuming zeal. His life was summed up in the most suggestive remark, "He went about doing good." The world knows us not because it knew him not. Men now call devoted, enthusiastic, zealous and

Consecrated Christians

fanatics and fools. Christ showed us that true enthusiasm in religion is the highest reason. If we truly believed what we profess we would be amazed at our coldness in the cause of God. Christ worked and prayed until after the sun had set, and then we are told that he arose a great while before dawn to resume his works of love to men and of obedience to God. He said to himself, "I must work the works of him that sent me while it is called day." The most dangerous of all "isms" in the church of God is indifferentism. The most fervent Christian is amazed at his own lack of fervor. How can we be indifferent when men about us are without God and without hope? True zeal is one of the noblest elements of power in the Christian life. It is the highest Christian principle set on fire by divine love. It is love fanned to a white heat. A Christian without zeal is a sacrifice without fire. Zeal drives the disciple to an unflagging and ever joyous service. It made Whitefield and Wesley mightier than Butler and Watson although their inferiors in mental attainments. We need this zeal to-day to melt the icebergs, and to burn up the hay, wood and stubble in our churches. Oh, for a burning devotion, for a fiery zeal, for a quenchless love! A sleeping church is the devil's best ally. We are told that when Napoleon invaded Egypt he met a force protected by a mud fort. This fort defied all his efforts. If it had been rock, he would have blown it up with powder; if it had been wood, he would have fired it with rockets; but it was mud. The missiles he hurled into it increased its power of resistance. It is said that he left it in despair. A sleeping church is

A Mud Fort.

God help us to awake and to put on our strength, and to do our duty as followers of the Lord Jesus! Quaintly does Luther say that, "The devil held a great anniversary at which his emissaries were convened to report the results of their several missions. One said, 'I let loose the wild beasts of the desert on a caravan of Christians and their bones are now bleaching on the sands.' 'What of that?' said the devil, 'their souls were all saved.' Another said, 'I drove the east wind against a ship freighted with Christians and all were drowned.' 'What of that?' said the devil, 'their souls were all saved.' But a third said, 'For ten years I tried to get a single Christian asleep. I succeeded and left him sleeping.' Then the devil rejoiced and the night stars of hell also shouted for joy." In all our churches there are to-day sleeping Christians. Oh, if we could but appreciate the value of a soul! If we could, as the seraphic Summerfield said, "take a look into eternity" how we would beseech men to be reconciled unto God!

We need the mark of the love of self-sacrifice, a life not lived for itself, but for God and for man. This truth Christ taught from the cradle to the grave, taught in words and in acts. When we become Christians we profess to die to self. We profess that our body, soul and spirit are Christ's. We declare that we have been bought with a price, and that we are bound to serve God in our bodies and spirits. We cannot have any proof for ourselves or for others that we are Christ's, except some of these marks are found upon us.

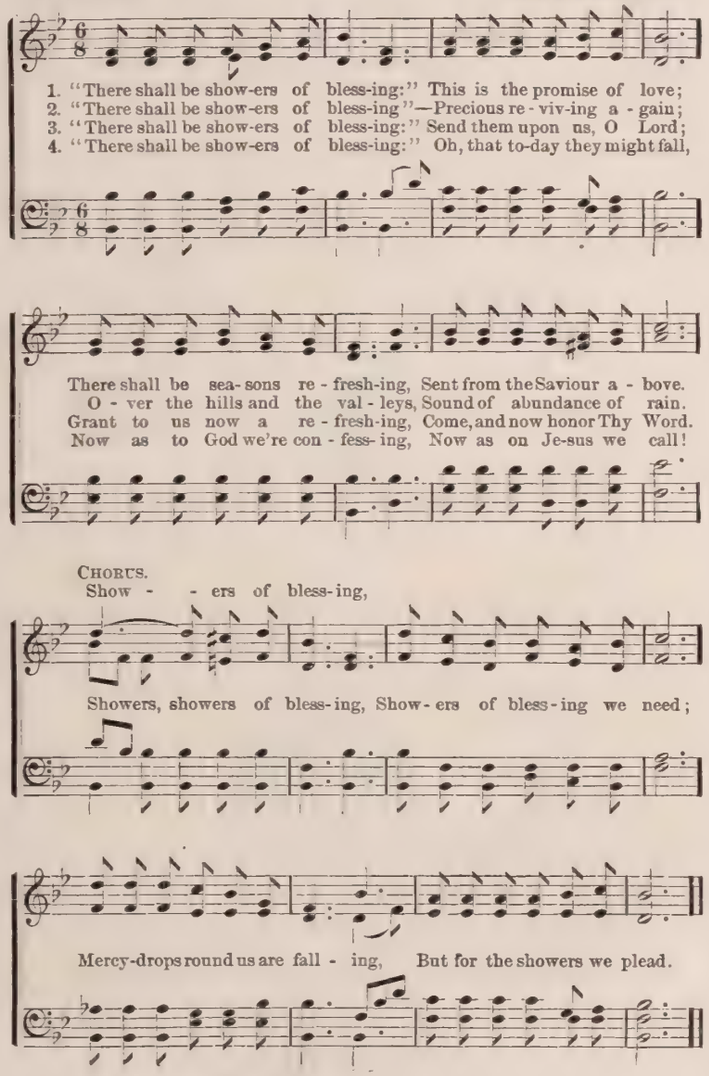
The best proof that we are Christians is that we are Christ-like. We ought not to be obliged to give evidence that we are Christians; our lives in themselves ought to be such evidences. There is irresistible power in the possession of these marks of the Lord Jesus. No one can long misinterpret their testimony. They are self-evidencing proof that we have passed from death unto life. Oh, to-day bow at the cross, and receive Christ as your personal Saviour! Let this act of obedience be the first mark in your soul. Then ask with Paul on the Damascus highway, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Then run with joy in the way of his commandments, and when men ask one of us questions, carping, unreasonable, unanswerable questions, we can say with deep humility, with holy joy and with conclusive argument, "Henceforth let no man trouble me for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus."

Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

There shall be Showers of Blessing.

EZEK. 34: 26.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" This is the promise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—Precious re-viv-ing a-gain;
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Send them upon us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Oh, that to-day they might fall,
There shall be sea-sons re-fresh-ing, Sent from the Saviour a-bove.
O-ver the hills and the val-leys, Sound of abundance of rain.
Grant to us now a re-fresh-ing, Come, and now honor Thy Word.
Now as to God we're con-fess-ing, Now as on Je-sus we call!
CHORUS.
Show- -ers of bless-ing,
Showers, showers of bless-ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need;
Mercy-drops round us are fall-ing, But for the showers we plead.

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A MITE FOR HIS CAUSE.

SENTINEL! what threatening shadows
Gather o'er your lofty spire?
Why obscured the light of noon-day
By this deepening gloom so dire?

Is it Legion's forces hovering
O'er the Tabernacle grand!
Come to storm this Christian fortress
With a stern, relentless hand?

Have they come to take the Temple
Which is now so justly famed?
Come to give these courts to Satan
Where the Christ is now proclaimed?

Up! and sound the pealing trumpet,
There is danger in delay;
Let its echoes, far resounding,
Summon Christians for the fray!

Haste! and brief will be the conflict—
Long the cause of Christ will live—
Speed! ye valiant Christian soldiers,
ALL FOR JESUS freely give!

Give! and yet the Tabernacle
To God's glory strong will stand!
Give! and still will roll the Gospel
From its portals through the land!—HABER.

LET ME LEAN HARDER ON THEE.

IF ever my feet shall grow weary
While burdens are pressing me sore,
And I am not led by still waters,
But tread on a storm-smitten shore:
Oh let not my heart ever falter,
Or question thy goodness to me;
But draw me, oh Saviour, still closer,
And let me lean harder on thee.

If those I have trusted should fail me,
And those that my heart has held dear
Should sever the sweet ties of friendship
That bound us for many a year:
Then leave me not utterly lonely,
Come closer than brother can be;
Oh, whisper of love everlasting,
And let me lean harder on thee.

When grief overshadows my journey,
When I must pass under the rod,
When death's angel enters my dwelling,
And takes my beloved to God;
Or when I must tread the dark waters,
And Jordan shall roll over me,
Be near me, my Saviour, be near me,
And let me lean harder on thee.

Vineland, N. J. —CARRIE ELLIS BRECK.

THE APOSTASY.

The Progessive Decadence and Corruption of the Church before the Advent.

BY THOMAS NEWBERRY.

THERE are two events which must intervene between "the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ and our gathering together unto him," and the day of Christ, when the Son of Man shall appear and every eye see him.

The first of these is "a falling away," literally "the apostasy" of the outward professing Church from its original standing. The second is the revelation of the man of sin. The kingdom of the heavens is likened unto a man who sowed good seed in his field, among which the enemy sowed tares (Matt. 12). The explanation is this: He that sowed the good seed is the Son of Man, the field is the world, the good seed are the children of the kingdom, the tares are the children of the wicked one. At the time of the harvest the tares are bound in bundles; this process, I believe, is going on now. Various forms of error are associating men together, and binding them fast. There is a lukewarm holding of old-established truths which are being supplanted by rationalistic opinions, advanced thought, &c. While in the professing Church there is a turning again to the weak and beggarly elements of a former dispensation, utterly destitute of its reality and power. The tares having been bound, the wheat will be gathered into the garner. This will be "the coming our Lord Jesus and our gathering together unto him," leaving the tares to dry for burning at the end of the age.

Similarly the parable of the drag net teaches that when it is full it is drawn to shore, the good fish are gathered into vessels, and the bad cast out. There is now unusual activity in the harvest field, for the night is coming, the storm is gathering, and the Gospel net is being cast into new waters. A time is coming when true believers will be gathered home, but when those making a profession without reality—that is, without oil in the vessel, or the Spirit of God in the heart—will be left outside the door; a time when the faithful servant will enter into the joy of his Lord, but the unfaithful one will have his portion with the hypocrites. In a moment—the twinkling of an eye—all who belong to Christ sealed with the Spirit will be caught up; then the outward professing Church, destitute of the Spirit, the carcase without life, will remain.

Those constituting the true Church of God having been removed, the false Church assumes its true character, as described in Rev. 12, as Babylon the Great, becoming as Christ calls it in Rev. 3, the Synagogue of Satan. This will be the Church of the future, with its magnificent ritual and worldly grandeur.

In Rev. 12, the angel shows John in vision this Church of the future under the symbol of a woman sitting on a scarlet-colored beast, decked or gilded with gold and precious stones and pearls.

This will be the dominant religion of the day, usurping authority over the State, and prostituting to her own purpose all that is Divinely precious, spiritually excellent and beautiful. That which will give the wine in her cup, its intoxicating power will be its subtle mixture of the Divine with the human, the spiritual with the carnal, the heavenly with the earthly, the true and the false; so that the religious, and even the godly, are in danger of being carried away. Hence the solemn warning, needful even now, "Come out of her, my people."

After the first three-and-a-half years of Daniel's seventieth week of years, he who was the head of the beast on which the woman sits becomes Antichrist, opposing himself above all that is called God, or is worshipped. Then the apostate Church allies herself with him as the associate of the beast, and instead of being the Church of God and the Temple of the Holy Ghost, becomes "the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird" (Rev. 13: 2). This is the consummation of her falling away, her final apostacy.

And instead of being ready for the coming of Christ, she becomes so abominable that outraged humanity can endure it no longer, insomuch that the ten kings combined obliterate the apostate Church from the face of the earth, so that not even the Church's counterfeit will be on the scene when the Lord comes to take vengeance on the beast and the false prophet.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people

CONSECRATION.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for Week Commencing June 25. II. Chron. 29: 25 36.

IT is a spectacle far apart from nineteenth century life that is sketched for us in the passage selected for the topic. The slain beasts, the streams of blood, the priests hurriedly flaying the carcases and the smoke of sacrifice ascending heavenward —all these form a picture which is quite foreign to our idea of religious service. Yet the ideal of religious life is here under the coarse and repulsive imagery. The spirit and disposition of the people, which found expression in these ancient rites, are the same spirit and disposition that are required of the servants of God to-day. In the clearer light of our time we have learned that the slaughter of beasts is not acceptable worship; but we have not yet fully learned that sacrifice is still necessary. Not less but more is required of us. We too have an altar, and an offering must be made there. It is our privilege, as well as our duty and joy to offer *ourselves* on that altar. Conversion means all that, and sanctification is not possible without it. To the self-indulgent Christian there comes no true spiritual life, or development. The law of self-sacrifice is the law of his life. He has to make his lower life a sacrifice to his higher life; his time and effort and property must be sacrificed to his fellowman; and all his desires, and passions and his very will must be sacrificed, that God may reign in him supreme over all. That is the way of the Cross and the way of life. He that would save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for Christ's sake and the Gospel's shall save it.

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THE Y. W. C. A. AT CHICAGO

THE Young Women's Christian Association of Chicago is making a special effort to care for young and respectable girls who come alone to that city, secure for them such homes as may be fitting and at least direct to suitable lodging houses. This work will be under the general care of the Travelers' Aid Department, which the Association has carried on for about four years. Agents wearing a blue badge marked "Young Women's Christian Association" meet the trains to assist any who may need help. No charge is made for the service. They are instructed not to address strangers, but watch until their badge is seen. It is the desire of the Association that those who propose to visit the city should, three days before leaving home, address the agent, Miss Anson, 5830 Rosalie Court, Jackson Park, Chicago, giving the exact date and time of starting as well as the railroad they will come over.

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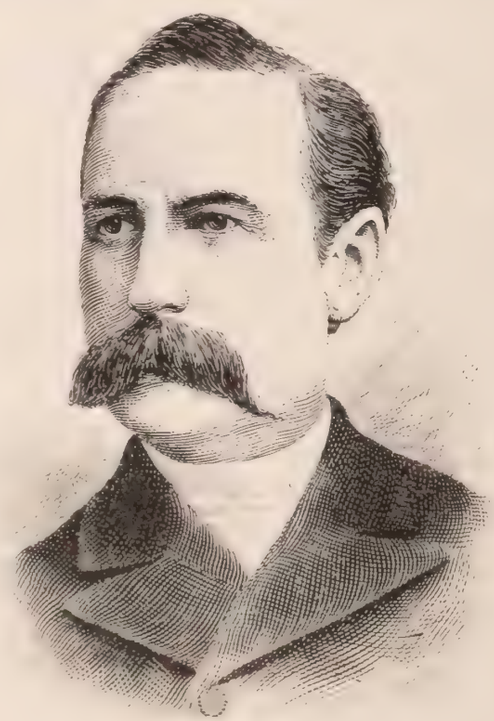
THE MONTREAL PROGRAMME.

THROUGH the kindness of Mr. J. Willis Baer, the general Secretary of the Christian Endeavor Society we are enabled to give some of the leading features of the programme of the great International Convention at Montreal. On Wednesday, July 5, there will be five preparatory meetings in five of the largest churches in the city. The morning session on Thursday in the Drill Hall will be occupied with the opening addresses of welcome and responses. In the afternoon there will be addresses by Rev. J. W. Cowan, of Tabor, Iowa; Dr. Wayland Hoyt, of Minneapolis, and Mrs. F. E. Clark. In the evening, President Clark will deliver the annual address, and Secretary Baer will read the annual report.

On Friday, there will be early morning prayer meetings in the churches, and at ten o'clock the Convention will open in the Drill Hall. Addresses will be given by Mr. Herbert L. Gale, of Worcester, Mass.; Rev. E. K. Young, of New Britain, Conn.; Mr. R. W. Dillon, of Toronto; and Dr. Kerr B. Tupper, of Denver, Col. There will also be a Free Parliament on the Committee Work, conducted by Rev. J. A. Rondthaler, of Indianapolis. While this meeting is being held in the Drill Hall, a meeting will be held in the Tent, at which Rev. B. Fay Mills and Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman will speak. The afternoon will be given to Committee Conferences. In the evening Bishop B. W. Arnett and Dr David J. Burrell of New York, will speak in the tent, and Rev. J. Q. A. Henry, of San Francisco, and Hon. W. C. P. Breckinridge, of Louisville, Ky., will speak in the Hall.

Saturday morning will be given up to Foreign Missions. Rev. Gilbert Reid of China will preside at an open meeting on the subject and [illegible] Missionary Money, and Missionary Meetings by Mr. S. L. Mershon of Evanston, Ill., Miss Ella B. MacLaurin of Chicago, and Rev. W. H. G. Temple of South Boston, Mass. In the afternoon Denominational Rallies will take place in the various churches of the city. The evening session in the Hall will be occupied by the Roll Call of the States, Territories, Provinces and Foreign Countries, and an address on International Fellowship by Dr. George H. Wells of Minneapolis. In the Tent, Rev. J. L. Campbell of New York will be the leader in the Pastors' Hour.

On Sunday after the early morning prayer-meeting there will be no meeting of the Convention till 2.30 P.M. when there will be addresses in the Drill Hall on Gospel Temperance, on How to Reach the Masses, the Religious Press and Social Purity. In the Tent Mr. Anthony Comstock will speak on the Foes to Society Church and State. Mrs. Frances J. Barnes will speak on Gospel Temperance and Rev. Charles Perry Mills on Senior Endeavor. In the evening Rev. B. Fay Mills will preach in the Tent and Dr. T. H. Lewis of Baltimore, Md., in the Drill Hall. The Convention will conclude with the Consecration Service at which President Francis E. Clark will preside.



REV. ROBT. F. Y. PIERCE, RECORDING SECRETARY OF THE B. Y. P. U. A.

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THE PHILADELPHIA C. E UNION

THE Christian Endeavor Union of Philadelphia is a wonderful exhibition of Christian brotherhood in aggressive work. It comprises over three hundred societies from all denominations and having an aggregate membership of more than fifteen thousand. It has four branches, viz: Northeast, Northwest, Germantown and West Philadelphia. Each branch is fully equipped with officers as is the Central Union. The Union has also a complete organization of Committees, Lookout, Social, Press, Correspondence and Meetings. It is like attending a great Christian Endeavor Convention to be at one of the Union meetings. They are held once a month. The President of the Union is Mr. William A. Gillespie, who is an enthusiastic believer in the value of Christian Endeavor and a most energetic and indefatigable worker.

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A SECRETARY OF THE B. Y. P. U.

[illegible] of the Young People's movement is Rev. Robert F. Y. Pierce, pastor of the State Street Baptist Church of Rockford, Ill., and Recording Secretary of the Baptist Young People's Union, whose portrait by the courtesy of the *Young People's Union*, we publish on this page. Mr. Pierce was born at Salem, N. J., and his early education was received in the public schools and the Academy of his native town. After two years' clerkship in his father's store, having expressed a desire to be a teacher, he entered the State Normal School at Trenton and graduated in 1871. He taught for twelve years and was eminently successful, about 6,000 pupils being under his care, many of whom are filling positions of responsibility and trust in all parts of the country. He early exhibited energy and tact, and had been Principal of two Academies before he was twenty-one. At his majority he was chosen Principal Instructor in the Pennsylvania Institution for the Blind at Philadelphia, the office held by the late Hon. James G. Blaine when he began his career.

Mr. Pierce gave much attention to Convention work among secular teachers, and organized the American Normal Institute, afterward embraced in the Chautauqua work. Soon after he began teaching he resumed the study of medicine, commenced in his boyhood, which he pursued diligently for nearly eight years. At the end of that time he came to the conclusion that it was his duty to devote his life to the work of the ministry. He began preaching as opportunity afforded but continued teaching until 1884 when he accepted the charge of the mission work in Philadelphia, organized and maintained by Mr. John B. Stetson. Here his work was crowned with notable success. He was ordained March 4, 1885, and accepted the call of the First Baptist Church of Mount Holly, N. J., Nov. 1, 1887.

During his five years pastorate nearly three hundred united with the church by baptism, and the church edifice was handsomely remodeled. Last year he was urged to acccept a call from the State Street Church, Rockford, Ill., and already the Lord is richly blessing the union of pastor and people. Twenty-three have recently been baptized and the church rejoices in a revival interest. He organized one of the first local B. Y. P. U's. east of the Ohio river and was instrumental in the organization of the New Jersey B. Y. P. U., the first State Union in the East. Mr. Pierce is known in Sunday School work all over the country for his excellent blackboard lessons.

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THE Y. M. C. A. IN PARIS.

THE new building of the French Young Men's Christian Association was recently opened and dedicated. It is situated on Rue Trevise, No. 14, within three minutes' walk of the crossing of Rue Faubourg Montmartre, the great centre of Paris. A French architect visited this country, and, after examining a number of the best Association buildings, prepared in New York the plans for the building, under the supervision of the most experienced Association men. The building fronts on Rue Trevise, and is cream white, in marked contrast with all the buildings about it. On the ground floor is an elegant hall, one of the nicest in Paris, and a gymnasium, with swimming tank, baths, bicycle and running track, and the most improved gymnasium apparatus, from an American manufactory. On the first floor are the secretaries' offices, reading, conversation rooms, rooms for boys, hall for social and religious meetings, etc. On the third floor is a cafe, which is under the care of an experienced caterer, and is open only to members of the Association. It is very complete and elegant in all of its appointments. On the top floor are rooms and apartments for young men.

The opening exercises called together a distinguished company. Monsieur Alfred Andre, Regent of the Bank of France, presided and delivered the opening address. President Carnot, prevented from being present by other engagements, sent a letter of regrets, as did Lord Dufferin, the British Ambassador, and the Swedish minister. Among the distinguished gentlemen on the platform were M. Bardoux, Vice-President of the Senate, M. Barbey, ex-Minister of Marines, M. Jules Siegfried, ex-Minister of Commerce, M. Leon Say, ex-Minister of Finance, M. Lefebure, Senator, Baron Millet, Baron Hottenguer, and many others. Nearly all these prominent men wore the decoration of the Legion of Honor and made a most distinguished looking company.

Mr. George Williams, of London, founder the Young Men's Christian Associations, was present, as were representatives from Lyons, Geneva and America. The leading Protestant ministers of Paris assisted. The hall was crowded to overflow, as was the building, which was open for inspection. Addresses were delivered by M. Andre, Mr. George Williams, M. Leon Say, M. Buscarlet, President of the Association, and Pastor Soutier. A letter was read from Mr. James Stokes, of New York, to whom the Association largely owes its building, regretting his inability to be present, and congratulating the Association on the possession of a building so elegant and complete in all its appointments.

The cost of the building and lot was $200,000. Of this amount, Mr. James Stokes and his family contributed $80,000, and the same amount was raised among French contributors, M. Andre giving $30,000 as the first subscription, leaving a debt of $40,000 to be provided for. The Association, before entering the building, had a membership of 700, and had a good "all-round" Association work, as active in its religious as in its other departments.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

AT a convention recently held at Oakland, Ill., the secretary reported that there were now twenty-four Chapters in the Mattoon district, with 1459 members. Rev. J. W. Miller was elected President; Cora Hancock, Secretary, and Etta Haskett, Treasurer.——The League at Newark, N. J., is arranging a valuable and beneficent work for the summer. A sum of money has been raised to send poor children into the country for change of air for a week. The number that can be sent for the amount in hand will depend on how cheaply board can be secured. Letters have been sent to the Leagues in country districts explaining the project and what has been done, and asking them to aid the Newark brethren by finding places where the little ones will be welcomed and boarded at low rates. All honor to such a League and may the members be blessed in their work!——Programmes of the approaching International Conference at Cleveland have been prepared and are sold at thirty-five cents, including postage. They may be secured by addressing the Headquarters Epworth League Conference, Hollenden Hotel, Cleveland, Ohio. ——A convention was held recently at Marion, Iowa of the Leagues in the Cedar Rapids district. The report showed an encouraging increase in membership, fully eight hundred names having been added during the year. The total now is nearly 3200. The election of officers gave the Presidency to Rev. H. Slingerland of Marion and the Secretaryship to W. S. Fleming of Mount Vernon.——The fourth anniversary of the organization of the League was widely celebrated in the districts. Many of the Leagues adopted the official programme and in all of them there was an excellent display of loyalty and enthusiasm.

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There are in England 557 Societies of Christian Endeavor. Of thirty-four which have recently reported, ten are from the Baptists, nine from the Congregationalists, three from the Presbyterians, one from the Brethren, one from the Church of England, five from the Methodists, one from the Bible Christians, one from the United Presbyterians, and three in public institutions.

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The College Y. M. C. A. at Beyrout, Syria, has ceased to exist, but there is a town Association there, which has been in existence for twenty-two years, and which claims affiliation with the home organization.

The Dervishes of Damascus.

They are a Peculiar Feature of Social and Religious Life in the World's Oldest City

DAMASCUS the ancient, whose wealth and commerce were famous in the earliest dawn of history, is the only great city on the globe that has not either sunk into oblivion or lost population, power and prestige in the lapse of the centuries. Almost all the ancient capitals, that were the centres of the world's activities before the Christian era, have either completely vanished or dwindled to insignificance that conveys no impression of their former glories. But the city founded by Uz, the grandson of Shem, was a capital of importance in the days of Abraham, whose faithful steward, Eleazar, was a native of that place. In the reign of David, it was the great commercial metropolis of Syria. It was a seat of learning as well as a populous centre of trade, when Paul planted Christianity there, and when the tide of battle swept across its gates during the Crusades, it was still the same beautiful and prosperous city, lying, like a richly-decked bride, among its rivers and mountains. "The Paradise of the World," it is called by the Moslems, and there is a tradition that Saladin the Conqueror, on viewing the city for the first time from the surrounding heights, was so enraptured with its loveliness that he exclaimed: "There is but one Paradise for the believer, and it lies there," pointing up to the skies. He believed that were he to enter and enjoy the earthly paradise that lay before him, he would be deprived of the bliss of the more glorious Paradise above.

One of the most interesting sections of Damascus is shown in the photograph upon this page. The great building, covering a space of several acres in extent, is the Dervicherie, in which the pilgrims sojourn while *en route* to Mecca. That quarter of the city in which the Dervicherie is situated is known as the Derveshiyeh, being devoted to the accommodation of the dervishes or Mohammedan monks. It is claimed that the order of dervishes existed before Mohammed. The members mostly dwell in community and live in monasteries that are called tekiehs. They are divided into three orders: the Molowijeh, or dancing dervishes; the Bodawy, or howling dervishes, and the Rufai, who make rapid motions and loud noises while at their devotions. There is a large number of subsidiary orders. When not living in the tekieh, the dervish resides with his household either in some retired part of the city, or, if he be sufficiently rich, in a suburban home, of which there are thousands around Damascus.

In the illustration below, the great mosque of the Dervicherie is seen in the background with its tall, twin minarets, from which at intervals comes the muezzin's call to prayer. To the left, is the many-domed hall or tekieh, in which the dervishes assemble for devotions and where the pilgrims are fed. Many poor are also supplied with meals from the mosque officials, as the mosque revenues, being augmented by the rentals of valuable real estate in the residence quarter of the city, are sufficent to warrant such liberality.

To the Damascus monastery come dervishes from Constantinople, Beyrout, Jerusalem, Aleppo, Smyrna, Mersina, and all parts of India, Persia, Turkey and Arabia. Especially is it crowded during the period of the great Mohammedan festival of Ramadan, and at the season of the pilgrimages. During Ramadan, the faithful Moslems fast by day and feast at night for a whole month in obedience to the Koran, and Damascus is then a scene of alternate gloom and revelry. In the evening the self-denial of the day is compensated for by indulgence in the richest food that can be procured and by a surfeit of sweet-meats, of which the Moslem ladies and children are no less fond than those of Europe and America.

A dervish, unlike most monks, is not a celibate of necessity. Indeed, the Mohammedan law permits him to have four wives. A few dervishes are wealthy, but the great majority accumulate nothing.

Not the least interesting part of the illustration is the River Barrada which flows in the immediate foreground. This is the Abana of Scripture, to which Naaman, the Syrian Captain had reference when, angered by the message of Elisha directing him to bathe seven times in the Jordan, he exclaimed: "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus better than all the waters of Israel?" The Abana is a small stream, easily fordable except in the season of melting snow. In comparison with the rivers of America, it would be esteemed a very insignificant stream indeed.

THE DERVICHERIE AT DAMASCUS, STOPPING-PLACE OF THE PILGRIMS ON THEIR WAY TO MECCA.
(From a Photograph secured in the East by the Rev. Dr. Talmage)

* * *

Youth in Age.

"THEY tell me I'm growing old," said the great Dr. Guthrie, "because my hair is silvered, and there are crow's feet upon my forehead, and my step is not so firm and elastic as of yore. But they are mistaken. That is not me. The brow is wrinkled, but the brow is not me. This is the house in which I live; but I am young—younger now than I ever was before."

* * *

A Mother's Legacy.

"WHAT is the meaning of this?" said a minister coming a house and taking up a tattered copy of part of the Scriptures. "I don't like to see God's Word used so;" for, indeed, the book had been torn right in two.

"O sir," said the owner of the half Bible, "don't scold till you hear how it came to be thus. That was my mother's Bible, and when she died I couldn't part with it; and we just cut it in two; and his half has been the power of God unto salvation to his soul; and my half the power of God unto salvation to mine."

What a change came over the good man's countenance after this more than satisfactory explanation! And he left, more than ever convinced that there is a mighty transforming power in God's Word.

* * *

The Joy of the House.

"THE joy of a man's house is frequently his girls," says a cheery writer in *Home and Country*. "They are the sunshine; when they are not there, the light is turned into darkness. It doesn't matter how many boys you have, or how proud you may justly be of them, they can't fill one girl's place. The boy is a tearing, noisy fellow; he bruises the paint, breaks the glass, and tears his clothes. It is what you expect of him when he is small, and what you have, whether you expect it or not, when he gets older; you know that he soon will be away, and like the bird will be leaving the nest as soon as his wings are grown. He will go to school, be in a store, learn a trade, or something that will take him off as a pleasure, and vex you with anxieties for his whereabouts, his habits and his welfare."

MEETING AGAIN.

WHEN for me the silent oar
Parts the silent river,
And I stand upon the shore
Of the strange For-Ever,
Shall I miss the loved and known?
Shall I vainly seek my own?

'Mid the crowd that come to meet
Spirits sin-forgiven,
Listening to their echoing feet
Down the streets of Heaven—
Shall I know a footstep near
That I listen, wait for, here?

Can the bounds that make us here
Know ourselves immortal,
Drop away like foliage sere
At life's inner portal?
What is holiest below
Must forever live and grow.

—LUCY LARCOM.

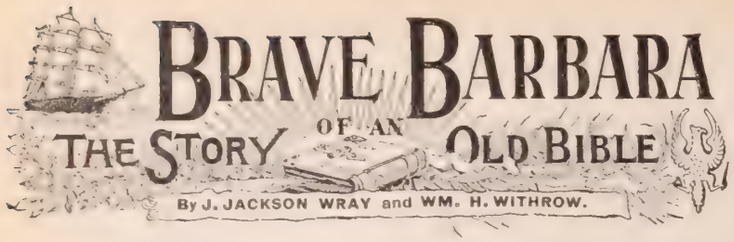
* * *

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S TRIALS.

THERE is grace needed for the pantry. Somehow cups and glasses and cake-baskets will get broken, and no one has done it. Knives will disappear, and no one has taken them. An old saucer that was given to your grandmother the day of her marriage is cracked and set back on the shelf as though it had been uninjured. The tea-caddy has been despoiled, or flour has unreasonably failed, with no miracle, as in Zarephath, to replenish it. There are but few women who can keep their temper when their best china set gets broken. To study economy for a month, and to find the result of this unusual carefulness has leaked out at some mysterious spigot; to have a whole mess of milk soured by one thunder-storm; to have the wash-boiler boil over and put out the fire; to have the dessert only half done when the people at dinner are waiting, wondering whether it is to be sago pudding or Narcissus blanc-mange; to have the servant make up her mind she didn't like the place, and leave the house in the midst of the ironing; to have to provide elaborate entertainment for some one whom you asked to come to your house without any idea she would accept the invitation; to find after the quinces are all peeled and cut that the brass kettle has been borrowed,—all this demands grace for the kitchen.

Let no housekeeper, therefore, despise her occupation, but rather pray for grace to fulfil her mission. The toils and fatigues and vexations of such a sphere may be unappreciated by husbands and fathers and mothers, but God knows and sympathizes.

If, according to the Bible we prize so much, God puts into a bottle his people's tears, he will count the number of sweat-drops on your forehead while bending over the stove in midsummer solstice. By the potential way in which you perform your duties you may make the rolling-pin a sceptre. Be faithful! There will be a grand supper after a while, for the preparation of which you will have no anxiety. It will be the Marriage Supper of the Lamb, and you will be one of the banqueters at that heavenly festivity.



CHAPTER XIV.

THE QUAKER REFUGEES

THE second or third year after the settlement of our little band of Palatine Methodists on the Canadian bank of the St. Lawrence, they received a very noteworthy addition to their numbers. Towards the close of a sunny day in May, the snowy sails of two large bateaux were seen rounding the bluff headland that shut off from view the lower reaches of the river. The unusual and exciting sight brought together the whole population of the little hamlet, and when the barges made for the shore, the curious inhabitants were on the beach to give the newcomers a hearty welcome. It was the first event of the kind which had happened since their arrival to take possession of the land.

In the bow of the foremost boat stood quite a distinguished figure; a venerable-looking man, with snowy beard and a wealth of hair which may be described as iron-grey. The latter fell in lengthy locks on his broad shoulders, and imparted a patriarchal appearance to its wearer. He wore also a low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, a brownish coat with straight collar and "cutaway" skirt. A number of younger men impelled the bateaux through the waters, and the way they handled their oars gave token of muscle and skill. They all wore the same peculiar costume as their leader, and all bore the same grave look upon their faces, faces which told of birth and breeding, and gave promise that their owners were of "the stuff of which the best emigrants are made."

The women of the party—there were five or six of them—of different ages, wore comfortable brown stuff gowns, and deep, drab-colored "poke" bonnets; but these quite innocent of bow or ribbon, save the strings with which they were tied. Even the children, who made an attractive addition to the party, wore a garb almost as plain, and quite as old-fashioned and distinctive as their elders, and the entire group were evidently Quakers of the most orthodox type.

Beckoning with his hand to the friendly group who stood upon the shore, the elderly leader of the newcomers said as the keel of the well-laden barges grated on the shore: "Peace be to this place and to all that dwell therein."

"We bid you welcome in the name of the Lord." The response came from the lips of Brave Barbara, whom the villagers recognized as the head and chief of their small community. She extended her hands in hearty greeting, and a general exclamation from stream and shore sealed the friendly greeting. The younger men took hold of the bateaux, and with the aid of Philip Embury and his comrades, dragged them up on the beach, and assisted the party to disembark.

"We have been moved to seek new homes here," said the old gentleman, "and to cast in our lot with the subjects of our king."

"Fain and glad are we to see you," said Paul Heck, who was delighted at this evidence of the love for peace which had brought the newcomers there. "A goodly heritage is this fertile land—a land, which like Canaan of old, floweth with milk and honey."

The old man smiled as he made ready reply: "We desire no goodlier land than that we left on the banks of the Schuylkill, where we and our fathers sojourned since the days of William Penn. But we desire to dwell in a land of peace, where we shall never hear again the brute, nor feel the bruisings of war."

"We are of the same mind as that," cried the delighted Paul, giving the speaker a warm hand-shake on his own account. "Come and bide this night with us: you and your family. To-morrow we will find the allotment appointed for you; it must be a little higher up the river."

"Thanks to thee, good friend, for thy hospitality," was the hearty response. "This is [illegible] producing a silver-haired old lady of sweet and kindly countenance; "and these," he added, waving his hand towards the younger groups, "are my sons and my sons' wives and their little ones. The Lord hath dealt bountifully with me, as with his servant Jacob. It was borne upon me to seek a home in this northern land. If the Lord prosper us, our kinsfolk in Pennsylvania will shortly follow us."

"You belong, I see, to the people called Quakers," said Paul, as he led the way to the homestead which was to be their temporary resting-place. "For them I have a great and true regard, for their peace principles are strong and thorough-going, like my own."

"The people of the world call us 'Quakers,'" said Josiah Whiteside—for such was his name. "It was given us in derision and scorn; but I, for one, resent not the word, though some of our people prefer the name of 'Friends.'"

"And very good friends we shall be, I sincerely hope and believe," said Paul, with an emphatic nod. "I will use the name you like best."

"Nay, nay," said Josiah, quietly and brightly; "to my mind it is but a small matter. 'Friends' is a name that, if God will, shall bide with us as a sign of our conduct and spirit; and quaking hath but little to do with those who hold by Yea and Nay. But the word of reproach is a word of honor, and hath lessons for faithful hearts that we shall do well to remember."

The guests were ushered into the large living room of the Heck family. There Barbara was in waiting to receive them.

"Peace be upon this house!" exclaimed Josiah, with lifted hands; and somehow there seemed to be a real benediction in the words. When Barbara replied, "We wish you peace in the name of the Lord," it was felt on all hands that the welcome was complete, and that the roof of the log cabin held beneath its rafters members of the same household of faith.

Of course, the mistress of the house gave her special attention to the Quakeress with the silver hair.

"Dear heart," she said, as she relieved Hannah of her bonnet and cloak, "you must be wearied with your long journey. I have known somewhat of long journeyings both river, sea, and land. But the company of those we love, and the gracious company of him that loves us, takes a good deal of the 'tire' out, doesn't it?"

"Of a truth, it is as thou sayest," said the elder woman, with a smile and a glow that told of the sweet secret they held in common, and when the journey is of the Lord's planning, "and they that go thereon have only truth, and right and duty as the aim they seek, they have good hope to prosper as they go and to find 'home' at the end."

"Ay, marry!" said Barbara, whose heart was touched by these good words. "And now you are at home, even as if it were your own."

"It's more than makes amends for the toilsome travel," said Hannah, "to get such kindly greeting and peaceful shelter, where we expected to meet nothing but red men and red deer. What is thy name?"

"Barbara Heck, and my good man's name is Paul," was the reply.

"We who are of the Friends' persuasion have little to do with the world's names and titles, said the soft-voiced Hannah, laying her hand in that of her new found friend. Be not offended if I call thy husband, Friend Paul, and thyself Barbara; and, I prithee, call me Hannah. It will seem more home-like in this far-off place."

And so the covenant was made between them both. These two became fast and abiding friends. They had much in common—the same unworldly and spiritual nature; the same habitual communion with the Unseen; the same happy shining of the inner light. There was greater mental vigor in Barbara, greater force of character, stronger powers of asserting herself where conviction had to be maintained, God's message to be declared, and duty had to be done at any cost. In these respects she was as Deborah; and Hannah as the quiet Mary, but both were as one in sitting at Jesus' feet.

Those who knew them both have told us how pleasant it was to see Hannah Whiteside, with her smooth and placid brow, almost unwrinkled by a line of care, listening to the [illegible] Barbara, in whose wealth of auburn hair the silver threads had begun to appear. Not less noteworthy was it to observe how Barbara sat in turn at the feet of the calm and godly Quakeress listening to the sweet lore of practical experience unfolded to her out of the secret heart that knew so much of Jesus.

The children and some of the elder women were comfortably lodged in the spacious attic of the Hecks' abode. The young men were housed with the Lawrences, so far as space was available, and with Philip Embury, who had lately reared a brand-new habitation in readiness to receive his bride, when the set time should come. It mattered little to the young and hardy Quakers that, as yet, their bedding was a plentiful supply of dry straw from the well-filled barns.

The Methodist settlement, as it had come to be called, found in the new Quaker settlement, which was now established some two miles up the river, a pleasant neighbor, and the best of good fellowship marked the relations between the two. The sense of isolation which had hitherto been so oppressively felt by our Palatine pioneers was now lifted and, as Barbara put it, "they had now somebody to say 'Amen' to their prayers; somebody to weep with them in their sorrows, and somebody, when their hearts were joyful to help them to sing, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'"

In the course of another year or so, another company arrived upon the scene. The newcomers added still greater variety to the little forest community. They consisted of two or three families from the State of Virginia, families of wealth and position who had clung to English rule through the Revolution, and had received liberal grants of land in Upper Canada by way of reward.

The leading member of this new company of Virginian loyalists was Colonel Issac Pemberton, a portly personage, who was remarkable for great dignity of bearing and the unstudied politeness of the gentleman. He had served on the staff of Lord Cornwallis in the Royalist Army, and on this account he was always known as "Colonel Pemberton," although he had done with all things military for evermore. His sons had also served in the king's army, but only in the capacity of "full privates." By the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, the Pembertons became prisoners of war, but after being released on parole, they were again free men.

The vast Pemberton estate on the Upper Potomac, yielding a rich annual revenue in tobacco and grain, together with the stately mansion, in which the gallant Colonel used to dispense an open-handed Virginian hospitality was confiscated by the revolutionists. He had managed, however, to secure a considerable amount of ready money, together with the valuable jewels of his wife and daughters. These latter included an article held by the family in no small honor—a necklace which had been presented to the Colonel's mother, on her wedding-day, by Queen Anne, in recognition of her services as one of her maids of honor. It will be seen, therefore, that quite an aristocratic blend had come into the social life of New Ballygran and its vicinity.

Of course, the large troop of slaves on the Pemberton estate were all confiscated, too. But through some oversight, two old and favorite servants of the family were permitted to share the fallen fortunes of their master. This the faithful Negroes gladly did, for they felt that upon their labors and fidelity, the dignity and honor of the house depended. And so it came to pass that the valet and the butler, together with their wives and children joined in the immigration to the Colonel's new home in Ontario.

These two sable servitors rejoiced in the names of Julius Cæsar and Pompey; but they were for the most part addressed as "You Jule" or "You Pomp," as the case might be. The Colonel, however, generally called them "Uncle Pomp" and "Uncle Jule," and as they grew in years this came to be their popular cognomen.

More important even than these worthies, as members of the Pemberton household, and equally faithful in sharing the fallen fortunes of their owners were the wives of the classic heroes. "Mammy" Dinah, the ancient nurse of the younger Pembertons, and Aunt Chloe, the oracle and priestess of the kitchen, who had presided over that department in the palmy days of lavish hospitality—these were important members of the household, the whole party, whose fortunes, the story of Brave Barbara compels us to follow, took passage in a schooner down the Potomac. At Hampton Roads they were transferred to a British ship sent to convey them to Halifax in the province of Nova Scotia. It was a small and crowded vessel; and the autumnal equinox had brought with it fierce Atlantic gales. Three weeks they beat about that stern inhospitable coast. They suffered severe privations, and at least twice had nearly suffered shipwreck. At last, weary, worn and half dead, they were able to enter the port; their battered ship with tattered canvas and bruised keel, glided like a storm-tossed bird on weary wing, into the harbor of Halifax.

There was no fair city, with spacious streets and squares such as we behold to-day; only a row of wooden warehouses, and on the rising slope, irregular groups of houses made of wood and shingle, barracks and a fort; all surrounded by a strong palisade. But in the noble bay, lay slumbering half a score of ships. When the bruised and battered bark that bore our Virginian emigrants entered the harbor, the lightning flashed from the oaken sides of the war-ships, and the thunder rolled over the wave as the refugees received a salute of welcome. Our exiles, for conscience' sake felt a proud thrill of satisfaction that they were once more under the protection of the old flag for which they had endured so bravely and so long.

It was on the verge of winter. Many of the refugees were suffering from lack of clothing, and many were without means to provide either food or shelter. Many of them were of gentle birth. There were judges, officers of the army, clergymen of Oxford training, planters and country gentlemen, all reduced from competence to poverty. The best provision that was possible was made for their comfort by the good folks of Halifax. The king's stores were thrown open; ample supplies of food, tents, blankets, etc., were furnished, and every door was opened to provide warmth and shelter for the exiles.

Some of them took up land in Nova Scotia, and their posterity are to be found in honor and social service in that vigorous colony to-day. Colonel Pemberton and his family at once pressed forward on their way to the distant Canadian wilds. The severe winter held them fast, however, in camp and barrack until the ice door was unlocked, and then a transport was sent up the river St. Lawrence, to carry our weary travelers to Montreal.

But the spring was late, and the journey arduous and long. Ice-floes were numerous, and dangerous, by reason of their size; but the troubles of our refugees were nearly at an end. The negroes and negresses who had suffered intensely during this bitter experience, so new and strange to the warm-blooded "children of the sun," began to laugh and sing like children as they felt the warm glow of returning spring. The month of May saw them within hail of Mount Royal. A green flush overspread the landscape. The air was filled with the pollen and catkin of larch and willow, and nature was fast donning her holiday attire. When our travelers landed at Montreal, and made their rapid way to "The Heck Settlement," as the home of our own special pioneers had come to be called, the blue-eyed violets were blooming under the very shadow of the "ice-shove," where the ice-floes had broken into "chunks," and piled themselves here and there along the shore; and long before the snow-drifts had melted from the hollows, a whiter drift of apple-blossoms had covered, as with a bridal veil, the orchard trees.

The welcome which greeted these Virginian Loyalists, was no less cordial than had been that of the more peaceful and less aristocratic Quakers of the previous year. Irish peasant, Pennsylvania farmer, Virginian aristocrat and planter—all had suffered in a common cause, and community of suffering had bound them in a common bond.

It was a remarkably romantic and picturesque patch of social life, that which was then being developed in and around the thriving centre of New Ballygran. Nobody, I think, can study it without marveling how "God fulfils himself" and moulds all forces, all events to the working out of his plan and purpose, the moral and social uplifting of our race, the lever being, all the while and only, the simple Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, and its force and beauty as seen in the loving hearts and faithful lives of men.

Here in the Heck settlement, so strangely brought into existence, we see as the undoubted centre, the loving Barbara, a simple peasant woman from the poor and homely hearthstone of a little Irish farm. Around her, here in the heart of the virgin wilderness are gathered her Irish comrades, including the once forlorn and ragged heathen waif whom she had reclaimed; the Red Indians, Tookalusca and Ooloona, both of whom had been drawn there by the Magnet of Calvary. The honest and earnest Quaker household, with its steady light lit from the same central flame; the simple cluster of negroes, the elder of whom knew something of Jesus, and the military and aristocratic group of Virginians—all destined to revolve for awhile around the life and light of Brave Barbara, as around a central sun.

(To be Continued.)

The Tabernacle ✠ Emergency Fund.

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Joshua's Long Day.*

As to the miracle of the sun and moon standing still, there has been much disputation. It is well known that this was one of the passages brought forward by the Church of Rome to condemn Galileo, when he affirmed that the earth and the moon revolved around the sun, and that it was not the motion of the sun around the earth, but the rotation of the earth on her own axis that produced the change of day and night. No one would dream now of making use of this passage for any such purpose. Whatever theory of inspiration men may hold, it is admitted universally that the inspired writers used the popular language of the day in matters of science, and did not anticipate discoveries which were not made till many centuries later. That expressions occur in Scripture which are not in accord with the established conclusions of modern science would never be regarded by any intelligent person as an argument against the Scriptures as the inspired records of God's will, designed especially to reveal to us the way of life and salvation through Jesus Christ, and to be an infallible guide to us on all that "man is to believe concerning God, and the duty that God requires of man."

A far more serious question has been raised as to whether this miracle ever occurred, or could have occurred. To those who believe in the possibility of miracles, it can be no conclusive argument that it could not have occurred without producing injurious consequences the end of which can hardly be conceived. For if the rotation of the earth on its axis was suddenly arrested, all human beings on its surface, and all loose objects whatever must have been flung forward with prodigious violence; jnst as on a small scale, on the sudden stoppage of a carriage, we find ourselves thrown forward, the motion of the carriage having been communicated to our bodies. But really this is a paltry objection; for surely the divine power which can control the motion of the earth is abundantly able to obviate such effects as these. We can understand the objection that God, having adjusted all the forces of nature, leaves them to operate by themselves in a uniform way without disturbance or interference; but we can hardly comprehend the reasonableness of the position that if it is his pleasure miraculously to modify one arrangement, he is unable to adjust all relative arrangements, and make all conspire harmoniously to the end desired. . . . There are commentators worthy of high respect who have thought that the fact of this incident being noticed in the form of a quotation from "the Book of Jasher" somewhat diminishes the credit due to it. It looks as if it had not formed part of the original narrative, but had been inserted by a subsequent editor from a book of poetry, expressed with poetic license and perhaps of later date. They are disposed to regard the words of Joshua, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou moon in the valley of Ajalon," as a mere expression of his desire that the light would last long enough to allow the decisive work of the day to be brought to a thorough conclusion. . . But whatever allowance we may make for the poetic license of speech, it is hardly possibly not to perceive that the words as they stand imply a miracle of extraordinary sublimity; nor do we see any sufficient ground for resisting the common belief that in whatsoever way it was effected, there was a supernatural extension of the period of light, to allow Joshua to finish his work.

THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE.†

The old meeting-house had been greatly altered within the last few years, much to Miss Lucinda's sorrow. The old-fashioned three-decker pulpit, with its curious sounding-board, had been pulled down, and there had been a new organ put in, "to keep the young people," to use a popular phrase.

Miss Lucinda could remember the time when they had no organ, but a violin, bass-viol, and a tuning-fork, and a solemn-looking man in a coat of shiny broadcloth to pompously beat time; when the sermons were nearly three hours long, and delivered with that conscientious but terrifying earnestness which characterized the divines of that time. Those were the days when most of the congregation sat bolt upright, stiff and starched in their Sunday clothes, until the last hymn, when they all, with one accord, rose to their feet, turned their backs on the minister, and faced the choir with unction. A curious piece of ritualism, by the way, which, if done in some contemporaneous Episcopal church, would have been supposed to savor too much of popish form and ceremony. Nowadays, all these things had gone out with the old-time preaching, which, though it may have made some self-righteous, had also created its men of steel, of strength and fibre, and of courage, —the courage which comes of strong conviction.

A CHURCH SOCIABLE.*

John Jessig opened his house every Wednesday evening for general conversation on religious subjects. Tea and coffee as auxiliaries to religion have been greatly underestimated. The aroma of these genial beverages dissipates the frigid stateliness of such occasions, and exerts a very neighborly if not a distinctly evangelical influence. Two men who are reasonably well acquainted will sit stiffly side by side for a full hour, as though they were a couple of icicles, or as though they were participants in a family feud, not knowing how to begin a conversation, or perhaps with no desire to begin one. The cunning magic of a cup of coffee changes their thoughts and feelings in an instant, loosens their tongues by some unaccountable legerdemain, and starts them on a dozen topics in a dozen minutes.

Every clergyman knows that the simplest kind of refreshments work wonders. Invisible barriers tumble to invisible ground, and the chill air gives way to something almost tropical. Whether it is that the spiritual life is distantly or indirectly related to the digestive organs, I have never been able to discover. I merely relate facts, and leave the philosophy which underlies them to abler and more curious minds.

Young people especially are always in a state of chronic hunger. They attend a sociable in the vestry, which has no kitchen attached, in the spiritual condition indicated by wraps and furs; but the sociability engendered in a meeting which offers even the humble sandwich is as tempting as a flower garden. The ice of formality melts, and religion joins hands with general good feeling when the coffee-pot hums its little song.

John Jessig had learned this secret from the aged ex-pastor, who in turn had learned it by repeated experiment. From seven o'clock to eight on this particular evening he had suggested a variety of topics—the church debt, the feasibility of holding a fair to pay off the mortgage, and the best means of reaching the unchurched of Woodbine; but no one ventured to break silence except Deacon Northwind, who droned in his usual way and got all his verbs tangled in the meshes of his adjectives, and one other individual, who spoke so low that he could hardly hear his own voice. It was an iceberg hour, and John felt the cold chills creeping over him.

But after the table had been cleared away it seemed as though everybody wanted to talk at once. Sisters and brethren were alike so full of opinions that they could hardly contain themselves. Faces wore an entirely different expression, and tongues which had suffered from paralysis suddenly started into activity. The meeting from that moment was not merely lively, but effervescent, and John recognized gratefully the benign influence of the coffee berry and the tea plant.

*From *Hiram Goff's Religion, or the Shoemaker by the grace of God*, pp. 127; illustrated; price 75c. E. P. Dutton & Co., N. Y., publishers.

†From *Deacon Pitkin's Farm, and Joshua Davidson, Communist*, in one volume; pp. 400; price $1.50. A. C. Armstrong & Son, 51 E. 10th St., New York.

‡From *Mr. Peters, Guardian*, by James Mallory Monroe; illustrated; pp. 200; price $1.00. A. D. Randolph & Co., New York, publishers.

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500 pieces Storm Serges, in best shades of dark blue, at 50 cents, 75 cents, $1.00, and $1.25 per yard. These are superior values, and cannot be duplicated this season.

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(The Bible.)

MY Book! my Book! my grand old Book!
By inspiration given;
Thy every page from age to age
Reveals the way to Heaven.

My Lamp of Light, in nature's night,
Thy unbeclouded ray,
Has turned the gloom of death and tomb
To everlasting day.

My Chart! my Chart! my changeless Chart
By thee I guide my bark.
A sinner vile on ocean wild,
O'er mountain billows dark.

By thee I steer in safe career
With canvass all unfurled;
And onward sail before the gale
To yonder blissful world.

My staff! my staff! my trusty staff!
I'll grasp thee in my hand,
As faint and weak on Pisgah's peak
I view the promised land.

Not sadly told as one of old
To see but not explore,
My hold I'll keep through Jordan's deep
Till safe on Canaan's shore.

My Sword! my Sword! my two-edged Sword!
By thy unerring might,
I deal my foe the deadly blow
In faith's unequal fight.

My Book! my Book! my grand old Book!
Heaven speed thee on thy way;
From pole to pole as ages roll
The harbinger of day.

Till Christ the Light, shall banish night
From this terrestrial ball,
And earth shall see her jubilee,
And God be all in all.

—Author "UNKNOWN."

A JAPANESE IDEA OF HEAVEN.

No country in the world does more to entertain its children than Japan, says Miss White, a missionary lady who has spent some time in that country. Even on the street corners men stand whose sole business it is to tell stories to the boys and girls. One day she joined a group of little folks who were eagerly listening, and this is what she heard: "Once upon a time a peasant went to heaven, and the first thing he saw was a long shelf with something very strange-looking upon it. 'What is that?' he asked; 'is that something to make soup of?' (The Japanese are very fond of soup). 'No,' was the reply; 'those are ears. They belonged to persons who, when they lived on earth, heard what they ought to do in order to be good, but they did not pay any attention to it, so when they died their ears came to heaven, but the rest of their bodies could not." After awhile the peasant saw another shelf with very queer things on it. 'What is that,' he asked again; 'is that something to make soup of?' 'No,' he was told; 'those are tongues. They once belonged to men in the world who told people how to live and how to do good, but they themselves never did as they told others to do; so, when they died, their tongues came to heaven, but the rest of their bodies could not.' This is only a heathen idea of the beautiful land on high, but God says in his word some things which are very much like the morals of this Japanese story. The difference between hearing the the Word of God and doing it, is told us in the words of our Lord Jesus Christ in the story of the man who built his house on the sand and the other who built his upon a rock."

VALUE OF SABBATH OBSERVANCE

IN the course of a recent debate on industrial questions in the French Chamber of Deputies, Louis Blanc strongly advocated Sunday observance, claiming that the productions of the nation would not be diminished by closing all the works and factories on one day of the week. He stated as a fact that the average weekly production of each working man was greater in England than in France, though the French mechanic worked seventy-two hours and the English fifty-six. He attributed the anomaly to the fact that the natural forces of the English mechanic were better husbanded through having a weekly rest. Business men who make their employees work on the Sabbath do it that they may make money. When a man sets his heart on money as the highest good he has to be on his guard let he lose his reverence for all else and sacrifice greater and better things to get it. Agassiz was asked why a man of so great ability as he was content with so small an income. He replied, "I have sufficient for my need. I do not want more. I suppose I could make more money but I have not time. Life is too short for a man to get rich and do his duty to his fellows, too."

ROBED IN RIGHTEOUSNESS.

AT one of the Paris stations of the McAll Mission, an aged woman, who had learned by heart many of the hymns, and seemed to find all her delight in them, came to the meeting leaning on a crutch, and evidently very feeble. The subject of discourse that night was "Dress"—the robe of righteousness, the wedding-garment. At the close she said to the preacher, "I believe this is my last visit to the hall; if I can never come again, you will know where I have gone. My infirmities increase rapidly." "I will come to see you," said the preacher; "but if God called you meanwhile, have you any fear of appearing before him?" "Oh, no," she replied, "I am too well dressed for that—too well dressed to dread the judgment. He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation; he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness." Thus the poor, aged Frenchwoman felt the truth of the hymn:

Jesus, Thy blood and right-ousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

* * *

This is essentially the age of progress, and in no branch of human ingenuity has this been more marked than in the mechanical department of the newspaper press. The old regime of clumsy, inartistic type and conventional "make-up" is passing away. One of the pioneers in the new and improved order of things is, singularly enough, the oldest newspaper in New York, the venerable *Commercial Advertiser*, which is now in its ninety-fifth year. It has celebrated the middle year of its tenth decade of existence by putting on a very handsome dress of artistic type, and in otherwise improving the appearance of the paper, which now stands among the leading journals in the metropolis in opinion and influence. It is to the credit of the *Commercial Advertiser* that it has always been a clean newspaper, fit to be read in the house, and doubtless much of its present popularity is due to this fact, as well as to its marked enterprise in typographical art.

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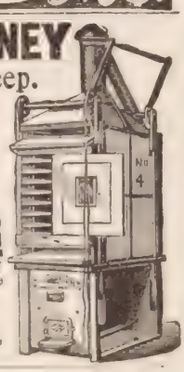

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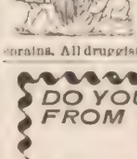

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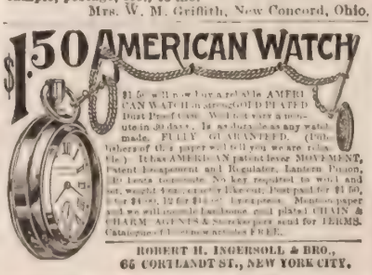

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REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor. Offices, Bible House, New York. NEW YORK, JUNE 21, 1893. PRICE, 5 CENTS. Annual Subscription, $1.50

A Gospel for Red and Black.

Twenty-Two Years' Work among the Indians and Negroes at the Hampton Institute, Virginia—Gen. Armstrong's Noble Career of Self-Sacrifice and its Fruits.

NOT every soldier who is valiant in the field is a hero. Something more than physical courage is essential to the character of the true warrior. This added quality was found in such men as General Havelock, the Christian hero of the Indian mutiny, in Hedley Vicars, in Chinese Gordon, and in the indomitable Stonewall Jackson. In still later years, it has been grandly exemplified in the career of such men as Gen. O. O. Howard the "Friend of the Freedman," and Gen. S. C. Armstrong, whose whole life, military and civic, up to the day of his death a few weeks ago, was an unbroken record of devotion to the cause of Christian philanthropy.

INDIAN YOUTHS, AS THEY COME TO THE INSTITUTE.

Samuel Chapman Armstrong was born fifty-four years ago in the Sandwich Islands, his parents having been natives of this country. His father, Rev. Richard Armstrong of Pennsylvania, was one of the earliest missionaries sent out by the Presbyterian Church to the Sandwich Islands. In 1847 he was appointed Minister of Public Instruction and established a large number of free schools in Hawaii, continuing the educational movement until his death in 1860. Samuel, his son, left that country in his twenty-first year to attend college in Massachusetts he having received his preliminary training in Oahu College, Honolulu. On completing his education he entered the army, and bore himself gallantly throughout the war, taking part in a number of engagements and earning high promotion. At the close of hostilities he was appointed a Brigadier-General and mustered out of the service.

While in the army, he had several years' experience with negro soldiers, and became convinced of the excellent qualities and capabilities of the freedmen. In 1866, he was placed by Gen. O. O. Howard, Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau, in charge of ten counties in Eastern Virginia, with headquarters at Hampton, which had been the great "contraband" camp, and where it became his duty to manage affairs and adjust, if possible, the relations of the races. It was a difficult problem that now confronted the young Christian soldier. Every three months, he personally visited and reported on the condition of the ten counties, to which there had been a large influx of population. There were no civil courts and the military court at Hampton was the tribunal before which all difficulties were adjusted. Between the years 1865 and 1870, a marvelous change took place in the prospects of the lately-enslaved colored race. The Freedmen's Bureau which had given a national impulse to the cause of the recently emancipated negro, appropriated $3,500,000 for the erection of negro school houses and other educational institutions and for the payment of teachers. Of this amount $50,000 was set aside as the nucleus of a fund for the erection of educational buildings at Hampton, Va. From this comparatively small beginning, under Gen. Armstrong's thorough and conscientious management, the work there rapidly broadened and expanded to such an extent that Hampton became the leading centre of education for the colored race in America. Gen. Armstrong devoted his life and consecrated his entire energies to building up these institutions. At first only negroes were taught, but subsequently Indians were included among the students. Gen. Armstrong tells in his own graphic language how he found affairs at Hampton when he took charge.

"I found an active, excellent educational work going on under the American Missionary Association of New York, which, in 1862, had opened, in the vicinity, the first school for freedmen in the South, in charge of an ex-slave, Mrs. Mary Peake. Over fifteen hundred children were gathering daily; some in old hospital barracks. Close at hand, the pioneer settlers of America and the first slaves landed on this continent; here Powhatan reigned; here the Indian was first met; here the first Indian child was baptized; here freedom was first given the slave by Gen. Butler's famous "contraband" order; in sight of this shore, the battle of the *Monitor* and *Merrimac* saved the Union and revolutionized naval warfare; here Gen. Grant based the operations of his final campaign. The place was easily accessible by railroad and water routes to the North, and to a population of two millions of negroes. I soon felt the fitness of this historic and strategic spot for a permanent and great educational work. The suggestion was cordially received by the American Missionary Association, which authorized the purchase, in June, 1867, of 'Little Scotland,' an estate of 125 acres (since increased to 190), on the Hampton River, looking out over Hampton Roads. I was surprised, one day, by a letter from Secretary E. P. Smith, of the A. M. A., stating that the man selected for the place had declined, and asking me if I could take it. I replied, 'Yes.' Till then my own future had been blind; it had only been clear that there was a work to do for the ex-slaves.

THE LATE GENERAL SAMUEL C. ARMSTRONG.
(Founder and Originator of Hampton Institute)

"The thing to be done was clear: to train selected negro youth who should go out and teach and lead their people, first by example, by getting land and homes; to give them not a dollar that they could earn for themselves; to teach respect for labor, to replace stupid drudgery with skilled hands; and, to these ends, to build up an industrial system, for the sake not only of self-support and intelligent labor, but also for the sake of character. And it seemed equally clear that the people of the country would support a wise work for the freedmen." This was the genesis of the Hampton Institute, one of the greatest blessings ever conferred upon the colored race in America. From the first, the idea was education by self-help. Nothing was asked for the student that he could possibly provide by his own labor. From a mere handful of students, the school grew until now its roll shows 650 boarding students from 24 States and Territories, averaging eighteen years of age, and 136 of them being Indians. There are, besides, occasional representatives of other races, including Afro-Cuban, Russian, native African, Armenian, Persian, Chinese, Japanese, Australian and Hawaiian. To control, direct, and instruct this large number, there are eighty officers, teachers and assistants. The schools (which are shown in the illustration on this page), are

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HAMPTON INSTITUTE, VA.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS, FROM THE RIVER.

The Tabernacle Pulpit

GRAPES FROM CANAAN.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, preached last Sunday Morning in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Text: Num. 13:23, "And they came unto the brook of Eshcol, and cut down from thence a branch with one cluster of grapes, and they bare it between two upon a staff."

THE long trudge of the Israelites across the wilderness was almost ended. They had come to the borders of the promised land. Of the six hundred thousand adults who started from Egypt for Canaan, how many do you suppose got there? Five hundred thousand? Oh, no. Not two hundred thousand, not one hundred thousand, nor fifty, nor twenty, nor ten; but only two men. Oh, it was a ruinous march that God's people made; but their children were living and they were on the march, and now that they had come up to the borders of the promised land, they were very curious to know what kind of a place it was, and whether it would be safe to go over. So a scouting party is sent out to reconnoitre, and they examine the land, and they come back bringing specimens of its growths. Just as you came back from California, bringing to your family a basket of pears, or plums, or apples, to show what monstrous fruit they have there, so this scouting party cut off the biggest bunch of grapes they could find. It was so large that one man could not carry it, and they thrust a pole through the cluster, and there was one man at either end of the pole, and so the bunch of grapes was transported. I was, some time ago, in a luxuriant vineyard. The vine-dresser had done his work. The vine had clambered up and spread its wealth all over the arbor. The sun and shower had mixed a cup which the vine drank until with flushed cheek it lay slumbering in the light, cluster against the cheek of cluster. The rinds of the grapes seemed almost bursting with the juice in the warm lips of the autumnal day, and it seemed as if all you had to do was to lift a chalice towards the cluster and its life-blood would begin to drip away. But, my friends, in these rigorous climes we know nothing about large grapes. Strabo states that in Bible times and in Bible lands there were grape-vines so large that it took two men with outstretched arms to reach round them, and he says there were clusters two cubits in length, or twice the length from the elbow to the tip of the long finger. And Achaicus, dwelling in those lands, tells us that during the time he was smitten with fever one grape would slake his thirst for the whole day. No wonder, then, in these Bible times two men thought it worth their while to put their strength together to carry down one cluster of grapes from the promised land.

But this morning I bring you a larger cluster of hopes, a cluster of prospects, a cluster of Christian consolations; and I am expecting that one taste of it will rouse up your appetite for the heavenly Canaan. During the past winter some of this congregation have gone away never to return. The aged have put down their staff and taken up the sceptre. Men in mid-life came home from office or shop, and did not go back again, and never will go back again. And the dear children, some of them, have been gathered in Christ's arms. He found this world too rough a place for them, and so he has gathered them in. And oh, how many wounded souls there are—wounds for which this world offers no medicament, and unless from the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ there shall come a consolation, there will be no consolation at all. Oh, that the God of all comfort would help me while I preach, and that the God of all comfort would help you while you hear.

First, I console you with the divinely sanctioned idea that your departed friends are as much yours now as they ever were. I know you sometimes get the idea in your mind, when you have this kind of trouble, that your friends are cut off from you, and they are no longer yours; but the desire to have all our loved ones in the same lot in the cemetery is a natural desire, a universal desire, and, therefore, a God-implanted desire, and is mightily suggestive of the fact that death has no power to break up the family relations. If our loved ones go away from our possession, why put a fence around our lot in the cemetery? Why the gathering of four or five names on one family monument? Why the planting of one cypress-vine so that it covers all the cluster of graves? Why put the husband beside the wife, and the children at their feet? Why the bolt on the gate of our lot, and the charge to the keepers of the ground to see that the grass is cut, and the vine attended to, and the flowers planted? Why not put our departed friends in one common field or grave? Oh, it is because they are ours. That child, O stricken mother! is as much yours this morning as in the solemn hour when God put it against your heart, and said as of old: "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages." It is no mere whim. It is a divinely-planted principle in the soul, and God certainly would not plant a lie, and he would not culture a lie! Abraham would not allow Sarah to be buried in a stranger's grounds, although some very beautiful ground was offered him a free gift; but he pays four hundred shekels for Machpelah, the cave, and the trees overshadowing it. The grave has been well kept, and to-day the Christian traveller stands in thoughtful and admiring mood, gazing upon Machpelah, where Abraham and Sarah are taking their long sleep of four thousand years. Your father may be slumbering under the tinkling of the bell of the Scotch kirk. Your brother may have gone down in the ship that foundered off Cape Hatteras. Your little child may be sleeping on the verge of the flowering western prairie; yet God will gather them all up, however widely the dust may be scattered. Nevertheless, it is pleasant to think that we will be buried together. When my father died, and we took him out and put him down in the graveyard of Somerville, it did not seem so sad to leave him there, because right beside him was my dear, good, old, beautiful, Christian mother, and it seemed as if she said: "I was tired, and I came to bed a little early. I am glad you have come; it seems as of old." Oh, it is a consolation to feel that when men come, and with solemn tread carry you out to your resting-place, they will open the gate through which some of your friends have already gone, and through which many of your friends will follow. Sleeping under the same roof, at last sleeping under the same sod. The autumnal leaves that drift across your grave will drift across theirs; the bird-songs that drop on their mound will drop on yours; and then, in starless winter nights, when the wind comes howling through the gorge, you will be company for each other. The child close up to the bosom of its mother. The husband and wife re-married; on their lips the sacrament of the dust. Brothers and sisters, who used in sport to fling themselves on the grass, now again reclining side by side in the grave, in flecks of sunlight sifting through the long, lithe willows. Then at the trumpet of the archangel to rise side by side, shaking themselves from the dust of ages. The faces that were ghastly and fixed when you saw them last all aflush with the light of incorruption. The father looking around on his children, and saying: "Come, come, my darlings, this is the morning of the resurrection." Mrs. Sigourney wrote beautifully with the tears and blood of her own broken heart:

There was a shaded chamber,
A silent, watching band,
On a low couch a suffering child
Grasping her mother's hand.
But mid the gasp and struggle,
With shuddering lips she cried,
"Mother, oh, dearest mother,
Bury me by your side."
Only one wish she uttered,
As life was ebbing fast,
"Sleep by my side, dear mother,
And rise with me at last."

Oh, yes, we want to be buried together. Sweet antetype of everlasting residence in each other's companionship.

When the wrecker went down into the cabin of the lost steamer, he found the mother and child in each other's arms. It was sad, but it was beautiful, and it was appropriate. Together they went down. Together they will rise. One on earth. One in heaven. Is there not something cheering in all this thought, and something to impress upon us the idea that the departed are ours yet—ours forever?

But I console you again with the fact of your present acquaintanceship and communication with your departed friends. I have no sympathy, I need not say, with the ideas of modern spiritualism; but what I mean is the theory set forth by the apostle, when he says: "We are surrounded by a great cloud of witnesses." Just as in the ancient amphitheatre there were eighty or one hundred thousand people looking down from the galleries upon the combatants in the centre, so, says Paul, there is a great host of your friends in all the galleries of the sky, looking down upon our earthly struggles. It is a sweet, a consoling, a scriptural idea. With wing of angel, earth and heaven are in constant communication. Does not the Bible say: "Are they not sent forth as ministering spirits to those who shall be heirs of salvation?" And when ministering spirits come down and see us, do they not take some message back? It is impossible to realize, I know, the idea that there is such rapid and perpetual intercommunication of earth and heaven; but it is a glorious reality. You take a rail train and the train is in full motion, and another train from the opposite direction dashes past you so swiftly that you are startled: all the way between here and heaven is filled with the up trains and the down trains—spirits coming—spirits going—coming—going—coming—going. That friend of yours who died last month—do you not suppose he told all the family news about you in the good land to the friends who are gone? Do you not suppose that when there are hundreds of opportunities every day for them in heaven to hear from you that they ask about you? that they know your tears, your temptations, your struggles, your victories? Aye, they do. Perhaps during the last war you had a boy in the army, and you got a pass and you went through the lines and you found him, and the regiment coming from your neighborhood, you knew most of the boys there. One day you started for home. You said: "Well, now, have you any letters to send? Any messages to send?" And they filled your pockets with letters, and you started home. Arriving home, the neighbors came in, and one said: "Did you see my John?" and others: "Did you see George?" "Do you know anything about my Frank?" And then you brought out the letters and gave them the messages of which you had been the bearer. Do you suppose that angels of God, coming down to this awful battle-field of sin, and sorrow, and death, and meeting us and seeing us, and finding out all about us, carry back no message to the skies?

O, there is consolation in it! You are in present communication with that land. They are in sympathy with you now more than they ever were, and they are

The Grapes of Eshcol

waiting for the moment when the hammer stroke shall shatter the last chain of your earthly bondage and your soul shall spring upward; and, they will stand on the heights of heaven and see you come; and when you are within hailing distance your other friends will be called out, and, as you flash through the pearl-hung gate, their shout will make the hills tremble: "Hail! ransomed spirit, to the city of the blessed."

I console you still further with the idea of a resurrection. I know there are a great many people who do not accept this because they cannot understand it; but, my friends, there are two stout passages—I could bring a hundred, but two swarthy passages are enough—and one David will strike down the largest Goliath. "Marvel not at this, for the hour is coming when all who are in their graves shall come forth." The other swarthy passage is this: "The Lord shall descend from heaven with a shout, and the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first." Oh, there will be such a thing as a resurrection.

You ask me a great many questions I cannot answer about this resurrection. You say, for instance: "If a man's body is constantly changing, and every seventh year he has an entirely new body, and he lives on to seventy years of age, and so has had ten different bodies, and at the hour of his death there is not a particle of flesh on him that was there in the days of his childhood — in the resurrection, which of the ten bodies will come up, or will they all rise?" You say: "Suppose a man dies and his body is scattered in the dust, and out of that dust vegetables grow, and men eat the vegetables, and cannibals slay these men and eat them, and cannibals fight with cannibals until at last there shall be a hundred men who shall have within them some particles that started from the dead body first named, coming up through the vegetable, through the first man who ate it, and through the cannibals who afterward ate him, and there be more than a hundred men who have rights in the particles of that body—in the resurrection how can they be assorted when these particles belong to them all? You say: "There is a missionary buried in Greenwood, and when he was in China he had his arm amputated—in the resurrection, will that fragment of the body fly sixteen thousand miles to join the rest of the body?" Have you any more questions to ask? any more difficulties to suggest? any more mysteries? Bring them on! Against a whole regiment of scepticism, I will march these two champions: "Marvel not at this, for the hour is coming when all who are in their graves shall come forth." "The Lord shall descend from heaven with a shout, and the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first." You see I stick to these two passages. Who art thou, oh, fool, that thou repliest against God? Hath he promised, and shall he not do it? Hath he commanded, and shall he not bring it to pass? Have you not confidence in his omnipotence? If he could, in the first place, build my body, after it is torn down, can he not build it again?

"Oh," you say; "I would believe that if you would explain it. I am not disposed to be sceptical, but explain how it can be done." My brother, you believe a great many things you cannot explain. You believe your mind acts on your body. Explain the process. This seed planted comes up a blue flower. Another seed planted comes up a yellow flower. Another seed planted comes up a white flower. Why? Why that wart on your finger? Explain these. Can you not do it? Then I will not explain the resurrection. You explain one-half of the common mysteries of every-day life, and I will explain all the mysteries of the resurrection. You cannot answer me very plain questions in regard to ordinary affairs. I am not ashamed to say that I cannot explain God, and the judgment, and the resurrection. I simply accept them as facts.

Before the resurrection takes place, everything will be silent. The mausoleums and the labyrinths silent. The graveyards silent, the cemetery silent, save from the clashing of hoofs and the grinding of wheels as the last funeral procession comes in. No breath of air disturbing the dust where Persepolis stood, and Thebes, and Babylon. No winking of the eyelids long closed in darkness. Silence from ocean beach to mountain cliff, and from river to river. The sea singing the same old tune. The lakes hushed to sleep in the bosom of the same great hills. No hand disturbing the gate of the long-barred sepulchre. All the nations of the dead motionless in their winding-sheets. Up the side of the hills, down through the trough of the valleys, far out in the caverns, across the fields, deep down into the coral palaces of the ocean depths —everywhere, layer above layer, height above height, depth below depth—dead! dead! dead! But in the twinkling of an eye, as quick as that, as the archangel's trumpet comes pealing, rolling reverberating, crashing across continents and seas, the earth will give one fearful shudder and the door of the family vault, without being unlocked, will burst open; and all the graves of the dead will begin to throb and heave like the waves of the sea; and the mausoleum of princes will fall into the dust; and the shipwrecked rise from the deep, their wet locks looming above the billow; and all the land and all the sea become one moving mass of life—all generations, all ages with upturned countenances — some kindled with rapture and others blanched with despair, but gazing in one direction, upon one object, and that the throne of resurrection!

On that day you will get back your Christian dead. There is where the comfort comes in. They will come up with the same hand, the same foot, and the same entire body; but with a perfect hand, and a perfect foot, and a perfect body; corruption having become incorruption, mortality having become immortality. And oh, the re-union; oh, the embrace after so long an absence. Comfort one another with these words.

While I present these thoughts this morning, does it not seem that heaven comes very near to us, as though our friends, whom we thought a great way off, are not in the distance, but close by? You have sometimes come down to a river at night-fall, and you have been surprised how easily you could hear voices across that river. You shouted over to the other side of the river, and they shouted back. It is said that, when George Whitefield preached in Third street, Philadelphia, one evening time, his voice was heard clear across to the New Jersey shore. When I was a little while chaplain in the army, I remember how at even-tide we could easily hear the voices of the pickets across the Potomac just when they were using ordinary tones. And as we come to-day and stand by the river of Jordan that divides us from our friends who are gone, it seems to me we stand on one bank and they stand on the other, and it is only a narrow stream, and our voices go and their voices come. Hark! Hush! I hear distinctly what they say: "These are they who came out of great tribulation, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." Still the voice comes across the water, and I hear: "We hunger no more, we thirst no more; neither shall the sun light on us, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne leads us to living fountains of water, and God wipeth away all tears from our eyes."

A Gospel for Red and Black.

(Continued from first page.

maintained at an annual cost of about $155,000. The negro students in the Institute produce through their labor about $55,000, and the balance of the expenditures is covered by appropriations by the State of Virginia, by Congress and by the income from an endowment fund. The net cost of training, supporting and clothing each scholar is about $154 a year.

A great stimulus to the Institute has been the 16,000 negro free schools of the South—nearly 2,000 in Virginia alone—costing the ex-slave states nearly four millions of dollars a year in taxation. Northern charity, at the rate of about a million dollars a year, with liberal Southern state aid in some cases, is supplying over twenty strong Normal and Collegiate institutes, mostly under church auspices, where nearly 5,000 negro youth of both sexes are being fitted to teach and lead their people. The negro girls have proved successful teachers. In his last report of the condition of these schools, Gen. Armstrong estimated that the work had cost from its inception to date, the round sum of $1,350,000, exclusive of endowments. The real estate and other property of the Institute represents a value of $500,000.

To fully review the work accomplished by this remarkable man during the last twenty years of his life—the period of real growth in the Hampton experiment—would occupy many pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. He was one of whom it can truly be said that he showed his faith by his works. With missionary parents and missionary surroundings in early youth, it was not surprising that he should have united to the courage of the soldier the zeal and fervor of the evangelist. His character, in many particulars, was like that of "Chinese Gordon"—great in faith, instant in action, when duty pointed the way. Under his inspiration, Hampton Institute became not only a civilizing, but a Christianizing agency. Every year, on simple faith, he undertook to supply $50,000 to meet a deficit of that amount, over and above all the income. His was, on an extensive scale, a duplication of the experience of the late Pastor Spurgeon, George Muller, and, the late Dr. Cullis, all of whom may be said to have kept their godly philanthropies alive and active by faith alone. And the holy spirit of the leader was communicated to those around him. The students were put on their honor, as to conduct and discipline. Their benevolent and missionary spirit was stimulated, and they were urged to do local missionary work, visiting the poor, the prisoners, the paupers and the sick. He met the students at evening prayers and at Sunday service, and at every opportunity helped the development of their spiritual natures. Addressing them, one Sunday evening shortly before he died, he said: "You think it a fine thing to belong to the Grand Army of the Republic. Yes, so it is; but the greatest of all is to belong to the Grand Army of God's workers. Any one of you can belong to that, as so many of Hampton's students have."

At the end, when laboring under the last fatal attack of heart disease and paralysis, he still found breath and strength to give voice to the testimony of his faith. "I want to go," said the dying Christian hero. "I am through with this world; my work is finished." He shortly afterward expired.

Hampton Institute (which is shown in the illustration on the first page of this issue), occupies a site of great natural beauty and healthfulness, on the eastern shore of Hampton Creek, a little below the town of Hampton, Va. It is now controlled by a Board of Trustees, and the religious teaching is evangelical. It is neither a college nor a university, but a school adapted to the immediate needs of the negro and the Indian youth. There are thirty-two buildings in all, including William Hall, the Sloane Memorial Building for colored girls and a hall for Indian girls; Academic Hall, used for school and recitation-rooms, and boys' sleeping rooms; Virginia Hall, used for girls' and teachers' rooms. There are also a large chapel, students' dining-room, knitting-room, two cottages for boys, a wigwam for the use of Indian students, dwelling-houses for the managers and teachers, brick school-houses and other necessary accommodations. Some of the buildings had previously been used as barracks, etc., during the war. The Institute owns a farm of 339 acres, called "Shellbanks," on a small river, five miles from the school. This farm (the gift of a friend), is used for keeping and raising stock, and in summer, as an Indian camp. The labor upon it is mainly performed by the students, the institution being founded on the manual labor plan. In 1879, the laboratories and apparatus were destroyed by fire, and the museum and library also have been greatly injured by fire. *The Southern Workman*, a weekly paper, is printed on the grounds.

Besides the ordinary departments of instruction, a three years' course of English branches, including mathematics, algebra, with intellectual philosophy, civil government, political economy, book-keeping, history, English literature and composition, natural philosophy and chemistry. Instruction is given in farming, carpentry, shoemaking, blacksmithing, tailoring, iron and tin-work, housework, cooking, and sewing and knitting by machine. The school has a military organization, and an officer of the army is detailed by the government to give instruction.

One of the principal objects of the institution, is to raise up teachers for the free schools of the South. From 10,000 to 20,000 colored children were taught by those graduates in 1879–80, and their work is highly prized by the educational directors of the South. Since 1878 the institution has had as pupils a considerable number of Indian youth, and the result of this effort to instruct them in the elements of civilized life has been far-reaching. They come from many different tribes,—the Sioux, Sac and Fox, Chippewa, Shawnee, Hawk, Crow, Blackfeet, Gros Ventre, Arickaree, Mandan, Cherokee, Cheyenne, Kiowa, Arapahoe, Comanche, Winnebago, Pima, Omaha, Apache, Mohave, Brule and others. Hundreds of these Indian boys and girls—most of them full-blooded scions of very warlike tribes—have undergone a complete transformation at the Institute, and many are now teaching native schools in their own country. Native chiefs, who have given the government trouble in the past and who have at different times stirred up cruel wars against the whites, have in later years been induced to send their sons and daughters to Hampton. Here the Indian prisoners from Fort Marion, Fla., were civilized and christianized as well, and here, ten years after the Custer massacre, "Rain-in-the-Face," the notorious Modoc applied for admission as a pupil! His example has since been followed by other chiefs and many who are too old themselves have sent their sons and daughters. The results achieved in this line of work alone are almost sufficient to justify all the loving labor and expenditures of years at Hampton. Many of the Indian young men and women have returned to their tribes and, have been, under the Divine blessing, the means of leading others to a Christian life. Some are preachers and teachers, others are farmers or tradesmen and nearly all have made excellent records. A few have died rejoicing in the faith. Every student in the Institute knew that Gen. Armstrong expected him to help his brethren as he was being helped.

With the negro pupils, progress was necessarily more rapid than with the untutored Indians, and to-day they are found in every avenue of educational industrial and Christian work throughout the Union. Thus the experiment of Hampton has reached out to the ends of a continent and has been the divinely ordered means of conferring upon two races an intellectual and spiritual elevation which Congresses, legislatures and secular philanthropies could not bestow.

HOW TO AVOID TEMPTATION.

AN old legend tells how a man once asked an Eastern king if he could tell him how to avoid temptation.

The king told the man to take a jug brimful of oil and to carry it through the streets of the city without spilling one drop.

"If one drop is spilt," said the king, "your head shall be cut off." And he ordered two executioners, with drawn swords, to walk behind the man and to carry out his orders.

There happened to be a fair going on in town, and the streets were crowded with people. However, the man was very careful, and he returned to the king without having spilt one drop of the oil. Then the king asked: "Did you see any one whilst you were walking through the streets?" "No," said the man, "I was only thinking of the oil; I noticed nothing else." "Then," said the king, "you notice how to avoid temptation. Fix your mind as firmly on God as you fix it on the vessel of oil, you will not then be tempted to sin."

THE OXFORD BIBLE PREMIUM.

Many letters have reached this office inquiring if the Oxford Bible premium offer is still open. The offer will be continued only as long as our supply of these beautiful Bibles lasts. Those desiring to secure the best reference Bible in the world, containing all the Helps, Concordance, Subject-Index, References and colored maps can do so by sending $2 for a year's subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. To every such subscriber we will send the Oxford Teachers' Bible.

PAUL CALLED TO EUROPE.

S S. Lesson for July 2 Acts. 16: 6-15. Golden Text, Matt. 28: 19. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

PAUL'S call to missionary work had come, like that of many others, from the Lord himself, in his general missionary commission to his disciples: "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." (Matt. 28: 10-21.) But he had also received an individual call of the Holy Ghost when, at Antioch, he had "ministered to the Lord and fasted," with the rest of the disciples, and the Holy Ghost had said: "Separate me Barnabas and Paul for the work whereunto I have called them." (Acts 18: 2.) This call was no light matter to the apostle; he says: "Necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is me if I preach not the Gospel." And again: "A dispensation of the Gospel is committed unto me." (1. Cor. 9: 16, 17.) And again he speaks of himself as "the minister of Jesus Christ to the Gentiles, ministering the Gospel of God." (Rom. 15: 16.) The first synod of the primitive church had been held in Jerusalem, to consider the vexed question whether it was obligatory in the converted Gentiles to keep the Jewish law. Paul's presence there was of the utmost importance, he being, by God's appointment, "the apostle of the Gentiles." (Rom. 11: 13), and being therefore their representative among the Jewish brethren. This Synod ended, Paul and Barnabas returned again to Antioch, "teaching and preaching the Word." But the call to which they had already responded in their missionary journey, still sounded in their hearts, they had no liberty to spend all their time in Antioch, the remembrance of their converts in Asia Minor was pressed upon them, and Paul said to Barnabas: "Let us go again and visit our brethren in every city where we have preached the Word of the Lord, and see how they do." How far Paul had a

Distinct and Specific Direction

regarding this new move is not apparent. Probably a conscious burden, a sense of being occupied involuntarily with the converts he had left, may have come over his spirit direct from the Spirit of God. Many of God's children learn the will of God in this manner. Standing ready at all times to be sent hither or thither, to be called to this or that, they stand loose from any self-made plans and any choice of their own as to their movements; and gradually, almost unconsciously, the Holy Spirit brings them into unison with the thoughts of God by the sense of burden about a place or about a person. Undoubtedly Paul knew it was the will of God that he should go forth to strengthen the hands of the converts left behind.

Accompanied by Silas, and "recommended by the brethren to the grace of God," he went [illegible] churches. Arrived at Derbe and Lystra, where he had been stoned, and so miraculously re- [illegible] he was closely drawn. It was Timothy of whom he said: "I have no man likeminded." (Phil. 2: 20); whom he calls "my own son in the faith." "My dearly beloved son." This young man was, like Paul himself, partly of Jewish and partly of foreign extraction, but his mother was a godly woman who had grounded him well in the Scriptures. Paul joined the young man to their little company, first taking the precaution to circumcise him, lest his presence with Paul as the son of a Greek, should cause harm to the cause of God by awakening prejudice.

For a time all went well, and nothing transpired to make them doubt they were in the will of God. They were occupied in delivering to the churches the decrees passed at the Jerusalem synod, and they were established in the faith and increased in number daily. But many have yet to learn what they then learned, that the will of God at one part of our course may not be his will for our whole lives. Because Philip was so much used of God at Samaria it was not therefore the will of God that he should always abide there, or even always be occupied in large cities; his next call was to the desert for the sake of one soul! The same Elijah whose words to Ahab and to the people were so mighty, served God in silence by the brookside just as faithfully as when that was the call of God to him. Paul and his two followers had gone throughout Phrygia and Galatia (both provinces of Asia Minor), when a sudden and unexpected stop was put to a course which, up till now, had been fully marked by the blessing of God: they "were forbidden of the Holy Ghost to preach the Word in Asia!" What could this mean? Had they been wrong up till now? Had they mistaken the mind of God? If it were wrong to preach in Asia now, must it not have been wrong to preach there previously? Such are the thoughts with which Satan loves to fill the mind and intellect of God's children, so that he may bring about a feeling of unrest and discomfort, and distract them from hearing the voice of God in the present moment. We may be quite sure that our Shepherd is too true to leave us on a wrong path without telling us, but, if indeed we are his own sheep, his own property, he has a perfect right to change our path whenever he will. Paul did not argue, did not reason, did not attempt to systematize the guidance of his God. Paul knew his place as the creature of the great Creator and obeyed. Arrived at Mysia, another province of Asia Minor, they essayed to go into Bithynia, a province lying to the north of Galatia and Mysia, but again the some prohibition was upon them: "the Spirit suffered them not."

Thus hemmed in on the north and south, Paul went straight forward towards the west, until he arrived at Troas, the ancient Troy. All this time his directions had been negative, he had no positive leading. Paul had patiently endured, and now light broke upon his path. In a night vision, "a man of Macedonia stood and prayed him, saying: Come over into Macedonia and help us." With the vision came a certainty of direction: "After he had seen the vision immediately we endeavored to go into Macedonia, assuredly gathering that the Lord had called us for to preach the Gospel unto them."

But what about the expense of all this waiting? What about the impression which others might have of our callousness and indolence if we were to wait thus for direction? God be praised that he never sends us on a warfare at our own charges. He makes himself responsible for all which he commands. He who could afford to sacrifice the reputation of Joseph, his only witness in Egypt and to leave him under the terrible stigma which lay upon him, he who could afford to leave Naaman under the impression, given him by Gehazi that after all, Elisha did care for his money and garments, he who could afford to let the man whom he called a perfect man and an upright, be stripped of his reputation for piety,—may see that his tried children can be purified in no furnace so thoroughly as that in which they must lie speechless and condemned under misapprehension and wrong judgment.

When Paul did get the clue to the mind of God, no lingering love for the work and for the converts left in Asia hindered him. God wanted him elsewhere, this was all and everything to him. So he made a journey by sea to reach the first city where he could land in Macedonia, with as much expedition as the facilities for traveling in those days afforded him. Philippi was the destination of the ship, and the account runs: "We were in that city abiding certain days." What was their occupation? What could it have been but taking counsel with God, unless, indeed, they were at the same time seeking employment, for Paul was no idler, and was not in the habit of eating any man's bread for naught.

Before the Sabbath came round Paul had discovered that there were some in Philippi who prayed to the living God, and finding their place of resort was by the riverside,—it may have been a single room, or possibly in the open air—he

"Spake unto the Women

that resorted thither." The women? Yes; nothing is said of men in this little prayer meeting. But is it conceivable that the God of the universe would interrupt the bishop-like labors of Paul in such an immense diocese as Asia Minor and Syria, for the sake of a few Gentile women in Europe, who, in their simplicity bent together before God in prayer by the riverside, crying for light and life from heaven? Yes, thank God, "not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called." God has never yet despised the day of small things. One woman had been prepared beforehand, and God opened her heart that she attended, or gave heed to, the things spoken. She seems to have been a woman of business, probably well known in her day; a woman of some force of character, intellect and influence. Instant decision for the Lord followed on the conviction which resulted from God's message by Paul, and, notwithstanding all that such a step might involve, this first European convert from heathenism sought to avow her faith publicly by baptism, induced her whole household to follow her, and boldly received into her house the teachers of that new doctrine which was shortly to rouse the whole city into persecution. From this little beginning, Christianity took root in Europe, and now European missionaries go back to the countries from which Paul came to Europe to carry back the Word of God where Mohammedanism has stamped out the remains of the faith of Jesus. The Lord God be with them and prosper them!

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

SIX months ago, our study of the Acts of the Apostles closed with the meeting of the great council in Jerusalem about the year fifty. The council decided, as will be remembered, that Gentile Christians might be admitted to the Church without becoming Jews. Paul and Barnabas, doubtless much relieved in mind by the decision, set out to tell the good news to the churches. At Antioch, however, a dispute arose between the companions. Barnabas wanted to take his cousin, John Mark, with them, but Paul objected. The man had deserted them once and Paul wanted no more to do with such a man. Barnabas seems to have persisted and Paul was equally firm. Finally, not being able to agree, they separated and Paul choosing another companion went on. This companion was Silas (Paul calls him Sylvanus in his epistles), who was one of the brethren from Jerusalem whom the council sent with Paul and Barnabas to Antioch to corroborate their report of the proceedings of the council. With Silas, therefore, and Timothy, a young convert whom Paul picked up at Derbe, he began his second long journey, which occupied from three to four years. Paul was recommended by the brethren to the grace of God. As we do not read of Barnabas being so commended we may conclude that the brethren sympathized with Paul in the recent quarrel. In spite of his experience and in spite of the cordiality of the council Paul seems to have had a longing to preach to the Jews. His mission, however, was to the Gentiles and in some way he was thwarted in his desire and, true to his habit of acceping circumstances as indications of the divine will, he yielded. He turned his face toward Europe. He reached Troas, a town near the site of the ancient city of Troy celebrated by Homer. It stood on the coast of Asia Minor near the strait now known as the Dardanelles. There Paul had a dream from which he concluded that his next sphere of labor was to be Macedonia, a country to the north of Greece, now a part of the Turkish Empire. He set out immediately with his companions and we judge by the use in the narrative of the pronoun "we," instead of "they," that Luke joined the party at Troas. It is conjectured that Paul was ill while at Troas and that Luke attended him as a physician. The friendship must have been very pleasant and helpful to Paul. As we can perceive by his writing, both in the Acts and in the Gospel that bears his name, Luke was a close and careful observer, an intelligent, cultured man, whose habit of keeping a record of daily events, has laid many generations of Christians under obligation to him.

Forbidden of the Holy Ghost. When a man devotes himself to the Lord's work he must expect to be thwarted in his own ideas and plans and must be ready to submit to guidance. Mr. Beecher in one of his sermons, thus illustrated the fact: A man says to his agent: "I want you to go on a business tour for me. First go to Buffalo. Here is the money and here the directions you will need while you are there. Thence go to Cleveland, and there you will find remittances and further direction. When you get to Cincinnatti you will find more money and other directions. At St. Louis you will find others and at New Orleans more." "But," says the agent, "suppose when I get to Cleveland or any of the other places I should not find anything?" He is so afraid that he will not, that he asks the man to give him money and directions for the whole tour before he starts. "No," says the man, "it will be sufficient for you if you have the money and directions you need for each place when you get to it, and when you do get to it you will find them there." Now God sends men in the same way. "Here is your duty for to-day, and the means with which to do it. I will be with you at all times and will see that you have strengh for every emergency."

Come over and help us. Macedonia was, we are told, a colony. It could have had no greater need than for the visit of Paul and his companions. The help they could give would be more valuable to the colony than any other kind of help. The charter of Massachusetts granted by Charles I. contains an expression of the hope that the settlers to whom it is granted "may win and incite the natives of the country to the knowledge and obedience of the only true God and Saviour of mankind and the Christian faith, which in our royal intention, and the adventurers' free profession, is the principal end of this plantation." The first seal of Massachusetts represents an Indian giving utterance to the words, "Come over and help us." Small reason had the Indian to be thankful for the kind of help he got and small reason now has the native of Africa to be thankful for the coming of the white man who brings him rum and firearms and encourages him to destroy his brother and drink himself to death. But the white man who will give him the Gospel and tell him of Christ, is, if he only knew it, the best friend he could have on earth.

Gathering that the Lord had called us. The Lord has many ways of calling his people to do a particular work for him. In this case a dream was used. Sometimes it is only the ordinary circumstances of everyday life. It is an evidence of a man belonging to God when he recognizes God's voice in the affairs of life or however it comes and obeys. The man who does not belong to him does not recognize the voice. A man in India was accused of stealing a sheep. He was brought before the judge, and the supposed owner of the sheep was present. Both claimed the sheep and had witnesses to prove their claims; so it was not easy to decide to whom the sheep belonged. Knowing the habits of the shepherds and the sheep, the judge ordered the animal to be brought into court and sent one of the two men into the other room while he told the other to call the sheep and see whether it would come to him. But the poor sheep, not knowing "the voice of a stranger" would not go to him. In the meantime, the other man in the adjoining room growing impatient, gave a kind of call, upon which the sheep bounded away toward him at once. This call was the way in which he had been used to call the sheep and it was at once decided that he was the real owner.

Where prayer was wont to be made It looks as if these women were there often and it is a matter for thankfulness that we may go as often as we will to God in prayer. In the vestibule of St. Peter's at Rome is a doorway which is walled up and marked with a cross. It is opened but four times in a century; once in every twenty-five years, on Christmas eve, the Pope approaches in princely state, with his retinue of cardinals in their robes and gives the signal for its demolition by striking it thrice with a silver hammer. When the passage is opened, the people pass through the nave and up to the altar by an avenue which the majority of them never trod before and never will again. Imagine what it would be if the way to God were like this Porta Sancta, open only once in a quarter of a century!

A place where prayer is wont to be made need not be a very grand place or one specially consecrated. The place mentioned in the lesson was probably a very humble one as it was by the river-side. A pious sailor was once asked how he could find a place to pray on board so busy a place as the ship appeared to be. "Oh," said he, "I can always get a quiet spot at the mast-head."

SAVING "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTERS."

Mrs. Williamson Tells of Twenty Years' Rescue Work in the Slums—A Plea for a Permanent Lodging-House for Homeless Girls—The Florence Mission Rescue Band and its Work Among the Lost Girls of New York City.

FOUND DEATH ON THE STOOP.

"MY life has been a life of faith for nineteen years, for during all that time I have been called to labor among the unsaved."

The speaker was a slightly built woman, with bright eyes and a face expressing cheerfulness and confidence. Hardly yet in middle life, she has been active in the service of the Master for a much longer period than ordinarily falls to the lot of even the most devoted worker. Josephine S. Williamson was born in the north of Ireland and came to the United States when still very young. She was converted in her own home in Leonardville, Monmouth Co., N. J., the death of her husband having been made instrumental in bringing her soul to the Saviour.

"Right after I was saved," she explains, "I went out after souls and have been at it ever since."

Her whole life, since that eventful episode, has been a ministry of love. She felt that she must communicate her happiness to others and so she chose the class of all classes the most miserable and wretched—the unfortunates of the slums. Her work among them has been wonderfully blessed of God, and she has been the means of turning many of these daughters of sin to purer and nobler lives.

At the outset of her new career, Mrs. Williamson became connected with the Margaret Strachan Home for Fallen Girls, in New York City, and afterward with the Jerry McAuley Mission on Water Street. She next continued her work among the unsaved in connection with the Midnight Mission on Greene Street and the Whittemore Home.

For a brief period she conducted with her own means, a retreat called Christ's Home on West Thirty-third Street, and it was during those months that one of the most remarkable conversions took place. A beautiful and finely educated girl, the daughter of a business man of Syracuse, had fallen into a life of sin. For sometime after leaving home, she revelled in the luxury of vice, but—as invariably follows—she gradually sunk until the lowest stage of moral and physical degradation was reached. She became a victim to drugs and was widely known among the patrons of the slums as "Morphine Laura." When Mrs. Williamson made an effort to reform the girl, she found the latter in a sorry plight, wasted by disease and the baneful drug which enslaved her. Laura was led to Christ and gave evidence of conversion and a complete change of heart. After her death, many of her old associates in sin crowded around her coffin and not a few then pledged themselves to the Saviour and a new life.

For many years past, Mrs. Williamson has been with the Florence Mission, as its most active and successful worker on the streets and in the slums. "The Lord has used me," she quaintly expresses it, "from half past ten o'clock in the morning until half past five, on my feet, talking with sinners. My principal places for labor have been the Battery, the City Hall steps and the Five Points. Our object is to get the girls work. If they have work and are taken from their old associates and haunts, and form new acquaintances, they are not liable to be drawn back to sin. In order to avert it we must have places to put them in.

"Many hundreds have been saved through the Florence Mission," she continued. "Many of the girls, brought in from lives of sin, are doing well and married and raising families; others are out working in a variety of employments.

"In connection with the slum work, in the late hours of the night, when hotels and lodging houses were closed, we found we had no place to shelter the girls except lodging them in the station-house until the next morning, for they were generally so poorly clad that we could not take them to any of the hotels or lodging houses. Women with wretched garments are not admitted to such places. The only lodging in the city of New York that I know of as being available for such cases is in Rivington Street, and that closes at eleven o'clock. If a woman has taken intoxicating drink she will not be admitted there either. There is nowhere else, except alleys, halls of buildings or the station-house, for these wretched creatures!"

In view of this condition of affairs, Mrs. Williamson, together with Miss Belle Doyle (one of the rescued girls), has decided to make a strenuous effort for the establishment of a permanent Girls' Lodging House in New York, where those who are rescued from the streets or the slums may be sheltered. Although the project has until now hardly been made public, many sympathetic letters have been received containing financial help to forward the plan.

"We find responses from all classes," said Mrs. Williamson, "and, strange to say, even from some dive-keepers. One of the subscribers is a Chinaman, who has become a Christian and who gives $3, for the establishment of a lodging for these poor American girls. Thus does China to some extent, repay its debt of gratitude to us."

Some of Mr. Williamson's experiences as a mission worker in the lowest social and moral strata of the metropolis are touching in the extreme. She has labored all these nineteen years without salary or remuneration from any earthly quarter, but she holds herself richly paid in the spiritual results.

"Some three months ago," she said, "a woman died in the slums of Bleecker street, on a stoop, alone and friendless. I knelt beside her, spoke words of spiritual consolation and hope into her ears and when the poor, weak, wicked life at last flickered out, I closed her eyes and had her cared for. Now, see how strangely the Lord works at times. A woman passing by saw me as I knelt there by the homeless, dying girl, and she stopped. She, too, although she had all the outward appearance of respectability, had been leading a life of sin. My simple action in caring for the other had touched the new-comer, and ultimately led to her conversion. We became acquainted, and soon I learned all about her. She is a Southern woman and, having renounced her sin and begun a new life, is now on her way to her husband in Texas.

"One day I walked into the backroom of an Italian dive in Elizabeth Street, in one of the lowest slums on the East side. It is one of those wretched places where the sodden victims of drink and sin lie around like brutes, sleeping with their heads on tables, in foul-smelling backrooms. I had been to this place before and knew some of the inmates. On this occasion I found there a young girl of eighteen, named Charlotte ——, who had been asleep. Her careless and tangled hair gave evidence of the life she was leading, but there was still in her face a trace of goodness that touched my heart with pity. I shook her by the shoulder until she awoke, and then while she still sat dazed, looking at me, I said:

" 'My child, this is no place for you. God wants your soul and he wants to use your body in a different way, besides giving it up to drink and sin.'

"She was a handsome girl with a soft, dark complexion, and the drink had as yet left few marks of dissipation on her face.

" 'Oh, Mrs. Williams!' she exclaimed. 'How can you come for me? You have advised me so often?'

" 'God sends me here, child, and I must deliver his message. I will not leave the place unless you come with me.' She looked at me hesitatingly for a moment, then with a sudden new-found resolution shining in her eyes, she stood up and said, 'I will come.' We went out together and she never went back to the old life again. She has now a good position and is living a Christian life."

One of the most sorrowful experiences in Mrs. Williamson's life occurred recently. Mollie ——, an attractive girl with a sweet and winning disposition, had left her home and gone to live with a young man belonging to the "hoodlum" class. Their room, in a grimy tenement, was the scene of nightly revel and dissipation. Mrs. Williamson had frequently met Mollie, and urged her with all the eloquence she possessed to abandon her life of sin.

"Ah, yes," the girl would answer with a little sigh, "sometime I will."

"But now is the accepted time," the visitor insisted. "Christ is waiting to welcome you now. Another time it may be too late."

The girl, however, could not be persuaded to make up her mind to the step which she really longed to take. Her companion in sin had become cruel and neglectful, and she began to feel the pangs of remorse. After all, she reasoned, it might be better to do as the lady advised and to reform. Yet she clung to her sin, although her better nature revolted at it; its fascination was powerful.

The end came suddenly and tragically. Her lover shot her dead, one night, after a quarrel, and poor Mollie went to her final account unrepentant, and in the midst of her sins! Her "sometime" never came!

Mollie is a type of many other girls of the same unfortunate class, who are gradually sinking lower and lower in the vicious life of the slums. Many of those encountered by Mrs. Williamson were born and brought up in the country in different parts of Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Having fallen from virtue, they were either decoyed or found their way to New York, where they hide themselves away in the dark places of the great city. Once in the vortex, it is almost impossible for them to extricate themselves. They are nearly all addicted to the use of morphine, drugs, and liquor, thus adding to their terrible slavery. Hundreds have been released from this hideous bondage and brought to Christ through the instrumentality of the Florence Mission and its devoted Rescue Band, whose members invade saloons, low concert halls, and even Chinese resorts in the search for those poor wandering sheep that are waiting to be led back to the fold. Mulberry Bend with its Italian dives, the purlieus of Bleecker, Greene, Doyer, Mott, Pell, Delancey, and the Bowery are their familiar battle-ground where the struggle for souls goes on night after night the year round. Many readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are already familiar with the touching story of the origin of the Florence Mission, which was founded by Mr. Charles N. Crittenden, a New York merchant, as a memorial to his dead daughter, Florence. It stands in Bleecker street near the Bowery, in the very heart of the district where its reformatory work is most needed. To hundreds of women dead in sin and shame it has proved a life-giving influence. Its hospitality has been extended to all comers and especially to girls who desire to make the effort to leave the paths of sin for those of purity and peace. Mrs. Pringle, a sincere, consecrated, Christian woman, is the matron. The Permanent Lodging House, for which Mrs. Williamson is now energetically working, will be a valuable adjunct to the main work of the Florence, although financially independent of the Mission. Any of our readers wishing to forward this most deserving philanthropic project, can do so by addressing Mrs. Williamson, Care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York.

MRS. WILLIAMSON WELCOMING THE WANDERERS AT THE FLORENCE MISSION, NEW YORK.

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DISCIPLES OF FASHION.

THERE will be fashion in heaven as on earth, but it will be a different kind of fashion. It will decide the color of the dress; and the population of that country, by a beautiful law, will wear white. I say these things as a background to show you that I have no prim, precise, prudish, or cast-iron theories on the subject of human apparel. But the goddess of fashion has set up her throne in this country and at the sound of the timbrels we are all expected to fall down and worship. The old and new testament of her bible are the fashion magazine and fashion bazar. Her altars smoke with the sacrifice of the bodies, minds, and souls of ten thousand victims. In her temple four people stand in the organ-loft, and from them there comes down a cold drizzle of music, freezing on the ears of her worshippers. This goddess of fashion has become a rival of the Lord of heaven and earth, and it is high time that we unlimbered our batteries against this idolatry. When I come to count the victims of fashion I find as many masculine as feminine. Men make an easy tirade against women, as though she were the chief worshiper at this idolatrous shrine.

Men are as much the idolators of fashion as women, but they sacrifice on a different part of the altar. With men, the fashion goes to cigars and club-rooms and yachting parties and wine suppers. In the United States the men consume one hundred millions of dollars' worth of tobacco every year. That is their fashion. In London, not long ago, a man died who started in life with seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, but he ate it all up in gluttonies, sending his agents to all parts of the earth for some rare delicacy for the palate, sometimes one plate of food costing him three or four hundred dollars. He ate up his whole fortune, and had only one guinea left; with that he bought a woodcock, and had it dressed in the very best style, ate it, gave two hours for digestion, then walked out on Westminster Bridge and threw himself into the Thames, and died, doing on a large scale what you and I have often seen done on a small scale. But men do not abstain from millinery and elaboration of skirt through any superiority of humility. It is only because such appendages would be a blockade to business. What would sashes and trains three and a half yards long do in a stock market? And yet men are the disciples of fashion just as much as women. Some of them wear boots so tight they can hardly walk in the paths of righteousness. And there are men who buy expensive suits of clothes and never pay for them, and who go through the streets in great stripes of color like animated checker-boards. Then there are multitudes of men who, not satisfied with the bodies the Lord gave them, are padded so that their shoulders should be square, carrying around a small cotton plantation.

Do you know that Arnold of the Revolution proposed to sell his country in order to get money to support his wife's wardrobe? The effort to keep up expensive establishments in this country is sending more business men to temporal perdition than all other causes combined. There are clerks in stores and banks on limited salaries, who in the vain attempt to keep up the wardrobe of their family as showy as other folk's wardrobes, are dying of muffs, and diamonds, and camel's hair shawls, and high hats, and they have nothing left except what they give to cigars and wine suppers, and they die before their time and they will expect us ministers to preach about them as though they were the victims of early piety, and after a high-class funeral, with silver handles at the side of their coffin, of extraordinary brightness, it will be found out that the undertaker is cheated out of his legitimate expenses! Do not send to me to preach the funeral sermon of a man who dies like that. I will blurt out the whole truth, and tell that he was strangled to death by his wife's ribbons!

Inordinate fashion is the foe of all Christian alms-giving. Men and women put so much in personal display that they often have nothing for God and the cause of suffering humanity. A Christian man cracking his French glove across the back by shutting up his hand to hide the one cent he puts into the poor-box! A Christian woman, at the story of the Hottentots, crying copious tears into a twenty-five dollar handkerchief, and then giving a two-cent piece to the collection, thrusting it down under the bills so people will not know but it was a ten-dollar gold piece! One hundred dollars for incense to fashion. Two cents for God.

A WORD TO EMPLOYERS.

BE not among those who never say anything to a mechanic, but find fault. If he has done a job well, tell him so. The book is well bound, the door is well grained, the chandelier is well swung, the work is grandly accomplished. Be not among those employers who never say anything to their employees except to swear at them. Do not be afraid you will make that mechanic so puffed up and arrogant he will never again want to be seen with working apron or in shirt sleeves, for before the night comes of that day when you praise him there will be a lawsuit brought against him because he did not finish his work as soon as he promised it, forgetful of the fact that his wife has been sick and two of his children have died of scarlet fever and he has had a felon on a finger of the right hand. Denounced, perhaps, because the paint is so very faint in color, not recognizing the fact that the mechanic himself has been cheated out of the right ingredients and that he did not find out the trouble in time; or scolded at because he seems to have lamed a horse by unskilful shoeing, when the horse has for months become spavined, or ringbone, or springhalt. You feel you have the right to find fault with a mechanic when he does ill. Do you ever praise a mechanic when he does well?

If you desire to do your whole duty to the men and women in your service: first of all, then, pay as large wages as are reasonable and your business will afford. Not necessarily what others pay, certainly not what your hired help say you must pay, for that is tyranny on the part of labor unbearable.

Moreover, it is your duty as employer, as far as possible, to mould the welfare of the employee. You ought to advise him about investments, about life insurance, about savings banks. You ought to give him the benefit of your experience. There are hundreds and thousands of employers in this country and England, I am glad to say, who are settling in the very best possible way the destiny of their employees. These men have built reading-rooms, libraries, concert halls, afforded croquet lawns, cricket grounds, gymnasiums, choral societies for their employees, and they have not merely paid the wages on Saturday, but through the contentment and the thrift and the good morals of their employees, they are paying wages from generation to generation forever.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

H Little, McLean, Ill. Who was the grandfather of Joshua?

Elishama (see 1. Chron. 7: 26). He led the tribe of Ephraim, to which he belonged, in the march of the people (see Numbers 10: 22).

Reader. Where did observance of the "Week of Prayer" originate?

A few missionaries of different schools held a three days meeting for prayer in Lodiana, in India, in 1858, and the suggestion then arose that a request be made to all the Christian world for an annual week of prayer. The Evangelical Alliance soon published the call, and has ever since sent out the programme of topics to all Christendom, before the beginning of the year. Many revivals have followed this annual call to prayer.

A Constant Reader. What was Queen Victoria's maiden name, and what was her husband's surname?

The Queen's given names are Alexandrina Victoria. The former was an adaptation of the name Alexander, she having been named for the Czar of Russia of that name. She derived her name of Victoria from her mother. Her surname, we presume, was Guelph before she was married. The family name of Prince Albert was Wettin, so that if Queen Victoria were a private lady it would be correct to address her as Mrs. Wettin.

Subscriber, Cleveland, O. 1. When were the *Clementines* or *Clementine Homilies* first published? 2. Who was the author? 3. Were they and the so-called Apostolic Constitutions written by the same person?

1. They were ascribed to St. Clement, who was Bishop of Rome from 92 to 102. The majority of scholars, however, do not believe that he wrote them. It is believed that they were not written earlier than the fifth century. The author is unknown, but he was evidently an unscrupulous person, who wished to give his production the authority of St. Clement to which it was not entitled. 2. It is impossible to say with any degree of certainty. 3. The style of writing and other internal evidences indicate that they were not by the same author, but by an earlier one, though not by St. Clement.

E F Hinkley, Anson, Me. 1. Why, when and where did the practice begin of burying the dead facing the east? 2. Do you find any place in the Scriptures where God told the people to worship on the first day instead of the seventh?

1. We never heard of the practice. The custom is general to bury the body lying on its back, facing the sky. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* (Article on Funeral Rites), states that the early Christians buried their dead with the feet toward the east. The idea was that when they rose at the resurrection their faces might be toward the east where Christ would appear. 2. No; nor any place where God told the people to discontinue circumcision, or the offering of sacrifices, or the observance of the Passover, or many other observances commanded in the Old Testament, which under the better light of the Christian dispensation have become obsolete.

Jesse V Hecklen Elmwood, Neb. 1. You say on page [illegible] "We learn from sacred history, the partaking of the Lord's Supper every Sabbath morning was a custom in use among the Christians the primitive Church during the first three centuries." Will you please quote [illegible] Where in the Scriptures was the bread and the cup ever called the "Lord's Supper?"

1. Pliny, about the year 100 A.D., refers to the Lord's Supper having been celebrated regularly "on a stated day" (Epistles 10: 97). What the "stated day" was, he does not mention, but we learn the day from Justin Martyr, who wrote about forty years later. He writes: (Apol. 1: 67) "On the day called Sunday is an assembly of all who live either in the cities or rural districts, and the memoirs of the apostles and the writings of the prophets are read" He then goes on to particularize, and among the exercises of the day, he mentions the Eucharist. Incidental references of other ancient writers show that the celebration of the Lord's Supper on the Lord's Day was customary in the early Church, as we said. Some of them mention also the collecting of alms at these assemblies, which shows that the apostle's advice had been taken (1. Cor. 16: 2). 2. See 1. Cor. 11: 20-25.

R. W. Hastings, Independence, Oreg. 1. Does the Bible teach anywhere that the heathen who do not know of Christ may be saved? 2. Is there any passage of Scriptures that assures us there will be another probation for those who reject Christ in this life?

1. No; the only passage that seems to touch the question so far as we know is Luke 12: 48, "He that knew not [his Lord's will] and did commit things worthy of stripes shall be beaten with few stripes." 2. No; there is no such assurance. Those who hope for it, base their hope on the possibility that the assurance was withheld, lest men should put off repentance until that second probation.

K. P. Barton, Tyler Tex. What is the meaning of the number of the Beast being 666 as stated in Rev. 13: 18?

The common belief is that the letters of the name of Antichrist will represent that number. The Greek letters have a numerical value like the letters on the face of your watch. If the numerical value of each letter in the name be added together, that is the number of the name. John said that one of the marks by which Antichrist might be identified would be that the total in his case would be 666.

Constant Reader, Baltimore, Md. 1. If the house of Rahab was on the wall of Jericho as stated (Joshua 2: 15) would it not be destroyed when the wall fell? How then could Joshua's men have gone into her house afterward and brought out all she had as stated (Joshua 6: 23). 2. Is the Holy Spirit as much a person as God the Father?

1. The difficulty is not explained in the Bible, so that any solution must be mere conjecture. It may be that her house was built close to the wall and the upper stories projecting, as was and still is common, may have been over the wall. In that case the fall of the wall may have left her house still standing. Or supposing the house actually being on the wall, if you admit the possibility of the miracle of the wall falling, you may easily go further and admit the possibility of the portion of the wall on which the house stood being miraculously exempted from the destruction of the other parts of the wall. 2. Yes; the personality of the Holy Spirit is clearly taught. He is represented as teaching (John 15: 26) sending, (Acts 13: 4) being grieved (Eph. 4: 30) and spoken of in other ways which imply not an essence, but a personality.

Subscriber, Adele, Neb. 1. What is meant by papers being sealed with the king's ring? (Esther 3: 12.) 2. Which is the proper method of baptism, immersion or sprinkling? 3. What is the address of Evangelist Jacoby?

1. The royal seal was generally worn by the king set in a gold ring. It might either be an engraved monogram on the metal or an intaglio. You may see at the present day men wearing rings in which stones are set that might be used as seals. In affixing his seal to a document the king made it a law. 2. Learned and pious men have disputed about this question for generations and are still at issue on it, without arriving at an agreement. If they should settle it, we shall have much pleasure in announcing the fact conspicuously in this journal. Until then, you should decide for yourself as you think the Bible teaches. A much more important question is whether "your heart is sprinkled from an evil conscience (Heb. 10: 22) and you have "been buried with Christ through baptism into death" (Rom. 6: 4). 3. Mr. George W. Jacoby, 1122 Savery Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Subscriber, Dale, Tenn. A man who does not believe in the miracles and is guilty of the business practices you mention certainly seems an unfit man for the office.—J. M. Bankhead, Pine Bluff, Ark. You do not suppose that the souls of such men as Abraham, Moses, David and Elijah were lost, do you? We do not know the author of the quotation you give.—A. M. Baar, Madison, Wis. 1. From the accounts in the Gospels and the belief in the early church we conclude that Christ rose on Sunday. 2. No, they were distinct persons. 3. There was no tribe named Israel. When the nation divided after the death of Solomon the two tribes, Judah and Benjamin came to be known as Judah and the other ten being the bulk of the nation took the name of their ancestor whose name was changed from Jacob to Israel.—Glenn E Kennedy, Marceline, Mo. Charles H. Spurgeon was never ordained. He was content, and his people were content, with the evidences of his call to the ministry which God gave him in the conversion of sinners under his preaching. He regarded the human laying on of hands and ordaining as superfluous.—C. F. Bergen, Belle Mead, N. Y. Inquire of Scribner's Sons, publishers, New York.—Mary L. Balch, Washington, D C. 1. He has always preached on that text. 2. See Internal on "Authentic Bible" in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, June 14.—R. O Scheib, Valley View, Pa., writes: "The opening of the Columbian Exposition on the sabbath is a sin against God and a pleasure to Satan, and a crime against man. Chicago has put the United States to shame before the world and injures the national influence for Christian civilization."

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A MOORISH GATEWAY.

ONE of the most interesting towns of Morocco, standing on the road which leads south from Tangier, is Larache, the residence of the Governor of the Province. Its position at the mouth of the Koos River has given it some commercial prominence, as small vessels can make use of its harbor. It has been the scene of repeated struggles between the Moors and the Spaniards and Portuguese, who have besieged and captured it in turn and held it for longer and shorter periods. Not far away from it are the remains of the much more ancient Carthaginian city of Lixus, whose walls, parts of which still stand, were built of huge stones, sixteen feet long by four thick. Lixus is now deserted, but Larache flourishes, if any town in Morocco can be said to flourish. It presents many suggestive contrasts. In the midst of the present squalor rise stately edifices, the relics of the occupation of the various powers who have in turn had possession of it. One of these is the fine Moorish gateway represented in the illustration on this page. From its summit, Mr. Montbard, a recent traveler, says, the spectator has a fine view of the sea and river and of olive groves and orange groves stretching inland as far as the eye can reach. All around is beautiful, and the country might be one of the most delightful in the world, were it not for the character of its people and the incapacity and cruelty of its government. These make it a place to be avoided by prudent travelers. Perhaps the same thing may be said with some qualification, of all parts of this world, if some inhabitant of some other planet the people of which have not fallen into sin, could visit the earth and see how its beauties are marred by the wickedness of man. (Gen. 6: 12.)

A Grave Despoiled.

A WARRANT has been issued for the arrest of a prominent citizen of Cheyenne, Wyo., on the charge of stealing the body of his dead daughter from the Lombardy Cemetery, at Wilmington, Del. He went to Wilmington three weeks ago at the invitation of his daughter's husband to attend her funeral. He telegraphed in advance his urgent wish that she should be buried in his family lot at Oxford, Pa., and on his arrival he reiterated his wish. His son-in-law, however, had made arrangement for the funeral to be at the Lombardy Cemetery in Wilmington, and in spite of the old gentleman's wish, that arrangement was carried out. He was evidently disappointed, but finally yielded and, after attending the funeral, departed. Some days later, the husband of the dead lady heard that a mysterious interment had taken place at Oxford in the lot belonging to his deceased wife's family. His suspicions were aroused and he had his wife's grave opened. He found that the coffin containing her remains had been removed and the grave was empty. The cemetery authorities knew nothing about it and declared that the removal must have been made secretly in the night. The widowed husband thereupon applied for a warrant for the arrest of his father-in-law and the case will probably be before the courts at the next term. The lady, we may infer must have been much loved by both her father and her husband. The love in neither case, however, could have been very intelligent, or there would not have been the unseemly struggle over her inanimate form. One or both would have perceived that they were wrangling over a mere tenement from which their loved one had departed. If she could have spoken to them she might have asked them as the angel asked the women, "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" (Luke 24: 5.)

A Choice of Passengers.

Two policemen of Flatbush, L. I., were placed in a dilemma a few days ago. They were called by telegraph late at night to bring the patrol wagon to an undertaking establishment on the line of the Brooklyn and Coney Island railroad. A man was lying there who had been severely injured in a collision between his wagon and an electric car; and the wagon was needed to take him to the King's County Hospital. Some of his ribs were broken, his shoulder was dislocated and his head cut. He looked, as he lay helpless across the chairs, as if he might die at any moment. Just as the wagon drove up there was a disturbance in a barber's shop a few doors away. A man who was waiting to be shaved had a sudden attack of delirium tremens. He rushed from the shop yelling at the top of his voice, with several persons following him. He was overtaken close to where the patrol wagon was drawn up. A fierce struggle ensued, but the inebriate was finally overcome and lifted into the wagon. It was thought dangerous to put the injured man in the wagon with him and after a hurried consultation the police decided to take the inebriate to the Hospital first and then return for the other patient. When they were reminded of the urgency of the latter's case, they said that he would be quiet without watching, while if the inebriate was left some one would have to stay to keep him from doing a mischief. That consideration decided them to give the inebriate the preference, and the injured man had to wait more than an hour while the other was taken to the hospital. The policemen's view of the respective merits of the two cases was natural to them, but it scarcely seems a just one. When a man has brought on his affliction by his own misconduct, he has not so much claim on the sympathy of his fellows, as he whose trouble comes from causes beyond his control. (Job 5: 16.)

The Washington Disaster.

A thrill of horror and indignation went through the country on June 9, when the news was telegraphed that a building used by the Government had collapsed, and that a number of clerks had been killed, and many others seriously injured. The building was originally Ford's Theatre, where President Lincoln was assassinated. The Government purchased the building after the commission of that crime, and used it as an army medical museum and library, and an office for the clerks of the Record and Pension Division of the War Department. Two new floors were stretched across the building, and on these and the first floor about five hundred clerks did their work. Many protests have been made from time to time, against the building being so used, as it was obviously unsafe. As far back as 1885 a report was make to Congress that the building was too weak to sustain the weight it was made to bear, and as an evidence of it the report said that one of the walls was already twelve inches out of plumb. The relics and library were moved out, as they could not be replaced, if they were destroyed; but, as the force of clerks could easily be renewed if they were killed, they were still kept at work in the tottering building, with its bulging walls. It was recently decided to put an electric plant in the basement, so that the clerks could work longer hours, and workmen were set to digging among the arches on which the building rested. They had dug down four feet when the catastrophe came. The floor on the top story at the front bent beneath the weight and broke. The clerks, with the desks and furniture, fell through on the heads of those below, breaking through that floor and the first floor, until they reached the basement, where they lay mixed with the timbers, and the lime and plaster of the ceilings, in an awful heap. Then the work of extrication commenced, and one dead body after another was brought out, with others still living, but so injured that death must soon come. Some others, also, were killed or badly hurt, by jumping from the windows when they saw the floor collapsing. Altogether, twenty-one dead and sixty-seven more or less severely hurt, is the record of this catastrophe. Col. Lamont has ordered an investigation to fix the responsibility. It may be hoped that it will be thorough and impartial. It is too much to hope that the persons really responsible will stand in a felon's dock, where they should stand, to be tried for manslaughter, due to their criminal negligence. Such a spectacle would teach a wholesome and much-needed lesson, but the whole gang will probably escape. Only for this life, however. The thought which consoled the Preacher centuries ago, when he saw the wicked go unpunished, is still sound: "He that is higher than the highest regardeth" (Eccles. 5: 8.)

FORD'S THEATRE, WASHINGTON, SCENE OF THE RECENT FATAL ACCIDENT.

THE "GATE OF JUSTICE," LARACHE, MOROCCO.

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. G. F. Pentecost, D.D., formerly pastor of the Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn, having been formally admitted to the Presbyterian Church, has now fully entered on the pastorate at Marylebone, London.

A Presbyterian missionary who came to Washington, D. C., said he had travelled two-thirds around the globe to tell the church of its work on his field and he was given just seven minutes in which to tell his story.

Mr. E. J. Glave, who accompanied Stanley in his last African expedition, has set out on a journey through Africa, to investigate the present condition and extent of the slave trade, with a view to furnishing a statement on which intelligent measures for its suppression may be based. Mr. Glave goes out under the auspices of the *Century Magazine*.

Two missionary bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church were consecrated in New York on June 14. They were Dr. Frederick R. Graves, who goes to China, and Dr. John McKim, who goes to Japan. Both clergymen have done valuable work as missionaries in the respective countries to which they now go as bishops. The Japanese bishopric has been four years vacant, its last holder being Dr. Channing M. Williams, who resigned in 1889.

Only two hundred houses now remain of the town of Zante, where, a few months ago, there were 4,500. All the others have been demolished or rendered uninhabitable by the succession of earthquake shocks, which still continue at intervals. They commenced on March 1, and the most severe one was on April 17. Only fifty persons were killed in a population of 40,000, the majority of them having left their homes and taken to tent life on the hills when the shocks began.

The American Home Missionary Society held its sixty-seventh anniversary at Saratoga, N.Y., on May 31. Eight hundred delegates representing forty States were present. Gen. O.O. Howard, of the U. S. Army, who is President of the Society, made an address warmly advocating the claims of the Society and speaking in strong terms of the value of its work. The Society has over two thousand workers. Last year it organized one hundred and forty new churches, and of those formerly organized by it, seventy-five became self-supporting.

Mr. John Wanamaker writing in answer to a question addressed to him by a contemporary on the subject of the World's Fair says: "I am inclined to believe that Christian people ought not to assist in any way in making successful an Exhibition which would never have received the approval and support of the people of the United States in its preparation, if it had had ever been supposed that when the Exposition was finally opened, the provisions of the acts of Congress authorizing and assisting it, were to be ignored in defiance of the public sentiment of what was supposed to be a large majority of the population of this country."

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

A SACRED HERITAGE.

Sermon Preached last Sunday, June 18, 1893, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D.

Text:—"*Lest I mar my own inheritance.*" (Ruth 4: 6.)

THE story of the bridal ceremonies of Ruth and Boaz is beautiful as a dream. It abounds in touches which make the whole world kin. An obstacle to the marriage, according to the Levirate law, existed which might have interrupted the course of true love, and which might have changed the future of Ruth and Boaz, and even the inspired record in the Bible. There was no obstacle to the marriage in the heart of either Boaz or Ruth; there was none in his circumstances, nor in her desires. The only obstacle was technical and legal. This difficulty must be removed, or the marriage between the prosperous yeoman and the beautiful widow cannot be consummated.

The Scene at the Gate.

The facts of the case at this point give us a suggestive glimpse of the solemn manner and peculiar ceremonies of that primitive time. We are carried at once to the city gate, through which all the tows-folk must pass. This gate was the place of gossiping, of marketing, and of marrying. It was the court house and the town hall of the city. On this particular morning Boaz is on hand early. Great and tender thoughts are in his heart, but strange fears disturb his peace, as many tender hopes are in the balance. He receives and returns kindly salutations as he approaches; his manner is peculiarly earnest and dignified to-day. With honored towns-people he sits on the stone bench prepared for him and other local dignitaries. All the people feel that there is something unusual to come before them on this occasion. The judges meet. The case is formally opened. The story of Naomi and Ruth is told. It is known that Naomi has resolved to sell the property which belonged to her deceased husband. The next of kin, according to the old law, has the first advantage in making the purchase. This relative approaches. Boaz in a manly way gives him the opportunity. He seems glad to buy. Perhaps he thought the necessities of Naomi would induce her to part with the estate at a reduced price. This is a trying moment for Boaz; his heart beats fast. Will the kinsman secure the property? Tender hopes balance on the answer to that question, but Boaz must be fair; the offer must be fully made. It must be understood that

When the Property is Bought

from Naomi Ruth goes with it. She is its inalienable, its inseparable appurtenant. The case is fully stated. Will the kinsman agree to the terms? Shall he claim Ruth as his own? Oh, Boaz, still thy throbbing heart and listen to the kinsman's answer! The beautiful Ruth, the rose of Moab, is not wanted by this relation. The kinsman will not have the property on these terms. The anonymous relative does not want Ruth as his wife. We cannot tell what his reasons were, but it is certain that he declines to purchase the estate on the conditions named. Noble Boaz, happy Boaz, Ruth shall be all thine own! The people are witnesses; they shout their joy; their hearts [illegible] to heaven in prayer and go out to the bridal pair in blessing. We may not admire the conduct of the kinsman, but we can rejoice in the happiness of Boaz; and we can learn useful lessons from the kinsman's words as recorded in this old story, "Lest I mar mine own inheritance."

Many men mar noble inheritances. We have here suggested for us a practical subject to whose discussion we now give our thought. What are some of these inheritances, and how may they be marred? We may notice, in the [illegible] spoke of a sound mind in a sound body as one of the best gifts of the gods. Nowhere does the Word of God, rightly translated, speak of the body as vile; everywhere does the Bible [illegible] workmanship. The interpretation of the Bible which makes it degrade the body is false to [illegible]

to God, the author of the Bible, the Former of our bodies, and the Father of our spirits. The man who sins against his body sins against his God. God has written his will upon the body as truly as upon the pages of the Bible. Every natural motion of the body is a revelation of the will and purpose of the divine Creator. It was a heathen, and not a Christian conception which in the minds of recluses and fanatics, of hermits and monks, has led to the laceration of the body in the hope that thereby God would be honored and the soul ennobled. Ever since Christ was cradled in the manger in Bethlehem the body has been honored, exalted, and glorified. Every babe since the birth of Christ has been in a sense divinized. As his incarceration was the humanizing of the divine, so in some sense it was the divinizing of the human. As a young man in the dew of eternal youth, he sits now on the right hand of God in a glorified human body. He carried that body with him to his cross, to his grave, and to his throne. It bore the marks of the cross after his resurrection. It was supported by needful food, and now glorified it is exalted to the throne of the universe. The man who expects to honor God by

Dishonoring his Body

dishonors alike the creature and the Creator. Ever since the descent of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost the body has been the temple of the third Person of the Trinity. We distinctly read, "Ye are the temple of the Holy Ghost." Shall a man dare destroy, dishonor, or pollute the temple of the Holy Ghost? The man who overworks his body sins against God. The man who by intemperance in eating or drinking unfits his body for discharging its normal functions, degrades himself and dishonors the Almighty. Intemperance even in lawful indulgence is to be rebuked as a degrading sin against the most wonderful mechanism known among men and as a defiant crime against God, the author of this matchless machine. Indulgence, laziness, and selfishness are sins against health, happiness, and God. No man has a right to overwork, to over-eat, or to practice undue indulgence in rest or in rightful enjoyment. The man who sins against the simple economy of health has taken the crown from the brow of manhood and has at the same time defied the laws of the Almighty.

It is true that many men with broken bodies have accomplished wonderful results in life. The names of John Calvin, Robert Hall, and a score more suggest themselves as illustration of this truth. Let no man be discouraged who has inherited a weak body. Great souls have often dwelt in frail tenements until the tired body was laid to rest in the grave and the great soul went up in triumph to God. But let those who have received the inheritance of physical health prize it as one of the great gifts of God. Let them care for it as one of the sacred inheritances of life, and let them lay it as a willing offering at the feet of the Lord's Christ. In the case of many men sickness is often a reflection on their good sense if not on their moral character. There is a glorious sense in which Christ heals our diseases as truly as he forgives our iniquities; there is a blessed truth in the affirmation that he came to bear our sickness as truly as our sinfulness, and there is an unspeakable inspiration in the certainty that in heaven none of the inhabitants shall ever be sick. Let every man emphatically say, "no," when tempted to violate the laws of God in his own body, adding with this unknown kinsman, "Lest I mar mine own inheritance."

The Heritage of Mind.

There is also the inheritance of intellectual capabilities. Of course there are great differences among men in these respects. But in our day ignorance is not simply a misfortune; it is a crime. Christian men must develop all their faculties to their highest possibilities. All that they have and are belong to Jesus Christ. No man has a right to be an intellectual dwarf. Every man is bound by the most sacred of obligations to make the most of himself for time and for eternity. What a man is intellectually here will determine to some degree what he will be intellectually hereafter. The world to come is but the developed results of present conditions or attainments; that world is but the ripened fruit of the intellectual and moral seed sown in this life. Every Christian, because inspired by a sense of loyalty to Jesus Christ, will desire to develop his intellectual powers to their utmost degree. He cannot but wish to possess numerous and varied mental faculties for the salvation of men and for the greater glory of the Lord Jesus. He must because of his sonship with God enlarge to their utmost capacity all his mental faculties.

Christianity tends greatly to produce this result. True religion appeals to true reason. God summons our reasoning faculties to their fullest exercise and to their noblest achievement. When God's thoughts come into men's hearts they stimulate their own thoughts to active exercise and to

Harmonious Development.

Divine love in human hearts puts enlarged brain into human heads. Religion stimulates every noble faculty of the soul. It consecrates and inspires poetic genius, and it lays its ennobling touch upon every logical faculty. Divine love made John Bunyan the immortal dreamer; it made Samuel Bradburn, one of the great workers and orators in his Church, a man of whom Dr. Abel Stevens said that "during forty years Samuel Bradburn was esteemed the Demosthenes of Methodism; it made William Carey a profound scholar, a lofty thinker, a consecrated toiler, and an inspired genius. Christianity adorns culture with true symmetry and highest beauty, and culture in turn gives Christianity its fullest beauty and its grandest opportunity. They ought never to be separated. Each sweetly and divinely ministers to the other.

Let no young man or woman neglect wide reading, careful study and earnest thought. Young Christians should be model students. They have Jesus Christ for their teacher and the noblest men and women in the world as their fellow pupils. No man can so securely walk the dizzy heights of intellectual greatness as he who has sat in lowliest reverence at the feet of the Lord Jesus. He is the world's great teacher. The school of Christ is the noblest university. Arise, oh young men and women, to your dignity as sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Take advantage of every opportunity for intellectual culture, and then let the love of Christ sanctify that culture to his glory. Intellectual indolence is a sin against our noble nature and against the great God, the world's foremost thinker and your own Creator and Redeemer. When tempted to intellectual slothfulness ring out an emphatic refusal lest you mar your inheritance of noble intellectual possibilities. You ought to surpass all ungodly men and women along every line of intellectual attainment and noble endeavor.

The Family Name.

There is also the inheritance of a worthy family history. This is a great, an unspeakable gift. It is a gift above the worth of all mere financial values. A good name is more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold. A good name is the ripe product of years of noble ancestral character. There is, whatever may be said to the contrary, much in blood. It is quite true that a man cannot on heraldic crutches strut across the stage of life, so as to secure the respect of thinking men. We insist in these days upon having worth in men themselves. We ask not so much who their grandfather was, nor what he did; but who they themselves are and what they can do. Nevertheless, what a man is and what he can do will depend in no small degree upon who his grandfather was and what he did. There is often an *esprit de corps* in a noble family history which is influential in preserving its nobility. It takes years to acquire a worthy character, either as a personal possession or as a business influence; but when possessed its value is inestimably great.

There is a vast difference between character and reputation. Reputation is what men think we are, character is what God knows us to be. Reputation is seeming;

Character is Being.

Reputation is the breath of men; character is the inbreathing of the eternal God. One may for a time have a good reputation and a bad character, or the reverse; but not for long. What is in will come out. It is impossible for any man long to play the hypocrite. No man falls suddenly, except in the eyes of his fellow men. The man who falls has long been leaning in the eyes of God. It is indescribably sad that a man after years of noble living may in an hour ruin both reputation and character. It is sad that many sons mar the value of a worthy family history. They drag down their father's name into the mire of their own vileness. They break the heart of their mother, and discrown the gray head of their father. Is there a man in this house who has wandered from his father's and his mother's God? Is there one who has lowered the standard of a noble family life and history? Is there one who is besmirching his name and staining his character by unholy thoughts and impure acts? In the name of that worthy family history, in the name of an ideal family life, in the name of the great God and Father of us all, I beseech you to stop and to stop now. You are marring your own inheritance.

It is a blessed thing to be able to give a noble family inheritance to one's children. Almost all that many of us can give our children will be a worthy name. Almost all that any of us can ever expect to possess in this world will be a good name. Let us carefully guard it; let us sacredly preserve it; let us continually honor it; let us never so live that our children shall be ashamed of the name they bear. But let us send it down to them as an honored inheritance to which they shall add honors for all the generations to come. Such a name is worth more than bonds or gold. Many a man would rather have honest poverty than dishonest wealth. A little time ago in this city in a professional man's office a man of wealth was ashamed to give his name. His father had dishonored that name. Men's sins go down to the third and fourth generation still. Many men sin against their children by making them heirs of disease and dishonor. God pity such children! God have mercy on such parents!

The Spiritual Heritage.

There is also, in the last place, the inheritance of religious possibilities. Intellectual attainments and religious experiences cannot be transmitted to our children. We can transmit our vices but, strictly speaking, not our virtues. We can transmit our sins but not our graces. There is a sense, however, in which we can transmit tendencies toward good and God or toward evil and the devil. There is a divine truth in much that is said regarding heredity in our day. It is much for a man to be able to say "my father's God;" it is vastly easier for such a man to say, "my Lord and my God" after having been taught to say "my father's God." Children of Christian men and women stand upon a vastly higher plane of possibility than the children of ungodly men and women. The time may come when the natural will be much more like the supernatural than as we now see it. Indeed, there ought to be no distinction between the natural and supernatural. God is active in all spheres of nature.

The possibility of being translated out of the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son ought to be realized in early childhood. No man, however far he may go into sin, can shake off entirely the influences of a godly parentage and of early religious training. These influences will follow him in all his departures from the God of his father and mother. They will arrest his thought in his moments of sin, and they will be present both to rebuke and to inspire him in his ways of penitence. Early religious training becomes an inseparable part of the soul's essential life. During the last week I talked with a man who had just recovered from a period of dissipation, and with broken voice and moist eyes, he said, "how could I so far forget myself, so greatly dishonor my sainted parents, and so wickedly disobey my father's God?" Oh, children of God's children, prize your privileges. Oh, realize your possibilities. Oh, make their God your God and your portion forevermore.

Out of his historic obscurity comes this kinsman of Naomi, and into this obscurity he passes again: but he has left on record

A Warning

which for three thousand years has been uttering its wholesome suggestions. Regarding all these inheritances that we have named let this anonymous kinsman give us instruction and suggestion this morning. With a fuller meaning than he could have known let us refuse to obey the promptings of evil companions, the suggestions of our own corrupt hearts, and the temptations of Satan lest we mar our noble, our immortal, our divine inheritance.

It is possible for us to rise on stepping-stones of our dead selves to wondrous heights of Christian attainment. It is a profoundly solemn thought that our lives are to be lived over again in laying foundations for the generations yet to come. In Ruth, the Rose of Moab, part of the Gentile strain of blood came into the life of Christ. Each one of us may in a more real sense make our lives a part of his and his life a part of ours. We may become partakers of the divine nature. God grant that we may never mar any part of our glorious, our immortal, our divine inheritance.

Indian Lepers and the Gospel.

The Story of Mukinda, the First Man to be Baptized in his Village.

IN the little village of Undirgraw, in the Sholapur District, India, writes a missionary, was a man named Mukinda. Like his father he was a man of considable influence, and was the leading man in a "panch," or advisory council, for twenty seven villages. In 1887, when about forty years old, he became a Christian. He was the first person who was baptized in his village. His wife was very much afraid of his new religion, and thought that she would be compelled to be baptized. She ran away, but he went after her, and overtook her before she had reached her father's village, and brought her back, and she lived with him very happily until he died. Several months after his baptism, signs of leprosy appeared. He was told that it was because he had become a Christian, and was strongly urged to turn back to Hinduism. His wife tried to have him worship Hindu gods, but he utterly refused to do it himself, or allow her to do it for him. These temptations and the advance of the disease only brought him nearer to his Lord.

After his conversion he learned to read, and the Bible was his constant companion until his death. He greatly enjoyed reading it to others. A Hindu priest once came and stayed several days in the "chowdi" near Mukinda's house. He made a great ado about saying his prayers, and many persons assembled to hear him. On one of these occasions Mukinda took down his New Testament and read to them Christ's teachings about prayer as given in the sixth chapter of Matthew. He was faithful in exhorting his friends and neigbors to become Christians, and used his influence to keep up a Christian school in the village, giving his own house for this purpose for many years without charge. One of his children was baptized and is now living with her husband. The other members of the family have not come out, but seem not far from the kingdom. The missionary adds:

"The day before his death, his pastor held the following conversation with him—'Are you ready to go and meet your Lord?' 'Yes, I am ready.' 'Has the Lord forgiven your sins?' 'Yes, I have great joy in this thought.' 'Has he given you peace?' 'Yes, I have perfect peace.' 'Do you feel that you know your Lord fully?' 'Yes, I know him, and he knows me.' 'What evidences have you of this?' 'When the family are all asleep I sometimes wake up and pray. At such times my Lord comes and stands beside me in a beautiful form and in a low sweet voice talks with me, and I have great joy.' (As he said this, tears of joy ran down his cheeks.) 'Do you not feel troubled in any way?' 'I am not troubled,' and there is no reason to do so, for my Lord has said, 'Let not your heart be troubled.' And he continued the quotation to the words, 'Where I am there ye may be also.'

"The next day he called his family and said: 'I want you all to become Christians, for the Lord has given his life for you. Take heed to your ways, and give your hearts to God quickly. And now you all go away and leave me alone and when I am dead let none but Christians touch my body, and do not bury me where the heathen are buried.'

"These were the last words of one who was a witness to the triumphant power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. His life and words will long be remembered in his village. May the Lord multiply the number of such witnesses."

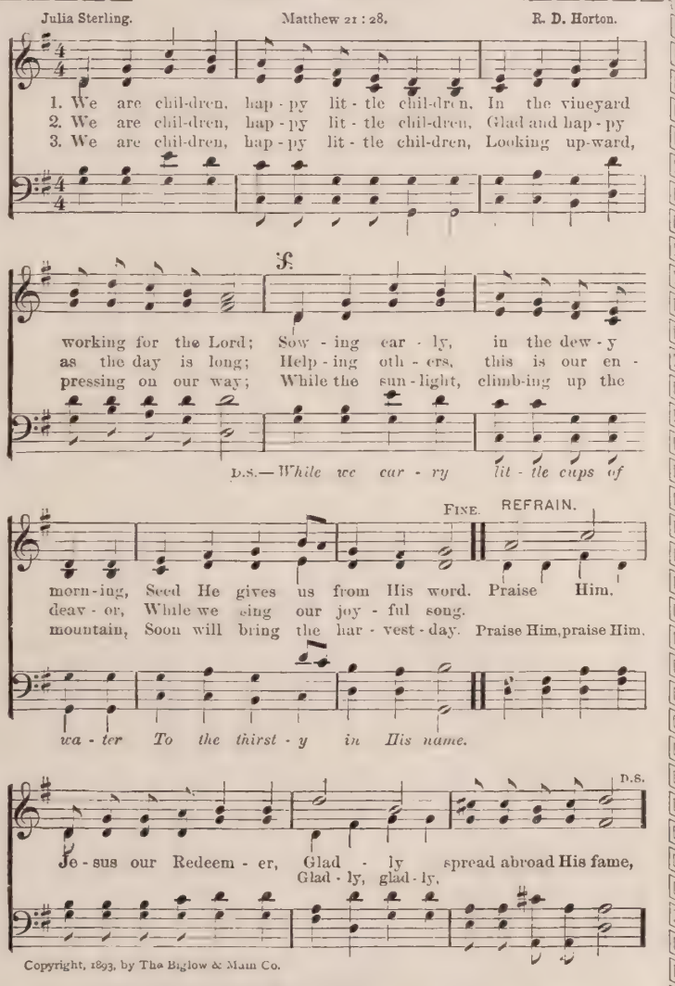
COUNT ZINZENDORF'S HOLY COMPACT.

COUNT ZINZENDORF was a man of high family, on whose estates the Moravians settled. He became so much in love with them that he joined with them. In his student days he formed an association of young men, called the "Grain of Mustard Seed," a touching name for a society which has done good work. Their crest was a shield bearing the *"Ecce homo,"* with the words, "His wounds are healing." Their motto was, "We will love the whole human family." On his wedding-day Count Zinzendorf made a compact with his bride that she should be ready at any moment to go into any part of the world as a missionary. "Our home shall be in that part of the world where we can work best for the Lord Jesus." Zinzendorf said he took as his motto, I have one passion and one alone; it is 'he and he alone.'" When Count Zinzendorf was appealing to his converts and hearers, the two first missionaries that went out from the Moravians were so moved by his words that they went to him and said they wished to go to St. Thomas. But there was no way of getting there except in the slave vessels, and they wished to be sold as slaves so that they might work among the other slaves for the Lord Jesus.

Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

Youthful Workers.

Julia Sterling. Matthew 21 : 28. R. D. Horton.


1. We are chil-dren, hap - py lit - tle chil-dren, In the vineyard
2. We are chil-dren, hap - py lit - tle chil-dren, Glad and hap - py
3. We are chil-dren, hap - py lit - tle chil-dren, Looking up-ward,
working for the Lord; Sow - ing ear - ly, in the dew - y
as the day is long; Help - ing oth - ers, this is our en -
pressing on our way; While the sun - light, climb-ing up the
D.S.—While we car - ry lit - tle cups of
FINE. REFRAIN.
morn-ing, Seed He gives us from His word. Praise Him.
dear - or, While we sing our joy - ful song.
mountain, Soon will bring the har - vest - day. Praise Him, praise Him.
wa - ter To the thirst - y in His name.
D.S.
Je - sus our Redeem - er, Glad - ly spread abroad His fame,
Glad - ly, glad - ly.

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From JUNIOR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SONGS, by per of the Publishers.

HIS GLORY.

The tabernacle shall be sanctified by my glory.—Exodus 29: 43

SO let it be, as in that far-off land
Three thousand years ago that promise came.
'Tis good to-day as when 'mid desert sand
It was endorsed by the unchanging name,
Though centuries have swept this weary vale
His arm is strong and his touch cannot fail.

Out of the darkness, and the world's wild strife,
The Lord had lifted his own house once more.
When men have patience neath the surgeon's knife [o'er.
Comes their reward, at last when pain is
Now for the promise, since we have been tried,
"The tabernacle shall be sanctified."

Forth from its courts may many arrows go
Full barbed with love and reach time-hardened hearts.
May earth's far regions to their welfare know
That God keeps near whoever else departs.
Silent, but certain, ready now as then,
To voice his mercy through the lips of men.

Yet much remains for all of us to heed,
Shall not the Master find a proper home?
The husbandman cares not to sow his seed
On ground unbroken, hoping fruit may come
'Tis ours in deep humility to meet [plete.
The promised blessing with a faith com-

A royal princess greets our shores in peace,
And life is starved to show her honor due,
A King has promised to our faith's increase
A greater glory—now let us be true,
Garnish with love, let all the timbrels ring,
And make the palace fitting for the King.

Woodbridge, N. J. WM. LYLE.

DEDICATION HYMN.

TO thee and for thy worship, Lord,
This house we dedicate.
Do thou for such a sacred work
Our spirits consecrate.

Fulfil the promise long ago,
To thy disciples given;
So shall this be "the house of God,
The very gate of heaven."

Thou said'st, "Wherever two or three
Are gathered in my name,
And for my sake, yea, there shall I
Be in the midst or them."

What tho' no glory fill the house,
And no Shekinah flame,
Help us to feel that thou art here,
And magnify thy name.

May faith perceive thee ever near,
In church, at home, abroad,
Until we reach that temple, where
The pure in heart see God.

—M. H. DEVENEAN.

ADVENT PARABLES.

The Warnings Given by Christ Under the Symbols of the Fig Tree and Days of Noah

BY REV. THOMAS NEWBERRY.*

THERE is no outward sign connected with the return of the Lord Jesus Christ to receive his people to himself. The Master of the household has left his house and commanded the porter to watch, and would have his servants wait for their Lord, that they may open immediately to him, needing no warning. Yet there are tokens of a spiritual nature which we do well to observe. We have an illustration in the fig tree, whose branches are brittle in the winter, having no sap, but as spring advances, and the sap rises, the branches are no longer brittle, but become tender and moist, giving evidence of the approaching summer.

We have tokens in certain principles which operate slowly at first, but continue to gather strength. Lawlessness, departure from the faith in those who are guardians of the faith, a spirit of delusion and doubt. We see and know that the day of God's longsuffering draws to its close, and the day of vengeance of our God is near, even at the doors. For the Spirit speaketh expressly that in the last days perilous times shall come (see Epistles Peter and Jude).

Taking the fig tree as an emblem of the Jewish nation, after the apathy of centuries, the softening of Jewish prejudices and rising inquiry concerning the truths of Christianity may surely be taken as an encouraging indication that Israel's summer time is nigh at hand, when there shall come out of Zion the Deliverer who shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob.

We read in Psa. 110, Jehovah said unto David's Lord, "Sit thou on my right hand, until I make thy foes thy footstool." Meanwhile he is waiting in expectancy until his enemies be put beneath his feet, and the kingdoms of this world become his. (Psalm 2.) But, whilst he is waiting for his throne and his kingdom, there is another object of expectancy still dearer to his heart. He is waiting for his Bride, composed of all those who have been given him by the Father for whom he laid down his life, and who are now being prepared by the Comforter.

The parable of the days of Noah is twofold in its application. Two periods are mentioned. The days which were before the the flood, which are connected with the world; and the day when Noah entered into the ark, when the eight souls were shut in by God. And we find from Gen. 7, that a period of seven days elapsed after Noah entered in before the flood. Very suggestive is it of the last week of Daniel's seventy weeks which will intervene between the removal of the Church and the execution of judgment on the world. As in the days which were before the flood, when the Spirit of God was striving with men, they took no heed of the prophecies of Enoch and Noah, reckoning upon the uniformity of nature, which showed no sign of change; so in these last days there are mockers saying, "Where is the promise of his coming?" (II. Pet. 3: 3-7.) "So shall also the coming of the Son of Man be."

Concerning the time which corresponds with the day when "Noah entered into the ark," the Lord said, "Then shall two be in the field; the one shall be taken, and the other left. Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken, and the other left." The coming of the Lord to receive his own will be simultaneous throughout the whole world; it may be midnight in one part, two men sleeping in one bed, the one taken, caught up to meet the Lord in the air, the other left (Luke 17: 34); it may be midday in another, two men laboring in the field, the one taken, the other left; in another quarter it may be the early morn, two women preparing the daily meal, the one taken to be forever with the Lord, the other left with the prospect of the times of Antichrist and the great tribulation.

The Lord foretells that the world will continue its heedless course, as in the days of Noah, up to the time of his coming to take his church; and after that, without heeding the warning given, will continue the same worldly career, until for the execution of judgment the Son of Man shall come. But to his waiting, believing people his word of exhortation is, "Watch, therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."

* From his article in *Work and Work.*

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people

GOD'S CALL.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for Week Commencing July 2. Acts 16: 10; II Timothy 1: 9-13

WHAT is God's call? How does it reach the human ear? In Paul's case, he saw in a dream a man of Macedonia asking him to come and help his people. Where was this man? We find no trace of him subsequently. When Paul went to Macedonia, he does not appear to have found this man waiting to welcome him. Neither at the entrance to the city, nor at the place "where prayer was wont to be made," did the man appear. In fact the people of Macedonia made it very clear that they did not want any help from Paul by complaining of his officious interference to the magistrates and getting him beaten and locked up in prison. Are we then to conclude that the Apostle was mistaken? There must have been many among his contemporaries who thought so; and not only mistaken in going to Macedonia, but mistaken in his whole life. What did he get by all his labor and travel and hardship? Why should he not have married and settled down and enjoyed life? A man of his standing and eloquence might have made a success of life. He might have made a large fortune and had a place in the synagogue. Instead of doing so, he spent his life in going from place to place, teaching and preaching and, as in Macedonia, trying to help people who did not want his help. Some of our preachers and leaders who are perpetually impressing on young people the duty of amassing wealth and rising in the world and preaching the "Gospel of getting on," must often think that Paul made a mistake in life. Yet Paul, when he was near death, and admitting how much he had suffered, declared, "Nevertheless, I am not ashamed." He had heard a call to the work and he had obeyed it. This man of Macedonia was no fiction of his brain. He really represented the unconscious needs of his people. Though they were not asking Paul's help, they needed just what he had to impart. It is so to-day. The man whom we meet on the street, the man who lives near us, the man with whom we transact business does not ask us to tell him of Jesus. He may be quite satisfied with his life; the only need he may feel is for more money, or for less harass. Yet if our eyes were as keen and our ears as open as the Apostle, the representative of such chance acquaintances might be seen by us in a vision asking for our help. We know that they need the Gospel; we know how their souls would be quickened by it and their lives illumined by it. Possibly if we sought to give them this help we should be repulsed, as Paul was; but our duty is not dependent on the reception of the message. The deep, yearning love for souls which glowed in the Apostle's heart would help men in their own despite. He could wish himself accursed if only in that way could others be blessed. In their need and in our [illegible] of the sole means of supplying it, [illegible]call. No vision may come to our dull [illegible], but the call is going up hourly and we [illegible] of it.

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A GERMAN Y. M. C. A.

WE are indebted to our friend, Mr. John F. Pieper of Quincy, Ill., for a photograph of the new Young Men's Christian Association Building now being erected for the German young men of that city. The photograph was made from the architect's plans and is reproduced on this page. The Association had its origin in a visit which a number of young men from St. Louis paid to Quincy a little over a [illegible] branches in that city and some of the members, knowing how large a German population there is in Quincy were anxious that a German Y. M. C. A. should be organized there. The suggestion met with immediate response. [illegible] from the outset. Within the year, nearly three hundred members joined and took active interest in the work. Much spiritual good was done and the prospects grew brighter from week to week. Early this year a movement was inaugurated for the erection of a building, that the Association might own its own home. Nine public-spirited citizens joined Mr. Pieper in giving five thousand dollars in equal shares as a beginning for the building fund. A number of others gave two hundred dollars each, and others one hundred and smaller sums. By the time the plans were prepared there was $12,000 in the treasury and the committee felt justified in authorising the erection of a twenty thousand dollar edifice. On June 12 the cornerstone was laid with appropriate ceremonies and, by the end of the year, the Association has good reason to hope that it will have the pleasure of holding a reception in the new building.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

THE Indianapolis district has been holding its second annual convention. The exercises occupied the whole day from the early morning until late at night. There had been a meeting for special prayer the previous evening and intense earnestness was manifested there which continued throughout the convention. The meetings were held in the Locust Street Church, with the promise that the next convention will be at the Blackford Street Church. Dr. Locust of Terre Haute, Dr. H. A. Buchtel and Rev. L. F. Dimmit took part in the proceedings.——The Rev. Irwin H. Correll, of Japan, sends to the *Epworth Herald* a most encouraging report of good work being done by the League in that land. Most of the members are students in the University, but they find time for religious work. They have rented several preaching places, where large audiences are gathered and occasionally they have seen evidences of the progress being made, in the hostility of the enemy who sets the law in motion against them, breaking up their meetings by the aid of the police and inducing the owners o. the premises by threats and intimidation to refuse them accommodation. The ladies of the League have taken hold of the Sunday School work organized some time ago by the Women's Foreign Missionary Society and have made it a League work. They have now eleven Sunday Schools in active operation and are doing much to disarm the prejudice against Christianity.——York, Neb., was the scene of an enthusiastic gathering a few days ago. It was the second annual convention of the League of the Nebraska Conference. Nearly three days were filled with delightful meetings full of spirit and enthusiasm. The convention re-elected President L. O. Jones for another year, A. L. Jones was elected Secretary; Miss Hattie Crow, Corresponding Secretary and Miss Mattie Hewett, Treasurer. Among the speakers at the various meetings were Presiding Elder Duke Slavens, Rev. J. F. Kempner, Dr. Charles B. Mitchell, Rev. J. D. M. Buckner, Dr. J. F. Polk and Dr. B. L. Paine.

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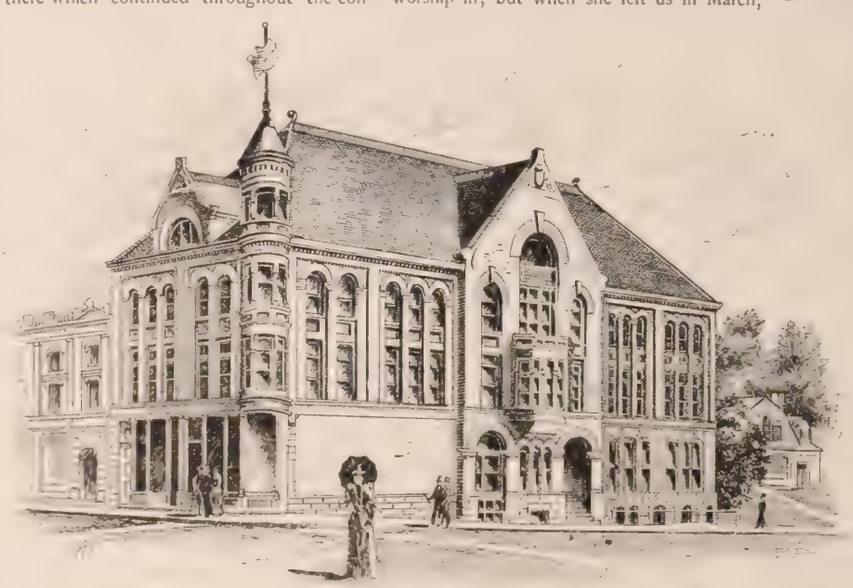
A CANADIAN CIRCLE.

A VERY interesting report of the work being done by a circle of King's Daughters in Toronto, is sent by Miss Julia E. Austen to the *Silver Cross*. She writes: Ours is the "Whatsoever" Circle and it would be impossible to enumerate all the helpful services it has rendered In His Name. The regular meetings after the formal opening, in which every member takes part, are devoted to sewing for the poor. A large number of parcels of clothing have been given to poor families, both for men, women and children. We have helped cases brought to our notice by the nursing at Home Mission, especially one case in which the woman was brought to the Saviour through the kindness she received at our hands. We have made a mother's bag, in which are a complete outfit for mother and child and a change of bed linen. To one family alone we have given 100 articles of clothing. To the Night Shelter we have given 19 articles of clothing and 19 articles in crockery and tinware for the kitchen of the Shelter. Our most interesting work is another, which has brought most joy to our hearts. We became acquainted with Mrs. Eldridge of Bear Cave Mission, Muskoka, who had gone out to that barren place with her family, and started, amid much opposition and ridicule, a Mission. Time and space will not allow me to tell of her unwavering trust in God's providence, and how little by little she managed to get a place built to worship in; but when she left us in March, after visiting here for two months, it was with boxes overflowing with clothes, toys, and books, and a heart full of joy and gratitude to her Heavenly Father. Our Circle gave 10 lamps and brackets, 3 chairs for the platform costing $16.62, other small wares costing about $7 and a box of groceries costing $8; the husband of one member gave her $8 for a stove for the Mission room. Besides this, we sold several articles of our own manufacture and with the proceeds paid Mrs. Eldridge's fare back to Muskoka.



THE BUILDING IN COURSE OF ERECTION FOR THE GERMAN Y. M. C. A. OF QUINCY, ILL.

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THE Y. W. C. A. SUMMER BIBLE SCHOOL.

THE Third Annual Bible and Training School of the Young Women's Christian Associations will be held at Lake Geneva, Wis., July 5–18. All young women interested in Christian work are invited to attend. There will be Bible classes, conferences on Association work and platform addresses. Among those secured for the programme are: Prof. W. W. White, Xenia, "Inductive study of psalms;" Mr. E. M. Aiken, Rockford, "Workers' Training Classes;" Miss Effie K. Price, Chicago, "Secretaries' Class;" Miss Abbie Mayhew, Minneapolis, in charge of athletics. Miss Ella De Voe, Pittsburgh, leader of city conferences. Miss Helen Baines, Kansas City, of college conferences. Miss Dora Cady, Topeka, of States' conference. Miss Lizzie Wilson, Chicago, of Missionary conferences.

President J. B. Angell, Ann Arbor; Rev. J. B. Thomas, Topeka; President George A. Gates, Grinnell; Miss Sybil Carter, Minnesota; Mrs. L. D. Wishard, Chicago; Dr. F. C. Wells, Chicago, are to address the platform meetings. Other names to be added.

The grounds afford ample opportunities for tennis, rowing, swimming, etc. Each afternoon is devoted to athletics and recreation. Expenses of tuition and board and all other information may be obtained from she Y. W. C. A. Headquarders, 1301 Venetian Building, Chicago.

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AMONG THE ORDERS.

Mr. S. Conrad Ott, of Camden, local editor of the *Daily Courier* is the new President of the New Jersey B. Y. P. U.

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The total amount raised for the Founding Fund of the Baptist Young People's Union at the end of May was $8,893.93.

✠

Chicago now has a full-fledged and pledged Chinese Christian Enveavor Society. It is stated that this is the first one east of California.

✠

Among the crews on the warships at the recent naval demonstration in New York there were thirty members of Floating C.E. Societies.

✠

The Lend-a-Hand Circle, of St. John, N.B., expects to open a tenement house for the use of some of the families which have been helped by the Circle. The idea is to take in laundry work and thus help the women to help themselves.

✠

A meeting of the Societies of Christian Endeavor of Salt Lake City, Utah, was held recently in the Mormon Tabernacle. Mr. John G. Woolley the famous temperance orator was the speaker of the evening. His address was heard with rapt attention.

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The Y.M.C.A. of Dublin, Ireland, is holding open-air services in Phœnix Park. A worker writes: "We had sixty-two helpers out at a meeting last night in the park. Large numbers assembled to listen to the Gospel. What a change rom the past! No excitement and no noise; God was with us in power."

✠

The number of Young Men's Christian Associations in colleges is increasing and there is an increase in the membership of the older college Associations. Yale leads with 805, Princeton is next with 580, and Cornell next with 434. The others in order are Toronto, Ohio Normal, Ohio Wesleyan, McGill, John Hopkins, Iowa State and Mount Hermon School.

✠

Mr. Jue Hawk, the Christian Chinaman who delivered an inspiring address at the Christian Endeavor Convention in New York last year, was to have spoken at the Convention in Montreal. He has, however, been obliged to decline, as under the iniquitous Geary law he might be prevented returning to this country if he went to Canada. He is at present conducting a successful mission work among the Chinese at Portland, Oregon.

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Ladies who may travel alone during the summer would find it a convenience to have the Addresses of the Young Women's Christian Associations in the various towns they may visit. For their convenience a little pocket guide has been published by the Y. W. C. A. of Philadelphia, which gives the address and name of the Secretary of every Y. W. C. A. in the United States and Canada. It may be obtained for three cents or $1. a hundred of Miss Sarah Cabury, 1518 Arch St., Philadelphia.

✠

The King's Daughters who are trying to raise $2500 to complete the endowment of a perpetual free bed in New York Infirmary report in the *Silver Cross* that up to the date of going to press seventy-nine dollars had been received. The bed is for sick daughters of the King wherever they may hail from. The endowment is $5,000, but a benevolent lady has offered to pay one half if the circles will raise the other half.

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WE shall be glad to receive from readers who are members of Christian Endeavor Societies, the King's Daughters, etc., reports of the progress of the work in their localities and of any new methods which have been found successful.

The Family and Home Circle

Eastern Recreations.

Amusements of the Young Orientals Quite as Diversified as our own—Child Plays and Frolics—The "Dancing Bear."

GO where you will, even to the most distant parts of the globe, childhood retains its distinctive features and amusements. In the East, the little folks of the oldest countries pass their leisure in much the same kind of merry, innocent frolic that is the delight of American boys and girls. The lot of the children of Syria, notwithstanding the somewhat grave countenances of their elders, is by no means an unhappy one. Hardly a town or village in Palestine is destitute of its village green or playground, where the juveniles gather for play or prattle. At rare intervals, there comes along an attraction that stirs up the whole village, adults as well as little folks, and all are children for the time being. It may be a party of rough, skin-clad mountaineers with a dancing bear, or if the town be of considerable size, it may even be that perennial delight of American girls and boys, "the circus." Such a treat, however, is rare in the East, and and when it does come, furnishes grateful remembrance for a lifetime.

Some of the mountain-dwellers of Syria, who dislike the laborious life of field-workers, take up animal training as a means of livelihood. In this they are remarkably successful, taming and training donkeys, goats, bears and monkeys, and even snakes and tigers, and frequently developing astonishing intelligence on the part of the brutes. Our illustration shows a party of these professional amusement caterers, with a dancing bear. The latter is taught to caper about to music, to hold a long, ponderous club, to wrestle, and to imitate the gestures of a beggar when the play is over, and the audience dispersing. These people fare moderately well in the country, but do even better in the city where they stand before the coffee shops with their crowds of habitues, where each gives what he can.

Among the juvenile amusements in Syria are many that correspond with those familiar in our own land. Instead of "marbles," the little Orientals play with spheres of baked clay which they call "gullehs;" their skipping-rope exercise is the "hably," leap-frog is "natta," ball play, indeed all that relates to the ball, is "tabeh," and the dolls of the little girls are "luab." There is a game played with the bones of the sheep, which is designated as "kaab." Little toy ploughs, into which cats or kittens are playfully harnessed, are "sikkeh," and the pet lambs so common among children in agricultural or grazing regions are "charouf." These and a hundred other illustrations might be cited to show that the little people of the Orient are just as fond of play and frolic as their compeers the world over.

SYRIAN MOUNTAINEERS WITH A DANCING BEAR.
From a Photograph secured in the East by the Rev. Dr. Talmage.

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One Girl's Consecration.

IN the latter part of the last century a girl in England became a kitchen maid in a farm-house. She had many styles of labor, and much hard work. Time passed on and she married the son of a weaver of Halifax. They were industrious. They saved money enough after a time to build them a home. On the morning of the day when they were to enter that home, the young wife rose at four o'clock, entered the front yard, knelt down, consecrated the place to God, and there made the solemn vow: "O Lord, if thou wilt bless me in this place the poor shall have a share of it."

Time rolled on and fortune rolled in. Children grew up around them, and they became prosperous; one, a member of parliament, in a public place declared that his success came from that prayer of his mother in the door-yard. All of them were wealthy—four thousand hands in their factories. They built dwelling houses for laborers at cheap rents, and when they were invalided and could not pay, they had the houses for nothing. One of these sons went to America, admired the parks, went back, bought land and opened a great public park and made it a present to the city of Halifax, England. They endowed an orphanage and they endowed two alms-houses. All England has heard of the generosity and good works of the Crossleys.

Moral: consecrate to God your small means and humble surroundings, and you will have larger means and grander surroundings.

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Needless Fault-finding.

IN a mothers' meeting not long ago, writes Ella Rockwood, the question came up for discussion whether it was better for mothers to overlook slight faults than to notice them every time. Among others who took part in the discussion was an unmarried lady who happened to be present. She said: "You have all heard of 'old maids' children' being better governed than other people's, and so, perhaps, will smile at my offering advice upon the subject. But I have known of a number of instances among my married friends where the habit of fault-finding was productive of such bad results that I would like to tell you about them.

"One, in particular, was a lady of exceeding neatness in her housekeeping, who was a neighbor of mine, and who was the mother of two boys. From the time they were old enough to play about the floor their mother's excessive neatness made their lives anything but pleasant to them. As they grew older the mother's vigilance did not relax. Her children's comfort, and her husband's as well, was a secondary consideration to neatness and order. It was 'Don't do this' and 'Don't do that,' from morning till night. Is it any wonder that those boys grew up to dislike their home.

"This may be an exceptional case," said the lady, "but it has brought me to see it in such a light that if I had children of my own to bring up, I should certainly be, if anything, too lenient with them, rather than run the risk of the effect of constant unreasonable fault-finding." The mothers of children grown to manhood and womanhood are unanimous in agreeing that if they had their littles ones back again they would be more lenient with them, and in the light of advancing years they can see where they think their children are now too much given to fault-finding with their own little ones.

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MORE REAPERS.

O STILL in accents sweet and strong
Sounds forth the ancient word,
More reapers for the harvest fields,
More laborers for the Lord.

We hear the call; in dreams no more,
In selfish ease we lie,
But girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath the sky.

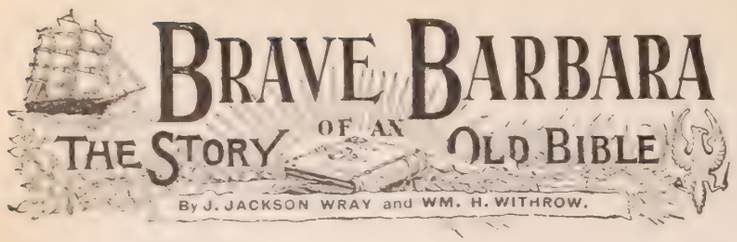
Where prophets' words and martyrs' blood
And prayers of saints are sown,
We, to their labors enter in,
Would reap where they have sown.

***

DOCTORS' WORRIES.

PHYSICIANS have so many hardships, so many interruptions, so many annoyances, I am glad they have so many encouragements. All doors open to them. They are welcome to mansion and to cot. Little children shout when they see them coming down the road, and the aged, recognizing the step, look up and say, "Doctor, is that you?" They stand between our families and the grave, fighting back the troops of disorder that come up from their encampment by the cold river. No one hears such thanks as the doctor hears. They are eyes to the blind, they are feet to the lame, their path is strewn with the benedictions of those whom they have befriended. One day there was a dreadful foreboding in our house. All hope was gone. The doctor came four times that day. The children put away their toys and all walked on tiptoe, and at the least sound said, "Hush!" How loudly the clock did tick, and how the banister creaked though we tried to keep it so still. That night the doctor stayed all night. He concentrated all his skill upon the sufferer. At last the restlessness of the sufferer subsided in a calm, sweet slumber, and the doctor looked up and smiled and said: "The crisis is passed." When propped up with pillows, in the easy chair, she sat, and the south wind tried to blow a rose-leaf into the faded cheek, and the children brought flowers—the one, a red clover top; the other, a violet from the lawn—to the lap of the convalescent, and Bertha stoood on a high chair with a brush smoothing her mother's hair, and we were told in a day or two she might ride out, joy came back to our house.

And as we helped the old country doctor into his gig, we noticed not that the step was broken, or the horse stiff in the knees, and we all realized for the first time in our life what doctors were worth. Encourage them. They deserve every kindness at our hands.



CHAPTER XV.

A FAMILY PROBLEM.

NOW, Mrs. Pemberton, even in her palatial home and amid her lavish and pleasureful surroundings in Virginia, had known something of the peace that passeth knowledge, the "luxury of love" that come only through the channel of the lifted Cross. But she had found it hard to hold her own in the godly race, and harder still to induce her dignified and gentlemanly husband, and his fine militant sons to see things from her standpoint, a standpoint which is really no standing-point at all, but a place low-lying at the Master's feet.

She often wept for this, and lived and prayed for it; that her noble husband and her glorious boys might be brought to see that there was something better than military glory, something better than social honors, something better than land and gold, the love of Jesus, the inspiration of Christly duty, as the highest gifts of God. So the sweet-souled, timid, retiring, and delicately constituted woman lived and prayed, and hoped that somehow, somewhere, in some way, some strange way if it were needed, she might see the fulfilment of the one desire of her heart—her husband, her sons, her daughters, all sitting at the feet of Jesus. Was it for this, that they were uprooted from their dear Virginian home? Was it for this that they were "drawn into the wilderness?" Yes, she does not know it yet, but Barbara is there to greet her and God hath gone before to prepare the way.

It was not long before the Hecks and the Emburys were close friends with the family of the Virginian ex-cavalier. John Lawrence, and Paul Heck, and Lucky Mike, had all offered willing service to the Pembertons in the matter of wood-felling, roof-rearing, and corn-sowing. These services had been warmly and gratefully accepted, and between the younger men, especially, a close fellowship had accrued. Barbara speedily discovered that Mrs. Pemberton was a "sister beloved," and with the comely and gracious Quakeress, Hannah Whiteside, these three formed a trio of mutual helpfulness and counsel dear to each heart. Mary Lawrence would gladly have made this into a quartette, but the young wife was again engrossed by sweet mother cares, and could but be an occasional visitor in the sweet symposium.

It is very noteworthy how such a life tends to lower, and even to ignore, the differences of rank, calling, social position, tribe, and all the rest of the conventional distinctions that make men unequal, and plant so many mischiefs everywhere. Lucky Mike with his sterling honesty and happy humor was welcomed everywhere; Tookalusca and Ooloona were free of a meal, or at a social gathering; and the negroes were welcomed at the houses of the Hecks and Lawrences with freedom and delight.

Perhaps the one exception to all this was the case of Col. Pemberton. He was, or had been, a soldier, an officer, a magistrate, had "blue blood" in his veins, and was withal an aristocrat, to the manner born. He was ever a courteous gentleman, but he was somewhat reserved, a little inclined to stand upon his dignity; a strict disciplinarian, and without a particle of sympathy with Methodists, Puritans, Quakers or anybody else whose religion was not cast in conventional mould. How was this "perfect gentleman" to be brought into harmony with his new surroundings? How could he and Brave Barbara, honest Paul Heck, and plain-spoken John Lawrence be "brought into line," to say nothing of "those Quaker people, whose creed consists in looking and

I have introduced to my readers one of Brave Barbara's daughters, Carrie, who was

Carrie had an elder sister of equal grace and parts named Grace, or Gracie. This blooming

which marked the gentle lassie made a profound impression on the susceptible southern temperament of Reginald Pemberton, the gallant colonel's youngest and, it was said, favorite son. How it came about nobody could tell; probably the love-sick young gentleman did not know himself. His passion was very natural and very real; and Gracie was not long in making the discovery, and in finding an honest response to it in her own heart.

The alert and quick perception of Brave Barbara led her to see with true motherly solicitude the unspoken and half unconscious attachment springing up in these young hearts. I think she read their secret before it was thoroughly understood by the young folks themselves. To Barbara the discovery brought much trouble and distress. She fully believed that Reginald was of a noble and manly spirit, of generous character, and strong capability; but she believed that he was ignorant of the great regenerating change which the pious Methodist mother regarded as above all things essential—the "one thing needful" to secure his own true prosperity, and her Gracie's happiness.

Then again, Reginald belonged, as she pondered in her mind, to a proud and aristocratic family, who were alike in their ideas and social standing, emphatically "people of the world." How could they be expected to agree to such a misalliance? How could she and Paul, who preferred to cultivate "heirship of the kingdom of grace" in the alliances they coveted, agree to such a thing? Besides, Brave Barbara herself was quite as proud, in her own way as any Pemberton alive; and she could not brook that union with a child of hers should be considered a condescension, by even the bluest blood in all the land. And so, as I have said, the secret which only she had discovered, but of which she was quite sure, disturbed her mind greatly, and sent her often to the pages of her "talisman," or rather to the faithful "Counsellor," in whom lay her abiding help and trust. In this case, however, my heroine did not find such clear guidance. Satisfactory indications were not forthcoming, and in much trouble of mind, Brave Barbara was led to talk the matter over with her good man Paul.

"I can't help thinking, husband," said she one evening when her young folks were out and about among their neighbors, spending the evening, as their custom was, after the day's work was done, "that young Reginald Pemberton is a good deal more attentive to Gracie than is good for either of them. Have you not seen it yourself, Paul?"

"Nay, nay, dear wife," said Paul, "I can't say that I have; and I fancy that you have small ground for such fond imaginings."

"I think I have though," replied the anxious matron. "The young fellow is mooning around here pretty well half his time."

"Don't you think it's more likely that he comes here to see the boys," said Paul.

"Come to see the boys indeed?" replied Barbara, in a tone that might have been sarcastic if she had been given that way. "Is it to the boys that he brings the nosegays of wild flowers, the baskets of butter-nuts, the blossoms of golden-rod, and the scarlet maple leaves? Was it for the boys he tamed the young racoon he gave to Gracie on her birthday? And is it for them that he manages to time his visits so that they are likely enough to be away?"

"Well, well," said the good-tempered and easy-going Paul. "And where's the harm after all, that you can see in all that? You know that Gracie is but young, and—"

"Young, eh?" said Barbara. "Then what about Kate? I suppose you can't see that she is being spoken for either! Bless the man, I do think you look on both of them as children yet!"

"Why, yes," said Paul, coloring up a little, "I do seem to forget that the days of their childhood are gone by; and I feel as though they wrap themselves so closely round my heart, that I can't think of them as anything else but as two darlings to be loved and cared for. Still, young Reginald has never seemed to act in the way you think."

"Paul, my good man! you're as blind as a bat in the sunlight. I suppose the thing is too evident for you to notice it. True, the boy is so shy that he scarcely ever speaks to her; but he is as content to sit dumb in her presence, as the cat is to bask in the sun."

"But say, dearie, what do you want me to do about it?"

"Do about it?" said Barbara, "why, that's where the trouble is. Can't you tell him not to come so often, or something?"

"Fie, Barbara, fie. Do you think I would be guilty of such a breach of hospitality? Besides I don't think that you, yourself, would desire to cool the happly relationship between the two homes. Leave the two young folks alone, lassie. You will only be putting nonsense into their heads by interfering; and if it is there already, you are likely enough to drive it further in. Gracie is a dear, good girl. I am sure you may trust her innocent heart. She loves her old father yet, better than any other man, I'll warrant it."

The cautious mother, however, made good resolutions on the subject, and determined to warn her bonnie lassie in time.

That very evening, in the golden glow of sunset, Gracie Heck was spinning in the ample "living-room" of the large, rambling wood and shingle farm-house, in which the household dwelt. The light flashed back from the well-scoured tins and burnished brass kettles and candlesticks on the big "dresser," and tinged with bronze the plentiful locks of her glossy hair. It was truly a pretty picture that she made, clad in her simple calico gown, and with a bow of blue ribbon on her breast, as she walked back and forth from her spinning-wheel, now giving it a swift whirl, and then stepping back as she drew out the yarn from the fleecy rolls of wool.

A pretty picture, indeed! Young Reginald Pemberton was exactly of that opinion. He stood at that moment at the open door, holding in his hand a string of beautiful speckled trout, fresh drawn from the sparkling stream that rippled near by. Just at that moment, too, the "young fellow's eyes" were eloquent, and if good Paul Heck had been looking on, he would have agreed with Brave Barbara as to what they could do in the way of "courting."

"Good evening, Mistress Grace," said the young angler. "I've brought a few fish for your mother, that I have just caught in the pool of Braeside Burn."

"O, thank you, very much," said the innocent Gracie. "Mother will be pleased to accept them, I'm sure."

"I am not so very sure," said that venturesome young man, with a modest blush. "Do you know that sometimes I am afraid that I have offended your mother; I don't know how unless she thinks I am idle. You see, I am so fond of my rod and gun. I learned that in old Virginia, and I cannot very easily unlearn it, can I?"

"She won't object to your sport to-day, at any rate," said Gracie, with a bright little laugh. "Do you know, I think mother can fry trout better than anybody else in the world? And then," said she, with a glance that took him captive, though she was not angling for him, "fresh trout is my father's favorite dish."

As she took the angler's acceptable and timely gift into the kitchen, she bade him, in a matter-of-fact, and even peremptory fashion, to take a seat, for that he was bound to join them at the supper-table, and share the goods which the gods, in the shape of rod and hook, had provided. On her return, she said:

"If you have been idle, Master Reginald, you must make amends now, by doing something useful. I have been wanting somebody to hold my yarn while I wind it," and deftly flinging the skein around his proffered hands, she did, what she did not consciously propose to do, bound him more than ever unwindably to her own chariot-wheels.

After Gracie had returned to the "living-room" after committing the string of trout into her mother's keeping, who should come into the kitchen but Lucky Mike, fresh from his work of taking the cows to the byre, and putting matters in the stable and the fowl-yard snug for the night.

Our humorous friend was ready for his supper, and the sight of the long, well-furnished string of fat trout in their sparkling mail of sheeny scales was a peculiarly attractive vision.

"By me faith, misthress, delish, but that's a mighty brave soight for the oyes of av a hungry omadhaun like Master Michael Finnegan from the bogs av Bantry Bay. Will we be afther havin' some av the swate crathurs for supper, Cushla-ma-chree?"

Now, it must be confessed that Brave Barbara received the trout with much unwillingness, and had been silently casting over in her own mind, what to do about them; for the conversation with her husband about the doings of this persistent angler after Gracie, filled her with anxiety and discomfort. Well, Lucky Mike had settled that question for her, and neither judge nor jury could have very well reversed the verdict. The look of happy anticipation that shone like oil in Michael's face, the eloquent gleam of satisfaction that lighted Michael's eyes, and the whole-souled delight that sounded every word and tone of Michael's voice, went straight to the heart of his true and loving friend, Cushla-ma-chree.

"Ay, ay, marry; here's a supper fit for king George himself, Mike, and in the space of a few minutes some of them shall lie on your trencher, my lad. So you may be getting the weapons ready for war!"

So that intricate problem was solved and settled. The trout could not now be declined; they must be accepted, despite the quarter they had come from; and Brave Barbara could not help thinking to herself, that to those who are doing their best to seek the light and to walk in it, Providence uses a good many "talismans" other than the greatest of them all, to fling wide the doors of duty when the time is come.

"An' moight I ask ye, Misthress dear, what good angel has come along with such a plisant god-send to a hungry man?" inquired Mike.

"Why, it's that young Reginald Pemberton," said Barbara, with some little revulsion of tone and feeling. He has been, as usual, at a somewhat idle end, and—"

"More power to his elbow, Misthress, if that's the kind of end he's getting at. A string of the finest av fine throut is both plisant and profitable, surely; an' more betoken that the beginnin' av it is such a handsome and well-favored young gintleman as Misther Reginald."

"May be that sort of way to look at it may commend itself to the humor of a hungry man," said Barbara with still a little coolness, born of a mother's fears. "I could be very willing that he should fool the time away with his rod if only it would divert his steps a little oftener from this house. You talk of a 'good angel' that has brought you a welcome supper, Mike; and I shall not be sorry if his visits, like those of other angels, are 'few and far between.'"

The words were hardly out of her lips before Brave Barbara regretted that they had been spoken. That style of talk was so foreign to her truth-loving, gentle and thoughtful spirit, that the sound of them in her own ears brought their own condemnation. As for Lucky Mike, he was quite taken a-back, and for a few brief moments contented himself by looking at the woman he loved almost to reverent worship, with eloquent, though silent surprise.

"Nay, thin, dear Misthress, *agra*. Sure that isn't spoken like your own swate self at all, at all. There's no forner young fellow to be found along ayther bank o' the river St. Lawrence for all its thousan' miles, than young Pemberton. Sure I've bethowt me more than wanst or twice that you've given the lad the cowld showlder whin he made his appearance at the Heck far-r-m. An' yit, sure there's no mistakin' in the laste that he's a broth av a bhoy all round; an' my heart's been sorry to see the look on his face when you've chilled off the pleasant glow from his honest face. Forgive me, Cushla-ma-chree," continued the speaker with strong feeling and plaintive tone, "but I should be Onlucky Mike agin if I didn't try to win a warm look an' a kind wilcome for the lad. Belave me he is more of an aingel than you think, and you'll remimber, Misthress, dear, what the Best of good Books says about intertainin' angels at unawares."

Lucky Mike's warm-hearted and eloquent pleading had instant and gratifying effect. Somehow she felt that he was right, and that she was wrong. She turned her expressive grey eyes on him with the look that had many times sent satisfaction unto his heart, and said: "All right, Mike, your angel shall spread his wings in this direction whenever it pleases him, and fold them at Heck farm whenever—"

"Gracie chooses to give the gossoon a welcome," said Mike, completing the sentence; but Brave Barbara had already passed into the "living-room."

"I am playing the part of Hercules with Omphale," said the self-conscious Reginald, blushing, and looking on Barbara's face with an anxiously inquiring eye, "but I can succeed better at my own work of holding the plough, or of handling the fishing-rod and gun."

"The first of those employments is the more profitable, I wot," said Barbara, "in a new country like this. Nevertheless," she hastened to add, as she saw the crestfallen look of her visitor, "the trout, such as those splendid fellows you have kindly brought me, are not to be despised. Thank you, heartily, Reginald. You must stay and join us in tasting their quality. What say you, Gracie?"

What Gracie said need not be reported. That was, I think, the acknowledged beginning of things. About the homely farm, and household duties of the youth and maiden, Love wove its sweet romance, and the older hearts, remembering the fond emotions of their youth, could not chill with censorious words their young and strong affection; an affection, however, which was to be tested in the fires.

(To be Continued.)

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LET nothing make thee sad or fretful,
Or too regretful,
Be still;
What God hath ordered must be right,
Then find in it thine own delight,
My will.

Why shouldst thou fill the day with sorrow
About to-morrow,
My heart?
One watches all with care most true;
Doubt not that he will give thee, too,
Thy part.

Only be steadfast, never waver,
Nor seek earth's favor,
But rest;
Thou knowest what God's will must be
For all his creatures—so for thee—
The best. —PAUL FLEMING.

A PARSEE LADY'S PUBLIC SPIRIT.

THE offer of five lakhs of rupees (about $200,000) for a public library and hall in Bombay, made by a Parsee lady, is prophetic of the day when the influence of Indian ladies of rank and wealth and education shall be felt in Indian society in some degree at least as is the case in western countries. Indian history furnishes numerous proofs of the force and capacity of Indian women, and those who have had opportunity of intimate acquaintanceship with Indian ladies of the better class give emphatic testimony to the intellectual force and strong purpose of the Indian women. When Indian women come out of their seclusion and get into touch with the world's progress, they will exhibit a virility of character that will contrast rather sharply with the effeminacy of the average Indian as we know him. That it is a Parsee lady who has made this public-spirited offer is also a fact that touches the rivalry of the eastern and western capitals of India. Parsee ladies enjoy a degree of freedom unknown to almost all other Indian ladies.

REAL SERVICE.

THERE are many different ideas of service, but not all are right. John Ruskin, in his own interesting fashion, makes this distinction: "You are told, indeed, to sing psalms when you are merry," he writes, "and to pray when you need anything; and, by the perversion of the evil spirit, we get to think that praying and psalm-singing are 'service.' If a child finds itself in want of anything it runs and asks its father for it—does it call that doing its father a service? If it begs for a toy or a piece of cake—does it call that serving its father? That, with God, is prayer, and he likes to hear it; . . but he doesn't call that 'serving him.' Begging is not serving. . . So when a child loves its father very much, and is very happy, it may sing little songs about him; but it doesn't call that serving father; neither is singing songs about God serving God. It is enjoying ourselves, if it is anything; most probably it is nothing. Yet we call our beggings and chantings 'divine service;' we say 'divine service will be 'performed' (that's our word—the form of it gone through). Unless we perform divine service in every willing act of our lives, we never perform it at all."

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God, who loveth us,
Hath made and loveth all.

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WORLD'S FAIR STATION.
Chicago.

All trains of the Michigan Central "The Niagara Falls Route," stop, and baggage can be checked to and from Hyde Park Station, (53d Street, three blocks from the Exposition Grounds, and in the centre of the World's Fair hotel district. Additional stops are made at 39th Street and 22nd Street, and all trains now arrive at and depart from New Central Station, Park Row, and 12th Street, on the Lake Front, Chicago.

For World's Fair folder, containing valuable information, write to W. H. Underwood, Eastern Passenger Agent, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Final Arrangements for the Sale of Tickets via. the B. & O. R. R.

For the benefit of those desiring to attend the World's Fair the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad will sell Excursion tickets to Chicago and return, at all stations on its line, at low rates. Tickets will be on sale until November 1st, and will be valid for return journey until November 15th, 1893. They provide for a reduction of 20 per cent. below regular rates. These tickets will be valid only for continuous journey. Tickets at higher rates will be sold that will permit holders to stop over at Baltimore, Washington, or any other point, going and returning.

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Indian Sunday Schools.

Missionary Lane Writes of the Spiritual Progress of the Tribes in Oklahoma Territory —Worshipping the "Great Spirit."

NOW is the season when the red man displays activity in his own country and when "bad Indians" take the warpath. The "good Indians," on the other hand, make the early summer a time of spiritual and industrial activity. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School Missionary, Rev. George W. Sharp, has passed through many stirring experiences while engaged in evangelical work among the Indians of the Southwest. Below we publish a letter from Rev. J. P. Lane, an American Sunday School missionary in Oklahoma, which tells of experiences similar in many respects to those of Mr. Sharp:

"NORMAN, O. T., May 20, 1893.

"I have been at work among the Indians. Sometime ago I visited one part of the Shawnee tribe. This tribe is divided, one part is controlled by Chief 'White Turkey,' and the other by Chief 'Big Jim.' The last-named refused to take their land in allotment, but live on the land in their tribal or community plan. They can talk our language but little, except two or three of them. They are sullen and distant, unless they are hungry and want to beg something. I went to their interpreter and had him to ask the chief to call a meeting of the tribe, that I might hold services with them The chief said, 'maybe so me want no talk now, maybe so some other time.' I learned they would soon hold their annual spring meeting, to worship the 'Great Spirit,' by song and dance. These are great meetings, and they also

"Make a Great Feast

to give to the 'Great Spirit,' because spring and grass have returned, and horses and cattle will improve.

"The first had a preliminary meeting. They met in the woods, and their speaker, a large, fine-looking Indian, stood by an oak tree, and made them a great talk. I listened to him, but could not understand his language. I was told it was a prayer for blessings on the land, rivers, grass, corn, stock, &c. In a few days they met again for the feast, song, and dance. I went again and looked on with deep interest. The tribe met at the usual place, where logs had been placed on the ground in a circle. In the forenoon, the men talked in groups, and some played cards, while the women carried wood and water, and looked after the ponies, and did the cooking. Many white people come to see them, but the Indians hardly notice them. The same Indians who a week before, would gladly beg for something to eat, now felt they were in

"The Strength and Glory of their Tribe,

and everybody else were inferior, and were in-

"Separate from dinners, large kettles of beef, venison, and wild turkey, was being boiled, and then piled on a scaffold of poles about seven feet above the ground. After dinner they went into their tents, and soon emerged dressed in English costume, and hideously painted. The men then seated themselves in a circle, and a wagon sheet was spread on the ground, on which several bushels of boiled meat was poured. After this great quantities of bread was thrown on the meat. When the squaws would bring the bread, as each loaf was thrown on the pile, the men uttered a groan, or rather a growl. This seemed to frighten the little girls, who would throw their loaf of bread, and run. At this the older ones would laugh heartily. When all was placed in a heap, the noise was hushed, and a deep impressive silence followed. The Indians looked

Like so many Bronzed Statues.

They were in silent prayer, asking the great spirit to come and eat, hoping he will be pleased with them all the year.

"All was solemn and serious. It seemed as if we [illegible] ago, walking in the gloom and superstition of ages past. Then how gladly did I turn from these things to the great source of light to a world in sun and gloom, and recall the words of David, Psalms 110–130. 'The entrance of thy word giveth light, it giveth understanding unto the simple.' Soon the drum beat, and the dance commenced. They had songs and wild shouts, that were hideous. I found one who could read, and gave him a Testament, and sent him the Young People's paper for a year, and he says he will help me hold a meeting in the summer. I started a Sunday School, and an Indian girl, very intelligent, was made superintendent. At another place I started a school, and at night slept with my Indian friends.

"I have since been on a trip of about 300 miles among the 'Cheyennes and Assappohoes.' I supplied one new Sunday School of ten Indian children with Lesson Helps and papers. But of this western trip I will write later on. When I returned home

A terrible Cyclone Swept our Houses

away with all that was in them. Fortunately we were in town at the time, and our lives were thus spared. It will be some time before I can re-build, and get on my place again. To describe the horrors of the storm would be impossible. But with hearts of gratitude that we escaped alive, we will try to re-build, and still carry the Word of Life to those so long neglected."

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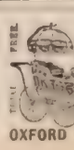

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WOMAN'S heart is supposed to be the very dwelling-place of mercy, and a useless and selfish woman is a libel upon her sex. We call upon you to be our sisters of charity, to go forth on errands of mercy to the abodes of sickness and poverty without abjuring all pretensions to the character of wifehood and motherhood. Loathe that spurious sentimentality which weeps over the imaginary woes of a novel, but turns away with a callous heart from those real sufferings which abound on every hand. You do most for yourselves when you do most for others. It is not enough that you pity the sorrows of the poor and the suffering; what your heart pities your hands must do; what you pray for you must strive to attain.

If you desire to live in the true sense of the word, you can least afford to be useless. It is lamentable to see how many women live only as a waste and weight on fast-flying time. O you poor souls living in uselessness, how can I make you see what you are losing! What can I say but

> Rise up, ye women that are at ease,
> Tremble, ye careless daughters,

and repeat the old call, "Awake, ye that sleep, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give you light."

In the woman form of merciful ministry humanity feels the touch as of an angel from heaven. Say not the doors of useful service are closed against you when there are so many poor to help, so many sick longing for the sound of a woman's voice and the touch of a woman's hand. If you have an earnest purpose, it will not want for a sphere, it will make its own sphere. Would you realize the divinest of womanhood's ideals and be "as the angels," listen to the moans of suffering around you. Hearken to the voice that whispers in your soul; begin with some plain, practical, petty duty immediately at hand, and in faithfulness to the lowly duty your life will gradually be brought under the power of a supreme purpose,

> And so the life, death, and it at last forever,
> One grand, sweet song.

THE PREACHER AND THE SPIRIT.†

To get one's sermons, themes, and treatment from the illumining power of the Holy Ghost will beget a marvelous intrepidity. Such a preacher is bound to speak God's truth. As Seneca's pilot said to Neptune, he will say:

> You may sink me or you may save me,
> But I will hold my rudder true;

or, as Curran, in his defense of Bond, when he heard the clatter of the arms of his threatening antagonists in the court, said: "You may assassinate me, but you cannot intimidate me." Before whatever human presence such a preacher may be called to speak, his whole being will be so absorbed in that greater Unseen Presence, that the dignitaries of earth will become as nothing.

Such a preacher will be likely to be a man of exceptional personal purity. The mind, which is the channel of the Holy Ghost's inflowing, and the tongue, which is the channel of the Holy Ghost's outflowing, will not be likely to be given over to the control of impure thoughts, or even the coarse and gross forms of jesting in speech.

Such preaching is born only of prayer. It has, like General Gordon, its morning signal. It is told of him that, during his sojourn in the Soudan country, each morning for half an hour there lay outside his tent a white handkerchief. The whole camp knew what it meant, and treated the little signal with the highest respect. No foot crossed the threshold while that little guard kept watch. The most pressing message waited for delivery, and even matters of life and death, until the little signal was withdrawn. God and Gordon were in communion. The man that wants to preach with power must have his times alone with God. If he wants to be a distributing reservoir, he must become a receiving reservoir. If he wants to prevail with man, he must learn, first of all, to prevail with God.

*From *Stratified Spice*, a series of short stories on practical subjects; by Rev. Madison C. Peters, D.D.; 12mo; price $1.50; published by Wilbur B. Ketcham, New York.

†From *The Divine Art of Preaching*, by Rev. Arthur T. Pierson; being a series of lectures delivered at the Pastors' College, London, in 1892; pp. 156; cloth; price 75c.; Baker & Taylor Co., N. Y., publishers.

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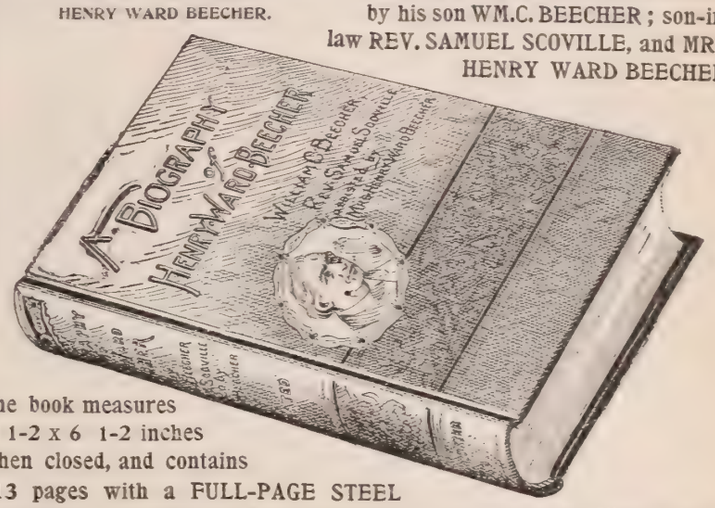

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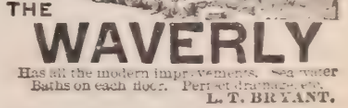

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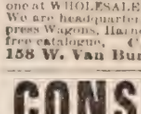

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 16. COPYRIGHT 1893, BY LOUIS KLOPSCH. NUMBER 26.

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor. Offices, Bible House, New York. NEW YORK, JUNE 28, 1893. PRICE, 5 CENTS. Annual Subscription, $1.50

OUR NEGLECTED CHILDREN

What Shall be Done with the Millions who are without Religious Training? — "The Christian Herald's" Missionary and his Sunday School Work in the Southwest.

ONE of the most serious problems that confronts our country to-day, and one which, unfortunately, is not receiving the attention it merits is the condition of the great multitude of young children of both sexes, in the Western and Southwestern States, who are being brought up to manhood and womanhood amid irreligious surroundings. In those parts of the country where there is neither church nor Sabbath School, the parents, as well as their offspring, are naturally indifferent about religion. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that there are many localities in the United States where there is as little religious training for either young or old as though they were situated in the wildest part of Mexico or among the still unevangelized islands of the distant Pacific. It is an accepted truth that a majority of those that become Christians are converted early in life. Each passing year, therefore, lessens the chances of spiritual emancipation among those who are advancing toward manhood and womanhood. The Christian communities of the older States, recognizing their responsibility to the Lord in this matter, have been energetically working for many years past through the American Sunday School Union, opening schools, founding churches, and getting congregations together where formerly none existed. But the growth of population has greatly outstripped this evangelical work, and to-day there are probably two districts unevangelized to every district so situated ten years ago. There are at the present time 153,000 Sunday Schools in the United States with 9,278,000 teachers and scholars; but there are nine million children destitute of Church or Sunday School privileges, 2,100,000 in the Northwest, 1,500,000 in the Southwest, 1,000,000 along the Pacific, 2,700,000 in the South, and the remainder scattered among different States. Here, surely, is one of the most inviting fields for missionary work that has ever been presented to those who feel themselves called to service for the Master, and who remember his injunction "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Two years ago, this month, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, with the aid of its readers undertook the support of the Rev. George W. Sharp, a missionary of the American Sunday School Union in the Southwest. From time to time Mr. Sharp has made reports of the progress of his work, and they have been such as to afford the deepest satisfaction. Under God's blessing, he has been the means of planting the Gospel seed in many quarters where it has borne abundant harvest, and Sunday Schools, churches and chapels are now sprinkled liberally over a large section of Missouri and the adjoining states as a result of his faithful and consecrated efforts. During the earlier years of his service, he organized twenty new schools with sixty-nine teachers and 640 scholars. Last year he revived five schools that were in a moribund condition, on account of spiritual neglect. He erected four churches and made preparations for the construction of a fifth, and all this in addition to an almost superhuman amount of labor, including visits and addresses to schools, preaching 179 sermons and addresses and visits to over 500 families. Such a variety and amount of work might well appall the heart of the stoutest missionary; but Mr. Sharp is constitutionally fond of work, and he has, in these two years, entirely lost sight of self, in his zeal for the progress of the sacred cause he represents. His second year with us has well-nigh closed, and we hope, through the generous assistance of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, to be able to retain his services for another year in this promising field. Many of the experiences of a missionary whose territory is so scattered as that of Mr. Sharp, are both interesting and instructive. In one house in South Missouri—in a district many miles remote from any Sunday School or church—he found a growing family who had never heard the Word preached and had never sung a hymn! It was sad to look on these bright children, well-behaved and obedient—and, despite the absence of intellectual training, evidently intelligent—and to reflect that their unfortunate environments had made them in almost every point as great strangers to the Gospel as the dusky children of interior Africa. But Mr. Sharp's experience has taught him to be ready for even the most difficult emergencies in his missionary work. Securing the consent of some kindly-disposed resident to the use of his barn, a Sunday School was organized, and after a visit round about among the farmers, a considerable number of young folks promised to attend. They kept their word. The family first referred to sent their children, and it was a pleasant though an unusual sight, to see all four come riding up to the school on the back of the family mare—a good natured brute that seemed to appreciate and enjoy the situation. This was the first trip they had ever made to a Sunday School. These children are types of many thousands of others who stand waiting for the Gospel! "How shall they believe in him on whom they have not heard, and how shall they hear without a preacher?" (Rom. 10: 14.) In some parts of the West and Southwest, there is a fair sprinkling of Indian and half-breed boys and girls among the new Sunday scholars. These dusky young folks (a characteristic group of them is shown in an illustration on another page), are remarkably attentive. Although by no means so bright as their white brothers and sisters, they are promising pupils, and very many have given evidence of an awakening interest in spiritual things, that gives bright hope for the future.

A FAR-WESTERN "DUG-OUT" IN WHICH A CHURCH WAS STARTED.

THE FIRST TRIP TO THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

WESTERN CHILDREN WHO NEVER SAW A SCHOOL, SANG A HYMN OR HEARD A SERMON.

(From a photograph by "The Christian Herald" Sunday School Missionary.)

The year just closing has been even more prolific of good results than the first year of our missionary's labors. Churches and Sunday Schools have multiplied under his fostering care. One of his latest tasks was the formation of Union Church at Baring, Mo., a small, out-of-the-way village, on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad. As soon as the village of Baring was located, Mr. Sharp went there to organize a school. He found that it was destitute of both church and school-house; but he secured an upper room over a billiard hall, which was reached by a rude unenclosed stairway on the outside. At first the attendance was small and there were more dry-goods boxes and barrels than chairs for seats; but gradually the work expanded and the school prospered. Sometime later, he succeeded in securing a vacant store-room for the school. The people had now begun to take a general interest in the service and were shortly persuaded to erect a house of worship, which they have now finished. It is a substantial frame building, large enough to accommodate a good audience. The school, in this case, practically gave birth to

(Continued on page 429.)

The Tabernacle Pulpit

THE SONG OF BIRDS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, preached last Sunday Morning in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Text: Psalm civ. 12, *"By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches."*

THERE is an important and improving subject to which most people have given no thought, and concerning which this is the first pulpit discussion, namely, the Song of Birds. If all that has been written concerning music by human voice or about music sounded on instrument by finger or breath were put together, volume by the side of volume, it would fill a hundred alcoves of the national libraries. But about the song of birds there is as much silence as though, a thousand years ago, the last lark had, with his wing, swept the door latch of heaven, and as though never a whippoorwill had sung its lullaby to a slumbering forest at nightfall. We give a passing smile to the call of a bobolink or the chirp of a canary, but about the origin, about the fibre, about the meaning, about the mirth, about the pathos, about the inspiration, about the religion in the song of birds, the most of us are either ignorant or indifferent. A caveat I this morning file in the Hight Court of Heaven against that almost universal irreligion.

First, I remark that which will surprise many, that the song of birds is a regulated and systematic song, capable of being written out in note and staff and bar and clef as much as anything that Wagner or Schumann or Handel ever put on paper. As we pass the grove where the flocks are holding matin or vesper service, we are apt to think that the sounds are extemporized, the rising or falling tone is a mere accident, it is flung up and down by haphazard, the bird did not know what it was doing, it did not care whether it was a long metre psalm or a madrigal. What a mistake! The musician never put on the music rack before him Mendelssohn's "Elijah" or Beethoven's "Concerto" in G. or Spohr's B flat Symphony with more definite idea as to what he was doing than every bird that can sing at all confines himself to accurate and predetermined rendering. The oratorios, the chants, the carols, the overtures, the interludes, the ballads, the canticles, that this morning were heard or will this evening be heard in the forest have rolled down through the ages without a variation. Even the chipmunk's song was ordained clear back in the eternities. At the gates of paradise, it sang in sounds like the syllables [illegible] morning in a Long Island orchard it sang "Kuk!" "Kuk!" "Kuk!" The thrush at the creation uttered sounds like the word "Teacher!" "Teacher!" "Teacher!" as now it utters sounds like [illegible] the summer of the year one, the yellow-hammer trilled that which sounded like the word "If!" "If!" "If!" as in this summer it trills "If!" "If!" "If!" The [illegible] queaths the tune sounding like the words "Pity me, pity me, pity me." The White Sparrow's "Tseep, tseep," woke our great grandfathers as it will awaken our great grandchildren. The "Tee-ka-tee-ka-tee-ka" of the birds in the first century was the same as the "Tee-ka-tee-ka-tee-ka" of the nineteenth century.

The goldfinch has for six thousand years been singing "De-ree dee-ee-ree." But these sounds, which we put in harsh words, they put in cadences, rhythmic, soulful and enrapturing. Now, if there is this order and systematization and rhythm all through God's creation, does it not imply that we should have the same characteristics in the music we make or try to make? Is it not a wickedness that so many parents give no opportunity for the culture of their children in the art of sweet sound? If God stoops to educate every bluebird, oriole and grosbeak in song, how can parents be so indifferent about the musical development of the immortals in their household? While God will accept our attempts to sing, though it be only a hum or a drone, if we can do no better, what a shame that, in this last decade of the nineteenth century, when so many orchestral batons are waving and so many academies of music are in full concert and so many skilled men and women are waiting to offer instruction, there are so many people who cannot sing with any

SINGING ON THE NEST.

confidence in the house of God, because they have had no culture in this sacred art, or, while they are able to sing a fantasia at a piano amid the fluttering fans of social admirers, nevertheless feel utterly helpless when, in church, the surges of an Ariel or an Antioch roll over them. The old-fashioned country singing school, now much derided and caricatured (and indeed sometimes it was diverted from the real design into the culture of the soft emotions rather than the voice), nevertheless did admirable work, and in our churches we need singing schools to prepare our Sabbath audiences for prompt and spontaneous and multipotent psalmody. This world needs to be stormed with hallelujahs. We [illegible] nahs. From hearing a blind beggar sing, Martin Luther went home at forty years of age to write his first hymn. In the autumn, I hope to have a congregational singing school here during the week, which shall prepare the people for the songs of the holy Sabbath. If the church of God universal is going to take this world for righteousness, there must be added a hundred-fold of more harmony as well as a hundred-fold of more volume to sacred music.

Further, I notice in the song of birds that it is a divinely-taught song. The rarest prima donna of all the earth could not teach the robin one musical note. A kingfisher, flying over the roof of a temple aquake with harmonies, would not catch up one melody. From the time that the first bird's throat was fashioned on the banks of the Gihon and Hiddekel until to-day on the Hudson or Rhine, the winged creature has learned nothing from the human race in the way of carol or anthem. The feathered songsters learned all their music direct from God. He gave them the art in a nest of straw or moss or sticks, and taught them how to lift that song into the higher heavens and sprinkle the earth with its dulcet enchantments. God-fashioned, God tuned, God-launched, God-lifted music! And there is a kind of music that the Lord only can impart to you, my hearer. There have been depraved, reprobate and blasphemous souls which could sing till great auditoriums were in raptures. There have been soloists and bassos and baritones and sopranos whose brilliancy in concert halls has not been more famous than their debaucheries. But there is a kind of song, which, like the song of birds, is divinely fashioned. Songs of pardon. Songs of divine comfort. Songs of worship. "Songs in the night" like those which David and Job mentioned. Songs full of faith and tenderness and prayer like those which the Christian mother sings over the sick cradle. Songs of a broken heart being healed. Songs of the dying flashed upon by opening portals of amethyst. Songs like that which Paul commended to the Colossians, when he said, "Admonish one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing, with grace in your hearts, to the Lord." Songs like Moses sang after the tragedy of the Red Sea. Songs like Deborah and Barak sang at the overthrow of Sisera. Songs like Isaiah heard the redeemed sing as they came to Zion. Oh, God, teach us that kind of song which thou only canst teach, and help us to sing it on earth and sing it in heaven. It was the highest result of sweet sound when under the playing of Paganini one auditor exclaimed reverently, "Oh God!" and another sobbed out, "Oh Christ!"

Further, I remark in regard to the song of birds, that it is trustful, and without any fear of what may yet come. Will you tell me how it is possible for that wren, that sparrow, that chickadee, to sing so sweetly when they may any time be pounced on by a hawk and torn wing from wing? There are cruel beaks in thicket and in sky ready to slay the song birds. Herods on the wing. Modocs of the sky. Assassins armed with iron claw. Murderers of song floating up and down the heavens. How can the birds sing amid such perils? Beside that, how is the bird sure to get its food? Millions of birds have been starved. Yet it sings in the dawn without any certainty of breakfast or dinner or supper. Would it not be better to gather its food for the day before vocalizing? Beside that, the hunters are abroad. Bang! goes a gun in one direction. Bang! goes a gun in another direction. The song will attract the shot and add to the peril. Beside that, yonder is a thunder-cloud and there may be hurricane and hail to be let loose, and what then will become of you, the poor warbler? Beside that, winter will come, and it may be smitten down before it gets to the tropics. Have you never seen the snow strewn with the birds belated in their migration? The titmouse mingles its voice with the snow storms as Emerson describes the little thing he found in tempestuous January:

> Here was this atom in full breath
> Hurling defiance at vast death;
> This scrap of valor just for play
> Fronts the north wind in waiscoat gray.

For every bird, a thousand perils and disasters hovering and sweeping round and round. Yet, there it sings, and it is a trustful song. The bird that has it the hardest, sings the sweetest. The lark from the shape of her claws may not perch on a tree. In the grass her nest is exposed to every hoof that passes. One of the poor-

SONGSTERS IN FLIGHT.

est shelters of all the earth is the lark's nest. If she sing at all, you will expect her to render the saddest of threnodies. No, no. She sings exultingly an hour without a pause and mounting three thousand feet without losing a note. Would God we all might learn the lesson. Whatever perils, whatever bereavements, whatever trials are yet to come, sing, sing with all your heart and sing with all your lungs. If you wait until all the hawks of trouble have folded their wings and all the hunters of hate have unloaded their guns and all the hurricanes of disaster have spent their fury, you will never sing at all. David the pursued of Absalom, and the betrayed of Ahithophel, and the depleted of "sores that ran in the night," presents us the best songs of the Bible. John Milton, not able to see his hand before his face, sings for us the most famous poem of all literature, and some of the most cheerful people I have ever met have been Christian people under physical, or domestic, or public torment. The songs of Charles Wesley which we now calmly sing in church, were composed by him between mobs.

Further, in the sky galleries, there are songs adapted to all moods. The meadow lark is mournful, and the goldfinch joyous, and the grosbeak prolonged of note. But the libretto of nature is voluminous. Are you sad; you can hear from the bowers the echo of your grief. Are you glad; you can hear an echo of your happiness. Are you thoughtful; you can hear that which will plunge you into deeper profound. Are you weary; you may catch a restful air. So the songs of birds are administrative in all circumstances. And we would do well to have a hymnology for all changes of condition. You may sing your woes into peace and rouse your joys into greater altitudes. Upon every condition of body and soul, let us try the power of song. The multitudinous utterances of grove and orchard and garden and forest suggest most delightful possibilities.

Further, I notice that the song of birds is a family song. Even those of the feathered throngs which have no song at all, make what utterances they do in sounds of their own family of birds. The hoot of the owl, the clatter of the magpie,

the crow of the chanticleer, the drumming of the grouse, the laugh of the loon in the Adirondacks, the cackle of the hen the scream of the eagle, the croak of the raven, are sounds belonging to each particular family; but when you come to those which have real songs, how suggestive that it is always a family song. All the skylarks, all the nightingales, all the goldfinches, all the blackbirds, all the cuckoos, prefer the song of their own family and never sing anything else. So the most deeply impressive songs we ever sing are family songs. They have come down from generation to generation. You were sung to sleep in your infancy and childhood by songs that will sing in your soul forever. Where was it, my brother or sister, that you heard the family song — on the banks of the Ohio, or the Alabama, or the Androscoggin, or the Connecticut, or the Tweed, or the Thames, or the Raritan? That song at eventide, when you were tired out—indeed too tired to sleep, and you cried with leg ache, and you were rocked and sung to sleep,—you hear it now, the soft voice from sweet lips, she as tired perhaps more tired than you, but she rocked and you slumbered. Oh, those family songs! The songs that father sang, that mother sang, that sisters and brothers sang. They roll on us to-day with a reminiscence that fills the throat, as well as the heart, with emotion. In our house in my childhood it was always a religious song, I do not think that the old folks knew anything but religious songs; at any rate, I never heard them sing anything else. It was "Jesus, lover of my soul," or "Rock of ages," or "There is a fountain filled with blood," or "Mary to the Saviour's tomb." Mothers, be careful what you sing your children to sleep with. Let it be nothing frivolous or silly. Better have in it something of Christ and heaven. Better have in it something that will help that boy thirty years from now to bear up under the bombardment of temptation. Better have in it something that will help that daughter thirty years from now when upon her come the cares of motherhood and the agonies of bereavement and the brutal treatment of one who swore before high heaven that he would cherish and protect. Do not waste the best hour for making an impression upon your little one, the hour of dusk, the beach between the day and the night.

Sing not a doleful song, but a suggestive song, a Christian song, a song you will not be ashamed to meet when it comes to you in the eternal destiny of your son and daughter. The oriole has a loud song, and the chewink a long song, and the bluebird a short song, but it is always a family song, and let your gloaming song to your children, whether loud or long or short, be a Christian song. These family songs are about all we keep of the old homestead. The house where you were born will go into the hands of strangers. The garments that were carefully kept as relics will become moth-eaten. The family Bible can go into the possession of only one of the family. The lock of gray hair may be lost from the locket, and in a few years all signs and mementoes of the old homestead will be gone forever. But the family songs, those that we heard at two years of age, at five years of age, at ten years of age, will be indestructible, and at forty or fifty or sixty or seventy years of age will give us a mighty boost over some rough place in the path of our pilgrimage. Many years ago a group of white children were captured and carried off by the Indians.

Years after, a mother who had lost two children in that capture, went among the Indians, and there were many white children in line, but so long a time had passed, the mother could not tell which were hers, until she began to sing the old nursery song, and her two children immediately rushed up, shouting "Mamma!" "Mamma!" Yes, there is an immortality in a nursery song. Hear it, all you mothers, an immortality of power to rescue and save. What an occasion that must have been in Washington, December 17th, 1850, when Jenny Lind sang "Home, Sweet Home," the author of those words, John Howard Payne, seated before her. She had rendered her other favorite songs, "Casta Diva," and her "Flute Song," with fine effect, but when she struck "Home, Sweet Home," John Howard Payne rose under the power, and President Fillmore and Henry Clay and Daniel Webster and the whole audience rose with him. Anything connected with home ransacks our entire nature with a holy power, and songs that get well started in the nursery or by the family hearth roll on after the lips that sung them are forever silent and the ears that first heard them forever cease to hear.

THE FEATHERED CHOIR.

I preach this sermon just before many of you will go out to pass days or weeks in the country. Be careful how you treat the birds. Remember they are God's favorites, and if you offend them, you offend him. He is so fond of their voices that there are forests where for a hundred miles no human foot has ever trod and no human ear has ever listened. Those interminable forests are concert halls with only one auditor — the Lord God Almighty. He builded those auditoriums of leaves and sky and supports all that infinite minstrelsy for himself alone. Be careful how you treat his favorite choir. In Deuteronomy, he warns the people: "If a bird's nest chance to be before thee in the way in any tree, or on the ground, whether they be young ones or eggs, thou shalt not take the dam with the young, that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest prolong thy days." So you see your own longevity is related to your treatment of birds. Then go forth and attend the minstrelsy. Put off startling colors, which frighten the winged songsters into silence or flight, and put on your more sober attire, and move noiselessly into the woods, further and further from the main road, and have no conversation, for many a concert in and out of doors has been ruined by persistent talkers, and then sit down on a mossy bank:

> Where a wild stream with headlong shock
> Comes brawling down a bed of rock.

And after perhaps a half an hour of intense solitude, there will be a tap of a beak on a tree branch far up sounding like the tap of a musical baton, and then first there will be a solo, followed by a duet or quartet, and afterward by doxologies in all the tree tops and amid all the branches, and if you have a Bible along with you, and you can without rustling the leaves, turn to the 148th Psalm of David, and read: "Praise the Lord, beasts, and all cattle, creeping things and flying fowl," and then turn over quietly to my text, and read, "By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches:" or, if under the power of the bird voices you are transported, as when Doctor Worgan played so powerfully on the organ at St. John's that Richard Cecil said he was in such blessed bewilderment, he could not find in his Bible the first chapter of Isaiah, though he leafed the book over and over, and you shall be so overcome with forest harmony that you cannot find the Psalms of David, never mind, for God will speak to you so mightily, it will make no difference whether you hear his voice from the printed page or the vibrating throat of one of his plumed creatures.

While this summer more than usual out of doors, let us have what my text suggests, an out-of-doors religion. What business had David with all the advantages of costly religious service, and smoking incense on the altar, to be listening to the chantresses among the tree-branches? Ah! he wanted to make himself and all who should come after him more alert and more worshipful amid the sweet sounds and beautiful sights of the natural world. There is an old church that needs to be re-dedicated. It is older than St. Pauls or St. Peters, or St. Marks, or St. Sophia, or St. Isaacs. It is the cathedral of Nature. That is the church in which the services of the Millennium will be held. The buildings fashioned out of stone and brick and mortar will not hold the people. Again the Mount of Olives will be the pulpit. Again the Jordan will be the Baptistry. Again the mountains will be the galleries. Again the skies will be the blue ceiling. Again the sunrise will be the front door and the sunset the back door of that temple. Again the clouds will be the upholstery and the morning mist the incense. Again the trees will be the organ-loft where "the fowls of heaven have their habitation which sing among the branches." Saint Francis d' Assisi preached a sermon to birds and pronounced a benediction upon them, but all birds preach to us, and their benediction is almost supernal. While, this summer, amid the works of God, let us learn responsiveness. Surely if we cannot sing, we can hum a tune, and if we cannot hum a tune, we can whistle. If we cannot be an oriole, we can be a quail. In some way let us demonstrate our gratitude to God. Let us not be beaten by the chimney swallow and the humming bird and the brown-thresher. Let us try to set everything in our life to music, and if we cannot give the carol of the song sparrow, take the plaint of the hermit thrush. Let our life be an anthem of worship to the God who created us and the Christ who ransomed us and the Holy Ghost who sanctifies us. And our last song! May it be our best song! The swan was thought by the ancients never to sing except when dying. In the time of Edward IV. no one was allowed to own a swan except he were a king's son, or had considerable estate. Through one or two hundred years of life that bird was said never to utter anything like music, until its last moment came, and, then, lifting its crested beauty, it would pour forth a song of almost matchless thrill, resounding through the groves. And so, although the struggles of life may be too much for us, and we may find it hard to sing at all, when the last hour comes to you and me, may there be a radiance from above and a glory settling round that shall enable us to utter a song on the wings of which we shall mount to where the music never ceases and the raptures never die.

"W[illegible] T[illegible]
my love,
He is floating down from his native grove.
No loved one, no nestling nigh,
He is floating down by himself to die.
Death darkens his eye and unplumes his wings,
Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.
Live so, my child, that when death shall come,
Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home!"

THE SLAVE RAIDS.

THE cruelties of the slave dealers in Africa are vividly described in a recent report from Dr. Kerr Cross of Karonga. He writes that as lately as November 18th, a band of Angoni surrounded a village at the north end of Lake Nyassa, killing the men and capturing the women and children. The village was only three and a half hours from Karonga, the trading station of the African Lakes Company. In the attempt to prevent the rescue of these captives the Angoni speared many of the women, but 200 were saved. One of Dr. Cross's house boys, who came from this village, asked leave to go home and see for himself what had happened. While at the village he wrote the following pathetic note: "*Dear Dr. Cross* — I write to tell you that all the people of the village are dead. My mother is dead. All my friends are dead. I know the names of the women who were speared. I am with great, great sorrow indeed. Perhaps I shall return in five days. Mrs. Cross, you are good. I am your boy. MWAKATUNDU." Dr. Cross may well add: "A tale of such things happening within three and a half hours' journey of a trading station should stimulate all at home to do their utmost to hasten the coming of a new day to unhappy Africa."

PAUL AT PHILIPPI.

S.S. Lesson for July 9. Acts 16: 19-34. Golden Text, Acts 16: 31. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

WE have already seen that the introduction of the Gospel into Europe was, like so many of the works of God, small, humble, unnoticed in its beginning. Who would have thought that out of the cry of a company of women gathered together by the riverside, in a heathen city, to seek after the true God, should have resulted the foundation of the Church of Christ in Europe? Let us never despise the day of small things. (Zech. 4 : 10.) How long Paul and his two companions remained in the house of Lydia at Philippi is not told us. Precious days were they for Lydia and her household, in which her opened heart received the blessed Word of God which Paul unfolded in the power of the Holy Ghost. Long had she been groping in the dark, probably thoroughly dissatisfied with the darkness of heathenism, hearing eagerly anything about the true God from any Jewish teacher, whom she might meet with in the course of business, but with an intense hunger in her heart to know this God of Israel, to have to do with him, to prove if what she had heard of him was true. There are those who have known this bitter cry of an awakened spirit after God, this impossibility of being satisfied with words, or doctrines, or human help of any kind. "My soul thirsteth for God for the living God." This is the heart's language. Yes; "as the hart panteth for the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O, God!" (Ps. 42 : 1, 2.)

By the riverside at the place of prayer (R. V.), whether a building or whether the open air, the few listeners who had been gathered in this city sat at Paul's feet to hear messages from God through him. But the enemy of souls could not long let things go on quietly, he placed day by day, in the path of these worshippers of God, one of the priestesses of Apollo, a poor, hopeless creature, through whose frenzied soothsayings her masters gained much money. She followed the men of God and the little company of Philippian disciples, attracting attention to them by her ceaseless cry: "These men are the servants of the most high God, which shew unto us the way of salvation." It was just such a notoriety which they would have wished to avoid; it was a test of love and patience.

As God finds hearing ears, bowed hearts, attentive spirits, and above all surrendered wills for his truth, the enemy concentrates his forces to oppose. It is no sign of failure when Satan awakes; he only opposes that which injures his kingdom. Paul came under the same commission as the other apostles, for, although, he was not of the first twelve, yet the signs which should follow them that believe most surely should belong to him; and "In thy name they shall cast out devils" (Mark 16: 17) belonged to him as much as to Peter, James or John. Why then did he not cast out this demon the first time he met this oppressed one? Because, like his Lord, he waited until his hour was come. Paul knew, more fully than most men

The Leading of the Spirit

of God; he was not only a "child" but a "son" of God, by the very fact that he had so far graduated in the school of Christ as to understand his leading. "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." He bowed to the Holy Spirit, knowing that whatever gift or commission he had received he was only an instrument in a Master-hand. "All these [spiritual gifts] worketh that one and the self-same Spirit, dividing to each one severally even as he will." (1. Cor. 12: 11, R.V.) But the time came when all was ripe, and when, in the freedom of the Spirit, he could say with authority: "I command thee in the name of Jesus to come out of her." What a lesson for impulsive workers! Here was a man full of the Holy Ghost, but, until the Spirit had brought him into [illegible] Christ's [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] possessed one, he could not and would not go forward. When God's time was come, and the word was spoken of God through him, the gates of hell could not prevail against him; the spirit "came out of her that same hour."

Now the battle began; the name of Christ had been manifestly superior to the hosts of darkness, and heathenism had received a deadly blow. No wonder Satan should rage: he stirred up the priests of the temple whose slave this newly delivered one had been. "The hope of their gains was gone." Down, deeply rooted beneath their superstitions, there was "covetousness which is idolatry." They saw that, with the deliverance of their victim, they should become poor men. No question was it with them of right or wrong, truth or error, but what was to their advantage or disadvantage. On the plea that their teachings were dangerous to the peace of the city, they obtained an order for the apprehension of Paul and Silas, and brought them before the rulers with the complaint: "These men, being Jews, do exceeding trouble our city, and teach customs which are not lawful for us to receive, nor to observe, being Romans." Party spirit is easily aroused, the multitude is always ready for anything which arouses political indignation, and the messengers of peace found themselves the prey of a furious multitude in whose presence they were robbed of their garments, publicly scourged, and finally cast into prison with a charge to the jailor to keep them safely. He was not behind the multitude in cruelty; he thrust them into the inner prison: probably a dungeon, where he made their feet fast in the stocks.

It is in circumstances such as these that men know the reality of the God they worship. Paul was learning lessons which should enable him to teach with indisputable authority, later on, that "all things work together for good to them that love God, to them which are called according to his purpose," i.e., to be conformed to the image of God's Son. Far from counting it a strange thing which happened to him, he rejoiced inasmuch as he was partaker of Christ's sufferings; and so filled were he and Silas with prayer and praise that the prisoners, evildoers of all sorts, heard them.

God Heard Them,

and in his own wondrous way delivered them. It was not too much for him to send an earthquake for the express purpose of delivering his faithful servants, and showing to the heathen that their power against his messengers had a limit, and was bounded by his permission. The jailer awoke from his sleep to find himself still in possession of the keys, while every lock was broken; and the manacles and fetters were unfastened from every hand without any intervention of man. It was a terrible moment for him; public disgrace and execution awaited him if he proved unfaithful to his charge, and the prisoners committed to him were not forthcoming. To him there was but one alternative, and he was about to take it; it was suicide. Now was the moment for a man of God. Neither manacles nor prison doors were between the apostle Paul and liberty, escape was offered him from another power than the jailer's; but Paul had still a witness to bear for the Master he served in this prison, and he said: "Do thyself no harm for we are all here."

What? would it be possible that the natural love of life should not prevail in a moment like this? Could it be that a man in circumstances of such unjust imprisonment, when God himself had intervened to deliver him, should yet delay to escape, that he might save the life of man who had treated him with brutality?

This was "Newness of Life"

which can spring from no other root than being crucified with Christ. The heathen man could not understand it, but it overpowered him. Such fruit showed a something in the doctrine of these men which was contrary to all else he had ever seen or heard of; he called for a light sprang in trembling, and fell down before the servants of God, saying, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house, and they spake unto him the word of the Lord, and to all that were in his house," family, servants, prisoners. Oh, the mighty power of an indwelling Christ! Oh, the delivering powers of that love which seeketh not her own! An hour before, Paul and Silas were prisoners in body, but in spirit so free that not a trace of oppression or self-pity restrained them from glorifying God, and entering, as willing living sacrifices, into his thoughts and purposes. They were free in spirit and had the circumstances in which they were placed under their feet, before the Lord worked a miracle to deliver their bodies from prison. There was a true kingliness, a very real reigning with Christ in the heat of the trial before the Lord made them visibly masters of the situation. The Lord tries faith, patience, love, zeal, by fire, to see of what sort it is, whether in the power of an endless life or whether vacillating like everything which is of self-life and self-power.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

THE city of Philippi, where the events of the lesson occurred, stood on the banks of a river called Gangites. Its original name was Krenives, but when Philip of Macedon, father of Alexander the Great, took it from the Thracians, he made it a frontier town and gave it his own name. About a hundred years before Paul's visit Augustus won a famous victory in the plain outside the city and in honor of it made Philippi a Roman colony. It is now in ruins, but parts of the wall still stand and there is a gap in them facing the river which was probably the gate out of which Paul came to find the place by the riverside where prayer was wont to be made. The demented girl mentioned in the narrative doubtless belonged to the tribe of the Satræ who lived in the mountains. When Paul cured her and her employers dragged him to the magistrates and lodged their complaint against him, there seems to have been no regular trial, as there would have been if it had been known that Paul was a Roman citizen, but he was at once beaten without a chance to make his defence. He appears to have felt the ignominy keenly as was shown by his compelling the magistrates to make a public apology afterward. It was probably about the year fifty-two when these events occurred and Paul would be about fifty years old. The friends he made in this city were very dear to him and he to them. He visited them twice afterward and when he was in prison in Rome about twelve years later, he wrote to them the letter which is in the New Testament. As he mentions there, he was indebted to them for timely help sent to him on several occasions when other churches appeared to have forgotten him.

The hope of their gains was gone. It has been noticed that while Paul was opposed by both Jews and Gentiles the opposition was not based on the same ground. The Jews hated him for preaching doctrines which they did not believe, but the Gentiles because his preaching injured business. Here in Philippi he spoiled the trade of a fortune-teller and at Ephesus he imperiled the trade of the makers of images. Luther used to say that the cause of his being persecuted was the same. The Romish priests he declared were not troubled by his heresies but were afraid that his giving the Bible to the people would so open the eyes of their followers that they would no longer be imposed upon. "I am letting in light," he said, "and the priests know that such trash as they trade in can only be sold in the dark. If the people's eyes had not been enlightened, by and by, the priests might have led them to eat hay. Anything will go down a blind man's throat." So the pope and the priests hated Luther and persecuted him because they saw that wherever his teachings gained a foothold "the hope of their gains was gone."

Cast them into prison. They were able to afflict the body but could not imprison or depress the soul. Man's power ends there. If a man is supported by a great purpose, or a noble aim he is not distressed by bodily trial or hardship. When Garibaldi was thrown into prison he said, "Let fifty Garibaldis be thrust into prison, but let Rome be free." This spirit set Italy on fire. When he went before a crowd of young men to appeal for recruits, they asked what he had to offer as inducements. The old man replied, "Poverty, hardship, battles, wounds, and—victory." They caught his enthusiasm, threw their hats into the air, and enlisted on the spot.

Their feet fast in the stocks. This instrument of punishment consisted of an horizontal bar having two semi-circular holes in its edge. At one end was a hinge by which another bar was attached to it. The upper bar had also semi-circular holes in the edge corresponding to those in the lower bar, so that when the upper bar was let down on the lower the holes became circular. A seat was placed about two feet away and on a level with the holes in the bars. The culprit was placed on the seat with his ankles resting in the holes of the lower bar and the upper bar was lowered upon them, thus holding him in a most uncomfortable position. In some cases similar bars held the head and hands and the instrument then became the pillory. In some old villages in England the stocks still stand, generally in or near the churchyard, and are used for drunkards and incorrigible loafers. The punishment was in use in ancient times. Jeremiah was put in the stocks (see Jer. 20: 2.) It is also mentioned in Job 13: 27, and Prov. 7: 22.

Prayed and sang praises. Strange employment for men in prison whose feet were held fast in the stocks. A stranger might well have wondered what cause men so circumstanced could have for joy and praise. But they belonged to those who count it an honor to suffer for Christ's sake and many since their day have found reason to sing praises in prison. The good John Philpot was put in a dungeon under the house of the Bishop of London, the Bishop thinking he would be safer there and less likely to get release than in the common jail. Other prisoners for the faith joined him there and they, like Paul and Silas, sang and praised God. The Bishop was told and sent for Philpot and asked him what was the cause of the unseemly merriment. Philpot said, "It is not merriment, we are singing only Psalms, It is a dark and comfortless place where we are and therefore we thus solace ourselves. I trust your Lordship will not be angry; we do but obey the apostle, 'If any be of an upright heart, let him sing psalms.' We, though in affliction are of an upright heart, therefore refresh ourselves with such singing."

A great earthquake. God can use natural laws to effect his own purposes and this earthquake was timed for the effect it would have in that Philippian prison. A great writer has said: "The shock that buried Lisbon in 1755 never ceased to vibrate till it reached the wilds of Scotland and the vineyards of Madeira. It was felt among the islands of the Grecian Archipelago, and it changed the level of the solitary lakes that sleep beneath the shadow of the North Alps. Even so the shock that Satan's kingdom sustained when Christianity was established will not cease to vibrate till it move the whole world."

What must I do to be saved? He probably expected that he would have to do some great and difficult thing and had no idea it would be so simple. The story is told of the crew of a ship raising a signal of distress while on a voyage on the north of South America. When hailed by another vessel and asked the nature of their trouble, they signalled, "We have no water; we are dying for want of water." Quickly the answering signal was raised, "Dip it up then; you are on fresh water." No time was lost in obeying. The ship was on the broad waters of the Amazon with plenty of fresh water around it and not on the salt sea as the sailors supposed. So it is not necessary to go far to do some penance to get salvation; it is near and needs only to be taken.

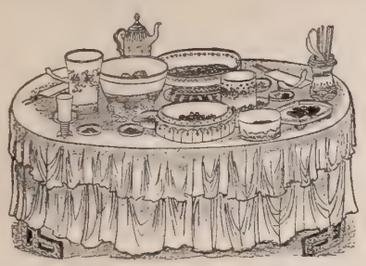
Believe . . . and thou shalt be saved. Some would have told him to quit his sins, to be kind to his prisoners, to give money to the poor and to clean up his life if he wanted to be saved. Paul's prescription was simply, "Believe." He knew that everything would follow that. The man who believes in Christ has in himself the root of the tree that will produce holiness, cleanness of life and good works. All true philosophers recognize the fact. When a law was made in the reign of Queen Elizabeth of England, that all the people should attend the Protestant Church, the papists sent to Rome to know the pleasure of the Pope. He returned for answer, "Tell the Catholics in England to give me their hearts, and the Queen may take the rest."

A little girl having one day read to her teacher the first twelve verses of the fifth chapter of the Gospel of Matthew, he asked her to stop and tell him which of these divine graces, said by our Lord to be blessed, she should most like to have. She paused a little and then said, "I would rather be pure in heart." Her teacher asked her why she chose this above all the rest. "Sir," she said, "If I had a pure heart I should have all the other graces spoken of in the chapter."

IN A COREAN HOSPITAL.

Mrs W. J. Hall Describes her Work in the Women's Foreign Missionary Hospital in Seoul, Corea—The Helpers and the Patients—Entertaining Visitors in a Corean Home.

IN former numbers of this journal we have published letters from Dr. W. J. Hall, who studied medicine under Dr. George D. Dowkontt in New York, and after taking his diploma went to Corea as a medical missionary. We have now the pleasure of publishing a letter just received from his wife who is also a physician and has charge of the Woman's Hospital at Seoul, Corea. A picture of this institution for which we are indebted to the *Heathen Woman's Friend* appears on this page. The picture, Mrs. Hall, draws of the needless suffering endured by the women of Corea, owing to the lack of medical and surgical knowledge in that land is very pathetic. There is reason for thankfulness that such ladies as she are willing to go out and devote their lives to relieving the suffering and preaching the glad tidings of salvation to the lost.



LUNCHEON LAID FOR VISITORS IN A COREAN HOME.

The woman's hospital in Seoul is about six years old. It was at first under the charge of Dr. Meta Howard, but after two years labor her failing health obliged her to leave it. She was succeeded by Drs. Scranton and McGill, who kept the work in operation for a year. Since then Mrs. Hall has had charge of it. She says:

"The second day after my arrival in Seoul, I was introduced to this growing work, and found my hands quite full from the beginning. As yet there were no trained Corean helpers to assist in the drug work or nursing, and it took a great deal of time to make all the needed mixtures, ointments and powders, to take temperatures and pulses of patients, and see to the giving of their food and medicine regularly, to do all the dressings of ulcers and abscesses and the many other things incident to dispensary and hospital work, which do not necessarily need to be done by a doctor. I missed the good deaconess nurses who helped me in New York, and felt much the need of one here. However, I set to work. Miss Rothweiler gave me valuable assistance, and she asked for volunteers among the Corean school girls, and soon I had three bright willing girls, of from 12 to 14 years of age, in training. They were of but little help, though, except for dispensary hours, so I was very glad when Miss Lewis was sent to my rescue, something over a year later. We have also secured the services of Mrs. Mary Whong, one of our married school girls to take the place of the former Corean matron who was too old to learn foreign methods. Mary felt called of God to do this work among her sick sisters, and she makes a good Bible woman. Miss Lewis and Mary have an interesting service each day in the waiting-room with the dispensary patients and all the in-patients able to come.

"During my first year here, the fourth of woman's medical work, I treated 2,476 cases among all classes, the highest and the lowest, 277 of these were surgical cases, and seventy-seven were calls to patients in their homes. The next year the number of cases treated was 4,022; 327 of which were surgical and 140 calls to the homes; and the work of the sixth year thus far promises to outgrow the last. We have added three new wards to our hospital, one room of which is for children.

"It is Corean custom for man and wife never to see each other until after marriage. I have had some illustrations of this custom among my cases for hare-lip operation that may interest you. One young girl of seventeen came to me with harelip whose husband of course, had very good reason for not living with her after seeing her, but after the operation she returned to him so good-looking that they have lived happily ever since Another young woman whose husband has put her away for the same deformity was so pretty after the operation that he wanted her to come back, but she would not. I remember treating another young woman whose husband didn't love her after becoming acquainted with her because she was deaf; he sent her back to her mother, who brought her to me saying if I could only cure her, she would dance for joy. It is rather amusing, if it were not often so sad, how the men do get sold in securing their wives in this peculiar way; but I suppose the women as often get disappointed in their husbands. One patient jumped into a well to drown herself, because she didn't love her husband.

"I have lost two Corean girl assistants, both under fifteen, because of the early marriage custom of the people, and for sometime I have been wishing for a young widow to train in dispensary work and to take charge of the children's ward under Miss Lewis, and at last I have secured just the one I needed, she neither read nor wrote in her own tongue when she came, but in a few months at the girls' school has learned both. She is a Christian and has been baptized Susan. The way in which Susan's face has brightened since she found there is really a work for her to do in the world is something wonderful.

"Already the work in the hospital has been the means God has used to bring a number of both women and men to know the Saviour's love. One slight operation with its consequent redressings, caused the mother of the patient, the grandfather and grandmother, an uncle and aunt, all to become interested in the new doctrine, and they are now baptized Christians, and active church members.

"During the coldest weather of the winter dispensary patients are few, and this winter if we have finished at 4 P. M., Miss Lewis and I have tried to follow up the work a litle in the homes of former patients. We are always gladly welcomed. Two or three places we have visits regular once a week for nearly four months. We read the Gospel and cathechism with them and teach them to pray. Miss Lewis teaches the children to sing our Christian songs in Corean. One little girl has learned all the words of 'There is a happy land,' and 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow,' and has taught them to her little five year old brother. They are now learning, 'A charge to keep I have.' When one dear old lady, in a family we visit first heard about heaven, she was so delighted she wanted to die and go there at once.

"These visits to the homes of the people are always welcomed. Sometime ago, we entered a house, and as is always the Corean hospitable custom, they would make us partake of some food, and brought us each a little table, with raw chestnuts shelled and scraped, boiled eggs with the shells peeled off, oranges also peeled and some Corean candy. We have learned to eat these dainties with quite a relish, and they really would be nice if you could feel sure that the hands of the one who did the peeling were clean.

"I open work next Tuesday in the Baldwin Dispensary, at the East Gate of the city. We have a nice site there and the work promises to grow rapidly. This dispensary was named in honor of the lady who helped to build it, and who also gave the first sum towards opening work for women in Corea—saying, 'I give this as a nucleus around which the contributions of the Church shall gather, until that dark land, 'where woman has no name,' is reached and one more fire lighted never to go out until the knowledge of God covers the whole earth.'

"Dr. Hall is opening up medical mission work in the northern interior with headquarters at Pyong Yang, and if the way opens I am anxious to begin work for women there soon. Corean people very much dislike leaving a place in which their families have lived for generations, but when I asked Esther if she would be willing to go to Pyong Yang and work for Jesus, she replied, 'I will go wherever the Lord open door for me, if he open door in Pyong Yang, I will go. I give my body and soul and heart to the Lord—my body and my heart and my soul is all the Lord's things, and I give up my life to teach my people about God, even if people kill me. I do not hope to get rich and have many pretty things, but I want to work for Jesus most of all.'

"I am very glad to learn that the W. F. M. S. are sending out Dr. Mary Cutler to us this spring, but if we follow up our work in the homes whose doors stand open to receive us, if we have time to study the language as we ought, and are ready to begin work at the new points as they are opened, we need many more like her.

"The work has never given me much time to study Corean, and though now with Miss Lewis and Mary Whoany in the hospital, Esther, Susan, and Lucy trained to help in the drug-room and dispensary, I can accomplish much more in less time than the first year, yet with the increased work, the out-calls, and teaching my Corean assistants physiology and Materia Medica, I do not get the time for study that I need, and can not do the personal work with my patients that I would like. It is a mistake, it seems to me, for any missionary to have work either requiring much time or care, outside of the language for the first year or two; for though one may feel dissatisfied for a time to think they are doing so little, the result accomplished in the end will be far greater. Oh, that the people at home might be made to understand this, and instead of keeping the field just barely manned to do medical and school work, which always bring the people to us, they would send enough workers so that we could feed the people who come the bread of Life in their own language, and not send the many away with cured bodies, but starving souls!

"I want to tell you about some of the ways in which my patients have been treated by Corean doctors. Many have scars when they have been burned for this or that trouble, with red hot irons. I have removed several tumors, the skin over which had thus been burned. I am treating a woman now who for a pain in her arm was burned so deeply that the tissue sloughed down to the muscle, and she had erysipelas in her whole arm and shoulder. Many a wrist or ankle have been made to need amputation by having needles stuck in them for a mere sprain.

"How much we need more medical missionaries for these poor sisters of ours! What a glorious work not only to relieve the poor suffering bodies and sin-sick souls of those who come to us, but to train such young women as Esther, Mary and Susan, who in turn will do much to teach better ways even in this generation, and whose influence on the coming generations will be felt in ever widening circles. If I can only place one little brick in the pavement of the Lord's pathway, I will place it there, that coming generations may walk thereon to the heavenly city.

"When a young girl, I read one of Mary Lyon's addresses to a graduating class, and a sentence in that address has ever influenced my whole life and I would that it may thus be used to influence every girl or young woman who may read this, it is, 'If you want to serve your race, go where no one else will go, and do what no one else will do.'"

THE MISSIONARY HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN IN SEOUL, COREA, UNDER THE CHARGE OF MRS. W. J. HALL.

(Called in Corean "Po Goo Nijo Goan" or House for many Sick Women.)

Preaching to the Red Men.

A Missionary's Experience Among the Indians in Oklahoma.

FROM Oklahoma Territory, comes an interesting missionary experience among the Indians, the writer being an agent of the American Sunday School Union. He says:

"I was with the presiding elder. The first day we travelled in the Chicasaw Nation, and at night camped out near a small creek. A cold norther blew up, and, wood being scarce, we suffered with cold all night. The next day we reached a small town, and met some friends. Leaving these we went to Wichato Nation. We travelled hard all day, and about sun-down we met some emigrants. They told us it was nine miles to wood or water. A heavy storm-cloud was coming up in the west, and with no shelter, no wood or water, and a coming storm, it was not the most cheerful outlook; leaving the road, we drove toward some small bushes about a mile away, and there we found a ravine, that soon deepened to an immense canyon; we drove into a place to shelter from the hard wind, if the wind came on, and while my friend lariated our horses on the grass, I took a bucket and went down the canyon to look for water. It was deep and narrow, with great walls of sandstone on either side. Sometimes it was difficult to walk. It was a wild and desolate region, but the scenery was grand. Tired and thirsty, I kept on, until at last, to my great joy, I stood on the bank of a fine pool of water. I gave a shout of great joy, and the sound echoed and reverberated in strange contrast with the twilight stillness that had seemed oppressive. We watered our horses, found wood for a fire, cooked our supper, spread our blankets on the grounds, and with thankful hearts lay down to rest.

"Our faithful dog kept growling at the hungry wolves, but we were soon sound asleep. About midnight the rain commenced, but fortunately it soon ceased. At daylight we awoke with the singing of birds the howling of wolves, and the noise of the wild turkey far away on the cliffs. It was Sunday morning, and after a hearty breakfast we started again. At noon we passed out of the Wichato Nation on the lands allotted to the Cheyenne Indians. At Segar we found large numbers of Indians in their teepees. A good school for them was commenced here a few months ago, and is doing very well. We were kindly received, and in the evening I preached to a large congregation of them from Prov. 4: 23. The next morning I made them glad by telling them I would send them papers and lesson helps for Sunday School work. A Sunday School has started, but the teachers who were white persons, were not able to buy Sunday-School helps, and the Indians need to be taught by illustrations and pictures a great deal. I came from there to Cloud Chief.

"The country was opened one year ago. Civilization is moving with a rapid march, and with it we want to see the "Word of God" placed in reach of all. A great work needs to be done among the Indians, many of whom still make night hideous with their strange cries and wild war-whoops."

THE ENEMY IN COREA.

Recent advices from Corea, show that the fierce opposition to the missionaries there had been excited by a religious political society called Togaku-To, and is not the work of the people generally. The Society had plotted to raise a rebelllon against the King if he refused to expel all foreigners from the country, as it demanded, but the King promptly arrested the ringleaders. It is feared, however, that the Society, which is very powerful, may yet cause trouble.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

ENTERED [illegible] POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
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A NATIONAL DANGER.

OH, how many are waiting to see if something cannot be done! Thousands of drunkards waiting, who cannot go ten minutes in any direction without having the temptation before their eyes or appealing to their nostrils, they fighting against it with enfeebled will and diseased appetite, conquering, then surrendering, conquering again and surrendering again, and crying: "How long, O Lord, how long before these infamous solicitations shall be gone?"

And how many mothers there are waiting to see if this national curse cannot lift! Is that the boy who had the honest breath, who comes home with breath vitiated or disguised? What a change! How quickly those habits of early coming home have been exchanged for the rattling of the night-key in the door, long after the last watchman has gone by and tried to see that everything was closed up for the night! Oh, what a change for that young man who we had hoped would do something in merchandise, or in artisanship, or in a profession that would do honor to the family name long after mother's wrinkled hands are folded from the last toil! All that exchanged for startled look when the door-bell rings, lest something has happened.

I am not much of a mathematician, and I cannot estimate it; but is there any one here quick enough at figures to estimate how many mothers there are waiting for something to be done? Ay, there are many wives waiting for domestic rescue. What a hell on earth a woman lives in who has a drunken husband! O Death, now lovely thou art to her, and how soft and warm thy skeleton hand! The sepulchre at midnight in winter is a king's drawing-room compared with that woman's home. It is not so much the blow on the head that hurts, as the blow on the heart. The rum fiend came to the door of that beautiful home and opened the door and stood there, and said: "I curse this dwelling with an unrelenting curse. I curse that father into a maniac, I curse that mother into a pauper. I curse those sons into vagabonds. I curse those daughters into profligacy. Cursed be bread-tray and cradle. Cursed be couch and chair and family Bible with record of marriages and births and deaths. Curse upon curse!" O how many wives there are waiting to see if something cannot be done to shake these frosts of the second death off the orange-blos[illegible]!

Yea, God is waiting, the God who works through human instrumentalities, waiting to see whether the nation is going to [illegible] so, God will wipe out the nation as he did Phœnicia, as he did Rome, as he did Thebes, as he did Babylon. Ay, he is waiting to see what the Church of God will do. If the Church does not do its work, then he will wipe it out, as he did the Church of Ephesus, Church of Thyatira, Church of Sardis. The Protestant and Roman Catholic Churches to-day stand side by side with an impotent look, gazing on this evil, which costs this country more than a billion dollars a year, to take care of the 800,000 paupers, and the 315,000 criminals, and the 30,000 idiots, and to bury the 75,000 drunkards.

I once looked with wondering eyes on the "*Heidelberg tun*." It is the great liquor vat of Germany, which is said to hold eight hundred hogsheads of wine, and only three times in a hundred years has it been filled. But, as I stood and looked at it, I said to myself: "That is nothing—eight hundred hogsheads. Why, our American vat holds four million five hundred thousand barrels of strong drinks, and we keep three hundred thousand men with nothing to do but to see that it is filled." To attack this great monster of intemperance requires us to rally all our Christian courage, Through the press, through the pulpit, through the platform, we must assault it. Would to God that all our American Christians would band together, not for crack-brained fanaticism, but for holy Christian reform!

SPIRITUAL HUNTING.

IF you want to be skilful in spiritual hunting you must hunt in unfrequented and secluded places. Why does the hunter go three or four days in the Pennsylvania forests or over Raquette Lake into the wilds of the Adirondacks? It is the only way to do. The deer are shy, and one "bang" of the gun clears the forest. From the California stage you see, as you go over the plains, here and there a coyote trotting along, almost within range of the gun—sometimes quite within range of it. No one cares for that; it is worthless. The good game is hidden and secluded. Every hunter knows that. So, many of the souls that will be of most worth for Christ, and of most value for the Church, are secluded. They do not come in your way. You will have to go where they are. Yonder they are, down in that cellar, yonder they are, up in that garret. Far away from the door of any church, the Gospel arrow has not been pointed at them. The tract distributor and the city missionary sometimes just catch a glimpse of them, as a hunter through the trees gets a momentary sight of a partridge or roebuck.

The trouble is we are waiting for the game to come to us. We are not good hunters. We are standing in the public street, expecting that the timid antelope will come up and eat out of our hand. We are expecting that the prairie fowl will light on our church-steeple. It is not their habit. If the church should wait ten millions of years for the world to come in and be saved, it will wait in vain. The world will not come. What the church wants now is to lift their feet from damask ottomans, and put them in the stirrups. We want a pulpit on wheels. The church wants not so much cushions as it wants saddle-bags and arrows. We have got to put aside the gown and the kid-gloves, and put on the hunting-shirt. We have been fishing so long in the brooks that run under the shadow of the church that the fish know us, and they avoid the hook, and escape as soon as we come to the bank, while yonder is Upper Saranac and Big Tupper's Lake, where the first swing of the Gospel net would break it for the multitude of the fishes. There is outside work to be done. What is that I see in the backwoods? It is a tent. The hunters have made a clearing and camped out. What do they care if they have wet feet, or if they have nothing but a pine branch for a pillow, or for the northeast storm? If a moose in the darkness steps into the lake to drink, they hear it right away. If a loon cry in the midnight, they hear it. So in the service of God we have exposed work. We have got to camp out and rough it.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

C. W. K., Lansingburgh, N. Y., is requested to send her name and address to this office, in order that letters may be forwarded.

Miss J. E. Lamkin, Champaign Ill. Where can I find information relative to mission work among soldiers and sailors of our country or other countries?

Write to Col. H. H. Hadley, Grand Army Mission, Canal Street, New York, and Manager, Seamen's Mission, 7 Coenties Slip, N.Y.

J. G. Miller, Edgar, Neb. Why is not the name of God in the book of Esther?

It is supposed that the author was fearful of causing offence to persons in the Persian court and possibly provoking a persecution of the Jews who were captives in Persia when it was written.

Earnest Inquirer, Baltimore, Md. Is it a sin for cousins to marry?

There is no authority that we know of for so declaring it. It has been asserted that the children of parents so nearly related are predisposed to insanity, but many physicians dispute the fact.

W. E. Hall, Havensville, Kans. What is the meaning of the word "Cant" 2:15 in the margin of the Oxford Teachers' Bible as a reference from Ezekiel 13:4?

It refers to the Song of Solomon 2:15. It is a contraction of the word, "Canticles," by which name that book is often called. See page 26, the "Helps," in the Oxford Teachers' Bible.

L. J. Guthrie, Wilmington, Del. Did Paul really wish himself accursed, as he says in Rom. 9:3?

No; he simply meant that he so loved his people, the Jews, that if by his own soul's loss they could be saved he would willingly give himself for them. It was merely a strong expression of the sacrifice he would be ready to make for their salvation.

Reader, Gouldsboro, Pa. Please explain apparent contradiction between the fourth and fifth verses of Prov. 26?

The writer appears to mean that there are two ways of answering fool according to his folly, one of which is good and the other bad. If a man answers a fool in the same spirit as his own, lightly and flippantly, he is himself like the fool; but if he meets him on his own ground of folly and shows him the absurdity of the conclusions of his talk, on the same line that mathematicians called the "reduction to the absurd," the fool sees his folly and no longer thinks himself wise.

Subscriber, Gloucester, Mass. When a Christian is visiting another Christian and spending the night with him, ought the host to lead in prayer, or invite his guest to do so, or both kneel in silent prayer?

There is no reason why all three courses should not be taken. The audible prayer would be in the nature of family-prayer and either the host or his guest, or both, might make it. The silent prayer would naturally follow. No Christian would like to dispense with it, nor would he regard a prayer offered by another, or by himself audibly in the presence of others, as taking its place.

Inquirer, Loudon, Ky. There is an apparent contradiction between Rom. 4:3 and James 2:24. Can it be explained?

The two apostles were writing for two different classes of readers both of whom were liable to run to extremes. Paul wished his hearers to understand that good works did not avail to save a man whose heart had not been changed. It was through his faith in Christ that he was accepted and that he could not earn salvation. James, on the other hand, was writing for people who were disposed to do no good works at all, but to rest contented with their own salvation, claiming that faith was sufficient. He told them that such faith did not avail. Faith without works was dead—was in fact no faith at all. The explanation which reconciles the two is that true faith always leads to good works, and if there are no good works we are justified in inferring that the faith is not genuine.

Subscriber, Iowa. Is a person justified in breaking an engagement to be married? If so, what are considered sufficient reasons for so doing? Is it ever justifiable in God's sight?

In our opinion there are many circumstances which would justify the breaking of an engagement. If either party in the closer acquaintance that usually follows an engagement, sees in the other a disposition, or a habit, or a peculiarity of temper, which is likely to lead to unhappiness and disagreement after marriage, the engagement ought to be broken. It is the most stupid folly to enter into matrimony with the knowledge of such circumstances. Better the pain of a broken engagement, than a galling life-long yoke. In marrying another person there need be no fear of its validity in God's sight being impaired by the former engagement. No man or woman, however, who is a Christian, will lightly break an engagement or do it without sincere sorrow.

Charles L. Davis, Crane, Kans. 1. What is the name of the largest steamer afloat? 2. How many hours did Jesus hang on the cross? 3. What authority is there for the statement that the heavenly city will be 1,500 miles square?

1. The *Campania* of the Cunard line. We do not know the exact dimensions. 2. About six hours. See Mark 15:25, 34, 37. 3. Revelation 21:16. There are eight furlongs to the mile.

Anna Merrill, Elizabeth, N. J. Who first divided the Bible into chapters and verses and when?

It was divided into chapters in the middle of the thirteenth century; some assign it to Cardinal Hugo, some to Stephen Langton. Verses were introduced in the Vulgate by Paginus in 1528, in the English Bible in 1560, and in the Hebrew Bible by Athias of Amsterdam in 1661.

Wm. Clark, Berkley, Cal. Ought fermented or unfermented wine to be used at the Lord's Supper? Which did Christ use?

There is nothing to show which kind Christ used and it does not signify. He merely wished his church to join in a meal, at which his death should be remembered or commemorated. There is no necessity for having the same kind of wine, or the Gospels would have been explicit about it. In present conditions, when there are sometimes persons sitting at the Lord's table who were once drunkards, it is prudent to use unfermented wine, so that the old craving may not be revived by the ordinance.

H. M. Betts, Fairmount, Minn. 1. In what year was the first Bible printed? 2. When was printing invented?

1. It was completed in August 1455, by Gutenburg and Faust. It was a large folio in Latin printed with wooden types at Mainz. It is called the Mazarin Bible from the fact that the only copy known to be in existence was found in the library of Cardinal Mazarin. It was sold for $70,000. 2. There has been a long dispute on the subject. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* at the close of an exhaustive survey of the various claims says: "As the case stands at present, we have no choice but to say that the invention of printing with movable metal types took place at Haarlem about the year 1445 by Lourens Janszoon Coster."

Mrs. Anna Morton, Lisbon, La. What is meant by the sin against the Holy Ghost mentioned Matt. 12:31, 32?

Many explanations have been offered. That now generally accepted is that it consisted in imputing to satanic power the miracles which Christ performed by the power of the Holy Spirit. The imputation indicated a state of mind and heart so debased and malignant as to put the person making it beyond the reach of pardon. It is a disputed question whether it can be committed in our day. It is very clear, however, that the persons who are distressed by the fear that they have committed it are the least likely to have done so. Their distress is an evidence that they have not fallen into the careless, indifferent condition which they would be in if the Holy Spirit had left them to themselves.

Miss L. A. Robbins, Haverly, Md. In looking over some old cuttings, I find this beautiful definition, which I trust you may deem worthy of republication: "Dependence: The race of mankind would perish if they ceased to aid each other. From the time the mother binds the child's head till the moment that some kind hand wipes the death damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, who need have a right to ask it of their fellow mortals. No one who has the power of granting it, can refuse it without guilt."——John Ball, Washington, D.C. Practically so. There were a few good-sized sums, but the bulk of the fund was composed of small amounts.——Ellis D. Robb, Edora, Ia. Write to Theodore Thomas, Chicago, for the first and Academy of Design, New York, for the second.——Miss Bessie Huyck, Salem, Or. Send to the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D.C.——E. K. Seed, Greenwood, S. C. You are probably well within the mark. The cost of production must exceed 5 cents per meal.——Subscriber, St. Louis. Write to Fleming H. Revell Co., publishers, New York.——A. B., Newark, N.J. It is from the "Committal," a part of the burial service long native with the Anglican Church and now generally used.——Subscriber, Fond-du-Lac, Wis., Yes.——A. C. Featreas, Bumpers Mills, Tenn. There is no truth in the story.——Vernie Dyson, Clayton, N. M. See answer to Subscriber, Delaware, O., in [illegible].——L. E. De Forth, Springs, Fla. If you apply to the Missionary Board of the church to which you belong you will obtain the information you ask for. The conditions differ in different churches. Your pastor would be able to give you the address of the Board.——Emily C. Waterhouse, Kennebunk, Me. The reason your question was not answered is that we have been unable to find the passage you refer to. There are only thirteen verses in the fourth chapter of Micah.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE VIKING VISITOR.

NEVER before have the citizens of New York, familiar as they are with the sight of strange craft, seen such a vessel in their harbor as that which came through Hell Gate and down the East River on June 17. She was built of cross-grained oak, with no deck and perfectly straight, seventy-eight feet long and sixteen wide, four feet draught and standing five feet out of the water. From her bow, rose ten feet in the air, a carved dragon's head, with glaring eyes, and at the stern, almost as high, rose the dragon's tail. One mast sixty feet high, supported a square sail of alternate stripes of brown and white canvas. Port-holes were in her sides, but not for guns. Forty oars sixteen feet long were on board to be thrust through the port-holes, and great round shields alternately black and yellow, overlapping each other, were fixed along each side, to protect the heads of the rowers. This boat, as the flag at her mast-head proclaimed, was the *Viking* from Christiania, Norway. She reached Bergen on April 30 and thence sailed for America, sighting Cape Cod on June 11. She is to go to the World's Fair, and, at its close, will be sold and the proceeds applied to the building of a Seamen's Home in Norway. The interesting feature of this quaint craft is that it is an exact reproduction of a Viking's ship which was dug up at Sandefjord, Norway, a few years ago and is now in the museum at Christiania. That vessel is believed to have been built more than nine hundred years ago. If the Norse sages may be believed, such a vessel as this now in New York harbor reached America 499 years before the fleet commanded by Columbus. A manuscript bearing the date of 1332 records the discovery, more than three hundred years before, by Leif, son of Eric the Red, of land far across the Western seas. Tradition says that Leif was a man of rare accomplishments, that he was converted to Christianity by King Olaf Tryggvason and subsequently preached the Gospel in Greenland. As Prof. Boyesen pointed out, in his address of welcome to Captain Andersen and the eleven sailors who crossed the Atlantic in the *Viking*, Leif's discovery proved his prowess, but it had no permanent results; it was left for Columbus to give this Continent to the possession of the Old World. In those early days it would not have been possible for many people to go to the New World even if they believed Leif's story; but probably there were not a few who under his preaching found their way to a far more glorious land, the inheritance of the saints in light. (Col. 1: 12.)

The Precaution of the Banks.

THE financial stringency which is now being felt throughout the country, and which has caused the failure of several banks, has led bankers in New York to adopt measures to meet the difficulty. On June 14, they had a meeting at which it was decided to provide for the issue of Clearing House certificates. The object of these certificates is to prevent a bank failing when it is solvent, as banks sometimes do, under a sudden strain. Under the ordinary system a bank is expected to pay in cash, the same day, any balance becoming due from it to another bank. If its customers have withdrawn their deposits, or it has been lending money freely, it may not be able to settle its account so promply, although it may have securities in its safe which would more than cover the amount, if it had time to turn them into money. Under the new arrangement, a bank, so circumstanced, can submit these securities to the Clearing House Committee, who will give to the bank a certificate to the extent of three quarters of their value. These certificates the several banks mutually agree to receive instead of cash, the bank offering them to pay the bank receiving them six per cent interest until they are liquidated. The arrangement seems contrary to the principles on which business is usually conducted. So far from the bankers desiring the failure of their rivals and promoting it, that they may enrich themselves by the extinction of competition, as is the practice in some lines of business, they are helping them to maintain their standing. It is gratifying to notice this spirit of mutual helpfulness and we can but wish that it may be extended not only among business men but in the Church, where above every other place it should be remembered that, "the strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak and not to please themselves." (Rom. 15: 1.)

Betrayed by His Voice.

A SINGULAR indictment for murder was found by the Grand Jury of Mobile, Ala., on June 13. The crime was committed twenty-four years ago and had been almost forgotten. It appears that in 1869 two neighbors who lived at Wheelerville, quarrelled on their way home from a trip to Mobile. From words they came to blows and one of them was hurt somewhat severely. He went home, took down his gun and went to his neighbor's house and shot him. The murdered man's servant and his two sons witnessed the deed. The murderer made his escape and succeeded in getting out of the country. Nothing more was heard of him. His victim's wife died and his two sons, who were boys when the crime was committed, grew up stalwart men. The servant in her old age became blind. A few weeks ago the murderer ventured back to his old neighborhood. He was so changed that not even the sons of his victim recognized him. He moved about freely and thought himself safe. But one day, the old blind servant of the man he had killed heard him speak and knew his voice. She called him by his name and demanded his arrest. Amazed and terrified, the criminal fled, but the police are on his track and expect to capture him. No one thinks it unjust that he should be called to account for his crime, in spite of the lapse of time. It is only when our relations with God are in question that repentance and reformation are considered an adequate atonement. The sinner who perceives the eternal principles of justice does not make that mistake, and he finds no peace until he realizes his safety through the propitiation of Christ. (Rom. 3; 25.)

An Ostracized Physician.

AMONG the distinguished visitors to Chicago last week, was Dr. J. C. Majunibar, of Calcutta, who came to attend the World's Medical Congress. He read a paper on the practice of medicine among the ancient Hindoos, in which he showed that the principles now known as homœopathy were accepted and practised by them, as was proved by the ancient records. He said he had found among their archives papers proving that in ordinary chronic cases it was their custom to fight the disease with only one medicine, instead of a combination and only when they were treating acute cases did they give a combination of two or more. The use of metals in medicine as in the present day, was, the doctor said, well understood by the old practitioners. In the course of a conversation, after his lecture, the doctor said that his position in his native land would be greatly changed by his journey. The penalty of crossing the sea, as he had done, was the loss of caste. Although his old patients would call him in professionally, as before, he cannot break bread or sleep in the house of a former associate. Any one who might receive him socially would suffer with him the same penalty of exclusion. This ostracism is much dreaded by the high caste people. A gentleman who had promised to come with him to America, yielded at the last moment to the entreaties of his friends and remained behind. Dr. Majunibar did not appear to dread the penalty. He said that he should be quite as happy, as he would be welcome among those who had already lost caste by travel and in other ways, and he had more in common with them than with those who had maintained their caste. He will have congenial associates who are drawn all the closer together by the common ban upon them. So many men have found when they have been converted and have given up their dissolute companions. It has been better "to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." (Heb. 11:25.)

An International Union.

THE project of a union of all English-speaking nations is discussed by Mr. Carnegie in the current number of the *North American Review*. He points out many advantages which would result from the combination, which he believes could be made without difficulty. He urges that the representatives of the United States, England and Canada now assembled in Paris to settle the Behring Sea difficulty should meet again in London after their present business is finished, and there devise a scheme for national union. He contends that there are no insurmountable obstacles. It would not take representatives from England a much longer time to reach Washington than it takes representatives from the Pacific slope, and the telegraph would keep all parts of the vast nation in touch and close communication. A nation composed of all English-speaking peoples, Mr. Carnegie declares, "would be unassailable upon land by any power or combination of powers that it is possible to create, and as for the water, the combined fleet would sweep the seas. The new nation would dominate the world and banish from the earth its greatest stain—the murder of man by man. It would be the arbiter between nations and enforce the peaceful settlement of all quarrels." There is little probability of such a union being effected, but all the good that Mr. Carnegie expects would result from it, and more than all, will come from that universal empire which Christ will establish on the earth. A stronger bond than a common language will unite the nations in love of their Lord. (Zech. 14: 9.)

A Modern Alchemist.

A SIGULAR life closed in New York on June 4. It was that of a solitary man, sixty-five years of age, who had given all his efforts, outside his business to an attemptto discover how to make gold. He earned his living by making diamond pointers for use in lithographic work, and being a skilful workman he easily secured an income larger than he needed for his modest wants. He never married, but led a lonely, secret life in lodging-houses. He believed that he had the clue to a chemical process which would turn base metals into gold, and all his money and all his spare time were given to experiments in this pursuit. He was extremely secretive and was tormented by the fear that some one would discover the secret of his formulas. None of his experiments succeeded, but he believed himself perpetually on the eve of discovery which would make him the richest man in the world. He continued to work on, undismayed by his repeated failures, and confident in his belief that success would come some day. The fruits of more than forty years of hard work and study were found in his desolate room after death. They were a few nuggets of yellowish metal, of no value, about the size of walnuts. There can be no doubt that the poor man wasted his life, as many did in olden times, in the same pursuit. Men are generally wiser now and seek the same end of attaining wealth, by other methods. In the light of Christ's teaching, however, the method makes little difference. The man who gives his life to the pursuit of wealth by any method, wastes it. (Matt. 6: 19-20.)

A House Afloat.

THE transportation of a house by water from one site to another, a mile distant, was successfully accomplished on Long Island a few days ago. The house is a large frame building two and a half stories high, seventy feet square and weighing about a hundred and twenty tons. It formerly stood at a place known as Hammel's but it was recently sold to a club, which wanted it located at a more convenient spot. The work of removal has occupied about two weeks. It was undermined and a heavy timbered track was laid to two large scows at the water's edge. An engine dragged the house along the tracks on to the scows at low water. When the tide came in, the scows floated easily bearing the house upon them. A tug pulled them to the place where the house was to stand. Spiles had been driven in to serve as a foundation for it. At high water the scows were anchored close to the spiles, and with jack-screws and a powerful engine the house was lifted from the scows and placed on the spiles. This is said to be the first time that any large building has been successfully removed by water from one site to another. Such a removal is necessarily attended by much risk. That fact is realized by ministers, when they are urged to change the metaphorical standing-ground of the church. They fear that the church itself will fall if an attempt is made to change its position from the old doctrines on which it has rested, to a new creed. There is, however, no ground for apprehension, if in the new situation Jesus Christ, is as of old, "the chief corner-stone" (Eph. 2: 20.)

An Unnatural Sacrifice.

A STRANGE scene was witnessed in St. Paul's Roman Catholic Church at Hancock, N. Y., on June 12. A woman who came from Keeryville, a village seven miles distant, entered the church, carrying her five months' old baby. She looked distressed, but seemed to be perfectly clear in her purpose, whatever it might be. Going up the aisle she ascended the steps of the altar and laid her sleeping child upon it. Then she went across the church to the alcove where there is an image of the Virgin. She knelt before it in prayer for nearly half an hour. Rising suddenly, she returned to the altar and in a loud voice declared that she was about to offer the babe as a sacrifice to God. There were only three persons in the church at the time and they did not fully realize the woman's meaning. But when they saw her seize the babe by the throat and proceed to strangle it, they were horrified. One of the men was at her side in a moment and snatched the child from her grasp. She fought fiercely with him, but was soon overpowered and was detained until a physician could be summoned. He administered a soothing draught which calmed her somewhat and the husband came and took her and their child home. Doubtless the poor creature's mind was unbalanced, or she would not have thought that such a sacrifice was demanded of her, or could benefit her. It may be hoped that if she recovers her reason some Christian will enlighten her, so that she may know that the only sacrifice God requires is a broken and a contrite heart. (Ps. 51: 16, 17.)

BRIEF NOTES.

There are 969 Christian places of worship on the Fiji Islands, and an attendance of 102,000.

Dr. Talmage administered the rite of Baptism by immersion to several candidates on June 19. This is the first ceremony of the kind that has taken place in the new Tabernacle.

Dr. H. Martyn Clark, Amritser, Punjaub, India, writes: "We had about 62,000 patients last year, and this year we shall have about 80,000. I do operations every day. Many are learning to love the Lord through the medical mission.

Thirty thousand copies of separate Gospels will be despatched from the Bible Society in London for Uganda, during this month of June. The Society pays the freight as far as Zanzibar. The British Government has declared a Protectorate of the country on the recommendation of Sir Gerald Porter

The rescue work in Philadelphia which has hitherto been carried on at 3345 Market St., has removed to more commodious quarters on the corner of Wallace and 35th Sts. This work, which is undenominational, has been very successful and had outgrown its quarters. Rev. John C. Keller is the pastor.

The American Home Missionary Society has changed its name to comply with the condition on which Mr. Stickney of Baltimore, bequeathed it $150,000 recently. It will in future be known as the Congregational Home Missionary Society. There will be no change in its management or methods.

Contributions to the fund for liquidating the debt on the Brooklyn Tabernacle have been received since our acknowledgement last week as follows: Furrar Washington, Paulina, Ia., $1.; Mark Hubbard, Maxwell, Cal., $1.; Miss Sarah Clark, Lowell, Mass., $1., F. W. Culbertson, New Rome, Minn., $1.25.

Dr. Edward Payson Thwing the famous missionary to Canton, China, is dead. A cable message announcing the sad fact came on June 14. It was at first supposed that the death was that of his wife who was known to be sick. A cable message of inquiry, however, elicited confirmation of the first message. It stated that Dr. Thwing died of typhoid fever.

The Taylor University of Fort Wayne, Ind., has conferred the degree of Doctor of Philosophy on Rev. Chandler A. Oakes, formerly of Philadelphia, who is now Dr. Talmage's assistant pastor at the Brooklyn Tabernacle. A portrait of Dr. Oakes and a sketch of his life appeared in this journal on June 14. The same university last year conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws on Dr. Talmage.

Rev. Arthur Crane, of Saco, Me., has resigned his pastorate that he may return to the evangelistic field in which he has had a long and successful experience. Mr. Crane's resignation takes effect in September and he will be pleased to receive applications for service after that date. He holds commendatory letters from pastors of Baptist Congregational and Presbyterian Churches who testify to the valuable help they have received from him in the past.

A recent despatch to the *American Israelite* from Jerusalem announces that the Sultan has renewed licenses of Jewish real estate brokers which have been suspended for some time. They are now at liberty to sell land to Jewish settlers. The taxes on such property are five times as heavy as they were twenty years ago. Baron Ed. Rothschild has, however, advanced to the government a sufficient sum to pay the taxes on land held by the poorer class of Jews for several years to come.

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

THE POISONED REPAST.

Sermon Preached last Sunday, June 25, 1893, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D.

Text: "And [Elisha] said unto his people, Set on the great pot, and seethe pottage for the sons of the prophets. And one went out into the field to gather herbs, and found a wild vine, and gathered thereof wild gourds his lap full, and came and shred them into the pot of pottage: for they knew them not. So they poured out for the men to eat. And it came to pass, as they were eating of the pottage, that they cried out, and said, O thou man of God, there is death in the pot. And they could not eat thereof." II Kings 4: 40.

THIS text and its context bring Elisha before us in beautiful relations to young men and to the kingdom of God. He is presented to us as he moves among the sons of the prophets as a skilful teacher, a sincere friend, and an honored father. He is a pioneer in the department of theological instruction; he is a forerunner of the professors and presidents in our modern theological seminaries. There never was a time in the church of God when it was not the duty of religious teachers to provide for the training of their successors. Similar obligations rest upon the ministry of to-day. It is quite as much a part of our duty to assist in the training of young men for the ministry as it is to preach the Gospel or to perform any kind of pastoral work. The ministry is derelict in a part of its duty if it fails to pray and to labor that the Lord may send forth young men as toilers in his vineyard. Every pastor should be in a sense a theological professor, and every church a theological seminary. Indeed, pastors and churches are such professors and theological seminaries for truth or error, whether or not they are conscious of the fact. Any man who listens for a score of years to an intelligent preacher or pastor ought to be able to pass a good examination on the fundamental doctrines of our holy faith.

Elisha, whose life was almost constant sunshine and benediction, never appears more appropriately in his true character than when he is giving instruction to these young students of theology as a teacher, and when he is providing for their daily wants as a father. We learn from the connection that the time here mentioned was a period of

Dearth in the Land.

It is not at all improbable that it was the time of scarcity which is mentioned in the first and second verses of the eight chapter of this book. If so, then it was the time when Elisha gave information to the Shunammite woman of the coming of this famine. The famine of which he thus prophesied lasted for seven years. This woman followed the suggestion of Elisha and sojourned in the land of the Philistines for that period. The famine did not apparently reach that land, or at least it was not so serious as in Israel. It was a much more severe famine at least so far as its length was concerned, than that which occurred in the time of Elijah; for that famine was but three and a half years, while this one, as we have seen, continued for seven years. This was a famine of bread; but it was not, as was the former one, also a famine of the Word of God. We have two striking illustrations in the narrative of the care of the prophet concerning the food of the students who were under his care. Elisha was a broad man. His care for the physical wants of his students is worthy of all imitation. The true minister of Christ must be interested in all that concerns those over whom he is placed as a minister. Concerning no interest of his people can he afford to be indifferent. Twice our Lord fed the multitudes with the bread of this life; but it is true that his ultimate purpose was to feed their souls with the bread which cometh down from heaven. His miracles have been called "the great bell before the sermon" to summon the people to listen to the words of life. The church of to-day must in like manner care for the physical needs, and also meet the intellectual wants of the people, and thus the better prepare them to receive the Gospel message.

The two miracles performed in connection with the events here recorded concerned the sons of the prophets in their organized capacity. The first two miracles mentioned in this chapter, the increase of the oil and the restoration of the child of the Shunammite woman, referred to individual servants of God; but the other two miracles, the removal of the poisonous element from the pottage and the increase of the loaves of barley, referred to the entire body of the sons of the prophets. These two latter miracles join themselves appropriately to the two earlier recorded in this chapter. The two earlier give us a charming inside picture of the daily life and fraternal associations of these students in the school of the prophets; and they also greatly strengthen our faith in God, whose servant Elisha was, and who by the instrumentality of this servant showed his tender care for the physical wants as well as the spiritual necessities of these young men.

The Chief of the College.

We see that Elisha here transforms a hurtful vegetable into healthful food. He was now at Gilgal. He had been there a short time before in company with Elijah, a little time previous to Elijah's ascension. Here, as we have seen, there was a school of the sons of the prophets. In their society Elisha took great pleasure; he was alike their teacher in things spiritual and their provider and father in things temporal. Theological students, as a rule, need help in both these respects. Somehow, doubtless for wise purposes, God does not call many millionaires to be ministers of the Gospel. The Church still has to assist in making provision for the support of her young ministers. The nation does not think that she dishonors herself by providing schools, teachers, educational apparatus, appropriate uniforms, and all other expenses for the students at West Point and Annapolis; and the students in these institutions do not feel that they have dishonored their manliness as candidates for military service by accepting the bountiful provision of the nation. Where the nation gives ten dollars to help young soldiers, the Church does not give even one dollar to train her young ministers; and by accepting this ecclesiastical pittance our theological students often subject themselves to the harsh criticism of cold-hearted Christians. The Church, however, must continue to act toward her young students the part which Elisha performed toward his in that early day. We see him now at one of the times when he was to give them lessons suited to their work. Studiously and affectionately they are gathered about their honored and beloved teacher. Unfortunately the severe famine is still in the land. The wants of these students are very few; and they are willing to make even unreasonable sacrifices for the opportunity to study the truths of God as made known by the revered servant of God. But it is difficult for them to secure the supply for even their modest wants in this time of prolonged and severe famine. Their case is touching indeed. It appeals to our hearts as we read the story in this remote country and distant century. It touched the heart of Elisha.

Provision for Body and Soul.

We see by the narrative that he commands his servant, who was probably Gehazi of subsequent unsavory memory, to "set on the great pot and seethe pottage for the sons of the prophets." A modest meal indeed these students of theology were to have as they feasted on their stewed pottage, prepared in the great caldron. Again we are reminded of Elisha's tender care for the needs of the body, while he was feeding the intellectual and spiritual nature of his students. The body is the Lord's, and as the Lord's servant he would care for all that belonged to his Master. Christ came not to save the soul as distinct from the body, but to save the entire man, body and soul, from sin and sorrow here and from suffering hereafter. He came to make body, soul, and spirit the willing servant of God on earth and the joyous resident with God forever in heaven.

It would seem that several of the students went out in the field to gather herbs, vines, and gourds into their blankets as the word means rather than laps, to be shredded for the pot, or caldron, of pottage. There was no meat in our sense of the word, and no mention is made of bread in connection with their food. One of the number who went out to gather herbs brought in by mistake some poisonous, or at least noxious, herb in his blanket. The nature of this herb perhaps it is needless for us to stop to discuss at length. It is supposed by many to have been coloquintida, the fruit of a plant of the same name. Its fruit is said to be about the size of a large orange. Sometimes it is called the bitter apple, as both the seeds and the pulp are intensely bitter. Judiciously used it is valuable for its medicinal qualities, but it is ordinarily placed among vegetable poisons. Gathered thus carelessly, it was put into the pot along with the other herbs. The fires were lighted and the process of stewing begun and continued. Soon it was announced that the food was ready for the humble repast. No sooner had the pottage been tasted than the unusual bitterness startled the hungry students. The presence of this dangerous plant was thus discovered and at once the students cried out, "O, thou man of God, there is death in the pot." This was certainly

A Providential Discovery.

We may pause a moment at this point in the story to emphasize some of the applications which the narrative here suggests. The table is still often a snare to usefulness, and not infrequently to life itself. Death still lurks in many a pot. The intoxicating cup has destroyed more lives than the sword. Intoxicating drink is still Satan's strongest ally among the children of men. Other evils have slain their thousands; drink has slain its tens and hundreds of thousands. A great army of drunkards daily marches through the land on its way to dishonored graves. It is accompanied in its march to the tomb by bruised lives and breaking hearts; it is a sight which well-nigh breaks the heart of all thoughtful observers. We license men to recruit victims for this heart-breaking and often heart-broken army; we trifle with the tippling which so often sows the seeds of which drunkenness, in all its horrid debauchery, is the ripened fruit. Oh, that God would give us some Elisha to take the poison out of this pot! Oh, that God would make us wise in the example we set, in the instruction we give, and in the laws we enact, so that this army beating "funeral marches to the grave" may no longer be recruited and this gigantic evil may be banished from our land.

Mental Poisons.

There is also many an intellectual pot in which there is death to all that is noblest and loftiest in life. The mind, as truly as the heart, was made for God, and only as the intellect is inspired by and consecrated to God does it reach its loftiest possibilities. The plant of scepticism and the weed of atheism have poisoned every pot into which they have been cast. They have robbed life of its noblest inspiration; death of its sublime support, and eternity of its immortal hope. The man who puts these plants into the pot of life is the enemy of the republic, the enemy of the race, and the enemy of his God. Truth is the soul's heavenly food; feeding on error it weakens, sickens and dies. Truth, in the end, must triumph over every form of error; truth assuredly shall eventually come down from the cross and shall ascend the throne. But in the meantime the poisonous plants of error and sin will find their victims among our noblest youth, and will hold as slaves some men and women whose pens are facial and whose tongues are eloquent. God in heaven, make the day of truth's triumph to come speedily, and make that triumph complete throughout the world!

There is sometimes death in the ecclesiastical pot. This pot, as stewed in some theological seminaries and Christian pulpits, is a strange mixture of herbs of criticism, vines of fancy, and gourds of scepticism. When men preach a gospel which is not a gospel, when they put human opinion in the place of divine revelation, when they give us their own fancy instead of God's truth, they offer to dying men a pot in which there is

The Seed of Death,

not the bread of life. When men give us "eisegesis," which is the putting into the Bible of their own wish, instead of exegesis, which is the getting out of the Bible God's thought as there divinely written, they put death into their theological pot. When men strive to be wise above what is written, they usually end by being ignorant below what is written. When men take away our Lord from their preaching, they take away our hope, our joy, our life, our all. Some time ago, pinned to the pulpit cushion of a scholarly but technical, theological, cold-hearted and unsympathetic preacher, was a piece of paper on which were written the words, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." The words went straight to the heart of the preacher as he took up the piece of paper. They led him to thoughtfulness and prayerfulness; they induced him to preach Christ and him crucified as never before in his ministry. His whole soul glowed with the new life which he had received, and his sermons exalted Christ in all the tenderness of his love as the only hope of lost men and women. Entering his pulpit some time after he found another slip of paper on which were the words, "Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord." All disciples of Christ are glad when they see their Lord and Master. No preacher can deeply, truly and permanently touch the hearts of men in their varied experiences, in their longings for light and life, in their disappointments with themselves and the world, except he lift up Christ before their weary hearts. The old gospel has not lost its power. An uplifted Christ is still the mightiest magnet to draw men from self and sin to holiness and heaven. Christ's words, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me," are as true to-day as when he uttered them while entering the shadows of the garden and the cross. If Christ were thus tenderly, lovingly, triumphantly and constantly lifted up in the pulpit, men, women and children would oftener be drawn to the pews and eventually be drawn to the feet and to the heart of this exalted Christ.

The Antidote.

In the narrative before us we see that Elisha was equal to the emergency. Men who have God on their side can do all which the providence of God may require at their hands. Such men are never wholly at a loss under any circumstances. "Bring meal," said Elisha. The meal is brought. He casts it into the stew in the pot; then he said, "pour out for the people that they may eat." They poured out; the people ate; and there was no harm in the pot. On a former occasion he healed the bitter waters with salt; now he heals the bitter herbs with meal. The meal, doubtless was only the sign of healthful food, and Elisha only the channel through which God wrought.

From this quaint narrative we may learn some suggestive lessons. Let us guard against death in the pot. God makes every sin a proof of its own bitterness and folly, as he makes every sense in the body a sentinel against danger. A second lesson is that we should recognize God as the fountain of all life and blessing. He it is that always healeth us; he it is that always taketh death out of the pot and keepeth us in life and health. Do you recognize him in all your ways? Did you, at least in your heart, recognize him in your food to-day? Have you bowed the knee to him as the giver of every good and perfect gift? Is God thought to be good in all the events of life? Lastly, remember, that only his grace can turn human bitterness into divine sweetness. He alone can change the bitterness of Marah into waters of sweetness. Sin cherished is unspeakable bitterness; sin forgiven leads to an experience of divine

Sweetness in the Soul.

Sorrow unsanctified is bitterness unqualified; sorrow submissively accepted is joy unlimited. Jesus Christ is the true Elisha. Let him to-day come into the soul that the poison of life may be removed and the bitterness of earthly experience be transformed into the sweetness and blessedness of heaven even now.

We have put heaven too far away. More and more ought we to emphasize the possibility of having heaven here and now. The apostle John addresses us as the sons of God while we are upon the earth. The whole aim of Christianity, when understood in its full and truest meaning, is to give us much of heaven during our earthly life. Our Lord taught us to pray "Thy kingdom come." The answer to this prayer is certainly that the kingdom of God should be established upon this earth. The entire aim of the Church should be the realization of that prayer in the introduction and establishment of this kingdom. Indeed, we can never enter heaven there and then, except heaven enter us here and now. The Church has lost power by neglecting, to so great a degree, the teaching of this truth. We have filled men's minds with a dreamy conception of heaven at some remote time and in some distant sphere; we ought rather to show that such a heaven is simply the full fruition of religious principles operating in our characters while we are upon the earth. A similar law applies to hell as to heaven. Men go into perdition at the last because they are partially in perdition now, and perdition is partially in them here and now. Only as the grace of God comes into the heart to drive out the bitterness and poison of earth's noxious plants and so transform the soul into the image of Christ, can we expect to see Christ at the last and be like him and dwell forever with him. May God give us foretastes of this life here and now.

The Worship of "Kwanon."

One of the Most Peculiar of China's many Idolatries.

NCE a year the people about Swatow, in China, go to a temple on a small island near-by to worship the Chinese "queen of heaven," to whom mercantile men think they owe their success upon sea and land. Miss Daniels, a missionary at Swatow, who visited the temple, describes in the *Gospel in all Lands*, the temple, the idol, and the worship:

"The temple dedicated to the goddess stands high, and is reached by a flight of stone steps. It is highly ornamented in flowers, fowls, fishes, and beasts, the ridge-pole being crowned by a great dragon. A noisy theatre operates a few feet in front of the steps, and on all sides are people with the tables for supplying food or mock money. Going up the steps one sees directly in front of the temple an altar for making offerings to the spirits of such of the departed as have no children to worship them. To the right of this is a huge paper image, its head as high as the top of the temple, its face and hands as hidous as you can imagine. This is the ruler of these departed spirits, and it is his duty to settle disagreements among those spirits who are inclined to quarrel. To the left of the altar is a furnace, in which bushels of ashes and embers show that during the past two days great quantities of mock money have been offered.

"Within the temple, at the farther end, sits the goddess in her chair, with a heavy canopy above, all elaborately wrought in silk. With her attendant on either side she is quite unmindful of the earnestness with which two devotees are tossing their bamboo slips, eagerly watching for the favorable position of one black and one white side up, to show that their petition will be granted. In front of the goddess is a row of three altars, each about ten feet long and three wide. One is covered with lighted tapers and incense pots, in which incense sticks are burning, filling the building with smoke. The others are loaded with mock money and all kinds of food brought for offerings. Here are the entire heads of swine stained a bright pink and roasted, fowls of all kinds, fish of all kinds, and the best of fruits, all of which are offered, then taken home and eaten by the family.

"Beyond these altars are mats upon which the worshippers kneel after having made their offerings; and gongs are beaten with a deafening noise while they prostrate themselves before the idol.

"We turn aside and wander a short distance from the temple, where we find a number of women whom we tell of our God. Some listen, others examine our dress and inquire after our families. When we ask them regarding their worship, the greater number acknowledge that the goddess can hear nothing, can say nothing, and can in no way help them, and they worship because it is their custom. Others say they did not come to worship, but are out for pleasure; others hold that the goddess does help them. Thus, we spend four hours talking with these poor women; and hope that some may have heard the Gospel, to accept it in the future."

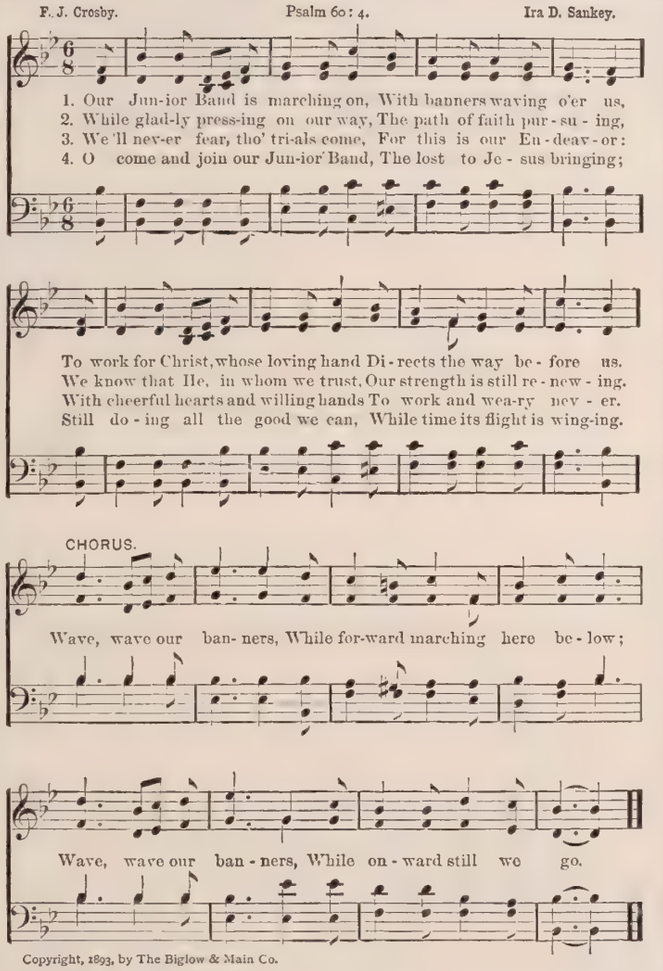
SOFTENED BY A CHILD.

THE Rev. Marcus Rainsford, an English pastor, writes: "I was once asked to go and see a prominent man and tell him about Christ. He did not expect me, and when I went he was very angry, and nearly turned me out of the house. He was an old man, and had one little daughter. A few weeks afterwards he went to the Continent, and his daughter went with him. One day when he was very ill he saw his daughter looking at him, while the tears rolled down her cheeks. 'My child,' he said, 'what are you crying about?' 'Oh, papa, you do not love the Lord Jesus Christ! I am afraid you are going to hell.' 'Why do you say that?' 'Do you not remember when Mr. Rainsford called to see you, you were very rude to him? I never saw you so angry. And he only wished to speak to you about Jesus.' If that man has gone to heaven—I do not say whether he has or not—the only light he had, he got from his child. You cannot tell me what may be the result, by the blessing of God, from a word spoken in season. God can use any instruments, however feeble to effect his purposes, and, so he may have used this child."

Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

Our Junior Band.

F. J. Crosby. Psalm 60: 4. Ira D. Sankey.


1. Our Jun-ior Band is marching on, With banners waving o'er us,
2. While glad-ly press-ing on our way, The path of faith pur-su-ing,
3. We'll nev-er fear, tho' tri-als come, For this is our En-deav-or:
4. O come and join our Jun-ior Band, The lost to Je-sus bringing;
To work for Christ, whose loving hand Di-rects the way be-fore us.
We know that He, in whom we trust, Our strength is still re-new-ing.
With cheerful hearts and willing hands To work and wea-ry nev-er.
Still do-ing all the good we can, While time its flight is wing-ing.
CHORUS.
Wave, wave our ban-ners, While for-ward marching here be-low;
Wave, wave our ban-ners, While on-ward still we go.

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From JUNIOR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SONGS, by per. of the Publishers.

SPRINGS OF COMFORT.

IF other hearts can be made glad,
And other lives become less sad,
By words which I have spoken,
Much comfort it may bring to me,
And in some measure I shall see
Why my own heart was broken.

If other hearts shall beat more true
And other lives be filled anew
With strength to bear their burden,
Because my life reveals the trace
Of trials borne with patient grace,
I'll ask no fairer guerdon.

If through my sorrow I shall learn
The way to comfort those that yearn
For pity, true and tender;
Though helpless on a couch of pain,
Though naught but broken plans remain,
Sweet service I may render.

If God's great name be glorified
Through lives which have been purified
By fires of deep affliction,
What seems but loss may be rich gain
And disappointment, grief, and pain
Shall prove a benediction

Then, unto me, O Lord, I pray,
Give strength and patience day by day,
To bear without repining,
The chastisement which must be right,
Because my soul, in thy pure sight,
Like silver, needs refining. "C."

WORK FOR JESUS.

'TIS sweet to work for Jesus,
In this life's little day;
To spread around "the joyful sound,"
As those forgiven may:
No action is too lowly,
No work of love too small;
If Christ but lead, we may, indeed,
Well follow such a call.

'Tis sweet to work for Jesus,
While our weak spirits rest
In his own care, safe sheltered there,
And with his presence blessed.
Hold on unmoved and patient,
Till he shall call thee home,
With joy to stand at God right hand,
To serve before the throne.

THE SWEETEST LIVES.

THE sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deed, both great and small,
Are close knit strands of an unbroken thread
Where love ennobles all. [bells,
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no
The Book of Life the shining record tells.

Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes
After its own life-working. A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad;
A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;
A sick man help'd by thee will make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest.

—MRS. BROWNING.

THE SEVENTIETH WEEK.

The Last Week of Daniel's Heptads or Seventy Weeks of Years.

BY THOMAS NEWBERRY.

THE prophecy of Daniel to which our Lord refers (Matt. 24: 15-31) is thus recorded in Daniel 9: 27: "And he shall confirm the covenant with many (a covenant with the many) for one week: and in the midst of the week he shall cause the sacrifice and the oblation to cease, and for the overspreading of abominations he shall make it desolate (and upon the wing abominations making desolate) even until the consummation, and that determined shall be poured upon the desolate (desolator).

The prince that shall come, whose people (the Roman people) had destroyed the city and the sanctuary (v. 26), is the last head of the Roman Empire, the lawless one, the little horn of Daniel 7: 8. He, in the providence of God, will allow the people of Israel to return to their own land, will acknowledge their nationality as a distinct people, will reinstate them in Jerusalem as their metropolis, will permit them to have their temple and their sacrifices. He, the prince, will confirm a covenant with Israel for one week, guaranteeing them their national privileges for seven years, but in the midst of the week he breaks the covenant, takes away the daily sacrifice, and sets up the abomination of desolation in the holy place. There is no building on earth now which can be called the Temple of God, but then II. Thess. 2: 4 will be fulfilled, when he, the son of perdition, opposing and exalting himself above all that is called God, will sit in the Temple of God.

The first three and a half years of this last seventieth week of years will be occupied by the lawless one in the establishment of his kingdom, as shown by the vision of the four horses in Rev. 6: 1-8, the opening of the four seals. The rider on the white horse, the lawless one, does not wear the diadem or royal crown, but the "stephanos," the victor's crown awarded him by the people. He goes forth conquering and to conquer; the result of which is warfare, symbolized by the red horse, followed by the black horse of famine, and the pale horse of pestilence and death. Thus the judgments mentioned by the Lord (Matt. 24: 1-14), as characterizing the present dispensation, will in their exact order follow one another in that first half of the week. Matt. 24: 15, brings us to this period in the half of the week, when the prince, having broken the covenant, sets up the abomination in the holy place; and then begins that fearful persecution of which Daniel and our Lord speak, lasting three and a half years.

The disciples to whom the Lord spoke were the godly remnant of Israel at that time, and as such received instruction for the remnant of the latter day; hence the Lord addresses them, giving counsel for that time, "Pray ye that your flight be not in the winter, neither on the Sabbath day" (v. 20.)

The reason is given in verses 21, 22: "For then shall be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be. And except those days should be shortened, there should no flesh be saved; but for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened." This tribulation cannot be referred to any persecution of Christians during the Christian era, for none of them were unparalleled.

Neither can it refer to the trials and afflictions of Christians extended over the whole period, since it is distinctly limited to a definite time. This time of the great tribulation is variously described, that we make no mistake as "time" (one year), "times" (two years) and "half a time" (six months), or three years and a half, consisting of forty and two months, or one thousand two hundred and threescore days. During this period the lawless one takes the place of God; Satan is cast out of the heavenlies, and with his angels comes down to the earth, having great wrath; Babylon is drunken with the blood of the saints; and those who will not worship the beast or receive his mark, but who confess the Christ of God, are either killed, boycotted, or driven to the ends of the earth. The signs wrought by the false prophet will be so stupendous, and the forces brought to bear so great, that nothing but the sovereign and almighty grace of God will be sufficient to preserve the souls of men from the strong delusion and its eternal consequences. In the grace of God this state of things is limited to the definite period already mentioned.

The signs in the heavens mentioned in Matt. 24: 29, 30, usher in the august day of Jehovah, spoken of by the ancient prophets, the day of Christ, the manifestation of the Son of Man in power and great glory, when he comes to put down all his enemies.

HOW TO MEET TROUBLE.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing July 9. Acts 16: 23-25; II Corinthians 7: 5-7

MEETING trouble in any way is not always a wise thing to do, although the practice is a common one. Many a Christian has suffered unnecessary anxiety and pain by looking forward and grappling with difficulties and trials which never came. Like the women, as they went to the sepulchre, they have said, "who shall roll away the stone for us?" and when they arrived they found that the stone was rolled away. A more useful question about trouble—and possibly that was the one intended by the persons who select the topics—is how to bear trouble. There are few people who have not, at some period of their lives, had occasion for knowledge on that subject. Bereavement, sickness, disappointment, slander, financial trial, are all arrows in the quiver of the enemy, and God allows one or more to strike the Christian in his way through the world. The Christian is nowhere promised immunity from affliction, but he is promised strength and grace to bear it and also that he shall not have more laid upon him than he is able to bear. From both promises comfort may be derived. The consciousness that God knows of his trial and permits it, is alone a source of consolation. The reason for it may not be clear and even the object of it may not be understood, but he who walks by faith, not by sight, is satisfied that both are right. The boy who struggles with mathematical problems, or the intricacies of a dead language, and does not see how either can be of any use to him in life, is expected to continue the struggle, and to be assured that the discipline is useful to him and will fit him to overcome difficulties that he will have to meet. At least as much confidence, God is justified in expecting from his children. From that standpoint the Christian may look upon his trials with calmness and courage. He may even rejoice that God is testing his faith and love and take a holy pride in undergoing the process. The tree which the winds assail becomes strong and its roots take firmer hold; the stone which the mason carves, or the lapidary polishes, becomes more beautiful and so may strength and beauty of character come to one who passes through the trying ordeal of affliction. But those blessings do not come to one who frets or repines under the discipline. They come to those who, like the apostle in prison, rejoice and sing praises to God. Thus trial becomes an opportunity to be welcomed and accepted cheerfully. It gives the sufferer the opportunity to prove the sincerity of his faith, which must be a result well pleasing to God; and it also serves as an object lesson to the world, proving to unbelievers that religion is a real and sure blessing since it supports the believer in his [illegible]

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THE GREAT EPWORTH LEAGUE CONFERENCE.

CLEVELAND is this week the Mecca of the young people of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The day after the date of this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the first International Conference of the Epworth League will convene in the Music Hall of that city. A picture of this enormous building from a photograph by the Edmonson Company appears on this page. With this also we print a picture [illegible] to every member of the League. It is that of the little room in the old Central Methodist Episcopal Church of Cleveland in which the first Epworth League was organized. Little idea was there at that time that the room was to become ever memorable as the birthplace of so mighty an organization as that whose hosts this week gather in the city to celebrate their first anniversary conference. Four days will be devoted to the Conference and they will be days of rich blessing to all who have the privilege of being present. The first day, Thursday June 29, is to be given up to the subject of Social Work. Gov. McKinley and the Mayor of Cleveland are expected to be at the afternoon meeting and welcome the delegates respectively for the State and City. Responses are to be made by Bishop A. W. Wilson of the M. E. Church South, Dr. A. Carman, General Superintendent of the Methodist Church of Canada, and Bishop N. Fitzgerald, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. A Praise Service will follow, led by Mr. H. V. Holt, President of the Illinois State League. At eight o'clock Dr. W. A. Candler, President of Emory College, Oxford, Ga., will preach, and Secretary Schell will give an address.

The subjects for Friday will be the Junior League and the Literary Departments. Rev. Henry C. Jennings, of Minnesota, will preside at the first meeting at 9.30 A. M. Among the speakers on the Junior League will be Mrs. Howard H. Scribner, Mrs. Myra G. Plautz and Rev. E. M. Mills, D.D., of Elmira, N.Y. At eleven o'clock there will be a reception of messengers from other young people's societies, at which Bishop W. X. Ninde will preside. At the afternoon session the President will be W. G. E. Cunnyngham, Secretary of the Epworth League of the M. E. Church, South. Papers will be read as follows: "Education by Observation," by Dr. Robert R. Doherty, of New York; "Reading Courses and Lectures," by Prof. W. H. Crawford, of Gammon Theological Seminary, Atlanta, Ga.; "Periodical Literature," by Rev. H. M. Du Bose, D.D.; "Devotional Culture," by Rev. John V. Smith, D.D., of Toronto. At the evening session the subject of the Epworth League in Colleges will be considered. The speakers will be Dr. Bradford P. Raymond, of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., Rev. Collins Denny, D.D., of Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn., and Rev. I. Shaw, LL.D., of Wesleyan Theological Seminary, Montreal.

On Saturday the important department of Mercy and Help is to occupy the attention of the Conference. A sunrise prayer meeting at six o'clock opens the day's proceedings. At the morning session the speakers are to be Rev. William N. Brodbeck, D.D., of Boston; Rev. Earl Cranston, D.D., of Cincinnati; Mrs. Lucy R. Meyer of Chicago, and Mrs. Jane B. Robinson of Detroit. The subjects for the afternoon session will be the sub-departments of work, Temperance and city Evangelization. On the former the speakers will be Judge E. H. Nast of Nashville, Tenn., and ex-Governor Will Cumback of Indiana. On the latter subject addresses will be given by Hugh Price Hughes of London, Rev. Louis A. Banks of Boston and others. The evening will be a Foreign Mission Session. Bishop Thoburn of India, Dr. Alexander Sutherland of the Canadian Church, Dr. W. R. Lambuth of the Southern Church, and Dr. C. C. McCabe of New York will be speakers.

On Sunday the first meeting will be the Reunion and Love feast at the Epworth Memorial Church for the organizers of the League. Mr. Willis W. Cooper of St. Joseph, Mich., will preside. In the same church at eleven o'clock the Conference Sermon will be preached by Bishop H. W. Warren. Three mass-meetings are to be held in the afternoon. At that in the Music Hall Dr. Homer Eaton will preside and addresses will be given by Rev. R. N. Burns, of the Methodist Church of Canada; Rev. Page Milburn, of Baltimore, Md.; Rev. H. S. Werlein, D. D., Pastor Centenary Methodist Episcopal Church, South, St. Louis; Hon. T. H. Murray, Clearfield, Pa. At the meeting in Epworth Memorial Church, Rev. L. C. Queal, D. D., will preside and addresses will be given by Bishop Wilson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South; Rev. D. H. Moore, D. D.; Rev. R. I. Fleming, St. Louis, Mo., and Mr. Charles E. Piper, Chicago. The third meeting will be in the Franklin Avenue Church, West Side, Bishop J. M. Walden, presiding. Addresses by Rev. W. H. Pickop, of Philadelphia; Rev. I. Z. T. Morris, of the M. E. Church, South; Mr. R. W. Rowell, of Canada, and Rev. J. L. Hurlbut, D.D., of New York. In the evening there is to be a session at eight o'clock at which Rev. A. Carman, D. D., of the Methodist Church of Canada, will preside. Addresses will be given by Rev. John W. Hamilton, D. D., of Cincinnati, and Rev. A. J. Palmer, D.D., New York. At 9:30 P. M., there will be a watch night service at which Bishop C. H. Fowler will preach. This will be followed at 11:00 P. M., by the Conference Love Feast, led by Rev. W. A. Spencer, D.D., of Philadelphia. And at 11:45 P. M., Farewell Consecration Service, led by Bishop Fitzgerald.

THE BIRTHPLACE IN THE OLD CENTRAL CHURCH OF THE EPWORTH LEAGUE.

THE MUSIC HALL, CLEVELAND, THE MEETING PLACE OF THE EPWORTH LEAGUE CONFERENCE.

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AMONG THE ORDERS.

Christian Endeavor is making considerable progress in Dublin. Branches have recently been started in Brighton-road and Sandy Mount Methodist Churches.

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A local union has been formed in Vancouver, British Columbia, of four Endeavor Societies and three Epworth Leagues of Christian Endeavor. Mrs. J. J. Banfield is president.

✠

A Young Women's Christian Association has been organized at Tung Cho, China. It holds Bible classes, Devotional meetings, Mothers' meetings and has arranged for systematic missionary work. Miss Luella Miner is the Secretary.

✠

Mr. Eli T. Allen, of Oroomiah, Persia, who was formerly a member of the King St., Christian Endeavor Society at London, Ont., reports a young men's C. E. Society with five active and two associate members in his school at Oroomiah.

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A letter has been received from Miss Esmark, Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Associations of Sweden and Norway, *Unge Kvinder's Kristelige Samfund*, stating that as many girls and young women of those countries are now here or are coming, any kindnesses or courtesies extended to them by the Associations here will be heartily appreciated.

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The Anglo-American Y. M. C. A, 160 Rue Montmarte, Paris, are having good times at their Sunday afternoon Bible class. Major-General McCausland, Mr. George Williams, and others have recently conducted it. All bear testimony to the great value of such an institution for English and American young men who are alone in the gay city.

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Secretary Baer of the Christian Endeavor Society has been rebresented as boycotting the World's Fair on behalf of the C. E. Societies, on account of Sunday opening. He has been misrepresented. He says: "The United Society has not issued any 'boycott;' or any order to individuals to 'stay away.' Having no authority of any kind over the local Societies, it could not if it so desired, and it does not so desire. Individuals are expected to settle this matter for themselves. While I have firm convictions, and can plainly see my duty as an individual plainly marked out, and have always let people know just where I stand, I desire to respect the opinions of others, and do not applaud the spirit that would attempt to dictate to the consciences of men. In this day and age we are all able to think for ourselves."

The Family and Home Circle

A Great Moslem Temple.

The Mosque of Omar and its Traditions — Rural Pilgrims—The Character of Omar

DURING their recent tour in Palestine, the editor and proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD visited, among other famous places, the great Mosque of Omar on the site of Solomon's Temple on Mount Moriah, and which is justly regarded as the most magnificent building in the City of David. There are few structures, either ancient or modern, that are held in such reverence. Here, say the adherents of Mohammed, the great prophet ascended to heaven, and their traditions tell that the print of his sandalled foot is still seen on the rock from which he took his final flight.

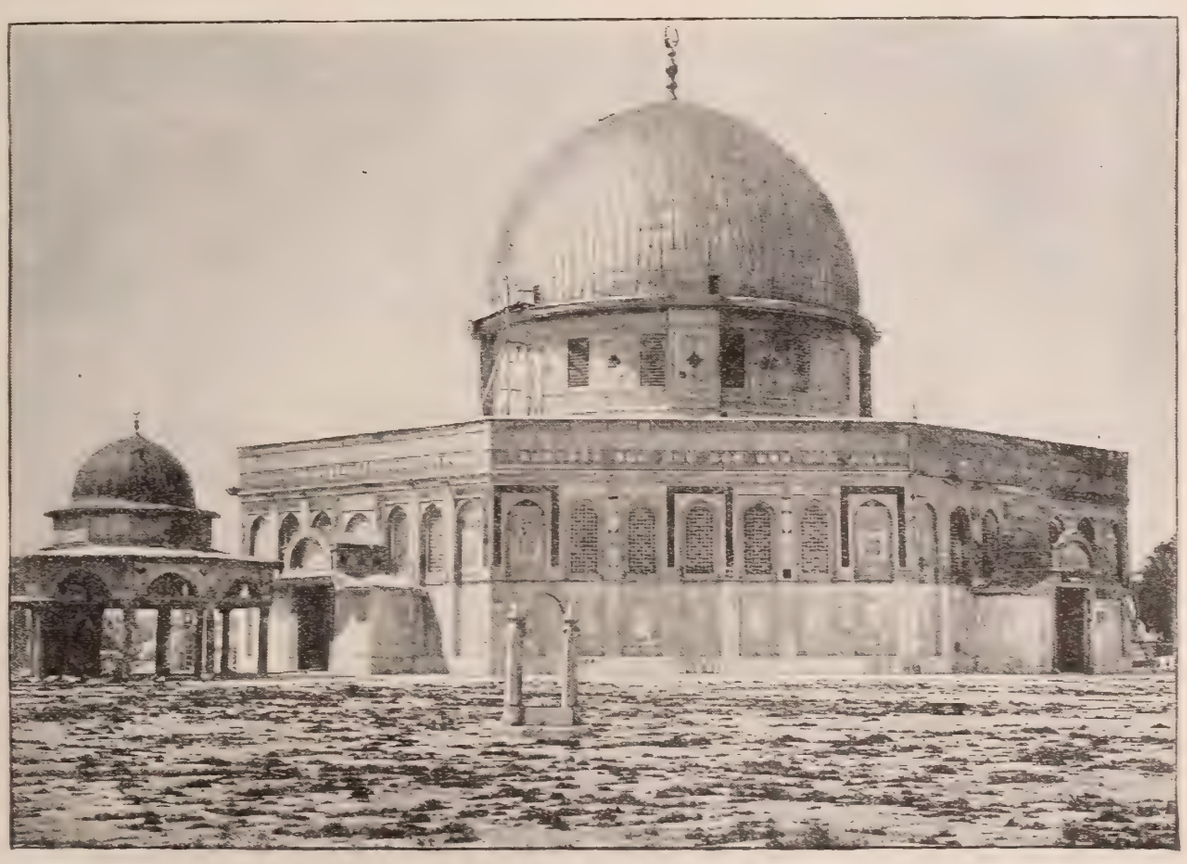
Some thirty years ago, it was strictly forbidden that any one, not a Moslem, should enter the mosque, or even tread on the ground on which it stands. This rule, however, has been relaxed, and nowadays pilgrims of any creed are allowed to enter, first of course, paying a "backsheesh" to the officials. As to travellers, the consuls of the various countries usually secure permission for them to visit the mosque. The consul sends a dragoman with an official letter to the "Mutasarif" (governor), who directs the party in charge of the El-Haram to recieve the strangers. Visitors have to discard their shoes at the threshold. Except in cold weather, the court-yard of the mosque is always crowded, some of the visitors being mere curiosity-seekers, and others students, who pore over the pages of the Koran with the design of consecrating themselves to religious duties. The square is one of the pleasantest places in the city, being exposed to the exhilarating breezes that come from the direction of the Mount of Olives.

Religious services are held unceasingly in the mosque. On festivals, such as the "great feast" (the first after Ramadan, the "fasting month"), the mosque of Omar, is the gathering place of many thousands of the country people, who come there once a year for worship and pleasant excursions. They linger around the mosque during the day and find a shelter with some acquaintance overnight.

On their homeward journey, these rural pilgrims, especially the women, sing the songs of joy peculiar to the Moslems, in which they celebrate their visit to "the rock," from the top of which they believe their prophet took his way to heaven. This rock, they declare, is suspended between heaven and earth, being literally supported in air.

Our illustration shows the mosque as it now appears, in a state of partial decay. The gate to the right is the main entrance, and adjoins the western wall of the city, known as "the wailing place of the Jews." Several "dacroories" (black men from the Soudan), are posted at the different corners of the mosque to prevent the intrusion of "unbelievers" and to check disorder of any kind. They are paid from the "mosque fund." The mosque is very rich, its guardians controlling the revenues from many buildings that belong to the Moslem church, and which devout Moslems have bequeathed to it. Some wealthy Mohammedans have left their entire property, "in the name of the prophet," to this temple.

Omar, Abu-Hafsa Ibn-al-Khatab, was the second of the great Moslem Caliphs, and lived in the sixth century. He was the third cousin of Abdallah, the father of Mohammed, and in his early career was a violent enemy of the prophet, but afterwards became a stanch friend. After Mohammed's death, Omar caused Abubekr to be proclaimed Caliph, and himself became prime minister, afterwards succeeding to the Caliphate. In his reign, Syria was conquered for the Crescent, Jerusalem was besieged and captured and the keys of the Holy City were handed to Omar in person by the messenger of Sophronius the high priest. He spared the lives of the inhabitants, and granted them religious liberty. All the other important cities of Palestine capitulated in rapid succession. Omar's nature, however, was severe and not all were dealt with as leniently by his victorious armies as the people of Jerusalem. Many stories of his remarkable sense of justice are preserved in Moslem literature. He was assassinated in the mosque at Medina by a Persian slave named Abu Lulu Firuz and was buried in that city close to the tombs of Mohammed and Abu-Bekr. Omar was the first ruler who kept armies under pay, and assigned pensions to faithful public servants. He is also said to have been the first to establish a municipal police force and to promulgate laws defining the relations and the responsibilities of masters and servants. Thus, in some sense he was a public benefactor, but his frightful career of sanguinary conquest and slaughter is one of the saddest pictures in the world's history.



THE MOSQUE OF OMAR ("AL-HARAM ESH-SHERIF) JERUSALEM.

From a Photograph secured in the Holy Land by the Rev. Dr. Talmage.

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Womanly Dignity.

THE woman of great dignity is a power greater than one positively aggressive—she can influence where much talking and many threats will not prevail. She can make the thoughtless girl think, and the rude boy feel that his slang and rough manners are not, after all, as interesting as he supposed them to be. Her dignity diffuses itself like the perfume of a rose—you delight in it as much as you respect it. It is a safeguard against all unpleasantness, and no one is foolhardy enough to attempt to break down a barrier which has its foundations so well placed. It is gentle dignity. It is perfect virtue that results from the mingling of gentleness and self-respect, with an atom of consideration thrown in to make the different parts mingle perfectly, and make a delightful type of womanhood.

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Song in the Household.

MANY a home where there is little of beauty, or ease, or luxury, is made pleasant by "thanksgiving and the voice of melody." If there is joy in the heart and music on the tongue, many rough places in life are smoothed and made plain, many dark spots are brightened and made cheerful. Those families which know nothing of sacred song, miss some of the purest pleasure that falls to the lot of mortals.

Family prayers is a duty and a privilege, but family praise is none the less so, and there is nothing that binds hearts more closely to the home than those "songs which mother sang;" and in the old tunes in which the voice of parents and brothers and sisters join, form a bond of union which unites hearts when mountains rise and oceans roll between them. Sometimes the wayward son, wandering in a far-off land, hears the song his mother sang, and is charmed by its music to know and serve his mother's God. Careful and melodious singing in the house fits persons for singing elsewhere, especially if persons are taught to sing correctly, gently and tenderly, even without instrumental accompaniment. Then the hymns learned by the young linger in memory, a heritage against days of darkness and sorrow.

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THE GREATEST

I HOLD him great who, for love's sake,
Can give with generous, earnest, will;
Yet he who takes, for love's sweet sake,
I think I hold more generous still.

I bow before the noble mind
That freely some great wrong forgives;
Yet nobler is the one forgiven
Who bears the burden well, and lives.

Great may be he who can command,
And rule with just and tender sway;
Yet is diviner wisdom taught
Better by him who can obey.

Blessed are they who die for God,
And earn the martyr's crown of light;
Yet he who lives for God may be
A greater conqueror in his sight.

—ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR.

CHEERFUL NATURES.

OUR disposition is much of our own making," writes Dr. Talmage. "We admit there is great difference in natural constitutions. Some persons are born cross. See that man with a long face that never shortens into a laugh! Tell me, did not his mother have trouble with him when he was small? Why, he never was pleased. Did he not make riots in the nursery among looking-glasses and glass pitchers? Was his nurse ever able on her knee to jolt down his petulance, or shake up his good-humor? Did he not often hold an indignation meeting flat on the floor — his hands, his head and his feet all participating in the exercises? Could not his father tell you a story of twelve o'clock at night, with hasty toilet, walking the floor with the dear little blessing in his arms? A story that would be a caution to old bachelors.

"Some are from infancy light and happy — they romp, they fly. You can hear their swift feet in the hall. Their loud laughter rings through the house, or in the woods bursts into a score of echoes. At night you can hardly hush their glad hearts for slumber, and in the morning they wake you with [illegible]. Alas! if then they leave you, and you no more hear their swift feet in the hall, and their loud laughter ringing through the house, or in the woods bursting into a score of echoes; if they wake you no more in the morning with their sweet song, if the color go out of the rose and its leaves fall; if angels for once grow jealous, and want what you cannot spare; if packed away in the trunk or drawer there be silent garments that once fluttered with youthful life, and by mistake you call some other child by the name of the one departed—ah, me! ah, me! Go to where the wild flowers stand drinking out of the mountain-brook, and, scattered on the grass, look as if all the oreads had cast their crowns at the foot of the steep. Hark to the fluting of the winds and the psalm of the thunder! Look at the morning coming down the mountains, and evening drawing aside the curtain from heaven's wall, of jasper, amethyst, sardonyx, and chalcedony! Look at all this, and then be happy."

CHAPTER XVI.

A SON DISOWNED

AT the close of a sultry day in the midsummer of 1790—as near as I can guess—the little forest community around Ballygran, was stirred by a strong religious impulse; an impulse the large and lasting results of which, only the day of God can declare. It began thus: there rode into the Heck settlement, a man of somewhat striking and notable appearance. He was about eight and twenty years of age. His figure was tall, well-knit, and his countenance more than commonly prepossessing. One arm, however, was quite paralyzed, and shrivelled to such a degree as to intimate that the paralysis was of long-standing. He was much bronzed by exposure to wind and weather; a fearless horseman evidently, boldly riding at a gallop through root-entangled paths, and leaping venturesomely across the streams and pools made formidable by the recent rains.

The stranger wore a coarse felt hat with a brim of uncustomary breadth; his coat was of homespun, snuff-colored cloth, with a somewhat clerical fashion, owing to its straight upright collar and its cutaway skirts. A stout pair of high leather leggings showed that he was equipped for long and difficult travel across all sorts of by-ways, and his inevitable saddle-bags and the coarse frieze overcoat rolled up in front of him emphasized the fact. He presented a typical and striking picture of the Methodist traveling preacher, as he was to be found in the wilds of Canada a hundred years ago. Riding up to the house of honest Paul Heck, without dismounting, he knocked with the handle of his riding-whip on one of the posts of the "stoop."

Paul himself answered the stranger's summons; and, according to the admirable and unsophisticated customs of the time, greeted the traveler with a kindly welcome, holding his bridle and inviting him to dismount.

"Thank you, kindly," said the stranger; "but will you first answer me a question; for if that receive a 'No,' I am afraid I must ride on and make my request at some other door, I am on the King's business, and—"

"You're a Methodist preacher!" interrupted Paul with a smile on his face that answered the intended question before it was put.

"That's it exactly," said the young horseman, with a little laugh, his parted lips revealing a set of beautifully white teeth, while his eyes kindled with a glow of satisfaction. "Can I preach here to-morrow, think you?"

"To-morrow's 'the day which the Lord hath made,'" said Paul, rubbing his hands in high glee. "We will rejoice and be glad in it: and all the more that you are come to join us. Fain and glad will we be to have you. Turn in and tarry with us. Here's both lodging and provender and such—"

"God speed the coming and delay 'the parting guest,'" said Brave Barbara, who had come to see and hear. "Come in thou blessed of the Lord," and, straightway, the first properly-appointed Methodist preacher who had ever found his way into these Canadian wildernesses, Losee, by name, was ushered into the house, Barbara declaring, as she led the way, that he was more welcome to her hearthstone than tongue could tell.

"Will you ask your husband not to unsaddle my horse," said Losee. "For, with your good will, I must ask for preaching room, and go and tell what neighbors I can find within a few miles of this to come and hear the Word of the Lord."

"Nay, marry," said happy Barbara, laying her hand upon the preacher's arm, for he had lingered a little, ever anxious about his Master's business. "Your portion for this night is to come within and rest, and if needs be sharpen your weapons to do valiantly for the L[illegible]. [illegible] y[illegible]. Our [illegible], and my good man, Paul, will call the neighbors, and find joy and gladness in the doing of it."

As she led the preacher into the spacious living-room, and ensconced him in the corner of the big settle by the hearth, Barbara's joy seemed to know no bounds. "Thank God that I live to see this day!" she went on. "We are Methodists here, and we have pined and hungered for the preaching of the good Word of grace even as the hungry long for food."

"'Bless the Lord, O my soul,'" said the preacher, lifting up his hands in exaltation. "The lines are fallen to me in pleasant places. I knew not that there was a Methodist in Canada, and here almost as soon as I enter the country, I find the servants of the Lord who will help my work."

"Ay, that will we," said Barbara, readily. "Both my husband and my boys can tell the news of Jesus, and our neighbors, Philip Embury and John Lawrence—"

"Embury? Philip Embury?" said Losee, starting to his feet. "Do you mean that worthy servant of the Lord who, with the aid of Mistress Heck and some others, began the good work in the old sail-loft of New York? I thought that he was dead."

"The saint of God you speak of is dead," said Brave Barbara, her face glowing under the influence of awakened memories, or rather, he lives now a higher life in the Paradise of God, but his son dwells here and walks in his dear father's footsteps, and will stand shoulder to shoulder with you in the battles of the Lord. Good Philip Embury's widow lives here, too; happily married to a Methodist local preacher, who is strong to carry the banner of Immanuel. As for the Mistress Heck you speak of, she accounts it to be one of the honors and privileges of her wandering life to give loving welcome to a Methodist preacher and to offer him the best in her house and home, as she does now."

Here our heroine stretched her hand in renewed welcome to her guest. William Losee bounded to his feet again, returned the grip she offered him with strong feeling, and, speaking with quite impressive reverence and respect, he said:

"Then am I still more blessed and favored for this goodly heritage of Christian communion, privilege and peace. Let me say to you, having but lately come from New York and the Methodist Society there, 'O woman, great was thy faith!' The Church grows and grows by leaps and bounds. The seed which you and your comrades planted hath already become a great tree, and of all the names held in honor by our brethren there none stand so high as those of Philip Embury and Barbara Heck!"

Then was the face of Brave Barbara suffused with blushes. She was not greatly given to the "melting mood," but in this case her head was bended beneath the burden of thought that crowded on her; her eyes filled and overflowed with the rush of feeling; her whole soul was filled with joy as she thought of the growing, spreading, ever expanding tree she had helped to plant in the soil of the new world.

While the preacher was doing ample justice to the generous meal set before him, and enjoying the welcome rest after a hard day's toil—he had ridden more than thirty cross-country miles that day—Paul Heck and his eldest son Jabez were away among the more distant neighbors, announcing the coming services for the Lord's Day. The next day the spacious living-room and the adjoining kitchen were filled and more than filled with willing listeners. A chair had been placed in the doorway that connected the two rooms, a table, too, to support the Bible and hymn-book, and William Losee stood there to proclaim the Word of the Lord.

The preacher then took for his text, "Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord." Even while he spoke, the strange and subtle power, which was one of the strange characteristics of the earliest Methodist preachers, laid hold upon the assembled foresters, and upon none with more abiding effect than on the young man, Reginald Pemberton, whose soul was moved to tears. In the afternoon of that great day, the large barn was resorted to to hold the growing crowd, and in the evening, for the young evangelist did not spare himself, the crowd had to adjourn into the open air.

Early on the following day, the wandering evangelist was again on his way pioneering through all the region round about, and in places still more distant. We hear of him at the settlements of the Bay of Quinte and at Niagara, where he found another Methodist nucleus consisting, strange to say, of some members of the Schweitzer family, whose "forbears" had hailed from the green valley of Ballygran. In this way it was that the great Dominion of Canada was first illumined with the light of Life as lifted by Methodist hands and fanned into fullest brightness by the impelling influence of a high-toned Christian life.

There was much difference of sentiment in the little community on the St. Lawrence River as to the services of that never-to-be-forgotten day. The Methodists were greatly refreshed in spirit, and Brave Barbara called it specially "a day of the Son of Man and of power." Josiah Whiteside wisely refrained from extended criticism. He contented himself with a shake of the head, and the remark that God was not in the earthquake nor in the thunder, but in the still, small voice. The still and soft-voiced Hannah shrank within herself as from something which jarred painfully on her sensitive spirit; but, with her usual evenly-balanced temper and judgment, she replied to her husband that God was both in the earthquake and the thunder, but that these were not what Elijah needed to bring him to the feet of God.

Colonel Pemberton, who had been induced for friendship's sake to attend the afternoon service mainly to please his neighbors the Hecks, and who emphatically did not approve of what he saw and heard, was by no means restrained in his expressions of hostile opinion.

"A frothy babbler, that's what the fellow is," he said, with high indignation; "a putter forth of strange doctrines in an outlandish and illiterate way, a way which is as far from any harmony with the Book of Common Prayer and the authorized and established Church of England as the poles are asunder. To say that is to condemn the whole business."

This was gently said, as compared with his utterances when it came to his knowledge how "Redgie," as he called his favorite son, had been handled. Reginald was the old man's hope and pride; and when he discovered what had occurred, the militant squire simply lost his temper out-and-out.

"Just think of it," said he to his good lady who could not even speak in the presence of his tornado of indignation. "Here's a ranting Methodist fanatic who brings his intolerable, superstitious witchcraft to bear on my Reginald, and to make him weep and sob and cry for what he calls 'pardon,' side by side with ne'er-do-weels!"

Mrs. Pemberton, whose soul was glad within her at the thought that "Redgie" had chosen the better part, had just then no answer for her irate husband. She might have reminded him that "my Reginald," as he called him, was hers, too; and have persuaded him on that ground to modify his condemnation. But that was the stately Colonel's habit. It was "a way he had." "My" was one of his strong points. He was quick to conclude his diatribes against Methodists, and against poor Losee in particular, by threats of vengeance, peremptory and condign.

On the other hand, Mammy Dinah and Aunty Chloe were in ecstacies of delight.

"Dis is de ole kin' o' 'ligion, like dat we use to hab in ole Virginny," said Aunt Chloe.

"On'y dat dis 'ere is jus' a leetle mo' so," replied Mammy Dinah with that original streak of philosophy and quaint force of expression which marks the negro mind. "Anyhow, de preacha' done talkee good, and there was a powa'ful heap o' meanin' in it."

Uncle Pompey shook his patriarchal locks with much dubiety.

"If it had a-been a good Baptis' brudder dat was a-holdin' fort," the old man said, "I 'spose I might ha' foun' mo' suga' in de cane myse'f; but dese Mefodis' folk, what am dey be?" with which mysterious conundrum we must pass the fine old fellow by. "What am dey be?" the Methodists soon answered for themselves.

"Well, Mike, my boy," said our friend John Lawrence, who had proved a staunch and most efficient Lieutenant to the preacher, and who, to put it in his own way, had had grapes from Eshcol and honey in the comb. "And what did you think of Mr. Losee and of yesterday's doings?"

"Why, shure an' I can say somethin' consarnin' that same; but, faith, to tell you what I think, that's beyant me, an' no less. There's some things so sweetly good that they won't bear the tellin', and so much av it that they'll scarcely bear the howldin' av 'em an' be the same token yesterday's blissed peep into paradise was wan av 'em. Glory be to God!"

Such were some of the varieties of opinion of the proceedings that marked the advent of the first Methodist preacher into New Ballygran.

On a subsequent day, a painful scene took place between Colonel Pemberton and his son, Reginald, as the result of the great awakening to which I have referred. Redgie had become a regular and zealous attendant at the Methodist preachings, for I need not say, that Methodist like, William Losee held fast the footing he had gained, and made the River Settlements a fixed and constant appointment in his wide and toilsome "circuit round." Overcoming his natural reserve, Reginald had thrown himself with strange energy and great acceptance into Christian work; taking part in public prayer, boldly relating his new experience as a disciple of Jesus, and exhorting earnestly at Inquiry Meetings, which came to be held night after night in the house of Brave Barbara. One Monday morning after the young man had been engaged in a day's campaign as a soldier of the Cross, the Colonel called him into his own private room.

"Do you mean to set your father's will and authority at defiance?" said the Colonel in a towering rage. "You might as well know it now as later—I will not suffer these absurdities to continue."

"Father," said the young man, speaking firmly and slowly, but evidently under strong feeling, "I owe you all filial obedience, and it is my joy as well as my duty to render it, but where my duty to my God and Saviour is clear, I dare not disobey him."

"And who is to be the judge of your duty, on any subject, I should like to know, unless it is your father?"

"We must each give an account of our own selves unto God," said Redgie, solemnly, "and I cannot violate my conscience even for the best of fathers, and that you have been to me all my life."

"Why this is flat rebellion!" exclaimed the imperious colonel, quite ignoring a plea which his own calmer judgment would have been constrained to admit.

"Nay, father, not rebellion; I love you too well to be guilty of that; not rebellion, but true loyalty to the Higher Authority that you yourself acknowledge."

The old military chief was troubled by truths that he could not question; and so he found resource and shelter in an outburst of petulance and wrath: "Well, all I have to say is this," he shouted, "if you will join those brainless fanatics, you are no longer son of mine. I disown and discard you, as I would a hundred sons if they did the like."

"Oh, don't say that, father," said the youth with real agony of soul in tone and feature.

"I have said it," thundered the imposing old autocrat; "and I mean it, too. Your home shall no more be beneath this roof."

A brief silence ensued. The father looked in magisterial severity on his boy; the son stood with bowed head and tearful face. The pause was intense.

"Well, what is your choice?" said the colonel, with a gesture of impatience.

"My choice is made," said Reginald, his face pallid, and his hands clasped in nervous strain. "I have joined the Methodists, and I will not forsake them. I love the Methodist daughter of two saints of God, and if I may, her life and mine will flow together. Don't tempt me, father, don't! It would be betraying my Master to turn back from following him and—" he continued, as his tender love for Gracie came upon him, "it would break my heart."

"Very well, sir!" said the colonel, now fairly beside himself in presence of this outrage on all authority. "As you have made your bed, so you must lie on it—and shall, sir, for all I care. Go; and let me see your face no more!" so saying, the old gentleman pointed to the door, and turned angrily away.

"Oh, father, dear father!" pleaded Reginald, now almost beside himself with distress. "Don't spurn me from your presence. Never son can be more loyal and more loving than I will be—never—"

"Go, sir, go!" said the passionate parent.

"At least let me see my mother before I go," pleaded the youth.

"No, sir!" said his testy sire, in a voice of thunder. "You are breaking her heart with your selfish ingratitude"—which was not true—"and turning your mother's love to gall"—which was equally false. "It will give her needless grief to look upon you."

Here the father snatched away his hand which Reginald had taken, and strode angrily from the room.

Reginald threw himself upon the floor in an agony of grief. The room seemed to whirl around him. He felt sunk in the darkest midnight of despair. The strongest of earthly ties were snapped assunder. It seemed to his strongly affectionate soul, as if the solid earth was rocking beneath his feet.

(To be Continued.)

Our Neglected Children.

(*Continued from first page.*)

the church, and both are now prospering. There are many cases like that of Baring.

In a recent letter, Mr. Sharp says: "Passing though the village of Prairie Hill, lately, I heard of the triumphant death of a young married woman, who had been converted before her marriage at a meeting which I conducted in a place where I organized a Sunday School, some miles from Prairie Hill. During her protracted illness, she was a bright illustration of the power of divine grace to sustain and comfort in hours of sorrow and pain. Knowing that her pilgrimage was rapidly nearing its close, her faith, patience and resignation never forsook her. The end was peace. The occasion of my visit to Prairie Hill was the anniversary of their Sunday School which I had organized. The previous history of Sunday School effort in that vicinity, as given me on my recent visit by an officer of the school is, that a denominational school had been attempted not far off in one direction, and another denomination had tried to conduct a school in another direction. Neither had much prosperity. A meeting of great power had been held by an evangelist, and I was sent for to organize a school. The people decided it should be a Union School. It has prospered and I attended their anniversary exercises the 21st of May, by their invitation. The large church was packed with old and young. The exercises and the song service were delightful, and harmony and good feeling prevailed among the people. Thus one prosperous Union School seems to be far better than two struggling, sickly ones in a small village.

YOUNG INDIAN PUPILS OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD MISSIONARY'S SCHOOLS.

"I see fruit also from family visitation. In an adjoining county, one of the tracts I distributed ('Immediate Salvation for the Chief of Sinners'), was the means of bringing joy to an invalid. It was a woman who lay suffering with a fatal disease. She was in great distress about her eternal welfare. The tract was sent to her and it was the means of so great a blessing that she said, after it had been read, 'Now my way is clear; I am ready to go.' She continued in this happy assurance of a home in heaven till she fell asleep. She feared no evil, for God was with her."

One phase of our missionary's experience is graphically detailed below:

"As I go from house to house and learn the spiritual condition of the parents and children, I feel like saying as did the Saviour, 'Truly the harvest is great, and the laborers few.' Hundreds of families have not got a Bible or Testament in the house, and take no religious papers of any kind. One Saturday evening as I was going to an appointment, I was driving through a mountainous district and I saw a little cottage off to my left. I turned in, drove up to the door, and there stood three lovely little girls, and, on knocking, a lady opened the door. I told her I wanted to leave her children some papers to read. She seemed delighted, and as I passed the papers to the children the mother said, 'We will have a Sabbath to-morrow, won't we darlings?' She went on to say that they had no Christian privileges, and the Sabbaths were so long with nothing to read. She said she was not accustomed to living in that way.

"I learned afterwards that her husband was an infidel, and when I drove through the locality again, I made it a point to call and see them. I found the lady sick. I left some papers and cards for the children, and when I bade the husband good-bye, I asked him if he loved the Saviour. He hesitated for a short time, then answered 'Yes.' I saw his sister a few weeks after, and she said he had told her all about my visit, and the question I asked him, and that he made up his mind there and then to throw up his infidelity, and try to live a Christian life. I found one locality where the leading spirits were infidels. They would not allow the Bible read in the schools. I went around and told them I wanted to organize a Sunday School. They said 'No.' They were doing very wrong, I said, to keep their children from light and knowledge. I asked them if I could have the use of the house the next evening, and after considering the matter, they let me in. I asked them to come out, and we had a houseful and organized a good Sunday School.

"At another point, I canvassed a town; got no encouragement to speak of. They told me there was not a Christian in the place, and that dances, card-parties and lyceums, were the 'order of the day.' I called a meeting, and it stormed so that we could not do anything. I called another, had a good houseful, and organized a large school. I was visiting two Sunday Schools on a recent Sabbath near the latter place, and there learned that it was 'just flourishing' and was the best in that part of the county."

Another letter (this from Texas), gives still a different glimpse of the experience of a Sunday School missionary. "The first school I organized this month," he writes, "although close to a railroad village where there is always one and sometimes two Sunday Schools in operation, is a very much needed institution. A number of the settlers have lately arrived, and while making homes here, will be in very reduced circumstances for a year or two. I found that only six or eight among the fifty or more young people in the neighborhood, had ever attended the town schools, and so I gathered them together and organized an afternoon Sunday School. The people there preferred a Union Sabbath School and a teacher in one of the denominational schools in town, was elected superintendent. The members then threw in of their scanty means; I added a donation, and the work was begun.

"Some of the neighborhoods in this section are of a very primitive style. Old fashioned log houses, ox-wagons, old-time singing schools, using the four-note system, and lots of hard shells, not progressive at all, but honest as the day is long. What would I not give if I could transport one of these old-style singing schools into your presence and then watch the effect! I stopped one night in a double log house with a drive-way between, down in the forks of two rivers. I and the boys occupied one room, the old folks and the girls the other. Sunday morning dawned cold and the folks were drowsy, for we had been up late the night before. After awhile the old man began to call "Joe, git up! Git up, Bill! Git out and feed!" But none of the boys budged. Joe wanted Bill to roll out first, and Bill wanted Joe. Finally the door opened and in came the old man with a long razor-strop in his hand. He collared one of the boys, and in less time than it would take to tell it, the cows were getting their feed."

Our missionary's work during the year just closing has been so signally blessed in many ways that we feel no hesitation in commending to our readers his support for another year. This class of Christian service lies comparatively near at hand, and is the quickest in its returns. Let us send the Gospel of Jesus to those neglected children in the distant States; let us bring them together in sweet assembly, and teach them the songs of salvation. We should esteem it one of the highest privileges to have these young lives expand spiritually under our care and patronage. A sacrifice made for the sake of such a glorious work is indeed a blessed sacrifice!

Contributions for the support of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Sunday School Missionary for another year will be duly acknowledged in these columns.

NATIVE EVANGELISTS IN ASSAM.

AN interesting work by native preachers among the Garos of Assam, is described in a letter to the *Missionary Review* by Rev. E. G. Phillips. It appears that the Garos are demon worshippers and offer annual sacrifices. They readily comprehend the doctrine of the Atonement. The first two of the Garo tribe were converted thirty years ago. They began work among their people, and four years later forty converts were baptized and a missionary located among them. Since then the growth has been steady, until now there are about 2,300 communicants, and there have been probably 4,000 baptisms on profession of personal faith. The work is moving on with increasing momentum, and promises in the near future to bring in the whole tribe. More than 700 were baptized during the past year. The great part of the churches are self-supporting in the matter of finances, church discipline, and to an encouraging degree in aggressive church work. The standard of church life is maintained at a higher point than in many parts of Christian lands.

TRUTH'S LONGING.

Written for "The Christian Herald."

LORD make me thine, by grace divine,
And keep me, by thy power,
My faltering, footsteps safely guard
Till Life's last closing hour.

Oh let thy light fall full and clear;
Bright on my pathway shine;
Be with me Saviour, ever near,
And cheer this heart of mine.

Chase all the shades of gloom away,
With Faith's majestic beams,
And lead where Truth's effulgent ray,
From Glory's hilltop streams.

Thyself reveal to me, my God,
With hope my soul inspire
Melt thou my cold and frozen heart,
With Love's celestial fire.

By Mercy's sweet, inspiring strain
Close draw me, to thy side,
Possession take and there remain,
And in my heart abide!

And as I know, and love, and praise,
And walk within thy light,
I will, my King, thy standard bear
And serve thee with my might.

—FRANCIS P. GRIFFITH.

La Grange, Ind.

Saved Her Sight

"My little girl Hazel two years ago had the grip, leaving her with inflamed eyes, so bad that for seven months we had to bandage them and keep her in a dark room. The family physician and an oculist said the sight of one eye was destroyed and she might lose the other. She suffered **intense pain,** and when light was admitted to the room would cry as if burned with a hot iron. We began giving her Hood's Sarsaparilla, and to our surprise her eyes began **to improve rapidly.** The sight gradually returned and she is now as well as ever. Her eyes are permanently and perfectly cured." W. A. BUTTERFIELD, 1495 Hasting St., Detroit, Mich.

Hazel Butterfield.

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GOD'S LAUGHTER.*

All the self-will in the world does not alter the fact that the authority of Christ is sovereign over human wills. We cannot get away from it; but we can either lovingly embrace it, and then it is our life, or we can set ourselves against it, like an obstinate ox planting its feet and standing stock-still, and then the goad is driven deep and draws blood.

The metaphor of bands and cords is taken from the fastenings of the yoke on a draught bullock. One can scarcely miss the sharp contrast of this truculent exhortation to rebellion with the gracious summons, "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me." The "bands" are already on our necks in a very real sense, for we are all under Christ's authority, and opposition is rebellion, not the effort to prevent a yoke being imposed, but to shake off one already laid on. But yet the consent of our own wills is called for, and thereby we take the yoke, which is a stay rather than a fetter, and bear the burden which bears up these who bear it.

Psalm 1 sets side by side in sharp contrast the godly and the godless. Here a still more striking transition is made in the second strophe which changes the scene to heaven. The lower half of the picture is all eager motion and strained effort; the upper is full of Divine calm. Hot with hatred, flushed with defiant self-confidence and busy with plots, the rebels hurry together like swarming ants on their hillock. "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh." That representation of the seated God contrasts grandly with the stir on earth. The thought embodied is like that expressed in the Egyptian statues of gods carved out of the side of a mountain, "moulded in colossal calm," with their mighty hands laid in their laps and their wide-opened eyes gazing down on the little ways of the men creeping about their feet.

And what shall we say of that daring and awful image of the laughter of God? The attribution of such action to him is so bold that all danger of misunderstanding it is impossible. It sends us at once to look for its translation, which probably lies in the thought of essential ludicrousness of opposition, which is discerned in heaven to be so utterly groundless and hopeless as to be absurd. "When he came nigh and beheld the city, he wept over it." The two pictures are not incapable of being reconciled. The Christ who wept over sinners is the fullest revelation of the heart of God, and the laughter of the psalm is consistent with the tears of Jesus as he stood on Olivet, and looked across the glen to the Temple glittering in the morning sun.

God's laughter passes into the utterance of his wrath at the time determined by him. The silence is broken by his voice, and the motionless form flashes into action. One movement is enough to "vex" the enemies and fling them into panic, as a flock of birds put to flight by the lifting of an arm. There is a point, known to God alone, when he perceives that the fitness of time has come, and the opposition must be ended. By long-drawn out, gentle patience he has sought to win to obedience (though that side of his dealings is not presented in this psalm), but the moment arrives when in world-wide catastrophes or crushing blows on individuals sleeping retribution wakes at the right moment, determined by considerations appreciable by us: "Then does he speak in his wrath."

A CHURCH OF THE PEOPLE.

JOCELYN crossed the street, went up the little wooden steps, and entered at the low swinging door. It was a very small and humble temple in which she found herself: lamps, by whose dim glare she descried the foul-worn and weather-beaten faces of the scattered congregation, mill-hands, she conjectured they were mostly; rough-looking, down-faced men; homely women, with tired, and some with anxious, or saddened eyes; here and there a girl, young as herself, from whose cheeks the roses had not yet faded, nor the laughter out of their looks, and showing their youth by a bit of cheap "artificials" in their bonnets, or a gaudy ring upon their coarse, ungloved hands. But all were decent in their appearance, devout in their behavior; and singing the dear old words of her mother's hymn to her mother's tune, as earnestly and reverently, though with many an extraneous quack and quaver, as she could have done herself.

They took no special notice of her entrance; one after another new-comer kept dropping in from time to time; they were standing as they were singing, and singing with all their hearts; and Jocelyn quietly slipped into an unoccupied pew, and lifted up her voice and her heart in unison with them. The minister stood up before them upon a low platform of unpainted pine: a young man, one of "the people," like themselves, but with an earnest face, and a singularly sincere and sympathetic voice. After the hymn was ended, which he led in a full deep baritone voice, he spoke a few words of exhortation, counsel, comfort; just what Jocelyn thought must go straight to the hearts of such listeners as these before him, and which stirred her own with strange unexpected power. Afterward he prayed; and he seemed to divine all the most real and secret wants and troubles, hopes and fears, and sorrows, aye, and joys of those humble, but very human souls, and bear them to the feet of God as though they were his own. That they voiced the inmost cry of the heart was shown by the frequent low amens that sounded out here and there among the kneeling assembly, and Jocelyn felt awed.

She did not need the dusty little hymn book which lay on the bench beside her; every line of the tender, impassioned strain was familiar to her, and she sang it through with a fervor of feeling, a sense of her own share in that "Life," that "Light," that "Peace," which had not visited her tired and discouraged soul for many days.

YOUNG FRIENDSHIPS.*

Do not be in a hurry in the formation of friendship. Keep the man at arm's length till you know something of him. Acquaintanceship is one thing; intimacy is another.

You may be courteous without being confidential, and civil without being effusive. Do not suffer yourself to be unwittingly bracketed with an idler or a fool. Think twice or three times before you accept a friendship that is obtruded, almost forced upon you.

> The man who boasts you Tom or Jack,
> And proves by thumping on your back
> How social he can be,
> Is such a friend, that one had need
> Be very much his friend indeed
> To pardon, or to bear it.

So long as it is in their humor or to their ad-

*From *Straightness, Ease and Young Men*, by Rev. Thain Davidson, D. D.; pp. 96; cloth; price 50c. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago, publishers.

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vantage, they will be hand and glove with you, but when they find you can do them no more service, you are dropped at once. There is nothing more galling to a sensitive nature than to be suddenly deserted by one on whose constancy you had been led to rely.

Remember, your own character will be judged by the kind of persons you associate with. Be it a prince or a day-laborer, a man's favorite company is a pretty sure index of his own moral standard. Pythagoras, before he would admit any one into his school, made strict inquiry as to who his intimate associates had been; rightly judging that those who had been careless about their companionships were not the most likely to derive benefit from his instructions. A very brief acquaintanceship has been known to do a life-long injury. The chemist will tell you that a single grain of iodine is sufficient to give color to a hundred gallons of water; and a week of unwholesome friendship may prove enough to poison your whole life.

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AN ORPHAN'S WORK FOR CHRIST.

A REMARKABLE mission work has been carried on in the city of Dunedin, New Zealand, which has been started by Rev. W. Ready. He was the tenth child of an Irishman, who lived in London. When six years old he became an orphan, and was cast upon the streets of the city. He followed the 'buses, tumbled for coppers, picked up scraps of food, slept under arches and in ash-boxes. For six years he never slept in a bed. At the age of thirteen he did not know a letter. A city missionary sent him to Mr. Muller's Orphanage in Bristol. A year later he was apprenticed to a Mr. Perryman, of Chagford, where he was converted, became a local preacher, went to Shebbear College, and finally entered the ministry.

After doing good work for a short time in England, Mr. Ready went to New Zealand, did well in and around Christchurch, and then proceeded to Dunedin. He hardly knew a person in the place. At eight o'clock one Sunday evening he stood in the Octagon, his wife being by his side, and sang, "Oh, where is my wandering boy to-night?" People were attracted. He said, "On the other side I saw a bill announcing that an infidel would lecture on 'Is the Bible True?' He will attempt to show you from books that the Bible is not true: I will prove from history, observation, and experience that the Bible is true." And on he went. Some time after a burly charwoman, half drunk, made an attack upon him. He turned aside, saying, "Gough tells us that a man who runs away from a woman is a hero, and I mean to be one." This was a splendid advertisement. Rattray Street Hall, seating 350 people, was gradually filled, then crowded Last August the Lyceum was secured. It was built in 1882 for the propagation of free thought, but the promoters came to grief. The hall will seat 1,000 people, and is in the centre of the city. It is filled every Sunday night. At least half the congregation previously attended no place of worship. Many remarkable conversions have taken place.

THE HIDDEN MOTTO ON THE RING

YEARS ago, a lad returning home from school, picked up a gold ring. The owner could never be found, and the lad said to his mother, as he committed the ring to her care, that if ever he were married he should like to have it for his wife's wedding ring. Years passed by, and, in a little village church, his youthful wish was fulfilled. But the ring had a special miesion to accomplish. Looking carefully at the ring soon after finding it, the lad discovered that it had engraven on the inside the motto: "God's providence, mine inheritance." The lad pondered over the words and thought to himself, how great was the blessing they described. "Yes," he said to himself, "that shall be the motto of my life: 'God's providence, mine inheritance;' that means God's love, God's care, will be my estate, my riches. I shall be rich and happy indeed, if all my life through I have God to love me and provide for me." In this way he received the message of the ring; and the motto taken for life was marvelously fulfilled. On his tombstone is cut a representation of the ring, with the motto upon it. Beneath his name was inscribed the last text which he was ever able to read: "Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory" (Psa. 73: 24.)

RICH FOR A MOMENT.

THE ship *Britannia*, which struck on the rocks off the coast of Brazil, had on board a large lot of Spanish dollars. In the hope of saving some of them a number of barrels were brought on deck, but the vessel was sinking so fast that the only hope for life was in taking at once to the boats. The last boat was about to push off, when a midshipman rushed back to see if any one was still on board. To his surprise, there sat a man on deck with a hatchet in his hand, with which he had broken open several of the casks, the contents of which he was now heaping up about him.

"What are you doing?" shouted he. "Escape for you life! Don't you know the ship is fast going to pieces?"

"The ship may," said the man: "I have lived a poor wretch all my life, and I am determined to die rich."

His remonstrances were answered only by another flourish of the hatchet, and he was left to his fate. In a few minutes the ship was engulfed in the waves.

We count such a man a madman, but he has too many imitators. Many men seem determined to die rich at all hazards. Least of all risks do they count the chance of losing the soul in the struggle. And yet the only riches we can clasp to our bosom with joy in our dying hour are the riches of grace through faith in our only Saviour, Jesus Christ. Let us make these riches ours before the dark hour comes. They will continne and will afford joy and comfort when earthly riches are useless.

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THE Royal Geographical Society of England, some four years since, appropriated a sum of money for a present to the chief Chitambo, who was so kind to Dr. Livingstone while living and who permitted the removal of his body after his death. They also prepared a bronze plate to be affixed to the tree by the side of which Livingstone died. Mr. Frank S. Arnot undertook to convey the present, but transferred his charge to Lieutenant Franqui, who has at last accomplished the trust. The bronze plate has this inscription: "Livingstone died here, Ilala, May 1, 1873."

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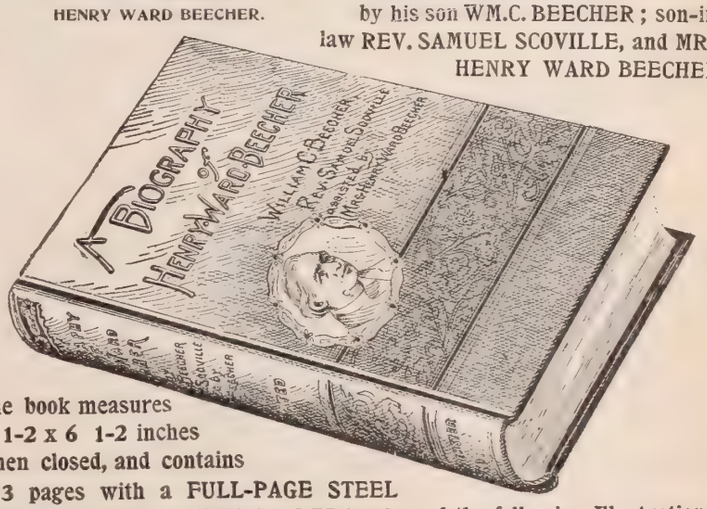

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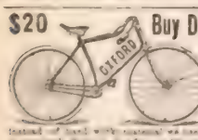

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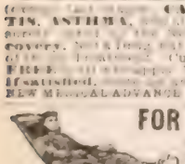

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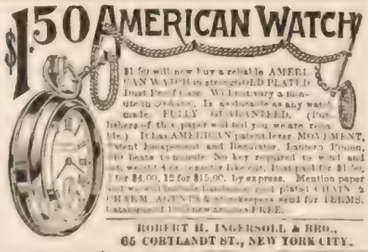

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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AN EVANGELISTIC VACATION.

How Seven Young Medical Students from Dr. Dowkontt's College are Spending their Summer Holiday.

"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" GOSPEL STAGE ON ITS TRAVELS.

MANY young people have been considering during the past few weeks where and how they shall spend their vacation. Probably few, if any, are spending it just in the same way as are the young men whose portraits appear on this page. They have three months at their disposal, and they are devoting the time to an evangelistic tour of the middle States. The party consists of seven bright young men, all of whom are training for the work of medical missionaries in heathen lands. They are students in the college established by Dr. George D. Dowkontt in New York. When the medical schools closed early in June, the plan had already been matured and all arrangements made for a prompt departure. They propose to go as far West as their time will allow, holding religious meetings every evening, when practicable, and devoting Sunday exclusively to religious work. They will return to New York by a different route, and hope to be back in time to resume their medical studies in the fall. Perhaps this mode of spending a vacation may seem to many young men about the dullest and most fanatical that could have been conceived. The popular idea is to find some place where there is good fishing, or boating, or fashionable society, with concerts, balls, and other dissipations. Vacation is an "off time" when business, and studies and discipline of all kinds are suspended, that body and mind may recuperate for renewed effort. But when religion gets a firm grip of a man he is apt to be a little peculiar. He cannot take his pleasure just in the same way as other men take it. There is no law about these things; the religious man has a perfect right to amusement. The glory of Christianity is the freedom permitted to its professors. But spirit is mightier than law. The man who has imbibed the Spirit of Christ is likely to be a more devoted and self-sacrificing servant of his Master than any slave would be. Whatsoever he does, is done unto Christ and is done voluntarily and joyfully. It is a delightful service, in which hardships and privations are accepted cheerfully and only give an added zest to the occupation.

These young men have given proof before this of possessing that spirit. The selection of a career was of itself an evidence of the fact. Judging by worldly standards, they have decided to fling their lives away. For several years they have been working hard to get a thorough education. Now they are plodding away at the dry and nauseating details of medical science, in the endeavor to qualify themselves to heal disease, to relieve suffering and to restore the afflicted to health. It is hard and weary work, but many undergo it with the prospect of settling down to a lucrative practice in some city, where, after a few years, they will accumulate a fortune, or become celebrated throughout the land. But these young men have accepted the labor and put the reward away from them. They are preparing for work in some pestilential district of Africa, some hostile province of China, or some fever-infested valley in India. Neither wealth nor fame can be acquired by such methods. The best they can hope for, so far as they are concerned, is to escape with their lives from disease incidental to the climate, the club of the savage, or the attack of some wild beast. They must work hard as long as they live and must die poor and unknown. If a young man were condemned to such a life we should account it gross cruelty; but these young men have chosen it voluntarily. Christ gave himself, not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give his life for men, and these young men count it their highest honor to be followers of Christ. So far as in them lies, they have chosen to live his life and to endure hardships and privations that through their self-sacrifice other men may be helped and comforted. It is quite natural that they who have chosen such a life, should be giving their annual vacation to Christian work. They are not strange to such work. Dr. Dowkontt's students are not a leisure class. The doctor, himself is one of the busiest men in the city. When he has given his morning or afternoon lecture to the students and turned them over to the care of some other professor, he is promptly off downtown, where he finds every one of his dispensaries, crowded with patients, waiting for treatment and for the kindly word of Christian encouragement and advice that they never fail to get from him, and which often does them as much good as medicine. Before he is through at the dispensaries, some of the students have joined him, helping him in dispensing, giving Christian counsel to the waiting patients or helping in some other way. After the dispensary work is done, there are patients to visit in the tenement houses and in the wretched rooms up back alleys, and in rear courts where so many people live and get sick and die. Some of the students accompany the doctor on these visits and get practical experience in the healing art and in that blessed labor of cheering the sufferer and praying with the dying, of which Dr. Dowkontt does so much. That is the way these students spend their time in the city while they are preparing for more arduous work in heathen lands. Poor Summers who perished in Africa, Dr. W. J. Hall, who is now laboring amid innumerable dangers in Corea, and Dr. Heli Chatelain who is just back from the fatal west coast of Africa, and many others gained their knowledge of medicine and Christian experience in the same way, by Dr. Dowkontt's side in the New York slums, where they saw much suffering and no fees.

SEVEN STUDENT EVANGELISTS, NOW TOURING IN THE MIDDLE STATES.

These seven are all poor men. The leader of the party is the eldest son of Dr. Dowkontt and is poor as a matter of course. The Doctor sees too many people who are in need of necessaries and has too kind a heart to often have money at command for his own family. Another of the party is Mr. A. F. Chapman who, until he came to New York to study, was an evangelist in Manitoba. A third is Mr. John E. Henderson, who comes of a missionary stock, his father being engaged in Christian labor in Jamaica, West Indies. His elder brother too is to be a medical missionary and will be a successful one, if we may judge from the fact that at the recent examinations in the University of New York, where he is studying, he ranked fourth in a class of two hundred. He expects to go to China this fall, while his younger brother, who is one of our party will go to Africa when his studies are finished. Both the brothers go under the auspices of the Baptist Society. A fourth member of the group bears the honored name of Charles Finney Tambling. He has already had a University education and is a senior of Oberlin College. Mr. N. D. Cox is a Canadian. His father is a ship-builder at Kingsport. That he has the true grit needed for his work is evident from

(*Continued on page 437.*)

The Tabernacle Pulpit

ARROGANCE AND HUMILITY.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., Founded on the Text: Luke 18: 13, *"God be merciful to me a sinner."*

NO mountain ever had a more brilliant coronet than Mount Moriah. The glories of the ancient temple blazed there. The mountain-top was not originally large enough to hold the temple, and so a wall six hundred feet high was erected, and the mountain was built out into that wall. It was at that point that Satan met Christ, and tried to persuade him to cast himself down the six hundred feet. The nine gates of the temple flashed the light of silver and gold and Corinthian brass, which Corinthian brass was mere precious stones melted and mixed and crystalized. The temple itself was not so very large a structure, but the courts and the adjuncts of the architecture made it half a mile in circumference.

We stand and look off upon that wondrous structure. What's the matter? What strange appearance in the temple? Is it fire? Why, it seems as if it were a mansion all kindled into flame. What's the matter? Why, it's the hour of morning sacrifice, and the smoke on the altar rises and bursts out of the crevices and out of the door, and wreathes the mountain-top with folds of smoke, through which glitter precious stones, gathered and burnished by royal munificence.

I see two men mounting the steps of the building; they go side by side; they are very unlike; no sympathy between them—the one the Pharisee, proud arrogant, pompous, he goes up the steps of the building; he seems by his manner to say, "Clear the track! Never before came up these steps such goodness and consecration."

Beside him was the publican, bowed down, seemingly, with a load on his heart. They reach the enclosure for worship in the midst of the temple; the Pharisee goes close up to the gate of the Holy of Holies; he feels he is worthy to stand there; he says, practically, "I am so holy I want to go into the Holy of Holies. O Lord, I am a very good man; I'm a remarkably good man; why, two days in the week I eat absolutely nothing. I'm so good; I'm very generous in my conduct toward the poor; I have no sympathy with the common rabble, especially have I none with this poor, miserable, commonplace, wretched publican, who happened to come up the stairs beside me."

The publican went clear to the other side of the enclosure, as far away from the gate of the Holy of Holies as he could get; for he felt unworthy to stand near the sacred place. And the Bible says he stood afar off. Standing on the opposite side of this enclosure he bows his head, and as Orientals when they have any trouble beat their breasts, so he begins to pound his breast, as he cries, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

Oh, was there ever a greater contrast? The incense that wafted that morning from the priest's censer was not so sweet as the publican's prayer floating into the opening heavens; while the prayer of the Pharisee died on his contemptuous lips, and rolled down into his arrogant heart. Worshipping there, they join each other, and go side by side down the steps, the Pharisee cross, wretched, acrid, saturnine; the publican, with his face shining with the very joys of heaven; for "I tell you that this man went down to his house justified rather than the other."

Now, I put this publican's prayer under analysis, and I discover in the first place that he was persuaded of his sinfulness. He was an honest man, he was a tax-gatherer, he was an officer of the government; the publicans were tax-gatherers, and Cicero says they were the adornment of the state. Of course they were somewhat unpopular, because people then did not like to pay their taxes any better than people now like to pay their taxes, and there were many who disliked them. Still, I suppose this publican, this tax-gatherer, was an honorable man; he had an office of trust; there were many hard things said about him; and yet, standing there in that enclosure of the temple, amid the demonstrations of God's holiness and power, he cries out from the very depths of his stricken soul, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" By what process shall I prove that I am a sinner? By what process shall I prove that you are a sinner? Shall I ask you to weigh your motives, to scan your actions, to estimate your behavior? I will do nothing of the kind; I will draw my argument rather from the plan of the work that God has achieved for your salvation.

You go down in a storm to the beach, and you see wreckers put on their rough jackets, and launch the life-boat, and then shoot the rockets to show that help is coming, out into the breakers, and you immediately cry, "A shipwreck!" And when I see the Lord Jesus Christ putting aside robe and crown, and launch out on the tossing sea of human suffering and satanic hate, going out into the thundering surge of death, I cry, "A shipwreck!"

I know that our souls are dreadfully lost, by the work that God has done to save them. Are you a sinner? Suppose you had a commercial agent in Charleston or San Francisco, or Chicago, and you were paying him promptly his salary, and you found out, after awhile, that notwithstanding he had drawn the salary, he had given nine-tenths of all the time to some other commercial establishment. Why, your indignation would know no bounds. And yet that is just the way we have treated the Lord.

He sent us out into this world to serve him. He has taken good care of us; he has clothed us, he has sheltered us, and he has surrounded us with ten thousand benefactions; and yet many of us have given nine-tenths of our lives to the service of the world, the flesh, and the devil. Why, my friend, the Bible is full of confession, and I do not find anybody is pardoned until he has confessed.

What did David say? "I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord." What did Isaiah say? "Woe is me, because I am a man of unclean lips." What did Ezra say? "Our iniquities are increased over our head, and our trespass is grown up into heaven." And among the millions before the throne of God to-night, not one got there until he confessed. The coast of eternal sorrow is strewn with the wreck of those who, not taking the warning, drove with the cargo of immortal hope into the white-tangled foam of the breakers.

The Pharisee and the Publican.

Repent! the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay;
The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets the fiery day.

But I analyze the publican's prayer a step further, and I find that he expected no relief except through God's mercy. Why did not he say, I am an honorable man; when I get ten dollars taxes I pay them right over to the government. I give full permission to anybody to audit my accounts; I appeal to thy justice, O God! He made no such plea. He threw himself flat on God's mercy.

Have you any idea that a man by breaking off the scales of the leprosy, can change the disease? Have you any idea that you can, by changing your life, change your heart, that you can purchase your way to heaven? Come, try it; come, bring all the bread you ever gave to the hungry, all the medicine you ever gave to the sick, all the kind words you have ever uttered, all the kind deeds that have ever distinguished you; add them all up into the tremendous aggregate of good words and works, and then you will see Paul sharpen his knife as he cuts that spirit of self-satisfaction, as he cries, "By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified."

Well, say a thousand men in this audience, if I am not to get anything in the way of peace from God in good works, how am I to be saved? By mercy. Here I stand to tell the story: mercy, mercy, long-suffering mercy; sovereign mercy, infinite mercy, omnipotent mercy, everlasting mercy. Why, it seems in the Bible as if all language were exhausted, as if it were stretched until it broke, as if all expression were struck dead at the feet of prophet and apostle and evangelist, when it tries to describe God's mercy.

Oh, says some one, that is only adding to my crime, if I come and confess before God and seek his mercy. No, no! The murderer has come, and while he was washing the blood of his victim from his hands, looked into the face of God and cried for mercy, and his soul has been white in God's pardoning love! And the soul that has wandered off in the streets, and down to the very gates of hell, has come back to her father's house, throwing her arms around his neck, and been saved by the mercy that saved Mary Magdalen.

But, says some one, you are throwing open that door of mercy too wide. No, I will throw it open wider; I will take the responsibility of saying that if all this audience, instead of being gathered in a semicircle, were placed side by side, in one long line, they could all march right through that wide-open gate of mercy. "Whosoever," "whosoever." Oh, this mercy of God—there is no line long enough to fathom it; there is no ladder long enough to scale it; there is no arithmetic facile enough to calculate it; no angel's wing can fly across it.

Heavenly harpers, aided by choirs with feet like the sun, cannot compass that harmony of Mercy, Mercy. It sounds in the rumbling of the celestial gate; I hear it in the chiming of the celestial towers; I see it flashing in the uplifted and downcast coronets of the saved; I hear it in the thundering tread of the bannered hosts round about the throne; and then it comes from the harps, and crowns, and thrones, and processions, to sit down, unexpressed, on a throne overtopping all heaven—the throne of mercy.

How I was affected when some one told me in regard to that accident on Long Island Sound, when one poor woman came and got her hand on a raft, as she tried to save herself, but those who were on the raft thought there was no room for her, and one man came and most cruelly beat and bruised her hands until she fell off. Oh, I bless God that this life-boat of the Gospel has room enough for the sixteen hundred millions of the race—room for one, room for all, and yet there is room!

I push this analysis of the publican's prayer a step further, and find that he did not expect any mercy except by pleading for it. He did not fold his hands together, as some do, saying, "If I'm to be saved, I'll be saved; if I'm to be lost, I'll be lost, and there is nothing for me to do." He knew what was worth having was worth asking for; hence this earnest cry of the text, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

It was an earnest prayer, and it is characteristic of all Bible prayers that they were answered. The blind man: "Lord, that I may receive my sight;" the leper: "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean;" sinking Peter: "Lord, save me;" the publican: "God be merciful to me a sinner." But if you come up with the tip of your finger and tap at the gate of mercy, it will not open; you have got to have the earnestness of the warrior who, defeated and pursued, dismounts

from his lathered steed, and with gauntletted fist pounds at the palace-gate. You have got to have the earnestness of the man who, at midnight in the fourth story has a sense of suffocation, with the house in flames, goes to the window and shouts to the firemen, "Help!" Oh, unforgiven soul! if you were in full earnest I might have to command silence in the auditory, for your prayers would drown the voice of the speaker, and we would have to pause in the great service. It is because you do not realize your sin before God that you are not this moment crying: Mercy, mercy, mercy.

This prayer of the publican was also an humble prayer. The Pharisee looked up, the publican looked down. You cannot be saved as a metaphysician, or as a rhetorician; you cannot be saved as a scholar; you cannot be saved as an artist; you cannot be saved as an official. If you are ever saved at all it will be as a sinner. "God be merciful to me a sinner."

Another characteristic of the prayer of the publican was, it had a ring of confidence. It was not a cry of despair. He knew he was going to get what he asked for; he wanted mercy, he asked for it, expecting it. And do you tell me, oh man! that God has provided this salvation, and is not going to let you have it?

If a man build a bridge across a river, will he not let people go over it? If a physician gives a prescription to a sick man, will he not let him take it? If an architect puts up a building, will he not let people in it? If God provides salvation, will he not let you have it? Oh, if there be a Pharisee here, a man who says, I am all right, my past life has been right, I don't want the pardon of the Gospel, for I have no sin to pardon, let me say that while that man is in that mood, there is no peace for him; there is no pardon, no salvation; and the probability is he will go down and spend eternity with the lost Pharisee of the text.

But if there be here one who says, I want to be better, I want to quit my sins, my life has been a very imperfect life; how many things have I said that I should not have said, how many things I have done I should not have done; I want to change my life; I want to begin now; let me say to such a soul, God is waiting, God is ready, and you are near the kingdom, or rather you have entered it, for no man says, I am determined to serve God, and surrender the sins of my life; here now, I consecrate myself to the Lord Jesus Christ who died to redeem me—no man from the depth of his soul says that, but he is already a Christian.

My uncle, the Rev. Samuel K. Talmage, of Augusta, Ga., was passing along the streets of Augusta one day, and he saw a man, a black man, step from the sidewalk out into the street, his hat off, and bow very lowly. My uncle was not a man who demanded obsequiousness, and he said, "What do you do that for?" "Oh," says the man, "Massa, the other night I was going along the street and I had a burden on my shoulder, and I was sick, and I was hungry, and I came to the door of your church, and you were preaching about 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' and I stood there at the door long enough to hear you say that if a man could utter that prayer from the depths of his soul God would pardon him, and finally take him to heaven. Then I put my burden on my shoulder, and I started home. I got to my home, and I sat down, and I said, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' but it got darker and darker, and then Massa, I got down on my knees, and I said, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' and the burden got heavier, and it got darker and darker; I knew not what to do. Then I got down on my face, and I cried, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' and away off I saw a light coming, and it came nearer and nearer and nearer, until all was bright in my heart, and I arose. I am happy now—the burden is all gone, and I said to myself, if ever I met you in the street I would get clear off the sidewalk, and I would bow down, and take my hat off before you. I feel that I owe more to you than to any other man. That is the reason I bow before you."

Oh, are there not many now who can utter this prayer, the prayer of the black man, the prayer of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner?" While I halt in the sermon, will you not all utter it? I do not say audibly, but utter it down in the depths of your souls' consciousness. Yes, the sigh goes all through the galleries, it goes all through the pews, it goes all through these aisles, sigh after sigh, God be merciful to me a sinner.

Have you all uttered it? No, there is one soul that has not uttered it: too proud to utter it, too hard to utter it. Oh, Holy Spirit, descend upon that one heart. Yes, he begins to breathe it now. No bowing of the head yet, no starting tear yet, but the prayer is beginning—it is born, God be merciful to me a sinner. Have all uttered it? Then I utter it myself, for no one in all the house needs to utter it more than my own soul: God be merciful to me a sinner.

NEVER HEARD OF GOD.

DEEPLY interesting reports of progress continue to come from Dr. D. McGilvary, who, as our readers will remember, has gone out under the auspices of the Presbyterian Board to labor among the Laos in the Indo-Chinese peninsula. It is practically a new field and a remarkable Providence seems to have been preparing the way for Christian effort. The latest news from the field comes in a letter from Dr. McGilvary to the *Church at Home and Abroad*, from which the following is an extract:

We have been out on our tour since January 3d, and have had daily cause for gratitude to God in our continued good health and fine openings for usefulness. We have visited the three churches of Pa Pow and Chieng Hai and Chieng Saân. Five adults have been received to the communion, and five children baptized. Beside this we have made several detours to the Musur and Kooie villages on the hills.

No trumpet tones that we can sound will give an adequate idea of this field. To be appreciated it must be seen as we see it. But even as we can represent it on paper, the Church must be blind and deaf if it does not see opportunity and hear the call of Providence that it cannot ignore and be guiltless. The opening up of the Northern Laos tribes under English rule is the complement of our Laos Mission work, adding vastly to its importance while numerous hill tribes are thrown open under favorable circumstances hitherto unknown. They are not bound and trammeled like the great historic religions, by a literature hoary and venerable from age, but are ignorantly worshipping the spirits or some spirit that nature or tradition teaches them must preside over the affairs of men, waiting for a religion that satisfies their wants and an alphabet by which it may be expressed.

I spent last night with a Kooie Phya, the highest rank of any of his tribe, who has a number of villages under him, who had never heard of Christianity till the news of Cha-Boo-Kaw's conversion reached him. It was most interesting to hear him expatiate to his villagers, who were all assembled, on the certainty that there must be a Creator *of whose existence a year ago he had never heard*. One of his first words after greeting me was "we sahaiken" (friends.) In half an hour he had called up the fever patients to take quinine, entirely new to him, and had only my word that it was not poison.

Last week we visited a Musur village containing some twenty-five families. One of our elders had gone on before and announced that the Krews (teachers) had come and when we reached the edge of the village we found the whole village out to receive us, men, women and children. We remained only three days and nights, but I believe we left them all believers with only one obstacle to their making a public profession of their faith. They have been so long under the rule and espionage of their Shan rulers that they can hardly believe that they can take an independent stand without liability to punishment. But they have begun to feel the influence of the changed surroundings. I think it will not be long before they will be able to overcome this last obstacle and openly confess their faith in Christ. The quinine distributed last year has convinced them more than our arguments that it is safe to renounce their spirits who were dreaded as the cause of all their diseases the most common and fatal being malarial fever. We ask an interest in the continued prayers of the whole Church.

INKSTAND AND SALVER OF RUSSIAN SILVER.

A Royal Souvenir from Prince Cantacuzene to the Proprietor of "The Christian Herald."

The Czar's Gratitude.

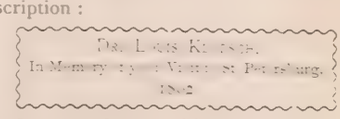
He Still Remembers what "The Christian Herald" Did During the Great Famine.

AMID all the troubles of state, the ruler of the Russias still retains a lively and grateful recollection of the kindness and sympathy shown by America towards his suffering people during the great famine of 1892. He remembered the cargoes of food sent to Riga and St. Petersburg by the citizens of Philadelphia and by the American Red Cross, nor did he forget the sending

PRINCE CANTACUZENE.

of the *Leo* which, freighted with the loving gifts and prayers of many thousands of CHRISTIAN HERALD subscribers, reached the Russian Capital when the famine was at its height, and when the plague had begun to count its victims. At that time, as though to mark his special appreciation of the feeling of universal brotherhood and sympathy that had prompted the sending of the *Leo*, whose cargo represented every Christian denomination in America, he personally thanked the ambassadors who had come to oversee its distribution.

But the Czar resolved to give his American friends a more visible and enduring reminder than mere words. A few weeks go, he commissioned Prince Cantacuzene, the Russian Minister at Washington, to invite certain gentlemen to meet on board the Russian frigate, *Dimitri Donskoi*, at Philadelphia, and there, in the name of his imperial master, to present to each of the gentlemen invited a souvenir from the Czar himself. The recipients were the members of the Citizens' Committee of Philadelphia, Mr. Edgar of Minnesota (who succeeded in sending out the first cargo), Rev. Dr. Talmage and Dr. Louis Klopsch, the editor and the proprietor of this journal. The testimonials, in every instance, consisted of pieces of Oriental inlaid work in silver. That presented to Dr. Klopsch (shown in the illustration), is a mammoth inkstand of solid Russian silver, on a salver of the same material, and is pronounced by expert jewelers and silversmiths as probably the finest and most perfect specimen of enamelled work ever brought to this country. On a plate outside the case is the inscription:



In accordance with the Emperor's wishes, these beautiful and costly souvenirs of a memorable year were presented "on Russian soil"—the deck of the imperial warship being so considered. Prince Cantacuzene, in distributing the gifts, made appropriate remarks, expressing anew the Czar's high appreciation of the great kindness shown by America the "good Samaritan" of the nations, to the hungry millions of Central Russia.

PAUL AT ATHENS.

S.S. Lesson for July 16 Acts 17: 22-31. Golden Text, John 4 24. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

ON leaving Philippi, Paul and Silas, accompanied by Timothy, passed through Amphipolis and Apollonia, first staying in the city of Thessalonica because there was a synagogue of the Jews. It needed only three Sabbath days' preaching to found the Church at Thessalonica, while they occupied the week days chiefly in working for their living, that they might not burden any of those to whom they brought the message of salvation. Paul did not at first see all the fruit of these three days of ministry. His testimony was that it behooved the Christ to suffer, and to rise again from the dead, and that this Jesus whom I preach unto you is Christ. It was

A God-sent Message,

and it did its work so truly that God could afford to let persecution break out without detriment to this new-born Church. "Some of them (the Jews) believed, and consorted with Paul and Silas, and of the devout Greeks a great multitude." They had not so much prestige to lose as the Jews had; they sought the truth for its own sake, and besides these, "of the chief women not a few" became disciples of Jesus of Nazareth. Barely a year passed by when Paul could speak of these converts in the highest terms. (1. Thes. 1: 2-10.) This was the Church which learned so readily to turn to God from its idols "to serve the living and the true God, and to wait for his Son from heaven;" it was these whose work of faith and labors of love, and patience of hope, made him give thanks to God always for them, because, as he himself says, "our Gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance.

Oh, how we learn that it is not the length of time an evangelist stays in a place or the number of meetings which he holds, that determines the amount of fruit which he shall gather. The quick outbreaks of persecution which followed only

Three Sundays' Labors,

is in itself evidence that God saw in this healthy infant church that which would stand trial. Persecution arose, as usual, from the Jews, who, to gain their ends, did not forbear to join to their cause the rowdies of the city, to mob the house of Jason (the host of the Church) with the thought of executing lynch law upon the servants of God. Not finding them, they arrested Jason with the indictment that he had received into his house "these that have turned the world upside down." What a commentary on the Word: "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." (1. John 5: 4.) Something more than man must lie in the power which, through three days' preaching in a Jewish synagogue—not so much as in a heathen temple—should yet turn the world upside down! But so real was the change which God had wrought in these Thessalonian believers that, instead of grieving over their wrongs, they "received the Word in much affliction, with joy of the Holy Ghost, so that they "were ensamples to all that believed in Macedonia and Achaia," (1. Thes. 1: 6, 7), and, far from being discouraged, they published the blessed news of salvation around them so as to make it unnecessary for Paul and his companions "to speak anything." Oh how wondrous is the power of the truth spoken by yielded instruments!

From thence the three missionaries went to Berea, where many were awakened, search the Scriptures daily. Here also persecution followed, but the brethren sent away Paul, keeping Silas and Timothy for a while. Thus Paul came alone to Athens. This was another land, it was the æsthetic city of the day. Poetry, art, music, literature, flourished in Athens. Human nature there revelled in its own beauty and its own development. Nowhere were the fallen sons of man so fallen as in Athens, nowhere was the dignity of real truth, real unselfishness, real love so ignored as here; nowhere was the false gloss of intellect, imagination, art, and beauty so used to cover hideous sin as in the city of Athens: what a soil for the pride-humbling Gospel of Jesus! It was ordered of God that Paul should come on here alone in the first place, he must take in the situation from God's side, and must know the odds he had against him, and the strength and subtilty of this fortress of the enemy which he was to take in the name of the Lord. While waiting for his companions, he waited for the Lord, and new light upon his second coming broke upon him, so that from here he wrote his two Epistles to the Thessalonians. But, while thus communing with heaven, and writing by the dictation of the Holy Ghost,

His Spirit "Was Stirred

within him," in seeing the city was full of idols. Where was the boasted superiority of the Athenians if they were on the level of mere savages in their conceptions of God? He disputed in the synagogue with the Jews and the devout persons, and in the market, with "them that met with him." Jesus and the resurrection was his theme: it caused a stir, the people who could not answer him carried his arguments to the philosophers, who in their conceit thought that no one knew as much as themselves, said: "What will the babbler say?" Others: "He seemeth to be a setter forth of strange 'demons.'" At last it went so far that he was invited to appear before the court of the Areopagus. It was a critical moment for Paul: it would seem as though his testimony for Christ must stand or fall as the result of this encounter with the august senators of Athens. Perhaps Paul was never more still in all his life. He knew well that man could not suffice for such a moment. But he knew also that the Master whom he served and who himself did not speak his own words, but only what he heard from the Father, would not fail him at such a moment. If he had attempted, by human wisdom, to overcome the human wisdom of those before whom he stood, the result would have been utter failure; but he knew how to trust his God, and he did not fail him but brought to his mind just the point where these men, who boasted of their knowledge, convicted themselves of their ignorance.

"Ye men of Athens, I perceive that ye are somewhat superstitious, for, as I passed by, and beheld your objects of worship, I found also an altar with this inscription

To the Unknown God."

What therefore ye worship in ignorance, that set I forth to you. (R.V.) It was intensely personal, intensely practical, any really hungry souls would eagerly drink in his message, and, if the remainder mocked, it was only what the Jews had done before. At any rate, he had got their attention; God had made his way. Thank God, he may lead his children up to a walled Jericho, or up to the banks of a Red Sea, but he is responsible to make the breach in the walls, and the path in the waters.

Paul, having once obtained a hearing, makes assertions without proving them, he is

A Witness, not a Disputer.

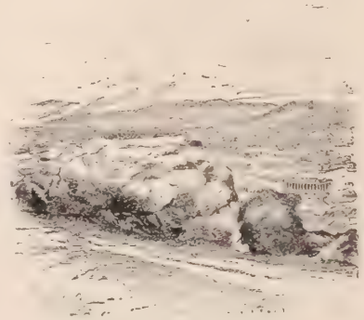
"God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands, as though he needed anything, seeing he giveth to all life and breath and all things." Without another word Paul had reversed all their ideas of religion. Their gods were creatures of their own, made by them, or imagined by them, and bearing the stamp of their human origin. A God whose mighty hand had brought them into being, and who, as Master of the universe, needed nothing at their hands, but was himself the Giver of every breath they drew, and every moment of life which was vouchsafed to them, this was something so entirely new that, if it were true, must humble them to nothing, and overthrow almost the whole of their worship with which their art, and literature, and all they lived for was so inseparably connected.

Paul went on with his courageous assertions that God had created of one blood all nations of men for the very purpose that they should seek the Lord if haply they might feel after him and find him, though he be not far from everyone of us. And, on this ground, he argued the absurdity and the unworthiness of idolatry, that such a God, if he really was the object of their worship, should be likened to gold or silver or stone, graven by art and man's device. To an honest soul, his argument was unanswerable. If this unknown God were really what Paul represented him, then there was no excuse for learned inquirers like the Athenians remaining longer in ignorance of him. Their own poets testified against their ignorance of him. What could be more worthy of their attention than the knowledge of such a God! If anything were worth while, it was surely to know him.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

AFTER his release from prison at Philippi, Paul proceeded on his missionary journey. His sufferings there and elsewhere had no deterrent effect upon him. His duty was to preach and he went on performing it, indifferent as to the troubles it brought upon him. His first stopping place was Thessalonica, a city of of 100,000 inhabitants, about a hundred miles to the southwest. It is now called Salonica. To the church which he founded there, he subsequently wrote the two epistles preserved in the New Testament. Driven thence by a popular outbreak, he went to Berea, where he founded another church. Again persecution broke out, and Paul departed secretly, leaving Silas and Timothy to follow him. He traveled to Athens, the centre of culture of that day. The city was famous for art, poetry and philosophy. To Paul, however, as he walked about the city, the most impressive sight was the number of deities worshipped. Secular historians say there were no less than thirty thousand of these deities represented in Athens, so that it had become a proverb that it was easier to find a god than a man in the city. As his custom was, Paul appealed first to the Jews, talking with them in their synagogue and in the market-place. We can imagine how the Greek philosophers seeing a crowd gather to listen to a dispute about religion in the market, would stay and listen too. They evidently were impressed by Paul's words for they determined to give him a more attentive hearing. So they invited him to speak on the top of Mars' Hill, where the Council of Areopagus assembled. This was a court of the chief men of Athens having judicial powers, but on this occasion they appear to have met simply to hear Paul speak. It does not appear that he was there as a prisoner. His speech before this august audience is the subject of the lesson.



MARS' HILL AS IT NOW APPEARS.

The Unknown God. It is related that Zayd, a sage of Mecca, felt constrained to abandon the religion of his fathers. He perceived its absurdities and openly denounced the gods of the Khoreishites. But then he was without any religion and he was miserable. He determined to travel and consult learned men and pious men of foreign lands. But his family resisted him. He sighed under the constraint and went about bemoaning his fate. One day as he stood with his back against the wall of the Temple, he was heard crying out as if in physical agony: "Lord, if I only knew how thou wouldest be served, I would obey thy will, but I am in ignorance." He then prostrated himself on the ground and wept bitterly. The light for which he so earnestly longed, God has given to us.

Dwelleth not in temples. "You teach," said Trajan to Rabbi Joshua, "that your God is everywhere, I should like to see him." "God's presence is indeed everywhere but no eye can behold his glory." But the emperor insisted upon seeing the God of the Hebrews. "Well then," said Rabbi Joshua, "suppose we try to look first at one of his ambassadors." It was noonday and they went into the open air and the Rabbi bade the emperor look up at the sun in his splendor. "I cannot," said Trajan, "it dazzles me." "Thou canst not," said Joshua, "endure the light of one of God's creatures, and canst thou expect to behold the splendor of the Creator himself! Would not such effulgence annihilate thee?"

Of one blood all nations of men. This fact implies a universal brotherhood, but the tendency has always been to narrow and restrict it. The story is told of Dr. Skinner securing a contribution to foreign missions by a peculiar plea of neighborliness. It was from a man who said: "I do not believe in foreign missions, I give only to home missions. I want what I give to benefit my neighbors." Dr. Skinner asked, "Whom do you regard as your neighbors?" "Why those around me," was the reply. "Do you mean those whose land adjoins yours?" "Yes." "Well," said Dr. Skinner, "how much land do you own?" "About five hundred acres," was the reply. "How far down do you own it?" was the next question. "Well, Doctor," said the man, "I don't know that I ever thought, but I suppose I am entitled to half way through." "Exactly," said Dr. Skinner, "that is what I thought and I want this money for the Chinese, the men whose land adjoins yours at the bottom."

Though he is not far from every one. The thought is very solemn, as well as very precious. How many things we do, which we should not do if we remembered that God is not far from every one of us. A little girl found out how to enter an upper room of her father's house, where the apples were stored. She went again and again and helped herself to the forbidden fruit. She was not detected and there seemed no reason to fear. But one thing troubled her. There was a portrait in oils in the room and with the peculiarity of old portraits the eyes seemed to dwell upon her accusingly. They seemed to be saying to her, as she stooped down to take up the apples, "Ah, I see you! it is very naughty." This so annoyed the little culprit from time to time, that she was determined to put a stop to the threatening of those two staring eyes; so she procured a small knife, and cut them out. Ah! but there were still the two large holes in place of them, and she never could look at them without thinking of the eyes, and what they used to say to her. She had put out the eyes, but she had not, nor could she, get rid of her conscience. Moreover, the very means she had used for sinning without rebuke served to discover her guilt.

Ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold. Among the incidents of missionary labor is one of a youth, who, convinced of the folly of idol-worship, went to a certain temple and destroyed all the images except the largest. In the hands of this big image he put the stick with which he had broken the others. When the keeper of the temple discovered it he was furious, and exclaimed, "Who has done this?" "Perhaps," said the boy, "the big idol has been beating his little brothers." "Nonsense!" said the man; "it was you! and to pay you for your wickedness, I'll beat you to death with the same stick." And seizing the stick, he approached him. "But," said the boy, "how can you trust to a god so weak, that a boy's hand can destroy him? Do you suppose that if he cannot take care of himself or his companions, he can of you and the world, let alone making you?" The heathen stopped to think; for it was a new idea. Then he broke his great idol, and went and kneeled down to pray to the true God, and called him "My Father."

He will judge the world in righteousness. That is a fact of enormous import. The world is not accustomed to judgment of that kind. Wealthy wrongdoers hire skilful lawyers to plead for them and often succeed in escaping punishment. The innocent are sometimes condemned because they are misunderstood, and very often the courts with the sincere desire to do right are not sure which course is right. But at the judgment Paul spoke of there will be a Judge possessing all knowledge, all wisdom and all power, and he will judge the world in righteousness. Judge Gray, now of the United States Supreme Court was once holding court in Indiana when a man was brought before him who was clearly guilty, but he was very shrewd and had managed to keep within the letter of the law while doing a grievous wrong. "I wish I could punish you severely," said the judge, "but through a technicality of the law I must discharge you. But I know you are guilty and so do you. Do not congratulate yourself. You will one day come before a Judge infinitely greater and wiser than I and he will deal with you according to justice, which is higher than law."

ON BOARD THE "GLAD TIDINGS."

Captain Bundy's Good Ship that Carries the Gospel Flag along the Lakes—Seventeen Years of Voyaging, Preaching and Working.

Let your lower lights be burning
Shed a gleam across the wave,
Some poor fainting, struggling seaman
You may rescue—you may save.

THE strains of the familiar hymn have been heard many times during the past seventeen years, coming from the deck of a small vessel, as it rode at anchor in the harbors of Lake Huron or Lake Michigan. People have learned to look every summer for the coming of the Gospel ship *Glad Tidings* along these shores, for it has cruised there nearly a score of years. Captain Bundy, the skipper of the craft, now a grizzled veteran took a commission under the great Captain of Salvation twenty-four years ago, when he was converted on the barque *Potomac* of Chicago, and since then he has been an industrious navigator in gospel waters. His work, comparatively limited at first has grown with each succeeding year and his voyages have lengthened until they now include every available point on the great lakes where missionary effort of this character can be made effective. It is a work that brings out all the enthusiasm and best energies of those who engage in it, and the captain and his crew of Christian men, specially chosen for the work, have been greatly blessed in being the means whereby many souls were saved.

CAPT. HENRY BUNDY.

Captain Bundy has made many sea-trips in his lifetime, but none that he recalls with keener pleasure than one voyage he undertook on the barque *Potomac* of Chicago, about 1869. On that voyage his crew was converted almost to a man. A few had found the Saviour before they joined and the others were converted on board. Every day prayer-meetings were held in the barque's cabin, and all through the voyage there were evidences that the Lord was working among the men of the *Potomac*. At the close of the season the crew presented Captain Bundy with a large Bible, which all signed. It was shortly after this experience that Captain Bundy began his series of Gospel voyages, which have now continued uninterruptedly for nearly eighteen years.

The first evangelistic tour by water, he undertook in 1876, the total expenses for the season being less than $600. The seventeenth yearly voyage, undertaken in 1892, was completed at an expense of $3,500. His first Gospel ship was a comparatively small boat, which was soon discarded for a new boat built in 1883, and this again was set aside for the steamer, *Glad Tidings*, which was constructed in Chicago in 1889. The total annual expenses of the Mission for the current year will be about $4,000.

While in Gospel commission the *Glad Tidings* is one of the busiest vessels afloat. She never sails under sealed orders; her captain and crew always know their destination and what the Great Captain of the Fleet expects of every man on board. Usually starting from Chicago and skirting the western shore of Lake Michigan, the vessel touches at every available point where audiences can be attracted and services held. Thence, through the Straits of Mackinac, past Detroit and up to Lake Superior, first along the western shore and then returning along the northern and eastern shores and back to the point of departure. Occasionally the voyage is extended far beyond the boundaries indicated. At every stopping-point the Gospel ship casts anchor and the "good tidings of great joy" are proclaimed to the multitudes. All are invited to start on the voyage for Immanuel's land and at almost every harbor precious souls are brought out of the current of sin and landed in the haven of salvation. Here is a specimen of the invitations distributed by Captain Bundy's Gospel sailors:

PASSENGERS:

Passengers for IMMANUEL'S LAND should lose no time in having their berths secured, as ONLY ONE vessel can ever succeed in reaching that country.
Vessel's Name—Gospel Ship, Romans 1: 16.
Port it leaves—City of Destruction, 2 Peter 3: 10.
Bound for—Immanuel's Land, Hebrews 11: 16.
Time of Sailing—To-day, Hebrews 3: 7, 8.
The Fare—Without money, without price, Isa. 55 1.
Captain's Name—Jesus Christ, Hebrews 2: 10.
Crew—Workers together, 2 Cor. 6: 1.
Passengers—Sinners saved by grace, Rom. 5: 1, 2.
Sea over which it passes—Time, Revelation 10: 6.
Lighthouse—Holy Scriptures, Psalm 119: 105.
Compass—Truth, John 8: 32.
Sails—Faith and love, 2 Thess. 1: 3.
Wind—The Holy Spirit, John 6: 63.
Storage—Grace, Isaiah 55: 2; 2 Cor. 13: 9.
Anchor—Hope, Hebrews 6: 19.
All are invited. Revelation 22: 17.
Reader are you on board this Gospel Ship bound for glory? If not, why not? Ah! why?
There is no possibility of a single Soul being lost on the passage. Matt. 25: 46.
"CHRIST DIED FOR THE UNGODLY."

Some of the voyages of the *Glad Tidings* deserve more than a passing mention. On entering a harbor, an effort is made to interest the sailors and longshoremen and at the noon hour and other convenient times meetings of considerable size are held with good results. People sometimes come from miles inland to the gospel ship. Preaching, plain, blunt gospel talks and good singing are powerful magnets to draw sailors. Bibles and good evangelical literature are distributed. The daytime services rarely last more than half an hour, but as a rule the evening services, owing to the large gatherings and intense interest, are usually larger. Sometimes the Gospel crew is encouraged to stay a week or more at one point, where the work has proved unusually effective. There are many places along the lakes—such as White Fish Point, Grand Maraias, Two Rivers, Snail Shell Harbor, Manistique, Point St. Ignace, Bay Mills and Port Arthur—where the sailors, bargemen and fishermen have evinced a deep interest in the work and many conversions have resulted. At some places, a considerable number of the population encountered are half-breeds, and they too have in many instances, been brought into the light. A good work has also been done among the Italian and French residents at different localities.

Work of this peculiar character is often attended with no little excitement and danger, but the captain and crew of the *Glad Tidings* like true Gospel mariners, lay their course by the divine chart, regardless of obstacles. Sometimes it happens that the crew is able to help a vessel in distress far out on the stormy waters of the lakes. Often in rough weather the *Glad Tidings* has bravely ridden out a gale with all her lines out; and thus far the little steamer has been providentially saved from disaster. There are many localities where her appearance is hailed with delight by hundreds of converts who have been made happy through the ministrations of Captain Bundy and his crew.

The *Glad Tidings* is now again on her annual voyage, as stanch and reliable and as well-manned as ever. A picture of the vessel and a portrait of her brave commander are given on this page.

A SERVICE ON THE GOSPEL SHIP "GLAD TIDINGS."

SAVED IN THE SNOW.

A POOR girl who, after leading a life of wickedness in New York, was at last converted, gives this interesting account of her experience: "On the 6th of January last, I was wandering in the snow without either a home or habitation, and not knowing where to go, I went into the Florence Mission, I was spoken to by Mrs. Williamson, a kind Christian lady, who accompanied me to a Christian home in that dreadful weather, having first prayed with me and urged me to put my trust in Jesus. A more fearful night one can scarcely imagine, the wind and snow driving in every direction. I was indeed worn out and weak, having been living for several days on nothing but drink. For a long time I had associated with companions who were even worse than myself, perhaps, and more used to the curse of drink.

"I became each day more degraded; but now I cannot think of the snow without feeling thankful to God, for by the snow and through kind friends I have at last been brought to know Jesus, when I might have perished. The snow makes me think of the time, long past, when I was a young innocent girl, and God in his infinite mercy sent it to bring me back to him and once more make me white by washing my sins in the blood of Jesus. I am now one of his children."

TRAVELING IN AFRICA.

A MISSIONARY journey into the interior from Batanga is described by Dr. A. C. Good in a letter to the *Church at Home and Abroad* which gives a vivid idea of the difficulties of travel there. Dr. Good says: "Between the towns in the inhabited sections of the country the paths become thoroughly bad. No man in Africa ever does any work for the public good. No man ever removes an obstruction from a path unless for his own immediate convenience, and there is neither law nor public sentiment to deter a man from obstructing any road.

"When a man wishes to make a garden he does not make it beside the path, but across it, felling the trees just as they happen to go. The people who wish to pass by the road must clamber over the trunks and through the tangled branches as best they can. At one moment the native traveler is crawling on all fours under an obstruction, the next he is balancing himself on a trunk ten feet from the ground, but he never complains, and apparently it never occurs to him that there is any remedy for these evils. For carriers it is fearful work getting through these clearings. In the older settlements after the above obstructions have rotted away (they are never removed), a dense growth of weeds and grass often lines the narrow path on either side. This is always wet till 10 A. M. with dew, if not with rain, and the passer-by is of course soon wet to the hips."

AN EVANGELISTIC VACATION.

(*Continued from first page.*)

the fact that he has turned the skill in the handling of tools, which he gained as a boy in his father's yard, to so good an account that he has defrayed his expenses through college by his own earnings. The sixth of the party is Mr. E. D. Vanderburgh of New York. He is the senior in point of medical attainment of the party. He has already passed through the New York Medical College. His destination, so far as his own choice can influence it, is Corea. The last of the group is Mr. B. O. Hester. He too, is a self-supporting student. He was for some time a trained nurse in the Brooklyn Hospital and from his earnings he saved sufficient to defray his college expenses.

Such is the group of young men who are now passing through Pennsylvania, on their way West. As we have said, they are all poor, but they are thoroughly in earnest and full of enthusiasm. When they came to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office early in the spring and spoke of their project, their enterprise and originality commended them to the heart of Dr. Klopsch, the Publisher. He at once placed his covered wagonette freely at their disposal and otherwise forwarded their project. They were thus able to reduce the expenses of their trip to a minimum, and some assistance in paying those, they hope to derive by securing subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It is gratifying to learn that they are being cordially welcomed. At their first camp a friendly farmer opened his gates to them, permitting them to erect their tent on his lawn, giving them all the milk they needed, and housing their horses in his stables. They also report success with their meetings. In one place they had an audience of a thousand persons. They have named their vehicle THE CHRISTIAN HERALD GOSPEL STAGE and we are sure that that name alone will be a passport to the good will and kindly offices of thousands of persons who know and love the paper. For the sake of that name, and still more for the sake of the Master whom they serve, we bespeak for them wherever they may go, a cordial welcome.

THE MISSIONARY'S ENEMY.

A PATHETIC lament comes from Mr. Whiteside who is laboring at Bailundu, Africa. In writing to the American Board he says: "The other day hearing that the king had called his council together, I wanted to see what was going on, and I saw there about 200 men waiting anxiously the arrival of a trader. He soon came and with him a keg of whiskey. After filling a few bottles, which the king put aside, the rest was distributed to the crowd. It is sad to see how anxious the men are for the whiskey, and not only the men, but the boys as well.

"About a year ago when at the ombala [the king's village] as they were drinking whiskey, I noticed how one little fellow, not more than eight or nine years old, a bright little lad, managed to get as many as a half-dozen little drinks. I learned that he was the king's son, and by his head wife, and this is the reason that all were so ready to give him some of their whiskey. The effect on this little fellow is clearly seen. He has lost much of the brightness of his looks, and Mrs. Woodside says he is rather dull in school. Another of the king's sons, who has been coming to the ombala school and is remarkably bright, seemed rather stupid one day, and Mrs. Woodside asked him what was the matter with him, whether he was drunk, and he said he had been drinking whiskey, but that he would not do so again.

"A few times lately I have found Muenekalia, the man next to the king, at whose place we have our meetings, very much the worse for liquor. I have told him plainly of it afterward, when I found him sober. He admits it, says it is bad, and that he will not drink any more, which promise he faithfully keeps until he can get more, when he drinks as before. I think that whiskey-drinking will be a very great hindrance to our work at the ombala, and more and more so throughout the country, especially among the old men."

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T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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CHRISTIAN BROTHERHOOD.

THERE are a great many persons who pride themselves on their ancestry, and they glory over the royal blood that pours through their arteries. In their line there was a lord, or a duke, or a prime minister, or a king. But when the Lord, our Father, puts upon us the ring of his adoption, we become the children of the Ruler of all nations. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." It matters not how poor our garments may be in this world, or how scant our bread, or how mean the hut we live in, if we have that ring of Christ's adoption upon our hand, we are assured of eternal defenses.

Adopted! Why, then, we are brothers and sisters to all the good of earth and heaven. We have the family name, the family dress, the family keys, the family wardrobe. The Father looks after us, robes us, defends us, blesses us. We have royal blood in our veins, and there are crowns in our line. If we are his children, then princes and princesses. It is only a question of time when we get our coronet. Adopted! Then we have the family secrets. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." Adopted! Then we have the family inheritance, and in the day when our Father shall divide the riches of heaven we shall take our share of the mansions and palaces and temples. Henceforth let us boast no more of an earthly ancestry. The insignia of eternal glory in our coat of arms. This ring of adoption puts upon us all honor and all privilege.

I have been told that when any of the members of any of the great secret societies of this country are in a distant city and are in any kind of trouble, and are set upon by enemies, they have only to give a certain signal and the members of that organization will flock around for defense. And when any man belongs to this great Christian brotherhood, if he gets in trouble, in trial, in persecution, in temptation, he has only to show this ring of Christ's adoption, and all the armed cohorts of heaven will come to his rescue.

OLD IDOLS.

THERE are a great many Christians in this day renewing the idolatry of human opinion. There was a time when they woke up to the folly of listening to what men said of them. They soliloquized in this way: "I have a God to worship, and I am responsible only to him. I must go straight on and do my whole duty, whether the world likes it or [illegible]" and they did it. But now they are [illegible] the fascinations of public applause. After a while they did something very popular. They had the popular ear and the popular heart. Men approved them, and poured gentle words of flattery into their ear, and before they realized it they went into the search for that which they had given up.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock one June night, Gibbon, the great historian, finished his history. Seated in a summer garden, he says that as he wrote the last line of that wonderful work, he felt great satisfaction. He closed the manuscript, walked out into the moonlight in the garden, and then, he said, he felt an indescribable melancholy come upon his soul at the thought that so soon he must leave all the fame that he would acquire by that manuscript.

The applause of this world is a very mean god to worship. It is a dragon that falls upon its worshipers and crushes them to death. Alas for those who, fascinated by human applause, give up the service of the Lord God and go as Laban did, to hunt in Rachel's tent for the lost images!

There are many Christians being sacrificed to appetite. There was a time when they said: "I will not surrender to evil appetites." For a while they seemed to break away from all allurements by which they were surrounded, but sometimes they felt that they were living upon a severe regimen. They said, "After all, I will go back to my old bondage;" and they fell away from the house of God, and fell away from respectability, and fell away for ever.

Oh, why go down hunting for our old idols? We have found out they are insufficient for the soul. Eyes have they, but they see not; ears have they, but they hear not; and hands have they, but they handle not. There is only one God to worship, and he sits in the heavens.

HOME SONGS IN HEAVEN.

THE very best singers sometimes get tired; the strongest throats sometimes get weary, and many who sang very sweetly, do not sing now; but I hope by the grace of God we will, after a while, go up and sing the praises of Christ where we will never be weary. You know there are some songs that are especially appropriate for the home circle; they stir the soul, they start the tears, they turn the heart in on itself and keep sounding after the tune has stopped, like some cathedral bell which long after the tap of the brazen tongue has ceased, keeps throbbing on the air. Well, it will be a home song in heaven, all the sweeter because those who sang with us in the domestic circle on earth shall join that great harmony.

It will be the children's song. The vast majority of the race die in infancy, and it is estimated that sixteen thousand millions of the little ones are standing before God. When they shall rise up about the throne to sing, the millions and the millions of the little ones—ah! that will be music. These played in the streets of Babylon and Thebes; these plucked lilies from the foot of Olivet while Christ was preaching about them; these waded in Siloam; these were victims of Herod's massacre; these were thrown to crocodiles or into the fire; these came up from Christian homes and these were foundlings of the city commons—children everywhere in all that land. Children in towers, children on the seas of glass, children on the battlements. Ah! if you do not like children, do not go there. They are in vast majority, and what a song when they lift it around about the throne!

The Christian singers and composers of all ages will be there to join in that song. Thomas Hastings will be there. Lowell Mason will be there. Beethoven and Mozart will be there. They who sounded the cymbals and the trumpets [illegible] will be there. The forty thousand harpers that stood at the ancient dedication will be there. The two hundred singers that assisted on that day will be there. Patriots who lived amid threshing floors, shepherds who watched amid Chaldean hills, prophets who walked with long beards and coarse apparel, pronouncing woe against ancient abominations, will meet the more recent martyrs who went up with leaping cohorts of fire; and some will sing of the Jesus of whom they prophesied, and others of the Jesus for whom they died. Oh, what a song!

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Subscriber, New York City. What is the address of the daily prayer meeting, in Fulton Street, New York?

115 Fulton Street, New York.

Agnes McFarlane, Colfax, Ia. A great man had his guests arrested on a charge of theft. What was his name, and where is it found in the Bible?

Joseph. See Genesis 42 : 16, 17.

Bessie Clement, Bridgeport, Conn. Have you any statistics to show what woman has accomplished in business or the professions?

There are according to late estimates 3,500 postmistresses, 1,800 doctors, over 100 preachers, several hundred city missionaries, and a considerable number of artists, sculptors, editors, architects, bankers and a few lawyers in the United States. Many of the best known philanthropies are conducted by women, and the Patent Office has granted over 2,500 patents to the sex in the last eighty years.

Mrs. E. Warner, Carlisle, Ind. Is sanctification an instantaneous blessing or is it attained by continuous growth in grace? Can a person be fully sanctified before death?

It is a gradual process to which all the events of life should contribute. "All things work together for good to them who love God," because they are enabled to get good from all. The rate of progress may vary and there are seasons when sanctification advances more rapidly than at other times. In trial and suffering some Christians advance quickly. We do not know what you mean by fully sanctified. We think that neither before death, nor after, does the Christian ever reach a stage beyond which progress in grace and knowledge is impossible.

John E. Anderson, Boylston, Mass. Is there any ground for the statement that Mohammed claimed that he should be raised from the dead, and be caught up to the heavens in the sight of man, or was there any such claim made by his followers?

There is nothing in the Koran to sustain such a claim, although we believe some writers and commentators, in explaining the Koran, have so stated. Mohammed, according to Moslem belief, was carried to the seventh heaven soon after his death, and remains in uninterrupted conversation with Allah (God). Mohammed himself stated his belief that the soul and body of every man will be raised for judgment. All will share in this resurrection without distinction.

D. J. Horrell, Cochran, Ga. Was Maachah the mother or the grandmother of Asa? In 1. Kings 15: 2-10 there appears to be a contradiction

She appears to have been his grandmother. Her name is mentioned probably to show Asa's title to the throne. Rehoboam, his grandfather, enacted that of all his children only those of whom Maachah was the mother should be in line of succession to the throne (See 1. Chron 11: 22). She is spoken of loosely as his mother just as in the next verse to the one you quote (1. Kings 15: 11). David is described as his father, though he was really Asa's great-great-grandfather. Nor was Maachah the daughter of Absalom, but his granddaughter.

O. H., Denver, Colo. We are told by our Saviour that we must give an account of every "idle word" in the day of judgment. Please state What is understood by "idle words?" Does it include conversation about weather, dress, [illegible] telling of humorous stories etc?

Any conversation that tends to vanity and frivolity, or that merely serves to gratify the ear and please the passions, may be classed as "idle words." It is the duty of the Christian to set a watch upon his lips and avoid indulgence in the propensity to unprofitable conversation, a propensity which is unhappily fostered and encouraged by the present condition of society. At the same time, conversation that relates to the actual affairs of life, our surroundings, circumstances, business and relaxations are not necessarily "idle words" nor [illegible] telling of a humorous story necessarily so. The [illegible] mirth is a divinely-implanted part of our nature just as much as sorrow is. In no part of the Bible is cheerfulness forbidden or discouraged, while gloom on the part of a christian is clearly out-of-place in one who has the best reasons in the world for cheerfulness. Gloomy professors of Christianity have always done more to repel than attract others to the faith.

Miss E. E. Pohle, New York. Is it true, as I have heard it stated, that the closer we live to God the more trouble he will send us? Does not God bless those materially whom he blesses spiritually?

To your latter question we answer, it is certainly not his invariable rule to do so. There are many Christians who are greatly blessed spiritually who are not blessed in material things, unless you count poverty and suffering a blessing. Neither can your former question be answered with an unqualified affirmative. We think that God's treatment of his children is directed to their development. If he sees that trouble and suffering will lead to that end he will administer them; if prosperity will best promote development, he will send that. The same difference is made by judicious parents and teachers in the treatment of children. Some children develop better by kindness than by severity while others would make no progress if they were not treated severely.

Mrs. G. Boshart, Lowville, N. Y. If Christ is equal with God how was it that, as stated in Mark 13 : 32, the Father knew something of which the Son was ignorant?

It is reasonable to suppose that in the days of his flesh Christ experienced some curtailment of divine attributes. We read of his being weary, of his weeping, of his praying, being hungry and thirsty, and being tempted. We read also of his increasing in wisdom, (Luke 2 : 52.) We infer from all these that the divine nature did not have full scope for its powers in the human form. Christ seems to have been aware of his temporary inferiority to the Father while on the earth, for he said, "My Father is greater than I." (John 14 : 28.) We conclude, therefore, that a part of his humiliation was his voluntarily divesting himself of some part of his divine nature and this may account for his not knowing a fact which was known to the Father.

M. Meskimen, Oklahoma, Terr. Who wrote the Book of Proverbs?

Some ancient authorities, rabbins, and others attribute the book to Solomon; others hold that it has a composite origin and is the work of a number of writers. The ablest modern critics hold the latter opinion. It is probable that Solomon was the author of the portion beginning with the first verse of the tenth chapter and ending with the sixteenth verse of the twenty-second chapter. As we learn from the first verse of the twenty-fifth chapter, the collection of proverbs extending to the end of the twenty-ninth chapter was also attributed to him, but was not compiled until 250 years after his death. The remainder of the book appears to be composed of six portions by different hands at different periods. One of these is the introduction, which occupies the first nine chapters. This was probably written by the man who compiled the whole book, but whose name is unknown.

Ulysses G. Wallis, Webster, Ia. 1. What truth is taught in Matt. 9: 16-17? 2. Does not Rev. 9: 6 afford hope that the sinner will have opportunity to repent after death?

1. That the Jewish ceremonial law could not be combined with the free principles of Christianity. The remark was addressed to the men who came to Jesus to complain of his disciples neglecting the regular fasts. Christ's teaching throughout, was a liberating power freeing men from the bondage of the law and the letter. His illustration of the new wine in the old leather bottles was a warning of the impossibility of controlling and restricting the principles of growth and enlargement by the old Jewish rites and laws, of which he had previously spoken with contempt. The truth has not even to this day been fully grasped, as is seen by the divisions in the Church as to the forms of baptism, the Lord's Supper and other matters. Men still lay emphasis on the rite and act, rather than on the spirit. 2. The passage you quote refers to the Great Tribulation, not to the state of men after death.

J. W. Whitaker, Miss. Dr. Talmage does not know and does not believe that it is of any importance. See answer to Subscriber, Adele, Neb., in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of June 21 ——Subscriber, O'Connor, Neb. There are no such prayers. You probably read an article by a Roman Catholic reporter who would naturally speak of the service in that way.——C. D. C. No. It means that wine will have that effect temporarily on a poor man. The address is to a king and it tells him that wine is not a fit drink for him.——Subscriber, Grand Rapids, N. D. The passage you ask about is probably Jeremiah 14 : [illegible] ——Mrs. Emma S. Earl, Philadelphia. We do not know of the sermon having been published. If you write to Messrs. Simpson, Marshall & Co., publishers, London, Eng., who published Mr. Wray's magazine you will probably obtain the information. ——Subscriber, Nyack, N. J. Read Matt. 28: 20. See also 1 Cor 11: 25

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE LOST BATTLESHIP.

THE deplorable calamity reported from the eastern shores of the Mediterranean has carried mourning into many a household. On June 22 the *Victoria*, one of the finest vessels of the English Navy was accidentally sunk, and two-thirds of her officers and crew were drowned. Not less than 430 lives were lost and among them was Sir George Tryon, the Admiral commanding the fleet. Only meagre details have arrived at the time of writing, but American naval officers say there is little doubt as to how the disaster occurred. The British squadron in the Mediterranean is generally composed of the best vessels of the fleet and was so at the time of the accident. The fleet was off the coast of Syria and was probably drawn up in a double line of ships, with the *Victoria*, the Admiral's flagship at the head of one line and the huge *Camperdown* at the head of the other line. The manœuvre being practised would be that known as the Isidrome or gridiron movement. It consists of each ship exchanging places with the one opposite to it, the ships in the right column passing to the left and those on the left passing to the right. The movement is an exceedingly difficult one, but it has been the pride of the captains to perform it expeditiously. On this occasion the *Camperdown* in crossing, struck the *Victoria* with her ram and stove a huge hole in her side. The order was immediately given to close the water-tight bulkheads, but while the crew were endeavoring to obey the order, the *Victoria* capsized and went down keel uppermost. Only the 255 men on deck were saved. It is supposed that as a bulkhead ran the whole length of the ship, one side would fill with water and cause a list, which would bring the heavy upper works of the vessel into such a position that she would turn completely over. The blow is the more severe because of the death of Admiral Tryon who was accounted one of the best naval officers England had. Milton says, "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war" and we see now that it has also its disasters. It is so in the Christian life. The spiritual wrecks are not most frequent in a time of stress and persecution, but in times of peace and prosperity and too often they are caused not by an enemy but by the heedlessness or unkindness of a brother. (Ps. 55: 12-14.)

An Ozone Lamp.

An interesting exhibition was made in Boston, Mass., a few days ago at the house of a scientific gentleman who has recently returned from a tour of Europe. He brought with him a curious lamp which he had purchased in Paris and which he says is much used there. He invited a party of friends to witness a test of its powers. The lamp is filled with alcohol and in the place of the ordinary cotton wick is a strip of platinum. The platinum is made red hot and is then covered with a wire gauze cage. The incandescence of the platinum continues until all the alcohol is exhausted. The effect on the room in which the lamp is placed is to purify the air. A room, the air of which is heavy with tobacco, or with noxious gases, either from sewer pipes or the presence of a crowd, becomes clear after the lamp has been used a few minutes. The exhibitor said that the inventor insisted that the lamp gave forth ozone which would overcome the foulness of the air in any place where ventilation could not be secured. It is thought that such lamps will be useful in the vitiated atmosphere of courts, theatres and crowded meeting-places. Its principle appears to be that of purifying the air, not by expelling bad properties, but by imparting good. It was such an influence Christ expected his people to exert in society, "Ye are the salt of the earth." (Matt. 5: 13.)

A Costly Fire.

Three orphan girls in St. Louis, Mo., have met with a sad loss which takes from them the only provision they had against sickness or misfortune. When their father died, about a year ago, he left them a sum of money which, after his funeral expenses had been paid out of it, amounted to about a thousand dollars. In addition they collected another thousand from his life insurance. They placed the whole in one of the banks as a provision for emergencies, and went out to earn their own living. A few weeks ago they were alarmed by the large number of bank failures, and feared that they might lose their money. They therefore drew it out of the bank, thinking it would be safer in their own keeping. As they were away from home all day, they debated as to the best place to keep it. They wanted a hiding-place where thieves could not find it in case of their house being robbed during their absence. Finally they decided to put the money, which was in greenbacks, at the back of the kitchen stove. This was done, but the youngest sister forgot the fact. Returning from her work the other evening earlier than her sisters, she set about preparing the evening meal. She lighted a fire in the stove forgetting to remove the greenbacks, and when the sisters came home and inquired about the money it was too late. All that was left of the greenbacks was a small heap of feathery ashes. They had better have left their money in the bank. Even if the bank had failed, they would not have lost all, as they have now done. Self-confidence and lack of faith are equally disastrous in spiritual matters. No greater calamity could come to the Christian than that of his taking his life into his own keeping as many would be glad to do. "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." (Jer. 10: 23.)

A Fatal Railroad Disaster.

Eight persons were killed and about two score badly injured in an accident which occurred on the Manhattan Beach Railroad on Long Island on June 20. There is a tunnel 210 feet long on the road, which was formerly wide enough to admit two trains when the road was narrow guage. A short time ago it was made a wide gauge road and the tunnel was then wide enough for only one train. Instead of widening the tunnel, the company ran only one set of tracks through it and stationed a switchman near the entrance to prevent collisions. It was his duty to signal all approaching trains and if one train was in the tunnel and another came up and disregarded his signal, to open a switch which would turn the second train aside. At the time of the accident the tunnel was clear and the switchman signalled to go ahead. The engine and three cars proceeded into the tunnel, but when the fourth car reached the switch it was open. The couplings broke, and the car being so suddenly turned from its course fell over on its side and the cars following it were thrown across the tracks. The train was very heavily laden at the time and it is marvelous that the loss of life was not greater. The switchman has been arrested on suspicion of having opened the switch while the train was passing over it, but he contends that it must have opened automatically. It is a startling fact that the safety or loss of so many lives should depend on one man doing his duty at precisely the right moment. Every one perceives the gravity of the responsibility of a man in such a position; but few realize how much depends on their own performance of duty. Many a life has been wrecked which might have been saved, if some Christian had spoken the right word at the right time. (Ezek. 33: 6.)

In the Grip of a Quicksand.

A press dispatch from Harrisburg, Pa., states that a few days ago some boys spent a holiday in going bathing at Juniper Lake, near Cynwyd. One of them, who was fifteen years old, waded about on the thick mud at the edge of the lake. He stood still for a few minutes watching his companions. Presently he called to them to notice that the water was rising. It was to his knees then, although when he stopped wading to look at them, it covered only his ankles. The boys looked at him and one of them called out, "The water isn't rising, it is you who are going down." The boy became frightened and tried to wade out, but could not lift his feet out of the mud. He begged his companions to help him, but they could not release him. They ran to the village for help and on their way met a man on horseback, to whom they told their trouble. He went to the lake and tried to lift the boy out, but could not. The water by that time was up to his armpits and he was sinking deeper every moment. At that moment a man passed with a rope in his hand and then a new plan was tried. They made a noose at the end of the rope and the boy passed it beneath his arms. The man made the other end fast to his own body and remounting his horse started the animal away from the lake. The boy cried out with the agony of the strain, but declared that he was coming out and begged the man to continue. After several minutes hard tugging the boy was drawn out of the sand and lay exhausted on the bank. He would have gone to a dreadful death, but for the extraordinary measures adopted to rescue him. He could not have extricated himself, and his companions were powerless to save him. Like the sinner whose feet are entangled in vicious habits, he could be delivered only by a strength superior to his own. (Isa. 63: 1.)

Medicinal Water From a Battlefield.

Early morning travellers on the Elevated Railroad in New York have of late been surprised to notice the number of people who get off at the station on Ninth Avenue near Morningside Park. They carry cans or pitchers or glasses, and as they reach the street they join a stream of persons similarly equipped. A reporter joined the company one morning last week to ascertain their destination. He found that they went to a place on the ramparts, where a small lead pipe projected from the parapet. A stream of water trickled from the mouth of the pipe; and the people one by one filled their receptacles, some of them drinking it at once and others carrying it away. On inquiry he learned that the water is believed to possess medicinal qualities and it was said that several doctors in Harlem recommend it to their patients as a tonic. The reporter ascertained that the pipe was laid fifty years ago to drain a pond on the old de Peyster estate. A picture of the de Peyster mansion, in all its glory of two hundred years ago, shows the pond in the foreground. Its present possessor, however, wished to be rid of the pond, and finding that it was fed by a spring, ran a pipe to the Park to carry off the water and filled up the pond. It is a singular fact that the spring rises in the old battle-field of the Revolution. Washington used the de Peyster mansion as his headquarters and after he moved out, Cornwallis established himself there. Close to the spring is the stone wall where the fiercest part of the battle raged, and Colonel Knowlton and General Reid fell. The reporter humorously suggests that the life-giving properties of the spring are due to the fact that the surrounding soil has been enriched with the blood of the heroes of that historic struggle. The idea may be only a ghastly joke, but it suggests the truth very precious to the Christian's heart, that the water of life is placed within his reach through the shedding of his Saviour's blood. (1. John 5: 6.)

An Appeal to a Mother.

A pathetic letter appeared on June 23 in a New York journal. It came from a little boy about ten years old. The writer said that he had heard that the paper took an interest in little boys and he wanted its help. His mother had gone away and no one knew where she was. His father was almost crazy for "he loves mamma so much. Ever since brother Robbie died it has been so lonely." He could not tell his mother's name because his papa had told him it would be a disgrace to have it known that she had gone away. But if she only knew that they loved her and wanted her back she would come and they might all be happy again. "So," wrote the child, "will you please, Mr. Editor, say in your paper, 'Now mamma, for little Robbie's sake, who is dead, do come back.'" The editor published a photographic fac-simile of the child's letter in the hope that the mother might see it and be touched by the pitiful appeal. Her name was not disclosed but if she sees the letter she will understand that it is addressed to her. A still more pathetic appeal is addressed to every wanderer from God's fold. He is entreated to return for the sake of One who died to make that return possible. (II. Cor. 5: 20, 21.)

Drove Over Dynamite.

A serious disaster, which will probably have fatal results, occurred on June 12, near Fort Lee, N. J. A young man was driving a carry-all from the Fort to the New York ferry, and had reached a fork of the road just opposite the village, when a terrific explosion occurred. The vehicle was blown to pieces, the driver flung to the ground, and the horses thrown down. Two men on bicycles, who were some distance away, were overturned by the shock. A deep hole was torn in the solid rock of the roadway, and the houses of the village were shaken. The driver of the vehicle was carried to a neighboring house, and a doctor was sent for. He found that the man was injured so severely in the head and back that there is little hope of his surviving. In the roadway, two dynamite cartridges were found near the scene of the explosion. They were eight inches long, and about two inches in diameter. It is evident that there must have been a third cartridge, which the carriage wheel exploded. It is thought that some careless, or drunken, quarryman, working in the stone quarries in the neighborhood, must have dropped the dangerous explosives in the road, and left them there, heedless of the great harm they might do. Whether the man who did so can be held legally responsible for his act, if he is detected, is doubtful, although there can be no doubt as to his moral guilt. Those, however, whose wrongdoing or carelessness causes moral or spiritual injury to another, cannot escape punishment. Christ said it would be so severe that a man who was thrown into the sea with a millstone about his neck was in a better state. (Luke, 17: 1, 2.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Mr. Henry Varley is holding meetings at Falmouth, Eng., and Gipsy Smith at Manchester.

The North Dutch Church in New York celebrated the thirty-sixth anniversary of its missionary work on July 1. It is in this church that the Fulton St., prayer meeting has been held every day at noon since Sept. 23, 1857.

News comes from Persia that Mirza Ibrahim, a convert of the Presbyterian Mission in Tabriz, has been dragged from the mission, thrust into prison and offered the choice of recantation or death. He remained faithful to Christ, and on May 14 he was strangled.

Sunday rest is so urgently demanded in Belgium that a special postage stamp has been issued, inscribed "not to be delivered on Sunday," so that a letter mailed on Saturday evening will be kept until Monday, if it bears this stamp. This, it is expected, will relieve many letter-carriers of duty on Sunday mornings.

Rev. J. M. Crocker, Chaplain of the Penitentiary at Anamosa, Ia., desires us to thank our readers on his behalf for the copies of this journal sent him, in response to his request, for distribution among the prisoners. They were, he says, sent to him from every State in the Union, thus showing how wide is the influence of The Christian Herald. We hope that the circulation of the paper among the prisoners may be blessed of God.

Bishop Taylor has received the sad intelligence by cable from Africa that missionaries Walrath and Pixley are dead. They were attacked by fever at Vivi, and succumbed after a brief illness. Mrs. Walrath who has been the physician at the station was absent at the time in attendance on a sick missionary one hundred miles farther up the Congo. Mr. Pixley was an accomplished linguist and had spent several years in training here and in England for missionary work.

The American Institute of Christian Philosophy will hold its seventeenth Summer School, July 6-12, in Prohibition Park, Staten Island. Among the speakers will be Prof. G. F. Wright of Oberlin College; Prof. Howard Osgood of Rochester; Prof. B. B. Warfield of Princeton; Dr. David J. Burrell and Dr. George Alexander of New York; Rev. R. A. Torrey of the Moody Institute, Chicago, and Henry George, the famous author of *Progress and Poverty*. Further information may be obtained by addressing Mr. C. M. Davis, 4 Winthrop Place, N. Y.

The Lutheran Church at Manheim, Pa., held a meeting on June 18th to pay the rental of the ground on which the church building stands. The annual rent consists of "*one red rose*" as covenanted in a deed dated 1772. Baron Henry Stiefel gave the land to the church on condition that one red rose should be given every year to his representatives forever. Mrs. Boyer of Harrisburg the great-granddaughter of the Baron, attended to receive "the rent."

The Turkish Government has condemned to death Professors Thoumain and Kayayon of the college at Marsovan, over which Dr. Herrick presides. Fifteen other Christian converts were also condemned to death and a large number to various terms of imprisonment. The charge against them was sedition and rioting and the burning of the Marsovan College. The English Government has protested against the sentences being carried out, and efforts are being made by Dr. Herrick to enlist the good offices of our government. The two professors are certainly innocent.

The project of founding a Protestant Evangelical journal in France has been introduced to the notice of the Christian public in New York. The McAll work sorely needs such an aid to defend it against the attacks of journals which are either infidel or Roman Catholic. Dr. Josiah Strong of the Evangelical Alliance cordially recommends the project, and it is expected that several wealthy Christian gentlemen will assist it with funds. Mr. Arthur H. G. de Rougemont of Paris, who has long been connected with the McAll Mission is now in New York making arrangements.

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

THE IMPREGNABLE FORTRESS.

Sermon Preached last Sunday, July 2, 1893, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D.

Text: 1. Peter 3: 15: *"But sanctify the Lord God in your hearts: and be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear."*

We are told that at the battle of Salamanca Wellington commanded one of his officers to advance with his troops and to occupy a breach which the Duke perceived in the lines of the French. The officer so commanded rode up to him and said, "My Lord, I will do the work, but first give me a grasp of that conquering right hand of yours." The grasp was given him and off he rode to the deadly attack. In our weakness a grip from Christ gives us indescribable strength. He is the fountain of all our life and power. The way to overcome human weakness is to receive divine strength. The best way, indeed the only way, to drive out darkness is to let in light; so the best way to avoid being terrified by the fear of men is to be sanctified by the fear of God. If we rightly fear God we shall never wrongly fear men. When the filial, fiducial, reverent fear of God is in the soul, weak and foolish fear of man can never control our thought and action. So we are commanded in the opening of this text to sanctify the Lord God in our hearts. The psalmist said, "What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee." The three faithful men in a critical experience in reference to Nebuchadnezzar's command, said, "We are not careful to answer thee in this matter. Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning, fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thine hand, O king. But, if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy Gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up" Sanctifying God in the heart is the true and only antidote against all fear of men in daily life. We sanctify the Lord Jesus when we truly love and serve him; we sanctify him when our lives before men are according to his will. But it is not my intention to enlarge upon the thought with which this text opens important and benutiful though it is. That thought alone is worthy of an entire sermon. At this time I confine myself to the remaining clauses of the verse.

The Hope Defensible.

We are taught, in the first place, that every Christian has a good reason for his hope. A Christian's hope is always defensible. We repel with utmost scorn the idea that a man acts contrary to the highest reason when he submits to the lordship of Jesus Christ. Only as a man submits to this lordship does he act in harmony with the highest reason. The man who opposes Jesus Christ commits moral suicide. Faith is reason attaining its highest range and its loftiest reach. There are many things in religion above our reason; but they are not contrary to reason. They are above my reason and yours; but is our reason the measure of the highest reason? If there be a God, and he has given us a book which is a revelation of himself, we must expect that book to contain many things far above the reason of men. There must be obscure and mysterious elements in any complete revelation which the great God may make to finite men. Whenever and wherever the infinite comes into contact with the finite insoluble problems necessarily emerge. This result is due to the limitations of human attainments and possibilities. Many difficulties of thought and belief were experienced before Christianity was introduced, and are equally experienced now among thoughtful men where Christianity is unknown. These difficulties are due to our finite conditions and to our human limitations. The great thoughts of the Almighty cannot be crowded into our finite understanding. The spirituality of religious things makes it impossible for men, so largely under the influence of sensuous thoughts and material conditions, fully to understand lofty truths. Many of these truths are not reducible to human formulæ; they are vastly above our complete comprehension. We can apprehend God, but we cannot fully comprehend God. These great truths can be understood only as they enter into our natures and control our lives as a result of our personal experience of their reality. There are heavenly bodies with whose movements we are not entirely familiar. So far as our knowledge of the solar system is concerned, the movements of these bodies are above and beyond reason. Our laws do not fully explain their vast orbit, but there are doubtless laws of the heavenly bodies not yet fully discovered. The movements described are not contrary to law, although beyond all the laws with which we are familiar.

The Superior Laws.

None of the miracles of Christ were contrary to nature. In a certain sense, they were supernatural; but they never were and never ought to be represented as contrary to law. They were contrary to the laws with which we ordinarily are familiar; but they were in entire harmony with higher laws, some of which are beyond the range of our knowledge. When Christ turned the water into wine he simply accelerated processes which are constantly going forward. The same remark applies to the increase of the loaves, and to many other of his miracles. He often found many things in an abnormal state through the presence and power of sin; he simply by the exercise of divine power restored them to their normal state. By the interposition of a higher law he held the lower law in check for the time being. The higher law of preservation in salt holds in control the lower law of decay in meat. I hold this book in my hand and thus check the natural workings of the law of gravitation which would bring the book suddenly down to my pulpit. There is no contradiction here of the law of gravitation; there is simply the introduction, for the time being, of a higher law which holds the lower law in check. God nowhere is a violator of law. In the vast range of his universe he honors the laws which he himself has made. He constantly appeals to our reason in justification of his own claims upon us. Through his servant Isaiah, God commands us to reason together with himself; and through the apostle Paul he exhorts us to prove all things. Christianity asks no favors; it simply demands justice. No man ought to entertain opinions for which a good reason cannot be given. He may not be able to give the reason in all its fulness, but his inability so to do ought not to be taken as equivalent to the holding of reasonless beliefs. There are three kinds of evidence for

The Truth of Christianity

and each is unanswerable within its own sphere; they are historical, internal and experimental. The strongest, however, in our practical work is the experimental. Of the significance of the word experience I spoke on a former occasion. Its derivation shows that it refers to truths which come out of us, or are held by us, because they have gone through us. We all understand that no man can testify to the power of certain remedies in medicine as can the man who has been thereby entirely cured of dangerous diseases. A man must be inside the circle of Christian influence in order to testify to its power. No man can appreciate the glory of a painted window, as seen by the sunlight, except he be within the cathedral into which the light comes through the pictured glass. The Christian faith is a glorious cathedral, and light from the face of God streams through its divinely pictured windows. He who stands without in daytime sees no splendor nor glory. Only he who is within discovers the matchless beauty and indescribable splendor of the heavenly light streaming through the glorious windows. Only he who does the will of God, as our Lord has taught us, can know whether the doctrine is of God. It is useless for men to discuss historic questions and oppose conclusions on supposed historic grounds if intelligent experience contradicts these imaginary conclusions. Mr. Beecher illustrated this thought by representing a number of historical students deliberating as to whether or not a certain harp was David's harp. One opposes this view, because the wood bears evidence of never having come down from olden times. He is sure that it is modern wood. Another is absolutely certain that the strings are of recent date. Still another is sure that it cannot be David's harp of solemn and harmonic sound because this one is so unmusical as not to deserve the name of a harp; but while they are discussing the matter a "gray bearded old harper comes in, and instead of answering their objections takes a stool, and sits up to the harp, and sweeping his hand from side to side over the strings, wakes its long-forgotten sounds, and rings out the ballad or the hymn; and then these men sit entranced. They labored to prove that the instrument was not capable of giving forth music; but they neglected to try it. And the moment the old harper laid his hand on it, it was its own argument, and it put to silence its defamers."

Testimony from Experience.

The argument from experience is that of the blind man who was healed by Christ. He could not meet the cavils of the captious Pharisees, but all the Pharisees in Jerusalem could not take from him the glorious experience that though he once was blind he now saw. The argument of many opposers of religion is absolutely worthless, because they have never had true religion. They are speaking of what, in the deepest sense, they know nothing. All the blind men in America could not make me believe that the sun is not bright, or that the rainbow is not beautiful. They are not competent witnesses. Experimental knowledge comes home with tremendous power. Only those who know it can appreciate its force. Only he who has tasted food can testify to its nourishment. The maniac who cut himself with stones and wandered in the tombs, but is now sitting, clothed and in his right mind at the feet of Jesus, is an unanswerable argument to the power of Jesus. Many in this audience, and many who will read these words on the printed page, can testify to the value of their experimental knowledge of Christ and his salvation. Your faith in God has supported you in the heaviest trials; it has soothed your keenest sorrows; it has allayed your fears and brightened your hopes. The evidence of a pure life is an irresistible argument for the truth of Christianity. In the year 1848 Lamartine introduced De la Eure to the riotous populace, saying: "Listen, citizens, it is a pure life of sixty years that is about to address you." That was a marvelous introduction. Sixty years of a pure life behind a sermon or oration make them mighty arguments and give them irresistible power. God give us this experimental knowledge of his Son Jesus Christ!

We remark, in the second place, that every Christian ought to be

Ready to give the Reason

for his hope. He ought to be able to do it, and also, on all suitable occasions, to be willing to give this reason. Our position as members of the Church of Christ challenges inquiry. Men have the right to ask us questions regarding our faith. In our baptism, we by the very act, separated ourselves from the world. We sit to-day at this table of the Lord while others retire; and we ought to ask ourselves the reason for the difference between us and them. They doubtless will ask such questions. We ought not to regard questions of this sort, when asked in the right time and in the proper spirit, as impertinent intrusions; rather ought we to regard them as furnishing an opportunity for doing good to men and for giving honor to Christ. Doubtless there are times when an answer might be somewhat like casting pearls before swine; doubtless there are times when silence is golden. In matters of this sort, as in all other matters, we must exercise sanctified common sense. There is a time to speak and there is a time to be silent.

The word apology does not mean an excuse for our faith as if it were wrong. The word originally was used as a defence of what was right and true. Such an apology might include all three of the kinds of evidence of which I have spoken. Probably it was the experimental evidence which the inspired writer had especially in mind. Christians in our day must so advance in knowledge as to be able to defend the truth from attack. It is still true that the experimental evidence is the most powerful. This evidence, as suggested, the apostle Paul constantly introduced. He related his experience of the power of God's truth upon his own soul. Perhaps the church of to-day is in danger of neglecting this element of power. A statement of Christian experience was one of the greatest elements of power in the early days of Methodism; and scarcely less so among Baptists. Let us be sure that we have a well-founded hope of heaven; that we are

Resting on the Rock

Christ Jesus, and then let our answer be always ready in defence of our faith. We ought not to be obstrusive and indiscreet, but we ought to be always willing when the fitting time comes to speak the fitting word. If heaven's joys are in our souls, they will often be on our tongues. If we live with Jesus, men will take knowledge of that fact. If the love of Christ be in our souls it cannot long be hid. If the rose of Sharon be in our bosom it will fill the atmosphere in which we move with its fragrance. If we are Christ's, men will know the fact by the tones of our voice, the grasp of our hand, the glance of our eye, and the dominant spirit of our entire lives. Tell out this blessed experience. Tell it to everyone, rich and poor, learned or ignorant, to all of every nation. Tell how once you were without God and without hope; tell of Christ's wondrous love; tell of your joy in believing in him.

Every Christian, in the third place, ought to give his answer in a becoming spirit—"with meekness and fear." Much depends upon the spirit in which our answer is given. We may speak right words in a wrong way. We may tear down by our manner what we wish to build up by our matter. The manner is often more than the matter. Many a warm-hearted, earnest, loving Christian has done more to convince an opponent than the most learned, but harsh defender of Christianity could do. A loving heart makes an eloquent tongue. A Christian ought to lift up his head in any presence. He is a son of God, an heir of glory and a joint heir with Jesus Christ. He is the highest style of man.

True Meekness

is the climax of manliness. Christianity introduced a higher type of manliness than was ever before known. Often in classic Greek, words indicative of humility were allied to meanness. Christianity introduced new thoughts into the languages of the world. Some of these thoughts required new words for their proper expression; they sometimes burst the old words with their fulness of meaning. Virtue to the ancient Roman meant simply physical bravery; it lacked the noble moral quality now associated with the word. Christianity gave to the word meekness its exalted meaning and its sweet and gentle spirit. The modesty which religion inculcates is always an element of power. The man who cannot control himself cannot control his fellow men. Temperance, as used in Scripture, means self-control over the entire life. The man who loses his temper has lost power over men because he cannot exercise it over himself. It is implied in the text that Christians would sometimes be unduly assailed, that questions would often be asked in a taunting and insulting manner. Still they were to keep their temper; they were not to give way to feelings of resentment or revenge. Christian meekness is true manliness. It stands for that which is kingliest in man, queenliest in woman and Christliest in both. The Bible speaks of but

Three Men whose Faces Shone

with holy light, Christ, Moses, and Stephen; and they were men whose meekness was as marked as their faces were bright. Sir Walter Raleigh was once spat upon in public by a hot-headed youth who challenged him to mortal combat. Taking out his handkerchief the noble knight made this reply, "Young man, if I could as easily wipe your blood from my conscience as I can this injury from my face, I would this moment take your life." It is said that the misguided youth was so struck with his own misconduct and with Sir Walter's nobility that he fell upon his knees and sought forgiveness.

The meekness here endorsed is accompanied by fear—the fear which grows out of a reverent spirit, not a fear of those who propose a question. True fear drives out false fear. Let us have clear and definite views of Christian truth, and then let us deem it a high privilege to be witnesses for God. Bravely, joyously confess Christ before men. "The fear of man bringeth a snare." Spurn that fear as unworthy of a child of God. Shame came into the world because of sin, and shame ought never to be experienced except in connection with sin. Stand up in the presence of men and devils, and boldly give a reason for the hope that is within you. Let us be ashamed of cowardice and sin, but never of our faith, never of our Lord.

Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

A Chinaman Surprised.

A STRANGE incident which occurred in China recently, and is reported by Dr. Porter of Pang-Chuang, to the *Missionary Herald*, shows that the open public profession of Christianity, although it may bring persecution on the professor, may also bring him help and encouragement. This incident is that of a man silently fighting his battle in loneliness, while near at hand—unknown to him—were other Christians and a Christian church.

This man, by the name of Chang, some ten years ago went to Moukden, in Manchuria, for business. He was a good accountant and found a place where he stayed several years. His employer who was a Christian allowed him to go to the Sunday services and he was led to accept the truth and was baptized. He also studied a little, as opportunity offered. He thus had an intelligent knowledge of the Gospel. He was obliged to give up his business six years ago, and returned to his home some six miles from Chang Ssu Ma. He found a little school to teach and so did not get a chance to move about much. Partly owing to this and partly to a quiet disposition, he did not hear of any Christians about him and so felt much isolated. His family friends, on finding that he had adopted the foreign religion, were greatly enraged, especially his mother. He took home with him from Manchuria a large number of Christian books to the value of 60,000 cash [about $70.] This was a very large amount for a single individual to purchase. It was an indication of his interest in the truth. His mother at last got hold of his books and burnt them all. She became more and more hostile to him and would not let him live at home. The family were quite well-to-do, having a little jewelry business which kept the father away at Peking much of the year. The other members of the family treated him with respect, but his mother was very violent at times, and at last forced his wife and children to live at her own mother's house.

It seems that a niece in the family, on returning from a village north of them where she had been to consult an "eye doctor," reported what the doctor had said. The attention of Chang was aroused by what she reported, and he said, "The man must be a Christian; none but Christians talk in that way." So he went to see the eye doctor and found it was true, to his great delight, that there was a Christian near him. Chang then learned about the church at the village, and he has now identified himself with it and has had opportunity, which he much craved, for giving his testimony to the Gospel.

THE DRINK CURSE IN AFRICA.

MR. C. H. HARVEY, who has spent twelve years on the Congo in missionary work, writes in a recent number of *Regions Beyond* from Banza Manteka, of the awful havoc which strong drink is making among the natives of Africa. He says:

"My heart is much pained and my soul stirred by the present ravages of drink among the natives—of course I do not refer to the Christians. The sad thing about it all is that the drinking habits here are only the beginning of evil, and are bound to become, if not grappled with soon, a very abomination of desolation to these perpetually wronged people. I know that one weak voice cannot make itself heard sufficiently to effect any restraint upon this 'all-powerful interest.' Oh, that the Lord would make it speak! Still, if the Christians in England and America get to know the facts of the case and speak out about them, I do not fear the ultimate issue. European nations are more guilty to-day than they were half a century ago, for it has now been demonstrated that to introduce liquor among aboriginal tribes means nothing less than their perdition and extinction.

"I was especially struck during my recent journey down country, and during my stay at Matadi, with the awful strides that the drink traffic is making in this country. Wherever you go you see the natives engaged in the one pursuit of buying, selling, or drinking the 'malalu mamputu,' or trade gin. On my way down country my carriers could talk of nothing else but where to buy it, the price, etc., etc., and it was evident that their chief aim in getting cloth for carrying was that they might spend it in liquor. At the Luvu Bridge, where we stayed the first night, they succeeded in buying some gin, and not only they, but the six or seven other caravans camping there were almost to a man the worse for drink before they fell off to sleep; whilst good numbers were carousing far into the night."

Is it not time that the so-called Christian nations took action to stop the further spread of the African drink slavery?

Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

Gird on the Royal Armor.

Grace J. Frances. Ephesians 6: 11. Hubert P. Main.

1. Gird on the roy - al ar - mor, Go forth in Je - sus' name;
2. Lift up the roy - al stand - ard, Go forth our cause to win,
3. With righteousness our breast-plate, The Spir - it's sword in hand,
To those who sit in dark - ness The Light of Life pro - claim.
With hel - met, shield, and buck - ler, A - gainst the hosts of sin.
Still cong'ring and to con - quer, Press on at God's com - mand.
CHORUS.
Gird on the roy - al ar - mor, That we the foe may face;
And, trust - ing our Com - mand - er, Be vic - tors thro' His grace.

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From JUNIOR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SONGS, by per. of the Publishers.

QUESTIONS

THERE are solemn thoughts in my heart to-night,
And I dare not bid them go.
And many questions are asked of me
By spirits with voices low.

Am I walking nearer each day to Christ?
Am I waging war on sin? [lone
Am I telling poor souls that are heartsick and
That their Saviour will let them in?

Am I making this strange, sad world of ours
More bright by my presence here?
Am I fitting my soul, by forgetting self,
For life in a grander sphere?

The voices relentlessly ask these things,
And I ever must answer "No"—
They fill my heart with a deep remorse,
But I dare not bid them go.

Am I ever clinging to self alone?
Do I selfishly hope and pray
For fortune's rays, not heeding the clouds
That darken another's day?

Am I caring more for the smiles of men
Than for God's approving smile?
Am I recklessly striving for worldly gain,
And losing my soul the while?

The spirits relentlessly ask these things—
Ah, me! could I answer "No"—
Their presence brings bitter remorse to me,
But I dare not bid them go.

Marshall, Mich. BERT H. WHITAKER.

THE MASTER CALLS.

[Written for The Christian Herald.

HARK! the Master calls "I need you;"
Listen to his gentle voice,
Then with food divine he'll feed you,
Bid your burdened heart rejoice.

Do not wait like doubting Thomas,
Till your eyes more clearly see,
Claim at once this precious promise,
"Heavy laden, come to me."

See the Cross on Calvary's mountain,
From its view no longer hide,
Look by faith and see the fountain,
Flowing from his pierced side.

Fling your banner to the breezes,
Battle in the Christian's war,
Each recruit you win for Jesus,
To your crown will add a star.

New Bloomfield, Pa. —JACOB CRIST.

PRAYER FOR THE YOUNG.

I WAKE and see the morning light;
'Twas God who kept me all the night,
And now to him my voice I raise,
And give my thanks, my love and praise.
Guide me, O Lord, throughout this day,
That I may never from thee stray,
Help me thy holy law obey,
And walk the straight and narrow way,
That leads though heavenly gates above,
Where all is light, and joy, and love.

Columbia, S. C. —MARGARET E. NANCE.

THE CLOSING PERIOD.

Did Daniel's Seventy-Week Period Close at the Crucifixion?

BY REV. A. T. STEED, M. A.

IN Daniel 9, and verse 24, it is stated that seventy weeks are determined (i. e., cut off or separated) upon the Jews and the Holy City, i. e., Jerusalem. This verse also states that the following events would be accomplished during those seventy weeks, namely: 1. the finishing of transgression. 2. The making an end of sin. 3. The making of reconciliation for iniquity. 4. The bringing in of an everlasting righteousness. 5. The sealing up of the vision and prophecy. 6. The anointing of the Most Holy.

The first four events were doubtless, in one sense, brought to pass by the death of Christ on the Cross, so far as believers are concerned. But, in another sense, they are still yet to come, and will not be accomplished till the Millennium takes place. The sixth event will also be fully accomplished then, for, at that time, the Lord Jesus will indeed be anointed, i. e., every one will own and recognize him as King. With regard to the fifth event, "the sealing up of the vision and prophecy," this sealing up still continues; and, therefore, the vision, so sealed up, is not yet fulfilled.

Now, what I want to show is, that the seventieth week is still future. It has not, as some think, already passed. I read a short time ago in a pamphlet, bearing on the grand subject of the Second Coming of Christ, that the seventieth week of Daniel was up at the time of the Lord's crucifixion, or thereabouts. But, surely, this could not have been so, as historical facts will prove.

What was the vision which Daniel is here told was to be sealed up for seventy weeks? We answer: The vision recorded in the eighth chapter of Daniel. Now, by bearing in mind the several features of that vision, it is clear that the vision was not fulfilled in its entirety at the time of the Lord's crucifixion. The vision was this: Daniel saw, 1. A he-goat rushing upon a ram and destroying it. 2. A little horn rising out of the four horns of the he-goat. This, Gabriel explained to be the rise of a king of fierce countenance out of one of the four kingdoms, in the latter days, into which the empire of Alexander the Great was to be divided. 3. The waxing great of this little horn or king. 4. The taking away of the daily sacrifice by this king. 5. The casting down of the place of the Sanctuary by this king. 6. The breaking of this king, when he had become great, and after a career of great sin and blasphemy, without hands, i. e., without human agency.

Now, some think, the seventieth week was up, when Christ was crucified. Then, if so, this vision was then fulfilled, for the words in the 24th verse are: "Seventy weeks are determined upon thy people and upon thy holy city. To seal up the vision." But this vision of Daniel was not surely, fulfilled at the time of Christ's crucifixion for (1) what about the little horn rising out of one of the four divisions, into which the empire of Alexander was divided. No such a king answering to the description of the person in Daniel, had then, or has since, arisen from one of those places. Then (2) what about this king after he has waxed great, taking away the daily sacrifice? True, Nebuchadnezzar took away the daily sacrifice, 588 B. C., and Antiochus Epiphanes, about 160 years before Christ, did the same thing; but the king mentioned in Daniel 8, could not have been intended for Nebuchadnezzar, for the vision did not commence to run till long after Nebuchadnezzar's death. And with regard to Antiochus Epiphanes, let me say, that, although he also took away the daily sacrifice, yet he did not set his name on the pinnacle of the temple, as the king in Daniel's vision is to do, but only an image of Jupiter. Therefore the king in the vision was not intended for Nebuchadnezzar nor Antiochus Epiphanes. Whom then? For the Antichrist yet to come—up to the time of the crucifixion no such a being had arisen, none has arisen since that time answering to the description given of him in Daniel 8. Therefore, it is most clear, that the seventieth week was not up when the Lord was crucified. It is, therefore, still to come. And this last hebdomad, in the seventy hebdomads, we are expecting will soon take place. The dates of Daniel all seem to point to the great fact, that we are approaching the end of this present age. There is a great Second Advent expectation amongst God's people at the present time, and eminently sanctified Christians have a presentiment that some great things are going to happen, and even amongst the unsanctified and ungodly there is a feverish restlessness and strange prognostication that we are on the eve of greater changes.

GOD'S GREAT COMMAND.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing July 16. Acts 17: 30; Luke 13: 1-5

PAUL'S declaration must have had a strange sound to the ears of the cultivated members of the Areopagus. A new philosophy, a new doctrine or a new theory of existence would have received respectful consideration, but the statement that God commanded men everywhere to repent would strike them as very common and prosaic. It made no distinction between classes nor between degrees of culture. It treated learned and ignorant alike. "Men everywhere" was the widest and most comprehensive description. It implied that repentance was necessary in the highest as in the lowest. It opened one wide door as the only way to life and only one. The same condition was applied to all, and the higher a man stood, the lower he would have to stoop. The condition of admission was neither social, nor mental, but moral. In this region men meet on common ground and the fact has kept many out of the kingdom. It is hard for the cultured and learned, as for the rich, to enter the kingdom of God. Christ knew that it would be so, but like John the Baptist, he made the word "Repent" the first word of his message. It was a necessary condition, because, unless a man admitted that he was a sinner and deplored his sin, he would not feel the need of a Saviour. The work of Christ for a man who did not repent would be as useless as a physician's prescription would be to a man who did not believe that he was diseased. The consciousness of sin and the desire for forgiveness is therefore from a philosophic standpoint the first step to such a salvation as Christ offered. Nor is the fact that repentance is demanded of all men unreasonable. The intelligent man of good moral character comparing his condition with that of the criminal behind prison bars may be surprised to learn that the same demand should be presented to both. But if he looks within his conscience tells him that he ought to repent. Sin is not a comparative or relative but a positive matter. Every man has the one question to ask himself, "Have I committed sin?" not "Have I sinned less or more than others?" If he has sinned—and who has not?—he must take his place in the category of sinners. He is one of those whom "God commandeth to repent."

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THE Y. M. C. A. AT YALE.

THE following letter signed by the President and Secretary of the young Men's Christian Association of Yale University makes a valuable suggestion to the parents or friends of young men about to become students:

The Young Men's Christian Association of Yale University will do its utmost to extend a cordial greeting to all new students and welcome them to the best life of the place. We invite the co-operation of pastors, teachers, parents, and all who may know of men expecting to enter college in the Fall, in our efforts to meet them personally during the first few days of college life. Those who have had the experience can best estimate the importance of the first week at college, away from the restraints of home and a pastor's influence, in forming the right kind of new associations and receiving proper impressions. Any information by mail regarding previous connection with church or any Christian work will be valuable and this may be supplemented by a letter of introduction to the President or General Secretary of the Association to be presented personally. We are sure that all the college Associations will be glad to receive like information.

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THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION.

THE date on this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has, for months, been a red-letter day on the calendars of thousands of Christian young men and women. It was the day fixed for the five great preparatory meetings of the delegates to the Twelfth International Christian Endeavor Convention in Montreal. These meetings are to be held in five of the largest churches in the city, to pray for a blessing on the meetings which begin the next day in the Government Drill Hall. That those prayers will be answered this year, as they have been in past years, none can doubt. When so many Christians meet together regardless of denominational lines, with one common object, and a common bond of love of their Lord, He who prayed that "they all may be one," will surely be present to bless them. It cannot but be a delightful spectacle to the Lord Jesus to see the vast gathering of his followers, putting aside the jealousies of the sects, and uniting together heart and soul for the promotion of his kingdom, and ready to accept the comradeship of any man who loves his Lord in sincerity, no matter what part of the church claims him as its member.

It is probable, from the notices already sent to the Committee at Montreal, that even the phenomenal number of delegates at the New York Convention last year will be exceeded. It would not surprise the committee if twenty-eight or thirty thousand delegates presented themselves. The significance of such an assembly is increased when we remember that this vast army of young Christians is only representative. They come from Societies numbering about a million and a half. Besides these, there are the six hundred Societies in England, and the unknown number in Australia and other lands. It will be a sublime and suggestive spectacle, and when we take into account the fact that the same objects and aims, which bring together these hosts, animate the Methodist and Baptist organizations, who unhappily hold aloof, although working in the same cause and for the same Master against the common enemy, the result is one to gladden the heart of every Christian who prays "Thy kingdom come."

The delegates are coming from every section of the Union and from every province of Canada. One large delegation started on June 20 from California, and will travel 3,422 miles each way to attend the Convention, and each delegate's traveling expenses will be $150. Their route will be Ogden, Col., Denver, Chicago, Toronto, and thence down the St. Lawrence to Montreal. Each incoming delegation will be met a hundred miles from Montreal by a representative of the reception committee, who will give them all necessary instructions and pilot them to the places where they are to stay. All the hotels have been engaged, and thousands of citizens have thrown open their houses to the visitors, declining compensation, so that the necessary expenses of the Reception Committee may be made as small as possible.

The meetings will be held in the Government Drill Hall and in a mammoth tent erected on the land on the opposite side of the avenue. The Hall, a picture of which appears on this page, is an immense stone building, absolutely fire-proof, and with an iron and glass roof, electric light and excellent ventilation. It will be tastefully draped with bunting, and the air kept fresh by means of electric fans. On both sides of the main auditorium are rows of smaller rooms capable of holding from five to six hundred persons. These will serve for committee and delegation gatherings. The Drill Hall, apart from the side rooms opening into it, will seat 9,000 people, and the tent about the same number. For each there is a separate programme, as detailed in these columns on June 14, and the speakers have been so distributed that the audiences will have equal advantages, and the most eminent speakers will address each assembly. Should the members exceed the capacity of both auditoriums there will be overflow meetings in the churches of the city. The choirs, to the organization of which much care and thought have been given, will consist of 350 voices for the Hall and 250 for the tent. The conductors will be Mr. L. F. Lindsay, of St. Louis, Mo., and Mr. W. A. Coates, who will act alternately in the Drill Hall and in the tent. The instruments will include two large grand pianos, and the two largest organs that can be secured. The instrumentalists will include Mr. R. Burley, of Rochester, N. Y., and the three Park Sisters, of New York.

At a recent meeting of the committees, the Treasurer, Mr. Robt. Greig, said that the financial aspect had by special request of the United Society executive been kept in the background. The convention was not for the purpose of raising money. The committee, however, expected that at the close of the convention it would be quite solvent. The estimated cost of the convention would be $13,000; $5,000 had been subscribed by Canadian Societies and it was felt to be the duty of Canada to assume the financial responsibility for the convention. Sir Donald Smith, Mr. S. Carsley, Messrs Ames and Holden, and others had guaranteed $500 each, and many merchants lesser sums to the total of $5,000 in case there should be a deficit, when it could be levied pro rata. The committee had experienced no difficulty in collecting the necessary funds.

DR. F. E. CLARKE.
President of Society of Christian Endeavor.

An interesting feature of the convention will be the reception of Dr. F. E. Clark the founder and President of the Christian Endeavor Society whose portrait appears on this page. Dr. Clark has spent the past year in a tour around the world and has assisted at the organization of many Christian Endeavor Societies some of which were in heathen lands. He received a very hearty reception in Australia where Christian Endeavor is flourishing. One of his last receptions before sailing for the United States was at a convention of all the English Societies.

THE GOVERNMENT DRILL HALL, MONTREAL, WHERE THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION WILL BE HELD THIS WEEK.

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AMONG THE ORDERS.

The number of Epworth Leagues in the District of Portland, Oreg., is now 27 with an aggregate membership of 1,234.

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At the recent convention of Epworth Leagues of the District of Duluth, Minn., the following officers were elected: W. S. Moore, President; Miss M. R. Yokes, Secretary; Miss Ruth Merritt, Treasurer.

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The Epworth League of Embury Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., subscribed $1,000 to the building of the new church last year. This year the same League has promised $2,000 toward the new church.

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The Pittsburg, Ill., Baptist Young People's Union has been holding its first anniversay meeting. The following officers were elected for the ensuing six months: President, Mr. Carl Vertrees; Vice-President, Mrs. A. J. Smith; Treasurer, Miss Anna Scanland; Secretary, Miss Mollie Rian.

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The new building for the Young Men's Christian Association at Hartford, Conn., will be ready for occupancy in September. The business office will be removed there this month. This building when completed will be one of the most complete in the United States. Some new features of work will be introduced.

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The fourth annual Conventions of Y. M. C. A's. in British Columbia was held at Vancouver in April. Delegates were present, and presented reports from Nanaimo, Victoria, New Westminster and Vancouver. Two features are apparent in all the reports. First, the determination to keep the spiritual work well to the front; and secondly, the readiness to use all unlawful agencies as auxiliary methods of reaching young men.

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A Young Men's Christian Association has been organized in Plymouth, O. The amount of $1,800 was pledged, making a total, including membership fees, of $4,000 for an equipment which will be secured at once. The names of 440 young men have been secured on the membership list during the past few weeks. The officers of the Association are: President Dr. P. J. Kline; Vice-President, Wm. F. Whitney; recording secretary, Wm. B. Anderson; treasurer, A. J. Fuller. The population of the town is 16,000.

The Family and Home Circle

Happy Hawaiians.

A People who can Always be Cheerful, no Matter what Happens—A Hawaiian School

HAWAII'S fate still hangs in the balance, and it is yet uncertain whether the islanders, who so lately discarded the rule of Queen Liliuokolani, will permanently have a republican form of government or presently return to a monarchy. Hawaii has been fortunate in escaping the horrors that usually attend revolutions, and to-day its business, its society and its affairs generally go on almost as smoothly as though the sister of David Kalakaua still occupied the throne and wore the gem-studded crown of the Kamehamehas.

In a former issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, reference was made to the social life and customs of the Hawaiians. They are a sunny-tempered, easy-going people, as widely different from the ferocious cannibals of early missionary days as can well be imagined. Their juvenility of character lasts far into manhood and womanhood, and helps them to face cheerfully many a situation that would otherwise seem gloomy enough.

One pleasant feature of life in these islands is the entire absence of beggars. So kindly and generous is the native heart that no one need go hungry or unsheltered, since food and accommodation are almost thrust upon those who need them. Poor men live with their rich relatives, and sometimes tax their hospitality for months. Quarrels are very rare, and it is a common saying that a Kanaka (native) will never quarrel with a white man.

Our illustration shows a group of bright Hawaiian pupils of the principal seminary in Honolulu. These interesting young Kanakas enjoy really excellent educational facilities, when one considers how recent is the civilization in their islands. The seminary in question is modelled after similar institutions in the United States, and the course combines instruction in sewing, cooking, music, deportment and the usual branches. Eight wide-awake Christian ladies are the instructors, and with a school of 135 healthy, robust native girls, they have little time left for leisure.

Christian education has been a prominent object in all the plans and work of the American Mission in the Sandwich Islands. In the early missionary days, native boys and girls were taken into Christian families and trained there. It was not until 1831 that schools were opened. The are now found at every point of importance, althought more are needed. What are known as the Kamehameha schools were founded by Mrs. Bernice Pauahi Bishop, a Hawaiian princess, and the last of the royal race of the Kamehamehas who refused the throne when it was offered to her. At her death, she bequeathed them an ample endowment. Queen Emma, too, was a warm friend of the schools, and Queen Liliuokalani also took a deep personal interest in the education of her subjects. Liliuokalani was a woman of considerable culture and a good musician. Some of her musical compositions are very popular throughout Hawaii, and her "Maikai Waipio" chorus is a standard favorite in the schools.

Nowhere in the world is the love of flowers so general as in Hawaii. They are skilfully woven into garlands and wreaths and are used to deck the person on festive occasions. There is no prettier sight than a native dinner party where all the guests, and the host also, are adorned with fragrant garlands on head, shoulders and neck. Visitors to the islands are delighted by the floral welcome they receive and it is not an uncommon sight to witness departing guests almost covered with flowers, waiting at the wharf for the hour of sailing. Even when the matrons of Honolulu go to market, it is not an uncommon thing to see their flowing *holokus* (loosely-fitting gowns) festooned with jasmine roses, hibiscus and a variety of brilliant flowers, which scatter sweet odors around as they walk.

The rising generation of Hawaiians have many advantages which their parents did not possess. Religious and secular training have kept pace together on these islands and the standard of education has greatly improved. It is probable that under a new and liberal administration, the country may progress even more rapidly and that it may, in turn, become a great evangelical centre, whose influence will radiate to the most distant isles of the South Pacific.

A CLASS OF NATIVE HAWAIIAN PUPILS AT THE KAWAIAHAO SEMINARY.

(From a photograph forwarded to "The Christian Herald" by Mr. A. F. Cook, Honolulu.)

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Be Prompt in Duty.

WE do not properly distribute our time. We do not do each duty as it rises. Many of us take too much time for pleasure, or for sleep, or for business, or for something in which we are especially interested, and so are compelled to let go things of great importance. Husband time—do not waste it—make it count, and it is wonderful how much can be accomplished. We can always find time to help others and to guide the wandering sheep back to the fold:

> How many sheep are straying,
> Lost from the Saviour's fold:
> Upon the lonely mountains
> They shiver with the cold.
> Within the tangled thickets,
> Where poison vines do creep
> And over rocky ledges
> Wander the poor lost sheep.

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The Poor Mother-Drudge.

"MY mother gets me up, builds the fire, gets my breakfast and sends me off," said a bright youth to a writer in *The Household*. "Then she gets my father up and gets his breakfast and sends him off. Then she gives the other children their breakfast, and sends them to school; and then she and the baby have their breakfast." "How old is the baby?" was asked. "Oh, she is 'most two, but she can talk and walk as well as any of us." "Are you well paid?" "I get two dollars a week, and father gets two dollars a day." "How much does your mother get?" With a bewildered look the boy said, "Mother, why she don't work for anybody." "I thought you said she worked for all of you." "Oh, yes, for us, she does; but there ain't no money in it."

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He will Make a Man.

WILLIE'S mother had trained him up a strict abstainer. He was now in his first situation. At a certain hour beer was brought to the workingmen; the foreman poured out some and offered it to Willie, saying: "Now, my lad, drink success." Willie quietly replied: "I'm a teetotaler, and never touch the drink." Irritated at the boy's reply, the foreman said: "None of that nonsense. We'll have no teetotalism here. Take the drink at once." Willie said: "I promised my mother I would never touch the drink, and I never will." "Look here," said the man, "we are not going to have two masters here, so drink it up." "I cannot, and I will not!" said Willie.

Mad with the boy's rebellion against his orders, the foreman said: "This is all nonsense! You will have it in you or over you!"

"Well," said Willie, "I can't help it. I will never drink. You can throw it over me if you like. I have brought here a clean jacket and a good character. You may spoil my jacket if you will; but you shall never spoil my character."

Struck with the boy's earnest look, the man's better nature prevailed, and turning away, he said to his mates: "He's a rum one, but I believe he will make a man." The prophecy was right, for to-day Willie is a prominent temperance worker, and is at the head of a large establishment noted for their intelligence and high principle.

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A MORNING PRAYER.

STRENGTH for the day I humbly ask,
Faith in the coming morrow,
But not one drop of weal or woe
From future days to borrow;
I'll trust the hand that measures out
My cup of joy or sorrow.

And when the day is past and gone,
My grateful heart upswelling,
A hymn of praise shall joyful raise,
Thy love and goodness telling;
I'll waft it up beyond the stars,
Where all my hopes are dwelling.

—MRS. E. A. HAWKINS.

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PARENTAL AUTHORITY.

LET no one imagine that a child's faults are only those of immaturity, writes Charlotte Whiton Calkins. Without the cardinal virtues of truthfulness and obedience, it is impossible to build up anything like character. The commands may be few—the fewer the better—but once given, they must never be disregarded. Punishment of some sort (and the writer is a believer in gentle measures) must as inevitably follow disobedience as the setting follows the rising of the sun, and this without regard to the consequences, whether trivial or important, of the disobedience.

Opposed to such firm and decisive exercise of authority, are two kinds of interference with a child's development. One is the interference which comes from an earnest desire that the child shall grow up free from all possible defects in mind and in body. The most anxious watchfulness is maintained. Nothing escapes the vigilant eye of the parental censor. The child is trained till all mental and moral spontaneity are lost, and he becomes at best a mere automaton, moving only as the strings are pulled.

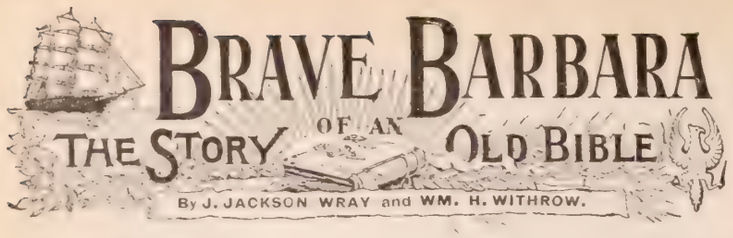
The other form of interference is a kind of haphazard way of thwarting a child's plans and wishes, with the vague idea that, if we are not so doing, we are failing in our duty. "A child must be governed" is our theory. His tastes may be reasonable, his plans involve no harm, but we may have an uneasy sense that we are not doing as we should, unless he is made to feel all the time that he is under our control.

Besides the two classes of over-authoritative parents, there are, of course, always those who fail to recognize that any control is needed, who throw off all sense of responsibility under the impression that somehow or other their children will grow up and "come out all right."

The whole difference between over-government, and no government, may be summed up in the remark of a friend in commenting upon two young people, just emerging from childhood:

"This daughter would have made a fine girl if she had not had too much mother; and the other is almost as badly off, though there is more hope for her, because she has had too little mother!"

Thus it will be seen that even the gentlest rule the world knows—the rule of a loving parent—may be abused, to the child's hurt.



CHAPTER XVII.

AN EARLY CAMP-MEETING.

REGINALD PEMBERTON went forth an exile from his father's house. He had nothing but the rough clothes of homespun in which he stood. His first thought was to go to the house of Brave Barbara; for he felt, that, at any rate, she would counsel him wisely and administer what amount of the true balsam of comfort her fine conscience would allow. But then came the thought of Gracie, whom he loved as his own soul. No, no; he must fight his battles alone, nor involve either her or her parents in his disgrace. What, then, should he do?

He turned his steps and bore his heart-ache to the Quaker settlement, and respectfully asked for work. Josiah Whiteside had a strong favor for the pleasant and attractive youth. After hearing his story, and finding in it a firm, heroic spirit, something akin to his own doctrine of passive resistance to persecution, which the history of his sect had made so illustrious, he felt strongly inclined to do what the youth desired. He thought, too, that it would be better for Reginald to remain within call of his angry father, and that he, Josiah Whiteside, might be able to make peace between father and son.

"Well," said he, "I am sorry for thy mishaps, and in the hope that it may lead to the repairing of the breach between thee and thy father, I will give thee work and wages."

The effect of all this on the mind and temper of Colonel Pemberton may well be imagined. It must not be thought, however, that this stately gentleman was disturbed only in temper, prejudice and pride. He dearly loved his boy. Redgie was his favorite son; and his disobedience, or, as he preferred to call it, his rebellion, caused him exceeding bitter sorrow of soul. This, however, he would not acknowledge; but, on the contrary, he assumed an additional severity of speech and a more imperious aspect and deportment than ever.

It was the Colonel's meek and gentle lady who caught the brunt of her husband's vexation, and all the more did it affect her because she saw, underneath it all, the keenness of his heart's distress. Of course, all this was worse to bear because of her strong sympathy with Reginald and her inability to pour oil on the troubled waters; for Colonel Pemberton was not a man to be interfered with when his notions of the militant authority of a father were concerned.

And so it was that the cloud which had gathered across the sky of the Pemberton settlement and had gloomed the neighboring homesteads was dark indeed, and was like enough to grow darker, until, as Brave Barbara dared to prophesy, "the sun should shine the brighter for it when it passed away."

After a few weeks or months had passed—for Methodist "circuits" in those days included large stretches of the country,—that active itinerant, Elder Losee, cantered again into the clearing of the Heck settlement, intent, as usual, on his Master's business. He and his steed, both, were a good deal spattered with mud; his garments were a good deal frayed from contact with the tangled underbrush of the forest ways; but he was full of heart and hope; for everywhere his words had been received as the messages of God.

In answer to his affectionate inquiries as to the welfare and progress of the converts won to Christ during his last visit, he was informed that all of them had stood fast, and were like enough to continue in well-doing.

And not only so," said Paul Heck, who was the last man in the world to exaggerate, "the good work has gone on. Sunday and week-day services have been held, and still other souls have been saved of the Lord."

"Hallelujah!" exclaimed the preacher in the joy of his heart at hearing such good news; and who are they who have been doing the Lord's work? Let me know them all, for it may be that the Lord hath need of some of them. The harvest truly is plenteous throughout this whole region, and the fields are white thereto, but the laborers are few."

As he spoke with kindling eyes and eager [illegible] clearly that he was spending his own energies in a way which must end in a break-down at no distant date; and that unless other laborers could be found to divide the toil, there might well be an end of all. It appeared that the whole Heck family had been sowers and reapers in this new and promising field; that Philip Embury, John Lawrence, and Lucky Mike had given themselves small rest that the good work should be kept a-going, and again and again the wandering evangelist was constrained to point the exciting story with exclamations of gratitude and praise.

"And not among the least, but best and strongest," said Brave Barbara, "and a workman that needeth not be ashamed, but rather to be promoted to a higher place, is the young Pemberton, whom the Lord gave captive to your own bow when you were here before."

Then followed the story of Reginald's persecution, of his religious fortitude, of his exile from his father's homestead, and of the wonderful way in which he had laid hold upon the people as a simple powerful ambassador for Christ. On the following Sunday, Losee, anxious to take completer measure of the youth, called on Reginald to pray and make an exhortation during the afternoon gathering.

After supper the preacher asked the young and promising recruit to take a walk with him by the bank of the St. Lawrence. In the mellow light of the setting sun the two strolled along the wooded margin of the stately stream. Reginald had many questions to ask; his soul was athirst for knowledge of the highest of all wisdom; and the preacher, in thoughts that breathed and words that burned led him, as his Master's under-shepherd, through green pastures and by the side of still waters, until both felt that it was indeed good to be there.

Then Losee related to his young companion the story of his evangelistic wanderings during the last eight weeks among the scattered settlements of Ontario. He had covered well nigh a thousand miles of travel, had encountered much privation, undergone many hardships, and had withstood the brunt of some opposition—

"But," said the preacher, waxing eloquent with his hands outstretched and his face aglow, "all those were as nothing compared with the reception that was everywhere given to the glorious Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

"You may well say that, sir!" responded Reginold, with strong feeling, "It seems to me that to be a preacher of the Gospel of Jesus is to do just the grandest thing that can be done out of heaven. To tell poor sinners out of the heart what is in the heart, and say, 'What the Lord hath done for me he can do for thee!"

Then Elder Losee stood still. He laid his one hale hand on the young man's arm. He fixed a pair of keen grey eyes upon his face, and said, "My brother, the Lord hath need of thee. You must come with me!"

"Come, where?" said Reginald, catching his breath in strong surprise.

"Wherever the Lord shall show the way," said Losee, solemnly. "I believe you are called of God to preach the Gospel. You dare not be disobedient to the heavenly vision. When the Lord sent Philip to preach Jesus to the 'man of Ethiopia,' he said, 'Arise, and go;' and he arose and went. That's the command that your Saviour sends to you. You may not, must not shrink from the call!"

For a few moments Reginald walked slowly on in silence. His eyes, so the preacher thought, had a certain far-away look in them, as he fixed them on the unseen future, and then lifted them to the stars, which were beginning to light the sky. At last he paused, and turning to his companion, he said,

"When I gave myself to the Lord Jesus, I gave myself entirely to do his will, in any way and in every way he should show me. For that I was constrained to leave my home, and offend my father, and grieve my mother, though — though — it — nearly — broke my heart."

Here the young man was quite overcome. The floodgates of strong filial affection were unloosed, and he burst into a passion of tears.

"And may it not be," said Losee, stroking his arm tenderly and lovingly, "that in that way the Lord intended to set you free. Perhaps it was in that way that he said, 'Loose him and let him go.' And not that the home-bond should be finally broken, but that it may be bound again and strengthened by the love of Jesus. Perhaps, nay, I verily believe that you shall, depart from them for a season, that your father may "receive you forever."

"God grant it," said the young man fervently, and then paused again.

Losee and Paul Heck walked from the barn together, and by their side, Brave Barbara.

"William Losee," quoth my heroine, "the Lord hath sent you a comrade. Take the youth in hand, he will prove a valiant soldier of the Cross."

"Can you lend him a horse?" said the preacher, with a smile, turning to Paul Heck, "I want him to ride circuit with me."

"Ay, that I can, and will, for as long as he likes," said the warm-hearted and generous Irishman.

And so the very next day Reginald, in his home-spun garb, rode away with Losee, astride of Paul Heck's sorrel colt; but not before he, in company with the preacher, and by Brave Barbara's advice, had made a final appeal to the passionate and unyielding Colonel to take him to his heart again, though he did not now seek to be reinstated in his home.

The old soldier's severe embargo was relaxed sufficiently to allow the young "rebel" to give farewell greetings to his sisters and to receive his mother's blessing. Then he went forth; and God was with him. Saddle he had none. Paul Heck had no such spare article to lend him; but instead of that, he rode upon a folded sheep skin which the sympathetic farmer had put at his disposal.

In this wise were the early Methodist preachers summoned to their godly work, like as David was summoned from the sheep-cotes, Elisha from the plough, Amos from the herds, or Simon Peter from the fishing-nets. Without staff or scrip, or money in their purses, or any other resources except those that were lodged in the Bank of Faith, they went forth on their spiritual knight-errantry, intent only on this—to win the world for Christ.

As to the thoughts and feelings of the grizzled old soldier, Colonel Pemberton, when he found that his son had not only cast in his lot with "those despicable Methodists," but worse, even than that, had gone off with a beggarly Methodist preacher, these may be better imagined than described. He had little to say on the subject; only this:

"It's a thousand pities that he did not fall honorably on the battle-field, or glide out of life in the prisons of the revolution."

The old man spoke hotly, cruelly, unrighteously; but he will live, God willing, to come to a better mind.

And all this while the Heck Settlement was growing in numbers and in neighbors, and Ballygran became quite an important centre of religious life and Methodist activity. The oldest and most flourishing Methodist Society in Canada had its home here; and here was held the first Canadian Camp-meeting, the parent and forerunner of some of the most wonderful evangelical conventions, that the world has ever seen. Further arrivals of Loyalist refugees Methodists, Quakers, Cavaliers, many of the latter accompanied by domestic slaves, increased the population of the St. Lawrence settlements, which held now quite a numerous community, and laid the strong foundation of the populous cities, towns and villages of to-day. And so it came to pass, that the Reverend Darius Dunham, the presiding Elder in charge of the whole Canadian Methodist work, made arrangements for holding a huge Camp-meeting. The announcement of the coming event created immense excitement through all the country side.

It was indeed a famous business, that great camp-meeting. A lovely grove of stately beeches and maples with their tall and clean-skinned trunks and widely spreading boughs was selected for the scene of the grand engagements of the time. It was bordered by the noble St. Lawrence, whose waters at that point were beautifully broad, and its banks most picturesque. All the underbrush was diligently cleared away, and whatever moderate degree of leveling was required was carefully done.

A rough platform, sheltered by an awning of beechen boughs was erected for the preachers, and a number of rude tents or booths were reared to provide sleeping accommodations for the many visitors from afar who could not possibly be housed, however hospitable the inhabitants might be. Great was the activity in everybody's kitchen more or less. In the spacious and roomy kitchen of the Hecks and others, preparations were something tremendous, for Brave Barbara had charge over the victualing arrangements, and so she set the example in bonding supplies as if the camp were about to stand a siege.

In this department the good Quakers from the Whiteside Settlement rendered admirable help, and the whole family threw themselves into the friendly fray which showed that the limitations of traditional Quakerdom were being largely thrown away. Strange to say, the spirit of old Virginian hospitality so far resumed its sway over Colonel Pemberton, that he cheerfully supplied material for much cheer, and allowed Mammy Dinah and Aunt Chloe, under the superintendence of the ladies of the household, to cook and bake and roast to their very hearts' content.

The camp-meeting was "opened" by a special service for prayer and praise. It was held on the Saturday evening, as a fitting preparation for the Sabbath, the "high day" of the occasion.

Scarcely had the forest aisles begun to re-echo the songs of Zion and the notes of prayer, then the cries of penitence and petition mingled with them, and it was patent everywhere that there were gathering to that forest sanctuary a people prepared of the Lord. It was a standing wonder to the little settlement as to where all the people were coming from.

"The people are coming together from all the four quarters of the land," said the honest Quaker, Josiah Whiteside. "I wot not that there were so many men and women in the entire colony! Whoever led them to troop together thus?"

"The Lord of Hosts is his name," said Barbara Heck, to whom the question was addressed. "He it is who is bringing a multitude, multitudes into the valley of decision."

The staid and matter-of-fact Quaker was silenced by the force of his own astonishment. It had never entered into his idea of things that the "heavens could be so shaken that the things which cannot be shaken may remain." And truly it was wonderful! For fully fifty miles up and down the river St. Lawrence, the colonists came in boat and raft and bateux. Not a few swarthy representatives of the Indian tribes came in their bark canoes to witness a series of services which they could not comprehend, but of which they felt the influence and power. Especially was this true of the Ojibbeways. These fellow-tribesmen of Tookaluska and Oloona had been in some measure prepared by what they had heard from the lips of the converted chief.

By this time both John Lawrence and Philip Embury, under the eager tuition of the Indian, had come to be able to speak in the soft and melodious language of the tribe, and the same skill was shared by Carrie Heck, now the happy wife of Philip, who found in Oloona a willing and even more effective tutor than her brother. And so it came to pass that the hitherto all but despised and neglected Indian races were brought, thanks to the camp-meeting, within the widening circle of Methodist influence that began to belt and bless and dominate the growing Dominion of the West.

Probably the strange effect of that great moment in the forest crowd culminated in the service held on the Sunday evening. On that occasion it seemed as though the widely scattered farms and settlements had pretty nearly denuded themselves of their inhabitants to swell the multitude which gathered to hear the Word of the Lord. The new director of the Canada Mission, Elder Dunham, William Losee's colleague and superior, conducted the proceedings. Like Losee, he was comparatively young in years, and like him was unusually well-favored in countenance, and was possessed of even greater magnetic power.

In the course of his soul-stirring exhortations, Dunham, who was somewhat scholarly for his times, repeated a free translation of some of the verses of Thomas of Celano's tremendous lyric, "*Dies Irae, Dies Illa*":

Think, Lord Jesus, my salvation
Caused Thy wondrous Incarnation!
Leave me not to reprobation.

Faint and weary, Thou hast sought me;
On the Cross of suffering, bought me.
Shall such grace be vainly bought me?

Ah, that day of tears and mourning!
From the dust of earth returning
Man for judgment must prepare him!
Spare, O God, in mercy spare him!

The strange spell of that marvelous hymn, which the best translation cannot adequately render, had an effect that Dunham, with all his hopeful fervor, never thought possible; and Brave Barbara, who stood by his side to conduct the singing, was constrained to lay her hand upon his arm and say, in whispered awe, more intense than sound, "The day of Pentecost hath fully come!"

Then the pent-up emotions of the hour were let loose, and, then and there, at any rate, it might be said that the crowd "had all things in common," and that one universal possession was an overwhelming consciousness of the presence and power of God.

(To be Continued.)

The Persecuted Nestorians.

Esther, the Wife of Deacon Abraham, Visits England in their Behalf

THERE is now visiting England a young Syrian lady, who comes from the city of Oroomiah, in Persia, to plead the cause of the Nestorians. She is Esther, the wife of the well-known Deacon Abraham, who for many years past has conducted a mission and orphanage in Persia in behalf of the persecuted Nestorians. The Nestorians have dwelt among the mountains for twenty-six centuries, a captive and persecuted people. It is well known that when the Jews rejected their Messiah, some of the apostles went to these tribes who eagerly embraced the Gospel, and became the first missionaries of the Christian faith to India and China. The famous Prester John, of whom so many legends are told, was of Nestorian race, and laid the foundations of Christianity in Thibet. But though once so enlightened, the oppression of the Turkish rule has crushed the spirit of this noble race. They are not protected by the law. Any one may rob or murder a Nestorian with impunity. At the present time they are sunk in superstition and ignorance, yet they cling with a passionate affection to the traditions of what was given to them by the apostles, chiefly Thomas and Thaddeus, and to the Bible, for which they have an intense reverence, though but few can read it.

ESTHER, THE NESTORIAN.

Esther's father escaped when a child from a wholesale massacre of nearly all his family by the Kurds, to the mountain district where Esther was brought up, and though of high descent, like Rebekah and Rachel, she kept sheep upon the hills. Left an orphan at ten years of age, she resolved on gaining an education in the American schools she had heard of in Oroomiah. Two years the child watched for an opportunity, until a preacher came to her uncle's house, who was willing to take her to Oroomiah. There her great talents soon excited interest. In three years she passed the examinations for which others had studied for eight years, but her health broke down from overwork, and she had to leave the school. It was at Dr. Shedd's, the American missionary's house, that Deacon Abraham, then left a widower, offered her marriage, and the wedding was celebrated in the presence of many eminent men among the Nestorians.

Here she has been a loving and devoted mother to the forty destitute orphans. Last year Esther went to England, her baby in her arms, determined to plead herself for missionaries to be sent to her mountaineer relations, so cruelly persecuted and oppressed by Turkish rule, where not one single teacher has ever gone to dwell. She also asks for a medical lady to help her in her work in Oroomiah and the villages near. Workers were invited to go to this intelligent, fine race, the children of "Abraham, the friend of God?" and who speak the same language used by our Lord himself. Esther herself led many interesting meetings in London and gave very entertaining details of their customs illustrating the Bible. She speaks English well, and in her picturesque dress, and winning manners is as attractive in person, as she is in mind and character. A translation of Syriac letter from the Orphans of Oroomiah, to Esther Abraham contains the following passages:

"In the first place, accept much love and many salaams from all the boys and girls, to you our dear Sis. Esther. We miss you very much and are anxious to know about your health. We shall be very pleased to have a letter from you saying you are better. We shall never forget all the trouble you have taken with us, and your motherly care of us. We shall thank you all our lives.

"Will you kindly offer our grateful salutations to those Christian friends in England who so kindly stand in the place of parents to us, and try to supply all our needs. If you ask how we are by the grace of our Saviour, we have been preserved through all difficulties, and we had such a happy prayer-week in January; we had much blessing, and many sinners made confession of their sins. We had always prayer for all friends, and for you, that God would take away every stumbling block out of your path, and prosper your work for his orphan children, unworthy as we are. We hope you will pray always for your grateful children." It is expected that Esther will succeed in her mission. Much sympathy has been awakened in her behalf.

HANNINGTON'S GRAVE.

ALTHOUGH the story of the murder of Bishop Hannington was told five years ago, it is only recently that the place of his burial was disclosed. It was pointed out to his successor, Bishop Tucker, by a young man of Uganda who had seen the body buried under the floor of a house. He said it was in an iron box. The following narrative of the discovery as told by Dr. Tucker is printed in the current number of the *Missionary Herald:* At 6.30 this morning, with six men, I commenced the search. In half an hour our efforts were successful, and the top of the box was discovered. But it had evidently been disturbed since it was placed there. Instead of lying flat, it was at a considerable angle. The lid also had been broken. The people had evidently suspected that something was buried under the floor of the house, and my idea is that, believing it to be ivory, they had made an attempt to get at it. There was no doubt whatever as to identification. Mr. Fisher kindly gave me a long tin-lined box, it was quite impossible to remove the remains in the old one. Dr. Baxter and I put in a lining of sweetly scented grass and then we two alone in my tent laid all that was left of the dear bishop in the new case. The next day, we had a very solemn service of communion, and in prayer for the Church militant specially thanked and praised God for his servant, Bishop Hannington, whose earthly remains were with us in camp. All in the party were deeply touched, and, I feel sure, have been drawn nearer to God by the affecting events. I hope to carry the bishop's remains to Mengo, and with the Church's service to bury them there—the fittest place, it seems to me, for them to await the resurrection morning.

NORTHFIELD BIBLE CONFERENCE

Mr. D. L. Moody asks us to announce that the Eleventh Annual General Bible Conference will be held at Northfield, Mass., Aug. 1–13. Among the speakers who will be present are Rev. A. J. Gordon, D.D., of Boston; Rev. A. C. Dixon, Brooklyn; Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, Albany; Merrill E. Gates, Ph.D., LL.D., President of Amherst College; Mrs. J. K. Barney, Providence; Major D. W. Whittle, Northfield, Mass. Many of the Christian workers including several from foreign lands who are now assisting in the Chicago World's Fair campaign are expected to be present and take part at various times. It is probable, also, that Rev. B. Fay Mills, of Providence; Prof. W. W. Moore, of University of Virginia; Prof. Robert Thompson, Lake Forest University; Hon. R. Morton, Hamilton, Ont.; Rev. John McNeill, Scotland, and others will attend. The singing will be under the direction of Messrs. Ira D. Sankey and George C. Stebbins. Accommodations may be obtained at the Seminary buildings during the time of the meetings for $1.50 per day. Applications for rooms, etc., should be addressed to Mr. Ambert G. Moody, East Northfield, Mass.

THE MODEL MISSION.

The Central Union Mission of Washington, D. C., is making excellent progress. The auditorium of the new building will be completed in time for the autumn work. It will hold 1,200 persons. Never have there been larger audiences either at the central station or at the branches or more conversions or more successful work for Christ. The one pressing need is money with which so much good could be done. Mr. George W. Wheeler, who has been active in the management from the first, will be glad to receive any contributions for the work.

Too Many

important that is why we never use testimonials in our advertising. We are content to supply them from all parts of the world. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant's food. Grocers and Druggists.

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Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola plant [illegible] West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola [illegible] ma. Send your name and address on postal card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free.

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To all Northern and Eastern resorts, Niagara, and mountain resorts, to Bear Park and Deadwood, the Virginias, Saratoga Niagara Falls, Luray Caverns, Gettysburg, and to all other points where people gather in search of health and pleasure, are now on sale at all Baltimore and Ohio ticket offices at greatly reduced rates. These tickets will be sold from June 1 to September 30, and are valid for return passage until October 31. Before selecting your route or resort consult B. & O. summer excursion book, in which shortest routes and lowest rates, via "Picturesque B. & O." to all resorts are given from points on that road east of the Ohio River; profusely and artistically illustrated. This book can be procured free of charge upon personal application to ticket agents, B. & O. R. R. Co., or you can have it mailed to you by sending name and address with 10 cents in stamps to Chas. O. Scull, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Baltimore, Md.

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Mr. D. M. Jordan.

"For [illegible] years ago I had an attack of the gravel, and since have been very seriously troubled with my liver and kidneys. Three years ago I got down so low that **I could scarcely walk.** I looked more like a corpse than a living being. I had no appetite and for five weeks I **ate nothing but gruel.** Had no more color than **a marble statue.** After I had taken three bottles of

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I could eat anything without distress. Why, I got so hungry that I had to eat five times a day. I have now fully recovered. **I feel well and am well.** All who know me marvel." D. M. JORDAN, retired farmer, Edmeston, N.Y.

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A Spurgeon Memorial.

The Monument Erected over his Grave at Norwood, England

SOON after the death of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, it was decided that a monument should be raised over his grave in Norwood Cemetery, near London. On Wednesday, April 19, the ceremony of unveiling the monument was performed in the presence of several officials of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, together with a number of delegates to the conference of the Pastors' College. The memorial consists of a plinth measuring thirteen feet by eleven feet by six feet high. Rising from this is a tier of three steps, upon which is erected a handsome panelled and coped tomb. In the front panel of the tomb is a fine portrait medallion of Mr. Spurgeon, executed in marble from photographs. Immediately below it, and resting upon the steps, is a cushion of polished red granite with an open Bible in marble, bearing the text, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." In the front of the pedestal is a granite door leading to the vault below, engraved with the simple inscription, "Here lies the body of Charles Haddon Spurgeon, waiting for the appearing of his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." It is intended to add the following inscription on the side panel:

C. H. SPURGEON.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream

In many autograph albums Mr. Spurgeon wrote these two verses. An illustration showing the new monument is given on this page.

MONUMENT TO THE LATE PASTOR SPURGEON IN NORWOOD CEMETERY, ENGLAND.

OFFICIAL SUPERSTITION.

REV. MR. FOSTER, of Hankow, narrates an incident showing that not only the common people but the higher officials in China are hopelessly given over to superstition. In the city of Nanking, on the 9th of January last, the [illegible] to the Dragon King Temple to pray for snow. After they had assembled, an announcement was made that his Dragon Majesty had arrived, whereupon the officials went outside the gate of the temple and prostrated themselves before the Dragon's chair. This [illegible] yellow, the imperial color. The officials then [illegible] according to rank, candles were lighted, incense burned, the drums beaten, and all the [illegible]

A SWEARER REBUKED.

AN officer who was much addicted to profane swearing was once visiting a deep mine in Cornwall. He was attended by one of the pious miners employed in the works, for in Cornwall there are many godly miners. During his visit to the pit the officer uttered many profane expressions; and as he ascended in company with the miner, finding it a long way, he said to him, with an oath, "If it be so far down to your work, how far is it to the bottomless pit?" The honest miner promptly and seriously replied, "I do not know how far it is, sir, but I believe that the rope by which we are drawn up should break, you would be there in a minute." The swearer was rebuked, and uttered no more oaths while in the company of the miner. "A word spoken in due season, how good is it!"

DARKNESS IN CHINA.

AN appeal is made by Mr. John A. Anderson, in *China's Millions*, in behalf of the unevangelized aboriginal tribes. Three are mentioned—the Ming-kia, the Mo-soh and the Lolos. In the Ta-li valley there are three hundred villages, numbering many tens of thousands of souls. Mr. Anderson says, "So far as I know, nothing has been done to give them the Gospel in their own tongue. They are very accessible. Both men and women come freely to me for medicine, although often unable to talk Chinese. . . . Although my knowledge of the comparative needs of the other provinces is necessarily very small, I believe there is not such a sad sight throughout the eighteen provinces of China as that of which I write. Here are whole tribes, whole peoples, without even a chance of knowing about the Saviour's love."

A BOY PHILANTHROPIST.

A SOCIETY in Paris makes an annual gift of a gold medal to persons who have distinguished themselves by acts of kindness. To the general surprise, one of the recent recipients was a boy of sixteen years of age, named Luuis Bourzat. When the record of the acts which had convinced the society of his fitness for the honor was read, the following list astonished the audience: Both his father and mother were in delicate health, and he had two brothers. Seeing his family suffering from hunger, he set himself to work. He began by helping his mother to manage her dairy. Then a lame girl, with a wooden leg, was cared for, and finally cured of a dangerous illness. But all this generosity ran away with the profits of the dairy. Louis was not cast down. "I will take a basket," he said, and I will sell fruit about Paris." And so he did. Then he learned the trade of a carpenter, working by day and going to a night-school in the evenings. He taught a consumptive workman to read, and made him share his room. He took care of him in his dying moments with the devotion of a son. The neighbors of Louis Bourzat told of all these kind acts, and the boy was quite astonished when he found himself looked upon as a hero.

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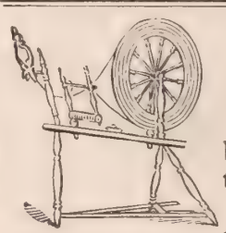

Too Slow

in making clothes, this was. It had to go. And yet people thought it a pretty good thing in its day. Some of them couldn't believe, all at once, that there was anything better. Just so with every improvement. The old way always has some benighted ones who cling to it to the last.

Too Fast

in ruining clothes, un-making them — that's the trouble with the washboard. But it's going now and going fast, to join the spinning-wheel. Women find it doesn't pay to rub their clothes to pieces over it. They can wash better with **Pearline.** Less work, less wear, no ruinous **rub, rub, rub.** That's the modern way of washing—safe, easy, quick, cheap. No wonder that many women have thrown away the washboard.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—*send it back.* 378 JAMES PYLE, New York.

A man

without a conscience is hardly worse off than without a watch.—No excuse for lacking either.

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Your jeweler sells it in a great variety of designs: ladies' hunting-case, dainty chatelaine with decorated dial, business-man's watch, and boy's watch. $1 to $12. 43

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The notes that to their lays belong,
Where just one nightingale might fill
The place with its transcendent song,
And thus Fame comes, and with its smile
A soul with lasting greatness cloaks,
And leaves a thousand else the while
To be for aye just common folks.

If only sweetest bells were rung,
How we should miss the minor chimes!
If only grandest poets sung
There'd be no humble little rhymes.
The modest, clinging vines add grace
Unto the forest's giant oaks,
And 'mid earth's mighty is a place
To people with just common folks.

Fate has not lifted them above
The level of the human plane;
They share with men a brother love,
In touch with pleasure and with pain.
One great, far-reaching brotherhood,
With common burdens, common yokes,
And common wrongs and common good,—
God's army of just common folks.

—NIXON WATERMAN.

EVERY DAY RELIGION.

THERE is as much necessity to-day to seek and save the rich as the poor. A very rich man in a certain city heard me preach, and sat in front of my pulpit, and some inspiration gave me courage enough to take my wife, and, calling a cab, to drive out of town a little way and go after him. His wife and himself seemed to enjoy our visit very much; we had a talk of half an hour, and it came around to the point where it seemed a desirable thing to pray with that man, and I suggested it might be pleasant if we had a moment's prayer before we went away. When he got up from his knees tears were rolling down his cheeks, and he said, "I want to thank you for doing that, for you know my wife and I have lived together for thirty years, and had our own home, and no man ever came to pray with us before." It is necessary to go after folks to save them. Under the present condition of things there is no necessity for any church to have empty seats if Christians but follow out the spirit of the New Testament, and go after people, and seek for them, and save them.

We must convince people that we are not only seeking after souls, but that as men and women we are interested in everything that interests them. The expression, "saving souls," gets to be a cant expression. Many people drift away from the Church because they believe it is a canting expression. I have heard a man speak with unction about saving souls, who had drawn thirty per cent dividends from a tenement house that meant destruction to the men and women living there. The Master was always anxious about the bodies as well as the souls of men; he was as careful to heal them of fever, and make the lame man well again, as to save souls. You cannot read the life of Jesus without feeling that he was interested in men and women as well as souls. And I have found that all the souls I have been able to reach and save have lived in human bodies, and it made a great deal of difference whether they had three square meals a day or not; it made a difference what kind of wages they had; whether they were treated justly or not. We are dealing not with souls simply, not with something vague and ethereal, but with men and women in the flesh; and if we can convince them that the people in the Church are interested in them as men and women you can fill your church. They will come.

A DAUGHTER'S TRIUMPH.†

A YEAR or two ago in Mr. Randolph's store, in New York, we came upon a remarkable book: "The great discourse of Jesus, the Christ, the Son of God. A topical arrangement and and analysis of all his words, recorded in the New Testament, separated from the Context." The compiler, a layman eminent in culture and position, has suppressed his own name. This may have been desired thus to give himself more freedom in relating his personal experience. His work is well done. His classification of the material of our Saviour's discourses is intelligent and faithful. It will convince many that the teachings of our Lord are much more comprehensive than they had supposed, and of greater value than all prophetic and apostolic inspiration combined.

He describes his early condition in the following sentences: "At middle life I found myself without a creed—a Christian neither in faith nor work, out of sympathy with Christian ethics as adapted to the use of modern society, and deeply antagonistic to organic Christianity as manifested in the Church. . . . I was drifting rapidly away from the religious traditions of my youth, flying no flag, yet not prepared to cast overboard the banner of the Cross, my couse darkened by speculative doubts, and the philosophic craft, such as it was, in which I had embarked my soul battered by continual and bitter tempests."

But at last he summoned courage to escape from the conflict and suffering: "There came a time, however, that I felt that I must get my bearings and know plainly where I lay with reference to the God of my youth—his dealings with me and mine with him—or that I must face, godless and alone, that gray, awful waste of waters whose horizon is eternity, with no pole-star in the infinite night, and no hope of a haven at any time. To live longer in such a state was neither honest nor tolerable. Far better to utterly renounce—if so be I must, even though the renunciation stripped bare—than cling against conviction to a sentiment, however consoling, enshrined in a fable, however beautiful, for fear of the desolation that would follow its loss."

Of two things he presently became convinced: the first, that he knew very little of the bearing and import of Christ's teaching; the second, that his mental attitude toward Christ had relation almost entirely to the historical and physical phenomena of his life, and not to the divine element which it manifested. And further that in rationalistic assaults upon Christianity the line of attack was necessarily over the same field. "The assault was ever upon the man-Christ, upon the supposition that that once destroyed, the God-Christ of necessity disappeared; whereas it now began to occur to me that the God-Christ loomed infinitely out of range, and could be reached by no bullet of logic, or of empirical synthesis, and that once apprehended, the man-Christ became invulnerable." . . . "I therefore made up my mind to acquaint myself with Christ's doctrine in his own words, apart from any consideration of the narrative context, taking it directly from the lips of the Master, and meditating upon it in the quiet of my own soul, free from the noise of controversy, theological or rational. . . . To us who have not lived in the wondrous aura of the spiritual life that radiated from his wondrous personality, who cannot drink from his lips, nor look into the infinite depths of his eyes, the closest touch must lie in the words that were spoken for us, and which he knew must satisfy our hunger and thirst for truth." And so, finding truth and life in Christ, he came forth from perplexity and peril into the light of God.

*From *Common Folks' Religion;* a volume of sermons and addresses; by Rev. Lewis Albert Banks, D.D.; pp. 343; cloth; price $1.50. Lee & Shepard, Boston, publishers.

†From *What is Inspiration?* By Prof. John De Witt, D.D., LL.D., a study of the questions now agitating the minds of thoughtful men in all the churches. Dr. De Witt was one of the American divines who assisted in the preparation of the Revised Version of the Old Testament. pp., 187; Price, $1: Published by Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., 182 Fifth avenue, New York.

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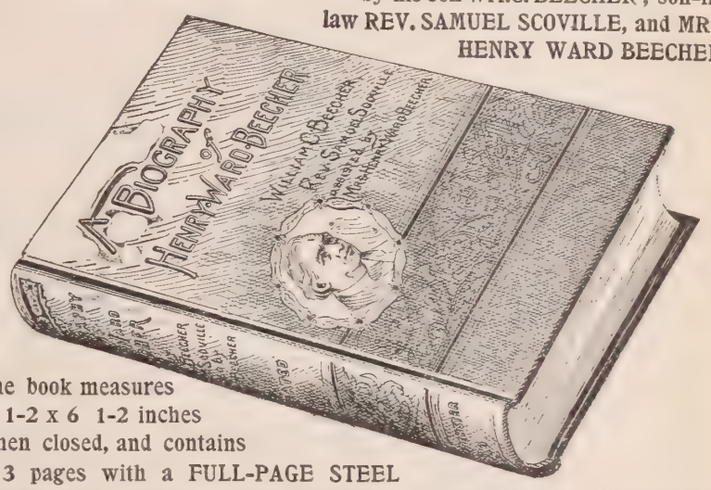

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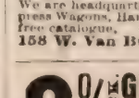

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REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor. Offices, Bible House, New York. NEW YORK, JULY 12, 1893. PRICE, 5 CENTS. Annual Subscription, $1.50

THE FOOTSTEPS OF JESUS.

NEXT to the spiritual joy that is experienced by the soul that lives very near to Christ and follows in his footsteps, there is probably no pleasure that appeals more keenly to the believer's appreciation, in this life at least, than to trace out lovingly, step by step, in Palestine, the localities that have become historically identified with the life of Jesus here on earth. To do this is a task of such surpassing interest and attractiveness that, after many centuries of pilgrimages, the magnetism that draws loving and loyal hearts from all parts of the globe remains unabated. Every year, thousands of devoted Christian men and women linger among the hills and valleys of the Holy Land, or in the ancient cities and villages, searching out every pathway where the Master walked, every eminence from which he discoursed, the familiar scenes of his youth and his manhood, as well as those that witnessed the fruition of his earthly ministry before the tragedy of his death on Calvary. Our illustration possesses a special interest in this connection, as showing the narrow street or lane which formerly led from the public tribunal or judgment seat, to the palace of Herod Antipas, the tetrarch of Galilee. It was through this narrow, sunken street (very different then from now), that Jesus was led after having been taken from the house of Caiaphas the high priest to the official residence of Pilate on Mount Zion. Contiguous to the palace was the judgment hall, where trials were usually conducted; but trials in the open air—at the market place or in the highways—were not uncommon, and Pilate caused his ivory curule chair of office to be placed on "the Pavement," a slight level elevation, laid with a mosaic of colored stones and almost in front of the Judgment Hall. Here the trial took place, and Jesus, being a Galilean, was sent by Pilate to Herod, in recognition of the tetrarch's jurisdiction. The gloomy procession took its way through the long, narrow, dingy lane, to the palace, where the lowly Saviour was mocked and scoffed at and abused by Herod and his soldiery. The vassal King — a mere tributary of Rome — treated him as he would have done a vulgar magician and hoped to witness a miracle! In this he was disappointed, for Jesus repelled him with silence. Herod sent him back to Pilate by the way he came and thus it happened that the Son of Man on the last day of his life on earth twice trod the same dingy passage from the palace to "the Pavement." Every step of that last mortal journey of the "Man of Sorrows" is memorable. Passing "Gabbatha" (the "rounded height") with its judgment seat; passing the Prætorium, and threading its way among the crowds, the procession moved toward the gate in the first wall. Early as was the hour, great throngs had assembled, and the clamor became incessant. To Pilate's declaration: "Behold the man!" the fanatic multitude had answered with a cry for Jesus' blood. Doubtless the dingy street shown in the illustration was the scene of like tumultuous incidents that morning. The feast had brought thousands of strangers to Jerusalem, and they helped to swell the mob as it moved through the tortuous ways. Very near, if not along this very path, Jesus bore the Cross, and heard the frenzied cries of the jostling, fierce-faced crowds as they shouted and leaned forward to smite and scoff at the Saviour of the world.

STREET LEADING TO THE PALACE OF HEROD, JERUSALEM.

From a Photograph obtained in Palestine by Rev. Dr. Talmage.

The Jerusalem of the time of Christ no longer exists, the present city being from twenty to thirty feet above the debris of the old. Of Herod's palace only the traces of the great towers that marked its boundaries remain, and above its ruins are a Turkish barracks and an Armenian garden. In our Lord's day, the Herodian palace was a marvel of architectural strength and beauty, and was entirely surrounded by a wall thirty cubits high, with decorated towers at intervals. The noblest relic of those towers is the time-worn pile now known as the Tower of David. "The Pavement," the Judgment Hall, the house of Pilate and that of Caiaphas have all been obliterated, together with the great palace of the Maccabees, where lived Herod Antipas, the slayer of John the Baptist, the mocker of Jesus and the weak slave of his own passions. Even the boundaries of the palace have disappeared. The mile-long route along the "Via Dolorosa" by which Christ went to the Hall of Judgment; and the "Ecce Homo" arch near which Pilate stood when he pointed out Jesus to the mob, are greatly altered amid the changes of the ages; but the footsteps of the Saviour still echo throughout those ancient walks in Mount Sion. The traces of Jesus' life on earth are everywhere seen and felt in Jerusalem and throughout Palestine, although Zion has been ploughed as a field (Micah 3 : 12), and the worldly memorials of Israel's past greatness have vanished forever.

The glorious palace of Solomon, which it is believed was also built on Mount Zion, the palace of the Asmonean Kings and that of Agrippa II. have all likewise perished. The "Glory of Zion has passed away" and even her walls have been demolished. Hardly a stone of any of the original structures remain standing.

The Tabernacle Pulpit

THE EVENING.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., Founded on the Text: Zech. 14: 7, *"At evening time it shall be light."*

WHILE "night," in all languages, is the symbol for gloom and suffering, it is often really cheerful, bright, and impressive. I speak not of such nights as come down with no star pouring light from above, or silvered wave tossing up light from beneath—murky, hurtling, portentous, but such as you often see when the pomp and magnificence of heaven turn out on night-parade; and it seems as though the song which the morning stars began so long ago were chiming yet among the constellations, and the sons of God were shouting for joy. Such nights the sailor blesses from the forecastle, and the trapper on the vast prairie, and the belated traveler by the road-side, and the soldier from the tent, earthly hosts gazing upon heavenly, and shepherds guarding their flocks afield, while angel hands above them set the silver bells a-ringing: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace; good-will toward men."

What a solemn and glorious thing is night in the wilderness! Night among the mountains! Night on the ocean! Fragrant night among tropical groves! Flashing night amid arctic severities! Calm night on Roman Campagna! Awful night among the Cordilleras! Glorious night 'mid sea after a tempest! Thank God for the night! The moon and the stars which rule it are light-houses on the coast, toward which I hope we are all sailing, and blind mariners are we if, with so many beaming, burning, flaming glories to guide us, we cannot find our way into the harbor. My text may well suggest that, as the natural evening is often luminous, so it shall be light in the evening of our sorrows—of old age—of the world's history—of the Christian life. "At eventime it shall be light."

This prophecy will be fulfilled in the evening of Christian sorrow. For a long time it is broad daylight. The sun rides high. Innumerable activities go ahead with a thousand feet, and work with a thousand arms, and the pickaxe struck a mine, and the battery made a discovery, and the investment yielded its twenty per cent., and the book came to its twentieth edition, and the farm quadrupled in value, and sudden fortune hoisted to high position, and children were praised, and friends without number swarmed into the family hive, and prosperity sang in the music, and stepped in the dance, and glowed in the wine, and ate at the banquet, and all the gods of music, and ease and gratification gathered around this Jupiter holding in his hands so many thunderbolts of power. But every sun must set, and the brightest [illegible] the sky was overcast. The fountain dried [illegible] into the family fold and carried off the best lamb. A deep howl of woe came crashing down through the joyous symphonies. At one rough twang of the hand of disaster the harp-strings all broke. Down went the strong business firm! Away went long-established credit! Up flew a flock of calumnies! The new book would not sell. A patent could not be secured for the invention. Stocks sank like lead. The insurance company exploded. "How much," says the sheriff, "will you bid for this piano?" "How much for this library?" "How much for this family picture?" Will the grace of God hold one up in such circumstances? What have become of the great multitude of God's children who have been pounded of the flail, and crushed under the wheel, and trampled under the hoof? Did they lie down in the dust, weeping, wailing, and gnashing their teeth? When the rod of fatherly chastisement struck them, did they strike back? Because they found one bitter cup on the table of God's supply, did they upset the whole table? Did they kneel down at their empty money vault and say, "All my treasures are gone?" Did they stand by the grave of their dead, saying, "There never will be a resurrection."

Did they bemoan their thwarted plans and say, "The stocks are down—would God I were dead?" Did the night of their disaster come upon them moonless, starless, dank, and howling, smothering and choking their life out? No! No! No! At eventime it was light. The swift promises overtook them. The eternal constellations, from their circuit about God's throne, poured down an infinite lustre. Under their shining the billows of trouble took on crests, and plumes of gold, and jasper, and amethyst, and flame. All the trees of life rustled in the midsummer air of God's love. The night-blooming assurances of Christ's sympathy filled all the atmosphere with heaven. The soul at every step seemed to start up from its feet bright-winged joys, warbling heavenward. "It is good that I have been afflicted," cries David. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away," exclaims Job. "Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing," says St. Paul. "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes," exclaims John, in apocalyptic vision. At eventime it was light. Light from the cross! Light from the promises! Light from the throne! Streaming, joyous, outgushing, everlasting light!

The text shall also find fulfilment in the time of old age. It is a grand thing to be young—to have the sight clear and the hearing acute, and the step elastic, and all our pulses marching on to the drumming of a stout heart. Mid-life and old age will be denied many of us, but youth—we all know what that is. Those wrinkles were not always on your brow. That snow was not always on your head. That brawny muscle did not always bunch your arm. You have not always worn spectacles. Grave and dignified as you now are, you once went coasting down the hill-side, or threw off your hat for the race, or sent the ball flying sky-high. But youth will not always last. It stays only long enough to give us exuberant spirits, and broad shoulders for burden-carrying, and an arm with which to battle our way through difficulties. Life's path, if you follow it long enough, will come under frowning crag and across trembling causeway. Blessed old age, if you let it come naturally. You cannot hide it. You may try to cover the wrinkles, but you cannot cover the wrinkles. If the time has come for you to be old, be not ashamed to be old. The grandest things in all the universe are old. Old mountains; old rivers; old seas; old stars, and an old eternity. Then do not be ashamed to be old, unless you are older than the mountains, and older than the stars.

How men and women will lie! They say they are forty, but they are sixty. They say they are twenty, but they are thirty. They say they are sixty but they are eighty. How some people will lie! Glorious old age, if found in the way of righteousness! How beautiful the old age of Jacob, leaning on the top of his staff; of John Quincy Adams, falling with the harness on; of Washington Irving, sitting, pen in hand, amid the scenes himself had made classical; of John Angell James to the last proclaiming the Gospel to the masses of Birmingham; of Theodore Frelinghuysen, down to feebleness and emaciation devoting his illustrious faculties to the kingdom of God! At eventide it was light!

See that you do honor to the aged. A philosopher stood at the corner of the street day after day, saying to the passers-by, "You will be an old man; you will be an old man." "You will be an old woman; you will be an old woman." People thought he was crazy. I do not think that he was. Smooth the way for that mother's feet; they have not many more steps to take. Steady those tottering limbs; they will soon be at rest. Plough not up that face with any more wrinkles; trouble and care have marked it full enough. Thrust no thorn into that old heart; it will soon cease to beat. "The eye that mocketh its father, and refuseth to obey its mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." The bright morning and hot noonday of life have passed with many. It is four o'clock! five o'clock! six o'clock! The shadows fall longer and thicker and faster. Seven o'clock! eight o'clock! The sun has dipped below the horizon; the warmth has gone out of the air. Nine o'clock! ten o'clock! The heavy dews are falling; the activities of life's day are all hushed; it is time to go to bed. Eleven o'clock! twelve o'clock! The patriarch sleeps the blessed sleep, the cool sleep, the long sleep. Heaven's messengers of light have kindled bonfires of victory all over the heavens. At eventime it is light! Light!

My text shall also find fulfilment in the latter days of the Church. Only a few missionaries, a few churches, a few good men, compared with the institutions leprous and putrified.

It is early yet in the history of everything good. Civilization and Christianity are just getting out of the cradle. The light of martyr-stakes, flashing all up and down the sky, is but the flaming of the morning; but when the evening of the world shall come, glory to God's conquering truth, it shall be light. War's sword clanging back in the scabbard; intemperance buried under ten thousand broken decanters; the world's impurity turning its brow heavenward for the benediction, "Blessed are the pure in heart;" the last vestige of selfishness submerged in heaven-descending charities; all China worshipping Dr. Abeel's Saviour; all India believing in Henry Martyn's Bible; aboriginal superstition acknowledging David Brainerd's piety; human bondage delivered through Thomas Clarkson's Christianity; vagrancy coming back from its pollution at the call of Elizabeth Fry's Redeemer; the mountains coming down; the valleys going up; "holiness" inscribed on horse's bell, and silkworm's thread, and brown-thrasher's wing, and shell's tinge, and manufacturer's shuttle, and chemist's laboratory, and king's sceptre, and nation's Magna Charta. Not a hospital, for there are no wounds; not an asylum, for there are no orphans; not a prison, for there are no criminals; not an almshouse, for there are no paupers; not a tear, for there are no sorrows. The long dirge of earth's lamentation has ended in the triumphal march of redeemed empires, the forests harping it on vine-strung branches, the water chanting it among the gorges, the thunders drumming it among the hills, the ocean giving it forth with its organs, trade-winds touching the keys, and euroclydon's foot on the pedal. I want to see John Howard when the last prisoner is reformed; I want to see Florence Nightingale when the last sabre wound has stopped hurting; I want to see William Penn when the last Indian has been civilized; I want to see John Huss when the last flame of persecution has been extinguished; I want to see John Bunyan after the last pilgrim has come to the gate of the celestial city; above all, I want to see Jesus after the last saint has his throne, and begun to sing hallelujah!

You have watched the calmness and the glory of the evening hour. The laborers have come from the field. The heavens are glowing with an indescribable effulgence, as though the sun in departing had forgotten to shut the gate after it. All the beauty of cloud and leaf swim in the lake. For a star in the sky, a star in the water; heaven above, and heaven beneath. Not a leaf rustling, or a bee humming, or a grasshopper chirping. Silence in the meadow; silence among the hills.

Thus bright and beautiful shall be the evening of the world. The heats of earthly conflict are cooled. The glory of heaven fills all the scene with love, and joy, and peace. At eventime it is light! light!

Finally, my text shall find fulfilment at the end of the Christian's life. You know how a short winter's day is, and how little work you can do. Now, my friends, life is a short winter's day. The sun rises at eight and sets at four. The birth-angel and death-angel fly only a little way apart. Baptism and burial are near together. With one hand the mother rocks the cradle, and with the other she touches the grave.

I went into the house of one of my parishioners on Thanksgiving Day. The little child of the household was bright and glad, and with it I bounded up and down the hall. Christmas day came, and the light of that household had perished. We stood, with black book, reading over the grave, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

But I hurl away this darkness. I cannot have you weep. Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, at eventime it shall be light! I have seen many Christians die. I never saw any of them die in darkness. What if the billows of death do rise above our girdle, who does not love to bathe? What though other lights do go out in the blast, what do we want of them when all the gates of glory swing open before us, and from a myriad voices, a myriad harps, a myriad thrones, a myriad palaces, there dash upon us. "Hosannah! Hosannah!"

"Throw back the shutters and let the sun come in," said dying Scoville M'Collum, one of my Sabbath School boys. You can see Paul putting on robes, and wings of ascension, as he exclaims, "I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith." Hugh M'Kail went to one side of the scaffold of martyrdom and cried, "Farewell sun, moon and stars! farewell all earthly delights!" Then went to the other side of the scaffold and cried, "Welcome God and Father! Welcome, sweet Jesus Christ, the Mediator of the covenant! Welcome death! Welcome glory!"

A minister of Christ in Philadelphia, dying, said, in his last moments, "I move into the light!" They did not go down doubting, and fearing, and shivering, but their battle-cry rang through all the caverns of the sepulchre, and was echoed back from all the thrones of heaven, "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?" Sing, my soul, of joys to come.

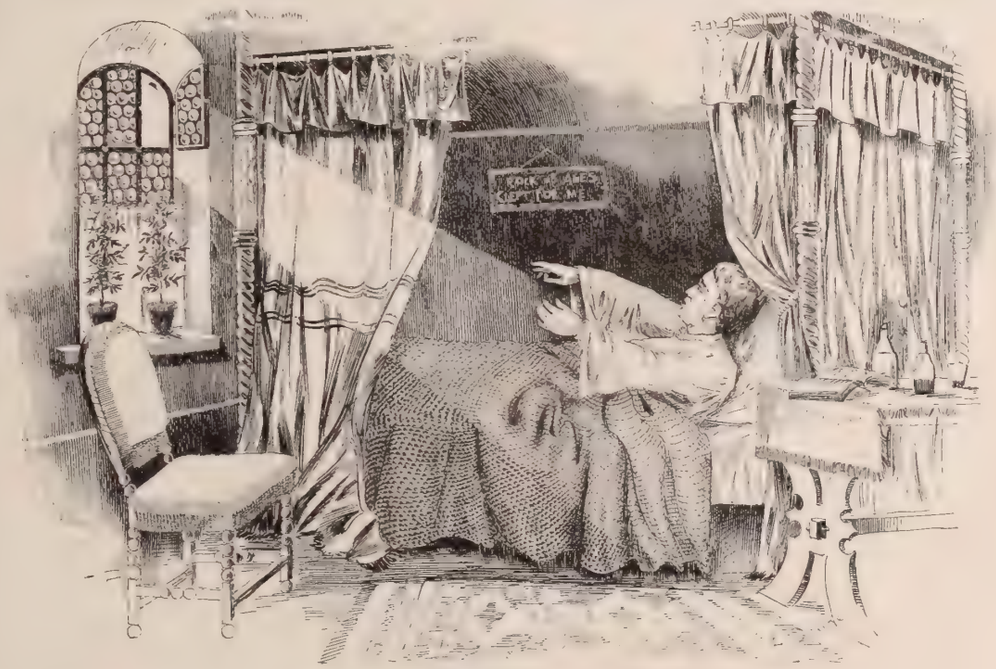
I saw a beautiful being wandering up and down the earth. She touched the aged, and they became young. She touched the poor, and they became rich. I said, "Who is this beautiful being, wandering up and down the earth?" They told me that her name was Death. What a strange thrill of joy when the palsied Christian begins to use his arm again! When the blind Christian begins to see again! When the deaf Christian begins to hear again! When the poor pilgrim puts his feet on such pavement, and joins in such company, and has a free seat in such a great temple! Hungry men no more to hunger; thirsty men no more to thirst; weeping men no more to weep; dying men no more to die. Gather up all sweet words, all jubilant expressions, all rapturous exclamations: bring them to me, and I will pour them upon this stupendous theme of the soul's disenthralment! Oh! the joy of the spirit as it shall mount up toward the throne of God, shouting, Free! Free! Your eye has gazed upon the garniture of earth and heaven; but the eye hath not seen it. Your ear has caught harmonies uncounted and indescribable—caught them from harp's trill, and bird's carol, and waterfall's dash, and ocean's doxology; but the ear hath not heard it. How did those blessed ones get up into the light? What hammer knocked off their chains? What loom wove their robes of light? Who gave them wings? Ah! eternity is not long enough to tell it; seraphim have not capacity enough to realize it—the marvels of redeeming love! Let the palms wave; let the crowns glitter; let the anthems ascend; let the trees of Lebanon clap their hands — they cannot tell the half of it. Archangel before the throne, thou failest! Sing on, praise on, ye hosts of the glorified; and if with your sceptres you cannot reach it, and with your songs you cannot express it, then let all the myriads of the saved unite in the exclamation, "Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!"

There will be a password at the gate of heaven. A great multitude come up and knock at the gate. The gatekeeper says, "The password." They say, "We have no password. We were great on earth and now we come up to be great in heaven." A voice from within answers, "I never knew you." Another group come up to the gate of heaven and knock. The gatekeeper says, "The password." They say, "We have no password. We did a great many noble things on earth. We endowed colleges and took care of the poor." A voice from within says, "I never knew you." Another group come up to the gate of heaven and knock. The gatekeeper says, "The password." They answer, "We were wanderers from God, and deserved to die; but we heard the voice of Jesus—"

"Ay! ay!" says the gatekeeper, "that is the password! Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let these people come in." They go in and surround the throne, jubilant for ever.

Ah! do you wonder that the last hours of the Christian on earth are illuminated by thoughts of the coming glory? Light in the evening. The medicines may be bitter. The pain may be sharp. The parting may be heart-rending. Yet, light in the evening. As all the stars of night sink their anchors of pearl in lake, and river, and sea, so the waves of Jordan shall be illuminated with the down-flashing of the glory to come. The dying soul looks up at the constellations. "The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear?" "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Close the eyes of the departed one: earth would seem tame to its enchanted vision. Fold the hands: life's work is ended. Veil the face: it has been transfigured. Mr. Toplady, in his dying hour, said "Light." Coming nearer the expiring moment, he exclaimed, with illuminated countenance, "Light." In the last instant of his breathing, he lifted up his hands and cried, "Light! Light!" Thank God! Thank God for Light in the evening.



"LIGHT! LIGHT!" CRIED TOPLADY IN HIS DYING HOUR.

A PERSECUTED ASSAM CONVERT.

MR. G. H. HOOK, formerly a student in the Pastors' College, London, now pastor of a church at Calcutta, writes: "A tall young Assamese was greatly tried when he decided to follow Christ. They said to him, 'You shall not live to disgrace us among our people by becoming a Christian.' He said in return. 'I shall not die, but live to declare the works of the Lord now I am a Christian.' But he little knew the treachery and wickedness of heathen hearts, though they were his own flesh and blood. One evening, he came home, after the burning heat of a hot day's toil, and they gave him a cup of sherbet to drink. He took it from his father's hand, and drank it, little suspecting that it was poisoned. Then his sister came crying to him, and said softly, 'Have you taken the sherbet?' and he said 'Yes.' Bursting out into sobs, she said, 'Oh, then you will die, for that cup is poisoned! They have put poison in the cup.' At once he went to the hospital, and he recovered from the effects of the poison; but the authorities said, 'You have either taken the poison yourself, or it has been administered to you, and we must know the truth of the matter.' So he had to tell the truth, and his father was entenced to three years' imprisonment, and is in prison now. Thus it was a trial for him to be a Christian, but he is a burning and a shining light, and I am greatly cheered by his consistent life. He stood up, only a few days before his baptism, and preached Christ in Hindustani to the natives who crowded to the vernacular service."

Missionary Martyrs.

Dr. Guinness writes of the Perils that beset Christian Workers in Africa.

IN the history of the Congo Free State, writes Dr. Guinness in *The Christian*, we question whether there have been any murders quite so audacious as those which have occurred quite recently at Basa Nkosu, one mile from Ikau, the third station of our Congo Balolo Mission. Two brave officers, Messrs. Peters and Termol, were apparently surprised by hostile natives, and before their black soldiers could interfere, the Mongos had beheaded Mr. Peters and speared Mr. Termol, leaving the latter to welter in his own blood, whilst they carried off the head of the former in triumph. The State soldiery immediately sent messengers down country to the station at Wangata, on the main Congo, from whence reinforcements were obtained to punish the murderers and to restore tranquility in the district This was the second occasion in which our friends at Ikau were in imminent danger. Early in December, after the tragic death of his young wife, Mr. Haupt nearly lost his life in a determined attack that was made upon the station by these very people, His goods were stolen, but his house was eventually saved from destruction.

Matters had not really quieted down before the occurrence of the atrocious murder alluded to, the success of which fired the people with the desire to exterminate all the white population, they attempted to bribe our neighbors to bind the missionaries, and gave them over into their hands, and to this end they offered several slaves, besides other inducements, which, however, were refused by our faithful friends.

For at least a week matters were in a very critical state, and it was quite impossible to say what a day might bring forth. The popular impression that a white man was invulnerable, and could not be killed by a spear, was now exploded, and even at our station at Bonginda, ninety miles below, the effect of this revelation of our weakness inspired a violent chief called Ibengi to threaten death to the missionaries there. One night the feeling at Bonginda was so strained that it was deemed wise to get up steam on board the *Pioneer*, so as to be able, in the event of a night attack, to escape by the river.

The most distant outpost of Christianity in these regions is Bongandanga, where last October brave Scarnell died alone, before relief, which was on its way up river, could reach him. His devoted black boys buried him near the little chapel, and then bore the sad tidings to Mr. Ellery, who only reached the station to find that his companion in labor had finished his course, and been called into the immediate presence of the King. The sheaf of wheat had fallen into the ground, and the harvest was ensured.

To-day Messrs. Haupt and Coote are holding the fort at this station; they are the only white men within three days' journey, and in case of native attack or sickness, it would take at least a week to send a canoe down river and receive assistance. We are hoping, at the earliest possible opportunity, to strengthen this station to its full complement of five helpers, and are only hindered in this through lack of means.

After the murders at Basa Nkosu, 120 miles down river, the whole of that district was thrown into a state of ferment, and, in order to escape the vengeance of the State, many of the people deserted their homes and escaped up river. Some of them reached Bongandanga, and their howls could be heard in the bush at night-time. Our brethren were in danger of being murdered by these refugees at any time. This was only an accentuation of their ordinary difficulties, for there is a neighboring tribe of Ngombe, whose cannibal ferocity has been a perpetual source of peril,

A CALL FOR SERVICE.

A CAPTAIN at evening roll-call, writes Francis E. Williard, said to his company: "Soldiers, I am ordered to detail ten men for a very dangerous service, but of the greatest importance to the army in the coming battle. I have not the heart to pick the men, for the chances are against their ever coming back. But if there are ten men in the company who will volunteer for this service, they may step two paces to the front." As the captain ceased speaking, the whole line stepped two paces forward and stood there with every man in his place, and ranks even as before. The captain's eyes were dim and his voice faltered as he said: "Soldiers, I thank you; I am proud to be captain of such a company." Fellow-workers, just such a spirit should move the whole prohibition line. We wage a war fiercer than that of bullet or bayonet, and far more vital to human good. It is a struggle whose echoes enlist the hosts in heaven."

BISHOP TUCKER IN UGANDA.

A LETTER has been received from Bishop Tucker, the successor of the martyred Bishop Hannington, from Mengo, the capital of Uganda. The journey inland had been accomplished safely, with no sickness or accident. The Bishop preached in the new church to a congregation numbering over 5,000, the king and chiefs of the country being present. Fourteen loads of books were brought in, containing 8,000 copies of portions of the Scriptures in Luganda, and the people were nearly besides themselves with delight at the prospect of receiving the books which the Bishop says were to be sold the next day, adding, "They will go like a puff of smoke."

PAUL AT CORINTH.

S. S. Lesson for July 23. Acts 18: 1 11 Golden Text, I Cor. 1: 18. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE word of the cross is to them that are perishing, foolishness; but unto us which are being saved, it is the power of God." (1. Cor. 1-18, R.V.) Whether among the æsthetic Athenians, the commercial Philippians and Corinthians, the savages of Melita, or the would-be pious Jews, the word of the Cross is to each man what he makes it to be by his attitude towards it. The Cross of Jesus touches all mankind. Because of the suffering of death he was "crowned with glory and honor that, by the grace of God he should taste death for every man" (Heb. 11: 9); "the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." (Isa. 43: 6.) "Every man," "all," "there is no difference, all have sinned," and "God so loved the world," (every man, all), "that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." And yet there are many who are perishing! The word of hearing does not profit them because they are not united by faith unto them that hear. God gives, but they do not receive, and the Word which was spoken to bring life has become death to them.

Wherever Paul preached, the Word of God which he served, to which he was a witness,

Did a Sure Work;

it brought about division between receivers and rejectors, those who were saved and those who perished. His testimony borne at Athens, God led this apostle of the Gentiles to Corinth, one of the centres for the world's commerce. Would that Word which had proved to be the power of God to some souls in literary, artistic Athens, be also the power of God among the money-loving merchants of Corinth? Paul learned by God's Spirit how infinitely small was the difference of circumstances in which he might be placed, and how infinitely great was the power of God in his Word to overcome them.

Paul found at Corinth, probably in the synagogue, a certain Jew named Aquila, born in Pontus, lately come from Italy with his wife, Priscilla, on account of an order which had been issued by Claudius Cæsar, the reigning emperor of Rome, that all Jews should leave that city. Probably Aquila was a Christian Jew, and Paul in his labors in Asia may have become acquainted with him previously, perhaps he was the means of his conversion. In any case he took up his abode with them, and joined them in the business by which they earned their living. Paul counted it a privilege to maintain himself, so that he might not be "burdensome" to the church. Even when he had to break into the hours of the night he would rather maintain himself than let those men think, to whom he came with a Gospel without money and without price, that he would seek to benefit himself by preaching the Gospel. "Laboring night and day because we would not be chargeable to any of you, we preached unto you the Gospel of God." He counted it his reward that when he preached the Gospel he might "make the Gospel of Christ without charge." Yet under the discipline of the Holy Ghost, his business was so kept in check, and so took the second place, that he only gained enough for his wants, nothing for luxury or self-indulgence: "Yea, yourselves know that these hands have ministered to my necessities, and to them that were with me" (Acts 22: 34), for Paul coveted no man's silver or gold or apparel" (verse 33), and never became a rich man. In the spirit of holy, willing, joyous sacrifice, and not self-interest, he worked at his trade with Aquila and Priscilla, and at the same time "reasoned in the synagogue every Sabbath, and persuaded the Jews and the Greeks."

But when Silas and Timothy came from Macedonia, the very presence of two more [illegible] which Paul was very sensitive. He understood true church life, the interdependence of the members of the Body of Christ. Only those who have experienced it know the power of a few praying souls in a meeting. Blessed are those to whom God has given praying ones near or far to bear them up continually in prayer. But there is something of very real strength in the presence of brethren or sisters in the Lord who walk before God and are taught by the same Christ and who understand God's leading of us. It gave an impetus to Paul, he was pressed in the Spirit and testified to the Jews that Jesus was Christ. Some thing must happen now, the synagogue was divided, some opposed and blasphemed. It was a critical moment for Paul: God had been gradually preparing him to be "the apostle of the Gentiles." (Rom. 11: 13); he shook his raiment, turned his back upon the synagogue, and took his few converts, including Crispus the ruler of the synagogue into the house of Justus, one of his converts, and God gave him fruit; some heard, believed, and were baptized. A breach was made with the Jews by Paul for the first time. In most places they had cast him out, but, on this occasion, he left them, saying: "Your blood be on your own heads, I am clean: from henceforth I will go unto the Gentiles.

It may have been his last step in the loss of all things for Christ, that he should now give up his hopes for the Jew and turn to the Gentiles. But God bore witness to him, and said to him in the night by a vision: "Be not afraid, but speak and hold not thy peace: for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee: for I have much people in this city." O how faithful is our God! His ways of guiding his people are so perfect. Paul was no visionary; strong-minded and practical, he was not the man to yield to imagination. But the Lord saw that just now, when all his life's prejudices and lines of thought were overturned, he needed something exceptional in the way of guidance just as formerly at Troas, and afterwards in the ship on the Mediterranean Sea (Acts 16: 9; 27: 23), God spoke to him in visions. So Paul "continued there a year and six months, teaching the Word of God among them." Only the distinct guidance of God, which Paul well understood, could have determined the length of his stay in the various places to which God sent him. There was nothing uniform, nothing systematic, and yet, on the other hand, nothing eccentric about his movements. Confident that God had a plan with which all his directions were consistent, the great apostle of the Gentiles simply followed and obeyed.

During all this time the unbelieving Jews had been restrained by God from any open persecution. The very thing which was permitted at Philippi, Thessalonica and Berea,—persecution after a very short preaching of the Gospel, was withheld here,—that in one church at least in Europe, there might be a deep foundation laid of Bible instruction.

It was to this Church that he wrote his two Epistles to the Corinthians, unfolding such wondrous truths of man's nothingness, and of Christ as everything to his people—Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification and Redemption. (1. Cor. 1: 30.) He taught them that they were yet carnal, babes in Christ," because of their divisions (chap. 3), and thus he could unfold the wondrous teaching of the Body of Christ (1. Cor. 12), God's cure for self. He taught them how the body of the believer is a temple of the Holy Ghost. (1. Cor. 3: 16, 17; 6: 19), and then (1. Cor. 15). the glorious truth of the resurrection. It would seem that to the Corintians and the Ephesians among whom he tarried longer than in many other places, he could tell out more in detail than to other churches the wondrous truths which God committed to him about the Church of Christ which is his Body. And well may we believe that it was specially ordered of God that, just in these two great commercial centres of Asia and of Europe, the ministry of the apostle should be prolonged, that from these centres men of other nations visiting those ports for the sake of commerce, might hear the blessed tidings of salvation and carry light and life with them again into other parts.

Then things were ripe; the Jews raised an insurrection, and brought Paul before Gallio, the Roman ruler, with the charge: "This fellow persuadeth men to worship God contrary to the law." Nothing happens without God's permission and overruling. He turned the malice of the Jews into confusion. Gallio saw more fault in the accusers than in the accused: "If it were a matter of wrong or lewdness, O ye Jews, reason would that I should bear with you. But if it be a question of words and names, and of your law, look ye to it, for I will be no judge of such matters." Thus God allowed the opponents of his truth to be turned into ridicule and persecution to fail. Paul tarried there yet a good while. After leaving Corinth he sailed into Syria, then went to Ephesus, and from thence to Cesarea and Jerusalem, afterwards into Asia Minor, and thence a second time into Greece.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

Orientals Weaving Tent-Cloth.

THE Apostle quitted Athens soon after the events which formed the subject of last week's lesson. He went thence to Corinth, a city as famous for its wealth as Athens was for its learning. It was the capital of the province of Achaia, which practically corresponds with modern Greece. It stood on the isthmus, or narrow strip of land, which unites Morea (the ancient Peloponnesus) to the mainland. As the isthmus is less than four miles wide, the city stretched across it from the Gulf of Lepanto to the Gulf of Ægina and had a harbor on each sea. The facilities thus given to shipping attracted commerce and made the city a busy and wealthy centre. It was, like Philippi, a Roman colony and was about a hundred years old when Paul visited it. The ancient city, on the same site, had been destroyed by the Romans in 146 B.C. But, a century later, Julius Cæsar rebuilt it and colonized it with freedmen from Rome. Farrar thinks that when Paul visited it there were 400,000 people in the city. They were, as we learn from secular historians, notorious for their vicious lives, and made extensive provision for gratifying the vicious propensities of the merchants who visited the city for trade. They even went so far as to make the hideous and revolting combination of religion and vice, in the worship of Aphrodite, the Greek Venus. Paul labored among them for a year and a half. He appears to have been without funds, for he worked as a tent-maker until Silas and Timothy, whom he had left behind, arrived, bringing gifts from Philippi and Berea. These tents are believed to have been made of woven goats'-hair from Paul's native district of Cilicia. When Paul learned the art as a boy, he probably never expected to earn his living by it. But it was the custom among even the wealthiest men to have their sons taught a trade, so that if occasion arose, they could support themselves. The wisdom of such a custom Paul was now proving. The phraseology of the narrative indicates that he did not labor as a matter of principle, but of necessity; and that on the arrival of his young brethren, he accepted the gifts and gladly turned his time to better account than in manual labor. Aquila and Priscilla, the converted Jew and his wife, whose acquaintance Paul made at Corinth, continued to be his faithful friends after he left Corinth. They eventually went back to Rome and a church was formed in their house, as we learn from Romans 16: 3-5. It is a significant fact that so high an official as the ruler of the synagogue should also have been among Paul's converts at Corinth. An interesting episode, not contained in the lesson, but worth notice, is the scene in the court of Gallio, the Roman proconsul. Gallio's name was Annœus Novatus. He was one of the Stoics, a man of a gentle, lovable disposition. The Jews probably thought they could coerce him to condemn Paul by raising a tumult, as they coerced Pilate at Christ's trial. But he was a man of different mould from Pilate, and besides, he had a clean record, which Pilate had not. He told them frankly that he was there to adjudicate in matters of law and order, but as to theology—questions of their law—he said contemptuously that he would be no judge in such matters. His sympathies must have been with Paul or he would have interfered when the people mobbed the Jewish prosecutor in the court.

He abode with them and wrought. It was a hard life that of toiling for daily bread while he was preaching and teaching. Doubtless, a man of Paul's learning and ability, could easily have procured lucrative employment, but he chose to provide for his daily needs by this humble occupation which could be discontinued at any time, until gifts came from other churches. San Quala, the native apostle of Central Burmah, was, in consequence of his ability and influence, offered a lucrative appointment by the British Commissioner at Pegu. Without hesitation he declined the offer, though having no salary and depending for food and clothing on the people to whom he preached. He replied, "I will not have the money, I will not mix up God's work with Government work. There are others to do this thing, employ them. When I eat with the children of poverty I am content; I came to this land that its poor benighted inhabitants might be saved." In two-and-a-half years this man had gathered thirty churches, and baptized more than two thousand adult believers with his own hands.

Testified to the Jews. Paul yearned for the conversion of his people and in spite of all they had made him suffer, it was to them he went first with his message. There was no feature more remarkable in the character of Timour than his extraordinary perseverance. No difficulties ever led him to recede from what he had once undertaken; and he often persisted in his efforts under circumstances which led all around him to despair. On such occasions he used to relate to his friends an anecdote of his early life. "I once," he said, "was forced to take shelter from my enemies in a ruined building, where I sat alone many hours. Desiring to divert my mind from my hopeless condition, I fixed my eyes on an ant that was carrying a grain of corn larger than itself up a high wall. I numbered the efforts it made to accomplish this object. The grain fell sixty-nine times to the ground; but the insect persevered, and the seventieth time it reached the top. This sight gave me courage at the moment, and I never forgot the lesson."

Your blood be upon your own heads. No man is forced to become a Christian. All that can be done for him is to warn and entreat. If he refuses the loss and responsibility are his own. On the bank of the Niagara River, where the rapids begin to swell and swirl most desperately, preparatory to their final plunge, is a sign-board which bears a most startling legend. "Past Redemption Point," it reads. To read it, even while one feels the firm soil beneath his feet, sends a shiver of horror through one's soul as he looks off upon the turbulent waters, and realizes the full significance of the sign. The one who gets into those boiling rapids, and passes that point, cannot retrace his way, cannot pull to shore, cannot be rescued by friends. He is not yet dead, but he might as well be. He must give up all hope of rescue, he can only float on, swiftly and mere swiftly, until death ends his suspense and misery. Past redemption point!

No man shall set on thee to hurt thee. The assurance must have been comforting because, as Paul knew, God could fulfil the promise. We do not always know how he protects his children but he does so. A lady was wakened up one morning by a strange noise of pecking at the window, and when she got up she saw a butterfly flying backwards and forwards inside the window in a great fright, because outside there was a sparrow pecking at the glass wanting to reach the butterfly. The butterfly did not see the glass, but it saw the sparrow, and evidently expected every moment to be caught. Neither did the sparrow see the glass, though it saw the butterfly, and made sure of catching it. Yet all the while the butterfly, because of that thin, invisible sheet of glass, was actually as safe as if it had been miles away from the sparrow. It is when we forget our Protector that we become worried and apprehensive.

Speak and hold not thy peace. It must have often seemed useless to go on speaking with no result but opposition. The duty, however, belongs to us and the results to God. A missionary in China was greatly depressed by the carelessness of his hearers. One day the words of Isa. 53: 1, came to his mind as sent from above, and they were followed by a dream. He thought he was standing near a rocky boulder, and trying with all his might to break it with a sledge-hammer, but blow after blow had no effect, there was no impression made. At length he heard a voice, which said, "Never mind, go on, I will pay you all the same, whether you break it or not." So he went on doing the work that was given him and was content.

THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.*

Marion Harland tells the Story of Her Beautiful Christian Life—Her Unfinished Tomb and the Proposed Monument to be Erected by Patriotic American Women

MARY WASHINGTON had been one of the most familiar figures in Fredericksburg for over fourteen years, and the announcement of

Mary Ball Washington
From original in possession of Mrs. J. P. Tallmadge, New York.

her decease produced a profound sensation. The closed blinds of the corner-cottage suggested to high and low incidents of the busy existence that had become a part of the history of the town. Men gathered in groups on the street-corners to discuss in bated tones national events with which the life that had gone out was connected; women, in their own homes, or "running over" to sit upon a neighbor's doorstep or porch, in the sweet informal fashion of Southern sociability, reminded one another of the many "ways," the very eccentricity of which was charming now, that had marked Madam Washington's individuality.

Of how used they were to see her in the summer sunsets emerge from the side-gate of her garden (the one by which Lafayette entered), and pace slowly down the side-walk to the stable to be sure that Stephen bedded and fed the horses, and that Betsy, his wife, "stripped" the last and richest drops of cream from the cows. She would stand at the open doors of the stable, watching these operations and giving orders for the night or morrow, exchanging cheery salutations with chance passers-by, her never-idle fingers busy with her knitting, or, at certain seasons, picking out the black seeds from a mass of raw cotton in her apron. People used to smile at the homely picture when they remembered her stately son. They recalled later that there was ever a sort of dignity about her; that she never gossiped; how kindly was her interest in the suffering and sorrowing, and that diligence in business became the New World housewife more than elegant idleness.

It was a gentle knoll not far from the Kenmore grounds, and crowned by a few gray boulders overshadowed by a clump of trees. It had been remarked that she often resorted to this retreat, sometimes alone with her basket of mending, or her knitting, or her Bible. Nobody passed very near at such times, for the place lay apart from any footpath, but many had seen from a distance the motionless figure seated upon a flat rock, and wondered "what the old Madam" was thinking about, sitting there so long.

Oftener, she was surrounded by the Lewis children, who preferred "Grandmother's Bible-stories" to any others they ever heard. The granddaughter of one of the little band relates that "the manner of her speaking was so deeply impressive that neither the lessons taught nor the scenes connected with them were ever forgotten by the young listeners." As one of them related, when he was himself growing old,—"There was a spell over them as they looked into grandmother's uplifted face, with its sweet expression of perfect peace, and they were very quiet during the homeward walk."

I sat for a long hour upon the flat gray rock one fair May day a few months ago. The "two splended pines towering above it" have died a natural death, and deciduous trees have taken their place. They cast flickering shadows upon the rough surface of the boulder as the wind stirred them and rustled the grasses and wild flowers growing about the base. The knoll falls gently away to the beautiful valley of the Rappahannock, a panorama of fertile farms, groves, and homesteads, bounded by low hills curving against the horizon.

The Rappahannock mart mourned for her on the August day of the funeral, as one man. Business was suspended, and crape hung from most of the closed shops and warehouses. The sanctuary in which she had been a reverent communicant was thronged to hear the burial service read above the remains. The coffin was carried from the church on men's shoulders to the quiet hillside, and every foot of the knoll was covered by the concourse of mourners and spectators. All over the country press and pulpit made solemn note of the event; in New York, members of Congress and many private citizens wore crape for thirty days, as for a distinguished public official.

On the evening of Thursday, Aug. 27, 1789, a near neighbor of Mary Washington penned this tribute to her memory:—

"It is usual, when virtuous and conspicuous persons quit this terrestrial abode, to publish elaborate panegyrics on their characters, but suffice it to say that she conducted herself through this transitory life with virtue and prudence worthy of the mother of the greatest hero that ever adorned the annals of history. There is no fame in the world more pure than that of the mother of Washington, and no woman since the mother of Christ has left a better claim to the affectionate reverence of mankind."

George Washington Parke Custis, the grandson of Martha Washington, and the adopted

PROPOSED MONUMENT TO WASHINGTON'S MOTHER.

son of the first President, wrote thirty-seven years after her decease:—

"Thus lived and died this distinguished woman. Had she been of the olden time, statues would have been erected to her memory at the Capitol, and she would have been called the Mother of Romans. When another century has elapsed, and our descendants shall have learned the true value of liberty, how will the fame of the parental chief be cherished in story and in song! Nor will be forgotten she who first bent the twig to incline the tree to glory. Then, and not till then, will youth and age, maid and matron, ay, and bearded men, repair to the now-neglected grave of the mother of Washington."

The tale of the various attempts to erect a suitable memorial above the grave dates very far back. Projects were agitated soon after Mrs. Washington's death to mark the spot by a stone to be paid for by the United States Government. In the confusion attendant upon the establishment of a new nation, these lapsed, were revived, and again forgotten. Mr. Custis's stirring appeal in 1826 awoke interest all over the country, and for some months it seemed that the work would be done. The proverbial apathy of republics to their dead benefactors was not so easily overcome. The Kenmore estate passed out of the Lewis family, and the succeeding proprietors buried the dead of two generations near the now sunken mound under which lay all that was mortal of Mary Washington, with the faithful housekeeper and lifelong friend of Mrs. Lewis close beside her.

THE HOME OF MARY WASHINGTON.

In 1833, Silas Burrows, a wealthy and patriotic citizen of New York, offered to bear the whole expense of constructing a stately monument to the memory of "Mary, the mother of Washington."

The design lies before me as I write. A square pedestal bears the simple inscription I have just set down. Grecian columns, two on each side, are set in embrasures above; four eagles sit over these; an obelisk tapers to the bust of Washington, and upon the bust is a fifth eagle, with outstretched wings and beak. The conception is fantastic and ungraceful, and was to be expensive.

The corner-stone was laid with great pomp and circumstance, which were duly detailed in the best manner of the Jenkyns of the day in the columns of the *New York Mirror*, date of June 8, 1833. Brittle pages that crack as we flutter them are covered with eulogy of the dead and the self-gratulations of the living. We read with mournful curiosity, considering what followed it all, that early on the morning of May 7, 1833, the city was crowded to overflowing.

The corner-stone was adjusted with Masonic ceremonies, and Andrew Jackson laid upon it the engraved plate, "intended to distinguish it." In the address that accompanied the transfer of the plate from the hands of Mr. Bassett—a relative of Madam Washington and chairman of the Monument Committee—into those of the President, Mr. Bassett said:

"Let us carry with us hence, engraved on our hearts, the memory of her who is here interred: her fortitude, her piety, her every grace of life; her sweet peace in death, through her sure hope of a blessed immortality."

"She was remarkable for the vigor of her intellect and the firmness of her resolution. Left in early life the sole parent of a numerous family, she devoted herself with exemplary fidelity to the task of guiding and educating them. . . . A firm believer in the sacred truths of religion, she taught its principles to her children, and inculcated an early obedience to its injunctions. It is said by those who knew her intimately that she acquired and maintained a wonderful ascendancy over those around her. This true characteristic of genius attended her through life, and even in its decline, after her son had led his country to independence and had been called to preside over its councils, he approached her with the same reverence she had taught him to exhibit in early youth.

"Fellow-citizens! at your request and in your name, I now deposit this plate in the spot destined for it; and when the American citizen shall, in after ages, come up to this high and holy place and lay his hand upon this sacred column, may he recall the virtues of her who sleeps beneath, and depart with his affection purified and his piety strengthened, while he invokes blessings upon the memory of the mother of Washington."

Almost sixty years after panegyric and poem vibrated upon the listening air of that May-day, there stands above the corner-stone that which desecrates the spot. The hand that laid the marble block and that which set the engraved plate upon it were dust a generation ago; those who remain of the boy-soldiers are aged men, telling in quavering tones how the architect died without the sight of the stately pile he had planned.

Fredericksburg folks affect most seriously the tale that a Southern girl set the enterprise as a test of a Northern lover's devotion, and jilted him before the work was finished. The likelier story is that a reverse of fortune compelled Mr. Burrows to withhold the necessary funds.

It rests there still, prone at the base of the half-ruined pile, stained by time and weather, and chipped by vandal hammers, a sight as melancholy as any the sun shines on. A worthier memorial of the American matron whom the nations praised afar off is the sturdy boulder, concealed from the passing tourist by the wall that threw out Mary Washington's grave into the common where cattle browsed and village tramps sauntered and slumbered.

It was reserved for the women whose grandmothers were her contemporaries to right this wrong to her and to their sex. With no blare of trumpets in the way of public demonstration, and no protestation of what they meant to accomplish, the members of the National Mary Washington Memorial Association are moving steadily toward the desired end. [The writer of the above, proposed several years ago that every mother in America, bearing the name of "Mary" should subscribe twenty-five cents toward the erection of a memorial to Mary, the Mother of Washington. If any reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who

THE UNFINISHED MONUMENT.

answers to the name, "alike to saint and poet dear," would forward this small sum to Marion Harland, care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the chaste and appropriate design herewith given would be built within six months.]

MARION HARLAND.

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THE ABUSE OF TRUST.

ONE of the crying sins of this day is the abuse of trust. Every man during the course of his life,on a larger or smaller scale, has the property of others committed to his keeping. He is so far a safety deposit, he is an administrator,and holds in his hand the interest of the family of a deceased friend. Or, he is an attorney, and through his custody goes the payment from debtor to creditor,or he is the collector for a business house which compensates him for the responsibility; or he is a treasurer for a charitable institution and he holds alms contributed for the suffering; or he is an official of the city, or the State,or the nation,and taxes,and subsidies,and salaries, and supplies are in his keeping.

It is as solemn a trust as God can make it. It is concentred and multiplied confidences. On that man depends the support of a bereft household, or the morals of dependants, or the right movement of a thousand wheels of social mechanism. A man may do what he will with his own, but he who abuses trust funds, in that one act commits theft, falsehood, perjury,and becomes in all the intensity of the word a miscreant. How many widows and orphans there are with nothing between them and starvation, but a sewing-machine, or held up out of the vortex of destruction simply by the thread of a needle, and with their own hearts' blood, who a little while ago had, by father and husband, left them a competency. What is the matter? The administrators or the executors have sacrificed it—running risks with it that they would not have dared to encounter in their own private affairs.

How often is it that a man will earn a livelihood by the sweat of his brow, and then die, and within a few months all the estate goes into the stock-gambling rapids of Wall Street. How often is it that you have known the man to whom trust funds were committed, taking them out of the saving-banks and from trust companies, and administrators, turning old homesteads into hard cash, and then putting the entire estate in the vortex of speculation. Embezzlement is an easy word to pronounce, but it has ten thousand ramifications of horror.

Let me say to those in charge of trust funds: It is a compliment to you that you have been so intrusted; but I charge you, in the presence of God and the world, be careful, be as careful of the property of others as you are careful of your own. Above all,keep your own private account at the bank separate from your account as trustee of an estate, or trustee of an institution. That is the point at which thousands of people make shipwreck. They get the property of others mixed up with their own property, they put it into investment,and away it all goes,and they cannot return that which they borrowed. Then comes the explosion,and the money market is shaken, and the press denounces and the church thunders expulsion.

What a sad thing it would be, if after you are dead, your administrator should find out from the account-books,or from the lack of vouchers, that you not only were bankrupt in estate, but that you lost your soul.

RELIGION OUTDOORS.

WE like this new mode of mingling religion with summer pleasures. Soon the Methodists will be shaking out their tents and packing their lunch-baskets and buying their railroad and steamboat tickets for the camp-meeting grounds. Martha's Vineyard, Round Lake, Ocean Grove and Sea Cliff will soon mingle their psalms and prayers with the voice of surf and forest. The great leaders of Sabbath-schoolism are already marshaling meetings which will probably be the grandest religious picnics ever held since the five thousand sat down on the grass and had a surplus of provisions to take home to those who were too stupid to go. From the arrangements being made for those meetings, we judge there will be much consecrated enthusiasm.

Why not have all our churches and denominations take a summer airing? The breath of the pine woods or a wrestle with the waters would put an end to everything like morbid religion. One reason why the apostles had such healthy theology is that they went a-fishing. We would like to see the day when we will have Presbyterian camp-meetings, and Episcopalian camp-meetings,and Baptist camp-meetings, and Congregational camp-meetings, or, what would be still better, when, forgetful of all minor distinctions, we could have a church universal camp-meeting.

The question is coming up in all our households as to the best mode of summer vacation. We shall all need rest. The first thing to do is to measure the length of your purse; you cannot make a short purse reach around Saratoga and the White Mountains. There may be as much health, good cheer and recuperation in a country farmhouse, where the cows come up every night and yield milk without any chalk in it.

BLOOD REDEMPTION.

MONEY is good for a great many things,but it cannot do anything in the matter of the soul. You cannot buy your way through. Dollars mean nothing at the gate of mercy. If you could buy your salvation, heaven would be a great speculation. Bad men would go up and buy out the place, and leave us to shift for ourselves. But as money is not a lawful tender, what is? I will answer, Blood! Whose? Are we to go through the slaughter? Oh, no; it wants richer blood than ours. It wants a king's blood. It must be poured from royal arteries. It must be a sinless torrent. But where is the king? I see a great many thrones and a great many occupants, yet none seem to be coming down to the rescue. But after awhile the clock of night in Bethlehem strikes twelve,and the silver pendulum of a star swings across the sky,and I see the King of Heaven rising up, and he descends, and steps down from star to star, and from cloud to cloud, lower and lower, until he touches the sheep-covered hills, and then on to another hill, this last skull-covered; and there, at the sharp stroke of persecution, a rill incarnadine trickles down, and we who could not be redeemed by money are redeemed by precious and imperial blood.

We have in this day professed Christians who are so rarefied and etherealized that they do not want a religion of blood. What do you want? You seem to want a religion of brains. The Bible says,"In the blood is the life." No atonement without blood. Ought not the apostle to know? What did he say? "Ye are redeemed not with corruptible things, such as silver and gold; but by the precious blood of Christ." You put your lancet into the arm of our holy religion and withdraw the blood, and you leave it a mere corpse, fit only for the grave. Why did God command the priests of old to strike the knife into the kid, and the goat, and the pigeon,and the bullock,and the lamb? It was so that when the blood rushed out from these animals on the floor of the ancient tabernacle the people should be compelled to think of the coming carnage of the Son of God. No blood, no atonement.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

A friend in Virginia writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, desiring to be informed of any society or individual about to establish an industrial school in Virginia or Florida. He has some land which he would be pleased to present to a project of this character, if in the hands of proper parties.

"Reader," Willits, Cal., writes: The article in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of June 7, about the Boys' Sunday hunting party in the West was very touching, and made one feel sad to think of children growing up without the privilege of church and Sunday Schools. But what would you think of a case that transpired here, on a recent Sunday, and is of common occurrence in this State. The young men of the town, and some from the neighboring county-seat, came out to church and Sunday School in the morning and in the afternoon they had a game of base-ball, that called together a larger crowd than both the churches combined. To one brought up in the East such a state of affairs seems shocking, but the people here have got so used to it that they think nothing of it.

Mrs. J. W. Headly, Pomeroy, O. Was Maximilian who was executed in Mexico, June 19, 1867, a Catholic?

Yes.

O. W. Hangan, Roland, Ia. Where can I obtain "Lectures on Preaching," by the late Rev. Phillips Brooks?

Inquire of Dutton & Co., publishers, N. Y.

A. Davis, New Bedford, Mass. Years ago I heard my father sing an old hymn, the only verse of which I recall is:

> Jesus while he dwelt below,
> As divine historians say,
> To a place would often go,
> Near to Kidron's brook it lay,
> And 'twas there he loved to be,
> Sorrowing in Gethsemane.

Would be grateful to you if you could induce some of your readers to supply the other verses.

I. Blessroull, Bayers, Pa. Can a man live a Christian life outside the church?

It is conceivable that he might, under peculiar circumstances. But why should he make the attempt? Christ insists that his followers shall confess him before men (Matt. 10: 32), and says that whoever is ashamed to do it, of him will he be ashamed (Mark 8: 38.) A man may confess Christ without joining a church, but that is the usual way of doing so and we think it is the best way.

Mrs. A. H. Ferriss, Bagot, Manitoba. Do you believe that at death there is instant transition to the glories of heaven?

So little is revealed to us about the conditions of the life beyond the grave, that it is almost presumptuous to speak of our ideas as "belief." We can only draw inferences from statements made in various parts of the Bible. The one which affords more hope of immediate transition than any other, is that of Paul,who said that "to depart and be with Christ was far better" (Phil. 1: 23). A man so active in the service of Christ as the apostle was,would not have considered it better to depart, if he did not expect to be with Christ immediately.

M. Hayton, Collinsville, Tex. I believe my children are with Christ as they died when they were quite young; now if I should fall into grievous sin, such as drunkenness or gambling, would it make them unhappy?

The description of heaven given in the Bible is not sufficiently detailed to warrant assertions as to the knowledge or occupations of its inhabitants. It is, however, so clearly intimated that sorrow does not enter there, that we may conclude that they would not be rendered unhappy in such a case as you suggest. The knowledge of your fall might be kept from them. We hope you are not contemplating such conduct. Though your children might not suffer, God would be displeased.

J. P. F. Burroughs, Richmond, Va. Will you please state the author of the following lines, and if this is all of the poem?

> Could I with ink the ocean fill,
> Were all the world of parchment made,
> Were every weed on earth a quill,
> And every man a scribe by trade,
> To write the love of God alone
> Would drain that mighty ocean dry.
> Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
> Though it were stretched from sky to sky.

Possibly some reader may be able to supply the information asked for.

S. B. Gilbert, Melon, Miss. Do you consider Paul's injunction (1. Corinthians 14: 34, 35), is a prohibition against women taking part in public worship?

It was for the Church at Corinth to which Paul was writing. In that city and at that time Christianity would have suffered a grievous reproach by women taking part in the services. We do not think the prohibition was intended to be permanent. Literally observed, it would exclude women from even singing in church.

W. L. Wimpler, Bruceville, Ind. 1. Does Christ refer to the Church in Matt. 13: 29? 2. How long after justification may the blessing of sanctification be expected?

1. Not to the Church,but the visible professing Church. 2. At once. Sanctification commences immediately and if the Christian yield himself to the influence of the Holy Spirit it will go on as long as he lives and he will continually grow in grace.

E. F. Evans, Worcester, N. Y. Was Mordecai justified in refusing to bow to Haman?

Yes if, as is probable, it would be regarded as an act of adoration. The Persians of that period were accustomed to worship their kings and rulers as gods and if Mordecai had bowed to Haman, the people might have thought the act one of worship?

M. F. Smith, Hope, Ga. What is the meaning of Anathema Maranatha. (1 Cor. 16: 22)?

Anathema means accursed. It is so translated in other parts of Paul's Epistles. Maranatha signifies, "the Lord cometh." The meaning of the phrase in the connection is not clear, nor can it be explained why Paul used the Aramaic word in a Greek Epistle. The most probable conjecture is that he meant "accursed at the Lord's coming."

Reader, Millersville, Pa. 1. Are our futures predestinated? 2. Please explain Rom. 9: 16, 18. Does it not contradict the declaration that whosoever will may come?

1. Not in the sense of compulsion. When you are deciding between two or more courses of action, which may be open to you, the fact of your being free to choose is clear to your own mind and you know that you are responsible for your action. That God foresees your future is equally clear,but the fact of his knowing what you will do does not diminish your responsibility. 2. No, it does not contradict it. Whosoever will may come; that is sure. The question which has caused controversy for hundreds of years is whether God withholds from some persons the attracting and moving influences which he exerts on others. The question is a barren one. It is presumptuous on man's part to sit in judgment on God. If he complies with the conditions of salvation he will be saved and the question of God's decrees may be wisely left until it is illuminated in the light of heaven.

P. W. Flint, Detroit, Mich. What is the age and origin of the English alphabet? When did it begin to be used in its present form?

The English alphabet is borrowed from the ancient Roman, which in turn was a modification of the Greek, the Greek being taken from the Phœnician and the Phœnician from the Syrian. Philologists claim to have traced the latter to the writings of a very ancient people who lived some 3000 years ago in a region of Northern India. It is believed that the first compact form of letters was the Egyptian hieroglyph. Originally a letter or sign represented an idea, but by degrees its representative value was diminished until at last a letter has come to represent a part of a syllable, which is a fraction of a word, the last being generally simply the part or fraction of an idea. The Anglo-Saxon alphabet was conformed to the Latin type early in the seventh century, so that the English alphabet may be said to be nearly 1,200 years old.

Peter V. Carlson, Vina, Cal. You did right. Make no compromise where duty and conscience are concerned.——J. B. Koch, Lake Odessa, Mich. There is no foundation for the story you mention.——Georgia L. Blackshear, Tennville, Ga. Procure and have him read a copy of "Trumpet Peals," by Dr. Talmage, published by Charles L. Webster & Co., N. Y.——G. L. W., Middletown, N. Y. Yes; we see nothing to prevent it, if you have stated the circumstances accurately.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE SILVER AGITATION.

FOR several months past financiers in several parts of the country have been urging that Congress should be assembled to repeal the Sherman law under which the government is required to buy a certain quantity of silver every month. Their demands have been emphasized by an event which took place on June 27. Until that date the Government of India was a large purchaser of silver. It received from private holders silver in bullion and returned it to them coined into rupees deducting two per cent. for the cost of coining it. That arrangement has now been discontinued. It may be supposed that the Government of India will continue to purchase silver for coining, but it will no longer take and coin all that is brought to it. Gold is to be introduced and in order that the people may not be inconvenienced and puzzled by the change, the Government has temporarily fixed its value in relation to silver. The rupee will be worth thirty-two cents. This action leaves the United States alone in the world as a large purchaser for coinage. The sudden closing of the great market for silver in India caused a heavy decline in the value of the metal. The rate per ounce fell ten cents in three days and on June 29, sufficient metal to make a standard silver dollar could be bought for fifty-four cents. It is obvious that, while our own citizens may continue to accept the coin as a dollar, it could not be used in transactions with foreign nations as of its face value. The coin, therefore, becomes merely a token of fictitious value. So long as the United States Government will receive them and give gold coins for them, they will be worth a dollar to our own citizens but should it ever decline to do so, the coins will be worth only their intrinsic value, which, just now is little more than one half their face value. The compulsory monthly purchase of silver is therefore a loss to the nation and a gain only to the silver producers. Congress will, therefore, when it meets, be asked to relieve the Government by repealing the law. It is regarded as discreditable to be using a coin which is worth so much less than it professes to be worth. The standard coin of a nation should be worth so near its face value that other nations will accept it at that rate. They will receive our gold coins in that way. But we should never forget that the time is coming for every one when all standards of the kind will cease to operate and even gold will be esteemed worthless. (Luke 12: 20.)

The Cost of the Discovery of America.

AN article on the discovery of America has recently appeared in the *Globus*, a German periodical. Prof. Ruge is the writer and he gives there the results of some examinations he has made in the Spanish archives. He states that in the original documents concerning the voyage of Columbus, the contribution of the Queen toward the expedition was given invariably as 1,140,000 maravedis. One hundred years ago a maravedi was the equivalent of about one-fifth of a cent, but in the fifteenth century, before the coin had been debased, he learned, it was worth almost three-fourths of a cent. In the coinage of the present time, therefore, Queen Isabella's contribution was approximately $7,500. The annual salaries of officers of the first transatlantic fleet are calculated by Prof. Ruge to have been: Admiral, $320; Captain, $192; pilot, $135 to 153; surgeon, $38. Never in the world's history has there been so great a disproportion between the value of a discovery and its cost. But the cost was not covered by the expenditure in money. It included the faith and self-sacrifice of a brave man. It is by those qualities and not by money that the world has always gained its choicest treasures. The greatest of all boons—the heavenly world beyond the grave was placed within its reach, "not by corruptible things, as silver and gold . . . but by the precious blood of Christ. (1. Pet. 1:18.)

A Human Trolley.

A STRANGE spectacle was seen in Baltimore, Md., a few days ago. It was that of a man standing on the top of a moving street car in the place of a trolley. One of the large electric cars had met with an accident in Lexington Street and had lost the rod which carries the motive power from the electric wire overhead to the mechanism under the car. It happened at a time when the traffic was heavy and there was soon a block extending about half a mile. A lineman who was passing, saw the trouble and climbed to the top of the car. He had a long piece of insulated wire with him and he stripped the insulating material from both ends. One end he thrust through a hole in the roof and connected it. The other end he held against the trolley wire. The car moved, and in that way it ran to the end of the route without accident. The lineman's situation was a novel one and attracted much attention as he stood on the car-roof amid pyramids of sparks and lightning-like flashes from the trolley wire. People who saw it thought the man would surely be killed, but he escaped without injury. He knew that so long as he grasped the wire only where it was insulated, he was safe. His service, therefore, lacked the heroic quality which it seemed to have and which exists in some services that are lightly esteemed. The men who toil for Christ in the slums of our great cities, or go into heathen lands to tell the people of salvation through Jesus really do put their lives in peril that the Gospel chariot may go forward. (Hab. 3: 8.)

A Life Owed to a Bible Reading.

IN a sketch of the life of Col. P. Donan the western orator, which appears in a Pittsburg journal, it is stated that the Colonel's life was once saved by his giving a Sunday morning to Bible reading instead of a game at cards. Some years ago during a journey from New Orleans to St. Louis, he was invited by some friends on board the steamer to join them in a game of poker in the cabin. It was Sunday morning and although the Colonel made no profession of religion, his early training made the suggestion seem shocking to him. He refused, but his friends persisted, and to prevent further pressure he retired to his state-room. While there he analyzed his feelings and it seemed to him that he had objected to the game somewhat inconsistently. He was not a Christian, yet he was denying himself on Christian scruples. He remembered that he had a Bible in one of his valises, given him by a Christian friend. He had promised to read it, but had not yet done so. He thought he would look into it at once and see where he stood. He found it and became interested. The poker game was forgotten and he read for more than an hour. He was aroused at last by a terrific explosion which shook the steamer from stem to stern. He ran to the deck and as he passed the cabin he saw that the explosion had been just under it and every one of the friends who had made up the poker party was dead. The steamer was sinking, but Colonel Donan managed to get a place on one of the boats with the other passengers and was picked up three miles down stream. Probably few persons owe their lives as he did to a Bible reading, but there must be an immense number who owe to it the salvation of their souls which is much more important. (John 5: 39.)

The Release of the Anarchists.

THE pardon of the three anarchists who were condemned to imprisonment for the murder of police officers in Chicago on May 4, 1886, has caused widespread indignation. Governor Altgeld defends his exercise of executive clemency in a long message of seventeen thousand words. The defence increases the public indignation excited by his action. The Governor does not regard the pardon as an act of mercy but of justice. He denounces the conduct of the judge and the jury who tried the prisoners, and the public officers who were employed to prosecute them. Grave apprehensions are expressed by the press and by private citizens of evil results which may be produced by the Governor's action and still more by his defence. It is feared that the anarchists, who were terrorized by the result of the trial and have since restrained their loud defiance of law and order may again become violent and do mischief. The fact of their rejoicing over the release of their comrades and the tone in which they discuss the Governor's message are indications that there is a substantial basis for public apprehension. They are evidently encouraged by the sentiments Governor Altgeld expresses, and regard him as in sympathy with them. The situation is ominous and the public is deeply concerned at the inferences the enemies of social order are drawing from the message. There is a general impression that society and social institutions will be in danger if the Governor is opposed to the punishment of such evildoers. This fact is clearly perceived in the case of a State and its Governor, and it is much to be wished that there was a like clear perception in the case of the whole world. Men forget that God as a righteous Ruler must punish sin or they would come to think he was altogether such an one as themselves. (Ps. 50: 21.)

A Celestial Metal.

AN analysis of the ærolite which, on April 8, fell on Ossawatomie, Kan., injuring the statue of John Brown, which Horace Greeley erected there, has given interesting results. The analysis was made by United States Assayer Joplin. He found in it igneous rock, iron and graphite; but about one fourth of the mass consisted of a metal unknown to the professor, and, as he believes, without duplicate on earth. It is of minute crystals, perfectly white, resembling snow in appearance; but its specific gravity is four times as great as that of gold. It is both malleable and ductile, but could not be worked without great power, as it is exceedingly tough. It is very sensitive to electricity. When a single wire connected with an electric fan was applied to it, the strange stuff started, was convulsed like some living thing and as suddenly became quiescent. The most interesting result of the analysis, however, was furnished by the spectroscope. Its rays, when the metal was subjected to great heat, gave the same lines as those found in the spectrum of the sun, to the source of which the name, *Helium*, has been given. No one knows what kind of metal helium is; the only thing known about it, is that it exists in the sun and that no metal on earth known to scientists gives the same lines in the spectrum. It seems probable that this crystalline substance is helium, and if so, the question arises whether the ærolite from which it was obtained was cast off from the sun or from some planet or star of like composition. Of its celestial origin there can be no question since its elements are not of the earth. The Christian's character ought always to bear a like test. If his love for his enemies, his kindness and forbearance and his general helpfulness were conspicuous, the world would know that his religion is a heavenly thing. (John 17: 16.)

A Novel Remedy for Nervousness.

THE subject of the prevalence of nervous prostration was discussed a few days ago in a woman's club at Boston, Mass. Among the remedies suggested, was one which one of the members said she had found to be an unfailing cure. Her theory was based on the principle that absolute rest is the one essential to success. When the malady reached the stage of nervous exhaustion, she prevented it going on to nervous prostration by applying her remedy promptly. It consisted in returning as far as possible to an infantile condition. She puts on a pink and blue flannel wrapper with narrow ribbons and frills of the shape worn by very little children. Then enveloping her face and head in new flannel, the touch of which babies seem to like but which is not usually pleasant to grown people in normal health, she lies down and banishing adult thoughts, lets her mind dwell on trivial, childish matters. Stories, nursery rhymes and infantile amusements are recalled by her memory and she tries to bring her mind as far as possible into the condition it was in, in her infancy. She continues this course until the tired nerves recover their strength by inaction. Although her mode of applying the principle may appear childish, the principle itself is sound. It is equally efficacious in some spiritual maladies. It is not by questioning and deep thought and research that men emerge from scepticism but by childlike faith in God as their Father. (Luke 18: 17.)

An Unnatural Informer.

A COURT-OFFICER in Jersey City, N. J., in the course of some reminiscences of queer litigants and lawyers, writes that some seven or eight years ago an unnatural application was made to the court. It was made by a man who claimed that he was entitled to a reward of thirty dollars. He had given information which led to the capture of a deserter from the army and he understood that he was entitled to the reward. On reference to the record it was found that the reward had already been paid to the policeman, who arrested the deserter, and he appeared to have deserved it, as he had a long chase after the man. During the dispute which ensued, a remark was made which caused the judge to make an exclamation of surprise. Addressing the applicant he asked, "Who did you say the deserter is?" The man blushed and hung his head. "He is my brother," he said at last. "Do you mean," inquired the judge, "that you informed against your own brother?" The man stammered, but finally admitted that he had done so. He expected that the brother would be arrested and somebody would get the reward, and as he wanted money he thought he might as well have it as anyone else. "Well," said the judge, "I am glad you are not to get it; you ought to be ashamed of yourself." The majority of people will be of the judge's opinion A man who would betray his own brother for the sake of money must be the meanest of mean men. Yet it must be infinitely worse to betray Christ who died for us, and that sin is committed by any Christian who in order to get gain is false to his Lord. (Zech. 13:6

BRIEF NOTES.

The issues of the American Bible Society from the Bible House, New York, during the month of May were 96,742 volumes; issues since April 1st, 179,620 volumes.

Mr. I. M. Waldrop, a convert, who two years ago was converted in the meetings of one of the missionary evangelists, is this year supplying the frontier fields of Collyer and Buffalo Park, Kan.

Rev. George S. Mott, D. D., vice-president and manager of the American Sabbath Union, has been elected by the Board of Managers president pro-tem in the place of the late Col. Elliott F. Shepard.

Rev. Samuel Hart, D.D., of Hartfort, Conn., has been elected Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Vermont. He was Secretary of the House of Bishops and one of the Revisers of the Prayer Book.

The churches of Connecticut held a General Conference at Rockville on June 21, to discuss the possibility of denominational co-operation in aggressive work. The denominations represented were the Baptist, Congregational, Methodist, Presbyterian and Protestant Episcopal.

Evangelist E. P. Telford has, during the past six weeks, been holding successful meetings in Lawrence and Milford, Mass. He is now in Nova Scotia, where he will remain to the end of July. In August he expects to be again in New York. Letters addressed to him at this office will be forwarded to him.

The Second Annual Convention of the Christian Alliance, of which Rev. A. B. Simpson is President, will be held at Asbury Park, N. J., July 8–16. Rev. F. L. Chapell of Boston and Rev. F. W. Farr of New York will speak each day and many other friends of the Alliance are expected to be present and participate in the proceedings.

The new home at Tappan, N.Y. for Destitute Girls, in connection with the Door of Hope in New York, was formally dedicated on June 1. Dr. Kittredge of the Madison Avenue Reformed Church officiated and Mrs. E. M. Whittemore gave an interesting account of the circumstances which had placed it within her power to open the home.

Four copies of the New Testament are given away on an average daily by a citizen of Syracuse, N. Y. He formerly smoked four cigars a day, but as he found that the cost of a Testament and a cigar were the same, he decided to spend the cigar money in Testaments. A short time ago a young man paid a visit to Syracuse to thank him for the copy given to him. He said the book had led him to Christ.

The university Settlement, 26 Delancey St., New York, makes an appeal for plants and flowers for the tenement houses of the city. Hitherto, the New York Fruit and Flower Mission has supplied the need, but the applications of the poor and sick for flowers are constantly increasing, and therefore arrangements have been made with the Express Companies to bring flowers and plants free to the Settlement from villages near the city.

A Leadville pastor writing to a contemporary says: One of the interesting features of the work of Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, at Leadville, Col., was a service held in a large saloon and dance hall, by invitation of the proprietor, on on Sunday afternoon. About one thousand people crowded in to hear the Gospel preached and sung. The best order prevailed throughout the service, and many were seen in tears. Fully one hundred men expressed a desire to turn from their sins to God.

A suitable grave in Greenwood Cemetery has at last been provided for the remains of Prof. Richard A. Proctor, the eminent astronomer, who died in New York about four years ago. When Prof. Proctor died, there was embarrassment as to the funeral; and Rev. Stephen Merritt, with his characteristic generosity, allowed the body to be buried in his own family lot in Greenwood. The circumstances recently came to the ears of Mr. George W. Childs of Philadelphia, who at once purchased a lot for the reception of the body. He will also erect a granite monument over the grave.

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

THE DYING LAD AND THE LIVING WELL.

Sermon preached before the Tremont Temple Church, now meeting in Music Hall, Boston, last Sunday evening, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D. Text: Gen. 21: 19, *"And God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water; and she went, and filled the bottle with water, and gave the lad drink."*

this is the first Sunday that I have had the honor and pleasure of meeting you since Tremont Temple was destroyed by fire, it is fitting that I should extend to you both sincere sympathy and hearty congratulation. You are to be congratulated on the enterprise, heroism and consecration which you showed while Boston was gazing in sorrow on the smouldering ruins of the Temple. Under the inspiring leadership of Dr. G. C. Lorimer, your eloquent pastor, you continued your services almost without interruption, and laid plans for a larger work in connection with the Temple than ever before in its history. I sincerely hope and pray that God may reward your faith and labor, and may make your future house more resplendent with his glory than was even the former. As these sermons are to be printed in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and so will have a much wider circulation than even the great audience of hearers now assembled, I ask their prayers and yours that God may guide the leaders in the work of the Temple, so that it shall ever stand as a great church for strangers, a great home for the homeless, and be in the future, as in the past, wonderfully honored of God in saving souls and in honoring Christ. As, in the providence of God, I am to be with you for six Sundays, it has seemed to me fitting that I should arrange my plans for a series of sermons, at least for Sunday evenings.

Biblical Waters.

For many years it has been in my mind to preach a series of Sunday evening discourses during the heated term on the wells, fountains and springs of the Bible. Never before until recently have I attempted to carry out this long-cherished purpose. It has seemed to me that no season of the year could be so appropriate for such a series of sermons as that now contemplated, as the summer season. We shall hear in this series of sermons the sweet music of the splash and the gurgle of the water. We shall see the crystal stream flowing from these open wells, springs and fountains. We shall see the cattle with their heaving sighs come to dip their noses into the crystal stream that their heated bodies may be refreshed. We shall see weary people coming with their whole families at times, and sometimes as individuals, that their thirst may be quenched, their bodies refreshed and their spirits revived. It is difficult for us in this northern clime to appreciate fully the importance attached in Oriental countries to fountains, springs and wells. Our climate is too humid. Water with us is too abundant for us to appreciate it as do those living in Oriental lands. With Eastern people water is a luxury. They become expert as judges of good water. There are shops in Constantinople where nothing but water is sold; the prices vary according to the springs from which it is brought. In those countries and in earlier times battles were fought for

The Possession of Fountains;

forts were erected in order that this tribe or that might retain possession of a well for which the tribe had bravely fought through bloody wars. It was common then and common still in wars, if the enemy is forced to retreat, to fill up the wells with stones, with sand, and sometimes with the dead bodies of unclean animals. Instances are on record in recent history where this practice has been resorted to. We know, too, that the Turkish Government has a treaty with certain Arab tribes, not to fill up the wells with stones or sand. These Arab tribes receive from the government a certain amount of money, and a certain number of garments each year as a bribe that they shall not fill up these wells along the route of Mohammedans pursuing their journey to their sacred places.

The text selected for this evening brings before us a strange story of primitive times and ancient manners. Hagar and Ishmael on the one side, and Abraham and Sarah on the other, are the chief characters to be introduced. We know that the word Hagar means a stranger, and we know also that she became an inmate of Abraham's family although a native of Egypt, and the name continued to be applied to her after she had been in the patriarch's household and was no longer a stranger. She was formerly one of the female slaves given by Pharaoh to Abraham during his visit to Egypt. She thus became Sarah's maid, and was to a great degree under her control. From her servile condition in Abraham's house she has risen into immortality because so closely associated with the history of this ancient patriarch. By an unwise expedient Sarah thus gave unexpected honor to the Egyptian maid; but

The Elevation was too Great

for Hagar. Her head was turned by the dizzy height to which she was exalted. Her promotion led her to treat her mistress with disrespect and even insolence, and Sarah in turn manifested toward her maid all the peevishness, petulance, and envy of which an angry woman's nature is capable. Sarah, doubtless, repented of her rash act, and she certainly endeavored to put all the blame upon Abraham himself. Abraham seems to have given her almost unlimited power in these critical circumstances.

It is still true in countries where polygamy is permitted that the principal wife has authority over all the other wives. Some commentators believe that Sarah even resorted to corporal punishment, but the word which gives that suggestion is capable of a more lenient interpretation. In any case Hagar finally determined on flight. Perhaps her intention was to return to her relatives in Egypt; she certainly went in the way leading to that country. This path led her to what was afterward called Shur. She had to traverse a tract of sandy country and was expose to many trials on her journey. In this lonely region while waiting by a fountain to replenish her supply of water the angel of the Lord met her, gave her encouraging promises, and commanded her to return to her mistress. As the result of this heavenly visitation the place was afterward named Beer-lahai-roi, "the well of the visible God." Hagar returned to the family of the patriarch and her child was named Ishmael, meaning "God hath heard." In these two names she embodied the experiences of that sad hour in her checkered life.

Superseded.

After the lapse of fourteen years from the birth of Ishmael, Isaac, the child of promise, is born. Three more years, as it is supposed, pass and the festival of the weaning of Isaac is held. Ishmael is now a boy, according to the best interpretation of the narrative, of seventeen years of age. He appreciates fully his changed relations to the family of Abraham and to the promised inheritance. Doubtless he is also conscious that Sarah's affection is now lavished upon another, and that he is the object of her neglect, if not of her dislike. At this festival Isaac is dressed in the sacred and symbolic robe indicative of his claim to the birthright; he was also formally recognized as the heir of the tribe. It was and is the practice in the East that the son of a slave or secondary wife is always superseded by the son of a free woman, though much younger than the child of the bondwoman. All these changed relations Ishmael now understood. He disturbed the peace of the festival by mocking the son of Sarah. We know not the nature of his conduct, but the word translated "mocking" is a word of varied meanings. Probably here it can be best represented by some form of wanton teasing, by gestures and remarks peculiarly calculated to annoy Isaac and to enrage Sarah. Perhaps he reflected on Sarah's great age; it is certain he resorted to some of the many ways in which the boy of larger growth can enrage the smaller boy, and thus that boy's parents, and especially the mother. Nothing could satisfy Sarah from that moment but that Hagar should be driven from the family. Sarah's conduct was that of an ambitious and peevish woman. Hagar was, according to the custom of the country, Abraham's lawful, though secondary, wife. She ought not to have been given up to the caprice and jealousy of a fierce woman such as Sarah then was. She had been guilty of a culpable expedient, then of disobedience to Abraham, and finally of irreverence toward God. We are not called upon to justify the conduct of Sarah even though she occupies so honored a place in Hebrew history. Doubtless she intended that

The Expulsion of Hagar

should be equivalent to some form of legal repudiation or divorce. We cannnot rightly understand her purpose except we see in it the determination to exclude Ishmael, by a legal act, from all share in the inheritance. This is the true significance of the spirit she showed and the plans which she inaugurated. This explanation throws light upon Abraham's unwillingness to carry out the purpose of Sarah. Her thoughts were now fixed exclusively on Isaac; she considered Ishmael as a dangerous rival, and she determined to punish him and his mother. But for Ishmael Abraham cherished feelings of paternal regard, and he was much grieved at Sarah's unholy temper and unrighteous conduct. Not until God indicated his wish was Abraham ready to co-operate in Sarah's plans. There is, of course, a deep religious truth, a profound Gospel mystery in these providences. This truth the apostle Paul teaches when he sets before us this whole history as an instructive allegory.

We now see Hagar and Ishmael cast out, and we cannot but feel that Sarah is too imperious, too precipitate, and that she has acted in a manner unworthy of her as a noble woman and as the wife of Abraham. Dr. Parker expresses the thought which almost all readers of this narrative have cherished when he says, that our first feeling is that Hagar and Ishmael were most cruelly used. We must not, however, suppose that Abraham dismissed them without proper foresight as to

Their Journey.

God was also in the whole narrative disposing Hagar to go quietly of her own desire and Ishmael to yield his will to that of his parents. Had Hagar resisted the story would have degenerated into a mere quarrel between jealous women. But God was controlling all these events for the fulfilment of his promise and for the establishment of his Church. Our hearts go out in tenderness toward Hagar as she starts upon her lonely journey in the wilderness. Sarah is left as the mistress of the home, and Hagar goes out as a wanderer in the wilderness. Isaac is the beloved child of promise, and Ishmael goes out in weakness and loneliness on his long, strange career.

We are greatly indebted to the painters and poets for our conceptions of Scripture narratives. To Milton rather than to the Bible many are indebted for their conceptions of Satan, and of angels, of heaven, and of hell; but the painters are often teachers of error rather than of truth. In a famous painting in Dresden of the expulsiou of Hagar and Ishmael, Abraham, Sarah and Isaac are in the background, and Isaac is represented as very little younger and smaller than Ishmael; but we know that Ishmael at this time was at least seventeen years old and about fourteen years older than Isaac. According to the customs of the time, there really was no cruelty on the part of Abraham in sending the mother and boy out on their journey after he had furnished them with bread and water sufficient, as it was supposed, to last them until they reached the next well.

Thirst in the Desert.

We go out with them on their desert journey. They are traveling over a plain of sand and stones. Here and there are some scattered shrubs of thorn and occasional forms of other vegetation. But the sun burns fiercely as its rays fall on these lonely travelers. To be without water in a burning desert is a condition of indescribable misery. It is said that the eyes become inflamed, that the tongue and lips swell, that strange sounds are heard and that the brain finally becomes dull and dizzy. A more perfect picture of distress than that of this mother and son it would be difficult for us anywhere to find. We can well imagine the bitter cries and flowing tears of this heart-broken mother; we can also hear the groans of the famishing boy The hopelessness of the case seems to be complete. Apparently there is no ear to hear, no eye to pity, and no hand to help. Humanly speaking, their case is simply desperate. They seem to have missed their way in the wilderness, and now burning with fever, parched with thirst, and apparently deserted of God and man they sink in despair; but God, who feeds the ravens and who watches the fall of the sparrow, has not forgotten this mother and son in their wretched condition. With a true mother's heart, Hagar cannot bear to see the sufferings of her child; she, therefore, casts him groaning, panting and dying under one of the shrubs, while she at the distance of a bow-shot sat over against him in her loneliness and sorrow, lifting up her face in anguish as her tears copiously fall. The angel of the Lord now appears for their deliverance. He directs them to a fountain which they had not discovered, hidden as it was by the brushwood. From this fountain they draw refreshing draughts. They fill the bottles and mother and son are graciously revived.

From this ancient story practical lessons for daily life can be learned. We, too, are travelers over a desert waste. This world is not our home! There are times when on us as on Hagar the sun beats with scorching heat; there are times when our water, like hers, is spent, and when for us, as for her, there is apparently no helper.

God is Training Us

by these wilderness experiences. Only as we tread rough path with brave hearts can we gain strength for noble deeds. Only as we manfully bear the cross can we triumphantly wear the crown. Sorrow when sanctified refines, ennobles, and exalts daily life. Trial when bravely borne develops character and trains us for worthy achievement. Let us never lose heart in life's journey. God will never leave nor forsake those who put their trust in him.

We may learn, as a second lesson, that appropriate supplies are near at hand. It is evermore true that "man's extremity is God's opportunity." How glorious is it to read that "God opened her eyes and she saw a well of water;" how blessed to know that "God heard the voice of the lad." Nothing is said expressly of any formal prayer which Ishmael offered; he probably simply uttered his needs in sobs, in sighs and groans. His suffering condition was itself a voice to the compassion of God. Many a prayer is only a groan. Many a voice is only a tear. God hears the groan and sees the tear, and one day those groans will be melodious music and those tears richest jewels in the thought of God. God is not deaf, he is not blind, he is not dead. Near Crete there was an image of Jupiter without ears. That was an appropriate representation of a heathen god; but our God has ears to hear, a heart to feel, and a hand to help. There is no wilderness so lonely as to deprive us of his presence. Oh, no; Hagar, the lad will not die but live; thou thyself art the object of God's thought and the subject of

God's Fatherly Care.

With the angel of God out of heaven we say, "What aileth thee, Hagar, fear not for God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is." See her now lifting up the lad. See her gazing upon the well of water. See her giving the lad the inspiring draught. Have good courage, Oh, men and women! for God's well of needed supplies is near at hand. If Hagar had but looked a little farther she need not have cast away her boy in sorrow and have thrown herself down in despair. Help was near did she but know, had she but looked. Blessed is the well which furnishes supplies for our great temporal and spiritual need!

A third lesson is that for Hagar and for us the supply is abundant and free. There was sufficient for the needs of herself and her son, and for the needs of thousands beside. For us the water of life flows full and free. On the last great day of the feast our blessed Lord stood and cried saying, "If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink." He was himself a well of water for every thirsty soul. Before the record of Revelation is closed the Lord himself again appears, saying, "And the spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will let him take the water of life freely." To-night, as the servant of God, I invite you to this fountain of living water. You need not die but live. Behold the flowing stream, arise, drink and rejoice. To your lips I now put the cup, knowing if you but drink of this water you shall never thirst again; for Christ hath said, "But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

Among the Hindu Poor.

Multitudes of Aborigines, almost Unclothed, living in Wretched Buildings—Their Morals and Religion

MEASURED by any standard of actual possessions, says a writer in the *Pauline Mission Message*, the aboriginal and unmixed Hindu population is poor indeed. It has often been a wonder to us that the laboring classes among Hindus build so poorly, and one is not less surprised to see the comparatively superior houses the Koi takes the pains to build. A man can rarely stand in a poor Hindu's one to three-rupee house, he nearly always can comfortably do so in the Koiwar's more capacious, better-roofed home. But this house is about all. Seldom do brass cooking vessels appear in the hands of the Kois. The most common earthenware, cheap, easily broken and quickly replaced, do them. Better utensils are seen among even the poor Hindus. Here and there are flocks, but a few fowls, perhaps a goat or two, a dog, and one or two genuine "scalawag" pigs make up a Koi estate. In the west the men dress better than in Bastar. The women go with the upper body only imperfectly covered by a cloth that covers the lower body, one end of which is thrown up over one shoulder from the front.

In the villages of Bastar we find multitudes with no more than a piece of cloth three feet by nine inches, a very scant covering for the human frame. Our hearts have been touched with pity many a time as men, women and children have come out to hear us preach, sing and pray. It is noticeable that the natural modesty of mankind is not wholly lost even among the most barbarous tribes, or under the vilest of heathen systems. We first thought such nudity would prove the depravity of the people. But to our surprise we did not find any more immorality among the aboriginee than the Hindu. Children up to eight or ten years are usually utterly naked. Among the Hindus the marriage relation is very lightly esteemed. The Koi, on the other hand, may polygamise, but generally he has but one wife.

Notwithstanding the apparent poverty of the aborigines among whom we have travelled, they seem remarkably happy. Almost every night you hear the village song and the tom-tom. This is to amuse themselves and frighten away the wild beasts that abound about them and are the plague of their stock pens. Whatever else the people have or have not, they get and use tobacco. They grow it and its use by both sexes is everywhere seen. Even little children indulge in the poison. Drinking under the British "out-still system" is fearfully prevalent along the Godavery and drunkenness is spreading greatly in that vicinity; up to a recent date the people of Bastar have been comparatively free from this vice. But the British excise system is set up, and the mohwa tree, the flower of which yields liquor, abounds.

Five thousand people meet in Jagdapur every Sunday market-day. These weekly bazaars afford a fine opportunity for evangelizing. Much of the grain carrying is done on the heads of women, or on men's shoulders.

The aboriginee wears plenty of jewelry. Men put on most of it. We frequently see from ten to one hundred different articles of ornament. Naked they may be, but they must must have jewelry. We have seen thirty-eight rings in a man's two ears on a feast day.

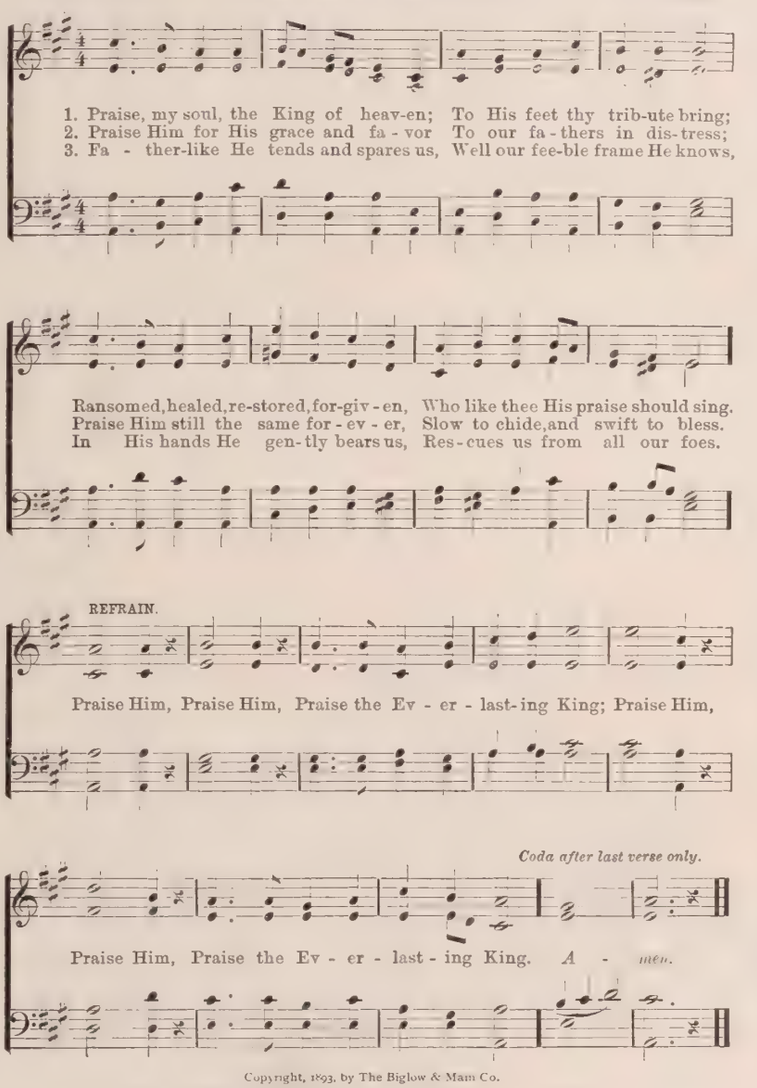
The great respect apparently shown to woman among the aborigines is striking. She seems to be reckoned fairly man's equal. This greatly simplifies missionary work among them. Our preachers can at the same time with equal facility reach both men and women. At Yellandu three-fifths of all who hear our preachers are women. The aboriginee either in the west or east builds no temple to his gods. These people revere gods they esteem to dwell in the hills. They worship the five brother kings, of whom Beem Der and Dharma Raj are their favorites. They sacrifice to appease the Hindu small-pox goddess, but do this in the open air. Every high hill is deemed sacred, and it is difficult to get one of these people to ascend one of the higher hills. They have no idols so-called. The last man among them will tell you "God is above." When you ask him why he does not worship him and him only he frankly says because he does just what his father taught him.

Everywhere the magic-man is dreaded, and he takes good care to fleece the people well for his own profit. Jagdapur is full of temples and literally somebody has made "priests of the common people" here. Such is the country, the people, their history, their customs, condition, and religion told but in part.

Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

Praise the Everlasting King.

Rev. H. F. LYTE. "*I will praise thee forever.*"—Ps. 52:9. W. H DOANE.


1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav-en; To His feet thy trib-ute bring;
2. Praise Him for His grace and fa-vor To our fa-thers in dis-tress;
3. Fa-ther-like He tends and spares us, Well our fee-ble frame He knows,
Ransomed, healed, re-stored, for-giv-en, Who like thee His praise should sing.
Praise Him still the same for-ev-er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless.
In His hands He gen-tly bears us, Res-cues us from all our foes.
REFRAIN.
Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise the Ev-er-last-ing King; Praise Him,
Coda after last verse only.
Praise Him, Praise the Ev-er-last-ing King. A-men.

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A PRAYER.

HELP me to work for thee:
Give me some bit of sod,
All bare and brown,
Where I thy precious seed
May scatter down,
Thy Gospel, rich and free.

For me thou gavest life,
While men around are falling
Day by day
In death and sin, help me,
O Lord, I pray,
Save some one in the strife.

The harvest hour is brief,
Though I must glean o'er fields
Anear and far,
In morning's dew, and 'neath
The evening star,
Let me bring in some sheaf.

When thy "Well done" to hear,
I wait with thirsting heart
Before thy throne,
May some whom I thy
Boundless love have shown,
Stand with me there.

—WINONA BOYDSTON.

COME, WALK WITH ME IN THE LIGHT!

"COME, walk with me in the light!"
Such is the gentle cry
Of One of presence bright,
In wooing accents kind.
"With me, O Lord, abide!"
My spirit doth reply,
"That ever near thy side,
I perfect peace may find!"

"If you always abide
In love and faith in me,
And in my words confide
Well them to keep and do;
Then ask whate'er you will
In childlike faith that he,
My Father, will fulfil,
And it is done to you."

"In thee, O Lord, my Stay
My Trust, I would abide,
Thy words in me alway
To be my lamp and light;
That I may ever dwell
With thee, my Guard, my Guide,
And, with rejoicing, tell
Of all thy wondrous might!"

—JOHN M. RICHARDSON.

Daingerfield, Texas.

The Ten Virgins.

The Meaning of the Parable, and the Significance of the Oil.

BY THOMAS NEWBERRY.

THE word "then" connects this parable of the Virgins (Matt. 25: 1-15), with the preceding one, in which the Lord speaks of his return, but in this he takes a comprehensive view of the whole period of his absence in one particular aspect. The term "kingdom of heaven," or more properly "the kingdom of heavens," is peculiar to the Gospel of Matthew. In the other Gospels it is spoken of as "the kingdom of God." "The mystery of the kingdom of the heavens" relates to the whole period in which Christ, born King of the Jews, rejected by his people Israel, who refused to have him to reign over them, is seated with the Father on his throne in the heavens.

One similitude of this kingdom is given by the Lord in this parable; it is compared to ten virgins, five of whom were wise and five foolish, as representing those who own him as Lord and are expecting his return. These compose what is known as Christendom, who acknowledge Israel's rejected King from the time when Messiah was cut off at the end of the sixty-ninth week till the commencement of the seventieth week of Daniel's prophecy.

The whole professing Church is represented by the ten virgins, five wise and five foolish. In most of the Lord's parables we find the same twofold division, as the wheat and tares, the good and bad fish, the faithful and unfaithful servants. What characterized the foolish virgins is, that they took the lamp of profession, acknowledging the Lordship of Christ, and the hope of his return, but were destitute of spiritual reality and power. "They took no oil with themselves." Oil is the emblem of the Holy Spirit, the unction from the Holy One. The foolish take the lamp of profession first, but neglect the oil; the wise, on the other hand, make the possession of the oil in the vessel their first concern (the vessel is the heart), realizing the indwelling of the Holy Ghost and his testimony within; to this they added the outward profession of the hope of his return.

The Lord foresaw and foretold this delay, as he says in verse 19, "After a long time the lord of those servants cometh, and reckoneth with them." He would have his disciples wait as well as watch, but the Church was not prepared for this prolonged delay, which has extended already over eighteen hundred years. The Ephesian Church early lost her first love, the love of her espousals; and the doctrine of a spiritual coming and reign, instead of a personal and real, early changed the character of the believer's hope. The dark ages was the time of profoundest slumber to the whole professing Church, but even since the time of the Reformation the Church has been dreaming of converting the world previous to, and independent of, her Lord's return.

Previously there had been many cries, such as, the end of the world had come, or the great day of judgment was coming, or the kingdom was going to be set up. Now it is, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh." Behold! Take notice. Mark well. It is not Antichrist, nor the great tribulation, but it is the coming of Christ in his especial character as Bridegroom to receive his Church before he comes to take the kingdom. This is his coming as the Morning Star, before he rises as Sun of Righteousness on the world. It is within the present century that this testimony has gone forth.

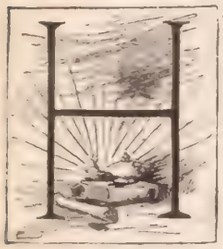
It is not to be received simply as a doctrine, but as a practical truth, for "he that hath this hope purifieth himself even as he is pure." It is designed to separate from everything that would be inconsistent with the expectation of meeting him, that we might be found of him in peace, without spot and blameless.

The doctrine of the Bridegroom's coming may be discussed and reasoned about, but apart from the supply of the Spirit of Christ the consideration will lead to no practical or permanent result. There may be a transitory excitement, but it will soon pass off. The foolish virgins are conscious of this, "our lamps go out," we cannot keep them burning. The torch-bearers in the East are furnished with a vessel from which they pour a fresh supply from time to time, and thus keep up the light. Those who possess the Spirit know that they have only a sufficiency for themselves.

Who are those that sell? Jehovah is the fountain of living waters (Jer. 2: 13; Rev. 21: 5-7). The fulness of the Spirit is treasured up in Christ. He who communicates is the Holy Ghost who invites to buy without money and without price. Whatever profession there may be, if there is not the oil in the vessel when the Lord comes, the door will be shut, for "if any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his."

FELLOWSHIP IN WORK.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing July 23. Acts 18: 3; John 17: 20-26



HAS Christ's prayer been answered? As we look around and notice the jealous rivalry of the sects, the exclusiveness, the dislike of each other and the bitterness with which they assail each other, it does not seem that God has yet granted that prayer, which was almost his dying petition. "That they all may be one," was the intense desire of that loving heart. He was leaving them alone, face to face with a hostile, contemptuous world, and he pleaded with God that they might stand together. It was not long, however, before divisions came, which but for the strange experience that Peter went through on the house-top, might have rent the infant Church in twain. The later divisions, which came as the years passed, were not so easily adjusted. Questions of church discipline and government, and differences on doctrine separated the brethren. The bond which united them was forgotten; and the wall that divided them was ever present in their minds and it has continued so to this day. It is impossible that men should think alike on so large a subject as theology. The differences of mental constitution, of education and circumstances must produce differences of opinion. That those who are of the same mind should congregate together is natural and is in the interests of peace; but that one body should assail another body, as insincere, or as ignorant or obstinate, is unnatural between brethren. Yet these assaults are continually made and proselytes are more valued than converts. One of the most encouraging signs of the times is the improvement in this matter which the last few years have witnessed. The churches have been slowly and tentatively making the discovery that practical union in practical work is possible. It is the glory of Christian Endeavor that it has done much to promote that union. No power nor device of the enemy, no jealousy between those who are regarded as pillars in the churches, can ever take out of the memories and hearts of the young people the experiences they have had in the great Conventions, when they have found brethren and sisters of other denominations one with them in Christian effort. "Because they were of one craft they abode together and wrought," as the three Christians did long ago in Corinth. Those recollections will live and the churches will draw nearer together in the coming time, when these young people come to the leadership. The excellence of the respective methods will be recognized and work will be assigned to this section or the other, for which it is specially adapted. What the infantry cannot do, the cavalry may compass, and what neither can do may be done by the artillery; but the one great achievement to be hoped for is for each branch of Christ's army to look on the other branches as brothers and to march against the common foe, shoulder to shoulder in loving confidence.

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AN IRISH Y. M. C. A.

The Kingstown, Ireland, Y.M.C.A. issues a good report of the various operations. The evangelistic meetings have been worked vigorously, and with encouraging results, and many have been won for the Saviour. An interesting feature has been the frequent attendance of sailors and soldiers. The missionary branch has been accompanied by much interest, and three members of the Association have gone to Mr. Moody's College as missionary students. The employment agency and other branches have gone on well. This year has been rich in soul-saving results.

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THE B. Y. P. U. CONVENTION

On this page we publish a picture of Tomlinson Hall, Indianapolis, in which the third International Convention of the Baptist Young People's Union will be held this week. With this we give a portrait of Mr. John H. Chapman, of Chicago, who is President of the Union. The Convention assembles at half-past three on *Thursday* afternoon, July 13. The delegates will be welcomed by E. E. Stevenson, Esq., on behalf of the Young People's Unions of Indianapolis, and by Rev. W. F. Taylor on behalf of the Baptist Churches of the city. Responses will be made by Rev. C. A. Barbour, of Rochester, N. Y.; Prof. L. D. Inskeep, Oakland, Cal.; Rev. L. L. Henson, Baltimore, Md.; and Rev. Donald Grant, of Montreal. At the evening session Dr. F. L. Wilkins will read the report, Rev. A. J. Dickinson, of Selma, Ala., will speak on "The Movement and the Local Church," and Dr. P. S. Henson, of Chicago, on "The Federation of the American Baptist Home Missionary Society. His subject is, "The Perils of the Republic from a Christian Standpoint." That this will be one of the most important features of the Convention is generally admitted. The session will close with an Open Parliament on "The Monthly Symposium." Three "Workers' Conferences" will be held simultaneously in the interval between the afternoon and evening sessions. One of these on Junior Work will assemble in the First Presbyterian Church; a second on Local Young People's Work will meet in the First Baptist Church and a third will meet in the Meridian St. M.E. Church to discuss Federative Work, Associational, State or Provincial and International. Dr. W. M. Lawrence of Chicago will preside at the third conference which is expected to have important results on the work of the ensuing year. At the evening session the Educational plans for 1893-94 will be announced and explained by Dr. F. L. Wilkins, the General Secretary. This will be followed by three addresses. Rev. M. R. Deming of New York will speak on "The Boys' Brigade"; Rev. G. W. Truett of Waco, Texas, on "Conviction" and Rev. George C. Lorimer, D.D., of Boston, Mass., on "Young People who are too Timid to Fight."

On *Saturday*, Rev. G. R. Robbins of Cincinnati conducts the sunrise prayer-meeting. The early part of the regular session of the Convention will be devoted to Committee reports and general business, after which there will be an Open Parliament on "The Conquest Meeting," conducted by Rev. Frank S. Dobbins of Philadelphia. Next comes an address by Rev. R.R. McKay of Brampton, Ont., and the session will close with a conference at which the reports of the Chairmen of the Friday Afternoon Conferences will be received. At the afternoon session there will be a symposium on the general topic, "Our Lesser Federations, their Benefits and Needs." Afterward papers will be read by Mr. Norman G. Lennington of Chicago, on "The Suburban Union"; Mr. A. L. Bates of Kansas City, Mo., and the Future of the Baptist Churches in America."

TOMLINSON HALL, INDIANAPOLIS, WHERE THE B. Y. P. U. CONVENTION IS HELD THIS WEEK.

Friday's proceedings commence with a prayer-meeting at 6:30 A. M., in the First Baptist Church. At 9:30 there will be a business meeting to discuss the Annual Report and the Junior Organization, after which Dr. H. M. King, of Providence, R. I., will deliver an address entitled "Religious Liberty the Trophy of the Baptists." The session will close with the ceremony of the "Salutation of the Flags." At the afternoon session Prof. A. G. Slocum, LL. D., of Kalamazoo, will conduct a Prayer service for young people in colleges, after which the Prize Banners will be presented, and the awards declared for excellence of record in the Study of the Life of Christ and in the Daily Bible readings. This pleasant duty will be followed by the Election of Officers.

At 3.30 P.M. a paper will be read which will be sure to attract a deep national interest. Its author is Dr. T. J. Morgan, who was Commissioner of Indian Affairs under the Harrison Administration and is now General Secretary on "The City Union," and Rev. J. K. Wilson of Taunton, Mass., on "The State or Provincial Union." In the evening there will be no meeting in the Hall, but four mass-meetings will be held simultaneously in as many churches. They will be distinguished by the color of the badges worn respectively by the four geographical sections as follows: Delegates from the Northern States east of the Mississippi, will wear gold badges and will meet in Roberts Park M. E. Church; from Northern States west of the Mississippi, blue badges, in the First Presbyterian Church; from Southern States, olive green badges, in the First Baptist Church; from Canada, red badges, in the Second Presbyterian Church. A committee is organized for each section which will prepare a programme for its own mass-meeting

On *Sunday*, Rev. W. H. Geisweit of Minneapolis conducts a prayer meeting in Tomlinson Hall at nine o'clock. There will be no morning session, but in the afternoon a meeting will be held at which three papers will be read. The general topic will be, "The Vision of Christ as Outlined in the Great Commission: Its Scope, Its Motive, Its Prophecy." The speakers will be Rev. Lemuel C. Barnes of Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Mornay Williams of New York, and Rev. Wm. M. Upcraft of China. The great Junior Rally of the Convention also will be held in the afternoon in the First Baptist Church. The last session of the Convention will be held at 7:15 P.M, when the President will give his New Year's address and Rev. A. C. Dixon, D.D. of Brooklyn will preach the Convention Sermon. The closing exercise will be the great Consecration Meeting which is usually the most impressive and memorable of all the scenes of a religious Convention.

MR. JOHN H. CHAPMAN,
President of the B. Y. P. U. A.

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CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR IN TURKEY.

In a letter describing his visit to Constantinople, which Dr. F. E. Clark sends to the *Golden Rule*, he thus describes an evening spent in the American college for girls at Scutari: Here is a Christian institution of the very highest grade, planted right in the heart of Islamism. Here is a college that can in many ways take rank with Wellesley, Smith, and Vassar, in the land of the Turk himself. The harems of the Sultan are all about, within a pistol-shot of the college in every direction; and yet here is a large company of girls receiving a sensible, American, Christian Education, under the control of the gifted president of the college.

In the course of this evening reception songs in Bulgarian, Turkish, Greek, Armenian and English were sung. As a place in which to obtain proficiency in modern languages I do not know of a better college in all the world than this missionary college of the Golden Horn. Best of all, a strong religious influence is here exerted, and the flourishing Christian Endeavor society finds itself in a congenial atmosphere.

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IN HIS NAME.

We meet a little while together
In His Name,
We pray and praise; oft' wonder whether
'Tis in vain.
Nay; for in Holy Writ we see
How He blesses two or three,
If their meetings only be
In His Name.

That blessing Lord may we receive
In Thy Name.
Thy promises we all believe
And this one claim.
Be with us Lord, Thy Word to teach,
Thy Holy Spirit give to each
As we the precious Scriptures search,
In Thy Name.

Then Lord our words and deeds shall be
Done in Thy Name,
Our lives be shining lights for Thee
This be our aim.
E'en let all our pleasures be
Consecrated Lord to Thee,
And through all eternity
We'll praise Thy Name.

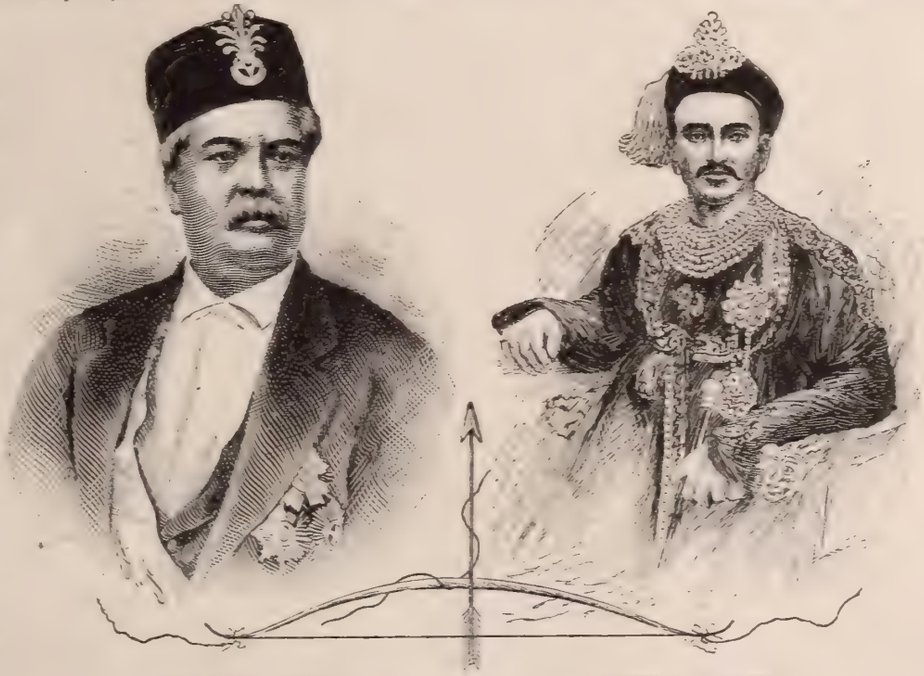
Then let us sow the precious seed
In His Name,
Help and comfort those in need
For this He came.
Toil on; we have His presence nigh,
Pray on; he hears our humble cry.
Ah! do you ask the reason why?
'Tis in His Name.

—MRS. M. D. LOW, Philadelphia.

More Royal Guests.

The Sultan of Johore and the Guikwar of Baroda to Visit us.

JUST as the Spanish princess Eulalia and her friends are departing from these shores, comes the news that we are to have another group of royalties with us presently. This party comes from the far East, one being his Highness, Syaji Rao, the Maharajah Guikwar of Baroda, India, and the other the Sultan of Johore, in the Malay Peninsula, two potentates of great wealth but small territories. The Guikwar is the ruler of 2,500,000 subjects and his annual income is in the neighborhood of $7,500,000. He is a comparatively young prince, and the story of his accession to the throne is an interesting one. Mulhar Rao, who was Guikwar in 1875, was implicated in an attempt to poison the English Political Resident, Col. Phayre and was accordingly deposed through British influence. Gopal Rao, a boy of twelve, was then chosen as his successor. The lad had never dreamed of a throne, and was therefore totally surprised when he was summoned to be crowned and invited to assume the royal functions under the title of Syaji Rao III. Like other Indian princes who are subject to the supreme authority of Britain, his responsibilities were somewhat limited and he had consequently abundant opportunities for culture. He is well educated and has travelled much and when in American costume will attract no special attention among other gentlemen. He has been a stanch friend of education in Baroda and has opened public schools there at the rate of thirty a year for several years. There are 3,500 towns and villages under his rule, and he hopes ultimately to have schools throughout his entire domain. He is opposed to the barbarous system of child marriages still prevalent in India, and has done much to promote the moral welfare of his people. While in this country he will visit the Chicago Exposition.



THE SULTAN OF JOHORE. THE GUIKWAR OF BARODA

ROYAL GUESTS FROM THE EAST COMING TO VISIT US.

The Sultan of Johore is a Malay potentate whose domain has till lately been comparatively little known to Europeans or Americans. Far ahead of his predecessors in intelligence and enterprise, the present Rajah, who is now in his sixtieth year, has visited many civilized countries and takes a keen interest in the development of his own. Johore, the capital city, is a flourishing little settlement near Singapore, with schools and other indications of progress. The entire population of the territory probably does not exceed 100,000, many being Malays and Chinese. In olden times, the Sultans of Johore had a much more extensive territory, but lost it gradually through conquest. It was the grandfather of the present ruler—Abdulrahman Tumongong—who ceded Singapore to the British. The present Sultan, although his revenues are not as large as those of the Guikwar of Baroda, lives in the style of a true potentate of the Orient, in a great palace which is a rich type of Eastern luxury. He owns a modern-built yacht which he uses both for business and recreation. His people, with the exception of the official class, live mostly in wooden, hut-like structures built near the water and often on piles reaching out into the Strait of Malacca.

Our new occidental civilization will be a wonderful revelation to these old-world princes and may be the means of impressing them with many ideas that will yet benefit their own people. Like the Guikwar, the Sultan proposes to see the great Exposition, and to carry home with him an intelligent idea of the magnitude, influence, art and industries of the United States, which is thus in turn, becoming an educator to some of the oldest countries in the world.

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Tired Women.

To judge from the varied, minute, ever-increasing details we hear, writes Lucy K. Fleming, the tired woman is supposed to be a creature entirely deficient in the usual amount of common-sense sparsely, we admit, portioned out to humankind; she is reckoned without ingenuity, tact, or taste. No allowance whatever, is made for the inconsiderate demands or necessary interruptions of her everyday life. Her husband, children, friends, and neighbors are usually assumed to stand ready to make any sacrifice in reason to rescue her from her self-imposed weariness, when, in truth, too frequently those nearest and dearest to her usually so arrange their affairs as to prolong her twelve or fourteen hours' labor, without the word "hold! enough;" and no system of eight hours enters in the day's work of the average wife and mother.

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Happy Old People.

THERE was a company of congenial women before an open fire over 5 o'clock tea, and one of them was saying how she hated to grow old and lose her zest in life and its belongings. Then a fresh-faced matron, with a pair of steady, true eyes, spoke out with her native vehemence.

"Nonsense, what do the years bring but greater treasures and greater capacity to enjoy them? Do you suppose I guessed anything about real happiness in what we called 'youth's happy days?' Why, every year that I have been a wife and a mother I have known constantly-increasing joy; can better appreciate what life offers me.

"Every day I value and delight in my friends more and more; every day I take on a wisdom of experience that gives me a sense of power again; what may come, and as to the future and old age, why, I never think of it to dread it.

"I shall not be old to-morrow, I say to myself, and what is the future but always only to-morrow? By and by when I do sit in the chimney corner and knit and watch the children's children play around me, I am sure I shall think: How happy and safe am I, and what a beautiful thing life is, particularly the close of it!"

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Children and the Church.

THERE is, at this time of the year, a disposition on the part of "grown-up" as well as young folks to make church duties as light as possible. Even the old heads will remember the dreamy, drowsy season in the country:

> The flower-time o' the year,
> How I used to love it!
> When my feet were bare and younger,
> How they used to whisk with hunger,
> Dew from meadow grasses;
> Those were days without alloy,
> I was but a barefoot boy,
> But the years have left this gain:
> Memories of the tinkle, tinkle,
> Of the old-time dreamy dinkle,
> As the cows came up the lane,
> Bess and Moll came up the lane.

But the charms of the summer should not be permitted to come between us and the regular attendance at church, and we should endeavor to keep alive the child interest. The best way of winning the interest and affection of children for the church is by convincing them that it is profoundly in spiritual earnest, says a philosophic and reverend writer. They know the difference as well as their elders know it between a church that is zealous and one which is indifferent. Moreover, the signs of its life must be those of true religious life. Picnics and other entertainments have their uses, but the chief thing which holds a child to a church is his consciousness that all its methods and measures have his soul's good in view. He knows that a true church ought to have this object, and he does not respect one which seems to make any other chief. It is a happy omen that so many children are in the modern church. There ought to be, and there might be many more. Children must not be expected to be mature Christians at first, but they often prove to be as truly consecrated as their elders, and as the rule the younger one dedicates his heart and life to Jesus Christ, the sounder, sweeter and richer his later Christian experience proves to be.

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Painters' Love for Children.

MOST of the ancient artists tried their hand at the Virgin and the Child, writes Dr. Talmage, always evincing their own nationality in the style of infantile beauty selected. The Dutch school gives a Dutch child, the Roman school a Roman child, the Spanish school a Spanish child. Rubens' Christ was not born at Bethlehem, but at Antwerp. And as parents are not apt to undervalue their children, it is probable that they took the model which sat in their own nursery, gathering around it their own ideal of the infant Jesus. Francesco Tacconi represents the Holy Child as very thoughtful, a young philosopher at one year of age, with very red hair. Vivarini gives us a startled child. Duccio paints for us a child wrapped up in admiration of its mother. But Lo Spagna gives us the look of a glad child that would romp if it were not afraid of jumping out of the picture. Why not a glad child? The burdens had not yet rolled over on him. Though a bachelor, Raphael knew the worth of children in a picture. With their little hands they open the inside door of the heart, and let us pass in, when otherwise we might have been kept standing on the cold steps, looking at the corbeils and caryatides of the outside architecture. It was a little maid that directed Naaman to the Jordan for healing, and it is a child in the picture that shows the leper of harsh criticism where to wash his scales off.

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CHILDREN AND THE BIBLE.

CONNECTED with the religious training of childhood many practical questions spring up, such as the teaching of prayer, Bible-reading and Sunday observance, writes Rev. E. Lyttleton in *Mothers and Sons*. My experience of children has been far too slight to enable me to speak at all clearly on such subjects, and again I feel that the grasp of the main fact—the all-importance of the idea of God planted by the earliest lessons—will probably solve the practical problems satisfactorily, though very diversely in different homes. As to prayer, this only will I say, that it is quite impossible to be too careful about reverence. Of course there is the danger of a shock when the child is brought face to face with the irreverence of others. But this may be anticipated by a warning. Further, if a child's prayer is to be natural, it must express his own hopes and fears, not those of grown-up people.

The teaching of the Bible stories ought not in these days to present any great difficulty. If a child shows irreverence in speaking of what he has been told, it must be best to try and get him gradually to adopt a right tone, rather than rebuke him; and yet this will be necessary at times. Consult on all these points the wisest and holiest women of your acquaintance. Previous to the Bible lessons will come the first statement of the existence of God, and of the kingdom of evil and the creation of man. I would suggest that the mother should present the truths as portions of a partial revelation, so that when the first impossible question is launched at her—and that will take place early—there may be no great shock to the child when the answer comes that "Mother doesn't know." Sometimes the bewilderment of early manhood is caused by the discovery that there are things of which the Church owns herself ignorant, and to guard against this it is well to show a child that we may stray too far in speculation. He may be thereby discouraged from hereafter expending his strength and confusing his brain over obviously insoluble problems—a desperately common form of wasting time. The object of the teaching should be first to show the limits of revelation, and to instil concerning all that lies beyond them a spirit of trustful patience; secondly, to show that within these limits we accept what is given, and apply it honestly in our lives.

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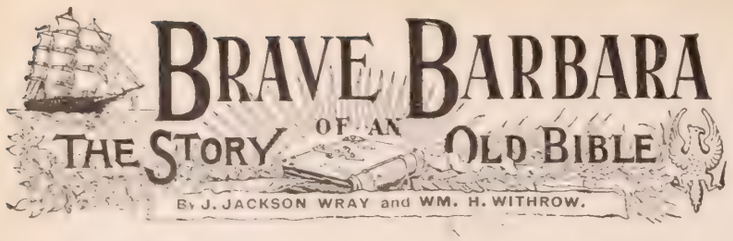
MY ARBOR OF LOVE.

Written for The Christian Herald.

I'M alone in my arbor of love,
Awaiting the unfailing Guest,
That beautiful white-winged Dove,
The Spirit of God in my breast.
He enters and all things are changed,
The gloom and the doubts drop away,
And blessings that sin has estranged,
Return like a beautiful day.

Imperial thrones are but dross,
And titles and honors are naught,
When he, of the thorn and the Cross,
Has filled up my breast with this thought,
The smallness of self,—I behold,
And wonder such grace is for me,
While mercies in measures untold,
Roll up, like the waves of the sea.

E'en prisons and walls cannot keep,
My soul from her jubilant flight,
As filled with God's Spirit I sweep,
Away to his infinite light,
And sickness and death are the door
Which open to joys that I see.
I know 'tis the bright Eden shore,
And all its delights are for me. —J. A. H.



CHAPTER XVIII.

FAMILY PRIDE.

ONE of the most striking results of the camp-meeting was the effect produced upon the Indians who had gathered there mainly out of curiosity or the hope of gain. It seems that Tookalusca and his sister had found in Lucky Mike not only a faithful friend and comrade in their new life at the Settlement, and a "brother" both tender and true in their new-found Christian faith, but also an eager and diligent pupil in the learning of the Ojibbeway tongue. So ready a scholar was he that when the camp-meeting brought some scores of red-skins together, no white-skin was more welcome in the Indian tents. No one could more easily hold intercourse with these children of the forest than Brave Barbara's loving and faithful henchman who had served her so loyally, and followed her varying fortunes so faithfully, from the day that, as Onlucky Mike, he was a wild and half-barbarous waif, leading the life of an outlaw among the bogs of Munster.

This altogether unique and remarkable gathering, the first great camp-meeting of the Canadian Dominion, resulted, almost immediately, in a large accession to the numbers of the fast-growing Methodist Connection. This was the case, not only in the various settlements on the St. Lawrence river among which this singular "camp" was pitched, but throughout the province of Ontario. It seemed as though the "glorious bonfire of salvation," as somebody calls it, which was kindled among the forest trees around the Heck Farm, had set the whole land aflame. From that central flame, thousands of living brands, set alight of God, were borne east, west, north and south. Many a little church of faithful souls was established, and new beacon-fires were kindled over all the land. All this, humanly speaking was owing to this rare heroine of humble life, Barbara Heck—Brave Barbara, as she has been rightly named—more than to any other single agent beneath the sun. To her unflinching faith, courage and perseverance, the New World owes it that the Gospel flag was so bravely unfurled through all its borders.

Of course, there was much diversity of opinion, even among the neighbors, as to the enthusiastic and emotional inroad into the lifeless and conventional religion of the day. That excellent and soberly self-possessed Quaker gentleman, Josiah Whiteside, was disturbed by a good many searchings of heart on the subject. He had been very willing to give ready and liberal help as a neighbor, in making preparations for the great festival. But he could not enter into the religious engagements of the time; nor was he at all sure that these were altogether according to the mind of God.

These exciting and excitable manifestations were altogether foreign to the training and the habits of a life-time. To go from his own little Quaker meeting, where the usual routine was to spend a silent hour in communing with his own heart and with God, and then to go into the noisy hurly-burly of a Methodist revival was almost enough to make his white hair stand on end. His rebuke, however—if rebuke it could be called,—partook of the quiet characteristics of the man.

"I judge no man," said he, when the younger members of his household sought to get his mind upon the subject. "Neither is it [illegible] that my mind does not approve."

"But though your mind does not say Yea to these stirring services, thy heart does not say Nay thereto, Josiah; and may it not be [illegible] head." So spake his wife, Hannah, a fine-[illegible]

"It may be so," said Josiah, shaking his head dubiously; "yet I much misdoubt me that where the heart pulls one way and the mind another, there will be heart-ache if the mind cannot give a verdict of consent."

"But why should not the heart and the mind go together?" said Sarah, the elder and attractive daughter of this estimable pair. "It [illegible] to me that if the mind moves Godward and the heart be warm with desire for him, the heart may well make the mind run faster, and both may be inclined to show it in a livlier worship, and speak his praises in a louder voice."

As Sarah uttered these words she blushed deeply, dropping her head low as if to hide the evidence of strong feeling. She had spoken with quite unusual force and freedom. Then she suddenly remembered the "proprieties" that had restrained her for a life-time and lifted her fair face to her father's and said with a slight deprecating smile,

"Nay, father, surely I did speak without thought—"

"And as one of the foolish women speaketh," said Josiah, but there was no frown upon his brow, and according to Sarah's thinking, there was a softness and an undefinable something in the grey eyes that did not usually appear when such subjects were spoken of."

"Methinks that thy remark, my daughter, doth betoken that thy heath speaketh, whether thy mind—"

At this point Sarah arose, and her mother, who had seen for some time what had escaped her husband's less observant eyes, made haste to cover her flustered girl's retreat. Josiah seemed surprised.

"What ails the girl, Hannah?" quoth he turning an inquiring look on his wife. What stirs her feeling so deeply, and makes her color rise so high? I wot not that I spake unkindly."

"Neither didst thou," said Hannah, "but that ails Sarah which once ailed thee and me, and in the days when our hearts were 'warm' and our years were young. What thine eyes have failed to see mine have long since discerned. That our sweet girl hath lost her heart and has found the heart of Samuel Heck instead; an accident of a similar kind hath happened to the young man. For a long time hath this thing been true, but the meeting at which thou dost gird has brought the two together more closely still. But say, my husband, is this thing an accident, or is the Lord in it?"

My time and space will not permit me to tell the story fully, how Josiah Whiteside was led to enlarge his views concerning the variety of ways in which God can speak to the human heart, and the ways in which the human heart may speak to God; how the eldest son of Brave Barbara and her good man Paul, prospered in his wooing, and how the Quaker maiden, Sarah Whiteside, became his wife, and the mother of children, some of whose descendants are living at this day. A race of men, these Hecks, notable for sterling worth, and all the more so, we may depend upon it, for the blending of Methodist and Quaker in their ancestry more than a hundred years ago.

The influence of the great camp-meeting was not at all conciliatory in the case of that stern and stalwart old soldier, Colonel Pemberton. He became more than ever opposed to Methodism, and his modes of speech regarding it grew more and more emphatic and objurgatory. This was a great grief to Mrs. Pemberton, who was a woman, of a different spirit, and who in this matter was seconded by their eldest daughter Blanche.

This young lady, possessed of remarkable beauty, highly educated, and gifted with unusual accomplishments, thanks to mental endowments of a very extraordinary kind, was the object of Colonel Pemberton's aristocratic pride, the subject of great expectations; and he did not scruple to aver that she was evidently destined to a position among the highest ladies of the land. Indeed, it was known that for some time the old Virginian aristocrat had been saving money to send his daughter to England, that, by the aid of British relatives, she might emulate the career of her own mother, who had been one of the maids of honor to Queen Anne.

But the Colonel had forgotten, not only that Queen Anne was dead, but that times change, and that the minds of young ladies do the same. And so it was that the Colonel's "peerless Blanche," as he used to call her, was "her mother's child," and was built on the lines of that genial, pious, unambitious and charitably disposed lady. Mrs. Pemberton was known both far and near as "one of God's favorites, and a true friend of the needy and poor." That is the record of this estimable woman as it has come down to me.

In one thing, however, Miss Blanche did very considerably differ from her quiet and somewhat shrinking mamma. She could take her stand, speak her mind and stick to it, and not even the irascible old Colonel himself could drive her from her guns or dislodge her from whatever position her heart and conscience, her sympathies and sense of right bade her take up.

"'It never rains but it pours,' they say. First Redgie, then Blanche! Well, well, if I am bereaved of my children I am bereaved!" the Colonel said as he left the house after one of these outbreaks to look after his stables.

The Colonel's shot had reached the heart of his strong-willed, and, as he thought of his too self-assertive daughter. Blanche loved her parents dearly, and although her affections turned more tenderly and lovingly around her gentle mother, she had a warm and filial regard for her father who had ever lavished love upon herself, who had ever evinced a proud delight in her, and whose splendid qualities as a man, a master, a citizen and a subject she greatly reverenced.

Despite the Colonel's sharp speech, Blanche did not fail to notice a certain tremor in his voice, and a certain involuntary motion of the lips that told the secret of feelings deeply stirred beneath; and his apt quotation from the plaintive speech of broken-hearted Jacob, melted the maiden into penitence and distress.

The early Methodist preachers not only proclaimed their glad evangel on the highways, in barns and houses, wherever an opportunity occurred; but they also visited diligently, from house to house, seeking, by their social interest in the community, to deepen and fix the impressions made by their public ministry.

The house of Colonel Pemberton was never neglected or passed by in these domiciliary visits. Mrs. Pemberton received them with much favor, and, indeed, she was not slow to acknowledge how greatly she was thus aided and comforted in her religious life. Miss Blanche was even more effusive in her welcomes, for she was diligently seeking after God, if haply she might find him. And in the interests of Reginald Pemberton, who was now an effective backwoods "round preacher," after the pattern of the time, Messrs. Losee and Dunham were intent in making and keeping the Pemberton mansion an open door.

The gallant Colonel bore little love to the Methodist itinerants; still, his Virginian hospitality, and his instincts as a gentleman, and the invariable Canadian custom of making welcome the guests who were sparse enough at any time, led him to give them greeting, though at times a constrained one to his roof and table. Mrs. Pemberton, though not a Methodist, was a godly woman; and the visits of these good men and energetic evangelists, and any tidings they could bring her of her wandering boy, exiled as he was from his father's house, was as good news from a far country, or as water to a thirsty soul.

"The Colonel himself," said William Losee to his colleague, on one occasion, "does not like either ourselves, our visit, or our Methodism. Indeed, it seems to me that if it was not for Mrs. Pemberton and her charming daughter, we might venture, with a good conscience, to pass the proud and prejudiced squire by, and go on to those who are free to give us a warmer welcome."

"True, and yet scarcely true," said Daniel Dunham, as a smile parted his lips and showed a perfect and beautiful array of teeth. "It is true that the Colonel is cranky and, at times, unpleasant—but it is not true that we ought, under any circumstances, to let the fretful and, sooth to say, the cross-grained Colonel lapse from our best attentions and our sincere concern. John Wesley says that we are to go to those who need us most; and surely, the Colonel of all the household is the one who stands in need of something better than that which governs his unhappy mind."

"Well, you are right enough there," said William Losee. "Certainly the way to put an end to an enmity is to meet it with superior strength and tenacity in the shape of persevering, patient, and forbearing friendship."

"Right, William," said Daniel, "you have read your poets; do you remember this:

> The fine old noble way to kill a foe
> Is not to rail him, vow with loudest breath
> Such hate him that he shall decease or be so,
> And the old Roman Spectator used to say
> His best foe got his life for nobleness, for when
> He mentioned them that, he killed them then"

"And this is what we'll do with the crusty Colonel, Daniel: isn't it? Not only for our Master's sake and his own, but for Mrs. Pemberton's—"

"And Miss Blanche's," added Dunham, with an effusiveness of tone which was much more tell-tale than he knew.

"We'll kill him with kindness," continued Losee; "and that splendid young fellow, Reginald—what a glorious thing it would be to win for him a welcome to his father's heart again!" "That is the doctrine that our true and noble sister in the Lord, Mistress Heck, is always preaching to me," said Daniel Dunham. "Her mind is seldom free from anxious interest in young Pemberton's home relations. I daresay that Gracie's pale face and her failure of spirits has something to do with that; for her daughter, it is clear, is bound up in the lad, and the old Colonel's definite objection to the match is held by Mistress Barbara to be a bar to their union."

Meanwhile, Reginald Pemberton, the exiled son of the iron-willed Colonel, was doing happy and effective duty "in the station of life to which his Master had called him." His was an unusually hard row to hoe, even among the trying experiences which befell the early backwoods evangelists of that now distant day.

The news that he had forsaken his home had followed him from place to place. At times, his youthful energy and his ardent spirit all but failed him, and he felt sorely tempted not only to look back from the furrow he had been painfully, yet successfully turning, but to withdraw his hands from the blistering plough, and retire into private life.

The thought of the possibility, then, of creeping unto his father's heart again; the thought of nestling once more to his mother's heart—for his love to her was a passion—and the thought of gaining Gracie, the darling to whom his soul had been faithful all the while, had almost proved too much for the heroic in him. But he resolved, ere he finally flung himself, under any juniper tree, to seek an interview with Barbara, in whose wisdom, grace and authority he had unflinching faith.

Reginald paid a secret visit to Heck Farm, traveling night and day, through bog and briar, forest, flood, and fell, in order to interfere as little as possible with the "appointments" of his "round." As may be expected, by the time he had reached his destination, both himself and his tired steed presented anything but a creditable appearance. As he afterwards declared, his saddle-bags were the only decent feature of the case, and they were almost as empty as the stomach of the rider.

It must be remembered that in one respect Reginald was a banished man from New Ballygran as well as from his home. Barbara loved the honest and ingenuous youth, and fully believed him to be an appointed servant of Jesus in the new crusade against the devil. She had in her heart no objections, but real preferences, in regard to his desire to make her beloved Gracie his wife. But Gracie was too good and too precious to go into anybody's family on aught but loving terms. Therefore Reginald was forbidden to write to his lady-love, was forbidden to come and see her, and was told by Barbara that there was nothing for him but to "bide his time."

And yet here he was, a weary wanderer in plight forlorn! Barbara, like her own noble self, greeted the haggard youth with a kiss of welcome. Reginald told his story; poured into the ears of Brave Barbara all his sorrows, all the record of his heart-aches, and wound up by asking her whether she did not honestly think that the best thing he could do was to go home again to his father, and lapse into silence so far as Gospel labor was concerned.

Then Barbara, looking upon him, loved him. In her heart she fully sympathized with him, and, there and then, could not help breathing to him who hears, a "God help him!" that reached heaven. But she knew her duty, and she knew his. Masking as best she might, any sympathetic seeming, though her heart went strongly out to him, she put on the aspect of serious rebuke, and gravely shaking her head addressed him thus:

"Reginald Pemberton, this is not a matter in which your own private feelings, nor the opinions of Barbara Heck, nor those of anybody else, are to settle the question. Both you and I are sworn in heart and conscience to take the Word of God alone to be the law of our life and the guide of our conduct; and 'what saith the Scriptures?' is of more importance than aught else. Besides, both you and I are under vows of honor to be true to the Word of God."

So saying, Brave Barbara went to the "dresser," which flanked the wall of the living-room, and took from its honored place beneath the trencher-rack, the old German Bible. Bowing her silvering hairs above the sacred Book, she read to him:

"Every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father or mother, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life."

"Go thou and preach the kingdom of God. No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God."

(To be Continued.)

BECOMING A CHRISTIAN.*

"GOING to church ought not to be a matter of liking or not liking the minister, you know," said Dr. Forsythe, with his kind smile. "We are supposed to go to church to worship God; but I grant you that most people think too much of the minister part—as to whether he is agreeable or not, I mean. But my question reminds me of a more important one which I have been intending to ask for some time, how is it with Caroline Bryant, is she a Christian?"

Silence, for what seemed to Caroline a long, embarrassing time; then she said, speaking low, "I don't know, Dr. Forsythe; I know I was not when I was at home. Mother and Daisy and Ben are, and I know it used to almost provoke me sometimes that Ben thought so much about these things. He didn't seem to belong to me so much, you know. But since I have come here, and have heard little Dorothy read in the Bible, and heard her pray, and heard you pray, Dr. Forsythe, I feel very differently. But I don't feel at all sure that I am a Christian. I want to be, I think I try to be; but I am not even quite sure what it is to be a Christian."

"It is a very simple matter," said Dr. Forsythe; "and one that can be decided in a few minutes. You may not be a Christian now, but if you honestly want to be, there is no reason in the world why you should not become one before you leave this carriage to-night."

Caroline looked her surprise. "I thought Christians had to be very different from other people."

"A Christian," said the doctor, "is one who takes the Lord Jesus Christ for his pattern, and tries to think and speak and act as he would have him. Now you can see that it rests with you to decide whether you desire to do this, and intend to do it. Sometimes people have a passing wish to become Christians, but it is not strong enough to stay with them and rule their lives. They do not come to a positive decision. They think, and hope, and say 'Perhaps' to-day, and to-morrow forget all about it; and the next day think a little again, but fail to bring themselves to that one point where the soul says, with all the power that is in it, 'I will.' Just as soon as you reach that point, my dear Caroline, you become a Christian."

But Caroline still looked bewildered. "Do not people have to have their hearts changed?" she asked timidly.

"Indeed, they do; but that is the Lord's part; we have nothing to do with it. What he has given to us is to decide. Let me see if I cannot make it plain by illustration. You know when I asked you to come and stay with us at our house, and care for Dorothy, and be a helper to us all, you thought about it a great deal and were doubtful. One hour you felt as if you would come, and the next hour as if you would not for anything; and I, meantime, did not know what your decision was, could not plan for you in any way. But there came a moment when the thing was settled, when you said to me, 'I will come, Dr. Forsythe, and do the best I can.' Do you not see that there was one moment when the question was unsettled, and the next it was settled, so far as you were concerned, and for that matter so far as I was concerned? For the moment I received your answer I knew how to arrange.

"The illustration is faulty, for our Father in heaven knows what the decision will be. Nevertheless, from our side it is plain enough. He has seen fit to give this part of the matter to us. We must come to a conclusion. We must decide, and once for all, that as for us we are resolved to take Jesus Christ as our pattern and serve him as well as we can. The question is, is Caroline Bryant resolved to do this? Does she mean to decide it to-night?"

Silence for a minute, then Caroline's voice, low but firm, "I want to be, Dr. Forsythe." He turned his kind gray eyes upon her and smiled.

"The question is, will you?" he said. "Are you so sure you want to that you are willing to bow your head now and here, and say: 'Jesus Christ, I have decided to take thee as my pattern, to try to serve thee in all that I say or do or think. Wilt thou take me from this moment and make me thine own?'"

It required a struggle to answer. Caroline felt that she was willing to say the words, but to say them before Dr. Forsythe was another matter. She hesitated and looked up at him pitifully, with eyes full of tears.

*From *Twenty Minutes Late;* by Pansy (Isabella M. Alden); pp. 374; price $1.50; cloth. D. Lothrop Co., Boston, publishers.

THE CHURCH AND THE SALOON.*

THE reproach and weakness of the Church is can't—"can't elect," "can't enforce," "can't prevent"; the saloon-keeper is a man who can, and he does, and he will, until Christian voters leave off their "t." In Minnesota it takes a brave bird to stand the winter; at my window one evening, when the mercury was falling rapidly and the fine snow flew like powdered glass, a blue-jay swung on the tree-top and shouted, "Hit-him-a-lick, hit-him-a-lick," and away down on the icy trunk a sap-sucker piped back, "Can't." The next morning the sap-sucker lay dead on the drift, but the jay swung in the dizzy top and shouted, "Hit-him-a-lick!" but of course the sap-sucker couldn't. The Church is overstocked with sap-suckers. Many of our Christian men are brave enough, but are waiting for light, as to methods, not reflecting that power and light are so correlated that when you get one you have the other, as in the case of an electric motor; when the trolley is on the wire overhead, it goes and has light. You say you can't see? You are disconnected; reach up, and touch God and you will see because you go.

In one view it is humiliating, but hopeful in another, that Christians fight best on the defensive, and so the very audacity of the liquor traffic is encouraging. It will make even our weakest brethren stand, presently, and a coward, cornered, makes work for the coroner.

The trend of population is to cities; the trend of cities is to the political enthronement of the vicious, and the trend of the vicious is to lower drifts of baseness. The cause is alcoholic in the main. The cardiac artery of the municipal body politic is the liquor traffic, pulsing with the rhythm and resistless might of law, pumping torpor into the industries, poverty into the home, paralysis into the spine, and insanity, vice and crime into the brain of citizenship, and never resting, any more than the heart of a man rests on this side of the grave, and all this hellish enginery has piety for its balance-wheel, for I need scarcely remind you that every recognized saloon in the States, except the two in the capitol at Washington, are steadied and regulated by being belted on to the Church as license laws. The figure is no stretch of truth, for the principle of license is an alloy of piety with cowardice, hypocrisy and greed.

A RURAL HOLIDAY.†

VAN and Myra, when they went to the city, would have felt that they were fortunate if they had found and kept places as clerks or seamstresses at six or seven dollars a week. Each night, after ten hours a day standing in a store, they might have climbed wearily to a boarding-house attic, or hall bedroom, which cost them four or five dollars a week. They might have lived there, year in and year out, without any vacation, their wages stopped for every day of illness, almost too exhausted on Sabbath to go to church and appeciate the services.

Instead of this, see Van and Myra in Myra's summer holiday, leaning in the cool of the July evening on their garden gate. Their mother's flower-garden blazes with bloom about them; gladiolas lift up their green swords and vivid flame; the coreopis burns in velvet and gold; the crimson cockscomb flaunts beside the splendor of the tiger-lily; the white rose leans towards the red rose and they mingle their perfume; the hawks-moth flies about the clematis and the honey-suckles. To the left lies the vegetable-garden which has made them such good returns; behind the house are the strawberry-beds, and rows of currants and raspberries, that have filled for them so many baskets and brought them money to conclude paying their debt; everywhere sunflowers spread out their gorgeous shields. Behind the small fruit-acre, in the great poultry-yard, the fowls, and higher up the pigeons, are making an amazing fuss about getting to bed; going down the road, behold the donkey-cart conducted by the joyful Tommy, and loaded with baskets of mushrooms, the first of the season, early and high-priced. To the right another acre where the asparagus-bed now waves feathery plumes dotted with red berries; the long celery-trenches show solid lines of dark green above the well-banked earth; Miss Nancy paces up and down her favorite walk before the hives, and true to a legend of her childhood, in a low recitative "tells the bees" the fortunes of the day. Mrs. Milbury sits under the vine-covered porch, knitting silk stockings for a baby-linen warehouse. Here was peace, plenty, industry, rest, hope, the daily life, the sweet mystifications and surprises of household love.

*From *Seed Number One Hard;* by Rev. John G. Woolley; pp. 149; cloth; price $1. Funk & Wagnalls, New York, publishers.

†From *Adam's Daughters,* by Julia McNair Wright; pp. 463; cloth; price $1.50; American Tract Society, New York, publishers.

LIFE'S RESTING PLACES.*

GOD has provided for many pauses along our days when we shall lay down our tasks and unlade our burdens and cease our work. These quiet resting-places are necessary. Our bodies would break down and our minds would become insane if we had to go on forever with life's grind and toil. But night comes, and we leave our shops and stores and offices and find rest in our homes or in pleasant companionships. We lie down in sleep, and in a strange, mysterious way our exhausted life-fountains are replenished. The Sabbath is another of these quiet resting-places which God has provided on our journey. He wants us to drop all our week-day toil and care, and spend the day in such a way that when Monday morning comes we shall be strong for its work.

Most of us find resting-time along our years, seasons when we can drop our ordinary tasks for a time. These are given that in them we may gather new strength for duty. Life's main object is not rest but work. Every day and hour of it is crowded with duty. Life is serious. It is full of responsibility. One cannot waste an hour of it without sin. It must be put to its best possible use. Rest is never, therefore, an object in life—we do not live to rest; or if we do we fail to grasp life's meaning. Rest is not an end but a means. We do not live to rest; we rest to live. We take rest that we may live better, more energetically, more powerfully, more intensely. We sleep after an exhausting day that we may be fresh and strong to-morrow. We spend our Sabbaths in such rest from toil and such spiritual exercises as shall make us ready for another week of service. We take vacations, not merely to have a good time, but to renew our stock of vitality.

*From *Summer Gathering for Winter's Need;* by J. R. Miller, D.D.; paper; pp., 32; price, 20c. Ward & Drummond, New York, publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Public Papers of Roswell P. Flower, Governor of New York, 1892; 322 pp.; cloth.

The Nations A'rmed Peace, by A. Keary; pp. 331; cloth; illustrated; price, $1.25; Macmillan & Co., London & New York, publishers.

How to Begin to Live Forever, by Joseph Merlin Hodson; pp. 88; cloth; price 60c. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., N. Y., Publishers.

Praise in Song; a collection of hymns and sacred melodies adapted for use by Sunday Schools, Endeavor Societies, Epworth Leagues, Evangelists, Pastors, Choristers, &c.; edited by John R. Sweney, W. J. Kirkpatrick and H. L. Gilmour. 1024 Arch St., Philadelphia; paper; pp. 231; price 35 cents per copy, mailed.

The Mosaic Record of the Creation Explained; Scripture truth verified; by Abraham C. Jennings; pp. 67; price 20 cents. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago, publishers.

What is Inspiration; fresh study of the question with new and discriminating replies; by John De Witt, D.D., LL.D.; pp. 187; cloth; price $1. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., New York, publishers.

Scripture Testimony concerning the other world in seven discourses; by Rev. James Reed; pp. 81; cloth. American New-Church Tract and Publication Society, Philadelphia, publishers.

General Greene; (the latest volume of the "great commander's" series); by Francis Vinton Greene; pp. 332; illustrated; cloth; price $1.50. D. Appleton & Co., New York, publishers.

The Russian Refugee; by Henry R. Wilson; pp. 610; paper; price 50 cents. Charles St. Kerr & Co., Chicago, publishers.

The Endeavorers of Maple Grove; by Hattie Sleeper Gardner; pp. 233; cloth; illustrated. Maglath Stationery Co., Omaha, publishers.

Health and Pleasure; an illustrated guide-book descriptive of more than 1,000 towns; by the New York Central Railroad; price 25 cents. Invaluable to travelers and tourists.

A BLIND GIRL TEACHER.

Miss Alice Gordon Gulick relates in the *Congregationalist,* a touching story about a blind graduate of her girls' school in Spain. She had partially lost her sight when a student, but her companions read the lessons to her and she was able to graduate with honor. Soon after, she became entirely blind, but she did not give up her ambition to teach, and arrangements were made for her to take charge of a school in Sanlular. She makes an excellent teacher and the class is a credit to her.

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Princess and Warrior.

How a Bechuana Maid returned Good for Evil.

THE Bechuanas of South Africa are divided into many different nations or tribes. Two of these nations carried on war for some years, each side trying to kill every man, woman or child of the other nation, and practising cruelties too horrid for children to hear. The name of one nation was Barolong and that of the other Bakueni, or people of the Crocodile.

One day the daughter of the Chief of the Bakueni was gathering berries by the river side; she was some way from her father's village, and all alone; she did not think that any enemy was near, but there was a wicked old warrior of the Barolong nation, creeping along the borders as a spy, and he saw her. She had never done him any harm, but he hated her because she was one of the Bakueni. He crept like a coward upon his hands and knees, and when he was within a few steps of her, he sprang upon her like a tiger, and with his assegai cut off both her hands above the wrists. He mocked at her sufferings, and tauntingly asked, "U tla 'mpona kai? Rumela!" "Where shall I see you again? I salute you!" The cries of the poor bleeding girl soon brought her friends from the village, but the wicked old man made off with all speed, and he was far enough away before they reached her.

At length both nations suffered so dreadfully from war and famine, that they wished to make peace. They killed some cattle, and sat down to eat together, and thus made a treaty of peace. Next season the Bakueni had an abundant crop of corn, but the Barolongs were in great distress. Swarms of locusts ate up the produce of their fields and gardens, and they were obliged to beg food from the people they once meant to destroy.

Among others the old warrior suffered extremely, and he set out on a journey to the Bakueni, in order to save his life. He had a little bag containing a little meal, made from pounded locusts. It was all he could get to eat on his way. He took a pipe and tobacco also, and a walking-stick in his hand, but he was nearly starved, and so weak and thin that he could not get on fast. He reached the village of the Chief of the Bakueni, and entered the enclosure before the door of the Chief's house. A young woman was sitting near the door. She was dressed in a tiger-skin kaross, which none but the *mofumagaria*, or "royal mistress," may wear. The old man addressed his petition to her in the most humble words, and begged her to give him, a poor dog, a little food, as he was dying of hunger. She answered him, "E! U tla 'mpona kai? Rumela!" The old man was stupefied by hunger, and did not remember the words.

A servant was cooking food while this was going on. Her mistress turned to her and told her to put some into a dish; then throwing back her kaross, she uncovered her arms. There were no hands, only stumps left. She was the very girl whose hands this same wicked old man had cut off so long before! She said to her servant, "Give the food to that man; he does not deserve it. It was he who cut off my hands when I was a girl; but I will not revenge myself; he is now starving. He little thought that we should thus meet each other." Then, speaking to the old warrior, she said, "There; take and eat! U tla 'mpona kai? Rumela!" The old warrior stood silent, stupefied with surprise, and then, as he fell at her feet, uttered one word—"Why?" "For the sake of Jesus whom I love!" said the maid.

AN ATHEIST'S REASON.

SOME time ago a gentleman was engaged in a controversy with an atheist, the latter asserting that Christianity was not worthy the investigation of a reasonable man. His friend spoke earnestly with him, putting it to his common sense if it were right that a man [illegible] without having acquired into it; and if he were justified in risking his soul's salvation upon the renouncing of what so many millions believed to be the only way whereby humanity could be reconciled to God.

[illegible]

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Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.

as one of the reasons for not examining into the Christian religion, the strange argument that he would not investigate into the truth of Christianity because "he never knew a person to do so, who did not afterwards embrace it." A strange reason indeed. The truth of the Gospel of Christ is so evident and overpowering, that any who, with a truthful spirit and an open mind, approach it, become convinced of its truth.

A LESSON FROM THE GYMNASTS.

IF we would conquer in the Christian race, Paul says, we must lay aside every weight. While attending a royal levee in the East, writes a traveler, I saw a party of the king's gymnasts exhibit their strength and skill. Some lifted enormous weights; some, balancing themselves, supported three or four of their fellows, who turned somersaults upon the prostrate man, without his being injured by the sharp-pointed spears that rested just beneath his bare back; and some walked on a single rope at a height that made me dizzy even to look at. Two poles forty feet high were planted about five feet apart, each pole crowned with a small circular platform just large enough to afford standing room for a single man, and the gymnasts threw themselves from one platform to the other as rapidly as they could pass each other in mid-air, coming down on head and feet alternately. It seemed a frightful risk, as the slightest delay on the part of either would have been fatal to both.

But these gymnasts did not enter lightly on the practice of their daring feats. After long years of the most careful training, after patient endurance of fatigue for weeks before the trial came off, they entered the arena with hats, shoes, and jackets laid aside, leaving only the short silken sarong, and the girdle of strong cloth to "gird up the loins" so as to give greater strength for the race. Even rings and bracelets were taken off; and when I inquired the reason, the man said: "Oh, it is a dizzy height, and to fall would bring disgrace and death. So I will not have any needless weight."

Are all those who would run the Christian race, equally wise in laying aside every weight? It is not the same in all persons; but whatever it is, it must be dropped ere the race can be run, or the victory gained.

THE CHANGE OF A WORD.

THE Almighty frequently uses the strangest means to bring about his purposes and stamp conviction on men's hearts. There was a man in Ohio who was perishing for want of a knowledge of him whom to know as Mediator between God and man is eternal life. Not believing there was any God, he had a card written with these words: "God is nowhere," and hung it up in his office. He had a little niece who loved Jesus. One day she visited her uncle's office. After playing a long time with everything she could find within her reach to interest her, she began to look around on the walls, and her eyes fell on the card. Having just begun to read writing, the letters were not so familiar to her but that she had to spell out anything that was written. So she began to spell aloud, G-o-d—God, i-s—is, n-o-w-h-e-r-e.

She could not understand it, and looking down on the floor, repeated the words. She thought she was mistaken. Then she commenced again, so loud that her uncle, who sat at the desk, heard her: G-o-d—God, i-s—is, n-o-w—now, h-e-r-e—here. "That's right," she exclaimed, looking around at her uncle. The arrow struck home. Her uncle became a changed man. He believed in the true God, and sought and found forgiveness of sin.

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Many letters have reached this office inquiring if the Oxford Bible premium offer is still open. The offer will be continued only as long as our supply of these beautiful Bibles lasts. Those desiring to secure the best reference Bible in the world, containing all the Helps, Concordance, Subject-Index, References and colored maps, can do so by sending $2 for a year's subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. To every such subscriber we will send the Oxford Teachers' Bible.

"WHEN KNEELS THE HEART"

WHEN kneels the heart in silent prayer,
Before the shrine of Christian love;
It feels the balm of comfort there,
From thy great heart, oh Lord of Love.

Then when my life is over bright,
And all is sun and joy anigh;
Make me to see the heavenly light
That flows from thy great throne on high.

—WILLIAM HOPPINS SPENCER.

CRUCIFIED!

CRUCIFIED! can it be true
That our Lord was crucified?
Bleeding, nailed upon a cross,
Was it thus he died?

Scourged! reviled! and that by man?
Scorned! rejected! He a King?
Slain! by them to whom he'd come,
Life—eternal life—to bring?

And has Christ that deed forgiven?
Suffers he man yet to live?
Still his pardon and his love,
Will he fully, freely give?

Wondrous story! ne'er before
Has so strange a one been told:
O! what marvelous depths of love,
Does this tale of Christ unfold.

O! how merciful to man,
Must the blessed Saviour be;
For our ransom is his blood,
That was shed on Calvary.

S. WATROUS HOVER.

THE GOSPEL FOUNTAIN

DURING a revival in a Western town, a man who had been very worldly-minded was awakened, but for some time concealed his feelings even from his wife, who was a praying woman. She left him, one evening, in charge of his little girl of three years of age. After her departure his anxiety of mind became so great that he walked the room in his agony. The little girl noticed his agitation, and inquired, "What ails you father?" He replied, "Nothing," and endeavored to quiet his feelings, but all in vain.

The child looked up sympathizingly in his face, and inquired with all the artlessness and simplicity of childhood, "Father, if you were dry, wouldn't you go and get a drink of water?"

The father started as if a voice from heaven had fallen on his ear. He though of his thirsty soul famishing for the waters of life; he thought of that living fountain opened in the Gospel; he believed, and straightway fell at the Saviour's feet. From that hour he dates the beginning of a new life.

CONVERSION OF A SYRIAN PRIEST.

IN an interesting letter to the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, Dr. H. H. Jessup gives an account of the conversion of a priest of the Greek Church in one of the Syrian villages. Dr. Jessup had heard of the man before as bearing an excellent character, and when he called on him the personal impression made by his guest seemed to confirm all that had been said in his behalf. The man's story was to the effect that he had entered the priesthood and become a monk when only a lad, and that he had been restless and unhappy ever since, and that during the last six years he has had a fierce battle with his conscience which has given him no rest, and that he can now stand it no longer. He states that for a long time he has been convinced of the truth of Protestant teaching, although he has hesitated to take the final step of separation from former associations. Dr. Jessup writes that in the course of the conversation the man said with much earnestness: "I intend to-day to shave off this beard which grew as a papal beard, and throw it away with the black hat and black garments, and let this outward change indicate in a poor way what has already taken place in my heart." The man did not ask for financial aid, but sought guidance as to what he should do until the storm which was gathering had exhausted its force. He would probably leave the country for a time, and then it is his present expectation to return to work for the Master.

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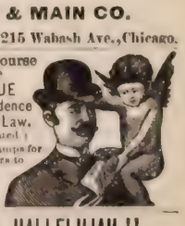

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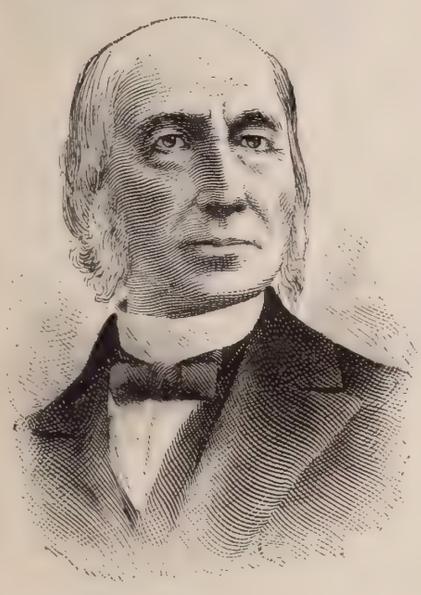

CHARLES BUTLER, LLD.

possesses an interest for every one who loves Christian character and uprightness.

Mr. Butler was born at Kinderhook Landing, Columbia County, N.Y., in 1800, during the time when Thomas Jefferson was serving his first term as President. His life has been an extremely busy one. In his early youth he studied law under Martin Van Buren. Subsequently he was a junior partner in Mr. Van Buren's firm, together with his eldest brother, Benjamin F. Butler, who became General Jackson's Attorney General. He was the Assistant District Attorney in Genesee county when the noted Morgan ease came up for trial. After the financial panic of 1837 which swept the country, he was called in to adjust the troubles between the State of Indiana and her domestic and foreign bondholders. This work of settlement continued over thirty years. He performed a like service for Michigan. He recalls with a smile the fact that sixty years ago he was in the West where the city of Chicago now stands. It was Fort Dearborn then, and merely a morass with the lands of the Sac and Fox Indians nearby. He went there at the suggestion of General Winfield Scott, and after looking around he became impressed with the probabilities of the place, and predicted that Chicago would yet become the greatest and most important inland city in the Union.

Mr. Butler became identified with men of the highest social and financial standing, and was soon engaged in most extensive business operations. Amid all this success, his religious training and upright nature kept him aloof from many of the pitfalls into which many stumble, who are too eager in the chase for worldly welfare and preferment. Temperate, studious and observant of everything that related to the general progress of the world, and the advancement of mankind, he contributed in many ways to the development of this nation and its resources, and aided in opening up new channels of trade with different parts of the world. In 1853, Wabash University, Indiana conferred upon him the degree of LL.D., in consideration of his valuable services to the State and in behalf of education. He has been a member of the Council of the University of New York since 1836, and has been the personal friend and encourager of many of the distinguished men who have been connected with that institution during more than half a century. He is now President of the corporation. He endowed the chair of Biblical Theology in Union Seminary in the sum of $100,000, and in 1889 added $100,000 to the Endowment Fund of the New York University in memory of his brother and his son. He was also one of the founders of the Protestant Half-Orphan Asylum of New York, and has been connected as patron, founder, or otherwise with many other noble institutions, educational and charitable. Quite recently, the New York University conferred upon him the degree of LL.D., which the Indiana University had done forty years before.

Mr. Butler is one of the phenomenal men of New York, not only by reason of his age, but for his continued activity in well-doing at a time when the very few who live so long are usually within the shadow of the tomb. His cheerfulness and trust are marked qualities.

Of a family of seven, he has only one daughter left and his wife died many years ago. "We are alone," he says, "left to do what good we can in this world." Truly, he has realized, in his own personal experience, the promise to the man who followed after divine wisdom rather than the things of the world: "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom. Length of days is in her right hand and in her left hand riches and honor. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her." (Proverbs 3 : 13, 16, 17.)

A LESSON FROM A TREE.

"SEEING a tree grow somewhat irregular in a very neat orchard," says Mr. Flavel, "I told the owner it was a pity that that tree should stand there, and that if it were mine, I would root it up, and thereby reduce the orchard to an exact uniformity." He replied "That he rather regarded the fruit than the form, and that this slight inconvenience was abundantly preponderated by more considerable advantage. This tree, which you would root up, hath yielded me more fruit than many of those trees, which have nothing else to recommend them but their regular situation." "I could not," adds Mr. Flavel, "but yield to the reason of this answer, and could wish it had been spoken so loud that all our conformity men had heard it, who would not stick to root up many hundreds of the best learners in the Lord's orchard, because they stand not in exact order with other more comfortable but less beneficial trees, who destroy the fruit to preserve the form."

FRIENDS' MISSION, BEYROUT.

IN a letter from Theodore Waldmeer, who is laboring at Beyrout, under the auspices of the Society of Friends, is the following: The mission work here is now a good deal increased. More workers have come out from England. A new regular mission station at Bas el Mater has been organized, and a large boys' and girls' school has been opened there. Weekly meetings for men and women are regularly held. Two English ladies with four native teachers are carrying on the work there. In our centre mission station, Ain Salaam, all is going on satisfactorily. Our medical departments are a very great power for good. Our medical missionary, Dr. Manassah, is continually engaged, and the four English ladies, who are helping him in the dispensary and hospital and medical visits, have a great deal to do. It is wonderful how great a change has taken place here in this part of Lebanon. When I came in 1873, I found the people very wild and fanatical; some of them showed me the place where they burnt eighty-five Bibles, and expelled the mssionaries, to frighten me and to let me know that they could do the same to me also. The first few years I had hard work here, but I was sure that the Lord sent me to this place, and that he would give the needed strength to bear all opposition and trials. Now, I am glad to say, the villages, houses, and hearts of the people on Mount Lebanon are open to our preaching."

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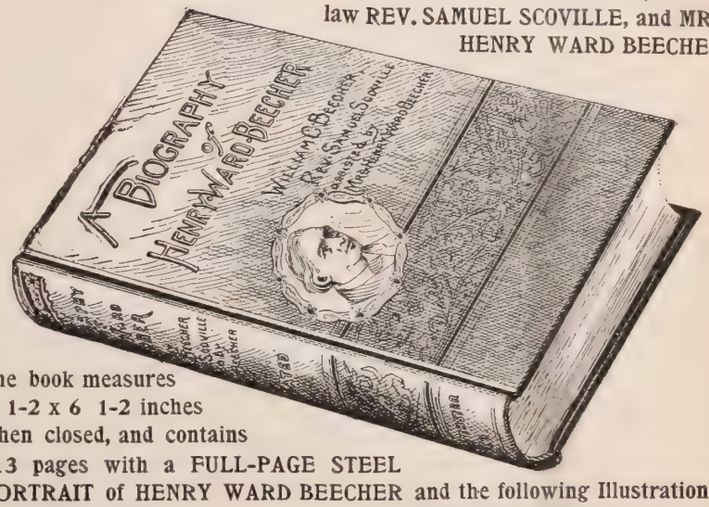

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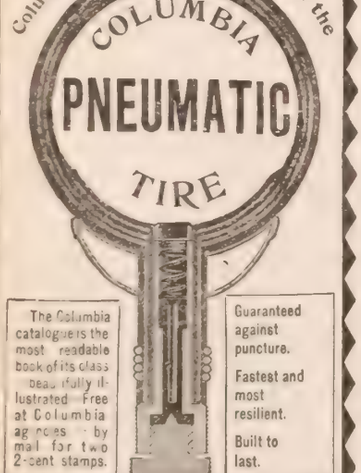

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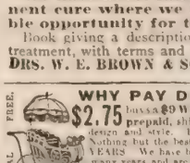

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, JULY 19, 1893.

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• • • OFF TO THE POLAR SEAS. • • •

The Peary and Nansen Expeditions Sail for the Arctic in the "Falcon" and the "Fram" — Perilous Undertakings — The Two Plans Contrasted.

SO full of dark histories of peril and privation and heroic self-sacrifice is the record of Arctic exploration, that men experience a thrill of mingled wonder and admiration on hearing of any new enterprise which seeks fame at the risk of meeting death instead, amid the lonely polar ice-fields. Recently, however, the old-time spirit of daring seems to have revived, for a number of expeditions to the Arctic have been planned within the last two years. Notable among them have been those arranged by Lieut. Ryder of the Danish Navy to East Greenland, the Berlin Geographical Society to West Greenland, the Peary expedition to NorthGreenland and the Nansen expedition to the much-sought-for and still evasive location of the Pole. The two last-named have a special interest at the present time for the readers of THE CHRISTIA HERALD who, in former issues of this journal have been made acquainted with the past careers of these two brave navigators, who recently set out again for the Arctic seas.

Lieutenant R. E. Peary is a civil engineer of the United States Navy, cool, brave, and an enthusiastic lover of the Arctic. When he sailed on his first Arctic voyage, two summers ago, in the *Kite*, he was accompanied by his wife, who bore up amid the dangers and discomforts of the expedition as bravely as any member of the party. Their safe return and the valuable scientific results that were secured by the expedition, determined the young American explorer on a second venture for which he began to make preparations on a much broader scale. These having been completed after many months of labor, he sailed in the last week of June from New York harbor, in the bark-rigged steamer, *Falcon*, for the Arctic Seas.

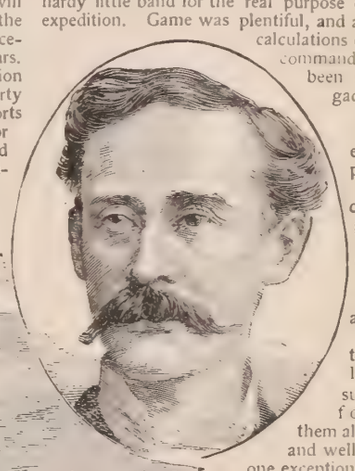
The *Falcon* would not at first glance convey an impression of great strength or special fitness for a Polar cruise; yet she is unquestionably just the ship for the purpose. She is an old-fashioned steam whaling bark, built at St. Johns, N.F., and has a speed, with steam and sail combined, of nine knots an hour. There are two barrels at the top of the foremast and mainmast from which a lookout can be kept, either for seals or for icebergs. She carries a crew of eighteen men; the Captain, Henry Bartlett and the first and second officers, Edw. Tracey and Joseph Churchill, are all experienced Arctic voyagers. All the crew are picked seamen, hardy, alert, and used to danger on the deep. Besides his crew, Lieutenant Peary has half a dozen Esquimaux dogs, eight Mexican burros from the Rocky Mountains, and a case of carrier pigeons; the first for sledging purposes, the burros for draught, and the birds for conveying messages where the climate is not too rigorous to permit of their use. The general outfit includes a plentiful supply of firearms and ammunition, a library, "sleeping bags," reindeer suits and a great variety of other articles. Provisions sufficient to last for several years are also stowed away on the *Falcon*, and in view of so generous a commissariat, the party is not likely to be called upon to face the danger of starvation—a peril greatly to be dreaded in the inhospitable regions of the Northern seas.

THE STEAMER "FALCON," BOUND FOR THE ARCTIC SEAS.

With Portraits of Dr Frithiof Nansen and Lieutenant R. E. Peary

Lieutenant Peary's plan is to sail to Bowdoin Bay in Murchison Sound, to a point somewhat east of the camp he occupied during his exploration last year. On reaching this point, the crew will proceed to the construction of a house which they have shipped in sections on the *Falcon*. This building, when completed, will be so stout, snug and warm as to defy the bleakest polar breezes and the sifting, lance-like snows. It can be put together in six hours. This will be the headquarters of the expedition and the starting-point of all efforts by the party at further exploration northward. These efforts may be conducted either on snowshoes, or by sledges, as circumstances permit, and an attempt may be made to utilize balloon power, should the Esquimaux dogs prove unequal to the task. Peary expects that his work will be completed in two years from the date of sailing from New York, and he will then be ready to return home.

It would be difficult to foreshadow, even in the remotest sense, what the outcome of this latest Arctic venture, if successful, may prove to be. When Lieutenant Peary set sail in the *Kite* for the Polar seas in the summer of 1891, under the auspices of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, he indicated his purpose of making "the first attempt to reach a high latitude in Greenland," by overland travel. His party arrived early in the summer of that year at Whale Sound, made a tour of its islands and shores, and also of Inglefield Gulf, and then set out for the interior of Greenland. Many months were spent exploring the interior and especially the east coast, and the result was that valuable contributions to geographical, geological, and ethnological science have been made through Lieutenant Peary's careful and painstaking observations. Although the party was at no time confronted by perils of such magnitude as have frequently beset explorers in the past, yet it had to meet and overcome many obstacles and not a few really serious dangers. Almost at the outset, the commander of the expedition had the misfortune to break his leg. It soon healed, however, and the plucky leader was able to set out in person with his hardy little band for the real purpose of the expedition. Game was plentiful, and all the calculations of the commander had been so sagaciously made and every probable contingency so wisely provided against that the following summer found them all alive and well, with one exception. The sole exception was the geologist of the party, John Verhoeff, who, disregarding warnings, risked an exploration alone, and is believed to have been engulfed in one of the thousand treacherous crevasses found in every Arctic ice-field. Lieutenant Peary modestly disclaims any purpose of achieving sensational results in the line of great discoveries, on his present exploration. The main result of his first arctic journey, as he holds, was to demonstrate to the scientific world that the true highway to the north coast of Greenland, and, still northward, to the Pole itself, is the vast inland ice-cap or crown, whose limits are indicated by the Greenland Coast. This he has not only shown conclusively, but he has changed the map of Greenland, made the quickest sledge journeys ever accomplished, and done what no other arctic explorer has attempted—passed fourteen days at an altitude of eight thousand feet above sea level. Such heroism might well have been regarded as foolhardiness, had it not been accompanied by rich and abundant scientific results, which showed that Peary never for a moment lost sight of the inspiring determination to make his journey serve some useful purpose to mankind. What he accomplished in the *Kite* he may now, with fuller experience, be reasonably expected to surpass in the *Falcon*.



Almost simultaneous with the Peary expedition from this side of the globe, is the sailing of the Norwegian explorer Dr. Frithiof Nansen, from Christiania, in a new ship specially built for arctic exploration. Dr. Nansen made a remark-

(Continued on page 477.)

The Tabernacle Pulpit

COMFORT FOR BUSINESS MEN.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., Founded on the Text: Isa. 40: 2, "Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem."

WHAT an awful six weeks in commercial circles! The crashing of banks from San Francisco to New York, and from ocean to ocean. The complete uncertainty that has halted all styles of business for three months, and the pressure of the money-market for the last year have put all bargain-makers at their wit's end. Some of the best men in the land have faltered; men whose hearts are enlisted in every good work; and whose hands have blessed every great charity. The Church of God can afford to extend to them her sympathies, and plead before heaven with all availing prayer. The schools such men have established, the churches they have built, the asylums and beneficent institutions they have fostered, will be their eulogy long after their banking institutions are forgotten. Such men can never fail. They have their treasures in banks that never break, and will be millionaires forever. The stringency of the money-market, I am glad to say, begins to relax. May the wisdom of Almighty God come down upon our National Legislature at their convening next month in Washington, and such results be reached as shall restore confidence, and revive trade, and multiply prosperities! Yet, not only now in the time of financial disaster, but all through life our active business people have a struggle, and I think it will be appropriate and useful for me to talk about their trials and try to offer some curative prescriptions.

In the first place, I have to remark that a great many of our business men feel ruinous trials and temptations coming to them from small and limited capital in business. It is everywhere understood that it takes now three or four times as much to do business well, as once it did. Once, a few hundred dollars were turned into goods—the merchant would be his own store sweeper, his own salesman, his own book-keeper; he would manage all the affairs himself, and everything would be net profit. Wonderful changes have come; costly apparatus, extensive advertising, exorbitant store rents, heavy taxation, expensive agencies, are only parts of the demand made upon our commercial men; and when they have found themselves in such circumstances with small capital, they have sometimes been tempted to run against the rocks of moral and financial destruction. This temptation of limited capital has ruined men in two ways. Sometimes they have shrunk down under the temptation. They have yielded the battle before the first shot was fired. At the first hard gun they surrendered. Their knees knocked together at the fall of the auctioneer's hammer. They blanched at the financial peril. They did not understand that there is such a thing as heroism in merchandise, and that there are Waterloos of the counter, and that a man can fight as heroic battle with the sword than he can with the yardstick. Their souls melted in them because sugars were up when they wanted to buy, and down when they wanted to sell, and unsaleable goods were on the shelf, and bad debts in their ledger. The gloom of their countenances overshadowed even their dry goods and groceries. Despondency, coming from limited capital, blasted them. Others have felt it in a different way. They have said: "Here I have been trudging along. I have been trying to be honest all these years. I find it is of no use. Now it is make or break." The small craft that could have stood the stream, is put out beyond the light-house, on the great sea of speculation. Stocks are the dice with which he gambles. He bought for a few dollars vast tracts of western land. Some man at the East, living on a fat homestead, meets this gambler of fortune, and is persuaded to trade off his estate here, for lots in a Western city with large avenues, and costly palaces, and lake steamers smoking at the wharves, and rail trains coming down with lightning speed from every direction. There it is all on paper! The city has never been built, nor the railroads constructed, but everything points that way, and the thing will be done as sure as you live. And that is the process by which many have been tempted, through limitation of capital, into labyrinths from which they could not be extricated. I would not want to chain honest enterprise. I would not want to block up any of the avenues for honest accumulation that open before young men. On the contrary, I would like to cheer them on and rejoice when they reach the goal; but when there are such multitudes of men going to ruin for this life and the life that is to come, through wrong notions of what are lawful spheres of enterprise, it is the duty of the ministers of religion, and the friends of all young men, to utter a plain, emphatic, unmistakable protest. These are the influences that drown men in destruction and perdition.

Again: a great many of our business men are tempted to over-anxiety and care. You know that nearly all commercial businesses are over-done in this day. Smitten with the love of quick gain, our cities are crowded with men resolved to be rich at all hazards. They do not care how money comes. Our best merchants are thrown into competition with men of more means and less conscience, and if an opportunity of accumulation be neglected one hour, some one else picks it up. From January to December the struggle goes on. Night gives no quiet to limbs tossing in restlessness, nor to a brain that will not stop thinking. The dreams are harrowed by imaginary loss, and flushed with imaginary gains. Even the Sabbath cannot dam back the tide of anxiety; for this wave of worldliness dashes clear over the churches, and leaves its foam on Bibles and prayer-books. Men who are living on salaries, or by the culture of the soil, cannot understand the wear and tear of body and mind to which our merchants are subjected, when they do not know but that their livelihood and their business honor are dependent upon the uncertainties of the next hour. This excitement of the brain, this corroding care of the heart, this strain of effort that exhausts the spirit, sends a great many of our best men, in mid-life, into the grave. They find that Wall Street does not end at the East River. It ends at Greenwood! Their life dashed out against money safes. They go with their store on their backs. They trudge, like camels, sweating, from Aleppo to Damascus. They make their life a crucifixion. Standing behind desks and counters banished from the fresh air, weighed down by carking cares, they are so many suicides. Oh! I wish I could, to-day, rub out some of these lines of care; that, I could lift some of the burdens from the heart; that I could give relaxation to some of these worn muscles. It is time for you to begin to take it a little easier. Do your best, and then trust God for the rest. Do not fret. God manages all the affairs of your life, and he manages them for the best. Consider the lilies—they always have robes. Behold the fowls of the air—they always have nests. Take a long breath. Bethink, betimes, that God did not make you for a pack-horse. Dig yourselves out from among the hogsheads and the shelves, and in the light of the holy Sabbath-day resolve that you will give to the winds your fears and your fretfulness, and your distresses. You brought nothing into the world, and it is very certain you can carry nothing out. Having food and raiment be therewith content. The merchant came home from the store. There had been great disaster there. He opened the front door, and said, in the midst of his family circle: "I am ruined. Everything is gone. I am all ruined." His wife said: "I am left;" and the little child threw up its hands, and said: "Papa, I am here." The aged grandmother, seated in the room, said: "Then you have all the promises of God, beside, John." And he burst into tears, and said: "God forgive me, that I have been so ungrateful. I find I have a great many things left. God forgive me."

Again I remark, that many of our business men are tempted to neglect their home duties. How often it is that the store and the home seem to clash, but there ought not to be any collision. It is often the case that the father is the mere treasurer of the family, a sort of agent to see that they have dry-goods and groceries. The work of family government he does not touch. Once or twice in a year he calls the children up on a Sabbath afternoon when he has a half hour he does not exactly know what to do with, and in that half hour he disciplines the children, and chides them and corrects their faults, and gives them a great deal of good advice, and then wonders all the rest of the year that his children do not do better, when they have the wonderful advantage of that semi-annual castigation. The family table, which ought to be the place for pleasant discussion and cheerfulness, often becomes the place of perilous expedition. If there be any blessing asked at all, it is cut off at both ends, and with the hand on the carving knife. He counts on his fingers, making estimates in the interstices of the repast. The work done, the hat goes to the head, and he starts down the street, and before the family have risen from the table, he has bound up another bundle of goods, and says to the customer: "Anything more I can do for you to-day, sir?" A man has more responsibilities than those which are discharged by putting competent instructors over his children, and giving them a drawing-master and music-teacher. The physical culture of the child will not be attended to, unless the father looks to it. He must sometimes lose his dignity. He must unlimber his joints. He must sometimes lead them out to their sports and games. The parent who cannot forget the severe duties of life sometimes, to fly the kite, and trundle the hoop, and chase the ball, and jump the rope with his children, ought never to have been tempted out of a crusty and unredeemable solitariness. If you want to keep your children away from places of sin, you can only do it by making your home attractive. You may preach sermons, and advocate reforms, and denounce wickedness, and yet your children will be captivated by the glittering saloon of sin, unless you can make your home a brighter place than any other place on earth to them. Oh! gather all charms into your house. If you can afford it, bring books, and pictures, and cheerful entertainments to the household. But, above all, teach those children, not by half-an-hour twice a year on the Sabbath-day, but day after day; and every day teach them that religion is a great gladness, that throws chains of gold about the neck, that it takes no spring from the foot, no blitheness from the heart, no sparkle from the eye, no ring from the laughter; but that "her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace." I sympathize with the work being done in many of our cities, by which beautiful rooms are set apart by our Young Men's Christian Associations, and I pray God to prosper them in all things. But I tell you there is something back of that and before that. We need more happy, consecrated cheerful Christian homes in America.

Again, I remark that a great many of our business men are tempted to put the attainment of money above the value of the soul. It is a grand thing to have plenty of money. The more you get of it, the better, if it come honestly and go usefully. For the lack of it, sickness dies without medicine, and hunger finds its coffin in the empty bread tray, and nakedness shivers for lack of clothes and fire. When I hear a man in canting tirade against money—a Christian man—as though it had no possible use on earth and he had no interest in it, I come almost to think that the heaven that would be appropriate for him, would be an everlasting poor-house! While, my friends, we do admit there is such a thing as a lawful use of money—a profitable use of money—let us recognize also the fact, that money cannot satisfy a man's soul, that it cannot glitter in the dark valley, that it cannot pay our fare across the Jordan of death, that it cannot unlock the gate of heaven. There are men in all occupations who seem to act as though they thought a pack of bonds and mortgages could be traded off for a title to heaven, and as though gold would be a lawful tender in that place where it is so common that they make pavements out of it. Salvation by Christ is the only salvation. Treasures in heaven are the only incorruptible treasures. Have you ever ciphered out in the rule of Loss and Gain the sum: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?" However fine your apparel, the winds of death will flutter it like rags. Homespun and a threadbare coat have sometimes been the shadow of coming robes made white in the blood of the Lamb. The pearl of great price is worth more than any gem you can bring from the ocean, than Australian or Brazilian mines strung in one carcanet. Seek after God; find his righteousness, and all shall be well here; all shall be well hereafter.

But I must have a word with those who during the present commercial calamities have lost heavily, or perhaps lost all their estate. If a man lose his property at thirty or forty years of age, it is only a sharp discipline generally, by which later he comes to larger success. It is all folly for a man to sit down in mid-life discouraged. The marshals of Napoleon came to their commander and said: "We have lost the battle, and we are being cut to pieces." Napoleon took his watch from his pocket, and said: "It is only two o'clock in the afternoon. You have lost that battle, but we have time enough to win another. Charge upon the foe!" Though the meridian of life has passed with you, and you have been routed in many a conflict, give not up in discouragement. There are victories yet for you to gain. But sometimes monetary disaster comes to a man when there

is something in his age, or something in his health, or something in his surroundings, which make him know well that he will never get up again. In 1857 it was estimated that, for many years previous to that time, annually there had been 30,000 failures in the United States. Many of those persons never recovered from the misfortune. But let me give a word of comfort in passing. The sheriff may sell you out of many things, but there are some things of which he cannot sell you out. He cannot sell out your health. He cannot sell out your family. He cannot sell out your Bible. He cannot sell out your God. He cannot sell out your heaven! You have more than you have lost. Sons and daughters of God, children of an eternal and all-loving Father, mourn not when your property goes. The world is yours, and life is yours, and death is yours, and immortality is yours, and thrones of imperial grandeur are yours, and rivers of gladness are yours, and shining mansions are yours, and God is yours. The eternal God has sworn it, and every time you doubt it, you charge the King of heaven and earth with perjury. Instead of complaining how hard you have it, go home, take up your Bible full of promises, get down on your knees before God and thank him for what you have, instead of spending so much time in complaining about what you have not.

Some of you remember the shipwreck of the *Central America*. This noble steamer, had, I think, about five hundred passengers aboard. Suddenly the storm came, and the surges trampled the decks and swung into the hatches, and there went up a hundred-voiced death-shriek. The foam on the jaw of the wave. The pitching of the steamer as though it were leaping a mountain. The dismal flare of the signal rockets. The long cough of the steam pipes. The hiss of the extinguished furnaces. The walking of God on the wave! The steamer went not down without a struggle. As the passengers stationed themselves in rows, to bale out the vessel, hark to the thump of the buckets, as men unused to toil, with blistered hands and strained muscle, tug for their lives. There is a sail seen against the sky. The flash of the distress gun sounded, its voice is heard not, for it is choked in the louder booming of the sea. A few passengers escaped; but the steamer gave one great lurch and was gone! So there are some men who sail on prosperously in life. All's well, all's well. But at last, some financial disaster comes: a euroclydon. Down they go! the bottom of this commercial sea strewn with shattered hulks. But because your property goes, do not let your soul go. Though all else perish, save that; for I have to tell you of a more stupendous shipwreck than that which I have just mentioned. God launched this world six thousand years ago. It has been going on under freight of mountains and immortals; but one day it will stagger at the cry of fire. The timbers of rock will burn, the mountains flame like masts, and the clouds like sails in the judgment hurricane. Then God shall take the passengers off the deck, and from the berths those who have long been asleep in Jesus, and he will set them far beyond the reach of storm and peril. But how many shall go down: that will never be known, until it shall be announced one day in heaven; the shipwreck of a world! Oh! my dear hearers, whatever you lose, though your houses go, though your lands go, though all your earthly possessions perish, may God Almighty, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, save all your souls.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people

The Marsovan Persecution.

The Turkish Attacks on the American College in Armenia—The Mock Trial—Prof. Thoumain and his Wife.

A CABLE dispatch received on July 5, gives the welcome news that Professors Thoumain and Kayayan, the colleagues of Dr. Herrick at Marsovan, have been pardoned by the Sultan of Turkey. As was stated in these columns on July 5, the two professors with seventeen other Christians had been sentenced to death. They appealed to a higher court but the sentence was confirmed. The British government, however, interested itself in the case and having satisfied itself of the innocence of the condemned men, made so earnest a protest to the Sultan that he has changed the death sentence in the case of the two chief prisoners to one of banishment and has consented to institute an inquiry in the case of the other seventeen. As the two professors were

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employed in an American college, the duty of interceding on their behalf should have been performed by our own government. Happily the English government did not stand on formalities, but exerted itself as if the condemned men had been entitled by nationality to its good offices and has succeeded in saving their lives.

The outrage which so nearly resulted in the death of these two men is a shocking specimen of Turkish misrule. For nearly a year past, Dr. Herrick has been harrassed by the jealousy and hatred of the Pashas whom the Sultan made governors of Asia Minor. The work he has been doing under the auspices of the American Board at Marsovan has been remarkably successful. In the college for men, where natives are taught, there are about 125 students, many of whom are preparing to become evangelists among their own people. In the adjoining girls' college there are about a hundred students. The fame of the education imparted in these institutions has spread thoughout the populous district to the south of the Black Sea, and has attracted many pupils during the twenty-eight years of their existence. The fact, however, that so many students who went there for a secular education passed into the Theological Seminary connected with the college and devoted themselves to missionary work, did not escape the notice of the Moslem Pashas, and they resolved to close the institution if possible. The first step was to notify Dr. Herrick that American missionaries had no right to teach in Asia Minor, and that the place would be closed unless he secured a special licence from the Sultan. Dr Herrick declined to apply to Constantinople for a license, as he had full authority under the treaty to conduct the colleges, and an application for a special licence would be a practical admission that the authority under which he was acting was invalid. Reference to the United States Legation at Constantinople confirmed Dr. Herrick's claim and he was urged by our minister to maintain the stand he had taken.

Thus foiled, the Turkish Governor resorted to artifice. On the night of Jan. 5, a number of seditious posters appeared on the walls of public buildings throughout Asia Minor calling upon the people to rise in arms against their Turkish oppressors. Two of these posters were affixed to the outer gates of the American College. They were promptly torn down by the college people, but not until they had been seen by a Turkish official who was so near at the time as to give rise to the suspicion that he had either put the posters there himself or had seen who did put them there. Disturbances took place and the two Professors Thoumain and Kayayan were arrested on the charge of issuing the posters and inciting a rebellion. Access to them was refused and the Pasha refused to accept bail. Four days later the new girls' school just erected at a cost of $2,200 was mysteriously burned down in the night. But for a fortunate change in the direction of the wind the flames would have spread to the other buildings, and all the colleges, schools and missionaries' residences would have been burned to the ground. There was little doubt as

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to the identity of the perpetrators of the crime. There was no one near the burned building when the fire was discovered but Turkish soldiers and officials, who ought not to have been there at that hour. The Governor, however, made the ridiculous charge that the college authorities had themselves started the fire to excite the people, and to cover up the fact of arms being concealed in the building.

United States Consul Jewett lodged a formal complaint as to the burning of American property and the Turkish government courteously expressed its regret and paid compensation. The Sultan also ordered an investigation, but with that curious propensity to injustice which characterizes Turkish rule, he chose as judge the governor who is suspected of instigating all the trouble. The result of the so-called investigation was, as our readers know, the condemnation of the two professors and seventeen other Christians to death and many others to various terms of imprisonment.

"The process and trial," writes Mr. Kayayan, "was only a formal thing. The four members of the Court were divided, one wholly refused to sign the process; we have been condemned by a majority of one vote.' On several points the judicial authorities even failed to observe the provisions of the Ottoman Penal Code. For instance, the Governor, Abdin Pasha, who is not invested with any judicial power, compelled several of the accused to accept counsel appointed by him for their defense, and many of the witnesses summoned to give evidence in the prisoners' favor were not allowed to make their depositions. The leading Pasha at Marsovan, who is not only opposed to Christians Armenians, but to Armenians generally, is *an ex-brigand*, a Circassian who has been found guilty of murder by a Turkish court and pardoned from a sentence of imprisonment for life,' in order that he might be placed in authority in the district. The Turkish government has again and again pledged itself to protect its subjects in the exercise of religious liberty, but the prejudice against the Armenians, and particularly the educated and Christian Armenians, is strong from the fact that their advanced knowledge and wider civilization will in time ensure them the highest offices in the State, at present held to a large extent by such men as Khosrey Pasha.

Dr. Herrick went to London, as soon as sentence of death was pronounced against his two colleagues, to enlist the intercession of the English government. At a public meeting in the city, he expressed gratitude for the interest and sympathy shown by British friends on behalf of the condemned prisoners. He declared that the American missionaries in the East, and especially the authorities of the College, had not ceased to do all that was possible in seeking to move the Turkish, American, British and German governments to action, for the release of those of the prisoners of whose innocence of any political crime they were positively assured. He had cherished the hope that the Turkish authorities would acquit the two professors, whose innocence he had emphatically asserted to all governments concerned. Besides those condemned to death there were others sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment—a worse fate than even death itself. Among these was one of their pastors, and decided action ought to be taken with respect to them. "The real reason of the persecution," says a press correspondent in Turkey, "is that the Turks have chosen to misinterpret a great Evangelical movement which is now going on in Armenia, principally under the influence of American missionaries. The movement is in the nature of a deep religious revival, and the attempt to bring the scattered congregations into union with one another, and with the old Armenian Church, has driven the Turks into a panic of suspicious terror."

Prof. Garabed Thoumain, whose portrait, with that of his devoted wife appears here, is a native of Marsovan. He was noticed, while a boy in the village school, by a Roman Catholic monk of Lebanon, who was impressed with his intelligence and believed that it would pay to give him a good education. But as the boy learned, he became convinced of the errors of his teacher and declared himself a Protestant. He made his way to Lausanne in Switzerland and begged to be received into the Protestant College. He was admitted and at the end of his course graduated with honors and was solemnly ordained as a missionary to his own people in Armenia. During his college course he fell in love with Mdle. de Visme, the beautiful daughter of a Huguenot pastor at Lausanne. They were married and she has been a most valuable helper in his work. At the time of M. Thoumain's arrest, his wife was collecting funds to build a hospital for the sick poor of Marsovan, whose deplorable condition had touched her heart.

PAUL AT EPHESUS.

S. S. Lesson for July 30 Acts 19: 1-12. Golden Text, John 16: 13. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

JERUSALEM knew not the time of her visitation. (Luke 19: 44). Through the preaching of Paul, and other of his servants, God gave to other cities than Jerusalem a day of visitation; a time of the presence and power of God in a marked and unusual way. He works in the same way still. A time of visitation was being prepared for the city of Ephesus; and it is more than probable that before the ministry of Paul at Corinth had come to an end, the burden of Ephesus was laid upon him. Those who know "the burden of the Lord" will understand why, when the spirit of God led Paul to leave Corinth, he should have left Priscilla and Aquila, not in Syria, although he first traveled there, but in Ephesus, from whence he went to Jerusalem. When a man's will is given up to the Lord, and he has no desire or choice as to his movements or his sphere of work, when he ceases to think himself important or necessary to God or to the Church of Christ,—God gives him an indescribable sense of liberty to do such and such a thing, to go to such and such a place, while he will shut up the way to another and give him just as strong a consciousness that that is not the way. It is not impulse; there is nothing like excitement in it, it is the still small voice of God by his Spirit. Ephesus was on the Lord's heart, and he laid it on Paul's heart. Yet Paul was in no hurry, "He that believeth shall not make haste." If God could afford to wait, so could Paul.

When God is about to visit a place he makes all ready. Men would smile at the idea that two simple tradespeople, like Aquila and his wife, could, by their very presence in Ephesus, have anything to do in preparing the Lord's way in that city. But God sees otherwise. In the midst of prevailing idolatry here were two temples of the Holy Ghost, seeing everything in the light of God, acknowledging him in everything which happened, bearing things and people upon their hearts in prayer, and bearing witness in their unworldly lives that God was indeed with them. When God thought upon Ephesus, there were two who would reciprocate his thoughts; the God who seeks spiritual worshippers found those two in the midst of the heathen city, and already the nucleus of a Christian church was formed by one Christ-like praying man and wife.

Probably this quiet couple little knew how much they told for in the eyes of God, and they may have thought that their life at Ephesus was almost useless; and yet there was the strongest evidence that they were increasing in knowledge of God, because, when an occasion came, they were found ready to serve. A certain Jew, a very gifted man, came to Ephesus, a man "mighty in the Scriptures" but knowing only the baptism of John. With unusual power he could teach men to repent, and "he spake boldly in the synagogue." Now was the time for God's two patient witnesses. They had no such gifts as Apollos, but they knew the way of the Lord as he did not. Something about their very presence must have inspired him with confidence, he accepted of their faithful ministry, and learned of them the way of God more perfectly; and, though Paul had not yet returned to Ephesus, God's visitation in mercy and peace had already begun in the city; Apollos mightily convinced the Jews, and that publicly, showing by the Scriptures that Jesus was the Christ.

The time came when Apollos left Ephesus to follow up the work of God by Paul at Corinth, and Paul, having visited the churches of Asia Minor, came to Ephesus. His spiritual discernment soon discovered among certain disciples a most important lack, and he put to them the question: "Did ye receive the Holy Ghost when ye believed? They said unto him: Nay, we did not so much as hear whether the Holy Ghost was given. Unto what then were ye baptized? Unto John's baptism." (R.V.) This explained matters to Paul, and he explained to these disciples: John baptized with the baptism of repentance, saying unto the people that they should believe on him which should come after him, that is on Jesus.

These men only needed light, their minds were in darkness about the Holy Ghost, but their hearts were right, they were baptized in the name of Jesus. Paul laid his hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost and spake with tongues and prophesied. But it is a question and an earnest one for all Christians, and more especially for such as are looking for the coming of the Lord: Are you living under the conscious leading and government of the Holy Ghost, or are you still in the spirit of John's baptism, in the atmosphere of repenting and doing work meet for repentance, but looking forward to, instead of living in the power of that salvation, that loosing from the condemnation and power of sin and self which is in Christ Jesus, and which is made real to you by the indwelling of the Holy Ghost? The Holy Spirit is given to work in us, and

Make Real in our Lives

what Jesus Christ has wrought out for us by his death upon the Cross. We can no more do a divine thing than we can create a world, but the Holy Ghost dwelling in us makes us "partakers of the Divine Nature," and uses us as instruments of righteousness to God, to speak out his divine words, to think his divine thoughts, to pray the prayers which proceed from him, and to do divine actions. He transforms us into conformity to the image of God's Son, by making us see in the the mirror of Scripture the glory of our Lord, and as he occupies us with him, he transforms us into the same image from glory to glory.

The tide of God's visitation rose in Ephesus, when these twelve disciple were filled with the Holy Ghost, and Paul (with these men and Aquila and Priscilla, to bear him up in prayer, and to prove by their transformed lives the truths which he taught), spake boldly in the synagogue for the space of three months. But here in Ephesus, as well as elsewhere, the division must come, light and darkness, life and death must be separated: "They have not all believed the Gospel. "When divers were hardened, and believed not, but spake evil of [the Way, R. V.] before the multitude, he departed from them, and separated the disciples, disputing daily in the school of one Tyrannus." O how terrible was the judicial blindness which fell upon the Jews after their rejection of their Messiah! Truly all who would might be saved, but the larger number came under that terrible denunciation, three times quoted in the New Testament: "Hear ye indeed, but understand not; and see ye indeed, but perceive not. Make the heart of this people fat, and make their ears heavy, and shut their eyes; lest they see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart, and convert and be healed."

For two years longer, Paul and his companions labored in Ephesus: it was indeed a time of visitation. Not in Ephesus alone, but "all they which dwelt in Asia heard the Word of the Lord Jesus, both Jews and Greeks." O how many might have thought on the words of the Master: "This Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness to all nations, and then shall the end come." And thought: Surely the Lord is at hand. But all was not ready then. The power of the Spirit of God was evidenced, not only in this wide spread preaching of the Gospel, but also in the healing of the sick: God did special miracles by the hands of Paul: so that from his body were brought unto the sick handkerchiefs or aprons, and the diseases departed from them, and the evil spirits went out of them." It seemed as though there was unmixed success to the Gospel of Christ, and that it triumphed over all the power of the enemy. This could not go on long. The work of every disciple must be tried. Every man's work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work

Of what sort it is."

The enemy began to rage; and stirred up some would-be exorcists to call over them which had evil spirits the name of the Lord Jesus." It was a daring, terrible step to take, and to the shame of the priesthood, seven sons of one of the priest were among the number, and they dared, in their impiety, to say to the evil spirit: "We adjure you by Jesus whom Paul preacheth." To their dismay and consternation, the evil spirit said: "Jesus I know, and Paul I know, but who are ye?" and the possessed man whom they had attempted to deliver, leaped upon them, so that they had to beat an ignominious retreat. The thing became known, and was the talk of the city, and thus the name of Jesus was in every mouth, and the more honest among the believers were impelled to make a public testimony; they confessed and shewed their deeds, and many which used curious arts, i. e., sorcery, brought their books together and burned them in sight of all men. "So mightily grew the Word of God and prevailed."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

EPHESUS was one of the most famous cities of Asia Minor long before Paul visited it. Yet twenty years after the crucifixion Christianity does not appear to have been heard of there. One reason may have been that it was known the world over as the chief seat of worship of Diana. There was a tradition that the great image of her, which stood in the famous temple of Ephesus, had fallen from the planet Jupiter. A picture of this image forms the initial of this article. Many visitors went thither to worship the image and they took away with them silver models of it. So many of these were sold that the making of them formed a business of itself and Demetruis and others grew rich by it. Paul wanted to visit the city on his second missionary journey but was prevented. Now, however, after leaving Corinth he went there accompanied by Aquila and Priscilla. He was on his way to Jerusalem to keep the feast of Tabernacles which was held on September 16, 53. Luke, we infer from the cursory character of the narrative, was not with him. Not until the sixth verse of the twentieh chapter does the pronoun "we" reappear. As it was dropped in describing the departure of Paul from Philippi and is resumed in describing Paul's sailing a second time from that port it looks as if Luke had remained at Philippi during all the events narrated in the three preceding chapters. At his first visit to Ephesus Paul remained but a short time as he was hurrying forward to Jerusalem, but he was well received and promised to return. This promise, after visiting various churches on his way he fulfilled. During his absence Aquila and Priscilla made the acquaintance of Apollos of Alexandria. The Jews of that city were noted for their learning and culture. They were less narrow and bigoted than those who remained at and near Jerusalem. Being brought in contact with Gentile civilization they had broadened and had attained clearer ideas of the divine essence of Judaism which at the capital was buried under a mass of tradition and ritualistic rubbish. Apollos seems not to have heard of Jesus, or not to have known what he really was. But he had accepted the teaching of John the Baptist and when he went to Ephesus he declared John's message. He was consequently ready to accept Christ, when Aquila and Priscilla told him of the Saviour. When Paul returned Apollos seems to have been at Corinth, but he had left disciples behind him whom he had baptized. To these Paul preached Christ and from him they first heard of the Holy Spirit. It must have been glad news, for John's teaching required of them fruits which the Holy Spirit alone could enable them to bring forth in perfection.

Have ye received the Holy Ghost? "I am sitting," writes a famous clergyman, "on a summer's day in the shadow of a great New England elm. Its long branches hang motionless; there is not breeze enough to move them. All at once there comes a faint murmur; around my head the leaves are moved by a gentle current of air: then the branches begin to sway to and fro, the leaves are all in motion, and a soft, rushing sound fills my ear. So with every one that receives the Spirit. I am heart-empty and there comes, I know not where or whence, a sound of Divine Presence. I am inwardly moved with new comfort and hope; the day seems to dawn in my heart, sunshine comes around my path, and I am able to perform my duties with patience. I am walking in the Spirit."

We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost. When people are in that state of ignorance they cannot be expected to have success in spiritual work. The Holy Spirit is the power which enables men to become both holy and useful. A lady was being shown through a corn mill, worked by a river which ran close by the walls. But all the wheels were in silent inaction. "Where is the power?" she asked. She was shown a handle and told to press on it. She did, and the mighty force was instantly turned on, the wheels moved, and the place was alive with activity. The most cultivated people and the most elaborate church machinery are useless if the power of the Holy Spirit is absent.

Spake boldly. Prince Charles of Hesse was dining one day with the infidel King of Prussia, Frederic the Great, whose wit and sarcasm made him dreaded by his friends. As usual the king during the repast made the Christian religion the subject of ridicule. He was a disciple of Voltaire and from that brilliant Frenchman had learned the art of assailing Christianity in a showy and effective manner. The princes and generals around the table laughed and applauded the king's witticisms, but Prince Charles was silent and evidently uncomfortable. At last the king noticed his silence and turning to him directed the attention of the brilliant company to him by the pointed question, "My dear Prince, you do not believe in this superstitious nonsense?" The Prince looked steadily into Frederic's face and answered, "Sire, I am not more sure that I have now the honor of seeing you than I am that Jesus Christ suffered and died for us as our Saviour on the cross." The King remained silent for a few moments and then said, "My dear Prince, you are the first man of spirit who has ever declared such a belief in my hearing." After the dinner as the Prince passed out through the corridor, his hand was seized by Gen. Tenenzien, who in some way had heard what had passed at the royal table. Wringing the Prince's hand, the General said, while his eyes were filled with tears, "Thank God that at last there has been a Christian brave enough to confess Christ to the King's face."

Divers were hardened. It is strange that under such preaching as Paul's anyone could become hardened; yet when no effort is made to heed and obey the word the listening of the very best preaching has hardening influence. Suppose a new factory is built in some populous neighborhood. On the first few mornings everyone is awakened by the bell. A few who are going to work there rise and dress and go to their labor; the others go to sleep again, if they can. After a few months the people get accustomed to the sound of the bell and it awakens no one but those who are in the habit of obeying its summons.

When persons become hardened by continual association with worldly people and by absenting themselves from public and private worship and the society of God's people they may lose the power of Christian service. Mr. Moody says, "When visiting a gentleman in England, I observed a fine canary. Admiring his beauty the gentleman replied, 'Yes, he is beautiful but he has lost his voice. He used to be a fine singer, but I was in the habit of hanging his cage out of the window, the sparrows came around him with their incessant chirping, gradually he ceased to sing and learned their twitter, and now all that he can do is to twitter.' Oh! how truly does this represent the case of many Christians; they used to delight to sing the songs of Zion, but they came into close association with those whose notes never rise so high, until at last, like the canary, they can do nothing but twitter, twitter."

FROM HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

"The Christian Herald" Sunday School Missionary's Second Year of Labor in the Southwest and its Rich Spiritual Results—Many New Sunday Schools Organized and Thriving and Work Done Among New Churches—A Third Year Begun

IT is now a little over two years since THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, with the active, sympathetic co-operation of a portion of its readers, undertook the support of a Sunday School Missionary, whose field of labor should be among the out-of-the-way sections of the Southwest; the "poor

REV. GEORGE W. SHARP.

"The Christian Herald" Sunday School Missionary.

hills" and the by-ways of Northern Missouri. Many of these parts are remote from centres of influence and business. The field also embraced newly-started little villages; old country places which have ceased to be centres for gatherings of the people as formerly; and neighborhoods which have come to be centres by villages, post office, etc., being started. All such places and neighborhoods furnish a wide field for missionary effort, their condition being somewhat like that of many rural parts of England and Wales during the labors of Whitfield, Wesley, Howell and Harris, and it had been disclosed, through the labors of the mission workers of the American Sunday School Union, that there was, in the Southwestern States, many such obscure localities, whose populations were either wholly or partially destitute of religious privileges, whose adults rarely heard a sermon and still more rarely entered a church door, and whose children were growing up in spiritual ignorance in a Christian land. It was with the hope of being able to support in this peculiar field a single consecrated, energetic, well-qualified Gospel worker, that the proprietor of this journal was first led to adopt the project. The two years that have passed have been years of patient and prayerful observation on the one hand and of unremitting zeal and devotion on the other. Rev. George W. Sharp, the experienced missionary chosen for the work, has more than fulfilled the hopes that went forth with him to the field. His labors have been providentially guided and blessed in being the means of extending the Gospel in many parts of northern Missouri and of founding a number of Sunday Schools and several churches.

During the first year of his experience, Mr. Sharp's work was as follows:

		Teachers.	Scholars.
New schools organized,	20	69	640
Schools re-organized and revived	5	22	219
Schools addressed or othewise aided,	16	84	1228
Visits and aids to schools labored with,	27	157	2138
Total	63	332	4219

The second year, just concluded, shows still more gratifying results. In twelve localities new Sunday Schools have been successfully established, with an average of four teachers each and an aggregate attendance of nearly 500 pupils. Besides this, six schools which had been established at some former date but which, for some unexplained cause, had been abortive and discontinued were vitalized and reopened under circumstances so promising as to afford a hope of their permanent progress. The record of Sunday School work alone is a remarkable one for a single year and could only have been accomplished by a man possessing Rev. Mr. Sharp's tireless determination and ardor for the cause. His work during the year may be summarized as follows:

New Schools Organized,	12
New Teachers appointed,	43
New Scholars enrolled,	497
Schools reorganized,	6
Teachers appointed,	27
Scholars (for re-organized Schools),	253
Schools addressed,	9
Schools visited and aided,	5
Teachers in same	99
Scholars (in Schools visited and aided)	935
Bibles distributed,	31
Testaments distributed	200
Visits and aids to schools previously reported,	38
Teachers in same,	305
Total addresses and sermons delivered during year,	162
Miles traveled	5072
Visits to families,	432

Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who have enjoyed with us the letters received from Mr. Sharp from time to time and published in these columns, are already familiar with the character of the work. In a letter dated at Kirksville, Mo., July 4, he writes:

"I returned home last evening from a tour, during which I found some of the roads in such condition from heavy rains that no prudent man would attempt to travel over them in a buggy; deep washes in some places, culverts, etc., swept away in others. I meet with a great variety of excuses in different neighborhoods for their being without Sunday Schools, such as the following:—'Can't have a Sunday School here—no Christian to superintend it;' or 'No Christians to teach it.' A frequent expression is 'The old people won't come.' A more serious one is 'People too much divided in this neighborhood.' It is often said, 'Sunday School will do no good here—it has been tried.' Again it will be said, 'No use to try to have Sunday School here—can't keep order.' These are samples of what a missionary hears at different places and if he heeded such things, he would soon go home. But he knows that all such difficulties, indeed all difficulties, must be overcome by prayer and perseverance

"I heard recently that a school which I organized about two years ago in an out-of-the-way district is going on finely; and another school which I have aided repeatedly has enjoyed a very precious meeting greatly improving the moral, social and religious state of the community. From there the meeting was transferred to another neighborhood, one in which there has been much infidelity, and where a Christian young lady who was accustomed to open her day school with reading the Word of God and prayer, lost her position for so doing. Even there the meeting was greatly blessed and souls were converted. About eighty were converted in both places.

"Some time ago, I organized a Sunday School at a place called Mulberry in Adair Co., Mo. There was no Sunday School, prayer-meeting, church house, nor organized congregation in the community, and no church house for many miles west, north or south,—the nearest being an old building, much neglected and badly out of repair, situated several miles to the southeast. Even in this there was, much of the time, no service. When I organized, the Sunday School the attendance was small, but through various vicissitudes it persevered and grew by encouraging it at different times and in various ways. Then other ministers visited and labored with the people. Protracted and revival meetings were held from time to time, and a great moral revolution has been wrought by the grace of God; many parents and children have been converted, a church has been organized, having at this time probably one hundred members! Their Sunday School is called 'Evergreen,' and continues open all the year. They have a weekly prayer-meeting, a pastor, and regular preaching. People come for miles around to these meetings. Having been started by missionary labor, they in turn aid in spreading the Gospel at home and abroad, and they have a society to promote that end."

The Mulberry Church has erected the neat, comfortable and substantial house of worship shown in our illustration. The building is about 30 feet wide by 40 long, with arched ceiling, comfortably seated and furnished, and is literally "set upon a hill," and cannot be hid, and from it the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ shines many miles around. For uprightness, integrity and godly living that community has few equals. For piety, love and cordial goodwill it is eminent. Songs of joy and praise are heard in the church and homes of the people. The Lord's day is observed where formerly it was neglected and desecrated.

What a contrast there must be between the dilapidated frame house at the foot of the hill in which the Sunday School was organized, and the neat and pleasant church on the eminence! Greater still is the contrast in the spiritual condition of those people who before knew not God, but who now rejoice in hope of his glory.

Another Gospel edifice founded by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD missionary, is the Union Church at Baring, Missouri. Mr. Sharp writes of it:

"Soon after the village was located and began to grow, I went there to organize a school. I found no suitable house, there being neither church nor school-house in the place. But I secured an upper room over a billiard hall. It was that or nothing. So I organized the school in that upper room. It was reached by a rude unenclosed stairway which ran up the outside of the billiard-room—the lower story of the house, which was a frame.

"The school prospered, but after a year had passed it became necessary for me to reorganize it, which I did last year. We then secured for the school a vacant store-room. The people took an earnest interest in the school, and in the services which I held in the interest of the work in the morning and afternoon. I assisted them by a grant from the American Sunday School Union to supply their school with choice periodicals and Gospel books, and urged them to erect a proper house of worship, which they have now done. Both church and Sunday School are now prospering. The church is a pleasant place for the preaching of the Gospel to an extensive community in and around the village."

CHURCH AT MULBERRY, MO.

Founded and Organized by our Sunday School Missionary.

Many streams traverse North Missouri, generally running from north-west to south-east, furnishing a great many ridges and not a few hills, and along these streams the land on one side or another is called "bottom land." Vast ranges of hills and ridges, once esteemed of little value, are being cleared of timber and brought into cultivation. The lands were very cheap and are naturally taken by poor people, small land owners—thus causing many families and their children to live in the same district. All such portions are inviting fields for missionary work, except such as have already been supplied with Sunday Schools, and they are generally weak schools which need the missionary's fostering care. It is probably a conservative statement to say that six missionaries spending their lives in North Missouri, would find work enough for a life-time. Population is increasing in cities, town and country. New school districts are being formed out of old ones. New towns and villages are springing up over the country.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S remarks, in previous issues, regarding the need of the work are to be accepted as applying to the "neglected districts" only, not to the whole state, nor to these many parts which are already well supplied with Sunday Schools and churches, and whose population is as large, pious and intelligent as its neighbors in every respect.

Mr. Sharp thus describes part of his field of labor: "One of the Grand Chariton's main tributaries is the Muscle Fork. Between the two is much fine, rolling land, fairly well and only fairly supplied with gospel privileges. But on either side of the main land and approaching the bottom land on each stream are miles upon miles of broken and heavily timbered land, in which many poor people live, and have nearly no convenient places of worship. Hunting, shooting, fishing, and running foxes, are sports to which many resort, (each in its season) on the Lord's day. Other habits of life may well be imagined, as dissipation, profanity, ignorance, carousing, fighting, gambling, etc.

"This is a great, grand and needed work. I speak for the destitute tens of thousands, yea many ten thousands of people in Northern Missouri and the immense additions which increase will give it. We are not as much of a frontier people as newer states and territories, but our neglected districts may be as needy and sometimes more so, on account of having a denser population."

Contributions for the support of this deserving missionary work for another year will be duly acknowledged in these columns. The following sums have been received for that purpose during the week:

A Daughter, Crystal Run, N.Y.	$1 00
B M. Phillips, Trenton, N. J.	10 00
Z. Southard, Rockland, Wis	4 00
——, ——, N. Y.	1 00
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Mrs. S. J. Q. Thomas, Ambler, Pa.	1 00
——, London, Can.	1 00
F. J. Fitzgerald, North Danville, Va.	5 00

BE WISE TO-DAY.

TO-DAY is added to our time,
Yet, while we sing, it glides away;
How soon shall we be past our prime,
For where, alas! is yesterday?

Gone—gone into eternity;
There, every day, in turn appears;
To-morrow—O 'twill never be.
If we should live a thousand years!

Our time is all to-day, to-day,
The same, though changed; and while it flies,
With still small voice the moments say,
"To-day, to-day, be wise, be wise."

—JAMES MONTGOMERY.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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DECIDE FOR YOURSELF.

WHILE we are to make all reasonable allowance for hereditary influence, and the fact that some people are born wrong, remember that after all under God we decide for ourselves whether we will be good or bad. We cannot throw this responsibility off on satanic possession. Every man's heart has walls around it, and strong gates around it, and we entertain what guests we will. Hark! there is a knock at the gate. Who comes there? Revenge, with gauntleted fists, beating to come in. It has dismounted from a satyr of the desert. Do not open the door. Hark! another knock at the gate. Who comes there? Ambition, that has just dismounted from a horse lathered with human gore. Do not open the gate. Hark! another knock at the gate. Who comes there? It is Gentleness. It is accompanied with a heavenly voice and a gracious urgency. It is a messenger from God. Shove back the bolt. Swing open all the gates. Come in, Grace, with all thy family of Christian graces — love, and joy, and peace, and patience, and brotherly kindness and charity. Come in and take possession of all the rooms of the heart's castle; join hands, and skip up and down the wide halls in great glee. In other words surrender your whole heart to God, and there is no room for satanic possession. Do you find the struggle against temptation hard? Call on God for reinforcements. They are saddled and bridled ready for the fray. Do you know a little girl decided the battle of Waterloo and the fate of Europe? The English army was worn out in the long battle when a little girl showed Blucher and his men a short cut to the field of Waterloo, otherwise they would have gone a long distance around, but through that short cut they came up in time to save the day. Oh, immortal man! this may be your Waterloo of temptation and trial! I would God I could take the part of that little child and get to you quick reinforcements. They are coming! The artillery of God rumbling down the sky, coming, coming! The day is ours. "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

USELESS GENIUS

THE curse of this country is the geniuses—those men who think themselves Lord Byrons, not because they have any of his talent, but because they have his vices and his big shirt-collar. The only kind of genius that is worth anything is the genius for hard, practical, useful work. If God has given you two hands and two feet and good health, you have magnificent equipment. Those who were born at the top of the ladder do not have much chance, for they are apt to fall to the bottom, but those who are born at the foot of the ladder have the better chance. Michael Faraday, the greatest philosopher of his time, started from a blacksmith's anvil, and Shakespeare held horses at the door of a London theatre before he held the attention of all ages. The path of life opened for Robert Burns in a ploughboy's furrow; George Peabody endowed a library in the village where once he had sawed wood. The shoemaker's last would have been the most appropriate coat-of-arms for William Cary the missionary, and Cloudesley Shovel the admiral and famous author. The butcher's stall was the starting-place for Kirke White and Akenside and Cardinal Wolsey. Herschel played in a brass band before God called him up to listen to the music of the spheres and the orchestra of the morning stars. A barber-shop was the starting-place for Copernicus the astronomer, and Arkwright the inventor, and Jeremy Taylor the ecclesiast, and Tenterden the Lord Chief Justice of England. A mason's trowel was the weapon with which the learned Ben Johnson and Hugh Miller the geologist began to fight the battle of life. With a weaver's shuttle Columbus the discoverer, and Dr. Livingstone the explorer, and John Foster the essayist, and Wilson the ornithologist, began to weave their fortunes and their usefulness. Out of every hard position in life there are fifty doors which at the tap of the hard knuckle of toil swing wide open.

IS PRAYER WASTED?

THAT was a suggestive thing that Paul wrote to the Corinthians when he said, "I besought the Lord thrice that it might depart from me. And he said unto me, my grace is sufficient for thee." There was something the matter with Paul. He spoke of something that irritated him, or annoyed him, or hurt him, or mortified him, under the figure of a "thorn in the flesh." Some think it was a crooked back. Others think it was a stuttering tongue. More persons think, and among them the learned Kitto and Dr. John Brown, the Scotch essayist, that it was diseased eyes, amounting almost to total blindness. They think this because he almost always wrote by the hand of an amanuensis, once mentioning it as a rare occurrence that he had written a large letter with his own hand; and they think this also because he was always accompanied wherever he went, although he was much of the time a poor man and could not have paid attendants; and also because he seems to refer to his trouble with his eyes when, in describing the enthusiastic love of the Galatians, he says: "ye would have plucked out your own eyes and have given them to me." In other words, "you love me so much you would have been willing to trade off your good eyes for my poor eyes." But whatever may have been the trouble, Paul prayed to have it cured. I suppose he prayed hundreds of times on this matter, but he made three agonizing prayers. Did God answer those prayers? He did, by giving something better than Paul asked for. Not by straightening the back, or unloosening the tongue, or by curing the disordered eyesight, but by giving him grace to turn into glorious advantage that which had been an irritating detriment. Instead of curing the physical misfortune he sanctified that trouble until Paul became the greatest apostle of the Gentiles, the greatest and the grandest Christian of all the centuries. "I besought the Lord thrice that it might depart from me. And he said unto me, my grace is sufficient for thee." So it was then—so it is now. In the six thousand years of the world's existence there have not been one hundred right-hearted prayers unanswered. Nor fifty, nor ten, nor five, nor has there been one. If there had in the six thousand years been just one right-hearted prayer unanswered, it would have impeached the character of God. If there be any truth well set in the Bible it is that God answers prayer. God gives what you ask for always, or something better; and there is no exception.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is constantly receiving letters making inquiries concerning the Tanquerey Portrait Society, the National Art Union and other portrait concerns, which in their advertisements and circulars use the name of Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, editor of this journal, among their references. He has no knowledge whatever of any of these establishments, and he most emphatically declines any responsibility whatever in this matter, and any use of his name in this connection is altogether unauthorized. Some of the complaining letters which we have received concerning these parties, we have laid before the United States Post-Office authorities.

H. A. Singley, Milnesville, Pa. Where in the Bible is the word looking-glass mentioned?

Job. 37: 18, is the only passage in the Bible where the word looking-glass is used.

Subscriber, Fort Reed, Fla. Is it unreasonable to imagine that heaven is the grand central planet, around which all other planets revolve, and by which they are controlled, and from which they get their light? If so, when we look at the sun are we beholding heaven in the distance?

Our sun is the centre of but one of many systems. Some astronomers have held that the great star, Alcyone, is the centre of all the planetary systems. Concerning the location of heaven, conjecture is futile. While we remain in our mortal state, we cannot apprehend the things that relate to the spiritual state.

Wm. Vincent, Sioux Falls, So. Dak. 1. When, and by whom was the Apostolic creed compiled? 2. What were the day, month and year of the birth of Robert Raikes, the founder of Sunday Schools?

1. The Apostolic creed, as held by many writers of the early Church, was composed by the Apostles themselves, who, during their stay at Jerusalem soon after our Lord's ascension, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, agreed upon it as a rule of faith, and as a mark a distinction between friends and foes. It came into general use about A. D. 400. 2. Robert Raikes was born in England on September 17, 1735.

Paul V. Stayner, Baltimore, Md. What were the great battles of ancient times, which were recently referred to in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD? What were the decisive battles of the world?

There were so many that we can only mention a few of them. At the battle of Cannae, where the Romans were defeated by Hannibal, 70,000 were left dead on the field. Marius of Rome slew in a single battle 140,000 Gauls. At the battle of Issus, between the armies of Darius and Alexander, 110,000 fell, and at Arbela 300,000 perished. Cæsar's troops are said to have massacred 400,000 Germans who had crossed the Rhine to settle in the south. At Fontenoy 100,000, Chalons 300,000, Waterloo 70,000, and Borodino 80,000 fell. Nothing definite as to numbers can be given concerning the great battles of the still more remote wars. The decisive battles of the world were those fought at Marathon, Syracuse, Arbela, and Metaurus, before the Christian era, and those at Chalons, Hastings, Orleans, Blenheim, Saratoga, Waterloo and Sedan.

J. A. V. I notice that there is a radical difference between the meaning of some passages in the Revised Version and that of the same passages in the old version. The passage II. Tim. 2: 25, 26 is a case in point. Which version is correct?

The Revised Version is in every case more trustworthy. When it was made a great advance had been made in the knowledge of the Oriental languages and customs. The best living scholars who had spent their lives in the pursuit of such knowledge devoted several years to the Revision and to the one effort of making the book an accurate rendering of the original. They had also the advantage of access to more ancient copies of the original than were known to the men who prepared the older version. The Revised Version is not a perfect work but for accuracy it is incomparably superior to the Authorized Version.

I. S. Sickels, Pleasant Hill, Ill. What is the meaning of Luke 20: 35? Does it imply a command to marry?

If you read the question which elicited Christ's words, you will see that it relates to the future life. The Sadducees, who held that there was no resurrection of the dead, propounded a question which they supposed would puzzle the Great Teacher. Having stated a case, they ask whose wife the woman would be in the resurrection. His reply was that there would be no counterpart in that life to the marriage relation in this life. There is no teaching of celibacy in the passage; it simply states that marriages are not contracted after death.

Subscriber, Putnam Co., N. Y. 1. What do you understand by Christ casting out devils? Was it some disease that he cured? 2. Where is the book Jasher referred to in Joshua 10: 13?

1. The question has been the subject of dispute for many generations. The plain meaning of the narrative, however, seems to us to be that Satan had gained absolute possession and control of the afflicted persons and that Christ evicted him by his superior power. It seems to us impossible on any other assumption to satisfactorily explain the words of exorcism Christ used, the words uttered by the afflicted persons and the effects which followed. The symptoms described very closely resemble those of some forms of epilepsy and insanity of our time. Science, however, does not now ascribe the affliction to demoniacal possession. Nevertheless some of the patients do occasionally display a degree of malignity and cunning which could scarcely be exceeded if they were really possessed by the devil. 2. It is believed to have been an ancient book which perished at the Captivity. Its title implies that it was a book of biographies of just or pious men. It is quoted also II. Sam. 1: 18.

R. E. Peters, Racine, Mo. What is the meaning of Mark 7: 15, 18?

The Jews had a number of rules and laws about defilement. To touch a dead body was, as they thought, to contract a defilement, and there were many other ways by which a man might be defiled, through contact, or through eating certain kinds of food. Christ swept them all away by teaching that defilement was from within. The man who lied or swore, or committed sin, was defiled. The true purity must come from a change of heart.

Franklin I. Terry, Holteville, N. Y. Are the six days of the Creation generally believed to be days of twenty-four hours each?

No; very few people think so now. An ingenious theory, which has been widely accepted is that God revealed the events of the creation to Moses in a series of six visions lasting six days, and that Moses, in writing the first chapter of Genesis described what he saw on the several days. That, however, is merely conjecture. It may be that each day represents a vast period of time.

C. G. Smith, Blockton, Ala. Why was Christ baptized as well as circumcised?

As the son of a Jewish mother, he was under the Mosaic law, which required circumcision. When he grew to manhood he submitted to the rite which John the Baptist introduced, as many other Jews did. Probably the majority of those whom John baptized had been circumcised in infancy.

Anxious Soul, East Cleveland, Ohio. 1. Are there not some passages of Scripture which forbid the return of backsliders? 2. What is the unpardonable sin?

1. We do not know of any. We know several inviting and encouraging him to return. One is Jeremiah 3: 22 which is addressed directly to backsliders and healing is promised. There is another intimation of God's willingness to receive the backslider in Hosea 14: 4. The passages to which you probably refer indicate a condition in which there is no desire to return, but rather a condition of indifference and callousness the exact opposite of your state, as you describe it. If you take God at his word and believe what he tells you and act on it as you would on an invitation from a neighbor or friend, you will soon be relieved of your hysterical fears and rejoice in the knowledge of acceptance. 2. The unpardonable sin is now generally believed to have consisted in attributing to Satanic power the miracles which Christ wrought. The context of the passages describing it confirm that view.

A. S. Detroit, Mich., and P. F. Black, Le Sueur, Minn. This question has already been answered repeatedly.—Anxious Mother, Cumberland, Pa. The best we know of are the Moody Schools at Northfield, Mass. Write to Rev. H. B. Hartzler, Northfield, Mass., for full information.—Mrs. John Tull, Kingston, N. C. *The Gospel in the Leaves* is published at 150 5th Ave., N. Y.—Reader, Glen Mary, Tenn. Write to J. E. Jewett, bookseller, Bible House, N. Y.—T. W. Culbertson, New Rome, Minn. 1. Yes, both have been fully described in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. 2. Write to Fleming H. Revell Co., publishers, N. Y. 3. Yes; write to Mr. Bancroft, Secretary American Sunday School Union, Bible House, N. Y.—E. G. Kirkpatrick, Waterboro, Neb. He is nowhere mentioned in the Bible.—H. Z. Martin, Neponset, W. Va. It was written by William Watson, now dead. Almost any bookseller can procure a copy for you.—M. E. B. N., Topeka, Kans. There is no record in Scripture to show that St. Paul was ever married. The probability is that he was not.—G. E. Kennedy, Marceline, Mo. Yes.—A. Minchin, Aledo, Tex. Write to Mr. Bancroft, Secretary American Sunday School Union, Bible House, N. Y.—W. D. Chamberlain, Dwight, Kans. It has accomplished inestimable good in a very large number of cases.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE PARIS RIOTS.

DISORDER in the French capital has for a century past had an ominous sound in the ears of the world. The news of a riot in the streets of Paris was so like the news that a fire had been started in close proximity to a powder magazine. Serious apprehension was consequently aroused by the cable dispatches describing the recent disturbances in the student quarter. They originated in an attempt by the police to suppress an indecent celebration which the art students had been in the habit of holding in a well-known cafe. The police appear to have acted with unnecessary violence, and in the disturbance which ensued one man was killed. A very bitter feeling between the police and the students was excited, which on July 1st led to a fierce fight. The students succeeded in disarming a number of policemen and used the swords, so acquired, with telling effect on the guardians of the peace. They were dispersed only when a regiment of cavalry made a charge upon them. The communists and criminal classes of Paris hate the police so cordially that they went gladly to the help of the students against

GEN. SAUSSIER, MILITARY GOVERNOR OF PARIS.

the common enemy, and the riots of the next day or two were more extensive and the fighting more desperate. On both sides several were killed and many badly wounded. The students, however, perceived that their movement was being used by the criminal classes as a mask for plunder and attempted revolution, and they promptly notified their various organizations to take no further share in the riotous proceedings. But the excited populace continued the fighting on their own account. Their headquarters was the Labor Exchange which the Paris municipality established some years ago as a place of meeting for the trade unions and an intelligence office for unemployed workmen. It has, however, of late become a hot-bed of sedition and anarchistic plots. The national government, overriding the municipality, took the heroic course, when the true character of the riots was revealed, of closing the Labor Exchange, and suspending the payment for its support which the municipality had voted. This act increased the animosity of the rioters toward the government, but Gen. Saussier, the military governor of Paris, called to his aid several regiments composed of country soldiers who have no sympathy with Parisian mobs, and soon had at his disposal a garrison of sixty thousand trained men. With these, he believes, he will be able to suppress the rising and maintain order. It appears to have no definite object, and is merely an expression of the dislike of the ruffianism of the city for any kind of government. In such a case a Republican government has to use the same means as a monarchical government would use. As Solomon wrote, "a rebellious man seeketh only rebellion: therefore a cruel messenger shall be sent against him." (Prov. 17: 11.)

A New Gem.

REPORTS come from North Carolina of the discovery of a new gem by an accident. Some time ago Edison the electrician heard that there was a possibility of the much-used but expensive platinum existing in North Carolina; and sent an assistant to make a search for it. The man, whose name was Hidden, searched carefully but could find no platinum. He was convinced, however, that a plot of stony land which he examined in the course of his search, contained precious stones. A closer inspection led to the discovery of one or two beryls and he then purchased the plot. He has been excavating since that time and has found many gems of considerable value. His chief discovery, however, is of a gem hitherto unknown to lapidaries and which has been named "Hiddenite" after its discoverer. It is of a delicate green tint in the shape of a crystal and as hard as a diamond. The mining for it is done with great care. The pick is plied for an hour or two and then the men go down on their knees and grope with their fingers in the hole to find a pocket. There is frequently no pocket in the sides of the hole and then the pick is resumed. Again there is a groping and the fingers come in contact with sharp needle-like points. A piece of Hiddenite is there and the hole has to be widened until the beautiful crystal is released from the pocket. The gem is capable of a high polish and commands a ready sale at fabulous prices. If all who envy the discoverer his good fortune could be induced to seek another kind of gem with similar energy and care the results would be better worth having. In the social mire of our great cities there is an unexhausted quarry in which precious souls might be found that might become Christ's in the day that he makes up his jewels. (Mal. 3: 17.)

A Marriage License Void.

A MYSTERIOUS trouble seems to have arisen in St. Louis, Mo., to prevent a marriage. A short time ago a young couple presented themselves at the house of a Baptist minister of that city and asked him to marry them. He asked the usual questions and examined the license which they brought with them and found that everything was in due form. Witnesses, however, were necessary; and the clergyman left the couple together while he summoned two members of his household to act in that capacity. When he returned, the prospective bridegroom informed him that he and the bride had been talking the matter over and had concluded to be married the next day instead of that evening. The clergyman acquiesced and a time was fixed for the ceremony. The couple went away, leaving the license with the clergyman. They did not appear at the time appointed and they have not presented themselves since then, although several weeks have elapsed. The clergyman has now concluded that they do not intend to be married so he has sent the unused license back to the License Department. He has no clue to the nature of the difficulty which arose at that late hour, but it was evidently a serious one. Doubtless, he like other ministers, has witnessed similar failures in spiritual experience. Many who have seemed on the point of accepting Christ and becoming united by faith to him have postponed doing so until a future time and have never kept their promise. (Isa. 55: 6.)

The Pitiless Tornado.

DISTRESSING reports from Iowa continue to come of the terrible destruction of property and loss of life caused by the tornado of July 6. It cut a swath nearly a quarter of a mile wide and twenty miles long, wrecking everything in its course. The thriving town of Pomeroy lay directly in its path and was completely demolished. Trees, houses, churches and public buildings were ruthlessly torn to fragments and forty-four persons were killed and over a hundred so severely injured that there is little hope of their recovery. The dreaded funnel-shaped cloud was seen approaching the town a few minutes before seven in the evening. Those who saw it ran to the caves cut in the hill-side for just such an emergency and their lives were saved. There was no time to give any alarm; the swiftly revolving cloud seemed to come with lightning-like rapidity and in ten minutes had passed through the town, leaving it in ruins. The desolation is heartrending. In some cases only one is left alive out of a family of four or five. In one case an infant is the sole survivor, in another it is the mother, in others parents have lost all their children, in others children are bereft of their parents. The dead were fearfully mangled, some of them were torn limb from limb. The storm was unprecedented for violence in that section of the country. Had there only been time to arouse the people and warn them of the approaching storm, many more lives might have been saved, for those who were in the caves escaped without a scratch. A warning would have been sufficient; it would not have been necessary to persuade and plead, as it is with men whom ministers and Christian workers are urging to flee from the wrath to come to the safe refuge in Christ. (II. Cor. 5: 20.)

Punishing Himself.

A curious story is told of an acquaintance by a Western miner. He says that the man was known in the camp as a quiet but determined man. He was well liked by the men who knew him, but he was averse to the dissipations common among the miners of the district. While working at a place called Cripple Creek, several miles from Denver, he made a strike of several thousand dollars. He took his haul to Denver, and there, contrary to his usual habit, he succumbed to temptation and engaged in a prolonged debauch. He did not become sober until all his money was gone. Then he realized his folly, and was exasperated at the besotted idiocy by which he had lost a fortune in a few days. Money was offered him to pay his way back to the mines, but he refused to borrow a cent. He set out to walk the whole distance. A man who was driving a team in the direction he was going overtook him and offered him a ride, but the miner refused it. He trudged along doggedly, and the teamster overheard him muttering to himself, "Walk, walk, you miserable fool! Drink and gamble, will you? Then walk, it'll do you good. No, you needn't stop at a spring; go dry, you sot, you've drunk enough. Go on and walk, it serves you right. Walk, walk!" And the man did walk until he reached his shanty, and sullenly resumed his work. Doubtless, the self-inflicted suffering was a vent for his remorse, but it could not restore his wasted fortune. In many a convent and monastery men have sought relief from the stings of conscience by the same method, but never with success. Only in the divinely appointed way of faith in Christ's atonement is there real relief. (Rom. 5: 1.)

An International Dispute.

Two Commissioners have recently been appointed to decide the nationality of a small island off the coast of Maine. It is claimed by both the United States and England and the settlement will involve some close study and argument. The island is of little value, but would be of great strategic importance in the event of war between the two powers. It is situated at the southern entrance of Passamaquoddy Bay, about a mile above Lubeck. When the boundary line between this country and Canada was settled in 1842, it was laid down as following the line of the channel. It then flowed to the east of the island and therefore the island was supposed to belong to the United States. A careful survey recently made, however, shows that if the boundary line follows the course of the channel, as was arranged, the island is on the Canadian side of it, as the channel flows to the west of the island. It would appear that either an error was made in 1842, or the channel has changed from the east to the west side of the island since that time. The question therefore arises whether the clause of the treaty fixing the line according to the channel shall still be observed, and this question the Commissioners have to decide. An impression appears to prevail that the boundary line between the kingdom of Christ and the kingdom of Satan has similarly shifted, as Christian professors are now often seen in places where Satan was once supposed to have unquestioned sway. In the absence of an authoritative declaration of a change, there is a danger of those who frequent such places being claimed as subjects by the Prince of this world. (II. Cor. 6: 17.)

The Dress Saved.

A young lady's care for her dress involved her in a disagreeable if not a ridiculous experience, near Adrian, Mich., a few days ago. She was one of a party of bicyclists who were making an excursion into the country. She and one of the young men of the party fell into the rear when they were a few miles out of the city, and the others went on ahead. They were proceeding slowly when the lady's dress caught in the gearing. Her companion went to her assistance, but was unable to extricate it. He proposed cutting the dress, but to this she objected. He therefore carried her and the wheel to the roadside and propped them up while he returned to the city to procure a wrench. He was away a long time, which seemed much longer to the lady than it really was, as she was subjected to the comments of passers-by, who were amused at her anomalous position. She was resolved, however, not to spoil her garment, and waited with what patience she could until her friend came back, when he took the machine to pieces and released her. She showed her courage and prudence in avoiding loss, but she will do well not to make that principle the invariable rule of life. There are entanglements in which it is wise to suffer any loss, even if it is of a right hand or a right eye, if that is the quickest way of escape. (Matt. 5: 29, 30.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. Dr. Ferguson, of the English Presbyterian Mission at Tauvanfoe, Formosa, has been nearly murdered by savages.

In Lowell, Mass., several of the pastors have united in holding out-door Gospel services at places where there are generally gatherings of excursionists and holiday-keepers.

The friends of Mr. William Noble will be glad to learn that he has so far recovered his health as to return to London and resume his labors at the Hoxton Hall Mission. Mrs. Noble is still an invalid.

Mr. Edmund Sturge, the well-known Quaker philanthropist, is dead. He was in his eighty-fifth year. For more than thirty years Mr. Sturge was a leading member of the Anti-Slavery Society.

Rev. Charles Inglis, an English evangelist, who took a preaching tour in this country last year, expects to pay a second visit here in September next. Letters for him will reach him on his arrival if addressed to this office.

The Secretaries of the American Bible Society, exhibited to the Board, at its recent meeting, a fac-simile of the Chaldean Flood Tablet, recently constructed by Professor Haupt, of Baltimore, and presented to the society by the Johns Hopkins University.

The new Syrian Bible, just completed at the Bible House, New York, has been in the printers' hands four years. The translator was the famous American missionary in Persia, Dr. Benjamin Labaree, who was assisted by Joel Abraham, a native Christian from Oroomiah. Two compositors from Persia set the type.

Rev. Thomas Spurgeon passed through New York from Australia recently on his way to London, to occupy the pulpit of his late father, Pastor C. H. Spurgeon. On Sunday morning, July 2, he preached for Rev. A. C. Dixon, D.D., and in the evening for Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D., whose sermons are published weekly in this journal.

A remarkable confirmation of Biblical history is published in *Science*, an English journal. It states that among the 320 tablets discovered in the ruins of the Egyptian palace of Amenophis IV., is a political correspondence dating 3,370 years back. Some of the letters are from Princes of the Amorites, Phœnicians and Philistines entreating help from the King of Egypt, to protect them against the attacks of the Abiri (Hebrews). One of the applicants for help is Japhia, mentioned Joshua 10: 3.

We learn, from a letter just received from Mr. George H. Dowkonth, that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Gospel Stage received a hearty welcome at Mahonoy City, Pa. Four services were held, and the young men were encouraged by evidences of permanent good resulting from their efforts. They gratefully acknowledge kindnesses received from readers of this journal at Hazleton, Pa., and other places.

The delegates of the Christian Endeavor Convention at Montreal, were assailed by an angry mob on July 8. The injudicious speech of a delegate from India, in which he denounced Roman Catholicism, was the occasion of the outbreak. In view of the hostile feeling, it was deemed prudent to abandon the meetings in the tent on July 9, and the Drill Hall was guarded by members of the Volunteer Rifle Brigade.

Meetings are to be held to-day and to-morrow at Chautauqua, with the object of founding an Institute of Christian Sociology. Its object will be to interest Christian people in the economic problems of the day, "and to present Christ in practical life as a living Master and King, the enemy of wrong and selfishness, the power of righteousness and love." Among those interested in the movement are Bishop Vincent, the Rev. Washington Gladden, Prof. R. T. Ely, President James Brand, the Rev. Sydney Strong, and the Rev. Dr. Herron.

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

THE SUITOR AND MAIDEN AT THE WELL.

Sermon preached before the Tremont Temple Church, now meeting in Music Hall, Boston, last Sunday evening, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D. Text: Genesis 24: 16, "*And the damsel was very fair to look upon and she went down to the well, and filled her pitcher.*"

WE have to-night a charming story of love and marriage in ancient times. We are much impressed with the deep regard which Abraham had to the Word and promise of God in all his family relations. The death of Sarah gave Abraham an increased anxiety concerning the future of Isaac. Isaac is now forty years old, and it is surely fitting that the heir of the promise should be settled as the head of a family of his own. The chapter from which the passage is taken shows us how important the record of this marriage is in the mind of God. It is one of the longest chapters in the Bible, it is occupied with the account of the marriage of Isaac. Whatever belongs to the establishment and extension of God's kingdom is important in God's eyes. A mere literary critic would condemn the Bible, as a literary production, because of the prominence given to an incident which he would suppose might be related in a few words. But God's thoughts are not those of the ordinary literary critic.

In the early portion of the chapter we see Abraham binding the chief servant of his house by a solemn and obscure form of oath to seek a suitable wife for Isaac. Only once beside in the Bible is a similar kind of oath described; that occasion is where Jacob requires the same ceremony from his son Joseph. The history of the Hebrew people does not seem to indicate that this was the customary form of administering oaths. It is a form, however, which would seem to bind all future generations to preserve the sanctity of the oath and to strive to secure in actual experience the promises thus made. Abraham was one hundred years old when Isaac was born, so that Abraham is now one hundred and forty years old. It is quite probable that the servant chosen for this

Delicate and Difficult Duty

was Eliezer, although his name is not given in the connection. Abraham could not bear the thought of having Isaac marry any of the daughters of the people among whom he sojourned. They had indeed been sufficiently kind to Abraham, but he must have been sensible of the fact that they were alienated from God. Should Isaac marry one of these daughters there was danger of the introduction of idolatry into his family. God had a definite purpose in giving the land to Abraham and to his posterity; and should idolatry be introduced into the chosen family that divine purpose would seemed to be overruled. Abraham was called by God to go from the Chaldean idolaters. Shall he now give his consent to the marriage of his son with the idolaters of Canaan? Should Isaac so marry the abominations of the heathen would be almost invited and so would become inevitable. There was more likelihood that the idolatrous wife would pervert him than that he would convert her. A careful study of the narrative shows clearly that Abraham was not influenced by a worldly policy, for nowhere in the account is any reference made to riches or earthly honors.

The conduct of Abraham at this point is an admirable pattern for Christian parents. The attractions of rank and fortune are now to many Christian parents irresistible. They seem willing practically to sell sons or daughters for filthy lucre and for social honor. Caleb was willing to give his daughter to the hero who should capture the city of Debir. His conduct seems at first thought to be unworthy of him as a father, but we see that it really was marked by both piety and patriotism. Many so-called Christian parents to-day offer their daughters not to the man with the brave heart, strong arm, and sharp sword which he wishes to use for his country and his God, but rather to the man either with a big bank account, or with some faded and worthless foreign title. It is to be hoped that the time will soon come when the proudest ambition of an American woman will be to become the wife of a noble American citizen, and the mother of worthy American sons and daughters. What permanent happiness can we expect with a husband or wife who is not in sympathy with God and true religion? How can we love truly, if we be genuine Christians, those who do not love Christ supremely? How is it possible to love aright as husband or wife those who openly oppose the Lord Jesus, whom we have enthroned in our hearts as our Saviour and king?

The Messenger

The next paragraph in the chapter, verses ten to fourteen, shows us the servant on his journey. Abraham did not wish Isaac himself to go. There was a possibility that if he found a wife in a distant country he might be disposed to make that country his home. The servant as we see, takes with him ten camels and "all the goods of his master." Doubtless Abraham gave minute directions regarding the outfit and the departure of the servant. Sending this cavalcade was quite consonant with oriental customs when an expedition of this sort was to be undertaken. Doubtless one purpose of an imposing retinue was to make a favorable impression on the minds of the maiden's relatives; it was important that they should be impressed with the extent of the possessions of Abraham and Isaac. Had the servant gone alone and taken no proofs of his master's wealth it is clear that his statements regarding the same might be doubted.

We know that the servant went to Mesopotamia, that is to say, Syria of the two rivers; the Greek word signifies the country between the rivers. It is believed to be the region lying between the Euphrates and the Tigris. The servant made his camels kneel by a well of water without the city at a time when the women would naturally come out to draw water. We know that water is generally drawn in the cool of the evening or the morning, and that drawing it is one of the heavy duties usually performed by women in eastern countries. A similar duty is still performed among the Arabs and also in India where women, without distinction of rank, perform this service. In Turkey and Persia it is said that only the poorer women engage in this servile employment. When the Bedouins pitch their tents but a small distance from the wells the water is not carried by camels, but by women who carry it home on their shoulders and backs. The simple maidens of these patriarchal days Eliezer well knew would come to the well to draw water; even the high-born damsels of the land were not above this kind of service. Eliezer, if he were the servant, offers an earnest,

Child-like Prayer

that God would send him godspeed, and would indicate to him the woman chosen to be the wife of Isaac. His prayer has become a part of classic music, and is beautiful whether read in the simple language of the Bible, or heard in the lofty strains of poetry and music. The choice of a wife for Isaac, who is the heir of promise, is a matter of greatest moment. It is a subject in which God is deeply interested. The old servant has an eye for feminine beauty; he also has a practical appreciation of the other qualities desired for the wife of Isaac. He desires a woman of attractive appearance, one of a gentle nature, and one who enjoys the approval of God.

Even while he is speaking the answer comes to his prayer. A damsel, beautiful to look upon, approaches the well. The critical taste of the old man is entirely satisfied. She holds her pitcher upon her shoulder as she goes down to the well. It would seem that this well had a descending staircase. Wells so furnished for convenient approach are still known in the East. The grand well at Cairo, known as Joseph's well, is said to have a descent of one hundred and fifty feet by a staircase six feet wide. Troughs of stone or wood are sometimes found near the wells; but it is not uncommon to make a hollow in the sand, cover it with a skin, and then fill this sack with water. The servant approaches the beautiful maiden and asks for water to drink. She does more than he asks, for she offers to give drink also to his camels. The servant is represented as wondering and holding his peace while he gazed upon the maiden performing this menial service. He is debating whether or not the Lord has made his journey prosperous. Doubtless she had servants of her own, or employed some of his to aid her in her arduous task. It is to be hoped that Eliezer gave her a helping hand, if his servants did not aid her. A little less wondering on his part and a little more chivalry would have been quite in place. But in Oriental countries still, men often are satisfied to gaze and admire while women wait and work. No men in the world surpass American gentlemen in courtesy and chivalry toward women. Doubtless as you ride in street cars and see men sitting while women are standing, you may be disposed to doubt this remark; but I feel sure that if women oftener expressed appreciation for the courtesies of a seat, such courtesies would more frequently be extended. We now have

Rebekah Revealing Herself

in answer to the servant's questions; she is the daughter of Bethuel and the sister of Laban. Beautiful to look upon, she is also of a worthy and historic family, and is as charming in character as she is attractive in person. Knowing one of the avenues of approach to the female heart, the wise old servant gave her a golden ring and two bracelets of gold. The translators of the common version have had great trouble with this ring. They call it an earring, but surely a present of one earring would be a strange act on the part of Eliezer. Without doubt the gift is a ring, or a jewel, for the nose. The gift was intended as an expression of appreciation for her kindness to a stranger, and at the same time to impress her and her relatives with the wealth of his master. There being no inns in the country, the servant accepts the hospitality of her family. It was easy for the family to be cordial in their invitations when it was learned that this servant represented a wealthy master. We can well imagine with what excitement Rebekah hastened to tell the story of that day's happenings. It was a suggestive, beautiful and solemn moment in her life. Strange fancies are in her brain; all her dreams may now turn into realities. What does the future hold in store for her? Who is this unknown suitor for her hand? Wonderful moment is that when a woman is asked to be a wife! She becomes when about to be a bride the queen of the home, and every member of the family waits to give her

Regal Honors.

Abraham's servant receives a royal welcome. Laban, the brother of Rebekah, now appears upon the scene. Some have supposed that Bethuel was dead, because Laban takes so active a part in the events of the hour. From what we know of Laban's subsequent life we can well believe that he is deeply impressed with the proofs of wealth of the unknown suitor represented by the aged servant. The camels are cared for, and the highest acts of hospitality, according to Eastern customs, are performed for the aged servant and his retinue. Beautifully does the old servant state his errand. He declared that he would not eat until he had told his story. He was certainly a faithful steward. This beautiful narrative deeply impresses us with his unswerving devotion to his absent master. He prefers the honor of that master to his own necessary food. Every true servant of God ought to cherish and manifest a similar spirit. We are the representatives of God. We are seeking a bride for Jesus Christ. His honor ought to be dearer to us than the food which perishes. David had similar feelings when he exclaimed, "I will not give sleep to mine eyes, nor slumber to mine eyelids until I find out a place for Jehovah, a habitation for the God of Jacob."

We here enter on the closing portion of this interesting narrative, the account of the return of the servant with Rebekah and Isaac's reception of his bride. It is indeed

A Beautiful Story.

The evidence of divine providence is so marked that the family of Rebekah give consent to her departure. Rebekah herself seems to have no decision in the case, except as regards the time when she shall leave her home to be the bride of the unseen grandee; this is the only instance, according to the narrative, where the exercise of her choice is permitted. Her nurse, Deborah by name, as we afterward learn, went with her. The companionship of the nurse was quite in harmony with the customs of that day and of our day in the Orient. This nurse would remain as her confidential adviser and her faithful attendant. We know that the nurse finally died in the service of her mistress. With entire harmony with the spirit of the times is the blessing which is given as Rebekah departs, the blessing of a boundless offspring and power over all national enemies.

Our thoughts are now fixed upon Isaac, who was at the historic well, known as Beer-lahai-roi. This well, the well of the visible God, has already come before us in sacred story. For a time he was dwelling by this memorable well. Here he was waiting in expectation of meeting his beautiful bride, and while waiting there he went out into the fields at the close of the day to meditate on all God's dealings with him and his family. It was the tranquil hour of twilight; just the time when the soul is most disposed for quiet thought and devout contemplation. He could not have been in a more suitable place or in a more fitting frame of mind to welcome

His Approaching Bride.

Well is it when marriage is entered into in the spirit of earnest thought and devout prayer. Only such marriages may expect to receive and to enjoy the blessing of Almighty God. There is little wonder that the newspapers of our day are filled with accounts of infelicitous marriages, of broken hearts when one remembers the spirit in which this solemn relation is so often entered. Well is it to recognize with the deepest earnestness that "a prudent wife is from the Lord."

Beautiful is the conduct of the charming Rebekah as she approaches her divinely appointed husband. Isaac was walking, and it would have been a breach of Oriental propriety for her to remain on her camel while he was on foot. Doubtless the entire company alighted and walked to meet Isaac, taking Rebekah into the presence of the bridegroom. It is customary still in the East to alight when one is riding if a superior approaches. With becoming modesty and sweetness of demeanor Rebekah covers herself with a vail expressing her submission to her husband, and at the same time concealing the confusion which doubtless she experienced. Tender are the words here given regarding Isaac and his affection toward Rebekah, "and he loved her." It appears that Isaac was the only one of the patriarchs who had no opportunity to exercise a personal preference regarding the choice of his wife. He had never seen his bride until she stood unvailed in his tent as his wife. All the more appropriate, therefore, is the statement here "and he loved her." The joy which he now experienced was a compensation for the sorrow felt in the loss of his mother. Probably there was no formal ceremony in connection with the statement, "and she became his wife," other than his taking her thus in the presence of God and before witnesses as his divinely chosen bride.

Lessons have been suggested in the progress of the exposition already given, but a few more may be briefly named. First, we have in this chapter a beautiful illustration of

God's Providence

concerning his people. This providence, according to the ordinary classification, is both general and special. Strictly speaking, however, there are no general providences. All God's providences are particular. Here we see that he cares for individuals, that he directs the choice of husbands and wives, and that he sanctifies the marriage relation. Second, we may learn to imitate Abraham's reasonable solicitude regarding the selection of a wife for Isaac. Marriage with one of the daughters of the Canaanites might have blighted his whole life. It is marvelous that parents will so often sacrifice the comfort of sons and daughters on the altar of Mammon. God is too often left out and marriages are a matter of mere bargain and sale. Third, as Abraham's servant had God's glory in view he expected and received divine direction. His prayer to God is marked by great simplicity and confidence. He leaves the issue with God. In all our ways we are to acknowledge God and then may we expect that he will direct our paths. A halo of glory gathers around this marriage. It is mentioned in the prayer found in one of the prayer books and frequently offered at the marriage ceremony. This circumstances give a glamour of poetry and almost a halo of sanctity to this historic incident. But it is not the most appropriate prayer for such an occasion. The subsequent conduct of Rebekah toward Isaac makes the prayer quite inappropriate. That conduct cannot by any reasonable interpretation be justified. Nevertheless the meeting of Isaac's faithful servant and the beautiful Rebekah at the well will live forevermore in the world's heart. The story will always be heard as a sweet strain of music mingling with that of marriage bells, and the gentle Rebekah meeting her chosen husband will remain in the world's thought as an ideal picture of a modest bride sweetly and joyously giving herself to the man chosen of God as her husband.

A Strange Indian Belief.

Murree Ai the "Cholera Mother," who is Sent to Punish Men.

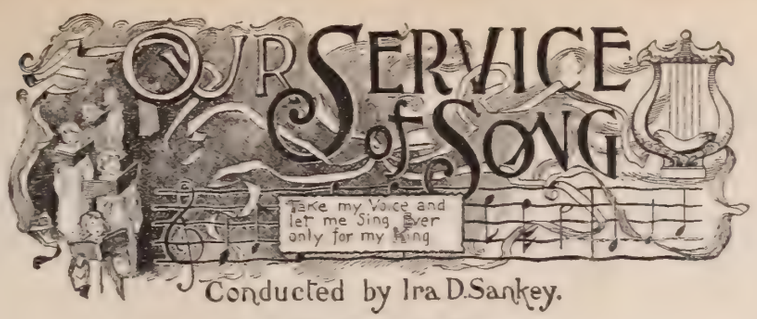
"THE common people in Western India," writes the Rev. R. A. Hume, Ahmednagar, (as quoted by Mr. Lowe in his book on *Medicine Missions*), "think that cholera is a punishment sent on men by an evil goddess. As they suppose that it would offend her to call her a bad name, she is called 'Murree Ai,' that is, Cholera Mother. They also think that giving and taking medicine for the disease only excites the Mother still more, and that the only proper way to get rid of the pestilence is to honor the mother, and so induce her to go elsewhere. In all the villages, there are one or two small temples dedicated to the Cholera Mother, in which there are a few shapeless stones painted red. These temples are built near the extreme limits of the town, so that the goddess may stay far from the houses of the people. At the time of an epidemic these are repaired. In most towns there are a few men and women of the lowest castes who are devotees of this goddess, and when cholera is prevalent they get much attention and much profit. Even intelligent men come and ask these ignorant devotees, 'What is the Mother's pleasure? How long does she intend to favor the town with her presence, and what can we do for her?' Then the devotee pretends to go into a kind of trance, and, after a shaking fit, replies that the Mother says that she intends to remain so many days, and would like such and such attentions. These attentions the people gladly show.

"Among the millions of devil-worshipers in Southern India, the following legendary tale accounts for the existence of disease, and indicates the source of deliverance. On a certain day, when celestial food was carried to Siva by some of the inferior gods, the giant Taradan overpowered them, and seizing the repast, devoured it. Siva became very angry at the loss of his meal, and determined to punish the offender. He created the sacred Vedas for the assistance of Pattera-Kalee and Veerapatteram, and delivered them into their hands along with a trident, Siva's emblem and instrument of destruction, directing them to make war with Taradan. They executed their commissions so promptly and effectually, that Siva's enemy was destroyed, to Siva's great delight. Siva was so pleased with their success that he endowed them with unlimited power to inflict all manner of disease, and to kill all on earth who opposed them, or neglected to offer sacrifices at their altars. The consequence was, that many were killed, or grievously afflicted with terrible diseases. This produced great consternation, and led the people to enquire of the priests as to the origin, and the means to be adopted for the removal of these calamities, and they informed them, that although Siva had given the demons the dreadful power which they were exercising, still they might be propitiated if they would offer sacrifices at their shrines; festivals were accordingly established at which bloody sacrifices of sheep, goats, and fowls, with plaintains, flowers, incense, were to be offered, and those who joined in these and similar ceremonies, were promised protection or deliverance if afflicted with disease.

This is an illustration of a few of the thousand superstitious belief that still prevail in India.

A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

"ONE night," says Mr. Proudfoot, "a sailing vessel was becalmed. On board was a sailor lad who had run away from home and had fallen into great sin. During his night watch his thoughts went back to his old home in the far-off highlands of Scotland. He could, in his fancy, see his father and mother and the younger children at family worship. He could hear the chapter read: 'All we like sheep have gone astray.' That was the favorite chapter of his father. And how true it was in his case. The Bible his mother had given him lay unopened in his bundle somewhere. He had never looked at it. Now they were singing a Psalm. Surely that was not imagination! He heard the sweet words come tunefully over the waves. Was he dreaming, or in a trance? There it came, verse after verse, until the whole Psalm was ended, then there was silence. The lad felt as if the influence of the home was upon him again. As soon as his watch was over, he went to his berth, and fishing out his Bible, read that familiar chapter in Isaiah. Then falling upon his knees, he implored forgiveness on his backsliding, and help to stand firm in the future. When morning broke, a ship was in sight; she had been near the whole night, and on board were a number of pious emigrants, who the night before had sung that song which had so affected the sailor lad."



Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

In the Royal Army.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "*In the army.*"—Job. 29: 25. W. H. DOANE.

1. In the Roy - al ar - my, Sol - diers of the King,
2. In the Roy - al ar - my, Like the tried and true,
3. In the Roy - al ar - my, Faith-ful to the last,
March - ing forth to con - quest, Joy - ful let us sing.
Fol - low your com - mand - er, Keep Him still in view.
Great will be our tri - umph, When the con - flict's past.
CHORUS.
Sol-diers of Je - sus, for-ward let us go, Onward, trusting, pray-ing,
Brav-ing ev - ery foe; Sol - diers of Je - sus, Lift the standard high,
On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers, We'll con - quer by and by.

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ANCHORED.

I AM anchored to-day on the Border Land,
Lying just on the outskirts of Time;
And my soul oft has longings to cross o'er the tide.
And feed in green pastures and view heaven's side.
And bathe in its heavenly clime.

Some say it is dark in this Border Land,
But no darkness within it I see;
For a glory-light beams through the gate that's ajar.
And the sound of Redemption re-echoes afar,
And my soul struggles hard to be free.

I am patiently waiting to cross o'er the tide,
With no fear of the messenger grim.
Far down in my heart the joy-bells are ringing
And I'm sweetly contented and happy while singing
Softly over and over my life's evening hymn—

My earth sun is sinking, my earthwork is done;
I am toil-worn and weary my goal's nearly won.
I am nearing the river, but the crossing is bright,
And it leads to the city which knows of no night. —MRS. L. CLINE.

THE VOICE OF GOD.

GOD is not dumb, that he should speak no more;
If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness
And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor;
There towers the mountain of the Voice no less.
Which whoso seeks shall find, but he who bends.
Intent on manna still and mortal ends.
Sees not, neither hears its thundered lore.

Slowly the Bible of the race is writ.
And not on paper leaves nor leaves of stone,
Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it,
Texts of despair or hope, of joy or moan.
While swings the sea, while mists the mountains shroud.
While thunder's surges burst on cliffs of cloud.
Still at the prophet's feet the nations sit.
—J. R. LOWELL.

THE DAY OF THE LORD.

The Distinction between the Coming of the Lord into the Air and His Coming to the Earth.

BY THOMAS NEWBERRY.

ONE of the last utterances of our beloved Lord, ere he ascended from this world unto the Father, in answer to the question of his disciples, "Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?" was, "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in his own power." (Acts 1: 6, 7.) With regard to the coming of the Son of Man, the Lord himself, in the days of his flesh, told his disciples, "Of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only." (Matt. 24: 36.) "That day" refers to the manifestation of the Son of Man, which ushers in the day of Jehovah to the world. In Psalm 110 we read, "Jehovah said unto my Lord, Sit thou at my right hand until I make thine enemies thy footstool." The Lord Jesus was henceforth expecting the time when the Father should give him the kingdom, according to Psalm 2: 8. In the last chapter of II. Thess. we read, "The Lord"—that is the Lord the Spirit—"direct your heart into the love of God and into the patience of Christ." As Christ is waiting and expecting till the Father's time has come, so we are to share that waiting and expectancy with him.

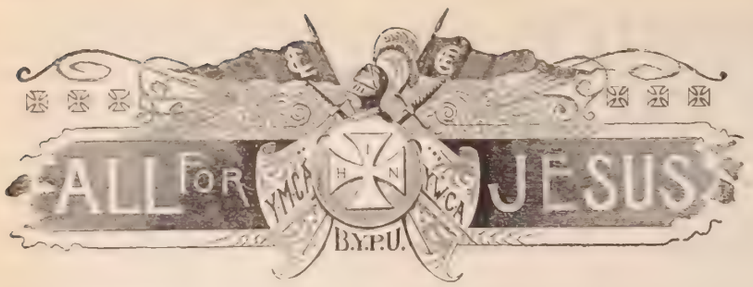
The Lord Jesus is not only waiting for the Kingdom of his father David, and dominion over the whole earth in millennial glory, but the Father has also provided for him a Bride, the Church, as the sharer of that kingdom and glory. As Isaac went out into the field to meditate, lifted his eyes, saw the camels coming, and welcomed the bride Eliezer had gone to bring; so the Lord Jesus is expecting the Comforter to conduct to him his purchased Bride.

"The day of the Lord." Here in the original there is no article before the title Lord, which is the New Testament way of expressing the Hebrew name Jehovah. This day of Jehovah is that of which the prophets so frequently spoke, that great day of God Almighty when he will execute his judgments upon an ungodly world. When the ten kings have assembled around Jerusalem and taken the city, when men are in the heyday of apparent success, expecting to have things all their own way, when they shall say, "Peace and safety," when men have avowedly got rid of God and accepted Satan—got rid of Christ and accepted Antichrist—got rid of the Holy Ghost and accepted the false prophet, effaced from the earth the last trace of the professing church in the form of Babylon the Great, and are attempting to blot out the name of Israel from the earth; at that very moment the sun shall be darkened, the powers of heaven shall be shaken, and then shall be seen the sign of the coming of the Son of Man in heaven; then sudden destruction cometh upon them, and they shall not escape.

All these events are connected with the coming of the Son of Man to the earth, not with his coming to receive the Church; hence says the apostle, "But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief. Ye are all the children of light, and the children of the day: we are not of the night, nor of darkness." But if the Church refuses to walk in the light, is slumbering instead of occupying till the Lord comes, then he says in Rev. 3: 3, "If therefore thou shalt not watch, I will come on thee as a thief, and thou shalt not know what hour I will come upon thee." Those Christians who will not watch, but are occupied with their own dreams of converting the world before he comes, to such his coming will be a surprise. On those who belong to Jesus the true light now shines: they were sometimes darkness, but now light in the Lord; by the indwelling spirit they are associated with the risen Christ in heavenly glory.

As risen with Christ we are children of the day, but as strangers and pilgrims here we are watching for the Morning Star, and, blessed be God, "the night is far spent and the day is at hand," "therefore let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch and be sober." The Church was given to Christ by the Father in eternity, redeemed by the Son of God in time, and sealed by the Holy Ghost until the day of full redemption. All in whom the Spirit of God dwells when Christ comes, those wise virgins who have oil in their vessels, will go in with him to the marriage, and then the door is shut.

Therefore let us have grace to obey the exhortation, "Wherefore comfort yourselves together, and edify one another, even as also ye do." "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it."



BECOMING HARDENED.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing July 30. Acts 19: 9; Mark 16: 9-14

PREACHING has still one of two effects. The hearer is either softened and yields himself to the sweet influences of the Gospel, or he is hardened and resists them. It is a very suggestive thought that even three months' preaching by the great Apostle left some of his hearers in the latter condition. "They believed not but spake evil of that way." Christ himself referred to hearers of this kind, likening them to a much-trodden path. The seed which the sower sowed, fell on the wayside and was carried off by the birds. It did not penetrate and so it took no root. There are many influences which harden a man. A distaste for the Gospel will do it. If the belief gets into the mind that a good moral life is sufficient for salvation, the declaration that no man can save himself, but must admit his helplessness and plead for mercy through Christ, will be humiliating; and the man hardens himself against the Saviour. An indisposition to make the sacrifices demanded by the Gospel will do it. Nothing hardens a man so thoroughly and hopelessly as the knowledge of what is right combined with persistence in doing what is wrong. Conscience is silenced, the wrongdoer is ashamed to pray and he becomes less and less sensitive to the voice of truth. He becomes less able to surrender evil habits, to sever injurious connections, and to give up his own way. And the love of money or pleasure will harden a man. It turns all the faculties of his being in one direction and concentrates them on one object, gradually monopolizing the entire man. Men hardened in some one of these ways may be found in every community and sometimes they are found in the Christian Church. Who has not seen men whom the most pathetic story of want and distress fails to melt? Or men so hardened by educational prejudices as to be impervious to the presentation of some new aspect of truth? From such a condition every one should pray to be delivered. The docility, the child-likeness of the man whom the Holy Spirit is changing day by day into the image of Christ is the condition of being most desirable in the Christian. It is only by the yielding to the divine nature mysteriously imparted to him that he can become what God desires him to be. The wish to fulfil that aim should be ever present in the Christian's mind and heart, accompanied by a dread of any influence within him or around him that is liable to harden him.

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A BOND OF WHITE AND RED.

THE King's Daughters are ever finding new spheres, in which the bond of sisterhood in Christ is exerting its power. Miss Frances C. Sparkawk who has charge of the Indian Department writes to the *Silver Cross* of one King's daughter who, once a student at Hampton, and now a wife in the Indian Territory, has found a sister in a King's daughter in Virginia from whom she has received much kindness. Letters of interest and cheer have gone from the wife in the more favored home to the wife on the reservation and have been very helpful to her as she is surrounded by Indians whom she wishes to help, and yet who are jealous of the better living which she and her husband have arrived at. Nor these only; bright interesting literature has been sent and many other things that bring comfort and make life [illegible] and make it more attractive, not only to the inmates, but also in the eyes of the untrained Indians, who have a natural artistic love of beauty. Magazines and books and pictures, tidies and tablecovers, pretty mats and other things, games for the children, and many things that may be mailed instead of being boxed, all these mean making home more homelike, a more attractive lesson in civilization to the Indians who see it from afar, and may find in it things which they wish to imitate.

Miss Sparkawk has been so much impressed with this sphere of helpfulness that she, and the Committee working with her, propose putting into communication with Indian girls and mothers King's daughters who would like to correspond with them. And in the Indian schools, also, the poorer of which are bare and bleak enough, there is opportunity for the same kind of work. Every special case varies a little, and the needs may be best known individually. And this individual touch is the real knowledge and laying on of hands.

"But there is something beyond these adornments that may also be done," says Miss Sparhawk. "This Indian of whom I am speaking can do beautiful Indian embroidery. This she could sell only at the trader's store, where she received, not money, but barter, and where a very small price was allowed for this beautiful work. This the King's Daughter of Virginia discovered in the course of correspondence, and through her husband's influence, has been able to secure a market among the merchants in the place where she lives; so that now the Indian may sell her gloves and moccasins and other work, at a fair remuneration, and at the same time is able to place them where they will be seen and appreciated, and where orders may come to her for more work instead of to the Indian trader. This Indian woman is herself reaching out in helpfulness. She wishes to establish a sewing circle, and this King's Daughter is going to help her. She will probably find others to join her in her work."

THE NEW BUILDING OF THE Y. M. C. A. IN PARIS, FRANCE.

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THE Y. M. C. A. OF PARIS.

A FEW weeks ago we published a description of the new building of the Young Men's Christian Association in the French capital with a report of the dedication ceremonies. Through the kindness of Mr. Thomas K. Cree, Secretary of the International Committee, we are now enabled to publish a picture of the building. It stands on the Rue Trevise and is plain, substantial and well arranged. It contains a gymnasium in the basement, with baths, bicycle and running tracks and athletic equipment. On the floors above, are the library, reading-rooms, class-rooms, auditorium, officers' rooms and a restaurant for the use of the members.

The programme of the institution shows that the managers have thoroughly kept in mind the object of the work, which, as they state it, is, "the religious, moral, intellectual and physical development of young men." There are meetings every day in the week for Bible study, or for prayer, or for secular education. Among the subjects embraced in the latter department are stenography, music and the Spanish and English languages. French young men are notified that any young man is eligible for membership whose private life is in harmony with the principles of Christianity and that none will be excluded on the ground of nationality or religious denomination. At the time of entering in possession of its new home the Association had a membership of seven hundred, which by this time is probably largely increased. As previously stated, a large part of the cost of the new building was defrayed by Mr. James Stokes of New York.

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THE B. Y. P. U. TREASURER.

WE have much pleasures in publishing the accompanying portrait of a very valuable officer of the Baptist Young People's Union. Mr. J. O. Staples the treasurer of the organization, is a leader in the truest sense of the word, and has not confined his efforts on behalf of the Union to the mere routine of its financial department. His heart and soul are in the work and he has put a great deal of time and labor into it. With him his service has been a labor of love born of love of young people and a yearning for souls.

As may be inferred from the office confided to his care, Mr. Staples is a business man and has been in business from his youth up. After graduating from a first class commercial school he entered the service of a firm at Cambridge, Mass., as book-keeper. At that time he was only sixteen years of age. From 1882 to 1885, he served as Editor of the *Temple Censer*, after which came a removal to Omaha, Neb., where he became private secretary to a member of Congress. Subsequently he obtained a position in the business department of the *Omaha Herald*. In 1890 he was invited to become Secretary and Treasurer of a business house in Chicago, which position he still occupies. During the first two years after settling in Chicago, he resided at Evanston, and upon removal from that place the Church, when granting a letter of dismissal, unanimously voted to tender him a licence to preach. Young people's societies have been something of a hobby with Mr. Staples, for it was largely through the influence of young people that he was led into the Kingdom. Shortly after uniting with the Tremont Temple Church, in Boston, he with others brought about the organization of the Young Men's Temple Union. The young ladies followed the example by organizing the Young Ladies' Floral Union, and after a time the two were merged into one. At Omaha the church officers were opposed to a young people's society, but Mr. Staples finally induced the deacons to consent to a young people's prayer-meeting, which proved so beneficial that an organization was permitted. In 1889, he delivered an address at the Nebraska Baptist State Convention upon young people's work and societies, and the outcome was an organization of the Nebraska Baptist Young People, of which Mr. Staples was elected Vice-President, under a constitution recognizing all young people's societies, of whatever name, if connected with a Baptist church in that State, the plan which was later adopted by the Baptist International Organization. When the B. Y. P. U., of Chicago was organized, in the summer of 1890, Mr. Staples was one of the charter members, and he was elected First Vice-President.

In 1890, an article from his pen, pleading for National organization, which appeared in the *Standard*, brought forth a strong reply in opposition; and the discussion which followed led to a meeting at the Immanuel Baptist Church, during the session of the May Anniversaries of that year in Chicago, when a committee was appointed to formulate plans. Mr. Staples was made Treasurer of the Executive Committee having in charge the calling of the first International Convention of Baptist Young People, and has served the resultng organization, the Baptist Young People's Union of America, in that capacity for two years. In 1888 his attention was called to the need of some plan whereby young men could use their leisure time in preparing for the ministry without the attendance at a seminary, which to many seems an insurmountable barrier, together with plans for evangelizing work by lay preachers, and has since given much time to correspondence and speaking upon these themes. In recognition of his efforts in that direction he was made an honorary member of the Lay Preachers' Association, which was organized at Tremont Temple in 1892. During the past year he has preached between thirty-five and forty sermons, besides giving lectures and young people's addresses.

MR. J. O. STAPLES,
The Treasurer of B. Y. P. U. A.

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AMONG THE ORDERS.

The Epworth League of the District of Springfield, Ill., now has thirty-three chapters with an aggregate membership of 2,400 and five Junior Leagues with a membership of 287.

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There are twenty Christian Endeavor Sosieties in Japan, most of them formed as a result of Dr. Clark's recent visit. One of these is in the Royal Japanese Navy.

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General Secretary Baer of the United Society of Christian Endeavor was able to announce at the Convention at Montreal on July 6, that the number of members of Christian Endeavor Societies had reached the enormous total of 1, 577,040.

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Madame de Ramsey of Wilhelmsro, Sweden, writes: "Our Young Women's Christian Association had its closing meeting on June 1. It was a very happy gathering. This Association was formed in 1878. Since then it has spread all over Sweden, and its periodical, *Homewards*, edited in Stockholm, is a success in every sense."

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The following officers for the Epworth League of the District of Elizabeth, N. J., were elected at the reeent convention at Plainfield, N. J.: W. W. Winans, President; J. L. Joy, Miss Ella Christopher and Mrs. C. X. Hutchinson, Vice-Presidents; Mrs. F. S. Simmons, Recording Secretary; Miss M. H. Ham, Treasurer.

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The National Council of English Young Men's Christian Associations held their half-yearly meeting at Leeds recently. Mr. George Williams presided, and representatives attended from London and many provincial centres. Mr. W. H. Mills, secretary, presented reports showing thirty-nine new associations, and a membership increase of 3,467.

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The Baptist Young People's Union of Arkansas held its first annual convention in the First Baptist Chuach, Little Rock, June 23–25. Among the speakers were: Dr. J.B. Cranfill of Waco, Texas; Rev. W. P. Throgmorton, of Fort Smith; Prof. J. W. Conger, of Ouachita College; Rev. T. S. Potts and Dr. A. G. McManaway, of Little Rock.

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The King's Daughters of Nyack, N. Y., have erected a bronze ice-water fountain in New York as a memorial of the late Rev. J. F. Avery of the Mariners' Temple. During his life Mr. Avery was very anxious to have a fountain erected near the Temple for the use of the poor of the neighborhood, but was never able to realize his wish. Since his death the King's Daughters of Nyack have taken the matter in hand and have made the fountain a memorial of the devoted pastor, who gave his life in the service of the poor of the district.

The Family and Home Circle

"God's Providence House."

The Quaint old Building in Chester, England, that Marks where the Plague was Stayed.

ENGLAND has many quaint, old-fashioned cities within her borders, but probably none more attractive than the ancient town of Chester on the river Dee. This is really one of the oldest and most famous of English cities. It is built quadrant-shape, its four walls—a relic of Roman times— surrounding an enclosure about half a mile square, and its numerous gates and towers vividly recalling the age when every considerable city was fortified in like fashion. A stone bridge with a single span 200 feet in length is, next to a bridge over the Danube, the largest of the kind in Europe.

Visitors to Chester, while they may admire quaint attractiveness and the loveliness of its surroundings, naturally turn to the antiquities of the place. The venerable cathedral is exceptionally fine, and "Julius Cæsar's Tower," which is a wing or adjunct of Chester Castle, is a piece of architecture of a very remote age. Of more recent date, but hardly less interesting are several seventeenth century houses in Lower Bridge Street and the odd-looking structure on Watergate Street, known as "God's Providence House." This strange, fantastic edifice, like many other houses in Chester, has a striking front, which is studded with small, lattice-like windows in so many different designs as to produce a grotesque effect. The top is Gothic, but the rest of the building is a speci s of mixed architecture, not unlike that seen in some old German and Dutch cities. This house, which is shown in the illustration, is said to have received its peculiar name from the fact at that point, the plague which was then devastating England, was stayed, and in commemoration of this event the legend: "God's Providence is mine Inheritance" was inscribed on the front wall above the roomy balcony. The "God's Providence House," which is a favorite resort of visitors, was reconstructed in 1892, on the old lines, and presents to-day the same appearance it had three hundred years ago.

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Bird-life in the Country.

AT this season of the year the woods, morning and evening, are alive with the song of birds. There is no more interesting or humanizing study for the young folks than bird-life, and an informal ornithological class, holding its sessions in wood, garden or orchard, under an intelligent instructor, would result in opening up to the juvenile minds a new world of interest and beauty.

Apart from the scientific side of the subject, there is a wealth of poetry and legend concerning the bird-world, that cannot fail to interest the children. There is the pretty legend of the robin, "God's bird," as the ancients called it, because, the story says, it plucked a thorn from the cruel crown pressed upon the head of our Saviour, and in doing so wounded its own breast. The wren, so says another legend, is chased on a certain day on account of its betraying the Saviour by chattering in a clump of bushes. It is called the king of all birds, because it concealed itself beneath the wing of the eagle when that lordly bird claimed supremacy by soaring highest. "Here I am," said the wren, mounting above the eagle's head when the latter could go no higher. The wagtail is called the "imp's bird," for no other reason, than that it cleverly evades the missiles thrown at it. The raven is ranked in the category of ominous birds. With the ancient Greeks the magpie was supposed to possess the soul of a gossiping woman. Sparrows, larks and plovers are on friendly terms with the good people everywhere.

The poets, too, have invested some of the sweetest warblers with the desire for child companionship and love, while they tell us that the linnet, yellow-hammer and thrush sing to remind us of dear ones gone to the better land. These, of course, are merely poetical fancies, but they are amusing and have come to be recognized as in a measure interpreting bird character and speech, just as another fanciful art has been employed in constructing a "language of flowers." The more spiritual interpretation is that given by Rev. Dr. Talmage in a recent sermon: "It is a divinely taught song. From the time that the first bird's throat was fashioned on the banks of the Gihon and Hiddekel until to-day on the Hudson or Rhine, the winged creature has learned nothing from the human race in the way of carol or anthem. The feathered songsters learned all their music direct from God."

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Two Kinds of Fashions.

THE fashions on earth and those in heaven are widely different. To be in the fashion in heaven, we must have on us the fine linen of the saints, clean and white. Very many who are entirely out of fashion here will appear in full dress and in the best fashion in heaven. We can afford to be out of fashion here even at the expense of being considered quaint and old fogyish, if we may but be in the highest style of fashion in the New Jerusalem. We may be in the fashion here to-day, but we do not know but we will be out of fashion in but a short time. Fashion mongers here have a troublesome and an expensive time in keeping in the fashion, but white robes will forever be the fashion in the glory land. Fashion here is so changeable and ofttimes so ridiculous that it is no mortification that we are not in the fashion. There is room to fear that some here are so absorbed about being in the fashion that they do not think much of being in fashion in the heavenly home. Surely none of us want to be in fashion where people do forever weep and wail and gnash their teeth. Let us see to it that we get our white robes and be sure of being in the fashion in heaven.

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"Folded Up!"

YOUR task is ended for the day. You have finished your book, or your dress-making or your work at the shop or factory. It is well done, and you say: "There: that's finished and folded up." Still, you have finished and folded up something more important—something that will not be unfolded again for ages, perhaps; and yet you will see it again with every line and fold. Your day's history is done and gone from your keeping. You may do the work over again, re-read the book, or remodel the dress if it does not please you; but you cannot change one jot or tittle of the day's record. What has the record been? Do you feel disposed to say in your heart: "I wish I had spoken pleasantly to brother when he wished me to help him with his flag? It would only have taken me a minute or two, and he was first sad and then vexed with my crossness. It is too bad! I left mother to do all her baking alone, and did not even prepare the dessert for her, in my haste to finish my dress." A sight of a little Bible, whose clasp had been closed all day, suggested still more reproachful thoughts. "No wonder I have such a poor day's record, when I began it in too much haste for prayer, or reading a verse even." Such a day will not remain "folded up," no matter how hard we try.

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"A Little Way Down Street."

MY boy, you came in rather late last night, and this morning, when your mother asked where you were, you said, "down street." writes Robert G. Burdette. Then when she asked whereabouts, you said, "Oh, just a little ways." Here is your home, this bright little spot like a star on the map. The sweetest, purest, safest place this side of heaven; the home where, from father to baby, they love you better than all the rest of the big, wide world. Now, when you start from here and go down street, somehow the street always has a down grade from home when you sneak out after night. See how far you get from respectability and self-respect, when you reach this corner, "just a little ways down," where you loitered last night. You had to meet them here, because you can never meet them in your home, for two reasons. In the first place, your father wouldn't permit one of them to come into his house, and in the second place you would be ashamed to invite them there, whether your father forbade it or not. It is a long ways from your respectable home, from your mother's friends and your father's guests, to this corner down street, isn't it?

"GOD'S PROVIDENCE HOUSE," CHESTER, ENGLAND.

Then—look on the map, my boy—see how far it is from manliness? Don't you know your mind will never again be as pure and innocent as it was before you went "just a little way down street" last night? While you were listening to stories, punctuated with profanity, the dear ones at home gathered in the sitting-room, your father opened the Book, and read. They knelt at the family altar and commended themselves to the keeping of the heavenly Father, and tenderly remembered the boy who was "just a little way down street." Then the lights went out one by one, the house was still, and only the loving mother waited anxiously and sleeplessly for the boy who was down street. It was more than ten million miles away from the sweet old chapter that your father read, down to the stories that you heard, my boy. And what a steep grade all the way down! Keep off the street after night, my boy. Other people will think better of you, and what is a far more important thing, you will think much better of yourself.

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

ARE you almost disgusted
With life, little man?
I will tell you a wonderful trick
That will bring you contentment
If anything can—
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

Are you awful tired
With play, little girl?
Weary, discouraged, and sick?
I'll tell you the loveliest
Game in the world—
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

Though it rains like the rain
Of the flood, little man,
And the clouds are forbidding and thick,
You can make the sun shine
In your soul, little man—
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

Though the skies are like brass
Overhead, little girl,
And the walk like a well-heated brick;
And all earthly affairs
In a terrible whirl?
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

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THE MODEL WIFE.

THOSE elements that go to make up a model wife, writes Rev. Dr. Thorpe, of Hartford, Ct., are usually quite as important to be found in the model husband, and here let me say that the model wife makes herself an interested partner in all the affairs of the husband. Not to be supported, but to support, in every laudable way by sympathy, commendation, and real and manifest interest should be the constant aim of the wife. The model wife will try to make the home the best and brightest place on the earth for the husband. The home may be humble, but it can be clean and bright with the light of love. The wife should study the art of home-making, which enables the husband to say: "Home is always where my wife is."

The model wife makes herself an intelligent companion of her husband. She sets out to know something of the husband's daily work, mechanical or professional, and studies to comprehend somewhat the scope of thought upon which his mind is, for the most part, severely bent. She studies to make herself attractive to her husband; especially does she do this quite as much after marriage.

Many a wife was a perfect butterfly before marriage, who, through neglect of her personal attire, becomes quite uncomely, not to say repulsive after marriage. The model wife always puts on her company attire for her husband. She never allows herself to talk to others of the frailties of her husband. That the husband has frailties, makes mistakes, comes short of the highest ideal, will doubtless be quite apparent to all; it is not necessary nor best that the wife should go peddling them along the street or among the neighbors.

The model wife will always avoid the habit or spirit of fault finding. Probably there will be enough to criticize, faults plenty if you look for them, but it rarely pays to dwell upon them or make them to appear prominent in the home life. Better to forget and forgive. The model wife is a Christian wife. She has come to love God, the giver of all good, and she desires and tries to follow Jesus Christ, his son, the highest model of human life. She is richly possessed of the spirit of charity and she lives, or tries to so live, that she can take her husband along to heaven.

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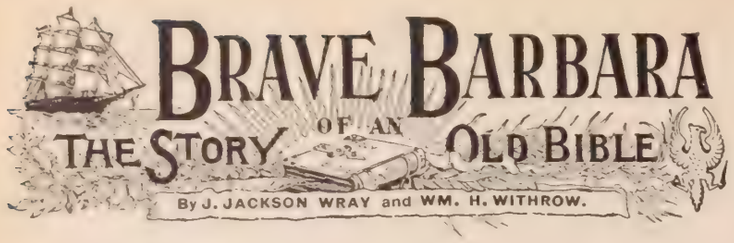
Little Beginnings.

"THE beginning of strife is where one letteth out water," says the wisest of men in the Proverbs which he set in order for us. Matchless gems of wisdom they are! Every youth and maiden would be the stronger and the more capable for the tasks and temptations of life who mastered the Book of Proverbs, and who would begin each day's duties with one or more of the Proverbs of Solomon freshly in their memories. Perhaps an hour, or less than that would be amply sufficient, in any day's life to show that what he says of the beginning of a quarrel is just what it was in his day. The "beginning" was like that little rill that came gently trickling from its rocky bed. It was so gentle that you would not have been afraid to place a baby's hand beneath it to catch it as it fell. But wait a little until that rill has gathered strength and size and has gone rolling down the hill. It will sweep everything in its way, and you can no more stop it than you can an express train.



CHAPTER XIX.

RECONCILIATION.

BETTER than any argument or expostulation the passages which Barbara read to young Pemberton showed him his duty in the hard circumstances in which he was placed. Union with Gracie must be put out of his mind for the present. Providence might open the way later, but until it was opened, the less she was in his mind the better.

As Barbara turned over the sacred pages and read out each passage in turn, she lifted her clear, expressive blue eyes to the face of the young man seated by her side, and spake no word. It was not needed; Reginald Pemberton's head sank lower and lower on his breast, and the big tears began to creep down his weather-tanned and haggard cheeks. Closing the book, she reverently laid it in its place again.

It was not without strong effort that the young evangelist could command his voice to overmaster the rising choking in his throat, or hold back the tears that dimmed the moving lines. He succeeded, however, and in firm tones and clear, that voiced his answer in a word, he said: "Amen!"

"Amen!" said Brave Barbara, taking his two hands in hers, and mingling her tears with his, which now flowed freely. Then they knelt together, and Barbara, true Deborah of the Canadian wilderness, commended this young captain of the Lord's hosts, to the care and keeping of the living God. She prayed, too, that his father's heart might open wide, and his arms be outstretched to take him home again: and somehow or other they both arose refreshed and confident. That night, Reginald Pemberton once again bestrode his trusty steed, his saddle-bags stored with hospitable supplies by the motherly hands of Brave Barbara; and before the silent stars, which had watched his nocturnal travels, had paled into the light of the returning sun, the young evangelist was again far on his way to fulfil the "appointments" that awaited him in his distant home. But this time the tedious journey was lightened and gladdened by the strengthened loyalty to duty which had come to him; ay, and by the hope that his father and Gracie Heck might be brought again within the circle of his horizon. It was not very long after this, that Daniel Dunham, the youthful and popular Elder who had charge of the settlements on the St. Lawrence, found that his brother Losee's removal had led him to double his own visits to the Pemberton mansion, and not altogether on pastoral work intent. The fact is that he was gradually being drawn under the spell of the attractions of Miss Blanche. Quite as often as his duty would permit, he sought her society. That admirable young lady, it must be confessed, found in his presence and conversation a pleasure different from any which the rustic community of the settlement supplied her.

Elder Dunham, as I have said, was a man of superior parts. He was "an eloquent man," and it is said that is something that usually attracts the feminine mind. He was, moreover, an exceedingly well-read man, and by extensive travel and intercourse with many minds of different walks and ranks of life, was "splendid company." The habit of introspection and self-communion, peculiar perhaps to those early Methodist evangelists in the isolations of the backwoods wilderness, soon revealed to Daniel that he had fallen helplessly in love with Blanche Pemberton. In the days of his collegiate life at [illegible] with William Losee, the truth had fairly dawned upon him, he would himself have said "hopelessly;" but now, with something more of a fair field before him, he was not inclined to say "hopelessly," though it was a venturesome thing to try after.

He was a manly fellow, and like a true man, in this matter as in all, he was "straight as a die;" and when the self-revelation was clear to him, he at once declared his sentiments to the parents of his chosen one. From her mother he received, if not encouragement, at least, an answer that was not likely to be accounted a sufficient negative to debar his further efforts.

"I do not see in it either the fitness of things or—but I would never attempt to coerce my daughter's affections," said Mrs. Pemberton, hesitating to speak more fully. She was not without a vein of tender romance in her gentle nature. "Blanche's heart is a woman's kingdom, which she must rule for herself. Her happiness is at stake, and she must decide for herself; and I do believe that she is a child of God, who will seek guidance of him."

"That, indeed, is all that I desire, dear madam," said Daniel honestly and earnestly; and then, with proud humility he went on, "I know that I am unworthy of her, I have nothing to offer her for the priceless gift of her love but a heart that will never fail in its devotion, and that will ever account her happiness dearer than its own."

"No woman can have more; no true woman can wish for more," said this wise woman. "I desire no more for her than the love of a true and faithful heart." Then, naturally enough, other thoughts and considerations arose in her mind, and she added, "but I am sure you will see that—that"—here she paused and the entrance of the Colonel, her husband, suspended the necessity for further words.

From that gentleman, however, Elder Dunham met with a very different reception. In most respectful and yet manly fashion, Daniel told the Colonel of his love, and begged his parental permission to speak to the fair Blanche.

"What!" thundered the irascible Colonel. "Surely the force even of Methodist impertinance and audacity can no further go! I marvel that even you can forget the barriers of means, rank and position that would make such a thing preposterous! Beside all that and fifty thousand other things," continued the irate parent, rising from his seat and striking the table with his clenched fist, "is it not enough to steal from me my son, but you must try to rob me of my daughter also? No, sir, I will not give my consent, and I forbid the girl to think of such a thing, or indeed of seeing you at all, unless you give me your word of honor that you will never broach to her any such ridiculous idea."

Now, no man likes to have the true homage of his heart treated in that sort of way. "Preposterous," "ridiculous," and the like of that, will never do with men of Daniel Dunham's calibre. Daniel instantly replied, looking at at the speaker, strong and calm:

"I cannot undertake to give any such promise, sir; and I will tell you frankly that I shall feel more than justified in winning your daughter's affections if I can."

"What!" exclaimed the choleric old gentleman. "Will you beard me to my face? I'll keep the girl under lock and key, if necessary, to prevent her linking her fortunes with those of a wandering circuit rider who is without house and home."

"The point mainly to be considered," said Daniel, "is whether I have her love; the rest is easy. God will provide us with house and home. He ever cares for his workmen and his work."

"Blanche has too much of her father's spirit," said the Colonel, haughtily, "to degrade herself by such a lackland marriage."

"Miss Pemberton will never do aught unbecoming her father's daughter," said the Elder; and, bowing respectfully, if somewhat stiffly, left the house. He was not the man to give up lightly a quest so dear to his heart. But he was a good deal embarrassed. He could hardly enter the house again after such words as he had heard; he could not enlist Mrs. Pemberton's influence with her daughter against her husband's will. He would do nothing clandestine. Yet it was right that Blanche should know the truth. He wrote her a manly letter avowing his love.

"I do not ask for your answer now," he concluded. "Take time for reflection and for prayer. They are well guided whom God guides, and neither you nor I will do otherwise than hold him by the hand. I will have patience, and I have hope."

This letter he enclosed, unsealed, in a note to her mother, requesting her to read it and to hand it to her daughter. In less than an hour after she had read the lover's missive, she came forth from her mother's room with a new light in her eyes.

"Mother," said she, with an ingenuous blush, "I love him dearly, and I have loved him long."

"Then what answer shall I send him?" her mother said, with evident goodwill and with little surprise, for she had long surmised the truth.

"Only this," said Blanche, handing her mother her Bible. It was a dainty volume, bound in purple velvet, with golden clasps—a birthday present from her mother in the happy Virginian days that preceded the cruel war. "Only this. He will understand. We must wait till God opens the way."

Daniel Dunham sat in "the prophet's chamber" in Barbara Heck's hospitable home. He had not asked an immediate answer, but was nervously anxious and excited. All he could do was to pace up and down the floor and wonder and wish.

"What's come to the Elder to-day?" said Paul Heck to Brave Barbara. "He never went on like this before. He looks pale and worried. I wonder what is the matter with him."

Now, Brave Barbara had long entertained a strong suspicion as to how matters really stood between the preacher and the Colonel's handsome daughter, and with her usual ready intuition she jumped at once to the right conclusion.

"It won't last long," she said, with a quiet smile. "The complaint he's suffering from is under treatment. He is in good hands, and will win a cure."

So it proved. Daniel unfolded the dainty parcel which had been instantly dispatched. A leaf had been turned down in the Bible, and its pages fell open at these words—there was no written line, only a pencil mark to direct the reader's eye—"Where thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." In this fashion the happy suitor was made to know that he had prospered in his suit.

The call to duty sent the zealous and well-contented Daniel to the other end of his vast circuit through the backwoods, but as he rode along the miry forest trail, a fair presence seemed to brighten his pathway, and an echo new to woodland sounds fell upon his ear—"Where thou goest, I will go." For weary weeks, and even months, he had no word from the object of his devotion. Whenever he preached at "the settlement," every member of the Colonel's household was conspicuously absent, by the stern Squire's imperative orders. The one exception was that of Uncle Jule, who, with a courage worthy of his imperial namesake, was not to be deprived "ob de means ob grace." The old negro occasionally found an opportunity to give the Elder a word of cheer as to the object of his anxiety.

"De Co'r'n'l is powfu' sabige, but the deah Missy Blanche is de same as eber." Daniel understood and smiled.

The cross-grained and cross-tempered Colonel Pemberton grew worse and worse to manage; and the families on the farms through all the settlement had found reason to regret the same.

"I think the squire hates Methodism more and more," said Paul Heck to his wife; "and I think he's surely beginning to hate mankind. He spites me dreadfully for lending Master Reginald my colt, and only yesterday he looked at me so glum, and spoke so sour, I really thought he would strike me with his whip."

"Things are coming to a crisis with the Colonel," said Brave Barbara, speaking very seriously. "I have seen that for some weeks past. Mrs. Pemberton fairly saddens me to see the grief and sorrow in her eyes. I think something will 'strike' the Colonel. What the 'whip' will be I cannot tell; but I think and hope that it will be a healing chastisement, though the blows may be heavy."

Strange to say, the words of this Deborah of the forest were a true prophecy. One day, very late in the month of November, the Colonel, with his hired men, were rafting timber down the river for a barn which he meant to build during the ensuing winter. The steersman blundered, and the raft was driven by the rapid current against a sunken rock. By the force of the blow and strain it was sent to pieces, and the men, including, of course, the choleric Colonel, were thrown into the river. Fortunately it happened near the shore, and all lives were saved. But the immersion in the ice-cold water, after the overheat of strong exercise, and, it must be confessed of wrathful temper, too, brought on the Colonel a severe attack of rheumatic fever. This eventually assumed a typhoid character, and brought him, through a dispensation of intense suffering, to the very door of death.

Needless to say, the Colonel was now more difficult than ever to do anything with, thanks to the excruciating agonies that racked his frame. The patient, gentle, loving attentions of his wife and daughter, however, gradually wrought a change in the sick man's frame of mind. So weak and ill was he that for some days it was very dubious as to whether he had even a chance of life. The two loving nurses watched, like ministering angels, by his bed, and a whole flood of wholesome and transforming thoughts came to him on his couch of pain.

"You make me ashamed of myself, my poor, patient Griselda," he said, on one occasion, in a weak whisper, "I am nothing but a great helpless and fretful baby, and you nurse me as tenderly as a mother her firstborn?"

"You are more than a firstborn to me," she said, laying her gentle hand on his pallid brow.

"I've been very, very wrong, dear wife," he said. "Will you forgive me?" and, taking her hand, he pressed it to his lips, and she felt the tear of compunction fall upon it. Over this she rejoiced with exceeding joy, remembering the apostolic words, "For what knowest thou, oh, wife! whether thou shalt save thy husband?"

The next morning, before the break of day, for the mother and daughter took turn about by the sick man's bed, Blanche took her station by her father's side.

"Blanche, my darling," said the suffering penitent, "you must let me ask you to forgive my unkind and—"

Her fingers were laid gently on his lips, and then she placed there her own, thus effectively checking her father's confession. No sooner was the silent compact sealed, than the Colonel said, speaking softly, for his strength was small:

"Blanche, my love, send for Redgie. Tell him I want him, need him, and to lose no time."

"Oh, my father!" said she, all but overpowered with strong feeling. "You are so good—"

"Alas, no. I'm not good," he replied with quivering lips; "but if I am spared—" and again the sentence was checked by the delighted Blanche.

That very night a joyful surprise awaited them. Brave Barbara had, as usual, lost no time in doing the deed that was kind and good and fitting. The Colonel's serious illness had given her work to do—in her closet with her God, with Mrs. Pemberton as a precious and sympathetic friend, and with Reginald, who was dear to her heart. It was she who had sent a special messenger to her son Jacob, to bring the surprise about. The early nightfall came dark and cloudy, and the winter wind moaned through the forest trees. The rain fell in pattering gusts against the window panes. In the dark eyes of the suffering Colonel, darker by contrast with his white face and snowy hair, as he lay propped upon his pillow, there was a wistful and anxious look. He felt that he had much to do to put many wrongs right again. And it seemed to him that his time was short. Was he thinking of his boy, too, whom he had driven into the stormy wild?

By-and-by, there were loud shouts of gladness and recognition, and a whole band of voices giving vent in their own peculiar fashion of unmistakable delight, then the door opened, and Reginald and his father were once again together. There is no need for me to describe the meeting between son and parent. The Colonel's words may well suffice.—"Welcome, my boy, thrice welcome to your father's house and to your father's heart. Forgive me, Redgie, forgive me, as I trust God forgives me!"

The young "round" preacher seemed to have changed from a boy into a man. There was a stamp of deeper thought upon his face, and a graver air told of the discipline of life.

"Thank God for the affliction which has made us again a united household!" said the Colonel, as he gazed upon the faces of his loved ones. "God has dealt with me in mercy, not in anger. His chastisements have been blessings in disguise."

The proud man was humbled. Like Peter on the house-top, he had learned not to call anything "common or unclean." When a man comes near death, he is apt to get a new way of looking at differences of rank and station. Even Elder Dunham, without a home, did not seem to the Colonel so much beneath him as he did before. His boy Redgie had perhaps made a better choice of occupation than might appear on the face of it. Anyhow, the Colonel was in the mood to acquiesce in it now and Redgie could intercede for Dunham.

(To be Concluded.)

OFF FOR THE POLAR SEAS.

(*Continued from first page.*)

able voyage across Greenland in 1889; but his present expedition, as he explains it, has a different purpose. He says:

"There are no points of similarity between Peary's expedition and mine. Mine is to pass the Pole and traverse the unknown Polar regions. There is not much interest in merely reaching the mathematical North Pole. Lieut. Peary's work last year was marvelously well done. His skirting of the northern limits of the inland ice of Greenland is a matter of the highest scientific importance, as hitherto no one knew how far those Arctic wastes extended in that direction. He reached a point on the east coast of Greenland much further north

MRS. R. E. PEARY.

than that touched by any previous explorer. The object of my expedition is of course purely scientific. The expeditionary party consists of twelve men all told. I am in absolute command, and everybody on board, scientists or sailors, will have to obey me implicitly. There cannot be more than one will in such an undertaking as this."

Nansen's ship, the *Fram*, (Forward) is a curiosity, being built specially with a view to resisting or rather avoiding the impact of the polar icebergs. He hull is V-shaped (the ordinary vessel being U-shaped), and her commander claims that this peculiarity in her construction will enable her to slide upward if "nipped" by the icepack, instead of being caught by the ribs and crushed, a fate that has befallen many polar exploring ships in the past. The *Fram* is a stanchly-built steamer, with ample sail to eke out when high speed is desired. Beside the crew, the *Fram* will carry a small party of scientific men and icepilots and harpooners. She is also equipped with a captive balloon service. Dr. Nansen's plan is to sail to Nova Zembla, revictual there and thence sail to the Kara Sea, and along the coast of Siberia to the river Lena. Thereafter he will proceed in a northerly direction along the western coast of Kotelnai Island, of the new Siberian group,and push on in that course until stopped by the ice. The *Fram* will remain in the ice-pack for the winter until the next open season, when she will gradually resume her course, working slowly to the northward, and thus, as Dr. Nansen explains: "assisted by nature, instead of fighting against her, we expect to be taken by the drifting of the ice floes right across the Polar region down into the East Greenland Sea, between Spitzbergen and Greenland, having in this way reached and passed the Pole."

This programme is so fraught with peril to the ship and her entire crew that, were her commander a less experienced and far-seeing arctic sailor than Nansen, little hope would be entertained of ever seeing the *Fram* in Norway again. She carries provisions for five years. Two-thirds of the expenses of the expedition are to be paid by the Norwegian government, King Oscar having been the first contributor to the fund for that purpose. The balance has been subscribed privately, the Royal Geographical Society being one of the principal donors. Dr. Nansen expects to be absent at least two years. A picture of his vessel, the *Fram*, has already appeared in this journal..

Mrs. Peary (whose portrait is given on this page) accompanies her husband, as on their former voyage. She is a young woman of great courage, bright, vivacious, and intellectual. Few women would voluntarily undertake what she is about to face,but Mrs. Peary will be sustained by her love and faith in her brave husband and by her firm trust in a Higher Power. She has made abundant preparations for her arctic housekeeping. Her ordinary dress (indicated in the portrait), will consist of a cloak of deer skin, tanned on the inside,and slipped on over the head. It has a thick, furlined hood and when adjusted only the eyes, nose and month are seen. Her other garments will be reindeer skin, thickly lined, and her shoes are kamiks or Esquimau moccasins. She is a hardy traveler, quick on snowshoes or "skis" and a capital shot with the rifle.

It is a matter for congratulation that the days when arctic explorations were undertaken in blind hardihood and without specific object have passed away, and that the later journeys of Peary, Nansen and other travelers may be confidently expected to add to the general store of human wisdom and practical knowledge, instead of swelling the long, dark list of arctic tragedies. If their efforts result in enlightening future generations concerning that unknown region, of which it is written in Job 26:7: "He stretcheth out the north over the empty place and hangeth the earth upon nothing," they will not have undertaken their perilous voyages in vain.

THE LODGING-HOUSE FOR LOST GIRLS.

MRS. JOSEPHINE S. WILLIAMSON, the devoted mission worker, who is endeavoring to raise $2,000 with which to establish a Permanent Lodging House for Homeless Girls in New York City, is meeting with great encouragement. During the week, the following amounts have been received:

Mrs. N. Schaaf, Chesterville, O.	$ 1 00
Rev. D. Thomas, Oak Hill, O.	5 00
J. A. Smarton, Greeley, Colo.	1 00
Friend, N. Adams, Mass.	1 00
J. M. Belden. Newington, Conn.	1 00
Mrs. W. K. Desh, Allentown, Pa.	5 00
Mrs. Sarah M. Bovehly and son, South Parsonfield, Me.	5 00
Marion Steele, Winnebago Valley, Minn.	1 00
Friend, Mattewan, N. Y.	10 00
D. C. Reed, Eureka Mills, Cal.	2 00
Maria Vincent, Fabius, N. Y.	5 00
Mrs. H. H. King, West Philadelphia, Pa	1 00
E. L. Swartwout, Utica, N. Y.	5 00
Ira Benjamin, Livingstonville, N. Y.	1 00
Mrs J. N. Barr, Cornell, Ill	1 00
Florence T., Brooklyn, N. Y.	1 00
Adelaide T., "	1 00
H. Harris, Philadelphia, Pa.	5 00
Miss Delia B. Jolly, Cave City, Ky.	50
D. J. Winkler, Grand Rapids, N. Dak.	5 00
Ella Eppert, Blue Earth City, Minn.	5 00
Mrs. Fred Patterson, Helena, Ark.	1 00
Mrs. R. F. Ford, Verona Mills, N. Y.	1 00
A Shut in, South Bridge, Mass.	10
Jennie Roberts, Philadelphia, Pa.	2 00
——, New York.	1 00
Mrs. E. B. Daniel, Asbury Park, N. J.	1 00
Mrs. Wm. Musson, Gilbertsville, N. Y.	5 00
Hettie McWhorter, Fordham, N. Y.	1 00
——, Chicago, Ill.	05
Mrs. J. Q Hawks, Georgetown, N. Y.	2 00
J. Le Group, East Berkshire, Vt., and Anna A. Baldwin, Parsippany, N. J.	5 00
E. R. Sawyer, Haverville, Mass.	2 00
E. C. Richle, Philadelphia, Pa.	10 00
C., Fonda, N. Y.	10 00
Annie, Dumple and Lizzie, Carlisle, Ky.	25
I. H. N., Mass.	1 00
Sistsr of Brattleboro, Vt.	1 00
Mrs. F. Maury Stevenson, Burton, Tex.	2 00
A. L. Ingeson, Poola, Fla.	3 00
F. C. Bucknam, Yarmouthville, Me.	1 00
T. J. Fraley, Franklinville, N. C.	2 00
Mrs. Fanny H. Fry, Searing, Iowa.	1 00
Miss Myra Brown, City,	1 00
Friend, Beverly, N. J.	1 00
——, Leyden, N. Y.	1 00
M. Mygatt, Beaver Crossing, Neb.	5 00
——, East Douglas, Mass,	25 00
Louise, Annandale, Fairfax Co., Va.	2 00
Mary S. Mitchell, Iowa,	3 00
Mrs. S. J. Q Thomas, Ambler, Pa.	50
Mrs. Annie M. Hull, Durham, N. Y.	5 00
Mrs. H. Bancroft and daughter, S. Barre, Vt.	2 25
Mr and Mrs J I Crutcher, Silver City, Idaho,	4 00
Mrs E A W and daughters,	1 30

All contributions in aid of the Girls' Lodging House will be acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The great need of an institution of this character is every day more apparent. In the course of her mission work in the slums, Mrs. Williamson is constantly brought into contact with lost girls, whose reformation would be much more readily and permanently accomplished were there a permanent lodging house where they could be placed immediately after being rescued from the streets. Some of the letters she receives from girls who have, by divine grace, been led to a changed life, are extremely touching. One writes:

HOBOKEN, N. J., July 1, 1893.

DEAR SISTER IN CHRIST:—How I thank God for saving me, when he did; for by his grace I am what I am. It took as much of the grace of God to save me as it would to save those poor girls in ———'s dive. I thank God for opening my eyes after you spoke to me in the Florence Mission, nearly five years ago. I have looked to God, and in his wonderful way he brought me out. Your Sister,

MAGGIE M. E.

Another girl writes as follows:

NEW YORK, July 1, 1893.

DEAR SISTER IN CHRIST:—I feel led to write to you. You have often heard me say what God had saved me from. I had been a thief since I was thirteen years old and not only a drunkard,but a drunkard-maker. Still,through all my sinful life, my sainted mother's prayers followed me. Oh, how I thank God to-day for the Florence Night Mission! For it was there that God broke my stubborn heart by his love, and God has kept me ever since. He has led me through many strange paths, through trials and temptations, and kept me safe, because I did not make the mistake of trying to take care of Jesus, but have let him take care of me. Yours in our blessed Master,

J. M. B.

TYPICAL WESTERN SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

AT Pullman, Washington, a missionary of the American Sunday School Union, visited a community which had a singing school on Sundays where a song book was used instead of a hymn-book. They would congregate and sing a few songs, and then discuss political matters and arrange a dance. He visited all the homes in the district, called a meeting, held preaching services and succeeded in organizing a large Sunday School. The man who was chosen Superintendent said to him at the close of the first meeting "I have not heard but two sermons in six years."

At Fort Scott, Kan., the school-house is a log hut, without windows. The teachers name is Constant. The missionary said to a smart little black girl of nine years of age,

"Can you tell me who made the world?"

Promptly she replied, "Mr. Constant."

At Olla, La., one Sunday as the missionary went to Sunday School he overtook a woman with a year-old baby on her shoulder, Indian-fashion, and four others walking before her. She said:

"Four miles is a long walk to carry a baby, but if I keep well, I don't intend to miss a lesson."

At Carrollton, Ga., is a Sunday School which was organized by a missionary three years ago, in a little log-house in the midst of the piney woods. The people were poor and ignorant, and the children growing up in ignorance and sin. There had never been a Sunday School in the community. He visited the families in the neighborhood and wrote:

"I found poverty and ignorance and sin on every hand, several families without a Bible or Testament, and many who had never heard a Gospel sermon preached. There were some people over fifty years old who could not read, and who had never been in school. I found only four professing Christians in the community, who would agree to assist in a Sunday School,but with these as a nucleus the work was undertaken and the school started. The people were so poor that I had to give the supplies to start them out of my own salary. On a recent visit I found that a great change had been wrought in the community. They now have a neat new school house, the families are all supplied with the Word of God, a prayer-meeting is held and is well attended, a good Sunday School is kept up winter as well as summer." At Hendersonville, N. C., in one primary meeting there were fifty-seven children who had no Sunday School books, nine were from homes destitute of the Bible, and thirty-four unable to write their own names. But they all voted "Yes, yes, sir, we want a Sunday School right now, sir!" A special appointment in another settlement drew together quite a crowd of colored people. An old colored brother spoke in behalf of his people. In reply to the inqury as to what they needed in order to start a school, he said: "O my brudder, you is already seed we is need ebryting—got nothin' heah 'ceptin' dese yere children an' dese yere benches; no book, no paper, an' we dunno how to gin de fus' step."

AN EMPEROR IN A KITCHEN.

A EUROPEAN journalist tells a remarkable story about the Emperor, Alexander II., of Russia, the father of the present Czar. He says that in his youth, before he came to the throne, one of his tutors was the celebrated philosopher La Harpe, to whom Alexander was much attached. One day the young prince, in preparing his lessons came to a difficulty he could not solve and instead of waiting for La Harpe's visit to the palace, walked over to his house and went, as his habit was, unattended.When he arrived, a servant newly engaged by La Harpe opened the door and not knowing the prince asked his name. The prince answered "Alexander." The porter then led him into the servants' hall, told him that his master was at his studies, and could not be disturbed for an hour. He placed bread and meat before the prince and invited him to eat which he did without affectation. When the hour was expired, the porter informed La Harpe that a young man of the name of Alexander had been waiting some time, and wanted to see him. "Show him in." But what was La Harpe's surprise to see his pupil! He wished to apologize; but Alexander, placing his finger on his lips, said: "My dear tutor, do not mention it; an hour to you is worth a day to me; and besides, I have had a hearty breakfast in your kitchen which I should have lost had I been admitted to you when I first came." La Harpe, however, reprimanded his servant, but Alexander, laughing, said to the man: "I like you the better for it; you are an honest servant, and there are a hundred rubles to convince you that I think so."

WESLEYAN METHODISTS.

The official statistics of the Wesleyan Methodists of England show a total membership of 427,700 as against 424,752 last year. The new members received number 44,188.

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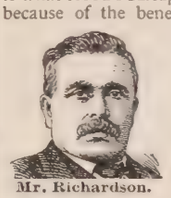
The Home Medicine

Is what Hood's Sarsaparilla may well be called, because of the benefit whole families derive from it. Henry C. Richardson of Siloam, N. Y., says that he and his wife have been wonderfully benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Mrs. R. was **miserable all the time** with kidney **complaint** but began improving when she had taken Hood's Sarsaparilla one week, and after taking three bottles was perfectly cured. Mr. R. says he had **Heart Failure, Catarrh** and **Liver Complaint.** Could not sleep.



Mr. Richardson.

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bloated badly, had pains in his back, ringing noises in his ears,etc. Hood's Sarsaparilla gave immediate benefit,sound sleep and good health.

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ALL ABOUT DELEGATES.*

ONE evening in the early spring, as Mont was walking slowly homeward, busy with his thoughts, he did not notice a group of boys on the opposite corner until Ernest Howe called:

"Hello, there, Weston! come over here a minute."

On joining the group, he learned that the matter of delegates to the National Endeavor Convention was under discussion, and that Gertrude Marsden and Fred Malcolm had been favorably spoken of.

"What say you, old fellow; don't you think they will represent us well?" asked Rob Brooks.

Mont made no reply, but stood there trying to decide what he had better do, until Fred pressed him by saying: "Now, see here, old boy, if you have any objection to me, I beg of you don't spare my feelings, for I am sure there are others who are more deserving of this honor than myself, and I am willing any minute, to resign all claims in favor of a more worthy object."

At this "declamation"—as Rob termed it—the boys all laughed, even Mont, who replied:

"My dear old chap, I heartily concur with your nomination, and had I a vote I should cheerfully cast it for you; but—

"But what?" said Frank impatiently. "Surely you can have no objection to Miss Marsden as a delegate; she is one of the most popular girls in the whole membership."

At this remark the color rose a trifle in Mont's face, and Fred Malcolm watched him critically, as he proceeded to explain his position.

"What you have said in regard to Miss Gertrude is quite true, and I am one of the many who greatly admire her personally; nevertheless, I do object to her as a delegate, for this reason: To my knowledge, she has been repeatedly chosen to represent the society abroad; and while she may do this in an exceptional manner, I do not think such a course fair to your other members."

"But she is the most zealous, consecrated worker we have in the whole society," said Ernest Howe, with some show of annoyance.

"Did it ever occur to you," replied Mr. Weston, "that those very privileges which you persist in furnishing Miss Marsden, do much to awaken and keep alive the religious elements of her nature? And that, if these opportunities were occasionally offered to some one less active the influence might be felt in greater measure, both by the society and the individual?"

"Mont, you are all right," said Frank, extending him a hand; "when you first commenced I was dreadfully provoked at you, but I'll take it all back now, and thank you heartily; for this is a matter in which a great many societies need to reform."

"Whom would you suggest in Miss Marsden's stead?" asked Fred.

"How would it do to appoint that little seamstress, who is such a faithful teacher in the mission school?" suggested Mr. Weston. "She is looking very badly of late; and I fancy the trip alone might be of much benefit, to say nothing of the great treat in store for those who are in attendance upon the meetings."

The boys all looked aghast at the proposal to send this poor, and hitherto almost unnoticed, member of their number. Could she represent them with credit? Surely they knew of no reason why such a thing was impossible. That she was faithful and efficient in the performance of every duty which had been laid upon her, they could not deny. Then, why was she not eligible? Could it be that they had passed judgment upon her, because in outward appearance she was inferior to some [illegible]?

Solemn conviction fastened itself slowly upon the boyish hearts, and in a few seconds Robert broke the silence by saying:

"Weston, you're a [illegible] of settling duty whittled down to a fine point; I'll own beat in this business, and pledge my vote for the [illegible]."

"Here's another vote for the new candidate," said Ernest with some spirit.

*From *The Endeavorers of Maple Grove*, by Hattie Clarke Gardner. 12mo, pp. 174. Cloth, 75 cents. Sunday-school members [illegible] published by the Megeath Stationery Co., Omaha, Neb.

With that the crowd moved on to the next corner, where the boys separated, each one going to his own home.

APPARENT AND TRUE RICHES.*

"If we are created to live in this world alone and enjoy its natural comforts and delights, no greater good than an abundance of its possessions could be gained. But we are not. We have wants which no amount of worldly possessions can ever satisfy. The were intended to be merely means and instruments for the development of our spiritual faculties. Whenever we become wholly absorbed in getting them and enjoying them, and they are the supreme object of our affections, they become harmful to our supreme interests; they obstruct the development of the noblest and most precious human faculties, and they bar our entrance into the kingdom of heaven. If you find upon reflection that you were loving the world less and the Lord and neighbor more; that your thoughts naturally turned to subjects of a spiritual nature, and you found a growing interest in them, it would indicate that you were obeying the Lord; that you were leaving natural worldly things and following him."

"Do you mean that it is wrong for us to enjoy the good things of this life?" she asked.

"No," I replied. "They were given to us to use and enjoy, but not to love supremely. They were given to us to be the servants of a heavenly life, and not hindrances to it. But the love of the world is very subtle and powful in its influence to blind us to our true condition. It is easy to give money of our abundance. It costs us but little, and is of very little spiritual value. We may even do it from a selfish or worldly motive. The true test of our love is the personal interest we feel in promoting the happiness of others, and the amount of personal attention and effort we are willing to give to the Church and other worthy efforts to relieve the sufferings of humanity and elevate the character of the people around us.

"Wealth is always useful to us when we employ it for this purpose, and harmful when we do not. When we are entirely content with our natural possessions and have no aspirations for anything higher and nobler than simply to enjoy them; when we practically say to our soul, 'Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry,' it is a blessing to have them taken from us, that we may know upon how frail a foundation we are basing our eternal happiness. When our natural possessions, however abundant and precious they may be, do not satisfy the wants of our nature, and our affections have become so firmly rooted in them that we cannot extricate them without some help beyond our power, then it may be a great blessing to have them taken from us, however severe the wrench, that, freed from their weight and entanglements, we may rise to something higher and better which the world can never give.

AN OLD MAN'S GARDEN.†

ALL round the house there were old lawns of grass with beech-trees round them, and in the grass under the trees there were snowdrops, crocuses, daffodils, and anemones, that grew not in patches of two or three, but in sheets, for afterward we saw them one after another. Before the house there was a lawn so old and mossy that your feet sank into it as you walked; at one end was the house, with a row of gray gables in the roof and long windows that opened on the grass; at the other end there was a low brick wall with a wide gateway, and then you went down three stone steps into Bogy's garden.

And when you got there it was the most beautiful old garden that ever was seen. We sighed for joy when we saw it. It was divided here and there by yew hedges, so that we kept finding one new place after another; and it seemed to lie all in a warm hollow sheltered by the beech-trees, where there was no wind but nearly always sun. The soil looked as if it had been a garden for hundreds of years, and the plants grew, and grew, and grew, and were never disturbed. We saw whole beds of lilies-of-the-valley, clove carnations, burning bush, fleurs-de-lis, moss and cabbage roses, what we call thump lilies, because we thump each other on the backs with the heads, but what mother calls day lilies, and crown imperials, and the double sort that are called crown-upon-crown, and more old-fashioned plants and shrubs than I can remember. Bobby looked round at them all and sighed.

Then he took us to his herb garden, for he had a real old herb garden—so old, and funny, and pretty. There were yew hedges all round it, to keep out the winds, and you went in through archways cut in them. Inside it was all grass, and the beds were cut in it as if they were a pack of cards laid down. There was rue, and bergamot, and tansy, and thyme, and sage, and horehound, and balm, and pennyroyal, and angelica, and more herbs than I ever heard of.

We went under an arch that was made by two great cedars of Lebanon, and found ourselves in another little garden shut in by the hedges. It was so silent it might have been miles and miles away from anybody living—there were only some woodpigeons cooing in the trees.

"And my godmother used to tell me, when I was a little boy," he said to us, "that when this old house was a priory, this garden was a small graveyard. I do not know whether it is true or not, but my godmother believed it, and would never let this place be disturbed. It's name is the 'Saints' Rest.'"

†From *Consolation;* by Rev. Chauncey Giles; pp. 167, cloth, published by the American New Church Tract and Publication Society, Philadelphia. A series of simple, instructive dialogues on spiritual topics.

From *The Gentle Heritage*, by Frances E. Crompton, illustrated, cloth, pp. 188, price 75c. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, publishers.

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HOW A WAR WAS AVERTED.

IN a newly published work entitled *Cannibals Won for Christ*, Rev. Oscar Michelsen says that during his absence from his missionary station at Tongoa, in the New Hebrides, a dispute arose with the people of a bush village in the interior; and one of his converts, a chief named Manambalea, determined to lead an expedition against the village and destroy it. Manambalea was heartily supported by the whole people, and when Mr. Michelsen returned the expedition was almost ready to start. Mr. Michelsen explained to Manambalea that the peace and order of the island was not to be achieved by war, but by Christianity—which is love, and not hatred; life and not death. Manambalea was soon led to see his error, and he imparted to his people the clearer light which he had himself received. He went further, telling his tribesmen that he intended to go straight up to the bush village to stop the war. All begged of him to do no such wild thing, saying that the people of Pele (the bush village), would certainly kill him. As he remained firm, the villagers proposed to follow him in a body, well armed, so as to afford protection.

This, however, was not Manambalea's wish. He could see that this plan would assuredly mean more war. So, settled in purpose, he went without escort, only taking with him a devoted young Christian named Karisi, and another youth. He was, however, followed by his wife and her sister, who declared they would go and "die with him."

The warriors of the bush village could not understand the sight that met their view that day—Manambalea, with whose people they had fought many a battle, coming up to them with two defenceless lads! There must be some sinister purpose! The advance of the chief was but part of a plot! Every fighting-man of Pele grasped his musket, expecting each moment to see their armed enemy in force. But Manambalea held up his hands, and called out, "Stop! I am not here to fight, but to speak peace to you."

At this the men threw their guns to the ground, and stood up in a respectful attitude to hear what Manambalea had to say. In a few words he explained that he had been at the mission-house, and had related to the missionary what had occurred. "The missionary," he said, "tells me it is not according to the 'Light' to fight and kill people; but that we should love one another and live at peace."

The worthy chieftain further said that he intended to stop fighting: and he hoped the people of Pele would do the same, and become learners of the "New Doctrine!" Thus what might have been a disastrous war was brought to an end. Returning to the missionary, he told what had been done and urged that teachers be sent to the village. This Mr. Michelsen was glad to do and at this day there is a thriving Christian church in Pele.

A SUICIDE AVERTED.

AT a recent meeting in Glasgow, Scotland, just after the exercises had begun, a shabbily-dressed man slipped into a back seat. He did not seem to take much interest in the singing, but sat or stood with the rest of the audience in a dreamy, absent-minded sort of way. The address proceeded, and still there was no sign of interest from the listener, but all at once he sat upright and fixed his eyes on the speaker, who had just stated that Christ would save to the uttermost. The shabby man's attention was riveted, and at the end of the address, he remained among those who wished to be dealt with personally. He told the preacher his story, which was a sad one. Well educated, and at one time holding a good position, one false step had ruined him. He had meant to repay what he took but luck was against him, and his turf associates took his money. Discovery soon followed, and he was dismissed without a character. He could not meet his friends, so he fled from home. Since then he had been a wanderer on the face of the earth, unable to get employment, unable to stick to anything; he had sunk lower and lower, until to his one crime were added many, and he became familiar with the interior of a jail. At the time he entered the meeting a great feeling of remorse had seized him. He felt his wasted life a burden of which he must get rid, and had determined to kill himself. It was too light then, so he turned into the meeting to pass away an hour. But that one hour gave him a new start in life. He no longer thought of suicide, but had determined to live for Christ thereafter.

AN ESCAPE FROM A FLOOD.

A CLERGYMAN pleading recently with a congregation for liberal gifts for the cause he was advocating, said that many warnings were given of the danger to be apprehended from the possession of much money. He would tell his hearers the best way of meeting the danger and tell it by a story: "A cottage at the foot of a great hill in Wales was once flooded out by a stream which burst its banks, and rushing into the cottage devastated the interior. The poor old woman who lived there went to a neighbor to bewail her loss. Her furniture was all spoiled, her home was entirely ruined.

'But, dear me!' she said, 'You have had the flood as well as I, and it don't seem to have done much harm. How is that?' 'Oh,' replied the neighbor, 'when the water came in at the back door I opened the front door and it ran through and just washed the floor clean. Why didn't you open the door and let it run out?' Some of us want that lesson about our money. Often when it runs in, it works much harm, because we do not open the front door of giving to Christ's cause to let it out. Money hoarded and hugged becomes a burden and curse."

A RESCUE WORKER ARRESTED.

MR. ORRIN B. BOOTH, is a young business man of New York, who is associated with the Rescue Band in active mission work in the tenement section and the slums. On Sunday, July 9, he saw that a saloon on the corner of Bleecker Street and South Fifth Avenue, had its side-door open and that the drink traffic was going on in defiance of the Sunday laws. His suspicions being confirmed, after noticing several persons enter and leave the barroom with drink they had purchased, he complained to a policeman and the officer warned the proprietor. One door was quickly closed but the traffic continued at another door around the corner. Mr. Booth again appealed to the officer but the latter declined to interfere, saying the other door was "not on his beat."

The young man then sought another policeman who, after some demur, spoke to the proprietor. For a few moments the doors remained closed, and soon it was reopened to admit new customers. Mr. Booth again appealed to the officer, and at that moment the the proprietor himself emerged and called out to the policeman to "arrest that fellow." To Mr. Booth's surprise the officer took him into custody, on the complaint of the saloon-keeper that he was "obstructing the doorway." The young Rescue worker was taken to Jefferson Market prison and put in the "pen" with a number of criminals and drunkards.

Next morning he was arraigned before a Police Justice on the charge of "drawing a crowd" and pleaded "not guilty." The justice, after a moment's talk with the officer, turned to the prisoner and told him he must furnish bonds in $300 to keep the peace for three months, or go to jail. Dr. Louis Klopsch, proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, hearing of the case, at once sent a certified check for the amount, to be deposited with the clerk of the court, and Mr. Booth was released. This experience shows how strongly entrenched the liquor power is in the metropolis, and how absurd is the pretense of the authorities at enforcing the Sunday laws against liquor selling in the city of New York.

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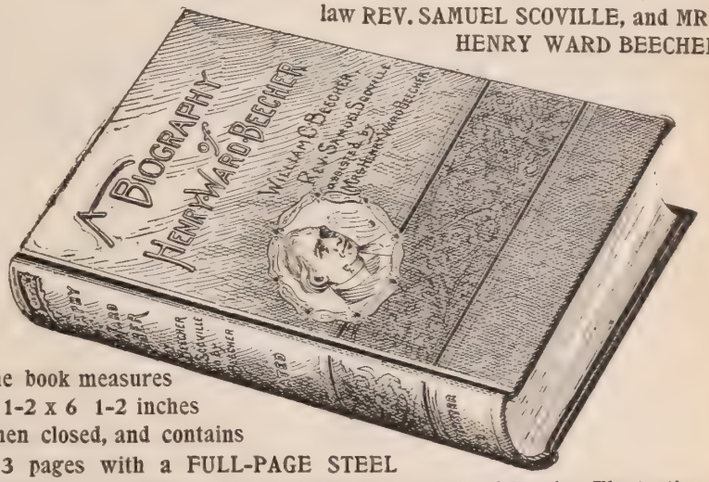

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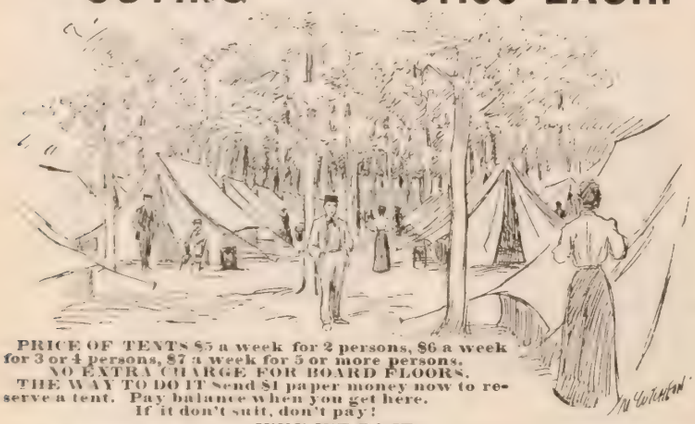

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 16. NUMBER 30.

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, JULY 26, 1893.

PRICE, 5 CENTS.
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THE RUSSIAN EMPEROR'S HOME.

JUST one year ago, this week, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD announced the arrival at the Russian Capital of the relief steamship, *Leo*, with the gift of food for the famine sufferers. The *Leo* was the last of the famine fleet, and her cargo, consecrated by American prayers, came at a time when the distress was keenest, and it was unquestionably the means of saving thousands of peasants from the horrors of death by starvation. In the relief movement, the Czar and the members of the Imperial household were probably the most active people in the Empire. During those sad and gloomy months, the Czarina was the gentle spirit whose example stirred up the nobles of Russia to deeds of generosity. Maria Feodorovna (whose portrait appears on this page), is regarded in Russia as a charming hostess and a model mother. She is not overfond of display and, though duly attentive to the social functions, prefers the quietude of her home to the glitter of ballrooms or receptions. Her three sons, Nicolas the Czarewitch, George and Michel, and her daughter Xenia were, to a great extent, trained and educated by the Empress personally, before passing under the care of tutors. She is of a slender, delicate frame, yet she accomplishes a great deal of work, and is never happier than when superintending some mission of charity which takes her among the people. Her face is familiar at the hospitals where the sick have learned to watch for her visits, and her palace is a centre of philanthropic schemes in which she interests the ladies of the Court, infecting them with her own enthusiasm.

There are many private residences in Europe and America presenting a much more pretentious exterior than the royal palace in St. Petersburg, which is shown in the photograph. Save for the presence of the military guard at the gate, the palace might well be mistaken for the city mansion of some wealthy Russian merchant. It is a home in which rigid method governs everything, from the nursery to the private office of the Czar, where, in a room not half as large as the average counting-house, he reads his correspondence, dictates his letters to a secretary and transacts much of the business of the state, with the Cabinet ministers or the members of the four great councils.

Recently, the Czarewitch visited England, and attended the royal wedding of the Duke of York and Princess May. In vain the diplomatists of the Russian Legation tried to prevail with him not to expose himself in public, the young prince went everywhere and had no dread of Nihilists or assassins. The Legation was uneasy and consulted the police authorities at Scotland Yard, but the latter reassured the Russians by declaring their belief that the Czarewitch was quite safe and not likely to be interfered with. This assertion was corroborated by a letter which the Prince received from a Nihilist in London, advising him to be observant of English constitutional government and citizens' rights, and to apply these principles, if he ever came to the Russian throne. At the termination of his visit, the Prince went to Berlin. Grand Duke Michaelovitch, a member of the royal house of Romanoff, and son of the Grand Duke Michael, is now visiting this country with the Russian fleet, in which he holds a commission.

THE IMPERIAL PALACE AT ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA.
(From a photograph secured by Dr. Klopsch, during his visit to Russia last summer.

The Tabernacle Pulpit

SHARPENED AXES.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, preached last Sunday Morning at Monona Lake Assembly, near Madison, Wis. Text, 1. Sam. 13: 19-21, *"Now there was no smith found throughout all the land of Israel," etc.*

MY loving and glad salutation to this uncounted host Chautauquans, Christian Endeavorers, Gospel workers, and their friends from all parts of Wisconsin and America, saints and sinners! My text is gloriously appropriate. What a scalding subjugation the Israelites were suffering. The Philistines had carried off all the blacksmiths, and torn down all the blacksmiths' shops, and abolished the blacksmith's trade in the land of Israel. These Philistines had a particular grudge against blacksmiths, although I have always admired them, and have sometimes thought I ought to have been one myself. The Philistines would not even allow these parties to work their valuable mines of brass and iron, nor might they make any swords or spears. There were only two swords left in all the land. Yea, these Philistines went on until they had taken all the grindstones from the land of Israel, so that if an Israelitish farmer wanted to sharpen his plough or his axe, he had to go over to the garrison of the Philistines to get it done. There was only one sharpening instrument left in the land, and that was a file. The farmers and the mechanics having nothing to whet up the coulter, and the goad, and the pickaxe, save a simple file, industry was hindered, and work practically disgraced. The great idea of these Philistines was to keep the Israelites disarmed. They might get iron out of the hills to make swords of, but they would not have any blacksmiths to weld this iron. If they got the iron welded, they would have no grindstones on which to bring the instruments of agriculture or the military weapons up to an edge. Oh, you poor, weaponless Israelites, reduced to a file, how I pity you! But these Philistines were not forever to keep their heel on the neck of God's children. Jonathan, on his hands and knees, climbs up a great rock beyond which were the Philistines; and his armor-bearer, on his hands and knees, climbs up the same rock, and these two men, with their two swords, hew to pieces the Philistines, the Lord throwing a great terror upon them. So it was then; so it is now. The two men of God on their knees, mightier than a Philistine host on their feet.

I learn first from this subject, how dangerous it is for the Church of God to allow its weapons to stay in the hands of its enemies. These Israelites might again and again have obtained a supply of swords and weapons, as for instance when they took the spoils of the Ammonites; but these Israelites seemed content to have no swords, no spears, no blacksmiths, no grindstones, no active iron mines, until it was too late for them to make any resistance. I see the farmers tugging along with their pickaxes and ploughs, and I say, "Where are you going with those things?" They say, "Oh, we are going over to the garrison of the Philistines to get these things sharpened." I say, "You foolish men, why don't you sharpen them at home?" "Oh," they say, "the blacksmiths' shops are all torn down, and we have nothing left us but a file."

So it is in the Church of Christ to-day. We are too willing to give up our weapons to the enemy. The world boasts that it has gobbled up the schools, and the colleges, and the arts, and the sciences, and the literature, and the printing press. Infidelity is making a mighty attempt to get all our weapons in its hand, and then to keep them. You know it is making this boast all the time; and after a while, when the great battle between sin and righteousness has opened, if we do not look out we will be as badly off as these Israelites, without any swords to fight with, and without any sharpening instruments. I call upon the superintendents of literary institutions to see to it that the men who go into the class-rooms to stand beside the Leyden jars, and the electric batteries, and the microscopes or telescopes, be children of God, not Philistines. The atheistic thinkers of this day are trying to get all the intellectual weapons of this century in their own grasp. What we want is scientific Christians to capture the science, and scholastic Christians to capture the scholarship, and philosophic Christians to capture the philosophy, and lecturing Christians, to take back the lecturing platform.

We want to send out against Schenkel and Strauss and Renan of the past, men like the late Theodore Christlieb of Bonn; and against the infidel scientists, a God-worshipping Silliman and Hitchcock and Agassiz. We want to capture all the philosophical apparatus, and swing around the telescopes on the swivel, until through them we can see the morning star of the Redeemer, and with mineralogical hammer discover the "Rock of ages," and amid the flora of the realms find the "Rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley." We want a clergy learned enough to discourse of the human eye, showing it to be a microscope and telescope in one instrument, with eight hundred wonderful contrivances, and lids closing 30,000 or 40,000 times a day; all its muscles and nerves and bones showing the infinite skill of an infinite God, and then winding up with the peroration: "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?" And then we want to discourse about the human ear, its wonderful integuments, membranes, and vibration, and its chain of small bones, and its auditory nerves, closing with the question: "He that planted the ear shall he not hear?" And we want some one able to expound the first chapter of Genesis, bringing to it the geology and the astronomy of the world, until, as Job suggested, "the stones of the field shall be in league" with the truth, and "the stars in their courses shall fight against Sisera." Oh, Church of God, go out and recapture these weapons. Let men of God go out and take possession of the [illegible] Let all the printing-press of this country speak out for Christ, and the reporters, and the type-setters, and the editors, and publishers swear allegiance to the Lord God of truth. Ah, my friend, that day must come, and if the great body of Christian men have not the faith, or the courage, or the consecration to do it, then let some Jonathan, on his busy hands and on his praying knees, climb up on the rock of hindrance, and in the name of the Lord God of Israel, slash to pieces those literary Philistines. If these men will not be converted to God, then they must be destroyed.

Again, I learn from this subject what a large amount of the Church's resources is actually hidden, and buried, and undeveloped. The Bible intimates that that was a very rich land—this land of Israel. It says: "the stones are iron, and out of the hills thou shalt dig brass," and yet hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of this metal was kept under the hills. Well, that is the difficulty with the Church of God at this day. Its talent is not developed. If one-half of its energy could be brought out, it might take the public iniquities of the day by the throat and make them bite the dust. If human eloquence were consecrated to the Lord Jesus Christ, it could in a few years persuade this whole earth to surrender to God. There is enough undeveloped Christian energy in the United States to bring the whole world to Christ; but it is buried under strata of indifference and under whole mountains of sloth. Now is it not time for the mining to begin, and the pickaxes to plunge, and for this buried metal to be brought out and put into the furnaces, and be turned into howitzers and carbines for the Lord's host? The vast majority of Christians in this day are useless. The most of the Lord's battalion belong to the reserve corps. The most of the crew are asleep in the hammocks. The most of the metal is under the hills. Oh, is it not time for the Church of God to rouse up and understand that we want all the energies, all the talent, and all the wealth enlisted for Christ's sake? I like the nickname that the English soldiers gave to Blucher, the Commander. They called him "Old Forwards." We have had enough retreats in the Church of Christ; let us have a glorious advance. And I say to you now, as the General said when his troops were affrighted. Rising up in his stirrups, his hair flying in the wind, he lifted up his voice until twenty thousand troops heard him, crying out: "Forward, the whole line!"

Again I learn from this subject, that we sometimes do well to take advantage of the world's sharpening instruments. These Israelites were reduced to a file, and so they went over to the garrison of the Philistines to get their axes and their goads, and their ploughs sharpened. The Bible distinctly states in the context—that they had no other instruments now with which to do this work, and the Israelites did right when they went over to the Philistines to use their grindstones. My friends, is it not right for us to employ the world's grindstones? If there be art, if there be logic, if there be business faculty on the other side, let us go over and employ it for Christ's sake. The fact is, we fight with too dull weapons, and we work with too dull implements. We hack and we maul when we ought to make a clean stroke. Let us go over among sharp business men, and among sharp literary men, and find out what their tact is, and then transfer it to the cause of Christ. If they have science and art it will do us good to rub against it. In other words: let us employ the world's grindstones. We will listen to their music, and we will watch their acumen, and we will use their grindstones; and we will borrow their philosophical apparatus to make our experiments, and we will borrow their printing-presses to publish our Bibles, and we will borrow their rail-trains to carry our Christian literature, and we will borrow their ships to transport our missionaries. That was what made Paul such a master in his day. He not only got all the learning he could get of Dr. Gamaliel, but afterward, standing on Mars Hill, and in crowded thoroughfare, quoted their poetry, and grasped their logic, and wielded their eloquence, and employed their mythology, until Dionysius the Areopagite, learned in the schools of Athens and Heliopolis, went down under his tremendous powers. That was what gave Thomas Chalmers his power in his day. He conquered the world's astronomy and compelled it to ring out the wisdom and greatness of the Lord, until for the second time, the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy. That was what gave to Jonathan Edwards his influence in his day. He conquered the world's metaphysics and forced it into the service of God, until not only the old meeting-house in Northampton, Massachusetts, but all Christendom felt thrilled by his Christian power. Well, now, my friends, we all have tools of Christian usefulness. Do not let them lose their edges. We want no rusty blades in this fight. We want no coulter that cannot rip up the glebe. We want no axe that cannot fell the trees. We want no goad that cannot start the lazy team. Let us get the very best grindstones we can find, though they be in the possession of the Philistines, compelling them to turn the crank while we bear down with all our might on the swift-revolving wheel until all our energies and faculties shall be brought up to a bright, keen, sharp, glittering edge.

Again: my subject teaches us on what a small allowance Philistine iniquity puts a man. Yes; these Philistines shut up the mines, and then they took the spears and the swords, then they took the blacksmiths, then they took the grindstones, and they took everything but a file. Oh, that is the way sin works; it grabs everything. It begins with robbery, and it ends with robbery. It despoils this faculty and that faculty, and keeps on until the whole nature is gone. Was the man eloquent before, it generally thickens his tongue. Was he fine in personal appearance, it mars his visage. Was he affluent, it sends the sheriff to sell him out. Was he influential, it destroys his popularity. Was he placid, and genial, and loving, it makes him splenetic and cross; and so utterly is he changed that you can see he is sarcastic and rasping, and that the Philistines have left him nothing but a file. Oh, "the way of the transgressor is hard." His cup is bitter. His night is dark. His pangs are deep. His end is terrific. Philistine iniquity says to that man: "Now, surrender to me, and I will give you all you want—music for the dance, swift steeds for the race, imperial couch to slumber on, and you shall be refreshed with the rarest fruits, in baskets of golden filagree." He lies. The music turns out to be a groan. The fruits burst the rind with rank poison. The filagree is made up of twisted snakes. The couch is a grave. Small allowance of rest; small allowance of peace; small allowance of comfort. Cold, hard, rough—nothing but a file. So it was with Voltaire, the most applauded man of his day:

> The Scripture was his jest-book, whence he drew
> *Bon mots* to gall the Christian and the Jew.
> An infidel when well, but what when sick?
> Oh, then a text would touch him to the quick.

Seized with hemorrhage of the lungs in Paris, where he had gone to be crowned in the theatre as an idol of all France, he sends a messenger to get a priest, that he may be reconciled to the Church before he dies. A great terror falls upon him. He makes the place all round about him so dismal that the nurse declares that she would not for all the wealth of Europe see another infidel die. Philistine iniquity had promised him all

the world's garlands, but in the last hour of his life when he needed solacing, sent tearing across his conscience and his nerves a file, a file. So it was with Lord Byron, his uncleanness in England only surpassed by his uncleanness in Venice, then going on to end his brilliant misery at Missolonghi, fretting at his nurse Fletcher, fretting at himself, fretting at the world, fretting at God; and he who gave to the world "Childe Harold," and "Sardanapalus," and "The Prisoner of Chillon," and "The Siege of Corinth," reduced to nothing but a file! Oh, sin has great facility for making promises, but it has just as great facility for breaking them. A Christian life is the only cheerful life, while a life of wicked surrender is remorse, ruin, and death.

I learn from this subject, what a sad thing it is when the Church of God loses its metal. These Philistines saw that if they could only get all the metallic weapons out of the hands of the Israelites, all would be well, and, therefore, they took the swords and the spears. They did not want them to have a single metallic weapon. When the metal of the Israelites was gone, their strength was gone. This is the trouble with the Church of God to-day. It is surrendering its courage. The Church of God to-day wants more backbone, more defiance, more consecrated bravery, more metal. How often you see a man start out in some good enterprise, and at the first blast of newspaperdom he has collapsed, and all his courage gone, forgetful of the fact that if a man be right, all the newspapers of the earth, with all their columns pounding away at him, cannot do him any permanent damage. It is only when a man is wrong that he can be damaged. Why, God is going to vindicate his truth, and he is going to stand by you, my friends, in every effort you make for Christ's cause and the salvation of men. Go forth in his service and do your whole duty.

You have one sphere. I have another sphere. "The Lord of Hosts is with us, and the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah." We want more of the determination of Jonathan. I do not suppose he was a very wonderful man; but he got on his knees and clambered up the rock, and with the help of his armor-bearer he hewed down the Philistines; and a man of very ordinary intellectual attainments, on his knees, can storm anything for God and for the truth. We want something of the determination of the general who went into the war, and as he entered his first battle, his knees knocked together, his physical courage not quite up to his moral courage; and he looked down at his knees, and said: "Ah, if you knew where I was going to take you, you would shake worse than that!" We have but little time in which to fight for God. You will be dead soon. Put in the Christian cause every energy that God gives you. "What thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might, for there is neither wisdom nor device in the grave whither we are all hastening." Oh, is it not high time that we wake out of sleep? Church of God, lift up your head at the coming victory! The Philistines will go down, and the Israelites will go up. We are on the winning side. Hear that—on the winning side. I think just now the King's horses are being hooked up to the chariot, and when he does ride down the sky there will be such a hosanna among his friends, and such a wailing among his enemies, as will make the earth tremble and the heavens sing. I see now the plumes of the Lord's cavalrymen tossing in the air. The archangel before the throne has already burnished his trumpet, and then he will put its golden lips to his own, and he will blow the long, loud blast that will make all nations free. Clap your hands, all ye people! Hark! I hear the falling thrones, and the dashing down of demolished iniquities.

Help for Prodigal Daughters.

The Effort of Two Brooklyn Ladies for the Restoration of Wayward Girls.

AMONG the efforts to rescue and reclaim the fallen which are now being made, one has just been inaugurated by two ladies in Brooklyn, N. Y., which has in it so much of hope and practical common-sense that it deserves the cordial sympathy of every earnest Christian. Every one who has tried to induce a fallen woman to abandon a sinful life has met with the rejoinder, "How am I to support myself?" The difficulty has been hard to surmount. As a rule the woman knows no trade and has had only ordinary education. She might go into domestic service, or might become a clerk in a store, but beyond these two avenues of self-support, almost all others are closed to her; and those two are precisely those in which good character—which, alas, she has lost—is indispensable to an engagement. When, therefore, such a woman becomes penitent and desires to reform, it is difficult for her to regain her lost place in society and earn a decent livelihood. The plan designed by these two Brooklyn ladies is specially fitted to surmount this difficulty.

It originated in a compassionate sisterly love for the fallen. About three years ago there came to New York a beautiful Christian girl from the country town of Bath, N.Y. She came to study art in the school at Cooper Union. In her native place she had been active in Sunday School work and had succeeded in organizing a Sunday School in an outlying village where one was sorely needed. She did not leave her religion behind her when she came to the great city, but looked around for some Christian work to do, in the few leisure hours she had at her disposal. She found out the little mission church which Rev. Stephen Merritt was keeping up among the poor in the Madison Street district. Dr. W. J. Hall, now medical missionary in Corea, was then laboring there and he gave the young stranger, who came to offer her services, a hearty welcome. There she came in contact with some of the saddest and most squalid features of city life, but she did not shrink from them. She worked on bravely, studying in the art schools in the daytime, and giving her evenings to Christ's cause among the poor. Then came an offer of marriage from a young man whom she met at the mission. After considering the matter she decided that she could sacrifice her career in art bnt she could not abandon her Christian labor. On these terms she could accept the offer and as her lover honored her for making them and consented to them, she became Mrs. Thomas Halvorsen.

BETHESDA HOME, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

About the same time, doing very much the same kind of work, within a short distance of the Madison Street Mission, was a young Canadian lady, Mrs. Robert McIntyre by name. She was devoting all her spare time to the work conducted by Rev. J. F. Avery at the Mariners' Temple. She, too, found work to do for her Master in the gloomy tenements, in the streets at night, and the pestiferous courts and alleyways of one of the worst wards of the city. The two ladies met and naturally their talk was of that which lay nearest their hearts — their work for Christ and its difficulties.

The practical outcome of their consultations was the founding of a shelter for fallen girls at 173 Cherry Street. They held mission services at their little shelter and much good was done there. It had been carried on for about six months, when God opened their way to the larger field on which they are now entering. In negotiating with Mr. Freeborn Smith of Brooklyn for the purchase of an organ for their mission, Mrs. Halvorsen and Mrs. McIntyre explained to him the nature of their work. The greater part of the large building which he owns on Raymond Street had been occupied by a missionary training school, but was then vacant. Mr. Smith had often noticed young women coming out of Raymond Street jail, for whom he had wished that something could be done. He knew what class they belonged to and sorrowfully perceived how little hope there was for them. "Why not bring your mission here, where it is so badly needed?" he asked the two ladies. The idea grew into practical shape in his mind and finally he offered them the vacant premises at half the usual rental on condition that the ladies would put into the work on which his heart was set the consecrated energy they had turned to so good an account in New York. The offer was made a subject of prayer and in a wonderful way financial help justifying them in accepting the offer, came to them. One lady undertook to pay the rent for the whole summer; another offered her services gratuitously as matron, and would furnish her own room, and other help was promised.

The chief advantage which recommended the offer to the workers was that it offered facilities for putting in operation a long cherished idea. It was to organize an industrial home, where girls who are willing to quit their sinful life could receive technical knowledge that would enable them to earn their own livelihood.

The experience they had gained in their efforts in Cherry St., New York, and other parts of the city had convinced them that in such an enterprise lay the best hope of the permanent reclamation of their fallen sisters. To provide them with means of maintaining themselves was to close the two chief avenues by which temptation to return to a sinful life would most successfully assail them. It is either through idleness or poverty that the great enemy of souls approaches the victim who has escaped from his clutches and re-enslaves her. By teaching the girls a business, occupation would be provided for mind and hand, leaving no room for the entrance of vicious thought and suggestions; and they could provide by their own honest labor the means of satisfying the desire for decent apparel which every self-respecting woman naturally feels under our advanced civilization. No opportunity, however, seemed likely to occur for their establishing an institution for the purpose until Mr. Smith placed his vacant premises at their disposal. Mrs. Halvorsen and Mrs. McIntyre could not fail to recognize in the most unexpected and liberal offer which had thus come to

MRS. THOMAS HALVORSEN

them unsought an indication of the leading of Divine Providence.

The premises comprise a pretty little chapel where daily and Sunday services can be held and of twenty-one rooms capable of accommodating in all one hundred inmates, which can be used for dormitories and class rooms. Expert teachers have offered their services to give instruction in nursing, cooking, dress-making, shorthand, typewriting and other branches of knowledge by which women can maintain themselves. Thus the way is opened for the solution of the most difficult of problems, and girls who really desire to live an honest, cleanly life can be helped to do so at the Bethesda Home as the new institution is called.

A most encouraging of the plan is the prospect that the home will soon be self-supporting. Communications will be sent to stores, factories and private families inviting work and while the girls are learning their business they will be able to earn money for the support of the home. There is reason to believe that there will be an abundance of work sent in. Nor will there be any lack of inmates. Already a few have been received, and many more are anxious to enter who cannot be taken, because Mrs. Halvorsen and Mrs. McIntyre have not the beds and other furniture for their use. In this matter the Christian public may render valuable help. The rental of the building is provided, teachers are ready to give instruction, but the plan halts for the lack of a few cheap beds, chairs and tables and the necessary educational apparatus. The scheme is so intelligent and sensible and the prospects are so bright, that we are sure that obstacle will not long impede progress. If any readers of this journal

MRS. ROBERT McINTYRE.

are willing to aid in this excellent work we will gladly receive contributions on behalf of the managers of the home and will acknowledge them in this journal.

PAUL AT MILETUS.

S S. Lesson for Aug. 6. Acts 20: 17 35 Golden Text, Heb. 8: 7. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

"REMEMBER them that had the rule over you, which spake unto you the word of God, and considering the issue of their manner of life (margin) imitate their faith" (Heb. 8: 7.) Paul was the one man of the New Testament who had the courage to say to his converts: "Be ye followers of me." In his own following of Christ, he knew that he had not swerved, nor had turned, neither to the right hand nor to the left, but steadily, and uniformly, and at any and every cost he had followed his Lord. His last testimony was: "I have finished the course; I have kept the faith;" and no one ever attempted to disprove the assertion. Even before his conversion, he followed the light of his conscience, and did not sin wilfully, so that he could say before the council at Jerusalem: "Men and brethren, I have lived in all good conscience before God until this day." He was himself the proof of all which he taught to others. Like his Master before him, Paul lived out in his life all which he learned in Scripture, and thus his word was something more than thoughts, ideas and doctrines; it had become embodied in the man who spoke it. Excellency of speech and man's wisdom were among the things that he had suffered the loss of for Christ; he spoke "in demonstration of the Spirit and of power," and

By Manifestation of the Truth

commended himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God. Paul's life and ministry had left its mark on the city of Ephesus, and now, irrespective of how far either the disciples which had been made there, or the idolatrous merchants and workmen might regard his retreat as cowardice, Paul followed the clear leading of the Spirit in leaving Ephesus to go into Greece. Remaining there three months, his proposed route through Syria was altered because the Jews, with their usual malice, laid wait for him. So he went through Macedonia, taking with him quite a company of young men who were, by accompanying him, training for future service.

As the days of his ministry drew to an end, we mark in Paul a distinct tendency to be more

Alone with his God.

He had sent on all the brethren before him to Troas, and now, after one day's ministry there he again sends them on by ship to Assos, while he goes there afoot. This necessity to be alone with God intensified, and we can understand how, later on, all the privation of the Roman prison could not prevent his glad recognition of God's hand in giving him this time alone with him; he rejoiced to acknowledge that he was "the prisoner of the Lord," not Nero's prisoner. At Assos, he joined his companions in the ship, and they sailed together to Miletus. Instead of proceeding from thence to Ephesus, which would have taken more time, he sent to Ephesus, and called the elders of the Church. It was a solemn time for him and for them, the last meeting upon earth until the Lord comes. He must lead them back to take a retrospective view of his ministry among them, which had been for a longer time than in any other place.

"Ye know," he said to them, "from the first day that I came into Asia, after what manner I have been with you at all seasons, serving the Lord with all humility of mind, and with many tears, and temptations (or trials R.V.) which befel me by the lying in wait (or plots) of the Jews." I have "been with you" but "serving the Lord," not you. Here was one secret of Paul's power, he lived under the eye God, not of man, he was no man-pleaser, never curried favor with man. He was no man's slave. Earning his own living, he was dependent on no man's money, he could endure hardness, and be "in fastings often," but he could not sin against his conscience to keep in with rich men. Such an idea would have broken his heart. He served the Lord with all humility of mind, and probably only had the wages of an artizan, and food and clothing on the same scale. He could not desire to be better off than his Master. Then his work was heart work, done, not under a sense of duty. Knowing the issues which hung upon the reception or rejection of his message, he served the Lord with "tears." There are not many weeping ministers, but there are some who lay to heart the charge committed to them, it is their life: "Now we live if ye stand fast in the Lord." The apostle's ministry was continually thwarted by the plots of the Jews; he had no peace without: for God must prove by him that the grace of Christ within is superior to all external influences. The most telling sermon Paul ever preached was the life he lived, which was summarized in his own words, "To me to live is Christ."

In his steady course of following the Master without wavering, led uninterruptedly by the Holy Ghost, Paul could say: "I have kept back nothing that was profitable unto you, but have shewed you and have taught you, i. e.,

By Life and Word

publicly, and from house to house, testifying to the Jews and also to the Greeks, repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." This is not simply a primary conversion to God, but a continual conversion or turning over of will and purpose, heart and mind, soul and strength in all things which should arise from self to God, through faith in Jesus Christ. "And now, behold I go, bound in the Spirit, unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there, save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city that bonds and afflictions abide me." Why then go up to Jerusalem? Why not remain in Europe and Asia, where he was so loved and valued, and where his work was so much blest? Why put this pressure upon himself to get to Jerusalem before Pentecost? Why not, if he must go, delay until fewer of his enemies, the Asiatic Jews, would be assembled there? Paul was not his own, he was bought with a price, he could not dispose of himself. Free indeed from all men, he was the servant of the Holy Ghost, and he went bound in the Spirit up to Jerusalem. If bonds and afflictions awaited him, he could and would welcome them all, if by that means his God was glorified. "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God." Instinctively we turn to Rev. 12: 11: "And they overcame him (the dragon that old serpent and Satan), by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony, and they loved not their lives unto death." Everything which touched the honor of God, or the good of souls, touched Paul, even to tears, but nothing moved him which touched him personally. When he said: "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ in me, he only said what everyone could see in his life.

But he knew by that intuition of God's purposes which the Spirit gives to those who wait on him that this was his last moment with these beloved brethren: "Beloved, now I know that ye all, among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my face no more, therefore I take you to record this day that I am pure from the blood of all men, for I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God." The Lord's watchman who does not warn souls is accounted guilty; "His blood will I require at their hand." (Ezek. 3: 18.) Paul could not remember a single unfaithfulness to souls; he was pure from the blood of all men. But he knew, by the same prophetic intuition ("He shall shew you things to come." John 16: 13), that grievous wolves should enter into the Ephesian church, not sparing the flock, and that from the very elders themselves should men arise speaking perverse things, some should "say they are apostles and are not," and this church should leave her first love.

Therefore watch, and remember that by the space of three years, I ceased not to warn every one, night and day, with tears: he might have said what is implied: "Therefore be ye followers of me." And now, brethren, I commend you to God and to the Word of his grace, which is able to build you up and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified.

To God and to His Word!

Paul was not afraid to leave his converts in such hands. O how many evangelists know not what to do with their converts. "To God," not be forgotten by Paul, but borne up in steady intercession. He ceased not to give thanks for them, making mention of them in his prayers and his prayers for them were wondrous prayers. To his word. It was the dying gift of Christ. His special testament to them whom his Father had given to him: "I have given them thy Word."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

Miletus from the Sea.

THE Apostle left Ephesus after the events which formed the subject of last week's lesson. He had intended to go, but his departure was probably hastened by an uproar in the city. The makers of the silver images of Diana seemed to have reasoned that the probable result of Paul's teaching would be to diminish the demand for their product and to have called a meeting to consider the situation. It was a kind of indignation meeting to protest against Paul and his teachings. To the general public Demetrius appealed on high religious ground. The temple of Diana was likely to be despised and her magnificence destroyed. With his fellow tradesmen the man was more frank; he said "by this craft we have our wealth" and "our craft is in danger." Thus religion and business were combined in the movement as they have often been since that time. There was a great disturbance, and, as frequently happens with mobs, the greater part of the people taking part in the meeting did not know what was its object. But the most ignorant could take part by calling out the common rallying cry of the city, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," and this they did for two hours. The calm, sensible words of the town-clerk recalled them to reason, and the danger passed. After this Paul started on his last journey toward Jerusalem, taking up Luke at Troas and sailing with him from Philippi. During this journey he wrote his second epistle to the Corinthians, the epistle to the Romans, and, it is generally believed, his epistle to the Galatians, although, in this last case, the Authorized Version represents it as having been written from Rome. An incidental mention of a preaching service at Troas, in the seventh verse, indicates that at that time, about thirty years after Christ's death and resurrection, Sunday, the first day of the week, had become the recognized day of meeting for the communion service. No indications are given of Paul's route prior to Luke joining him, but after that, with Luke's customary methodical exactness, each stage is duly recorded. Some delay of the ship probably occurred at Miletus and Paul being concerned for the welfare of the Ephesian Church, to which he had given a longer period than was usual with them, sent for the elders of the church to come to him. Ephesus was forty-five miles away and they would probably be in Miletus in less than three days. There Paul, who was then about fifty-six years old, made the farewell address which is the subject of the lesson.

I kept back nothing that was profitable. Paul followed that rule, as when he was before Felix he chose as his subject "righteousness, temperance and the judgment to come," precisely the subjects which Felix would least wish to be reminded of. The story is told of Bourdaloue who was court preacher to Louis XIV., that on one occasion preaching before the king and his court, he attempted to reprove the king for his profligate life. He drew a picture in general terms of a sinner of great turpitude and of the awful doom of such a sinner if he died unrepentant. He hoped that the king would recognize his portrait in the sermon and apply its lessons to himself. He was distressed to see that the king was not moved. He was probably thinking of someone else to whom the lesson might apply Bourdaloue perceiving that his reproof was missing its mark, suddenly opened his half-shut eyes, and pointing to the king cried in a voice of thunder, as Nathan did to that other regal wrongdoer centuries before, "Thou art the man." "Your majesty must not be angry," said Bourdaloue afterward, "at me, for remembering in the pulpit that I have no other master than the King of kings."

So that I might finish my course with joy. An eccentric but very successful preacher was walking down the street and passed the store of one of his members who had the character of being a worldly, avaricious man. The clergyman stopped, entered and walked abruptly into the private office unannounced. The man looked up in surprise and some perturbation at the interruption. "You were not expecting me, were you?" asked the visitor. "No, I was not," was the reply. "What if I had been death?" the minister asked in a solemn tone and turning round, walked away without another word.

Wolves shall enter among you. The warning was not unnecessary. A few years afterward the wolves in the shape of heretical teachers from other places and the false brethren in the Ephesian church worked havoc among the Christians in the city, leading them into erroneous beliefs. The sect known as the Gnostics flourished there, and in Revelation we read of another sect evidently heretical—the Nicolaitans getting a foothold there. One who knew thoroughly the history of the Church of Christ says that Paul's comparison of false teachers to wolves is fully justified by the facts. "There are no greater foes to sheep than wolves. So the church has never had worse enemies than false teachers. The mischief wrought by infidels and persecutors has been small compared with the mischief done by heretics within her own borders. False teachers have been ravening wolves.

Therefore watch. Vigilance is always necessary. The strongest Christian should never be off his guard. It is those who think that they are strong enough to stand alone, as Peter did, who are most liable to fall. Dr. Mahan relates the story of a great commander who was engaged in besiging a strongly fortified city. After awhile to the surprise of his officers, he concentrated his forces at a point where the fortifications were stronger than at any other, and at 2 P. M., under a bright sun and a clear sky, ordered an assault. When expostulated with by an under officer, the commander replied: "At this point such a General is in command. At this hour of the day he is invariably accustomed to retire for a long sleep. When informed of our approach he will deny the fact, and send a messenger for information Before the messenger returns we shall gain possession of the fortress." The fact turned out exactly as predicted. "Yonder weak point," said the commander, "is held by General ——. There is no use in attempting to surprise him; he is never for a moment off his guard."

It is more blessed to give than to receive. Paul said these were Christ's words but we look in vain for them in the Gospels. None of the Evangelists report Christ as saying those words. The probable explanation is that as Luke was with him at the time and had been his companion on a previous journey Paul had heard from Luke's lips, or had seen in his manuscript of the Gospel which bears his name Christ's injunction (Luke 14: 12-14) and condensed it into one phrase. Or it may be that Christ really used the exact words and the Evangelists omitted to report them, although Luke may have told Paul of his doing so. John says that there were many things that Christ did which were never set down in writing (John 21: 25) and we may reasonably conclude that many of his sayings similarly escaped record.

The blessing is not always in temporal matters, although God often pays men in that way, too, and a man prospers who gives much. No one, however, should give from that motive. A penurious farmer who attended a meeting where an appeal was made for money, gave half a dollar, being led to do so by hearing several anecdotes of people receiving again in unexpected ways the money they had given. On his way home the farmer found half a dollar and joyfully told a godly man of the incident. "I should not be elated about it," said the good man. "You ought not to have given in the hope of receiving as much again; God is not pleased with gifts so offered; I should not be surprised if he was offended at your gift when he looked into your heart and threw you half a dollar in the way, so as to be under no obligation to you."

A SPIRITUAL LIGHT-HOUSE.

The "Sjomanshem" or Seamen's Home of Christiania and its Beneficent Gospel Work Among the Sailors of all Lands—Pastor Rosendahl and his Mission.

WHEN Christ chose his disciples, he first called to himself the toilers of the sea. It is not surprising, therefore, that his followers everywhere should have a kindly feeling for the sailors—those wanderers of the deep, whose hardy lives are passed amid perils such as landsmen never know. Yet, as a class, they are comparatively neglected in spiritual affairs, although it is true that, in recent years, Christian missions have been established in many of the larger seaports in civilized countries, for their benefit. One of the most recent and unique institutions of this character is the "Sjomanshem" or Seamen's Home of Christiania, Norway, of which Rev. M. Rosendahl is superintendent. The "Sjomanshem" (which is shown in the illustration on this page) was founded in February of last year. It is a white brick building, four stories high, three of which are occupied by the Home, the lower being stores.

KING OSCAR II.
The Home's first Patron.

Nineteen rooms are used as dormitories, and there are wash-rooms, kitchen, dining-rooms and other accommodations. The reading-room, which is also the meeting hall, has a seating capacity of nearly two hundred.

A number of gentlemen had agitated the need of such a home for several years before the project finally assumed definite shape. The building was secured at a rental of $2,000 a year.

Christiania is one of the largest seaports in Northern Europe, and has consequently a very large fluctuating population of seamen during the whole year. Heretofore these men have been accommodated at saloons, lodging-houses and low resorts along the docks, where they have too often fallen victims to disreputable lodging-house keepers. Drunkenness, robbery and vice characterize these places. It was decided to make the effort to do something for the physical comfort and moral welfare of the sailors, and the International Home was the result. It is the pioneer institution of the kind in the Norwegian capital. The total cost of conducting it is about 10,000 crowns annually, one dollar being equal to 3 3-4 crowns.

"We have men meeting every ship," Pastor Rosendahl explained, "and all sailors who are going to 'lay up,' are taken to the Home. There are runners from the boarding-houses (every boarding-house being a saloon), who also want to take the sailors, and there is a lively competition in consequence. The saloons charge the sailors all they can get. In many cases, after having undergone the bitter and costly experience of putting up at a saloon boarding-house, the sailors come to the Home, where they are cared for until they go on board a new ship.

"These sailors are from all parts of the world—German, English, American, French, Russian, Italian, and even from the South American Republic, besides those from Norway and Sweden. The daily routine at the Home is: rising at 7 o'clock, breakfast at 8, prayers at 9, dinner at 2, supper at 7, with regular services on Sunday afternoons, and a short service nearly every evening, especially in winter. The services are all well attended and music is a feature. Sailors everywhere are fond of music and this proves a powerful attraction. It is not infrequent to hear the familiar Gospel hymns sung, with accuracy as to air, in several languages at the same time. This, however, causes no confusion. 'Rock of Ages,' sung simultaneously in German, French, Swedish and English, may sound incongruous to a critical ear, but in reality it is quite pleasant and musical.

"The institution has been the recipient of royal patronage almost since the start. King Oscar II. and Queen Sophia have, throughout their reign, evinced a cordial feeling in every movement for the benefit of seamen in Stockholm."

One day in 1892, the Superintendent of the Sailors' Home was surprised and delighted by a visit from Ferste Hofmarskalk Trelich, one of the officials from the Royal Palace at Christiania, who informed him that King Oscar desired to become a patron of the Home, and to help it by a royal appropriation. This help has been continued at intervals. This mark of royal interest was followed by contributions from a number of high dignitaries both in Norway and Sweden. These are now among the steady patrons of the Home.

The Christiania Home has many friends in the United States who are interested in its welfare. Among these patrons who have contributed to its support are some residing in New York, Chicago, Indianapolis, St. Paul, Kansas City and elsewhere. Contributions from American friends are received by Prof. F. Risberg, 81 Ashland Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., who is wellknown among Scandinavians throughout this country. The present accommodations of the Home have been found to be insufficient for its growing needs. The field of operations is so large and the demands on the Home have increased so rapidly that more extensive quarters have become a necessity. It is, therefore, proposed to erect a suitable building, with accommodations for at least 100 bed-rooms and with increased facilities in other departments. Superintendent Rosendahl is now in this country for the purpose of starting a fund for a new building. Mr. Rosendahl, the founder of the Home, is a native of Scandinavia, but was educated in the United States and is a graduate of the Chicago Theological Seminary. He has had pastoral experience in Sioux City, Ia., and has also preached in several cities in Sweden and Norway. For many years he has been interested in the condition of sailors throughout the world.

There have been many cases of genuine conversion among the sailors who have attended the Home. Some who have been noted for their rough lives, have become changed men. During the time between leaving one ship and seeking for another, they have, by staying at the Home, been kept away from their former evil associates and brought under better influences and the result has been beneficial. Five Christian workers are constantly engaged among the inmates of the Home.

One case is peculiarly interesting. A German mate of an ocean vessel came to Christiania and went to the Home, asking if he could stop there until he got a ship to Hamburg. He had been summoned there and he said he expected to die, as all his relatives were sick with the cholera. He said:

"I have just got a telegram telling me to come home right off."

He seemed to have a premonition that the coming voyage was to be his last. The Superintendent asked him:

"You say you are going home to Hamburg and expect to die. Are you prepared to die?"

The man shook his head. "I know nothing about that. I know all about navigation, but nothing about what you are speaking. If you will place a barrel in the ocean on the darkest night, and give me its latitude, I can find my way to it; but about dying—no, I don't know. I am not prepared to die."

"Well," said the Superintendent, comfortingly, "it is a very simple matter. You say you have been summoned to go to Hamburg. Here," pointing to the 28th verse of the 11th chapter of Matthew, "is an invitation which you can understand, and which, if you will accept, you will then be prepared." And he read the words, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Yes," said the sailor, "if anybody is heavy laden, I surely am; but how am I to know that this is addressed to me?"

"Ah," said the Superintendent, "the Saviour says 'come unto me all ye.' That surely includes you." The man was greatly affected and expressed a desire to accept the Gospel invitation, and the Superintendent, after further speaking with him, prayed, the sailor joining heartily in the petition for mercy and forgiveness. He arose greatly comforted.

"Now," said the Superintendent, kindly, "I want you, since you have to go to Hamburg, to write me on arriving there and tell me how you find matters, and also as to the condition of your own soul."

"Ah," said the mate, joyfully, "I will do that, sir. I will write you the first day I arrive there. I am so glad you have shown me this invitation, and that I have accepted it. May God bless you for it."

During the three days he remained in Christiania, he showed himself a thoroughly changed man. His appearance, far from being gloomy, was joyful. He found among the Gospel hymns one which he seemed to delight in quoting:

I have a Saviour who is tenderly pleading.

At last the day came when he must sail for Hamburg, and Mr. Rosendahl accompanied him to the ship. At that time, the cholera was raging with frightful violence in the German city, and the mate doubtless found himself in the midst of the plague and fell a victim for no letter was ever received from him by the Pastor of the Seamen's Home.

SUPERINTENDENT ROSENDAHL.
Founder of the Home.

There is a thriving and vigorous Young Men's Christian Association in connection with this Home, in which the godly young men of Christiania take active part. Mr. Rosendahl is the General Secretary of this Association, and the young men of the city assist him most heartily and effectively in aggressive Christian work.

THE INTERNATIONAL SEAMEN'S HOME, CHRISTIANIA, NORWAY.

YOUTH IN JAPAN

THE children of the Japanese are happy beings. "In no other country," writes Dr. W. D. Eastlake in the *Popular Science Monthly*, "is childhood made so much of, or are children surrounded by so many means of enjoyment. On the streets in every town are venders and hawkers whose sole customers are children. One class of these venders mentioned, carry charcoal stoves or furnaces; for the moderate sum of one cent a child is supplied with a small cup of sweetened batter and a spoon. The children can bake their own cakes on the top of the stove which the vender carries, fashioning the dainties into whatever shape they wish, and when they are crisp and brown, they can eat them. And then there are persons whose object is to amuse the children by various methods. The universal love and regard for children are displayed in a thousand ways. At every temple festival are numerous booths, gay with toys, flags and games. At the family feasts, the baby plays the chief role. Toys, gowns, sweets and money are lavished upon the little ones by admiring relatives and friends. The relations between parents and children are very free and natural. They are instructed, nothing being left for them to learn from outside sources, as soon as they are old enough to inquire. The result is perfect candor, which instead of developing undue precocity, serves to preserve that indefinable unconscious grace so beatiful in childhood."

The school education of children in Japan begins at the age of six. In the primary department the boys and girls are taught together. They occupy different parts of the school-room. The moral education of Japanese children is conducted partly at home and partly in school. Intrepid valor, zeal, sobriety, directness of speech, extreme courtesy, implicit obedience to parents and superiors and deferential reverence and regard for old age, these are among the chief characteristics looked for in boys, while industry, gentleness, faithfulness and cheerfulness are required in girls. Where Christian influences exist, such an education is wellnigh perfect.

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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INGRATITUDE

PUBLIC men are targets to be shot at, belied, pursued, misinterpreted. I was surprised to read what Macaulay wrote in one of his intense sentences, after all his bright career in the English Parliament, and after being renowned the world over by all who could admire fine writing and great thought—Macaulay says: "Every friendship which a man may have becomes precarious as soon as he engages in politics." Daniel Webster, after his wonderful career and in the close of his life, writes: "If I were to live my life over again, with my present experiences, I would under no consideration allow myself to enter public life. The public are ungrateful. The man who serves the public most faithfully receives no adequate reward. In my own history those acts which have been before God most disinterested, and the least stained by selfish considerations have been precisely those for which I have been most freely abused. No, no, have nothing to do with politics. Sell your iron, eat the bread of independence, support your family with the rewards of honest toil, do your duty as a private citizen to your country, but let politics alone. It is a hard life, a thankless life. I have had in the course of my political life, which is not a short one, my full share of ingratitude; but the unkindest cut of all, the shaft that has sunk the deepest in my heart, has been the refusal of this administration to grant my request for an office of small pecuniary consideration for my only son." That is the testimony of a man who ought to know. My friends, better stay down than be shot down. He who has a good occupation, a good home, a good character, a good field of usefulness, and a good hope in Jesus Christ has all that is worth having.

MIDSUMMER WEARINESS.

THERE are two ways of taking warm days. We can fret and fume and complain of the heat, look at the thermometer twenty times a day, and gaze in despair from the blistering pavement to the burning sky. We can be as miserable as we please, and all the palm-leaf fans in the world will fail to cool our unhappy tempers. On the other hand, we can accept the situation. We can avail ourselves of all the comfort there may be about about us, and we can [illegible] thought, to the heat. It would be very pleasant, of course, to spend midsummer days rocking in a boat, with the cool salt spray blowing in our faces, or swinging in a hammock, lulled by the crulling murmur of the wind among the oaks. But we must follow our duty-path, and if it keeps us in a close office, or in a closer kitchen, or wielding a hammer, or stitching at a machine, we shall make matters worse rather than better by continual self-moaning.

It is a glorious thing to have got where we can stand on the Apostle's platform, and say from the heart, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." In the end, a child of God is sure to conquer circumstances, however adverse, and it is a shame that any one, in whose nature are infinite possibilities, should let himself be conquered by any infelicities of passing life.

These warm days are so affluent, so abounding in vitality—though they drain us a little of our vital force, it is only to give it back by and by in larger measure. They are so rich in beauty. How many summer-dressed hill-sides, just now, are like roseate walls, carved in the coralline clusters of the laurel, from top to bottom, over all their dimpling slopes. How many lovely lakes laugh in the morning, under the white and golden glory of the lilies. How green and graceful are the ferns that grow in shadowy places. How sweet the songs of birds, poured out through the soft expectancy of the dawn. In the city parks, how velvety are lawns and swards, close-clipped, and resting the eye with their verdure. And the dear little city gardens, so tenderly loved and cared for, how burdened they are with fuchsias, and heliotropes, and delicate mignonnette, and lavish petunia. To say nothing of the growing corn, and the ripening fruit, and buckwheat, and the rye, what, on the score of the beautiful alone, should we do witheut the long warm days?

THE TIME OF AWAKENING.

THERE comes a time in every man's life when he wakes up to an appreciation of his sinful nature. The thought may not have enought heft to fell him—it may only be like the flash of a cloud at the close of a hot summer day—but the man must somehow get rid of that feeling. One man flies to prayer, another man stimulates himself with ardent spirits, another man dives deeper into secularities. It is not wonderful when a man sees his eternity poised on an uncertainty, that he is determined to do something violent and immediate. Now, can it be that there is in all our circle of acquaintance, one man who is unwilling to have the cancer of sin taken from his soul, when the divine Surgeon is ready to do the work, and do it successfully? I cannot believe it.

The first thing for you to do if you are oppressed, my brother—if you are oppressed with a sense of your sinfulness, is to go and tell Jesus. Why, my friends, that is the business of Christ. He does other things, but I think the great business of Christ is to pardon. To relax the grip of death from your soul, and to plant your unshackled foot on a golden throne, Christ allowed the tortures of the bloody mount to transfix him. With the beam of his own cross he will quickly crush in the door of your dungeon. Out of his own thorny crown he will pick enough gems to make your brow blaze with eternal victory.

I have heard people say they were never tempted—people who have come to middle life that never have been tempted. It is because they have never tried to do right! If a man be handcuffed and hobbled, and he lie quiet, he does not test the power of the chain or the manacle; but let him once try to rise up and break off the handcuffs and the shackles, then he finds out the power of the chain. If, my dear brother, you do not know the power of temptation, it is because you are bound hand and foot to sin, and have never made the attempt to be emancipated. Why, it is easy enough to row down stream in a boat. You can lie upon your oars. You go just as the tide goes. But suppose you turn around and head up stream, then it is not so easy making progress. As long as you go down with the tide of sin and iniquity it is easy enough to go that way; but when you turn around and head toward God and heaven, then it is a struggle—an awful struggle.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

IN last week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD there was an error of the types in our reply to Wm. Vincent, Sioux Falls, So. Dak., regarding the Apostles' Creed. This error (which made it appear that the apostles composed the Creed in the year 400) was corrected in a large part of the edition. What was intended to be conveyed was that Rufinus (who lived about A.D. 400), wrote that in his time a tradition was current that the apostles, being about to leave Jerusalem, and filled with the Holy Ghost, had composed the rule or creed of their doctrine, each contributing his part.

Subscriber, Erie Pa. 1. In Acts 16:15, what is meant by her household? 2. What is the address of Rev. George W. Sharp? 3. Will THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Gospel Stage pass near Erie, Pa.?

1. Those living under her roof, both relatives and dependants. 2. Kirksville, Mo. 3. Possibly, but the route may be changed, as circumstances direct.

Subscriber, Richburg, S. C. Where can a minister get the best books of illustration for use in sermons?

Among the best are "Baxendale Treasury of Anecdotes," published by Thomas Whittaker, Bible House, New York; "Foster's Illustrations in Poetry and Prose," published by Methodist Book Concern, New York, and the "Homiletic Cyclopædia," by Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

G. D. Garbarian, Providence, R. I. Where could I obtain one or two volumes containing all the sermons Pastor C. H. Spurgeon preached? What are his best works?

The number of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons printed is 2,375. The ordinary volumes contain twenty-eight sermons, although there may be volumes containing fifty-six issued by some publishers. His *Treasury of David* Mr. Spurgeon considered his best work. *John Ploughman's Talks* is probably the one which has had the largest sale.

Mrs. S. B. Hamlett, Waco, Tex. Was Lydia a preacher? If so was she the first woman to preach the Gospel in Europe?

She may have preached, but there is no direct evidence of the fact. Indeed, considering her evident reverence for the Apostle Paul, the most probable inference from what we are told of her, would be that she would refrain from disobeying his explicit injunction against women of that day and region preaching in the churches.

Baptist, Jersey City, N. J. Do you believe that baptism is efficacious when it is not trine immersion in running water? I was baptised in still water in the baptistery of our church. Is it necessary for me to be baptized again?

Not the least necessity. When you ask about the efficacy of the ordinance you show that you misunderstand it. What do you suppose baptism by any mode, in any form, or any kind of water, can do for you? It cannot help you or benefit you in any way. It is your duty to be baptized and publicly profess your faith in Christ, but you will gain no benefit by it and should expect none. It is the initiatory rite which Christ ordained, and if you undergo it according to your conscience, that is all that concerns you.

Miss Sadie Fetzer, Reidsburg, Pa. Will you kindly tell me where I will find in the Bible how long the Saviour remained on earth after his resurrection? The question was asked in our Sunday School, and I gave as an answer "37 days"

Forty days, see Acts 1: 3., where Luke says he "was seen of them forty days." The latest commentators on the Gospels fix the chronology of the Death, Resurrection, and Ascension thus:

Crucifixion	March 18,	Matt. 27: 34-35.
Resurrection	March 20,	Matt. 28: 1-8 & parallels.
Ascension	March 27,	John 20: 24-29.
Appearance at Tiberias	March 30.	Matt. 28: 16 & parallels.
Appearance to 500	March 31	1 Cor. 15: 6 & Matt. 28: 19-20.
Appears to James	———	1 Cor. 15: 7.
Appears to all the Apostles and ascension (40 days from Passion) April 28.		Mark 16: 19 and parallels.

The authorities are, among others, Rev. John McClintock, D.D. and Rev. James Strong, S. T. D. See *Harmony of the Gospels* and *Biblical Encyclopedia*.

F. S. D., Peru, N. Y. How would you advise a poor [illegible] preach the Gospel but has no means of getting [illegible]

First commit the matter to God in prayer. Secondly, do all the good you can in your present sphere of life. It is a very grand thing to live such a life as the Apostle Paul often did, supporting oneself by one's own labor and preaching the Gospel without payment. If you do that, and God uses you in the conversion of souls, the way to the regular ministry will probably be opened to you. If it is not, you may go on with your work, giving your service freely to the Lord. Incidentally it might be well to give some of your leisure time to the study of grammar and spelling.

T. S. Blough, Exeter, Nebr. Can you or any of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD tell me when I can get that beautiful song, the words of the first verse of which are something like this as near as I can give them:

> There's a question that comes to us all,
> And it comes many times in a day,
> Oh, it comes as a kind angel call!
> It says, count the cost will it pay?

This beautiful song was sung at a Sunday School celebration many years ago by a Doctor and his two daughters at Strawtown, Hamilton Co., Indiana. We shall esteem it a favor if you can find it for us.

J. H. N, Okolona, Miss. Where can I find a sermon on gambling, by Dr. Talmage? I want it for some young men who read his sermons and who can't be convinced that gambling is wrong.

In his volume entitled *Trumpet Peals*, published by Webster & Co., New York, Rev. Dr. Talmage's sermon on gambling will be found. It will doubtless be what you desire.

M. R. Smith, Delaware, O., writes: In your issue of July 12, I notice J. P. F. Burroughs of Richmond, Va., asks the authorship of a short poem with which I have been familiar all my life, and, while unable to give the author's name, will give such information as I command. I own a book of short sketches, anecdotes and illustrations of a religious character, published A. D. 1844, entitled "Sabbath Day Miscellany." From this I quote the entire article:

THE LOVE OF GOD.

The following lines composed by a lunatic, were found written on the wall of his cell after his death:

> Could we with ink the ocean fill,
> And were the skies of parchment made;
> Were every stalk on earth a quill,
> And every man a scribe by trade.
>
> To write the love of God above,
> Would drain the ocean dry;
> Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
> If stretched from sky to sky.

Jessie T. Davis, Binghamton, N. Y. What are the meanings of the popular feminine names? I have seen them somewhere, several years ago, I think.

We cannot devote space to more than a few. Mary, Maria, Marie (and all other forms of this beautiful name) mean "bitterness;" Helen (also with many variations) "alluring;" Susan "a lily;" Anne "kind, or gracious;" Rebecca "plump;" Lucy "brightness;" Louisa "one who protects;" Frances "frank or free;" Catharine "pure or chaste;" Caroline and Charlotte "queens;" Sophia "wisdom;" Emma "tender;" Margaret "a pearl;" Elizabeth "true;" Julia "soft-hearted;" Agnes "chaste;" Amelia "beloved;" Clara "clear;" Gertrude "all truth;" Grace "favor;" Matilda "noble;" Phœbe "light of life;" Amanda "amiable;" Edith "happy."

M. P. Webb, Haigler, Neb. How can David, who practised polygamy, be called a man after God's own heart?

That he was so called is a fact. Samuel in one age and Paul in another used the words and implied that God authorized them. It does not imply that David was a perfect man, and, as a matter of fact, there were worse things than polygamy against him. But God did not condone his crimes. He was sharply reproved and punished. His repentant spirit and his general conscientious desire to serve God, proved that his heart was right, though like many other great and good men he fell before temptation. Read his Psalm numbered fifty-one in our Bibles and see how bitterly he grieved over his sin. If you compare that effusion with Luke 15:7 you may find the key to the mystery. Beside this, the age was not a moral or cultured one. Compared with other kings of his day, David's character was almost blameless.

M. E. Kingston, Morissa, Ill. 1. Yes, the Protestants. 2. Write to Rev. H. B. Hartzler, Northfield, Mass. 3. Yes, but it is the duty of all who have the opportunity of enjoying church privileges to do so. —C. W. B., Framingham, Mass. The best plan would be to lose no time in entering a theological seminary. Desultory study is seldom valuable.—John E. Anderson, West Boylston, Mass. By no means. That is the jesuitical view of it, not the Christian.—Clarence Parrish, Rio Vista, Va. No, there is no House of Burgesses. There are in Great Britain bodies with purely local functions, known as Burgesses. Their powers, originally relating to educational interests and endowments. In England there are local administrative bodies, such as Aldermen, Justices and County Councils, but there is no general administrative body as in our Parliament. There was at one time in Virginia a "House of Burgesses," now known as the "House of Delegates." —C. B., Chicago. Send us your name and address.—Reader, Friars' Point, Miss. Write to T. E. Jewett, bookseller, Bible House, N. Y.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE CELESTIAL STRANGER.

THE scientific world was surprised on July 9, by the announcement that a new comet had been discovered by Prof. Alfred Rordame of Salt Lake City. On the following evening it was seen by Professors Swift and Main of Rochester, N. Y. It is described as an exceedingly bright object, its head being the size of a star of the second or third magnitude and its tail five degrees in length. When first seen it was in the position indicated in the accompanying diagram. It was in the constellation of the Lynx, near the Great Bear, and only twenty million miles from the earth. It was receding from us and approaching the sun. On July 16, as Prof. Frisbie was watching the comet through the great telescope at the Naval Observatory at Washington, he saw a stream of light, millions of miles long and about three times the width of the moon, shoot out from it. The phenomenon was very beautiful but inexplicable, except on the theory that the comet is in process of devolopment. The singular fact about the strange visitor was that it was first seen by the naked eye. As a rule, the approach of a comet is detected by a telescope long before it is near enough to us to be seen with the naked eye. The fact implies that the comet was traveling at a rate of speed inconceivably rapid, otherwise the telescope would have discovered it before it came so near. The astronomers have been unable to identify it with any comet previously seen, and it is believed, therefore, that it must have so enormous an orbit that it has not been visible from the earth at any time since observations of the heavens have been recorded. Its appearance has been a genuine surprise to scientific men as its existence was unknown. The time is coming when there will be far greater and more widely extended surprise over an appearance in the heavens, for in spite of all the warnings and predictions which have been given, men will be taken by surprise when the stars are shaken and the Lord descends from heaven in power and great glory. (Rev. 1: 7.)

A Dangerous Sleeping-place.

A SINGULAR fatality occurred in Williamsburg, N. Y., on July 5th. A member of a German band recently hired a room in the third story at the rear of a house in that town. He has been regular in his habits and has borne a good character for sobriety and in other matters. On the day in question he was out with the band as usual and returned late in the evening. The next morning he was found lying on the pavement of the back yard in a pool of blood. It was at first supposed that there had been a quarrel and he had been thrown out of the window. But at the hospital to which he was taken, he recovered consciousness and said that he remembered, on going to his room, being oppressed with the intense heat. He opened his window and seated himself on the ledge. He remembered nothing more until he woke up in the hospital. He supposed he had fallen asleep and had rolled off the ledge. His injuries were so severe that he died the next night. It was a terrible penalty to pay for heedlessness, but there is reason to fear that a still worse calamity may come upon some who, in spite of warnings, are sunk in the sleep of indifference and sin, on the brink of eternity. (Eph. 5: 14.)

Unconscious Litigation.

THE result of a suit in a New Jersey court has caused some surprise to the parties involved. It appears that a little more than a year ago a business man of Gloucester City, N. J., had a quarrel with his wife and some injudicious acquaintances increased his anger against her by telling him of some rumors to her detriment which they professed to have heard. The man who is of an irascible temperament instructed his lawyer to commence proceedings for a divorce, and furnished him with the necessary evidence. The papers were served and the lawyer was urged to press the case vigorously. But the man's anger died out; he sought his wife and became reconciled to her. He called upon his lawyer and left instructions to discontinue the suit. Whether the lawyer received them or misunderstood them, is not clear; but he went on with the suit. A few days ago he called at his client's house and informed him in triumph that Chancellor McGill had granted a decree of divorce. He went to his wife in consternation and told her what had happened. She looked at him reproachfully, and said, "I suppose I must bear it." But the husband was not inclined to do so and bade his wife accompany him at once to their minister's house, where they were remarried. The decree of the court could avail nothing when there was genuine love for his wife in the man's heart. Nor will the decree of expulsion which a church is sometimes obliged to pronounce against some erring member avail, if the expelled one goes to his Lord with a repentant heart, for his love is infinite and unchangeable. (Rom. 8: 39.)

A Dress for a Golden Wedding.

AN interesting celebration took place recently in Gibson Township, Pennsylvania. It was the golden wedding of a worthy and respected couple who had spent the fifty years of their wedded life on the same farm. They have been looking forward for a year past to the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding. In a distant corner of the old farm the farmer sowed a patch of flax. He watched its growth with anxiety but it proved an excellent crop. When it was gathered and duly prepared, he told his wife of his plan. She searched the attic for her long disused spinning wheel and soon had it busily humming in the house-place. In a few days the old lady's hand had regained its dexterity and the flax was being spun into yarn and reeled in skeins. It was well bleached and then the farmer oiled the old loom and the yarn was woven into cloth. A month before the wedding-day all was ready. From the same cloth a dress had been made for the wife and a suit of clothes for the husband, both being the exact counterpart of the clothes they wore at their wedding in 1843. So dressed, they received the relatives and friends, to the number of fifty, whom they had invited to join them in celebrating the anniversary. The old couple are wealthy now and could have afforded to buy fashionable clothing for the occasion, but the home made linen seemed better, as it reminded them of their early struggles. So it will be with the Christian when he sits down at the marriage-supper of the Lamb. However honored he may have been among men for his gifts, his talents or his usefulness, the robe he will desire to wear will be that robe of Christ's righteousness which he took upon him when first he knew the Lord. (Isa. 61: 10.)

A Quarrel About the Flag.

A dispute about the Stars and Stripes has had a fatal termination at Hoboken, N. J. A barber in that town left the flags in place with which he had decorated his shop in honor of the glorious Fourth. Late one evening, a few days afterward, some men were in the shop waiting their turn for the barber's attentions when a discussion arose on American institutions. One of the men, who was reputed to be a Socialist, declared that the vaunted liberties of the nation were a sham, that the country was governed in the interest of rich men and corporations, and that all that had been said and sung about the honored flag was nonsense. One of the men present contradicted him and, taunting him with the fact of his being an immigrant, advised him to go back to his own country if he did not find all the liberty he wanted here. He finally declared that no national flag in the world represented the government of so great and free a people, and he would defend it from insult while he had blood in his body. The dispute grew warmer until the Socialist, to show his contempt for the emblem, cursed it and spat upon it. His opponent promptly knocked him down and then, as the barber objected to fighting in his shop, they adjourned to a vacant lot to fight. The Socialist was repeatedly knocked down, and the last time, his head struck a stone, which fractured the skull, and he died. His slayer has been arrested and held for trial, for the law recognizes only one justification for taking human life in time of peace—that of self-defence. It is not, however, likely that an American jury will find him guilty of murder, for they will consider, and rightly, that the man's patriotism in avenging the insult to the flag was more creditable to him than if he had fought in self-defence. It is much to be wished that Christians were similarly sensitive where the honor of their Lord and his kingdom is impugned. They ought not to fight about it, for fighting is contrary to their principles; bnt they should never be ashamed, in any company, to let it be known that they are the friends and followers of Christ (Matt. 10: 32.)

A Double Disappointment.

A STRANGE experience has befallen a young man in Pennsylvania. About a year ago he removed from Hyde Park to Wilkesbarre.

POSITION OF THE RORDAME COMET NEAR THE CONSTELLATION URSA MAJOR.
1. The Polar Star. 2. Great Wagon or the Dipper. 3. The Rordame Comet.

There he made the acquaintance of a young lady with whom he fell violently in love. Her parents objected to the match, but there was evidently a strong feeling between the young people which could not long be held in check. The girl believed that her parents would eventually yield, and therefore refused to elope, as her lover wished her to do. He was much distressed by her refusal and declared that life was not worth living without her. Finally, as she persisted in refusing to marry without her parents' consent, he determined to commit suicide. He attempted to execute his wicked resolve, but was discovered in time to save his life. For many weeks, he hovered between life and death. When at last he did recover, the girl yielded to his entreaties, and went with him to Binghampton, where they were married. On July 14th, two months after the ceremony, the man met one of his old friends, whom he told confidentially that marriage was a much over-rated institution, and that he was grievously disappointed. So disgusted was he with the union, that he intended to kill himself. His friend first laughed at him, but afterward, finding him serious in his purpose, expostulated with him. But it was useless; that night he poisoned himself. Many men have committed suicide when they have discovered that their wives were not congenial, and many more have committed suicide because they could not get the woman they wanted for a wife, but seldom, if ever, have we heard of one man figuring in both categories. It is not, however, at all uncommon for a man to suffer misery until he has attained some object on which he has set his heart, only to find after he has attained it that it is the cause of greater misery. We read of some whom God punished by giving them their heart's desire. (Psalm 78: 29.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The first recipient of the degree of Ph. D. from the University of Chicago, is a Japanese who is to be professor of Old Testament literature in a Methodist college at Tokio.

A traveler recently returned from the Holy Land, says that part of the way to the Mount of Olives is disfigured by advertisements of Dublin stout, and that bands play dance music on Sundays in the Garden of Gethsemane.

A number of Christian young men in Oroomiah, Persia, have formed tnemselves into an Association for Evangelistic purposes. Every week they make an excursion into some adjacent village where they hold a religious service.

A mission has been established in the Soudan by three young men from Kansas, who having studied the reports of the explorers and consulted with Mr. H. Grattan Guinness have begun farming. They expect their farms to support them and they will do missionary work as they have opportunity.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Gospel Stage is being cordially received in the the towns it has visited on its way through Pennsylvania. The young men gratefully acknowledge the hospitalities tendered them by readers and friends of this journal. The newspapers also courteously give notice of their meetings at their encampments.

The receipts of the American Board, as compared with last year, fell off in June in donations $10,892.55 and in legacies $18,745.26. The total loss for the ten months is $79,100.-63. "This means," says the *Congregationalist*, "extensive crippling of missionary enterprises in many points and may result in losses which cannot be recovered for many years."

The United States Army Aid Association has opened a retreat in New York for old soldiers resident in the city or who may visit it. The object is to provide a place where the veteran may rest, get light refreshment and advice or assistance if he needs it. The shelter is at 82 Nassau St. Such institutions have been found very useful in England and France.

Rev. Mr. Bowen, the agent of the American Bible Society in the Levant, complains of the incessant interference of the local authorities in Turkey with the society's colporteur's, who in defiance of law and of treaty obligations are arrested, imprisoned and deprived of their books. This state of things has become chronic, and calls for more effective protection from the Government of the United States.

The Fourth Convention of the New York State Christian Alliance, of which Rev. A. B. Simpson is president, will be held in Kanka Park, Yates Co., N. Y., July 22–30. It is hoped that Mr. Simpson will be back from his tour in India, China, etc., in time to attend the later sessions of the convention. Arrangements as to accommodation, traveling, etc., may be made by addressing Rev. C. N. Kinney, Sing, Sing, N. Y.

The following contributions have been received during the week in aid of the proposed Permanent Lodging House for Homeless Girls in New York City: A. Blair, Carlisle, Pa., $5; a friend to the fallen, Lena, O., $1; J. E. G., Sayville, L.I., $1; ——, Honey Brook, Pa., $5; Friend, Philadelphia, Pa., $2; Mrs. Demila Bryant, Lanesboro, Pa., $1; Henry Austin, Belton, Tex., $2.50; Mrs. John Corrigan, Carlisle, Ontario, Can., $2; Miss Stella Stewart, Mannington, W. Va., $2; Sue T. Smith, Rockland, Mass., $2. Total, $23.50, which, with $167.95 already received, makes a grand total of $191.45.

New contributions received last week for the support of Rev. G. W. Sharp, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School Missionary in the Southwest, for the coming year are as follows: Miss C. Devine, Rantoul, Ill., $1; Olena Danielson, Bromfield, Neb., 50 cents; Mrs. Lucy A. Bliven, ——, $1; L. B., Brooklyn, N. Y., $1; Friend of Sabbath School, Goshen, N. Y., $5; Subscriber, Fairhaven, Vt., $1; M. A. Harriet, N. Y. City, $10.50; Friends, Otterville, Ill., 50 cents; W. K. Desh, Allentown, Pa., $5; ——, Carlisle, Pa., $5; ——, $5; A. W. Bugbee, Emporia, Kans., $1; S. S. Wise, Toledo, Ia., $1; Mrs. H. P. Gleason, Hollister, Cal., $1.45; Sue T. Smith, Rockland, Mass., $2; Margaret Smiley, Andover, La., $2; Widow and orphans' mite, Ohio, $2; Mrs. Owen Curley, Hutchins, Iowa, $1; Jessie, Ill., $2; M. F. J., Newark, N. J., $2; I. H. Name, Newark, N. J., $5. Total $54.95 which with $87.00 already received makes $141.95 of the amount of $700 required for the year.

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

STOPPED WELLS OPENED.

Sermon preached before the Tremont Temple Church, now meeting in Music Hall, Boston, last Sunday evening, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D. Text: *Genesis xxvi. 18. "And Isaac digged again the wells of water, which they had digged in the days of Abraham his father; for the Philistines had stopped them after the death of Abraham: and he called their names after the names by which his father had called them."*

THIS text brings before us an interesting incident of this olden time. We are brought into the society of characters whose names are familiar to the race as representatives of the patriarchal period. We live over again the simple life of that primitive period. We find, however, even here in this ancient time and in this childhood of the race the passions, ambitions, disappointments and jealousies which are characteristic of the stirring life of our own day. The Philistines were jealous of Isaac. He was too prosperous to suit their desires. Our prosperity almost inevitably arouses the envy of our neighbors; and envy of this character invariably proceeds to inflict injury. No man will be envious of you when everything goes badly with you; but the moment prosperity smiles upon you jealousy and wrath arise and find place in the hearts of small-souled neighbors. Such neighbors will drag you down if they cannot themselves go up with you. Many business men know only too well the meaning of this envious spirit. Professional men have had similar experience from those in their own profession. The ministry is not free from some degree of jealousy on the one side and of suffering on the other. It is humiliating to make this confession, but the facts warrant it in its strongest form.

A Rule of Estimate.

Isaac does not appear always to the best advantage in the chapter from which this text is taken; but we ought not to judge him or other men simply by certain portions or chapters in their lives. Dr. Parker has well suggested that if we were so to judge men they would appear either as too good or too bad. No man is quite so good as he appears at certain times in his life; and perhaps we may say with equal truth that no man is quite so bad as he appears at certain other times in his life. Isaac was certainly an abominable man when he lied to the king of the Philistines; but when he goes out well-hunting he appears in a much better light, for while he was guilty of falsehood toward a living king he was full of tenderness toward the memory of his dead father. We ought to judge men in their entirety. We know that men will sometimes perform acts that are beautiful and saintly, and yet afterward these same men will act in a manner that is well-nigh satanic. We are warranted in saying that no man is as bad as he sometimes seems to be, nor so good as at other times he seems to be. Every true Christian is better on the inside than on the outside; every unconverted man is worse on the inside than on the outside. Every true Christian is like the gold in Solomon's temple; the farther in you went [illegible]

We see that Abimelech wished to drive Isaac away because of Isaac's prosperity, and also in order to secure

The Valuable Wells

which Abraham had digged. Isaac showed a kindly disposition in not fiercely resenting Abimelech's opposition. He might have pleaded the covenant made with his father, but being a man of peace he waives dispute and subm[illegible]vely retires "to the valley of Gerar," which territory was either beyond the borders of Abimelech's possessions, or at a distance from his capital. Isaac re-digs the wells which Abraham had digged and which had been filled up. We know that the filling up of a well was a common mode of opposing an enemy. A [illegible] value; and often in the predatory wars of these days it was common in taking vengeance on enemies to fill up the wells with sand, or even with the bodies of unclean beasts. We know that the Turkish emperors often give to the Arab tribes who live near the road on which Mohammedan pilgrims travel to Mecca a certain sum of money and a certain number of garments each year, so that they may not fill up the wells near the route taken by the pilgrims. The Philistines would have shown their opposition merely by forcing their way to these wells and taking possession of them; but by filling them up they were guilty of an act of gross violation of treaties of peace among tribes and nations.

Very beautifully does Isaac show his peaceful disposition in digging the wells again, and his filial affection in calling their names after the names given them by his father. Wells in many of these countries are

Geographical Monuments,

and they are valuable to the people in this respect as well as for their water. Wherever Abraham went he improved the country by the digging of wells; and wherever the Philistines followed him they injured the country by destroying his improvements, and especially by filling up the wells. Tender thoughts doubtless came into Isaac's heart when he remembered how years before, his father Abraham had dug and named these wells. Memories of this kind would make the water doubly sweet to his taste; thus filial affection co-operated with necessity in unstopping these wells. It was an act of commendable affection on his part to give them once more the names bestowed upon them by Abraham; these names were also memorials of the divine favor, so that Isaac manifested a proper spirit toward God and toward his father in repeating the names which the wells formerly bore. Some years ago when in the Highlands of Scotland, at the early home of my father and mother, I took great pains to visit a certain spot on the shores of Lock Tay. Kneeling on the pebbly beach I leaned forward and took full draughts of the clear and sparkling water of that highland loch. Many times on that spot my father, when a young man, had satisfied his thirst from this water. I had often heard him describe the lake and the river as it flows through the beautiful valley until it empties into the sea where the terrible Dundee railroad disaster occurred a few weeks before I visited the spot. Feelings somewhat similar to those cherished by Isaac were in my heart as I drank the water from this lake.

A Kindly Man.

There was on the part of Isaac marked loyalty and equal love toward his father. He would honor his father by repeating, emphasizing and continuing the names which his father had given to these wells. He wished also to avoid all strife. He would not indulge in the hatred which sours the heart, distorts the countenance and embitters the life. Isaac's name means laughter, and although the name had no special reference to these incidents, yet it was in harmony with his kindly character. It is an unspeakably sad thing when a man's disposition makes him bitter toward his fellowmen, and at the same time despondent and morbid toward himself and his family. Such a spirit takes out of the voice all its music, gives the hand a coldness of touch, and makes the entire man miserable in himself and unwelcome among his neighbors. Such a spirit injures him who cherishes it more than it hurts him against whom its bitterness is expended. One loves to think that Isaac maintained the sweetness of his disposition amid these disappointments and exasperations. We see by the narrative that he had dug two wells and had been driven away from both of them, but that he still maintained gentleness of nature and kindness of conduct. Surely he would have been justified, if any one can be, in manifesting some righteous wrath because of the treatment he had received. It is unspeakably sad when men give way to the spirit of bitterness, to the morbidity of pessimism, and necessarily to some degree of infidelity. Weary work it was digging new wells, not half so bad in its result as cherishing the spirit of hatred which so many entertain to their own wretchedness and which they manifest to the wretchedness of others. Blessed are the peacemakers! Happy are the men and women of sweet tempers. We ought to put down that black and hideous hatred which takes all that is loveliest out of our own souls, and which blackens all that is fairest in our Father's world. There are still wells enough that are beautiful, even though some of our wells have been refilled. There are wells in the Church, in the home and in the heart; from these let the clear and sparkling water of peace and good will toward men ever flow, making music which is the echo of the song sung by the angels on the night the Christ was born.

Wells Waiting Reopening.

I stand before you to-night to perform a service similar to that performed by Isaac in that remote country. There are wells which existed in the days of Abraham, and even in the days of Adam, which have been partly filled up and some of which are well-nigh stopped. It is my purpose now to name, and, if possible, to unstop some of these wells. I ask you, first of all, to think for a little of the well of Revelation. This is one of the most distinguished wells ever opened up among men. Men needed a well opened at the throne, even at the heart of God. The light of nature was real light, but it was only twilight. It was good as far as it went, but it fell far short of banishing our darkness and illuminating our pathway. The Word of God never makes light of the light of nature. In the nineteenth psalm God's handiwork in the heavens is noted and honored; but when we come to the seventh verse of that psalm our attention is directed to the "law of the Lord," and we feel at once that we are standing upon firm ground, and that we have come into a new atmosphere. Thoughtful men, even among the heathen, men like Socrates and Plato, who made most of the light of nature, most desired fuller light than nature could give. God recognized this need and granted an abundant supply. There are men and women who are longing for additional light now, and only as they come to the Bible, the revealed Word and to Christ, the incarnate Word, can they receive the light for which their hearts long. The Word of God comes to us as one of the richest blessings of our Father in heaven to the children of men.

The Human Conduit.

The pipes through which this water flows are human, but the fountain is divine. This revelation is not less valuable because it comes to us through human channels. If God is to communicate with men he needs men through whom the communication can be made. The Lord Jesus, who is the incarnate Word, was human as well as divine. The perfection of his humanity is one of the best proofs of his divinity. The Bible, as the revealed Word, like the incarnate Word, is both human and divine. Many persons have argued as if the human element in the Bible exposed it to unfavorable criticism. As well might they object to the human element in the Lord Jesus. The presence of that element makes him and the Bible more perfect as the manifestation of the will of God to the children of men. Christ took not on him the nature of angels, but the seed of Abraham; so the Bible took not on itself the characteristics of angelic writers, but of men who were moved upon by the Holy Ghost.

Never was there such a fountain of revelation as this; it is next to the incarnation of Christ the fullest manifestation of God ever made to men. It has been partly stopped up. Men have said that they did not need a revelation from God. They have endeavored to dishonor the Bible, and to hurl it from its high place among the books of the world. To-night I would open this well, that you may drink and be refreshed. Daniel Webster tells us that when he was in Paris many years ago he was told of a French infidel, who found some stray leaves of

An Unknown Volume

in a drawer in his library. This infidel was in the habit of denouncing the Bible, although he was almost entirely ignorant of its character. He was, however, a man of fine literary taste, and he was readily captivated by the poetic beauty of the extracts which he had discovered. Hastening to his club he informed its members that he had made a wonderful discovery of some stray leaves "by a writer named 'Hab-ba-keek,' of course a Frenchman." We can readily imagine the great surprise of the infidel when he was informed that the leaves he had found contained a part of the prayer of Habakkuk in the third chapter of the book, one of the ancient prophets, whose writings are found in that despised book, the Bible. Daniel Webster does not hesitate to say that he regards this chapter as one of the sublimest passages of inspired literature. Many opponents of the Bible, like this Frenchman, simply succeed in advertising their own ignorance of its profound wisdom, poetic beauty, and religious instruction and inspiration. Let the water flow to-night through this divine well, water which comes clear as crystal from the very throne of God.

We shall strive also to unstop

The Well of Savation.

This well is one of the most blessed of all the wells ever unstopped. The word salvation is the sweetest word that men or angels ever heard. It cannot be translated into any language without imparting to the word chosen to represent it something of its own sweetness and beauty. I am sure that the word makes music in heaven. But this well has been partially stopped. False doctrines, ecclesiastical rites, meaningless ceremonies, prayer-books and numerous creeds have well nigh filled up this well. Men have talked learnedly of the councils of the church; but the more we know of some of them the less we care to know. At the council of Nicea grave and reverend divines acted at times like average city politicians at a ward caucus. Many of them were unworthy to represent the Church of Christ. All creeds are simply compromises between truth and error. It is often far more difficult to interpret them than to interpret the Scriptures on which the creeds are supposed to be founded. The history of creeds shows that they are divisive rather than unitive. We never can have church union on the basis of the historic creeds. I do not wish to give men theological stones when they are crying for bread, the bread that came down from heaven. We need the Gospel in all its simplicity, beauty and fulness.

Two Potent Words.

We shall not to-night discuss the doctrine of election. But I stand here to say whosever will, let him come and take the water of life freely. It has been well said that there are two words found in connection with the Christian life, whosoever and whatsoever. Whosoever is on the outside of the gate, showing that whether we be rich or poor, black or white, red or yellow, learned or ignorant we may enter. Whatsoever is on the inside of the gate teaching us that whatsoever we ask in the Master's name and for our soul's good we may receive. This glorious well I open tonight that all may drink of its refreshing and blessed waters.

I open also the well of Consolation. We have received salvation from God, we also need consolation in the many trials of life. At this moment some are sick, others are watching beside the sick, and still others are bearing other heavy burdens. Do not go to these burdened hearts with your cold and worldly maxims. Do not tell bruised souls of your philosophical remedies. The bleeding heart needs the healing touch of Jesus Christ. His alone is the touch which gives virtue, peace and benediction. We read that Cicero was overwhelmed with grief at the death of his daughter Tullia. He loved her with pure and parental tenderness. In his sorrow he resorted to pagan philosophy for comfort; he even wrote a book into which he put all the maxims of consolation which pagan religion and philosophy afforded; but these

Maxims had no Power to Cure

his grief. He resolved to erect in the gardens of Rome a monument to the memory of his daughter. Oh, if Cicero could have heard the words of the Lord Jesus, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" if he could have heard Jesus say, "Fear not, only believe;" if he could have heard the wonderful Paul say, "All things work together for good to them that love God;" if he could have heard the same Paul again declare that "our light affliction which is but for a moment worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," he would have found comfort indeed. The well of consolation men have endeavored to fill up with their stoicism, their agnosticism, their atheism, but still their hearts cry out for God, for the living God. The soul can never find rest except in the bosom of Jesus Christ. I thrust in my crowbar and drag out these obstructions. See these crystal waters flowing! This is the water suited to the need of every soul. Are you in sorrow to-night? Accept Jesus' sympathy. Cast your burden on the Lord. For every grief he has the appropriate medicine. For your death he has life; for your sin he has forgiveness. Earth has no sorrow which heaven cannot heal.

I unstop also the well of Sanctification. This well has been filled up by ungodly acts,

by impure thoughts and by misinterpretations of Scripture. Justification is a completed act; *sanctification is a process.* Sometimes this process is long and sometimes painful. When we submit to God there is an instantaneous forgiveness of sin, but in the Christian life there may be a prolonged struggle against evil. Our blessed Lord in his great prayer on behalf of his disciples said, "sanctify them through thy truth; thy word is truth." We have here a blessed grace, sanctification; we have also a glorious instrumentality, "thy word;" and we have here also a blessed definition, "thy word is truth." Heaven is already begun in the heart of all true believers. Its peace is in the life, its joy on the lips, and its light in the face of true Christians. Drink deep from the well of Salvation, from the well of Consolation, and from the well of Sanctification. There is music in the word well; there is joy in the drawing of the water. Oh, well-diggers, amid earthly disappointments and ambitions, come to this water. Hear the word of the old prophet, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters," and hear the words of a greater than Isaiah, the words of the Lord Jesus on the great day of the feast, "If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink." And, still later his words spoken from his throne in heaven, "And the spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

A VENERABLE CONVERT.

IN writing from Ung-Kung, in the Jio Pheng district of China, to the Baptist Missionary Board, Dr. J. W. Carlen says: During the past year we preached in more than three hundred towns and villages, at twenty-three fairs, thirteen theatres, in heathen temples, ancestral halls, in the fields, upon ferry boats, by the wayside—wherever we could get a hearing—and among the many thousands thus met we sold near eight thousand books and tracts. Also, I treated over three hundred cases of bodily ailments. We had some opposition and abuse, but little compared with the accustomed kindly disposition of the people almost everywhere manifested. I was called wizard, vile demon, the devil, child of the devil, barbarian, red-head, pig, and "that thing," which last I thought not so intolerable as to be called no-thing, as one is sometimes vilified in Christendom.

This fall two aged sisters died, aged respectively eighty-three and ninety-three years. The latter, having removed her dwelling place years ago, and, being too feeble to attend church for many years, was supposed to be dead; but one day a heathen came and reported at the chapel that a Christian was dead in a certain village, and her heathen relatives did not know what to do with her, as she had demanded there be no idolatrous performances at her burial. So the brethren went, and with appropriate Christian services laid the old saint's body in the grave. Whilst at her village the brethren learned that the old Christian summoned her heathen relatives about her dying bed, and exhorted them to renounce their idolatrous follies and serve the true God, telling them she soon would see the face of God in heaven and enter His joy and glory there; that if they would repent, and trust the Lord Jesus for the remisssion of sins, they might also after death see God and abide with Him forever.

The other old sister I visited nine months ago to give her medicine for fever and ague. Though she had a furious fever when I entered the room, she rose and sat upon the board which is charitably called a bed. She said she was only a poor, old, no-account woman, but that she was decided upon serving God unto her dying day, and she would always praise his great and holy name. Four months ago she went the way of the few of the earth.

Near Jio Pheng city, where we have had persecution for the past two years, we have had the highest per cent. of conversions. Now we have reason to believe that persecution there has come to an end. The persecuted and persecutors, having heeded an exhortation to try to fraternize, are now in peace. I am now at work about Ung-Kung, having three assistant preachers; and whilst going forth daily to preach in the surrounding country, we are pressing to a consummation the matter of renting a chapel in the city and buying land outside upon which to build a dwelling. Our preaching at a fair, I learn, is beginning to bear fruit. Two merchants, whose shops are upon the fair ground, where they do considerable business, have become pronounced believers, one of whom attends public worship every Sunday.

Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

Like a Mighty Army.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "*Be strong in the Lord.*"—Eph. 6: 10. W. H. DOANE.

1. Like a might-y ar-my, Loy-al, true and brave, Hold-ing
2. Like a might-y ar-my, Fear-less, bold and strong, Thro' the
3. Church of God, how glo-rious Now thy ranks ap-pear! Lift thy
up thy stand-ard All the world to save. Like a might-y
vast cre-a-tion Rings thy vic-tor song. Hon-or, pow'r, do-
head in tri-umph, Thy re-ward is near. Lo! thy great De-
ar-my, Clad in bright ar-ray, Church of God we hail thee,
min-ion, Praise from shore to shore, Un-to Him who reign-eth
liv-'rer Soon will take thee home: From His Roy-al pres-ence
REFRAIN.
Marching forth to-day.
King for ev-er-more. Like a might-y ar-my, Dar-ing ev-ery
Nev-er more to roam.
foe, He who paid thy ran-som, Bids thee on-ward go.
ev-ery foe.

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THE WONDERFUL.

"His name shall be called Wonderful." Isa. 9: 6.
Written for "The Christian Herald."

JESUS the Wonderful Saviour,
Saving from guilt and sin,
All who follow his leading
And let him abide within.

Jesus the Wonderful Friend
Who will never a trust betray,
Who will never, never leave us
Though dark and lonely the way.

Jesus the Wonderful Helper
In every time of need;
To those who lean upon him,
He will prove a help, indeed.

Jesus the Wonderful Healer
Finds nothing beyond his skill,
But when faith is right, 'tis done
If it be the Father's will

Jesus the Wonderful Teacher
In whom all wisdom is found,
Who giveth to all who ask him,
That knowledge may more abound.

Jesus the Wonderful Guide
To all that is glorious here,
And at last he will lead us out
Into heaven's sunshine clear.

Wonderful! Wonderful! Wonderful
He meets every human need,
When we are willing to follow
Wherever his footsteps lead.

When we are willing to give him
Our poor, sin-shriveled hearts,
Then the Wonderful sweetness
Of love divine he imparts.

—MRS. L. E. BEMIS.

THY HAND

O THOU who art my only light,
Thee do I follow through the night;
Though home and hope are out of sight,
Firm trust in thee my spirit hath;
Thou knowest my path!

Although I cannot see thy face,
I feel the warmth of thy embrace.
Enfold me in the dangerous place
Where sin lies waiting to betray;
Thou knowest my way.

I know not what may yet unfold
Beyond the morning's gates of gold.
This is my heaven, thy hand to hold.
Thy steps to follow through the night—
My life, my light.

—LUCY LARCOM.

UNDER THE SIXTH SEAL.

The Growth and Punishment of Formalism and the Identification of the Remnant

BY SIR S. ARTHUR BLACKWOOD, K.C.B.*

THE scenes that are recorded in the seventh chapter of Revelation take place under the sixth seal; they form part of the future history disclosed by its opening. The sixth seal consists really of three distinct visions: the convulsion of nature and society narrated in the sixth chapter, the sealing of the 144,000, and the manifestation of the great multitude before the throne. It is the last two that we now examine.

And it will be well before attempting to explain the symbols employed in the vision, to consider for a moment the state of things which succeeded the overthrow of Paganism and the establishment of the Christian religion.

The followers of Christ, hitherto proscribed and fiercely persecuted, were now the favored ones of the state, and instead of hiding in catacombs and dens and caves of the earth, found that their religion was a passport to Imperial favor, a well nigh certain means of advancing their worldly position. The change was amazing. Churches arose everywhere; instead of apostasies, candidates in throngs applied for baptism, and the state of things was such that the contemporary historian, Eusebius, only expressed the feeling of the times when he declared that "a day of cloudless serenity now shone on the Church," that "it looked like the image of the very kingdom of Christ, and was altogether more like a dream than a reality." It was almost believed the Millennium had come.

The natural consequence of the irruption into the Church of the multitudes that now thronged her gates, was the wide substitution of profession for real faith in Christ, and at the same time an undue exaltation of the rites of Christianity. This was, in particular, the case with the introductory rite of baptism, to which a magical virtue was soon ascribed. It was called "the seal, the Lord's mark, the preservative, the investiture of incorruption, the salvation." In the language of an eminent bishop of the day, Cyril, it was "the ransom to captives, the remission of offences, the death of sin, the regeneration of the soul, the garment of light, the holy seal indissoluble, the chariot to heaven, the luxury of Paradise, the procuring of the kingdom, the gift of adoption."

It was that period of the prophetic history which was being unfolded in the vision recorded in the first half of the seventh chapter. What were its main features?

A tremendous tempest about to burst is seen gathering, but ere the four winds sweep in desolating fury over the earth, an angel ascending from the East (the quarter of rising light), and bearing "the seal of the living God" bids the angels of the winds restrain the storm till out of each tribe of Israel a specific, a definite number had been marked off for preservation. The exact number is heard by the seer, "one hundred and forty and four thousand." Is the meaning far to seek? The language, be it remembered, is symbolic.

The tribes of Israel are the professing people of God. But "they are not all Israel, which are of Israel." The outward seal, impressed by human hands—the visible rite—does not confer salvation, God has his own elect; it is his sole prerogative to seal them for eternal life. This is the truth which must now be brought to light. No less than twelve times is that truth repeated and enforced. It is the living God who alone seals his own.

Meanwhile, another scene arrests the Seer's attention. Looking upward to the throne, he beholds "a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds and peoples and tongues, standing before the throne and palms in their hands." What does he gather from the entrancing vision? First, that the blissful and blessed throng are those who have come, not from a life of easygoing and luxurious religiousness, but from battlefields, and out of the great tribulation; next that it is there, not here, that full satisfaction and joy are to be found; and then, above all, that they owe their glorious position alone to the blood of the Lamb, in which they have washed their robes, and made them white.

It is an anticipative glance at eternal glory. The 144,000 are but a section of the Church at any given period of her earthly history; the whole body of the redeemed are represented, later on, by the figure of the heavenly Jerusalem, a cube, whose height, and length, and breadth are equal; each living generation is only a square thereof,—144,000, or twelve times 12,000. Tribulation is their portion here, but their tears shall all be dried; the hands that clave to the sword here, shall wave the palm there, and the triumphant hallelujahs of the innumerable multitude shall echo around the throne.

*From the London *Christian*.

BLESSEDNESS OF GIVING.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Aug 6. Acts 20: 35; Luke 6: 33 38

THE most marked characteristic of the newer religious thinking, which is slowly transforming the church in spite of conservative anathemas, is the ardent, self sacrificing love for men which was seen in its full perfection in Christ. The church is awaking from its long lethargy in this sphere, and is putting aside its weary discussions of dogma to engage in practical, helpful work. The Master who fed the multitude, who bade the man who would be perfect sell all that he had and give to the poor, and who spent so large a part of the short period he had at his disposal for preaching the Gospel, in relieving suffering, set an example that the church has been slow to follow. But his spirit is working now, and it will permeate the whole body. We do not yet know if the new wine will require to be put into new bottles, but if that is necessary it will be done. The new wine is the spirit of love and beneficence that is now finding expression in the various efforts to alleviate the burdens of life and to relieve physical suffering. The demand for giving is raised now with an urgency and persistency never before known. Those who cannot give their personal labor are expected to give money, and those who can give both are pressed to do so. The question is being asked on all hands which the beloved disciple put centuries ago, but which the church has so long disregarded as a test of the sincerity of her members, "Whoso hath this world's goods and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" The logical conclusion of the sentenee would have been, How dwelleth the love of *man* in him? but the Apostle's divine logic penetrates deeper, and he doubts whether there is love of God where there is no evidence of love of man. The time is not far distant when this test will be applied in every church in Christendom, and men will refuse to believe that a man loves God if he hoards his wealth while his brother man lacks the necessaries of life. This does not mean that there will be, or should be, indiscriminate giving. Nothing is more easy or more unsatisfactory than to give alms to a beggar. Giving should be done with intelligence and far-sighted perception. Men need to be helped to help themselves. Time must be given; thought must be given; plans must be devised and executed to relieve burdened people whose voice is never heard pleading for charity. As we look with concern on the troubled countenance of a beloved brother and ask to share his confidence and understand his trouble, and make plans for alleviating or removing it, so must we concern ourselves with the burdens of those whom we call "the masses." It is a duty, the performance of which is richly freighted with blessing. It brings a joy that the world cannot give nor take away. It will never be known in all its fullness until we hear the Divine Judge say, "I was hungry and ye fed me . . . inasmuch as ye did it unto these, ye did it unto me."

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THE WORLD-WIDE UNION.

ONE of the most significant moments in the recent Christian Endeavor Convention at Montreal was that when President Clark rose to address the Societies after his tour around the world. "I bring you greetings," he said, "[illegible] Kobe, from Osaka and Okayama. In all these cities and many others are young hearts linked to yours by the supreme tie of Christian service. From the Endeavor Society of the [illegible] little orphan boys that holds its [illegible] greet you to-day. India's Endeavorers greet you. They speak many tongues—Tamil and Telugu and Bengalee and Hindi and Hindoostanee and Marathi; but in all these tongues they tell of one purpose, of one pledge, of one motto, of one fellowship. Syrian and Turkish Endeavorers greet you. They are persecuted and hindered; their name, even, is under the ban; but their hearts are not chilled, nor their purpose cooled, nor their fellowship with you sundered by the persecutions that they endure.

"Black-eyed Spanish Endeavorers greet you. French Endeavorers greet you. Worldly Paris is not so worldly that nine active, spiritually minded Endeavor Societies cannot flourish there as well as in Philadelphia or Toronto. English, Scotch and Irish Endeavorers greet you. Within a year our Societies have increased from less than three hundred to nearly seven hundred in the United Kingdom. One of the divisions of the Methodist denomination in Great Britain has just led the way by adopting and approving Christian Endeavor, pure and simple, as its young people's organization. And this leads me to say that interdenominationally, in all parts of the world, as well as internationally, has our cause advanced during the year past as never before. I regret to say that in my own land alone, of all the lands that I have visited, in one or two sections of the Christian church is Christian Endeavor still looked upon as an alien interloper, and our, fellowship is discouraged, if not forbidden.

"In the name of Christian brotherhood the world around; in the name of the fatherhood of God; in the name of Christianity hitherto torn and rent by sectarian jealousies; in the name of heathen peoples distracted by names and creeds whose deeper bonds of union they hitherto have not been able to understand; in the name of the Master, and as an answer to his prayer that "they all may be one," make of your different Endeavor links a strong girdle that shall bind Christian hearts together, not by a uniform creed or ritual, but by pledged loyalty to Christ, and pledged service for Christ. Until this largest possible fellowship is reached, that fellowship which this year has so marvellously increased, let us still keep for our yearly motto our Lord's own words; making them more and more concrete in the actual life of the world of Christian young people, 'One is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren.'"

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MIDDLETOWN'S NEW BUILDING.

THE ceremony of laying the corner stone of the new building which has been projected for the Young Men's Christian Association of Middletown, Conn., will have been performed by the time this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is in the hands of its readers. By the kindness of Mr. Young of the Middletown *Herald*, we are enabled to publish this week a picture of the building reproduced from the architect's design. The building, when completed, will be one of the finest in the State, and have the merit of being of a style unusual and original. It is conveniently situated on the main street in the central part of the city. The plan of the interior has been carefully prepared after an exhaustive study of Association buildings in other cities and the arrangements are eminently adapted to its purpose. The offices, library, class-rooms and auditorium will occupy the main building and in an annex fifty-four by eighty-six feet will be the gymnasium, with bowling-alleys, shower, spray and swimming baths, and all the most modern athletic appliances. The Association is in excellent condition as to members and work. Of the three hundred and twenty-five names on the rolls, over two hundred are of active members. Besides the regular Bible classes and devotional meetings six branches are taught by qualified instructors and there is a library of over a thou sand volumes. During the past year seven young men have made profession of faith who ascribed their conversion to the influences of the Association. The institution is comparatively a young one, having been organized in 1886. Its secretary, Mr. H. L. Jacoby is an energetic young man, thoroughly consecrated to the work.

THE PROJECTED NEW BUILDING OF THE Y. M. C. A. MIDDLETOWN, CONN.

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MR. STOKES'S Y. M. C. A WORK.

THE valuable aid Mr. James Stokes has rendered the Young Men's Christian Association of Paris in securing it a home of its own, was briefly mentioned in these columns recently in our description of that institution; we have now much pleasure in publishing his portrait. Mr. Stokes is a New York lawyer, and is a son of the Mr. James Stokes, who was for many years an active partner in the firm of Phelps, Dodge & Company. His prominence in Association work dates back to the organization of the International Committee twenty-seven years ago, when Mr. Stokes was appointed one of the original seven members. During the next few years after his appointment, he spent much time in Europe, and wherever his business took him he gave much attention to local Associations, or to plans for organizing an Association, if there was not one. He was especially interested in the work in Paris, and it was mainly through his efforts that the original rooms were engaged for the Y. M. C. A. there. As the Association grew, Mr. Stokes urged the erection of a building for it, which should be worthy of the great city. He spared no pains to secure the necessary funds. His own contribution, with others secured from members of his family, amounted to $80,000 and another sum of $80,000 was obtained from wealthy and influential French gentlemen whom Mr. Stokes interested in the project. When the World's Central Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations was organized with headquarters at Geneva, Switzerland, and two places upon it were assigned to the United States, Mr. Stokes was elected to one of them. He has also served on the International Committee at home and has taken much interest in the organization of the French and German branches in our great cities.

MR. JAMES STOKES.
(*The Benefactor of Parisian Young Men*)

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AMONG THE ORDERS.

THE Secretary of the King's Daughters in Berlin, Ont., reports: We have been giving a supper to inmates of the poorhouse, which greatly encouraged and blessed those who took part in it. A short time ago we had a concert in the Town Hall in aid of the poor of our town, at which we cleared $21.16. We feel it has been a great pleasure to us to do these things for those whose lives are so blank and cheerless.

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The 1895 International Convention of Christian Endeavor Societies is to be held at San Francisco. Next year's convention will be held at Cleveland, Ohio.

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A Disciple Christian Endeavor Society in Ontario has the kindly habit of writing a letter of welcome to all new Disciple societies organized in their neighborhood.

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The State of Maryland now has 142 circles of King's Daughters, of which Baltimore City numbers 105. During the past year 20 new circles have been formed and none of the old ones have been disbanded.

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The Epworth League of Fort Wayne, Ind., held its fifth annual convention at Auburn, Ind., on June 21. The following officers were elected: President, Rev. A. E. Mahin; Vice-Presidents, Mr. John Zimmerman, Vivian Lee, Rev. C. U. Wade and Florence Coulter; Secretary, Carrie B. Schrader; Treas'r, Lella Boles.

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Among the speakers at the English National Christian Endeavor Convention were Dr. J. L. Phillips of India, the Sunday School traveling missionary, Dr. H. Grattan Guinness of London, and Rev. W. Knight Chaplin, honorary secretary of the British Section, in conjunction with C. Waters. Two of the sessions were led by Mrs. A. E. Hutton and W. S. Caine, both members of the English Parliament; and the closing consecration meeting was conducted by Dr. Clark.

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The Baptist Young People's Union has eighteen organizations in the State of Arkansas, with an aggregate membership of 580. The list is as follows: Conway, 33; Judsonia, 55; Rogers, 18; Askadelphia, 47; Fort Smith, 66; Morrillton, 13; Pine Bluff, 31; Lonoke, 36; Little Rock, First Church, 71; Second Church, 60; Immanuel Church, 18. Eureka Springs, 35; Batesville, 15; Fordyce, 22; Van Buren, 30; Searcy, 23.

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Miss Kate Bond suggests to King's Daughters spending a vacation among the mountains or by the sea the formation of Piazza Circles. Such circles were found very enjoyable as well as useful last summer. A number of girls sitting on the piazza or under the trees would sew while one of their number read aloud. Several "maternity bags" were filled in this way and sent to the Tenement House Chapter. A letter to Miss Dewey, 91 Madison Street, New York, will elicit a list of the articles which a "maternity bag" should contain.

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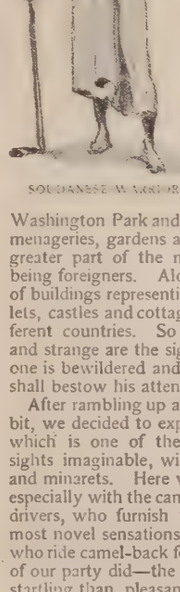
We shall be glad to receive from readers who are members of Christian Endeavor Societies, the King's Daughters, etc., reports of the progress of the work in their localities and of any new methods which have been found successful

A Day at the World's Fair.

Sights and Scenes in the Cairo Street—Fun with the Camels and Donkey-Drivers.

IT was a very pleasant party that set out to "do" the Egyptian quarter at the World's Exposition, a few days ago. Cool, refreshing breezes came up from the lake, and although it was yet early forenoon, the various nationalities in the "Midway Plaisance" were all astir and on the lookout for patrons. We had already walked through the great edifices of the Fair and were oppressed with their wealth of art and architecture, and now we were seeking for a whiff of relaxation.



SOUDANESE WARRIOR.

There is probably no other thoroughfare in the world like the Midway Plaisance. It is a Babel of tongues, a medley of instruments and a lovely panorama of color, the whole so exhilarating and fascinating that one lingers there, unconscious of the flight of time. It extends from the Exposition grounds to Washington Park and is a succession of shows, menageries, gardens and Oriental theatres, the greater part of the managers and employees being foreigners. Along its course are groups of buildings representing towns, villages, hamlets, castles and cottages in over a score of different countries. So many and so attractive and strange are the sights on every hand, that one is bewildered and hesitates as to where he shall bestow his attention.

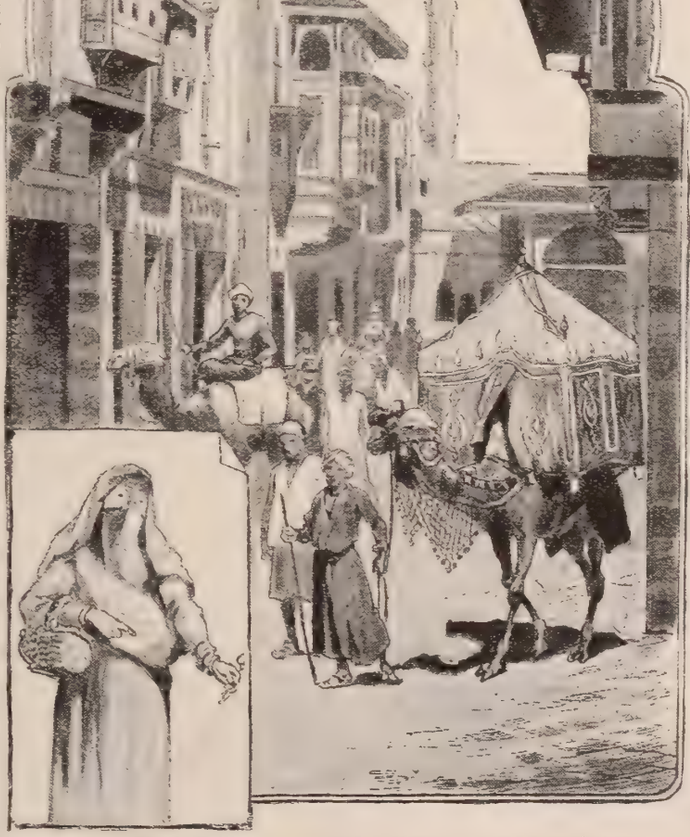
After rambling up and down the Plaisance a bit, we decided to explore the street of Cairo, which is one of the quaintest and prettiest sights imaginable, with its domes, balconies and minarets. Here we were greatly amused, especially with the camel-men and the donkey-drivers, who furnish to visitors some of the most novel sensations of the Fair. For those who ride camel-back for the first time—as some of our party did—the experience is a little more startling than pleasant; but one quickly gets used to the strange, heaving motion of the camel. As for the donkeys—little intelligent brutes they were—they delighted the children. With a screaming, laughing youngster on his back and with a long-coated and white-turbaned Hussein, Mustapha or Ahmed smiting his flanks with an *assa*, a long supple rod, and yelling "Chatti! Chatti!" ("Make way! Make way!") the Cairo donkey is a thing of beauty and a joy indeed!

But one tires even of the exquisite bliss of bumping through the crowded street in this fashion, at the imminent risk of colliding disastrously with some Nubian or dervish, or of ungallantly sending some passing veiled lady sprawling on the causeway. I shudder to think what the possible result of such a collision might be, or to even guess what would happen if our brutes, by some unlucky lurch, capsized that top-heavy camel with the gaudy-looking pavilion on his back. These pavilions are in reality traveling harems and as many as ten fair Orientals can be crowded in there; rather uncomfortably crowded, maybe, but well screened from the rude gaze of the infidel world, and that is all their Moslem owner and husband, Mr. Abdullah Bluebeard, cares about it. He glowers just a little at us as we brush past, but, bless you, those swarthy bearded fellows are pleasant enough just now, and we are not even disposed to be frightened at the Soudanese warrior who stands near by with lance and shield. These olive-skinned guests, like ourselves, came here to enjoy themselves, not to fight. They are really politeness itself when addressed; indeed, there is no more courteous neighborhood in Chicago than this same Midway Plaisance. Here is the public scribe, who sits cross-legged upon his platform at the corner, conducting the mail correspondence of the mimic village at so much per letter. There is a soldier—a fine, big, manly fellow—bargaining with him to write a letter to his people at home, else we might have been tempted to spend a half dollar on one of his missives ourselves, just for a keepsake.

A PUBLIC SCRIBE.

You can't walk very far in the Cairo street without meeting the flower-girl, Aziza. She timidly pokes a bouquet at one of the party, whom she addresses with a half laughing "Tishtiri yasmeen?" ("Will you buy some jasmine?") Of course you will, and you do. Aziza is a short, slight, graceful girl. You can't see any of the girl's face, except the eyes, but you gallantly conclude that, with so pleasant a voice, she must be pretty. This doesn't always follow, though; but Ahmed thinks there is nothing sweeter in the world than Aziza's voice, when she sings:

THE ARAB FLOWER GIRL.



A STREET IN CAIRO—AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

If yasmeen wel fulil ageeb!
(The wonderful jasmine and roses!

One doesn't need to embrace Islam to get lunch on the Cairo street, so our chaperon took us to a temptingly cool place, pillared and stone-floored where was a restaurant for poor tired and hungry occidentals. After being refreshed we went out to explore still further. What a mixture of races one finds in the booths of Cairo! Native Nubian jostles American negro, Syrian and Armenian and Egyptian and Arab all unite to make up a fantastic population. Here and there an unveiled woman is seen. Oriental tapestries, cloths and metal wares are exposed for sale at many of the booths, some of the displays being beautiful and costly. Hours can be spent very pleasantly among the bazaars alone, but one mustn't stop too long if you mean to see the main beauties of the street with its Egyptian temple of Luxor, its moving masses of light, shade and color and its sad-browed people, who with their surroundings, take one altogether back to the ancient city in the desert, until you feel as though you were almost within the shadow of the Pyramids.

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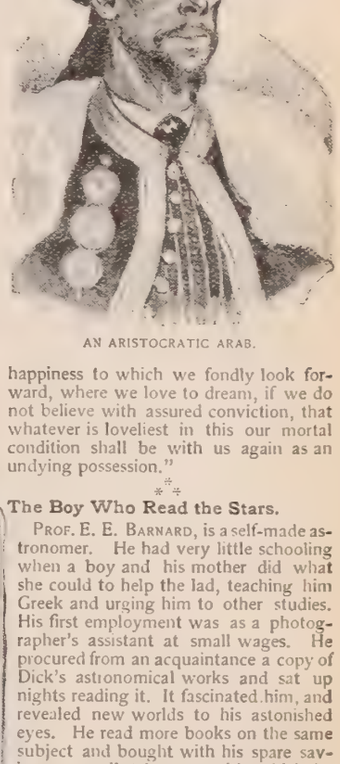
Pleasant Voices and Good Tempers.

"THE great trouble with one woman I know," writes Oliver W. Holmes, "is that her voice is pitched a full note too high. It is aggressive, disturbing, and would wear out a nervous man without his ever knowing what was the matter with him. A good many crazy Northern people would recover their reason if they could live for a year or two among the blacks of the Southern States. But the penetrating perturbing quality of the voices of many of our Northern women has a great deal to answer for in the way of determining love and friendship.

You remember that dear friend of ours who left us not long since? If there were more voices like hers, the world would be a different place to live in. I do not believe any man or woman ever came within the range of those sweet, tranquil tones without being hushed, captivated, entranced I might also say, by their calming, soothing influence. Can you not imagine the tones in which those words, "Peace, be still," were spoken? Such was the effect of the voice to which but a few weeks ago we were listening. It is hard to believe that it has died out of human consciousness. Can such a voice be spared from that world of



AN ARISTOCRATIC ARAB.

happiness to which we fondly look forward, where we love to dream, if we do not believe with assured conviction, that whatever is loveliest in this our mortal condition shall be with us again as an undying possession."

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The Boy Who Read the Stars.

PROF. E. E. BARNARD, is a self-made astronomer. He had very little schooling when a boy and his mother did what she could to help the lad, teaching him Greek and urging him to other studies. His first employment was as a photographer's assistant at small wages. He procured from an acquaintance a copy of Dick's astronomical works and sat up nights reading it. It fascinated him, and revealed new worlds to his astonished eyes. He read more books on the same subject and bought with his spare savings a small telescope with which he spent hours on the roof scanning the skies. Glass after glass was procured, each being larger and more powerful than its predecessor. His first triumph was the discovery of two comets ahead of the regular astronomers. This brought him an invitation to the Vanderbilt University and thereafter the Lick Observatory in California secured his services. He has discovered in all nearly twenty comets, and his great discovery of the fifth satellite of Jupiter made him famous among observers. Besides this, he has enriched the world's store of knowledge with many fine photographs of the stars. Thus the poor boy who happened to take up the study of the stars by the merest accident, has become a great scientist and a public benefactor.

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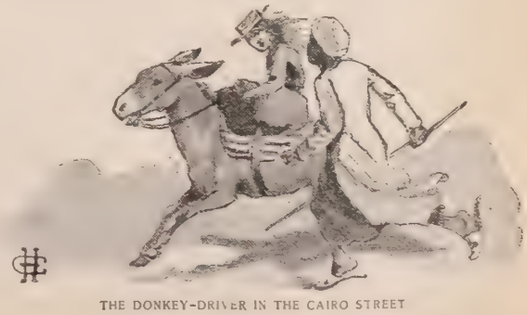
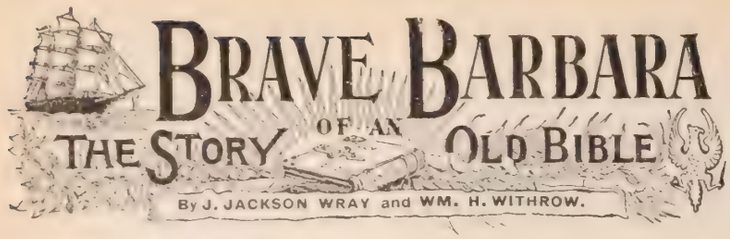
Longfellow and the Young Man.

IT is said that when Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was a professor in college he gave as motto to his pupils, "Live up to the best that is in you." We cannot vouch for the anecdote and do not know what its authority, but the thought it suggests is a noble one. There are two natures in every man. One says, "Have a good time, never mind tomorrow;" the other says: "Love not pleasures, love God; this is the everlasting yea." One seeks to gratify desire, appetite, passion, ambition; the other seeks to know the right.



THE DONKEY-DRIVER IN THE CAIRO STREET



CHAPTER XXI

GOOD-BY TO OLD FRIENDS

DURING the Colonel's slow recovery he had many talks with his son. Redgie was very anxious for his conversion and lost no time in urging him to accept Christ. The Colonel listened quietly for the greater part, but Redgie felt that he was making little progress.

"It is useless, my boy," the Colonel said after one of these talks, "there are no limits to the Lord's power, so he could make a Methodist out of the material under my hat if he wished to do so, but no one else could. It is not the right kind of stuff. I won't say anything to hurt your feelings, but honestly I could not be a Methodist. The whole thing is distasteful to me."

"Ah, father," Redgie answered, "you don't understand. I am not urging you to become a Methodist, but to become a Christian."

"It's all the same, my dear boy," Colonel Pemberton answered. "I know the Methodist notion; you would never think I was a Christian if I did not become a Methodist. You would think there was something wrong, some defect. I never knew a Methodist who did not look on members of other denominations as only half Christians, as needing a fresh baptism or something. They think a fully developed Christian, a Christian come to full growth, is naturally a Methodist."

"I don't deny I should be thankful if God in his goodness brought you into our church," said Reginald, "but I am most concerned about his bringing you into his own fold. You can be in that without being a Methodist."

"I should hope so, my boy," said the Colonel "but I am surprised to hear you admit it. You are raw yet. That man Dunham would not do so."

"You misjudge him, father. He is a good man, one of the Lord's faithful servants."

"Well, I will say nothing against him then," said the Colonel. "I will use no more hard words about any one. I am too glad to have you back again, Reginald, to feel uncharitable. We'll give Dunham his due and think the best we can of everybody, eh, my boy? Christian charity is the right thing."

"I wish you would let me bring him here to talk with you, father. He could do so much better than I. He's an eloquent man and a scholar and his lips are touched with a live coal from the altar."

"He may come," said the Colonel. "Blanche has a tenderness for him, but I had rather he did not labor with me. He would only waste his time and trouble and I might get irritated and say things I should regret. No my boy," and the Colonel put his hand tenderly on his son's head, "you must resign the hope of making a Methodist of your old father."

"But I want you to be a Christian, father," Reginald persisted. "I want you to have the blessed assurance of being one with Christ, of being sure of heaven that makes me so happy."

"Well, Redgie, I'll tell you where I stand. I am trying to lead a life as free from sin as I can. When I do sin I am sorry for it and I pray God to forgive me. I believe in Christ and I feel that the more I grow like him the better I shall be. I admire him and love him because he was good and kind and lovable. That is where I stand and where I have stood for years. About salvation I do not concern myself. I am in God's hands and am quite satisfied to be there. He will do right. If he gives me life after I am dead I am sure it will be a life in which I can learn more and do better than I have done here. I know I am not of much account. I am not brilliant, or eloquent, or learned; I am simply a plain man [illegible] think it is not worth while giving such a man another life. Well, he knows best. I do not think he will give me another life simply to torture me in hell. He is too kind-hearted a Being to do that. So I am not going to shout, to plead and agonize about it as you Methodists do. I leave it all to God to do with me as he will. Now you know just how I look at the subject of religion."

Reginald shuddered. His father's position seemed dreadfull to him, and he trembled for him. To him, fresh from the teaching of Dunham and Losee and Barbara Heck, his father seemed little better than a heathen. He knew not what to say and he determined to give himself to prayer that the Colonel's eyes might be opened and to take counsel with Dunham, whose wide experience might help him to find a way to touch his father's heart.

Meanwhile, the Colonel was intent on making the approaching Christmas a time of gaiety. He wanted to celebrate his own recovery and the restoration of peace and love in his own family. He meant to keep the festival in baronial style as he had done in Virginia. Blanche should invite her lover, Reginald should bring Gracie Heck, and Barbara Heck should be invited to give Mrs. Pemberton pleasure and Paul Heck of course. The Emburys and John Lawrence must come, with the servants and connections from all the families and there should be good cheer and fun and pleasure for all. He would talk it all over with his wife and they would settle it. She, kindly lady, was easily won over and for the next few weeks the Pemberton mansion was a busy place. Such scouring and cleaning of the house that was always spotless, such gathering of provisions and cooking of delicacies was never known before in the colony, for Colonel Pembeaton was bent on making the festival an event to be remembered.

There was no doubt about his success. No one declined the invitation. Lucky Mike was there and declared that the entertainment was worthy of the old sod. Tookalusca and Ooloona were there, too, with all our old friends and everyone was in the highest spirits.

But the most stirring event of all that marked that never-to-be-forgotten season was the marriage of Elder Dunham ahd Blanche Pemberton, and of Reginald Pemberton and the gentle Gracie Heck. There was only one clergyman in Upper Canada who could legally perform the double ceremony, the Rev. Dr. Stuart, of Kingston. Of course, Colonel Pemberton, as a magistrate, bearing his Majesty's commission, was empowered to celebrate marriages; but being a staunch Churchman, nothing would serve him but the use of the old service with which he had wedded Blanche's mother more than thirty years before.

On Christmas Day, dressed in gown, bands, and surplice, Dr. Stuart held a solemn religious service. The Colonel, who was able to walk in on crutches, joined firmly in the responses, and was greatly delighted to find that "the Methodists" were quiet and reverent. Brave Barbara, especially, had a good time of it, and put her prayerful soul into the Litany, and through all the beautiful service found it "good to be there." Then the marriage service took place; the parents in each case "giving the bride away."

One invited guest was absent on that auspicious occasion. Elder William Losee had consented to come, but just before the visit should have been paid, a brief letter from his old colleague Dunham informed him of his impending marriage. It was a blow that poor William Losee could not recover from. He had been deeply fascinated himself by Blanche Pemberton, but a morbid sensitiveness on account of his shrivelled arm, and the Colonel's intense antipathy to Methodism, together with his native modesty, had tied his tongue. But his love for the winsome maiden had entered into his being. He could not bear the shock; and to make a painful story short he succumbed to the blow, and, retiring from the ministry, soon closed his career on earth beneath a cloud that would not lift.

He was a noble spirited man, and his letter to his old friend, declining to attend the wedding, gives us a beautiful glimpse of a worthy man. "My dear brother," it began, "I wish you every happiness, and pray that God's blessing may rest upon you both. I know well the passing merits of your bride, who is to share with you the joys and sorrows of life. Many thanks for your kind request. Allow me to decline. I do not feel able for it—for reasons known only to God and my own heart; and should we meet no more on earth, we will meet where they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God."

Poor Losee! So are joy and sorrow entertwined.

Blanche Pemberton's wedding presents, we are told in the chronicles of the family included the splendid necklace of pearls that had been fastened by Queen Anne on her mother's neck as a royal wedding gift.

"Her majesty never thought," said the old Colonel, "that they would form part of the wedding gear of a Methodist preacher's wife in the backwoods of Canada. But I'll warrant me that none of the Court dames at St. James Palace were worthier to wear them than my Blanche." Doubtless Elder Dunham was of the same opinion.

I cannot pretend to describe Brave Barbara's acceptable gift of linen, packed, spun, woven and bleached after the good old Irish fashion, by her own industrious hands; nor, indeed, can I deal with these interesting matters any further. And yet, I think I must quote the words of the dear and gentle Quakeress, Hannah Whiteside, when she gave each an ancient vellum-bound copy of John Fox's "Treatise on the Inner Light." "Father does not hold with fasts and feasts," she said, "nor with the worldly fashion of making and receiving marriage gifts; but we love thee and wish thee as well as those who do. It was borne in upon me that I should give both of ye a book that hath been a great comfort to my own heart: so it may be to thee, Blanche, and to thee, Gracie. Ye both know the Inner Light yourselves: may it shine in you more and more until the perfect day."

Of course, such a grand occasion as this, where Brave Barbara was an honored guest, could not be suffered to pass without words of song and prayer from my heroine, the true Deborah of the West, who was enshrined in all hearts as a mother in Israel, a prophetess of, and a leader in, the glorious movement which was building up in the New World an undying and universal Church of the living God. But Brave Barbara had but little to say. Her heart was too full for speech. As she looked back on all the way in which the Lord had led her, tender memories came rushing in upon her like a flood. Her lips quivered and her bright eyes filled with tears, as she exclaimed, "What hath God wrought? As I think of the wonderful past and the happy present, and the better future, I can do no other than sing, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow!'" With that song of praise ended the festivities of that memorable Christmas day.

The story of my humble, but truly noble heroine, may now be briefly concluded. After the excitement caused by these marriages, and by that glad reunion round the Christmas hearth, life at the Heck Settlement subsided into its usual quiet. Blanche Dunham remained two years in her old home to gladden with filial attentions the heart of the old Colonel, who later became a chronic invalid. Her husband, who was now appointed "Presiding Elder of the Canada District," continued to range through his vast circuit as energetically and successfully as before his marriage.

Reginald Pemberton was soon after appointed to the "Bay of Quinte Circuit," and hither he brought his young wife to do the duties and engage the sympathies of a loving people, who warmly welcomed the "new preacher's wife." In the same place an off-shoot of the little company of Palatines of the Heck Settlement made their home; and here our old friends, John and Mary Lawrence, became the leaders of the Methodist movement, and the honored pillars of a growing church. Here Reginald Pemberton had the distinguished honor of building the first Methodist meeting-house in Upper Canada (hitherto the great parlor of Heck House had been used for worship.) The subscription list for the erection of the new chapel is still extant, and the blurred and faded signatures of a younger generation of the Emburys, the Schweitzers, the Ruckles, the Lawrences, and other godly Palatines, may still be discerned.

Hither, in somewhat later days, came the venerable and justly-celebrated Bishop Asbury, then in extreme age and feebleness. "We crossed the St. Lawrence," says one of his traveling companions, "in romantic style. We hired four Indians to paddle us over. They lashed three canoes together, and put our horses in them—their fore-feet in one, their hind-feet in another. We were long in crossing; it was nearly three miles, and the rapids were rough." As the old bishop was leading his horse over a bridge of poles, its legs slipped between them and sank into mud and water. "Away went the saddle-bags, the books and clothes were wet, and the horse was fast. We got a pole under him to pry him out. The roads through the woods, over rocks, down gullies, over stumps, and through the mud, were indescribable. They were enough to jolt a hale bishop to death, let alone a poor infirm old man near the grave."

This is an admirable description, alike of the trials of circuit life and the stuff of which these backwoods heroes of the Gospel were composed. A little while before Bishop Asbury's visit to Canada, Paul Heck died at his home at Augusta (as it had come to be called), in the faith of the Gospel, and well-stricken in years. His more retiring character shines with a milder radiance beside the more fervid zeal of his high-souled and heroic wife. But his virtues are perpetuated in the pious lives of his children and his children's children.

For twelve years longer his true and noble wife, Brave Barbara, waited for the summons to join him in the skies. In the old homestead at the Heck Settlement, and enjoying the filial love and care of her son Samuel, she passed the time of her sojourning in calm content of soul. To her children's children at her knee, a younger Grace and Reginald Pemberton, a younger Paul and Barbara Heck, a younger Blanche and Daniel Dunham, aye, and others of her race and blood, she read from the big old German Bible, the promises that had sustained her life.

She was never weary of telling them the wondrous story of God's providence to her and her kinsfolk; how he had brought them across the sea; had kept them amid the perils of the city of the wilderness; had given them a goodly heritage in the New World, and had enabled them to plant and widely wave the standard of Immanuel. Her chief delight, as she sat in her high-backed arm-chair, in the cheerful ingle-nook of the broad fire-place, was to converse on the deep things of God with the itinerant Methodist missionaries. These "round-preachers" ever found beneath her hospitable roof a welcome home amid their toilsome and perilous wanderings. From her honored lips they learnt the story of the wondrous growth of Methodism, which she had been the means of founding in that great Land of the West.

At length, like the sun calmly sinking, amid glories which seemed like those of Paradise, so passed away this saint of God, this true mother in Israel, this heroic servant and soldier of the Prince Immanuel, under whose bright banner she lived and died. She passed away in the year 1804, having more than completed the full span of threescore years and ten. "Her death," we are told by that able and competent historian, Dr. Abel Stevens, in his noble eulogy of her character, "was befitting her wondrous life. Her old German Bible, the guide of her youth in Ireland, her resource during the falling away of her people in New York, her inseparable companion in all her wanderings in New York and Canada, was her oracle and her comfort to the last."

When the time for her departure was at hand, the "messenger," as Bunyan has it, who came from the King to summon her to cross the river, found her seated one morning in her familiar high-backed arm-chair. With her horn-framed spectacles to help her failing sight, she had been conning over the good words of her Lord and Master. Then the "messenger" gently touched her, and she rose to join the Shining Ones who waited for her on the golden strand. She was found by a grandchild, sitting, as if asleep, with the dear old German Bible lying open on her lap, and on the page which must have last met her vision were these words:

"In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you; and if I go and prepare a place for you I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, ye may be also."

With such words before her eyes, and with such sweet confidence to furnish her with wings, Brave Barbara ascended, and "took the nearest way to her Father's house!"

"Thus passed away," says Dr. Stevens, "this devoted, obscure and unpretentious woman, who so faithfully, yet unconsciously, laid the foundation of one of the largest ecclesiastical structures of modern ages, and whose name shall shine with ever-increasing brightness as long as the sun and moon endure." On the banks of the majestic St. Lawrence lies a lonely graveyard which is one of the most hallowed spots in the New World. Here, on gently rising ground, overlooking the rushing river, is the quiet "God's Acre" in which slumbers the sacred dust of Brave Barbara. This spot, known as the "Old Blue Churchyard," takes its name from an ancient meeting-house, now demolished, which once wore a coat of blue paint. The forest trees which once covered this place were cleared away by the hands which have long ceased from their labors and have been laid to rest with sure hope of a resurrection in the quiet of the grave.

These were our Palantines, and these are the companions who sleep side by side here with Paul and Barbara Heck.

THE END

CONCERNING FALLEN ANGELS.*

IT is certain that at some period before the creation of the world, and up to that time, the angels were on trial and were susceptible of death, because of sin, as "the wages of sin is death." Some had stood the test, and remained obedient to the restrictions and commands of their Maker; who consequently became exempt from all future liability. Others had failed, and incurred the death penalty, and yet await its execution, to be awarded at the judgment in the last day; hence we read: "For if God spare not the angels that sinned; but cast them down to hell." (II. Peter 2: 5.) The Scripture explanation is, that they are to be cast into hell at the end of the world; using the present for the future tense, so common in Scripture. Now, these fallen angels having no hope of happiness or immortality themselves, they are confined to the animosity and sweet morsel of revenge in seeking to make every one else unhappy and hopeless like themselves, and whom God desires to be happy and live forever.

It was the will of God that the angels and their leader, who became devils, should have continued to inhabit his abode, which is not in this world, until its re-creation—the world to come; but they desired to change their estate for the Eden world as soon as they saw it finished. It was a world of such beauty and charming delight that called forth the highest joy of the angels, of which Job speaks thus: "The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." (Job 38: 7.) Of course there was nothing wrong in such a desire, and which every angel of heaven indulged; they were informed by the Creator that the earth was to be their final abode; yet not to commence then, as it was to pass through a terrible history, and of such derangement that would render its re-creation a necessity. While such an explanation was satisfactory to some of the angels, it was not to others; and these determined on the change at once and immediately; "and they kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation" for that of the world. This self-will of the angels, in opposition to the plan and will of God, made them devils. That no provision has been made for their recovery and salvation, seems to leave no other inference than that, in the estimation and providence of God their Creator, there was none available for the purpose.

The biblical history of angels shows them to be so much like men, that they can eat the same food, and were always taken for men. There is, however, no intimation that they are male and female. From which fact it would follow, like Adam, each was a distinct creation; and that they sang the world's dedicatory hymn shows their creation to have been prior to the creation of the world. When they come to men they are God's messengers, and are recognized as such by the Lord himself, and receive his titles.

If there had been no sin, there had been no death, with its concomitants of pain and disease; and lastly, had not our first parents, or one of their succeeding generations, obeyed the devil and disobeyed their Creator, the human family would still have access to the tree of life, the antidote for ossification, and consequently have lived forever. Hence all possible forms and phases of physical derangement among mankind are the work of the devil and devil-possession, now its natural development. In harmony with this natural philosophy is the Scriptural doctrine which attributes the power of death to the devil. This, being the culmination of physical derangement, carries with it the power of disease, its forerunner and accompaniment. It in nowise alters the case if any or all the satanic possessions and powers have been transmitted through every one of the two hundred generations of mankind; if the devil introduced them, then they are his inheritance, and to cure any of them, according to Scripture, is to cast out devils.

THE IMPORT OF RESURRECTION.†

In the light of the Cross of Calvary and of the tomb in the garden, pain and death are beheld as steps in the stairway to a higher life. In pain and grief we recognize a sure token of the glorious fulness of the life to which humanity must eventually attain. The Resurrection gives us a meaning of life; not that life is, as Bunyan so beautifully puts it, but a pilgrimage, nor that life is a probation, in the sense that God from his far-off heaven has reached down an arm and put us into the world to try us, if perchance we may fail; but in the light of the Christian Resurrection life is seen to be growth; my own dim life should teach me this; life also is an education, God's word teaches me that and God's world also. Nature, like some august Sybil of gigantic stature, as Michael Angelo painted her high on the shadowy vaultings of the Sistine Chapel, is chanting the oracles of Eternal Wisdom, who, reaching from one end to the other mightily, doth sweetly order all things. Growth, says the cosmic hymn, without Resurrection is impossible. Somewhere there must be an open gate to the world, or the procession of progress is stopped. Somewhere the stream of life has an outlet into that immortal sea that brought us hither, else, dammed up, the river of Life would set back and form dead waters. In the light of evolution, progress, and growth we lack no certitude of the Resurrection of the dead. Individual character, or soul, demands that there be a Resurrection. Unless there be a spiritual uprise, unless a mastery of spirit and its potencies for righteousness, over flesh and sense, we could not increase in wisdom and stature, and favor with God and men.

> Poor vaunt of life, indeed,
> Were man but formed to feed
> On joy—to solely seek, and find, and feast.

In the light of the first Easter morn the meaning of agony in flesh and spirit is revealed to be the condition of the ever-continuing birth into the knowledge of God, which is eternal life, because it is the identity of truth and life. Knowledge, not existence, is the description of eternal life which Jesus gave. Thus it is that God speaks in the soul and through the soul of man, and the word becomes flesh. Let us so teach the Resurrection that its ethical import will so vitalize the dogma, that men may comprehend that it is something more than a historic fact which was given as evidence that what Jesus said was true; but rather in the apostolic spirit, let us endeavor to make men comprehend how the Resurrection is a factor of human life and character, and how the Resurrection of our Lord Jesus in the measure that it is actualised in our personal lives becomes the power unto a Resurrection of the dead.

THE QUAKERS IN AMERICA.*

RELIGIOUS fanaticism is the most dangerous of all the errors of mankind. A false leader in religion may be more fatal than an incompetent general in the army, therefore, ministers of the Gospel and teachers have the greatest task imposed on them of any of God's creation. When one's religion runs mad, barbarity assumes the support of conscience and feels its approval in the consummation of most heinous crimes. The Pilgrims and Puritans who had fled from religious persecution across the seas, and had come to the wilderness to worship God according to their own conscience, were unwilling to grant the same privilege to others. For this reason they banished Roger Williams and other religious sects not in accord with their own views.

They whipped Quakers, bored holes in their tongues, branded them with hot irons, and even hung them for their religious views. Why need one blame Spain for the infamous Inquisition, when early churches of Protestantism did fully as bad? Religious fervor controlled by prejudice and ignorance is the greatest calamity that can befall a nation.

The Quakers appeared first in England about the time Roger Williams procured his charter for Rhode Island. The term "Quaker," now so venerated and respected, was given this sect in derision, just as the Puritans, Protestants and many now respectable sects were named.

Their founders and preachers were among the boldest and yet the meekest of the Non-Conformists. Their morality was so strict, that by some they were denominated ascetics, and this strictness was carried into every habit and department of life. Extravagant expenditures, fashionable dress, games of amusement, however harmless, were forbidden by this sect. Even music was discouraged as a seductive vanity. The members of this church were forbidden to own slaves, to take part in war, engage in lawsuits, indulge in intemperance or profanity, which, if persisted in, was a cause for the expulsion of a member from the society, and the whole body was in duty bound to keep watch upon the actions of each other. Their practices so generally agreed with their principles, that society was compelled to admit that the profession of a Quaker or Friend as they usually styled themselves, was a guarantee of morality above the ordinary level of the world.

COLUMBIA TO THE NATIONS.*

O my country, throne of nature, duest fame of anthems swell;
Lift thy thankful voice to heaven, guard thy source of blessings well.

Loose thee from all festering customs, list to labor's righteous call,
Lest the mystic fingers lower to foreclose thee on the wall.

Catch the head-light of the ages, leave the darkening past behind.
Break upon a broader future with a broader rift of mind.

Girted with the belt of progress, deep in labor's buskins bound;
Stream thy locks upon the breezes, strike thy feet upon the ground—

Better one long day of Joshua, with the thickest action blent,
Than a decade of Achilles nursing faction in his tent.

May thy future be a lyric tuning every tongue of chime,
And thy little sorrows break-marks in the long refrain of time.

*From *Columbia Saluting the Nations;* by James D. Lynch: the poem which was adopted by the World's Columbian Commission as the national salutation. Published by Thayer & Jackson, Chicago.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Public Life of Christ, by Rev. C. J. Kephart; intended as a *vademecum* for ministers and Sunday School teachers. Contains chart and map of Palestine combined presenting to the mind the chronology and geography of the Saviour's life, together with a harmony of the Gospels. Cloth, 75 cents. Published by the author at Lebanon, Pa.

Pietro Ghisleri; by F. Marion Crawford. A tale of life in Italy; pp. 429; cloth, price $1. Macmillan & Co., London and New York, publishers.

A Good Child

is usually healthy, and both conditions are developed by use of proper food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is best infant's food; so easily prepared that improper feeding is inexcusable. Grocers and Druggists.

Good News for Asthmatics.

We observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from Asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free, by addressing a postal card to the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free by mail, to sufferers.

The Central Route to Chicago

Now that the travel to the World's Fair is beginning to assume large proportions, the wisdom of the New York Central management in providing for it, so far in advance, is becoming apparent.

The new equipment, comprising elegant Wagner palace sleeping, drawing-room, buffet and dining cars, handsome new coaches and powerful engines, has proven ample to handle the increased business without any discomfort or delay. The great 20-hour flyer, the Empire State Express, and the other limited trains of the Central are the wonder and admiration of the world of travel.

Reduced rate excursion tickets to Chicago and return are on sale at all offices.

DEER PARK AND OAKLAND.

To those contemplating a trip to the mountains in search of health and pleasure, Deer Park, on the crest of the Allegheny Mountains, 3 000 feet above the sea level, offers such varied attractions as a delightful atmosphere during both day and night, pure water, smooth, winding roads through the mountains and valleys, and the most picturesque scenery in the Allegheny range. The hotel is equipped with all adjuncts conductive to the entertainment, pleasure and comfort of its guests.

The surrounding grounds, as well as the hotel, are lighted with electricity. Six miles distant on the same mountain summit is Oakland, the twin resort of Deer Park, and equally as well equipped for the entertainment and accommodation of its guests. Both hotels are on the main line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, have the advantages of its splendid Vestibuled Limited Express trains between the East and West, and are most desirable resting places for World's Fair tourists. Season Excursion tickets, good for return passage until October 31st, will be placed on sale at greatly reduced rates at all principal ticket offices throughout the country. One way tickets reading from St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Columbus, Chicago, and any point on B. & O. system to Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, or New York, or vice versa, are good to stop off at either Deer Park or Oakland, and the time limit will be extended by agents at either resort upon application.

The season at these popular resorts commences June 15th.

For full information as to hotel rates, rooms, etc., address George D. DeShields, Manager, Deer Park, or Oakland, Garrett County, Maryland.

A HIGH PRIEST'S PURCHASE.

In a recent letter from the Laos country, Dr. McGilvary says: "The last few days I have been making the rounds of the temples, selling books and reading and explaining them, and I have been surprised at the readiness of the priests and the youth studying for the Buddhist priesthood to buy our books. Hitherto I have given to the priests, and have very seldom thought of offering to sell; but this week all but one of six temples which I visited bought something. This afternoon I took with me a copy of Proverbs, Matthew, Luke, John, the 'Shorter Catechism,' and two of Mrs. McGilvary's new Laos tracts, and the first temple I visited the high priest took the pile, and probably he would have taken more."

Numb Spells, Chills

Rush of blood to the head, and other disagreeable symptoms afflicted Mrs. Annie W. Jordan, of 218 Tremont Street, Boston, caused by **bad circulation of the blood.** A collision with a double runner brought on neuralgia of the liver, causing great suffering. She could not take the physician's medicine, so began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and soon fully recovered and now enjoys **perfect health.** She says she could praise Hood's Sarsaparilla all day and then not say half enough—all because

Mrs. Jordan.

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Even when other preparations utterly fail. Be sure to get Hood's.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills, Jaundice, Biliousness, Sick Headache and Constipation.

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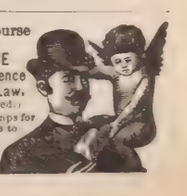

*From *The Conflict of the Nineteenth Century;* by Rev. Thomas Mitchell; cloth; pp. 462. Universal Book Co., New York, publishers.

†From *Survivals in Christianity;* a series of lectures delivered before the Episcopal Theological College at Cambridge, Mass., by Charles James Wood; pp. 317; price, $1.50; published by Macmillan & Co., 112 Fourth Avenue, New York.

*From *The Witch of Salem or Credulity Run Mad;* by John R. Musick; illustrated; price $1. Funk & Wagnalls Co., London and Toronto, publishers.

CHILDREN'S DUTIES.

NEXT to God who reigns above,
I'll give my parents all my love;
I owe them thanks for favors done,
But I have hardly rendered one.

I'll mourn if I have done or said
An insult to the hoary head.
And words of kindness to the young
Shall flow like music from my tongue.

If words or actions light or vain
Have given to others needless pain,
I'll ask them ere the set of sun
To pardon what my hands have done.

Where'er I meet the wretched poor
I will not drive them from my door,
For God will bless the hand that tries
To wipe the sorrow from their eyes.

I'll shun the common faults of youth,
I'll keep my word and speak the truth.
For God with never-sleeping view,
Sees and remembers all I do.

WANTED MEDICINE, NOT PREACHING.

The value of patience and forbearance is shown in an incident which occurred at one of the dispensaries of the China Inland Mission. Mr. Graham Brown relates it thus: "One day a man came into my bedroom where I was talking with a friend. He very rudely interrupted our conversation, saying, 'See, I want to buy some medicine.' His whole tone and manner were such that is was pretty hard work to be quiet, but God's grace kept me and I managed. I told him he would require to wait his turn, and asked him to sit down; he sat down, and I continued my conversion. This man wanted our medicine from us and nothing else. He was very bitter against Christ and the religion of the foreigners. When his turn came, which was after he had waited about two hours, and he had got what he wanted, I asked him to come to our meetings. He refused: but was better than his word, he came.

"No one spoke to him and he went away. When next he came to the town he came as clerk to the magistrate, and called upon us, and after a few visits he decided for Christ. His nephew, who was a clerk under him, was very angry at this change, and one day said, 'Look here, uncle, if you do not stop going to these devils of foreigners, I will report you and get you turned out into the street.' He came to us and told us of his nephew's threat. Kneeling down he said, 'Oh, Lord, my relations are trying to turn me out of my office because I love you, but oh, God, protect me against them and change them as thou hast done me.' And that prayer was from a man who six months previous spat at us and called us foreign devils.

A DOMESTIC CRISIS.

A CHINAMAN'S tact in overcoming his wife's scruples is the subject of an anecdote related by Mr. Burt of the China Inland Mission. He says: "At one of our stations we made up our minds to open a preaching place in another township, and pay the expenses out of the church funds; but it so happened that we could not get the hall or room where we had proposed having it. We had among our members an old evangelist who had decided that we must open a hall somewhere, and that it should not be paid from the church funds. He settled the place where the hall was to be, but before he arranged the financial matters there was a little difficulty. His wife, Mistress Yang, was of an extremely economical disposition, and might object to his paying the rent of the hall. He got some of the elders to go home with him when he interviewed his wife on the subject. He said to her, 'Mistress Yang, do you love the Lord Jesus?' The lady looked up in surprise as she knew her husband was well aware that she loved Jesus. 'Yes! of course I do,' she replied. 'Mistress Yang,' he repeated again, 'Do you love the Lord Jesus?' 'Yes, you know I do.' 'Mistress Yang, do you love the Lord Jesus enough to keep house on three dollars a month instead of four?' 'Why do you ask?' 'Because we want the dollar to pay for a room in another village, where we wish to preach the Gospel.' 'Oh, yes, if that be the case I love the Lord Jesus enough to do with three dollars a month.'"

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A CHINESE INDICTMENT.

IN a Chinese tract the following objections are urged against Christianity: It is presumptuous in the barbarians to endeavor to improve the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire, inasmuch as they themselves stand so much in need of improvement. They have shown a lack of benevolence by importing among the Chinese a poisonous drug, and thus injuring others for the sake of personal gain. They have sent fleets and armies to bereave other nations of their possessions, to which they have absolutely no right; therefore they cannot lay claim to be regarded as upright. They allow men and women to associate together and walk arm in arm in the streets; therefore they condemn themselves as falling short in a sense of propriety. By rejecting the ancient doctrines they have shown themselves to be possessed of little wisdom. Veracity appears to be the only good quality which they can in any measure boast of. Therefore, lacking as they do four of the five cardinal virtues, how should they be able to improve others? Besides, they have shown lack of reverence for the inventors of the art of printing by recklessly treading on printed paper, while others have spent much money to circulate books for the amelioration of the age. Moreover, these self-constituted exhorters of the world are void also of filial piety. They forget their ancestors as soon as they are dead, put them into simple boxes, which are only one inch thick, and do not sacrifice to their souls; nay, they will not so much as burn a strip or two of gold foil for their future welfare. Finally, they admit persons that have the advantages of wealth and rank to office without examination, and do not leave open the way for the promotion of the poor and lowly born. On all these accounts these foreigners appear to be inferior to the Chinese, and, therefore, in no way competent to instruct them in better ways."

EARNING A BIBLE.

How children in Asia Minor who are too poor to pay the price of a Bible yet who desire one are able to earn the book, is told by Miss E. G. Bates of the American Board's Mission at Hadjin. She writes: "For some years past, through the kindness of the Bible Society, we have had a number of Bibles to give away to poor children. Our plan has been to have each child earn his Bible by committing to memory and repeating 300 verses. The preciousness of a Bible thus earned is very much greater than of one given without any effort made on the part of the child himself, while the treasure of Bible words thus stored in the memory is so much pure gain. The pleasure and eagerness with which the children receive their books are very great. The children thus earning their Bibles are from nine to thirteen years of age, and of course only the very poor, for whom it is impossible to find the fifteen piasters to buy one."

THE EFFECT OF A KIND WORD.

A DETROIT journal states that a man called at its office recently, and inquired for "the criminal reporter." It had no criminals serving as reporters, but the man was introduced to the reporter who attended to the business of the courts, and he proved to be the man sought. On being brought together, the visitor said he had called to thank the reporter for being the means of his reformation. He said: "I want to talk with you. When I was convicted over in the Recorder's Court in the old City Hall, you wrote about me in the paper the next morning, 'Myles doesn't look like a criminal, but his identification was complete. It is the first offense, and he will regret it for five years at least.' I read that the next morning as I was being taken to Jackson, and those words, 'Myles doesn't look like a criminal,' made a deep impression on me, probably for the reason that I had not heard a kind word for a long time before. I cut those words out and pasted them up in my cell. I have come here to-day to thank you for writing them. They helped me to become an honest man. 'Regret it!' You never wrote a truer word in your life. How I did suffer in prison! When my time was out, I went to Chicago, and from there to St. Louis. I got work in a wholesale grocery store, and I worked hard. Five years ago my master sent me up into Nevada to look after a cattle ranch that he and his brother owned there. That suited me, and I became a herder, and now I am superintendent of the ranch, and get $300 a month. Good-by! You did me a good turn, and I'll never forget it."

A CHILD IN A TUNNEL.

IN a recent sermon on trouble Rev. Mark Guy Pearse used the following illustration: "Some time ago I was traveling by train, and in the compartment with me was a father and his little child. With a shriek of the whistle, the train plunged into the gloom of a tunnel, and the frightened little one cried out. But in the fading light I saw the father take the child's hand in his. 'It is all right,' said he. As we rode on in darkness I seemed to see the little one pressing up against the father's side, bewildered. By-and-by there came the light again. 'Why did we go into the dark, father?' asked the child. Then the father opened the window, and bade the child look back. 'Do you see that great hill that rises up there and blocks the way?' 'Yes,' said the little one. 'Well, you know the train could not have gone up over that, and so they had to make a great hole through it for us to get home.' Then the little one laughed at its own fear. 'I needn't have been frightened, need I?' and he climbed up again, as if it were all right now. It is dark. We do not see the Father, but he is here. 'Why this darkness?' we cry out in wonder and in fear. Wait, and when we get into the light he will show us why. Then we too shall laugh at our fears. 'I need not have been frightened, Father: need I?'"

THE BOY MISSIONARY.

AT a recent Convention, Dr. Phillips, one of the missionaries supported by the Sunday School Union in India, related that a native scholar in his class, a lad remarkable for his lively and mischievous spirit, one day begged to be allowed to go home. His home was in the jungle forty miles away, and Dr. Phillips refused permission. But the lad persisted, until the missionary asked his reason. The boy replied, "I was like a bear cub, and knew nothing but how to eat until you taught me to pray. Now," said he, pointing to the jungle, "my mother and my sisters and brothers are there, and they worship devils, and don't know anything of Jesus; but I have learned to love him, and I want to tell them." The boy at once started on his journey. After a few days he returned; and Dr. Phillips asked him, "Do you think your mother and sisters will leave the worship of devils?" The lad drew himself up, and answered, "I have taught mother to pray to Jesus, and she will love him, too." Three months later, Dr. Phillips pitched his tent under a tree in a village across the jungle. A woman came out; he thought she was sick and had come for medicine, but she replied, "I'm not sick, doctor. I've got good news. I'm the mother of that boy whom you sent to teach us about Jesus, and I want to tell you that we heard the good word and have loved God ever since."

MIDSUMMER EVANGELISTIC WORK.

Evangelistic work in Chicago; the *Interior* says, is pushed with great energy this summer, to meet the exigencies of the World's Fair. Tents and other temporary structures have been placed in important centres, and services are held at all hours of the day. Moody and McNeill use theatres that are available, or preach in the larger churches, always to crowded congregations. Theodore Monod, of Paris Dr. Gordon, of Boston, and other eminent workers are here to assist in the campaign. All the city ministers remain at their posts during the usual vacation months, and have congregations that completely fill the churches.

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A HOUSE CONVERTED.

IN the course of his report of his year's work in Tokyo, Japan, Rev. C. H. D. Fisher writes: "A few weeks ago one of our believers moved to Nihon bashi Ku, the central ward of the city, in which formerly hung, in a most public place by the street, the government *proclamation of death to any one who should become a Christian.* The believer at once invited us to make his house a preaching place, having, indeed, secured it in part for that purpose; and we have since had two or three preaching services each week. As it is publicly situated, with front wide open to the street, large numbers have stopped to listen, some for the whole sermon. They have gladly received tracts, and afterward have come in to talk over what they have heard. God has blessed, and we have hopes will still more bless this work, which is literally scattering seeds by the wayside, and a pretty busy wayside, too. The house has come to be known as the "Jesus preaching place." We need many such in this great city.

"To my country work I have gone out as often as I was able, sometimes several months in succession. It has been a pleasure to encourage the workers there, surrounded as they are by such depths of heathenism. Two men, one ordained and one not, have done honest work. Especially is it so of Suzuki San, the native pastor at Tochigi, who, besides work in that city, has given much time every month to itinerating in surrounding towns and villages. Both in town and out he has had good help from some of the young men of the church. Several times, by twos and threes, without a cent of pay, they have walked to preach, as best they can, in villages from two to seven miles distant.

"The other preacher I have changed during the year to Oyama, a railroad junction. The town is an especially wicked one, and work heretofore done there seems to have been almost fruitless. On going there he secured as his place to live and preach in a pretty good-sized house, but one that was formerly used for a very different purpose. It has now become proverbial in the town that that which was bad has become the centre of good influence. How many houses in Japan need such a change! God has helped us, and we have tried to speak his word there. A little Sunday school is gathered, two or three have been converted and baptized, and we hope greater things are in store for that town which has been such an enemy of truth."

THE INEXHAUSTIBLE FORCES.

In addressing the American Baptist Missionary Union recently, at Denver, Colo., the president, Rev. Augustus H. Strong, D. D., said: There is an account of the battle of Sedan, in the Franco-Prussian war, which describes the tremendous energy and determination with which the Germans attacked a French position, upon which depended the fate of the day. Regiment after regiment, brigade after brigade of the best German soldiers advanced upon it, and as fast as they advanced were swept away by the dreadful fire. But still they came, came in greater and greater force, came till the whole country seemed a living mass of men. On they came, their ranks riddled with shot and shell, whole battalions annihilated, but the more that were killed the more there were to kill. Over the distant crest of the hills they still kept pouring on; for every thousand slain, ten thousand marched to take their places, till the spectacle became too fearful to endure; the French began to fancy that all the armies of the earth were combining to attack them; and, with a sudden impulse and panic, they forsook their guns and fled. It will be so with the forces of our great Adversary. When they perceive that the whole church has devoted itself to subduing the rebellion they will see in that determination the expression of God's decree, and will lay down their arms forever.

LIGHT FROM FACTS.

"DURING the last twenty-five years," writes a missionary, "Persia has suffered from two scourges of cholera, two of famine, one of black plague and one of war. While these have had damaging effects upon business interests of all kinds as well as upon the distribution of the Scriptures, we have reason to believe that the people have learned some valuable lessons. One effect has been to break down deep-rooted Moslem prejudices against Christians in general, and missionaries in particular. Another is the gradual and manifest weakening of the Moslem belief in fatalism. During the first siege of cholera few of the 'faithful' fled from the city: in last summer's epidemic every one who could, did so. Again, the exemption of Christian communities from fatal cases of cholera has been most marked. In the Oroomiah field, with over two thousand church members, not one communicant died of the cholera—only one in Tabreez, one in Teheran, none in Halmas. This leads the Moslems to question whether they may not be mistaken in their doctrines. They say to one another: 'If these unclean infidels are spared so remarkably, while we, the faithful, are swept away like flies, what are we to think? God is great. Possibly they are correct and we are mistaken.' Such things lead us to believe that a rich blessing is in store for this interesting land."

"SEND ME THE CHRISTIAN."

THE following testimony to Christian character is quoted by the *Spirit of Missions* from Dr. W. P. Walsh, Bishop of Ossory: Our blessed Master, in describing the harvest of the Gospel, not only says that "the seed is the Word of God," but He also declares that "the good seed are the children of the Kingdom," thereby plainly intimating that the propagation of His truth in the world is not only dependent on the preaching of His blessed Gospel, but also on the presence and influence in the world of his devoted people.

Surely a study of the lives of our missionaries, and of the effects which have been produced upon those who witnessed them, bears abundant witness to this truth. The presence of such men as Harry Martyn, or David Livingstone, or Alexander Mackay has often proved to be a gospel in itself, and has testified to the existence of a nobler decalogue than their degraded hearers had ever dreamt of. "Send me none of your agents or ambassadors," exclaimed Hyder Ali, "for I do not trust their words or treaties; but if you wish me to listen to your proposals send to me the missionary Schwartz, of whose character I have heard so much from every one. Him I will trust and receive. *Send me the Christian.*"

But why should such happy influences be confined to the appointed missionary? and why should not every Christian aim at being a "living epistle, known and read of all men?"

A TEACHER WANTED.

THE agent of the American Bible Society in Persia, gives a deeply interesting account of the work among the Koords, in the course of which he says: The colporteur in the mountains has been most faithful. His year has been spent in tramping in deep snows or working in burning heat. For several weeks he with other Nestorian Christians was imprisoned in a filthy prison by the Turkish authorities, and they were nearly starved and frozen before they were released.

The usual canvassing has been done by our colporteur on the plains of Salmas. Two colporteurs whom I had sent to Ghilan, on the Caspian coast, returned in March, and one of them afterward went to Djulfa, to travel along the valley of the Aras on the borders of Russia. He had access to a large numer of laborers congregated at a place on their way to Russia in search of employment. Late in the autumn I sent the same men to Resht; they will not return till Spring, but write they are meeting with encouraging sales. After one of our colporteurs had visited Toptop, I had a call from some men from that region who came to ask that I would send "that seller of books" back to the place to explain to them the meaning of the books he had sold them. About thirty villages were visited in the mountainous country of Karadagh.

One of our colporteurs, who accompanied an evangelist from the Presbyterian Mission on a tour among the Koords in the Maragha region where he witnessed the baptism of a prominent Koordish sheik who has under his authority 20,000 men. His conversion is the fruit of Bible distribution, for it was a Testament he bought from one of our colporteurs that taught him the story of Christ. His brother and other friends have come with him into the Christian fold.

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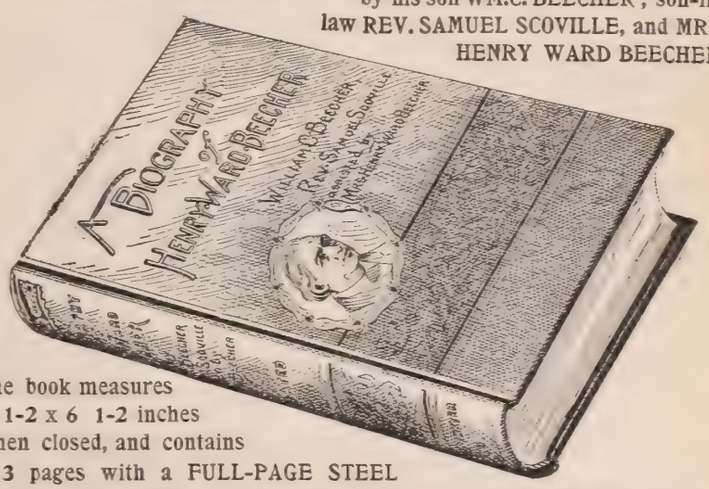

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 16. NUMBER 31.

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor. Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 2, 1893.

PRICE, 5 CENTS. Annual Subscription, $1.50

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The New Syriac Bible.

A Great Work of Years just Completed by our American Missionaries and Native Helpers—The Need of a Revision of the Syriac Scriptures—The Faithful Nestorians.

AFTER years of labor in the work of translation and revision, the new Syriac Bible has at last been completed and the book, printed and bound by the American Bible Society in New York, is now ready for distribution. The history of this long and arduous task, but lately finished, is a most interesting one. From first to last it has been accomplished under the skilled supervision of the Rev. Benjamin Labaree, D.D., an American missionary long resident in Persia and a master of the Syriac and other Oriental languages.

Rev. Dr. Perkins and his missionary colleagues were the pioneer translators of the Scriptures into the Modern Syriac. They began with the New Testament in 1846, which was made from the Syriac version known as Peshitto, a version esteemed by all Biblical scholars and almost venerated by the Nestorians. It was printed on the American mission press at Oroomiah, the Peshitto being placed side by side in parallel columns with the Syriac. Six years later, in 1852, was issued the first translation of the Old Testament from the Hebrew into the spoken Syriac, the Peshitto version being in many respects defective and inaccurate, since it had been made to harmonize more with the original Greek than the Hebrew. Still later, the necessity was felt for a volume less bulky than those in use, the Syriac characters being large and the complete Scriptures weighing between five and six pounds. Accordingly, type of a smaller size was prepared by the American Bible Society at a great expense; but, as the Bible Society has already printed, from its own types, the Bible either in whole or in part, in nearly 350 languages, it did not hesitate, and a new and convenient pocket edition of the New Testament was issued in 1863. Other editions followed, but in no case were the Old and New Testaments issued in one volume. These editions were ultimately exhausted and it was decided to undertake a thorough revision of all the translations before issuing another. A close comparison of the language and dialects, in the light of the fuller knowledge acquired during a lapse of twenty years, convincingly showed the great need of such a revision. In the early editions, the translators had conformed to the Oroomiah dialect, but it had never come into the general use expected, and it was therefore decided after full consideration, to make the Syriac style available for a much wider constituency. Defective translations in the earlier editions have been amended in the new, and the meaning of the original has been made clearer, while at the same time the translation itself is simple and idiomatic, and the dialect which is spoken on the western mountain slopes of Koordistan (embracing nearly one-half of the Nestorian people), is accorded prominent recognition. In addition to these advantages, the entire Bible—both Old and New Testaments—is in one compact convenient volume, and contains the references.

There are also copious foot-notes, giving either the Greek or Peshitto reading, when there is a material difference in the sense. Many redundancies and other peculiarities of the ancient Syriac are eliminated in the new version, and as a whole, as regards literary form and accuracy in translation, it is by far the most valuable version of the Syrian Scriptures yet published. It is hardly necessary to add that the new Syriac Bible will receive a warm welcome from the Nestorians, who have always evinced a beautiful reverence for the Word, and whose whole history, through the ages, is that of a people holding to a pure, simple faith, while many ancient churches have been whelmed in corruption and superstition.

The Syrian language is the language of the Nestorians, who, ages ago, removed from Syria into Persia to escape persecution. Every nationality in Persia, whether Turkish, Armenian, Syrian or Jewish, uses its own dialect and hence the Nestorians use the Syriac. It should be explained that among themselves they do not use or recognize the appellation Nestorian, preferring to call themselves "Surayi." Their spiritual leader bears the title of "Patriach of the East."

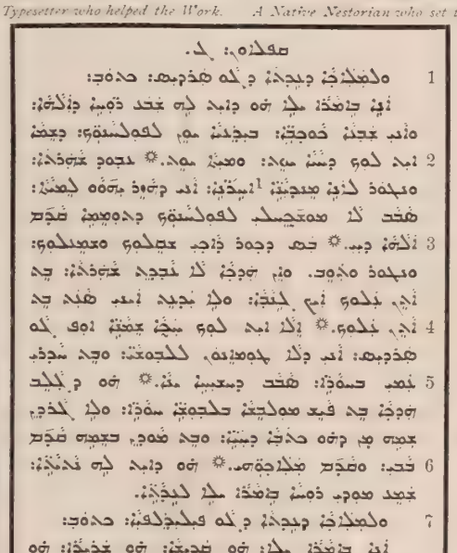
This modern Syriac is not now regarded by Semitic scholars as a descendant of the classic tongue of the Peshitto, known as the ancient Syriac, but rather as the representative of some sister branch of the Aramaic family of languages now otherwise lost sight of. There are two somewhat different alphabets in which the Syrian is written: the Jacobite, and the Nestorian. This modern Syriac Bible uses the beautiful Nestorian square character. Nine years ago the revision was undertaken by Rev. Dr. Labaree and his corps of assistants, and the printing of portions of it began six years ago. It was temporarily suspended, and was resumed in the fall of 1891 and continued until complete. Rev. Benjamin Labaree, D. D., the translator, who successfully accomplished this great and important work, is the son of the late President Labaree of Middlebury College, Vt. He received his earlier college training at that institution and was graduated from Andover Theological Seminary in 1859. In the following year he went out to Persia, and entered on missionary work under the auspices of the American Board. He was stationed at Oroomiah, and remained connected with that mission after its transfer to the Presbyterian Board, until the summer of 1891, with the exception of two vacation visits to the United States. He came here two years ago, for the purpose of personally supervising the printing of the Syriac Bible. He is still in this country, and his return is rendered uncertain by the condition of his family's health. A son, Rev. Benjamin W. Labaree, has recently been ordained to the ministry and will go to Oroomiah as a missionary this fall.

Associated in the work of producing the new Syrian Bible were, Mr. Joel W. Abraham, Mr. Paul Behman and Mr. David Ismail, whose portraits are given with this article. The first acted as assistant revisor and proof-reader, and the others as type-setters, having been trained to the business at the Mission Printing House at Oroomiah. Valuable assistance was also rendered by Mr. McLean, who for years has been employed by the American Bible Society, and who is able to read with equal facility manuscripts in a number of Oriental languages.

DAVID ISMAIL,
A Native Nestorian Typesetter who helped the Work.

PAUL BEHMAN.
A Native Nestorian who set the Syriac Type.

REV. BENJAMIN LABAREE, D.D.
Missionary to Persia, in Charge of the Work.



ملاه: ٧.

1 ملعكذة: ديحذة: ٥ كه هذوبه: حدهة:
ئبة: جعكذة: ملا: ٥٥ وئبد كه عند دهبة: وئلكة:
وئبد عجئ: كهجئة: حبجئة: مع كهكسقة: ديعة
2 ئبد كه: جسئ سيد: ٥هبئ سيد. * بحمع عزكذة:
مهكهة كئة: ميحيئة: [1]ئيكئة: ئبد وجوة: بتهه كعبئ:
هند ك ٥هتحسك كهكسقة: ودههبة: هدم
3 ئلكة: ديب. * ٥ه وجهة: وئحب: عجكه: ٥هعيكه:
مهكهة ٥هدد. مئ: جدئ: ك: نجدد: عزكذة: ده
ئبة: بكه: ئم: كبئة: ملا: بحيد: ئبد: هند ده
4 ئبة: بكه. * ئلا: ئبد: كه: سئ: ئعئة: ٥٥: كه
هذوبه: ئبد: وئلا: ههههبه. ككحمئة: ٥٥د: سدد
5 بعد: حسدة: هند: جعسبة: مئ. * ٥ه: ٥ كلد
عدئ: ده: فيد: ٥٥كحئ: ككحمئة: سدة: ملا: كذه
عجد: ٥ه: حذئ: جبئة: ٥٥د: هده: حجده: هدم
6 ند: ٥هدم: ملكاجوس. * ٥ه: ئبد: كه: ندئكة:
عجد: ٥٥ه: دهبة: جعكذة: ملا: كيدكة:
7 ملعكذة: ديحذة: ٥ كه: فيكبكلكة: حدهة:
ئبة: جعكذة: ملا: ٥ه: عجبئة: ٥ه: عذبكة:
ئبد: كه: ٥حبكة: دده: ٥ه: وجئ: فيس: ٥٥قة: لا
8 دجد: ٥ئ: دجة: ٥٥قة: لا: فيس: *

FROM THE NEW SYRIAC BIBLE.
Revelation 3 : 1–8. From the Original Type in which the New Version is Printed

JOEL W. ABRAHAM
Assistant and Proof-reader—A Native Nestorian.

(*Continued on page 510.*)

CHILDREN'S RIGHTS.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., Founded on the Text: Judg. 11 :36: *"My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do to me according to that which hath proceeded out of thy mouth."*

JEPHTHAH was a freebooter. Early turned out from a home where he ought to have been cared for, he consorted with rough men, and went forth to earn his living as best he could. In those times it was considered right for a man to go out on independent military expeditions. Jephthah was a good man according to the light of his dark age, but through a wandering and a predatory life he became reckless and precipitate. The grace of God changes a man's heart, but never reverses his natural temperament.

The Israelites wanted the Ammonites driven out of their country, so they sent a delegation to Jephthah, asking him to become commander-in-chief of all the forces. He might have said, "You drove me out when you had no use for me, and now you are in trouble you want me back;" but he did not say that. He takes command of the army, sends messengers to the Ammonites to tell them to vacate the country, and, getting no favorable response, marshals his troops for battle.

Before going out to the war, Jephthah makes a very solemn vow, that if the Lord will give him the victory, then, on his return home, whatsoever first comes out of his doorway he will offer in sacrifice as a burnt-offering. The battle opens. It was no skirmishing on the edges of danger, no unlimbering of batteries two miles away, but the hurling of men on the point of swords and spears until the ground could no more drink the blood, and the horses reared to leap over the pile of bodies of the slain. In those old times, opposing forces would fight until their swords were broken, and then each one would throttle his man until they both fell, teeth to teeth, grip to grip, death-stare to death-stare, until the plain was one tumbled mass of corpses from which the last trace of manhood had been dashed out.

Jephthah wins the day. Twenty cities lay captured at his feet. Sound the victory all through the mountains of Gilead. Let the trumpeters call up the survivors. Homeward to your wives and children. Homeward with your glittering treasures. Homeward to have the applause of an admiring nation. Build triumphal arches. Swing out flags all over Mizpeh. Open all your doors to receive the captured treasures. Through every hall spread the banquet. Pile up the viands. Fill high the tankards. The nation is redeemed, the invaders are routed, and the national honor is vindicated.

Huzza for Jephthah the conqueror! Jephthah, seated on a prancing steed, advances amid acclaiming multitudes, but his eye is not on the excited populace. Remembering that he had made a solemn vow that, returning from victorious battle, whatsoever first came out of the doorway of his home, that should be sacrificed as a burnt-offering, he has his anxious look upon the door. I wonder what spotless lamb, what brace of doves will be thrown upon the fires of the burnt-offering. Oh horrors! Paleness of death blanches his cheek. Despair seizes his heart. His daughter, his only child, rushes out the doorway to throw herself in her father's arms and shower upon him more kisses than there were wounds on his breast or dents on his shield. All the triumphal splendor vanishes. Holding back this child from his heaving breast, and pushing the locks back from the fair brow, and looking into the eyes of inextinguishable affection, with choked utterance he says, "Would God I lay stark on the bloody plain. My daughter, my only child, joy of my home, life of my life, thou art the sacrifice!"

The whole matter was explained to her. This was no whining, hollow-hearted girl into whose eyes the father looked. All the glory of sword and shield vanished in the presence of the valor of that girl. There may have been a tremor of the lip as a rose-leaf trembles in the sough of the south wind; there may have been the starting of a tear like a rain-drop shook from the anther of a water-lily; but with a self-sacrifice that man may not reach, and only woman's heart can compass, she surrenders herself to fire and to death. She cries out in the words of my text, "My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do unto me whatsoever hath proceeded from thy mouth."

She bows to the knife, and the blood, which so often at the father's voice had rushed to the crimson cheek, smokes in the fires of the burnt-offering. No one can tell us her name. There is no need that we know her name. The garlands that Mizpeh twisted for Jephthah the warrior had gone into the dust; but all ages are twisting this girl's chaplet. It is well that her name came not to us, for no one can wear it. They may take the name of Deborah, or Abigail, or Miriam, but no one in all the ages can have the title of this daughter of sacrifice.

Of course this offering was not pleasing to the Lord; but before you hurl your denunciations at Jepthah's cruelty, remember that in olden times, when vows were made, men thought they must execute them, perform them, whether they were wicked or good. There were two wrong things about Jephthah's vow. First, he ought never to have made it. Next, having made it, it were better broken than kept. But do not take on pretentious airs and say, "I could not have done as Jephthah did." If to day you were standing on the banks of the Ganges and you had been born in India, you might have been throwing your children to the crocodiles. It is not because we are naturally any better, but because we have more Gospel light.

Now, I make very practical use of this question when I tell you that the sacrifice of Jephthah's daughter was a type of the physical, mental, and spiritual sacrifice of ten thousand children in this day. There are parents all unwittingly bringing to bear upon their children a class of influences which will as certainly ruin them as knife and torch destroyed Jephthah's daughter. While I speak, the whole nation, without emotion and without shame looks upon the stupendous sacrifice.

In the first place, I remark that much of the system of education in our day is a system of sacrifice. When children spend six or seven hours a day in school, and then must spend two or three hours in preparation for school the next day, will you tell me how much time they will have for sunshine and fresh air, and the obtaining of that exuberance which is necessary for the duties of coming life?

No one can feel more thankful than I do for the advancement of common school education. The printing of books appropriate for schools, the multiplication of philosophical apparatus, the establishment of normal schools, which provide for our children teachers of largest calibre, are themes on which every philanthropist ought to be congratulated. But this herding of great multitudes of children in ill-ventilated school-rooms, and poorly equipped halls of instruction is making many of the places of knowledge in this country a huge holocaust.

Politics in many of the cities gets into educational affairs, and while the two political parties are scrabbling for the honors, Jephthah's daughter perishes. It is so much so that there are many schools in the country to day which are preparing tens of thousands of invalid men and women for the future; so that, in many places, by the time the child's education is finished the child is finished! In many places, in many cities of the country, there are large appropriations for everything else, and cheerful appropriations; but as soon as the appropriation is to be made for the educational or moral interest of the city, we are struck through with an economy that is wellnigh the death of us.

In connection with this I mention what I might call the cramming system of the common schools and many of the academies: children of delicate brain compelled to tasks that might appal a mature intellect; children going down to school with a strap of books half as high as themselves. The fact is, in some of the cities parents do not allow their children to graduate, for the simple reason, they say, "We cannot afford to allow our children's health to be destroyed in order that they may gather the honors of an institution." Tens of thousands of children educated into imbecility; so, connected with many such literary establishments there ought to be asylums for the wrecked. It is push, and crowd, and cram, and stuff, and jam, until the child's intellect is bewildered, and the memory is wrecked, and the health is gone. There are children turned out from the schools who once were full of romping and laughter, and had cheeks crimson with health, who are now turned out in the afternoon pale-faced, irritated, asthmatic, old before their time. It is one of the saddest sights on earth an old-mannish boy, or an old-womanish girl.

Girls ten years of age studying algebra! Boys twelve years of age racking their brain over trigonometry! Children unacquainted with their mother tongue crying over their Latin, French, and German lessons! All the vivacity of their nature beaten out of them by the heavy beetle of a Greek lexicon! And you doctor them for this, and you give them a little medicine for that, and you wonder what is the matter with them. I will tell you what is the matter with them. They are finishing their education!

In my parish in Philadelphia a little child was so pushed at school that she was thrown into a fever, and in her dying delirium, all night long, she was trying to recite the multiplication table. In my boyhood I remember that in our class at school there was one lad who knew more than all of us put together. If we were fast in our arithmetic, he extricated us. When we stood up for the spelling-class, he was almost always the head of the class. Visitors came to his father's house, and he was almost always brought in as a prodigy. At eighteen years of age he was an idiot. He lived ten years an idiot, and died an idiot, not knowing his right hand from his left, or day from night. The parents and the teachers made him an idiot.

You may flatter your pride by forcing your children to know more than any other children, but you are making a sacrifice of that child, if by the additions to its intelligence your are making a subtraction from its future. The child will go away from such maltreatment with no exuberance to fight the battle of life. Such children may get along very well while you take care of them, but when you are old or dead, alas! for them, if, through the wrong system of education which you adopted, they have no swarthiness or force of character to take care of themselves. Be careful how you make the child's head ache or its heart flutter. I hear a great deal about black men's rights, and Chinamen's rights, and Indians' rights, and women's rights. Would God that somebody would rise to plead for children's rights. The Carthaginians used to sacrifice their children by putting them into the arms of an idol which thrust forth its hand. The child was put into the arms of the idol, and no sooner touched the arms than it dropped into the fire. But it was the art of the mothers to keep the children smiling and laughing until the moment they died. There may be a fascination and a hilarity about the styles of education of which I am speaking; but it is only laughter at the moment of sacrifice. Would God there were only one Jephthah's daughter.

Again: there are many parents who are sacrificing their children with wrong systems of discipline—too great rigor or too great leniency. There are children in families who rule the household. They come to the authority. The high chair in which the infant sits is the throne, and the rattle is the sceptre, and the other children make up the parliament where father and mother have no vote! Such children come up to be miscreants.

There is no chance in this world for a child that has never learned to mind. Such people become the botheration of the Church of God and the pest of the world. Children that do not learn to obey human authority are unwilling to learn to obey divine authority. Children will not respect parents whose authority they do not respect. Who are these young men that swagger through the street, with their thumbs in their vest, talking about their father as "the old man," "the governor," "the squire," "the old chap," or their mother as "the old woman?" They are those who in youth, in childhood never learned to respect authority. Eli having heard that his sons had died in their wickedness, fell over backward, and broke his neck, and died. Well he might. What is life to a father whose sons are debauched? The dust of the valley is pleasant to his taste, and the driving rains that drip through the roof of the sepulchre are sweeter than the wines of Helbon.

There must be harmony between the father's government and the mother's government. The father will be tempted to too great rigor. The mother will be tempted to too great leniency. Her tenderness will overcome her. Her voice is a little softer, her hand seems better fit to pull out a thorn and soothe a pang. Children wanting anything from the mother, cry for it. They hope to dissolve her will with tears. But the mother must not interfere, must not coax off, must not beg for the child when the hour comes for the assertion of parental supremacy and the subjugation of a child's temper. There comes in the history of every child an hour when it is tested whether the

parents shall rule or the child shall rule. That is the crucial hour. If the child triumphs in that hour, then he will some day make you crouch. It is a horrible scene. I have witnessed it: a mother come to old age, shivering with terror in the presence of a son who cursed her gray hairs, and mocked her wrinkled face, and begrudged her the crust she munched with her toothless gums!

> How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
> To have a thankless child!

But, on the other hand, too great rigor must be avoided. It is a sad thing when domestic government becomes cold military despotism. Trappers on the prairie fight fire with fire, but you cannot successfully fight your child's bad temper with your own bad temper. We must not be too minute in our inspection. We cannot expect our children to be perfect. We must not see everything. Since we have two or three faults of our own, we ought not to be too rough when we discover that our children have as many. If tradition be true, when we were children we were not all little Samuels, and our parents were not fearful lest they could not raise us because of our premature goodness.

You cannot scold or pound your children into nobility of character. The bloom of a child's heart can never be seen under a cold drizzle. Above all, avoid fretting and scolding in the household. Better than ten years of fretting at your children is one good, round, old-fashioned application of the slipper! That minister of the Gospel of whom we read in the newspapers that he whipped his child to death because he would not say his prayers, will never come to canonization. The arithmetics cannot calculate how many thousands of children have been ruined forever either through too great rigor or too great leniency. The heavens and the earth are filled with the groan of the sacrificed. In this important matter, seek divine direction, O father, O mother. Some one asked the mother of Lord Chief Justice Mansfield if she was not proud to have three such eminent sons, and all of them so good. "No," she said, "it is nothing to be proud of, but something for which to be very grateful."

There are many who are sacrificing their children to a spirit of worldliness. Some one asked a mother whose children had turned out very well, what was the secret by which she prepared them for usefulness and for the Christian life, and she said, "This was the secret: When, in the morning, I washed my children, I prayed that they might be washed in the fountain of a Saviour's mercy. When I put on their garments, I prayed that they might be arrayed in the robe of a Saviour's righteousness. When I gave them food, I prayed that they might be fed with manna from heaven. When I started them on the road to school; I prayed that their path might be as the shining light, brighter and brighter to the perfect day. When I put them to sleep, I prayed that they might be enfolded in the Saviour's arms." "Oh," you say, "that was very old-fashioned." It was quite old-fashioned. But do you suppose that a child under such nurture as that ever turned out bad?

In our day most boys start out with no idea higher than the all-encompassing dollar. They start in an age which boasts it can scratch the Lord's Prayer on a ten-cent piece, and the Ten Commandments on a ten-cent piece. Children are taught to reduce morals and religion, time and eternity, to vulgar fractions. It seems to be their chief attainment that ten cents make a dime, and ten dimes make a dollar. How to get money is only equalled by the other art, how to keep it. Tell me, ye who know, what chance there is for those who start out in life with such perverted sentiments? The money market resounds again and again with the downfall of such people. If I had a drop of blood on the tip of a pen, I would tell you by what awful tragedy many of the youth of this country are ruined.

Further on, thousands and tens of thousands of the daughters of America are sacrificed to worldliness. They are taught to be in sympathy with all the artificialities of society. They are inducted into all the hollowness of what is called fashionable life. They are taught to believe that history is dry, but that fifty-cent stories of adventurous love are delicious. With capacity that might have rivalled a Florence Nightingale in heavenly ministries, or made the father's house glad with filial and sisterly demeanor, their life is a waste, their beauty a curse, their eternity a demolition.

In the siege of Charleston during the Civil War, a lieutenant of the army stood on the floor beside the daughter of the ex-Governor of the State of South Carolina. They were taking the vows of marriage. A bombshell struck the roof, dropped into the group, and nine were wounded and slain; among the wounded to death, the bride. While the bridegroom knelt on the carpet trying to stanch the wounds, the bride demanded that the ceremony be completed, that she might take the vows before her departure; and when the minister said, "Wilt thou be faithful unto death?" with her dying lips she said, "I will," and in two hours she had departed. That was the accidental slaughter and the sacrifice of the body; but at thousands of marriage-altars there are daughters slain for time and slain for eternity. It is not a marriage: it is a massacre.

Affianced to some one who is only waiting until his father dies, so he can get the property: then a little while they swing around in the circles, brilliant circles; then the property is gone, and having no power to earn a livelihood, the twain sink into some corner of society, the husband an idler and a sot, the wife a drudge, a slave and a sacrifice. Ah! spare your denunciations from Jephthah's head, and expend them all on this wholesale modern martyrdom.

I lift up my voice to-day against the sacrifice of children. I look out of my window on a Sabbath, and I see a group of children, unwashed, uncombed, unchristianized. Who cares for them? Who prays for them? Who utters to them one kind word?

When the city missionary passing along the park in New York, saw a ragged lad and heard him swearing, he said to him, "My son, stop swearing! You ought to go to the house of God to-day. You ought to be good; you ought to be a Christian." The lad looked in his face and said, "Ah! it is easy for you to talk, well clothed as you are, and well fed; but we chaps hain't got no chance." Who lifts them to the altar for baptism? Who goes forth to snatch them up from crime and death and woe? Who to-day will go forth and bring them into schools and churches? No. Heap them up, great piles of rags and wretchedness and filth. Put underneath them the fires of sacrifice, stir up the blaze, put on more faggots, and while we sit in the churches with folded arms and indifferent, crime and disease and death will go on with the agonizing sacrifice.

During the early French Revolution at Bourges there was a company of boys who used to train every day as young soldiers; and they carried a flag, and they had on the flag this inscription: "Tremble tyrants, tremble; we are growing up." Mightily suggestive! This generation is passing off, and a mightier generation is coming on. Will they be the foes of tyranny, the foes of sin and the foes of death, or will they be the foes of God? They are coming up!

I congratulate all parents who are doing their best to keep their children away from the altar of sacrifice. Your prayers are going to be answered. Your children may wander away from God, but they will come back again. A voice comes from the throne to-day, encouraging you: "I will be a God to thee, and to thy seed after thee," And though when you lay your head in death there may be some wanderer of the family far away from God, and you may be twenty years in heaven before salvation shall come to his heart, he will be brought into the kingdom, and before the throne of God you will rejoice that you were faithful. Come at last, although so long postponed his coming. Come at last!

I congratulate all those who are toiling for the outcast and the wandering. Your work will soon be over, but the influence you are setting in motion will never stop. Long after you have been garnered for the skies, your prayers, your teachings and your Christian influence will go on, and help to people heaven with bright inhabitants.

Which would you rather see?—which scene would you rather mingle in, in the last great day—being able to say, "I added house to house, and land to land, and manufactory to manufactory; I owned half the city; whatever my eye saw I had, whatever I wanted I got;" or, on that day to have Christ look you full in the face and say, "I was hungry, and ye fed me; I was naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me; inasmuch as ye did it to the least of my brethren, ye did it to me?"

Jephthah's Meeting with his Daughter.

FOR THE MASTER'S SAKE.

BY JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY.

DOWN at the end of the road which led through the village, the old factory hummed all day with its iron tongues and at nightfall winked its flaming eyes at the gloom around it. As the workmen passed the window of a little cottage that stood flush with the street, half way down the road toward the great arched entrance to the factory enclosure, they stopped to leave a flower, a bit of ribbon, an apple or a broken scrap of bright colored glass in the little white hands of the crippled boy within.

They had known his father when he had been the leading spirit in all their humble merry-makings and they had seen this little fellow, striving with the courage of a man, forgetful of his own danger, trying to save his father's life when he had been caught in one of the great machines.

Ever since that dreadful day, the little fellow had lain here, smiling through his pain and they had learned, day by day, to give a few minutes in the morning and again at evening to the widow's loom at the factory that she might have more time to give her boy a mother's care.

They did not speak of it to each other. It was all too sad for them to talk about, but no day passed that did not find some little gift upon the window ledge.

By and by, the workmen seemed to grow gentler and kinder and some of them stopped swearing as the pale face at the window took on a patient but weary look which told that the end was drawing near.

One morning the bell in the tower of the village church was tolled slowly and when the little coffin was borne out of the cottage door, a hundred brawny men followed it to the church-yard with uncovered heads and moistened eyes.

And when the preacher had spoken the last word of his tender tribute to the dead boy's memory, a fervent "Amen" was breathed in a hoarse whisper from the sympathetic breasts of those rough men, as they turned to resume their daily toil.

The sorrowing widow went back again to the lonely cottage and there upon the window ledge where they had so often left their little gifts, she saw, shimmering in the sunlight, a pile of coin, dimes, quarters, half-dollars and dollars, and peeping out from amongst the silver, here and there, even the glitter of a piece of gold, and on a bit of paper, roughly scrawled, she read with tear-dimmed eyes: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people

PAUL AT JERUSALEM.

8 S. Lesson for Aug. 13 Acts 21: 27-39. Golden Text, Phil. 1: 29. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

SUFFERING was neither a strange nor an unexpected thing to Paul. Even before his conversion, the Lord had said to Ananias at Damascus concerning him: "I will shew him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake." (Acts 9: 16.) In his personal testimony and in his exhortation to the church, he shows how he looks on suffering as a part of his life's vocation. He even went so far as to suffer that he might further suffer: "For whom I have suffered the loss of all things . . . that I may know . . . the fellowship of his sufferings." (Phil. 3: 8–10.) Thus, instead of pitying the Philippians when they passed through trial, he said to them: "Unto you it is given on the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but also to suffer for his sake." (Phil. 1: 29.) In the eyes of Paul, suffering for Christ's sake was not an injury or a wrong from man, he did not look on that side of it, he knew no man after the flesh, and so did not see his persecutors, he saw only the privilege of suffering for him who had borne so much for him.

It is Given

. . . to suffer for his sake. Thus it came to pass that when he sailed from Miletus, and after calling at other places, he landed at Cæsarea, and the prophet Agabus declared how he should be bound at Jerusalem and delivered into the hands of the Gentiles, Paul accounted it "no strange thing," but said: "What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart for I am ready, not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus." The church at Cæsarea had to learn that Paul's life bore out his teaching, and that he could stand the test when he was put to the proof. All they could then say was: "The will of the Lord be done." They had learned their lesson and the Church was richer for it.

Thus Paul went up to Jerusalem, knowing that bonds and afflictions awaited him and that, like his Master before him, he was to be delivered into the hands of the Gentiles. Yet like his Master, he "steadfastly set his face to go up to Jerusalem." There the brethren received him and his companions "gladly," and they glorified the Lord for his work among the Gentiles by his ministry, yet they were not without some fear, as was evidenced in the counsel given him to join four brethren who had a vow, and who were going through the ceremonial purification (Num. 6) which was ordained for Nazarites or those that had a vow. The elders of the church at Jerusalem thought by this stratagem, to disarm the opposition of the Asiatic Jews who were at Jerusalem, and Paul, without waiting as was his wont to take counsel with God, agreed to their proposition and spent seven precious days in these rites. Being

"Not of Faith"

this could not, and did not, answer. The seven days had not expired when persecution broke out. On a mere supposition that Paul had brought his Ephesian disciple, Trophimus into the temple, and polluted the holy place, by the presence of a Gentile, they stirred up the people, arrested Paul, and were about to take [illegible] when the chief captain, hearing of the uproar, called out the military and rescued Paul. This was no accident: God had testimony for Paul to bear in Rome, and epistles to the churches which Paul must write, and which should be blest to the saints of God in all ages. God would not have Paul die at that time, and therefore the chief captain, a Roman idolater [illegible]

But the chief captain had some difficulty to get at the truth about his prisoner, and, judging from the violence of the people he imagined that Paul was some revolutionary leader of a faction. When he found out that Paul could speak Greek, that he was an educated man, and was a citizen of Tarsus in Cilicia, he permitted him at his request to speak to the people. Speaking in the Hebrew tongue, which was understood by all the people, he gave a clear uncolored statement of the facts of his awaking and conversion, of God's dealing with him direct from heaven, of the revelation of Jesus of Nazareth to him, of God's own declaration that they would not receive his tesimony in Jerusalem, and how he should be sent

Far Hence unto the Gentiles.

Up to this moment they heard him calmly, but this exasperated them beyond measure. They saw the Romans masters of their land and they clung with the utmost tenacity to the one little superiority on which they prided themselves, their religious faith, although it had deteriorated until it had become a mere round of outward ceremonial. How strange that now when the glory had departed and their faith was a powerless sham, they should nevertheless have been so sensitive about it! All the bitterness of the natural heart, which sees all it has clung to vanishing away, possessed these infuriated Jews, when they heard a man that was born a Jew, a man who by his own showing had real intercourse with God, and yet by preaching among the Gentiles would break down the only bit of Jewish prestige which remained, their supposed spiritual superiority to the Gentiles! Wounded pride rouses the maddest anger, which has neither reason nor justice in it. The very quintesence of self dwells in wounded religious pride.

"Away with such a fellow from the earth," was the cry of the populace. But why? He had only known and spoken of true communion with God, and carried the blessed news of salvation to people of other nations. Yes: but this was to put Gentiles on a level with the Jews and this infuriated them. Like lunatics, they yielded to the frenzy of their anger, rending their clothes and casting dust into the air. But the chief captain commanded that Paul should be bound and scourged, whereupon he inquired: "Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman, and uncondemned?" Tell me, art thou a Roman?" said the chief captain. "Yea," was the answer. "With a great sum obtained I this freedom." "But I was free born."

Through all this the hand of God was at work. Paul was no cipher in the hands of man. God's purposes were being worked out in him. He did not speak of his birth or aught else with the idea of self-aggrandizement or of saving himself from suffering: his object was to get an opportunity to bear testimony to his Master. Who knows how many of those who heard him from the castle stairs—bruised as he was from the "beating" of the multitude, and yet detailing with such zest and unction the dealings of God with him, and using no single moment to ask for liberty, or to ingratiate himself either with the chief captain or with the Jews—who knows how many may have been awakened, perhaps even saved? What other prisoner would have acted thus? Who else would have turned every place into a pulpit to preach Christ?

Paul's declaration of his being a free born citizen of a Roman city procured for him yet another and a most important audience. The chief captain feeling he had gone too far, loosed him from his bonds, and called together the chief priests and their council to judge his unusual prisoner. Paul was at home in all he went though. This was not a kind of exception in his life, no "strange thing;" it was a part of his calling, he was in his element as much in being thwarted, unjustly accused, misunderstood, as when he was preaching or writing his epistles. His calling, when he was first converted was "to bear my name before the Gentiles and kings, and the children of Israel; for I will shew him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake." (Acts 9: 15, 16.) To testify and to suffer was his vocation, the one as much as the other. If his testimony by word was to be interrupted by persecution, it was to make more room for his testimony by suffering. He meant it when he said: "I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake." (II. Cor. 12: 10.)

Paul's first word before the council was a bold one: "Men and brethren, I have lived in all good conscience before God until this day." This was a testimony which might easily convict the hypocritical and sinful man who sat to judge him. The unpriestly and utterly unworthy answer of the high priest Ananias was a command to smite him on the mouth. This stirred Paul. In Jerusalem then, as in many lands now, the law was administered in a very lax and partial manner; interest rather than justice gaining the day. He knew that Ananias was violating his rights and acting unjustly, and he said, "God shall smite thee, thou whited wall," a prophecy which was fulfilled for Ananias was slain at the beginning of the Jewish war. Paul seems at that moment to have been unconscious or forgetful that he was God's high priest, but he spoke with God's authority in pronouncing his doom.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

The Castle of Antonia. (Acts 21: 34).

THE interview at Miletus with the representatives of the Ephesian church, described in last week's lesson, being over, Paul resumes his journey to Jerusalem. Luke being now with him we pass from the cursory history of the Apostle's proceedings to the methodical style which charcterizes Luke's writing when he is describing events of which he was an eyewitness. Leaving Miletus the little party sailed to Patara, where they arrived after a three days' voyage. There they found a trading vessel about to set out for Tyre, three hundred and fifty miles away as the crow flies, the course being southwest of Cyprus, thus being much shorter than the journey by land. The ship was probably laden with wheat or wine, or both, and it would require a week to discharge the cargo. Paul, according to custom, sought out the local church and spent the time in teaching and preaching. The people begged him not to go to Jerusalem, but without avail. They accompanied him to the ship and held a last solemn service on the beach. Thence the ship proceeded to Ptolemais, thirty miles distant, where they stayed one day, finding brethren there, too. Thence the party went to Cæsarea, taking the land route with which Paul was familiar. There they were entertained by Philip, one of the seven evangelists whose appointment is recorded in Acts 6: 5. Here, again Paul was advised and entreated not to put his life in peril by going to Jerusalem, and in a vivid way one of the brethren showed what would happen to him. Paul, however, was firm and went forward fearlessly. His reception from James, who appears to have been at the head of the Church in the holy city, was cordial. But sad reports had preceded him, which shocked the conservative brethren, and James, always the cautious, prudent man, advised Paul to put himself right with them. It was, James argued, quite right for the Gentile Christians to disregard Jewish rites and ceremonies, but Paul, being a Jew, should observe them. Paul did not wish to cause any ill-feeling in the church, so he did as James advised. But he was speedily recognized. Some Asiatic Jews probably from Ephesus, saw him in the temple and pointed him out. They had previously seen him about the city with one of his Ephesian friends whom they knew to be a Gentile, and they supposed he had brought him with him into the temple. The trouble which followed is the subject of the lesson.

This is the man that teacheth . . . against the law. The charge was false, as Paul's writings and his presence in the temple under those conditions proved. He was teaching a more exalted idea of God and the temple, and he worshipped, loved, and served the God whom his assailants claimed as their God and Father. There is a very pretty story told by Miss Strickland in her "Queens of England," of a little girl who saved her father's life. It was in the time of Queen Mary, the daughter of James II., and Lord Preston, the father of the child, was condemned to death for conspiring to bring back the exiled King James to the throne. Her name was Lady Catharine Graham and she was only nine years old. The poor child was (during the trial of her father) left in the Queen's apartments in Windsor Castle. The day after the condemnation of Lord Preston the Queen found little Lady Catharine in St. George's gallery gazing earnestly on the full length picture of James II., which still remains there. Struck with the mournful expression on the young girl's face, Mary asked her hastily what she saw in that picture which made her look on it so intently. "I was thinking," said the innocent child, "how hard it is that my father must die for loving yours." The Queen, deeply touched by this artless reply, immediately went to her husband, King William III., and induced him to sign the pardon of Lord Preston. Paul's trials came from loving the Being whom the Jews called their Father.

Polluted this holy place. The Jews were horrified at the idea of a Greek entering the temple. It may therefore be imagined how they must have felt when Antiochus Epiphanes, after he had captured Jeruselem, offered swine's flesh on the altar and sprinkled the temple with the blood—an offence for which the Jews would never be reconciled to him; and the Emperor Hadrian, anxiously wishing to drive away the miserable remnant who still sought the Hope of Israel amid the ruins of the conquered city, when he found all other means unavailing, accomplished his purpose by erecting the statue of a marble hog on the principal gate. The frantic devotees fled from the holy city, as if at length they deemed their cause to be desperate, since God had permitted so great a pollution. The real pollution of a sacred place, however, does not consist in such things but in the evil deeds of the people who worship in it. Speaking of the loveliness of St. Mark's Church at Venice, Mr. Ruskin says: "And what effect has this splendor on those who pass beneath it? You may walk from sunrise to sunset and not see one countenance brightened by it. Up to the very recesses of the porches the meanest tradesmen of the city push their counters; nay, the foundations of its pillars are themselves the seats—not 'of them that sell doves' for sacrifice, but of the venders of toys and caricatures. Round the whole square in front of the church there is almost a continuous line of cafes. And in the recesses of the porches, men and children gamble and fight, although the images of Christ and his angels are before them continually."

Bound with two chains. As if he were a dangerous, desperate man, when really his strongest characteristic and the very thing which had brought the indignity upon him was love of his fellow man. Some time ago a war raged in India between the English and a native monarch named Tippoo Sahib. On one occasion several English officers were taken prisoners, among them one named Baird. One day a native officer brought in fetters to be put on each of the prisoners, the wounded not excepted. Baird had been severely wounded, and was suffering from pain and weakness. A gray-haired officer said to the native official, "You do not think of putting chains upon that wounded young man?" "There are just as many pairs of fetters as there are captives," was the answer, "and every pair must be worn." "Then," said the officer, "put two pairs on me. I will wear his as well as my own." The end of the story is that Baird lived to regain his freedom, lived to take that very city, but the generous friend died in prison. He wore two pairs of fetters.

What he had done. Nothing worthy of chains or imprisonment. He suffered much all his life long, but never for evildoing. If there were no heaven the wrongs of this world could never be righted. As in this case, the charges brought against him at other times and places were false. Not long ago the papers contained an account of a man who served a full term in Sing Sing prison, but who subsequently applied for a vindication of his character on the ground of entire innocence of the crime for which he was imprisoned, and because he wished to remove the stain from his good name, especially in order that he might take out papers of American citizenship. The evidence in his favor was exceptionally strong, and the confession of the real criminal, exonerating the one thus applying, formally signed and witnessed, was in the hands of the Governor. Letters from the warden and the chaplain of the prison, from a former employer, and other documents of much importance as indicating the innocence of the man, were also laid before the Governor.

There is something very pathetic in the thought of an innocent man suffering punishment and bearing disgrace. There is coming a time when every child of God who has had cast upon him any unjust reproach, or has suffered any persecution, will have every such stain wiped forever away, and be given a bright, joyous inheritance.

A FLOATING EVANGEL.

The Gospel Boat "Good News" Sent Out by the Rescue Mission at Syracuse, N. Y. Commander Gibbud and his Work—Interesting Incidents of the First Trip.

RDINARY means of reaching with the Gospel message the many people who are literally and metaphorically "out of the way" have failed to satisfy some of the most earnest and consecrated workers for Christ in the present day. The Central Union Mission of Washington inaugurated a Gospel wagon; and its example has been followed by others. We have also Gospel cars on several railroads all carrying the good news to outlying and neglected districts. To these has now been added by The Rescue Mission of Syracuse, N. Y., another form of moving evangelistic effort in the Gospel Boat, *Good News*, of which a picture appears on this page. It is intended for service on the Erie Canal and its tributaries, and has already performed one successful trip.

The idea of the boat originated in the fertile brain of Mr. H. B. Gibbud, who for some time past has had charge of the Mission. From his own observation and from the reports of men who found their way to the Gospel services which he conducts in Syracuse, he became convinced that a rich field for Gospel effort existed in the floating population on the canal, in the farmhouses, factories and stores which line both its banks throughout its course, and in the cities, towns, villages and hamlets to which it is the simplest and cheapest route. Many of these people had no opportunity of hearing the Gospel message and a still larger number were disinclined to avail themselves of such opportunities as were within their reach. Business men used the canal as a means of communication but the men who were offering the Pearl of Great Price had somehow failed to turn the great avenue of commerce to account in their mission.

This was another instance in which "the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light." The reproach, however, was soon to be removed. Mr. Gibbud spoke of the opportunity of extending Christ's kingdom. Among those to whom he mentioned it was Mr. H. B. Andrews, a prominent business man of Syracuse, to whom the Mission was already indebted for its building and equipment. Mr. Andrews entered heartily into the project, and offered to provide a boat if Mr. Gibbud and his friends would undertake to use it in aggressive Christian work. The promise was gladly given and the project was fairly launched.

The boat secured by Mr. Andrews for the work was no stranger to the people on the canal. It was the property of a circus company and many an audience had gathered on board it to witness performances which were mirth-provoking if not edifying. Mr. Andrews is not the kind of man to do things by halves. Having purchased the boat from the circus people he set himself to the task of adapting it to its new occupation. The auditorium was already constructed. That part of the equipment the circus people had provided. It would seat comfortably about seventy-five persons. It was tastefully and prettily repainted and in place of the garish, florid decorations of the walls which were suitable for the performances formerly seen in the room, appear graceful wreaths and scrolls bearing appropriate passages of Scripture. Thus the silent walls were made to utter warnings and invitations and as the prophet said, when the wall spoke "the beam out of the timber answered it, for the crossbeams bear sharp, terse observations and questions. Among them are the following:

> Boycott the Devil, he don't give living wages, for "the wages of sin is death."
>
> Wilt thou have thy sins and go to hell, or leave them and go to heaven? It must be one or the other.
>
> Has drink got the best of you? Jesus can save and keep.
>
> One thing you may be sure of—"Be sure your sins will find you out."

In the hot summer evenings the meetings will be held on the deck around which runs a substantial railing. Here one hundred and fifty persons can be accommodated. Aft of the auditorium is a living room, and forward is a regular maritime dormitory in the shape of bunks and close to it is the indispensable kitchen. The entire length of the boat is seventy-five feet and the width twelve. It has been thoroughly repaired, renovated and embellished and has had its name changed to that of the *Good News*.

THE MANAGERS OF THE GOSPEL CANAL BOAT, "GOOD NEWS."

The first trip of the boat was from Syracuse to Utica. Its appearance on the way excited much interest, as it was promptly recognized as the circus-boat and not all of the people perceived that its occupation had undergone a transformation. Before the boat started, a deep, spiritual interest was aroused by the Scripture texts, and the meetings held. All along the line it attracted great attention. People came out from their homes, heads were thrust from all the factory windows, and the workers on the boat were able to throw many packages of religious reading to people along the line. Mr. Gibbud has rigged up a fish-pole, and as the canal boats pass by, packages of religious reading matter are passed over to the boatmen. Over four hundred boats were thus supplied on this first trip, which lasted sixteen days.

When the boat came to a town the workers went out with tracts and invitations, visiting the saloons and non-church going people, preaching Christ and inviting them to the meetings. Six hundred and twenty visits were made to families, and one hundred and ten were made to saloons. At eventide an open-air service was held from the deck, and a talk given on a large oil painting of the "Two Ways." At ten of these meetings, 7,590 people heard the Gospel. In one town, the population of which was two hundred, one hundred and fifty people came to the open-air service. At the close, a service was held in the boat. There was a large crowd at each meeting, and hundreds stood around on the outside, listening to the preaching. Nearly three thousand attended the indoor services; many of these people had not, on their own confession, been to a religious service for years. Forty-one requests were made for prayer, and twenty-nine professed conversion during these days of meeting. Thousands of tracts were given away, and many more read the message of salvation from the boat. As soon as it was daylight, the passing boatmen began to read the Scripture texts and to call on their families to look at the strange craft. All day long this continued. As a general rule, all seemed to have respect for the boat and its mission. Perfect order was preserved at the open-air and indoor services.

Many who had known the boat in other days, being unable to read, and not knowing of the change in owners, would ask the workers where they were "going to show." Two boys were overheard quarreling, and one finally appealed to one of the workers. "Say, Mister, this is a dog show, ain't it?" "No, 'taint," said the other, "it's snakes. I oughter know'd, I was on it when it was here before." They were greatly surprised that the admission was free, and that all could have reserved seats for nothing. They ran off, eager to tell the news and to bring the rest of the family.

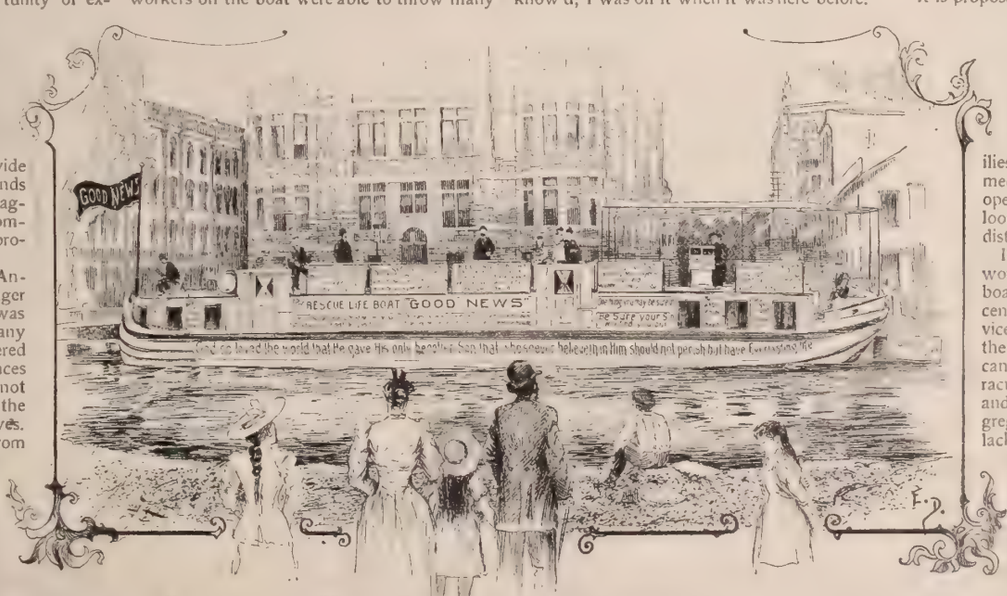
One man remarked confidentially to a friend that he knew all about it, "it was going to the World's Fair to show itself."

There were many interesting incidents during the trip. A telegraph lineman was on top of a large telegraph pole which was on the roof of a four-story building. He heard the open-air service, and the following morning he came to the boat inquiring for the speaker of the previous evening. On meeting him, he said: "You said last night that Christ can save any one, do you honestly believe he can save me? I am a drunkard, I have tried everything to get away from the appetite for drink, but all have failed, if you think Christ can save me I want him to do so." He readily consented to pray and finally went away trusting him as his personal Saviour. One man who had not been in a religious service for twenty years was among the seekers. The majority of those attending the meeting were of the non-church-going class, including sailors, longshoremen, freight-handlers, artisans working in factories, and their wives and children. All were genuinely surprised that any disinterested effort should have been made to reach them with the Gospel.

In a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the history was published of a similar work to that of Commander Gibbud, which had been in operation on the great lakes for the last seventeen years. What Captain Bundy and his crew of hearty sailor-evangelists have done on Lakes Michigan, Huron and Superior in the Gospel steamship *Glad Tidings*, Commander Gibbud aims to do on the Erie Canal. The warm welcome everywhere accorded to the *Good News*, and the wide-reaching Gospel field that has already opened before it, in its early cruises, have greatly encouraged the workers. With brave consecrated hearts, they trust to find their service under the Great Captain of Salvation, blessed to the saving of many thousands from among the heedless and neglected population along the canal.

The managers understand the art of advertising and have suspended from the deck railing such invitations as the following:

> MEETING TO-NIGHT.
> You are invited. Don't fix up; come in your working clothes.
>
> MEETING TO-NIGHT.
> Man or woman, boy or girl, rich or poor, black or white, large or small, short or tall, Come one! Come all!
>
> MEETING TO-NIGHT.
> Mother bring the baby, it won't disturb us if it does cry.
>
> MEETING TO-NIGHT.
> Drinking men especially invited. Welcome drunk or sober.
>
> MEETING TO-NIGHT.
> Come and bring your father, mother, sister, brother, and all the rest of the family and the neighbors.



THE ERIE CANAL GOSPEL BOAT, "GOOD NEWS."

It is proposed to hold evangelistic meetings in villages, towns and cities along the waterway, stopping in a place for a few meetings, working especially with non-church-goers, drinking men and the masses generally, and also to carry on a much-needed work with the boatmen and their families along the way. All this by meetings on board the *Good News*, open-air services, visitations of saloons and families, and by tract distribution and selling Bibles, etc.

It is intended to carry on the work during the summer and tie the boat up for the winter near the centre of some city and hold a service every evening. Next winter, the boat will be moored in the canal at the Market Square in Syracuse. Hundreds of farmers, buyers and sellers of various kinds congregate there and there will be no lack of audiences. Every evening there will be a service on the usual plan of Rescue Mission Meetings.

The work is to be under the general supervision of Mr. H. B. Gibbud; and Mr. Charles MacClinchey of Brooklyn, N. Y., will occupy the position which if the craft were a sea-going vessel, would entitle him to the rank of Captain. He is a Christian worker of several years' experience, who has given up his other engagements and has disposed of his business, in order to devote himself exclusively to this novel form of religious effort. He and his wife will have charge of the meetings, assisted by Mr. Sanford Van Luven, a convert of the Syracuse Mission, who has resigned a lucrative position to devote himself to the work. Both workers have displayed their faith in the promises of God to provide, for they have undertaken the work without salary. In fact the whole work is one of faith, as the Mission in Syracuse has no funds available for the support of the boat and its crew, but has opened two funds, one of which will be for defraying the expenses of the trips, keep of the towing horse, etc., and the other for the support of the workers. Mr. H. B. Andrews of Syracuse, who provided the boat and equipped it, is the Treasurer for both funds.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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Bible House, New York City.

WIDE-AWAKE SERMONS.

IN our boyhood days we tried every kind of art to keep awake in church. We ate caraway-seed, and cloves, and cinnamon, and held up one foot until it began to ache, and pinched ourselves until we were black and blue, or got stimulus from an older brother who stuck us with a pin, or saw the reproving look of some older sister that filled us with a sense of self-abnegation, until we looked up to the elders' and deacons' pew in the old Dutch church, and saw the seven sleepers, these consecrated men having lost their hold at the end of the second head of the discourse, and then we felt encouraged to think that, after all, there might be some chance for us when such very good men got asleep. What is the use of hiding the fact that there is more sleeping done in the churches than in any other kind of buildings? Many of our churches are great Sunday dormitories. Men who are troubled at home with insomnia and cannot sleep on the pillow at night, find churches sometimes the needed anodyne. What morphine and chloral and pillow of hops cannot do, sometimes the sermon and the long prayer accomplish. Said the old Puritan clergyman, "And now, to be brief, eighteenthly!" Oh, how many arts to appear awake in church! You have seen men put their heads down on the pew in front, pretending they are overcome with emotion, when they are really overcome with drowsiness. I tell you, if we do not keep our audiences awake, it is the fault of us, the clergy, and not the fault of the [illegible].

An old Scotch minister, preaching, saw one of his hearers sound asleep, and he said, "Donald, wake up; if you can't keep awake in any other way, take a pinch of snuff." "Ah!" said Donald, "Doctor, put the pinch of snuff in the sermon!" With all the artillery of eternity at hand, if a man cannot keep his audience awake, it is because he has missed his calling. When men keep taking out their watches during religious services, it is evidence of the fact that they are bored. What would you think of a man at a banquet taking out his watch every few moments to see how soon he could stop eating a cream merangue? The gospel is a banquet, and our populations are starving for it, and their souls must have something to eat, and they have no patience with an entertainment which is all made up of napkin-ring, finger-bowl, and red-[illegible].

I put the complaint that the people do not like to come to church where it belongs. I say to the young men who are entering the ministry, if you want an audience, do as Paul did—make a big stir. "There arose no small stir about that way." Men want help. Give them help and they will come again. What do they care about the conventionalities of religion? How much of your Latin do they understand? What do they know about those sesquipedalian words that crawl through your senses like thousand-legged worms? They know your chief anxiety is lest you lose your place in your notes. They know it is all a matter of calculation that the soap-lock curl comes down half way on your forehead, so that at the right moment you may brush it away with a hand delicate and diamonded. What do you care about your Arian controversy, when the controversy with them is how they can pay a note of $500 with $200, and how they can get comfort for the child they buried yesterday in Greenwood?

RURAL REFLECTIONS.

THE outdoor life of our country friends has already begun. We hope that they have ploughed up more health and good cheer than ever before. Standing and walking so much in the sunshine, they ought to be bright and gladsome. The breath of the fields and woods ought to make them healthy. Their hard work ought to sharpen their appetite three times a day, and afford them eight or nine hours of sound sleep. We pray for their freedom from flood and drought, weevil and curculio; that there may be no long storms after they get the grain down, no ring-boned or spavined horses at the time when they want all the teams, no hollow-horn to depress the cow, no gaps for the rising generation of chickens, no incursion of neighbors' cattle into the bean-patch. We shall have a prosperous agricultural year. "How do you know?" cry out the rural population. "What sign in sky or ground or atmosphere do you judge by?"

Our reason for thinking so is that it is almost always so. The good Lord has a way of abundantly blessing the fields. When one crop fails others make it up, as blind eyes almost always insure super-excellent ears. In the last six thousand years we do not believe that there have been twenty that might be called dead failures. We are certain that this year, with not more than one or two exceptions of crops, we shall have large peaches, luxuriant corn, golden wheat, sound potatoes, rich grass, and great affluence of turnips, celery, cabbage and squash. While you are guessing by the moon, or the squirrel's storage of nuts, or the state of the mountain stream, or the almanac, as to what is coming to pass, we refer to the first agricultural journal ever written, and find in it: "While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease."

PREACH CERTAINTIES.

THAT religion is a sedative to soothe all nervous perturbation, that it is a stimulus to arouse inertia, that it pulls up by the root the red dahlia of war, and plants instead thereof the white lily of peace; that we know. That it hangs around the dying couch of the Christian—the saffron, and orange and purple clouds of a heavenly sunrise, and swings back the gates of glory so wide that they shiver the gates of the sepulchre; that we know. Now, knowing these things beyond all controversy, knowing them beyond all mistake, knowing them from our own experience, or from our own observation, what is the use of our taking precious time in telling what we do not know? We had a great fire at my house one day. I burned up five hundred manuscript sermons, for when I began to preach I wrote out all my sermons, word for word. In those sermons that I burned up I explained all the mysteries of religion, and the doctrine of election was as clear as a Scotch mist or a London fog. As I stood by the kitchen fire where these manuscripts were burning, I really thought they threw out more warmth than they had ever thrown out before! Really, the best thing you can do with any style of Christian work that has not warmth in it is to burn it.

The pulpit and the church ought to be a great fireplace around which the people, benumbed of the cold world, can come and warm their entire nature. Stir up the fire around the great back-log and bring all the chairs up closer. There is a severe irony in the usual term descriptive of a minister's notes when they are called a minister's skeleton. Cold statements of truths are skeletons that need round them the warmth, the life, and the eternal sympathy of Christ's Gospel. There is nothing in romance or novel so enchanting as the religion of Christ, if you see it fairly; but put it down on the dissecting-table of sharp analysis and rip its heart out, and you have made it loathsome and a corpse.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Clarence Parrish, Rio Vista, Va. How many different pieces of furniture were placed inside the Ark of the Covenant? Also please state their names?

The tables of stone, the pot of manna, and the rod of Aaron. (see 1. Kings 8: 8; and Heb. 9: 4.)

Frank Gurney, Wappingers Falls, N.Y. I read that wild flowers, which are so plentiful here and are little thought of, are very much prized by the children in the city. I would like the address of the distributors of those flowers that are sent there, as the Missionary Committee of our society would like to do some work of that kind?

Write to the secretary of the Flower Mission, 104 E. 20th Street, New York.

Mrs Rachel Baxter, Manchester, Ia. Do you believe it is right for ministers to go to horse races?

Generally speaking, it is not, although circumstances altogether apart from the sport or its sinful surroundings, might take them there. A man of God may enter a den of sin on the Master's business; but he would not therefore be accused of frequenting such a place.

"Panhandle," Tex. What is meant by the abomination of desolation (Matt. 24:15?

Expositors of prophecy are now generally agreed that in the years preceding the second coming of Christ, the Antichrist will have his image erected in a temple which the Jews will build in Jerusalem, and require them to worship it. This they believe is the abomination of desolation standing where it ought not.

Emily C. Waterhouse, West Kennebunk, Me. What is the meaning of the command, "Arise and thresh, O daughter of Zion" (Micah. 4:13)?

The prophet was encouraging his people with a prospect of final triumph over their enemies. They had been assailed and beaten and imprisoned and persecuted. He told them that the time would come when their enemies would be at their feet, and they could treat them as they had been treated. The image is that of threshing corn, which was done by a flail.

Inquirer, Akron, O. Please give your opinion as to the legal and Scriptural position of a man who left his wife because she was unfaithful to her marriage-vows. After two years she married again. Is he free to marry?

Not if he did not obtain a divorce. The wife committing bigamy does not justify him in committing the same crime. He is, as a Christian, entitled to a divorce, if the facts are as you state them, and after obtaining it he may marry again. That is the view according as we understand the Scripture. As to the legal aspect, you should consult a lawyer.

P. S. Wallace, Shaw, Miss. 1 Did Judas partake of the Lord's supper? 2. Ought Christians to partake of the Lord's Supper privately or in the presence of persons who are not Christians?

1. It is a question on which Bible students are not agreed. Having carefully weighed the arguments on both sides, our own opinion is that he withdrew before the sacrament was instituted. He was not excluded, but voluntarily went out when, by giving him the sop, Christ showed that he knew of the purpose Judas was cherishing. 2. It does not signify. If unconverted persons wish to witness the celebration there can be no harm in their doing so.

Magnhe Mortborn. Was the temple of Christ's time the temple built by Zerubbabel, or the temple of Herod?

When Herod proposed to rebuild the temple the Jews objected to his razing it to the ground lest he should die before rebuilding it, or should grow weary of the work, and so they be left without a temple. They also protested against being deprived of temple worship during the whole period of demolition and reconstruction. Herod therefore built the temple by piecemeal, restoring and repairing one part at a time. The Jews therefore regarded the work as one of restoration, and held that it was the original temple restored and beautified and not a new temple. Probably the foundations were not disturbed and it may be that some parts of the original structure remained.

J. L. Vinson, Valonia, Ind. 1. Who was the first person to publicly advocate the abolition of slavery in the United States? 2. Give the best figures you can as to the court expenses, jail and asylum expenses, etc., caused by the liquor traffic? 3 What amount does the liquor traffic yield in internal revenue? 4. Give estimate of amount liquor traffic pays us in city, state and government licenses?

1. The Pennsylvania Quakers were the first to take action against it. They publicly advised its discontinuance in 1696, 1754 and 1774 and in 1776 excluded slaveholders from membership. The men prominent in the early agitation were William Burlin, (1718), Thos. Lay, John Woolman, (1720-1773), and Anthony Benezet, (1713-1784.) 2, 3, and 4. For all statistical information relative to the liquor traffic address Mr. J. N. Stearns, Secretary, National Temperance Society, 58 Reade Street, New York.

Edward Cramp, Erie, Pa. 1. What did Christ mean by the Times of the Gentiles in Luke 21: 24? 2. What did the vision of the tree symbolize in Dan. 4: 9-19? 3. Were the divine and the human natures in Christ distinct and therefore the human extinct before his exaltation?

1. The times of Gentile supremacy during which the Holy Land would not be under a Jewish government. 2. The vision was explained in verses 22–27. It symbolized the king's affliction. During his aberration of mind he was stripped of power and majesty although still living. Cut down, but not rooted up, as the prophet said. 3. Many attempts have been made to accurately define the mystery of the Incarnation, but none have been successful. It is better to take the Bible phrases, "God was manifest in the flesh;" "In him dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily" and similar passages as matters for faith rather than comprehension.

Witt Archibald, Nokomis, Ill. What is the examination mentioned 1 Cor. 2: 26-28 as being necessary to eating and drinking worthily?

A personal self-examination of the heart. If a man is conscious of hatred toward any one, of malice, of sinful purposes, of sinful connections which he ought to sever, but has not severed, or of cherishing any feeling inconsistent with his relation to Christ, he should not partake of the communion. This does not imply that only perfect persons should do so. If a man is honestly and earnestly striving after holiness and doing all that lies in him to live consistently; and sincerely deplores every failure and means to strive to avoid them in the future; if he loves Christ and is trusting in him for salvation, he is right in partaking of the communion although he may be conscious of having fallen into sin.

Julius P. Albrae, Perkins, Ia. 1. Is it right for a Christian to play croquet or other like games? Would it not be better for him to spend his time for the glory of God and to the edifying of some one else? 2. Do you think it proper for a Christian to shout and make much noise in church? Can you give any Scripture that would show that it is required of them?

1. There is nothing in the Bible or in the teachings of Christ or his apostles that condemns innocent mirth or recreation, in its proper time and place. An infusion of cheerfulness would greatly improve the quality of some people's Christianity, and make it vastly more attractive to others. 2. Christianity is a religion less of the head than of the heart, and it is not surprising that the joy of the heart should find expression in songs and shouting. These are the natural, unrestrained outlet of a soul filled with deep religious fervor and spiritual gladness. Scripture literally teems with invitations to God's people to such expressions of feeling. Ezra 3: 13, tells of the "noise of the shout of joy" at the laying of the foundations of the Temple. In Psalm 33: 3, the congregation is urged to sing new songs and make a "loud noise," and in Isa. 42: 10, we read "let them shout and declare his praise;" Job 38: 7, relates that the "sons of God shouted for joy," while Psalm 65: 13, describing the condition of the righteous who had been blessed with prosperity, says, "they shout for joy. . . they also sing." "Let them that put their trust in thee rejoice," says the Psalmist (Ps. 5: 11), "let them shout for joy." In marked contrast is the picture in Isa. 16: 10, of the unrighteous from whom the Lord has turned his face, "There is no singing, neither shall there be any shouting." Surely the Christian who feels his heart overflowing with joy and gratitude to God, has the best of all warrants for publishing his gladness to the world by singing and shouting, if he be so minded.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE SIAMESE COMPLICATION.

THE difficulty, in which the far-off kingdom of Siam has suddenly become involved with France, seems to have developed the long slumbering jealousies of European powers into an acute condition. As usual the initiative is taken by France. Her control of Annam in the Indo-Chinese peninsula is the basis of her grievance. The frontier line between Annam and Siam in the South is the Mekong river, but in the north it is a range of mountains on the east of the river. Between the river and the mountains is a region nearly a hundred thousand square miles in extent. The French contend that this region should belong to Annam and the river Mekong through its whole course be the frontier. In addition to this cause of dispute there is another, arising out of murder on Siamese territory of two French officials. The French made demands on Siam for an indemnity for its murdered citizens and for other alleged wrongs and fixed the amount at three million francs (equivalent to $600,000). They also demanded the cession of the disputed territory, and despatched a number of warships up the river to enforce their claims. As the passage of the vessels was disputed, the French shelled the Siamese forts, killing two hundred Siamese soldiers. The gun-boats passed up the Mekong, entered the Menam river, and anchored off Bangkok, the capital of Siam. An ultimatum was sent to the king of Siam formulating the French demands and giving him forty-eight hours in which to return an answer. If at the expiration of that time a favorable answer had not been given the French declared they would bombard Bangkok. There would be no interest for European statesmen in the dispute, if the question of the indemnity for the murdered Frenchmen stood alone; but Great Britain is interested in the proposal to dismember Siam. In the territory claimed by France there are many British subjects engaged in mining and other industries under concessions of the Siamese Government, and the inhabitants of the region buy a considerable quantity of British goods. Beside this, the northern portion of the country claimed, abuts on British territory in Burmah and its independence of European control has formed a buffer against dangerous approach of rival powers. Great Britain is consequently opposed to the cession of the region and her dislike of it is increased by the fact that Russia, her great and dreaded rival in Asia is supporting the French demands. Germany and Italy also have an interest in the question arising out of the residence of some of their citizens in Siam. China is also interested, inasmuch as the King of Siam is a tributary of China and is under Chinese protection. The King of Siam knowing his inability to contend with France single-handed, has appealed for help to England and to China. Should that help be given and should Germany and Italy send war vessels to Bangkok, as they now propose, a great struggle might be precipitated in which France and Russia on the one hand would be opposed to England, Germany, Italy and China on the other. The diplomats are endeavoring to avert such a struggle by trying to induce France to moderate her demands, but not with much prospect of success. This is not the first time France has attempted to extend her territory by a region lying between her frontier and a river. Twenty-three years ago she tried to make the Rhine the frontier between herself and Germany. The penalty she had to pay then for the outrage should have taught her that the business of removing ancient landmarks which God prohibited, may be attended with unpleasant results. (Prov. 23: 10, 11.)

The Cost of a Debauch.

A MAN who was arrested at Rochester, N.Y., a few days ago for drunkenness, has been condemned to pay a heavy penalty for his indulgence. When the case was proved against him and the judge was about to impose the usual penalty of ten dollars or ten days, one of the officers of the Court called the judge's attention to the prisoner's record. It appeared that in 1889 he was convicted of robbery in the first degree and sentenced to imprisonment for thirteen years. Six months ago, however, Gov. Flower gave him a free pardon on condition that he abstain from intoxicating liquor for a period of five years. When the judge learned the facts, he declared that the man having violated the conditions on which he obtained his pardon must go back to jail to serve out his incompleted sentence. The prisoner has also forfeited the time allowance to which he would ordinarily be entitled for good behavior, so that he will have to remain in prison for about ten years as a consequence of his intoxication. At first sight the penalty seems unreasonably severe, but a pardoned man is under special obligations. The Christian ought never to forget the fact. Sin is much worse in him than in an unconverted man and may be punished by more severe chastisement. (II. Peter 2: 20.)

Rust Under the Paint.

A DISCUSSION took place a few days ago at the Engineers' Club of Philadelphia, on the merits of several kinds of paint which have been prepared specially for use on iron buildings. Several members gave their opinions derived from their experience. There was a difference between them, but all agreed that no matter which variety of paint was used, an essential preliminary was under all circumstances, that the iron be absolutely free from rust before the paint was applied, otherwise the rust would spread from a point under the coating, if there be the slightest chance for it to do so, flaking off the paint, and thus gradually exposing the bare surface of the iron. An analogous precaution may be commended to the pastors of churches. In the examination of candidates for membership care should be taken to impress upon them the necessity of putting away secret sin and getting rid by the Holy Spirit's power of the corroding worldliness which is apt to spread under the covering of religious profession. (I. Cor. 11: 28-30.)

Thirty Years Unburied.

A remarkable funeral took place at Rock Island, Tenn., recently. It was that of an aged widow and her son; and both were interred in the same grave. The son had been dead for thirty years. He was killed at the battle of Murfreesboro, in January, 1863, fighting in the Confederate army. He was the widow's only son, and she almost idolized him. His death was so terrible a shock to her that it was feared she would lose her reason. She insisted that the body should not be buried, and in that time of confusion she had her way. An air-tight cedar coffin with a glass top was prepared, and the body of the young man placed in it. The widow had it placed in the room her son had formerly occupied, and there it remained, among his books, fishing-rods and other possessions. The widow would go there frequently and remain for hours. The body did not decay, but in process of time it dessicated. The widow left instructions that it should be buried with her, and when she died, lately, her wishes were carried out. Every one must sympathize with such sorrow as her retention of her son's corpse implies. It deserves sympathy, on account not only of its intensity, but its hopelessness. The body she cherished so long, could never again be the abode of the son whom she loved; her only ground of hope lay in his receiving through faith in Christ that new body which the Bible assures us will be given to those who die in Jesus (I. Cor. 15: 35-43.)

Cleansing the Immigrants.

THE appearance of the immigrants who arrived at New York on July 20, by the steamer *Amsterdam* from Rotterdam caused general surprise in the Health Department. Instead of the dirty, unkempt appearance that people usually present on emerging from the steerage, after a voyage from European ports, the *Amsterdam's* passengers had a fresh and tidy aspect. Every one had clean hands and faces and the men were either clean-shaven or wore beards neatly trimmed. Health Officer Jenkins complimented the captain and his officers on bringing into port the cleanest lot of immigrants ever received. It appeared from the captain's story that the compliment was paid where it belonged. When the immigrants came on board, the ship's surgeon was alarmed by their filthy appearance and feared that there would be a great deal of sickness on the voyage. On the second day out one-half the passengers were marched to a secluded part of the steerage where there was a collection of bath tubs. Each member of the group was required to wash from head to foot and they were assisted by the use of the fire hose. While the process was going on, their clothes were well brushed and their sleeping quarters thoroughly scrubbed. After dressing, they were introduced to the barbers. On the next day the other half of the immigrants were similarly treated and the practice was continued through the voyage, one-half the passengers being well cleansed each day. The result was eminently satisfactory as far as it went. The captain could not do more toward making the immigrants acceptable. His story implies that the ablutions were not altogether voluntary on the part of the immigrants so that it is possible they may relapse into their filthy condition. Permanent reformation as to physical cleanliness and still more as to moral and spiritual cleanliness can only come from the desire of the individual himself and God himself will not impart the latter without that desire. (Matt. 13: 58.)

THE MENACED CITY OF BANGKOK, THE CAPITAL OF SIAM.

A Harmless Process.

A DISCOVERY has been made by scientific examiners in the employ of the Government, which will enhance the value of property in some varieties of timber. It has hitherto been a popular belief that when the turpentine has been extracted from the growing pine its timber is less valuable. The announcement is now made officially in a Government publication that it has been proved beyond question by a variety of tests that the timber is in no way affected by the process of tapping, and this, it is stated, refers to its mechanical as well as chemical properties, and hence even the reservation that it might suffer in durability is now no longer tenable, and any prejudice against the use of bled timber in construction must be regarded as having no foundation in fact. The basis for the statement is furnished by a series of tests comprising no less than three hundred investigations on thirty-two trees belonging to different localities. Thus the fact is established that the tree loses none of its valuable and useful qualities in yielding its product, and the same fact holds good in spiritual life. The good that a man imparts to others does not impoverish his own soul, and as to money "there is that giveth and yet increaseth." (Prov. 11: 24.)

BRIEF NOTES.

There is remarkable activity in Uganda since British protection was assured. Sir Gerald Portal, is laying down roads, organizing a postal service, building light bridges, planting swamps, placing ferries, and establishing "religious spheres of interest."

A Hindu writer says that the danger now threatening the overthrow of the national religion and heathenism is not from the schools or preaching, but from the women and doctors. Such a testimony to the value of the Zenana workers and the medical missionaries is very significant.

A cot in a London Hospital, to be called "The Abraham Lincoln Cot," will shortly be permanently endowed by the subscriptions of American ladies who have married Englishmen and now reside in England. The cot is not named for the Martyr President, but for his little grandson who died in London a few months ago.

Dr. A. T. Pierson has returned to this country, having completed his engagement at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, where he so ably filled the post vacated by the death of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon. Dr. Pierson was urged to remain in London to become minister of Westminster Chapel, and take up the "Forward Movement."

A statue to John Knox is about to be erected in Edinburgh, in the old High street, with its junction with Lawmarket. The only memorials to the great reformer at present in the city are the house in which he lived and the metal plate with his initials in the roadway behind St. Giles' Cathedral, which marks the supposed place of his burial.

The Russian Stundists who were banished some months ago to the Trans-Caucasian district complain bitterly of their condition. They cannot earn a living where they are, as they are chiefly farmers and the land is poor. Many of them have joined in a petition asking the Czar to send them to Siberia where they would at least have food.

A correspondent at Tallapoosa, Ga., writes us that much good has resulted in that town from three weeks' Gospel Services, which have been held in a tent there by Mr. Herland Glen McWilliams. Many persons have been brought to conviction and are earnestly seeking Christ, and more than twenty have made public profession of faith.

Dr. Barnardo, whose institutions for the shelter and education of homeless children have been described in this journal is rivalling Mr. Geo. Muller in the extent of the support supplied to him by the Christian public. His mail on one day about three months ago comprised 1,413 separate letters enclosing in the aggregate nearly $10,000. On another day more recently he received 1,651 letters, the remittances in which amounted to $12,500. The cost of the food alone used in his institutions is $750 a day.

New contributions received last week for the support of Rev. Geo. W. Sharp, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School Missionary in the Southwest for the coming year, are as follows: A friend, Chambersburg, Pa., $1; M. T. Gunderson, Kenyon, Minn., $10; Sarah A. Perry, Normal, Ill., 50c.; D. C. R., Eureka Mills, Cal., $1; Mrs. Charles D. Bartlett, Manemet, Mass., $1; H. L. M. D., $5; A. M. Jefferies, Brooklyn, $2; W. R. S. and J. H., Akron, O., $2; Thos. McCulmon, Allegheny City, Pa., $2; Mrs. J. W. Newell, Birmingham, N. J., $1; E. H. S. P. and Dr. W. J. K., Eureka Mills, Cal., $6; Mrs. U. Briggs, Webster City, Iowa, $1; C. C. C., Holyoke, Mass., $2; R. M. Moore, Montana, $5; ——, Manchester, Mass., $1. Total, $40.50. Previously acknowledged, $141.95. Grand total, $182.45. The amount needed for the year is $700.

During the week the following contributions have been received in aid of the proposed Permanent Lodging House for Homeless Girls: A friend, Philadelphia, Pa., $2; Margaret Hammond, Elgin, Ill., $3; O. W. Wright, Barnegat, N. J., $5; Reader, Portland, Me, $2; Subscriber, New York, $1; Amelia Luyster, Hopewell Junction, N. Y., $5; Friends, National Military Home, Ohio, $1.10; Mrs. M. J. Beaudry, Grand Haven, Mich., $1; Augusta A. Peck, City, $1; B. R. W., Burdette, Md., $1; Geo. Rank, Cush Creek, Pa., $2.40; Mrs. Chas. Worth, Fort Wayne, Ind., $1; Subscriber, Fairhaven, Vt., $2; Robert P. Beecher, Atlanta, Ga., $1; Mrs. Florence Lightburn, Shelbyville, W. Va., 25cts. Total, $28.75; previously acknowledged, $191.45. Grand total, $220.20.

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

MARAH---THE WELL OF BITTERNESS.

Sermon preached before the Tremont Temple Church, now meeting in Music Hall, Boston, last Sunday evening, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D. Text: *"And when they came to Marah, they could not drink of the waters of Marah, for they were bitter: therefore the name of it was called Marah, etc." Exodus 15: 23-26.*

THE joy of the children of Israel, as they stood on the shore of the Red Sea recognizing their deliverance from Egypt and the destruction of their foes, was unspeakably great. Their minds were filled with grateful and reverential fear. Their souls were under the influence of a perfect delirium of joy, and that tumultuous joy finds expression in the triumphal ode of Moses. It was a song so lofty that the roll of the sea and the thunder of the sky would have been its fit accompaniment. Dr. Murphy calls attention to the fact that nations do not need a high degree of culture in order to express in measured flow of winged words their joyful thanksgiving. All primitive tribes, whether among the Hebrews or Greeks, or in the Highlands of Scotland, have showed great skill in chanting strains of emotion in simple measure but with poetic beauty and patriotic fervor. Primitive peoples have as instruments of music at least the harp and the pipe; and these instruments pre-suppose modulations of the human voice, which after all is the most wonderful of all instruments. The artless poetry of many primitive peoples has made their names immortal. Music is evermore the handmaid of

Patriotism and Piety.

We do not wonder that the sublime miracle God had wrought should call forth from Moses a sublime song. This is one of the oldest and one of the noblest of triumphal odes of which we have any knowledge. It does not lose its honors even when compared with the epics of Milton, or with any of the grandest poems of our more modern singers. It burst in beauty and grandeur from the soul of Moses under the inspiration of the Almighty. Moses sang loftily without any consciousness of poetic genius,and without any thought of immortality. No poet of our day could suggest changes in thoughts or words which would add to the beauty of this magnificent ode. Moses asks no favors from the literary critics even when compared with Isaiah, with Tennyson, with Longfellow or with Browning. He stands in triumph on his own lofty peak of Parnassus. This song rises and falls like the sea in its grandest movements. A wonderful moment was that on the shore of the Red Sea. The refrain was led by Miriam, the leader of the choir of the women. We may well suppose that it was uttered first by a single voice, then all took it up until the song rolled over the mighty host in its divine sublimity. Miriam was well known for her skill in speaking to God for men and to men for God. With timbrel and dance she led the way and the other women followed. We know that women danced in groups by themselves and the men by themselves. This was

A Sacred Dance.

A dance was almost always a part of ancient religious services. Geikie tells us that even [illegible] women of Egypt greet the rising Nile with sacred dances, and that the Indians of the East employed sacred dances as a part of their worship; so did the Romans. The Greek Church still, in connection with its Easter services, retains traces of this ancient sacred dance. The dancing dervishes of Turkey and Central Asia are well-known. Dancing is closely akin to singing; indeed, it is but the extension of the thought of beating time as now practised among ourselves. The Hebrew word for a religious festival really means a [illegible] three days' journey into the wilderness.

The song of Moses inspired the genius of later poets. Indeed it is carried over into the Book of Revelation, and those who stand on the sea of glass mingled with fire harping with their harps are represented as singing the song of Moses and the Lamb. We have in this song a fine example of noble words wedded to lofty music. We ought to make more of musical instruments in modern religious services. The drum and fife and the trumpet and cornet ought oftener to have their place in our solemn services. We should consecrate to God all instruments of music. We have been too timid in the introduction of the timbrel and flute and other instruments of music. Perhaps the Salvation Army may give us valuable suggestions at this point. We have made our services too cold, too prosaic, too dead. From this joyous company chanting their triumphant song on the shores of the Red Sea we may learn useful lessons in the religious work of our own day. No doubt as the waves broke upon the shore bearing with them horses and horsemen, destroyed in the Red Sea by the power of God, the refrain would break out still more clearly, "Sing ye to the Lord; for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."

Hardships.

In the first place we may notice these hardships as they begin their journey. They may not linger too long upon the shore with its oasis of greenness and its triumphant music. They must begin their journey; they must abandon for the moment their joyful mood and leave the flowing springs, the palms, the acacias and the tamarisks. The journey must be renewed. We must not linger long over triumphs or defeats. The disciples could not build tabernacles on the Mount of Transfiguration, because down in the valley were a poor boy and a broken-hearted father who needed help; so the children of Israel must leave the sea shore and begin their march into the wilderness. They must leave the wells of Moses and tread a rough pathway under a scorching sun. As they begin their journey they experience unexpected hardships. The distance from the wells of Moses to Marah is supposed to be about forty miles.

Their route lay along the Gulf of Suez over a desert region, gravelly and stony by turns. For a time they would see the blue waters of the gulf on their right hand, and on their left a mountain chain stretching before them as they advanced. After traveling a few miles they would enter an extensive desert plain,and now they would march under glowing skies without a cloud and over a desert road hot and hard to the feet. Nothing would meet their gaze except perhaps a raven,a beetle or some other dweller in those lonely regions. Soon high sand hills near the coast would shut out the view of the sea. Theirs was

A Dismal Beginning

of a new national life. Travelers tell us that at dawn the atmosphere is mild and balmy, but soon after sunrise the fierce heat makes traveling almost impossible, and at noon the eyes become blind, the skin blisters and the mouth parches under the scorching sun. The air reflected from the barren hills comes to the face like a blast from a heated furnace. In such circumstances the want of water is bitterly felt, and the people begin to murmur. It is easy for us to rebuke their murmurs, and we may become sarcastic when we contrast the sudden change which had taken place. Their singing on the shore is soon changed to their sighing in the wilderness. As Dr. Hamilton expresses the thought, the Red Sea minstrels have become the wilderness murmurers and mutineers. Finely Mendelssohn in the opening passages of his "Elijah," represented the despair of a whole people perishing from thirst. Their anguish expresses itself at first in solemn, restless murmurs,then it gathers terrible power, and finally it bursts forth in heart-rending cries of agony. We must, however, be considerate of the people as we remember their difficulties and sufferings. Travelers who pass over the same country to-day fully appreciate the sufferings of the hosts of Israel. These Israelites were not accustomed to this kind of self-discipline. They were indeed accustomed to hardships in Egypt; for Egypt was governed then, and is to some degree now, by the lash. Then it was not uncommon for masters even to break the bones of their slaves, but the children of Israel never were trained in self-discipline. They had not the opportunity of developing self-reliance, nor of cultivating individualism. They came out of Egypt as a mass, and crossed the Red Sea in a rush, and so did not develop their individual character.

A Disappointment.

Let us notice, in the second place, their great disappointment. It is now near the close of the third day of their weary march, and off in the distance they descry the rough outline of a lofty peak of mountains. That rugged mountain suggests cool glens and rippling waters; and but for that sight they might have been utterly discouraged. It cheers them on; and forward goes that mighty, weary, panting host. Nearer and still nearer do they approach this mountain range; the outlines become more definite; and the people see the dark verdure which indicates the presence of tamarisk and palm and water. Hope almost becomes fruition for they well know that water must be near, and onward under the inspiration of this assurance they march. They have traveled about forty miles from the shore of the Red Sea. That distance was much greater in that day than in our day,as now an ambitious traveler can cover the distance in a day and a half, or in two days at most. The evening of the third day is approaching. Let us glance a moment at the spot which now is reached. Here indeed are wells. Travelers tell us that there are seven of these wells. One of them is found in a basin ten feet broad and six feet deep; and in that basin there is water to the depth of three feet. It may have been so then. Oh, how their eyes dance with joy as they approach! How the laggards that have fallen into the rear begin to quicken their steps! The faces of all are lighted with gladness. On they press. Their weary limbs have new vigor as their hearts beat high with hope. Watch them as they hasten their journey. Doubtless they were again ready to take up the song which they had so gladly chanted on the shore of the Red Sea and say, "Sing unto the Lord for he hath triumphed gloriously." See them as they hasten to the sparkling waters. Now

They Stoop to Drink

but as they touch it they find it is bitter to the taste, it is poison to the throat; it is perhaps death to the body! Oh, Marah—bitterness! To the children of Israel especially was this bitterness dreadful. They had been accustomed to the sweet waters of the Nile; and we are told that those who for a long time have been accustomed to that water regret nothing so much as its absence when they travel to distant countries. No people in Oriental countries so suffer from the want of good water as do the present natives of Egypt. It is said that even the camels will not drink the waters of Marah except they are especially thirsty. Man has as have no other creatures the power of adaptation to circumstances. He can live in frigid or torrid zones, and he knows how to dress according to his surroundings. He has elasticity and faculty of adaptation,but he never can entirely overcome the sad effects of disappointment. Disappointment finds him ungirded for its presence and power. Disappointment struck home to the hearts of the distressed people on this occasion. They had just put the cup to their lips; mothers had been cheering their children for miles on that weary march with the hope of refreshing water, and now neither mothers nor babes can touch the waters of Marah. Theirs was a deadly disappointment. The word Marah has passed into all languages where the Bible is known as the symbol of bitterness and disappointment. After all the experience of the Israelites is but a symbol of our experience today. The world is full of wells of Marah. In every sphere in life disappointments and bitternesses are sure to come. God has his wise purposes in all these experiences. When our hearts turn rightly to God our wells of bitterness may be change into fountains of gladness.

Observe, in the third place,

The Deliverance

experienced by the children of Israel. We are told that they murmured. Did you ever think of the composition of the word murmur? It is simply mur, mur, mur, representing in the form of the word the sound expressive of discontent. There is no reason why this word should stop with two murs; it might go on indefinitely multiplying syllables. Doubtless it often did so prolong itself. The word was coined from the sound made by persons in disagreeable moods. The people were especially unreasonable in murmuring against Moses. What had Moses done? Did he have a private well from which he might drink? Was he not subject to the inconveniences which they suffered? How was he to blame? Was he God that he could open wells for them in the wilderness? He might have spoken to them in great bitterness. He might have thundered against them for their ingratitude and stupidity. He needed great patience. They whimpered like disappointed children. They forgot the great services of their heroic leader; and they showed how unstable human creatures can be. Their present distress made them forget their former hallelujahs. An unpalatable beverage made them forget the glorious triumphs at the Red Sea.

Moses here sets us an example which we may well follow. The people murmured against him, but he cried unto the Lord. They murmured: he prayed. It is a wonderful blessing when men in high stations can bring their own burdens and those of others to God. The people rolled their burden upon Moses; he cast all his burdens upon God. One in authority, as was Moses, possessing this spirit, can

Look up to Higher Authority

than human leadership. Blessed are you as teachers, pastors, parents, when you can look to God for guidance in every critical experience! I thank God and I thank Moses for this blessed example. He prayed. What then? "The Lord showed him a tree,which, when he had cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet." Many questions suggest themselves at this point. Was this result produced by some inherent properties in the tree? Was the selection of this tree arbitrary, or was it miraculous? Except we admit that there was some efficacy in the tree itself it is difficult to understand why this particular tree was pointed out to Moses. We know that there are trees and plants which possess properties of this sort. The discoverers of Florida found that sassafras thrown into stagnant waters would greatly improve their quality. It is said that the first use of tea on the part of the Chinese was to improve the waters in their ponds and rivers. We know that in South America there is a shrub called alumbre which posseses curative properties of this general character. It would be easy to give other and similar instances in other countries. We know also that chemical examinations prove that the bitterness of these waters is caused by the presence of sulphate of lime, and that any vegetable substance containing oxalic acid thrown into the waters will precipitate the lime and render the waters comparatively wholesome; but if the result was secured simply by the inherent qualities of the tree it is strange that after the lapse of all these years the Arabs in the vicinity are unacquainted with a tree possessing such qualities. Granting that there was some

Curative Power

inherently in the tree, we must still believe that the miraculous power of God was shown in guiding Moses to its selection, and in giving it additional efficacy when thrown into the water. In addition to the healing of the water God gave the people a statute and revealed himself to them by a new name.

There are a few lessons which we can learn from this interesting narrative. First, the way to our Canaan is not free from trial. Those trials came upon the children of Israel while in the way of duty. Had they wandered out of the right path we could more readily understand why they suffered afflictions. This law of life is illustrated in our own experience. We have to march through an enemy's country. Often our pathway is rough and our burdens are heavy. God in this way develops character. Virtue would be impossible if vice were not real. God puts the metal of true manhood into us by giving us fierce trials in our Christian experience. Only thus can we develop our spiritual sinews and muscles. When trial is sanctified our crosses will be as precious as our crowns. The grandest lives are those that had their baptism of sorrow. Second, the true resort in disappointment and sorrow is prayer to God. Great triumphs are often followed by equally great trials; but when trials drive us to the feet of Jesus Christ they increase our strength and ennoble our lives. Disappointments develop character. We may thank God for the prick of truth that drives us to the heart of God. Third, God always has a cure near at hand. Perhaps there is

An Antidote for every Bane

in the natural world. Even poisonous plants are near curative plants. Earth has no sorrow which heaven cannot heal. There is a tree now which can cure the world's bitterest woes. The Cross of the Lord Jesus thrown into the Marah of sin will make its waters pure and healing to the soul. On that tree the Christ of God died for the world's redemption. Lastly, we learn from this incident that

obedience is the only proof of true discipleship. When God revealed himself as the healer he placed a new obligation upon the people. With the refreshing water there was a new outburst of praise and a new vow of obedience. Jehovah is the true healer for soul and body. He who destroyed the Egyptians by disease comes to Israel with the blessing of healing. Come, then, to Christ that he may sweeten the fountain of disappointment, the fountain of sin, the fountain of sorrow. He alone can soothe the heart, purify the soul, and ennoble the life. Come to him and you shall find every Marah in life transformed into waters of delicious sweetness.

DISPUTES ENDED.

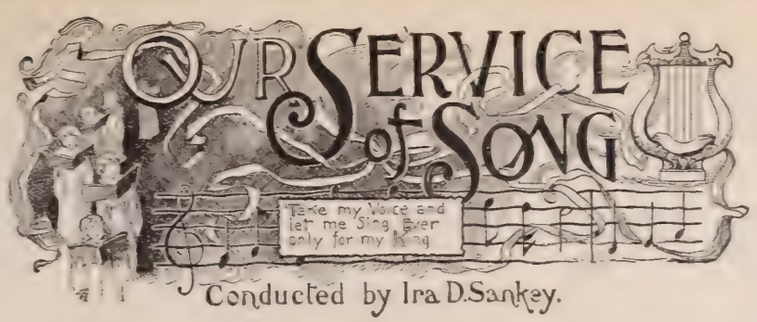
An evangelist relates that during a visit to a dangerous part of the coast he one day passed a life-saving station. He stayed a minute or two to look at it from the outside where he could see the breeches-buoy, the rocket apparatus and everything in readiness to go to the rescue of any perishing mariner whose cry might reach the ear of the brave men. He thought how like this place was in its object and purposes to the church and wished that every church was as well prepared and as thoroughly on the alert as the crew must be. A storm was coming up and he stepped inside for a moment to shelter. To his surprise, he heard from an inner room the sound of high and angry voices. Evidently a serious quarrel was in progress. The noise grew louder, and from the words that he heard he learned that the question at issue was whether a button on one of the coats was sewn on in the wrong place. It seemed a trivial matter, but the men were so much excited about it that from words they came to blows. In the midst of the scuffle, a low booming sound was heard. Instantly the struggling ceased and there was deathlike silence. Every man was listening. Soon the solemn note came again and was recognized as the minute gun of some ship in distress. Without a moment's delay the men who, a minute before had been struggling and fighting, were helping each other with the boat and the life-saving apparatus. "Ah!" said the visitor, "so it will be with the church, when it realizes its duty. The theologians will stop quarrelling about dogma and get to work saving souls."

A GAMBLER'S LUCK.

Much has been said and written about the luck of gamblers but if all the truth were told the stories would be monotonous in the kind of luck they have. It is the men who entertain them and provide the facilities who have all the luck. The following is one case in point which occurred recently at Monte Carlo. A young Russian nobleman was seen at the tables playing desperately. At first the tide was against him and he lost heavily; but after a while it turned, and he began to win. People watched him, and wondered upon what he based his calculations, but he laughed and said that it was pure chance. He wished, he said, to win $20,000 to free an estate from a mortgage, and to make his old mother happy and comfortable for life. Such a wish was excellent, but to attempt it by gambling was bad. However, the young Russian went forward; and on the last day of the year, amid the breathless excitement of the dense crowd, he carried off the whole sum. "A happy and a successful man," many a one would say. Now, what should he do? The money was safe in his pocket. Should he keep watch and ward all night, and go straight home to help his mother? Reason and judgment said "Yes." The next day came, and with it a wild temptation to go down to the Casino, and to increase—perhaps double—his money at the roulette table. He was in a run of luck, and why shouldn't it run on? He went down. In about half-an-hour he had lost his all, and in desperation he took his own life.

AN ELDER'S DREAM.

An old church record in Scotland states that an elder disputed angrily at a church meeting until he had broken his minister's heart. During the night he had a dream which deeply impressed him. Next morning his wife said to him, "Ye look very sad, Jan; what is the matter wi' yei?" He replied, "And well I am, for I have had a dream that I had hard words with our minister, and he went home and died, and soon after I died, too, and I dreamed that I went up to heaven, and when I got to the gate out came the minister, and he put out his hands to welcome me, saying, 'Come along Jan, there's nae strife up here; I'm sae glad to see ye!'" So the elder hastened to the minister's house to ask his pardon, but found, in very truth, that he was dead. The fact so affected him that within a fortnight he followed his pastor to the skies. Let us hope that the rest of the dream proved true likewise.



Calling to thee.

"Arise, he calleth thee."—Mark 10: 49.

Grace J Frances. Hubert P. Main

1. Out on the mount-ain, sad and for-sak-en, Lost in its
2. Far on the mount-ain, why wilt thou wan-der? Deep er in
3. Flee from thy bond-age, Je-sus will help thee, On-ly be-
ma-zes, no light can'st thou see; Yet in His mer-cy,
dark-ness thy path-way will be; Turn from thy roam-ing,
lieve Him, and thou shalt be free; Won-der-ful mer-cy,
full of com-pass-ion, Lo! the Good Shep-herd is call-ing to thee.
fly from its dangers, While the Good Shep-herd is call-ing to thee.
boundless com-pass-ion, Still the Good Shep-herd is call-ing to thee.
Chorus.
Call-ing to thee, call-ing to thee; Je-sus is call-ing, "Come unto Me,"
Call-ing to thee, call-ing to thee, Hear the Good Shepherd calling to thee.

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MY PRAYER

In thy secret place most holy
Let me hide:
Let me bring to thee my troubles,
And confide.

Turn me not away, Oh Father,
In distress,
I have sought thy secret presence,
Now, oh bless.

If I wander from the pathway—
Lose my track;
Draw me with thy chords of mercy,
Draw me back!

And when life's o'er, may I triumph
In thy love;
Then receive me in that glorious
Home above.

There to join the mighty chorus
Of the blest;
Who, once burdened down with trials,
Now find rest.—Ernest W. Ide

A KINDLY DEED.

A kindly deed
Is a little seed,
That groweth all unseen;
And lo, when none
Do look thereon,
Anew it springeth green!

A friendly look
Is a better book
For precept, than you'll find
'Mong the sages wise,
Or the libraries
With their priceless wealth of mind.

The little dole
Of a humble soul,
In all sincereness given,
Is like the wings
Of the lark, as it springs,
Singing clear to the gates of heaven.

The Seventieth Week.

The Events of the Last of the Seventy Seven-Year Periods of Daniel's Vision.

BY REV. A. J. STEED.*

In a previous article [published in this journal on July 5] I showed that the events of the seventieth of the seven-year periods described to Daniel by the angel (Dan. 9: 24-27) have never taken place; from which we conclude that the seventieth period is still to be fulfilled. The 25th verse brings us down to the 69th week. After the 69th week, the Jews crucify Christ. They are then punished for their wickedness. The Romans come upon them under Titus. They massacre thousands of them, and destroy their city and sanctuary. These Jews then become a scattered people. They cease to exist as a nation. And so the stream of time, in the whole period of the seventy weeks ceases to run. The stream is cut off. A gap follows. And we are living in the gap now. The stream of the period of the seventy years, which is determined upon the Jews and upon their city is still at a standstill. It has yet one more period of seven years to go; and then the seventy weeks will be up.

And now we come to the final seven years in the period of seventy weeks. And what is the history of those seven final years. The words of Scripture are, "And he shall confirm a covenant with many for a week, and in the midst of the week he shall cause the sacrifice and the oblation to cease, and for the spread of abomination, he shall make it desolate, even until the consummation, and that determined shall be poured upon the desolator." During the final seven years, then, the following events are to occur:

(a) A covenant is to be made with the Jews.

(b) That covenant is to be broken in the midst of the seven years.

(c) The covenant-maker and the covenant-breaker is then to spread abominations in the city of Jerusalem.

(d) And this spreading of abomination is to continue to the end (3 1-2 years) when that determined shall be poured upon the desolator. Now all this refers to Antichrist—the prince, whose future and certain coming is spoken of in the 26th verse.

Now what had Daniel seen in the vision recorded in the 8th chapter. He had seen a little horn arise in the midst of four horns. This horn waxed great; and it magnified itself even to Christ; took away the daily sacrifice; and trampled truth to the ground. What was the interpretation which Gabriel gave to Daniel of this strange vision? He told him that that horn represented the rising of a king of a fierce countenance; that that king would destroy many; that he would act most wickedly; and that, at last, he would be destroyed without hands, *i. e.* destroyed by Christ without human agency.

Now surely it is impossible to read the details of the vision, respecting the little horn, and Gabriel's interpretation of those details, side by side with what is written in this 27th verse, without at once seeing that the one who is spoken of in the 27th verse is and must be identical with the wicked one seen in the vision. Yes, this 27th verse is about the Antichrist. The one referred to in this 27th verse is the one spoken of in the 8th chapter of Daniel, who is said to be a king of fierce countenance, and to trample truth to the ground, and to take away the daily sacrifice, and, at last, to be destroyed without hands.

Now, the question is, when do we expect these final seven years to begin? Why, we expect them to begin very, very shortly. The Jews are fast going back to their own land, Palestine. The Exodus of the Jews from different parts of the earth, to Palestine, is something most remarkable. And this return of the Jews must lead to the establishment of their national existence, which event is to mark the last days of this Age. But in addition to the return of the Jews, Scriptural computations based upon different lines, are being made in the present day, and all converge around one point, and that is, that these seven years are close upon us. All students of prophecy concur in believing that, during the next few years, we shall see many wonderful changes and events taking place, in fulfilment of all prophecy, which has to do with the last days of this Age. And who is not glad thereof? Surely as we think of the glories of the Millennium, and hear the voice of the King saying: "Behold, I come quickly," we cannot refrain from raising our voices in one great and prolonged shout: "Even so, Lord Jesus, Come!"

* [illegible] author of "The Impending Conflict;" "The Prophetic Period commencing with the Present Revolution;" "Palestine Gleanings," etc.

SUFFERING FOR CHRIST.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Aug. 13. Acts 21: 30-36; Phil 1: 29

SINCE religion has become fashionable, suffering for Christ, in the form it assumed in the early days of Christianity, has not been common. But it would be a mistake to conclude that the Christian is relieved of the duty of cross-bearing. It is still true that they who would live godly in the world must suffer persecution. Many a Christian workingman in his shop, many a soldier in a barrack-room, many a boy in boarding-school, many a Christian woman with an unbelieving husband could tell stories of bitter persecution, still. The offence of the cross has not ceased. It is true that not all suffer who bear the name of Christians. Some escape because their religion goes no deeper than the name. A man may lead a good moral life and attend church regularly without incurring hostility; but he cannot escape it if he attempts to put in practice the teaching of Christ, such as we have in the Sermon on the Mount. Obloquy, scorn, contempt and the charge of fanaticism will surely be the result of such an attempt. The man who is "righteous overmuch" is not esteemed in our day any more highly than he was in the day of Solomon. There are many business men still who complain that it would be very expensive to keep a conscience. They would suffer in pocket by doing so. They would suffer in reputation too as smart business men. If a man were to declare that he would not defend a lawsuit because Christ had commanded that if a man is sued at law and loses his coat he shall not resist even if he lose his cloak also, what would be said of him? In the matter of relieving the poor, Christ would have his follower give so liberally that he should not keep two coats, if he knew of a brother who was without one. If a Christian man in our day gave to that extent he would suffer not only in estate but in reputation for he would be regarded as insane. Even the clergyman who dares preach against a sin in which one of his leading pew-holders indulges, is considered lacking in prudence. But this age is not destitute of Christian heroism. There are still many who are willing to sacrifice anything and everything for Christ The wealthy and cultured men and women who have gone to live in the slums that they may help the poor; and the thousands of missionaries who have gone to Africa and China and Turkey, taking their lives in their hands, are conspicuous examples. Of all such, and many others of whom the world hears nothing, but who are living and suffering for Christ, the promise still holds good that they who suffer with him shall reign with him.

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ECHOES OF CLEVELAND CONFERENCE

Among the noteworthy utterances at the great Epworth League Conference were the following: Bishop Fitzgerald reminded the Conference that the League was born in Cleveland, and that it was there that Helman, its originator and its earliest friends and supporters live. The question had been asked, "Why not have a League that is not peculiar to Methodism?" The answer was that the Methodist Church has things it wants to set forth which cannot be set forth unless in a body in which all agree. There are many points in which Methodists do not agree with others, and there are other points upon which Methodists desire to lay special emphasis. The Bishop thought that the answer fully justified the existence of the League as an organization separate and distinct from an inter-denominational Society. — Dr. W. H. Withrow said that there were more than one thousand Chapters in Canada although the church membership was only one-tenth that of the church in the United States. The Canadian organ of the League had a circulation relatively much greater than the *Epworth Herald*. The solidarity of young Methodism throughout the continent was a most hopeful sign of future greatness. They must not suppose that religious union meant future political union. As the Doctor once told General Grant, Canada was much too democratic to be satisfied with the constitution of the United States. When Canada wished to change its policy or its political leaders, it did so promptly and did not have to wait for the end of a four-years' term to do so.—Bishop Ninde said: "The Epworth League hss been criticised because it is a Methodist institution. The criticism is not kind or just. Methodists believe that they can best serve the common cause by training their young people in their own way and along their own lines. No wise man will deny the right of Methodism to thus train her young people. The division of the body of believers into denominations is not an unmixed evil. There is a certain picturesqueness in denominationalism."—On the motion of Bishop Fitzgerald, the following resolution was adopted by the conference: Resolved, That we have heard with great satisfaction of the action of the Epworth League cabinet of the Methodist Episcopal Church in ordering its exhibits removed from the grounds of the Columbian Exposition, and we heartily congratulate world-wide Methodism upon this wise and consistent action.

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A NEW RAILROAD Y. M. C. A.

On this page is a picture of the new building now in course of erection in Philadelphia for the Pennsylvania Railroad Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. Its corner-stone was laid a few weeks ago by President George B. Roberts of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and the building is making rapid progress. It is being constructed of gray stone, tiled brick trimmings, and will have a frontage of 115 feet on Westminster Avenue and 70 feet on Forty-first Street. On the ground floor will be a gymnasium, with baths, a running track and a hand-ball court. The first floor will contain a large reception room, reading and smoking rooms and library. The entertainment hall will be provided with 825 seats, and on the second floor will also be a lecture-room, parlor, kitchen and class rooms.

The Association has been in existence seven years. It started with only five members but has now over two hundred, a large proportion of whom are now on the active list. President Roberts in his address at the ceremony of laying the stone bore testimony to the excellent results of the Association's work among the employees of the road, in which he was supported by Mr. J. O A. Herring of the Adams Express Company. The latter made a lengthy speech in which he dwelt on the mutual advantages of the Association to employers and employees in introducing and fostering relations outside the purely business relation, which drew them together and encouraged reciprocal kindnesses. State Secretary Hurlburd and International Secretary R. C. Morse responded to the cordial speeches of the railroad officials and expressed their gratification at the excellent arrangements for the new building.

The New Building of the Pennsylvania Railroad Y. M. C. A.

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THE B. Y. P. U. CONVENTION

An immense gathering filled the great Tomlinson Hall at Indianapolis, at the opening of the third Convention of the Baptist Young People's Union. President Chapman was in his place and gave the delegates hearty greeting. He congratulated the Convention upon the rapidity and magnitude of the Union's growth during the two years of its existence. There had been no time when, notwithstanding the difficulties they had met, they had cause to doubt God's hand in the work they had been seeking to do. The report of the Board of Managers which was read by the General Secretary, Dr. F. L. Wilkins, showed that the Union is steadily growing. One new Provincial Union and six new State Unions have been organized during the year. There were still, however, 26,000 Baptist churches which had not organized Unions. Much missionary work had been done, and the President, busy business man as he is, had travelled no less than seventeen thousand miles during the year in his efforts to extend the organization. The three and a half million Baptists in the country were surely awaking to the value of the Union and next year would witness a larger advance than any previous year. Reciting at length the formal endorsement of the Baptist Young People's Union at Denver and Nashville, Dr. Wilkins reminded the Convention that it was pledged to buttress the work of each of the great Baptist missionary societies, and to make more effective along all lines the work of the individual church. Educationally, the Union had endeavored to carry out the plans outlined at the last Convention, and had been efficiently aided by Professor Ira M. Price, Dr. David Spencer, of Racine, Wis., and the Rev. O. C. S. Wallace. At the examination held in May last, 347 successful papers had been presented, and three prize banners would be presented to the State or Provincial Unions whose total local records represented the highest standing in the three courses of study pursued during the year, viz.: Bible reading, study in the life of Christ, and conquest meeting observance. As to the future courses of study, Dr. Wilkins said: "So great has been the encouragement received, that larger things will be attempted in the future under the general designation of 'Christian Culture Courses,' popularly known as 'the three C's.' These courses will complete the reading of the historical books of the Bible under the direction (as heretofore) of Professor Price and Dr. Spencer. The conquest missionary course will complete the popular themes already announced, in January, 1894, and will be under the direction of Mrs. Sophia Bronson Titterington, the well-known authoress. The sacred literature course will be in the care of Mr. Henry C. Vedder, and will be under the title of 'The Dawn of Christianity, or Studies in the Apostolic Church.' Besides these the pastor's lecture course, which was largely adopted during the past year, it is hoped to carry out more extensively in the year to come. The best results of the year, however, remain to be mentioned under the last designation of Enlistment. At Detroit the prayer had been that the members of the Union might be harvesters in the kingdom of the Lord. We pledged to him and to each other that we would each try to win one soul during the year. In consequence hundreds of churches have been stirred with revival influences, conversions, and baptisms have followed, and hosts of our associate members have been persuaded to confess Christ as their Saviour. Much valuable work has also been done in asylums and jails, in the homes of the poor, and in mission Sunday Schools."

The *Prize Banners* to which the Secretary referred were presented to the following unions: To the union of the Maritime Provinces for excellence of record in the study of the life of Christ This will ultimately be given to the Young People's Society of the church at Amherst, Nova Scotia. The second banner won by the society of the Waterman church, Illinois, was for excellence of record in the "conquest meeting" observance. The third banner, for excellence of record in daily Bible reading, was conferred upon the society at Brookings, S. Dak.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, John H. Chapman of Illinois; Vice-Presidents (in the order named), Frank H. Field of New York, Rev. George B. Eager of Alabama and A. A. Ayer of Toronto; Recording Secretary, A. M. Brinckle of Pennsylvania; Treasurer, J. O. Staples of Illinois. Vacancies on the Board of Managers were filled by the election of A. E. Baten Texas; Thos. Urquhart, Ontario; George Anderson, Mississippi; C. H. Holden, North Dakota; President Sutherland, Nebraska; D. B. Oviatt, Wyoming; W. S. Pennick, Louisiana; W. S. Roberts, Vermont; G. B. Taylor, Georgia; E. W. White, Wisconsin, S. E. Price, Minnesota.

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AMONG THE ORDERS.

At Frankfort, Ind., the Presbyterian Christian Endeavor Society has established a flourishing missionary library. These workers have also been holding regular Sunday afternoon and occasional week-day services in the part of the city where few, if any, of the people attend church. The results have been most encouraging.

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An enthusastic convention of the Baptist Young People's Unions of the State of Washington was held recently in the First Church, Tacoma, Wash. It was conducted by Rev. C. C. Marston, missionary evangelist of the Northwest Convention. There was a large attendance and the reports indicated rapid growth and general appreciation of the benefits of union.

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A Baptist Young People's Union has just been organized in the Main St. Church in St. John, N. B. It starts with a large membership composed almost entirely of active members. The Secretary says "We believe that our Society will be the means of uniting us in Christian work, and of quickening the spiritual life of the whole church. We have organized for work."

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The Young People's Societies of the Illinois Swedish Baptist Conference held a meeting recently to organize a State Union. This was the first meeting of the kind in this country, and it speaks much for the rapid growth and the practicable phases of the B. Y. P. U. movement.

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The St. Louis Young Men's Christian Association has purchased the northeast corner of Grand and Franklin avenues as the site of its new central building. The lot is 103 by 172 feet in size and cost $51,250. The location is a most imposing one. The new building will face the entrance of Vandeventer Pl.

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The Epworth League is flourishing in Italy. The first branch organized in Rome near the close of the year 1890, by Dr. William Burt. The League is now duly organized in Rome, Milan, Turin, San Marzano, Adria, Florence, Pisa, Foggia and Palermo, and numbers 207 active members.

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On one Sunday recently the members of the Junior Christian Endeavor Society of the South End Tabernacle, Boston, carried out to the hospitals nearly one hundred bunches of violets, each bearing its precious verse of comfort.

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The Young Men's Evangelical League of St. Petersburg has just celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary. During its existence the League has had 511 members.

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The Central International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations at Geneva, have set apart November 12-19 as the week of universal prayer for young men.

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A number of members of the Young Men's Christian Association of London recently organized a walking tour in the Highlands of Scotland. The tour has been very successful. The party had a large evangelistic meeting at Kingussie, which it is believed will result in the formation of a Y.M.C.A. at that place.

BUT A DAY.

We should fill the hours with the sweetest things
If we had but a day;
We should drink alone at the purest springs
On our upward way;
We should love with a life-time's love in an hour
If the hours were few;
We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresher power
To be and to do.

We should waste no moments in weak regret
If the day were but one;
If what we remember and what we forget
Went out with the sun,
We should be from our clamorous selves set free
To work or to pray,
And to be what the Father would have us be,
If we had but a day.

—Mary L. Dickinson.

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Workers in Jerusalem.

Some of the Industries that are Carried on there—The Cotton Carders and their Manner of Living.

JERUSALEM cannot, in the strict modern sense, be called a manufacturing or commercial city, yet there are many thriving industries conducted among its people. In ancient times, when the Holy City was indeed "the glory of the whole earth," the tradesmen of Jerusalem were at the very head of their different handicrafts. Goldsmiths and silversmiths plied their delicate arts in open booths or lightly enclosed shops; coppersmiths beat out trays, basins and pitchers of renowned patterns, armorers fashioned swords and spear-heads for the nations round about; brass-founders, and the makers of household and artistic implements; builders, the dealres in gems and all sorts of precious stones, the carvers of wood, ivory and ebony, and the stone-cutters, masons, carpenters, brick-makers, potters, tanners, tailors, bakers and tent-makers all combined to make the capital city of David and Solomon a bustling, active metropolis.

Not the least important of the industries that still remain to Jerusalem are those of the weaver and spinner. In the manufactures of cloth and fine linen, the East has never been excelled. The Bible tells us that in the days of Amos, rich men lay on couches of damask. The Tyrian bride of the King of Israel had garments that were inwrought with threads of gold. Curtains and tapestries were inwoven with the richest of figured and floral designs. Damascus still retains something of its oldtime supremacy in this respect, but Jerusalem holds but the shadow of its ancient pre-eminence.

The illustration on this page shows a group of cotton carders at work in the court of a building in Jerusalem. The cotton carders are chiefly Jews who, if not in possession of a small store or workshop, go about from house to house where they get more or less work to do. Their usual charge is from ten to fifteen cents for six pounds of cotton, the employers also supplying the worker with food meanwhile. The latter is usually very plain, consisting of bread and a dish of olives. These carders are also usually skilled upholsterers. When called to the villages round about, where money is scarce, they are paid in chickens, eggs, dried figs or raisins. Each carder has an overdress made of cotton, long and wide enough to wrap the whole body, which, with light undergarments, a fez and shoes, constitute the entire costume.

An instrument for carding (such as that shown in the picture), costs very little and can be used for years. It is a piece of wood in the form of a bow, to which a string is attached, which is beaten by a mallet till the the quantity of cotton or wool is carded. The carders are called in Palestine "Faddafeen," and their instrument "Kos." During the cold weather they stay in town and in summer travel about in search of work among the peasants and farmers.

ORIENTAL COTTON-CARDERS AT WORK.

From a Photograph obtained in Palestine by Rev. Dr. Talmage.

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Home the School of Manners.

The only way to make the world a better place to live in, is for each individual to make himself a better person to live with. How to live with others is therefore the great question for every human being. The most trying place in which to start is the home, the family itself; and yet the home is the great school of manners and for the education of the heart. The very certainty of responsive family affection may easily develop disregard for the restraints and requirements of the wholesome rule. It is using a dangerous license that because this affection is natural, and is tolerant, forgiving and charitable, it can not be abused, and that a carelessness in the treatment of others which would be intolerant and impossible elsewhere is permissible and defensible in the family circle. If in the narrow relations of the family, of marriage and fraternity, people scrupulously and sensitively regard each other, they will acquire a habit which will enable them to live with all other people, however and wherever they encounter them.

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The Flowers and the Children.

How the little folks revel amid the flowery fields at this delightful season! Let a child loose in a clover patch or in a wild flower bank and it will spend hours and hours in innocent enjoyment and sweet prattle; communing with the buttercups, the daisies, the pinks and the roving honeysuckle that twines in and out among the hedges. All the poets are singing of flowers just now, and it seems as though they sung specially for the children. Mary N. Prescott prettily says:

If the buttercups could sing,
What a pretty ting-a-ling
We should hear in summer time.
Could the daisies pipe a strain
It would be like falling rain—
Just a silvery chime.

James Whitcomb Riley who lives among the flowers all the year round, has this:

I never set foot on a clover field now,
Or stroll round the stable, or climb in the mow,
But my childhood comes back just as clear and as plain
As the smell of the clover I'm sniffin' again:
And I wander away in a bare footed dream,
Where I tangle my toes in the blossoms that gleam
With the dew of the dawn of the morning of love.
Ere it wept o'er the graves that I'm weeping above.

And another writer sings of the clover, too:

It's queer that one clover blossom
Is white, and another red,
When the same black earth surrounds them,
The same rain waters their bed.
It's queer that of all those wonders
We take so little heed,
And that as for feeling thankful,
We seldom see the need.

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One Girl's Cinderella Coach.

A ranch-owner in Goleta, Santa Barbara Co., Cal., had growing upon his place some enormous squashes, one of which was so large that he had it hollowed out to make, as he said, a Cinderella coach for his little girl. He was expecting a visit from an eastern friend, and after the guest came, accompanied by his little girl, was showing him over the ranch. Giving his daughter a sly look, which she understood, she slipped away and ran and got into the squash. As he was going over the field he said to his friend, "You may not believe it, but sometimes we have little girls in our squashes, and I shouldn't wonder if there is one in this one." So saying, he tapped the squash, the side fell apart and out from the middle sprang his little girl. It is said the eastern gentleman was so astonished that his face turned white! Probably it was white before; but the rest of the story is true. This squash was over three feet in length and weighed two hundred and fifty pounds.

A CLERICAL FARMER

THE average taste developes a more or less bucolic strain in the summer season when the meadows smell of new hay and the hedge-rows are all abloom. Every year a certain class of people are smitten with the farming craze. Rev. Dr. Talmage thus relates a typical experience:

"Clerical farming does pay. Notwithstanding a weasel invaded the poultry-yard, and here and there a chicken died of the 'gaps,' and one of the frosts saved us a great deal of trouble picking peaches, and one day, in the process of making butter, 'soda-ash' was taken for salt, and the caterpillars of our neighborhood were very fond of celery, and the drinking of milk without any chalk at first made us all sick—the shock too sudden for the constitution—still we feel that we made our fortune last summer. With a long-handled hoe we turned up more than our neigbors dreamt of. Our first cow has furnished the cream of a good many jokes to our witty visitors, and stands, I warrant, this cold day, chewing her cud like a philosopher—the calmness of the summer's pasture-field sweeping from her nostrils. Gentle thing! When the city boy came out, and played 'Catch', running under her, or afterward standing on both sides, four boys milking at once, she dissented not. May she never want for milk or slops!

"We were largely successful with one of our two pigs. Our taste may not be thoroughly cultured, but we think a pig of six weeks is positively handsome. It has such an innocent look out of its eyes, and a voice so capable of nice shades of inflection, whether expressive of alarm or want. Such a cunning wink of the nose, such artistic twist of the tail! Our geese too, flourished. Much-maligned birds! They are wise instead of foolish, save in the one item of not knowing how to lower their necks when you want them to go under the fence. (Who of us has not one weak point of character?) They are affectionate, and die if shut up alone, and with wild outcry sympathize with any unfortunate comrade whose feathers have been plucked.

"If a city clergyman have no higher idea than a crop of turnips or corn, he had better not take a farm. It will be cheaper to let somebody else's hen lay the eggs, and to buy your tomatoes by the peck. But he who would like to look out of his window to see "rain on the new-mown grass," and at five o'clock would love to walk out and see 'the day-spring from on high,' or in the garden hear Christ preaching from the text, 'Consider the lilies,' or watch God feeding the raven, or see him him clothing 'the grass of the field,' or in the gush of full moonlight learn the sweetness of the promise, 'At evening tide it shall be light,'—let such a minister get a place in the country, and spend the weeks that he has usually passed among the bright shawls of starched watering-place, with his coat off, in check shirt, and coarse boots, listening while 'mountains and all hills, fruitful trees and all cedars, beasts and all cattle, creeping things, and flying fowl' at matins and vespers praise the Lord; geranium and branch of apple-blossoms swinging their censers."

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A Queen's Advice to a Girl.

A young lady whose father held a high official position, enjoyed the honor of a luncheon with Queen Victoria, previous to leaving for the East, where her father was going as an ambassador. After the lunch the Queen taking her hands, said, "You are of the same age that I was, when I was called to the duties of Queen of England. You are now going to take your dead mamma's place at the head of your father's household. I do not expect you at once to do all that your mother was able to do. I shall not advise you about this duty or that in detail. Knowledge will come with the everyday requirements of the position. But I wish you to carry out with you one suggestion from me which I hope you will not forget. You will meet many people, whom you will not understand, and many whom you cannot love. Bury the bad in people and always seek for the good. Do this, and with the intelligence and good judgment which you have, England will honor you as she honored your mother."

CHAPTER I.

THE OLD MAN'S WILL.

"To my eldest grandson, Guy Monkswold Dangerfield."

A sudden deep breath of relief telling of release from great tension of mind passed Mrs. Dangerfield's lips at the sound of these words. The lawyer continued his reading in the cold, mechanical way peculiar to his profession, but all uncertainty and excitement was now at an end. Mrs. Dangerfield hardly listened to the peroration. The fine property and the bulk of her father-in-law's large fortune had been secured to her son, and she was content. She had always felt—and few who knew the circumstances of the case would differ from her—that in common justice this was the right disposition to make and yet the harsh, suspicious nature of the hard old man whose house she had kept for so many years had rendered her painfully uncertain as to his intentions toward her and hers. She had played a daughter's part to him as faithfully and dutifully as she knew how both during her husband's life time, and also during the three years of her widowhood: and yet she had never felt that she drew any nearer to the misanthropic old man, or that he ever truly liked or trusted her. She had always felt that he bore her a certain amount of tacit hostility—that he half resented the presence of herself and her children in his house, and even when he lay upon his death bed, and told her that he thought she would have no reasonable ground of complaint with his will, there had been a gleam almost as of malice in his half closed eyes, and she had felt more uncertain than ever as to the disposition he might have chosen to have made with regard to his property. Men had been known before this to will away their own in extraordinary fashions and to forget the claims of those nearest and dearest to them and Mr. Dangerfield had long been regarded by those who knew him best as a very eccentric man, so that the relief of the present moment was intense.

Twenty thousand to herself for life, and ten thousand settled absolutely on each of his grandchildren, the London house bought latterly and independent of the estate to her second son Fulk—always as it seemed the old man's favorite—and the estate and the bulk of the large fortune to Monk, as her eldest boy had always been called—what could be more just and thoroughly satisfactory in every way? The very intensity of her relief told Mrs. Dangerfield how very uncertain she had been all this time as to the old man's intention toward her and hers.

For there was a hidden skeleton in the cupboard ever present in the mind of this ambitious woman, a secret fear which never let her rest. Nor was this fear altogether unreasonable: for her husband, Charles Dangerfield—steady, trustworthy, dependable, Charles, was not the eldest son of the cynical old man. The eldest son, the wild scape-grace, Guy, had quarrelled with his father and had left home in a towering rage two years before Mrs. Dangerfield had ever entered it, and his name, so far as she knew had never since passed his father's lips. There had not been the ghost of an attempt at reconciliation all these years. Nobody knew [illegible] become of the run-away, or whether he were alive or dead. It hardly seemed probable that the silence of years would ever be broken. Yet Mrs. Dangerfield had never felt safe. She had an instinct that her father-in-law cared more for his lost eldest son than for Charles, his wife, and children all put together. Indeed her husband had told her again and again how proud he had always been of Guy, how well [illegible] stand one another, how Guy with all his recklessness and insubordination was dearer to the old man's heart than the lad who had never given him an hour's anxiety, and how that heart had been half broken by the quarrel which had darkened his home for him for ever.

There must have been something fascinating about the lost Guy, for his brother would kindle into enthusiasm when he spoke of him, and though he had profited from a worldly standpoint through the quarrel, he never ceased to lament it: and up to the very day of his death he hoped to see the reconciliation, and to yield his place as eldest son to the brother whose right came before his own.

It was hardly unnatural that his wife did not share these hopes. She had never seen Guy, who was nothing but a name to her, and she, not without reason, considered that Charles had won the position he now held by the right of solid merit. It was he who had watched over his father's declining years, and borne with his trying temper and changing moods, and had played the part of the dutiful son of the house. He had given up all chance of pushing his own way in the world so that his father should not be left alone, and it seemed only common justice that his eldest son should be looked upon as the heir. No objection had been raised to the name of Guy—the regular family name for the eldest son of the house—when it had been suggested for the eldest son of Charles; but it had seemed to grate on the old man's ears when they had begun to call the child by it, and so it had gradually dropped into disuse, and his second name substituted and his brothers and sisters knew him by no other.

Monkswold was the maiden name of the old man's wife, the mother of Guy and Charles, a loving and lovely woman, idolized both by her husband and sons, in whose lifetime there had been none of the troubles and discords which had led to the final rupture between father and son. It had pleased the old man that her name had been revived in her grandson, and Monk was in better favor with his grandsire after the Guy had been completely dropped.

Mrs. Dangerfield's mind had glanced back through the vista of the ten years of her married life, with all its conflicting hopes and fears, whilst the lawyer was finishing the reading of the will.

The few guests who had been present at the ceremony were already taking their leave, with little formal speeches of mingled condolence and congratulation. The short winter's day was drawing to a close and they were anxious to be moving. They were only friends, not relatives, for the Dangerfields were very much alone in the world. The family lawyer who was joint trustee with Mrs. Dangerfield for the children, was the only guest sleeping in the house, and when the room had emptied itself of visitors and the old servants who had been admitted to the reading of the will, and who had all been remembered by their late master in a substantial manner, he turned to the lady and said:

"I suppose I may congratulate you in the name of your son—on his behalf, I ought to say."

"Thank you, Mr. Lumly. I will not pretend that I feel no relief at this certainty. Mr. Dangerfied was a man upon whose good will there was no depending."

"Just so, and in this case there was an element of uncertainty independent of idiosyncracy of temperament. I presume nothing has been heard of or from the lost son?"

"Nothing at all. My own impression is that he has been long dead. I think that has been the impression of his father for many years."

"There is no suspicion that he ever married?"

"Not that I have ever heard. My husband certainly knew nothing in his lifetime, and my father-in-law never mentioned the name of his eldest son in my hearing. You know nothing yourself, I suppose?"

"No. I merely ask as executor to this will: for if Guy had married and had children, each of them would be entitled to the ten thousand pounds Mr. Dangerfield has bequeathed to each of his grandchildren without specifying them by name."

"I see. I had not thought of that. If by chance there should be a large family in existence somewhere, it would make a large hole in the fortune otherwise coming intact to Monk."

"Well, my dear madam, with a long minority before us, the estate could bear a good drain upon it. Your whole family is amply provided for in all cases. The money accumulating for them whilst they remain minors will in the case of the younger members almost double itself before they have the handling of it, and the two elder boys have property as well. By the by, did you notice one small peculiarity in the wording of the will?"

"I did not observe any ambiguity."

"No? Well, it is in the expression 'my eldest grandson, Guy Monkswold Dangerfield.' So far as we can tell, Mr. Dangerfield could not have been certain that your eldest son was his eldest grandson."

"But that would not make any difference surely—even if Guy had married and had a son older than Monk?"

"Possibly not, unless he had chanced to hit upon the same name, but there might be the loophole for a quibble under such circumstances. And if would have been far better if my late client would have mentioned your other children by name, instead of lumping them all together in a clause which might include any number of other grandchildren besides. If I had had the drawing of that will I should have taken care that it was less vaguely worded. As it stands it gives the impression that my old friend had some purpose in his mind when he made it—some purpose that does not yet appear. I do not wish in any way to disturb you. I should say that there was little probability of your son's ever being disturbed in his possession of the Dangerfield property; but until we can find traces of the missing Guy, and ascertain whether he is alive or dead and whether or not he is married, it will be impossible to administer this will in a perfectly satisfactory manner; but that of course will be my business to find out. I will make every inquiry. You need not trouble yourself in the matter. There is no reason as things stand at present for you to feel any uneasiness."

Poor Mrs. Dangerfield, it seemed as if she had only escaped from one anxiety to meet with another. When she had heard the terms of the will, she had felt that nothing could now disturb her son in the possession of the family estate; and yet before half an hour had passed new difficulties of which she had not dreamed rose up to confront her. Could it be possible that after all the old man had known something about his lost son, and had framed a will that should benefit him and his, whilst seemingly omitting him altogether? Mr. Dangerfield had always been a shrewd hard-headed man, and it seemed scarcely likely that he would have drawn up this vague and ambiguous will by accident; yet if it had been done of set purpose what could that purpose be? But the widow would not pursue the thought too far. She crushed down her rising suspicions and turned to the lawyer.

"You see no reason, I presume why I and the children should not remain on here? I am the only guardian they have. I suppose we have the right to stay in this place!"

"Certainly, certainly, my dear madam. You must not attach too much importance to the remarks I have just made. I thought it best to mention what struck me, as we are joint executors: but I have not any fear that unpleasantness will arise. There may be more claims upon the property than we know of as yet, but only the very strangest cancatenation of circumstances could disturb your son in his possession of the estate. Indeed I am not certain that anything could really oust him under present circumstances."

"Mrs. Dangerfield breathed a sigh of relief. The shadow lifted itself from her brow.

"I suppose I am prone by nature to fear the worst, and I always had a feeling that my husband was not appreciated by his father, and I am certain Mr. Dangerfield never liked me—"

"O do not say say so, my dear madam. Who could have done more for him than you did?"

"That is hardly the point," answered the lady with one of those strange smiles of hers, so strongly tinged with bitterness. "I did what I could to be a daughter to him, as Charles was certainly the best of sons, but he never cared for either of us as he had cared for Guy. I do not know what the attraction was—and certainly the rupture could not have been more complete, yet he never cared for anyone but his eldest son, and I know in his heart of hearts that he resented our presence in his house and the position we could not help holding there."

"Do you not think you may exaggerate the matter somewhat? No doubt he was very fond of his elder son—but surely if he felt toward him as you describe, he would have sent for him at the last, would have made some overture of a conciliatory character. Had he loved him so tenderly he would hardly have let him vanish without keeping some kind of watch upon his movements. Did he betray no longing for his presence as his death drew near?"

"No, not in the least. Yet I cannot get rid of the impression that Guy held the first place in his heart."

"He may have known of his death," suggested the lawyer musingly.

"He may have done so. I cannot tell. Certainly there was no restlessness or craving for his presence when he lay dying. He spoke once or twice of Charles, but of Guy never once."

"Then I think you may set your mind at rest. He could hardly have kept perfect silence on a point that might affect you so nearly afterwards had he anything to communicate."

And then the interview terminated. Mr. Lumly had letters to write before the afternoon post went out, and Mrs. Dangerfield went upstairs to her children, whom she had hardly seen that day.

The nurseries and children's quarters were in one of the wings of the house well shut off by themselves, as the late master had a great dislike to any noise or tumult connected with the young life upon the place. He had not been at all the ideal grandfather of either life or fiction, and he was sterner towards his grandchildren than he had been to his own sons in their boyish days.

Against Monk he had always seemed to bear a hard grudge, and the boy had never been at ease in his presence. Yolante, who idolized her eldest brother, who was barely a year older than herself, cordially detested the old man who was so harsh and scornful towards him, and it was only Fulk, the second son who seemed exempt from the general fear inspired by the master of the house. The five-year old twins, Humphrey and Cissy, were still too much in the baby stage to have an opinion either for or against the grandfather they seldom saw. He was merely one of the elements of existence, to be accepted without any questioning. They did not enter into the stormy disputes that sometimes went on amongst the others as whether or not he was a detestable old man. Yolante always declared that he was; Fulk was as a rule his champion, whilst good-natured, easy-going Monk generally contented himself with laughing at both the combatants, and vowing that he could not see what on earth all the fuss was about.

The first death in a house always produces a certain effect upon children, and though some of them could remember their father's death they had been sent away from home during his last illness, so that none of the pomp and circumstance of such an event had passed beneath their eyes. But the death of the master of the house had been different, and this very afternoon they had watched with great interest the start and return of the gloomy procession, and had realized better than they had ever done before that they would never see the upright figure, the stern face of the old man again, or start and scutter away into hiding at the sound of his harsh voice.

When the mother entered the large, low-wainscotted room, the children were all gathered together about the glowing hearth. Their first words, however, showed that they were not entirely ignorant of what had been passing downstairs. Some gossip had reached them already, for Yolante at once sprang forward crying out,

"O mamma, is it really true? Is Monk really the master here—as grandpa was till he died?"

"It is true in one sense of the word, though I wish you would not be ready to listen to servants' idle gossip. Some day Monk will be the master here. But at present he is a minor, and will have no more power than he had before: and if he is a wise boy, he will work just as hard as if he had his own living to get, and will not be idle and useless on the strength of his prospects."

Monk understood the spirit of his mother's words if not the exact words themselves, and looked at her with his frank, pleasant smile.

"All right, mamma, I will be a good boy, I don't want to waste my time, for fellows have to know an awful lot now, people say, before they can get into the army."

"And, mamma, shall we all be rich, too?" persisted Yolante, who had a large share of feminine curiosity in her composition, and a good deal more ambition than her brothers.

"My dear child, there is no need at your age to trouble yourself as to whether or not you will be rich. In all probability you will have enough for comfort during your lifetime, and no one need wish for more. Your grandfather has been kind and liberal to us all all, and I hope you will think kindly and gratefully of him now that he is taken away from us; but as for the details, there is no reason why you should trouble your head over them, and I hope you will ask no more questions."

(To be Continued.)

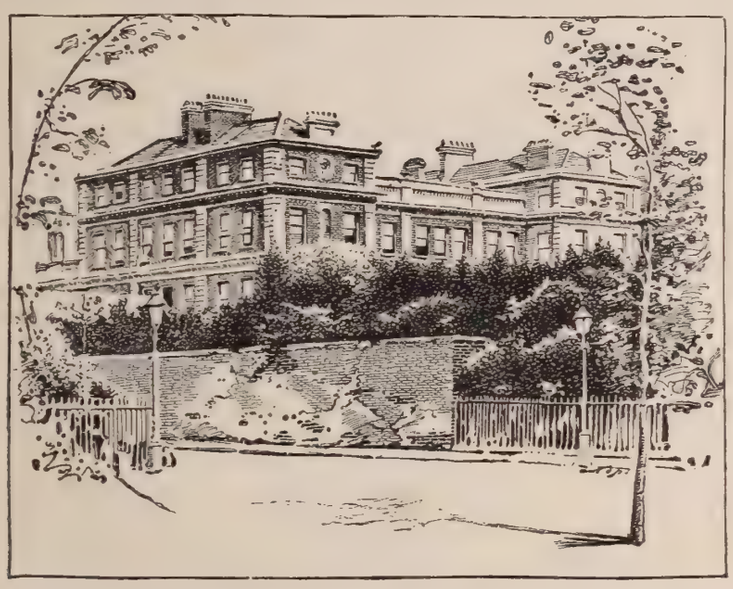
A Journey in Corea.

Dr. W. J. Hall's Fourth Missionary Journey from Seoul into the Interior of Corea.

THE following graphic story of missionary labor, hardship and peril has just come to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from Rev. W. J. Hall, M.D., who, as our readers will remember, is laboring in that distant land as a medical missionary:

Since my last letter to you, I have made another long journey into the interior. I had the pleasure of Mr. Noble's company on this trip, which was my fourth since I came to Seoul. It was wintry weather when we started and our little pack ponies were well loaded with books and medicines and a little foreign food. The weather was still cold, and, although we were very well equipped, we suffered considerably. The rivers were frozen so we could cross them on ice.

One cold morning we came to a man lying in the road. At first we thought he was sick



MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, LONDON, ENGLAND.

(Built for the Conqueror of Benheim and now the town residence of the Prince of Wales)

or drunk, but on closer examination, we found he was dead and frozen stiff. The natives passed by without paying any attention to what seemed to us such a terrible sight. We tried to find out all we could about the case and learned that the poor man had been sick, was without house or friends, and being unable to go farther, and as the night was bitter cold, he had frozen to death. When the sick are without friends here they have a hard time, often they are put out on the city wall to die, and frequently we find them before it is too late and take them to the hospital where they are clothed and fed, and with proper treatment in a good room they soon recover. Many precious lives are saved in this way and led to Christ.

We traveled about thirty miles each day, and as our pack ponies could not go fast we walked most of the time in order to keep warm. Upon arriving at the inns, often we would find them very cold and at other times too hot. The vermin troubled us a great deal, although not so much as in warm weather. The diet was very unpalatable, but hunger soon enabled us to consume a good portion.

After six days' travel we reached Pyong Tang, 180 miles from Seoul. We at once went to a friend's house where I had been entertained last fall. He was one of the Governor's assistants and last summer I was called to treat his son, who was in a dying condition. God blessed the means and speedily restored the boy to health. The gratitude of the parents knew no bounds. They made me several presents of eggs, chickens and ducks. When I returned in the fall I was invited into their home, and given a very pleasant room. What an agreeable change from the filthy inn where I had been stopping in a room eight feet square, in which I had treated my patients one by one, to a place of cleanliness and comfort!

Our new friend manifested a deep interest in Christianity, and would frequently come in late at night after his duties at the Governor's office were done, and we would talk of the things of God until midnight, and then we would kneel together and pour out our hearts to God. We are looking for good results from this seed-sowing. When I went back the second time he said he was more glad to see me than he would be to see his parents, and he wanted me to use everything he had just the same as if it were my own.

Through our native helper we were able to get a place well situated for our work, which I trust will soon be our hospital. As it was in a different section of the city from where I had been before, the people did not know me and they felt uneasy over my presence, and went to the Governor and asked him to remove the foreigner as they were much afraid. The Governor replied, "The foreigner is not a bad man, but a gentleman. He cures the sick and helps the poor. Is he not a good man?" He gave orders to the captain in charge of the district I was in to quiet the people and arrest any giving me trouble. Their fears were allayed, and soon my hands were filled with patients flocking from all parts of the city and surrounding country. Long before the appointed time they would gather on the street in front of the dispensary and wait until the hour arrived.

Before I left Pyong Tang I was treating over sixty patients daily. Others would come for me with chairs carried by coolies and take me to their homes to see the sick unable to come to the dispensary. Nearly every patient bought a Christian book and appeared to be deeply interested in Christianity. We held services with the patients before treating them; and each night and upon Sunday we gathered those together who appeared interested, and further instructed them.

Since returning to Seoul I have received letters urging me to return as soon as I could, that those I had taught met together every Sunday and read the Bible and prayed to God. Others have come the whole distance, six days' journey on foot, for medicine for their friends.

How much we need more workers so that we could stay longer with the people instructing them in the truth. But we did all we could and will leave the result confidently to him to whom all power belongeth in heaven and in earth.

After reaching Pyong Tang we had made only one-fourth of our tour. We went 170 miles farther north, treating the sick, preaching the Gospel and selling Christian books in the cities and towns, through which we passed. Many expressed a desire to become Christians.

In We Chu we had stopped nearly a week before we knew the danger to which we were exposed by our room having just previously been occupied by small-pox patients. In our journeyings, the pack ponies often fell and threw us to the ground. In one place, going over a steep mountain-pass, I was walking behind the pony when it commenced to slide, and soon fell over backwards, rolling with the pack on its back to the base of the mountain! There was just room for me to step aside in a cleft to let it pass by or I would have been crushed. Strange to say the pony appeared but little injured and was able to travel on with us with its load.

The hardships, dangers and privations of the missionary appear as nothing compared with the joy of carrying the blessed tidings of salvation to the lost. We feel that God has a special care over missionaries and suffers not harm to befall them. Oh, that those who are his may place themselves where God can make the most use of their lives in his service!

Not for ease or earthly pleasure
Nor for fame, my prayer shall be,
Gladly will I toil and suffer,
Only let me walk with Thee.

W. J. HALL M.D., American Mission, Seoul, Korea, June 12, 1893.

A FAMOUS ENGLISH MANSION.

THE recent marriage of Prince George of Wales, Duke of York to the Princess Victoria Mary of Teck, (better known as Princess May), has revived the history of Marlborough House, the birthplace of the young bridegroom, who is now heir presumptive to the British throne. This famous old building is shown in the illustration. It is now the town residence of the Prince of Wales and is situated at the end of Pall Mall, in the most exclusive club quarter of London. It is a plain structure but its beautiful surroundings make it sufficiently picturesque.

Marlborough house was built in 1709–10, by Sir Christopher Wren, the famous architect, for John Churchill, the "great Duke" of Marlborough and hero of many battles. The ground was leased to the Duke by Queen Anne. Such was Marlborough's fame and the splendor of his establishment there that it is said he vied with royalty itself in magnificent diplay, and his Duchess used to speak familiarly of "our neighbor, George"—meaning the king, whose palace was nearby. In 1817, the building was purchased by the Crown as a residence for Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold. Queen Adelaide afterward lived there for a time, and at a later date it was given over for the purpose of a gallery in which to display the Vernon and Turner art collections. In 1859, these collections were removed and the mansion was again used as a residence.

THE TABERNACLE FUND.

THE following contributions to the Tabernacle Emergency Fund, received just before the close of the Fund, are now acknowledged:

Minnie Arehart, Kendallville, Ind, $1.; E. M. Allen, Peace Dale, R. I., $1.; John Auracher, Lisbon, Iowa, $10.; Mary Bors, Grand Haven, $2.; Joshua Ziricker, Beverly, Mass., $1.; Henry Bradstreet, Beverly, Mass., $1.; "Three Friends," Beverly, Mass., $3.; Carl A. Carlson, San Francisco, Cal., $2.; James M. Grover, Montesano, Wash., $1.; Mrs. Robert Cruikshank, Montesano, Wash., $1.; Mary De Garmo, Fort Miller, $2.; Mrs. E. Dixon, Waukesha, Wis., $2; Rosalie S. Donald, Brooklyn, N. Y., $2.; J. D., Custer, S. D., $1.; Mrs. Susan L. Douge, Albany, N. Y., $1.; A Sinner, Ont., Can., $2.; A Friend, $5.; John Ricedorf, Donnally's Mills, $20. G. W. Haughmont, Crittendens, Va., $1.; Miss Lucy Johnson, Waupoos, Ont., $2.; Mrs. S. V. Kester, $1.; M. D. Lansford, Boynton, Ga., $1.; Stilman Richardson, Grand, Pa., $5; Mrs. John Marshall Hunters, Hot Springs, Mont., $2.; Arthur Martin, Pittsburg, Pa., $5.; Dr. J. C. McCracken, Cameron, W. Va., and Mary L. McCracken, Cameron, W. Va., $2.; Wm. McEvoy, Manston, $1.; Henry McQuatters, Reedsburg, Wis., $1.; Farmer Miles, Charleston, Ills., $10.; Friends at Calvary, Md., $5.; A. M. Percival, West Derby, Vt., $5.; John F. Prince, Lorain, O., $1.; R. A. Williams, Lake Park, Ga., $1., Walter Ray, Lake Park, Ga., $1.; Maria A. Rogers, London, Eng., $5.; Edward Saxton, Decatur, Ill., $2.; Mrs. C. Seybolt, Keokuk, Iowa., 50 cts.; Tiadaghton S. School, Wellsboro, Pa., 40 cts.; Mollie Sheeks, Mexia, Tex., $1.; Allie Sheeks, Mexia, Tex., $1.; Wm. Stewart, Atkins, Iowa., $1.; Mrs. J. B. Johnson, Atkins, Iowa, $1.; Thomas McGregor, Atkins, Iowa, $1.; Mrs. Susie Callagy, Brooklyn, $1.; Mrs. Amanda Stuchfield, Brooklyn, $1.; A. and S. Tingley, Somerville, N. J., $2.; A Friend, Somerville, N. J., $5.; Mrs. John Wise, Malden, Ill., $2.; David Gill, Rondout, N. Y., $15.; Ed. S. Gillen, Sandwich Islands, $2.; Mrs. M. J. Hopkins, Tacoma, Wash., $1.; Mrs. S. A. Kelley, San Francisco, Cal., $1.; Benj. Traska, Caribou, Me., $1.; John H. Botdorff, Wisconisco, Pa., a bicycle.

THE SILENT PREACHERS.

IT has been impossible to preach the Gospel throughout the vast Empire of China. In many towns it has never yet been preached and could not be unless the force of missionaries was increased a hundredfold. But God's silent messengers in the shape of single Gospels have been sent broadcast and many of the people have been prepared for the coming of the preacher. Rev. E. Pearse, of the China Inland Mission, says: "I was preaching in a country place away from home, and when I had done, an old man of over seventy years of age said to me, 'I have one of your books; I bought it some time ago and read it, and I want to know how to worship the God the book speaks about.' He seemed very anxious to worship God, and I took him to the inn where I was staying, and this old man knelt by my side and repeated after me words of prayer to God in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. When we had finished, he said, 'Now I am going home, and I am an old man, and I cannot go a distance to the city where the missionaries are. I want to worship this God always. Will you write me a prayer, that when you are gone away I may worship God myself?' He was greatly delighted when I gave him a Gospel according to Matthew containing the Lord's Prayer, and showed him how in those words he could worship God day by day. He went away. I never saw that old man again. He was like many others in China, who have bought portions of the Word of God and are waiting as the Ethiopian officer was waiting for some man like Philip to come, so that they may understand what they read."

For a Drink in Fevers

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. C. H. S. DAVIS, Meriden, Conn., says: "I have used it as a pleasant and cooling drink in fevers, and have been very much pleased with it."

In hot weather of midsummer impurities in the blood may seriously annoy you. Expel them by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5.

Nervous Prostration

And **Dyspepsia** in its worst form pulled me down until I could not eat nor sleep and felt if I did not soon get relief, **I should surely die.** As a drowning man catches at a straw, I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and when I had used three bottles I had increased from 125 to 150 pounds, was able to work again and felt a thousand times better. **My friends are surprised** to see such a change. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a wonderful medicine, and its claims are fully justified in my experience." B. C. POWELL, Bigelow, N. Y.

B. C. Powell.

Hood's Sarsaparilla **Cures**

Even when all other medicines fail. Be sure to get **Hood's** and only **Hood's.**

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache. 25c.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

ORIGINATED IN 1810.

THINK OF IT! ALMOST A CENTURY.

Every traveler and family should keep it for Croup, Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Colic, Cramps, Chilblains, Chaps, Soreness in Body or Limbs. Sold everywhere. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

TRUSS DISCARDED FOREVER

RUPTURE CURED

IN FROM 2 TO 5 WEEKS.

A COMPLETE CURE

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No charge for Consultation or Examination, and no detention from business or pleasure. No operation. Highest references. Send for pamphlet.

RADICAL RUPTURE CURE CO.

867 Broadway, cor. 17th St., N. Y.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS

Beware of Imitations.

NOTICE AUTOGRAPH OF Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

THE NEW SYRIAC BIBLE.

(Continued from first page.)

came dissatisfied with his religion, not finding in it that rest for his soul for which he greatly yearned.

He longed to use the Christian Scriptures. He had been told that they contained test proofs of the truth of Mohammedanism, but that the Christians would not let him use their sacred book. Then with grim determination he began to study English in the hope of finding a copy of the Scriptures that would bring to him the lacking proof about his own religion. In this way, he came under the influence of Christian teachers. It was a great joy to his heart when he found that he was allowed to examine the Christian Scriptures, but to his dismay, they contained no such proof of Mohammed's claims as he had hoped to find. This resulted in his accepting Christ as his Master and Saviour.

He was then taken to the Mission Printing Press, learned to compose both in Turkish and Syriac, little imagining at that day, the important service he was to render in Syrian printing in America years afterwards. After a time it became too uncomfortable for him to remain at home and continue the profession of his new faith. He was exposed to no little persecution, and even his near relatives were vehement against him. With a companion who was like himself a convert from Islam to Christianity, he set out on the way to Constantinople, where he sought employment in the bindery of the American Bible House. After some months his friends from Persia recognized him and again his position became one of peril. For months he was compelled to eat and sleep, and live in the Bible House, lest he should encounter some malicious Mohammedan who would decoy him to destruction. At a later date, he found it expedient to come to America, where he secured employment in a bookbindery until the Syrian Bible began to be prepared, when he was engaged exclusively upon the work.

David Ismail is a native of the village of Gulpashan. His mother was a devoted Christian and left a widow early with five children to care for. She secured an education for them all at the Mission village school, with no little self-denial and hardship on her own part. Mr. Ismail's brother is now pastor of an Evangelical church in his native town, one of the largest, wealthiest and most flourishing of all the missionary churches in the Oroomiah field. David has been for some years an elder in this church, and one of its most active and devoted members. He came to this country less than two years ago, to engage upon the printing of the Syrian Bible.

The Nestorians form an ancient Christian sect who take their name from Nestorius, a patriarch of the fifth century, and who followed him in rejecting the statement that "Mary was the mother of God." Originally they dwelt for the most part in the north of Persia, and were far more numerous than now; but the tyrant Tamerlane, in the fourteenth century, came down from Tartary with his hordes and almost annihilated them. Their churches were demolished, their sacred books and literature destroyed, the rivers made red with their blood and only a remnant of them was spared. These escaped to the fastnesses of the Koordish Mountains, where they dwelt among the wild tribes, built simple churches and worshipped after the manner of their fathers. Later, many of them ventured down upon the plains of Persia, where they have since lived, remaining, practically, in villages by themselves, but sometimes obliged to mingle with the Mohammedans and to accept a position of inferiority to these.

After many such persecutions, with their literature well nigh destroyed, except a few books in manuscript, and these written in the ancient Syriac tongue—this old Church has yet maintained the primitive faith in far greater purity than any other Oriental Church. They have tenaciously clung to their Bibles and reverence them as the very word of God. The Nestorians, in both Persia and Koordistan (under Turkish rule), probably number 75,000 to 100,000 souls, fully 25,000 being in Persia. The A. B. C. F. M. began its missionary work among the Persian Nestorians in 1833. The Presbyterian Board in 1870 ceased its support of [illegible] conduct of "the mission to Persia." In no quarter [illegible] consecration and the American Protestant Churches have sent, as a whole, fully 100 of their noblest sons and daughters to this special [illegible].

The work of evangelization among the [illegible] titudes have been won to Christianity.

THE MARY WASHINGTON'S "NAME FUND"

IN THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of July 12, appeared a chapter selected from *The Story of Mary Washington*, by Marion Harland, a little book published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass., for the benefit of the National Mary Washington Memorial Association. The object of this Association is to build a monument in the memory of the mother of Washington. I said in a foot-note appended to this chapter that if every woman in the United States who bore the name of "Mary," would subscribe twenty-five cents to this movement, it would be speedily erected, and asked such readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as claimed the name, to send this sum to Marion Harland in care of that paper.

To my great gratification, contributions immediately began to flow in upon me. For awhile, I thanked the donors to a cause so dear to me, by personal note. Finding at length, this to be a too-arduous undertaking for one pressed by many duties, I have begged a corner of the courteous editors of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in which to acknowledge these tributes to the memory of a true Christian mother. Should others wish to aid in the work, the above-mentioned proposal is hereby renewed for their benefit.

I am especially touched by the fact that so many Maries who have passed from earth are remembered by loving friends in this list of subscriptions, and wish it were possible or proper for me to transcribe the letters accompanying such tokens of tender recollection, as well as some other which lie upon my desk. Since this cannot be, will the writers accept my sincere thanks for words that are to me like "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

MARION HARLAND.

The following sums have been received during the week:

In memoriam of Mary G., by T. S. G., Cincinnati, O., $1; in memoriam of Mary T. L., Richmond, Va., $1; in memoriam of a Mother, by L.S.D. N., Britain, Ct., 25c.; four Maries of our family, Rye, N. Y., $1; a namesake of Mary Washington, Clifton Station, Va., $1; two mothers, Mary B. and Mary S. J., New London, Ct., 50c; Mary Edith L., reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 25c.; Mary T., Coal City, 25c.; Mary G. R., Swarthmore, $1; Mary A.B.T. (aged 82 years), Pluckemin, N. J., 25c.; Mary C. M., owner of a "Mary Washington Rose," Marshal Co., 50c.; Mary H. W., New York City, 25c.; Mary A. A., Pakamali, Neb., 25c.; Subscriber, New York City, 25c.; Mary R. and Mary C., Hastings, Minn., 50c.; in memoriam of M. M. R., Newark, N. J., $1; Mary M. F., Philadelphia, 25c.; Mary B. W. Germantown, Pa., 25c.; Mary Louise H., Claverack, N.Y., 25c. Total, $10.

A MODERN JONAH.

THE prophet who tried to close his ears to the call of God to unpleasant service has had a number of followers who have come to a sense of their fault without his extraordinary experience. Not long ago a young minister who had received a call to become a foreign missionary, asked a missionary for advice. In reply he gave a piece of his own experience. He said: "A similar call once came to me, but I was prospering in my church, and accordingly responded, 'No.' From that time my troubles began. I felt I no longer had the presence of the Holy Spirit, and I soon lost my influence on my people. Troubles come to my home, and I lacked the sympathy of others. At last I was glad to leave my country and become a foreign missionary, and now I am beginning to realize the joys of obedience but oh, what have I lost through not obeying at first. My young friend, if you are sure you are called to this work, or any work, be prompt. Do not hesitate or delay. It may cost you more than you can conceive to vacillate. Make any sacrifice to go right ahead."

A PEDDLER'S BARGAIN.

ONE of the first diamonds found on the South Africa diamond fields, was picked up by the child of a small farmer, as he was playing beside a brook near his father's cottage. Some months afterward a peddler came to the cottage with a pack on his back. He had brought calico, and cloth, and all manner of things, which he hoped the colonists might buy. As he was displaying his wares, the peddler spied the stone on the shelf. He took it up and examined it, and then asked the mother what she would take for it. She pointed to the child, and said, laughing, "It belongs to that bairn, not to me." The peddled then offered the boy a box of wooden soldiers, worth a few cents in exchange for the stone, and the child gladly accepted his offer. That stone was a very precious jewel. The peddler took it to Capetown where he sold it for a large sum to a jeweler. It is not known precisely how much he obtained but when the jeweler sent it to Europe to be sold he obtained $125,000 for it and it now adorns a royal neck. Neither the child nor its parents was wise enough to know its real value. Similarly multitudes barter away for a mess of pottage, the Pearl of great price which is within the reach of everyone.

Advance in Price of Coal

need not increase the cost of other necessaries. Housekeepers and mothers can still obtain the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk at a reasonable price. Its quality has been maintained for over thirty years without an equal. Grocers and Druggists.

A New Cure for Asthma

Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send your name and address on postal card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free

"Health and Pleasure"

is the title of a handsome book of summer resorts and excursion routes, full of illustrations, containing over 500 pages with map of route from New York to Chicago, via the New York Central Railroad, which will be sent free to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on receipt of ten cents for postage. Address Geo. H. Daniels, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Grand Central Depot New York City

A VALUABLE WORLD'S FAIR BOOK.

The Passenger Department of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company has prepared for general distribution a handsome pamphlet descriptive of the [illegible] attractive features that could from New York to Chicago. The book should prove invaluable to those visiting the World's Fair. In its artistic cover, illustrations and reading matter, it is fully up to the high standard which has been fixed by the B. & O. for publications of this character. The cover, [illegible], has gained for the B. & O. the richly deserved sobriquet of "Picturesque," the public buildings at Washington, old Harper's Ferry [illegible] faithfully portrayed. The value of the publication is increased by descriptions and illustrations of the principal buildings at the World's Fair. This book [illegible] upon application to ticket agents, B. & O. R. R. Co., or you can have it mailed to you by sending name and address [illegible] to Chas. O. Scull, General Passenger Agent, Baltimore, Md. World's Fair tourists should bear in mind that the B. & O. is [illegible] Washington en route to Chicago.

"How Shall I Invest My Money?"

Our little book is sent free. It will help you whether you have little or much.

The Provident Trust Co. 45 Milk St. Boston, Mass.

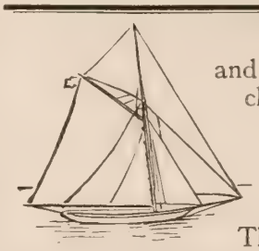
Please mention The Christian Herald.

Boiled baby

was the preference of Charles Lamb.

A lady asked him: "How do you like babies?" He replied: "Boiled, madam." This bachelor sarcasm perhaps arose from the idea of some fond parents that fine clothes make a fine baby; they don't. It is the little fellow inside of the clothes, who has only one tooth and a spectacular smile, dimpling off at the ends of his toes. Pretty dress completes the charm—as it does with everything. Even a watch should have a handsome outside; but the main point is the *time* it keeps. You find all this in the new, **quick-winding** Waterbury.

All jewelers sell it. All styles, $4 to 15. 47



Sailing Away,

and both of them for pleasure,—with the chances for safety in favor of the washboard. In fact, there isn't much chance for safety until it's gone. If you want to keep your clothes, if you don't want them rubbed to pieces—throw it away. Then use Pearline.

That washes clothes without harming them. The washboard wears them out while it's getting them clean. It's rub, rub, rub, and wear, wear, wear, without Pearline. It's work, work, work, too. Pearline takes away the rubbing and takes away the work. There's no use for either, because, asily, quickly, safely, and cheaply, Pearline takes away the dirt.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—*send it back.* 380 JAMES PYLE, New York.

A DELIGHTFUL CHRISTIAN HOME AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

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THE MOUNDS AT NIMROUD.*

MR. LAYARD set out from the Turkish capital in the autumn of 1845, and after a quick journey arrived at Mosul. The Turkish authorities there were not only unwilling to give him any assistance, but determined to throw every obstacle in the way of his undertaking. He was obliged to content himself with commencing the work on a very small scale, and conducting it as far as possible in secret. He purchased some tools and weapons, and giving out that he was going on an expedition to hunt wild boars in the neighborhood, he floated in a raft down the Tigris to the Arab village he had formerly visited, near which lay the ancient mounds that had excited his curiosity. On his arrival he found the place deserted, having been recently plundered by a hostile tribe of desert Arabs. Only a single Arab with his family remained on the desolate scene. The man, however, proved to be the sheik of the village; and when Mr. Layard explained the object of his coming, and promised liberal payment for work done, he willingly undertook to collect a sufficient number of his followers to carry on the excavations. He professed himself well acquainted with the mounds opposite his village, and imparted to Mr. Layard the popular Arab opinion as to their origin and destination. "The palace," said he, "was built by Arthur, the kiayah or lieutenant of Nimrod. Here the holy Abraham, peace be with him, brake in pieces the idols that were worshipped by the unbelievers. The impious Nimrod, enraged by the destruction of his gods, sought to slay Abraham, and waged war against him. But the prophet prayed to God, and said, "Deliver me, O God, from this man, who worships stones, and boasts himself to be the lord of all beings." And God said to him, "How shall I punish him?" and the prophet answered, "To thee armies are as nothing, and the strength and power of men likewise; before the smallest of thy creatures will they perish." And God was pleased at the faith of the prophet, and he sent a gnat, which vexed Nimrod night and day, so that he built a room of glass in yonder palace, that he might dwell therein and shut out the insect. But the gnat entered also, and passed by his ear into his brain, upon which it fed, and increased in size day by day, so that the servants of Nimrod beat his head with a hammer continually, that he might have some ease from his pain, but he died after suffering these torments four hundred years.

One morning, as Mr. Layard was returning from a visit to an Arab encampment in the neighborhood, he was met by two Arabs urging their horses to the top of their speed. "On approaching me," he says, "they stopped. 'Hasten, O Bey!' exclaimed one of them; 'hasten to the diggers, for they have found Nimrod himself. Wallah! it is wonderful, but it is true; we have seen him with our eyes. There is no god but God!' and both joining in this pious exclamation, they galloped off, without further words, in the direction of their tents. On reaching the ruins I descended into the new trench, and found the workmen, who had already seen me as I approached, standing near a heap of baskets and cloaks. Whilst Awad advanced and asked for a present to celebrate the occasion, the Arabs withdrew the screen they had hastily constructed, and disclosed an enormous human head sculptured in full out of the alabaster of the country. They had uncovered the upper part of the figure, the remainder of which was still buried in the earth.

The figure whose discovery was thus greeted proved to be one of the numerous human-headed lions which adorned the gateways and doors of Assurizirpal's palace. Mr. Layard succeeded in removing four of these enormous sculptures from the Nimroud mounds, where they had so long been buried, and in bringing them in safety to England.

THE LITTLE TRAVELER IN THE SNOW.†

THE ghostly mountains rose all around, grim and white against the stormy sky. The wind beat the fine, icy snow against her furiously, blinding her so that she could scarcely see her way, and she was now so stiff with cold that she could hardly drag her numbed limbs along. She reached the narrow, perilous pass, half dead with cold and fatigue, keeping close to the rocks that loomed above her, knowing well that she would be hurled down, down, hundreds of feet below, if the wind should but take her off her feet—poor little feet, so stiff and numb she could hardly step upon them. To add to the terrors creeping over her the short winter day was closing, and darkness was settling over the wild, stormy mountain. A starless night would soon enfold her, and then what should she do if Lone Man's Gulch were not reached?

The terrible pass was made in safety by the lonely little toiler; still no lights shone out from any settlement or cabin. But Nora remembered that it was not yet time for that; she would see the lights, she knew, when she reached the point where the trail took a downward turn. Then she could once more "shoot" over the snowy wastes, down through the woods again—only her feet were so heavy—something seemed to hold her back.

A sleepiness began to steal over her, but she tried to rouse herself, and the story of how the blessed Lord had fasted in the wilderness came into her mind. She wondered dimly if there had been blinding snow and howling winter storm on that sacred mountain so long ago; and she wondered if the Lord had suffered with the bitter cold. But angels had come to him, the Saviour of men, and ministered to him. Mightn't they come also to her, one of his little ones, alone upon the stormy mountain top, for the sake of saving men?

The thought gave her fresh courage, new strength. Through the fast gathering darkness the brave child struggled on, each step growing more uncertain and faltering as the bitter cold now began to gain the mastery.

She passed the point where the trail turned down toward the Gulch, when, her stiffened hands failing to plant her pole, she fell, and unable to regain her footing, sank in a heap upon the snow, with a prayer upon her poor blue lips for the men she was trying to save. God pity her! The camp was so near! Oh! why had her trusty pole failed her just then?

Nora was neither cold nor tired now; beautiful visions flitted before her, though she could not see the twinkling lights of Lone Man's Gulch just below that she had almost reached—that she might have reached but for that slip. The wind became more quiet; it had spent its wild fury, and now sighed through snow-laden pines as if it were sorry—alas! all too late—for its wanton cruelty to so frail and small a creature.

Softly the fleecy snow fell over the quiet form, and soon covered the brave child heart that had risked life itself for the sake of other lives. Just a little mound there was now, over which the snow still fell, all silently, while the repentant wind moaned about it sorrowfully.

Only God and his angels knew what was hidden there under the silent snow on the lonely mountain side.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

John Wesley and his Doctrine, by Rev. W. McDonald; cloth, pp. 149, price 50c. The McDonald & Gill Co., Boston, publishers.

Living Waters, and other addresses, by Rev. Isaac Errett, A.M., LL.D. Cloth, pp. 362, price $1.50. The Standard Pub. Co., Cincinnati, O., publishers.

*From *The Nations Around Israel;* by A. Kenny pp. 331; cloth; illustrated; price $1.25; Macmillan & Co., London and New York, publishers.

†From *The Little Heroine of Poverty Flat*, by Elizabeth Maxwell Comfort, illustrated, pp. 86, price 50 cents. Thomas Whittaker, N. Y., publisher.

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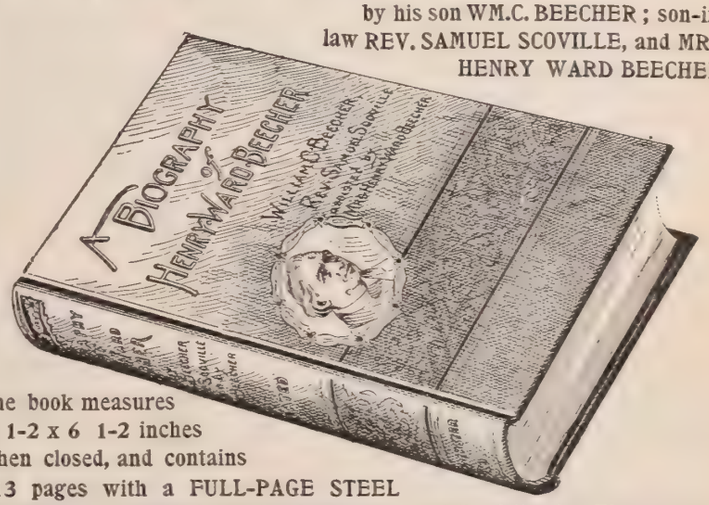

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References: Rev. S. J. McPherson, Pastor Second Presbyterian Church, Chicago. Rev. Dr. [illegible] Campbell, [illegible] Superintendent New York Evangelist [illegible] Secretary Harlan Land Association [illegible] First & Second Bank, Chicago.

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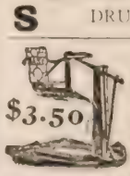

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VOLUME 16.

NUMBER 32.

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
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NEW YORK, AUGUST 9, 1893.

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Paul's Prison by the Sea.

The Gloomy Fortress of Cæsarea where the Great Apostle was Confined—Its Ancient Splendor and Present Appearance.

PERHAPS there is no more gloomy and depressing recital of persecution and suffering, endured for Christ, than that of Paul, the Apostle to the Gentiles. Recognized by the enemies of the Christian religion as a man of extraordinary ability, capable of confuting their shrewdest representatives and of bringing the truths of the Gospel home with power and conviction to the hearts of the multitudes, Paul had acquired an influence and a fame as an evangelist more far-reaching even than that of John the Baptist, the Saviour's forerunner. By his missionary journeys he had stirred up the entire religious world in the East, from Palestine to Greece and Macedonia, and had planted churches and organized circles of believers at many places.

After much plotting, the factions at Jerusalem formed a conspiracy against Paul, and he was arrested. The history of this remarkable conspiracy and its results is fully told in Acts 23. He was seized by the Jews in the Temple, dragged out to the street where they were beating him, when Claudius Lysias, the chief captain of the Roman guard, observed the riot from his post on the Tower of Antonia. He sent a company of soldiers who seized Paul, taking him by force from the mob, who followed to the castle doors. There Paul asked permission to speak to the people, and when he put a question in Greek, the captain was greatly surprised, believing him to be an ignorant fellow, like his assailants. He granted him permission to address the Jews, but the mob was so riotous that it was evident he could not be heard. When one of the men went to scourge him, the Apostle asked with much dignity: "is it lawful to scourge a Roman?" and the captain was then more than ever surprised to learn from his prisoner's own lips that Paul was a free-born citizen of Rome. Lysias then, no longer hesitating, took him into the castle for safe-keeping. Next day, Paul's nephew, having heard heard of the conspiracy, informed the captain. It was unquestionably the purpose of the forty conspirators to incite the populace to kill Paul, but they were baffled by the decision of Claudius Lysias, who, in the middle of the night, sent Paul under a strong military escort, by the Roman road to Antipatris and thence to the fortress at Cæsarea, there to be delivered to Felix, the governor. In this gloomy stronghold, on the coast of Palestine, on the line of the great highway from Tyre to Egypt, the Apostle was confined; but the imprisonment was a protection rather than a hardship, since it removed him from the immediate reach of the violent animosity of the Jews. The Apostle had previously visited Cæsarea, but under different auspices. It was toward the close of his second missionary journey, after he had sailed from Ephesus and passed the southern shores of Cyprus, that he touched at the port on his way to Jerusalem. From the capital, he went almost immediately to Antioch, which was the point of departure for his third and last great missionary expedition. Thence he went all over the country of Galatia and Phrygia, strengthening the disciples. (Acts 16 : 6.) On his return, he touched at Tyre and journeyed to Jerusalem by the way of Ptolemais, Cæsarea and Antipatris.

Cæsarea was one of the fortified cities built by Herod the Great. It was erected on the site known as Strato's Tower, and had a natural harbor which gave it the facilities of a port to receive the commerce of the west. It its prime, Cæsarea had broad quays, magnificent bazaars, great public buildings and courts and broad, shady avenues. The pier, (whose ruins are shown in the photograph), was fully 390 feet in length and built to resist the roughest seas. The mole, or breakwater, was one of the most stupendous works of antiquity and afforded a perfect shelter. Mariners many miles off shore could descry the colossal statues of Jupiter Olympus and Juno. The amphitheatre could accommodate 20,000 spectators. Herod had also built for himself at Cæsarea a spacious palace, which was afterwards used as the residence of the Roman governors. In this splendid fortress, of which little more than the walls are now standing, Paul was confined and he remained in "Herod's judgment hall" until he was conveyed to Rome. In the interval occurred some of the most remarkable episodes in the Apostle's eventful life, the most notable being his explanation before Felix and his encounter with Agrippa and Bernice. Felix, knowing that Paul had many friends, and hoping that they might raise money, to be used as a bribe in procuring his liberation, held him a prisoner two years. But there was no bribe forthcoming and Paul when he embarked on a ship of Adramyttium for Italy (Acts 27 : 2), bade farewell to Cæsarea forever.

There are several other Bible incidents that combine to make this old Herodian city a spot of peculiar interest to the Christian. Here occurred the conversion of Cornelius (Acts 10), and here also was the residence of Philip the Evangelist (Acts 21 : 8). In the great amphitheatre built by his grandfather, Herod Agrippa was smitten by a plague and perished (Acts 12 : 21–23). After the destruction of Jerusalem, Cæsarea became the spiritual metropolis of all Palestine, but was afterwards reduced to a simple patriarchate. Eusebius, the distinguished church historian, was a native of this city, and in the martyrdoms of the early Christian era, Cæsarea held a prominent place.

THE MOLE OF CÆSAREA AND THE PRISON OF PAUL, THE APOSTLE.

(From a photograph secured by Rev. Dr. Talmage in the Holy Land.)

The Tabernacle Pulpit

OLD TIMES RECALLED.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., Founded on the Text: *"While I was musing the fire burned."* Psalm 39 : 3.

HERE is David, the psalmist, with the forefinger of his right hand against his temple, the door shut against the world, engaged in contemplation. And it would be well for us to take the same posture often, closing the door against the world, while we sit down in sweet solitude to contemplate.

In a small island off the coast I once passed a Sabbath in delightful solitude, for I had resolved that I would have one day of entire quiet before I entered upon autumnal work. I thought to have spent the day in laying out plans for Christian work; but instead of that it became a day of tender reminiscence. I reviewed my pastorate; I shook hands with an old departed friend, whom I shall greet again when the curtains of life are lifted. The days of my boyhood came back, and I was ten years of age, and I was eight, and I was five. There was but one house on the island, and yet from Sabbath daybreak, when the bird-chant woke me, until the evening melted into the bay, from shore to shore there were ten thousand memories, and the groves were ahum with voices that had long ago ceased.

Youth is apt too much to spend all its time in looking forward. Old age is apt too much to spend all its time in looking backward. People in mid-life and on the apex look both ways. It would be well for us, I think, however, to spend more time in reminiscence. By the constitution of our nature we spend most of the time looking forward. And the vast majority of people live not so much in the present as in the future. I find that you mean to make a reputation, you mean to establish yourself, and the advantages that you expect to achieve absorb a great deal of your time. But I see no harm in this, if it does not make you discontented with the present, or disqualify you for existing duties.

It is a useful thing sometimes to look back, and to see the dangers we have escaped, and to see the sorrows we have suffered, and the trials and wanderings of our earthly pilgrimage, and to sum up our enjoyments. I mean to-day, so far as God may help me, to stir up your memory of the past, so that in the review you may be encouraged and humbled, and urged to pray.

There is a chapel in Florence with a fresco by Guido. It was covered up with two inches of stucco until our American and European artists went there, and after long toil removed the covering and retraced the fresco. And I am aware that the memory of the past, with many of you, is all covered up with ten thousand obliterations, and I propose this morning, so far as the Lord may help me, to take away the covering, that the old picture may shine out again.

I want to bind in one sheaf all your past advantages, and I want to bind in another sheaf all your past adversities. It is a precious harvest, and I must be cautious how I swing the scythe.

Among the greatest advantages of your past life was an early home and its surroundings. The bad men of the day, for the most part, dip their heated passions out of the boiling spring of an unhappy home. We are not surprised that Byron's heart was a concentration of sin, when we hear his mother was abandoned, and that she made sport of his infirmity, and often called him "the lame brat." He who has vicious parents has to fight every inch of his way if he would maintain his integrity, and at last reach the home of the good in heaven.

Perhaps your early home was in the city. It may have been in the days when Canal Street, New York, was far uptown. That old house in the city may have been demolished or changed into stores, and it seemed like sacrilege to you—for there was more meaning in that plain house, in that small house, than there is in a granite mansion or a turreted cathedral. Looking back this morning, you see it as though it were yesterday—the sitting-room, where the loved ones sat by the plain lamplight, the mother at the evening stand, the brothers and sisters, perhaps long ago gathered into the skies, then plotting mischief on the floor or under the table; your father with a firm voice commanding silence, that lasted half a minute.

Oh, those were good days! If you had your foot hurt, your mother always had a soothing salve to heal it. If you were wronged in the street, your father was always ready to protect you. The year was one round of frolic and mirth. Your greatest trouble was an April shower, more sunshine than shower. The heart had not been ransacked by troubles, nor had sickness broken it, and no lamb had a warmer sheepfold than the home in which your childhood nestled.

Perhaps you were brought up in the country. You stand now to-day in memory under the old tree. You clubbed it for fruit that was not quite ripe, because you could not wait any longer. You hear the brook rumbling along over the pebbles. You step again into the furrow where your father in his shirt-sleeves shouted to the lazy oxen. You frighten the swallows from the rafters of the barn, and take just one egg, and silence your conscience by saying they will not miss it. You take a drink again out of the very bucket that the old well fetched up. You go for the cows at night, and find them wagging their heads through the bars. Ofttimes in the dusty and busy streets you wish you were home again on that cool grass, or in the hall of the farmhouse, through which there was the breath of new-mown hay or the blossom of buckwheat.

You may have in your windows now beautiful plants and flowers brought from across the seas, but not one of them stirs in your soul so much charm and memory as the old ivy and the yellow sunflower that stood sentinel along the garden-walk, and the forget-me-nots playing hide-and-seek mid the long grass. The father who used to come in sunburnt from the fields, and sit down on the door-sill and wipe the sweat from his brow, may have gone to his everlasting rest. The mother, who used to sit at the door a little bent over, cap and spectacles on, her face mellowing with the vicissitudes of many years, may have put down her gray head on the pillow in the valley, but forget that home you never will.

Have you thanked God for it? Have you rehearsed all these blessed reminiscences? Oh, thank God for a Christian father; thank God for a Christian mother; thank God for an early Christian altar at which you were taught to kneel; thank God for an early Christian home.

I bring to mind another passage in the history of your life. The day came when you set up your own household. The days passed along in quiet blessedness. You twain sat at the table morning and night, and talked over your plans for the future. The most insignificant affair in your life became the subject of mutual consultation and advisement. You were so happy you felt you never could be any happier. One day a dark cloud hovered over your dwelling, and it got darker and darker; but out of that cloud the shining messenger of God descended to incarnate an immortal spirit. Two little feet started on an eternal journey, and you were to lead them; a gem to flash in heaven's coronet, and you to polish it; eternal ages of light and darkness watching the starting out of a newly-created being.

You rejoiced and you trembled at the responsibility that in your possession an immortal treasure was placed. You prayed and rejoiced, and wept and wondered, and prayed and rejoiced, and wept and wondered; you were earnest in supplication that you might lead it through life into the kingdom of God. There was a tremor in your earnestness. There was a double interest about that home. There was an additional interest why you should stay there and be faithful, and when in a few months your house was filled with the music of the child's laughter, you were struck through with the fact that you had a stupendous mission.

Have you kept that vow? Have you neglected any of these duties? Is your home as much to you as it used to be? Have those anticipations been gratified? God help you to-day in your solemn reminiscence, and let his mercy fall upon your soul if your kindness has been ill requited. God have mercy on the parent, on the wrinkles of whose face is written the story of a child's sin. God have mercy on the mother who, in addition to her other pangs, has the pang of a child's iniquity. Oh, there are many, many sad sounds in this sad world, but the saddest sound that is ever heard is the breaking of a mother's heart. Are there any here who remember that in that home they were unfaithful? Are there those who wandered off from that early home, and left the mother to die with a broken heart? Oh, I stir that reminiscence to-day.

I find another point in your life history. You found one day you were in the wrong road; you could not sleep at night; there was just one word that seemed to sob through your banking-house, or through your office, or your shop, or your bedroom and that word was "Eternity." You said, "I am not ready for it. O God, have mercy." The Lord heard. Peace came to your heart. You remember how your hand trembled as you took the cup of the Holy Communion. You remember the old minister who consecrated it, and you remember the church officials who carried it through the aisle; you remember the old people who at the close of the service took your hand in theirs in congratulating sympathy, as much as to say, "Welcome home, you lost prodigal;" and though those hands have all withered away, that Communion Sabbath is resurrected to-day; it is resurrected with all its prayers, and songs, and tears, and sermons, and transfiguration. Have you kept those vows? Have you been a backslider? God help you? This day kneel at the foot of mercy and start again for heaven. Start to-day as you started then. I rouse your soul by that reminiscence.

But I must not spend any more of my time in going over the advantages of your life. I just put them all in one great sheaf, and I bind them up in your memory with one loud harvest song, such as reapers sing. Praise the Lord, ye blood-bought mortals on earth! Praise the Lord ye crowned spirits of heaven!

But some of you have not always had a smooth life. Some of you are now in the shadow. Others had their troubles years ago, you are a mere wreck of what you once were. I must gather up the sorrows of your past life; but how shall I do it? You say that is impossible, as you have had so many troubles and adversities. Then I will just take two, the first trouble and the last trouble. As when you are walking along the street and there has been music in the distance, you unconsciously find yourselves keeping step to the music, so when you started life your very life was a musical time-beat. The air was full of joy and hilarity; with the bright clear oar you made the boat skip; you went on, and life grew brighter, until, after awhile, suddenly a voice from heaven said, "Halt!" and you halted; you grew pale, you confronted your first sorrow. You had no idea that the flush on your child's cheek was an unhealthy flush. You said it cannot be anything serious. Death in slippered feet walked round about the cradle. You did not hear the tread; but after awhile the truth flashed on you. You walked the floor. Oh, if you could, with your strong stout hand, have wrenched the child from the destroyer. You went to your room, and you said, "God, save my child! God, save my child!" The world seemed going out in darkness. You said, "I cannot bear it, I cannot bear it." You felt as if you could not put the lashes over the bright eyes, never to see them again sparkle. Oh, if you could have taken that little one in your arms, and with it leaped into the grave, how gladly you would have done it! Oh, if you could let your property go, your houses go, your land and your storehouse go, how gladly you would have allowed them to depart if you could only have kept that one treasure!

But one day there arose from the heavens a chill blast that swept over the bedroom, and instantly all the light went out, and there was darkness—thick, murky, impenetrable, shuddering darkness. But God did not leave you there. Mercy spoke. As you were about to put that cup to your lips, God said, "Let it pass," and forthwith, as by the hand of angels, another cup was put into your hands: it was the cup of God's consolation. And as you have sometimes lifted the head of a wounded soldier, and poured wine into his lips, so God puts his left arm under your head, and with his right hand he pours into your lips the wine of his comfort and his consolation, and you looked at the empty cradle and looked at your broken heart, and you looked at the Lord's chastisement, and you said, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight."

Ah, it is your first trouble. How did you get over it? God comforted you. You have been a better man ever since. You have been a better woman ever since. In the jar of the closing gate of the sepulchre you heard the clanging of the opening gate of heaven, and you felt an irresistable drawing heavenward. You have been purer and holier of heart ever since that night when the little one for the last time put its arms around your neck and said, "Good-night, papa; good-night, mamma. Meet me in heaven."

But I must come on down to your later sorrow. What was it? Perhaps it was sickness The child's tread on the stair or the tick of the watch on the stand disturbed you. Through the long weary days you counted the figures in the carpet or

the flowers in the wall-paper. Oh, the weariness and exhaustion! Oh, the burning pangs! Would God it were morning, would God it were night, were your frequent cry. But you are better, perhaps even well. Have you thanked God that to-day you can come out in the fresh air; that your are in this place to hear God's name, and to sing God's praise, and to implore God's help, and to ask God's forgiveness? Bless the Lord who healeth all our diseases, and redeemeth our lives from destruction.

Perhaps your last sorrow was a financial embarrassment. I congratulate some of you on your lucrative profession or occupation, on ornate apparel, on a commodious residence—everything you put you hand to seems to turn to gold. But there are others of you who are like the ship on which Paul sailed where two seas met, and you are broken by the violence of the waves. By an unadvised indorsement, or by a conjunction of unforeseen events, or by fire or storm, or a senseless panic, you have been flung headlong, and where you once dispensed great charities, now you have hard work to make the two ends meet.

Have you forgotten to thank God for your days of prosperity, and that through your trials some of you have made investments which will continue after the last bank of this world has exploded, and the silver and gold are molten in fires of a burning world? Have you, amid all your losses and discouragements, forgot that there was bread on your table this morning, and that there shall be a shelter for your head from the storm, and there is air for your lungs, and blood for your heart, and light for your eye, and a glad and glorious and triumphant religion for your soul?

Perhaps your last trouble was a bereavement. That heart which in childhood was your refuge, the parental heart, and which has been a source of the quickest sympathy ever since, has suddenly become silent forever. And now sometimes, whenever in sudden annoyance and without deliberation you say, "I will go and tell mother," the thought flashes on you, "I have no mother." Or the father, with voice less tender, but at heart as earnest and loving—watchful of all your ways, exultant over your success without saying much, although the old people do talk it over by themselves—is taken away forever.

Or there was your companion in life, sharer of your joys and sorrows, taken, leaving the heart an old ruin, where the ill winds blow over a wide wilderness of desolation, the sands of the desert driving across the place which once bloomed like the garden of God. And Abraham mourns for Sarah at the cave of Machpelah. Going along your path in life, suddenly, right before you was an open grave. People looked down, and they saw it was only a few feet deep and a few feet wide, but to you it was a chasm down which went all your hopes and all your expectations.

But cheer up in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Comforter. He is not going to forsake you. Did the Lord take that child out of your arms? Why he is going to shelter it better than you could. Blessed the broken heart that Jesus heals. Blessed the importunate cry that Jesus compassionates. Blessed the weeping eye from which the soft hand of Jesus wipes away the tear.

Some years ago I was sailing down the St John River, which is the Rhine and the Hudson commingled in one scene of beauty and grandeur, and while I was on the deck of the steamer a gentleman pointed out to me the places of interest, and he said, "All this is interval land, and it is the richest land in all the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia."

"What," said I, "do you mean by interval land?" "Well," he said, "this land is submerged for a part of the year; spring freshets come down, and all these plains are overflowed with the water, and the water leaves a rich deposit, and when the waters are gone the harvest springs up, and there is the grandest harvest that was ever reaped." And I instantly thought: "It is not the heights of the Church and it is not the heights of this world that are the scenes of the greatest prosperity, but the soul over which the floods of sorrow have gone, the soul over which the freshets of tribulation have torn their way, that yields the greatest fruits of righteousness, and the largest harvest for time, and the richest harvest for eternity." Bless God that your soul is interval land.

But these reminiscences reach only to this morning. There is one more point of tremendous reminiscence, and that is the last hour of life, when we have to look over all our past existence. What a moment that will be! I place Napoleon's dying remiscence on St. Helena beside Mrs. Judson's dying reminiscence in the harbor of St. Helena, the same island, twenty years after. Napoleon's dying reminiscence was one of delirium—as he exclaimed, "Head of the Army!" Mrs. Judson's dying reminiscence, as she came home from her missionary toil and her life of self-sacrifice for God, dying in the cabin of the ship in the harbor of St. Helena, was, "I always did love the Lord Jesus Christ." And then, the historian says, she fell into a sound sleep for an hour, and woke amid the songs of angels.

I place the dying reminiscence of Augustus Cæsar against the dying reminiscence of the Apostle Paul. The dying reminiscence of Augustus Cæsar was, addressing his attendants, "Have I played my part well on the stage of life?" and they answered in the affirmative, and he said, "Why, then, don't you applaud me?" The dying reminiscence of Paul the Apostle was, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course." Augustus Cæsar died amid pomp and great surroundings. Paul uttered his dying reminiscence looking up through the roof of a dungeon. God grant that our dying pillow may be the closing of a a useful life, and the opening of a glorious eternity.

Faith Built This Home.

Mrs Whittemore of the "Door of Hope" tells how the Country Home for Girls was Established in Answer to Prayer.

MRS. E. M. WHITTEMORE, the founder and manager of "The Door of Hope," a Rescue Home for Fallen Girls in New York, which has been instrumental in saving numbers of the unfortunate class from a life of sin and shame and leading them to Christ, has for many months been endeavoring to establish a Rest or Retreat in the country, where the sick, or those who would be benefitted by an outing, might be sent for recuperation. She has now succeeded and the country home is established and in operation. The work, which has been wholly one of faith, is thus described by Mrs. Whittemore:

"For sometime I had been praying for a country home in connection with the Door of Hope (at 101 E. 61st Street, New York), where I could provide more suitably for the most delicate girls, and also to give a pleasant outing occasionally to the others during the warm weather. Two or three months elapsed, when a letter was received from a gentleman who knew nothing of my project—in fact, I had not communicated my desire to anyone, as in all matters concerning the work, so this need was only made known to God for, from the beginning, it has always been strictly a faith work. The letter conveyed a proposition that, having a vacant house in Tappan, N. Y., unrented, he had been impressed to write and ascertain if I thought a Home out-of-town might not be helpful to some who came to me at the Door of Hope and who needed quiet and general toning up.

"He continued by saying that if I desired such a place and would take the mortgage of $2,000 upon the property, he would sell me the house and grounds for one dollar. At that particular time, a debt of $2,000 was still resting upon the Door of Hope and, therefore I did not feel clear about undertaking the responsibility for this extra amount. Meanwhile, a dear friend and her sons, in a most unexpected manner, presented me with $1,500 and having before set apart $500 towards liquidating what was due upon the first home, I felt that God was inviting me to trust more implicitly and take the Country Home for the 'Door of Hope,' which I did with praises and thanksgiving.

"The Home was quickly furnished, put in order, and opened by a dedication service conducted by the Rev. Dr. Kittredge, of the Madison Avenue Reformed Church, on June 1. A large party of over fifty persons went out on this occasion and several took part in the service. The Home is situated in Tappan, near New York, and is most accessible, very healthy, and picturesque. We can accommodate twelve girls very comfortably at a time. At present the Home has ten girls under its roof, and a much happier little circle can scarcely be found, and, best of all, Christ is finding his way into their hearts, lighting up their understanding and brightening their lives with witness of his Spirit of sins forgiven and cleansing through his blood. As a seal of his approval upon every step taken in this order, the mortgage has been provided for in a most gracious manner by one who had only recently been used in aiding the Door of Hope."

A picture of the new Home at Tappan is given on this page. It is a triumph of faith and prayer, that recalls the strong trust of George Muller, Pastor Spurgeon and Dr. Cullis in the Divine support of their varied philanthropies. Like the "Door of Hope," the Home will be the means of upbuilding the kingdom, and saving many a poor sin sick soul, who may there find shelter and protection.

The "Door of Hope" Country Retreat at Tappan, N. Y.

A PERSIAN MARTYR.

THE imprisonment in Persia of Mirza Ibrahim, a Christian convert from Mohammedanism has at last terminated. Death has released him. The persist-efforts of the missionaries to secure his liberation failed and indeed, resulted only in the application of increased severity. Rev. W. L. Whipple, writing from Tabriz to the *Church at Home and Abroad*, says: Ibrahim was removed from a room in the upper prison, where he was comparatively comfortable, to the dark, damp dungeon, a place reserved for the worst criminals, such as robbers and murderers. His coat and bedding also were taken from him and he was chilled through and through. The brethren from here and some from Oroomiah have called to see him often. The prisoners confined in the dungeon with him were the vilest of the vile, and no small part of his suffering was caused by their blasphemy and filthy conversation. He would reprove them and talk with them about the new religion he had recently found, and recommend it to them. But they seemed to be thoroughly depraved and hardened and would not accept his words. One night, after they had been locked up for the night, they had been talking about the two religions, that of Jesus and that of Mohammed. Finally they said that if he did not say that Jesus was false and Ali (one of their mediators) true, they would choke him to death. Each one of the twelve men tried him. Each time he would say, "Jesus is true;" and they choked him until his eyes bulged out. His throat swelled so that he could not eat hard food, and in consequence he became so weak he gradually sunk away and died. The superior officer in charge on the last day showed him kindness and attention, especially in his burial. As he died a Christian, the Moslems refused to bury him; so the brethren here attended to that. He was placed in the grave of a rich Moslem, whose body was taken up and carried to one of their sacred places. So after all even in his death, like his Master, he made his grave "with the rich." There was no disturbance about his burial, although just now there is a very delicate state of affairs.

PAUL BEFORE FELIX.

S. S. Lesson for Aug. 20. Acts 24: 10-25. Golden Text, 1 Cor. 16: 13. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

RESCUED from the murderous intention of the Jewish priests and their associates in persecution, by intervention of Claudius Lysias, the chief captain of the Roman military force stationed at Jerusalem, Paul was brought safely to Cæsarea, that his cause might be tried before the governor Felix. A letter from Lysias acquainted Felix with the circumstances of his case, and that, in his opinion, nothing worthy of death or of bonds was laid to the prisoner's charge, and that moreover, he was a Roman citizen. On reading the letter, and seeing his prisoner, Felix asked but one question, which elicited that Paul was of Cilicia; and he was then remanded until his accusers should appear.

Paul's Trial at Cæsarea.

The chief priests, feeling perhaps that their cause was a weak one, procured counsel to represent them in the person of the orator, Tertullus. The tactics of this man, who was hired to do his best to make good his case, led him, in the first place, to address the governor with the most fulsome flattery. He then preferred his indictment against Paul as, first, A mover of sedition among all the Jews throughout the world; second, A ringleader of the sect of the Nazarenes; third, He hath gone about to profane the temple. Having preferred these accusations against the prisoner, Tertullus laid a charge against Lysias, for his action in taking Paul with great violence out of the hand of the persecuting party, and having cited his accusers to appear before Felix. And he spoke with great assurance of the result of any examination of the said accusers. The examination of the witnesses only drew out from them a confirmation of the allegations of Tertullus. All seemed to go against Paul. But he

Understood his Life's Vocation,

"He is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before the Gentiles and before kings, and the children of Israel." The circumstances in which he was placed were no exception to, but a part of, his life's vocation. The point with him was not whether he was justly or unjustly treated by man, how could such a consideration touch one who was crucified with Christ? His point was how to bear faithfully the name of Christ in his conduct and in his words before Felix, before the priests, before the court of law.

Having heard the case on the other side Felix beckoned to Paul to conduct his defence. The counsel on his side was the presence of his God. He simply related the circumstances of his visit to Jerusalem, and then stated, in regard to the prosecution: "They neither found me in the temple disputing with any man, neither raising up the people, neither in the synagogues, nor in the city, neither can they prove the things they now accuse me. But this I confess unto thee, that after the way which they call heresy so worship I the God of my fathers, believing all things which are written in the law and in the prophets."

This was really the point at issue. To Paul the Word of God was a living word, it had transformed his life, it lived within him, it was the motive in all he did. His reason for all things could be found "in the law and the prophets." The chief priests who accused him knew the Scriptures in the letter, but to them the Word was a dead letter, the Spirit which "giveth life" was wanting. Paul drew from the Scripture, as well as from the resurrection of Christ, his hope of the resurrection which was a dry doctrine among the Pharisees and rejected by the Sadducees. He continued: "And have hope toward God, which they themselves also allow, that there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and of the unjust. And herein do I exercise myself, to have always

A Conscience Void of Offence

toward God first, seeking in everything, and at all times, to walk before him, and also to fail in nothing which he had commanded in relation to his fellow men. Felix had the eye of a judge; he could see by this time the jealousy on the one side, and the perfect integrity on the other. But Paul went on to show how certain Jews who were not here present to bear witness, found him "purified in the temple, neither with multitude nor with tumult," only that he had cried standing among them: "Touching the resurrection of the dead, I am called in question."

The governor saw that disputation in this case would be endless, and thus he adjourned it until Lysias should come down. Meanwhile he would not deal with Paul as with an ordinary prisoner—he was allowed liberty and visitors were permitted to see and minister to him. What blessed gatherings of disciples may have taken place in that prison or perhaps in the houses of some of the Christians of Cæsarea! Felix well knew that he could trust the honor of a Christian. In those early days men could depend upon the followers of Christ.

The testimony which Paul had to bear before Felix was still ripening in the communing of this man of God with his Saviour, and he waited for the time when the opportunity would be given. When, after a time, a call came from Felix that Paul should speak before him and his wife Drusilla, a Jewess, "concerning the faith in Christ," he knew that the door was opened by him that openeth and no man shutteth. It was

A Solemn Moment

for Paul, the souls of two of earth's great ones hung in the balance; and with them the influence which they might exercise over thousands of human beings. No man, unaided could be equal to such a task. But God speaks through empty instruments. He did not let Paul mince matters; he was there for God, and he reasoned of "righteousness" before a man who knew he was unrighteous and whose acquaintance with the Scriptures through his Jewish wife was, perhaps considerable. Felix, may be, had not expected to hear that which would lay bare his own heart, and awaken his own conscience. He wanted to take the position of a critic, but he could not. Paul's testimony touched him, "Thou art the man," rang through his half awakened soul. The prisoner whom he saw at the bar before the Holy Judge of all men was his guilty self, the Holy Word of God found him out, and pronounced him the sinner against God he was. And when the man of God standing in his immediate and felt presence began to argue before this man whose fleshly life was known among men, of "temperance," and of the holy destiny of a human body to be indwelt by God on earth and raised again in the likeness of his glorious body—if the man to whom it belonged was indeed a citizen of heaven, Felix began to feel the ground he stood upon narrowing beneath him. But when the messenger of God opened before the eyes of the earthly judge, whose presence had no terror for him, the awful reality of a Judge, and a judgment from whom, and from which, there is no escape,—a judgment when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed — the crisis was reached. Felix must yield, or he must

Consciously Reject God.

He trembled, as well he might; God was very near, he might have been saved, but he put it off! "Go thy way for this time. When I have a convenient season I will call for thee." It was a deliberate act of sin against his own soul. O it is an awful thing to trifle with God; to delay when God calls is to reject him. This man, consciously spoken to by God, dared to subject the God to whom he had sinned against to his own convenience! The Spirit of God does not wait for man's convenience. From trembling at his Word, which if yielded to could have made this man "poor of a contrite spirit" such as God has promised to "look to," this mistaken man fell in a moment into that snare made ready by the devil, "the love of money which is the root of all evil." And the wretched being who was consigning his soul to beggary for the great future yielded to a contemptible hope "that money should have been given him of Paul, that he might loose him." To what purpose could such communing be? How could Paul hope to influence for God a man whose object was to get money from him? How could Felix succeed in his mean object when the man on whom his hopes of gain were set, had suffered the loss of all things. Two years passed by; what happened during these years? Felix did not become converted; every added knowledge he obtained only went to his further condemnation.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

A BRIEF survey of the events which followed the seizure of the great Apostle in the temple and his rescue from the angry mob by Lysias, the chief captain is necessary to account for Paul's presence as a prisoner before the Governor at Cæsarea. When the chief captain gave Paul leave to speak from the steps of the castle of Antonia, the Apostle described his former prejudice against Christianity and told how it had been overcome by miraculous conversion. The Jews listened to him until he said he had received a commission to preach to the Gentiles. Then they would hear no more and their violence was so great that Lysias, the chief captain, fearing for Paul's safety, took him into the castle. He would have scourged him, supposing from the clamor that he must be some grievous wrongdoer, but Paul declared that he was a Roman citizen and so escaped that indignity. Lysias gave the Jews another opportunity to present their case against Paul, but again he had to rescue his prisoner from their violence. On the next day a conspiracy was formed to murder the Apostle and the chief priests were parties to the plot. But Paul's nephew heard of it and disclosed it to Lysias, who determined to relieve himself of the responsibility for the safety of his prisoner. He accordingly ordered a strong guard of soldiers to take him in the dead of night to Cæsarea, where Felix the Governor of the Province was residing. He sent a letter with the prisoner, explaining the situation and incidentally taking credit, to which he was scarcely entitled, for zeal in protecting the person of a Roman citizen. Felix was a corrupt, venal man. He had been a slave, but had been emancipated with his brother Pallas by the Emperor Claudius, and both men had been raised to almost kingly power. Tacitus the historian, mentions him as Governor of Judæa and describes him as vicious and venal. It was this corrupt man who kept Paul two years in prison, who was prepared to accept a bribe to release him, and finally left him in prison to "do the Jews a favor." A picture of the prison, as it now looks, appears on the first page of this journal this week.

There shall be a resurrection. How happy some people would be if they could be sure that death would be the end of all consciousness. Some have persuaded themselves that it is so. A century ago an infidel German countess dying, ordered that her grave be covered with a solid granite slab; that around it should be placed blocks of stone; and that the whole be fastened together by strong iron clamps, and that on the burial stone be cut these words: "This burial place, purchased to all eternity, must never be opened." Thus she defied the Almighty. But an acorn sprouted up under the covering, and the tiny shoot found its way between two of the slabs, and grew there slowly and surely until it burst the clamps asunder and lifting the immense blocks, the structure ere long became a confused mass of rock, among which grew the great oak which had caused the destruction.

A conscience void of offence. Nothing contributes so much to peace and happiness as a conscience in that condition. A conscience which has occasion to reproach and accuse is a perpetual torment, and if it is silenced it is only sleeping to awake with intensified power. An Eastern legend illustrates the office of conscience. A great magician presented his prince with a ring. The gift was of great value not for the diamonds, rubies and pearls that gemmed it, but for a mystic property in the metal. It sat easily in ordinary circumstances, but so soon as its wearer formed a bad thought or wish the ring became a monitor. Suddenly contracting it pressed painfully on the finger.

Concerning the faith in Christ. Paul had the same message for Felix as for all other audiences. He knew that for Felix as for the humblest man that subject was the most important he could present. A friend reproached Dr. Judson, the famous missionary to Burmah, for speaking only of Christ to an American audience, saying, "They have heard that before; they wanted something new from a man who has just come from the antipodes." "Then," said Judson, "I am glad to have it to say that a man from the antipodes had nothing better to tell them than the wondrous story of the dying love of Christ. When I looked upon these people to-day, and remembered where I should meet them, how could I furnish food for vain curiosity, tickle their fancy with amusing stories, however strung together on a thread of religion; and how could I hereafter meet the fearful charge: 'I gave you one opportunity to tell them of me, and you spent it in describing your adventures'?"

Judgment to come. A traveller crossed the frontier, and had to pass the Custom House. The officers said to him, "Have you any contraband goods?" He replied, "I do not think I have." "That may all be true," said the officers; "but we cannot permit you to pass without examination. Permit us to search." "If you please," said the traveller. The examination over, the traveller addressed the officers saying, "Gentlemen, will you allow me to tell you what thoughts this examination has awakened in my mind? We are all travellers to an eternal kingdom into which we cannot take any contraband goods. By these forbidden things, I mean deceitfulness, anger, pride, lying, covetousness, and similar offences; which are hateful in the sight of God. For all these, every man who passes the boundary of the grave is searched far more strictly than you have searched me. God is the great searcher of hearts: from him nothing is hid; and in that kingdom, as in this, every forbidden article subjects a man to punishment."

Felix trembled. But, as he did not seek salvation through Christ, his trembling did not help him. Indeed, the conviction he felt, not being carried to a practical issue would tend to harden his heart and he would be less susceptible to the impressions in future. Dr. Maclaren says: "I have heard that if you take a bit of phosphorus, and put it upon a slip of wood, and ignite the phosphorus, bright as the blaze is, there drops from it a white ash that coats the wood and makes it almost impossible to kindle the wood. And so when the flaming conviction, laid upon your hearts has burnt itself out, it has coated the heart and it will be very difficult to kindle the light there again."

A convenient season. Neither Felix nor Drusilla as far as we know had a season so convenient as that one. Felix was removed from office after a time and had to undergo the anxieties and worries of a trial. Drusilla the beautiful daughter of Herod and the unfaithful wife of her first husband Asiz king of Hamath died in the eruption of Vesuvius which overwhelmed Pompeii about twelve years after she had listened to Paul. If she was expecting that "a convenient season" would come on her death-bed, as many are, she was dreadfully mistaken. There is nothing so likely to be fatal as putting off a duty. An incident is related of the loss of an overladen coal barge that stood in a river. A sailor reported to the captain that the water was gaining upon the vessel. The captain drove him away with scoffs. Twice, thrice, the warning was repeated but unheeded. At last, when the captain saw that the barge was undoubtedly sinking ordered the men to the boats. They took their places. The captain said, "I told you there was plenty of time." He took out his knife to cut the cable which bound their boat to the barge. He fell back with a cry of horror. The cable was an iron rope.

SIAM AND ITS PEOPLE.

The Origin of the Trouble with France—The King and Queen and their Palace—A Half Century of Christian Labor by American Missionaries—Consecrated Men Who Have Given their Lives for Siam—A Testimony from the Siamese Government.

SIAM'S complete and unconditional acceptance of the French terms, which was communicated to the French Government on July 29, will, it may be hoped, avert all further danger of war. Siam's first answer to the demand made upon her was a dignified and courteous request for explanation. She did not understand what was required of her and reasonably wished a more precise definition of the extent of the sacrifice of territory she was asked to make. If France had been dealing with a Power able to protect itself, she would have recognized the propriety of doing what she was asked to do; but it was safe to be arrogant with the weak and friendless nation of Siam and she refused to explain. Her answer to Siam was to withdraw her representative from Bangkok and prepare for war. The Government of Siam having failed to obtain promises of assistance from England or China, and knowing that unaided she was unable to cope with her powerful foe, took the prudent course of yielding absolutely to the demand whatever it might be. As a frail woman, alone in her house at midnight, in the clutch of a brawny and unscrupulous burglar, would tell him to take whatever he wanted but spare her life, so Siam has yielded to France.

The Crown Prince of Siam.

If any evidence were needed of the character of French policy it is furnished in her submission to England, at the crisis of the negotiations. France declared a blockade of the Siamese ports, which was contrary to international usage, as a blockade should be preceded by a declaration of war. Other powers were notified that the blockade would commence on July 31, but telegrams from Bangkok and Singapore announced that it had already commenced. This was so clearly a violation of diplomatic courtesy that England informed the French government that she would decline to recognize the blockade and should treat any interference with a British ship as an act of hostility. The import of the message was not misunderstood; and the French minister promptly telegraphed instructions to the naval commander in Siamese waters to allow British vessels free passage.

There may yet be further occasion for applying checks to French greed in Siam. It is understood that Siam's reluctance to yield the territory claimed by France was due to the fact that, when she acquired certain portions of them from China and Burmah, she gave pledges to those Powers that they should never be ceded to any other Power. If, therefore, France takes possession of those territories she may find herself opposed by China on the one hand, and Burmah, represented by England, on the other.

The region claimed by France is about one-third of the entire kingdom of Siam. It is a rich and fertile valley lying between the Mekong river and the mountains which constitute the present frontier between Siam and Annam. The standard atlas in use in France, bearing the date of 1885, recognizes the mountains as the frontier and until the present dispute arose, there was no question of the valley being Siamese territory. Two years ago, however, M. Ribot, a French statesman, propounded the idea that the river Mekong would be a more natural boundary for Siam than the mountains; and incidentally the change would put about a hundred thousand square miles of territory under the control of France, as the conqueror of Annam. There was little apprehension of difficulty in annexing the valley, as the Siamese were an indolent peace-loving people. Accordingly, Annamese soldiers in French uniforms and commanded by French officers were sent to "conduct" the Siamese residents of the valley over the Mekong river. The people generally made little resistance, but occasionally there was trouble and an appeal to Siamese officials for protection. Sometimes an Annamese soldier was killed, before the obstinate farmer could be driven from his home; and about three months ago, a French officer, M. Grosgurin, lost his life in one of these raids. Then the storm broke; the French people became excited over the "murder" and the ironclads were sent to Siam to avenge the insult and restore the prestige of France. Their arrival was the beginning of the present trouble.

The population of Siam is about seven millions. Its name signifies the brown race but is not recognized by the people themselves. They call their land *Muang Thai*, the kingdom of the free. There seems to be little basis for the title as there is a large number of slaves. It is due however to the Siamese to say that slavery among them has none of the horrors of the institution which characterize it in other lands. The slaves are treated kindly, are never over-worked and are always provided with abundance of food. They are chiefly foreign captives taken in war, or descendants of such. The remainder have become slaves through debt. The laws of Siam permit a creditor to make a slave of any debtor who is unable to pay; and, as afterward his labor is due to his master, he can never hope to earn money to discharge his debt, but remains a slave for life. The present king has attempted to abolish slavery but has not succeeded. The slaves are indolent and contented; and many of them would regard freedom and the necessity for providing for their own wants as a misfortune.

The king, whose portrait with that of the queen appears on this page, is forty years of age. He is usually called Chulalonkorn, but in formal documents, in which his full name and title are given he bears forty-one other names. He assumed the government in succession to his father in 1873. He was then twenty years old and had been king five years, but during his minority the country had been ruled by a regency. His education has been far more advanced than any of his predecessors or of his subjects. In his youth he was a hard student and he mastered not only the chief Asiatic languages, but English and French. His library is an extensive one and contains the standard works in all the languages he can read. He has been in the habit of spending several hours a day there, keeping himself in touch with the outer world through newspapers and magazines. The queen, whose name is *Sewang Wattana* [Radiant Light], is also a student. She is about twenty-seven years old though looking younger. She speaks English fluently and has read many of the English classics and works of fiction. Their palace, a picture of which also appears on this page, is a magnificent edifice. It was eight years in building and cost two million dollars. The material is marble and the style of modern European buildings with a concession to Siamese taste in the three pagoda-like towers. On the front wall is a large medallion portrait of the king and bronze elephants guard the royal entrance. The interior is exquisitely beautiful. Broad stairways, fluted pillars, statuary, quaint flower stands and sparkling inlaid floors delight the eye. The furniture is of European style. It is chiefly covered with maroon leather with the king's monogram in gold.

The New Marble Palace at Bangkok, Siam.

King Chulalonkorn and Queen Sewang Wattana, of Siam.

Christian missionaries have labored in Siam since the year 1828, but before that time an effort to reach the Siamese had been made by that noble-hearted American lady, Mrs. Adoniram Judson. A large number of Siamese were living at Rangoon, Burmah, at the time of her residence there, and from them she learned their language and spoke to them of Christ. She also translated the Gospel of Matthew into Siamese, so that Siam is one of the few countries in which the written word preceded the spoken word in Christian effort. In 1828, Dr. Gutzlaff and Mr. Tomlin arrived at Bangkok, but Mr. Tomlin was unable to remain more than a few months. Dr. Gutzlaff stayed on alone, and with the help of his young wife and some native copyists, translated the whole Bible into Siamese. After a residence of three years, Dr. Gutzlaff returned to his field of labor in China, and Dr. David Abeel, the sainted American missionary, arrived, and commenced his lifelong labor for Siam. A few years later came Dr. John Taylor Jones and Dr. William Dean of the American Baptist Board, and Dr. D. B. Bradley, a medical missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. The record of Dr. Bradley's labors as physician, teacher, preacher and author, is a glorious chapter in the annals of missions. He died in 1873, having given thirty-eight years to the work of evangelization in Siam. One of his daughters is the wife of Dr. McGilvary, who is still laboring in the Laos district of Northern Siam. Other veterans in missionary labor in Siam, are Drs. Mattoon and House, S. G. MacFarland and J. W. Vandyke.

The following testimony from a public document, issued under the sanction of the king, sufficiently expresses the esteem of the Siamese for the labors of these and many other consecrated men and women: "Many years ago, when there were no white men in Siam, the American missionaries came here. They came before any Europeans, and they taught the Siamese to read and speak the English language. The American missionaries have always been just and upright men. They have never meddled in the affairs of government, nor created any difficulty with the Siamese. They have lived with us just as if they belonged to the nation. The Government of Siam has great love and respect for them, and has no fears concerning them."

Missionary work in Siam is now chiefly in the hands of the Presbyterian Board, which commenced its work there in 1840. Twenty years of labor were expended before a single convert was won from Buddhism to Christianity. Two more converts were made in 1861. Since that time the church has grown in ever-increasing numbers from year to year, and new churches have been organized in Bangkok and other cities. The largest church is that at Petchaburee, in which there are over two hundred members. The labors of the teachers in the Christian schools are bearing fruit, and a large harvest of souls is confidently anticipated. The great problem that now confronts the American missionaries is to explain to the Siamese how the conduct of France in despoiling her of money and territory is consistent with her character as a Christian nation.

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SYMPATHY FOR BANKS

ON the principle long ago announced that corporations have no souls, condolence is never offered to a ruined bank. This ought not so to be. The banking institution is the great convenience of the centuries, and indispensable to commerce and the advance of nations. With one hand it blesses the lender, and with the other hand it blesses the borrower. The bank was born of the world's necessities, and is venerable with the marks of thousands of years. Two hundred years before Christ the Bank of Ilium existed and paid its depositors 10 per cent. The Bible, in more than one place, regulates the rate of interest. The Bank of Venice was established in 1171, and was of such high credit that its bills were at a premium above coins, which were frequently clipped. Bank of Genoa, founded in 1355. Bank of Barcelona in 1401. Bank of Amsterdam, 1606. Bank of Hamburg, founded 1619, its circulation based on great silver bars kept in vaults. Bank of England, started by William Patterson, in 1694, and up to this day managing the stupendous debt of England. Bank of Scotland, founded 1595. Bank of Ireland, 1783. Bank of North America, planned by Robert Morris, 1781, without whose financial help all the bravery of our forefathers would not have achieved American independence. But now we have banks in all our cities and towns, thousands on thousands. On their shoulders are the necessities of private individuals and great corporations. In them are the great arteries through which run the currents of the nation's life. They have been the rescuers of thousands of financiers in days of business exigency. They stand for accommodation, for facility, for individual, State and national relief. At their head, and in their management there is as much integrity and moral worth as in any class of men, and perhaps more. How nefarious, then, the behavior of those who bring disrepute upon this venerable, benignant and god-honored institution! And how hard-hearted those who chuckle over the misfortune of banks, instead of being distressed at the financial and moral disaster.

WOMAN'S PERIL.

THERE come letters to our office from young women in the country asking what is the probability of their getting employment in our great city, if they come. Our advice always is, seek employment near your home unless you have some positive reason for thinking you can get it here. In the expectation of finding work in town, how many young women come every year to find their own destruction. You know that there is such a thing as somnambulism, or walking in one's sleep. Well, in a fatal somnambulism, a soul started off from her father's house. It was very dark, and her feet were cut of the rocks; but on she went until she came to the verge of a chasm, and she began to descend from bowlder to bowlder down over the rattling shelving—for you know while walking in sleep people will go where they would not go when awake. Further on down, and further, where no owl of the night or hawk of the day would venture. On down until she touched the depth of the chasm. Then in walking sleep, she began to ascend the other side of the chasm, rock above rock, as the roe boundeth. Without having her head to swim with the awful steep, she scaled the height. No eye but the sleepless eye of God watched her as she went down one side of the chasm and came up the other side of the chasm.

It was an August night, and a storm was gathering, and a loud burst of thunder awoke her from her somnambulism, and she said, "Whither shall I fly?" and with an affrighted eye she looked back upon the chasm she had crossed, and she looked in front, and there was a deeper chasm in front of her. She said, "What shall I do? Must I die here?" And as she bent over the one chasm she heard the sighing of the past; and as she bent over the other chasm, she heard the portents of the future. Then she sat down on the granite crag, and cried: "Oh! for my father's house! O! for the cottage, where I might die amid embowering honeysuckle! Oh! the past! O! the future! Oh! father! O! mother! O! God!" But the storm which had been gathering, culminated, and wrote with finger of lightning on the sky just above the horizon, "The way of the transgressor is hard." And then thunder-peal after thunder-peal uttered it: "Which forsaketh the guide of her youth and forgetteth the covenant of her God. Destroyed without remedy!" And the cavern behind echoed it, "Destroyed without remedy!" And the chasm before echoed it, "Destroyed without remedy!" There she perished, her cut and bleeding feet on one chasm, her long locks washed of the storm dripping over the other chasm.

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.

OF the uncounted thousands who go into an impure life few ever return. Nearly all the doors are shut against return. Suppose one of these wanderers should knock at your door, would you admit her? Suppose you knew where she came from, would you ask her to sit down at your dining-table? Would you ask her to become the governess of your children? Would you introduce her among your acquaintanceships? Would you take the responsibility of pulling on the outside gate of hell while she pushed on the inside of that gate trying to get out?

You will not, not one in a thousand of you would dare to do it. You write beautiful poetry over her sorrows and weep over her misfortunes, but give her practical help you never will. There is not one person out of a thousand that will—there is not one out of five thousand that has—come so near the heart of the Lord Jesus Christ as to dare to help one of these fallen souls. But you say, "Are these no ways by which the wanderer may escape?" Oh, yes; three or four. The one way is the sewing-girl's garret, dingy, cold, hunger-blasted. But you say, "Is there no other way for her to escape?" Oh, yes. Another way is the street that leads to the East river, at midnight, the end of the city dock, the moon shining on the dark water making it look so smooth she wonders if it is deep enough. It is. No boatman near enough to hear the plunge. No watchman near enough to pick her out before she sinks the third time. No other way? Yes. By the curve of the Hudson River Railroad at the point where the engineer of the lightning express train cannot see a hundred yards ahead to the form that lies across the track. He may whistle "down brakes," but not soon enough to disappoint the one who seeks her death. But you say, "Is not God good and will he not forgive?" Oh, yes! but man will not, woman will not, society will not. Our work then must be prevention rather than cure.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

We have received a large number of answers to the inquiry of J. P. F. Burroughs (in The Christian Herald of July 12), for the author of the verses which begin:

"Could I with ink the ocean fill."

E. A. Campbell, Corona, N. Y., writes:

I remember hearing the Rev. John Stewart, a Presiding Elder in the Ohio Conference, preaching on the great love of God to our world. I think it was in 1857, and on Gallia circuit, in Ohio. During his sermon, he quoted the lines, which differ a little from Mr. Burroughs'—but no doubt are the same. As regards the author, he said, they were found written upon the walls of a cell in which an insane man was incarcerated.

Hattie J. Aldworth, Allegan, Mich.; L. D. Sterling, Maxwell, Ont.; M. D. Lichlitie, McKeesport, Pa.; J. Cunningham, Marshall, Mich.; P. N. Bodfish, Wareham, Mass. and S. W. Moore, Little Rock, Ark., all send versions which agree with that of Mr. Campbell as to the origin of the verses, but afford no light on the authorship. A Reader, Dennysville, N.C., says that the poem may be found in Vol. 2 of a book called "Anecdotes on the Old Testament." C.C. Copeland, Springfield, Colo., writes:

You will find the answer in "Cottage Bible" (John 21:25). I copy a part of the note under the verse. "Basnage gives a very similar hyperbole, taken from the Jewish writers, in which Jochanan is said to have composed such a great number of precepts and lessons that if the heavens were paper and all the trees of the forests so many pens, and all the children of men so many scribes, they would not suffice to write all his lessons."

Henry N. Adams, Chadwick, N. Y., sends a similar answer and W. S. Forsey, Finch, Ont., Can., declares that Watts is the author. He also wrote:

Could I in stature reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean in my span;
I must be measured by my soul,
The mind's the standard of the man.

S. L. Moore., Litt'e Rock. Ark. Is there a college or school anywhere designed to help poor young men to get an education?

There are several where they are "helped," but none we know of that are "free." Write to Rev. H. B. Hartzler, Northfield, Mass, for particulars concerning the Moody schools.

Rev. A. E. Smith, Covert, Kan. Of the two evils which is the greater and why—novel reading or cards?

It may be said that there are good and bad novels—those of such writers as Scott, Dickens, Kingsley, Boyesen, Ebers, Howells, and others of their class being literary masterpieces of a pure and elevating character, while there is also a multitude of a different sort that none can read without contamination. There are no good cards that we have ever heard of, all being irredeemably bad and leading to the development of the worst of vices in the players.

N. J., New York. In what year was the mode of baptism changed by the English Parliament from immersion to sprinkling?

We do not know to what you allude. The English Parliament could not change the mode. When baptism by immersion was preached in England, in the reigns of Henry VIII. and his daughter Elizabeth, the innovation was declared illegal by the monarchs, who claimed to be the head of the church, and those who practiced it were persecuted. Under Cromwell the Baptists were protected, but it was not until the reign of William III. that they received protection by statute, in the Toleration Act, passed in 1689.

Mrs. Beatrice, East Providence, R. I. 1. Must a man have a certain age before he can be a candidate for the U. S. Presidency? 2. Did the bodies of the saints that arose and appeared at the time of Christ's resurrection, continue to live or what became of them? 3. Why are two names given as [illegible] the story of Brave Barbara?

1. The President must be a native citizen of the United States at least 35 years of age. 2. All that is known on the subject is contained in the two verses of the Gospel according to Matthew. In the absence of any parallel or explanatory passage, any theory on the subject must be mere inference or conjecture. The theory generally accepted is that they were persons who believed on Christ, looking forward to his day or waiting for him, as aged Simeon did. That they were rewarded with the special privilege of rising with him, thus fulfilling the prediction (John 5:25), that the dead should hear the voice of the Son of God and live; and that they ascended to heaven as Christ did. All this however, it should be remembered, is conjectural, in the absence of any explicit record. 3. Because the two writers collaborated (*i. e.*, worked together) in producing the story.

Reader, Spring Brook, N. Y. 1. At the time Christ said, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle," etc., was there any such kind of sewing-needles as is used now? Of course I know he alluded to the gate or opening in the walls of Jerusalem, but some people of my acquaintance think a cambric needle was meant. 2. Was not the Samaritan of those who believed in and followed Christ, and were not the priest and that other one that passed by opposed to Christ?

1. Needles are very ancient. The Egyptians made them of bronze from three to four inches long, and although no traces of a finer grade now exist, they undoubtedly had finer needles for delicate work. The ladies of Assyria, Babylon, and Tyre excelled in embroidery, and must have used very fine needles. Steel was then unknown. 2. The story was a parable intended to illustrate the contrast between the Christian spirit of charity and neighborly helpfulness and the exclusiveness and selfishness of those whose hearts were untouched by that spirit and who were indifferent to the sufferings of others.

Wm. P. Roberts, Stateford, Pa. In Christ's parable (Matt. 13:25), where the enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, is there seed to tares or does the wheat become tares?

The tares in the parable refer to the seed called "darnel," a rank and widely distributed grass and the only species that has deleterious properties. It is poisonous and its grains, if eaten, produce vomiting, purging, convulsions and sometimes even death. Before it comes into the ear it resembles the wheat so closely that it can hardly be distinguished from the latter, hence the command to leave it to the harvest. Grain-growers in Palestine believe the tares or *zuwan* to be a diseased or degenerate wheat. The seed resembles wheat in form, but is smaller and nearly black.

Hubert Foote, Fish Lake, Ont. Can. 1. Is it right to raise barley, etc., or hire to work in them when we know they are made up into intoxicating drinks? 2. What advice would you give to a young person who wanted to lead a good useful Christian life and was unsettled as to what course or line of business he should pursue?

1. It would certainly not be right to do so, knowing that the very crop you were cultivating was destined for the liquor vat. If you do not know this and if you have no share or responsibility in turning the cereals into liquor and thus diverting God's gifts to base purposes, you may raise your crops with a clear conscience. 2. Lay the matter before the Lord and take counsel with people of experience and godly character. The choice of a calling may depend upon a thousand things; but there are many excellent occupations that can be followed without hampering or restricting spiritual growth.

Reader, Centre Point, Tex. "I remember reading some time ago an account of some soldiers approaching a walled city; the captain or leading officer, not knowing an entrance into the same, addressed a girl near, and asked that she would show him the way, or give him admittance within the city, to which she replied, 'I will, if you will give me the bracelet encircling your arm.' He pulled off the bracelet and threw it to her, and as each soldier passed, he did the same, until she was crushed to death with their weight. Can you tell me who were the parties, and what city? I only read it once and can't recall it, but the impression never left me how oft we yield our desires for that which satisfieth and profiteth not. Please answer in Mail-Bag." Possibly some reader can supply the desired information.

Mrs. Dr. Joseph Eyster, Sunbury, Pa. We can find no trace of it.——Subscriber, Ontario, Cal. Send Sunday School papers and lesson leaves to Rev. G. W. Sharp, Kirksville, Mo.——W. S. Forsey, Finch, Ont., Can. Yes: Bella Cook is still alive——Subscriber, Washington, D. C. We have already answered this question repeatedly——Reader, Delaware, Kan. Yes, by sending $2. you secure an Oxford Teachers' Bible and The Christian Herald for one year.——William Wroe, Lexington, Ill. We cannot give space to the matter. If you examine any standard encyclopedia in any public library you will find it stated quite fully.——Mrs. M. E. Grant, Washington, D. C.: Rev. A. J. Gordon's address is 182 W. Brookline St., Boston, Mass.——Wm. M. Hiltz, Easton, Md. There is no where any evidence to sustain the assertion.——Old Settler, Milwaukee, Wis. The only portion of the city that escaped destruction is said to have been the tower now known as the Tower of David. It was spared and permitted to stand that it might thereby emphasize the general ruin the more.——Lizzie P. Sloan, Mapleton Depot, Pa. You can procure Dr. Trumbull's book on "Friendship" from John D. Wattles & Co., publishers, Philadelphia

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

The Panic in Wall Street.

In the twenty years that have elapsed since the great financial panic of 1873 Wall street has not experienced such a tremendous shaking-up as it has received during the past month. The wave of financial and commercial depression which has swept over the entire country, carrying down banks and corporations West and South, shutting down the mines and closing up factories and industries that gave employment to many thousands of workers, seemed however to have somewhat spent its force before reaching the New York Stock Exchange. The balance of trade with Europe was against us and the steady draft of gold sent abroad, added to commercial stagnation at home aggravated the situation. Early in the present troubles (which were precipitated by the unexpected course of the government of British India in suddenly stopping the coinage of silver), the great banking concerns of New York agreed to stand firmly by each other in order to avoid a repetition in the East of the general failures in the West. Their course has inspired confidence and prevented widespread disaster both to the banks and in general. On the other hand, the West and more particularly the mining States, felt the full force of the blow that broke down the price of silver in the markets of the world. The present indications are that the worst is over and general confidence gradually returning. Many of the banking institutions which closed temporarily will doubtless resume. On the Stock Exchange in New York, during the height of the excitement, when the whole list of securities had dropped to a point seldom reached even in panicky times, there were none of the old time scenes of disorder and frantic turbulence. "Bulls" and "bears" stormed and raved, but they are no longer the financial potentates they were in the days when there were formidable leaders in Wall street and when the money gamblers ruled the world of business. Never was the decay of the "street" so significantly emphasized as now. Its power is curtailed and legitimate business methods appear to be more generally adopted. In no place in the whole world is there so much need of Solomon's warning against the effort to get rich by any other method than honest work. (Prov. 13 : 11.)

Evidence from Ashes.

An officer of the Mint at New Orleans has been arrested and committed for trial on remarkable scientific evidence. It was his duty to burn the bills which were returned to the mint and were not to be reissued. A box containing a large amount of money in currency was given to him to destroy and a record was kept of the number of bills of each denomination which were in the box. The ashes of the bills were carefully collected and turned in by the clerk, as proof that he had destroyed the bills, as his duty required. They were weighed by the chief inspector and were about the weight that the ashes of the bills should be. On close examination, however, it was found that among the ashes were the heads of several burned matches, which would, of course, count in the weight. It was evident that certain bills, the ashes of which, if burned, would correspond in weight to the match-heads, could not have been burned. Suspecting that the clerk had stolen the bills, instead of burning them, the next step was to ascertain the value of the bills abstracted. The ashes were submitted to a Government expert, who analyzed them and reported that currency of the value of $25,000 had not been burned On being asked how he had discovered the amount, he stated a fact not generally known. It appears that the coloring matter used in the bills varies with each denomination and that in all cases it has a metallic basis, which is uninjured by fire or water, The tests showed that in the ashes there was none of the indestructible basis peculiar to the one thousand, five hundred, or one hundred dollar bills, although there were several bills of those denominations among those given to the officer to burn. As there was a possibility of his having used them, instead of burning them, he was arrested. Doubtless, the officer was not aware that the Government possessed so ingenious a means of testing his probity, otherwise he would not have reserved the bills from destruction. A similar mistake was made by Ananias and Sapphira in reserving part of the price of their property. It is made, too, by every man who professes to give himself to Christ, if he is cherishing some secret sin or worldly desire. (Ps. 139: 20-24)

A Fatal Bite.

The death of a young lady a few days ago at Asbury Park, N. J., has caused deep sorrow to a large circle of friends. The circumstances were unusually pathetic. Three months ago she was in robust health and was engaged to be married. She had a little black and tan terrier dog of which she was very fond. One day while playing with it, the animal snarled and bit her right hand. Jumping from her lap, the dog ran through the streets growling and snapping at other dogs; and was finally shot in a town three miles away. The wound in the lady's hand quickly healed and she thought no more of it. The incident had almost passed from her memory when she was seized with severe pains in the back of the head, which grew worse until they were almost unbearable. A physician was called in, who prescribed for her. But she became excessively feverish and nervous, and after a few days symptoms of hydrophobia developed. She was attacked by violent convulsions, during which she tried to bite those about her. In spite of the efforts of the most skilful physicians to give her relief, her suffering continued and grew worse, until she died in extreme agony. The singular feature of the case was that nearly three months elapsed between the dog's bite and the first symptoms of her own affliction, and during that time she was in her usual health. Had she realized her danger at the time she received the wound, and had the proper remedies been applied, her life might not have been sacrificed, but it was so slight that no attention was paid to it. A similar mistake is often made as to the nature of spiritual maladies. The deadly nature of sin is not realized and pardon and cleansing through Jesus is not sought for until too late. It was God's complaint against the teachers and preachers of an earlier day that they "healed the hurt of the daughter of his people slightly." (Jer. 6: 14.)

A Lost Memory.

The conductors and railroad officials at Oakland, Cal., are puzzled over a mysterious passenger who arrived there on a Central overland train a few days ago. She was found sitting among her baggage in one of the cars when the train arrived, and appeared disposed to remain. Being informed that she was at the end of the route she looked up in a bewildered way and tried to speak, but could not. After a time she recovered her voice, but was unable to give any account of herself. She could not remember where she had come from, nor whither she was going. She made a brave mental struggle to answer the questions put to her, but gave it up in despair. "Oh, why can't I remember?" she cried in distress. She uttered the name of Doyle several times, but there was no means of knowing whether that was her name or the name of the person to whom she was going. Her baggage was examined, but without finding any clue, nor could the conductor remember where she boarded the train or which of the cancelled tickets she had given him. She was neatly attired and seemed to be about sixty years of age. She had apparently full possession of all her faculties except that of memory, and that was a complete blank. She was finally sent to the city hospital, to see if the doctors could give her any help, while the police sought her family or friends. It was a pitiable condition, doubtless the result of some form of disease of the brain. So utter a lapse of memory is uncommon, but the earnest Christian is often tempted to wonder if some of his professing brethren may be similarly afflicted. When he sees them in worldly society, or in places of sinful amusement, or hoarding their money contrary to Christ's commands, it would seem that they must have forgotten their identity as followers of the pure and lowly Jesus. (1. John 3: 3.)

Wall Street, New York, Looking up Toward Broadway.

BRIEF NOTES.

An International Conference has been called by the Evangelical Alliance to meet in Chicago Oct. 8–15.

The Rev. Dr. Ellis, who is laboring among the Jews of Warsaw, Poland, has baptized, within a few months, fourteen Jews and Jewesses of good position.

The new coadjutor Bishop of Tennessee is the Rev. Thomas Frank Gailor, S. T. D. He was consecrated at Nashville on July 25 Dr. Gailor was Chancellor of the University of the South. His future home will be at Memphis.

A good example was set recently by a Western church, which placed in the corner stone of its new house of worship the names of the men employed in building it. The workingman is not often remembered in such circumstances.

The following contributions have been received for the furnishing and support of the Bethesda Home in Brooklyn, N. Y., a sketch of which appeared in this journal on July 26: E. A. M. Ramsey, Mich. $5; J. Lucas, Manistee, Mich., $5; A Friend, N. J., $3; D. Thomas, Oak Hill, O., $1; S. Hinman, North Platte, Neb., $1.50.

Another Christian missionary has been subjected to ill-treatment in Turkey. Miss Anna Melton of the Presbyterian Board, whose station is at a small village among the Nestorian mountains was attacked in the night recently and severely beaten. Complaint was made to the local authorities, but nothing has been done to punish her assailants.

The successor to the late Dr. R. W. McAll in the charge of the Paris Mission is Rev. Charles Greig, who has been one of Dr. McAll's most trusted and efficient helpers during the past fourteen years. Dr. Bonar and Mr. Dods were his sponsors when he entered on the work and since then he has won the respect of all his associates.

When the Roman Catholic Church at Long Island City was destroyed by fire recently, the First Baptist Church invited its congregation to hold services in its building. The offer was accepted, and on July 30 the priest said mass in the Baptist Church. Later in the morning, the Baptists and Methodists met there for worship, as the two churches are holding joint services during the summer. There was, consequently, the novel spectacle of the same building serving as a temporary home for people of three different creeds.

During the week, the following contributions have been received in aid of the proposed Permanent Lodging-House for Homeless Girls: A Vermont Sister, $1; Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Williams, Milwaukee, Wis., $5; In His Name, East Orange, N. J., $1; Mrs. Wm. Hill, Paterson, N. J., $5; Subscriber, Mechanicsburg, Pa., $2; Victoria E. Osborn, Phillips, Neb., $1; Mrs. H. O. Draper, Ware, Mass, $1; J. C. Core, Pleasantville, Iowa, $5; Willing Helper, Columbus, Ill., $10; M. I. D., Milton on the Hudson, $1; Violetta M. Fisk, Sutton, Vt., $2; Reader of the C.H. in Va., $1; Friend, Centreville, N. J., $1; L.A.E., St. Joseph, Mo., 75 cents; Nellie M. Banker, Pittston, Pa., $1; A Friend, City, $5; Mrs. Emma Semmler, Leslie, Tex, $1; Mrs. Madge Nesbitt, Fulshear, Tex., $3; Thaddeus B. Hinnant, Savage, S. C., $1; Mrs. B. M. L., Charlotte, N. C., $1; Evan Griffiths, Vera Cruz, Mo., $1. Total $49.75; previously acknowledged, $220.20; grand total $269.95.

Contributions to the fund for the support of Rev. Geo. W. Sharp, The Christian Herald Missionary of the American Sunday School Union were received last week to the amount of $57.60. They were as follows: C. Riehle, Philadelphia, Pa., $10; A. C. Baldwin, Pingree Grove, Ill., $1; Wm. L. Hoover, Philadelphia, Pa., $2; Friend, Mechanicsburg, Pa., $3; R. N. D., York Harbor, Me., $10; G., Rome, N. Y., $1; Carrie and Izro Cole, Redwood Falls, Minn., 50c.; Violetta M. Fisk, Sutton, Vt., $2; H. O. Draper, Ware, Mass., $3; Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Williams, Milwaukee, Wis., $5; A Vt. Sister, $1; Mrs. Sarah Sents, Columbus, N. Y., $1; Mrs. Agnes Atwell, Columbus, N. Y., $4; A Shut-in, Mass., 10c.; C. Bollinger, Chicago, Ill., $1; A friend in N. J., $2; L. C. Cook and wife, Tedrow, O., $1; H. G. Meserve, Easthampton, Mass., $2; Samuel Thatcher, Rantoul, Ill., $1; Sub., Graham, Va., $3; Susan Ratliff, Fairmount, Ind., $1; Mrs. Madge Nesbitt, Fulshear, Tex., $3. These with the $182.45 previously acknowledged bring the total so far received up to $240.05 toward the sum needed, which is $700 for the year.

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

THE WELLS OF ELIM.

Sermon preached before the Tremont Temple Church, now meeting in Music Hall, Boston, last Sunday evening, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D. Text: Exodus 15: 27. "*And they came to Elim, where were twelve wells of water, and three score and ten palm trees: and they encamped there by the waters.*"

AST Sunday evening we saw the children of Israel encamped at the wells of Marah. We heard again their ungrateful murmurs, and again also the old and blessed story of the tranforming of the waters of bitterness into waters of marvelous sweetness. We also saw that while they were encamped at Marah the Lord made a new statute, ratified it by an oath of obedience, and revealed himself to the people by a new name, "Jehovah, the healer." The children of Israel when in Egypt wished to go three days' journey into the wilderness to worship God. When they reached Marah it was fitting that at the end of that journey and the expiration of that time this new statute and its corresponding obligation should be made. We thus see that obedience to God always brings a blessing and disobedience always a curse.

Attention has been called to the fact that the disobedient Egyptians saw the delicious water of the Nile turned into blood, but the obedient Israelites saw the waters of Marah turned into

Waters of Sweetness.

Blessings become curses when men abuse or even disuse them; and severe disadvantages become glorious opportunities when men receive them in the fear and love of God. The first miracle performed in Egypt, as we have seen, was the changing of the water into blood; but the first miracle performed in the wilderness, was the changing of bitter water into sweet. Here we see the two-sided character of God; his relations to us depend largely upon our relations to him. The pillar of cloud was darkness to the Egyptians, but brightness to the Israelites; so God's providences to-day are darkness to the disobedient, but brightness, beauty and glory to the obedient. The first miracle of Moses was the changing of water into blood; but the first miracle of Christ was the changing of water into wine. Christ came to transform all the water of earth into the wine of heaven; to exalt the low into the noble; and to tranform earth into heaven.

To-night let us, in the first place, remark that for the children of Israel, and for us, there is always an Elim. At Elim, the next station after Marah, there were twelve wells of water and seventy palm trees, one well for each tribe and one tree for each elder. The word Elim means trees. The place is supposed to be the Wady-Ghurundel of our day. This is the largest of all the torrent beds on the west side of the peninsula. It is said to be no less than a mile wide, and that here palms, tamarisks, and acacias abound. The twelve wells cannot now be found; but it is well known that sand often fills these wells, and wells are easily dug anywhere in

The Fertile Valley.

The distance is about two or three hours' journey from Marah, and it is a delightful halting place. Fringed with trees and shrubs it was a charming oasis. Palms with hairy trunks and feathery tamarisks, and acacias with [illegible] ous. Beautiful as is Elim to-day, it is sup[illegible] around these wells. On every side the waters [illegible] tiful which these words suggest. "They encamped there by the waters." It is almost possible as we read these words to see the [illegible] of the waters. You can almost see the assembled hosts as they rejoiced in their new location. This oasis must have been beautiful after the trying experiences through which they had passed. We may well suppose that Moses and the chieftains would gather about the central wells, while the great host would be scattered along the plain where the grass was green and where the fountains gave abundant water, clear and cool. Such is the picture which this verse brings before us to-night.

The Elims of Life.

Thank God that we, as well as they, find an Elim in life's journey. The world has for us many Marahs. Every rank and station in life has its well of bitterness. The whole physical universe bears the marks of sin; the trail of the serpent is over every part of God's world. Those splintered mountain peaks which the children of Israel had seen tell most plainly of the terrible tumults which agitated the world's heart; they are standing illustrations of the sorrows and trials which have agitated the heart of the moral universe. We are reminded that in some great musical compositions the fine effects are due in part to the presence of minor notes. It is certain that this law holds true in our daily lives. In poetry and in art the undertone of sorrow gives a certain charm to the completed work. The drama would lose much of its power did it lose its tragical elements. The Antigone would never be reproduced in our day but for the movement of tragedy which lies at its heart, and which reveals itself at every stage in the progress of the drama. The power of fate, or as we would describe it, the sovereignty of God, in connecting in inseparable relations sorrow and sin, marks every stage in the progress of this drama. Sorrow lies deep at the world's heart. It is still true that truth is often on the cross while wrong is on the throne. But let us not take too gloomy a view of life. While it has its Marah it also has its Elim. There is many a home which is an Elim to all who dwell therein. There are lives along whose pathway palms wave, fountains gleam and birds sing. Thank God for the Elims—if we may use a double plural in life's pathway. This world is marred and scarred by sin; but still the world does not belong to the devil. It is Christ's world. His pierced hand is on the helm of this universe. He himself is on its throne, and he will never be dethroned. The gates of hell shall never prevail against the Church of Christ. Nevertheless we are obliged to recognize that this life is often a vale of tears, that it is often a valley of the shadow of death, but we think with especial pleasure to-night of our Elims. Some of you have rest and your lives have been exalted and inspired. Some of you have found

Elims in the Church

of Christ. Its meetings of prayer and praise have been Elims and Bethels. What would you do without the church of God? There you have left your heart's sore and heavy burdens; there you have often drank fully from the sparkling fountains of Christ's promises, and with refreshed heart and uplifted countenance you have gone on in the path of duty. You have found Elims sometimes in the study of God's Word. It has opened your understanding; it has illumined your life. You have sent the buckets of faith down into the deep well of God's truth, and you have partaken of the refreshing water as your lips touched the bucket's rim. You have found an Elim in sacred prayer. There are times when the soul holds unspeakably intimate communion with God. There are times when alone with God one may hear the gentle whispers of his love; times when one almost feels that if he opened his eyes he might see Jesus standing at his side; times when one may almost, like John, pillow his head upon the bosom of his Lord. Oh, how precious have been these times of tender fellowship with Jesus Christ; times when the bride, the Church, has felt the embracement of her divine Husband, when the kiss of his love was on her cheek, and when leaning on his arm she triumphantly marched through the world. It may be Elim for us to-night if we come close to the divine Master. Yearly, monthly, daily, hourly and constantly the soul that reposes on the Lord Jesus Christ, and that drinks of the water of life will have an Elim.

It is also instructive, in the second place, to notice the location of Elim relative to Marah. Being but a few miles distant, it would be reached by an easy march of two or three hours. If the children of Israel, instead of murmuring at Marah, had marched for a few hours they would have reached Elim with its wells and palms. There is deep spiritual significance in this thought. It is ever true in the Christian life that

Elim lies near to Marah.

If we but march bravely on God will soon change bitterness into sweetness. We too often sink down at Marah moaning and groaning, sighing and crying. We ought rather to gird ourselves and march with rapid steps to joyous Elim. No, we cannot fully appreciate our Elims except as they are contrasted with the Marahs. Many a young Christian wonders that his sky is ever clouded and his faith ever weakened. I remember such experienees in my own early Christian life, and I remember how much I owe to older sisters, who assured me that the sun was ever shining although sometimes obscured by clouds, and that God never withdrew his love, even though unbelief occasionally robbed us of this assurance. Similar experiences come to us farther on in the Christian course. Did God always give us Elim irrespective of our faith and love, irrespective of our devotion to his service, we would fail to appreciate Elim or to reverence God. Our spiritual experiences alternate between Marah and Elim, because our faith is not constant and our devotion not complete. Deep shadows tell us that there are bright lights. An electric light makes the shadow of a telegraph wire somewhat like a great cable as you step over it on the sidewalk. The bitter and the sweet lie near to each other in almost every life. Dr. Baldwin Brown reminds us that the most beautiful scenery in the world, the world's gardens lie near the most blighted mountain peaks. Sicily blooms and blossoms as the rose, and yet it often quivers and quakes with the mighty throes of internal fires. Naples with its natural

Beauty lies near Vesuvius,

which brushes the sky with its smoky column, or which bursts forth in its eruptions of burning lava. In Mrs. Brassey's charming book, "The Voyage of the Sunbeam," we are told of her visit to the Sandwich Islands, parts of which are beautiful as paradise, but close to these gardens of paradise is a lake of lava which rolls and dashes itself to fury against its shores. Contrasts seem necessary to heighten beauties. The jeweller places his diamonds in his windows on a rich maroon, blue, or black background to display their great brilliancy. The dark background is necessary to reveal the gleam and glory of the diamond. The alabaster column in St. Mark's in Venice, the careful architect places before a dark and not a bright wall. Thus placed the sun shows to a better advantage their transparent qualities and beautiful outlines. One charm in Gothic architecture is its quality to mingle lights and shadows. It seems to be God's way in human experience to give light and shadow upon our path, to alternate the Marahs with the Elims and the Elims with the Marahs. I know that some of you have been obliged to drink of the bitter water, some of you have prayed with Jesus in the garden, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me," but a moment afterward you bowed in sweet submission saying, "Nevertheless, not my will but thine be done." And to you as to Jesus, God's angel came with strengthening presence and upholding grace. The angel has said to you often, "You have had enough of the cup of Marah," and he dashed it from your lips, and then he gave to you as husbands and fathers, as wives and mothers, as sons and daughters, sparkling water from some divine Elim. Perhaps to-night he permits me to place to your lips a cup of this heavenly beverage

A Longer Stay.

Notice, in the third place, that the stay of the people at Elim was much longer than at Marah; although even at Elim it was only temporary. We know exactly how long they rested at the former place. We can trace their journey all the way from Egypt. Three days brought them to the Red Sea. On the third day they crossed the Red Sea, on the morning of the fourth they stood in triumph on the Arabian shore, that day and two more brought them to Marah. We have, therefore, thus far six days. On the seventh day they came from Marah to Elim, making now one week. Turning to the first verse of the next chapter we read: "And they took their journey from Elim, and all the congregation of the children of Israel, came unto the wilderness of Sin, which is between Elim and Sinai, on the fifteenth day of the second month after their departing out of the land of Egypt." They remained three weeks at Elim. God gave them but a few minutes, or perhaps at most an hour or so, at Marah, but he gave them three solid weeks of Elim. That is just like God that is his way of dealing with his people. Delightful weeks, indeed, they must have been. They were permitted to wander all about the vicinity, enjoying its charms and rejoicing in God's love.

It is not to be supposed that two millions or more of people could be gathered about a well or two, or even twelve, rather must we suppose that two million men would march to the place in central position, and then the flocks and herds and the great hosts of people would be scattered about. They were now being schooled; they were learning self-reliance; they were experiencing self-discipline; they had become a nation in a night. These three weeks would give them a very great degree of discipline, and development of those characteristics of manhood and womanhood which they required for their subsequent life. After these three weeks were gone they again took up their line of march and went into the wilderness of Sin.

Must not Linger.

Dear friends, it is true of us that God does not tell us to linger long about the choicest Elim to which he may bring us; he has work for us to do. Beautifully is this idea brought out in the twenty-third psalm: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;" a beautiful picture! What is the result of God's leadership? "He restoreth my soul,"—then what? Do I sit down and take my ease when my soul is restored? Not at all: "He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake."

Have you received some great blessing? Impart it to some one else. Are you walking on the mountain tops of God's favor? Go down and heal some poor sick boy, as did Christ and his disciples when they came down from the mount of transfiguration. Have you been quaffing from some joyous Elim until your soul overflows with the blessedness of God's presence? Go and take a cup of that water to some thirsty lip. That is God's method in dealing with his children, and in carrying forward the enterprises of his church.

There is nothing selfish in religion; the more you give away the more you have. If you can keep all your religion to yourselves you may be sure you have a religion that is not worth anything. If the love of God is in the soul you must speak it, you cannot conceal it. Christ is the Rose of Sharon, and if the Rose of Sharon be in your heart, all about you will receive its beautiful perfume. God blesses us that

We may Bless Others.

So we are pushed on. We have no continuing city here. The home of these Israelites was not Elim; their home was Canaan. Jordan rolled between; but they were bound for Canaan. This world is not our home, we are citizens of heaven; our conversation, our citizenship is in heaven. Christ's place was vacant by his Father's throne, while Christ was here below. And by Christ's side there are vacant places for you and for me, if we belong to him. No, no, this is not our home, we are pilgrims and strangers in this world; not always are we to abide below; we are seeking a city, a fatherland; a city whose builder and maker is God. Oh, how sad that men forget this. And when God gives them wealth, and home, and family, they say, "Here is an Elim, here is our home—this is our rest, we shall never be disturbed," and they sit down. Then God comes and he stirs up the nest. He comes in the crash of a railway train; he comes in business disaster; he comes in sickness. This is not your Elim.

God came and took a man out of that pew, who sat there two weeks ago. He lay on his bed of sickness, and his broken-hearted wife wept and prayed with him, while his little boy and his little girl besought God to save their papa. But to-day we stood beside him dead. And I send out over this congregation to-night this question,

"Whither are you Bound?"

We are all travelers Zionward or earthward. Where are you going young man, young woman? Are you a candidate for God's right hand, or are you a candidate for everlasting banishment from God and from the glory of his power?

Among the last words our departed friend said to me were these, "Oh, I wish God would spare my life, that next Sunday night, a week from to-night, I might be baptized. I wish he

would spare me, so that I might tell every one to come out from the world and stand with Jesus Christ." This is my message from his silent lips to this congregation.

Come out from Egypt! Come out from the world! Come under Christ's banner! Some of you ought to be there, some of you love Christ. You do love him and yet you stand with his enemies. Come out under his banner; march with his people; sing the songs of Zion; press forward. We have been at Marah; we have come to Elim; we plunge into the wilderness. God shall open the windows of heaven and God shall open his own right hand and give us food to eat. And at the last he will make the waters of Jordan skip and leap and stand, and we shall go through in triumph dryshod into the Canaan of everlasting bliss. I say to every man and woman in this audidence, "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good."

A STUNDIST'S FAITH.

A CORRESPONDENT of a European journal writes that the following facts have been communicated to him from a trustworthy authority. Quite lately, a large number of Russian criminals were standing in the courtyard of their prison, chained together, and about starting for their long sad journey into Siberian wilds. Amongst them was one Christian man, a Stundist, sharing their banishment and punishment, simply because he had spoken to his fellow-workmen about the faith which made him count all things as dross for Christ's sake. His fellow-prisoners were jeering him about it, saying, "But you're no better off than we are. You are wearing the bracelets (handcuffs) as we do; if your God is of any use to you, why doesn't he knock off your chains, and set you free?"

The man replied reverently, "If the Lord will, he can set me free even now, and though my hands are chained, my heart is free!" At that very moment a voice was heard calling him by name, and telling him that a paper had just been received granting him a full pardon. He was then told to stand aside, and his chains were struck off. At the same time the prison gates were thrown open, and all the rest of the convicts filed out, the Stundist alone remaining behind, with permission to return to his family and friends.

It is said that the prisoners were perfectly awe-stricken and solemnised with the impression of what they had witnessed. It came out afterwards that a Christian lady in a high position, who took interest in this poor laboring man, had asked and obtained his pardon.

THE OLD CASTE SPIRIT.

THE following touching story of struggle is from the *Indian Witness:* A missionary gives this narrative from his experience. "A Brahmin boy came to me one day and said: 'Sir, I want you to tell me something which has been troubling me lately. We heard at prayers, not long ago, about it being no use to hear the truth without doing it, and that idea fastened itself in my mind. I was going home a day or two afterward, and I saw a little pariah (outcast) boy in the road trying to get a bundle of sticks on to his shoulder. When I got near, he called out to me and asked me to help him. I knew at once that I ought to, because I believe that we are all brothers, and must do to others as we would they should do unto us. So I looked up and down the road, and as I did not see anybody coming, I was just going to help him when the old caste spirit rose in my mind, and I said to myself, "Why should I defile myself by touching this pariah? I shall only have to purify myself when I get home, and what is he to me?" So I turned away and left him, and I have felt so ashamed of myself ever since. Will you pray for me that I may have strength to do what I know to be right.'" And so it is that the Holy Spirit works righteousness.

SERVILE LABOR.

In the course of an address at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Dr. A. T. Pierson said: "I knew a good woman once, who had to do all her own work, and who especially disliked washing dishes, and most of all the smudged pots and kettles. That always made her chafe and complain at her lot. One Lord's day I had preached on that text about abiding in our calling with God; and as she cleared away the dinner that day she began to say to herself, 'Oh, it's the same old drudgery.' Just then the Spirit of the Lord brought to her mind the text of the morning: 'Let every man in that calling wherein he is found, therein abide with God.' And, standing right there by that kitchen table she lifted her heart to Jesus, and asked him to come into her humble kitchen and abide with her and help her to do those menial duties, And from that day she ceased fretting and grew fast in grace and knowledge."

Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

Praise the Lord.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "*Bless his holy name.*"—Ps. 103:1. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. O my soul, and all with-in me, Praise the Lord and
2. In my sor-row He be-held me, From the deep He
3. He has crowned my life with bless-ings, Pre-cious bless-ings
4. As an ea-gle soars ex-ult-ant, So He bids my
bless His name; Sing a-loud His lov-ing king-ness,
heard my voice; Out of bond-age He de-liv-ered,
from a-bove; And my cup is o-ver-flow-ing
spir-it rise; And my faith be-holds the glo-ry
CHORUS.
And His won-drous grace pro-claim.
And has made my heart re-joice.
With the ful-ness of His love.
Of His tem-ple in the skies.
Wondrous grace! a-maz-ing
mer-cy! I will tell it o'er and o'er; He has
par-doned my trans-gres-sions, He re-mem-bers them no more.

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THE RESURRECTION PLANT.

Among the Pyramids of Egypt, Lord Lindsay, the English traveller, came across a mummy, the inscription upon which proved to be two thousand years old. In examining the mummy after it was unwrapped, he found in one of its enclosed hands a small root. He took the little bulb from that closed hand and planted it in a sunny soil, allowed the dew and rains of heaven to descend upon it, and in a few weeks, to his astonishment, the root burst forth and bloomed into a beautiful flower.

TWO thousand years ago a flower
Bloomed lightly, in a far-off land;
Two thousand years ago its seed
Was placed within a dead man's hand.

Before the Saviour came to earth,
The man had lived and loved and died.
And even in that far-off time,
The flower had spread its perfume wide.

Suns rose and set, years came and went,
The dead hand kept its treasure well;
Nations were born and turned to dust,
While life was hidden in that shell.

The shriveled hand is robbed at last,
The seed is buried in the earth;
When, lo! the life long hidden there
Into a glorious flower burst forth.

And will not he who watched the seed
And kept the life within the shell,
When those he loves are laid to rest,
Watch o'er their buried dust as well?

Just such a face as greets you now,
Just such a form as here we bear,
Only more glorious far, will rise
To meet the Saviour in the air.

Then will I lay me down in peace
When called to leave this vale of tears,
For, "In my flesh shall I see God,"
E'en though I sleep two thousand years.

—MRS. S. H. BRADLEY.

"NO DEATH."

THERE is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best-loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate;
He plucks the fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The Man of Sin.

Signs in Character and Conduct which will Identify Antichrist.

BY REV. JOHN STORIE, F.R.S.T.

IT is essential, in the study of the predicted future, to secure distinct apprehension of what is revealed as to the Man of Sin, the Antichrist. His nature, character, and pretensions; his power, his career, and his end. Next only to the predictions in respect to the Lord Christ himself, those who bear on the Antichrist are the most full and definite that God has given in his Word. The Apostle John, writing to his spiritual children in every Gentile Church, says to them, "Little children, ye have heard that the Antichrist is coming;" as if this were a fact with which they were all acquainted; a part of the common instruction given to God's people. It is a distinct and prominent topic in the ancient prophets, in the teachings of Christ, and of those sent out to preach and inspired to teach in his name. If in these later times it has not been so, the loss is great, and the danger may, in the case of some, prove fatal. If a false messiah is to rise on this earth before the end, as the Lord himself foretold, "Showing signs and wonders, insomuch as to lead astray, if it were possible, even the elect," if it be perdition to acknowledge this false messiah, as it is salvation to hold to the true, it is impossible to overestimate the importance of so understanding these revelations as to be prepared for the coming temptation and the coming danger.

The chief passages to read and examine are these—of St. Paul, II. Thess. 2: 1-12; of Daniel, 8: 9-14, 23-25; 9: 30-39, 44, 45; 12: 1; of Revelation, 13; 17: 7-14; of Isaiah, 14: 3-27; of Ezekiel, 28: 1-19.

The following facts about him are clear from the first of the passages I have mentioned: He is to be a man; not a succession of men; not the successive heads of an apostate or apostatising church; but one, individual man, whose pretensions live and die with him. He is to sit; to exalt himself; to show himself as God; a man, who is to rise here in flesh and blood; to head, in its latest form, the apostacy and the revolt of man from God.

He is to be "the Man of Sin," or rather, "the Man of the Sin." Of what sin? The sin fully developed of this closing age; its final representative, impersonation and embodiment; its false, but accepted Messiah.

He is to be "the wicked one," more exactly "the lawless one," ver. 8; that is, the one man who, breaking loose from God, and claiming to be irresponsible and supreme, treats with a proud defiance the law of heaven, and with sceptical contempt its doctrine of sin and guilt and condemnation, of responsibility to a Divine Judge and a coming judgment. He is to reign here as the one king, the one prophet, the one lawgiver, the one conscience.

He is to be "revealed" out of "the mystery of lawlessness." The mystery was already working in Paul's day; and it is to work on, deepening, darkening, widening, till the Antichrist rise in full growth from its womb. When the apostacy is complete; when knowledge and education have spread; when Christianity, become feeble and effete, has lost its hold on the convictions and the life of intellectual men; when the nobler and freer manhood of the coming day has risen beyond the tenets of a religion and a God. When the tendencies, intellectual, moral, religious, social, have reached their full development, then, as all the great movements in history for good or ill have been gathered to a head in one impersonating, representative agent. Then is "that wicked one revealed."

He is a man; but in mission, power, and finally in nature, he is to be more than man. He is to be the immediate agent and minister of him who is the God of this fallen world. His rise, his power, his immense authority is by "the immediate energy" of Satan; the working of Satan in him and for him; and he is to be sustained, through his whole career, by "power, signs, and wonders," proceeding direct from Satan in support of "the lie" he seeks to establish. And what is this "lie?" That Jesus, the crucified, was a deceiver, an impostor; not the Son of God, and not the true Messiah. "Who is the liar, but he that denieth that Jesus is the Christ? This is the Antichrist."

While rising into power he is in league with the unbelieving Jews; granting them protection, if not aid, while gathering back to their old land, and building their city and a temple for sacrifice and oblation. He joins them in their rejection of Jesus as the promised Messiah. He denies with them and denounces "the Father and the Son" as impious blasphemy, and the worship of the Triune God, as a God unknown to the prophets.

(To be Concluded.)

PAUL AND FELIX.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Aug 20. Acts 24: 22-27; I. John 2: 15-17

We have no need to go back to the first century to find such contrasts as existed between the characters of the Roman Governor and his illustrious prisoner. If we have few men of the type of Paul who live for the Spirit and have put away the world, we have many like Felix. The possibility of sinking into a state like his ought to put every man on his guard. He had simply allowed love of pleasure, of sin, and of money to attain the mastery in his nature, and he became a weak slave to those propensities. As he listened to Paul he trembled, but procrastination, the refuge of the weak, was open to him and he availed himself of it. He was too much alarmed and too sensitive to positively reject Paul's appeals. Sin had not yet obtained so complete a control over him as to render him callous or defiant, but he was too much under the power of his lower nature to yield to the appeals. To do the latter would have involved a struggle for which he had not the courage. It would have necessitated his putting away Drusilla and his rejecting bribes and of a revolution in all his habits of life. There are some men of strong character who with God's help have done as much, but Felix was not of that calibre. It was easier to postpone the decision than to yield or to reject. Most men who are living in sin have at times done the same thing. When conviction has come circumstances have not been propitious for a change of life. There is the hope that they will change and the moral strength and courage required for reformation will be less. The man shrinks from the conflict, but he means to enter upon it at some future time when the difficulties in the way will not be so great.

Moral weakness and cowardice are the natural and inevitable result of sin. Sin saps the moral strength of a man. It brings him into a state when he is unable to resist his lower nature. Knowing what is right and what he ought to do, he does what is wrong against the protest of his conscience. He becomes a servant and finally a slave to the propensities which ought to be kept in subjection. The steps to that degraded condition are often taken almost unconsciously. At the beginning it seems easy to retrace the steps, to sever a sinful connection, or to abandon a sinful habit. But it should never be forgotten that every day of indulgence, every violation of conscience weakens the resisting power. The man becomes weaker with every vicious act. The animal propensities in his nature are strengthened, every time they are indulged and the spiritual nature, which ought to rule and direct the life, acquires the habit of yielding until even the preaching of an Apostle could produce only a vague and fleeting intention to reform at some future time. Thus, constant vigilance is the duty of every one. A sin which we foolishly call trivial may be the beginning of a series, the end of which is moral and spiritual impotence.

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STUDY FOR EPWORTHIANS.

A most important decision affecting the Epworth League has been made by the General Cabinet. It relates to the subjects of study for the year. The decision is announced as follows by the *Epworth Herald*: It has been felt that up till now the reading course had not been as successful as it should have been. The causes for the widespread indifference were talked about. Have the books not been sufficiently attractive? Has the price been beyond the reach of the average of our young people? Or, may the cause of failure be in the half-hearted way in which the leaders of the literary departments in local chapters have taken hold of the matter? Perhaps, all of these obstacles have been somewhat in the way heretofore.

These three things were aimed at in the selection of this years's course: 1. The cost must be low. 2. One book should be selected, if possible, with reference to league work in each of the departments. 3. The books must not be too simple for thoughtful and studious young persons, and not too heavy for those who have had limited opportunities for obtaining an education. Here is the list:

1. "Some Aspects of the Blessed Life," by Mark Guy Pearse.
2. Selections from the "Educational Essays" of Bishop Edward Thomson.
3. "The Ephesian Letter," by Bishop Vincent.
4. "Four Wonderful years," by Dr. J. F. Berry.
5. "The Bishop's Conversion," by Mrs. Maxwell.
6. Required readings in *The Epworth Herald*.

The exact figures on some of the books have not yet been furnished by the publishers, but we believe the expense will be about $2 per set. An excellent supplementary course was also recommended to those who desire to read more extensively. Work begins in October. Plans should soon be under way. The Cabinet also appointed a Committee to prepare a list of books suitable for League Libraries.

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THE Y. W. C. A. SUMMER SCHOOL.

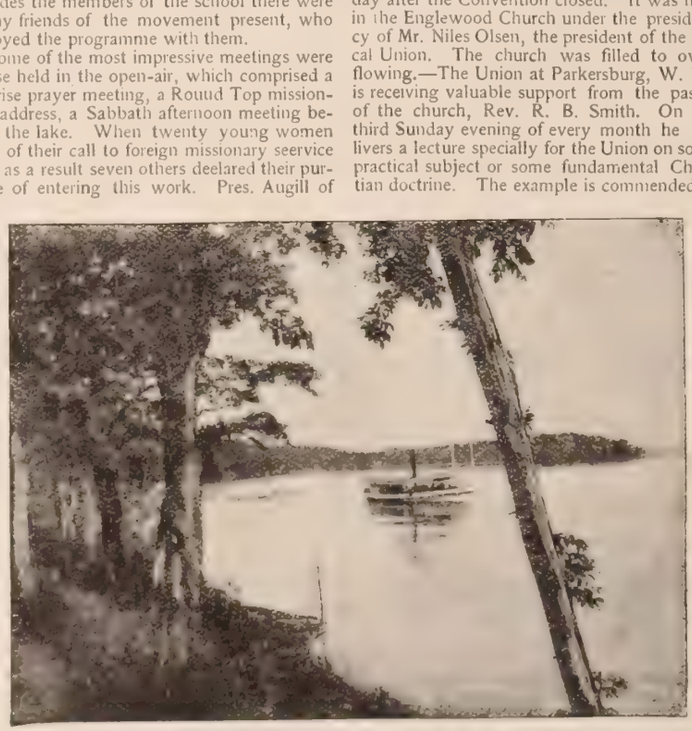
The Young Women's Christian Association Summer School, has held a successful and most delightful two weeks session at Lake Geneva, Wis. One hundred and fifty-five young women were in attendance from Associations in fifteen States. Iowa and Illinois sent the largest delegations, twenty-four each. Besides the members of the school there were many friends of the movement present, who enjoyed the programme with them.

Some of the most impressive meetings were those held in the open-air, which comprised a sunrise prayer meeting, a Rouud Top missionary address, a Sabbath afternoon meeting beside the lake. When twenty young women told of their call to foreign missionary seervice and as a result seven others deelared their purpose of entering this work. Pres. Augill of Ann Arbor also spoke one evening to an audience assembled beneath the trees on the lake front

Mr. T. H. Jacobs as musical director and soloist added much to the school. The Bible study and the classes in association methods were in charge of experienced leaders.

Among the evening platform speakers, but one can be mentioned, Rev. R. A. Torrey of the Moody Bible Institute, addressed the young women on the theme, "The Holy Spirit—What is it? Its necessity; How obtain it?" and many of his hearers received the power of the Spirit of God.

The delightful rambles and excursions; the rowing and swimming filled happily all the hours not given to study and classes. Those present were from far distant states—Texas, California and Colorado being included, and have carried back with them the memory of a season of perfect restfulness and refreshment. Two pictures of the lovely country in which the School was held appear on this page.



Lake Geneva, Wis, the Scene of the Y. W. C. A Summer School

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B. Y. P. U. NOTES.

The Baptist Young People's Union of Indianapolis, Ind., has organized a Young People's Alliance. About fifty young people's societies are enlisted, representing the Epworth League, the Society of Christian Endeavor, the Baptist Union, the Young Women's Christian Temperance Union, the Young Men's Christian Association, and the Brotherhood of St. Andrew (Episcopalian.)—Many delegates from the Indianapolis Convention attended a rally of the Unions at Chicago on the Tuesday after the Convention closed. It was held in the Englewood Church under the presidency of Mr. Niles Olsen, the president of the local Union. The church was filled to overflowing.—The Union at Parkersburg, W. Va. is receiving valuable support from the pastor of the church, Rev. R. B. Smith. On the third Sunday evening of every month he delivers a lecture specially for the Union on some practical subject or some fundamental Christian doctrine. The example is commended to the notice of other Baptist ministers.—The Union of Genesee, N.Y., held an enthusiastic convention in the La Grange Church recently. Among the speakers were: Rev. D. L. Martin, of Le Roy, on "Some of the objects of our Union;" Rev. H. Hyde, of Wyoming, on "Early Baptist History;" and Rev. O. A. Dike, of Warsaw, on "Self Surrender."—The First Baptist Church of Oregon City, Ore. has a Junior Union with a list of 257 active members. It is but little more than a year old and commenced with only twenty-two members.—The badge of the Baptist Young People's Union was designed by Rev. R. F. Y. Pierce the Secretary of the National Association. He says he spent a long time in the preparation of a design without a satisfactory result. He then made the matter a subject of prayer. He believes the present design was a direct answer to his prayer. Canada uses the same design substituting, however, the Union Jack for the Stars and Stripes.

The Camping Ground of the Delegates to the Y. W. C. A. Summer School.

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AMONG THE ORDERS.

The Epworth League of Lima, Ohio, has now in the District thirty-six Chapters, with a membership of 2,050.

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The English Young Men's Christian Associations raised a considerable sum of money to make a wedding present to the Queen's grandson, the Duke of York and his bride, Princess May. The royal couple have sent a letter to the treasurer of the fund expressing the wish that their wedding present should be used as a fund to assist young men who, through misfortune or from other causes, need a helping hand. This proposal is much appreciated, and negotiations are pending for the inauguration and naming of the fund.

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Sixty-five thousand dollars have been bequeathed to the Galveston Y.M.C. A. by the late Mr. Rosenberg, for a new building. The money will be received this fall, and work will be commenced at once.

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The report of the corresponding secretary of the Quincy, Ill., District Epworth League gives thirty-two active and seven inactive Chapters in the district, with a membership of 1,050. Number of Junior Leagues, eleven, with about 600 members.

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The Vancouver Y.M.C.A. has just opened a splendidly-equipped new building. The ceremony was most influentially attended, and the Mayor proclaimed a general half-holiday, in order that the young men engaged in stores might be well represented on the occasion.

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An association of Christian Young Men has been formed at South Easton, Pa., to promote the observance of the Lord's Day. The members are pledged to avoid Sunday traveling and Sunday desecration of all kinds, and to discourage Sunday labor, the opening of stores and places of amusement.

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The growth of the Christian Endeavor Society during the past year was phenomenal. Although every Society which had transferred its allegiance either to the Baptist Union or the Epworth League was dropped from the list, the number of societies reported to the Montreal Convention was larger by 5,276 than the number reported last year to the New York Convention.

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A Summer School for the Young Men's Christian Associations of the Maritime Provinces will be held at Charlottetown, P. E. I. The conference opens on Monday, Aug. 14, and will continue in session for six days. Evangelist Meikel will have charge of the Bible study department, giving an hour or more of the morning session of each day to that subject. Mr. George H. Close, physical director of the Halifax association, will have charge of the physical department, giving three hours a day to this. Mr. A. W. McLeod will conduct a conference each day in live topics regarding the workings of an association.

Princess May and Her Maids.

The Duke of York's Bride a Most Accomplished Woman—The Youth of Princesses.

TO the uninitiated, there is a halo about royalty, that removes it wholly from the lot of common mortals. Nothing can be further from the truth, for the nearer we approach it, the less ideal and romantic does it become, until at last we realize that, after all, kings, queens and princes are human like ourselves. They have the same feelings and desires, and their recreations and relaxations are like our own.

For the most part, however, royalty is at a real disadvantage, for the princeling or monarch must needs feel the limitations of conventionalism far more than the humble citizen. There are many things a commoner may do which would be sadly out of place if done by a prince or princess, although harmless enough in themselves. Thus it happens that the training of royalty in youth is more severe and exacting than in any other state of life. It is expected that a young princess, for example, will be not only graceful and well behaved, but amiable, accomplished and clever; that she will excel sufficiently in certain acquirements to enable her naturally to take the first rank on important occasions, and that she will combine the sweet simplicity of girlhood with the urbanity and polish of the Court. She must be exceedingly well read, something of a linguist, musical and conversant with contemporaneous science, art and letters, as well as with history, if she would hope to secure the deference and appreciation due to her high rank. The age has past when a dull monarch or stupid prince could be tolerated, or when education was confined to a few priests and scholars. In China, our missionaries say, it is the ambition of every family, however poor, to have one thorough scholar among its members; but in Europe and America, where education is now universal, ignorance is inexcusable. Among those who have all the advantages of higher station and wealth, to remain ignorant by choice would be a crime.

In the royal households of England, Germany, Italy, Austria and Russia, the education of the children is arduous and thorough. Princess May, who was lately married to the Duke of York, like all her sister princesses, has been under tutors from childhood until womanhood and is a most accomplished and charming girl.

Her disposition has not been spoiled by being pampered. She has been taught the use of those faithful servants, the ten fingers, and she can even make her own dresses and trim her own hats! In the illustration, she is seen in her wedding dress, surrounded by her bridesmaids and they make a pretty and attractive group. The Duchess sits in the centre and on her extreme right is Princess Alexandra of Edinburgh; next to her, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and the tall girl whose hand rests on the Duchess' chair is Princess Victoria of Edinburgh. On the right of the bride are the Princesses Victoria and Maud. Little blonde Princess Victoria of Battenberg, (it seems to be a popular name) sits at the bride's knee, *vis-a-vis* with the black-haired Princess Victoria Patricia of Connaught.

Princess Beatrice of Edinburgh rests on the rug to the right of the Duchess, while behind her, the bright-eyed, flaxen-haired Princess Alice of Battenberg chats with the somewhat statelier Princess Margaret of Connaught. The whole party, in cream-white satin dresses, whose folds are prettily hidden by flowers, makes a charming picture. There is a notable absence of any gaudy display of jewelry; indeed, with the exception of necklaces, very little is visible. The photograph from which the drawing is taken was made at Buckingham Palace by the express command of Queen Victoria.

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Siamese Girls.

WHEN a young girl in Siam approaches womanhood—which in that country is about 12 years of age—she begins to think of costume. Among the poorer classes, the dress consists of a sarong, or piece of cloth wound several times around the waist, and to this is usually added a piece of Turkish toweling about the shoulders, so that the dress, as a whole, is not so shocking to a European or American as that of many other Eastern countries. Among the upper classes, however, the sarong becomes a superb garment, and is frequently of the richest material and dazzling with jewels. There are few more startling pictures of Oriental magnificence than to see, on some national fete day at the Court in Bangkok, the three hundred wives of the king in gayly colored sarongs, resplendent with gems, although it must be confessed that on most occasions they prefer the European dress. Most Siamese women of rank have short hair, and teeth that have become blackened by the persistent use of the betel-nut. It will require many more years of missionary effort to produce any marked influence on the training of young girls in Siam, which at present is sadly neglected, as far as their mental and spiritual natures are concerned.

THE DUCHESS OF YORK AND HER BRIDESMAIDS.

(From a photograph taken by order of Queen Victoria.)

CREEPING UP THE STAIRS

IN the softly falling twilight
Of a weary, weary day,
With a quiet step I entered
Where the children were at play;
I was brooding o'er some trouble
Which had me unawares,
When a little voice came ringing:
"Me is creepin' up the stairs."

Step by step she bravely clambered
On her little hands and knees,
Keeping up a constant chattering
Like a magpie in the trees,
Till at last she reached the topmost
When o'er all her world's affairs
She delighted stood a victor,
After creeping up the stairs.

Fainting heart! beho'd an image
Of man's brief and struggling life,
Whose best prizes must be captured
With a noble, earnest strife.
Far above there is the glory
Which no sinfulness impairs,
With its rest and joy forever,
After creeping up life's stairs.

—REV. N. S. M'FETRIDGE, D.D.

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Don't Exaggerate.

MANY persons are given to the habit of unconscious exaggeration, in language and writing. They are apparently unconscious of the fact that every syllable and expression helps to make the record of their lives. Apropos of this point a story is told of the Czar, who studies carefully all documents put before him, and is in the habit of making marginal notes of his decisions and views. These annotations are carefully treasured in the imperial archives, where they are accessible to the functionaries whom they may concern. Recently, in the margin of the report of a prominent official, the Czar wrote, "What an ass!" The individual thus characterized by his august master was in despair, and begged the Secretary of State, Polovtseff, to bring the matter before his Majesty. "May it please your Majesty," began Polovtseff, "to strike out these words here, 'What an ass!' so that they may not forever be on record in the archives." "Oh!" Alexander interrupted, laughingly, "I quite forgot the archives." And he took up a pen, ran through the words "What an ass!" and wrote instead, "What a philosopher!" The one exaggeration was as bad as the other.

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A Girl's Opportunity.

OPPORTUNITIES for helpful service come to every Christian girl. She finds them first in her own home, writes Rev. Dr. J. J. Miller. There is constant danger that the duties which lie closest shall be overlooked while the eye is watching farther off for services conspicuous and large. One writes: "It is the greatest pity that so many who are constantly active outside are quite useless in the family. Sweetness of temper and unselfishness at home, a readiness to put one's self out and lend a helping hand in all the little details of daily life, would not interfere with Sunday School teaching and Christian work." The place which should first of all be sweetened with the perfume of your ointment is one's own home. Let the blessing of your cheerful love and your thoughtful, unselfish ministry fall first upon your weary mother, your burdened father, your tempted brother, upon the children in your houshold, on the guests who drop in, on servants who help in domestic duties. "The house was filled with the odor of the ointment." Every house in which dwells a good young woman should indeed be filled continually with the odor of the ointment of her sweet life of love.

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CHILDREN AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

THERE is no prettier picture than that to be seen almost daily in The Childrens' Building at the World's Fair. Ida Hinman thus describes an afternoon in the kindergarten:

"There were about thirty little girls, with long, white aprons and white caps, seated in little chairs around tables just high enough for them. Each little girl had a set of toy dishes—knives, forks, sugar-bowl, and cream pitcher, all complete. With these little dishes the children were taught how to set a table and clear it away, by the kind ladies, while another played a bright tune on the piano. While washing the dishes the little girls sometimes sing:

Washing dishes. Suds are hot,
Work away briskly. Do not stop.
First the glasses,
Wash them well,
If you do them nicely,
All can tell.

"After the dishes were put away in order, then came the play-work of scrubbing the table, and, with their tiny scrubbing brushes, four inches in length, the young housekeepers polished the table with vigor. The scrubbing song is very spirited. The chorus is:

Then scrub away, in your very best way,
With face so bright and cheerful;
For a cheery face meets much more grace
Than one that's always tearful.

Then there is play-sweeping, with little brooms decorated with ribbons, which is one of the prettiest exercises they learn. The children, singing a lively song, skip around the room, sweep, form in line again, and skip through an arch formed by part of the class, with their raised brooms. The lesson teaches the uses of the broom; how to sweep, dust, and wipe woodwork, and to put a room in order. But it is when washing is played in the kitchen-garden that the schoolroom presents the merriest appearance of all. The little tubs and shining wash-tubs are brought out, and the clothes-line is stretched from the posts set into the four corners of the table. While the little bare arms are rubbing the clothes up and down, happy voices sing the tune of 'Barberry Bush.' It is funny to see queer little garments, of dolls' size, hanging from the clothes-line, fastened with clothes-pins not two inches long. When supposed to be dry they are ready for sprinkling, and the young washerwomen sing:

This is the way we sprinkle our clothes.

Then comes ironing, while they sing:

This is the way we iron our clothes.

"Baking day is also an interesting occasion, for then the children make real mud pies. How they enjoy moulding the clay, so soft and nice, and cut it into baby biscuits, as they sing a song of the salt, so as not to forget it when big enough to knead dough instead of clay. Little girls who used to be ashamed of housework now love it. The kitchen garden was originally designed for poor children to elevate their ideas of housework, but has become so popular that the children of the wealthy are also attracted and long for it."

CHAPTER II.

A DISCOVERY.

TWO years after the old man's death, Mrs. Dangerfield and her family removed from the old mansion in which she had lived so long as her father-in-law's housekeeper and settled in the metropolis, that the boys might get the advantage of a first rate school. On the evening of the third day of their attendance, Monk came home with a surprising piece of news.

"Mamma, mamma," he cried, "isn't it funny? There is another fellow at school with exactly the same name as mine—Guy Monkswold Dangerfield: and he is so like the picture of the little boy on the pony that hangs up in the hall at home."

"The intelligence fell upon the ears of Mrs. Dangerfield in a manner little guessed by her children, though she merely looked up with a smile to say, "What a strange thing. Are you sure you are right?"

"O yes," replied Monk, after which Fulk added, "He wasn't there till to-day, though they told us there was another Dangerfield in the school, and asked us if we were relations. But it was only to-day he came back, and then we found that he had got the same name as Monk. Mamma, can't he be a relation? All the fellows say he must be—and he is so like the picture."

"The picture of your uncle, Guy?"

"Yes, mamma—I thought it directly I saw him. All the boys say he must be our cousin or something, though he doesn't seem to know anything about it."

"He said he hadn't any relations except his mother," added Monk, "and I fancy they are rather poor—his clothes were shabby, and he doesn't have nice books or anything, only shabby old second-hand things, and I don't think he's ever had much fun in his life by what he said: but I like him awfully, mamma, and I think he likes me. I wanted him to come home with us, but he said his mother would be expecting him home. I think he is very fond of her."

"Well, if he is a very nice boy, you may certainly bring him home with you one of these days. I think there may be a relationship perhaps. The name is a curious coincidence. We must inquire into things. He might turn out to be your cousin."

"That would be jolly," said Monk. "I think he would like it, too. He hasn't any brothers or sisters, and his father is dead. He and his mother are all alone. I should think they would like to find some relations of their own."

"How old is this boy?" asked Mrs. Dangerfield, steadying her voice so that neither of her sons guessed how fast her heart was beating.

"O a little bit of a chap," said Monk. "He's not nearly as big as me."

"But he's one form higher up in school," added Fulk, "I don't suppose he is any younger. You are such a big fellow, Monk."

This was true enough as the mother well knew. Monk was often found to be a head taller than many companions of his own, or nearly his own, age. If this namesake of his was higher in the school, it was quite possible that he might be the elder of the pair: and, in that case, if he should prove to be the son of the missing Guy—who was really the [illegible]

No one, however, who looked at the mother's calm face would guess at the tempest of anxiety which was stirring within her. She did not even appear preoccupied as she talked to her boys, and presently dismissed them to their own quarters. It was only when she was left [illegible]

"Can it be possible, can it be possible," she murmured to herself, "and that after these two years of fruitless search, just as I was beginning to settle down comfortably with the conviction that nothing could now arise to trouble us? O it will be terribly hard if he should prove to be the elder of the two. And yet if his grandfather never knew of his existence (as it is plain he did not), he can have no moral right to my boy's inheritance, whatever his legal claim might be. O why did I bring them here to be confronted with such a problem? Who could have guessed at such an encounter? What ought I to do? How far must I investigate matters? I suppose I shall know no peace until I have got to the root of this matter. But at least it seems as if they had no suspicions—this boy or his mother. If she heard that her son is entitled to a fortune of ten thousand pounds, surely that will content her. And it is certain the old man could have meant nothing more, even had he been aware of this child's existence — certainly nothing more."

Mrs. Dangerfield rose and paced the room in some agitation of mind. If this thing had happened two years ago it would have been hard enough to bear, though for a time after her father-in-law's death she had tried to prepare herself for disappointment of some kind, and had steeled herself to meet it should it come upon her. But time had passed by bringing to light no news of the lost son. Mr. Lumly's efforts to trace him had proved quite unavailing, and he had told her not many months ago, when he lay on his own death bed, that he believed the lost Guy to be dead without heirs, and that she might now feel practical confidence that no claim upon the property would ever be made. And in this pleasant state of security she had been living ever since. On the death of the good lawyer all the power had passed into her hands. She felt her position and that of her children absolutely unassailable.

For the first time in her life Mrs. Dangerfield felt uncertain and distrustful of herself—uncertain how she would, or ought to act in case the dreaded crisis should come upon her. If this boy should prove to be the son of the missing Guy, and if he should be the elder of the two Guy Monkswolds, what would be her course of action? She did not know and did not choose to ask herself the question too pointedly. She believed that her own son was entitled by every law of true justice and equity to retain possession of the estates which his grandfather must have intended to bequeath to him, yet the law might rule different were there any appeal made to it, and in these people ever became aware of the terms of that last will and testament, doubtless they would prosecute their claim with the utmost vigor. But could the terms be hidden from them? In one sense of the word certainly not, for many people were aware of the conditions of it, and a visit to the office where the will was probated would put any inquirer in possession of the facts of the case. And yet Mrs. Dangerfield knew enough of the world to be aware how few women know enough of business to awake easily to any sort of suspicion on such a point.

The bulk of the property had been bequeathed to the heirs of the son who had played the true son's part. Friends and acquaintances were not likely to trouble their heads about matters with which they had no connection. For one moment this woman was conscious of a feeling of intense relief in the thought that the old lawyer was dead. From him no concealment would have been possible: but as for the rest of the world might not indifference and forgetfulness be reckoned upon? And at least, whatever might happen in the long run, no one could say that it was her duty to take the first steps towards disinheriting her own son. If the other parties concerned ever made discoveries on their own account that was another matter. She could then judge what her course should be: but was it to be expected that she should put the weapons into their hands? She said and thought not. At any rate, come what might later, she did not intend to do it.

"But at least I will make friends with them. I will show them every kindness," she said to herself. "They shall have no reason to think themselves neglected or ignored. They shall have everything to which they are entitled—only not my boy's inheritance. I will befriend them in their loneliness and need. They shall have every comfort Guy's wife and child ought to have. O yes, I will be a true and kind friend—and more could not be expected."

Mrs. Dangerfield was not one to let the grass grow under her feet. The very next day she sallied forth with Yolante at her side to go and meet her boys as they came out of school, and as the big gates opened to admit of the laughing and shouting crowd, her own eyes and those of her daughter quickly espied the pair belonging to them, and with them another little lad, poorly dressed, yet of such bright aspect and graceful figure that the shabbiness of his clothing was lost sight of in the charm and beauty of the face.

"O mamma," cried Yolante, "I do think that must be the boy they were talking about yesterday—the one who had Monk's name. Look, he is so like the picture—only I think he has a much nicer face."

There was no time for an answer. The boys had caught sight of their mother and sister and were running towards them, pushing their new companion along with them.

"Here he is, mamma, and he is our cousin. His father and ours were brothers—isn't it funny? He asked his mother about it last night, and she told him that his father once lived at Dangerfield Park, and that his father was our grandfather, though she did not know he was dead. Isn't it queer to have a cousin you've never heard of—and Guy has five. Guy, this is Yolante—she's the eldest of them except me. And at home there are Humphrey and Cissy. Mamma, don't you think he ought to come home and see them?"

"Yes, Monk, some day soon when he has got his mother's leave. We are very pleased to find a new relation. We have searched many years for your father, Guy, but could find no traces of him. Do you think your mother would let me come and see her? I should so like her to know that she has found friends in her husband's relations."

The boy looked up with a bright fearless gratitude shining in his liquid hazel eyes. There was no shyness about him, and his answer was eagerly spoken.

"O I should be so pleased if you would. I am afraid mother is very ill, though she will never say so to me. She looks worse every month and she grows weaker, and I am sure it would do her good to see a kind relation. She used not to mind being alone with me: but several times lately she has said so much about wishing there was somebody belonging to us. I think she will be very pleased. Will you come now?"

"Yes, if you do not think it will be intruding upon her."

"O no, and I think it is better to take her by surprise. If she sits thinking about things she often gets excited—and that is so bad for her. It makes her cough, and tires her out."

"Does she cough much?"

"At nights she does. Sometimes she hardly sleeps at all. I hoped she would get better in the warm weather, but she did not, and now the winter is coming again I am afraid she will be worse," and the boy's bright face clouded over a little.

"And has she nobody but you to take care of her?"

"No, but I am a very good nurse she says when she is ill."

"I have no doubt you are, but not a very experienced one. How old are you, my dear?"

"Twelve," he answered promptly, and Monk added,

"Just the same as me. When is your birthday, Guy?"

"In April, near the beginning, when is yours?"

"On the twenty-eighth of February—so I am a month and a little bit the oldest."

Mrs. Dangerfield felt as though a mountain weight had just rolled from off her shoulders. The danger was passed—the peril was at an end. She could show kindness to these people without the least fear. Her boy's estate was safe—nothing could disturb him in possession, and this certainty with regard to the lost son was a thousand times better than anything that had gone before. Hitherto she had always felt that some day there might be heavy claims to settle with the family of her husband's brother, claims which it might be far less easy to meet in the future than it would in the present. Now she knew the worst and the worst was not bad at all—only one child, and a widow, who had no legal claim, and who appeared to be in some advanced stage of consumption. The whole world was welcome to remember the wording of the will. Its ambiguous phrases could hurt no one now.

Meantime Guy had led the way into a narrow, dull, but respectable back street, which lay not far from their own comfortable home. He paused at a door of one of the houses, and produced a latch-key in a business-like way.

"They don't have a servant here, so I have my own key. Mother cannot go up and down stairs often, and the landlady has not time to answer too many bells."

"Boys," said Mrs. Dangerfield, turning to her own sons, "you had better take your sister home. If your aunt is not strong she will not want to see so many visitors at once."

Guy looked up gratefully.

"How kind of you to think of that. Perhaps it would tire mother to see so many people at once. But I am sure she would like to see my cousins another day. It sounds so funny for you to call her 'your aunt.'"

And then the boy led the way up a narrow staircase, not by any means brilliantly lighted, till he came to a room on the second floor the door of which he opened, and stood by to let the visitor pass.

"Mother," he said, "this is Mrs. Dangerfield who has come to see you—and she is really my aunt. I thought you would like to to see her, and she wanted to come."

The visitor stepped across the threshold, and found herself in one of those poor little apartments of the "shabby genteel" order, so abundant in the second-rate lodging houses of all great cities. In this particular apartment there were a few traces of taste, a few relics which spoke of better days, a touch here and there which raised it above the dead level of other rooms of its class. Possibly the very delicate and refined face of the one inmate had something to do with the impression produced on the beholder's mind, for there was something in the aspect of the very lovely and fragile invalid lying on the sofa beside the fire that could not but convey the idea of an immense superiority to her surroundings: and when the bright flush of surprise mounted in the wax-like face, there was something almost unearthly in the radiance of its beauty.

Mrs. Dangerfield, the guest, made a step forward, carried out of herself by the rush of compassionate tenderness which came over her at that moment. She was not as a rule a demonstrative woman: but at this moment she could not help herself. She bent down over the invalid, folded her strong arms about her, kissed the brow and hot lips, and said:

"I do not know your name, my dear, but we are sisters, in the right of our husbands, and we are sisters in our widowhood. You must let me love you and take care of you, for the sake of that Guy whom my Charles so tenderly loved to the last."

And Helen Dangerfield, in her weakness and loneliness clung to this strong woman as to a tower of strength, and laying her weary head against the kind supporting shoulder, she murmured,

"O how can I thank you? How can I make you understand my gratitude? If you had only known how I have been longing of late for one true friend—one friend for my boy."

Mrs. Dangerfield understood only too well. One glance into the wasted face told its own tale. The days of this frail woman were obviously numbered, and how could it be otherwise than that she should be in sore trouble for her boy?

"I will be more than a friend," whispered Mrs. Dangerfield. "So long as I am spared your boy shall lack neither a home nor a parent's protecting love. If you have to leave him yourself, at least you shall leave him with his own kindred, who will love him as one of themselves."

All this passed in the softest of whispers, and under that strange stress of feeling that sometimes makes strangers as friends even in the first moment of introduction: and when the invalid had pressed her sister's hand in token of deep gratitude, and had signed to Guy to leave them alone together, she lay back on her pillows as if exhausted, whilst Mrs. Dangerfield talked softly and gently to her, explaining much of the family history of which she had been hitherto ignorant, relating what had passed at Dangerfield Park in recent years, and showing her how her boy had been remembered by his grandfather, and how he was entitled to what seemed to the poorer woman an ample and liberal fortune.

She for her part had but little to tell, and small strength with which to tell it. Her married life had lasted but a brief year, and she knew but little of her husband's family. She seemed reluctant to enter upon that topic at all, and confined her story to the life she had led with her little son. She knew that her life could only now be a question of weeks or months: and the thought of what was to become of her boy had weighed upon her like a nightmare. Small wonder was it then when Mrs. Dangerfield had entered her room that day that she came in the guise of a veritable angel of light.

(To be Continued.)

Amanda Smith's Travels.*

The Famous Colored Evangelist tells the Story of Her Life-Work of Faith.

ONE of the most interesting and instructive books of the season is issued from the press of Meyer & Brother, Publishers, Chicago, and is entitled: "An Autobiography; The Story of the Lord's Dealings with Mrs. Amanda Smith, the Colored Evangelist." It contains an account of her life-work of faith and her travels in England, Ireland, Scotland, India and Africa as an independent missionary. The volume of 506 pages is copiously illustrated and is full of absorbing interest from beginning to end. In an introduction to the work, Bishop Thoburn thus speaks of the author:

"Her homely illustrations, her quaint expressions, her warm-hearted appeals, all possess the supreme merit of being so many vehicles for conveying the living truths of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the hearts of those who are fortunate enough to hear her.

"A few years after my return to India, in 1876, I was delighted to hear that this chosen and approved worker of the Master had decided to visit this country. She arrived in 1879, and after a short stay in Bombay, came over to the eastern side of the empire, and assisted us for some time in Calcutta. She also returned two years later, and again rendered us valuable assistance.

Natives Preparing a Meal at Bombay, India.

"The novelty of a colored woman from America, who had in her childhood been a slave, appearing before an audience in Calcutta, was sufficient to attract attention, but this alone would not account for the popularity which she enjoyed throughout her whole stay in our city.

"She was fiercely attacked by narrow-minded persons in the daily papers, and elsewhere, but opposition only seemed to add to her power.

"During the seventeen years that I have lived in Calcutta, I have known many famous strangers to visit the city, some of whom attracted large audiences, but I have never known anyone who could draw and hold so large an audience as Mrs. Smith.

"As she left the country, she could look back upon a hundred homes which were brighter and better because of her coming, upon hundreds of hearts whose burdens had been lightened and whose sorrows had been sweetened by reason of her public and private ministry. She is gratefully remembered to this day by thousands in the land."

How She Went to India.

In her own way, Mrs. Smith tells how she went to India: My going to India came about in this way: I was at Eastbourne, England. Miss Mason has a very pretty home at Eastbourne, by the sea, where tired Christian workers may go for a little change and rest, just as she has in London. To this she invited me for a little rest, as I was weary and needed the change.

While at Eastbourne I had a letter from my friend, Mrs. Dr. Boardman, in London. She said, "Who do you think is in London, and at my house? Lucy Drake. She is on her way back to India."

I had known Miss Drake well years before; and I was so glad to see her again. I called, and we had a good old-fashioned chat, and a season of prayer. She said she had a conviction that the Lord wanted me to go to India. I told her I didn't see it in that light at all. She told me of all her plans, and told me to pray earnestly for light on my own path; "For," she said, "I'm quite sure the Lord wants you to go."

"I have so much work to do here in England," I said, "and calls are coming in constantly from all directions, so that I could not go."

"If the Lord wants you he will make it clear."

"All right."

So we parted. I went on to Perth, Scotland. A few days after, I had a letter from Miss Drake, saying, "The Lord has made it clear to me for you to go to India, and I have told some friends, and they have handed me some money for you for your expenses."

"Well," I said, as I read the letter, "Miss Drake needn't do that, for I am not going to India at all."

I had never prayed a bit about it, although she had told me to do so. A few days later a letter came, saying, "It is wonderful how the Lord is answering prayer about your going to India. Dr. Mahan has just come in and handed me twenty pounds from Lord Mount Temple toward your expenses."

And I said, as I stood by the mantel shelf, reading the letter, "I know the reason Miss Drake thinks the Lord wants me to go with her to India; she is alone, and she doesn't like to travel alone, and it is easy to see the Lord in it; and I don't care, I have work enough to do now, without going off to India; and I'm not going."

Just then a voice seemed to say to me, clear and distinct, "You have been saying you would not go to India all the time, and you have never asked the Lord what his will is."

"That is true," I said, "Oh, Lord, forgive me."

There was no one in the dining room, and just in the corner by the mantel, stood an old-fashioned Scotch arm-chair; I turned and knelt down by it, and burying my face in the cushion, and weeping, I prayed the Lord to forgive me for my impertinence, and if he wanted me to go to India, to make it very clear and plain to me, and I would obey him, and leave all and go. Only I wanted to be sure that it was himself speaking.

I cannot tell how, but as I waited before him, he made it as plain as day to me that I was to go. I praised him, and rose from my knees, without the least shadow of a doubt in my mind.

A Thrilling Experience.

She thus describes a fatal landslide at Naini Tal: Government House was a large house where the Governor lived. It stood on a beautiful hill; and, though it was quite a ways up to Government House, it was beautiful to look from; the sight, when you got up, was charming, every way you would look. So, standing on the veranda, we could look eastward and see Government House quite distinctly, though it was about two and a half or three miles away. And, as Mr. Buck stood looking, he said to me, "Why, Sister Smith, just look at those trees."

And just as I turned to look, the trees were swaying first one way, then another, then all at once there was a crash, and they went down so gracefully, and the earth plowed like a great avalanche.

Well, there was a panic! Everybody left the house, and got out as quickly as he could; the news spread rapidly, and in a little while there were a hundred and fifty or two hundred men, many of them English soldiers, digging, trying to get out a child and nurse; and while they were digging away as hard as they could, and we were lamenting, and feeling the sadness that had come upon this family, the earth gave way again, and buried them.

They didn't see the danger, and we couldn't alarm them; their heads were down as they were digging, and it struck the other part of the hotel and swept on, then it passed on like a great moving mountain; I never saw such a sight; it moved on, carrying great boulders on its face! The next was the large reading-room and post-office that stood on the lake, the Hindoo Temple, and Bell's large store. I had just seen from the veranda some ladies and gentlemen go into the reading-room, and they had not come out; and there were persons in Bell's store whom I knew; one, a lady who was a very earnest Christian. I said to Mr. Buck, "Oh, Bell's store," and I had hardly got the words out of my mouth when it was swept away! Then "The Reading Room" and I had no more than said it till it was taken! "And there goes the Temple next," and there it was in the lake!

The lake was about a half-mile wide, and, perhaps, three miles in length; but the whole thing swept into the lake, and the noise was like the blast of a cannon, and the smoke ascended upwards; it swept everything clear; and there was not a brick of the chimney, or a piece of wood left. The horror of that hour I never want to see again!

Indian Superstitions.

Her observations on morals and religion in India are interesting: Superstition and idolatry, and infidelity, are so rampant it seems the very air one breathes is impregnated with them. Oh, how the dear workers all over, need constantly the fresh anointing of the Holy Ghost, which can and does reveal the almightiness of Jesus to save from all unrighteousness!

I held meetings in a little chapel every night. Our morning prayer was similar to a service; at the ringing of the bell the boys and girls would file in and take their seats, and we would have prayers before they went to work. The Lord gave us great blessing during the week's services. At night the church would be crowded; large numbers of the heathen from the outside came in; many of them seemed to be deeply interested. The Lord wonderfully helped me to speak to them every night; and several of the children professed to be converted.

How often the missionary in different foreign fields comes up against heart-rending scenes, before which they often stand helpless All they can do is to weep with them that weep, and pray with them that don't know how to pray for themselves.

At Madras I saw the great juggernaut car, so well-known in the history of sacrifices in India, whose wheels have crushed so many infants at the hands of their poor mothers. How my heart ached as I listened to the story, told by the Chief of Police. How dreadful is heathen blindness. Thank God that the car of the juggernaut for such sacrifice has come to belong to the things of the past; has been superseded by the glorious light of Christian civilization, and judicious Christian legislation.

The Great Temple at Rangoon.

One of the first things I was struck with at Rangoon, she writes, was the pagoda, or Burmese temple. You can see its dome for two miles away, as you look off, before you get into harbor. The streets of Rangoon are wide and rectangular, like those of Philadelphia, and the shade trees over the city are very graceful.

After being in Burmah a few days I wanted to visit this great temple. So I started, in company with some friends, and after walking some distance from Brother Robinson's house, we came to what I suppose would be called the park. There was an ascent of about seventy-five feet up a series of steps into the pagoda; a gentle ascent, not tiresome. On either side of the way were devotees at prayers, or beggars waiting for their rice; or booths where you could buy false pearls, imitation diamonds, beads, packages of gold leaf, flowers and cakes. The trinkets and flowers are given as offerings to Buddha; the gold leaf was sold for acts of piety.

Oh, how horrid this all seemed to me. I looked at the sad expression on the faces of the poor women devotees, and then I thought that they would go on, and live and die, and never know that Jesus died that they might live and have life and happiness in him.

Inside of this park where the pagoda stands, are thousands of gods, of all sizes. I thought I would count them, and when I got up to a hundred of those that were not broken, I quit. And then to think of the many, many years that the religion of Buddha and Brahma has gone on, and holds such sway yet. To me this is among the incomprehensibles.

I was given a sketch of the Burmese religion. One of the strong points in their religion is the transmigration of the soul. Guadama was the last great man born. He was born six hundred and twenty-five years before Christ, and lived in this world about eighty years. He was the son of Thokedaucareh, king of Burmah. He had previously lived in four hundred million worlds, and had passed through innumerable conditions in each. He had been almost every sort of worm, fly, fowl, fish or animal, and almost every grade of human life. At length he was born, son of the above-named king.

The moment he was born, he jumped upon his feet, and spreading out his arms, exclaimed, "Now I am the noblest of men. This is the last time I shall ever be born."

His ears were so beautifully long they hung on his shoulders. His height was nine cubits. When grown up, his hands reached to his knees; his fingers were of equal length, and with his tongue he could touch the end of his nose!

*From *An Autobiography*; the Story of the Lord's Dealings with Mrs. Amanda Smith, the colored evangelist; pp. 505; cloth; price $1.50; illustrated; Meyer & Brother, Chicago, publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Reading of the Gospels for Every Day in the Year from the New Testament Only; by Rev. Robert Tuck, pp. 308, cloth, price $2. Wilbur B. Ketcham, N. Y., publisher.

Married Life, Its Joys and Its Duties, arranged by Mrs. Dora E. W. Sprague; 64 pages, cloth, price 75 cents. Benjamin Griffith, Philadelphia, publisher. This book consists of a collection of passages, poetical and prose, bearing upon the blessings of married life.

Suffered Every Minute

Since I came out of the war, with catarrh in my head, chronic diarrhœa and rheumatism," says Mr. J. G. Anderson, a well known blacksmith in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Scottdale, Pa. "I had pains all over me, my sight was dim, and there seemed to be **floating-specks** before my eyes. The food I ate seemed like lead in my stomach. The rheumatism was in my right hip and shoulders. Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills did me more good than everything else put together. They are **the only medicines** I use now. All my disagreeable symptoms have gone."

Mr. J. G. Anderson.

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Women's Work in Egypt.

The Great Hope is the Education of the Girls—A Year of Progress

MISS ANNA Y. THOMPSON, writing from Egypt to the Women's General Missionary Society, describes the progress made during 1892, and adds: "The great hope for Mohammedan women is in the education of the girls, and there are many in our city schools. There is an effort often made by their friends to keep these girls from learning the Bible, and some are taken out of the school when this request is refused, one man remarking, 'These children are young, and what they learn now, they will never forget.' Do we not realize that the verses and psalms learned orally, when they first enter school, may be like good seed in good soil?

"There are under our mission one hundred and seven schools for children in Egypt, thirteen of which are for girls only. In the villages there are 848 names enrolled, but some are taught in schools for boys. In the other girls' schools there are 1,343 enrolled. These central schools are generally a centre for gatherings in their neighborhoods for prayer-meetings, missionary societies, etc., and also for Bible women. The two boarding-schools are especially good for training the girls in religion and housekeeping, as well as the ordinary branches of education, and it is a pleasure to see how many of these pupils have, for a longer or shorter time, helped in teaching others, or who now exert an influence for good as wives of pastors and teachers. Girls' schools open up many houses for the visits of missionary ladies or Bible women, and it is seldom the children do not have a warm affection for those who taught them, whether native or foreign, and prejudices are removed.

"It has sometimes been said to missionary ladies while conducting the cottage prayer-meetings, by nominal Christians present, 'Why that is in our Bible,' they having been led to think our ideas are so erroneous, we must have a Bible of our own. During the five months that the Coptic patriarch was banished, the women could offer an excuse for not attending their church services, as they feared the curse the patriarch had pronounced against the vicar and all who followed him. The women hear and understand so little, when they do attend, it is not surprising that they are careless about going. Some of the missionary ladies have opportunities to speak to priests about the need of their teaching the women the doctrines of religion when they visit the houses, a thing they are not in the habit of doing. One priest remarked, 'As long as the women are ignorant, their responsibility is less.' There are many earnest pastors in our evangelical church who have meetings for women, however, and also evangelists and teachers who do much in giving line upon line, or verse after verse, to those who are willing to take lessons. These teachers are in some cases young girls who go out to teach, or women who are employing their whole time for it, or it may be that those who give the lessons are blind men, or others who will be acceptable among the women. In the villages there is greater freedom for the women, and there the majority of learners are Protestants, or those who have relatives in our church. In other places the larger number are Copts, and in the cities there are some other religions, including Mohammedans and Jews. In Alexandria there is the largest number of Jewesses taking lessons in their houses, and many children are in the schools. In Cairo, it has so happened that the four Jewish women who take lessons are in the districts where the teachers are young girls, and in both cases the teachers said, 'We are afraid to go to the Jews.' The cause of the fear is not well defined. I have often felt anxious about our young teachers going into all sorts of houses and streets, but God has answered prayers for their safety.

"In making up the statistics for 1892, the following items may be of interest. There are seventy-four different prayer-meetings in a week, held for women, with an average attendance of 1236, of whom 854 are women and 382 girls. Women reported who can lead in prayer in these meetings, 435. The whole number of communicants at the end of the year was 3871, of whom 1575 are women. There are twenty-seven teachers for women, with an enrollment of 988, who are learning to read, or who take regular lessons from a teacher; of these 210 are Protestants, 611 Copts, and 167 of other religions.

"There are seven missionary societies reported: three in Cairo, one in Assiout, one in Monsoura, one in Koos, one in Assouan, and one in Alexandria. The total membership is 290, with subscriptions amounting to $202.35. The money thus collected is partly used for paying the salaries of zenana teachers, there being now three thus employed by presbytery's zenana fund. The work thus done is well spoken of by those who have the superintendence of them, and we hope the sum collected will increase the present year, and more extensive work be done. We have tried to teach the people the duty of giving for the Lord's work, and many of them do nobly. One young teacher lately gave her first month's salary, half to the building of the church in Fisher, and the other half for the church in Nimich.

"The missionary ladies have much to be thankful for in regard to health during the past year, and for opportunities for teaching, either in the various schools and Sunday Schools, or in the houses of the people, and in going from village to village. All are most kindly received everywhere."

MEDICINE IN AN EGG-SHELL.

During a recent tour through Persia Mrs. Bishop spent much time to visiting the sick and prescribing for them Owing to the many cures she was able to accomplish, Mrs. Bishop's fame as a *Hekim* spread to such an extent that no matter in how secluded a situation she pitched her tent, the crowd of poor creatures found her out. In many of the Bakhtiari villages the people did not possess either bottles or jars, and brought huge copper vessels for half an ounce of eye-lotion. One very poor old woman, afflicted with ophthalmia, came to her crying bitterly, saying that she had nothing in the world but one copper cooking-pot, and so nothing to hold the eye-lotion. Mrs. Bishop had nothing to give her, so she went away, returning in a little while with an egg-shell, having chopped the top neatly off. Mrs. Bishop says: "It is the custom to raise the hands to heaven and invoke blessings on the *Hekim's* head, but I never have received so many as from this poor creature." So much gratitude for a few spoonsful of lotion seemed out of proportion, but to the poor woman it meant all the difference between light and darkness. People often forget that when they wonder why Christians are so joyous after being illuminated by the Light of the World.

MUTUAL SERVICE.

A switchman in giving an account of his conversion said: "I was signalman at the A—— Junction. One day, just as I had signalled 'clear,' and the express was coming up at full speed, I was horror-struck at seeing a gentleman about to cross the line. I rushed to the door, and shouted with all my might, without attracting his attention. In a frenzy I blew my whistle; this he heard, saw his danger, gave a spring, and just cleared the rails as the express thundered past. He then came up to the signal-box to thank me for having saved his life. 'You have had a very narrow escape,' I said, 'another moment, and what then?' A smile lit up the gentleman's face as he replied, 'I should have been in glory now,' and then putting his hand on my shoulder, he inquired, 'Suppose you were suddenly cut down, would it be glory for you.' 'No, sir,' I said, 'I'm afraid not.' He staved and talked with me, and he seemed so happy and so sure that it would have been all right with him if he had been killed that I envied him and I told him I wished I was like that. In my business we generally go off sudden, and I knew there would be no time to do anything when the end came. He explained to me what I ought to do and the first minute I had to spare I threw myself on my knees, confessed my sins, and cried to God for salvation. He heard my prayer. I rose from my knees a saved man, and since then my life has been a new thing. I am trusting in Christ, and when my time comes I shall go to be with him. The gentleman always drop into my box when he is anywhere near and thanks me for saving his life that day, but I won't admit it. What was that service compared with what he did for me in setting me seeking eternal life?"

THE COST OF A SLACK WIRE.

In the course of recent discussion on the propriety of spending public money for repairs, a certain vote was opposed. One of the advocates of the expenditure related the following incident: A few years ago there was a serious accident on the Lachine Canal at Montreal. The wire from the deck to the engine room of a certain steamer that was passing through the canal had become slack. The officer in charge on deck pulled the wire to ring the bell in the engine room and stop the steamer as she entered one of the locks. The wire being out of order, the bell did not ring, the steamer kept on at full speed, the lock gates were smashed by the collision, the waters were suddenly let out, and many vessels inside were greatly damaged. There was also an obstruction to business for several days at a crowded season of the year, and a great fleet of upward and downward bound craft were detained with very great detriment to their cargoes.

Indeed, the whole loss was estimated roughly at scarcely less than one million and a quarter dollars. The speaker asked his hearers to consider how much would have been saved by spending a quarter of a dollar in having that wire tightened before the catastrophe occurred. Carelessness in such matters sometimes leads to spiritual catastrophe. When in the closet the Christian finds that some fault or secret sin interrupts communion with his God he should never disregard it, but examine himself to see where he is in fault. The way of access by which he speaks with God and receives direction from him can never remain slack without serious danger to the believer.

THE GENTLEMAN'S PSALM.

Very few people would agree exactly in giving a definition of a gentleman. Some have the idea that he is a man who lives on the income of his property and does no work, others have other ideas on the subject. Here is one that was once given by a Christian lady: She was the widow of an officer in the army and was at a review with her young son when several officers who had known her late husband came to talk to her and the conversation ran on former common friends. At last she asked about a certain Captain, who had risen from the ranks by distinguished service. "Oh," said one of the officers, "I don't know anything about him; he's a snob." "A snob!" answered the lady, fired with indignation; "I tell you he was the truest gentleman in the regiment." "Indeed!" said her companion with a sneer; "then, as you seem to be so conversant with the matter, perhaps you will kindly tell us what is a gentleman." Quietly, and without a moment's hesitation, the lady, looking straight in his face, repeated the 15th Psalm. "That is my definition of a gentleman," said she. Her little boy, a mere child of eight or ten, was by. A day or two afterwards she happened to find in his pocket a piece of paper, on which was written out, in his childish hand, the whole of this Psalm, and at the beginning it was headed, "The Gentleman's Psalm."

TEACH ME TO LIVE.

TEACH me to live; 'tis easier far to die,
Sadly and silently to pass away
On earth; to close the heavy, dark'ning eye,
And waken in the realms of endless day.

Teach me that harder lesson—how to live—
To serve thee in the darkest paths of life;
Arm me for conflict now, fresh vigor give,
And make me more than conqueror in the strife.

Teach me to live, thy purpose to fulfil,
Bright for thy glory let my taper shine.
Renew, remould, each day this stubborn will
Closer! round thee my heart's affections twine.

Teach me to live, my daily cross to bear,
Nor murmur though I bend beneath its load,
Only be with me, let me feel thee near—
Thy smile sheds gladness on the darkest road.

Teach me to live; no idler let me be,
But in thy service, heart and hand employ;
Prepared to do thy bidding cheerfully,
Be this my highest and my holiest joy.

Teach me to live, with kindly words for all,
Wearing no cold repulsive brow of gloom;
Waiting, with cheerful patience, for the call
That summons me unto my heavenly home.

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A YOUNG HERO'S DEATH.

THERE were many instances of personal bravery among the officers and crew of the ill-fated British warship, *Victoria*, when she was sunk by the *Camperdown*, but none was more striking or affecting than that related of one of the midshipmen. Herbert Marsden Lanyon was a "middy" on the *Victoria*, one of the youngest and brightest of the group of merry youths on the great warship. He was seventeen and he had already served on smaller naval vessels so acceptably that he secured promotion. No lad was more loyal or more promising, and his boyish features were the index of a heart at one gentle and fearless. On the day of the fatal collision, midshipman Lanyon was at his post as a petty officer on deck. After the *Camperdown* had rammed the *Victoria*, the latter quickly began to settle, and it soon became apparent that she was doomed. Vain efforts were made to keep her afloat, and at last an attempt was made to get out the boats. There was no panic, but when the men realized that they were face to face with

BRAVE MIDSHIPMAN LANYON.

death, the word was passed that each must try to save himself quickly. Hundreds sprang overboard into the sea; others clung to the rigging in the vain hope that even yet the threatened disaster might be averted. In that dread moment, when Admiral Tryon saw that his order had caused a terrible calamity, he was passing from the chart-room to the bridge when he saw Midshipman Lanyon at his post of duty. All the others were striving to escape, fearing that the next moment must witness the overturning of the *Victoria*, when all would be engulfed in the vortex.

The Admiral turned toward the little "middy," who had touched his cap in respectful salute: "Save yourself," he said huskily. "Be quick, my man! Don't you see, she's going down?"

The little "middy" smiled, but did not move. The *Victoria* was already capsizing, and lay at a fearful angle, her bulwarks gradually sinking to the surface of the waters.

"Quick!" repeated Admiral Tryon, as he pointed to the sea, now alive with swimming sailors.

Again the little "middy" smiled and a halo seemed to hover about the brave young face. "If you please, sir," he said, once more saluting, "I stick to the ship and if I go down, I go down with the Admiral."

Brave young heart! A moment later, with a great lurch and a throb as of a giant in agony, the mighty warship heeled and capsized, and both Admiral and "middy" sunk to rise no more. But whenever the story of the loss of the *Victoria* is told, when men falter and women weep as they speak of the gallant Tryon who went down with his ship, they recall the heroism of the little midshipman who perished with his Commander rather than desert his post.

AMONG AFRICAN REDS.

In a letter to the London *Christian* from South Africa is this account of a novel experience in missionary labor: From Lovedale there go out every Sunday small parties of native students, belonging to the theological, evangelists' and teachers' classes, to hold religious services among the heathen natives in their own kraals, distant from two to eight miles. These "reds," as the heathen natives are called on account of their wearing blankets dyed with red clay, and smearing their bodies also with the same substance, will not attend church so the Gospel is carried by the Lovedale men right to their very doors.

Last Sunday I had the privilege of taking part in one of these services. The young man who was to act as my guide and interpreter came around for me at 8.30 A. M., and we started on foot. At the end of a two hours' march we reached the kraal we were bound for. The native hut was shaped like a huge beehive. It would probably measure about 20 feet in diameter, by 15 feet high to the dome, and one low narrow door had to serve also for window, chimney and ventilator. The framework of the hut was of branches of trees, the thick ends of which were stuck into the ground, the tips meeting at the crown of the dome. After the framework is completed, the sides are plastered with mud, and the dome thatched, so that a fairly warm and dry dwelling is the result. Ant-heaps are used for a floor, and when well trodden it becomes almost as hard as a sun-dried brick.

We entered to find a few "reds" inside, and others came straggling in until the congregation numbered forty. They ranged from babies with innocent faces, to old men, sad, haggard, and degraded-looking. Some more of the Lovedale men, who had already been to another kraal, joined us, and I was greatly struck with the contrast between the faces of the "reds" and theirs. A Kaffir hymn was given out, and sung to a tune familiar to my ears, and one could venture to join in, for the hymn was printed in Roman characters, and phonetically spelt. During the singing one woman, was not dressed as a "red," broke down, and sobbed as though her heart were breaking. Prayer followed the hymn, then a short address, spoken in English, and interpreted sentence by sentence into Kaffir.

The service lasted about two hours, several short addresses being given, and all listened to with the greatest attention and respect — at least outwardly. At the close I noticed tears in the eyes of one old man, and was told that he had recently thrown off heathenism, and had accepted Christ.

THE SEED AND THE FRUIT

WHEN the Gospel seed is sown the harvest is sure, but it may be long in coming and may appear in unexpected places. A lady in Melbourne, Australia, had proof of this recently. She says: "I was visiting in the hospital one day in connection with the Flower Mission, when I noticed a new case, a woman with a dark skin and very dark hair. Thinking she was asleep I passed on, but on coming down the ward again she opened her eyes and stretched out her hands for some of my flowers. I gave her some, and found she was one of the Syrian women who carry about small things for sole in the streets. When I asked her if she knew my Saviour her face lit up so brightly, and she said, "Oh, yes!" Then she told me that she had heard about him first, and learned to love him as a little girl in a school at Damascus, and she was now teaching her children about him, too.

"I left her one of my favorite texts, 'Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty;' and the following Wednesday, directly she saw me, she said so eagerly, 'I remember the text you taught me, and I have been saying it over to myself, "Mine eyes shall see the King in his beauty!" She soon got better and left the hospital, and I have not seen her since, but I have her name (Babea Ceamy) in my Bible; she wrote it herself, that I might remember to pray for her."

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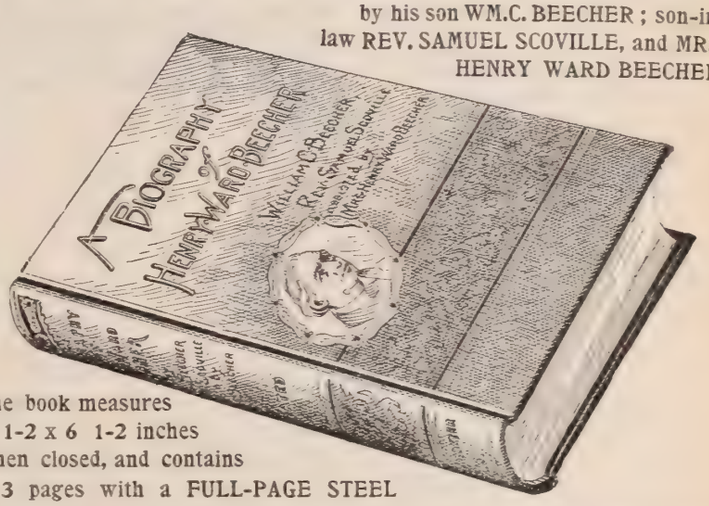

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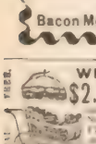

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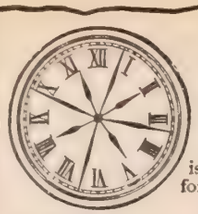

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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Congress and Silver.

Legislators Discussing Measures to Relieve the Financial Stringency — An Impartial History of the Present Trouble.

A MIDSUMMER session of Congress is a most unusual event and is only warranted by the gravest necessity. The condition of national finances and trade has lately been so unsettled that the President, yielding to the very general demand for relief legislation, summoned the national legislature to convene in special session, and both Houses are now busily engaged in discussing the necessary measures to be adopted to relieve the prevalent business distress.

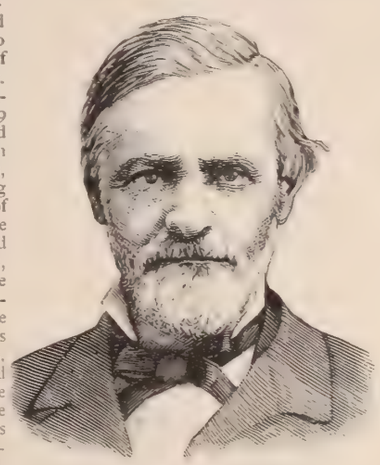
HON. JOHN G. CARLISLE.
Secretary of the Treasury.

At the beginning of 1893, the outlook was fairly encouraging for a prosperous season, the only cloud upon the business horizon being the depreciated condition of our foreign trade. Imports had increased while exports steadily decreased; and the difference between the value of the two, together with the dividends due to foreign investors in American shares and the large sums sent to bankers abroad to be spent by Americans in foreign travel took a great deal of gold out of the country. The return flow of gold was insignificant.

In the last three months of 1892, $25,000,000 in gold were exported, chiefly to Great Britain, and the drafts for 1893 were on an equally heavy scale, the total shipments of gold from January to June, reaching an aggregate of nearly $60,000,000. This stupendous sum came from the National Treasury, being taken out of the reserve fund of $100,000,000 held there for the redemption of legal tender notes, those who were to send it abroad depositing treasury notes in exchange. It soon became evident that, if the rate of withdrawal continued, the government would ultimately be unable to maintain the gold standard, and its credit among the other commercial nations of the world would be greatly impaired in consequence.

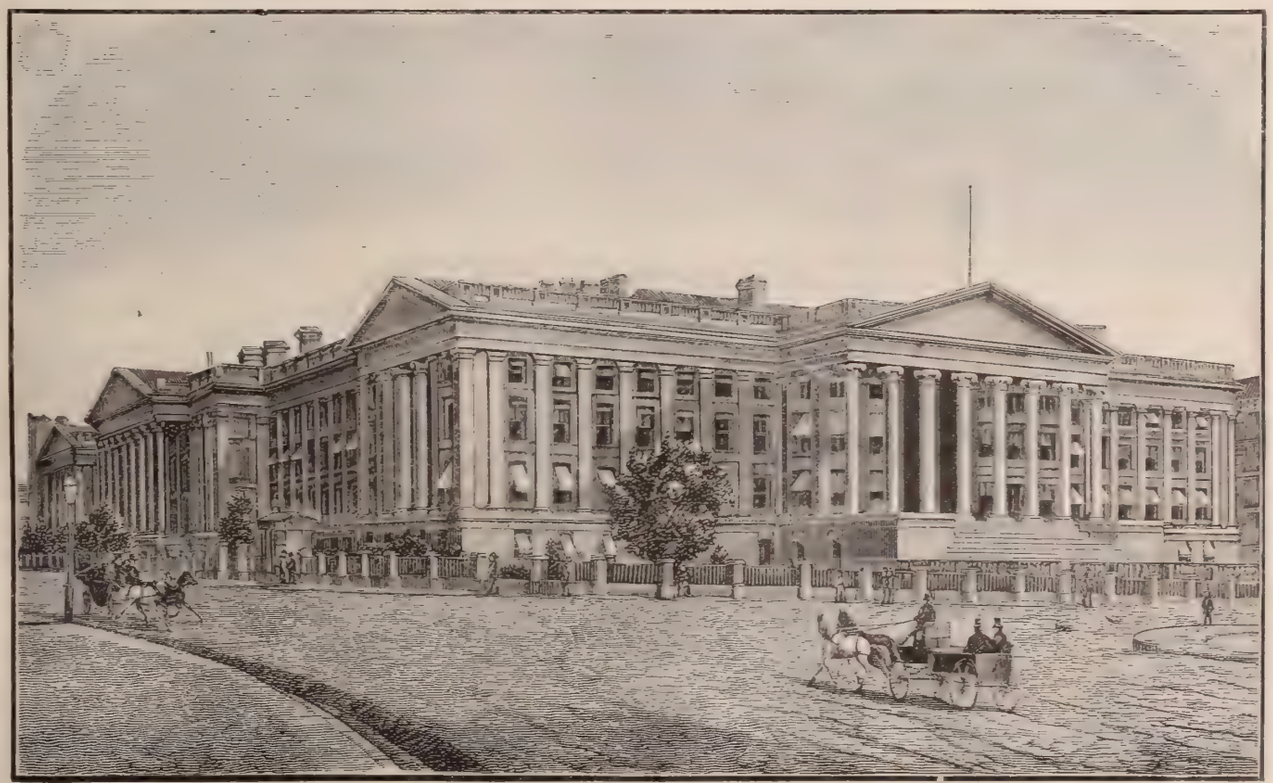
This condition of affairs becoming generally known, caused uneasiness in commercial circles, especially among those who held that the gold standard should be rigidly maintained. Meanwhile, the outflow of gold had almost ceased, and the prospects became more favorable; but Wall Street had already begun to feel the effects of the previous depression, and stocks had generally declined. At this juncture it was announced, without the slightest forewarning, that the mints of India (the heaviest consumer of silver abroad) had stopped coining silver. This was followed by an immediate decline in the price of silver bullion to the lowest point ever known, and the demand for silver for export almost simultaneously ceased. The uneasiness previously felt was now succeeded by gloomy apprehensions of disaster. Silver mines shut down, and many Western banks and business houses were obliged to suspend. Mass-meetings in favor of silver were held in the West and a national convention of silver men met in Chicago at which strong speeches were delivered and resolutions were adopted pronouncing for free silver. Meanwhile the entire country awaited hopefully the assembling of Congress on August 7, in the expectation of relief coming through wise legislation.

The history of the events which preceded the present condition of affairs may be stated briefly: In 1878 a bill providing for the coinage of silver was passed by the House of Representatives, amended in the Senate, concurred in by the House and ultimately passed and made a law, despite a Presidential veto. It directed the government to purchase and coin from $2,000,000 to $4,000,000 worth of silver bullion monthly. Under this act, an aggregate of 291,202,019 ounces were purchased and issued either in coin or by paper certificates, the whole representing a currency value of $378,166,795. In June 1890, the Senate passed by a vote of 42 to 25, an Act, permitting the free coinage of silver into legal dollars at the ratio of 16 to 1. This "Free Silver Bill" was, however, set aside, and on July 19, 1890, the "Sherman Act," the present silver law, was substituted as a compromise and passed. Under it the United States Treasury was required to buy 4,500,000 ounces of silver monthly and to coin each month, until July 1, 1891, 2,000,000 ounces. Since the passage of this law, and between Aug. 13, 1890 and June 1, 1893, the government purchased 152,413,792 ounces of silver, which at the present price of the metal, represents $126,503,447—a depreciation of over seventeen million dollars. This enormous quantity of silver, either in coin, or in notes representing silver bars in the Treasury, is now in circulation. For a time the gold reserve in the Treasury was materially decreased, but it afterward again rose to the $100,000,000 mark, when the return tide of gold set in from Europe lately.



U. S. SENATOR, JOHN SHERMAN.
Author of the present Silver Law.

Throughout the West there is a very strong feeling in favor of fixing the ratio between gold and silver at 1 to 16. In the East the sentiment in business circles favors the repeal of the Sherman Act and the stoppage of all purchases and coinage of silver bullion till the depreciated silver dollar regains its former value. Various measures of relief have been suggested and the President, Secretary of the Treasury Carlisle, and other officials have been deluged with advice from all quarters. The Senate, where the silver men are probably in a majority, is the battle-ground of the contest, which has just opened. A strong effort will be made to repeal the Sherman Act and there will be an equally resolute attempt on the part of Western and Southern members to prevent its repeal or to adopt a Free Silver Bill as a substitute. Fortunately the country has sufficient confidence in the wisdom of Congress to warrant the expectation that the interests of the whole and not of any one section, will govern its action in the present crisis, which is one that calls for patriotism rather than partisanship.



THE NATIONAL TREASURY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

President Jackson is said to have chosen the site for the United States Treasury Building. It lies east of the White House on Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, and is an immense building, 460 feet long and 264 in width. On this page are also given portraits of Hon. John G. Carlisle, Secretary of the Treasury and Hon. John Sherman, the author of the present Silver Law.

The Tabernacle Pulpit

A BOLD CHALLENGE.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., Founded on the Text: Romans viii. 34, "Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us."

THIS is the last sermon I shall ever preach," said Christmas Evans on the 13th of June, 1838. Three days afterward he expired. I do not know what his text was, but I know that no man could choose a better theme—though he knew it was the last time he should ever preach—than the subject found in this text.

Paul flung this challenge of the text to the feet of all ecclesiastical and civil authority. He fearned neither swords nor lions, earth nor hell. Diocletian slew uncounted thousands under his administration, and the world has been full of persecution; but all the persecutors of the world could not affright Paul. Was it because he was physically strong? Oh, no. I suppose he was very much weakened by exposure and maltreatment. Was it because he was lacking in sensitiveness? No; you find the most delicate shades of feeling playing in and out his letters and sermons. Some of his communications burst into tears. What was it that lifted Paul into this triumphant mood? The thought of a Saviour dead, a Saviour risen, a Saviour exalted, a Saviour interceding.

All the world has sung the praise of Princess Alice. One child having died of a contagious disease—she was in the room where another was dying, and the court physician said to her, "You must not breathe the breath of this child, or you yourself will die." But seeing the child mourning because of the death of her brother, the mother stooped down, and in sympathy kissed the little one, caught the disease, and perished. All the world sang the heroism and the self-sacrifice of Princess Alice, but I have to tell you that when our race was dying the Lord Jesus stooped down and gave us the kiss of his everlasting love, and perished that we might live. "It is Christ that died."

Can you tell me how tender hearted Paul could find anything to rejoice at in the horrible death scene of Calvary? We weep at funerals, we are sympathetic when we see a stranger die, when a murderer steps upon the scaffold we pray for his departing spirit; and how could Paul—the great-hearted Paul—find anything to be pleased with at the funeral of a God? Beside that, Christ had only recently died, and the sorrow was fresh in the memory of the world, and how in the fresh memory of a Saviour's death could Paul be exultant?

It was because Paul saw in that death his own deliverance, and the deliverance of a race from still worse disaster; he saw the gap into which the race must plunge, and he saw the bleeding hands of Christ close it. The glittering steel on the top of the executioner's spear in his sight kindled into a torch to light men heavenward. The persecutors saw over the cross five words written in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin; but Paul saw over the cross of Christ only one word—"expiation!" He heard in the dying groan of Christ his own groan of eternal torture taken by another. Paul said to himself, "Had it not been that Christ volunteered in my behalf, those would have been my mauled hands and feet, my gashed side, my crimson temples."

Men of great physical endurance have sometimes carried very heavy burdens—three hundred pounds, four hundred pounds—and they have still said, "My strength is not yet tested; put on more weight." But after awhile they were compelled to cry out, "Stop! I can carry no more." But the burden of Christ was illimitable. First, there was his own burden of hunger, and thirst, and bereavement, and a thousand outrages that have been heaped upon him, and on top of that burden were the sorrows of his poor old mother, and on the top of those burdens the crimes of the ruffians who were executing him. "Stop!" you cry, "it is enough; Christ can bear no more." And Christ says, "Roll on more burdens; roll on me the sins of this entire nation, and after that, roll on me the sins of the inhabited earth, and then roll on me the sins of the four thousand years past, so far as those sins have been forgiven." And the angels of God, seeing the awful pressure, cry, "Stop! He can bear no more." And the blood rushing to the nostril and lip seems to cry out, "Enough! He can endure no more." But Christ says, "Roll on a greater burden—roll on the sins of the next nineteen hundred years, roll on me the sins of all the succeeding ages, roll on me the agonies of hell, ages on ages, the furnaces and the prison-houses and the tortures." That is what the Bible means when it says, "He bore our sins, and carried our sorrows."

"Now," says Paul, "I am free; that suffering purchased my deliverance; God never collects a debt twice: I have a receipt in full; if God is satisfied with me, then what do all the threats of earth and hell amount to? Bring on all your witnesses," says Paul; "show all your force; do your worst against my soul; I defy you; I dare you; I challenge you. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died." Oh, what a strong argument that puts in the hand of every Christian man! Some day all the past sins of his life come down on him in a fiery troop, and they pound away at the gate of his soul, and they say, "We have come for your arrest. Any one of us could overcome you; we are ten thousand strong; surrender!" And you open the door, and single-handed and alone you contend against that troop; you fling this divine weapon into their midst, you scatter those sins as quick as you can think it. "It is Christ that died." Why then bring up to us the sins of our past life? What have we to do with those obsolete things? You know how hard it is for a wrecker to bring up anything that is lost near the shore of the sea; but suppose something be lost half way between Liverpool and New York; it cannot be found, it cannot be fetched up. "Now," says God, "your sins I have cast into the depths of the sea." Mid-Atlantic! All the machinery ever fashioned in foundries of darkness, and launched from the doors of eternal death, working for ten thousand years, cannot bring up one of our sins forgiven and forgotten and sunken into the depths of the sea. When a sin is pardoned, it is gone—it is gone out of the books, it is gone out of the memory, it is gone out of existence. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

From other tragedies men have come away exhausted and nervous and sleepless; but there is one tragedy that soothes and calms and saves. Calvary was the stage on which it was enacted, the curtain of the night falling at midnoon was the drop scene, the thunder of falling rocks the orchestra, angels in the galleries, and devils in the pit the spectators, the tragedy a crucifixion. "It is Christ that died." Oh, triumphant thought!

If you go through the picture galleries of Versailles you will find a great change there. I said to a friend who had been through those galleries, "Are they as they were before the French war?" and I was told there was a great change there; that all that multitude of pictures which represented Napoleonic triumphs had been taken away, and in the frames were other pictures representative of Germanic success and victory. Oh, that all the scenes of Satanic triumph in our world might be blotted out, and that the whole world might be a picture gallery representing the triumphant Jesus! Down with the monarchy of transgression! Up with the monarchy of our King! Hail! Jesus, Hail!

But I must give you the second cause of Paul's exhilaration. If Christ had stayed in that grave we never would have gotten out of it. The grave would have been dark and dismal as the Conciergerie during the Reign of Terror, where the carts came up only to take the victims out to the scaffold. I do not wonder that the ancients tried by embalment of the body to resist the dissolution of death.

The grave is the darkest, deepest, ghastliest chasm that was ever opened if there be no light from the resurrection throne streaming into it; but Christ stayed in the tomb all Friday night and all Saturday, all Saturday night and a part of Sunday morning. He stayed so long in the tomb that he might fit it for us when we go there. He tarried two whole nights in the grave, so that he saw how important it was to have plenty of light, and he has flooded it with his own glory.

It is early Sunday morning, and we start up to find the grave of Christ. We find the morning sun gilding the dew, and the shrubs are sweet as the foot crushes them. What a beautiful place to be buried in! Wonder they did not treat Christ as well when he was alive as they do now that he is dead. Give the military salute to the soldiers who stand guarding the dead. But hark to the crash! an earthquake! The soldiers fall back as though they were dead, and the stone at the door of Christ's tomb spins down the hill, flung by the arm of an angel. Come forth, O Jesus! from the darkness into the sunlight. Come forth, and breathe the perfume of Joseph's garden.

Christ comes forth radiant, and as he steps out of the excavation of the rock I look down into the excavation, and in the distance I see others coming hand-in-hand, and troop after troop, and I find it is a long procession of the precious dead. Among them are our own loved ones—father, mother, brother, sister, companion, children, coming up out of the excavation of the rock until the last one has stepped out into the light, and I am bewildered, and I cannot understand the scene until I see Christ wave his hand over the advancing procession from the rock, and hear him cry, "I am the resurrection and the life; he who believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." And then I notice that the long dirge of the world's woe suddenly stops at the archangelic shout of "Come forth!"

Oh! my friends, if Christ had not broken out of the grave you and I would never come out of it. It would have been another case of Charlotte Corday attempting to slay a tyrant, herself slain. It would have been another case of John Brown attempting to free the slaves, himself hung. It would have been Death and Christ in a grapple, and Death the victor. The black flag would have floated on all the graves and mausoleums of the dead, and hell would have conquered the forces of Heaven, and captured the ramparts of God, and Satan would have come to coronation in the palaces of Heaven, and it would have been devils on the throne and sons of God in the dungeon.

No! no! no! When that stone was rolled from the door of Christ's grave, it was hurled with such a force that it crashed in all the grave-doors of Christendom, and now the tomb is only a bower where God's children take a siesta, an afternoon nap, to wake up in mighty invigoration. "Christ is risen." Hang that lamp among all the tombs of my dead. Hang it over my own resting-place. Christ's suffering is ended; his work is done. The darkest Friday afternoon of the world's history becomes the brightest Sunday morning of its resurrection joy. The Good Friday of bitter memories becomes the Easter of glorious transformation and resurrection.

> Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
> For your departed Lord.
> Behold the place: He is not here;
> The tomb is all unbarred.
> The gates of death were closed in vain,
> The Lord is risen, he lives again.

I give you the third cause of Paul's exhilaration. We honor the right hand more than we do the left. If in accident or battle we must lose one hand, let it be the left. The left hand being nearer the heart, we may not do much of the violent work of life with that hand without physical danger; but he who has the right arm in full play has the mightiest of all earthly weapons. In all ages and in all languages the right hand is the symbol of strength and power and honor. Hiram sat at the right hand of Solomon, Then we have the term, "He is a right-hand man." Lafayette was Washington's right-hand man; Marshal Ney was Napoleon's right-hand man; and now you have the meaning of Paul when he speaks of Christ who is at the right hand of God.

That means he is the first guest of Heaven. He has a right to sit there. The Hero of the universe! Count his wounds; two in the feet, two in the hands, one in the side—five wounds. O you have counted wrong. These are not half the wounds. Look at the severer wounds in the temples; each thorn an excruciation.

If a hero comes back from battle, and he takes off his hat, or rolls up his sleeve, and shows you the scar of a wound gotten at Ball's Bluff, or at South Mountain, you stand in admiration at his heroism and patriotism; but if Christ should make conspicuous the five wounds gotten on Calvary—that Waterloo of all the ages—he would display only a small part of his wounds. Wounded all over, let him sit at the right hand of God. He has a right to sit there. By the request of God, the Father, and the unanimous suffrage of all Heaven, let him sit there. In the grand review, when the redeemed pass by in cohorts of splendor, they will look at him and shout "Victory!"

The oldest inhabitant of Heaven never saw a grander day than the one when Christ took his place on the right hand of God. Hosanna! With lips of clay I may not appropriately utter it, but let the martyrs under the altar throw the cry to the elders before the throne, and they can toss it to the choir on the sea of glass until all Heaven shall lift it—some on point of sceptre, and some on string

of harp and some on the tip of the green branches. Hosanna! Hosanna!

A fourth cause of Paul's exhilaration: After a clergyman had preached a sermon in regard to the glories of Heaven and the splendors of the scene, an aged woman said: "If all that is to go on in Heaven, I don't know what will become of my poor head." Oh! my friends, there will be so many things going on in Heaven, I have sometimes wondered if the Lord would not forget you and me!

Perhaps Paul said sometimes: "I wonder God does not forget me down here in Antioch, and in the prison, and in the shipwreck. There are so many sailors, so many wayfarers, so many prisoners, so many heartbroken men," says Paul, "perhaps God may forget me. And then I am so vile a sinner. How I whipped those Christians! with what vengeance I mounted that cavalry horse and dashed up to Damascus! Oh! it will take a mighty attorney to plead my cause and get me free." But just at that moment there came in upon Paul's soul something mightier than the surges that dashed his ship into Melita, swifter than the horse he rode to Damascus. It was the swift and overwhelming thought of Christ's intercession.

My friends, we must have an advocate. A poor lawyer is worse than no lawyer at all. We must have one who is able successfully to present our cause before God. Where is he? Who is he? There is only one advocate in all the universe that can plead our cause in the last judgment—that can plead our cause before God in the great tribunal.

Sometimes in earthly courts attorneys have specialties, and one man succeeds better in patent cases, another in insurance cases, another in criminal cases, another in land cases, another in will cases, and his success generally depends upon his sticking to that specialty. I have to tell you that Christ can do many things; but it seems to me that his specialty is to take the bad case of the sinner and plead it before God until he gets eternal acquittal. Oh! we must have him for our advocate.

But what plea can he make? Sometimes an attorney in court will plead the innocence of the prisoner. That would be inappropriate for us; we are all guilty! guilty! Unclean! unclean! Christ, our advocate, will not plead our innocence. Sometimes the attorney in court tries to prove an alibi. He says: "This prisoner was not at the scene; he was in some other place at the time." Such a plea will not do in our case. The Lord found us in all our sins, and in the very place of our iniquity. It is impossible to prove an alibi. Sometimes an attorney will plead the insanity of the prisoner, and say he is irresponsible on that account. That plea will never do in our case. We sinned against light, against knowledge, against the dictates of our own consciences; we knew what we were doing. What then shall the plea be?

The plea for our eternal deliverance will be Christ's own martyrdom. He will say: "Look at all these wounds. By all these sufferings I demand the rescue of this man from sin and death and hell. Constable, knock off the shackles—let the prisoner go free." "Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us."

But why all this gladness on the faces of these sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty? I know what you are thinking of. A Saviour dead, a Saviour risen, a Saviour exalted, a Saviour interceding. "What," say you, "is all that for me?" All! all! Never let me hear you complaining about anything again. With your pardoned sin behind you, and a successful Christ pleading above you, and a glorious heaven before you, how can you be despondent about anything?

"But," says some man in the audience, "all that is very good and very true for those who are inside the kingdom; but how about those of us who are outside?" Then I say, Come into the kingdom, come out of the prison-house into the glorious sunlight of God's mercy and pardon, and come now.

It was in the last days of the reign of terror, the year 1793. Hundreds and thousands had perished under the French guillotine. France groaned with the tyrannies of Robespierre and the Jacobin Club. The last group of sufferers had had their locks shorn by Monchotte, the prison barber, so that the neck might be bare to the keen knife of the guillotine. The carts came up to the prison, the poor wretches were placed in the carts and driven off toward the scaffold; but while they were going toward the scaffold there was an outcry in the street, and then the shock of fire-arms, and then the cry, "Robespierre has fallen! Down with the Jacobins! Let France be free!" But the armed soldiers rode in upon these rescuers, so that the poor wretches in the carts were taken on to the scaffold, and horribly died. But that very night these monsters of persecution were seized, and Robespierre perished under the very guillotine that he had reared for others, all France clapping their hands with joy as his head rolled into the executioner's basket. Then the axes of the excited populace were heard pounding against the gates of the prison, and the poor prisoners walked out free.

My friends, sin is the worst of all Robespierres; it is the tyrant of tyrants; it has built a prison-house for our soul; it plots our death; it has shorn us for the sacrifice, but, blessed be God, this morning we hear the axes of God's gracious deliverance pounding against the door of our prison. Deliverance has come. Light breaks through all the wards of the prison. Revolution! Revolution! "Where sin abounded, grace does much more abound, that whereas sin reigned unto death, even so grace may reign unto eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Glorious truth! A Saviour dead, a Saviour risen, a Saviour exalted, a Saviour interceding!

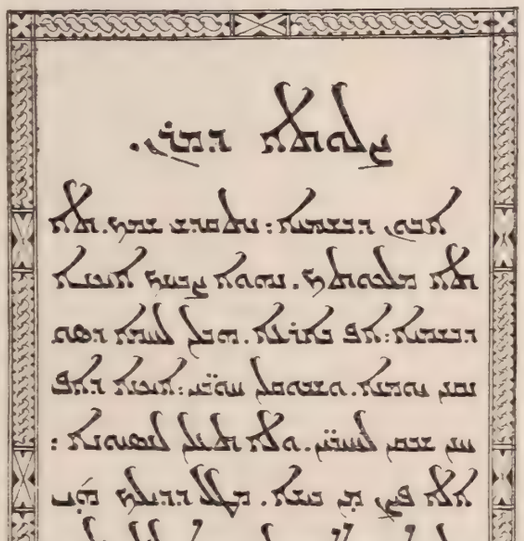
CHRIST IN THE VILLAGE.

A SINGULAR incident reported by a catechist in India appears in the *Missionary Herald*. The evangelist while on a tour came to a village and began to talk with some boys about Jesus Christ. The boys said to him: "Jesus Christ lives here in our village." It seems that the man so called had once heard about Jesus Christ, and as a result had abandoned idolatry. His frequent reference to Jesus Christ made the villagers call him by that name. He knew little of Christianity but was anxious to learn more.

A Scribe From the East.

Moses of Oroomiah and his Beautiful Art—Writing for Royalty in Europe and Asia.

AMONG the Orientals who have recently come to the United States, there are not a few who belong to very ancient and distinguished families. One such visitor, who is now stopping in New York, is "Deacon" Moses, of the city of Oroomiah, in Persia. Moses, who is the son of Abdee-Eshooh (the Servant of Christ), was born at Oroomiah about sixty-five years ago. His father combined the pursuits of merchandise and farming. In his childhood Moses received some training at the Mission schools. He afterward became a teacher in the schools of the American Mission in Persia, and later in life was appointed Inspector of Mission schools and evangelical colporteur. For a time he held the position of teacher at Salmas, and conducted evangelical services in the villages of that district. On account of his skill in languages he was chosen as private tutor by Rev. Dr. Wright an American missionary in Persia to Malik Casim Mirza, a native prince. Kasim was a *fata-li-shah*, or petty monarch, and it was his wish to be instructed in both English and Syriac, which Moses did satisfactorily.



THE LORD'S PRAYER IN SYRIAC.

Written for "The Christian Herald" by Deacon Moses, the Scribe.

Early in life, Moses gave evidence of wonderful talent as a scribe, and his services as teacher of writing were in great demand. In ornamental writing, which is held in high esteem in the East, he also excelled and occasionally has been summoned by kings and princes who desired to use his art. In 1877, while in St. Petersburg, he wrote for the Emperor, the Lord's Prayer in nine languages, and for Prince Peter of Wurtemberg in fourteen languages. Alexander II. (the father of the present Czar), prized the writing highly and sent Moses 150 roubles, Prince Peter also making him a substantial present. He also executed similar writings for Queen Victoria, and the English Archbishops of Canterbury and York. He is master of a number of languages, being specially proficient in Syriac, English, Turkish, Persian and Russian.

The family from which "Deacon" Moses is descended, is probably one of the oldest in existence, and traces its origin back almost to the first century of the Christian era. His ancestors, he says, have always been Christians, and have suffered persecution and exile on account of their religion, yet have always remained steadfast in the faith. His parents on both sides were Christian Syrians, and claim direct descent from the disciples. "Deacon" Moses (he is popularly known by that title in Oroomiah), is now very poor. Before coming

DEACON MOSES, THE ORIENTAL SCRIBE.

to America he had encountered a series of misfortunes, including failure in crops, oppression and robbery by brigands. He earns a somewhat precarious livelihood here by his beautiful penmanship, and his illuminated Scripture texts are still so gracefully designed and executed, that it is quite apparent that age has not robbed him of his art. Along with his photograph (on this page), we give an excellent specimen of his writing in Syriac, the characters, he declares, being the same as those used in the time of our Lord. This writing he has executed expressly for the benefit of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

A DREARY NIGHT IN THE TRANSVAAL.

IN describing a journey of a thousand miles in Southeastern Africa from which he has recently returned, Mr. F. Turner, a colporteur of the Bible Society, says:

"The Dutch farmers are very fond of their Bibles, and have family prayers morning and evening. I remember one place I called at, the old 'vrouw,' pulled down an old Bible all in pieces and quite worn out, and with tears trickling down her cheeks, said she had 'niet geldt' (no money), and the print was too small and that she could not read it any more; so I supplied her with a Bible with large print, for which she was very grateful. They are also very hospitable; one is always welcome to take his meals with them, and they would never think of charging you anything, except for forage, which is very dear. The greatest difficulty I had was getting forage for the horses, on account of the locusts, which had destroyed nearly everything. When I left Johannesburg and started for Pretoria, I had a load of books weighing nearly eight hundred pounds. I called at the different farms on the way, where I was well received. Before I reached Pretoria, I was overtaken with a terrific thunderstorm, which soiled a great number of books. The storm increased, the 'veld' was one great swamp, so I was obliged to outspan. Having no food for myself or forage for the horses, I tied the horses to the cart; but the noise of the thunder was so terrific that it caused the horses to break their halters and bolt, and you may imagine I was in a dreadful plight. For four hours in that dark night I sought those horses in the swamp, drenched to the skin, with no other light than a flash of lightning, which lit up the country now and again. I was obliged to return to the cart, and feeling the intense loneliness of my situation, I turned my thoughts to the ever-present God, and prayed most earnestly for the return of my horses, after which I felt comforted, though I could not sleep. At the break of day I looked out, and to my great joy I saw the horses standing near the cart. You may imagine how grateful I was for this deliverance."

PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA.

S S. Lesson for Aug. 27. Acts 26: 19-32. Golden Text, 1 Cor. 1: 24. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

TWO years of imprisonment at Cæsarea had not changed Paul. Still to him to live was Christ, in prison or out of prison. The work of God in conforming him to the image of his Son was not to be stopped by any outward circumstances, and, as an instrument of the Holy Ghost in the ministry of prayer, Paul was exercising an unspeakable influence upon the churches. Man may seek to rule, but God can overrule all which happens; all men, all circumstances are only so many tools in the hands of God by which he works out his will. Paul knew this, and therefore he could not have fretted at the apparent loss of time in his detention in Cæsarea.

At the end of this time there was a change in the government. Festus succeeded Felix as governor of Judea. The first visit which this new governor paid to Jerusalem, the chief city of his province, was utilized by the chief priests and the principal men of the Jews to lodge a complaint against Paul. Two years had not cured them of their murderous intentions, and they requested that Paul might be brought to Jerusalem only that their plans of lying in wait to kill him might be carried out. But in

A Higher Court

than any to which they could carry their appeal it had been decided and made known to Paul: "As thou hast testified of me in Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also in Rome." Neither priests nor governors had power to alter this purpose made in the court of heaven. It was of God's ordering that Festus did not yield to them, but commanded them to accompany him to Cæsarea, where, on the morrow after his arrival, Paul was brought up. The charges lodged against him were but a repetition of those which Felix had heard, and his defence was similar. In those days, as in these, corruption crept into courts of law, and Festus, not because it was just, but because he wanted to curry favor with the Jews, asked Paul: "Wilt thou go up to Jerusalem, and there be judged of these tnings before me?". "I stand before Cæsar's judgment seat, where I ought to be judged," was the Apostle's reply: "to the Jews have I done no wrong as thou very well knowest. For if I be an offender, or committed anything worthy of death, I refuse not to die: but if there be none of these things whereof they accuse me, no man may deliver me unto them. I appeal unto Cæsar." "Hast thou appealed unto Cæsar? Unto Cæsar shalt thou go."

Such was the defence of Paul and such was its effect. He saw the purpose of his God behind the vindictiveness and injustice of the Jews and behind the weakness and insincerity of Festus. And while apparently subject to caprice of men in authority on earth, Paul saw God's way made for him to bear witness in Rome. What was it to him that instead of traveling thither with letters of commendation from all the churches, he should arrive as a prisoner waiting for his trial? His reputation was the property of him who had bought him

Remanded by Festus as he had been by Felix, the trial of Paul's patience was not at an end. But a man who does not deal with men and things, who has been translated "out of the kingdom of darkness," out of things seen and temporal, into "the kingdom of the Son of his love," things unseen and eternal, does not count time as other men count it. Paul was not in a hurry; he could

Wait God's Time.

King Agrippa or Herod Agrippa who also governed Judea, came down to Cæsarea, and Festus mentioned Paul's case to him and his own perplexity regarding it. So deeply interested was Agrippa, that he desired to judge the case himself. Festus and Agrippa made this trial of Paul an opportunity for pomp and display, perhaps to indulge their own vanity, perhaps partly with the idea of impressing Paul with their authority and power. Vain attempt! Festus opened the case by an explanation that he had already heard all the urgent charges of the Jews from Jerusalem and also from Cæsarea, but that finding in him nothing worthy of death, and that Paul himself had appealed unto Cæsar, he was determined to send him, but found himself in the embarrassing position of sending a prisoner to the supreme court of Rome without any power "to signify the crimes laid to his charge;" and he requested Agrippa to examine him that he might have something to write. What a testimony to a man of God! How like Daniel of old! But how much more like the Lord himself, who, when brought before these different tribunals, was hurried away to the cross

Completely Uncondemned.

This is the calling of all his followers: to "be blameless and harmless, the sons of God without rebuke in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world, holding forth (*i.e.*, witnesses and illustrations of) the Word of life." The examination of the prisoner was all they had to go upon. Thus the king, addressing Paul, said: "Thou art permitted to speak for thyself." Twenty-three years before, God had said of Paul to Ananias: "Here is a chosen vessel unto me to bear my name before the Gentiles and kings and the children of Israel." Before the children of Israel and the Gentiles Paul had long had his place of testimony, but it was only now that he had his first opportunity to testify before a king: he could not but say, "I think myself happy, king Agrippa." This was an unusual commencement of the defence of an accused party; the circumstances the personality, all was unusual: this man was a representative of the crucified, risen, ascended Son of God. Speaking first of his well known strictly religious life, he continued: "And now I stand, and am judged for the hope of the promise made of God unto our fathers: unto which promise our twelve tribes instantly serving God day and night, hope to come. For which hope's sake king Agrippa I am accused of the Jews."

That is, the only difference between us is that what they hold as a doctrine is a living, practical reality to me, I live in the power of it, and shape my life accordingly. "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?" From speaking of the resurrection Paul went on to speak of the risen One whose resurrection condemned the Jews as the murderers of Jesus the Son of God: "I understand these accusing Jews: I also vainly thought I ought to do many things contrary to Jesus of Nazareth, and he told the plain unvarnished story of his cruel but conscientious persecution of the disciples of Jesus of Nazareth, and then the revelation from heaven which arrested him on the way to Damascus cutting short his career as a persecutor and changing him into a broken, humble witness for his Lord.

Paul's simple narrative was: "Whereupon, O, King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." Oh, if God reveals himself, if he draws near to a soul, it is worth everything to that soul to keep open the already opened heaven, and to let nothing come in to hinder communion with God. Paul added, "But showed first unto them of Damascus, and at Jerusalem, and throughout all the coasts of Judea, and then unto the Gentiles, that they should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance. For these causes the Jews caught me in the temple and went about to kill me." Unreal professors hate nothing so much as reality. Those who have a name to live and are dead, who have a form of Godliness, but deny the power thereof, cannot forgive God's true children for possessing a power to which they are strangers, but the effect of which they see and feel.

But Paul in all his defence had not so much an eye to prove himself innocent as to show the King Agrippa the reality of faith in Christ: "Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come that Christ should suffer, and should be the first to rise from the dead, and should show light unto the people and to the Gentiles." God was speaking through his servant: to the material mind of Festus, it was the raving of a madman, the governor had no spiritual sense, the king, however, had studied the Jewish scripture, he knew the history of Jesus, he was acquainted with the Christians! "The king knoweth of these things, before whom I speak freely; for I am persuaded that none of these things were hidden from him." And then, under the guiding of the Spirit, the God-filled prisoner turned upon his royal judge and said, "King Agrippa, believest than the prophets? I know that thou believest," and the king replied, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Almost! but only almost. Paul had borne his testimony the blood of Agrippa would not be required at the hand of Paul. But the king's soul? Oh, if he had bowed as the king of Nineveh in Jonah's time and repented in dust and ashes, he might have been saved.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

A Roman Judgment Seat.

THE charges against Paul remained in abeyance until Felix was removed from office. As neither the prisoner nor his friends would bribe the Governor, he left the case unsettled. Porcius Festus was the successor of Felix and he arrived at Cæsarea, according to Roman records in June of the year 60. Paul at that time was about fifty-eight years old. On Festus visiting Jerusalem, the Jews renewed their appeal to have Paul put to death, but Festus, who was a typical Roman official insisted on the forms of law being observed. From the remarks Festus afterward made to Agrippa, it appeared that he was disgusted with the trial which ensued. The Jews had no such charges to make as Festus expected from their acrimony and their clamor for Paul's blood. The difference between Paul and the Jews appeared to the sceptical Roman only the difference between one superstition and another. It was not a question for a Governor to decide and Festus proposed that Paul go to Jerusalem where such matters could be handled by experts. But Paul was too wary; he had already narrowly escaped assassination under such a scheme. He appealed to the highest tribunal of all, to the Emperor himself. This appeal, which was Paul's right as a Roman citizen, embarrassed the Governor. He could not draw an indictment against a man whose offense appeared to be harmless fanaticism. The one point which his mind had grasped was that the Jews said that Jesus was dead and Paul said that he was alive. To the Roman Governor it must have seemed a matter of small importance whether Jesus was dead or alive. Nevertheless, questions of Jewish law might be involved, although he could not understand them, and as it was important at the beginning of his term he should gain the confidence of the Jews, he did not dismiss the case as he was inclined to do. While the matter was still in suspense, Herod Agrippa who governed the north eastern district of Palestine came with his sister Bernice to pay their respects to the new Governor. Agrippa, if he was not actually a Jew, was familiar with Jewish law and might understand the questions which so puzzled Festus. The case was accordingly submitted to Agrippa, who expressed a wish to hear Paul himself. Accordingly a court was held; Festus presided, Agrippa and Bernice were in the place of honor, the townspeople came to listen and Paul was invited to speak. It was an imposing audience, but Paul did not make any oratorical display. In simple, dignified language he explained his former attitude on religious questions and described the circumstances of his conversion, which had led him, not to abandon his faith, but to hold it more intelligently and then occurred the conversation between the prisoner and his august hearers which forms the subject of the lesson.

That they should repent and turn to God. Paul never failed in urging this duty, and he did so on occasions when it might seem likely that he would injure his own case, as when he preached before Felix. It is often the kindest thing one friend can do for another to urge him to repent and turn to God. A dying nobleman once sent for the clergyman whose ministry he attended and said to him: "Did you not know that my life was licentious and that I was living in violation of God's commandment?" The clergyman was confused, but finally answered, "Yes, my lord." The nobleman then asked, "Why, oh, why did you not warn me of my danger?" "Your kindness to me and my family," said the clergyman deterred me from reproving you." The nobleman looked at him reproachfully and said, "My kindness? Why my kindness to you ought to have been a claim on you for faithfulness to my best interests. You saw me on the edge of a precipice and because I had been kind to you, you did not warn me! Now my soul will be lost."

Having obtained help of God I continue. Paul was perfectly aware of the source of his strength. He knew, as every true Christian knows, that his continuing in the faith is the result of the help God gives. With that help, the weakest become strong. About two centuries ago, one Margaret Wilson, a girl of eighteen, along with an aged widow of sixty-three, was doomed to die for insisting that Christ alone was the head of the Church. They were to be fastened to stakes driven into the oozy sand that covered the beach, and left to perish in the rising tide. The stake to which the aged woman was fastened, was farther down the beach than that of the young woman, in order that, being sooner destroyed, her expiring sufferings might shake the firmness of Margaret Wilson. The tide began to flow, the waters swelled and mounted to the chin of the old woman, and when almost stifled by the rising tide, they put to the girl the question, "What think you of your friend now?" "What do I see," she answered, "but Christ in one of his members, wrestling there? Think you that we are the sufferers? No, it is Christ in us, he who sendeth us not a warfare on our own charges."

Witnessing both to small and great. That is the duty of every one who loves Christ. There is no way in which one can serve him better than by telling others how good and kind we have found him to be. It is related that a sceptical lawyer once went into a testimony meeting and took notes of the testimonies given. He did so to ridicule religion and have sport; but the testimony so overpowered his heart that at the close of the service he arose and said: "My friends, I hold in my hand the testimony of no less than sixty persons who have spoken here this morning, who all testify with one consent that there is a divine reality in religion, and that they have experienced it in their own hearts. Many of these persons I know. Their testimony would be received in any court of justice. Lie they would not, I know; and mistaken they cannot all be. I have been sceptical as to these things, but now I am convinced as to their truth, and must lead a new life. Will you pray for me?"

That Christ should suffer. It was necessary for the salvation of men. The grandeur of his character is seen in his being willing to give himself as a sacrifice that the world might have life. Near a little town in Switzerland an army of Austrians was observed approaching to take possession. A small band of the brave Swiss determined to resist them, but were compelled to give way to superior force. Seeing this, the brave Arnold Von Winkelried exclaimed to his countrymen: "I will open a path to freedom! Protect, dear comrades, my wife and children!" He pressed forward, and gathering in his arms as many spears as he could grasp, buried them in his bosom. The Swiss rushed forward and gained the victory. Arnold Von Winkelried fell, but saved his country.

Believest thou the prophets? It was an important question because if Agrippa believed them Paul had a basis for argument with him which he did not have in arguing with Festus. Bishop Watson relates that in a public disputation between a Jew and a Christian at Venice, the Jew, who was a rabbi of eminence assailed the character of Christ. The Christian replied by an appeal to the prophets, laying special stress on Daniel's prophecy of the weeks (Dan. 9: 25). The rabbi refused to argue on those lines and finally repudiated the whole book of Daniel. "If we admit the truth and authenticity of Daniel," he said, "we shall all become Christians."

A Peep into China. • • •

Missionary Gilbert Reid Tells of its Tombs, its Temples, and its Peculiar People—An Interesting Book.

IN these days of widespread missionary activity, books of travel, exploration and evangelistic enterprise are multiplied, but amid the multitude of such publications, there are probably few that will be read with keener interest than the volume entitled: *Glances at China*, by the Rev. Gilbert Reid, M. A., of the American Presbyterian Board at Chi-nan-fu, issued from the presses of the Religious Tract Society of London, and published in this country by Fleming H. Revell Co., of New York.* Through the courtesy of the publishers we are enabled to reproduce several of the illustrations, with accompanying extracts. Mr. Reid's book is aptly named, for he has certainly given his subject an amount of study and familiar consideration which enables him to present in a nutshell a series of features of Chinese life and character that are extremely attractive as well as instructive. His first "peep" is at the chief port of the empire, Shanghai, with its 400,000 population, native and foreign, its brazen-vices, its home life and its missions. He rapidly and entertainingly sketches the social life of the people, their festivals and amusements, their schools, their weddings, etc. Concerning one of the latter he writes as follows:

A Native Chinese Cart.

A CHINESE WEDDING.

Bride and groom were both Christians. The wedding-day has arrived. The bride, who had not yet spoken to her intended, shed in the morning a few tears, looked miserable, and feigned meekness. This also was a Chinese custom, and, under the circumstances, was also quite Christian. At last the hour has come. The guests, Chinese and foreign, are gathered together in a foreign house, silent as before a funeral. The bridegroom is led in by one door, and the bride by another. He is arrayed in silks and satins, hired for the occasion; and she, her face hid by a veil, is dressed in red raiment, not hired, but partly borrowed, with here and there a garment given by wealthy missionaries, myself attempting to be of that number.

Now comes the real Christian part. The minister reads the service. The questions are put. The man promises to take this woman—whom he does not hold by the hand—and this, too, whether she is "ugly or beautiful," the last being a Chinese modification of the service. The woman promises to take this man,—whom she does not hold by the hand,—and this whether he is "rich or poor." Then instead of looking at each other square in the face, and kissing each other just as squarely, they kneel on the floor and knock their heads, first to the officiating clergyman, and then before a few of the better guests. After the religious ceremony the married couple take their seats in two finely-covered sedan chairs, and start for a Chinese house, where they are to remain for a few days, trying to make each other's acquaintance. We all accompanied the procession. Rumor says that after every one had left, the married folks spoke to each other—for the first time.

A NATIVE INN.

An inn on a main road in a large village on a market-day is reached. You leave your animals to feed in the court, and you enter the best guest-room. Soon voices are heard outside. The miniature menagerie, the living orang-outang, is inside. The door is pushed open, and the gazers gaze. One man, braver than the rest, enters. The man is a Chinaman, trained according to a code of etiquette which, if practised, would be nowhere displeasing. You remember the fact, and so, in due politeness, arise, and with hands clasped in front, bow profoundly. The man bows, but says nothing. Your food and tea are on the table, and no gentleman would intrude himself at such a time. You adopt the Chinese expedient, and ask him to drink tea. Instead of taking the hint, and excusing himself and politely retiring, he remains steadfastly gazing. You inquire his "honorable name," and continue to bow. He replies to your question, but does not leave. You then pause, look at the man straight in the eye without wavering; and soon the man wavers, looks around, up at the ceiling, back at your glaring eye, out at his companions, and then decides, by a law of necessity rather than politeness, to leave. Your foreign device has succeeded.

You now sit down, and take your meal in peace—for a moment. Another man enters, and another, and another, until, alas! your room is filled. You decide to forbear. You will show yourself friendly. Now the show begins. One man—the tiger-trainer—feels your shoes, and makes a suggestion. Another man—the snake-charmer—lifts up your coat and investigates the close-fitting under apparel—a strange phenomenon to a Chinaman. A third takes off your hat and looks for a tail. The exhibition is now interesting. Conversation is brisk. The specimen—ah! strange to say—it too can talk. They now praise your language. They ply you with questions. They seem about as ignorant of Europe as some Europeans seem of China. "Does your country have any sun?" "Is Jesus your King there?" "Is England as large as this province?" "Did opium come from there?" "Do you till the soil?" "Do you have rice?" The circus now begins to close. The spectators move. All leave; and you now finish your meal.

RELIGIONS.

First in time of origin comes Taoism, founded by the philosophical treatises of the reformer, Lao-tse, in the seventh century before Christ. The divinities of to-day are chosen according to none of the directions of their illustrious teacher, but, with the old speculation and contemplation cherished in asceticism, have mingled during the succeeding centuries magic, astrology, and other ideas, that are meant to satisfy uneasy hearts and ever-present superstition. The teachings two thousand four hundred years ago may be compared to the Essenism of Palestine, or the Gnosticism of Alexandria, or the Mysticism of later days; but modern Taoism is only a "motley chaos," disgusting to the philosophic mind.

Next comes Confucianism—the system of moral and political well-doing that came forth from the earnest soul of Confucius, the practical reformer of the sixth century before Christ. He visited the founder of Taoism, and heard his lamentations of the depraved age and his proposals for purification; but on returning to his home, in sincere veneration of the generations before him, he combined the best teachings of the past, and then added to them others of his own. Confucianism remains to-day much the same as when fashioned by Confucius and his disciples, except more astray as to God and the future, and more contaminated by idolatries and superstitions that other religions.

Chinese Temple and Pagoda.

"THE LIGHT OF ASIA."

In the year 67 of the Christian era, an embassy which had been sent forth by an emperor to find some "holy one" in the West, returned from India, bringing the apostles of Buddhism. If this religion ever deserved the title, "The Light of Asia," it was certainly long before it possessed Asia. The Buddhism of to-day, like the Taoism of to-day, has rolled mounds of rubbish on the many seeds of truth dropped by this self-denying reformer among the Brahmins of India; and while seeking to adapt foreign teachings to the Chinese mind, it has so far lost its own distinct character that to be a worshipper in Buddhist temples does not exclude worship before Taoist altars or Confucian tablets.

Taoism, Buddhism, and Confucianism—the three recognized religions of long standing—now hide their differences and incompatibilities, and seek to be one. In the first part of the sixth century came Nestorian missionaries. Next, in the eighth or ninth centuries, came Mohammedanism by the way of the sea; and to-day there are over ten millions of converts in different parts of China, but especially in the western province.

TWO FAMOUS TEMPLES.

As to the native sights at Peking, the palace, the Temple of Heaven, and the Lama Temple—the most attractive of all—are for the most part closed to foreigners, unless money, force, or favor overcome the gatekeepers. The Temple of Heaven may, however, be seen from the south wall of the southern city—the magnificent altar, with its white marble, rising forth distinctly amid the shade of the surrounding trees, and representing the highest forms of worship that China has to-day—that of the ruler of the nation to the higher Power of

(*Continued on page 537.*)

Entrance to the Tombs of the Ming Dynasty.

(From "Glances into China," by permission of the Publishers.

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WALL STREET.

THE great business disasters of this country have come from the work of godless speculators and infamous stock-gamblers. The great foe to business in New York and Brooklyn is crime. When the right shall have hurled back the wrong, and shall have purified the commercial code, and shall have thundered down fraudulent establishments, and shall have put into the hands of honest men the keys of business, blessed time for the bargain-makers. I am not talking an abstraction, I am not making a guess. I am telling you God's eternal truth.

Across the island of New York, in 1685, a wall made of stone and earth, and cannon-mounted, was built to keep off the savages. Along by that wall a street was laid out, and as the street followed the line of the wall, it was appropriately called Wall Street. It is narrow, it is short, it is unarchitectural, and yet its history is unique. Excepting Lombard Street, London, it is the mightiest street on this planet. There the Government of the United States was born. There Washington held his levees. There Mrs. Adams and other brilliant women of the Revolution displayed their charms. There Witherspoon and Jonathan Edwards and George Whitefield sometimes preached. There Dr. Mason chided Alexander Hamilton for writing the Constitution of the United States without any God in it.

The history of Wall Street is to a certain extent the financial, commercial, agricultural, mining, literary, artistic, moral, and religious history of this country. Only a few blocks long, it has reached from the Canadas to the Gulf of Mexico, from San Francisco to Bangor. There are the best men in this country, and there are the worst. Everything, from unswerving integrity to tip-top scoundrelism—everything, from heaven-born charity to bloodless Shylockism.

I want to put the plough in at the curb-stone of Trinity and drive it clear through to Wall Street Ferry; and so it shall go, if the horses are strong enough to draw the plough.

Wall Street stands as a type of tried integrity and the most outrageous villainy. Farmers who have only a few hundred dollars' worth of produce to put on the market have but little to test their character; but put a man into the seven-times-heated furnace of Wall Street excitement, and he either comes out a Shadrach, with hair unsinged, or he is burned into a black moral cinder. No half-way work about it.

A stock-dealer is only a commission-merchant under another name. He gets his commission on one style of goods. You, the grocer, get your commission on another style of goods. The dollar that he makes is just as bright and fair and honest a dollar as the dollar earned by the day laborer. If I wanted to find integrity bomb-proof, I would go among the bankers and merchants of Wall Street; yet, because there have been such villainies enacted there at different times, some men have supposed that it is a great financial debauchery, and they hardly dare go near the street, or walk up and down it, unless they have buttoned up their pockets, and had their lives insured, or religiously crossed themselves.

Yet, if you start at either end of the street, and read the business signs, you will find the names of more men of integrity and Christian benevolence than you can find in the same space in any street of any of our cities.

But while that street is a type of tried integrity on the one hand, it is also a type of unbounded swindle on the other. There are the spiders that wait for innocent flies. There are the crocodiles that crawl up through the slime to crench the calf. There are the anacondas, with lifted loop, ready to crush the unwary. There are financial wreckers, who stand on the beach praying for a Caribbean whirlwind to sweep over our commercial interests.

SWEET AND SOUR.

IN some lives the saccharine seems to predominate. Life in sunshine on a bank of flowers. A thousand hands to clap approval. In December or in January, looking across their table, they see all their family present. Health rubicund. Skies flamboyant. Days resilient. But in a great many cases there are not so many sugars as acids. The annoyances, and the vexations, and the disappointments of life overpower the successes. There is a gravel in almost every shoe. An Arabian legend says that there was a worm in Solomon's staff, gnawing its strength away; and there is a weak spot in every earthly support that a man leans on. King George of England forgot all the grandeurs of his throne because, one day in an interview, Beau Brummell called him by his first name, and addressed him as a servant, crying: "George, ring the bell!" Miss Langdon, honored all the world over for her poetic genius, is so worried with the evil reports set afloat regarding her, that she is found dead, with an empty bottle of prussic acid in her hand. Goldsmith said that his life was a wretched being, and that all that want and contempt could bring to it had been brought, and cries out: "What, then, is there formidable in a jail?" Correggio's fine painting is hung up for a tavern sign. Hogarth cannot sell his best paintings except through a raffle. Andrew Delsart makes the great fresco in the Church of the Annunciata, at Florence, and gets for pay a sack of corn; and there are annoyances and vexations in high places as well as in low places, showing that in great many lives the sours are greater than the sweets.

It is absurd to suppose that a man who has always been well can sympathize with those who are sick; or that one who has always been honored can appreciate the sorrow of those who are despised; or that one who has been born to a great fortune can understand the distress and the straits of those who are destitute. The fact that Christ himself took the vinegar makes him able to sympathize to-day and forever with all those whose cup is filled with sharp acids of this life.

There are some of you who have not seen a well day for many years. By keeping out of draughts, and by carefully studying dietetics, you continue to this time; but oh, the headaches, and the sideaches, and the backaches, and the heartaches which have been your accompaniment all the way through! You have struggled under a heavy mortgage of physical disabilities; and instead of the placidity that once characterized you, it is now only with great effort that you keep away from irritability and sharp retort. Difficulties of respiration, of digestion, of locomotion, make up the great obstacle in your life, and you tug and sweat along the pathway, and wonder when the exhaustion will end. The brightest crowns in heaven will not be given to those who, in stirrups, dashed to the cavalry charge, while the general applauded, and the sound of clashing sabres rang through the land; but the brightest crowns in heaven, I believe, will be given to those who trudged on amid chronic ailments which unnerved their strength, yet all the time maintaining their faith in God.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Mr. J. Lewis, Milwaukee, in the course of a long letter, describing a visit to the World's Fair, says: "There are many sights to be seen, too many to name; and he who misses them, who can afford to go and see them, will, I fear, regret it in the future."

Subscriber, Richfield Springs, N. Y. Why did David collect such an enormous quantity of gold and silver for the building of the Temple?

He was anxious that the edifice should be the most magnificent in the kingdom. He reproached himself for living in a house of cedar, while God's house was a tent. He wanted to build the temple but God forbade him. As he could not build it, he prepared the materials on a lavish scale. Much of the precious metal was used in overlaying the walls and in the utensils, but probably more was used in payment of the workmen and for other materials.

James Tulley, Reading, Pa. When was the first census ever taken in any land?

The earliest census is believed to have been taken in China, in the year 2042 B.C. Moses (about 1491 B.C.) laid down the law regulating the Israelitish census, which was probably taken after the Egyptian model. It is doubtful whether the most ancient censuses included the whole population or had reference only to the taxpaying portion.

R. O. Bush, Georgetown, S. C. Was not the man without the wedding garment mentioned in the parable (Matt 22: 11-13) harshly and unjustly dealt with?

No; he was treated as he deserved. At a wedding feast in an Oriental land such as Christ was describing, the king would provide garments for his guests, suitable to the occasion. A guest who declined to wear the wedding garment and went in wearing his ordinary attire, would be conspicuous and his conduct would be an affront to the king. He would naturally be considered as despising the dress which the king had provided and preferring his own. Christ was warning his hearers against trusting in their own righteousness and rejecting God's way of salvation.

Lizzie A. Kerr, Maple Green, N.B. "I noticed your editorial in The Christian Herald of June 21, on 'Disciples of Fashion,' and quite agree with you that 'it is high time that we unlimbered our batteries against this idolatry.' Christian people are every year giving many dollars towards this goddess of fashion, and we do not love her, but we are compelled by circumstances to waste our money upon her; yet it would be so much more pleasing to the Lord if we used it for the extending of his cause and the promoting of his glory. Now the question is: What is to be done? What can we do in the way of putting down this evil? We think it would be well pleasing to the Lord if you could now invent some way to give us freedom from this bondage to fashion. Could you not organize a Society for the suppression of this evil, or some such thing?"

Marcus M. Chapin, Halstead, Kans. Can unfermented wine be used justifiably at the Lord's Supper when we know that the wine should represent the blood of Christ which quickens man's spirit into new life as fermented wine quickens the action of the heart of his natural body?

Unfermented wine may properly be used if your church prefers. It would be a good thing to use if, as is often the case, there are reformed drunkards among you partaking of the elements. The taste of fermented wine may revive the desire for liquor and so a stone of stumbling may be put in a brother's way. It does not signify what is used if it is in the right spirit. Probably the reason why Christ took bread and wine as the emblems was that they were in that land and time to be found on every table. He wished his little band of followers to have some social bond to cement their union with one another, in him, after he was dead, and so he established this meal at which those who loved him might meet in memory of him to commemorate his death. Eating and drinking together signifies equality, fellowship and brotherly regard and when it is done avowedly in Christ's name, the bond of brotherhood is recognized and the true purpose of the institutions is attained.

A Reader, Lineville, Iowa. What is the difference between Romanism and Catholicism?

Both words are commonly applied to the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church. Etymologically, however, their meaning is opposite. Catholic means general or universal. It was originally applied to the Christian Church to mark the difference between it and the Jewish Church, which was limited to the Jewish people. The Christian Church embraced men of all races, nationalities and conditions. The Roman Catholic Church has that claim, but so has the Methodist and other churches. Therefore it has no right to arrogate the title of catholic to itself, to the exclusion of other churches. Protestants naturally refuse to concede the title, and as the church is controlled by the Pope and Cardinals at Rome, they speak of it as the Romish Church and its doctrines as Romanism.

J. M. L. Hennessey, Oklahoma. 1. To what denomination does President Cleveland belong? 2. What is the meaning of the last eight verses of the thirteenth chapter of Revelation?

1. President Cleveland is a Presbyterian. 2. The passage describes Antichrist and his career. The theory now generally accepted among expositors of prophecy is that a king will arise about seven years before Christ's second coming who will be energized by Satan, and will, eventually, by scheming and plotting, attain supreme power. He will deceive the Jews by inviting them to re-establish a Jewish nation in Palestine, and will deceive the world and the church generally by his professions. Having become powerful, he will turn persecutor, as described in the passage you refer to. The number mentioned in the last verse refers to the practice of giving each letter of the alphabet a numerical value, as on the dial of your watch. The sum of the values of the letters of Antichrist's name will be 666.

James H. Russell (an exhibitor at the World's Fair) "How God answered prayer and made a weak source the most powerful factor in its influence toward closing the gates of the World's Fair on Sunday! Most of the directors, in their love for the almighty dollar said, "Use the Lord's day for gain," but the exhibitors, after the first month, began to realize that the pace was too rapid. Seven days of excitement is too much for the time to come, and as some would never open their exhibits, one after another closed them, until it became universal and there was so little to be seen, they would decline to pay full price for one half a show, and the result was such a decreased attendance that it would not pay to employ so large a number of police, watchmen and others; and each week, although every influence was sought to bear upon the people to come, those who feared God and called upon his name, went to church and Sunday School as usual; and the directors (24 to 4) decided to close on Sunday. Verily, God hears prayer."

W. T. Anderson, Richmond Centre, O. If you do not receive any benefit from being baptized, what is the use of being baptized at all?

If you make it a rule in life to do only those things from which you expect to receive a benefit, baptism is one that you will omit. It is, however, a bad rule. Christ's commands should be obeyed by his followers, even if in obeying them they suffer loss rather than derive benefit. There are other things not commanded, which we delight to do from love of Christ and the desire to serve him, yet from which no benefit can come to us. A great deal of Christian work, especially foreign mission work, is done without prospect of direct personal benefit. If you asked the workers "what is the use?" they would probably tell you in the words of Paul "the love of Christ constraineth us." You may be quite sure there is no benefit in baptism, but as Christ commanded it, the duty of obedience is clear.

F. Hewson, Toronto, Ont. There is no truth whatever in the story.—S. S. Burrier, Balto., Md. The charge for admission is 50 cts. which gives access to all the buildings.—S. Harmison, Galatia, Kan. The story of a Catholic rising is an absurd invention, without foundation.—Mrs. A. F. Davis, Lincoln, Wash. The Czar's address is St. Petersburg, Russia.—Lover of The Christian Herald. Address Mrs. Williamson, care of this office. Send your old numbers to the nearest hospital, poor-house or prison.—W. W. Flint, Lebanon, Ill. See the preceding answer.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

TO LEGISLATE FOR FRANCE.

FRANCE is on the eve of a political struggle of a momentous character. On Sunday next, following the godless custom of the country, a new Chamber of Deputies will be elected, which, if it is not dissolved before the end of its term, will legislate for France for the ensuing four years. The election is one of unusual importance because of the power the Chamber exerts on the Government of the Republic. This power is much greater than that vested in our House of Representatives. In addition to its legislative functions, it, to a large extent, controls the executive, inasmuch as, conjointly with the Senate, it elects the President of the Republic, and its confidence and approval are necessary to the existence of the Administration. Although the Chamber does not select the men who shall be Secretaries of State, of the Treasury and of other departments, no Cabinet can continue in office after the Chamber has condemned it. The French people, therefore, are practically deciding, in electing a new Chamber, how France shall be governed and what her foreign policy shall be. The present Cabinet and their friends have strained every nerve in the campaign to secure a new lease of power. Portraits of three of these leaders appear on this page. In the centre of the group, is the portrait of the Premier, M. Dupuy; on the right is that of his friend and predecessor, ex-Premier Ribot, and on the left the Secretary of State, M. Develle. They hope for the election of a Chamber of a similar character to that now sitting. There is more probability of their being gratified than there would have been had the election taken place a few months ago. Then the memory of the Panama scandal was fresh in the minds of the people and there would have been a demand for men of character and probity as representatives in the Chamber, rather than for professional politicians who are concerned more for their own interests than for the honor and welfare of their country. Public attention has now however been adroitly diverted from the home scandal to foreign affairs and the people have been urged to support an administration which has added to French territory the large region wrested from Siam. It is to be hoped that the device will not be successful and that the French people will insist on being represented by real statesmen, who believe that only righteousness can truly exalt a nation while sin is a reproach to any people. (Prov. 14: 34.)

Electricity on the River.

A SCHEME for utilizing the power of a current of water is described in a press dispatch from San Bernardino, Cal. A party of Eastern capitalists are engaged in laying an electric cable through the Grand Canon of the Colorado river. If the experiments now being tried prove successful, a copper wire five hundred miles long will be suspended over the river, and power will be obtained from it to drive boats up the stream. The principle is similar to that of electric railroads. It is expected that there will be no need of engines to charge the wire, as water-wheels can be fixed in the most rapid parts of the river, which will revolve with sufficient speed to generate an electric current. By this means it is believed that boats can be hauled through Black Canon and other points of scenic interest without any expense, beyond the first outlay for apparatus. The novel feature of the scheme is that the resisting power of the river should be utilized to furnish the force for overcoming the resistance. A phenomenon analogous to this has sometimes been observed in human nature. As was the case in the life of the Apostle Paul, the characteristics which make a man a formidable enemy to the cause of Christ, make him, after his conversion, a more earnest and energetic worker for the cause he formerly opposed. (1.Cor.15: 9-10.)

A Lover's Dilemma.

THE danger attending fickleness in marriage engagements is being realized by a man now under arrest in a jail in Brooklyn, N. Y. He has been paying attentions for some time past to a young lady to whom about a year ago he made a proposal of marriage. The day for the ceremony was fixed and the young lady resigned a lucrative position to make arrangements for her wedding. A few weeks before the date fixed for the marriage the lover asked to have the engagement cancelled. Circumstances, he said, had arisen which rendered it impossible for him to fulfil his promise. Some time afterward, the disappointed lady heard that he was courting a lady in Connecticut, and was soon to be married to her. She then commenced suit against him and had him arrested for breach of promise. After spending a day or two in prison the young man sent for the lady and offered to marry her if she would withdraw her suit. She consentsd, and he notified the Connecticut lady that he must relinquish his claim to her hand. She was as much annoyed as the Brooklyn lady had been and followed her example in entering suit for damages. As the prisoner cannot fulfil both engagements, and as his failure in either case involves imprisonment, his situation is embarrassing. His trouble may serve as a warning to others who are so lacking in principle as to become engaged to two women. Incidentally it should also teach a lesson to that numerous class who are trying to serve the two masters, God and Mammon, which as Christ declared, is impossible. (Matt.6: 24.)

Wants to be Imprisoned.

A STRANGE application was made to a New York official last week. It came from a young man, who a few months ago was released from the Reformatory at Elmira, N. Y. He asked to be sent back to prison to keep him from committing crime. His story is that when he was released, he obtained work with a manufacturing company in Buffalo, but after he had worked some days the men found out that he was a discharged convict and refused to work with him. He was obliged to leave and was without work for some time. Hoping to escape the taint of prison he made his way to Cincinnati where he obtained employment, but again he was compelled to leave. He had not had work since. After tramping about Ohio, vainly endeavoring to get an engagement he had returned to New York. For several weeks he had been answering advertisements and making personal applications for employment. No one, however, would give him work and there seemed no resource for him but to relapse into his criminal ways. Fearing that under the pressure of hunger he would yield to temptation, he asked to be sent back to prison. The official to whom he applied investigated his case and, finding that the story was true, gave him temporary relief and is endeavoring to find some employer who will give him work. He has learned by bitter experience that "the way of the transgressor is hard," and it may be hoped that he will also prove by exprience that although men will not overlook his wrongdoing, there is One who casts out none who come to him. (John 6: 37.)

To Protect Masonry.

A NOVEL expedient has been adopted with considerable success to protect stone from the action of air and water. It was at first regarded with incredulity, but experience has proved that it really fulfills all that its inventor claimed for it. It consists in applying a solution of coal tar to the exposed surface of the stone. Three coats of solution, says a scientific journal which describes the process, will, if spread carefully over the stone and the mortar of the setting, preserve the stone from decay even though it may be under fifty feet of water. Without that or a similar covering, water eventually penetrates the stone and, becoming impregnated with lime salts from the mortar, operates still more powerfully on the stone, causing it to decay. The coal tar is impervious to the water, or to air laden with moisture and protects the surface of the stone from the wasting process. Builders will appreciate the value of this discovery especially when they are erecting some building the foundations of which will be in contact with water or damp soil. Foreseeing the danger of decay they will gladly adopt any means of preventing it. It is much to be wished that Christians, who have to come in contact with the world, were similarly careful to secure means that will make them impervious to its influences; and such means are provided (John 17: 15.)

A Land Baron in a Poor-House.

THE San Francisco journals report the commission to the poor-house of a once noted land baron. He is one of the two sons of a widow who settled in California fifty-five years ago. The two young men received enormous grants of land from Gov. Michel Tornea, besides inheriting vast estates from their mother. They were enormously rich and one of them presented to the city of Santa Rosa a valuable site, on which the city built its court-house. Both of the brothers were men of easy, careless ways and were addicted to gambling. Bad management, lavish hospitality, betting and gambling have done their usual work in both cases. The brother who gave the site for the court-house was the janitor of that building when he died recently and his widow became the matron of the jail. The other brother also ran through his property. He has been known to stake a three-hundred-acre farm on a single game of poker. Although thirty years ago, he owned a principality in cattle ranches, he is now utterly destitute and has been glad to obtain a shelter in the county poor-house. A more deplorable end to life cannot easily be imagined. Many men who were once rich and have died poor have been happy because they were entering upon an eternal inheritance, but this man has discovered that sin and dissipation work ruin for time as well as for eternity. (Prov. 8: 36.)

THREE POLITICAL LEADERS IN FRANCE.

M. DEVELLE. PREMIER DUPUY. EX-PREMIER RIBOT.

A Needed Medicine.

IN a letter to the New York *Times*, an eminent physician calls attention to a source of danger to the public health. He refers to the reckless and indiscriminate use of suggested remedies. Having heard, he said, that certain mineral spring waters have proved beneficial to some acquaintance, they drink them by wholesale, although they are not suffering from similar complaints and are made ill in consequence. Sea-bathing is often similarly disastrous. To some constitutions it proves an invigorating tonic, while persons of different constitutions come out of the surf with teeth chattering and faces blue and pinched with the chill they have received. The effect of the plunge is a distinct evil needing medical treatment. He is now trying to recover a child who has been bathed almost to death. The mother had heard that a friend's child had been benefited by sea-bathing and had insisted on her own child taking a course of it. It is so, the physician continues, with Turkish baths, bicycling and other exercises; a remedy that suits one peron may be disastrous for another. The common need of the race, he says, is that the therapeutical world would discover a solution of common sense the administration of which should be compulsory. If the same principle were recognized in spiritual remedies there would be more kindly feeling among the sects. Services which prove helpful to one spirit are not helpful to another. No man should despise his neighbor for attending a particular church, nor doubt the sincerity of his faith, if he cannot derive benefit from religious exercises which others find profitable. Blessed is any man in whose heart is the way to God. (Psalm 84: 5.)

BRIEF NOTES.

In the Salvation Army week of "Self-denial" in October last year, the amount collected was $250,000.

Secretary of State Gresham has directed an inquiry into the circumstances attending the attack on Miss Melton, the Presbyterian missionary in the Koordish mountains of Turkey and will make a formal complaint to the Sultan.

Major Geo. H. Hilton is now on his way East to respond to calls from Christian Endeavor Societies for evangelistic work. Major Hilton's work at Los Angeles has been somewhat exhausting, as all really successful work necessarily is, and he is taking a needed vacation in this way. His many friends in this section will give him a very hearty welcome.

During the week the following sums have been received in aid of the proposed Permanent Lodging-House for Homeless Girls: —— $1; Suler, Philadelphia, Pa., $2; John J. Rieker, York, Pa., $8; W. C. T. U., Bawley, Pa., $1; Mrs. F. W. Fetter, Salladasburg, Pa., $5; A Subscriber, Morrison, Ill., 75c.; Elisha Hill, Cal., $4; Cheshire, England, 50c.; W. A. C., Heyworth, Ill., $1; Sister in Christ, Canandaigua, N. Y., $1; Ann Easey, Bedford, Mich., 25c.; A Friend, Marshall, Wis., $1. Previously acknowledged, $209.95; total, $295.45.

Contributions to the fund for the furnishing and support of the Bethesda Home in Brooklyn, N. Y., for the rescue and restoration of fallen girls, a description of which appeared in this journal July 30, were received last week to the amount of $32. They were from: J. A. P., Seabright, N. J., $10; Olive Tucker, $1; Nancy J. Sanborn, $1; Dr. D. R. Garrison, $5; A Friend, Alma, Col., $1; Mrs. Samuel Meredith, $2; A Friend, Galesburg, Ill., $2; John Weisgerber, $2; Mildred T., Brooklyn, N.Y., $2; Subscriber, Malden, Mass., $1; Old Subscriber, Salladasburg, Pa., $2; Mrs. Eliza Bushley, $1; A friend, Darlington, $1; Subscriber, Chesterville, O., $1.

Contributions to the fund for the support of the Rev. George W. Sharp, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Missionary of the American Sunday School Union, were received last week to the amount of $53.10, as follows: A friend, Galesburg, Ill., $2; A friend, Old Mystic, Conn., $2; A friend, Alma, Col., $1; Mrs. O. L. Osborne, Hillside, N. Y., $1; Mrs. F. Bucks, Stouchsburg, Pa., $2; A. McB., Holyoke, Mass., $1; Children's Day Collection, Fountain, Col., $4.10; Subscriber, Hullt, Ore., $1; A Reader of HERALD, Chicago, Ill., $; Wm. S. Magee, Philadelphia, Pa., $5; Adelaide M. Travers, Brooklyn, N.Y., $2; A Friend, Waterloo, Iowa, $1; E. B. S. . . , Gilbert Station, Ia., $1; Mrs. Eliza Bushley, Lamanda Park, Col., $1; Subscriber, New Hampshire, $1; Mrs. M. L., Baltimore, Md., $2; A Friend, New Berlin, Pa., $2; Old Subscriber, Ga., $10; Hetty McWhorter, Fordham, $2; Sunday School Workers, Arcola, Ill., $1; Mrs. L. A. Bruce, Mentor, O., $2; H. A. & F. M. Collins, Havana, Ill., $2; Mrs. M. J. Banks, Dayton, Ky., $5; L. Brower, Linfield, Pa., $1. Previously acknowledged, $240.05. Grand total, $203.15.

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

THE WELL BY THE GATE.

Sermon preached before the Tremont Temple Church, now meeting in Music Hall, Boston, last Sunday evening, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D. Text: II. Sam. 23: 15. *"And David longed and said, Oh, that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate."*

THIS text is a part of an interesting chapter in the history of David; and it also sets before us one of the most stirring and touching incidents in the life of Israel's sweet singer and heroic king. David to an unusual degree evoked the love of those within the circle of his friendship. Like him who was David's Son and David's Lord, he called forth the bitterest hate and the tenderest love. Few men on the page of history, sacred or profane, so stimulated the undying devotion of his followers as did David. In this respect he takes his place beside Wallace and Bruce, beside Wellington and Napoleon, beside the immortal Grant, and Lee, and other American heroes. The text suggests an element of chivalry on the part of both David and his men which charms us alike by its sincerity and its unselfishness.

We see by this chapter that the historian is drawing to a close the history of David's eventful life. He gives us, therefore, some of the last words of the heroic king—words expressive of his faith in the purpose and promise of God. A noble poet has taught us that the bravest are the tenderest, and these words of this mighty warrior and brave ruler clearly show the gentleness of his spirit, notwithstanding the stormy scenes of his life. We have in this connection also a very appropriate account of some of the

Great Military Men

who served under David. We know that some of his last words are given elsewhere; for it is doubtless fair to presume that he often repeated words which so completely filled his great soul. The Word of God also gives us the last words of Moses and Jacob, and those of other great leaders of men and servants of God. Three groups of David's brave soldiers are here given. The first three who are named had performed the greatest of exploits; we might appropriately call them the elect of the elect in David's army. Their names are recorded on the imperishable page of sacred story. Commendations which are associated with these names give their record peculiar value. Here with words of praise are the names of Adino, the Eznite, Eleazar, the son of Dodo, and also Shammah, the son of Agee. The terms of praise associated with these names are as striking for their primitive simplicity as for their rhetorical beauty. The men forming this heroic triumvirate greatly distinguished themselves in the wars against the Philistines. Then come in the muster-roll

The Three Heroes

around whose devotion a unique and poetical glory is thrown; they were three of the thirty chiefs who came to David in the harvest time at the cave of Adullam. Perhaps they were not so distinguished as the three first named, but they attained to greater glory than the group of thirty-one whose names appear later in the catalogue. Only these two of the second triumvirate are named; Abishai, the brother of Joab, who was the chief of the three, who had lifted his spear against three hundred and slew them, and who was the captain of the three; the other name is that of Benaiah, the son of Jehoiada. To his name is given the credit of many brave deeds; deeds that were reckoned brave even among the [illegible] mighty men. The interesting and poetical story, and the practical les-

[illegible]

We have, in the first place, David's earnest longing for the well of Bethlehem. Saul's anger was still burning fiercely against David. David's only resource is in waiting for a time until the unjust wrath shall have passed away. Six miles south of Bethlehem, according to many authorities, was the famous cave of Adullam. Some writers favor another location, but the popular opinion adopts this one. David knew this cave well. Indeed there was scarcely an inch of ground in all the neighborhood with which he was not perfectly familiar. Often had he trodden these hills and valleys in the sports of youth, or while caring for his father's sheep, and the knowledge gained in his early life now became useful in the time of trial. Travelers tell us that this cave is approached by a circuitous path along the edge of a hill; and they assured us that one man posted at certain points in that path could easily protect himself against the attack of hundreds. In this cave David and his men now find refuge. Were it not for

Saul's Reasonless Rage

David would not in this crisis be shut up in this cave, but might be performing service for God and country. Were it not for Saul's wrath the Philistines would not have been in garrison in Bethlehem. We are told in the text that they had pitched in the valley of Rephaim; they were thus dangerously near to Jerusalem itself. The situation was thus extremely critical; and grave doubt hung over the future. Oh, the folly of Saul's wrath at such a moment as this. Many men in the church to-day are robbed of their power for good and are giving comfort to the foes of God because of their warfare upon brothers in the Church. Nothing could justify Saul's foolish wrath against David especially at such a time as this. We know also that it was harvest time. The weather was hot; David was weary, thirsty, disappointed and sad. The memory of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate, came over him with peculiar power. He remembered how he drank of this sparkling water in childhood's happy days. A certain sort of homesickness came upon him in his enforced idleness and his loneliness, and in the knowledge of the wretched condition of his country. We all know something of such memories as these, there are times when present trials are sharply contrasted with the bright and beautiful memories of the thoughtless and happy days of youth. While I am speaking to you many wells in your country homes at the foot of hillsides, under moss-covered rocks, or by the side of some very familiar road come vividly before you. Never was there such water as you drank from those wells in your childhood. But apart from these natural fancies and exaggerations, the water of

Bethlehem's Well

is said to be peculiarly sweet and wholesome; it is said also to have been brought afterward to Jerusalem in conduits. The desire to drink again of this water becomes so strong that David cries out, "Oh, that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate." It was a weak wish we may say; it was a foolish desire we may affirm; and it seemed impossible that this hasty and impulsive desire should be gratified; but perhaps the very impossibility of its gratification increased the desire.

There are many wells of childhood's hopes and dreams to drink from which in after life we might well long. To many life has proved a hard struggle. The dreams cherished in youth have not been realized in age. The cross has been heavy and the road has been rough. But let us not speak too sadly of life's experience. Manhood after all is better than childhood. There is a rock from which living waters flow, waters that flow in the wilderness, waters from which to-day we may drink and be satisfied; and, as the apostle Paul tells us, that Rock is Christ. There is also the well of Christian experience. How gloriously Paul drank and gave others to drink of the water of this well. We too seldom speak of God's dealings with us in our Christian lives. How often Spurgeon in enforcing truth upon others tells the story of his own conversion and of his growth in grace; and in this respect he followed the example of the noble Paul. There is also the well of the true Bethlehem. In the manger at Bethlehem the Christ of God was born. Here the fountain was opened in the house of David for sin and for uncleanness; here the living waters were permitted to flow forth to quench the thirst of a dying world; here the Christ came as the true hero that he might break through the ranks of his and our foes to secure for us this living water. This living water he now offers us freely. He assures us that if we drink thereof we shall never thirst again, but that it shall be in us a well of water springing up into everlasting life.

We have, in the second place, an account of the heroic sacrifice of David's brave companions. The king's cry was heard. The longing of his heart stirred the bravery of their hearts. Over the hearts of his followers David was master. His will was their law of obedience. He called out the

Unquestioning Obedience

of these loyal hearts. There were noble men in those "brave days of old." These three men were inured to danger; and they are ready at a moment's notice to assume any degree of risk to gratify their beloved king. We see them as for a moment they converse together, stimulating one another and laying plans for the accomplishment of their purpose. We see them now as silently they steal away from David's camp. Carefully do they select their course toward the camp of the Philistines. They are going into the mouth of danger. They are putting themselves into the very jaws of death. Our eyes follow them, brave fellows as they are. How dare they undertake to force their way through the line of the Philistines? How can they reach the well of Bethlehem by the gate? Surely theirs is a foolhardy attempt. On they go in their heroic endeavor. See the astonishment on the part of the Philstines as the three heroes approach. Hear the clash of arms! See the falling of foes! They are for a moment wavering and their success is in doubt. Trying moment! Brave heroes! Surprised and defeated Philistines. See the three heroes have passed the line! They have reached the well beside the gate. They are now returning to their beloved chieftain, and they are bearing the coveted "waters clear and cold." This act of bravery showed their tender attachment to their king. They were willing to incur any degree of danger in his service. Although David was in the cave of Adullan he was still the anointed king. He could not reward them now for their brave devotion, except by approving words and smiles.

An Example.

We serve him who is David's son and David's Lord. He is now seated on the throne of universal dominion. The world is at his feet and Satan is his conquered foe. He was the true hero. His cross is the true oriflamme to-day, more beautiful, more attractive, more inspiring than was the white plume of Henry of Navarre at the immortal battle of Ivry. Let us listen to the whispers of his love. Let us make his will the law of our lives. Then let us so serve him that our devotion shall be more heroic than that of the bravest knights of the Middle Ages with their chivalry and devotion; greater far than that of the heroic men who risked their lives to gratify the wish of Israel's king. These men set us a worthy example in their love for David, and in their indifference to danger. The foes of our King are encamped near our Bethlehem. Their presence dishonors our Lord and His church. In the spirit of love to our Master and devotion to His church let us go forth constrained by affection, inspired by heroism, and consecrated by duty, so that we shall lay all that we have and are on the altar of devotion to our Lord and Master.

We notice lastly,

David's Self-Denial.

He had a tender regard for the lives of his soldiers. He now realized that he had expressed a hasty and really unworthy wish. No true leader would ever imperil the lives of men that he might have a draught of water except perhaps when wounded and burning with fever. His soldiers had performed an act of rare devotion; he must not encourage its repetition. He would now punish himself for his selfish wish and foolish word, and so he refuses to drink of the water; he therefore pours it out in honor of the heroism of his men, and as a sacrifice unto the Lord his God. His act reminds us of the heroism of Sir Philip Sidney at the battle of Zutphen. Although killed at the age of thirty-two Sir Philip was one of the most conspicuous men at the court of Queen Elizabeth. At every court in Europe he was known as a statesman of the greatest promise. He was distinguished in literature as the author of English prose and poetry of the highest order. But as the hero of the romantic incident at Zutphen he has a foremost place among the chivalrous knights of all ages. At this battle on the 22nd of September, 1586, it is said that the lord-marshal entered the field without his greaves. Immediately Sir Philip removed his own that his life might be in the same peril as that of the lord-marshal. Thus he was exposed to the fatal shot, and fifteen days later his death took place at Arnheim. When wounded a cup of cold water, for which his burning thirst made him greatly desire, was placed in his hand; but seeing a dying soldier whose pain was great, whose thirst was consuming and whose longing eyes were beseeching, he passed the water to him, saying, "Thy need is greater than mine." Noble Sir Philip! No wonder that not only the common people, but officers of the army, members of courts and the poets of the highest rank, wept over his bier and gave him their tributes of affection as a beloved chief and hero.

In this same spirit David would not drink the water, "but poured it out unto the Lord." He recognized the inspiration of God in the devotion of his men, and so he made their offering to himself a sacrifice of devotion toward God. If we possess qualities which elicit admiration and devotion these qualities are

God's Gift;

the voice, deportment, culture, every attraction which we possess is God's bestowment and should be laid joyously upon God's altar. David valued the gift which was the price of blood. Every element of unselfish gratitude was in the soul of this brave, brilliant and heroic leader. We are told that at the battle of Alma, in September, 1854, a wounded Russian called piteously for water. Captain Eddington of the British Army shared his own supply with the wounded Russian. Refreshed by the water of which he had partaken, the ungrateful Russian raised himself upon his elbow and fired his pistol at the retreating form of his benefactor. Oh, base ingratitude! But in rebuking this wounded soldier, we are pronouncing judgment upon ourselves. Our Lord left his throne in glory, broke through the ranks of the Philistines, pressed his way to the cross, and gave his blood to secure our salvation. If we refuse to receive him as our Saviour, we despise his blood as our Redeemer. Is there one in this audience who admires heroism and who despises Jesus? Is there one who praises bravery and yet who refuses to submit to the Captain of our salvation? Oh, shame on our

Base Ingratitude!

Oh, shame on our indifference! Such conduct toward a fellow-man would stamp us as unworthy the confidence, esteem and affection of all men. Such conduct toward Jesus astonishes angels, amazes believers and delights devils. When in Saint Paul's, London, about a year ago to-day, I saw the superb monument recently erected to the immortal Gordon, heroic soldier for country and for God. On that monument is a representation of the scenes described in this text, and especially that of David pouring out the water unto the Lord. A part of the inscription is in these words, "The blood of the men that went in jeopardy of their lives." Once more I ask you, in the name of all that is manly in conduct, all that is heroic in devotion, all that is heavenly in love, and all that is divine in Jesus Christ, that by the memory of his precious blood you receive him now as the Captain of your salvation. He himself

Secured at Infinite Cost

the water of life. He broke through the serried ranks of the hosts of sin and hell; he came back in triumph bearing the life-giving water. As his servant I offer it to you to-night. Refuse it not, I humbly beseech you, I prayerfully entreat you, I authoritatively command you in his name.

To-night my vacation ministry with you closes. Next Sunday, God willing, I shall be in my own loved pulpit in the Calvary Church, New York, where for twenty-three years I have stood. I thank God for all the tokens of his approval which he has given to the preaching of his gospel in Boston's Music Hall. I thank you for your presence in so large numbers, especially at this mid-summer season. I thank you for your loving sympathy, your earnest prayers, and your hearty co-operation. Let us constantly pray that God's word spoken during these past six weeks may not return to him void. Let us pray that any here now who are strangers to the love of Jesus Christ, David's Son and Lord, may just now submit their hearts to his gracious rule, and be saved with an everlasting salvation. That in the providence of God, your able, earnest and devoted pastor, Dr. Lorimer, may return to you refreshed in body and consecrated anew in heart; and that you may be guided amid the difficulties of your present position so that the new temple, even to a greater degree than the former one, may be the gate of heaven to many thousands, is my earnest wish and sincere prayer.

A PEEP INTO CHINA.

Continued from page 533.

heaven. The Lama Temple is composed of various buildings, the most important of which has an image of the coming Buddha some seventy feet high, while another is the chanting-hall, where a portion of the fifteen hundred Mongol or Thibetan priests chant their Buddhist prayers at regular intervals in the day and night. The leading Confucian temple is also composed of different buildings, the largest being upwards of forty feet high, and used for the worship of the sages by the highest literary men of the land, while without are tablets telling of all the literary graduates of the third degree for five hundred years, and other monuments recording the victories of different emperors, or carved with characters that seem to indicate a history two thousand five hundred years old. In the northern part or the city are two large high structures, upwards of a hundred feet high, the one a drum tower and the other a bell tower, from both of which the watches of the night are sounded, and in the latter of which is one of the five bells cast during the time of the Emperor Yung-lo, over four hundred years ago, and which weighs one hundred and twenty thousand pounds. North of the palace of the emperor can be seen an artificial mount called Prospect Hill, nearly one hundred and fifty feet high, composed of five summits, on the top of which are Buddhist temples, while around is a park nearly a mile in circumference, and covered here and there with trees—the whole being deemed a protection to the palace of the emperor.

AUDIENCE WITH THE MANDARINS.

The day came, and I went forth in my sedan, dressed in high style. The *yamen* was reached; the card was taken in; a little delay, and then the summons to enter. The chair was lowered, and I stepped forth. As I walked ahead I saw a man holding my large red card above him. I shook down over my hands the fur cuffs of my gown, and, with amazing dignity, followed my guide through a gateway. Soon I saw farther on an official, who waited to accompany me to the guest-room or reception-hall. Not a word was spoken, and I stepped politely ahead and entered the room. Each to each bowed to the ground in Chinese style; the first word was then spoken, and the guest took his seat. As I looked at the mandarin I addressed him as "great man"—"his honor." His first sentence was, "What public business?" This seemed to me a very unceremonious way of receiving a stranger, and my heart sank ten degress. Still I boldly stated my business, and asked for assistance in our undertaking to benefit the people. No particular response was given of a friendly nature, and I was about preparing to leave, when another mandarin entered, and, after salutation, took a seat below the other. I also, by request, stated to him my business; and then very soon a third mandarin appeared, and this time I recognized the Taotai. For a third time I stated the business, my vocabulary receiving thereby a severe shock as to its scope and beauty. From him I received a kind response, when, lo! a fourth mandarin appeared, saluted me, and sat immediately below the Taotai and above the other two. There, arrayed opposite to me, were four Chinese mandarins, and my hopes at once arose, and my heart went up twenty degrees. They all, and especially the Taotai, expressed approval of the hospital scheme, and promise was given to petition the governor in regard to the matter. After chatting for some time, I departed.

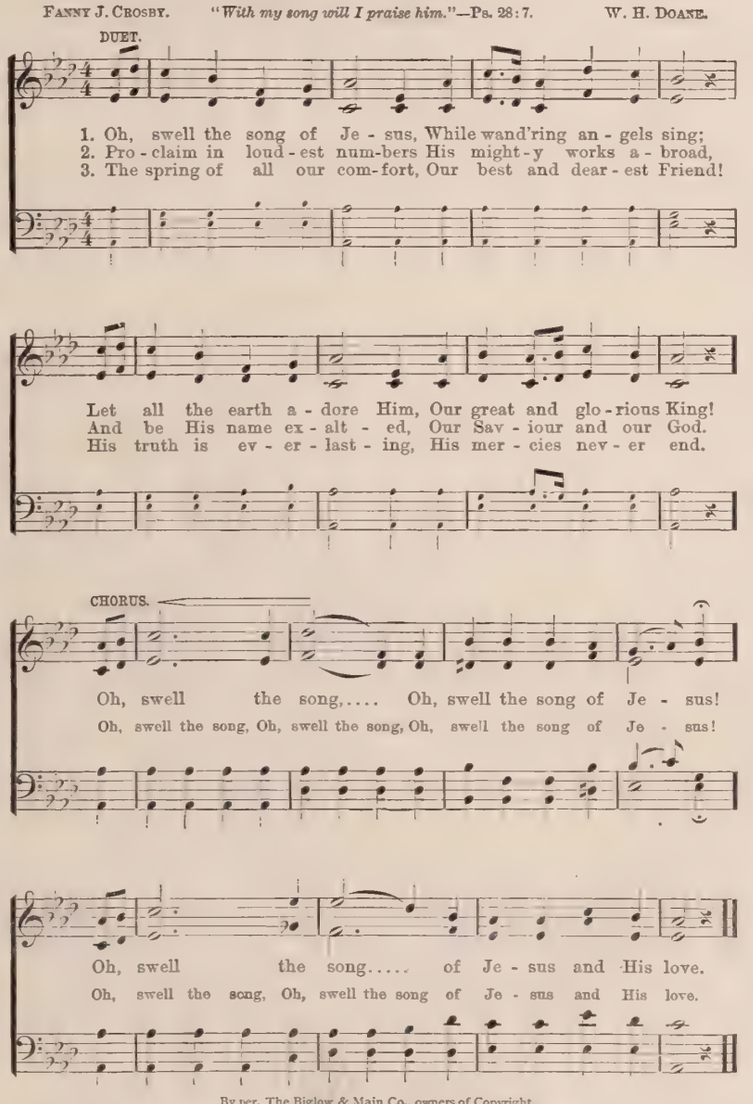
TAI'-SHAN, THE SACRED MOUNTAIN.

This mountain is one of the five sacred mountains of China, which received the worship of ancient emperors. No mountain is more renowned as a place of worship than this one, situated in the western part of the province of Shan-tung, and only some sixty miles from the birthplace of Confucius—another important centre of religious adoration. Some four thousand years ago an ancient ruler, Shuin, whose teachings were largely absorbed by the sage Confucius, came to the mountain of T'ai-shan and sacrificed to Heaven. Before the Lord descended in majestic glory on Mount Sinai, and imparted to the sage Moses the world-embracing Decalogue, there was a seeking of help and a spirit of reverential adoration arising from the heart of an ancient sage of China. On the summit of the mountain, occupying a conspicuous position, with a magnificent panorama spread out on every side, is the leading temple, in which is an image representing the spirit of the mountain—a goddess as reverently worshipped as was Diana of the Ephesians. Before this image, dividing the main compartment, are bars, through which the infatuated people cast in their cash, hoping for every conceivable blessing.

Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

Oh, Swell the Song of Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. *"With my song will I praise him."*—Ps. 28:7. W. H. DOANE.


DUET.
1. Oh, swell the song of Je - sus, While wand'ring an - gels sing;
2. Pro - claim in loud - est num-bers His might - y works a - broad,
3. The spring of all our com-fort, Our best and dear - est Friend!
Let all the earth a - dore Him, Our great and glo - rious King!
And be His name ex - alt - ed, Our Sav - iour and our God.
His truth is ev - er - last - ing, His mer - cies nev - er end.
CHORUS.
Oh, swell the song,.... Oh, swell the song of Je - sus!
Oh, swell the song, Oh, swell the song, Oh, swell the song of Je - sus!
Oh, swell the song..... of Je - sus and His love.
Oh, swell the song, Oh, swell the song of Je - sus and His love.

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NOT CHANGED, BUT GLORIFIED.

NOT changed, but glorified! Oh, beauteous language.
For those who weep,
Mourning the loss of some dear face departed,
Fallen asleep.
Hushed into silence, never more to comfort
The hearts of men;
Gone, like the sunshine of another country,
Beyond our ken.

In the clear morning of that other country,
In Paradise.
With the same face we loved and cherished
She shall arise!
Let us be patient, we who mourn, with weeping,
Some vanished face.
The Lord has taken, but to add more beauty
And a diviner grace.

We find once more beyond earth's sorrows,
Beyond these skies
In the fair city of the "sure foundations,"
Those heavenly eyes,
With the same welcome shining sweetness,
That met us here;
Eyes from whose beauty God has banished
And wiped away the tear.

IN THE SECRET OF HIS PRESENCE.

IN the secret of his presence
I am kept from strife of tongues;
His pavilion is around me,
And within are ceaseless songs!
Stormy winds, his words fulfilling,
Beat without, but cannot harm,
For the Master's voice is stilling
Storm and tempest to a calm.

In the secret of his presence
All the darkness disappears,
For the sun that knows no setting
Throws a rainbow on my tears.
So the day grows ever lighter,
Broadening to the perfect noon;
So the way grows ever brighter,
Heaven is coming near and soon.

In the secret of his presence
Is a sweet, unbroken rest;
Pleasures, joys, in glorious fullness,
Making earth like Eden blest;
So my peace grows deep and deeper,
Widening as it nears the sea,
For my Saviour is my keeper,
Keeping mine and keeping me!

—REV. HENRY BURTON.

The Man of Sin.

Signs in Character and Conduct which will Identify Antichrist.

BY REV. JOHN STORIE, F.R.S.T.

Continued from page 521.

ANTICHRIST is to oppose "all that is called God or that is worshipped" not only in the Jewish but in every land; yet not in the spirit of infidelity and atheism, but as an enlightened revolutionist and bold reformer, having a mission and revelation from the Throne of Power and backed by miracle. He will profess that it is the one, true Godhead he is raised up to reveal, a deity more worthy of these times of light that have dawned on men: and only in the last stage of his career, when fully possessed and sustained by Satanic influence, he assumes, as the true representative and incarnation of the divine, the place of the Supreme; exalts himself above every god that is named on earth; and, pushing into the Holy Land, "seats himself in the Temple of God (in Jerusalem) showing himself that he is God."

There is a time fixed for his revelation. "Ye know," Paul says, "what is hindering (is now preventing) his being revealed, as he will be in his own fixed time," that is in the time determined by God, and, as we know, declared in prophecy to be the beginning of the last or seventieth septennary. But what is hindering now and since the day of Paul? Two things. There is said to be a hindrance (neuter); and there is said to be a hinderer (mas.) No doubt, that which has so long hindered and hinders now, is the steadfast resistance presented to Satan by a godly remnant in many churches and many lands; and he who hinders is the Divine Spirit "striving with men." "God has been visiting the Gentiles to take out of them a people for his name;" and when that number is complete, and the last remnant is taken, in that rapture of the saints (1. Thess. 4:17; 1. Cor. 15:51), then his Spirit, whose mission to the world is to convict of sin, of the sin of not believing in Christ, will no longer strive with men. He will continue to resist only until "that which hinders" is taken away.

Daniel also represents him as an individual man, and in Antiochus Epiphanes and his career of impious and dire oppression the prediction has no doubt already received a precursive and anticipative fulfilment. He rose to power from the stock of the Syrian kings, and in one of the four divisions of the Macedonian Empire. His conquests were all in the directions named here. But there are words and deeds in this prediction that carry it forward into the farthest future, and go beyond the deeds of a mere man. In no less than four distinct forms of warning, is the prophet informed that "the vision is for the time of the end."

He is also presented by Daniel as a King—"the wilful King." This is the ruling element in his character as the Man of Sin. It is also the prevalent element in the sin of that age. In these darkening days many will cultivate self-will, free-thinking, free-doing as proofs of manly independence; but they are really proofs and manifestations of that spirit which ruined angels, which led to the fall of our first parents and which will finally be embodied in Antichrist.

It is further stated that "he will treat with no regard the God of his fathers." We should judge from this referenee to his fathers that he will be of Jewish birth. That opinion has been the almost unanimous expectation from the earliest times. Godet says: "This name, with the idea represented by it, is Jewish in origin and character. The Anti-Messiah, as the Messiah himself, is necessarily a product of Judaism. St. Paul confirms this idea. He lays it down that the man of Sin realizes in himself the spurious Jewish Messiah set up by carnal Israel, in opposition to the Messiah of God. This personage will be the Israelite who shall consent to that act of felony to which Jesus would not consent—doing homage to the sovereignty of the Prince of this world in order that he might receive from his hands the gift of universal empire. To him Satan will fulfill the promise, 'If thou wilt fall down and worship me, all these things will I give thee.' Nor "will he regard any God," that is, any God hitherto known and worshipped as such; and why? "For he will magnify himself above all" but it will not be atheism that he will force on the nations. He will require them to worship the awful being whom he will try to place in the throne of God, that hitherto unknown being who in the margin is called "the God of Mauzzim" or God of *fortresses*. Perhaps the modern philosophers who are teaching that God is simply force, or power pervading the universe, may be preparing the way for the introduction of this new deity "The God of Fortresses."

CONTINUAL WITNESSING.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Aug 27. Acts 26: 22; Ps 34: 1-4.

TESTIMONY is found at this day, as it was in Apostolic times to be the most effective of all means of winning souls for Christ's kingdom. Preaching and teaching are necessary for promoting the Christian life and are also useful in arousing the conscience and presenting the way of salvation; but experience has proved that the halting and hesitating soul is led to decision more surely and more quickly by testimony than by argument, or any other means. It is so in the affairs of life. A sick man would be more disposed to apply to a particular physician if a man whom he knows had been cured of the same disease by that physician, than he would be by examining the physician's diplomas. A man would be led to take up his residence in a certain district with more confidence by the testimony of friends who were living there and who spoke of its salubrity, fertility or business advantages, than he would by any eloquent description of the district. "I have tried it and therefore I *know*," is a more effective argument than, "I believe it to be good and there are many reasons why it should be trustworthy." The emphasis Christ placed on the duty of public confession of him, showed that he knew its value as a means of propogating the faith. Nor is the confession to be limited to the declaration that is made on forming a connection with a Christian church. The life of a follower of Christ should be so full of peace and joy, so beneficent in prosperity and so strong in adversity that all who see it should desire to know the secret of so desirable a condition. The Christian enjoys no immunity from the ills of life. Sometimes it seems as if he were troubled more than other men. If, therefore, he maintains his cheerfulness and elasticity of spirit in trial, if he is patient under injustice, forbearing under provocation and generous and kind to his enemies, the world is not slow to infer that he has some help other than his own. That is his opportunity. It is for him to make it known that God does help those who trust in him and is willing to help others as he helps him. He becomes that conspicuous object, that living lesson, which Christ wishes him to be—the city set on a hill which cannot be hid. This opportunity of effective witness is lost to the Christian who lives a worldly life. If he frets and repines under misfortune, if he takes his pleasure in the places and ways that other men do, if he is quick to resent an injury, or if his time and effort are concentrated on acquiring money, his testimony is robbed of its power. The world fails to see any benefit that he derives from his religion and is sceptical as to its power. It comes therefore to this, that the Christian holds, as a sacred trust, the duty of making known to the world by his character, his conduct and his verbal testimony what God has done and is doing for him and thus winning others for Christ.

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A THRIVING C. E. SOCIETY

A specimen report which could probably be duplicated in any one of thousands of churches in other cities, comes to us from Miss Mary E. Morse of Troy, N. Y. It shows how beneficial an influence the young people's society may have on a church when there is real consecration and vigor of purpose in the society. Miss Morse says: Our Society is connected with the Memorial Presbyterian Church. We organized in April last with a membership of twenty six. Since then the number has grown to forty-eight, of whom forty are active members. Our first consecration service which was held the first Sunday in June was one to be long remembered, as the spirit which moved the young people to give utterance to such sentences as expressed entire consecration to God, could have been none other than the spirit of Christ. During the months of July and August we are holding [illegible] services which occupy the entire evening, thus giving our pastor and the congregation an opportunity to work with the young people, as well as for them. Your enterprising secretary James H. Baxter issues a quarterly paper called "Life and Work." Our committees are all in good working order and we expect to do a great work for the Master in the months to come.

Our prayer meeting commtttee meets once a month at the houses of its members for the purpose of prayer and Bible study, in this way we have been drawn nearer to God, and from his word have learned many useful lessons which have been an inspiration to us in our Y. P. S. C. E. prayer meetings. Our earnest desire and the aim for which we are working is to bring souls to Christ.

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WORK FOR KING'S DAUGHTERS.

An effort is being made by Sarah S. Paddock to interest the Order of King's Daughters in a neglected class of people whose condition is not generally known. It appears from her story that there are about two million persons living along the Appalachian mountains from Virginia to Alabama. They are chiefly descendants of hunters and trappers who were originally attracted there by the abundance of game. They have gradually sunk into a condition of semi-barbarism. Very few of them can read and they have consequently no knowledge of the world around them. Their ignorance is absolutely appalling. Their homes are rude log-cabins without windows and most of them comprise only one room for eating, living and sleeping for the whole family. Their poverty and hardships of their lives are beyond description. The women and girls especially suffer all their lives. They work from early morning until late at night to help make both ends meet, their dress consists generally of only one garment and they are often subject to ill usage. Mrs. Paddock tried the experiment of opening a school in one of these mountain districts. The result astonished her. Nearly two hundred children, chiefly girls, presented themselves the first day and some of them had come long distances in the hope of obtaining a little knowledge. Their eagerness to learn was pathetic. Mrs. Paddock suggests that the King's Daughters would find an appropriate field for work in opening and supporting such schools. Any circle willing to accept her suggestion may get full particulars by writing her at 64 East Park St., East Orange, N. J.

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A SOLEMN HOUR

One of the most hallowed seasons of the recent World's Conference of Students at Northfield, is thus described by a correspondent of the *Young Men's Era* the organ of Young Men's Christian Associations: "At the close of his morning address Mr. Moody invited all who were anxious for a fuller anointing of God's Spirit to come to his house at three o'clock. His lawn was covered with men at that hour and, with Mr. Needham, Major Whittle and Mr. Towner leading the line, about three hundred men followed a wood road for a mile up into the hills. There in a little natural amphitheatre under the trees they sat down, and an hour and more passed quickly. The opening verses of the book of Acts and the story of the transfiguration was read, a few words spoken from time to time by Mr. Moody and one or two others, but most of the time was spent by men bending before God. Drops of rain fell from time to time but were little heeded. There was much searching of heart, much face to face communion with God, and when at the close Mr. Moody asked how many men believed they had received what they sought nearly all hands were up. The effects of that hour will be felt in many a college and in many another field of Christian work at home and abroad for years to come."

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THE FOUR COLOR LEADERS OF B.Y.P.U.

On this page are four portraits which our friends of the Baptist Young People's Union will be glad to have as a memento of the great Convention at Indianapolis. They are those of the Chairmen of the Committees representing the four great geographical sections. These sections, as will be remembered, were distinguished for convenience of arrangement by the color of their badges. The blue badge indicated that the delegate came from a Union west of the Mississippi; the wearer of a gold badge came from a Northern State; green was the color for Southern delegates, and the wearers of red badges hailed from Canada. The arrangements for each section were placed in charge of a committee appointed for that section. The chairmen were consequently representative men with considerable responsibility devolving upon them. The chairman of the blue or Western section was Prof. L. D. Inskeep, of Oakland, Cal., whose portrait is at the head of the group. The chairman of the gold, or Northern section section, whose portrait is on the left was Mr. A. H. Finn of Detroit, Mich. The portrait on the right is of Dr. J. B. Cranfill of Waco, Texas, who was chairman of the Green, or Southern section. The last portrait, at the foot of the group, is Mr. Thomas Urquhart of Toronto who was chairman of the Red, or Canadian section. The respective rallies of these sections at the convention were scenes of wonderful enthusiasm, showing how firm a hold the young people's movement has taken of the churches in all parts of the United States and Canada. At all the meetings the same testimony was given that wherever a Union had been organized, the church had been benefited and was manifesting increased energy, devotion and power.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

The convention of the Utica District held at Rome, N. Y., was largely attended. The delegates brought news of growth and enthusiastic work from all parts of the district. The Sunrise prayer-meeting was a time long to be remembered by all who were present. Among the papers read at the general meetings were: "Possibilities of Ordinary Young People" by H. E. Hule; "Music as a Factor in League Work" by W. M. Hydon; "Home Mission Work" by Edward A. Evans; and the "Place of the Wesleys in History," by Anne Davis. The Question Drawer was conducted by Rev. W. F. Brown.——The chapter of Thames St. Church, Newport, R. I., has a distinguished member in the person of Miss Ida Lewis, the American Grace Darling.——At Chester, Pa., the Mercy and Help Department of the Madison St. League is proving a blessing to the town. The work is thoroughly systematized and while some members visit the hospital and take flowers and delicacies to the patients and hold song services there, others are visiting the sick in their homes and doing acts of kindness there. If through any misfortune the Department were to suspend its work the loss of its services would be severely felt, although it is not long since such an organization was unknown.——At Hoopeston, Ill., the pastor attributes a revival which the church has enjoyed to the blessing of God on the efforts of the League. Various courses of lectures and studies have been inaugurated and maintained which are thoroughly appreciated in the town. ——Four new Leagues are reported in the West Virginia Conference, all of which have been organized during the past few weeks. There is a growing sense of the value of the League throughout the Conference as it is seen how great is the benefit that churches which have it derive from it.

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AMONG THE ORDERS.

The Christian Endeavor meetings in connection with the Parliament of Religions at the World's Fair will be held in the Hall of Washington on Saturday, Sept. 23, and Sunday, September 24.

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The Christian Endeavor Society of the West Spruce Street Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, has charge of the Wednesday night Prayer Meeting during the summer. Formerly that meeting was omitted during July and August. There is now a better attendance during these months than was formerly seen in the winter.

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A gift volume will be published to commemorate the forthcoming jubilee of Young Men's Christian Associations. It will give a succinct account of work for young men in the different countries of the world, going back to a period anterior to the formation of the Y.M.C.A, and tracing the development thereof from the time of affiliation with the international organization.

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A false report has been going the rounds of many papers, east and west, to the effect that Dr. Clark, the president of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, is about to retire from his duties on account of broken health and increasing age. As Dr. Clark returned from his year's journey around the world in better health than ever the rumor is evidently false, and since he has as yet scarcely reached middle age, the second reason given for his reputed resignation is manifestly absurd.

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We shall be glad to receive from readers who are members of Christian Endeavor Societies, the King's Daughters, etc., reports of the progress of the work in their localities and of any new methods which have been found successful.

Coffee-Drinking in the Orient.

How the Fragrant Berry is Prepared and Served to the Guest—A Group of Peasant Coffee-drinkers from the Village of Gaza.

WHERESOEVER a traveler goes in the East, he finds coffee and coffee-drinkers. On the whole, the Orientals are an abstemious people, little given to indulgence in spirituous liquors, and well-nigh free from the vice of drunkenness, so prevalent in western countries. Next to water—which is frequently so scarce as to be a positive luxury—they love their coffee. In the Syrian rural districts it is the all-pervading, staple refreshment, and there, as among the Arabs also, it is the first thing to be offered to a guest. So important a part does the aromatic berry play in the rites of hospitality, that the master of the house himself generally prepares the coffee for his guests. According to the ancient usage of courtesy, he sips the first cup himself to re-assure the others as to its quality. Formerly this act was designed to prove that it contained nothing poisonous or deleterious. Indeed, among the Bedouins, who are regarded as a deceitful people, and who hardly trust each other, it may still be viewed as a very necessary custom. A Moslem, too, never accepts a cup of coffee from his host or landlord unless the latter first shows good faith by drinking a cup poured from the same vessel.

A peculiarity—and a very agreeable one—found everywhere in the East, is the fact that coffee which is not newly made is never offered to guests or visitors. No matter how poor the circumstances of the host, how scant his conveniences or slender his supplies, he never fails to produce a handful of beans which he places in a mortar-like vessel and proceeds to pulverize it with a mallet, not unlike a pestle used by druggists. In a few minutes the infusion is made and lo! a cup of rich, fragrant, steaming coffee salutes the nostrils of the stranger, cheering and invigorating him as he drinks or rather sips it. This is how the coffee is prepared: in a shovel-shaped spoon, which is sometimes large enough to hold a pound, a quantity of beans is placed, and the spoon is then held on the fire. The beans are stirred continually with a thin piece of iron until they are well roasted; they are then spread on a mat for a moment to cool. They are next put in the wooden vessel already spoken of, and the coffee-maker begins to pound them with his mallet until they are reduced to powder, he, meanwhile, chatting with his visitor. This powder is dropped in the coffee-pot, which contains sufficient water, and the pot is set on the fire where it quickly boils. The coffee is then decanted into cups holding an ounce apiece. It is much stronger, usually, than coffee prepared after the Western style.

In a photograph on this page a group of peasants from the neighborhood of Gaza are seen preparing coffee. One of the men has a vessel before him in which he is grinding the beans; the duty of the peasant sitting on the left is to roast them, while another—in the middle of the group—is looking after the coffee-pot. The little company seem to be agriculturists living comfortably, as Orientals do, on a farm together. These people are never in a hurry and it is quite evident from the attitude and expression of the group in the photograph that they mean to prolong their little meal and have a good chat over their coffee.

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The Serpent in the Book.

HERE is a most instructive incident from India. "One day," says *The Household*, "a gentleman went into his library and took down a book from the shelves. As he did so, he felt a slight pain in his finger, like the prick of a pin. He thought that a pin had been stuck by some careless person in the cover of the book. But soon his finger began to swell, then his arm, then his whole body, and in a few days he died. It was not a pin among the books, but a small and deadly serpent." Many serpents are found among books in libraries nowadays. I refer to such books as contain detective stories, murder stories, love stories. True or untrue, they have their deadly influence on the minds of those who read them, and like the sting of that little serpent, they may not seem to hurt at first, but steadily their influence on the mind grows, and if the reader is not led astray through them, into sin speedily, they will pervert his desire for pure literature and degrade his mental powers, so it is hard for him to interest himself in any kind of literature that is not sensational.

PEASANTS OF THE ENVIRONS OF GAZA, PREPARING COFFEE.

From a photograph secured by Rev. Dr. Talmage in the East.

"WHEN I HAVE TIME."

WHEN I have time, so many things I'll do
To make life happier and more fair
For those with lives now crowded down with care;
I'll help to lift them from their low despair—
When I have time!

When I have time, the friend I love so well
Shall know no more those weary, toiling days;
I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths always,
And cheer her heart with words of sweetest praise—
When I have time!

When you have time! The friend you hold so dear
May be beyond the reach of your intent,
May never know that you so kindly meant
To fill her life with joy and sweet content—
When you had time.

Now is the time! Ah, friend, no longer wait
To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer
To those around whose lives are now so drear:
They may not need you in the coming year;
Now is the time.

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A Navajo Housewife.

WHILE other American Indian tribes have undergone great changes, the Navajos of northern Mexico have retained many of their original characteristics. J. J. Peatfield, writing in the *Californian Magazine*, gives this pleasing picture of a Navajo housewife: "Seated on a blanket spread upon the ground beneath a tree whose foliage affords protection from the rays of the sun, an Indian woman is engaged in spinning woolen yarn. She is a type of the comely women of the Navajo race. In breadth of shoulders and in the size and muscular development of her arms and hands she is almost masculine; the most casual observer would willingly admit that in a personal struggle she would prove a formidable antagonist to most city-bred men of our times, while the dude would be a plaything and shuttlecock to her in a test of strength. Her hair parted in the middle, is gathered back and tied behind her head in a complicated knot, which is held together by the insertion of a rude hairpin preventing the strands from disentangling themselves. Pendant from her ears are silver bangles, and on occasions she may be seen to wear a necklace of colored beads or torquoise gems. She is clad in the costume of her primitive race." They are industrious and intelligent, faithful to their spouses and very skilful at weaving, and other domestic arts.

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PERILOUS "GOOD TIMES."

IN most American communities it is the custom to permit a large amount of latitude in the way of calling and social enjoyment, to the young girl who has finished her school course. In ultra-fashionable society, this latitude runs to excess and the youthful devotee is almost sacrified in body and mind to the demands of parties, teas, receptions, sociables, concerts, etc. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has repeatedly warned parents against the perils their children encounter at such a time. We find that a wholesome crusade against this pernicious custom is going on in many parts of the country. Rev. Dr. W. T. Poynter, of Shelbyville, Ky., a leading educator, in a recent address to the graduates of a collegiate institution in that State, said:

"Allow me to utter a loud protest against the so-called 'good time' which custom allows to the well-to-do young woman between her school days and her marriage. It is a fearful misnomer to call the wasted days of this period a 'good time.' They are anything else. She learns nothing, or next to nothing; she does nothing that is permanently valuable. She seems to have no aim save to please in what she calls society, and the days and months and years come and go with nothing stored away for future use and future happiness. Jennie Smith writes to Susan Jones that if it suits Susan, she, Jennie, will visit her at a certain date. Susie reads it with joy, for reasons that will appear presently. She takes the letter to her mother, and there is probably a scene before the matter is settled.

"Mother knows what that visit means—of worry and care, to say nothing of its expense and its danger. It does not suit, but Susie is persistent, and promises all sorts of help in emergency (a promise, however, she rarely keeps), until mother gives her consent. A letter is written to Jennie at once and posted before another sun sets, telling the 'dearest girl on earth' how rejoiced the whole family is at her coming and that the two will have 'such a splendid time.' On her way to the office she tells her boy friends that 'Jennie Smith will be at my house on a certain day, and that she is just too lovely for anything and that you will be charmed with her,' etc., always ending with the invitation to call, 'be sure to call.' This canvass of the town is a more thorough one than any beggar can make,—this canvass for attention, professedly for Jennie Smith, but really for Susan Jones. The day comes, and the boys come. How could they help it. Judge Jones is an influential man and his wife keeps a good table, and these young men are debtors to their hospitality. And then did not Susan invite them—press them into service?

"Two, three, four weeks are spent by Jennie Smith with Susan Jones. She stays as long as the boys hold out. Finally takes her departure, probably for other homes for a similar experience. As soon as Susan can catch up her lost sleep and have her dresses righted and a new one or two added to the already full wardrobe, she visits Jennie Jones. And Jennie has made similar provision for Susan's return visit.

"And there is no end to this senseless and dangerous custom. I saw one of my girls who had not been home for three months. A girl in good health and a competent girl, at least she might have been a competent girl, had the idea of competency ever gotten into her head."

CHAPTER III.

A SOLEMN HOUR.

HELEN DANGERFIELD lay dying in the house of her sister-in-law, surrounded by every luxury that wealth could purchase, watched over with real tenderness and devotion, her soul at peace with God, and her mind at rest as to the future of her boy.

It sometimes seemed to her that she had no ungratified wish left. This peaceful relief, following upon a long season of struggle and anxiety came as such a boon and blessing that death itself was robbed of all its terrors, and even the parting with her boy seemed to the mother a small thing now that she left him in kind and tender hands.

Guy was a lovable and sweet-tempered child, who won his way wherever he went. Already he was almost like a brother in the new home and Monk and he were sworn friends and allies, wrapped up in each other in a fashion somewhat unusual for boys, sharing the same room, the same pursuits and studies, and never seemingly quite content unless in the company of one another.

And then Clare, as she had learned to call her newly-found sister was so unspeakably good to him. She treated him in all things precisely like her own children, and had accepted the guardianship of the boy as a sacred trust, which she had promised to carry out to the best of her abilities. She seemed to love the child—and in truth she did love him, both for his own sake, and for the fact that his very existence was a proof, so to speak, that she had nothing more to fear from anyone bearing his name—and she intended to make him in all things as one of her own. What more could mother desire? Helen, closing her weary eyes on a world that had been but a hard place for her, was more than content to answer the call which had come at last. She longed so wearily for the everlasting rest that not even the tender love of her boy could win back her thoughts to earth again. Was not her husband awaiting her on the other side? Was it not best as it was? She felt that indeed it was, and waited in gentle patience and trust for the last call that could not now be much longer delayed.

And yet, as Mrs. Dangerfield sat beside her sister that December night—giving the night nurse the unwonted luxury of a night in her own bed—neither guessed how near the end was. It was not because she had thought Helen worse than usual that day that she had offered to take the night watch, simply that she thought the nurse looked somewhat tired, and was glad to arrange for her to have an undisturbed night. Mrs. Dangerfield was an excellent and capable nurse, as had many times been demonstrated before, and Helen was never more restfully content than when she and Clare were alone together. As she opened her eyes after a light sleep to see the nurse's chair occupied by her sister, a smile of welcome lighted up her wan face, and she put out one feeble wasted hand.

"How good you always are to me, Clare: and I can never repay you."

"That is not the word to be used between sisters," answered the other, coming and sitting down beside the bed. "I only wish you had made yourself known to us before, Helen. We might have had you with us longer if you could have been cared for earlier."

"I think it is better as it is. At least I could not be happier than I am, and the blow will fall more lightly on Guy just now, now that he is but a child, and has so many new interests about him, and a second mother to love him, than if he had grown used to this life before I was taken. He will not forget me, but he will learn to be happy and content with his brothers and sisters. Ah, if you could but know how glad—how thankful I feel!"

Such words were often on Helen's lips in [illegible] answer, but pressed the wasted hand she held in hers, and presently the patient dropped off into a light sleep, from which she awoke after a while with a moan and a start. Her eyes were full of terror, but when she saw who was bending over her, she smiled and the wild look passed away.

"It was only a dream, dear—the old dream that will never quite be banished, I think, so long as I live. I seemed to see the dead body of my husband, as they brought him home that day from the ice. Did I ever tell you about it? He died saving some little children who had fallen through a black yawning hole, whom nobody else would lift a finger to save. I cannot generally talk about it—but now nothing can hurt me. He saved two. The third was brought out clinging frantically to him—but man and child were both dead. I thought it so terrible then—but nothing is terrible now."

Mrs. Dangerfield once more pressed the hand she held, but there was a look of perplexity upon her face. She had never before heard any of the details of Guy Dangerfield's death: but she had known that it had been the result of an accident, and that the birth of little Guy had happened at the same time: but the boy's birthday was in April, and Helen was talking of what must surely have happened in midwinter. She could not make it out: but at the moment no sense of uneasiness came over her. She thought that Helen might be wandering a little. Guy had been drowned—but it had not been an ice accident, or if so, it must have been a very late and phenomenal frost. But the sick woman continued to speak in the same dreamy way.

"I saw the ice clinging to his hair, and the lips that I touched were like ice themselves. And after that I can remember nothing, till I awoke to find my little Guy in my arms, and I only understood by degrees that God had taken away my husband, and had left me instead a little son."

Helen's eyes were open now, and she was looking about her with her senses all quickened and aroused. She raised her thin hand, and pointed towards a box which stood upon a table full in her sight—a box which those who knew her best were certain contained such relics of her dead husband as she still possessed, for it always stood where she could see it, and she often lay for hours with her eyes fixed upon it. The key was round her neck. She had never parted with it for a moment since the day she became a widow.

"I should like to show you Guy's portrait," she said at length. "Will you bring me the box?"

It was brought and opened, and the widow touched with gentle, reverent fingers the papers and trinkets enshrined there.

"Please let the letters be buried with me," she said softly, "I never had many—we were so little parted, but they are everyone of them here, sealed up in this packet—I know them all by heart. The watch and seals and the other things Guy must have, and the Bible. Tell him his father read it every day, and ask him to do the same always. Here is the picture—it is a miniature—I thought it very like him when it was taken. I think Guy will grow up very like his father. He must keep the portrait and love it for the sake of the father he never saw."

Mrs. Dangerfield looked, and saw a face which reminded her both of her own husband and her father-in-law, and which little Guy's strongly resembled.

Helen lay fingering the papers and other contents of the box, whilst Mrs. Dangerfield absently opened the Bible, which was not a large one, and began turning the leaves, hardly conscious of what she was doing. Between the Old and New Testaments was a blank leaf bound in, and upon that leaf were several entries written.

The first of these was the marriage of Guy Dangerfield with Helen Wayland, followed by the date of the event. After that the date of the death of Guy Dangerfield, on the fourteenth day of January now nearly thirteen years ago, and immediately following this entry was another—the birth of Guy Monksweld [illegible] the fourteenth of January that same year.

Mrs. Dangerfield sat looking upon these entries with a strange expression upon her face: but the sick woman's eyes were not turned in her direction. When she spoke no one could have detected the least excitement or agitation in her tone.

"I thought Guy's birthday was in April."

"It has always been kept on his christening day, instead of the real birthday. I could not bear for that anniversary to be kept as a bright day for my boy, nor could I let him go without a happy day of his own—for red-letter days were infrequent with us. So I decided that the christening day should be kept as a birthday, and so it has been ever since."

"Does he know himself?"

"No, there are a few things I do not talk about even to Guy."

"You are quite right. It does not do to sadden children too much, and he has known his full share of sorrow as it is. Does anyone know of this change of dates except yourself?"

"No, at least only my faithful old servant Martha Lister, who was with me then and for many succeeding years. But she married and emigrated at last, and I have lost sight of her completely. I am glad I have remembered to tell you. Sometimes in examinations and so on the difference of a few months might make it needful for the boy to stand as much as a year earlier, they tell me. However, you will know all about that. It is of no consequence in any other way."

"Not the least," answered Mrs. Dangerfield, who felt as if she were speaking and moving in a dream.

There was silence again in the room for a long time Helen was growing drowsy, and her nurse seemed locked in deepest thought. Presently she spoke and asked a sudden question.

"Did you never write to Guy's father—your father-in-law, I mean—about his death and the birth of this child?"

A look of pain crossed Helen's face.

"I did write—but I do not think he ever read the letter. He used to send Guy's back unopened. I think he put mine behind the fire unread. Guy used to say that he was a man who never forgave."

"I am afraid that is only too true—it is but too likely that he would take that course. But I wonder we never saw a notice of his death in the papers."

"It was never sent in—I was too ill to think of anything for weeks, and Martha too ignorant. There was an account of the accident—I have a cutting of it here—but the name was misprinted—they had made it into Sangerfield."

Again there was a long silence. It was Mrs. Dangerfield who broke it at last.

"What made you give Guy his second name? Was it your husband's wish expressed beforehand?

"Yes—he had said sometimes that if the child were a boy, he should call it by the name of the mother he loved so fondly. I do not believe that he would have kept up the Guy. But I could not help adding it—I had lost one—I felt I must call my boy by my husband's name."

"And you told the name to Mr. Dangerfield when you wrote?"

"I dare say I did. I cannot remember now. What did it matter what I said? He never could have read the letter. If he had done so, he must have sent me just one line. Hard and indifferent as he was, he could not quite have ignored the death of the son he had once professed to love."

"I am certain of it," answered Mrs. Dangerfield with an emphasis that was meant as much to convince herself as her listener. "I am as certain as we can be of anything that our father-in-law never had your letter—at least that he never read it. You know that he was a very passionate and impulsive man, and that he acted on the impulse of the moment without troubling himself as to the consequences. You may be very sure that your letter was thrown behind the fire unread, and that he never knew to the day of his death whether his son were alive or dead."

Helen made a little sound of dissent. She was already too far away from earth to be troubled by worldly concerns, and she knew too little of life to pause to consider that her son was the old man's natural heir. She knew almost nothing about the quarrel that had parted father and son. Guy had told her that there had been hot and hasty words on both sides, and she knew he had repented, and that had he lived he would have tried to atone for his share in the rupture: but his death had followed too quickly, and he had no chance of taking the step of which he sometimes spoke.

Something of this she told in broken words to her sister-in-law that night, as they exchanged confidences and little marks of tenderness, and before the box of precious relics was finally closed, Mrs. Dangerfield laid her hand upon the Bible, and said gently,

"Dearest Helen, will you give this to me, as a memorial of the brother I never knew? I should prize it much for your sake and his. Can you bear to part with it to me?"

"O yes, my dearest, best of sisters—I shall love to think that it is in your keeping. You would have loved Guy had you known him. Keep it for his sake and for mine—and love our boy, and be good to him. May the Almighty Father in Heaven deal as tenderly with you and yours as you are dealing with our little orphaned son."

The wasted hands closed over the hand which clasped the faded Bible, and the dim eyes looked with unutterable loving gratitude into the face of the watcher. A very faint shiver ran through Mrs. Dangerfield's frame as she met the glance of those trusting eyes, but she did not shrink from their gaze.

"I will love him as my own—I will be a mother to him," she answered steadily, and as she spoke those words she believed them to be true. She thought that she had set herself a task well within her own powers.

The sick woman sank to sleep. Mrs. Dangerfield remained with her until satisfied that her slumber was deep and tranquil, and then the book closely clasped in her hands, she glided from the room and entered her own, which was not far away. Once there she fastened up the Bible into a parcel, sealed the packet with her own seal, wrote upon the outside what it was and how and when it had been given, and then locked it carefully away in a private bureau of her own, to which no hand but her own could find access.

She did not pause to think or to consider. She resolutely kept back all thought or reflection.

Mrs. Dangerfield went back to her quiet watch. She had been gone only a few moments, and yet in those moments a change had taken place. The patient still slept, but a gray shadow was creeping over the wan face. It was a shadow that Mrs. Dangerfield had seen before. She called the nurse, and dispatched a summons for the doctor, yet she knew all the time that neither the presence of nurse or doctor could avail aught here.

The end, looked forward to for so long, had come at last more suddenly than had been expected. Was there a momentary feeling of relief in the mind of the sister bending so tenderly over her? Was she conscious herself of a sense of satisfaction in the knowledge that the secret which had just passed those pale lips would pass them never again, at least it is certain that some such feeling was there.

Doctor and nurse came and stood beside the bed, and little Guy was sent for, to look his last upon her whom he would see in this world no more. Monk, aroused by the messenger from his sleep, had come with his cousin, and held his hand tight as they both stood and looked on the face of the dying woman.

Guy was not a boy whose tears flowed easily, and though he knew that his mother was dying, he did not break down into weeping as many children have done, though all the bright color had faded out of his face, and his eyes were full of a strange longing and awe. It seemed as if there would be no word of farewell for him, no last loving glance or parting smile: but just before the end came, the dying eyes unclosed and fixed themselves upon the boy's face.

"My little Guy—you will be very good always, and come to me some day—You are not alone, my darling—not even in this world. You will be brave and good and true, and repay with your best all the kindness that has been shown to your mother on her dying bed. Give your best gratitude and love to your aunt and cousins. You will be well taken care of now, thank God."

It was not all spoken together, but at intervals, as the patient found breath. Guy did not weep or protest, but he took the wasted hand in his and said,

"I promise, mother—I will never forget. I will be good, and try and show them that I am grateful."

"And I will take care of Guy always," said Monk earnestly, laying his hand upon his cousin's shoulder, and looking into his face with his honest loving eyes. "Everything that is mine shall be his. I shall take care of him always. We shall always be brothers, and nothing shall ever come between us."

Helen Dangerfield looked at the two boys with a faint fleeting smile.

"God bless you both," she whispered, and in that whisper her weary spirit fled.

(To be Continued.)

Namesakes. A story of a Secret, by Evelyn Everett-Green, will be published when completed in this Journal by Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago and Toronto. Price $1.50.

Samson, the Playful.*

SAMSON is the most singular figure brought before us in the ancient Scriptures. There is no other man with whom he can be compared. Dean Stanley says of him, "He was the most frolicsome, irregular, uncultivated creature that the nation ever produced." Ewald says of him, "He overflows with inexhaustible joyousness in word and deed, light-heartedness under the heaviest disasters, and sportive wit that accompanies him even to the moment of his self-chosen tragic end." Dr. Marshall Lang says, "His quirks and quips, his irony, his grim laughter, as well as his feats of strength, are duly recorded. The story is strange and fantastic—one over which we smile and sigh, one of boisterous mirth and tearful sorrow—such wit and such folly, such force and such feebleness, comedy so grotesque and tragedy so awful!"

The facts have, then, to be faced, that the power of Samson lay in his impulsive practical jokings—the man must be doing something odd. And this was just the ministry God wanted at that particular time. Samson served his generation, and served his God in his generation by making people laugh. "His name was the 'Sunny' (the Playful'), and a kind of wild free sunniness of nature distinguished him in the struggle. He turned the laugh against the Philistines. He showed the Philistine up in his stolidity, his blind idolatry, the cowardice behind all the bullying. He bade his brethren be of good cheer." "Nothing could disturb his radiant good-humor. His most valiant, his most cruel actions, are done with a smile on his face and a jest in his mouth. It relieves his character from the sternness of Phœnician fanaticism. As a peal of hearty laughter breaks in upon the despondency of individual sorrow, so the joviality of Samson becomes a pledge of the revival of the greatness of the nation. It is brought out in the strongest contrast with the brute coarseness and stupidity of his Philistine enemies, here, as throughout the Sacred History, the butt of Israelitish wit and Israelitish craft."

Samson was only a single man—he had no following, and so there was nothing to fear; and very possibly the Philistines enjoyed as much as the Israelites seeing and hearing of his feats of strength. He was the "strong man" of his day, and his violent deeds were at first taken as jokes; only after a time were they recognized as serious mischief, and then attempts were made to arrest his course. But there is that also to be considered: In the East there is a kind of respect or fear produced by anybody who is unusual, either extraordinary in size, or in strength, or in endowment. The maniac is left as a free man, and almost worshipped. This Eastern sentiment explains the liberty of Samson. If people laughed at him, they were also afraid of him. There was never any knowing what he would do next, or against whom his practical joking would be turned. With a kind of common consent, everybody agreed to leave the man alone. It is precisely what would occur in our time. Nobody would like to spoil the fun which such a man would make; but they all would try to get out of his way, lest the fun should be turned upon them.

The Philistines did not regard Samson as acting with any particular object. They never attempted to punish Israel for his misdeeds. All the tricks were regarded as Samson's own. Even the last calamity at Gaza was entirely Samson's own device. Nobody suppressed it; nobody helped at it; nobody followed it up; and the Philistines did not avenge it by any further humiliation of the Israelites; Samson came, and did his work, and passed away; he was a striking personality, a remarkable individual. He had his own precise work to do and he did it. Men told the tale of his riddles and his jokes over their evening meals until the companies were convulsed with laughter; but all the laughter was against the country's foe, and when that foe came to be despised the way was opened for the active efforts which men of another type would presently lead.

How far we may go in estimating Samson's personal religion is not easy to decide. He had an evident sense of a Divine mission, and clearly admitted that the power for the mission depended on the loyalty; and at the end of life he turned to God in a simple, trustful way which was only possible to a man who knew God in previous personal relations. He is the man who "served his generation by the will of God" in the use of the gift of giant-like playfulness. He is the leader of a band that God keeps for every age—a band of men and women whose life-ministry is to cheer their fellows, and bring pleasant sunshine and relieving laughter into dull homes, hard lots, and suffering experiences.

*From *Revelation by Character*, illustrated from Old Testament lives; by Robert Tuck, B. A.; 308 pages; cloth; price, $3.00. Wilbur B Ketcham, New York, publisher.

WESLEY'S YOUTH.*

IT was while he was a member of Lincoln College that that unparalleled religious career of Mr. Wesley, which has always been regarded as the most wonderful religious movement of modern times, began. "Whoever studies the simplicity of its beginning, the rapidity of its growth, the stability of its institutions, its present vitality and activity, its commanding position and prospective greatness, must confess the work to be, not of man, but of God."

The heart of the youthful collegian was profoundly stirred by the reading of the "Christian Pattern," by Thomas a Kempis, and "Holy Living and Dying," by Jeremy Taylor. He learned from the former "that simplicity of intention and purity of affection were the wings of the soul, without which he could never ascend to God;" and on reading the latter he instantly resolved to dedicate all his life to God. He was convinced that there was no medium; every part must be a sacrifice to either God or himself. From this time his whole life was changed.

A little band was formed of such as professed to seek for all the mind of Christ. They commenced with four, but soon their number increased to six, then to eight, and so on. Their object was purely mutual profit. They read the classics on week days and divinity on the Sabbath. They prayed, fasted, visited the sick, the poor, the imprisoned. They were near to administer religious consolation to criminals in the hour of their execution.

As might have been expected, they were ridiculed and lampooned by those who differed from them, and who could not comprehend the motive to such a religious life. They were called, in derision, "Sacramentarians," "Bible Bigots," "Bible Moths," "The Holy Club," "The Godly Club," "Supererogation Men," and finally "Methodists." Their strict, methodical lives, in the arrangement of their studies and the improvement of their time, their serious deportment and strict attention to religious duties, caused a jovial friend of Charles Wesley to say, "Why, here is a new sect of Methodists springing up," alluding to a school of ancient physicians, or to a class of nonconforming ministers of the seventeenth century, or to both, who received this title from some things common to both. The name took, and the young men were known throughout the university as Methodists. The name, thus given in derision, was finally accepted, and has been retained in honor to this day.

*From *John Wesley and his Doctrine*, by Rev. W. McDonald; pp. 149, cloth, The McDonald & Gill Co., Boston, publishers.

EIGHT MILLION YOUNG MEN.†

ONLY a small percentage of the young men of this country are in our colleges and universities; and truth compels the confession that many of them are living impure lives. Only five per cent. of our youths are in the churches, seeking Christian development and establishment in genuine godliness. Seventy-five per cent are not even professing to seek the truth and to live pure lives. Doubtless some who make no public statement of their belief, or declaration of principles and purposes in life, are pure and true men; but many who do claim to be virtuous are not what they profess to be. It is safe to assert that not over twenty per cent. of our young can be counted on as above habits of impurity and sensuality. Think of it! Eight million young men in the United States, and only one twentieth of them openly and aggressively striving to be honest, pure, and Christ-like—less than one fifth of them worthy of pure mothers, chaste sisters, and virtuous wives.

There is no hope of success in the effort to bring up boys in ignorance of matters relating to sex. The world has tried it for centuries, and the effort has signally failed. Promise of improvement lies only in giving early, honestly, and affectionately such information, admonition, and watch-care as the importance of the subject demands.

Of course, not all boys can be kept pure through knowledge alone; but knowledge, properly imparted, will direct aright and save from sin many who otherwise would go the way of the vile, gathering up as they go the natural fruits of a sensual life—weakness, inefficiency, discontent, disease, and premature death—and leaving behind, as a terrible legacy to the world, an emphasized tendency to disease and to race-extermination.

†From *Confidential Talks with Young Men*, by Lyman B. Sperry, M.D; cloth, pp. 179 price 75 cents. Fleming H. Revell & Co., N.Y. and Chicago, pub'rs.

AFTER THE BATTLE, REST.*

REST will be sweet in the evening, when the
day's long labor is done;
Now, I must be up and doing, for my work is
scarce begun.

Once in the early morning, when the dews
were not yet dry,
In the misty summer morning, or ever the sun
was high,

As I looked along the road whereby I must
presently go,
And saw how great was the journey, how
fiercely the noon would glow,

Life felt too heavy a burden, and I, so weary
and worn.
Weary before I had labored, and longing for
night at morn.

What right have I to be weary, when my
work is scarce begun?
What right have I to be weary, while aught
remains to be done?

I shall be weary at even, and rest will the
sweeter be,
And blessed will peace be to them that have
won the victory.

But now is the time for battle—now I would
strive with the best;
Now is the time for labor; hereafter remaineth
rest. —MARY A. HOPPER.

*From *Songs for the Shut-in*, gathered and arranged by Mary Craig Yarrow; 49 pp.; cloth; unique edition; price, 75c.; Thomas Whittaker, N. Y., publisher.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Braddock: a story of the French and Indian Wars (continuation of the Columbian novel series); by John Musick; illustrated; pp. 489; price $1.50. Funk & Wagnalls, New York, publishers.

Regeneration: the Heart of Man, in its depraved state by nature, and the changes which it experiences under the influences of the Spirit of God operating upon it, to which are added directions for keeping the heart. A unique spiritual compilation. Cloth, pp. 119, illustrated, price 50c. The McDonald & Gill Co., Boston, publishers.

The Combined Things of Scripture; by Wm. Ingraham Kip, D.D., pp. 280; paper covers; price 50c. Thomas Whittaker, N. Y., publisher.

Temperance in All Nations; History of the Cause in all the countries of the globe; together with the papers, essays, addresses and discussions of the World's Temperance Congress, held in Chicago, June, 1893; edited by J. N. Stearns. This is the first volume of what will doubtless be a remarkable statistical work; pp. 583; cloth. National Temperance Society and Publication House, New York, publishers.

A CHINAMAN'S LOST FACE.

IN the course of a letter from one of the missionaries of the China Inland Mission is the following incident: "The worst man I have had to deal with since I came to China is a man named Jan. He was a hardened reprobate. He was one of the rebel army at the great rebellion. He had been a slave dealer of the lowest type, dealing in woman and children only. He had been a coiner, and coiners in China are just as bad as coiners in other countries, and finally he became a professional gambler, spending his whole time in a gambling hell. When anyone wanted an extra steep game they sent for Mr. Jan. Owing to some rumors which he had heard, he came to see me, and said, 'I have heard strange stories about you, and so have come up to see you.' He wished to know why we came to his country. There was not much prospect of getting rich, especially for foreigners. I told him we did not come to get money. Then what did we want? Just to tell him and others of Jesus, who saves from sin. He had heard of three million gods, and had himself a good number, one for every room in the house and one for the outside, and one for himself, besides an ancestral tablet; but such a God as this, he had never heard of. One who would save from sin: what a strange God! He came back to the next meeting, and asked me a peculiar question, 'Would this strange God have anything to do with a man without a face?' That means a man without character whom no one would believe or trust. Yes, for Jesus said himself that he came to save the lost sinners. That was all, but he went to his own house, took his god and put it in the fire; then seizing the other idols, served them in the same way, and finally, to the horror of his sons and relations, took his ancestral tablet and broke it in pieces. This act showed a wonderful strength of character, as the ancestral tablets are held especially sacred. I never, even in a Christian land, found a man who so thoroughly realized and appreciated that characteristic of our Lord, the desire for the salvation of the most degraded.

ONE DAY.

REVEAL Thy face at morn,
And with thy smile adorn
The opening day,
In sign of sweet accord,
O loving Lord!

At noon extend thine arm,
To shield from threatening harm
Thy servant true,
Relying on thy word,
O helpful Lord!

'Mid darkness safely keep,
While thy beloved sleep
In promised rest,
'Neath thy sure watch and ward,
O loving Lord!

—DWIGHT P. BREED.

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should early learn the necessity of keeping on hand a supply of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, for nursing babies as well as for general cooking. It has stood the test for 30 years. Your Grocer and Druggist sell it.

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If you do, you will be glad to hear that the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa, is reported a positive cure for the disease. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, have such faith in this new discovery, that they are sending out free by mail, large trial cases of Kola Compound to all sufferers from Asthma, who send their name and address on a postal card. Write to them.

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Mrs. Swineford.

Or goitre, made my neck fully twice its natural size. For three years all my strength seemed to go into the swelling, and I was reduced from 185 to 89 pounds. On recommendation of a physician I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gave me strength, relieved distress in my stomach, and best of all, entirely removed the goitre. I am now in the best of health, weigh 193 pounds, and tell everyone what wonders Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for me." MRS. H.C. SWINEFORD, Union County, Mifflinburg, Pa.

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THE CARPENTER

THIS world has oft been shaken
By the restless of our race,
By the murder boom of cannon
In the strife for power and place.
Great monarchs have wielded sceptres
Leading nations into thrall,
But there is an old-time record
Of a greater than them all.

Did the brass encased Horatius
Hold the bridge against a host?
Did Cæsar's refulgent banners
Meet the sun on every coast?
Did victory crown Hannibal,
And armies before him fall?
There's a page on time's bright annals
More illustrious than all.

Who cares now for the Corsican
Who set the wide world aflame?
Who loves dead Alexander
Enough to revere his name?
Oh, 'tis not the thing called glory,
That thinkers love to recall,
The good are the earth's great landmarks,
And they last through ages all.

Bring me the robes of the Cæsars,
And the wonders of Cathay:
Lay them right here on the altar—
Who will worship them to-day?
Egypt and Thebes and Babylon
Are but writings on the wall,
The Carpenter of Nazareth
Is beloved above them all.

—WM. LYLE.

The Apostles' Creed.

Its History and the Circumstances under which it was Composed.

IN a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD inquiry was made by a correspondent regarding the authorship of the Apostles' Creed. This was explained briefly at the time, within the restricted limits of the "MAIL-BAG." Since then, a very interesting article on the subject from the able pen of Dr. Adolph Harnack, Professor in the University of Berlin, has appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*. Prof. Harnack writes:

"When we trace the text of the Apostles' Creed back through our catechisms and other printed versions of it to the oldest of all, and back again through them to the manuscripts and to the writings of the later Fathers, we are brought up in the second half of the fifth century. There are strong reasons for believing that it did not exist as it now stands before the middle of the fifth century. About this time, however, we meet with this text of the Creed in the Church of Southern Gaul, and in this Church alone. Hence it follows—and the conclusion is now, so far as I know, universally accepted—that the Apostles' Creed in its present form is the baptismal confession of the Church of Southern Gaul, dating from the middle, or rather from the second half of the fifth century. From Southern Gaul the Church carried the Gallican Creed into the kingdom of the Franks, and it spread with the expansion of that kingdom. The relations of the Carolingian kings with Rome brought it to the capital of the world (at least we have no authority for believing that this happened any earlier); it was adopted at Rome, and thence imposed on all the countries of the West.

"To this Creed was attached a legend that it was composed on the tenth day after the Ascension at a meeting of the Twelve Apostles, each of them contributing one sentence. Peter's contribution was 'I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth,' and he as Judas to Matthias, who contributed the final words, 'and the life everlasting.' This conception of the origin of the Creed held its ground, so far as I know, unbroken and unopposed all through the Middle Ages and throughout the jurisdiction of the Roman Church; the Greek Church alone maintaining that she knew nothing of an Apostolic Creed. [illegible] must have had to which such an origin was attributed. Unconsciously it came to be classed [illegible]

[illegible] about 250 and about 400, and probably still later, the [illegible] which she held in the highest honor; to which she would allow no additions to be made; which she believed to be directly descended from the Baptism of Christ; she knew it as she possessed it, and whereof she conceived that Peter had brought it to Rome. To this [illegible] legend as to its composition, which I have [illegible] Roman Apostles' Creed. We must regard it as an [illegible] Roman Creed came into existence about, or shortly before, the middle of the second century. It was composed in Rome itself, where it did not at first count as Apostolic in any strict sense. On the contrary, the legend of its Apostolic origin most probably sprang up some time afterward in Rome between 250 and 330 A. D., after the Creed had spread over the Western provinces.

"How did it come about that the Roman Church gave up her old Creed in the eighth or ninth (possible even the tenth) century, in exchange for the younger confession of Gaul, when it has been clearly proved that up to the fifth century she valued it above everything else and would not suffer the slightest alteration to be made in it? The obscurity enveloping this exchange has not yet been cleared away, although it has been lightened to a considerable extent. When, from the last third of the fifth century onwards, large numbers of Aryan Christians poured into Rome and in a short time became the lords of Italy and her capital, the Roman Church, in order to express her hostility to the Aryans, gave up her old Creed and substituted for it at baptism the Nicene Creed. Disregarding, then, the additions and amplifications made to the Old-Roman Creed by the Gallic confession, and considering the former, as we justly may, to be the original of what we call the Apostles' Creed, we may safely say that the Apostles' Creed dates from the post-Apostolic age. The author of it is unknown. The purpose for which it was composed can be determined with certainty from our knowledge of its uses; it sprang out of the missioning and catechising function of the Church, and was originally merely the confession to be used at baptism."

AN ARCTIC EXPLORER DEAD.

In the death of Dr. John Rae (which lately took place in England), there passed away one of the oldest Arctic explorers of the present generation. Dr. Rae was a native of the Orkney Isles, and early in life made several voyages in the Northern Seas. In 1846 he commanded a small exploring party, which made a voyage of 900 miles to Repulse Bay, and wintered on shore there. Next year, with his companions, he walked 1,300 miles along the coast, of which he made a scientific survey, practically connecting the discoveries of Ross, in Boothia Felix, with those of Parry, in 1823, at the strait of the Fury and Hecla. Dr. Rae's next important expedition, jointly with Sir John Richardson, in 1848, was in search of Sir John Franklin, coasting eastward along the Arctic shores, Wollaston and Victoria Lands, from the Mackenzie to the Coppermint River; after which Dr. Rae, with two men, hauling sledges, traveled 1,350 miles to Winnipeg, now in the Canadian Dominion. He gained the reward of $50,000 offered for intelligence concerning Franklin. His third notable performance, in 1853 and 1854, was the exploration of the west coast of Boothia to Bellot Strait, completing the map between the surveys before made by Ross and Dease and Simpson. He was afterwards engaged, in Greenland and in British Columbia, upon surveys for telegraph lines. In 1850 he published a "Narrative of an Expedition to the Shores of the Arctic Sea in 1846 and 1847." His name will rank among the Arctic explorers of the nineteenth century.

THE BAPTIST CONGRESS.

The programme of subjects for discussion at the Baptist Congress, which is to meet this year in Augusta, Ga., comprises the following: 1. "The Church and Money Power," 2. "Emotionalism in Religion," 3. "Shall our Young People be Organized for Christian Work?" 4. What Constitutes Valid Baptism?" 5. "The Ethical *versus* the Forensic Conception of Salvation," 6. "The Indwelling Christ."

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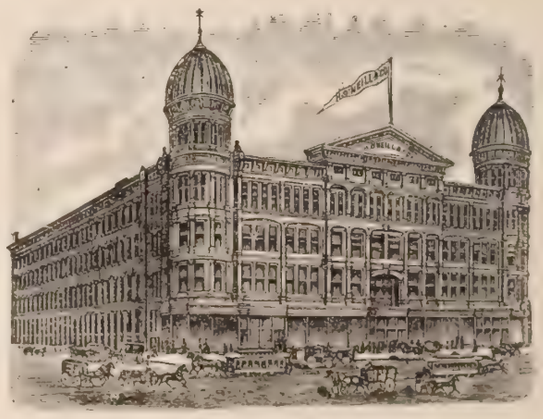

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A Heathen Hindoo Festival.

"The Holi" and its Abominations Described by an Impartial Eye-witness.

OF all the festivals that are celebrated in India, writes Rev. T. E. F. Morton, the Holi, in my judgment, is the most horrible. A trip to the post office a few days ago gave me an opportunity of witnessing some of the doings of the uncontrolled participators of the feasts. Large tubs of colored water could be seen at different points in the city, into which the rollicking scamps would plunge their brazen, tin, or bamboo syringes and then freely discharge their crimson contents on the Hindoo passers-by. In the absence of syringes and paint, some would descend to the office of scavengers, by scraping up gutter filth and bedaubing their friends with it. Men and children would be forcibly seized and their persons abundantly supplied with red powder, and those who managed to extricate themselves, would have a red shower bath in flight. Hindoo women would make themselves scarce on those wretched festival days, but those who dared to venture out received no little of the worst of abuse.

Rich and poor, great and small, old and young, strong and weak, men, women, and children—all participate in the filthy feast. The grog shops are freely visited by the men. Madak (betel leaf mixed with opium), charas (a kind of intoxicating drug) and bhang (the leaf of the hemp plant) are constantly smoked; and under these maddening and intoxicating stuffs, they sally forth with country cymbals and drums singing monotonously all over the place, to the infinite disgust of the Christian ear. The place overrun with the rowdy crowd is a perfect pandemonium.

Under the maddening influence of opium and drink a quarrel ensued the other day at Undilla, a village near by in which eighteen men were wounded and one almost killed. While seated at the civil dispensary an old man was brought in from a village, who, from the nature of the wounds sustained, must have been severely belabored with a club; for he had three broad gashes on the head. From a small station like this such cases as the above are reported, but what must the large centres furnish? Drunkards and opium eaters and smokers are no respecters of persons; they are devoid of those nice, tender, filial feelings which are the heritage of the sober and the righteous, and are in danger any day of ruthlessly destroying others and themselves.

There are educated Hindoos who are verily ashamed of the outrageous doings at the Holi; who, would rejoice, should the government wipe the evil out of existence. The officer in charge of the civil dispensary here an educated Brahman, regards the Holi as a nuisance and would be glad if the government knocked it on the head.

FRANKLIN AND THE SCOFFERS.

WHEN Franklin was in Paris, among the infidels and scoffers of that day, he was ridiculed for loving a Bible. He determined to find out how many had read the Book at which they scoffed. He informed one of the learned sonietiss, of which he was a member, that he had come across a story in pastoral life in ancient times that appeared to him very beautiful, but he would like the judgment of the society upon it. On the evening appointed, Franklin had a reader of finely modulated voice read to them the Book of Ruth. They were in ecstasies over it, and one after another rose to express gratification and admiration and the desire that the manuscript should be printed. "It is printed," said Franklin, "and it is part of the Bible."

HOW A QUARREL WAS SETTLED.

A RECIPE for the settlement of quarrels will be useful to many people, and one is given in the following incident by a correspondent, which may be commended as almost infallible:

Mrs. A. was a widow, and, like many of God's children, she had a trouble. Of a quiet, inoffensive disposition, unwilling to give offence, from some unknown cause a person who had lately taken a room in the same house had an extreme dislike to her. Mrs. B. was a woman of a proud, arrogant spirit, and seemed most ingenious in finding ways of annoying her neighbor. This at first produced tears and depression, but after a time Mrs. A.'s heart was filled with anger, and a desire for revenge took possession of her.

I was accustomed to call on her, and often we had taken sweet counsel together of the goodness and mercy that had followed us, and the bright country towards which, through sovereign grace, both our faces were turned. Now this was altered. The conversation turned to the cruel conduct of her adversary, who daily provoked her sore; even the reading of a chapter or psalm was often interrupted by the relation of some fresh insult or unkind word.

The time came for me to leave the locality, and with a heavy heart I went to say "Goodbye" to my poor friend, who was as sad as ever. In a few words of parting prayer, I was unpremeditately led to pour out my heart in earnest pleading for blessing for Mrs. B., and immediately light seemed to dawn on this dark affair. I said to Mrs. A., "I think there is a way out of your difficulty. Whenever you see, or hear, or think of Mrs. B., pray for her—if you can only say, 'Lord, help and bless her.'" The suggestion was not very well received, and very cool was the response to my parting handshake.

Many years passed away, and when at last we met, I was pleased to see how well and peaceful my old friend looked. After a chat on various subjects, came the rather reluctant question, "Do you know anything of Mrs. B.?" "Oh, yes; and you will be surprised to hear we are the best of friends. That morning you prayed for her, I felt much hurt. I said to myself, you had gone over to her, and instead of one friend, I had two enemies. When I next saw her, she threw out a spiteful word, and I was furiously angry, so that it made me quite faint. When I got home, I thought, 'It is not what Mrs. B. said, but my anger towards her, that has made me ill.'" I don't know how I did it, but I knelt down and said, 'Lord help and bless Mrs. B., for Jesus' sake.' From that time things began to get better. We did not make aay fuss about it, but we got more friendly. Her boy was ill, and I helped to nurse him, and she is greatly changed. I believe she is a true Christian, and she is the dearest, kindest friend I ever had."

A HELPING HAND SAVED HER.

MRS. WILLIAMSON, the city missionary who is endeavoring to establish a permanent lodging-house in New York City for homeless girls, has many experiences in her slum work, that demonstrate the power of God's saving grace among the fallen. One notable case is that of a young and beautiful Jewish girl who had sunk to the lowest level of vice and who, through the instrumentality of the missionary, was brought to Jesus. A few days ago she wrote to Mrs. Williamson as follows:

DEAR SISTER IN CHRIST—Thinking this morning how good the dear Lord has been to me all along through my life, and especially since you so kindly through God's help spoke to me on the street a few months since, inviting me down to the Florence Mission—a poor miserable lost girl, friendless and vile, discouraged and without hope—I write you trusting the dear Lord will reward you and bless you in body and in soul for the helping hand and kind words to a poor sinner like me. Oh! I bless God this morning and praise his holy name that I listened to your advice and made a right-about-face there and then, and to-day I have God, you and the kind friends in the Florence Mission to thank, for I feel I am saved by his precious blood—washed and made every whit whole, and through God's grace I will trust him while I live. I hope this may reach the eyes and heart of some other poor lost girl, and be the means of bringing them to Christ, fully saved. I bless God to-day for a full and complete salvation. A brand plucked from the burning. R. S.

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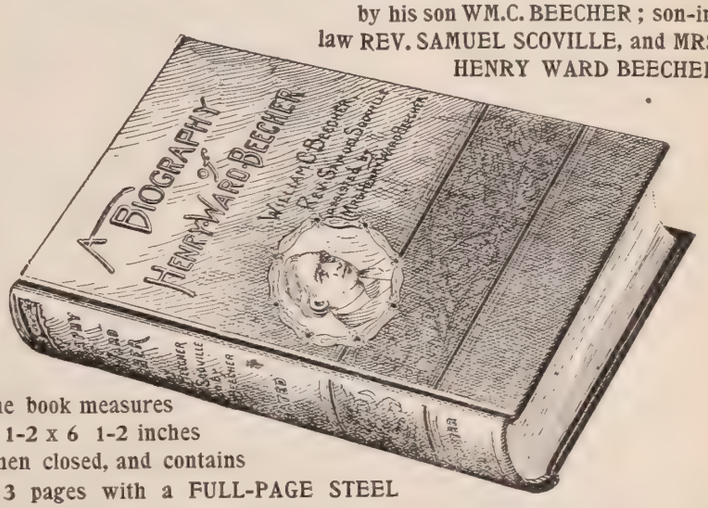
A BIOGRAPHY OF HENRY WARD BEECHER.

by his son WM. C. BEECHER; son-in-law REV. SAMUEL SCOVILLE, and MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.



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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor. Offices, Bible House, New York.

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Forty Years Among the Zulus.

Rev. Josiah Tyler's Personal Experiences of Missionary Life in Zululand—Six Weeks in a Zulu Kraal—Peculiarities of the Language—Polygamy and its Evils.

ONE Sunday morning in a church in Central Massachusetts a congregation was assembled for worship. It was in one of those disagreeable intervals in church life when the pulpit was vacant. The church was a prosperous and thriving one and the prayer was going up at the church meetings that God would send a man after his own heart to minister to them. No regular candidate for the pulpit was before the church and on this Sunday morning the congregation knew that the services would be conducted by a student from the Theological Institute at East Windsor Hill, Conn. There was the usual apathy which a congregation feels when the preacher is "only a student;" but on this occasion the indifference vanished before the student had spoken many words. It gave place to keen interest; for the student was a scholarly man, tremendously in earnest and gifted with rare eloquence. The sermon moved the people as they had not been moved for a long time past and they hung breathlessly on the glowing words. In the interval between services the news of the eloquent young man spread through the town and the second service was crowded. There was no hesitation in that church. A meeting of the members was called and a resolution was voted unanimously to send an invitation to the preacher, Mr. Josiah Tyler to become the pastor of the church. The invitation was a surprise to the young preacher and the result was a surprise to the church. Mr. Tyler was naturally gratified by the unexpected offer, but declared himself unable to accept it for the strange reason that he had decided to go to Africa to preach to the Zulus.

To the church the decision seemed to involve a waste of good material; to the young preacher it might have seemed a wanton sacrifice of the good of life. On the one side were comfort, congenial society, the advantages of civilization, and an assured income; on the other were dangers to health, repulsive surroundings and possibly hostility from the men he proposed to serve. But his choice was already made and the opportunity of ease and personal advancement did not attract him. The people, who would have had him devote his life to preaching to them, had heard the Gospel; those men in far distant Africa had never heard the life-giving story of the Cross and he longed to tell it to them. Love for them and a profound conviction of the blessings it was capable of bringing to them filled his heart and excluded every other consideration. A few months later, with the noble-hearted lady who had become his wife, and who fully shared his enthusiasm for a missionary life, he was on his way to his field of labor in South Africa. Something of the glory and grandeur of the way of life he had chosen came to the heart of the self-denying missionary in the summer of that same year. He was at the house of good old Dr. Philip in Capetown. The veteran missionary gave his young American brother cordial welcome. It cheered his heart to see a young and vigorous man come to take up the work that his aged frame could no longer perform. "This is your room, Tyler," said Dr. Philip opening the door of a modest guest-chamber; "it may interest you to know that at various times it has been occupied by Vanderkemp, by Robert Moffat and by David Livingstone." The names of the famous heroes fell on his ears like martial music. He was one of their order, engaged in the same enterprise, and serving the same Master. Even to come into such association with them as the four walls of the room involved, was like the conferring of a patent of nobility and gave him new inspiration. After a brief stay with the saintly Dr. Philip, he was again on board ship on the way to Durban, the seaport of Natal on the south-eastern coast of Africa. Here he was welcomed by Rev. Daniel Lindley to whose appeal for help Mr. Tyler was the personal response. The next stage of the journey was to Amzimtote, where Dr. Adams was laboring. It was performed in the cumbrous bullock-wagon which was the ordinary mode of travel. In the great lumbering vehicle dragged over hill and dale by twelve oxen, with drivers who could speak nothing but Zulu, Mr. and Mrs. Tyler began to realize something of the life they were to lead for the next forty years. They found Dr. Adams rejoicing in a period of religious interest, after a long time of arduous labor. Eleven years had he spent in patient, earnest toil before one soul was won from heathenism, but now the time of discouragement was past and many were coming to inquire after the white man's God. The young missionaries rejoiced with them and diligently studied their methods. Here, too, they began the study of the Zulu language, which was to grow so familiar to them, that at this day, Mr. Tyler often finds himself unconsciously making Zulu ejaculations and even thinking in Zulu. There was then no grammar or dictionary and all the instruction they had in the difficult tongue was therefore oral. It was a mere skeleton, or framework of some familiar words and phrases, with the principles of derivation and construction, that they could acquire from their kind friends during their short stay. The real knowledge of it they were to

(*Continued on page 557.*)

REV. AND MRS. JOSIAH TYLER.

A KRAAL IN ZULU-LAND.

The Tabernacle Pulpit

A GREAT WOMAN.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., Founded on the Text: II. Kings iv. 8: "And it fell on a day that Elisha passed to Shunem, where was a great woman."

THE hotel of our time had no counterpart in any entertainment of olden time. The vast majority of travelers must then be entertained at private abode. Here comes Elisha, a servant of the Lord, on a divine mission, and he must find shelter. A balcony overlooking the valley of Esdraelon is offered him, in a private house, and it is especially furnished for his occupancy—a chair to sit on, a table from which to eat, a candlestick by which to read, and a bed on which to slumber, the whole establishment belonging to a great and good woman.

Her husband, it seems, was a godly man, but he was entirely overshadowed by his wife's excellencies; just as now you sometimes find in a household the wife the centre of dignity and influence and power, not by any arrogance or presumption, but by superior intellect and force of moral nature wielding domestic affairs, and at the same time supervising all financial and business affairs. The wife's hand on the shuttle, on the banking house, on the worldly business. You see hundreds of men who are successful only because there is a reason at home why they are successful.

If a man marry a good, honest soul, he makes his fortune. If he marry a fool, the Lord help him! The wife may be the silent partner in the firm, there may be only masculine voices down on Exchange, but there oftentime comes from the home circle a potential and elevating influence.

This woman of my text was the superior of her husband. He, as far as I can understand, was what we often see in our day, a man of large fortune and only a modicum of brain, intensely quiet, sitting a long while in the same place without moving hand or foot—if you say "yes," responding "yes"—if you say "no" responding "no"—inane, eyes half shut, mouth wide open, maintaining his position in society only because he has a large patrimony. But his wife, my text says, was a great woman.

Her name has not come down to us. She belonged to that collection of people who need no name to distinguish them. What would title of duchess, or princess, or queen—what would escutcheon or gleaming diadem be to this woman of my text, who by her intelligence and her behavior challenges the admiration of all ages? Long after the brilliant women of the court of Louis XV. have been forgotten, and the brilliant women of the court of Spain have been forgotten, and the brilliant women who sat on mighty thrones have been forgotten, some grandfather will put on his spectacles, and holding the book the other side the light, read to his grandchildren the story of this great woman of Shunem who was so kind and courteous and Christian to the good prophet Elisha. Yes, she was a great woman.

In the first place, she was great in her hospitalities. Uncivilized and barbarous nations honor this virtue. Jupiter had the surname of the Hospitable, and he was said especially to avenge the wrongs of strangers. Homer extolled it in his verse. The Arabs are punctilious upon this subject, and among some of their tribes it is not until the ninth day of tarrying that the occupant has a right to ask his guest: "Who, and whence art thou?" If this virtue is so honored even among barbarians, how ought it to be honored among those of us who believe in the Bible, which commands us to use hospitality one toward another without grudging?

Of course, I do not mean under this cover to give any idea that I approve of that vagrant class who go around from place to place ranging their whole lifetime, perhaps under the auspices of some benevolent or philanthropic society, quartering themselves on Christian families, with a great pile of trunks in the hall and carpet-bag portentous of tarrying. There is many a country parsonage that looks out week by week upon the ominous arrival of wagon with creaking wheel and lank horse and dilapidated driver, come under the auspices of some charitable institution to spend a few weeks and canvass the neighborhood. Let no such religious tramps take advantage of this beautiful virtue of Christian hospitality.

Not so much the sumptuousness of your diet and the regality of your abode will impress the friend or the stranger that steps across your threshold, as the warmth of your greeting the informality of your reception, the reiteration by grasp and by look and by a thousand attentions, insignificant attentions, of your earnestness of welcome. There will be high appreciation of your welcome, although you have nothing but the brazen candlestick and the plain chair to offer Elisha when he comes to Shunem.

Most beautiful is this grace of hospitality when shown in the house of God. I am thankful that I am pastor of a church where strangers are always welcome, and there is not a State of the Union in which I have not heard the affability of the ushers of our church complimented. But I have entered churches where there was no hospitality. A stranger would stand in the vestibule for a while and then make pilgrimage up the long aisle. No door opened to him until flushed and excited and embarassed he started back again and coming to some half-filled pew with apologetic air, entered it, while the occupants glared on him with a look which seemed to say: "Well, if I must, I must." Away with such accursed indecency from the house of God. Let every church that would maintain large Christian influence in community, culture Sabbath by Sabbath this beautiful grace of Christian hospitality.

A good man traveling in the far West, in the wilderness, was overtaken by night and storm, and he put in at a cabin. He saw firearms along the beams of the cabin and he felt alarmed. He did not know but that he had fallen into a den of thieves. He sat there greatly perturbed. After a while the man of the house came home with a gun on his shoulder and set it down in a corner. The stranger was still more alarmed. After a while the man of the house whispered with his wife and the stranger thought his destruction was being planned. Then the man of the house came forward and said to the stranger: "Stranger, we are a rough and rude people out here and we work hard for a living. We make our living by hunting, and when we come to the nightfall we are tired and we are apt to go to bed early, and before retiring we are always in the habit of reading a chapter from the Word of God and making a prayer; if you don't like such things, if you will just step outside the door until we get through I'll be greatly obliged to you." Of course the stranger tarried in the room and the old hunter took hold of the horns of the altar and brought down the blessing of God upon his household and upon the stranger within their gates. Rude, but glorious Christian hospitality!

Again, this woman in my text was great in her kindness toward God's messenger. Elisha may have been a stranger in that household, but as she found out he had come on a divine mission, he was cordially welcomed. We have a great many books in our day about the hardships of ministers and the trials of Christian ministers. I wish somebody would write a book about the joys of the Christian minister, about the sympathies all around him, about the kindnesses, about the genial considerations of him. Does sorrow come to our home and is there a shadow on the cradle, there are hundreds of hands to help, and many who weary not through the long night watching, and hundreds of prayers going up that God would restore the sick. Is there a burning, brimming cup of calamity placed on the pastor's table, are there not many to help him drink of that cup and who will not be comforted because he is stricken? Oh, for somebody to write a book about the rewards of the Christian ministry—about his surroundings of Christian sympathy.

This woman of the text was only a type of thousands of men and women who come down from the mansion and from the cot to do kindness to the Lord's servants. I suppose the men of Shunem had to pay the bills, but it was the large-hearted Christian sympathies of the women of Shunem that looked after the Lord's messenger.

Again, this woman in the text was great in her behavior under trouble.

Her only son had died on her lap. A very bright light went out in that household. The sacred writer puts it very tersely when he says: "He sat on her knees until noon, and then he died." Yet the writer goes on to say that she exclaimed: "It is well!" Great in prosperity, this woman was great in trouble.

Where are the feet that have not been blistered on the hot sands of this great Sahara? Where are the shoulders that have not been bent under the burden of grief? Where is the ship sailing over glassy sea that has not after a while been caught in a cyclone? Where is the garden of earthly comfort, but trouble hath hitched up its fiery and panting team and gone through it with burning ploughshare of disaster? Under the pelting of ages of suffering, the great heart of the world has burst with woe.

Navigators tell us about the rivers, and the Amazon and the Danube and the Mississippi have been explored, but who can tell the depth or length of the great river of sorrow made up of tears and blood rolling through all lands and all ages, bearing the wreck of families and of communities and of empires—foaming, writhing, boiling with the agonies of six thousand years! Etna and Cotopaxi and Vesuvius have been described, but who has ever sketched the volcano of suffering retching up from its depths the lava and the scoria and pouring them down the sides to whelm the nations? Oh, if I could gather all the heartstrings, the broken heartstrings into a harp I would play on it a dirge such as was never sounded.

Mythologists tell us of Gorgon and Centaur and Titan, and geologists tell us of extinct species of monsters; but greater than Gorgon or Megathereum, and not belonging to the realm of fable, and not of an extinct species, is a monster with iron jaw and iron hoofs walking across the nations, and history and poetry and sculpture in their attempt to sketch it and describe it, have seemed to sweat great drops of blood.

But thank God, there are those who can conquer as this woman of the text conquered, and say, "It is well! though my property be gone, though my children be gone, though my home be broken up, though my health be sacrificed, it is well, it is well!" There is no storm on the sea, but Christ is ready to rise in the hinder part of the ship and hush it. There is no darkness but the constellations of God's eternal love can illumine it, and though the winter comes out of the northern sky, you have sometimes seen the northern sky all ablaze with auroras that seem to say: "Come up this way; up this way are thrones of light and seas of sapphire, and the splendor of an eternal heaven. Come up this way."

We may, like the ships, by tempest be tossed
On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost;
Though Satan enrage the wind and the tide,
The promise assures us, the Lord will provide.

I heard an echo of my text in a very dark hour when my father lay dying and the old country minister said to him: "Mr. Talmage, how do you feel now as you are about to pass the Jordan of death?" He replied—and it was the last thing he ever said—"I feel well; I feel very well; all is well"—lifting his hand in a benediction, a speechless benediction which I pray God may go down through all the generations. It was well! Of course it was well.

Again, this woman of my text was great in her application to domestic duties. Every picture is a home picture, whether she is entertaining an Elisha, or whether she is giving careful attention to her sick boy, or whether she she is appealing for the restoration of her property—every picture in her case is a home picture. Those are not disciples of this Shunemite woman, who, going out to attend to outside charities, neglect the duty of home—the duty of wife, of mother, of daughter. No faithfulness in public benefaction can ever atone for domestic negligence.

There has been many a mother who by indefatigable toil has reared a large family of children, equipping them for the duties of life with good manners and large intelligence and Christian principle, starting them out, who has done more for the world than many another woman whose name has sounded through all the lands and through all centuries.

I remember when Kossuth was in this country there were some ladies who got reputation, honorable reputation, by presenting him very gracefully with bouquets of flowers on public occasions; but what was all that compared with the work of the plain Hungarian mother who gave to truth and civilization and the cause of universal liberty a Kossuth? Yes, this woman of my text was great in her simplicity.

When this prophet wanted to reward her for her hospitality by asking some preferment from the king, what did she say? She declined it. She said: "I dwell among my own people," as much as to say, "I am satisfied with my lot: all I want is my family and my friends around me. I dwell among my own people." Oh, what a rebuke to the strife for precedence in all ages.

How many there are who want to get great architecture, and homes furnished with all art, all painting, all statuary, who

have not enough taste to distinguish between Gothic and Byzantine, and who could not tell a figure in plaster of paris from Palmer's "White Captive," and would not know a boy's pencilling from Bierstadt's "Yosemite." Men who buy large libraries by the square foot, buying these libraries when they have hardly enough education to pick out the day of the almanac! Oh, how many there are striving to have things as well as their neighbors, or better than their neighbors, and in the struggle vast fortunes are exhausted and business firms thrown into bankruptcy, and men of reputed honesty rush into astounding forgeries.

Of course, I say nothing against refinement or culture. Splendor of abode, sumptuousness of diet, lavishness in art, neatness in apparel—there is nothing against them in the Bible or out of the Bible. God does not want us to prefer mud hovel to English cottage, or untanned sheepskin to French broadcloth, or husks to pineapple, or the clumsiness of a boor to the manners of a gentleman. God, who strung the beach with tinted shell, and the grass of the field with the dews of the night, and hath exquisitely tinged morning cloud and robin redbreast, wants us to keep our eye open to all beautiful sights, and our ear open to all beautiful cadences, and our heart open to all elevating sentiments. But what I want to impress upon you, is that you ought not to inventory the luxuries of life as among the indispensables, and you ought not to depreciate this woman of the text, who, when offered kingly preferment, responded, "I dwell among my own people."

Yea, this woman of the text was great in her piety. Faith in God, and she was not ashamed to talk about it before idolaters. Ah, woman will never appreciate what she owes to Christianity until she knows and sees the degradation of her sex under Paganism and Mohammedanism. Her very birth considered a misfortune. Sold like cattle in the shambles. Slave of all work, and at last, her body fuel for the funeral pyre of her husband. Above the shriek of the fire worshippers in India and above the rumbling of the juggernauts, I hear the million-voiced groan of wronged, insulted, broken-hearted, down-trodden woman. Her tears have fallen in the Nile and Tigris and the La Plata and on the steppes of Tartary. She has been dishonored in Turkish garden and Persian palace and Spanish Alhambra. Her little ones have been sacrificed in the Ganges. There is not a groan, or a dungeon, or an island, or a mountain, or a river, or a lake, or a sea but could tell a story of the outrages heaped upon her.

But thanks to God, this glorious Christianity comes forth, and all the chains of this vassalage are snapped, and she rises up from ignominy to exalted sphere, and becomes the affectionate daughter, the gentle wife, the honored mother, the useful Christian. Oh, if Christianity has done so much for woman, surely woman will become its most ardent advocate and its sublimest exemplification.

When I come to speak of womanly influence, my mind always wanders off to one model—the aged one whom, twenty-seven years ago, we put away for the resurrection. About eighty-seven years ago, and just before their marriage day, my father and mother stood up in the old meeting-house at Somerville, New Jersey, and took upon them the vows of the Christian. Through a long life of vicissitude she lived harmlessly and usefully and came to her end in peace. No child of want ever came to her door and was turned empty away. No one in sorrow came to her but was comforted. No one asked her the way to be saved but she pointed him to the Cross. When the angel of life came to a neighbor's dwelling she was there to rejoice at the starting of another immortal spirit. When the angel of death came to a neighbor's dwelling she was there to robe the departed for the burial.

We had often heard her, when leading family prayers in the absence of my father, say: "O, Lord, I ask not for my children wealth or honor but I do ask that they all may be the subjects of thy comforting grace!" Her eleven children brought into the kingdom of God, she had but one more wish, and that was that she might see her long-absent missionary son; and when the ship from China anchored in New York Harbor, and the long-absent one passed over the threshold of his paternal home, she said: "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." The prayer was soon answered.

It was an autumnal day when we gathered from afar and found only the house from which the soul had fled forever. She looked very natural, the hands very much as when they were employed in kindness for her children. Whatever else we forget, we never forget the look of mother's hands. As we stood there by the casket, we could not help but say: "Don't she look beautiful?" It was a cloudless day when, with heavy hearts, we carried her out to the last resting-place. The withered leaves crumbled under hoof and wheel as we passed, and the sun shone on the Raritan River until it looked like fire; but more calm and beautiful and radiant was the setting sun of that aged pilgrim's life. No more toil, no more tears, no more sickness, no more death. Dear mother! Beautiful mother!

Sweet is the slumber beneath the sod,
While the pure spirit rests with God.

I need not go back and show you Zenobia, or Semiramis, or Isabella, or even the woman of the text, as wonders of womanly excellence or greatness, when I in this moment point to your own picture gallery of memory, and show you the one face that you remember so well, and arouse all your holy reminiscences, and start you in new consecration to God, by the pronunciation of that tender, beautiful, glorious word, "Mother! Mother!"

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people

Caring for the Babies.

Some of the Many Christian Philanthropies in their Behalf in New York—The Babies' Shelter and the Summer Home by the Sea

AMONG the multitudinous charities in New York, there are none more beautiful, or more generously supported, than those that have for the objects of their care the helpless babies of the tenements and the slums. There is in the metropolis a vast army of these little ones, thousands of them homeless and still other thousands who are either orphans or whose parents are too negligent to care for them. To those unfortunate waifs, the sympathy of all good people goes out spontaneously, and the result is that a number of very noble Christian organizations are constantly at work in their behalf. There have been established, in recent years, the Babies' Hospital, where the sick children are treated with the utmost care and skill; the Foundling Hospital, for the forsaken little waifs; several Nurseries in connection with various churches, and a number of other philanthrophic enterprises for taking care of the homeless little ones. All these charities are especially active in midsummer, when the torrid temperature and the foul disease-breeding odors of the tenements sweep off the frail little creatures like a pestilence.

THE SUMMER HOME FOR THE TENEMENT BABIES OF NEW YORK.

One of the most noteworthy of the institutions of this class is the Babies' Shelter, at 118 West 21st Street, New York City. It is now twenty-seven years since its doors were first opened by the kindly ladies of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Holy Communion on Sixth Avenue, nearby, of which Rev. Henry Mottet is present pastor. No poor little one whom poverty, vice or intemperance had rendered homeless was ever turned away from its welcoming portal. A seaside cottage was rented for a Summer Home, first at North Long Branch, and later at St. Johnland, L. I., and there the sickly children were sent for fresh air, surf bathing and rejuvenation. It is expected that soon the Babies' Shelter will have a permanent Summer Home of its own. Prominent among the managing ladies of the Shelter are Mrs. Hilborne L. Roosevelt, Mrs. Clarence R. Conger, Mrs. Wm. O. McDonald and Mrs. Mortimer Fargo.

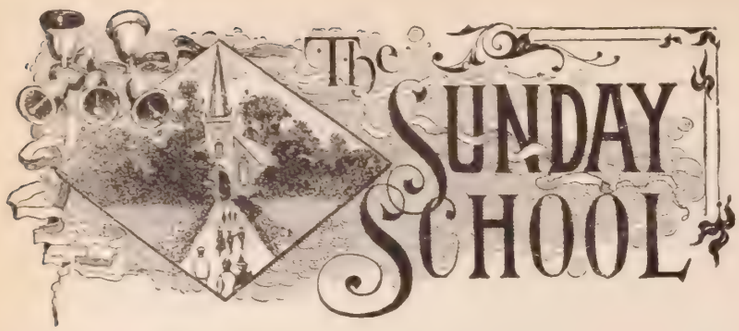
Our artist has shown a scene at the Babies' Summer Home at St. Johnland by the sea. In the great, cool, roomy house there are accommodations for nearly forty babies and the necessary number of attendants. The building is fifty feet by thirty feet with wings on the eastern and western sides. There are play-rooms to be used when the weather keeps the little folks indoors. The shady lawns are a perpetual delight, and the babies return to the Shelter in town in the fall, bronzed like so many pappooses and as happy as crickets.

This is only one of the beautiful charities that aim to help both soul and body, for it need hardly be added that the spiritual training of the children is not neglected. They are helped through the years when character, both moral and physical, is forming and when the foundadation of a useful life can best be laid. Such charities deserve all praise and encouragement. Some children have been at the Babies' Shelter for six years, very few for less than a year. The good ladies who conduct it have interested the children of the rich, and many a little waif is cared for by the petted son or daughter of some wealthy household, who supplies the protege with clothing and sometimes provides for it otherwise, This is helpful to both, and mutually develops the spirit of well-doing and brotherly love among the children. The Shelter is managed by a Board of Trustees and its patrons include a number of the wealthiest and best known society ladies in New York, who take pleasure in thus quietly and unostentatiously fulfilling the Saviour's injunction: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

EXILED PROFESSORS.

The two professors in the American College at Marsovan, whom the Sultan sentenced to death, but subsequently released and exiled, have taken refuge in England. Dr. Herrick of the American Board had prepared a warm welcome for them. He feels the loss of their help keenly in his work. The first occasion on which the professors appeared in public in London was at the Noonday Prayer Meeting in the Y. M. C. A. rooms, Aldersgate Street. The occasion was one for praise and prayer rather than for speeches. Towards the close of the meeting Prof. Thoumaian made a brief address. In explaining the reason of their arrest and subsequent condemnation, he remarked that to the Turkish Government all educational movements meant sedition. He had tried to preach Christian unity with the result that the officials had assumed that he was urging his fellow-countrymen to unite against the Government. On that plea he and his colleagues were arrested and sentenced to death. He expressed great gratitude to the English Government for the efforts they had made to secure the release of himself and Prof. Kayayan. He urged them to pray for the remaining prisoners, whose distress was great when they found that they were not to be released.

Prof. Kayayan who had rendered himself specially obnoxious to the Turkish Government as president of the local Y.M.C.A., said that in addition to the prisoners already condemned, twenty-four were awaiting their trial. There was, he pointed out, a great work to be done in Turkey for the spread of Christianity, but it should at present be undertaken by foreigners and not by natives whose lives were in danger if they attempted to enlighten their fellow-countrymen.



PAUL SHIPWRECKED.

S S. Lesson for Sept 3 Acts 27. Golden Text, Ps. 46 : 1 By Mrs. M. Baxter.

GOD is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear." Fear is unworthy of a Christian, it springs from unbelief. In God's dealings with his children, all through the past, he has called on them to fear not. In his education of his children, it is only consistent that every lesson really learnt shall lead to another and more difficult one. It is a sad ignorance of God and of his ways to wonder that his truest and choicest children are permitted to undergo the heaviest and most impossible trials, and to pass through experiences which test faith and patience to the utmost.

Paul had passed standard after standard in the school of Christ. We cannot read II.Cor. 11 : 23-29, without wondering how one man could pass through so much of physical and mental suffering. This Epistle must have been written before his journey to Jerusalem and his subsequent imprisonment in Cæsarea Thus we see that God took him from trial to trial, that in his life, as that of his Master, the grace of God might be made manifest, and that a life, divine in its power and principles, might by grace be lived on earth, not only by the Son of man himself, but by others in whom Christ the Hope of glory should dwell. God knows how far he may go with each one of his children.

Three times Paul had already suffered shipwreck, and one day and night he had been (perhaps on a plank) in the midst of the sea(II. Cor. 11 : 25). But up to this time his journeys had been in the character of a missionary,—misunderstood and persecuted indeed,—but now he must come yet nearer to his Master: in this last voyage he must travel as a State criminal; Paul "and certain other prisoners" were on board together. After passing Crete, Paul, whose acquaintance with God rendered it possible for the Lord to give him a prophetic view of what was coming, ventured to warn the ships' crew of coming danger. But men of the world are

Regulated by the World.

Who was this follower of the Nazarene, this prisoner, that he should have the presumption to pretend to nautical skill? And yet the centurion had been kind to Paul, and allowed him liberty when the ship had touched at Sidon. Men of the world will show many a favor to Christians, but when it comes to altering their own course of action in any particular, it is quite another matter. They do not like to acknowledge to themselves that Christians know better than they do, for such an admission must oblige them to take the place of the learner at once. Perhaps nothing tries a true Christian more than to see those whom he has warned from God bringing trouble and sorrow upon themselves and others which might have been avoided had they only hearkened. It seems such a pity. It is a great lesson to learn stillness in such circumstances; it is truly a fellowship with Christ's sufferings. Many a mother has had to stand by powerless and see her son led to ruin, and she must wait until God moved and see the suffering which might have been spared. Paul had to stand by and see the wind coming upon them. The services of the ship's carpenter were taxed to the utmost lest [illegible] raged and many days of continued cloud and [illegible] neither sun nor stars to steer by, and compasses were not invented; and he knew that had they listened to him all might have been spared! But, amongst his other lessons, Paul was learning to trust his God also about his dealings with others. He waited for the right moment, and then after [illegible] in their perplexity and almost despair of their [illegible] than before, and brought them a message of hope. Let us learn how to wait God's moment.

"Sirs, ye should have hearkened unto me, and not have loosed from Crete, and to have gained this harm and loss. And now I exhort you to be of good cheer: for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but of the ship. For there stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve, saying, fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Cæsar; and, lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee. Wherefore, sirs, be of good cheer: for I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me."

There was no uncertainty about this message, Paul knew in whom he had believed, and now there were prepared hearts to listen, it was God's opportunity. May it not be that in another way than simply the sparing of their physical life, God had given Paul all them that sailed with him? Who knows all which took place between Paul and his Master during that night? Who knows what the exercise of patience had been to him and how he had entered into the fellowship with Christ's sufferings on that vessel? the tide was turned now, and Paul had an open door now for his Master's work. When he added that they must be cast upon a certain island, no man disputed his word. Paul was now practically

In Command of the Vessel;

and when signs of land ahead were discovered, and they cast anchor, and some of the sailors sought to escape to land, the prisoner Paul's word was law: "Except these abide in the ship ye cannot be saved." In answer to his servant's prayer, God had undertaken the conduct of the vessel and the safety of the passengers and crew; if they sought to save themselves they took themselves out of the hands of the Lord; so doing they could not be saved. O how many hinder God's deliverance by the impertinence of self help, for self help, in a matter which has been committed to God is impertinence. The Lord gave Paul the confidence of the crew and the soldiers, with whom he had the most intercourse cut off the ropes of the lifeboat, and now they must trust or perish. "I believe God," had been Paul's own testimony: he was, without doubt, the calmest man on board.

One man who fully believes God may be a blessing to many. God does not leave his believing ones without witness, he appears on their behalf. The belief of the crew in the word of Paul at this juncture was no less marvellous than the effect of Jonah's preaching on the city of Nineveh; the power of God was manifest in both. But Paul was learning his own lessons while God was making him a blessing to others. Had he yielded to natural irritation that the centurion had been so obstinate in loosing from Crete, he would not have had the same power now over his fellow passengers and the crew. The same faith which would wait for God to bring round the mind of Julius, the centurion, could also wait for God to fulfil his promise;

A Patient Man

is always a power. "Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing." (James 1: 3.) The terror of death on board had been such that for a fortnight no regular meal had been taken. Paul now exhorted them to act with calmness and eat: and he took bread, and gave thanks to God in the presence of them all, he was not ashamed of acknowledging his God before the brethren, they saw God was real to him. And when he had broken it he began to eat. This example was followed by all, and then, in faith for their deliverance, "they cast out the wheat into the sea," so fully did they begin to trust the God whom Paul believed in. And he did not disappoint them. One more night, and land appeared; they hoisted the main sail and made towards shore. Here Paul met with another difficulty. The soldiers were responsible for the prisoners, if they made their escape, the soldiers' lives must be forfeited, better to kill them at once. But God had given these lives to Paul, and he counted on his God. And not in vain, "the centurion willing to save Paul, kept them from their purpose," and gave command to all that they get to land the best way they could, for the ship was going to pieces. And God was true:

Not One Life was Lost.

But they were in a barbarous land of uncivilized people called Melita. Here also God made a way for his servant. The people of the island "kindled a fire" to dry the clothing of the escaped crew,—and Paul, helping to gather sticks, a viper fastened on his hand. But the same faith which had counted on his God hitherto was present with him now. The poor savages began to suspect that he was some evil doer that he should meet with this misfortune, but, counting on the word of his God: "Behold I give unto you power to tread on serpents and scorpions and over all the power of the enemy." (Luke 10: 19.) "he shook off the the beast into the fire and felt no harm." This opened the way for a great work of healing in the island, and thus the poor savages and the ships' crew together saw the power of God, and his name was magnified in the life of the servant. Paul proved him true in all these circumstances, and as those around saw how, in one thing after another, this man of God was more than conqueror through him who loved him, they learned to know God through his servant's conduct in a way they could not forget.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

SINCE Paul had appealed to Cæsar, his departure to Rome was delayed only until other prisoners whose cases also were remitted to the imperial tribunal, were collected at Cæsarea. They were then put on board ship under the charge of Julius, a centurion of Cæsar's guard. This man, whose title indicates that he was captain of a hundred soldiers, was a worthy officer, who, as the historian Tacitus states, afterward attained high honor in the empire. We infer that Luke was one of the party, as the first person, "we," reappears in the narrative, and there is that minuteness and detail of description characteristic of Luke when he is writing of events that he personally witnessed. The party reached Myra in Lysia safely and there changed to another ship which was going to Italy, laden with corn from Alexandria. This ship must have been of considerable size, probably about 500 tons, as there were 276 persons on board. Rough weather appears to have prevailed from the start and it was with difficulty the ship entered a harbor on the shores of Crete. Paul urged the centurion to remain for a time, bur it was not a convenient place for wintering as it was then November, so an effort was made to reach Phenice, a port thirty-four miles away, on the same island. No sooner, however, was the ship outside the harbor, than she was caught in a storm and carried out to sea. The sailors were panic-stricken, part of the cargo of corn was thrown overboard; and afterward, some of the "tackling," or loose spars and furniture. The crew seem to have been too much harassed and apprehensive even to eat and were becoming worn out, when Paul encouraged them by telling of the visit of an angel, who had assured him that no man's life would be lost, although the ship would be wrecked. Fourteen days they were tossed about on the Adriatic Sea before land was sighted. They were then near the island of Malta, although the sailors did not recognize it. The lesson for the day is the graphic story of the ship being wrecked on the shore of the island.

Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved. This was a warning to the soldiers. The sailors were about to leave them to their fate. As the soldiers did not know how to manage the ship there would have been no hope for them, so they cut the ropes that held the boat in which the sailors were going away. The sailors, therefore, had to stay behind to do their best for the general safety. Paul was not a fatalist. Although he had been assured that all should be saved and had communicated that assurance to his companions, he did not neglect the means. In spite of his previous statement, he now tells the soldiers that they cannot be saved, unless they prevent the sailors deserting them. A girl in a boarding-school was distinguished for her success in the recitation-room. Another girl envied her and asked her how it was that she could always recite her lessons so well. The reply was, "I pray that I may understand and remember them." As the plan succeeded so well, the other girl resolved to pray, too. But the next day she made a more dismal failure than usual. Very much astonished she went to her friend. "I prayed," she said, "but I could not say a word of my recitation." The other rejoined, "Perhaps you took no pains to learn it." "Learn it!" was the reply, "I did not learn it, at all. I did not know I needed to learn it, if I prayed that I might say it."

A party of tourists were out in a rowboat on a great lake when a squall came up. There was considerable danger and the man in charge of the boat tugged at the oars until his strength was almost exhausted. When it seemed that the crisis had really come and there was little hope of their reaching the shore, the largest and strongest man in the party, in an agony of fear, said, "Let us pray." The bluff old boatman looked him over and said, "No, no, my man; let the little man pray; you take an oar."

They lightened the ship. It was better that the cargo be sacrificed than that their lives should be lost. They would rather lose the cargo than lose their lives. There are many wealthy men, who, if they were wise, would do the same with their property. It would be better for them to lose their property than to lose their souls. There are some who answer the minister as the Duke of Alva answered the astronomer, who asked him if he had observed a recent eclipse of the moon, "I have so much businesss upon earth that I have no time to look up to heaven." "I have seen," says a famous writer, "a tree borne down and broken by the weight of its fruit. I remember, too, seeing a fine sheep lying dead in the field. The shepherd told me that it had been killed by a strange dog. The other sheep in the flock got safely away, through a hole in the hedge, but this fellow was so fat and had so much wool on him that he could not get through and the dog caught him. He might have been alive. then, said I if he had not had so much wool. I once knew a poor maimed soldier who suffered in the same way. He lost both his legs in a skirmish in the war. He was one of a party which had seized some plunder. The enemy came upon them unexpectedly, but all got away safely save this man, who had secured a larger share than the others and being loaded down with it fell into the rear and was shot by the pursuers. He might have kept his legs if he had not been so intent in keeping his riches. Mind you never get in a state in which it may be said of you 'he might not have lost his soul if he had been willing to part with his money.'" In the ruins of Pompeii there was a petrified woman, who, instead of flying from the doomed city, had spent her time in gathering up her jewels. She saved neither her life nor her jewels. There are multitudes making the same mistake. In trying to get earth and heaven, they lose both. Many a man will be lost who might be saved, if he were only willing "to lighten the ship."

Took bread and gave thanks. In the confusion and agitation of the moment many persons would have omitted the asking of a blessing; but with Paul it was a matter of principle to "acknowledge God in all his ways." When the late Commodore Foote was in Siam he had upon one occasion the king on board his vessel as a guest. Like a Christian man, as he was, he did not hesitate in the royal presence to ask a blessing as the guests took their places at the table. "Why, that is just as the missionaries do," remarked the king with some surpise. "Yes," answered the heroic sailor, "and I am a missionary, too."

When they had taken up the anchors. It was the first thing to do as they wished to reach the shore. A gentleman was walking on the beach and was watching a pretty little vessel with its white sails shining in the sunlight. "How is it that yonder ship does not seem to be moving?" he said to a seaman standing; "her sails are spread, and there is plenty of breeze, but she seems to make no progress." "She's anchored sir; she's anchored!" replied the sailor. "That's just how it is with many of us," said the gentleman, in answer; "there is everything to help us in our heavenward journey, but we can make no progress at all because we are anchored to something here on earth—some sin indulged in, or some worldliness we cannot give up." Yes, that's the secret; we are anchored.

Temperance in America.

How the National Temperance Society has Popularized Sobriety—The Work of over Twenty-five Years Briefly Described.

HOW much of a nation's happiness and progress depends upon the morality of its individual members, is a problem which may well attract the attention of the philosopher and publicist. How much depends on the sobriety of a nation cannot well be reckoned in cold statistics. This latter interrogatory has received a very generous elucidation in the papers, addresses, essays and discussions of the World's Temperance Congress, recently held in Chicago. These are now given to the public in permanent form and skilfully edited by Mr. J. N. Stearns, Cor. Sec'y of the National Temperance Society and Publication House, and the volumes will doubtless be read with interest in other lands as well as our own.

One of the most instructive and interesting articles in the compilation is that by Mr. Stearns himself, being a historical sketch of the National Temperance Society and Publication House. He writes:

"It was called into existence immediately after the close of the late Civil War. Temperance societies had been largely disbanded both North and South, and the temperance sentiment of the country was at its lowest ebb. The land was flooded with drunkenness. The drink habit had become fastened upon hundreds of thousands of soldiers who had just returned to their homes. The work among the children had been almost universally abandoned. There was no temperance literature, but little temperance education, and few organizations anywhere in existence. A widespread desire was manifested for something to be done, and a spontaneous call came from all parts of the land, especially from among the churches, that there should be an organization that could rally all good men, women, and children to the work of saving the people from becoming

A Nation of Drunkards.

The beer and liquor interest had become active and aggressive. It flourished as the war progressed. The beer brewers had organized themselves into a National Congress, with millions of money at its command. The friends of Temperance saw clearly that something must be done at once if the land was to be saved from all these downward influences. In August, 1865, a National Temperance Convention, composed of 325 delegates from twenty-five States and Territories, assembled in Saratoga Springs, and organized the National Temperance Society and Publication House. The Convention was composed of representatives from all religious denominations and temperance organizations of the country. The object was to create and circulate a sound temperance literature, and to unify and concentrate the temperance sentiment of the country against the drink habit and the drink traffic.

"The Society is genuinely non-partisan in politics and non-sectarian in religion; its fundamental principle is total abstinence from the use, manufacture, and sale of all alcoholic liquors as a beverage. It avoids all side-issues. It specially seeks to arouse and enlist the Christian Church in this great reform. Any person, male or female, may become a member who will pay the fee and subscribe to the pledge. Three dollars constitutes an annual member; twenty dollars a life member; one hundred dollars a life director; and five hundred dollars a life patron. Its business is conducted by

A Board of Thirty Managers,

ten of whom are elected each year, representing all the great leading religious denominations and temperance organizations of the land. Hon. Wm. E. Dodge, the Christian merchant and philanthropist, was its President eighteen years, until his death. Mark Hopkins, D.D., President of Williams College succeeded him for two years, and he was followed by Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, who has served for eight years in that capacity.

"With Vice-Presidents in every State, and agents in almost every community, its work covers the nation, and its literature permeates every part of the country. It furnishes ammunition and inspiration for every organization and for all classes in the community. It enters the Sabbath-school, the Church and the home with wholesome truth and sound instruction. It supplies the book for the library, the paper for the family circle, the pamphlet for the workman and searcher after truth, and the tract for the masses of the people. It is the one great National Temperance organization of the land that bends all its efforts to secure a sound public sentiment in favor of total abstinence and the suppression of the liquor traffic. Its more than

Two Thousand Publications

are designed for the education of the people, and especially for the young, in the habits of

Secretary J. N. Stearns.
National Temperance Society and Publication House.

total abstinence, law and order, and the suppression of the drink traffic. It publishes three monthly papers with a circulation of over 150,000, and has over three hundred first-class writers. It publishes the *Youth's Temperance Banner*, with a monthly circulation of a hundred thousand; the *Water Lily*, with about forty thousand monthly, suitable for circulation in Sunday Schools; and the *National Temperance Advocate*. It has published 189 different books adapted to Sunday School libraries. Of these books it has printed 510,000 volumes, which are changing hands weekly in many thousands of libraries throughout the land, reaching millions of children who otherwise would have no temperance instruction. It has published the ablest text-books ever issued upon the nature and effects of alcohol on the human system. Its scientific, economic, religious, and legal publications are from the foremost writers of the day. It published the first Temperance Lesson Book for public schools ever issued in the country, and has spent large sums of money in the initial agitation for its introduction into the schools of the land. It has published fifty-six Temperance Lesson Leaves, giving Bible-texts, questions, notes, teaching hints, etc., of which over 900,000 have been printed. Twelve different Music and Song Books have been issued, of which 500,000 copies have been published.

"Three American Standard Prize Essays have been published, for which the sum of $1,500 was paid: 'Alcohol and Science,' 366 pages; 'Alcohol in History,' 481 pages; and 'Alcohol in Society,' 398 pages. It is not only a Publication House but a great Missionary Society. The great majority of its publications are never expected to pay the cost, but are indispensable to speakers and writers and thinkers in this reform. The missionary work covers the country and extends even to foreign lands. This is the one Society of the land fully equipped, thoroughly non-sectarian and non-partisan, embracing all denominations and organizations, that seeks to overthrow the drink habit and the drink traffic. Our missionary work now consists in part as follows: Work among the colored people in the South; scattering a literature in prisons, hospitals, penitentiaries, jails, ships, and army posts; work in Congress for a National Commission of Inquiry; holding conferences, conventions, mass-meetings, congresses, Sabbath-evening services, and other public gatherings; to supply special literature to pastors, editors, lecturers, foreign nations, etc.

"It commenced to petition Congress for a Commission of Inquiry into the results of the liquor traffic over twenty years ago, and has continued it ever since, holding many hearings in Washington and conferences in different parts of the country to forward the object. A series of Gospel Temperance meetings have been held in New York and other cities nearly every year since its existence, and a large number of Temperance Camp-meetings have been held each year.

"A great effort has been made to induce churches to form total abstinence societies among the members, and to train and

Teach their Children

the doctrines and principles of total abstinence. It commenced the agitation in this country for the study of the nature and effects of alcohol upon the human system in public and private schools of the nation. Eight or ten colored missionaries have been employed in different Southern States, visiting churches, schools, families, institutions of learning, to lecture and to circulate a temperance literature among their people."

During the twenty-seven years of its existence, the receipts of the Society for publications have been $1,142,023.81, and from donations, legacies, membership, etc., $295,167.44 while its missionary work has cost more than double the latter amount. It is now endeavoring to secure $250,000 for an Endowment Fund, the interest to be used in missionary operations. Its most pressing need is a centrally located permanent building in New York, which shall be the focus of its extended work.

Mr. John N. Stearns, whose portrait is given on this page was born in New Ipswich, N. H., in 1829, and ever since 1836, when as a mere child he joined the cold water army, he has been identified with the Temperance movement. He has held many offices in various Temperance organizations, was President of the New York State Temperance Society for 1875-76 and temporary chairman of the National Temperance Convention of 1865 which organized the National Temperance Society and Publication House. His pen and voice have done a mighty work in advancing the Temperance cause in America.

HELPED OVER A HARD PLACE

I am specially desirous to do right in the matter of keeping the Sabbath, writes Margaret Meredith. Especially with regard to that sentence which commands that "thy man servant and thy maid servant shall rest as well as thou," does my conscience call for care. Therefore, in boarding, in hotels or private families, it had always puzzled me how to treat the fine Sunday dinners, of which I quite disapprove. If I refused ice cream, having had experience in the difficulties of my confectioner Sunday School scholar from his rush of Sunday work, I was met by the excellent argument, that custards and jellies cost still more labor, and so at each point I seemed to find no sensible way to make a useful difference between my conduct and that of those who cared not at all.

A friend, who usually dined by my side last summer, cut this gordian knot so simply, that I adopted her method at once. She merely refused soup and dessert, and took a good, healthy dinner off of one plate. Beyond that, she refused viands which she knew to be specially troublesome of preparation. She thus solidly saved the washing of all unnecessary dishes, and as far as her influence went, lessened the demand for desserts and extras altogether. The beauty of the plan is that it is so unembarrassing. If you do not choose to speak of it, no one is likely to notice your dinner as peculiar, except the caterer, who, if he be not looking on, will be asking questions behind the scenes, and, probably, the waiter, and he will be sure to approve. This idea has simplified things so much for me, that I am glad to hand it over to you.

A COMEDIAN EVANGELIST.

Mr. Charles Minor, the English Evangelist, who was formerly a comedian has been holding services in the Broome Street Tabernacle, New York, with large audiences. His illustrations, humorous anecdotes and his singing kept his hearers deeply interested and made the meetings a complete success. Mr. Minor's address is 427 East 114th Street, New York.

Bathing in Egypt.

The Ladies of the Land of the Pharaohs as Patrons of the "Hammam."

TO the women of the East and especially to those who dwell in the larger cities, like Cairo, Alexandria and Damascus, the "hammam" or public bath is an unfailing source of health and recreation. Confined to their own homes by the peculiar usages that have governed society in the Orient from time immemorial, they welcome the visit to the bath as the one opportunity they have of meeting and mingling with their own sex freely and indulging in what European or American ladies would denominate, "a real nice talk." But the Moslem ladies are not by any means so free and unconventional, even in their hours of relaxation as their Western sisters, and their liveliest social chat would be tame in comparison with the gossip of an old-fashioned New England "afternoon tea," or a Western "quilting bee."

Our illustration on this page shows an Egyptian woman returning from the bath. Her dress proves her to belong to the lower orders. She wears the long, loose *gillabiyah* or cloak, with the *libas*, or lower garment peculiar to all Moslem women. On her head, resting upon a *tarah*, (or cushion) is the copper jar (*hallah*) in which Eastern woman carry their toilet paraphernalia, when visiting the *hammam*. In this jar are soap, unguents, perfume (*beylon*) and towels (*manashif*.) The *hammamji*, or attendants, at these baths are usually very skilful at massage, and for a nominal fee (anything from a piastre upward—the piastre being equal to about six cents), the bather receives all the necessary attention.

Some Eastern baths are of exquisite workmanship and beautiful design. The tiled floor

AN EGYPTIAN LADY RETURNING FROM THE BATH.

is covered with rugs, upon which the bathers sit and chat pleasantly together, with the temperature at 105. In the centre of the heated room is a pool of water much warmer than the surrounding atmosphere, in which some of the bathers dip their feet. After the massage (performed by attendants, called *kayas*), comes the cold dip (if desired), and then the anointing with oil and perfume, following which the bather retires to another room, where refreshments are served.

The whole operation at the *hammam* consumes from two to three hours. Wealthy ladies make the visit to the hammam a daily duty, those of the middle classes go there on alternate days, while the poorer women (such as the one in our illustration), rarely fail to go once a week, at least. They look forward with pleasant anticipation to the afternoon of leisure, the invigoration and the parting chat over the sweets and coffee in the refreshment-room.

THE BIBLE SOCIETY.

At the recent meeting of the Managers of the Bible Society, Mr. Augustus Taber gave an account of his recent visit to Japan. An application was received from Western Africa for the publication of a revised edition of the New Testament in the Benga language.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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RELIGION EVERYWHERE.

LET us all reconstruct our business and our homes by the principles of the Christian religion. Our religion ought to mean as much on Saturday and Monday as on the day between and not be a mere parenthesis of sanctity. It ought first to make clean our heart and then make clean our life. Religion is not, as many suppose, a matter of church delectation, a sort of confectionery, a spiritual caramel or holy gum-drop or sanctified peppermint or theological anesthetic, but an omnipotent principle, all-pervading, all controlling, all conquering. With something short of that you may deceive yourself but you cannot deceive God and you cannot deceive the world. The keen man of the world puts on his spectacles and looks clean through to the back of your head, and knows whether your religion is a fiction or a fact. And you cannot hide the deceptions of your samples of sugar, or coffee, or rice, or tea, with the cloth of a communion table. All your prayers go for nothing, as long as you misrepresent your banking institution and put in your report of its resources more specie, and more fractional currency, and more clearing-house certificates, and more legal tender notes, and more United States certificates of deposit, and more loans and discounts than there really are, and among your liabilities do not make proper mention of dividends unpaid and national bank notes outstanding, and individual deposits, and what is due to State banks and bankers.

I have now a word of comfort for all who suffer from the malfeasance of others, and every honest man, woman and child does suffer from what goes on in scampdom. Society is so bound together that all the misfortunes which good people suffer in business matters come from the misdeeds of others. Bear up under distress, strong in God. He will see you through, though your misfortunes should be centupled. Philosophers tell us that a column of air forty-five miles high is resting on every man's head and shoulders. But that is nothing compared with the pressure that business life has put upon many of you. God made up his mind long ago how many or how few dollars it would be best for you to have. Trust to his apportionment. The door will soon open to let you out and let you up. What shock of delight for men who, for thirty years have been in business anxiety, when they shall suddenly awake in everlasting holiday. On the maps of the Arctic regions there are two places whose names are remarkable, given, I suppose, by some polar expedition, "Cape Farewell," and "Thank God Harbor." At this last the *Polaris* wintered in 1871 and the *Tigris* in 1873. Some ships have passed the Cape, yet never reached the Harbor. But from what I know of many, I have concluded that though your voyage of life may be very rough, run into by icebergs on this side and icebergs on that, you will in due time reach Cape Farewell and there bid goodbye to all annoyances, and soon after drop anchor in the imperturbable waters of Thank God Harbor.

There the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

A SURE TEST.

THERE is an easy way of discovering whether any institution is good or bad. Abstract discussions will throw only a little light. Gather together a number of men who have been under the influence of any institution for a number of years, and you may learn from their character whether the institution which has influenced them is good or bad. There are two ways of finding out about an evil: one is to go to the Tract House, or to the Sunday School Union, or to a religious newspaper, and find a discussion upon the subject: the other way is to go out into the community and watch practical results. Just as there are two ways of finding out the difference between harvest apples and choke pears. You may either take a pomological journal, and read about the difference, or you may take a club and go out and knock down some of the harvest apples, and some of the choke pears. The latter way will be the most positive and effective. "A good tree bringeth not forth corrupt fruit; neither doth a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. For every tree is known by its own fruit."

DEBT.

OUR young men are coming up in this agitated state of commercial ethics, and I am solicitous about them. I want to warn them against being slaughtered on the sharp edges of debt. You want many things you have not, my young friends. You shall have them if you have patience and honesty and industry. Certain lines of conduct always lead out to certain results. There is a law which controls even those things that seem hap-hazard. The most insignificant event you ever heard of is the link between two eternities—the eternity of the past and the eternity of the future. Head the right way, and you will come out at the right goal.

Bring me a young man and tell me what his physical health is, and what his mental caliber, and what his habits, and I will tell you what will be his destiny for this world, and his destiny for the world to come, and I will not make five inaccurate prophecies out of five hundred. All this makes me solicitous in regard to young men, and I want to make them nervous in regard to the contraction of unpayable debts.

When a young man wilfully and of choice, having the comforts of life, goes into the contraction of unpayable debts, he knows not into what he goes. The creditors get after the debtor, the pack of hounds in full cry, and alas! for the reindeer. They jingle his door-bell before he gets up in the morning; they jingle his door-bell after he has gone to bed at night; they meet him as he comes off his front steps. They send him a postal-card, or a letter, in the curtest style, telling him to pay up. They attach his goods. They want cash, or a note at thirty days, or a note on demand. They call him a knave. They say he lies. They want him disciplined at the church. They want him turned out of the bank. They come at him from this side, and from that side, and from before, and from behind, and from above, and from beneath, and he is insulted and gibbeted and sued and sworn at, until he gets the nervous dyspepsia, gets neuralgia, gets liver complaint, gets heart disease, gets convulsive disorder, gets consumption.

Now he is dead, and you say: "Of course they will let him alone!" Oh, no! Now they are watchful to see whether there are any unnecessary expenses at the obsequies, to see whether there is any useless handle on the casket, to see whether there is any surplus plait on the shroud, to see whether the hearse is costly or cheap, to see whether the flowers sent to the casket have been bought by the family or donated, to see in whose name the deed to the grave is made out. Then they ransack the bereft household, the books, the pictures, the carpets, the chairs, the sofa, the piano, the mattresses, the pillow on which he dies. Cursed be debt! For the sake of your own happiness, for the sake of your good morals, for the sake of your immortal soul, for God's sake, young man, as far as possible, keep out of it!

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Mary F. Greener, Philadelphia. What is the Oriental form of Mary?

Mary is changed to Miriam in the Hebrew and Arabic. Other forms, not peculiar to the East, however, are Maria and Marian.

Subscriber, Texas. What would be the expense of a trip to Europe and what is the board there per month?

The expense might vary according to circumstances. A first-class round trip from New York to London per steamer will cost from $120 upward; second-class round trip about $80 and upward; steerage round trip about $60. Board (including lodging), $1 per day and upward.

Mrs. J. E. Cummins, Cornish, Ind. Ter. Has the prophecy of the two witnesses (Rev. 11: 3), ever been fulfilled? Who are the witnesses?

It has not been fulfilled. They will be two divinely appointed men who will preach and testify during the closing years of this dispensation. They will suffer martyrdom under Antichrist. There is no means of establishing their identity, but many expositors of prophecy believe that they will be Enoch and Elijah.

Jas. F. Rentrew, Dubuque, Ia. 1. How many saloons are there in the United States? 2. What is the population of Corea, and how many missionaries are now at work there?

1. Estimated nearly 230,000, but as there are unquestionably many unlicensed places, the real number may exceed this considerably. 2. Thirteen and a half millions. There are considerably less than 100 missionaries, the greater proportion of them lay workers. It is an inviting field for missionary effort.

E. J. Ulmer, Williamsport, Pa. Did not David sin in receiving the priest 1 Samuel 21: 1 and eating the shew-bread? If so did Christ approve his act in Matthew 12: 3?

David's deception was sinful and his eating the shew-bread was a technical violation of the law. Christ did not express approval of his conduct; he was being assailed by the Jews on questions of the observance of the strict letter of the law and he referred to the incident as an illustration. He reminded them that their great king whom they so highly venerated had broken the command in that particular. He was constantly reproving the Jews for their bondage to the letter of the law and their disregard of its spirit.

G. S Schiller, Starke, Fla. Are Ethiopians, spoken of in the Bible, the same as negroes of the present day? If so what countries did they occupy?

Practically the same; the Ethiopia of the ancients included in its boundaries the modern Nubia, Sennaar, Kordofan and Northern Abyssinia. The ancient northern limit as described in the Bible and classical geography was Syene, the most southern town of Egypt, the eastern was the Red Sea, the western the Libyan Desert, aand the southern the highlands of Abyssinia. It therefore represented all of interior Africa and the eastern coast—all being then as now, the distinctive home of the negro race.

G. R. Thompson, Clinton, N. Y. 1. What is the meaning of Ezekiel 14: 9? 2. Does a proper observance of the Lord's Day exclude the reading of newspapers for general information?

1. It is a reproof of the false prophets who gave assurances of salvation in return for gifts. The false prophets deceived the people declaring that many would be lost who would be saved and that many would be saved who would be lost. They acted much as the Pope acted in the days of Luther, when he sold indulgences. 2. The observance of the Lord's Day is not a matter of law as the Jewish Sabbath was. Christ trusts to the honor and affection of his people and did not legislate on the subject, nor did the Apostles. If you are anxious to serve him and avail yourself of every opportunity of working for him, you will be glad to keep your mind free of secular matters on his day and have it filled with spiritual concerns. One day in seven is little enough for the purpose. The reading of newspapers on that day is therefore an intrusion which you will not invite lest it distract your thoughts and occupy time which you can use to better purpose.

F. Grange, Keokuk, Ia. Noticing a paragraph in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD about John G. Woolley and his work, I would ask: Where is his present field of labor?

His evangelical and temperance field has been and is a very wide one, including many of the Middle, New England and Western States. Lately he has founded a mission at Rest Island, on Lake Pepin, Minn., sixty miles below Minneapolis, where, as he himself explains, "any drinking man, who wants to go in for a clean life, may come and be at home until he shall be strong and able to make an honorable way in the world." He also publishes a paper called *The Rest Islander*.

Subscriber, Justus, Pa. Who was Melchizedek?

He was the king of Salem, who went out to meet Abraham on his return from the pursuit of Chedorlaomer and his allies. He combined the offices of priest and king, as was not uncommon in patriarchal times. The Jews, on the authority of their ancient writings, regarded him as a type of the regal-priesthood, to which the Messiah should belong. The mystery surrounding his person, his office, his sovereignty and his relation to Christ has given rise to many discussions. Some of the Jewish chroniclers held that he was no other than Shem, the most pious of Noah's sons, and who had lived to the time of Abraham; others affirmed that he was an angel, etc.

A. Anderson, Burlington, Ia. The legend referred to by "Reader," Centre Point, Tex., is as follows: In the reign of Romulus (753 B.C.), in order to increase the population, Rome was made a city of refuge for all nations. This increased the male population, but furnished no women. The well-known strategy of stealing the Sabine women was then resorted to; the consequence was that a Sabine army at once besieged the walls of Rome. The most vulnerable point was a castle under the captaincy of Sp. Tarpeium. His daughter, Tarpeia, a vestal virgin, was approached by the Sabines and asked what she would take to show them a way into the city, she answered: 'That which the soldiers wear on their left arms'—meaning the bracelets they wore. When the soldiers had entered the city they overwhelmed Tarpeia with their ponderous shields, which they also wore on their left arms, until the treacherous virgin was crushed to death.

C. A. Hamlin, Syracuse, N. Y.: "I have read your admirable sermon on 'Children's Rights,' and am moved to ask you to give us one on 'Animals' Rights,' for our domestic pets, and servants of the speechless races, are much more wickedly treated than are children—to the 'hardening' and degrading of those who mismanage them. The abuse of cats, dogs, birds, the starving of farm cows, the misuse of the whip on horses, the rule of force and fear, rather than the rule of kindness and friendship, and the duty of everyone to 'interfere' with cruelty, all need a full exposition by every clergyman on earth. I have been urgently appealed to by a number of humane people to write to you asking you to stir up this far-reaching subject. They seem to think that because I write on this subject I could have more influence with you than themselves. I do not think so. I have circulated in several States extracts from your sermon on 'The Nativity.' But a sermon on the plan of this one in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of August 2d, specifying the wrongs to domestic animals, the evil influences on children of flogging the dog and mauling the cat, 'collecting' birds' eggs, stoning and shooting birds, etc., is urgently needed, and will do great good. Neither crime nor cruelty to animals will ever cease until little children are taught that animals have rights and no one has any right to distress them."

S. Greene, Boiling Springs, N. C. 1. Yes. 2. Athens, for instruction Venice, for color, Rome, for art. 3. It must depend upon the individual. Paul's advice still holds good. 4. Scientists believe they are not habitable.——Rev. E. J. Park, Lake City, S. C. Write to the American Bible Society, Bible House, New York.——M. S. Aaron Coe, Newark, N. J. We cannot supply the information asked.——J. F. Bagley, New York. Over half a million persons read THE CHRISTIAN HERALD every week.——W. H. Roberts, Goodell, Pa. 1. He is conducting religious services in New York City. 2. Rev. Geo. W. Sharp's address is Kirksville, Mo.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

FLIGHT DOWN PIKE'S PEAK.

A REPORT of a severe accident on Pike's Peak is telegraphed from Colorado Springs to the New York *Sun*. This mountain top, a picture of which as it appears from Colorado Springs, appears on this page, is 14,146 feet above the level of the sea. On August 7th, three men attempted to descend it on a toboggan. This is a flat board with a groove underneath which fits the rack rail on the cog road. In the centre is a lever which, when pressed, operates as a brake. Light arms reach over on each side to the side rails to steady the machine and form a foot-rest. The three men sat one behind another on the board and the descent commenced. The speed increased every moment and before ten minutes had elapsed they passed a party who had been two hours traveling on foot from the summit. There is a sharp turn in the road below Windy Point and it was necessary to go slowly around the curve. The men applied the brake, but it failed to work. The toboggan maintained its terrific speed until it reached the curve, where it leaped from the rails high into the air. The men were flung off, away over the mountain side, and fell among the broken, jagged rocks which form the surface of the mountain at that place. All were insensible from the concussion; but, after a few minutes two of them recovered consciousness. They were covered with dreadful bruises and had deep ugly gashes on their arms and bodies. One of them had an ear torn off. The third lay unconscious and helpless. His leg was broken in addition to his contusions. The two went to the nearest section house, from which help was sent to the injured man. All three were placed under medical treatment, but it is feared that they will die. Their confidence in the power of the brake to arrest their rapid course must have existed, but it was misplaced. There are many who are taking a downward moral course, with a similar confidence in their power to stop when they wish, who are similarly deceived. (Heb. 3: 13.)

PIKE'S PEAK, AS SEEN FROM COLORADO SPRINGS.

(From "America's Wonderlands" by permission of the Historical Publishing Company, Philadelphia)

A Buried City Unearthed.

An extraordinary discovery has been made in Guatemala, near the village of Santiago de los Caballeros. A gentleman who has an estate near the village found some strange tools and utensils when a foundation was being dug near his house. He decided to extend the excavation, and at a depth of about seven feet the workmen came on the walls of a house. At the level of the floor of the house they discovered a confused mass of human skeletons—some in sitting postures, some lying on their backs, some on their faces. On excavating farther, other houses were discovered, showing that a city of considerable size had existed there. The position of the skeletons, and in fact the whole condition of the ruins, point to the conclusion that the city was suddenly swallowed by an earthquake. In searching the houses, the men found, in good preservation, a number of interesting articles, such as domestic utensils, engraved and brightly painted glasses, vases and kitchen pots. Along with these were a great number of painted clay idols. Statues, carved in black basalt, displayed great artistic skill, and are the more remarkable from the fact that their sculptors had only stone implements. Although nothing is known of the people who were thus buried hundreds of years ago, it is evident that in spite of their artistic and mechanical skill and the high degree of civilization they had attained, they worshiped idols and knew nothing of the true God. This is another proof of the fact the Bible declares, that revelation was a necessity and man by searching could not find out God. (Job 11: 7.)

Died in Saving her Sister.

A melancholy fatality occurred at Huntington, L. I., on August 9. Three sisters went out to bathe that morning. Having undressed in the bathing house which their father has erected on the beach near his house, the eldest of the three, a girl seventeen years old, who was an expert swimmer, plunged into the water and swam out beyond the point. Her younger sisters, aged respectively ten and twelve years, had been cautioned against venturing beyond their depth. The younger, however, seeing the ease with which her sister breasted the waves, attempted to follow her. In a minute she was in the grasp of the sweeping tide and cried out in terror. Her sister heard her and quickly swam to her side. Bidding the child clasp her round the neck she struck out for the shore. The tide was against her and her strength was failing, but she would not unclasp her sister's arms. As she neared the shore her strokes became feeble and the weight of the child on her back kept her head too long beneath the water. At last she cried to the child, "Save yourself, Connie," and the child let go her hold in shallow water. In the meantime the cries of the girl on the beach had brought help. The little one was drawn out of the water and then a man dived in to rescue the eldest sister. He brought her out, but it was too late. She was dead. She might have saved her own life if she had abandoned her sister. We admire such devotion, but we often forget him of whom it was said in reproach, "He saved others, himself he cannot save." (Matt. 27: 42.)

To be Buried Alive.

A mind-reader at Hillsboro, Ill., proposes, if the law officers of the State do not interfere, to undergo a dangerous experiment. He believes it to be possible to suspend the consciousness and the operation of the physical organs for a long period of time and to resume them unimpaired at the end of that period. To prove the truth of his theory he has determined to be buried and remain underground while a crop of barley grows on the earth above him. His manager whom he has appointed to superintend the arrangements gives the following account of the means to be adopted: "For several days the man will subsist on a diet of fat and heat-producing food. He will then throw himself into a cataleptic state and the lungs will be filled with pure air to their fullest capacity. After paraffine has been spread over the entire body to close the pores it will be ready for burial. The body will be put into an extra large coffin. This will be placed inside another, and both will be perforated. The interment is to be made in a clay soil." Probably the authorities will regard the experiment as being too suicidal in its nature to be permitted; but the desire of the man to make it, is a proof of his own faith in its being safe. It is much to be wished that there was similar confidence, for which there is far better ground in the resurrection of those who really die and are buried, and that there were none to whom it is appropriate to put the question Paul put to Agrippa, "why should it be incredible with you that God should raise the dead?" (Acts 26: 8.)

An Immigrant's Suspense.

Among the passengers in the steamer *Stuttgart*, which arrived at Baltimore a few days ago, was a Swiss peasant woman. She had no money, but said she was the wife of an American gentleman residing in Baltimore, whose name and address she gave. A messenger was sent to notify him of her arrival, but he was away from home on his vacation. The woman had no proof of the marriage, but said that it took place in Switzerland last year. Her husband had been unexpectedly summoned to America a few weeks after the marriage took place, but had promised to return and fetch her. Since then, however, he had sent her a sum of money, with an intimation that as her station in life was so much beneath his, she had better remain in her own country. She had, however, used the money in following him to America. As none of the gentleman's friends had heard of the marriage, the woman was detained until word could be had with him. If he does not confirm her story she will be sent back to the port from which she embarked, as she is without funds. Her distress was acute when she heard that there was a possibility of her being sent back, and she is waiting in intense suspense the return of the man she calls her husband, to see if he will recognize her as his wife or not. If she has wasted her love on an unworthy object, as seems probable, there is little prospect of his recognizing her, and she will be excluded from the country. Some Christians of weak faith, conscious of their own imperfections, sometimes fear that they will be excluded from heaven when they die; but the fear is groundless. As in this case, their admission or exclusion does not depend on themselves, but on the character of Him whom they have loved, and of his fidelity they can have no doubt (Luke 12: 8.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Mr. J. C. Lanphier who has conducted the Fulton Street Daily Prayer Meeting for thirty-six years has reluctantly given up the duty, owing to his advanced age. He is now eighty-four years old. His successor is Rev. C. F. Cutter.

At the Mission Church, established by Gen. O. O. Howard in Forsyth Street, New York, services were held on Aug. 13, by Rev. J. Flyfield, the new pastor whose work in New Jersey, two years ago was much blessed. Mr. Flyfield is the first regular pastor the little church has had.

Evangelist George W. Jacoby reports that he has been holding services on Sunday afternoon at Vernon Park, Germantown, Pa., under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. He has also spoken at the Gospel Pavilion in Front Street on week evenings.

Referring to some public remarks on the fatalities of a recent cyclone, the *Interior* calls attention to the fact that while, all told, 170 persons have died from tornadoes and cyclones this year in the United States, over 6,700 persons perished by murder within the past twelve months within the same territory. Life's darkest shadows are not the work of Providence but the result of human folly or human sin.

Contributions to the fund toward furnishing the Bethesda Home for the rescue of fallen girls were received last week to the amount of $9. They were from: M. D. Carter, Nebraska, $2; Friend, Mechanicsburg, Pa., $2; Friend, Yarmouthville, Me., $1; "In His Name," Cambridge, Mass., $1; Sister in Christ, $1; Bourbon, Ind., $1; Silas W. Moore, Reber, $1.

During the week the following sums have been received in aid of the proposed Permanent Lodging House for Homeless Girls: Lucinda D. Codner, Oswego, N. Y., 25c; Miss M. L. Browne, Phil'a $1; Mrs. D.B. Seward, $1; M. E. S., Colonial Beach, Va., $1; Mrs. D.E. Shaw, Kalamazoo, Mich., $1; H. F. Clark, $2; C. L. Walker, $2.50; Etta Blank, 10c.; M. S. Morrison, Pomona, Cal., $1.50; Sub'r, Heislerville, N. J., $2. Previously acknowledged, $295.45, total, $307.80.

The following sums have been received for the Mary Washington "Name Fund," since last acknowledgment: A. B. Morrison, Whiteside, N. Y., 25c.; Mary A. Shoo-Fly, Iowa, 25c.; Mary H. H., Charlotte, Vt., 25c.; Mary C. M., Rutland, Vt., 25c.; Mary A., Wheeling, W. Va., 25c.; Mary F., Bonaparte, Iowa, 25c.; Mary W., New York City, 25c.; in memory of a mother, Camden, N. J., 25c.; in memory of "Aunt Mary," Dayton, O., 25c.; Total, $2.25.

Contributions for the support of Rev. Geo. W. Sharp, The Christian Herald Missionary of the American Sunday School Union, during the week were as follows: Mrs. R. A. Isfell, North Adams, Mass., $1; Mrs. J. T. Kitts, $1; Miss U.T., $2; M. J. Merritt, $1; W.B. Brown, $5; W.W. Hopkins, $1; C. L. Walkes, $2.50; A Reader, Methuen, Mass., $1; M. E. S., Colonial Beach, Va., $1; Samuel Edwards, Santa Barbara, Cal., $10; A Friend, Grovesport, O., $1; L. H. Myers, Phila., $3; Mrs. D. B. Seward, $1; Miss M. L. Browne, Phila., $1; B. S. T., Washington, $1; Sub'r, Heislerville, N. J., $2.25; Sub'r to The Christian Herald, $1.50. Previously acknowledged, $293.15, total, $318.40.

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

A SUBLIME PRAYER.

Sermon Preached last Sunday, Aug 20, 1893, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D.

Text: Eph. 3: 14-20: "*For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,*" etc

FOR some time I have been studying the prayers of the apostle Paul. They are a delightful subject for investigation, meditation, and discussion. It is deeply interesting to know that the apostle Paul prayed for a church; it is equally instructive to know what are the blessings for which he prayed. What he prayed for, we may certainly pray for both for ourselves and for the churches of Christ. His prayers would form a prayer-book which we might constantly study and daily use.

The prayer selected as the text this morning is unspeakably sublime. There is nothing of the nature of a prayer by any inspired pen which can approach it for spirituality of feeling and for sublimity of language. There is nothing even in the Bible which can surpass it in the particulars named. The prayer bears resemblance in important features to Solomon's great prayer at the dedication of the Temple. In a certain sense the apostle was now dedicating the church of God; he therefore kneels down, as did Solomon, and invokes rich blessings which may abide in the spiritual temple of the Lord Christ. Every word of this prayer seems to have come direct from heaven; it is not of the earth earthy, but is heavenly in thought and divine in speech.

Paul's Aspirations

are God's inspirations. The great apostle piles word upon word in the endeavor adequately to express his great and glowing thoughts. He also adds intensive affixes to his words with the same object in view. The language is unparalleled in its sublimity. Dr. Adam Clarke has well said that no paraphrase can do the prayer justice, and that few commentators have entered into its spirit, probably being deterred by its loftiness of thought.

The "cause" for which he bows his knee, to which he refers in the fourteenth verse, probably carries us back to the very first verse of the chapter, all between being regarded as a parenthesis. The apostle here prays to the Father, although the Lord Jesus by name is also addressed in prayer. He also prays with bowed knee. It has been said that "any posture but imposture" is appropriate in prayer. We know that the publican prayed standing and that his prayer was acceptable to God; but we know that Daniel knelt when he prayed; that Stephen knelt when he prayed while the stones were falling upon him; that Peter knelt when he prayed, and said, "Tabitha, arise;" that Paul knelt while he prayed with and for the elders of the church at Ephesus who came to meet him at Miletus; we know also that later they all "kneeled down on the shore and prayed." Kneeling is the most natural, most reverent, and altogether appropriate attitude in prayer. Posture is not everything, but posture is someting; posture is very much. We could scarcely forgive a man who could sit while presenting himself even to a human dignitary of whom he was asking a favor. There is authority in the Bible for praying either standing or kneeling, but none for praying while sitting in the presence of our Maker and Judge. It is most unfortunate that

The Habit of Kneeling

in prayer at public worship should have been [illegible]; and it is to be hoped that it [illegible] be revived in all our churches. Be[illegible] he worship these Puritans felt called upon to oppose this attitude. Nothing but a narrow prejudice now prevents the general adoption [illegible] to be the first to heed that example in their public prayers.

All the saints form one family. This family includes all true believers now upon the earth, the spirits of just men made perfect, and all the holy angels before the heavenly throne. It is instructive to emphasize the relation in the Greek words between father, "pater," and family, "patria," showing how this latter word is derived from the former. Fatherhood in God results in brotherhood among men. All God's children, whatever their color or creed, whether in this world or in distant spheres, are one family, and the day will come when they shall stand together with holy rejoicing in the presence of their common Father.

We now see the blessings for which the apostle prays for this beloved church. The first petition, according to the 16th verse is that they may have great

Spiritual Strength.

The source of all true strength we are here taught is God, and all spiritual blessings are divine gifts. The channel through which spiritual blessings come is the Holy Spirit, and the measure of spiritual blessing is "according to the riches of his glory," or according to his glorious riches. The measure of blessing is God's eternal fulness and infinite mercy. We may expect the measure of blessing to be according to his infinite ability. We do not expect a peasant to give as a millionaire might bestow. We need strength for daily duty in the glorious measure here indicated. We have enemies who are numerous and strong; we have grievous trials to bear; we have great temptations to overcome. The location of this blessing is "in the inner man." Man consists of body, soul and spirit. The inner man stands in special relations to God and the future life. As the outward man needs earthly food, so the inner man needs the bread of heaven. As truly as the body needs daily supplies, so does the soul its daily manna. Religion must have its normal support, or it will wither and decay. In the largest sense, Jesus Christ is the bread of life of which we must eat. This is a glorious petition. We ought to offer it daily that we may grow in grace and in the knowledge of Jesus our Lord.

The next blessing asked for is the dwelling of Christ in our hearts. It has been supposed by some commentators that the apostle here likens the body, or the church, to a temple. We know that Solomon's temple was not complete until God honored it by his august presence. The church and each believer is to be "a holy temple in the Lord." Each Christian is to be

"A Habitation of God

through the spirit." Before man sinned he was God's temple; but when that temple was defiled by sin it was no longer a fit dwelling place for deity. Christ comes to restore its pristine purity and to make it again a habitation for God. So the apostle prays, using terms in an intensive sense, that God may constantly dwell by faith in the hearts of his children. In the majestic passage in John 14: 23 our Lord said that on certain conditions regarding the believer, speaking of the Father and of himself, "we will come unto him and make our abode with him." That is truly a majestic "we." These are wonderful words; they are beyond the comprehension even of many who profess and call themselves Christians. Christ is the most desirable of all guests. Where his law of love dwells in human hearts, there he himself is in all the sweetness of his nature and in all the blessedness of his divine presence.

We learn also here that this indwelling in our hearts is by faith. Faith opens the heart's door to the coming of the Lord Jesus; faith sweetly invites him in and communes with him when he has taken up his residence in the soul. The language here employed is very strong; it might be rendered "that Christ may intensely and constantly dwell in our hearts;" it is almost impossible to transfer to English speech the intensive thought of the Greek words employed by the apostle. If the heart be not Christ's throne it must be Satan's seat. Which is it in your case to-day? Is it the abode of unclean spirits, or the dwelling place of the Lord Jesus Christ? You can positively answer this question. Any man may know whether or not Christ dwells within him. Does Christ rule your life to-day? That is a plain question. What is your answer? I must press you to examine your heart and life in the presence of the ominscient God. Who dominates your will, self or Christ? With whom do you hold communion, Christ or Satan? In a word, are you Christ's freeman or Satan's dupe and slave? This is a question of the utmost importance. I beg that with Christ's help you will dethrone Satan and enthrone the Lord Jesus; receive him as your prophet to teach you, your priest to atone for you, and your king to command you.

Experimental Knowledge.

We see by parts of verses seventeen, eighteen and nineteen that the apostle prays that they may have an experimental knowledge of Christ's surpassing love. We are to understand that this is the love of Christ to them, not their love to him. We see also that in order to a possession of this knowledge they must be "rooted and grounded in love." We are here dealing with great truths and profound experiences. There is matter enough in this prayer for many sermons, matter enough for several volumes; but it is often of great importance that we take a considerable portion of Scripture as the basis of our exposition that we may catch the unity of its thought and the ultimate purpose sought by the writer. We know that love is the fulfilling of the law; we know that it is the fundamental principle of true religion. The apostle prays that they may be grounded in love. The love for which he prays is not an occasional emotion, but a continuous experience; it is not a sudden flash but a steady flame. He here employs two figures in very close relations in order that he may fully express his thought, but even his double metaphor is inadequate to his lofty purpose. He conceives of love as soil in which the Ephesian Christians were to strike their roots. They were to be as firm in Christ's love as a tree is in the soil when its roots go down deep and extend widely in all directions. This is the agricultural figure which the apostle employs; but immediately he introduces an architectural figure. His mind moved rapidly in the effort to express his grand conceptions. He multiplies and almost mixes his figures. The architect must have his ground plan and his minute specifications. As love is the soil in which Christian character is to grow, so love is

The Firm Foundation

on which the structure rests. Christians are to be grounded in love as a building is based on its foundation. On Christ's mighty love they were to rest as does a temple on the everlasting rock. Only when so rooted and grounded could they develop nobilty of character and make great attainments in divine knowlekge. It is interesting to observe that it is here suggested that there is a blessed companionship in this heavenly love. The Ephesian Christians were to comprehend the love "with all saints." Paul desired that all others might also appreciate the wonders of redemption. Christ's love is like the natural sun; each believer can have it all to himself without taking any from any other believer. The lowly plant can say to the sun, "thou art all mine;" and the lofty cedar can say, "thou art all mine." Sitting in my study basking in the sunshine I have as much thereof as if I were the only man in the universe.

We now come to the glorious dimensions of this love. We here reach wondrous heights, profound depths, and illimitable breadths. The love of God is measureless. Oceans and continents have been measured. The distance to the sun and stars from the earth is measurable; but the love of God is a sea without bottom or shore, is

A Universe without Limits

or dimensions. The language which the apostle employs in this part of the prayer is so full that it is impossible literally to translate it. His thought is that they may be thoroughly able fully to take in this mighty love. Intensive particles are constantly used in order to express his great thoughts. No angel's arithmetic can compute the vast dimensions of heavenly love. No algebraic formula can discover this unknown quantity—the greatness of Christ's love. Again some have supposed that there was a reference to the temple of God at Jerusalem, or possibly to the temple of Diana at Ephesus. We know that this latter temple was considered to be one of the wonders of the world. We know that by its length, breadth and height, number of pillars, symmetry and beauty it was worthy of the high esteem in which it was held. But if the apostle had any temple in view it is more natural to suppose that it was that at Jerusalem, which was built as the dwelling place of God. It would suggest and appropriately the human heart as a temple, and as the honored edifice in which Deity might dwell. But it is not necessary to refer the language to any earthly building. It is simply the language of a heart surcharged with great thoughts and laboring to express them in forceful forms of speech. The apostle desires in the most emphatic manner to express his conception of Christ's love in redemption, and his own desire that the Ephesian church should in some way apprehend its greatness.

It is possible, however, for us to get additional suggestion from the apostle's descriptions of Christ's love. We know that imagination can but inadequately express or conceive these heavenly dimensions. They take in the eternity of God himself. God is love. In that definition there is an infinity of all dimensions, but our thought is helped by the apostle's descriptions. By the breadth of this love we may understand its

Reach to all Ages

and to all classes of sinners; its breadth is a girdle that surrounds the globe. By its length we may understand its continuance from everlasting to everlasting; its vast reach from the eternal purpose in the mind of God to the eternal blessedness in the experience of the believer. By its depth we may understand its stooping to the lowest condition in our fallen race, to the deepest depravity of the most sinful soul. By its height we may understand the lofty altitude to which it raises men in their completed redemption; the infinite dignity which shall be theirs as sons of God and occupants of his throne.

The apostle prays that they may know the love of Christ which he immediately informs us passeth all knowledge. We have here a striking paradox; we are asked to know what surpasseth knowing. But the word "know" may be used in the sense of acknowledge, or approve, or experience. Although we may not know God fully we may know him partially. But perhaps we ought simply to understand this extravagant language as the expression of a speaker whose heart was full to overflowing, and who by the use of strong, and even contradictory, terms is laboring to utter his profound and lofty thought. His mind reaches up to this

Infinite Love.

He knows much of its sweetness and preciousness. He wishes the Ephesian church to know it also. He struggles to rise to its great heights. Suddenly the truth flashes upon his mind that this is infinite love, that no one can fully know it, that no one can exhaustively tell it; that, like God, it is without beginning and without end, without measure and without limit. This love is a part of the science of salvation, the science of heaven, the science of the infinite God. It is unique love. There is nothing like it in the universe of God. Language utterly fails to tell its greatness. The Son of God plunged downward from the bosom of the Father to be the world's Redeemer. He became the child of the manger. He was the man of sorrows. He died on Calvary's cross. Was ever love like thine, thou Christ of God? Love for bitterest foes. Such love cannot be told; but much of it may be known. A drop of the ocean tells something of the mighty deep. Oh, heavenly love! Oh, blessed paradox! Oh, wonderful prayer! May we know at least something of this surpassing love!

Lastly the apostle prays that the Ephesian Church might be filled with the fulness of God. This prayer abounds in

Great Petitions,

but this is the greatest of all. The best of the wine was kept for the last of the feast. Who can understand the glorious meaning of this petition? Perhaps the idea of the temple is still present in the apostle's mind. If so, he has spoken of its firm foundations and of its vast dimensions; but the glory of the temple is the indwelling of the deity to whose worship it is erected. The glory of the Lord filled the temple of Solomon. Paul's prayer now is that the Ephesian Church may be filled with God. This is a remarkable petition; it is rich and glorious; it bewilders our judgment; it confounds our reasoning; it causes our imagination to reel, to wonder, to adore. It reminds us of Christ's majestic "we," as given in the passage in John to which we have referred; it reminds us of the exhortation that we should be holy as God is holy, and that we should be partakers of the divine nature. Not many believers are able to come up to the possibilities of this prayer. Some commentators have endeavored to weaken the force of the words by explaining that the apostle meant "so much of God's fulness as is communicable"; but we may be assured that the apostle knew the meaning of the petition which he offers. It is a great thing surely to pray that we should

be full of God; greater still to be filled with the fulness of God; but unspeakably greater to pray that we be filled with all the fulness of God. We would not dare use such words if we had not the apostle's example as our authority. The word "fulness" is a favorite one with this apostle. It is a prayer that we should partake of all the fulness of the Eternal. Dare we offer this prayer? Dare we submit to the crucifixion of sin which it implies? Dare we grasp the thought of the blessings which it includes? Dare we set bounds to the saving power and cleansing grace of the Almighty? Dare we offer this petition that we may receive its fulness of blessing? We ought to pray this prayer oftener. Religion is everything. It is God's divinest gift to man. We live far below our possibilities as sons and daughters of the Almighty. We should be like God. We shall some day be like Christ, for we shall see him as he is. We shall live with him forever. We are here and now sons of God; we are here and now partakers of the divine nature. Here are dignity, nobility, grandeur and glory. Oh, men and women admit Jesus Christ into your hearts to-day, and then all these blessings shall be yours for time and for eternity. Sublimely does this chapter close with a doxology, a doxology which is in harmony with these glorious petitions; a doxology which recognizes that God is able to do all that we ask, and above all, that we ask or even think. Then let this doxology ascend to God, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

AN EVANGELIST'S STORY.

Among the speakers at a recent missionary meeting at Glasgow, was a Kaffir, who is doing work as an evangelist at Lovedale, in Southern Africa. He told the following unadorned story of the conversion of his parents: My mother was a heathen girl. She attracted the notice of a Christian white lady, who became interested in her, and taught her how to read the alphabet, then the spelling-book, and lastly a Kaffir hymn-book. When my mother married a heathen man, she received as presents from this lady the spelling-book and Kaffir hymn-book which she had used, and lastly the lady's own English Bible. After the marriage my father wanted to read them. They had no candle light, but by the flickering light of the wood splinters which they burned, reclining on the mats spread on the floor, the young wife taught her young husband first the alphabet, and then the spelling-book. But his thirst for knowledge did not stop there. "What is that other book?" he asked. It was the Kaffir hymn-book, and when he had been taught to read it, he was not contented, he must learn more, and at his wife's suggestion he went to the missionaries at Lovedale, where he was told they had another book called the New Testament, in the Kaffir language. They taught him how to read it, but they taught him more—they taught him the love of Jesus Christ; and he returned to his native village a saved man. That was how my father was brought to Jesus.

A JEWISH RABBI'S APPEAL.

A common mistake as to the attitude of modern Jews toward Christianity was corrected at the recent Chautauqua Assembly by Rabbi Henry Berkowitz. In the course of a lecture he delivered there he gave utterance to the following remarkable sentiments which will surprise many of our readers as much as they astonished his audience. "I want to say to you, friends, that the fallacy that there is antagonism on the side of a Jew against Christianity should be laid aside once and forever. Let all the religious forces be united and stand shoulder to shoulder that we may go forward in a conquering march against vice, ignorance and superstition. Nowhere in Jewish pulpit or writings will you find that there is hatred of Christianity. Oh, let the crime of 1800 years ago be fully atoned for! The Jew disclaims forever the guilt which has been charged upon him and has been the source of woes that may not be retold. We cannot bow the knee to Jesus, cannot worship him as divine; none the less do we glory in the inspiring example of his life as it has been pictured to the world. His nobility was the highest product of Judaism itself. We are one."

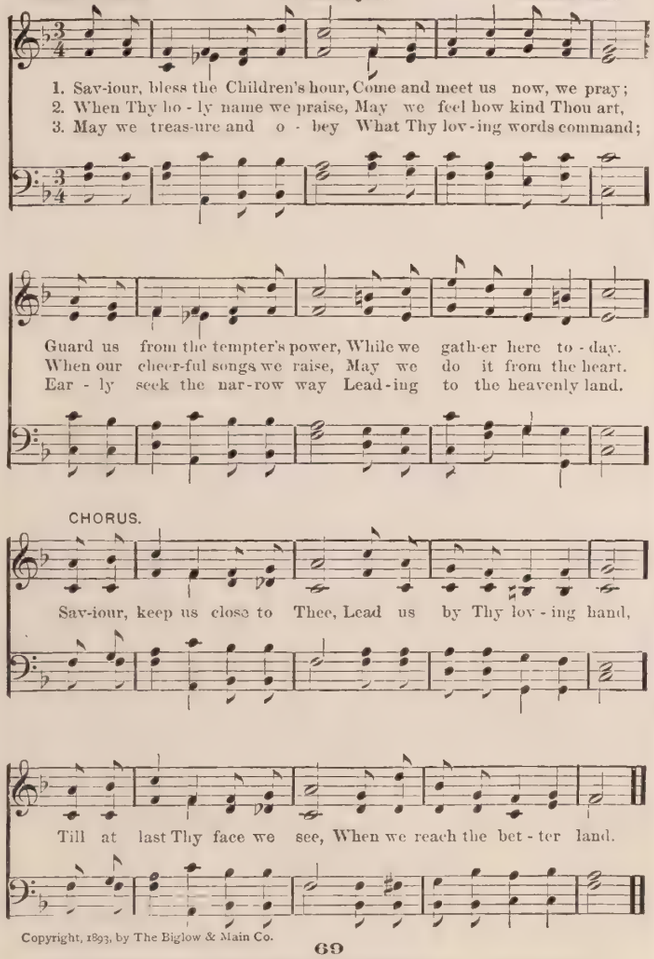
THE OXFORD BIBLE PREMIUM.

Many letters have reached this office inquiring if the Oxford Bible premium offer is still open. The offer will be continued only as long as our supply of these beautiful Bibles lasts. Those desiring to secure the best reference Bible in the world, containing all the Helps, Concordance, Subject-Index, Reference- and colored maps, can do so by sending $2 for a year's subscription to The Christian Herald. To every such subscriber we will send the Oxford Teachers' Bible.

Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

The Children's Hour.

Grace J. Frances. Revelation 3:10. Hubert P. Main.


1. Sav-iour, bless the Children's hour, Come and meet us now, we pray;
2. When Thy ho - ly name we praise, May we feel how kind Thou art,
3. May we treas-ure and o - bey What Thy lov-ing words command;
Guard us from the tempter's power, While we gath-er here to - day.
When our cheer-ful songs we raise, May we do it from the heart.
Ear - ly seek the nar-row way Lead-ing to the heavenly land.
CHORUS.
Sav-iour, keep us close to Thee, Lead us by Thy lov - ing hand,
Till at last Thy face we see, When we reach the bet - ter land.

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From JUNIOR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SONGS, by per of the Publishers.

THE GENTLE ANGEL

What if some morning, when the stars are paling
And the dawn whitened and the East was clear,
Strange peace and rest fell on me from the presence
Of a benignant spirit standing near;

And I should tell him, as he stood beside me,
"This is our Earth—most friendly Earth, and fair;
Daily its sea and shore through sun and shadow
Faithful it turns, robed in its azure air;

"There is blest living here, loving and serving,
And quest of truth, and serene friendships dear;
But stay not, Spirit. Earth has one destroyer,—
His name is Death; flee lest he find thee here?"

And what if then, while the still morning brightened,
And freshened in the elm the summer's breath,
Should gravely smile on me the gentle angel,
And take my hand and say, "My name is Death?"
—Sill.

OUT OF SELF.

Whate'er thou lovest, man,
That, too, become thou must;
As God, if thou lovest God,
As dust if thou lovest dust.
Go out, God will go in,
Die, and thou let him live,
Be not, and he will not be,
Wait, and he'll all things give.

To bring thee to thy God,
Love takes the shortest route;
The way which knowledge leads
Is but a roundabout.
Drive out from thee the world,
And then like God thou'lt be,
A heaven within thyself
In calm eternity.

THE NEARNESS OF HEAVEN.

They whose hearts are whole and strong,
Loving holiness,
Living clean from soil of wrong,
Wearing truth's white dress—
They unto no far-off height
Wearily need climb;
Heaven to them is close in sight
From these shores of time.

Only the anointed eye
Sees in common things—
Gleams dropped daily from the sky;
Heavenly blossomings,
To the hearts where light has birth
Nothing can be drear;
Budding throught the bloom of earth,
Heaven is always near. —Lucy Larcom.

PRECURSORS OF ANTICHRIST.

Who the Kings were of whom John Wrote that tney should be of Antichrist's Order.

BY REV. JOHN STORIE, F. R. S. T.

The heads of the Antichristian kingdom, as we learn from the communication of the angel to John (Rev. 17: 10, 11), were to be seven kings of whom five had fallen before the time of the vision. They had lived and gone; but "the one was;" the seventh, "not yet come." Now he who was then—in or about the year 90 or 95 A. D.—the world's Head, is known. He was the reigning Emperor, Domitian. From him as the last of the six, we must go back to Nebuchadnezzar as the first; and between these two find four whose imperial and imperious reign and character stamp on them the Antichristian mark—fierce, imperious, persecuting, demanding divine worship.

1. Of Nebuchadnezzar, as being a type of the final Antichrist, and the first Head of Antichristian empire, there is distinct intimation. "Thou art this Head of gold," Dan. 2: 38. He is the man who sacked and emptied Jerusalem; "Who burnt the House of the Lord," II. Kings 25: 9; who "caused the sacrifice and the oblation to cease;" Dan. 5: 2-4; who made a golden statue of himself, and commanded all nations, and in special the captive Jews, to fall down and worship under pain of the fiery furnace.

2. Alexander of Macedon, is the next Head in succession of the Great World Empire; and in the speed with which he overran and subdued the East; in his siege of Tyre, Ezek. 26; in his angry march against Jerusalem; in his conquest of Egypt; in his fixed determination to be acknowledged by the High Priest of Jupiter Ammon as the Son of God, and to be worshipped "with the honors of divinity."

3. The third Head was no doubt Antiochus Epiphanes, "the illustrious," who filled the throne of Syria, and resembled so closely in his career that of the predicted Antichrist as to satisfy many, both Jews and Christians, that in him as "the vile person," then as "the wilful king," the predictions in Daniel were fulfilled. He laid siege to Jerusalem and took it; 400,000 of its inhabitants he slew; captured and sold as many more for slaves; entered the sacred recesses of the temple, and polluted by his presence the Holy of Holies; the Books of the Law were rent in pieces and burnt; a great sow sacrificed on the altar of burnt offering; and an ordinance issued that whosoever would not do according to the king's command should die. He was worshipped as a God after his death.

4. The fourth Head may have been the Roman Emperor, Caius Caligula. He commenced his reign with moderation; but soon was attacked by a disorder that seems to have left him a madman or a man possessed. He first declared himself "the one master, the one king;" then he took the names and worship of Pagan deities. Then he had a temple built, and in it "was a golden statue of himself done from the life, which was dressed every day in the same clothes he wore; and there the choicest victims were offered to him.

5. The fifth Head—all seem to have agreed—was the Emperor Nero; "vile," "wilful," "lawless," "bestial." "One of his greatest passions was to be a learned magician;" by a knowledge of the black art to command the demon world. The king of the Parthians knelt before him in worship, saying, "You are my God; and I am come to adore you as I adore the sun; my destiny is to be determined by your supreme and omnipotent will!" Nero replied, "I will make you king of Armenia, that the whole universe may know it belongs to me to give or take away crowns."

The sixth was Domitian, the reigning Emperor, by whom the apostle had been banished to the isle of Patmos. He did not show all his vices at first, but gradually developed into the demoniac and impious king. "He filled the world," as Don Cassius says, "with his statues, and would suffer none to be erected to him in the capitol that were not of gold, or at least of silver, and of a certain weight. Such quantities of victims were sacrificed to him that the streets leading to the capitol were often crowded by them. He commanded all despatches issued in his name to take the form—Our Lord and God commands as follows. . . . . This impious style was observed during his whole reign. None were allowed to write to him, but in these impious terms."

These, then, may be received as the six Heads, the precursors of the final Antichrist. The seventh is yet to come. And it is a fact to be noted and pondered, that, since Domitian, no great monarch has risen, at least within the bounds of the civilized world, professing to be God and requiring worship from men.

THE INNER LIFE.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Sept. 3. Acts 27: 32 36; Ps. 5: 11, 12

How [illegible] the best of things, is the problem propounded for solution. And truly it is an important problem which concerns the vast majority of Christians. Comparatively few of them possess the good things of life. If they enjoy the best of things, it is because they make them so. If they can learn the secret of making the best of adverse circumstances they will have abundant opportunities for using it. The common idea is that the secret consists in the hope of a time coming, when the troubles which now afflict them will cease, and they will have compensation in riches, and power, and ease for all they have endured. They will reach a city whose very streets are paved with gold and where huge jewels abound. Possibly there are minds which would rejoice in the prospect of so great a profusion of wealth! but to the man who has entered into the spirit of Christ the golden crown, the golden harp, the golden pavement and the gates of pearl are not the things that make him strong. The blessedness of heaven is a blessedness of spirit, of heart and of soul, and that blessedness may be had here in such measure as we are capable of enjoying it. The strength and glory of the divine life in the soul are the real heaven, which may be experienced in this life with full fruition in the life to come. It is the presence of that divine life in a man which enables him to make the best of things.

The manifestation and exercise of that life produces faith, so that the Christian is not cast down by adversity. He knows that his life is in God's hands and therefore whatever befalls him is by God's permission, and is sent for his good. He knows that his life is a discipline and an education for eternity and that whatever in it may be painful, is useful and he will try to gain the strength from it which it is capable of imparting and to learn the lesson it is capable of teaching. With such a faith it should not be difficult to be cheerful in adversity. The inner life should also produce hope and joy. The consciousness of sonship is a support that should sustain a man in any trial. Even though the trial should be extended to the uttermost and death, the chief dread of man, come to him, it can but liberate his soul and open to him the gates of life. The knowledge that if he hold fast his faith no evil can hurt *him*—the ultimate *ego*—though it may maim or cripple his body, or strip him of his fortune, ought to give him strength and courage knowing that he is where he is, by divine appointment, he accepts his position cheerfully and looks around him to see what opportunities for usefulness and helpfulness it affords. Doing his duty there, filling the place well that he occupies, realizing that his responsibilities are restricted to his powers, he is troubled by no envy, by no discontent; he is unmoved by life's worries, possessing the peace that the world cannot give, neither can it take away.

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A NEW ENGLAND Y. M. C. A.

On this page we give a picture of the handsome and commodious edifice which is now the home of the Young Men's Christian Association, of New Bedford, Mass. It covers an area of seventy by eighty feet and is centrally situated. The cost of the building was $62,000. The Association which has acquired this beautiful structure for its work is twenty-six years old this year, having been organized in 1867. Although the population of the city is under fifty thousand, the Association has [illegible] are on the active list. It has a well selected library of fourteen hundred volumes and a reading room fully furnished with the current literature of the day. In the basement of the new building extensive provision is made for [illegible]

partment five distinct branches of education are carried on, and a large number of students avail themselves of the facilities afforded. It has besides, a well organized boys' auxiliary, which will doubtless become a productive recruiting ground for the Association. With the new building as a centre of operations a new era of increased prosperity may be looked for.

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A CHINESE LEAGUE.

The value of such an organization as the Epworth League cannot be proved more conclusively than by its adaptability to people in all climes, and of all nationalities. An illustration of this fact appears in a letter which Miss Lydia A. Wilkinson sends from Foochow, China, to the *Epworth Herald*. She says: Our chapter here in Foochow was organized from the League work here as elsewhere. Dear young people in the home land, pray for us here in Foochow that the baptism of the Holy Ghost may be poured out on these young Christians, that they may indeed "let their light so shine" that the Father may be glorified. Truly this great field is "white already to harvest." We are praying "the Lord of the harvest" that he lay his hand upon many consecrated young men and women of America, saying, "Go ye, therefore."

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HOW TO BEGIN.

The following excellent suggestions to young people who are contemplating organizing a Christian Endeavor Society are extracted from a valuable little manual, entitled, *How*, by W. F. McCauley, President of the Ohio Christian Endeavor Union.* Mr. McCauley is an enthusiastic believer in the value of the Society, and his wide experience enables him to give practical advice of the most helpful kind:

The formation of a Christian Endeavor Society should proceed with enthusiasm, yet with carefulness, that the work may be thoroughly done. What is well done is better than what is twice done. Some societies have languished and died, have been reorganized, and then possibly have led weak existences, because of some defect in their organization at first. Prayer in the preparation must not be overlooked. In addition to any suggestions given in this book, there should be divine guidance. The following steps are recommended:

Hold a preliminary meeting and explain the Christian Endeavor idea fully. If possible, have some experienced Endeavorer present. Circulate literature explanatory of the work. Be sure to have a prayer-meeting before you close. There is nothing like having the Endeavor spirit from the beginning.

In organizing, let all who unite sign the pledge. For this purpose, be provided in advance with pledge cards. Appoint committees on nominations and constitution, the pastor on each. Close with a prayer-meeting as before.

If some object to the pledge, show that it is not iron-clad, but love-clad; that announcing a hymn is taking part, if that is all one can do at the first; that the pledge simply requires conscientiousness before God; and that God has filled the Bible with pledges made to us. Be patient with those who will not sign at once; they may do so further on. Some of our best workers hesitated to sign the pledge in the beginning. Do not say that those who are not willing to sign are not Christians. It has been said that "good food for a horse is sawdust and oats—the less sawdust, the better!" So good treatment for unwilling Christians is scolding and information—the less scolding the better!

There will be some Christians who will perhaps desire to compromise, and ask to be admitted to associate membership. This should not be allowed. There is no advantage to Christians in such membership, nor would they suffer deprivation by denying it to them. If their objection to the pledge is that they cannot take part in public, they will be just as well off to look on without being members as to look on as associate members.

After the society is once organized, all new members should be received publicly, by repeating the pledge in concert, led by the president, by signing in the presence of the society, and with singing and prayer. This service will not only impress all with the importance of what has been done, but will prove an efficient way to train members to participate at once in the meetings. The ice should be broken at the first plunge.

* Published by The Standard Publishing Co., Cincinnati, O. 131 pages, price, 50 cents.

The New Building of the Y. M. C. A. of New Bedford, Mass.

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AMONG THE ORDERS.

The prison work carried on by the Young Men's Christian Association at La Crosse, Wis. is proving most encouraging. The young people's societies have united in the movement.

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The corner-stone of the projected building for the Young Men's Christian Association, San Francisco, has been laid with appropriate ceremonies. The exercises were in charge of John J. Valentine.

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The Endeavorers of McCune, Kan., have pledged themselves not to receive or post any mail matter on Sunday, believing, as they do, in the Lord's Day as a day of rest for mail clerks as well as for others.

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The familiar initials "Y. P. S. C. E." have a new explanation invented by Mr. John G. Woolley the famous Temperance evangelist. He regards them as standing for Young People's Society of Crime Extermination.

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The new officers of the Epworth League of the Crawfordsville Ind. District are: President, Rev. H. L. Kindig; Vice-Presidents, W. F. Taylor, Lillie Bayne and Rev. A. W. Wood; Secretary, Rose Sims; Treasurer, Myra Fordyce.

✠

The Young Women's Christian Association of Montreal hus opened a free kindergarten, which is the first to be opened in that city. The Protestant House of Industry and Refuge has placed two of its rooms at the disposal of the Y.W.C.A. managers for the purpose.

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A new branch of the Young Women's Christian Association of Cleveland, Ohio for the West side of the city has been opened at the corner of Pearl and Loraine Streets. Instruction in several branches of education is given there.

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Under a recent provision of the National Council of Young Men's Christian Associations a number of English Soldiers' Associations have been affiliated, and a wide sphere of usefulness has been opened up by the members of Y.M.C.A.'s being brought into direct touch with the English Army.

✠

A Christian Endeavor Society has been organized in connection with the Presbyterian Church at Beechgrove, Washington Co., Ohio. The Society started with an enrolled membership of eighteen. The following officers have been elected: President, Miss H. S. Caywood; Vice-President, Mr. G. O. Schofield; Recording Secretary, Miss Maggie Caywood; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. N. Aiken; Treasurer, Mr. D. V. Hadgers.

✠

At the annual Convention of the Christian Endeavor Societies of West Virginia, recently held at Wheeling, the following officers wese elected: President, Rev. S. H. Doyle, of Moundsville; Recording Secretary, D. N. Boughner, of Clarksburg; Corresponding Secretary, H. T. Elfresh, of Palatine. The Secretary reporred that there are now 106 Young People's Societies in the State, representing eight denominations, and having a total membership of 3,417, an increase of 1,077 the past year. There are ten Junior Societies, with a membership of over 300.

✠

The Floating Society of Christian Endeavor at Oakland, Cal., has received an offer of a building near the Long Wharf in which to carry on its work. The owner offers it at a nominal rent on condition that the Society shall use part of it as a free reading-room for sailors. It was formerly a saloon and on one occasion, when the Floating Society was holding an open-air meeting near it, the saloon-keeper came out and ordered them away. "You will ruin my business," he said, "creating a disturbance around here." His prediction has been fulfilled but not quite in the way he expected.

The Family and Home Circle

The Chained Tiger.

An Incident that Aroused Excitement in an Indian Village—The Man-eater and his Ways

DURING the hunting season in India, many tigers are slain by white and native sportsmen—not a few of them being notorious man-eaters, who have forfeited their lives by their depredations among the native population. Recently, a courageous native succeeded in trapping a fine young tiger, almost full-grown, and after "hobbling" him with chains and stout ropes, he bound him securely to a bamboo carriage and drove him through the villages on exhibition. Crowds gathered around wherever the tiger-cart appeared, but the people kept at a respectful distance, not caring to risk the possibility of an escape. The artist has shown the native and his unique device for chaining the great beast of prey, whose defiant attitude and looks only too clearly prove that the slightest chance of escape would be taken advantage of in an instant. But the wary native hunter has seen to it that the brute is securely fastened and he does not intend that his new source of income shall slip from his grasp, if he can prevent it.

The man-eating tiger is the terror of India—the characteristic beast of prey of that country—and is found everywhere, from the mountain slopes of the Himalayas to the great Sundarban swamps. His human victims are numbered by thousands every year. Although his favorite food would seem to be deer, antelope, and wild hog, which he prefers to domestic cattle, when these fail he will attack human beings without hesitation. Man-eaters are generally old tigers, whose slowness of movement combined with loss of teeth, has unfitted them for the active chase after nimble game. There are well authenticated cases of single animals performing havoc that would appear almost incredible to those who do not know the cruel, persistent, stealthy, bloodthirsty nature of the species. In three years, in one district of India, one tiger killed one hundred and eight people; another made a record of eighty per annum; a third drove the terrified inhabitants from thirteen villages and stopped cultivation in 250 square miles of land, and a fourth slew 127 persons, and blocked a public highway for months until a European laid him low with a well-aimed bullet. The man-eater will not hesitate to venture into the streets of a village, seize his human game at a single bound, grasping it in his formidable jaws and tossing it across his broad shoulders, much as a workman would carry a sack of flour. His burden seemingly does not inconvenience him, for, unless very hotly and courageously pursued, he usually succeeds in getting away safely with the prey into the bush or jungle, where he cannot be followed except at great peril. On the retreat, he runs swiftly with a long, loping, catlike movement.

India, next to Africa, is the hunters' paradise, and of course the tiger receives the largest share of their attention, as befits the royal leader of the denizens of forest and plain. The favorite mode of hunting him is from the back of an elephant or from *machans* (elevated platforms), placed in the boughs of trees. Hunting parties are conducted by *shikaris* or guides to the vicinity of the tiger's retreat. Occasionally the natives succeed in trapping the brutes, either in pitfalls or by the use of skilfully contrived snares or nets in which they become entangled and are powerless. Although large numbers are killed and caught every year, there is no present likelihood of the tiger becoming scarce in India, the dense malarious thickets at the foot of the Himalaya mountains, the jungles of the central plateaus and the extensive swamps surrounding the delta of the Ganges offering a secure retreat and breeding-place, and being almost impenetrable by the hunter.

Tigers vary in size and ferocity according to the climate and their surroundings, the largest, most handsomely striped and probably the fiercest being the royal tiger of the province of Bengal. Full-grown males of the Bengal breed frequently measure ten feet from tip to tip. As a rule, young tigers are more destructive to cattle and game than the older ones, killing apparently for the mere gratification of their cruel and bloodthirsty natures. The Indian government pays a bounty for the head of every tiger killed or captured.

THE CAPTIVE TIGER AND HIS HINDOO MASTER.

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False Standards for the Young.

Writing on the subject of extravagance, Rev. Charless Mitchell, D.D., observes: "It is time for the young man to learn that "wisdom is better than rubies;" that character is worth more than reputation; that honesty is the best policy; that truth is better than falsehood; that sham is dishonest; that paste jewels are lies; that "poverty with contentment is great gain;" that true manhood is worth more than blue blood; and that an honest clerk is more to be honored than a rich knave. It is an easy thing for a young man to spend more in a night than he can earn in a day. More character can be demolished in an evening than can be erected in a life-time. The night's pleasures produced insatiable appetites, and with the new desires came increased weakness of moral fiber. The thoughts during the hours of labor were on the coming pleasures of the hours of leisure. He would have better clothes and more money than his talents could earn. He may have made the friendship of those who had more money at their command than he, and he must not appear mean among such companionship. His clothes must be as new and fashionable, his treats must be as lavish and his tastes as extravagant as theirs. He must keep up appearances. You cannot distinguish the difference between this poor young man and the son of a millionaire by any dissimilarity in attire or ease of manners, as you see them in the street, at the opera, or in the ball-room. The tailor can do for the young man what the dressmaker can do for the young woman."

All of this comes of a false standard in the education of the young. The true education does not aim at the acquisition of property in money and lands, but at acquiring wisdom; it does not seek to make men and women mere grub-worms, with all the vile selfishness of that class, but seeks to develop their nobler natures and to help them fulfil their real mission on earth, which is to live for the glory of their Maker and the loving help of their fellows.

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Helpless Folks.

EVERY once in awhile, says a reverend writer, one comes across a person whose sole aim and object in life appears to be expressed by the remark of a venerable grandmother, who declared that there were many people in the world who were good for nothing but to keep bread from molding. The consumption of the staff of life by such persons is much greater than the careless person would be willing to believe. In all communities we find people who are so useless and so helpless that the wonder is that they have purpose and vitality enough to live. They must always be looked after and waited on and bothered with until life to their associates, especially those who are victims of their peculiarities, becomes almost a burden. It ought to be a criminal offense to bring up children without some clearly-defined, well-learned and useful occupation. At sometime in their lives these dead-weights on society are made to feel that they are a burden; but this, as a rule, is only when age and infirmities have overtaken them.

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Child-Logic.

IT is undeniable that sometimes the little ones do put their elders in a tight place, in casual controversy. One wee maid had a pet cat to which she was so devoted that her mother undertook to chide her. "My dear," she said, "you love your pussy too much. What would you do if she were to die, for you would never see her again." "Oh, yes, mamma," cried the little one, confidently, "I would see my pussy again when I went to heaven." "No, Daisy," said the mother, "animals have no souls, and when they die that is the end of them. They cannot go to heaven like people." The child's eyes filled with tears, but suddenly she exclaimed triumphantly: "Animals do go to heaven, for the Bible says the promised land is flowing with milk and honey, and if there are no animals, where do they get the milk?" It is hardly necessary to add that the debate stopped right there.

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BABY AND I.

TO Slumberland our craft we steer,
Baby and I together.
Slowly but surely our port we near,
Baby and I together.
Where the Dream tree spreads its branches wide
And scatters rare fruit on every side,
Down the twilight river we float along
While lapping waves croon a tender song,
Baby and I together.

A fair little head is drooping low,
Baby and I together,
Gently into the harbor we go,
Baby and I together
Have reached the shores of Slumberland,
By whispering breezes softly fanned;
Amid the fleet that are anchored fast,
Hush! we are safely moored at last,
Baby and I together.

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FRANKNESS WITH CHILDREN.

IN dealing with youths from twelve years upwards, writes J. Mortimer Granville, it is indispensable to assume they have obtained so much knowledge of the world that nothing short of honest truth-telling will secure their confidence. It is idle to speak in riddles about the wickedness of the surroundings and the waywardness of the young and the inexperienced. Probably the less preaching the better, not because "boys will be boys" in going astray, but obstinacy is a prominent element in the character of youth; and if any demonstration be made by a parent or tutor in favor of a particular line of conduct, the boy is almost sure to suppose that the advice tendered is in accord with the feelings of age rather than of youth, and a strong pulling in the opposite direction will then be provoked. The young never give the old credit for remembering their own early aspirations, or for a desire to make the opening years of life as happy as may be for those who follow them. Boys have exaggerated notions of what their fathers did before them — often created by the vain-glorious fashion in which too many well-meaning but ill-advised men of mature years regale their young acquaintances with highly-seasoned narratives of their early exploits. It is only natural that with the passion for adventure strong within them, young folk thus treated should be more powerfully influenced by the example set before them, than by the precept doled out for their guidance.

There is too much prating of morality in the education of the young. A little plain speaking between father and son on the subject of false appearances, Mephistophelean lures, and the humiliating disappointments encountered in pursuit of pleasure, would result in a less frequent repetition of the Faust-like experiences of life. Confidence must always form the basis of the relation between those who give, and those who are expected to take, advice. This is especially necessary when the counsellor is old, and therefore naturally supposed to be satiated with, or perhaps, even, to have had a surfeit of, the enjoyment he condemns. Confidence begets confidence. A prudent confession of the truth about a parent's experience of life would do good service to many a youth setting out on a dangerous path, whereas the little stories of the past he hears half-boastfully narrated by his father or mentioned in a spirit of banter by the latter's compeers only stimulate his appetite for adventure, and urge him on a career where sorrow and regret await him, with bitter disappointments he might well have been spared. If we would have our own experiences turned to account for the benefit of our children, we should adopt the principle of frankness in speaking of them, when we touch them at all.

CHAPTER IV.

FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS.

SOCIETY in the neighborhood of Dangerfield Park experienced a genuine sensation when news came that Mrs. Dangerfield was coming with her family to live at the Park. During the years that had elapsed since her father-in-law's death, she had probably changed much and the young folks who were children then must be pretty well grown-up. Curiosity was rife and there was much speculation among all classes as to the effect on society of the return of the family. Dr. Northesk, who had attended old Mr. Dangerfield and Lady Conway, who had been Mrs. Dangerfield's friend in the old days were especially interested. Lady Conway sought information from her son Norman, who had met Monk and Guy at college.

"So," she said, "the Dangerfields are really coming back to the Park—well I am very glad to hear it. It is high time it was occupied again by its owners. Are you certain, Norman?"

"I am certain that Dangerfield said so. I asked him if he would be this way in vacation time, and he said that the whole family meant to take up their abode at the Park, and make it headquarters for some time to come. He's got an idea that now he is of age he ought to look after the property in person, and I dare say he is right."

Lady Conway made a sign of assent. "Yes, I think he is very right. It is a fine property and might in good hands be made much of. A long minority must have increased its value. Monk Dangerfield, as we all used to call him, must be one of the wealthiest men in the county by this time. He is a nice fellow you say, Norman?"

And the fashionable mother almost unconsciously, perhaps, stole a glance at her daughter Joyce, as she put the careless question.

"O yes, so far as I know, but it is only lately I have come across him. Dangerfield is no such very uncommon name, and it was only by chance we recollected each other as having been playfellows when we were little chaps. He's tall and robust, and awfully good-natured and all that kind of thing, but no genius, you know—rather a muff at his books, I believe, though he has scrambled so far through the schools all right. It's the other fellow who has all the brains of the family by what I can make out."

"Which other one? Do you mean Fulk? He was always thought rather a clever boy, if I remember right."

"No, not Fulk. I mean the cousin—Guy is his name, I think. He has carried everything before him so far. Dangerfield is just as proud of him as if it were himself. They are always about together, live on the same staircase and are a by-word for their attachment to each other. But the cousin has the brains."

"Ah, that must be poor Guy's son—we heard that the widow had been discovered and that she had died, leaving her son to the care of Mrs. Dangerfield. Well, she was just the sort of woman to accept such a trust and carry it out faithfully. I have a great respect for her. I shall be glad to have her for a neighbor once again."

Miss Joyce suddenly looked up from the book she had been reading before the conversation had attracted her notice. "Mamma," she said, "ought not the cousin to be the master of Dangerfield Park, instead of Monk? I thought the son of the eldest son was always the heir, and Monk's father was only the second son."

"Quite true, my dear; but there was no entail, and it was willed away to Monk. Guy Dangerfield offended his father some time before his marriage, and the quarrel was never made up."

"I [illegible] ed Joyce with decision. "Don't you think it's rather tame of him to be such friends with his cousin? It would be much more natural for them to be at daggers drawn."

Norman laughed and stretched his long limbs.

"Alas for the degeneration of the age and race, Joyce! Deadly feuds and secret assassinations are hopelessly out of date. The supplanted and the supplanter are bosom friends, and there seems no hope of any sport to be got out of the situation."

"Which is the elder?"

"I'm sure I don't know—they look much about of an age. They've both got the same name, too, Guy Monkswold. It makes some amusing confusion sometimes between them."

"Old Mr. Dangerfield would never let Monk be called Guy," remarked Joyce. "I remember that Yolante told me so long ago. I wonder what Yolante will be like now. Have you seen her, Norman?"

"No, but I heard that she was up for commemoration. If I saw her I did not know her again. I've not seen her since she was a child, you know."

"We used to be great friends," said Joyce. "I wonder if we shall be now."

"I hope so, my love," said Lady Conway smiling suavely, "I am glad that you should have some more young companions near at hand."

"Yes, if they are nice—but some people are disappointing. I am not going to expect too much. And I don't think one can make friends just because it is expected of one. After all, if I have Cicely Northesk, I do not much care about anybody else."

Something akin to displeasure sat on Lady Conway's brow as she heard this frank avowal, but she made no remark. She was possessed of a daughter who was proving less easy to manage than the elder sisters happily and successfully married off already, and she had tact to know when to speak and when to hold her peace.

"So Cicely is still in the ascendant?" said Norman. "No diminution of sweet enthusiasm, eh, Joyce? And how are all the Northesk household? I suppose I ought to go and pay my respects to them one of these days."

"O, do, and I will go with you," cried Joyce, throwing aside her book. "It would be just the afternoon for a drive, and I will take you into Fordringham myself. We should have plenty of time—"

"But, my dear Joyce, the Northesks don't live in Fordringham."

"O, don't you know? Did I never tell you? Geoffrey Northesk has gone to live in the town, and Cicely has gone with him to keep house for him. You see, when it came to dividing the practice, old Dr. Northesk kept most of his old patients round here, whom he had attended so long, and Geoffrey took the townspeople, who are not so much of old friends and then he was offered a hospital appointment as well — demonstrator or something, I think it is — and so he thought it would be better to have his own rooms, and live more in the midst of his work. And then Cicely, said she would go with him, and take care of him: and now they have found very comfortable quarters in a big old-fashioned house, where they have a whole floor to themselves."

The brother smiled, but he made no objection to the expedition. Geoffrey Northesk was the most intimate friend he had in his native place, and he was always interested in what concerned him. Joyce ran off to prepare for her drive, whilst Lady Conway remarked somewhat incisively:

"I have no wish to interfere in any way with your liberty of action, Norman: but please to remember that I do not wish your sister to be encouraged in her infatuation for the Northesks. I have a great respect for them as our oldest friends, but Joyce carries her enthusiasm beyond all bounds, and now that her friend is living farther away, it will be easier to check the growing friendship unless you foster it injudiciously now that you have come home to live."

Norman looked up with a slight laugh.

"I didn't know there was much growing power left. The friendship seemed to have reached its uttermost growth years ago. I don't know if I quite take you, mother. It has always seemed to me that the Northesk girls have been capital friends for Joyce."

"I have not a word to say against the girls—nor indeed against any member of the family: but you ought to know enough of the world to understand that as things now stand, I cannot permit her to be constantly running after Cicely, as she did when the girl was at home. The thing is self-evident—only one is really afraid to speak a word of caution to Joyce, she has such a trick of flying off in a tangent."

Norman looked at his mother with a languid smile of amusement. He had always reserved to himself the privilege of teasing her somewhat, and as he was an only son, and a son of whom any mother might well be proud, she had never resented this, but on the contrary rather enjoyed it, though there was no other being in the wide world who would have presumed to poke fun at her ladyship. Even her husband in his lifetime had stood somewhat in awe of his stately wife.

"Ah, I see, it is the brother who is the lion in the path. A country town doctor is no fit match for Miss Conway of the Moated Grange. Is that it, mother? And yet seriously the Northesks are as well born as we are, and Geoffrey is without exception the finest and handsomest man I know. I always feel uncommonly small beside him. Is the little girl growing smitten?"

"Really, Norman, how you do exaggerate. Joyce knows the Northesks far too well to have the least nonsense of that kind in her head—and I trust you will not be so foolish as to try and put it there. What I want you to understand and to make her see, is that she cannot go on in the old easy way now that Cisely is keeping house for Geoffrey instead of living at home. Common sense and simple propriety would teach her that if she were not such a hot-headed child, but she listens to advice more patiently from you than from anybody else. I call it very fortunate that the Dangerfields are coming back just now. There are two nice girls amongst them, and no doubt they will help to fill the vacant place in Joyce's life left by the absence of Cicely Northesk."

"Ah exactly, no doubt it will be so. Well, here she comes. Have you ordered the cart? For if you think I am going to walk into Fordringham this hot afternoon, madam, you are very much mistaken."

"I know you too well to expect such a thing. No, I've ordered your machine, and the new horse too—and if you daren't drive him I will," and as, a few minutes later the pair drove off from the door, Norman handling the ribbons in a very workmanlike way, Joyce gave a little sigh of delight and exclaimed in low eager accents:

"O, Norman, it is so delightful to have you home again—and to have you for good. I don't know how it is—I suppose it is my fault—but I don't get on with mamma just quite as well as I should like. Juliet and Mabel did much better: but I have never quite managed it. I am afraid there is something not quite proper about me. I can never see things quite as mamma does, and yet I know that she ought to know best."

Norman gave a quick smiling glance at the bright face beside him, and could not help feeling what an attractive face it was, albeit a little wilful and mutinous in expression. It was not an easy face to describe, and the charm of it lay almost entirely in its vivacity and expressive nobility. The brows were low and level and a little dark and heavy, the wide-open eyes were deeply set and wonderfully quick and observant, whilst the features were somewhat retroussee in character, and only the firm square moulding of the jaw had any particular individuality of its own. But the clear complexion and soft peach-like bloom upon the cheek took away any appearance of hardness suggested by some of the lines, and the bright color that came and went with every passing wave of feeling was wonderfully pretty, as was also the bewitching archness that not unfrequently shone out of the dark gray eyes.

She chatted to her brother with the utmost freedom as they drove through the shady lanes together, till the country became gradually merged in the town, and they found themselves trotting through the wide High street of the place, returning many acknowledgments as they went.

"Go straight on—right through the fashionable part of the town, till we get to those big old-fashioned houses near the river. That is where Geoffrey and Cicely live. Yes, down there. Now I wonder if there will be any one at home. But I shall take you up to see their rooms anyhow. I'm sure you would like them."

However they had come at a fortunate time. Both brother and sister were in—sitting at a sociable tea in the shady bay window that looked towards the river, and very warm was the welcome the guests received.

Cicely Northesk was a great contrast to her friend and fervent admirer, Joyce. She was tall and fair and rather stately in appearance, though when she smiled there was something so sweet and winning in her aspect that the momentary awe she generally inspired at first sight melted away in the light of these soft brown eyes. She would have graced any society, and some people thought her rather thrown away in her present life; but she had never cared very much for the gaieties which attract most girls, and was wont to say that if she had any beauty to boast of, it would be quite as much appreciated by her friends the sick and poor as in a ball room.

As for her brother Geoffrey, Norman Conway had not gone much beyond the mark in his praise of him. He was possessed of one of those rare physiques which win the admiration of foreigners, and his great height, his breadth of shoulder and strength of limb had made him a hero and champion wherever his lot had been cast. He was enthusiastic over his profession, and promised soon to be somewhat engrossed in his work, and though he had never thought himself clever, or won any particular distinctions, he had a nicety of touch and a quick insight into symptoms which promised well for his success both as surgeon and physician. For the present surgery was his special line, but he was keenly interested in the medical side of his profession, too, and already his power of successful diagnosis had been put to some considerable test. Norman and he were old friends and liked each other in an almost brotherly fashion. Some considerable time was spent in discussing the events which had passed since they had last met, and in a survey of the quaint old rooms in which Geoffrey and his sister had established themselves; and it was only after this had been pretty well exhausted that the name of the Dangerfields came up.

"Coming back, are they? And the cousin with them," and then Geoffrey suddenly went off into a brown study which lasted so long that Norman asked him what he was thinking of.

"Of something I heard my father say long ago, when he had just returned from a visit to old Mr. Dangerfield who lay dying. I can't quite recollect the words, but they left a queer impression on my mind. I wonder if Dad would remember about it after all this time."

Joyce looked up laughing.

"A mystery—a mystery—O, Geoffrey, do go on, do try and remember. What was the impression—you can at least remember that?"

"Yes, but it sounds so absurd—the impression was that Mr. Dangerfield had said that Monk would never be the master of the Park. And yet he had drawn up a will leaving it all to him."

"Curious!" said Norman. "Perhaps the old man was wandering."

"Possibly—he was very ill—so ill that our father had felt it necessary to warn him, and to mention his elder son to him, in case he might wish him sent for. When he came home he told me what had passed. He had felt a little puzzled and so was I when he repeated the words. I cannot recall them now: but it was something about Guy's son coming after him—but it might have been a delusion, of course."

"Yes, it almost must have been, for Guy's widow and son were only found and that quite by accident, two years later by Mrs. Dangerfield in London. Well, it will be interesting to see them all again. I wonder if they will have quite forgotten us. We used to be great friends when we were all children together."

Joyce, who had been sitting very silent all this time, suddenly burst out with a question.

"Norman, didn't you say the name was the same? Do you think old Mr. Dangerfield could have meant Guy's son when he made his will?"

"Hadly, as he did not even know of his existence then."

"But are we sure he did not know?"

"Well, practically so, or he would have left some notification of the fact. I'm afraid your romantic little notions about the rightful heir must be destined to disappointment."

"If I were Guy, I would look into it and dispute the will—that would be an excitement for us all."

"If I were you, I would not make a little goose of myself, and try to set tongues wagging," answered Norman, with an undertone of significance not lost upon Joyce. "It's a silly habit to get into of speculating about other people's affairs — especially when it trenches upon an old family quarrel."

And with that brief summing up of the case the subject dropped, and after another half hour of pleasant chat the guests said good-bye, and Norman drove his sister home.

(*To be Continued.*)

Forty Years Among the Zulus.

(Continued from first page

pick up on their field of labor. A singularly beautiful language, not unlike Italian in its abundant use of the vowels, Mr. Tyler considers it, after using it continuously for forty years. It is, he says, very regular and flexible, but poverty-stricken in words that convey moral ideas. Its chief peculiarity is its "clicks," which he thinks the Zulus acquired from intercourse with the Hottentots. The similarity in the sound of some words of very distinct meanings has often led to ludicrous blunders. Mr. Tyler tells the story of a missionary who was so eager to preach that he could not wait for a perfect knowledge of the language and began his sermon by asking, as he supposed, for the attention of his hearers. The proper Zulu word to use for the purpose was *Lalelani*, but the preacher said *Lalani nonke*, which means "Now all go to sleep." A more serious blunder, if the direction had been obeyed, was made by a missionary's wife. She bade a young man who was helping at the mission house kill two ducks and she should have used the word *amadada*, but instead, she used the word *amadoda*. Her helper looked at her in amazement, for unconsciously she had bidden him go and kill, not two *ducks*, but two *men*. It is evident, therefore, that Zulu is not a tongue to be used carelessly.

Leaving Mrs. Tyler behind for a few weeks, Mr. Tyler again entered the bullock-wagon and proceeded a three days' journey northward to Esidumbini, a beautiful valley fifty miles north of Durban. At the close of the third day, the end of the high table land was reached and from its edge a dense thicket like a jungle sloped to a river glistening far away in the distance. There elephants, lions, leopards, buffaloes and hyenas held undisputed sway. On the other side was a wide and fertile valley, dotted as far as eye could reach with the kraals of the Zulus. Pointing to it, Mr. Lindley, who accompanied the new missionary, said, "Brother Tyler, that valley is to be your home: let us take possession of it in the name of King Immanuel." The two men knelt on the ground beside the wagon and prayed. Mr. Lindley besought for his young brother the two blessings of untiring patience and unwavering faith. Many years afterward, Mr. Tyler recalling that prayer, perceived how clearly his comrade understood the qualities which would be most needed in the work.

A site for the new mission house was chosen on the rising ground, the plan marked out and then Mr. Lindley having introduced the newcomer to the chief men of the valley, returned to his distant home in Durban, leaving Mr. Tyler to his own resources. His first business was to secure a shelter until his own home was built. He therefore applied at the nearest kraal and was permitted by its owner to occupy one of its huts. A Zulu kraal is a circle of huts arranged around a palisade, or thorn fence, inside which, cattle, cereals and stores are kept. A king's kraal sometimes has as many as two hundred huts for the accommodation of his soldiers. The private kraals generally consist of only as many huts as the owner has wives and children. The way the huts are made is to fix long tapering poles in the ground in a circle and bend the ends over toward the centre and tie them together with wild vines. Two or three poles are then laid underneath horizontally to support the roof, which is composed of long grass secured by long lithe twigs after the manner of a thatch. The hut then resembles a gigantic bee-hive. The doorway is only two feet high and about three feet wide, so it is necessary to enter on the hands and knees. The floor is made of a glutinous earth, pounded hard and rubbed smooth with stones. It is the pride of a Zulu matron to have the floor of her hut so polished that it would serve as a mirror. In the centre is a saucer-like indentation, surrounded with a ring about six inches high. This is the fireplace and around it the inmates of the hut sit in the evening talking, smoking or singing until bedtime, when they unroll their mats and sleep with their feet to the fire.

Mr. Tyler lived six weeks in one of these kraals, during which he learned much of the language, the habits and the character of the people. Some of his lessons came in the form of dignified reproof. The owner of the kraal administered one of these in characteristic fashion. Mr. Tyler, not liking to creep into his hut on all-fours, offered to put in a door of the height common in civilized countries; but the owner said, "My father entered on his hands and knees and I shall continue to do so and while you are among the Zulus you must do as the Zulus do." Mr. Tyler having to go some distance for material for his house, said to the head-man of the kraal, referring to tools that he was leaving exposed, "Please see that none of them are stolen while I am away." The Zulu looked at him in astonishment. "Where did you come from," he asked, "that you make such a request? We have law here. If a man steals in Zululand he eats no more corn." Mr. Tyler did not think it necessary to tell him that there was law in Massachusetts, too; but he found during his long residence in Zululand that there was a difference in its enforcement not altogether in favor of civilization. He lost nothing by theft during his stay, except cattle and live stock and those were taken by lions or leopards, not by the Zulus. There was much that was hard to bear during those six weeks in the kraal; disgusting habits, filthy customs, drinking, but Mr. Tyler was there to win their hearts and he bore all cheerfully and lost no opportunity of doing acts of kindness to the other inmates of the kraal.

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS IN ZULULAND.

Six weeks sufficed to render his house habitable, and then he sent for his wife and began in earnest the work which he had come to do. He was profoundly convinced, and his forty years' experience has confirmed his belief, that the only sure way to success, is to begin, not with maxims of civilization, but with the Gospel. To tell the story of Jesus and his power to give salvation is the best way to the heathen heart and accomplishes more in the end than teaching the industrial arts. Mr. Tyler has been a close observer, and he declares that every effort to civilize the African before he is Christianized has failed. It was hard work, however, for many years. In surveying the ground and the material with which he must work he found that it was occupied with superstition and no belief that could by any stretch of imagination be called theological. Witchcraft and charms and an idea that the spirits of the dead inhabited snakes and animals comprised their system of theology. Yet there was one aid to the missionary's work which was turned to account. The Zulu knew right from wrong. One of them being asked how he knew the difference, replied, "something within speaks when we do wrong." It was no small encouragement to know that the Zulu understood and recognized the voice of conscience.

The politeness, courtesy, and quick recognition of disinterested kindness, which characterize the Zulu, soon brought Mr. and Mrs. Tyler into friendly relations with the inmates of all the kraals in the valley. They would come to the services and listen to the preaching and would show intelligent interest in what was said, but it was long before any one would accept the new religion. The native shrewdness and penetration were often evinced in searching questions, which would have embarrassed the missionary if his system of theology had not been compactly welded in the schools of the New England of fifty years ago. The same shrewdness was manifested in their ordinary concerns combined with a curious suspicion of motive. Many amusing illustrations of this character are related by Mr. Tyler. On one occasion, he says, Dingaan, the king, consulted the missionary as to his health. The king was suffering from a severe cold and the missionary prescribed a mustard plaster for the chest. The king looked at it suspiciously and ordered it to be applied to the chest of one of his warriors, that he might witness the effect before submitting his own person to the operation. Mr. Tyler found a slight knowledge of medicine very helpful in gaining the confidence of the people, but the chief aid was the school in which Mrs. Tyler labored unweariedly. "It is only a question of time," said one Zulu, "our children are yours; they will all be Christians."

The chief difficulties in the way of winning the adults were their drinking habits, their custom of smoking hemp, and, greatest of all, polygamy. The last mentioned proved the barrier that held back the largest number and it is so still. A man is respected in Zululand in proportion to the number of wives he has. For ten cows he can purchase a wife, and being his, she works for him like a slave. She cultivates the soil and does all the work about the kraal, supporting her lord in comparative idleness. Mr. Tyler rigidly refused, after converts began to come, to admit any polygamist to the church. All wives but one must be put away. It was seldom that the wife regarded it as a hardship. She would have less labor to perform when she lived alone and would not be subject to ill-usage. Sometimes she was glad to return to her father's kraal and live there. But there were cases when they clung to their husbands; and he and they remained out of the church, though attending the services and otherwise leading Christian lives. Many have pleaded that in such cases the husband and his wives should be admitted, but Mr. Tyler contended that the unmarried men, or men with one wife, who had been admitted would surely relapse into polygamy if polygamists were admitted.

In 1871, after twenty-two years continuous labor at Esidumbini, Mr. and Mrs. Tyler paid a brief visit to their native land. Six children had been born to them and four of these they wished to leave here to be educated. A native pastor was placed in charge of the little church of thirty members, that they had gathered, and with many affectionate farewells the faithful missionary and his family sailed homeward. It seemed less home to them than did the valley in Zululand where so long a period had been spent. After a short season, spent in visiting old friends, attending missionary meetings and arranging for their children's welfare, they returned to Africa. Their Esidumbini charge had prospered so well under the native preacher, that, at the request of the Board of Missions, Mr. Tyler consented to leave it in his care to open up new ground at another place. His people demurred, but yielded on condition that he make periodical visits to them. The new station was at Umsunduzi, fifteen miles away, and there the missionaries began again their teaching and preaching. After some sixteen years there, Mr. Tyler suffered the great affliction of his life in the death of his beloved wife and helper. Shut out from civilized society, as they had been for so many years, they had drawn very close to each other, and the death of one was all the more severely felt by the survivor. He struggled on alone, save for the tender and devoted attention of his daughter, for another two years, and then turned his face homeward, having given forty years of his life to the cause of Christ among the Zulus.

A life so full of labor and incident cannot be even summarized in the space at our disposal. It has been possible only to indicate the lines on which it was passed. For a full account of the labors, trials, dangers and successes of which it was so full, we must refer the reader to Mr. Tyler's charming work, *Forty Years among the Zulus*. Its fascinating descriptions of Zulu life and customs, of the wedding ceremonies, funeral rites, strange superstitions, quaint observances and interesting folk-lore stories charm the reader and give him a vivid idea, not only of the land and people, but of missionary life. Its price is $1.25 and it may be obtained of the publishers or of the author, Rev. Josiah Tyler, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

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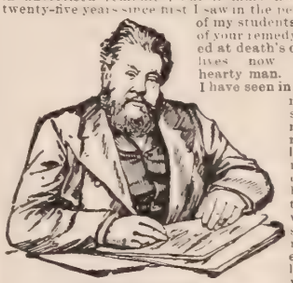
"Yours heartily, (Rev.) C. H. SPURGEON.

"'Westwood,' Beulah Hill, England."



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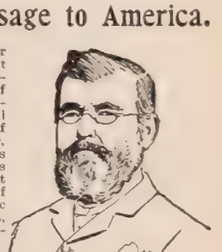

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A HEART DEAD IN SIN.*

EVERY one descended from Adam, consequently is spiritually dead, dead to God, wholly dead in sin: entirely void of the life of God, void of the image of God, of all that righteousness and holiness wherein Adam was created. Instead of this, every man born into the world, now bears the image of the devil, in pride and self-will; the image of the beast, in sensual appetites and desires. While a man is in a mere natural state, before he is born to God, he has, in a spiritual sense, eyes and sees not: a thick veil lies upon them. He has ears but hears not; he is utterly deaf to what he is most of all concerned to hear. His other spiritual senses are all locked up; he is in the same condition as if he had them not. Hence he has no knowledge of God, no intercourse with him; he is not at all acquainted with him. He has no true knowledge of the things of God, either spiritual or eternal. He says unto God depart from us, we desire not the knowledge of thy ways; we do not want to know aught of God, nor what is our duty to him.

The state of nature is a state of utter darkness; a state wherein "darkness covers the earth, and gross darkness the people." The poor unawakened sinner; how much knowledge soever he may have as to other things, has no knowledge of himself; in this respect "he knoweth nothing yet as he ought to know." He knows not that he is a fallen spirit, whose only business in the present world is to recover from his fall, to regain that image of God wherein he was created. He sees no necessity for the "one thing needful," even that inward universal change, that "birth from above," which is the beginning of that total renovation and sanctification of spirit, soul, and body "without which no man can see the Lord."

THE TRUE VALUE OF EDUCATION.†

IT is as an immortal being that education is valuable to man; and civilization, with its refinements, has value just as it develops us into fitness for the dignities and sovereignties of everlasting life. Education, therefore, is not merely or mainly to enable us better to make dollars, or to enjoy our ease in this life; but to impart to us ideas, taste, knowledge and wisdom that shall lead us into eternal fellowship with the beauty of goodness and holiness. It is to teach us the alphabet and the structure and combinations of the language of immortality, and to graduate us out of the schools of books and technicalities into the schools of actual life, where, mastering higher problems and attaining to grander developments in the College of Experience, we may be finally graduated, in the great commencement day, as worthy to stand among the bright immortals in the paradise of God. Let us dismiss, then, this unseemly ambition to obtain an education that will merely serve utilitarian purposes in this life—an education whose value can be estimated by dollars and cents; and desire rather to gather all knowledge that can make the soul pure and brave and wise and loving and holy, and start it on paths of inquiry, whether in the realms of physics or metaphysics, in pursuing which it may rise to God-like grandeur and blessedness, and aspire to glory, honor and immortality.

What is the ultimate purpose of my life, and to what end am I to direct the educational forces now in my possession? That is the question which awaits your answer. I will not conceal from you that the answer is attended with difficulties. To the uneducated mind, accustomed blindly to revere the tradi- [illegible] to generation in the family, it may offer no difficulty. But to the educated mind—to the ear [illegible] and made familiar with the bold researches of [illegible] everything—even the mind and heart and con- [illegible]

* [illegible] dard Publishing Co., Cincinnati, publishers.

science of man—in the iron chains of blind necessity, it is not so easy a task to settle upon fixed principles in morals and religion, and start out upon life with a definite and untrembling faith. It is all the more difficult because students get just such a smattering of these teachings as to unsettle their faith, but not enough to recover them from the paralysis and enable them to rest on their faith all the more firmly because it has been assaulted in vain.

COULD NOT SPARE THE RING.

AMONG some reminiscences of the late Lord Raglan who commanded the British forces in the Crimea, is the following incident: When a young man, Raglan was riding from the terrible field of Waterloo, when his elbow was shattered by a stray shot. Refusing to dismount, he rode into the village of Waterloo. Here he was taken to the Duke of Wellington's quarters, and into a room where two wounded officers already lay. One of these, the Prince of Orange, afterwards said that not a word or a groan told of the arrival of the new patient, and that he had no idea Lord Raglan was present till he suddenly heard him call out in his usual tones: "Hallo! dont carry away that arm until I have taken off my ring!" The ring was the gift of his wife, and, even in the midst of his sufferings, Lord Raglan was unwilling to part with it. But all the pain of his wound, and of the amputation that removed his arm, had been patiently borne in silence.

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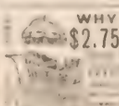

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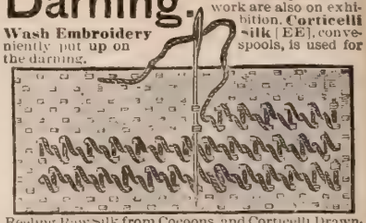

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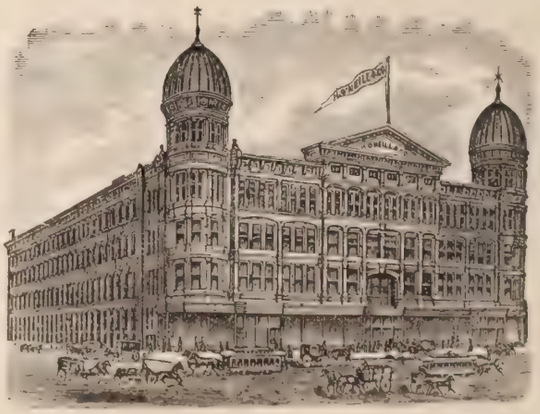

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The Cry of the Nations.

A Famous Lady Traveller Tells How She Was Converted to the Value of Missions.

AT a recent conference of the Student Volunteer Missionary Society, Mrs. Bishop, the famous traveller, who has just returned from an exploring tour in North Eastern Asia, gave a remarkable address. After being abroad for two years, hearing nothing of what was going on in Christendom, she said she returned to civilization, and discovered to her joy that the missionary spirit was rising, and had greatly risen during those two years. The modern growth of medical missions—there are now 169 missionaries abroad holding medical diplomas, and nineteen of them women—is a remarkable fact. Of the value of medical missions, Mrs. Bishop spoke very highly. But while thanking God for what has been accomplished, she felt impressed more by the magnitude of the task and the enormous area of the unenlightened world, than by what has been achieved. For four and a half years it was her fortune to travel in Asia, and to come in contact with Buddhism, Hindooism, Shintooism and Islamism. All these systems seem to present an impenetrable wall against the advances of Christianity; though we know the wall is not impregnable. Except in Japan, she could not say that she had seen large results. But she had seen an enormous amount of self-denying toil on the part of those who are carrying the Gospel to the heathen, and she could not speak too highly from the traveler's point of view, and from extensive observations in all parts of Asia, of the labors of Christian men and women in the regions where she had traveled.

"I am a convert," said Mrs. Bishop, "to missions through seeing missions and the need for them. Some years ago I took no interest whatever in the condition of the heathen. I had heard much ridicule cast upon Christian missions, and perhaps had imbibed some of the unhallowed spirit. But the missionaries by their lives and character, and by the work they are doing wherever I have seen them, have produced in my mind such a change and such an enthusiasm, as I might almost express it, in favor of Christian missions, that I cannot go anywhere without speaking about them and trying to influence others in their favor who may be indifferent as I was before I went among heathen countries."

As to the condition of women in Eastern countries, the speaker said she had had unusual opportunities of seeing that, and she had found that the life of an Oriental woman is really without hope in the world. They lead a degraded life in which the intellect is dwarfed. While the circumstances of their lives develop fierce passions of hatred, jealousy and intrigue, their better natures are stunted, and in intelligence they are little better than a child of eight or nine years old with us would be. Having with her a medicine chest, which she often used in the relief of various ailments, Mrs. Bishop said that women had come to her hundreds of times and asked for something to make a favorite wife look ugly or odious, or to destroy a favorite wife or the favorite son of a favorite wife. She really thought that the position of woman in Mohammedan countries is more degraded than in the heathen lands she had visited. We may well be broken-hearted and agonize in prayer over the pitiable condition of our sisters in these non-Christian countries. All this, of course, involves the degradation of the men. She looked forward to the day when in those Eastern lands the work of Christian women among women should turn out to be the great elevating and evangelizing agency.

As to political and social oppression and corruption, Mrs. Bishop declared she thought that Persia is worse even than Turkey. Persia is one seething mass of corruption, political, social and moral, from the highest officials downwards, and the peasants are ground down to the very limit of starvation. Enlightened Mohammedans admit that their country is perishing through sheer corruption. As to the preponderating influences of the false faiths of those countries where she had traveled, her conviction is that it is no exaggeration to say that they are "sensual and devilish."

In her travels the paucity of missionary workers had impressed itself on her as a terrible fact. From the frontiers of China proper to the waters of Babylon, she had not found a single witness for Jesus Christ. Central Asia is without a missionary. Arabia is almost in the same destitute condition. Persia is without missionaries, except at the northwestern corner. A great part of Turkey is without workers. As for Thibet, even that part of it which can be freely entered is virtually without a witness for Christ.

Revisiting Old Fields.

Evangelist Harrison Tells of his Summer Experiences in Gospel Work.

WRITING to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from Springfield, Ills., under recent date, Rev. Thomas Harrison, the wellknown evangelist, tells of visits lately paid to a number of points at which in former years his spiritual ministrations were greatly blessed. He says:

"One of the old fields returned to was Wharton Street, Philadelphia, where I worked in 1879, when 1,200 were at the altar. It was a comfort to me to be with my old friend of those other years, the Rev. Dr. Vernon, present pastor of Wharton St. Church. The night I preached for him the Holy Spirit was manifest. After closing there, I visited Washington, and was at Ryland Church, where I labored in 1878. Here I met some of the old Saints, and was refreshed in spirit by the renewal of former friendships. Thence I went to Red Rock, Minnesota. Ten years ago I conducted services at this camp. I found the presiding elders, preachers, and people with me in faith and devotion to the work. The meeting was at times a Pentecost, and there were many happy conversions. Next came St. Paul, Minn. After the camp-meeting, at the request of Rev. F. Doran, Central Park M. E. Church, St. Paul, I remained over to preach Sabbath night for him. The altar and three pews were crowded after the sermon, and it seemed that the entire congregation was seeking religion. It was with this society that I labored in 1882, with the Rev. Dr. Marshall, and it was refreshing to be with these people once more.

"Next Sabbath I spent in Springfield, Ill., where I labored seven years ago, and preached to crowded audiences morning and night, holding reunion services with Rev. Mr. Randle. At the altar of this church in 1887, 2,240 bowed as seekers of religion.

"I have been reminded by this return to former fields, that this is a dying world. About a hundred converts have died since I was last in Springfield. Some of the standard-bearers have laid away the weapons of their warfare, and have gained the victory, but they all died well. I am now on my way to the Des Plaines, Chicago, Ill. Camp-Meeting. We gained a victory in this field years ago, and the indications point to a like glorious time."

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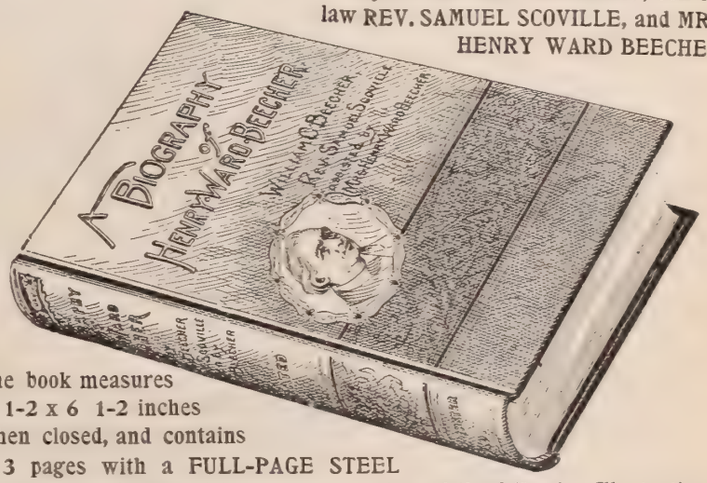
by his son WM. C. BEECHER; son-in-law REV. SAMUEL SCOVILLE, and MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.



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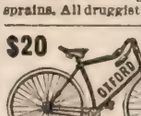

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

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VOLUME 16. NUMBER 35.

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REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor. Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 30, 1893.

PRICE, 5 CENTS. Annual Subscription, $1.50

Bethlehem Bead-makers.

Skilled Workmen in Mother-of-Pearl, Olive and Oak who, with very Primitive Tools, Produce Articles of Rare Beauty.

FEW travellers visit Palestine without bringing back some pretty souvenir from Bethlehem, which, next to the Sacred City itself, is the greatest centre of interest to the sight-seer in the Holy Land. The artisans of the City of David are famous throughout the East for their skill in carving, and specimens of their handiwork in olive, oak, and mother-of-pearl — which they carve into beautiful crosses, paper-knives, decorative boxes, and prayer-beads,— find their way to the most distant parts of the globe. Our illustration shows a Bethlehem bead-maker at work beside the door of his home, while his wife and child sit by, observing his skilful manipulation of the very primitive bead-turning machine. His principal material is mother-of-pearl, from the Red Sea, which comes to him in small blocks, put up in canvas sacks by agents in Jeddah, and which sells at about $10 per Egyptian cantar, equal to thirty-five pounds. He can purchase bone very cheaply, and olive-wood is even cheaper; indeed, bead-makers and carvers usually own small groves of olive trees, the wood of which they use in their business. If other woods, such as oak, are needed, a walk of an hour or two in almost any direction will bring the worker to forest lands, where he can readily obtain all he requires, for the mere cost of cutting.

Economy and frugality are characteristics of Eastern homes of the humbler sort; hence, a bead-maker reckons that the income from the sale of the prayer-beads manufactured from a single cantar of mother-of-pearl, with the usual quantity of bone and wood included, will be quite enough to support him and his family for a whole year. His tools can hardly be valued at more than $5, and he can thus start in business with a very limited capital. His chief implement is the *malzama*, or vise, which holds the material, while he pierces it with a peculiar tool, and gradually transforms it into different shapes. It is this part of the operation that is shown in the picture. To the left of the workman is a basin for holding the finished beads, the raw material being on his right. In this attitude the bead-maker will work steadily all day long, pausing only for a few moments to eat his simple meal of *mjaddarah*, a dish composed of rice, lentils and bread.

Skilled workers from Bethlehem frequently travel to other countries in the pursuit of their calling. Numbers have visited Europe where they have been able to dispose of their wares to better advantage than at home, and those who remain do quite a thriving business in exporting prayer-beads, crosses, and similar trinkets, especially to Catholic countries. In the Holy Land pilgrims of all creeds buy these articles and cherish them solely as pretty specimens of Oriental craftsmanship and as reminders of their visit to the sacred city of the Saviour's nativity. It is said that Peter the Hermit, who conducted one of the great Crusades to the Holy Land, was the first to introduce beads as an adjunct to religious worship. The Saxon word *bede* signifies "a prayer;" a "bead-roll" was a list of people who were to be prayed for, while a "beadsman" was one who prayed for others. These and similar customs were confined to the Romish Church, and while they may have had their uses in early times, when dense ignorance prevailed among the common people, and their attention and thoughts could only be fixed by visible symbols, they have never been discarded, but are still part and parcel of its mummeries. Every year, thousands of strings of beads, or *chaplets*, are maufactured by the Bethlehem workers and ultimately find their way into the possession of Romanists who use them as rosaries, holding them as almost sacred things. The poor bead-turner of Palestine, as he drills and polishes his nugget of mother-of-pearl from the Red Sea, would be dazzled were he to know of the high prices his pretty treasures sometimes bring in Europe and America.

Although bead-making may be regarded as the principal industry in Bethlehem, there are many other occupations in which the natives of that city are specially skilled. Masons, weavers, shoemakers, blacksmiths and carpenters abound. Carvers and souvenir-makers drive a profitable trade among visitors, and the ear-rings, necklaces and bracelets made by the silversmiths of Bethlehem are sold widely among the neighboring towns and villages, partly for money and partly in exchange for corn, fruit, and other articles.

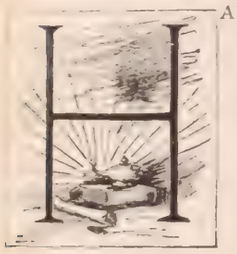
A BEAD-MAKER OF BETHLEHEM.

From a photograph brought from the Holy Land by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

The Tabernacle Pulpit

A BOTTLE OF TEARS.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., Founded on the Text: Psalms 56: 8, "Put thou my tears into thy bottle."



HARDLY a mail has come to me for twenty years that has not contained letters saying that my sermons have comforted the writers of those letters. I have not this summer nor for twenty years spoken on the platform of any out-door meeting, but coming down I have been told by hundreds of people the same thing. So I think I will keep on trying to be a "Son of Consolation."

The prayer of my text was pressed out of David's soul by innumerable calamities; but it is just as appropriate for the distressed of all ages. Within the past century, travellers and antiquarians have explored the ruins of many of the ancient cities, and from the very heart of those buried splendors of other days have been brought up evidences of customs that long ago vanished from the world. From among tombs of those ages have been brought up lachrymatories, or lachrymals, which are vials made of earthenware. It was the custom for the ancients to catch the tears that they wept over their dead in a bottle, and to place that bottle in the graves of the departed; and we have many specimens of the ancient lachrymatories, or tear-bottles, in our museums.

When on the way from the Holy Land our ship touched at Cyprus, we went back into the hills of that island and bought tear-bottles which the natives had dug out of the ruins of the old city. There is nothing more suggestive to me than the tear-bottles which I brought home and put among my curiosities. That was the kind of bottle that my text alludes to, when David cries, "Put thou my tears into thy bottle."

The text intimates that God has an intimate acquaintance and perpetual remembrance of all our griefs, and a vial, or lachrymatory, or bottle, in which he catches and saves our tears; and I bring to you the condolence of this Christian sentiment. Why talk about grief? Alas! the world has its pangs, and now, while I speak, there are thick darknesses of soul that need to be lifted. There are many who are about to break under the assault of temptation, and perchance, if no words appropriate to their case be uttered, they perish. I come on no fool's errand. Put upon your wounds no salve [illegible] pressing straight to the mark, I hail you as a vessel mid-sea cries to a passing craft, "Ship ahoy!" and invite you on board a vessel which has Faith for a rudder, and Prayer for sails, and Christ for Captain, and Heaven for an eternal harbor. Catherine Rheinfeldt, a Prussian, keeps a boat with which she rescues the drowning. When a storm comes on the coast and other people go to their beds to rest, she puts out in her boat for the relief of the distressed, and hundreds of the drowning has she brought safely to the beach. In this life-boat of the Gospel I put out to-day, hoping, by God's help, to bring ashore at least one soul that may now be sinking in the billows of temptation and trouble. The tears that were once caught in the lachrymatories brought up from Herculaneum and Pompeii are all gone, and the bottle is as dry as the scoria of the volcano that submerged them! but not so with the bottle in which God gathers all our tears.

First, I remark that God keeps perpetually the tears of repentance. Many a man has awakened in the morning so wretched from the night's debauch that he has sobbed and wept. Pains in the head, aching in the eyes, sick at heart, and unfit to step into the light. He grieves, not about his misdoing, but only about its consequences. God makes no record of such weeping. Of all the million tears that have gushed as the result of such misdemeanor, not one ever got into God's bottle. They dried on the fevered cheek, or were dashed down by the bloated hand, or fell into the red wine cup as it came again to the lips, foaming with still worse intoxication. But when a man is sorry for his past and tries to do better—when he mourns his wasted advantages and bemoans his rejection of God's mercy, and cries amid the lacerations of an aroused conscience for help out of his terrible predicament, then God listens; then heaven bows down; then sceptres of pardon are extended from the throne; then his crying rends the heart of heavenly compassion; then his tears are caught in God's bottle.

You know the story of Paradise and the Peri. I think it might be put to higher adaptation. An angel starts from the throne of God to find what thing it can on the earth worthy of being carried back to heaven. It goes down through the gold and silver mines of earth, but finds nothing worthy of transportation to the Celestial City. It goes down through the depths of the sea, where the pearls lie, and finds nothing worthy of taking back to heaven. But coming to the foot of a mountain it sees a wanderer weeping over his evil ways. The tears of the prodigal start, but do not fall to the ground, for the angel's wing catches them, and with that treasure speeds back to heaven. God sees the angel coming, and says, "Behold the brightest gem of earth, and the brightest jewel of heaven—the tear of a sinner's repentance."

Oh! when I see the Heavenly Shepherd bringing a lamb from the wilderness; when I hear the quick tread of the prodigal hastening home to find his father; when I see a sailor-boy coming on the wharf, and hurrying away to beg his mother's pardon for long neglect and unkindness; when I see the houseless coming to God for shelter, and the wretched and the vile, and the sin burned, and the passion-blasted appealing for mercy to a compassionate God, I exclaim in ecstacy and triumph: "More tears for God's bottle!"

Again, God keeps a tender remembrance of all your sicknesses. How many of you are thoroughly sound in body? Not one out of ten! I do not exaggerate. The vast majority of the race are constant subjects of ailments. There is some one form of disease that you are particularly subject to. You have a weak side, or back, or are subject to headaches, or faintnesses, or lungs easily distressed. It would not take a very strong blow to shiver the golden bowl of life, or break the pitcher at the fountain. Many of you have kept on in life through sheer force of will. You think no one can understand your distresses. Perhaps you look strong, and it is supposed that you are a hypochondriac. They say you are nervous—as if that were nothing! God have mercy upon any man or woman that is nervous! At times you sit alone in your room. Friends do not come. You feel an indescribable loneliness in your sufferings: but God knows; God feels; God compassionates. He counts the sleepless nights; he regards the acuteness of the pain; he estimates the hardness of the breathing. While you pour out the medicine from the bottle, and count the drops, God counts all your falling tears. As you look at the vials, filled with nauseous draughts, and at the bottles of distasteful tonic that stand on the shelf, remember that there is a larger bottle than these, which is filled with no mixture by earthly apothecaries, but it is God's bottle, in which he hath gathered all our tears.

Again: God remembers all the sorrows of poverty. There is much want that never comes to inspection. The deacons of the church never see it. The comptrollers of almshouses never report it. It comes not to church, for it has no appropriate apparel. It makes no appeal for help, but chooses rather to suffer than expose its bitterness. Fathers who fail to gain a livelihood, so that they and their children submit to constant privation; sewing-women, who cannot ply the needle quick enough to earn them shelter and bread. But whether reported or uncomplaining, whether in seemingly comfortable parlor, or in damp cellar, or in hot garret, God's angels of mercy are on the watch. This moment those griefs are being collected. Down on the back streets, in all the alleys, amid shanties and log-cabins, the work goes on. Tears of want—seething in summer's heat, or freezing in winter's cold—they fall not unheeded. They are jewels for heaven's casket. They are pledges of Divine sympathy. They are tears for God's bottle.

Again: the Lord preserves the remembrance of all paternal anxieties. You see a man from the most infamous surroundings step out into the kingdom of God. He has heard no sermon. He has received no startling providential warning. What brought him to this new mind? This is the secret: God looked over the bottle in which he gathers the tears of his people, and he saw a parental tear in that bottle which has been for forty years unanswered. He said "Go to, now; and let me answer that tear!" and forthwith the wanderer is brought home to God. Oh, this work of training children for God! It is a tremendous work. Some people think it easy. They have never tried it. A child is placed in the arms of the young parent. It is a beautiful plaything. You look into the laughing eyes. You examine the dimples in the feet. You wonder at its exquisite organism. Beautiful plaything! But on some nightfall, as you sit rocking that little one, a voice seems to fall straight from the throne of God, saying, "That child is immortal! The stars shall die, but that is an immortal! Suns shall grow old with age and perish, but that is an immortal!"

Now I know with many of you this is the chief anxiety. You earnestly wish your children to grow up rightly, but you find it hard work to make them do as you wish. You check their temper. You correct their waywardness: in the midnight your pillow is wet with weeping. You have wrestled with God in agony for the salvation of your children. You ask me if all that anxiety has been ineffectual. I answer: No. God understands your heart. He understands how hard you have tried to make that daughter do right, though she is so very petulant and reckless; and what pains you have bestowed in teaching that son to walk in the path of uprightness, though he has such strong proclivities for dissipation. I speak a cheering word. God heard every counsel you ever offered him. God has known all the sleepless nights you have ever passed. God has seen every sinking of your distressed spirit. God remembers your prayers. He keeps eternal record of your anxieties; and in his lachrymatory, not such as stood in ancient tomb, but in one that glows and glitters beside the throne of God, he holds all those exhausting tears. The grass may be rank upon your graves and the letters upon your tombstone defaced with the elements before the Divine response will come; but he who hath declared, "I will be a God to thee, and to thy seed after thee," will not forget; and some day, in heaven, while you are ranging the fields of light, the gates of pearl will swing back, and garlanded with glory, that long wayward one will rush into your outstretched arms of welcome and triumph. The hills may depart and the earth may burn, and the stars fall and time perish, but God will break his oath and trample upon his promises—never! never!

Again, God keeps a perpetual remembrance of all bereavements. These are the trials that cleave the soul, and throw the red hearts of men to be crushed in the wine-press. Troubles at the store you may leave at the store. Misrepresentation and abuse of the world you may leave on the street where you found them. The law-suit that would swallow your honest accumulations may be left in the court-room. But bereavements are home troubles, and there is no escape from them. You will see that vacant chair. Your eye will catch at the suggestive picture. You cannot fly the presence of such ills. You go to Switzerland to get clear of them, but more sure-footed than the mule that takes you up the Alps, your troubles climb to the tip-top, and sit shivering on the glaciers. You may cross the seas, but they can outsail the swiftest steamer. You may take caravan, and put out across the Arabian desert but they follow you like a simoom, armed with suffocation. You plunge into the Mammoth Cave, but they hang like stalactites from the roof of the great cavern. They stand behind with skeleton fingers to push you ahead. They stand before you to throw you back. They run upon you like reckless horsemen. They charge upon you with gleaming spear. They seem to come hap-hazard, scattering shots from the gun of a careless sportsman. But not so. It is good aim that sends them just right; for God is the archer. This summer many of you will especially feel your grief as you go to places where once you were accompanied by those who are gone now. Your troubles will follow you to the seashore, and will keep up with the lighting express in which you speed away. Or, tarrying at home, they will sit beside you by day, and whisper over your pillow night after night. I want to assure you that you are not left alone; and that your weeping is heard in heaven. You will wander among the hills and say, "Up this hill, last year, our boy climbed with great glee, and waved his cap from the top;" or, "This is the place where our little girl put flowers in her hair, and looked up in her mother's face," until every drop of blood in your heart tingled with gladness, and you thanked God with a thrill of rapture; and you look around as much as to say: "Who dashed out that light? Who filled this cup with gall? What blast froze up these foun-

tains of the heart?" Some of you have lost your parents within the last twelve months. Their prayers for you are ended. You take up their picture, and try to call back the kindness that once looked out from those old, wrinkled faces, and spoke in such a tremulous voice; and you say it is a good picture, but all the while you feel that, after all, it does not do justice; and you would give almost anything—you would cross the sea, you would walk the earth over—to hear just one word from those lips that a few months ago used to call you by your first name, though so long you yourself have been a parent. Now, you have done your best to hide your grief. You smile when you do not feel like it. But though you may deceive the world, God knows. He looks down upon the empty cradle, upon the desolated nursery, upon the stricken home, and upon the broken heart, and says: "This is the way I thresh the wheat; this is the way I scour my jewels! Cast thy burden on my arm and I will sustain you. All those tears I have gathered into my bottle!"

But what is the use of having so many tears in God's lachrymatory? In that great casket or vase, why does God preserve all your troubles? Through all the ages of eternity, what use of a great collection of tears? I do not know that they will be kept there for ever. I do not know but that in some distant age of heaven an angel of God may look into the bottle and find it as empty of tears as the lachrymals of earthenware dug up from the ancient city. Where have the tears gone to? What sprite of hell hath been invading God's palace, and hath robbed the lachrymatories? None. These were sanctified sorrows, and those tears were changed into pearls that are now set in the crowns and robes of the ransomed. I walk up to examine this heavenly coronet, gleaming brighter than the sun, and cry, "From what river-depths of heaven were those gems gathered?" and a thousand voices reply, "These are transmuted tears from God's bottle." I see sceptres of light stretched down from the throne of those who on earth were trod on of men; and in every sceptre-point, and inlaid in every ivory stair of golden throne, I behold an indescribable richness and lustre, and cry, "From whence this streaming light—these flashing pearls?" and the voices of the elders before the throne, and of the martyrs under the altar, and of the hundred and forty and four thousand radiant on the glassy sea, exclaim, "Transmuted tears from God's bottle."

Let the ages of heaven roll on — the story of earth's pomp and pride long ago ended; the Koh-i-noor diamonds that make kings proud, the precious stones that adorned Persian tiara and flamed in the robes of Babylonian processions, forgotten; the Golconda mines charred in the last conflagration; but firm as the everlasting hills, and pure as the light that streams from the throne, and bright as the river that flows from the eternal rock, shall gleam, shall sparkle, shall flame for ever these transmuted tears of God's bottle.

Meanwhile, let the empty lachrymatory of heaven stand for ever. Let no hand touch it. Let no wing strike it. Let no collision crack it. Purer than beryl or chrysoprasus. Let it stand on the step of Jehovah's throne and under the arch of the unfading rainbow. Passing down the corridors of the palace, the redeemed of earth shall glance at it, and think of all the earthly troubles from which they were delivered, and say, each to each, "That is what we heard of on earth." "That is what the Psalmist spoke of." "There once were put our tears." "That is God's bottle." And while standing there inspecting this richest inlaid vase of heaven, the towers of the palace dome strike up this silvery chime: "God hath wiped away all tears from all faces. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

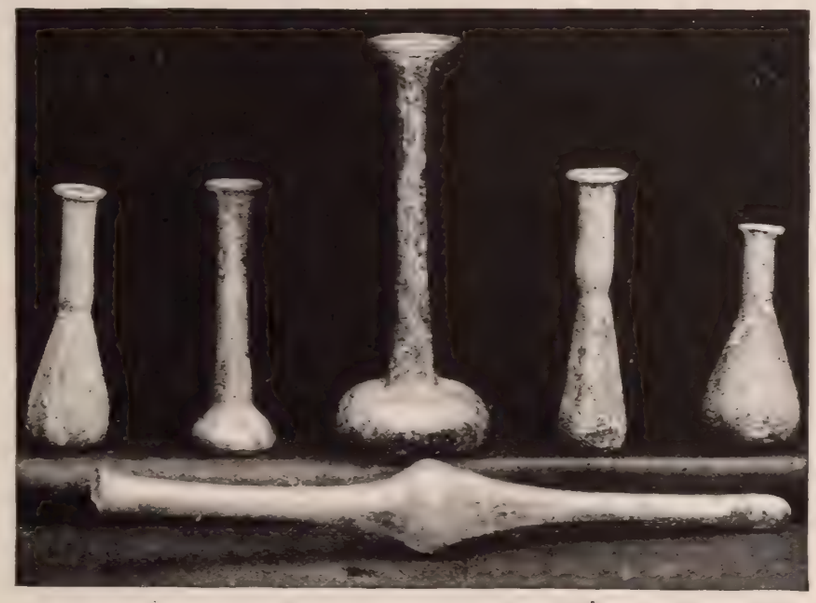
TREASURED TEARS

In some districts of the Tyrol a quaint custom prevails which is singularly like the ancient Oriental custom of collecting the tears of mourners in bottles and preserving them, to which allusion is made in Psalms 56: 8, where David prays, "Put thou my tears into thy bottle." A traveller who has spent some months among the peasantry in that lovely district between Austria and Italy says that when a Tyrolean girl is about to be married and before she leaves her home to go to church, her mother hands her a handkerchief, which is called a tear-kerchief.

It is always made of newly-spun linen, and has never been used. It is with this kerchief that she dries her tears when she leaves her father's house, and while she stands at the altar. After the marriage is over, and the bride has gone with her husband to their new home, she folds up the kerchief and places it unwashed in her linen-closet, where it remains untouched. The tear-kerchief has only performed half its mission. Children are born, grow up, marry and move away from the old home. Each daughter receives from the mother a new tear-kerchief.

Her own kerchief still remains where it was placed in the linen-closet on the day of the marriage. Generations come and go. The young, rosy bride has become a wrinkled old lady. She may have survived her husband and all her children. All her friends may have died off, and still that last present which she received from her mother has not fulfilled its object. But it comes at last. At last the weary eyes close for a long, long sleep, and the tired wrinkled hands are folded over the pulseless heart. Then the tear-kerchief is put to the use for which it has been saved all those years. It is taken from its place and spread over the placid features of the dead before being laid away in the tomb.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people



ANCIENT TEAR-BOTTLES OF PHŒNICIAN GLASS.

Recently excavated near Nazareth, and believed to be over 2,300 years old. Photographed from the Originals for "The Christian Herald"

Japan Waiting.

Dr. Davis's Tour through the Unevangelized Districts of Japan—Buddhist Opposition.

IN the current number of the *Missionary Herald*, Dr. Davis of the American Board gives the following description of Japanese society as he observed it during a recent tour: My journey through the province of Eichigo has impressed me deeply with the fact that "there remaineth yet very much land to be possessed" in Japan. This is one of the largest and richest provinces in the empire, and its fertile, level, alluvial plains are about seventy miles long and twenty miles wide, besides its rich mountain valleys. It contains a population of a million and a half. Niigata, one of the five open ports of Japan, is near the centre of its coast, and missionaries are free to tour throughout nearly the whole province without passports. The Kumi-ai churches have an evangelist in Kashiwazaki, toward the northern end of the province, a city of 15,000; another in Nagaoka, forty miles south of Niigata, a city of 30,000; one in Shibata, twenty miles east of Niigata, a town of 20,000 people; one at Nakaojo, ten miles farther away; and one at Gosen, also inland; while in Niigata is a church without a pastor at the present time. The Presbyterians have an evangelist in the extreme southwest, one at Nagaoka, and one in Niigata; this is all the Protestant force there is at work in the province. We have two families and one unmarried lady located at Niigata. There are cities of 10,000 people and hundreds of towns and villages where nothing is being done.

Thus it is all over the empire; Christianity has, as yet, only touched Japan in spots. There is room for ten times the number of workers, and even then it would take many decades to evangelize the land. My tours during the past four months from Hiuga, on the west, to Echigo, on the northeast, convince me also that the people are everywhere ready to listen to the truth. They are not all ready to embrace it, but earnest listeners are found everywhere. It is a great delight to preach the Word to such audiences and hear and answer their questions at the close.

"One other encouragement I have found everywhere: the majority of the Christians up and down through the land are hungering and thirsting after spiritual truth — soul-food; and it has been one of the keenest pleasures of my life to meet these little companies of Christians and give to them, as well as I was able, the Bread of Life. Two or three years ago the most of the questions asked were philosophical or theological, but now they are practical, spiritual questions which affect the individual life and work. This is a hopeful sign, and if this spirit can be fed and fostered, and, above all, if the Holy Spirit can be poured out upon the infant Church in Japan in great measure, then its speedy evangelization will be assured.

An incident occurred in Kurayoshi that shows the quality of the half-score of believers there. A Buddhist priest from Okayama advertises to lecture; subject, "Buddhist and Christian Heaven and Hell;" "Opportunity given for asking questions." Two of the young Christians go. The Buddhist's explanation of the Christian doctrine seems inaccurate. One young man questions the speaker; The speaker is silent. The young Christian expounds his views. The chairman of the meeting, probably not expecting his invitation would be acccepted, invites him to come forward if he wishes to speak. He proceeds to the platform, and there for a few minutes, in a Buddhist temple, in the presence of a Buddhist audience met to hear a Buddhist sermon, won the hearty applause of the meeting by the straightforward exposition of the Christian doctrine of the future.

Another incident that occurred in Tajima shows Buddhist opposition. One day some 200 or 300 opposers, incited by Buddhists from a neighboring village, gathered about Mr. Hama's lodgings to argue and intimidate and drive him out of town. After taking every precaution, he went to bed at night and slept. But he learned next morning that the police and some others, alarmed for his safety, had watched the whole night. Next day they besieged him till he consented to a discussion, to be limited to ninety minutes. So, sending his wife and child to another part of the house for safety, Mr. Hama stood alone for the truth in the presence of about one hundred Buddhists. Their spokesman cited Christ's words, 'I came not to send peace but a sword,' etc., and loudly decried such a religion (much is made of this passage in some quarters.) In many other ways they tried to stop his work, but in vain. A few days later we held quiet public meetings there, at which three of us spoke. Now there are earnest inquirers there."

In one of the out-places from Kobe a young physician and his wife became Christians and were baptized. After a while the physician lost income because of his religion. His wife's parents heard of the various changes, and while they might perhaps have borne the change of religion, the loss of income and esteem was too much. They threatened to take their daughter back home again unless the husband and she too gave up Christianity!

The man's father, who was an official in another part of the country, a landowner and receiving a good salary, next sent word to the son that unless he gave up Christianity he would deprive him of his position and rights of the eldest son! The young man held quietly to his faith and life, notwithstanding the pressure from his own and his wife's parents. Finally his wife succumbed to the outside pressure and began to torment her husband. He bore this also. At length the wife broke away from his home, leaving the two young children she had borne to him behind her. The last report from the evangelist says that the woman has been cut off from membership, but that the husband holds steadfastly to his Christian life and his duties.

This is indeed a hard case, and it is far from being a solitary one. Family and neighborhood persecution still abound, and probably will for a long time.

PAUL AT ROME.

S S. Lesson for Sep. 10. Acts 28: 11-31 Golden Text, Rom. 1: 16. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

AFTER three months stay, three blessed months in the then barbarous island of Melita (Malta), the ship's company which had been saved of God in answer to Paul's prayer, took ship in an Alexandrian vessel, bound for Rome. Touching at Syracuse, in the island of Sicily, they next stopped at Rhegium, the first port in Italy where they stopped, thence to Puteoli, where Paul's heart was gladdened by finding disciples, and, unhindered by Julius, the centurion, who had probably by this time become a Christian, he and his companions remained with them seven days. Then, as now, the meeting together of those who had renounced "this present evil world" for the sake of him who died for them and who were looking for his coming, was a great source of glory to God and of strength and comfort to the Church; and Paul himself was not beyond the need of such encouragements.

God had prepared for his servant's arrival in Rome. Unlike the other prisoners he against whom "no certain thing" could be laid, and who on his voyage had won, through the pleasure of his Master in him, the respect and confidence of the centurion and of all on board—was suffered to dwell by himself with a soldier that kept him. And great liberty was allowed him. Prisoner as he was, he knew from God himself that the purpose of his journey was to bear witness for his God in Rome (Acts 23: 11), and, without let or hindrance he sent probably by Luke or Aristarchus to call the chief of the Jews together. The name of Paul had obtained a very wide repute, and it seemed necessary to account to the Jews for his presence in Rome as a prisoner waiting for his trial; especially as his great object was to testify for his Master. Therefore he summed up his position thus: "Men and brethren, though I have committed nothing against the people or custom of our fathers, yet was I delivered prisoner from Jerusalem into the hands of the Romans: who when they had examined me, would have let me go, because there was no cause of death in me. But when the Jews spake against it, I was constrained to appeal unto Cæsar: not that I had aught to accuse my nation of. For this cause therefore, have I called for you, and to speak with you: because that for the hope of Israel I am bound with this chain." Thus tersely, guided by the Spirit of God, the old man led up to the subject which lay upon his heart. He only spoke the few words about himself in order to make the way for the Lord.

And the Jews took it so; they said: "We neither received letters out of Judea concerning thee, neither any of the brethren that came shewed or spake any harm of thee. But we desire to hear thee what thou thinkest, for as concerning this sect, we know that

Everywhere it is Spoken Against."

Such was the repute of Christianity in those early times, everywhere spoken against. "The world knoweth us not because it knew him not." What can the followers of him expect who was himself despised and rejected of men but to be as he was, everywhere spoken against? Let us not wonder or count it a marvel if the world treats us as our Master was treated. How can it be otherwise if we are really faithful to him? Paul would not be cast down at such an assertion; he had long known that he had nothing to gain and nothing to expect from the world and the worldly Jews.

They appointed him a day (a day for which he and his friends would of course be much in prayer), there came many to him into his lodging, to whom he expounded and testified the kingdom of God, persuading them concerning Jesus both out of the law and out of the prophets from morning until evening. Paul knew it was an occasion which might occur once only in a lifetime, he would not waste the time of his hearers with his own words. Like the apostle Peter he believed in the incorruptible seed of "the Word of God which liveth and abideth forever," and in which, like the prophets of old, he searched diligently. Paul believed that God's Word came with God's authority, and thus he did not preach what he thought or what others thought but what God said. This is the kind of preaching that has a grip on hearts and consciences, and which pierces to the dividing of soul and spirit, of both joints and marrow, and is quick to discern the thoughts and intents of the heart."

The day wore away, but the untired student of God's Word was in his element. This was what he lived for; to have this opportunity in great imperial Rome, where the pulses of the world's life at that time had their centre, Paul had willingly endured his unrighteous imprisonment. From morning till evening, not with a little pocket Bible such as we have, but with the fragments in large parchment rolls which he had succeeded in bringing with him, and his richly stored mind, for the Word dwelt in him richly in all wisdom, he quoted the Word of his God. He "expounded" one Scripture by another, and "testified" from his own vast experience. Something must happen. After such light those Jews of Rome could never say they had not heard. Here as elsewhere the Spirit of God through Paul

Brought About a Division.

"Some believed the things which were spoken and some believed not." Under such light, neutrality ceased to exist: either this Jesus of Nazareth must be everything to them, or they must reject him. It was Paul's last testimony by worth of mouth to an exclusively Jewish assembly. He knew, better than they did, how much hung on their decision. Perhaps he knew already that in ten years time the temple, and Jerusalem itself, would be destroyed and laid desolate. He must give them a word of solemn warning. When they agreed not among themselves, they departed, after that Paul had spoken one word: "Well spake the Holy Ghost by Isaias the prophet unto our fathers saying: Go unto this people, and say: Hearing ye shall hear, and shall not understand; and seeing ye shall see, and not perceive; for the heart of this people is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing and thine eyes have they closed; lest they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and should be converted and I should heal them." What it must have cost Paul with all his intense love for his people to speak thus we cannot know. He saw all that was involved and with prophetic eye he discerned God's position toward them and theirs toward him as a people, and God would not let him off from his position as the instrument of the Holy Ghost to convince them. Thus he added to his Jewish brethren: "Be it known therefore unto you, that the salvation of God is sent unto the Gentiles, and that they will hear it." There was no bitterness but unfeigned grief in the faithful old heart which wept over those whom he could not save against their will, but in it all Paul could be at rest in his God and trust his unerring purposes. The "apostle of the Gentiles having thus borne his testimony "to the Jew first" now finished his ministry "also to the Gentile." The same superiority to circumstances, the same divine nobility at all times which had distinguished Paul on board ship and commanded the respect and reverence of the centurion and all the company, made Paul also

"More than Conqueror"

in Rome. For two years he had liberty to dwell in his own hired house and to preach Christ to all who came to him. Here as elsewhere this man of God led his life of faith, recognizing God in all which happened. He wrote during this time of imprisonment to the church at Philippi, not like one smarting under the injustice of man. On the contrary, he was so free in his God that he would cheer others who might be in sorrow on his account. "I would ye should understand, brethren, that the things which happened unto me have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the Gospel; so that my bonds in Christ are manifest in all the palace and in all other places."

How wonderfully God works! Had Paul traveled to Rome simply as a preacher of Jesus of Nazareth, it is probable that the contempt in which the Christians were held would have made it impossible for him to come in contact with the court. Brought, however, as a prisoner, against whom neither Felix, Festus, nor yet Agrippa had been able to prefer a charge, the very singularity of the case, with the prisoner's own appeal to Cæsar, made it absolutely necessary that the Roman emperor himself should give Paul a hearing. Thus his bonds were known in all the palace, everybody had heard of Paul the prisoner; his trial was the talk of Rome, and thus the name of his Master was published, and Paul could pray believingly and could recognize God's working.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

PAUL'S PRISON IN ROME.

PAUL was wrecked on the Island of Malta early in November 60. He remained there three months preaching and healing. Thence he and his fellow prisoners and their guard sailed at the beginning of the following February for Syracuse in the Island of Sicily, eighty miles distant. Luke, with his usual minuteness of description, records the name of the ship. After a stay there of three days, they sailed for the straits of Messina, another eighty miles. Rhegium, where they stayed one day, is on the straits. Passing through the straits, they sailed direct to Puteoli where the eventful voyage terminated. Brethren were found there, which showed how, even at that early day, about twenty-seven years after the crucifixion, the Gospel had spread. Paul stayed a week with them, his guard probably being glad of the rest after the voyage. They then began their land journey of 140 miles to Rome. The news of Paul's arrival had gone ahead of him, and some more brethren came from Rome to meet him and escort him to the city. On his arrival there, he was treated with consideration, possibly on account of his Roman citizenship, to which the favorable report of Julius, the centurion would be added. Even the most considerate treatment, however, involved his being chained to the soldier who kept him. The passage, which forms the subject of the lesson, covers the next two years of Paul's life. Luke closes his narrative abruptly. The only clues we have to subsequent events are supplied by incidental references in Paul's epistles. We gather from a remark in it. Timothy 4: 16, 17, that at his first hearing he was acquitted. Tradition has it that, being set at liberty, he made another missionary journey westward and eastward, penetrating as far as Spain. Returning, he went again through Asia Minor, was arrested at Ephesus and sent back to Rome, where he was beheaded in the summer of 66. It thus appears that from May 58 until June 63 Paul was a prisoner. To a superficial observer it would seem a sad interruption to his work. That five years of a life so active and so useful should be spent in prison does at first sight seem a mystery, but we can understand the mystery better than Paul's companions could. During his imprisonment, Paul wrote his letters to the Ephesians, the Colossians, and the Philippians, beside the personal letters to Timothy and Philemon. They have reached a wider field, have helped more Christians and done more permanent good than Paul could have done by his utmost effort. Like Bunyan in Bedford jail, Paul was shut up that by the work he did in enforced retirement future generations might share in the benefit of his labors.

Bound with this chain. Paul felt that being chained, or handcuffed as we should say, was a disgrace. He was anxious that the Jews should understand that he was not a criminal. His spirit was sustained by a clear conscience which enables men to bear many things which would otherwise be unbearable. A lady who visited Guy de Brez, the French Protesant minister, while he was in prison at Tournay, expressed her surprise that he could eat, or sleep while he was manacled. "Madam," he said, "my chains do not terrify or agitate me. The rattling of them is like music from a sweet instrument, because I am bound therewith for maintaing the liberty of the Gospel."

Expounded and testified. Both duties are necessary for the spread of the Gospel. There are many who cannot expound, but all who have felt the power of Christ can testify and so every one may help, however unlearned they may be. Many years ago a New Zealand Maori girl was brought home by a missionary to be educated. She took a deep interest in the civilization which she saw for the first time and her teachers were astonished by the quickness with which she adapted herself to the new surroundings. It seemed a pity that she should return to her native land. "Why do you wish to go?" she was asked. "You love this country, you enjoy its institutions, it suits your health. Besides, you may be shipwrecked on the ocean. You may be killed and eaten by your own people. Everybody will have forgotten you." "What!" she said: "Do you think I could keep the good news to myself? Do you think that I could be content with having got pardon, and peace, and eternal life for myself, and not go and tell my dear father and mother how they can get it, too? I would go if I had to swim there!"

Their ears are dull of hearing. There is a willfulness about this dullness that runs through the whole passage. It is not that the man is deaf, but he has voluntarily closed his ears. We often see this intentional deafness exhibited by people who are quick to hear what pleases them. If the process could be reversed and the ears be closed to temptation and evil and open to good, many a sin would be avoided. The best way to do it is to have the mind so full of good things that the evil cannot enter. When Ulysses sailed past the enchanted island where dwelt the Sirens, who had the power by their sorcerous symphonies, to charm all who heard their music, he took the precaution to fill the ears of his crew with wax, and binding himself to the mast, the alluring strains were without effect, and his barque held safely on her course. Thus, according to the subtle Grecian story, he was enabled to pass the fatal island without landing. But when Orpheus on his way to the Golden Fleece had to pass the dangerous shore, he, being a good musician, set up better music than that of the sea-nymphs, and enchanted his crew, who were therefore insensible to the alluring melodies of the Sirens. Thus, without resorting to the devices of Ulysses, he was able to pass the treacherous shore—not only safely, but with disdain. To be insensible to the voice of temptation is good: to out-sing it is better.

It is possible to resist the pleadings of affection so long that the ears seem deaf to all appeals. A letter from a wife to her husband was published a short time ago, so pathetic that it is a wonder that anyone could resist it; yet the man to whom it was addressed was heedless of it and went through drink to his death. The letter was found in the pocket of a man who, while intoxicated, fell over the railing of a balcony in a hotel in an Illinois town into the basement, fracturing his skull so that the physicians at once pronounced his injuries fatal. The following were the contents of the letter which was found in his pocket: "My Darling Husband: Remember, wherever you are, that you have a home, and a wife who devotedly loves you. If you are in trouble, and sick, you know where to come. Carry this in your pocket; and remember it is written by your dead baby's mother." How sad to think, with such a message of love in his pocket this man persisted in wickedness unto his death. And how truly he represents every sinner that perishes.

Salvation is sent unto the Gentiles . . . they will hear it. It is strange that the Jews should have rejected this Saviour of their own nation whom the Gentiles accepted; yet the same phenomenon is repeated to-day. People in Christian nations reject Christianity, while the heathen accept. A well-known English earl who was an infidel made a stay in the Fiji islands during a tour around the world. He was entertained by a Christian chief who in his youth had been a cannibal. The Englishman said to the old chief, "It is really a pity you have been so foolish as to listen to these missionaries. No one nowadays believes in the Bible, nor in the story of Jesus Christ and his Kingdom." The chief's eyes flashed, and he answered, "It is well for you that I accepted Christianity. If you had come here before we listened to the missionaries you would have been on the table in the form of roasted meat instead of sitting at it as an honored guest. Do you see that stone yonder? There we killed our victims. Do you see that native oven? There we roasted the bodies for our feasts. If it had not been for the missionaries, for the Bible, and the love of Christ, you would have met the same fate."

The Open-Air Pulpit.

A Unique Evangelical Experiment in New York City and its Results—Preaching the Gospel to the East-Side Masses.

LIKE a vast bee hive, with its countless swarm of drones and workers, its infinite variety of occupation and its ever-ebbing and flowing tide of life, the Eastside of New York is ceaseless in its activity. Many nationalities, colors and creeds mingle there, and there are, alas! thousands in this human

REV. ERNEST L. FOX, Pastor.

hive whose daily routine of drudgery and toil is unrelieved by any hope of the life to come. Their absorbing and pitiful struggle for daily bread leaves little opportunity for the development of their moral natures, and consequently there are many among them whose ideas of God, heaven and eternity are well-nigh as crude as those of the semi-civilized tribes of half-barbarian nations.

One of the most densely populated sections of New York is the Seventeenth Ward, which contains 107,733 souls. Poles, Germans, Hebrews, Norwegians, Irish, Spanish, Italians and Americans live there. To a stranger, who might casually find himself in this quarter, it might seem as though he had dropped suddenly into some far-off city, where people from all parts of the world were congregated. Some of the blocks in the Ward shelter over 3,000 persons. Hundreds huddle together in a single tenement. In one typical domicile of this class, twelve families were found living on one floor of less than a dozen rooms. In one room, four families were packed, each occupying a corner of the same apartment. One family had a boarder! Densely crowded as they were, they still contrived to find room for some poor, homeless one. The rooms and halls literally swarm with human beings of all sizes and ages, from the infantile toddler, to the bent and decrepit crone leaning on her staff. In midsummer, the noisome odors and torrid atmosphere drive them to the roofs, the fire-escapes and the sidewalks. No bee-hive was ever so uncomfortably crowded as one of those East-side tenements.

For some time past, a unique evangelical work has been conducted in the heart of this populous district, in connection with the Eleventh Street M. E. Church. This church, which is on East Eleventh Street near Avenue B., is only a few minutes' walk from Broadway, yet it is surrounded by an immediate population of at least fifty thousand persons of the class already described. Their moral and social condition is still more degraded by a superabundance of saloons, low wages (for those who really work), and exacting landlords who seemingly think it a futile task to clean or repair the foul tenements. It is a polyglot population, speaking nearly every known modern tongue, and revelling in ignorance and dirt. To interest this class and awaken their moral natures was the difficult task undertaken by Rev. Ernest L. Fox, Pastor of the Eleventh Street Church and his assistant, Rev. James N. Cox. After duly considering the best method of beginning work, and in view of the difficulty in persuading these people to attend any regular service, it was decided to establish an Open-Air Pulpit outdoors, with simple evangelical services and plenty of good music. In this project the two young workers had the active assistance and co-operation of the Rev. Joseph C. Thomas, one of the stanchest supporters and most generous helpers of the church. Mr. Thomas is a member of the New York Conference and has his Quarterly Conference relations with the Eleventh Street Church, with whose interests and progress he has been closely identified. Miss Valliers, a young city missionary, graduate of Rev. A. B. Simpson's Missionary College, undertook to aid the project by a misssion canvass of the district, in order to awaken interest among the women and children.

MISS VALLIERS, City Missionary.

The next step was the erection of a platform in front of the church and inside the railing. This was built last summer, and here services are held on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings at 7-30 o'clock, and on Sunday evenings at 7:15, during the warm weather, and indeed as long as the temperature will permit. The services are simple gospel talks rather than sermons, and have proved effective in bringing many hearers to a deep conviction of sin and ultimately to salvation. The Open-Air Pulpit has demonstrated its efficacy as a means of reaching and interesting the masses of the East Side. The attendance at the services is invariably large and has steadily increased since these meetings were begun in July of last year. Some of the individual results may be briefly mentioned: One young man and his wife who lived almost opposite the church and who, at first, made a mock of the services, were induced to listen. Soon the husband came regularly and was an earnest hearer. He has since declared for Christ, with his household. Another young man who, through drink, had lost his situation, came to the meetings. He was induced to quit the drinking habit, and has begun a new life under hopeful auspices—a thorough Christian. An artist attended the open-air meetings. He had been an unbeliever, but the simple truths he heard there sunk into his soul. During the summer he became sick, and soon found himself facing death, unconverted. He has been mercifully spared and has now given himself to the Lord. He is one of the most regular attendants at the Open-Air Pulpit services. Incidents of this character might be multiplied. Many of the foreigners in the district who have acquired a sufficient knowledge of English to listen understandingly, have been brought under the influence of the Spirit through these gatherings.

Open-air preaching is not without its discomforts; in a district such as that described, the work of the evangelist is not always a bed of roses. Rowdyism occasionally breaks out to the annoyance of speaker and audience, and on more than one occasion missiles have been thrown at the speakers on the platform, fortunately without inflicting serious injury to any one. Despite all obstacles, however, the experiment is producing a marked effect in the neighborhood—working a genuine transformation. Disturbers are no longer numerous, as was the case at the beginning, and the audiences are as well behaved and orderly as those of any regularly organized house of worship. Occasionally, some Christian woman speaks from the platform. A great attraction is the singing, which Pastor Fox has taken special pains to keep up to a high standard.

The 11th Street M. E. Church was organized in 1866, and the church building was erected the following year. For several years it was under the charge of East Side City Missionaries of the Methodist Church. From the first, the mission work from that quarter has been productive of good results. In 1883 the church became voluntarily self-supporting. For many years it has been a mighty power for the propagation of the Gospel and the conversion of souls in one of the most densely populated parts of the metropolis.

The present pastor, Rev. Ernest L. Fox is a graduate of the Central New York University of Syracuse. He has had pastoral experience in Nebraska and came East several years ago, his first appointment in New York being that of Assistant Pastor of the Asbury M. E. Church, Washington Square. A year ago he was appointed Pastor of the 11th Street Church. Rev J. N. Cox, his assistant, is a native of Ontario, Can., and a graduate of the Brantford Collegiate Institute. He was a local preacher in Canada for some time, before coming to the United States where he took up regular pastoral work. In addition to his duties at the 11th Street Church, he is studying with a view to taking a regular theological course. Both men are still quite young, and have brought vigor, ability, and enthusiasm into their new field of Christian usefulness.

REV. JAS. N. COX, Ass't Pastor.

HOLDING EVANGELISTIC SERVICES AT THE OPEN-AIR PULPIT, 11th ST., NEW YORK.

BURNING THEIR IDOLS.

Mrs. Hudson Broomhall, a missionary worker, in speaking of her first visit to China six years ago, says: "An old lady came to visit us at Ta-ning, in Shan-si. We got some little instruction into her head, but as far as we knew, nothing had gone into her heart about the Lord Jesus. After she had gone, my friend Mrs. Orr Ewing, and I knelt down, and asked that the Lord might give us her and others amongst the people. Well, we had not finished our dinner on that day before this old lady came back again, bringing her daughter-in-law, asking us to tell her what we had said. Our language was limited, but she went away with a few clear ideas, that idolatry was sin, that there was *only one true* God and that opium-smoking was also a sin. Some weeks after, this old lady came to ask us to go to her house to destroy her idols, saying that she had never, since the day she first called, worshipped them. This was the first time we had the great joy of destroying idols in China or seeing them destroyed. Then we also saw a great number of opium smokers brought to the Lord." Miss Sarah Jones, speaking of her journey to Wan-hien, says: "As I was staying at an inn, three women came in, and one of them said, 'Now, teach us a prayer, teach us something to say when you are gone.' I tried to teach them a prayer; and the three together said, 'Let us kneel down, and you teach us again how to pray on our knees.' I think that was the only time I was ever asked by Chinese women to kneel down with them. We all knelt down and prayed. When they were going away they looked at me, and said, 'What is the use of your coming like this, one after another, teaching us a few words, and then going and leaving us? When will you come back again?'"

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ABOUT MINISTERS.

MANY Christians are left in hot water because they believe everything they read about ministers. It was said that Rowland Hill advertised he would on the following Sabbath make a pair of shoes in his pulpit, in the presence of his audience, and that he came into the pulpit with a pair of boots and a knife, and having cut off the top of the boots, presented the pair of shoes. It was said that Whitefield was preaching one summer day, and a fly buzzed around his head, and he said, "The sinner will be destroyed as certainly as I catch that fly." He clutched at the fly and missed it. The story goes that then he said that after all perhaps the sinner might escape through salvation! Thirty years ago the pictorials of London were full of pictures of Charles Spurgeon, astride the rail of the pulpit, riding down in the presence of the audience to show how easy it was to go into sin; and then the pictorials represented him as climbing up the railing of the pulpit to show how hard it was to get to heaven. Mr. Beecher is said to have entered his pulpit one warm day, and, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, to have said, "Its hot!" with an expletive more emphatiic than devotional! Lies! All of them lies. No minister of the Gospel escapes. One week night in our chapel, at a Christmas festival, amid six or eight hundred children roaring happy, with candies and oranges and corn-balls, and with the representation of a star in Christmas greens right before me, I said: "Boys, I feel like a morning star." It so happened that that phrase was to be found in a negro song, and two days afterwards it appeared over the name of a man who said he was "a member of a neighboring church," that I had the previous Sunday night, in my pulpit, quoted two or three verses from "Shoo Fly!" And, moreover, it went on to say that we sang that every Sunday in our Sunday School! And as it was supposed that "a member of a neighboring church" would not lie, grave editorials appeared in prominent newspapers deploring the fact that the pulpit should be so desecrated and that the Sabbath-schools of this country seemed to be going to ruin.

Years ago, I wrote an article denouncing the exclusiveness of churches, and making a plea for the working classes. In the midst of that article there were two ironical sentences, in which I expressed the disgust which some people have for anybody that works for a living. Some enemy took those two ironical sentences and sent them all around the world as my sentiments of disgust with the working classes, and a popular magazine of the country, taking those two ironical sentences as a text, went on to say that I preached every Sunday with kid gloves and swallowtail coat (!), and that I ought to remember that if I ever got to heaven I should have to be associated with the working classes, and be with the fishermen apostles, and Paul, the tent-maker. To this very day, I get letters from all parts of the earth containing little newspaper scraps, saying, "Did you really say that? How is it possible you can so hate the working classes? How can you make that accord with the words of sympathy you recently have been uttering in behalf of their sorrows?" A few years ago I preached a series of sermons on good and bad amusements. There appeared a sermon as mine, denouncing all amusements, representing that all actors, play-actors, and actresses were dissolute without any exception, and that all theatrical places were indecent, and that every man who went to a theatre lost his soul, and that it was wrong even to go to a zoological garden, and a sin to look at a zebra. I never preached one word of that sermon. In the State of Maine, a religious paper had a letter from a clergyman who said that I came into my pulpit on Sabbath morning with Indian dress, feathers on my head, and scalping-knife in my hand, and that the pulpit was appropriately adorned with arrows, and Indian blankets, and buffalo-skins; and the clergyman, in that letter, went on, with tears, to ask, "What is the world coming to?" and asked if ecclesiastical authority somehow cannot be evoked to stop such an outrage. Why do I state these things? To stop them? Oh, no. But for public information, and as literary curiosities.

HUMAN NATURE.

PEOPLE go to all sorts of corrupt places for the purpose of studying human nature. But there are plenty of opportunities of learning all about the heart and character without exposing ourselves to any kind of peril. What advantage is it for any one to sit down in an audience, and look upon the impersonation of knavery, of libertinism, of unrelenting revenge, that looks out from behind the curtain upon sleeping innocence, and the knife that the murderer lifts, all dripping with the blood of the victim? If you want to see knavery, go look at it in prison chains. If you want to see uncleanness, go to the hospital, and look at the pile of agony and putrefaction. Do you want to see revenge? Before you get through with life, some one will take after you, abusing you, slandering you, persecuting you, even unto death, and you will find out fully what revenge is. If men must study these things, let them take a police officer and go down through the dens of the metropolis, and see at midnight, vice, and loathsome bestiality and festering abomination, and breathe the sickening stench that comes up from the cellar where humanity wriggles in filth, and rots alive, and rends out its heart in torture, and blasphemes God, and dies. By the time you get through life you know more about human nature than you want to. There are multitudes of people who understand the world, its passions, its ambitions, its trickeries, its sources of power, its misfortunes, and who can touch the key of any emotion, and at will play the high notes of gladness, or the deep tones of woe, without ever having gone to any questionable school. But remember that hundreds of men are ruined by city exploration. They go to see for themselves. A man hears that lions are very dangerous. He says, "Is that so?" He opens the cage; and the monster with one stroke fells him, and with one crunch grinds up his skull. The lion never imagined that the man had come in to study natural history. Oh! the devil is mean. He says, "Come in and see." The man goes in to look for himself: the roaring lion grabs him, and he is gone. He learns human nature dearly who learns it at the risk of his immortal nature.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

C. C., Mechanicsburg, Pa. Do you know of a "Correspondence School" for the study of the Bible that confers degrees on graduates?

Write to the Presbyterian Publication Society, Philadelphia.

Reader, Washington, D. C. Can any reader give me the poem in which these lines occur:

> The sound of the Gospel is passing away,
> It rolls over island and ocean,
> The Kaffir and Hindoo are learning to pray
> And bow in their souls' deep devotion?

L. L. Sowles, West Rosendale, Wis. What is the Associated Press and what is its address?

It has been consolidated with the United Press. Address the latter at Western Union Building, New York City.

Answers to the inquiry of "Reader, Centre Point, Tex.," have been received from L. L. Sowles, West Rosendale, Wis.; L. E. Thompson, Evansville, Ind.; C. E., Denver, Colo.; Mrs. George M. Powers, Leominster; M. E. Cravath, Audubon, Minn.; M. B. Freeman, Dover, N. J.

Reader, Ailsa Craig, Ont. "In reference to the sermon of the 30th of July on 'Jephthah's Vow,' the vow was that whatsoever came forth from his house to meet him, should surely be the Lord's, and he would offer it up. The margin gives 'or' in place of 'and'. The vow might thus read: "Whatsoever cometh forth from my house to meet me shall surely be the Lord's; or, if suitable, I will offer it up as a burnt-offering."

J. Mickle, Fort Scott, Kan., writes: "Will you kindly correct a misstatement in an article entitled 'Typical Western Sunday Schools' in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for July 19. The statement is made that 'the school house at Fort Scott is a log hut without windows,' etc. Fort Scott has half a dozen large brick school houses, besides the high school, and the Kansas Normal College, an ample, well equipped institution and we also have thirteen churches and several missions."

Chaplain Bateman, U. S. Army, Ft. Assiniboine, Mont., writes: "I desire to thank the kind friends, whose names I do not know, for the numerous extra subscriptions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD which have made it possible for me to distribute each week many copies of this useful journal among the soldiers of this garrison. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is the most helpful religious paper for hospital, guard-house and barracks with which I am acquainted. The clear-cut illustrations reinforce the lessons of sermons, editorials and stories in a most wholesome and striking way. You will confer a favor by presenting my thanks to the soldiers' unknown benefactors."

Francis Cuvler, Syracuse, N. Y. What are the seven wonders of Korea?

1. A hot mineral spring near Kin Shantao, which cures diseases. 2. Two wells, one at each end of the peninsula, one full the other empty; the water of one bitter, that of the other sweet. 3. A cold cave from which issues an ice-cold wind which a strong man is unable to stand up against. 4. A pine forest which cannot be destroyed. 5. A hovering stone in front of a palace; two men can draw a cord underneath it without encountering any obstacle. 6. A stone on the summit of a hill, which evolves a glowing heat. 7. A "sweating Buddha" in a great temple, in whose court no grass grows.

Edward Crump, Erie, Pa. 1. What classes of mankind did the rich man and Lazarus respectively represent? (Luke 15: 19.) The account does not say the rich man was a wicked man, or that Lazarus was a godly man, the only logical conclusion to be drawn from a liberal interpretation it seems, would be this: that if a person dresses well and has enough to eat in this world eternal torment will be his doom in the next; that in order to gain an entrance into heaven, he must be destitute and full of sores. 2. What is meant by the impassable gulf?

1. The premises being misinterpreted, the wrong conclusion is unavoidable. In the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, the object was to illustrate the result of neglect of duty in commiserating and relieving the sufferings of others; to show how wealth hardens the heart, shuts up the springs of human sympathy and makes the possessor selfish and indifferent to the wants of his fellowmen. Riches that are used only for our own aggrandisement and gratification become a curse, while the man who employs his wealth in dispensing aid and comfort to those around him and relieving the distressed is a blessing to the land in which he lives. This was the distinction which the Saviour drew in his parable of the division of the sheep and the goats, when the King repudiated those that stood on his left hand with the words: "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these ye did it not to me." (Matt. 25: 45.) Nothing can be clearer than that it was the Saviour's intention to emphasize by these parables the divine law of love and sympathy which he came to teach the children of men by his own example. 2. The "impassable gulf," is a figure employed by the Saviour in describing the eternal separation of the good and the evil in the future life. In his parables and discourses, in order to impress upon the minds of his hearers the central objects of the lessons, he invested them with such natural and harmonious surroundings as the subject and the occasion demanded; and to interpret such surroundings literally would be as futile as to translate literally any of the multitudinous passages, full of similar imagery, that abound in oriental oratory.

Reader, Bayfield, Ont. Will there be more than one resurrection? In 1 Thess. 4: 16, 17, the resurrection of the dead in Christ and the rapture of living believers are spoken of. What will become of the wicked dead?

There are to be two resurrections. The fact is stated explicitly in Rev. 20: 6, 7. They are to be a thousand years apart, separated by the millennium. Paul alludes to the same fact when he speaks (Phil. 3: 11) of his hope that he may attain to the resurrection from among the dead. The wicked dead are raised at the end of the millennium for the final judgment.

Inquirer, Akron, O. If a wife gives her husband cause to secure a divorce on the Scriptural ground and he does not avail himself of it, but leaves her and she subsequently obtains a divorce from him for desertion, and marries again, is he justified in marrying again?

We do not know what the husband's position would be under the laws of Ohio. A lawyer could tell you. From a Scriptural and moral standpoint we believe that the husband would be perfectly justified in marrying. His wife's crime and her divorce combined, set him free of his former marriage.

S. L. C., Columbia, Ky. What is the best way of leading an inquiring Jew to Christ?

If he is an Orthodox Jew, there is no better way than by showing him how completely Christ fulfilled the prophecies. If he belongs to the Reformed Jews, you may deal with him as you would if he were not a Jew at all, showing him his need of a Saviour and the power of Christ to save. If you address a letter to Rev. Jacob Freshman, St Mark's Place, New York, who has had an extensive experience in evangelistic work among Jews, he would doubtless give you advice dealing with any difficulties the Jew may raise and suggest to you books especially adapted to his case.

H. E. Dell, Quakertown, Pa. Why did Christ object to the man mentioned in Matt 8: 21, 22, going to bury his father?

Let us ask you a question. If Christ were here now and you were privileged to be in his company for a short time, how would you answer any one who invited you to a funeral, or to any other ceremony which would take you away from Christ? Would you not feel that nothing was so important as for you to hear all he said and see all he did? You would feel that such ceremonies as funerals might be left to people who were still in the world, who had not been enlightened and who were as dead spiritually as a coprse is naturally. That was what Christ expected his disciples to feel.

Ernest C. Pierce, New Britain, Conn. We presume you mean the leper settlement of Molokai, and that the priest you refer to is Father Damien —— Mrs. Samuel Foster, West Alexander, Pa. Many things indicate that they do.—James Barrett, Kewanee, Ill. 1. Education and salutary legislation are the proper weapons with which to fight the liquor traffic. Teach the young the effects of alcoholic indulgence on the brain, body and morals, and the next generation will be a truly temperate one. 2. The word "whiskey," is derived from the Irish Celtic *uisge*, (water.) It was first known in Europe as *aqua vitæ* (water of life), and was quite generally used as a beverage early in the seventeenth century. ——G. H. Wrigley, East Wallingford, Vt. There is no evidence of it to be found in the Scriptures.—— Old Settler, Milwaukee, Wis. We can only answer from the accessible data. Unquestionably the city could have been literally razed to the ground without uprooting the foundations beneath ——Reader, Louisiana. 1. Sylvannus Cobb, Jr. It was an adaptation of a European story. 2. We must refer you to the book itself. 3. Probably not, as the work is mainly fiction. 4. No. 5; Alexander.——Subscriber, Christine, N. Dak. Presumably a sea monster of the crocodile species. 2. This has already been recently explained in these columns.——Mrs. S. R. McGill, Mt. Ayr, Iowa. We cannot advise you.—— Lemuel J. Gibson, Philadelphia. 1. You need considerable further study and practice. 2. Not at all. 3. God's ways are not our ways. Patriots give their lives for their country and missionaries—God's patriots—joyfully yield up their lives for the Gospel. Their blood is the seed of the Church. Their sublime faith is attested in their readiness to die for their religion. Their example stimulates others to consecration to the holy work which is thus advanced by their sacrifice. 4. Yes. In his habitual state, man is unbelieving, when his heart is touched by the Spirit, faith comes as a "saving grace." (John 1: 12; Philippian 3: 9.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

RELIGIOUS RIOTS IN INDIA.

REPORTS of a dreadful riot and massacre come from Bombay, the second city of India. Two religious festivals, one Hindoo and the other Mohammedan occurred in the same week, and the rural processions came into collision and there was a fierce fight in which a large number on both sides were killed. Efforts were made by the police and soldiery to suppress the disorder, but they failed; several mosques were sacked and burned and the whole city was for a time in the control of the rioters. The soldiers protected the public buildings; stores and factories were closed and the European residents kept within doors. Order was not restored until troops arrived from Poonah and marines from the gunboats in the harbor and preparations had been made to shell the native quarters. This trouble is of periodical occurrence. Usually the Hindoo and the Mohammedan regard each other's religious observances with contemptuous tolerance, but when, owing to the fact that the Mohammedan ecclesiastical year is shorter than that of the Hindoos, the festivals of the two religions occur at the same time, the latent hatred and animosity burst into flame. The Hindoos of the city number about half a million, while the Mohammedans are only a third of that number, but are more fierce and bigoted. The latter exasperated the Hindoos by publicly slaughtering a cow, which the Hindoos regard as a sacred animal, and the Hindoos retaliated by defiling a mosque, by throwing a dead hog into it. The government in order to prevent further disorder compelled the processions to proceed by different routes and planted cannon in front of the mosques to overawe the Hindoos who were organizing for their destruction. It is hoped that these measures will prevent further bloodshed. The government can do nothing more than meet force with force. The real and only effectual cure is that which the missionaries preach, the grace of God which can change the heart, replacing hate with love. (1. Cor. 15:9, 10.)

Sailors' Food for an Emperor.

The descriptions of the recent regatta at Cowes on the English coast, which were cabled here, mention a suggestive incident of the visit of Emperor William of Germany. It appears that when the sailors on board his vessel were about to sit down to their mid-day meal, a man went to the bridge, where the Emperor was. He carried a bowl of soup, which he offered to his majesty with due solemnity. The Emperor ate some of it and the man retired. This ceremony, it is stated, takes place on board all ships in the navy. A specimen of the food furnished to the sailors is always taken to the captain of the ship, or in his absence to the chief officer on deck who tastes it to test its quality. As the Emperor was for the time the captain of his vessel, he performed the duty himself. The object, of course, is to ensure the sailors being supplied with proper food, properly cooked, and even the Emperor did not disdain to adopt the personal means of testing it. The courtiers of the European monarchial press who are lavishing praise on him for his condescension, perhaps have not heard of or have forgotten the act of One infinitely higher than he, who "by the grace of God tasted death for every man." (Heb. 2: 9)

Compensation for Marriage.

A curious suit has been set for trial in a New York Court. The plaintiff sues her mother-in-law for damages resulting from her marriage. She states that when the man who is her husband proposed marriage she refused him. She was in business as a dressmaker and was earning a fair income. The young man was persistent in his suit and assured her that he could support her in comfort. She had some doubts of his ability to do so, but he told her that he was earning sufficient for their needs and that in addition his mother would give them a seven-thousand-dollar house, furnish it, and give them ten dollars a week toward their expenses. The lady asserts that she asked the young man's mother if she would do all these things and that she promised that she would. On that understanding she gave up her business and married her suitor. She says that her mother-in-law has not given them the house nor assisted them in any way, that her husband is incapable of earning an income and she has to work for their joint support. After waiting vainly for the fulfilment of the mother-in-law's promises she left her husband and brought suit for damages. The mother-in-law denies that she did more than promise to leave the young couple her house, in her will and states that she understood the lady was marrying her son because she loved him. That ought to have been her motive, but by her own confession it would appear that she was chiefly attracted by the sordid considerations. Marriage, like religion, ought to be based on pure motives and when people take up the one or the other for the sake of gain they deserve to be disappointed. (1. Tim. 6: 5.)

Stole His Own Goods.

A strange charge is made against a dealer in dry-goods at Toledo, O. The general depression in business combined with the difficulty in negotiating loans has caused embarrassment to many merchants through the country and in the case of this man resulted in failure. He made an assignment to one of his creditors, and the assignee finding that there was no hope of the debtor resuming business, sold the estate. But when the purchaser went to take possession he was surprised to see a large shrinkage in the stock. Only old-fashioned, shop-worn and faded materials were on the shelves and all the saleable goods had disappeared. A search was made and some of the goods were found in the debtor's private house and the remainder had been sold by him to various customers. The debtor was accordingly arrested on the charge of stealing the goods. The situation is a novel one, as the goods he is charged with stealing were formerly his own property. When he removed or sold them he ignored the fact of his assignment, as by that deed they were no longer his own to dispose of. The Christian who has given himself to Christ should be careful never to make a similar mistake. Judging by the way some spend their time and labor and withhold their money from Christ's cause, there is ground for suspecting that they have forgotten the terms of their self-surrender. (1. Cor. 6: 19, 20.)

A Snake in a Cradle.

The wife of a lumberman living near Lake Charles, La., had a thrilling experience recently. She was busy one morning about her domestic affairs, while her babe, six months old, slept in a cradle near the open door. Happening to pass near the cradle she stopped to look lovingly on her sleeping child. To her horror she saw a line of mottled green and black nestled close to the infant and the ugly head of a rattlesnake resting on the soft flesh of the baby's arm. Its eyes were open and were drowsily watching the child. Her natural impulse was to scream, but the fear of disturbing the snake restrained her. She ran to the drawer where her husband kept a loaded pistol and securing the weapon returned immediately to the cradle. The snake had not moved, but she knew that it was on the alert and the slightest motion would cause it to bury its fangs in the child's arm. Nerving herself for the effort she clutched the snake by the tail and with a quick jerk landed it on the floor. The snake made at her, sounding its dreadful rattles and rearing at her. She sent a bullet through its body, but without killing it. She fired again and again and at last, struck its head and the snake lay dead. When her husband returned to the house, he found her in a swoon on the floor with the dead snake beside her, while the child lay in its cradle, unharmed, but terrified by the pistol-shots and crying bitterly. It may be hoped that as the child grows older its mother will exercise similar vigilance and courage. She will need to do so, for her child will be assailed by enemies as dangerous to its moral nature as the snake was to its physical nature. Unhappily these enemies are not so easily recognized and the wine glass, the theatre, the pernicious book or some other deadly evil works mischief unobserved. (1. Sam. 3: 13.)

The Celestial Elements.

A recent communication from Prof. Campbell of the Lick Observatory to the San Francisco *Chronicle*, shows that the great telescope, with its lens, thirty-six inches in diameter, and its spectroscopic attachment is revealing secrets relating to the celestial bodies hitherto unknown. Referring to the comet visible a few weeks ago, the professor says that since its appearance and examination through the spectrocope facts as to the composition of the comets have for the first time became known with certainty to the scientific world. It is now definitely known that a comet is composed of incandescent carbon and nitrogen, and that it shines by its own light. Another discovery relates to the new star discovered about two years ago in the constella-Auriga. The spectroscope on the telescope disproves the theory that it is a true star, and proves that the Russian astronomer, who pronounced it a nebula, is right. It appears that with this instrument the elements composing even the distant stars can be ascertained. When the rays of the star pass through the spectrum a series of bands of color as in the rainbow are produced. These are intersected by lines which according to their position among the colors indicate the presence and preponderance of some element, one result showing hydrogen to be the most important element, another, iron, another shows tin, and so on with other elements. It has thus become possible to learn from the light given by any heavenly body what metals and gases it contains, and the proportions of each. The same fact applies to human character. Christ intended each of his people to shine as lights in the world, and it is possible to know by the quantity and character of the light they give whether love and faith and peace exist in them. (Matt. 5: 16.)

KALBADEVIE ROAD, BOMBAY, INDIA, THE SCENE OF THE RIOTS.

In Peril of Starvation.

A schooner left San Francisco on August 18 to rescue two men, who are on a lonely coral reef near the equator. Sometime ago, a company dealing in phosphates, acquired possession of Cliperton Island, a coral reef which is covered with rich deposits of guano. They sent two men to take possession of the place, on their behalf, but the men found that there was nothing that they could eat on the island. It was an absolute desert and they refused to stay unless provisions were left with them. They were supplied with enough food to last them ninety days and were promised that before the end of that time a ship would be sent to their relief. One of the men seems to have had some doubt of the company keeping its promise, for he wrote a letter to a friend in San Francisco, which he sent back by the ship that took him to the island, telling him of the circumstances and asking him to see that a vessel was dispatched to their relief in time. This friend finding that no relief was being sent, published the letter and called public attention to the men's peril. A schooner was then hastily provisioned and dispatched to the island. The ninety days will, however, have expired before it can reach the place and it is feared that the men must suffer hunger if they do not starve to death. The company had evidently forgotten them and the man who provided for such a contingency was justified in his fear. That can never be said of those who trust God for their souls, as these men trusted the company for their bodies. We have abundant evidence that they who believe on him "shall never be put to shame." (1. Peter 2: 6.)

BRIEF NOTES.

To any one of our readers who will send us the names and full addresses of twenty-five church officers, church members, or Sunday School workers, we will send a beautiful section of Olive-Wood cut from the Mount of Olives, polished by native workmen in Jerusalem and bearing on its face in English and Hebrew characters the name of the Holy City.

"If you were as good as your Book you would conquer India for Christ in five years," remarked a Brahmin to a missionary.

A law in Denmark provides that all drunken persons shall be taken to their homes in carriages at the expense of the saloon-keeper who supplied the liquor.

Robert Louis Stevenson, the novelist, says: "I had conceived a great prejudice against missions in the South Seas, but I had no sooner come there than that prejudice was at first reduced, and at last annihilated."

A successful class-meeting is held every Friday evening during the summer in the Seventh Street Methodist Episcopal Church, New York, under the leadership of Rev. G. W. Mooney, D.D. The meeting hour is eight o'clock.

From a letter received from the seven young student-evangelists in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Gospel Stage we learn with much pleasure that God is using them marvellously in his service and through them has blessed others.

The Cross-bearers' Missionary Reading Circle is commencing a new series of studies. Persons desirous of joining may procure the handbook and particulars by sending six cents in stamps to Rev. Z. M. Williams, St. Joseph, Mo.

Florence Nightingale, the heroine of the hospitals in the Crimean War, has just celebrated her seventy-third birthday. Although confined to her house by ill-health, she continues at work for the welfare of the sick poor.

The Congregational Year Book for 1893 has just been published. Its increased bulk of this year indicates the growth the denomination experienced in the past year. According to the book itself, there are now 155 more churches than last year, 17,628 more church members, 91 more ministers, and 18,807 more Sunday School scholars.

The Rev. A. J. Swann, of the London Missionary Society, who has been stationed on Lake Tanganyika for the past ten years, writes, under the date of April 26: "Emin Pasha was killed and eaten near Kitonga Longa in October last by Seid bin Abed (son of old Tanganyika.) This news I have had from several reliable and independent Arab sources."

A saloon-keeper in Boston, Mass., who has not applied for a license this year, gives as his reason that there has been too much praying and preying going on. Certain ladies of the W. C. T. U. have been praying that his business might be closed up; and the "abutters" and other people have had to be placated out of the profits. The odium and loss of money he has incurred have disgusted him.

The appointment of Rev. William H. Noyes as missionary to Japan, has been revoked by the Prudential Committee of the American Board, Mr. Noyes has already done four years' valuable work in Japan, and his appointment was unanimously requested by his associates in that country. In revoking the appointment, the Prudential Committee shows that it adheres to the policy which has already had a disastrous effect on the Board's income.

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

THE FORMIDABLE WEAPON.

Sermon Preached last Sunday, Aug. 27, 1893, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D.

Text: *"For the word of God is quick, and powerful and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of the soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart."* Heb. 4: 12.

THE Bible is now in the furnace of trial, and the furnace is heated seven times hotter than it is wont to be heated. We have no fear, however, for the divine Word. The Bible is quite used to harsh treatment. It has been overthrown in the minds of its hostile critics, so often that their judgment is not to be taken as conclusive in this regard. Some one has said that the Bible is a cube, and so is always of the same height, however often it be overturned. The intellectual giants in the past attempted in vain to destroy the truth of God; the pigmies of the present shall certainly not accomplish what they failed to achieve. It is interesting, amid the Babel of modern criticism, to know what inspired writers thought and said of the inspired Word. We have in this text an admirable statement of a Bible writer's opinion of the Bible, to whose perfection under the divine Spirit he contributed his part. What does the Bible think of itself? We have heard what the critics think of Moses and Isaiah. It would be instructive to know what Moses and Isaiah think of their critics. It is certain that when Moses was living, neither in Pharaoh's palace nor on the field of battle, were men ready to attack him. If he were now living some of his critics might be more modest in their assertions and less forward in their attacks.

Destructive Criticism.

Mere destructive criticism is worthy of but little respect. In no other sphere can the minimum of talent so certainly secure the maximum of notice. A child or an idiot with a knife or a hammer let loose in a gallery of paintings or a hall of statuary, can destroy more in an hour than Angelo or Raphael could create in a lifetime. Destructive criticism requires but little ability and has but little utility. At times it may have a brief mission. It may awaken curiosity; it may evoke inquiry. Many a minister can attract no attention by earnestly expounding the Gospel; but the same man by attacking the Gospel and denouncing recognized beliefs, will have a brief notoriety in the secular and religious press. By once hurling a hymn-book from his pulpit at the windows of the church, some pastors would attract more notice than by their ordinary preaching for a score of years. But mere destruction is unworthy the ambition of a noble man and the attainments of a broad scholar. God often rules destructive work, however, for the establishment of his truth. The opposition of Porphyry in his day called into the arena many defenders of Christ and his Gospel. The attacks upon Christianity in our day have only served to show the solidity of its deep foundations. Let no believer be alarmed; let no one feel obliged to steady the ark of God; God will care for his word and his work. The business of the pulpit is to preach the truth and not to apologize for God and the Bible. A pastor is engaged in a sorry labor when he is simply unsettling the beliefs of men, and robbing the Bible of its authority and beauty. A man of this character may have some sphere of usefulness, but it is certainly not in the pulpit or Church of God.

The Sharp Instrument.

Whoever the author of the epistle to the Hebrews was he had an exalted conception of the character and influence of the Word of God; and that conception he has expressed in language as beautiful as it is forceful, and as lofty in its rhetoric as it is logical in its reasoning. His purpose in this text is to show that God knows every act of our lives and every thought of our hearts. All forms of untruth- [illegible] taught, will be exposed to God's piercing sight. It is impossible for men to deceive the Almighty. His gaze is all-penetrating; his knowledge goes to the bottom of the soul; he will uncover men to themselves and to the sight of an assembled universe. Only as our sins are covered by the righteousness of Christ, or washed away in his precious blood, can they be hidden from the sight of God. His omniscience is a truth as sublime as it is solemn.

What are we to understand by the phrase "the Word of God" in the text? Does it mean the threatening referred to in the previous verse? So some have said. Does it mean the gospel as a whole? So some have said. Does it mean the whole range of divine revelation; does it mean the Lord Jesus, the essential and eternal Word? Although this title is not given to him in this connection, he is in the highest, the fullest and

The Divinest Sense

the Word of God. The meaning here will include all these truths. The Word of God is whatever God has spoken, whether in promise or prophecy, whether in threatening or in doctrine. God's truth goes to the depths of the soul; it uncovers the secrets of every life. What are the characteristics of this Word as here given? The first characteristic named is that it is "quick." This word is a translation of a Greek word which literally means "living." This now almost obsolete Saxon word retains its natural meaning in the expression, "cut to the quick" and in similar uses still current in daily speech. It suggests here that the Word of God is alive with vital energy. This characteristic certainly belongs to the Word of God. It is living in itself, and not cold, formal and dead. It is the active, energetic and living truth which God evermore speaks. Speech is sacred; speech possesses individuality; speech is immortal; language is a living original; language grows and is not made. Humbolt considers language not as a dead product, but as an animate creature. He affirms that man is differentiated from the animal kingdom by the faculty of speech. Men and God alike use words. Language stands related to thought as the body does to the soul. There is a moral quality in words. There never can be pure speech except it come from a pure heart. Language wraps up histories and prophecies. Language give us fossil poetry and verbal ethics. If these things be true of human speech, how much more significant is the speech of the Almighty! Not only are God's words quick but they are quickening; they are not only living but they give life. The word of the living God is a living and enlivening word. His word lives forevermore. Whatever may die the Word of God must live. His truth is possessed of an immortal life. All other literature may perish but God's word shall endure forevermore. "All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the Word of our God shall stand forever."

The Mighty Utterance.

We learn also that the Word of God is "powerful:" that it is energetic, instinct with force. It lays bare the secret feelings of the heart; it awakens the fears of the most careless of men; it sternly arouses the conscience; and at times it lifts up its voice until the awful scenes of the judgment day pass in review before the eyes of guilty men. It causes the sinner to see the great white throne and to hear the awful words of the eternal Judge. God's truth is now controlling all the great events in the political and moral world. God's word is girdling the world. His truth makes thrones tremble and totter; it makes tyrants quake and fear; it gives freedom to the slave, and makes earth a training school for heaven. Believe me, men and women, when the Spirit of God takes the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, then that word is powerful [illegible] to comfort saints. It is so powerful that it can pull down the strongholds of sin; that it can make the lame to walk, the deaf to hear, the dumb to sing, the blind to see, and the dead to live. The hammer of God's truth can break in pieces the most flinty heart; it can shatter the refuges of lies behind which men seek protection; it can batter down the walls of Satan's kingdom, and on the ruins thereof erect the everlasting kingdom of God's dear Son. This word comes down as the rain and snow from heaven but returns not thither. It never goes forth out of God's mouth in vain; it ever accomplishes that which he pleases and prospers in the thing whereunto he hath sent it. When Christ spoke one word the centurion's servant was healed. God's word hath penetrating, healing, illumining and illimitable power to-day. Let us believe in the omnipotence of divine truth; let us possess our souls in patience. God will magnify his word above all his name.

A Devouring Flame.

The third characteristic is thus stated — "Sharper than any two-edged sword." Commentators call attention to the fact that the word translated two-edged literally means a two-mouthed sword. It is easy to understand how this idea is associated with the word sword; the sword is thought of as devouring all before it, and thus its edge comes to be spoken of as a mouth. The sword was conceived of as a terrible beast which destroyed all antagonists. The power of God's Word is thus set forth by this striking figure. Similar language is elsewhere used in Scripture concerning the Word of God. In Isaiah 49: 2, we read, "He hath made my mouth like a sharp sword;" and in Rev. 1 :16, "Out of his mouth went a sharp two-edged sword." Similar language is found in still other portions of the Bible regarding the penetrating and irresistible power of God's Word. It cuts both ways; it enters where no other sword can enter; it dissects as is not possible to any other instrument. It will cut the hand of the man who uses it unskilfully; it is a dangerous weapon to have used against us. By this Word we are to be judged, and by it justified or condemned. If it be on our side, no weapon formed by man can prosper against us; if it be against us, no weapon formed by man can protect us. What the two-edged Roman sword did to the bodies of the foes of Rome that this sword does to the foes of Jesus Christ and his kingdom—"piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow." God's Word will go straight to the heart, to the very centre of motive and action.

When soul is distinguished from spirit as here, we understand by the former word the lower faculty while by spirit a superior power. The word soul means the animal life as distinguished from the immortal life; the word spirit refers to the

Immaterial and Immortal

element in our complex being. We have in Scripture the threefold classification, "your whole spirit, soul and body." This threefold distinction we now constantly make. These three are mysteriously united in life, and to separate them is surely to cause death. The Word of God, the sword of the Spirit, penetrates the very heart of the sinner and slays him. The apostle Paul tells us that when the commandment came sin revived and he died; the law slew him; he was cut down under conviction, and fell pierced to the heart, and lay dying at Jesus' feet. The figure of the sword is still retained, and it is represented as reaching the joints and marrow and as discerning the thoughts and intents of the heart. God's truth will uncover every hypocrite. It enters irresistibly into the soul. Some have supposed that the apostle was arguing from some tremendous punishment which came upon the ancient Israelites, that he is speaking of the Word of God as producing effects like lightning of fire from heaven.

Not only does this wonderful Word discern the thoughts but it reaches even to the half-formed intentions of the soul. It strikes below the sphere of our conscious thoughts into the realm of half-formed intentions, and we are judged in the sight of God according to our

Character and Purposes.

Many men have been conscious of this property of God's Word. When it has been faithfully preached, and they have been deeply convicted, they have often charged the preacher with having knowledge of the most private events in their lives. Some have supposed that their neighbors gave information to the preacher. Frequently in my own ministry have I had experience of the power of God's Word in these respects. These results were due to the energy of the divine Spirit using the holy Word as its two-mouthed sword. Every true Gospel ministry has witnessed similar effects from the faithful declaration of God's truth. God's Word is a hammer and a sword; and the preacher needs skill and strength for its right use. The hammer will not break the rock in pieces nor the sword pierce to the joints and marrow unless both hammer and sword are directed by a trained hand, a skilful mind, and a consecrated heart. God help us to know how aright to use these divine instruments! Wonderful language is here employed. When a man is so pierced by this sword he dies. Oh, blessed truth! Oh, divine sword! God grant that the slain of the Lord may be many this day! God grant that the divine breath may then come to the slain that they may live, as a great army of witnesses and soldiers for God!

The last characteristic of the Word of God is that it "is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." This thought I have already touched upon, but it is worthy of fuller presentation. Here the Word is represented as going through the chambers of the soul as with a lighted candle, or more strictly speaking, the thoughts and intents of the heart come forth into conspicuous view by the Word of God. God's truths

Reveal Men to Themselves

in their true character; it brings to light their forgotten sins. They see themselves more nearly as God sees them; and their motives now appear in all their sinfulness. Evils whose presence they did not suspect are now seen in all their vileness. God's Word, like the sun at noonday, floods their souls with its heavenly light, and men are then startled at the Satanic hostility to God which they discover in their own hearts.

There are lessons which we may learn from this discussion. Unconverted men and women, let God's Word have its perfect work in your hearts. Remember that the day of revelation is coming. This world's acts will then stand out as stout witnesses against you. All that we have thought and felt will then be known to God and to the world. We are distinctly informed that by our words shall we be justified or condemned. No man could endure to have his neighbor know him for an hour as God has known him for his lifetime. Did men know themselves as God knows them they would be ready to condemn themselves as guilty in the light of their own conscience. We ought all to let God's Word have its perfect work in us as fire to consume the dross, as a light to guide our steps, and as the voice of God summon us to duty.

Students of God's Word, appreciate its worth as never before. It is clamoring for recognition in the colleges of the country. It is securing its place as

The Honored Text-book

in many of the most honored colleges. Shall men study Homer for his poetry, and refuse to study the inspired Psalmist? Sophocles for his dramas, and refuse to study the mysterious and sublime Job? Shall men study Plato for his philosophy, and not the Apostle Paul? Shall men study Herodotus for his history, and pass over the matchless histories of this unique book? Believe in your deepest souls that the Word of God is adapted to convict, to convert and to sanctify the soul. Remember that at its bar the race shall be judged; remember that when all its critics are forgotten it will still remain as the sublimest and divinest book the world has ever known. The names of some of its fiercest critics in the past would never have been heard by the people of to-day, but for their association with its immortal life, and with that of its divine Lord.

Teachers and preachers, learn the importance of knowing

How to Use "the Sword

of the Spirit." You must know the qualities of this divine sword. It is the choicest sort of a blade. You must be quick of eye and supple of wrist. The sword needs a trained and courageous soldier to wield it. The soldier ought to know enough of anatomy to know the vulnerable parts of his foe. The surgeon must not cut at random; the farmer must not cast the seed on fallow ground if he expects a harvest. The physician must not prescribe medicine without making a careful diagnosis. So you must study the needs of men, you must believe their great need, their fearful hunger and their lost condition; then you can apply God's Word to supply their want, to feed their hunger and to reveal Christ as the Saviour of their souls. God in heaven, make us wise in winning souls for Jesus Christ!

Many men have entered the arena to tilt against the Bible, and lately especially against the Pentateuch. Pharaoh strove against Moses and he sank like lead into the Red Sea. Jannes and Jambres, the Egyptian magicians, "withstood Moses," and they are named only to show their defeat and humiliation. Lucian, Celsus, Porphyry and Julian the Apostate were

the leaders of the opposition to Christ and his Church in their respective generations. Prophyry was, without doubt, one of the most brilliant opponents which Christianity has ever had. He was a peerless heathen polemic. He moved boldly into the arena; he was resolved to dethrone Jesus Christ. He anticipated many of the critical methods which are common in our day; but these men would be utterly forgotten were it not that they linked their names even in opposition, with that Name which is above every name. Jesus Christ is King. From his watch-tower in the heavens he rules this world. His pierced hand is on the helm of the universe. Men have, in their own opinion, been constantly engaged in overthrowing the Bibles; but the work has to be constantly repeated. Never did any other book have such vitality. It constantlp confronts its foes with new elements of power. It never was mightier than it is to-day. It has overthrown many forms of heathenism, and is now moving forward, with head erect and step triumphant, to the conquest of the world. Let ns rejoice in its glorious characteristics, living, energetic, piercing and discerning. God help us to use, obey and love this immortal book!

THE RESULT OF A BROKEN PROMISE.

At a recent Gospel meeting in London, a Mr. Kirkpatrick said: "It is now about thirty years ago since I was converted in the City of Dublin. Immediately after my conversion I made a vow to God that I should devote £500 a year to his service. I was making a good income at the time, and could have done so easily, but I did not keep my vow. I gave to the Lord's work as I have always done even before my conversion, but I fell short of what I had promised my Lord to give. What was the result? When I would not render to God a part of what he had given me, he stretched out his hand and my business withered; less and less grew my income until I could not have paid my vow even if I had wished. I am now making a comparatively small income, and I put it all down to my unfulfilled vow. God asks no one to bind himself with a vow, but if a vow be made, God insists upon its payment."

A MOSLEM CONVERT'S FAITH.

Some time ago an old Mohammedan Moulvie, an Afghan who was accounted a saint by the men of his village, was brought to believe in Christ by a long train of circumstances. After his conversion, Dr. Martyn Clark asked him one day if he had ever heard the gospel before he came to Amritsar. "Yes, once," he replied, "about forty years ago, I had a friend called Dilawar Khan. I heard he had become a Christian, and I went five days' journey to curse him, and I did. Now Dilawar Khan before his conversion, was a man who would have cut your head off on the slightest provocation, and yet he sat still and said nothing. At last I shook him, and said, 'Why don't you say anything?' He said, 'I act as a Christian.' Then he told me of Christ, and I cursed him till I could curse no more, and all he said was 'Lad, I have a beard, thou hast none. The Lord will yet have mercy on thee, though it may be when thy beard is not only as long as mine, but white;' and this day, is that saying of Dilawar Kahn's fulfilled, the Lord had mercy on me."

MONEY RECEIVED.

Since our acknowledgment in last week's issue the following sums have been received and applied to the funds indicated by the senders:

For the support of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD *Missionary of the American Sunday School Union.* W. E. Higgs, Bahamas, $1; Mrs. E. O. Manley, Meriden, Conn., $2; Subscriber, Malden, Mass., $2; Mrs. S.P.G., Georgetown, $1; Samuel Edwards, $10; Mrs. Rosa A. Isfell, $1; M. A. Granes, 50 cts.; P. H.H., Charlottesville, Ind., $5; Subscriber, 50 cts.; A Sunday School Friend, $2; Julius Heidenrich, $1; An Endeavorer, $5; D. C. Willard, $1; J. LeGrant, $2. Total, $34. Amount previously acknowledged, $318.40.

For the Bethesda Home for the Reclamation of Fallen Girls. A Friend, Parnassus, Pa., $3; Mrs. Silas W. Moore, $1; I. Girod, $2; A Friend, Buffalo, N. Y., $2; Y.P.S.C.E., Union Sunday School, New Brighton, S. I., $10; D. C. R., Eureka Mills, Cal., $2. Total $20.

For the Permanent Lodging House for Homeless Women. J. Goodloe Jackson, $1; A Friend, Emory, Tex., $1.25; W. E. S., $1; B. M. Phillips, $10; a Reader, $1; a Friend, Syracuse, N. Y., $1. Total $15.25.

For the Florence Mission. Reader, Watch Hill, R. I., $5.

For the Door of Hope. Mrs. E. O. Manley, $2.

Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

After.

"There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God."—HEB. 4: 9.

Words arr. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Aft - er the toil and troub - le, There cometh a day of rest;
2. Aft - er the night of dark - ness, The shad-ows all flee a - way;
3. Aft - er the hours of chast-ening, The spir - it made pure and bright;
4. Aft - er the pain and sick- ness, The tears are all wiped a - way;
Aft - er the wea - ry con - flict, Peace on the Sav-iour's breast;
Aft - er the day of sad - ness, Hope sheds her brightest ray;
Aft - er the earth's dark shad - ow, Clear in the light of light;
Aft - er the flow'rs are gather - ed, No more of earth's de - cay;
Aft - er the care and sor - row, The glo- ry of light and love;
Aft - er the strife and strug - gle, The vic - to- ry is won;
Aft - er the guid- ing coun - sel Com - mun - ion full and sweet;
Aft - er the deep heart sor - row, An end of ev - ery strife;
Aft - er the wilderness jour - ney, The Fa-ther's bright home a-bove.
Aft - er the work is o - ver, The Master's own word, Well done.
Aft - er the will- ing serv - ice, All laid at the Sav-iour's feet.
Aft - er the dai - ly cross - es, A glo - ri-ous crown of life.

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SOWING AND REAPING.

WOULD you reap in harvest time
Sheaves of golden grain?
Plant good grain in planting time,
'Twill all come back again.
Seeds are like their harvest,
Rain and heat and cold
Will show what you have planted,
Increased a hundred-fold.

Would you reap in harvest-time
Sorrow, pain and snares?
Sow wild oats in sowing time,
Briers, thorns and tares.
Seeds of much or little worth
You are free to choose;
Fruits of heaven or fruits of earth
You may win or lose.

Plant the Gospel far and wide,
Faith and hope and love;
Then rich harvests that abide
You will reap above.
Seeds are like their harvest,
Rain and heat and cold
Will show what you have planted,
Increased a hundred-fold.

Vineland, N. J. CARRIE ELLIS BRECK.

WAITING FOR HIS COMING.

ARE you waiting for the coming
Of the blessed Son of God,
He who once a weary wanderer
Through this vale of sorrow trod?
Are you listening for his footsteps
In the distance drawing near?
Have you oil within your vessels—
Lamps well trimmed and burning clear?

Are you waiting for his coming?
Listening for the midnight cry?
Does your light shine clearer, brighter,
As your absent Lord draws nigh?
While you're waiting for his coming,
Are you telling all around
Of that blessed peace and pardon
That alone in Christ are found?

Are you waiting for his coming,
Ready to be caught away,
In the costly robes he gave you
Shining for the perfect day?
If you're waiting for his coming,
Work and watch, and wait and pray,
Looking for him, though he tarry,
With glad heart from day to day.

Stayner, Ont. —MRS. W. J. KENNEDY.

The Lord's Warnings.*

Two Predictions Referring to Two Distinct Events Which are Often Misunderstood.

WE have three important discourses on future events, which were given by our Lord recorded in Matthew 24, Mark 13, and Luke 21. Some Christian students believe that they all refer to the siege of Jerusalem which took place in A. D. 70; others believe they refer to the time of the end when Christ will appear. A close examination of the subject has led the writer to the conclusion that it is a mistake to apply any part of Christ's prophecy, as related by Matthew and Mark, to the overthrow of Jerusalem. If this can be established the prophecy becomes relieved of difficulties which may be said never satisfactorily to have been cleared up. Let it be, therefore, supposed that only Luke records those words of Christ which relate to the Roman siege. It is believed that the setting up of the Abomination of Desolation and the warning to flee (as given by Matthew and Mark), and unparalleled tribulation, cannot any of them have been fulfilled at the fall of Jerusalem, and, on the other hand, that the leading sign, that which determines the time of the rest, viz., the standing of the Abomination of Desolation in the Holy Place, is, by our Saviour himself, distinctly connected with his Second Advent, It is a noteworthy circumstance that Luke does not give as a sign to flee the setting up of the Abomination of Desolation but gives another: "When ye shall see Jerusalem compassed with armies." History allows of no doubt as to this sign, that it was both observed and acted on by the Christians of Judea; but there is a great difference of opinion, even among those who maintain that the Abomination of Desolation was set up at that time as to what particular act might be regarded as the setting up.

We must not lose sight of the condition that it was to be a sign to flee; and that, therefore, it must have been exhibited (if at all) in some significant and striking manner before the city of Jerusalem was so surrounded by the armies of Titus as to render escape impossible. This consideration disposes of the supposition that this setting up was fulfilled when, after the city was taken, the standard of the Roman army was planted on the temple site; for a sign to flee then would be but a mockery to those who had already undergone the horrors of the siege.

It will not be out of place to inquire what was the idea attached by the Jews themselves to the phrase, "Abomination of Desolation," and what they regarded as a planting of it in their holy place. In 1. Maccabees, we find an account of the placing of an idol on the altar of God by Antiochus Epiphanes, and it is called the setting up of the Abomination of Desolation (1: 54), and it is generally supposed also that this was a fulfilment of Dan. 11: 31. In narrating the same events, Josephus says: "And when the king had built an idol altar upon God's altar, he slew swine upon it" (Ant.: Bk. 12, chap. 5). We thus see that the Jews regarded the building of an idol altar upon God's altar as a setting up the Abomination of Desolation. We may gather also that they did not so regard a mere desecration, let it have been ever so violent and unwarrantable. All which leads to the conclusion that no event took place at the siege of Jerusalem which can be regarded in the twofold character of a sign to flee, and a standing of the Abomination of Desolation in the Holy Place.

This conclusion will be strengthened when we come to compare the warnings to flee, as given by Matthew and Mark, and by Luke, and note their difference. The encompassing Jerusalem with armies was to be a sign to the disciples, first, "that the desolation thereof was nigh." We know how literally exact was the accomplishment of this prophecy; and are we not justified in expecting an accomplishment as exact of the prediction in Matthew and Mark! It was to be, secondly, a warning to persons in three different circumstances. Those in the midst of the city, that they should depart out; those in Judea, that they should flee to the mountains; those that are in the countries, that they should not enter thereinto. Let us now look at the standing of the Abomination of Desolation in the holy place as a sign, and at the warnings associated with it, and remark their dissimilarity to those in Luke, and in some particulars, their inapplicability to the circumstances attendant on the Roman siege of Jerusalem.

(To be Concluded.)

* From *The Prophetic News* for August which contains also articles on "The Supreme Dimensity," "The Approaching Rapture," "The Day of the Lord at Hand," etc.

THE GREAT APOSTLE.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Sept. 10. Acts 28: 30-31; 1 Cor. 9: 16-27

APART from the direct teaching of the great Apostle to the Gentiles, there is much in the personality of the man to arrest the attention and incite to study. A more extraordinary man the Church has never produced in all its history. Everything he did was unique and original; and Christian theology to this day bears the impress of his mind more conspicuously than of any other. Although he never saw Christ in the flesh, he caught his spirit more perfectly than those who had been with him and listened to his teaching. Until Paul arose, Christianity was a mere Jewish sect and so it might have remained had he not emancipated it and given it a world-wide application. The earlier Apostles clung to Judaism to the last; but Paul perceived that the old bottles could not hold the new wine and he ruthlessly tore them to pieces and flung them aside as things that had served their purpose, but were now obsolete. Judaism had been only the schoolmaster to the generations to bring them to Christ. In the new light of Christ the heir had come of age and needed the schoolmaster no longer. We know how his boldness shocked the older Apostles. He never had their full confidence. James wrote against him and Peter contented himself with saying that Paul's epistles contained "things hard to be understood." The simple, honest fisherman was bewildered by the problems in which Paul's cultured and subtle intellect delighted. And then Paul did not show the Apostles the respect to which they might naturally have thought themselves entitled. After his conversion he, sought no instruction from them, but worked out in solitude his own system of theology. After three years he went to Jerusalem but he stayed with the Apostles only fourteen days and he maintains a significant silence about the value of what they imparted to him. In his preaching and his epistles he plainly shows that he attached little importance to Christ's outward life and teaching. He seldom quotes Jesus, or refers to his miracles, even when he might have done so relevantly and with confirmation to his argument. He seizes on the facts of the incarnation and the vicarious death and triumphant resurrection of Christ and around and upon them he built his theological system. It was Christ himself that he preached, Christ the Son of God, the Saviour of the world. He conceived of him as the head of a spiritual kingdom in which men of every race and clime might become citizens. It was Christ's own conception and Paul harmonized it with the ancient traditions. The sacrifices had been good, but here was a Sacrifice which superseded them all. The law had been valuable and might still serve a useful purpose antecedent to conversion; but afterward the law was only a fetter. Types and ceremonies were mere shadows; Christ was the substance. The initiatory and [illegible] in Christ's kingdom was faith in him. All else might be left to the working of that faith. If the inward change had taken place the outward life would be right. That was Paul's conception and the Church has vindicated it.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

A convention of the Chapters of Penfield, Litchfield and Belden in the Cleveland District was held recently at Penfield, O. An excellent series of reports from the various Chapters represented showed that the organization was thorough and in vigorous operation. Several papers were read and then the Convention adjourned to the grove near the church for refreshments. The afternoon session was occupied by the Juniors, and in the evening Dr. J. E. Stubbs preached. A consecration service closed the proceedings.——The *Epworth Herald* announces that the constitution of the "Epworth Guards" will be ready for distribution in a few days. Although the organization is semi-military in character, it is not proposed to prescribe expensive uniforms and arms. The necessary equipment will be simply a regulation cap and cane. The pledge insists upon total abstinence from liquor and tobacco and absolute purity of speech and life. The organization, rightly conducted, will interest an army of Methodist boys, and assist in promoting pure Christian manliness.——The annual State Convention of Iowa Epworth League is to be held at Webster City, November 1-3. Rev. Francis J. Norton of Rockford, Ia., is in charge and is expecting a large attendance of delegates.——At Hebron, Neb., the League has fifty members enrolled and the effect produced on the church work by the efforts of these consecrated young people is plainly visible. The meetings have been continued through the summer.——One of the most successful of the State Conventions held this year was that held recently at Ocean Grove by the Conference League of New Jersey. The early meetings were held in the Young People's Temple and in the evening the League had possession of the great Auditorium. The many eloquent speakers gathered at Ocean Grove this summer were present in force and charmed the delegates with their oratory. The musical exercises were in charge of Rev J.C. Westwood of Long Branch. Miss Marsh of Paterson presided at the organ and solos were sung by Mrs Howard of Matteawan and other friends. A reception was held at the Arlington Hotel at the close of the Convention.

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A CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SETTLEMENT

The University settlement idea is not copyrighted and the devoted men and women who are working with it in many of our great cities are the kind of people who will be glad to hear of its extension. That extension has been attained through a Christian Endeavor Society in Baltimore and as its principles are in harmony with the principles of the Society the Baltimore example is likely to be followed in other cities. Rev. E. A. Lawrence, whose church has taken the imative in the matter says in describing the effort, that the young people of the C. E. Society in his church had grown discontented with the work they were doing at long distance and wanted to engage in missionary work nearer home. They went into the tenement-house district and organized a special Endeavor Society under the charge of a "tenement committee." The Endeavorers were warmly welcomed, and mission rooms given them free of rent. The pastor took up rooms in the tenement district, and, with a university student, established there the beginning of a Christian Endeavor settlement. He took charge of their meeting once a week. Crowded classes for sewing and drawing were organized. Every evening was music, and pleasant social chats. There was soon a wide-awake boys' club. Later came the beginning of a girls' club. A night school sprang up. The children gave access to the parents. Twenty-five or thirty persons were engaged in this work, each giving usually one evening a week. A most hopeful beginning has been made, which will undoubtedly grow into greater things. Christian Endeavor Societies which are looking around for new spheres of work would do well to make a note of this Baltimore experiment, for it is full of hope and will yield rich fruit.

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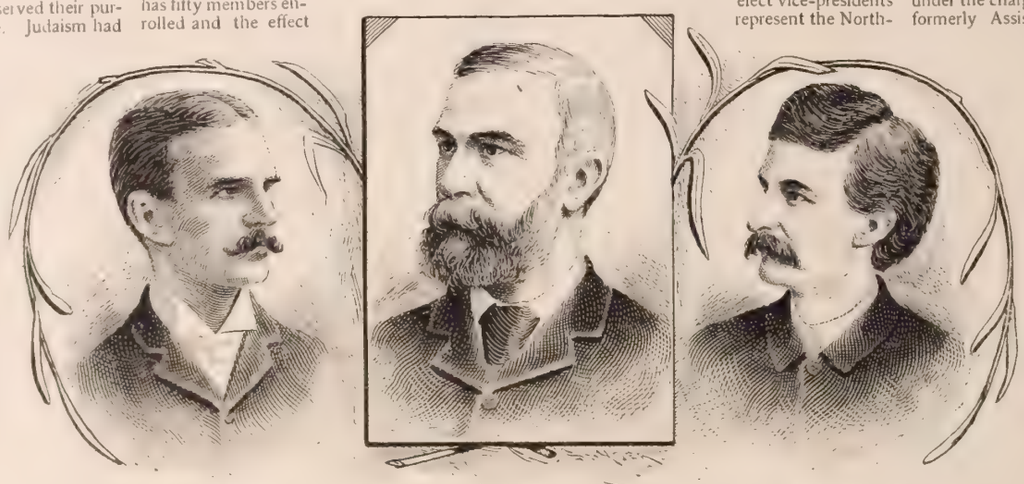
THE B. Y. P. U. VICE-PRESIDENTS.

The recent International Convention of Baptist Young People's Societies at Indianapolis followed the example of its predecessor at Detroit, Mich. in electing three vice-presidents, representing the various sections. These gentlemen, whose portraits appear on this page, are Mr. Frank Harvey Field of New York, Rev. George B. Eager, D.D., of Montgomery, Ala., and Mr. A. A. Ayer of Montreal, P. Q. They have all been prominent in the movement from the beginning and Mr. Field has already held the office a year, having been elected at Detroit in 1892. If the Union continues growing a the rate it has hitherto maintained the Convention of 1894 will need to extend its list and elect vice-presidents represent the North-



Mr. Frank H. Field, of New York. Mr. A. A. Ayer, of Montreal. Rev. George B. Eager, D.D., of Alabama.

THE VICE-PRESIDENTS OF THE BAPTIST YOUNG PEOPLE'S UNION.

west and Southwest. Although there was no regular organization of the Union until 1891, when after a year's work the first Convention assembled at Detroit, there is now a State organization in every Northern State except Maine, and in the four Southern States of Arkansas, Maryland, Missouri and Texas, beside the Canadian Unions of Ontario and Quebec. These States are represented respectively on the Board of Managers and the movement has been started to have each State elect, or at least nominate, its representative on that Board. So far they have been nominated by a committee at the annual Convention and elected by the Convention, but as the Founding Fund is now growing to considerable proportions, it is felt that a more satisfactory course would be for each State to choose its representative.

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GROWTH AND WORK.

At the recent gathering of King's Daughters at Chicago a graphic and vivid sketch of the growth and labors of the Order was given by Mrs. M. L. Dickinson the General Secretary. In the course of her address she spoke of the origin of the "sisterhood of service, founded by an original "Ten," who sought thereby to "develop spiritual life, and to stimulate Christian activities;" of the wish of its founders that it might be an organization whose motto should be "Much work and little talk." She said: "We began in 1886 with ten members. Before the end of the year we were fifteen hundred. November, 1891, showed a list of 170, 642, and its seventh birthday saw the new, strange army 200,000 strong. It would only be possible to give any adequate record of the Order's efforts by inviting the Recording Angel into this Congress and extending his time beyond the tap of the warning bell. We can give but a glimpse of the character and strength of the Order, and its great place among the regenerative influence of our day, with a glance at the activities through which it seeks to develop its ideal."

Mrs. Dickinson spoke of the various Chapters of the Order, of its three fields of Home Life, of Individual Character, and of strengthening and Supporting the Churches. In all, the Order has done a widely extended and noble work, entirely apart from its field of outside philanthropies. Within not much more than the last two years, it has either founded, entirely supported or materially aided, more than two hundred institutions, including Hospitals, Day Nurseries, Infirmaries, Boys' Homes, Old Ladies' Homes, Orphan Asylums, Seamen's Homes, Seaside Shelters for Children and many others.

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AMONG THE ORDERS.

The Women's Christian Association of Philadelphia has received $13,862 toward the cost of its new building.

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The total membership in the Young Men's Christian Associations of London, England, is 11,684, as against 10,770 for last year.

✠

A Young men's Christian Association has been organized at Great Barrington, Mass. Ten thousand dollars have been raised for the first year's work and a general secretary will soon be employed.

✠

The Railroad Y. M. C. A. of Port Henry, N.Y., has been the scene of some very successful Evangelistic meetings. The work has been under the charge of Donald MacColl, who was formerly Assistant State Secretary of New York. He has been assisted by two Princeton Students and the Bliss Quartet of Princeton College.

✠

The Midsummer Rally of the Christian Endeavor Union of Brooklyn, N. Y., was held August 19, at the Gravesend Reformed Church. An address was delivered by Rev. B. Kerr Tupper of Denver, Colo.

✠

By the invitation of Mr. Frank H. Field, the B. Y. P. U. of the Hudson River Association assembled at Round Lake for a general conference. The delegates received a fraternal welcome from the Methodiststs who make Round Lake their meeting place in the summer months.

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The B. Y. P. U. of Brockton, Ill., has a list of non-church goers in the town and sends them at regular intervals through the mail invitations to attend the services at the church and has some of its members on hand to greet those who accept the invitations, and show them to seats and furnish them with hymn-books.

✠

The Brooklyn, N. Y., Union of King's Daughters holds a prayer-meeting at the Wayside Home in Bridge Street on the third Saturday in every month at 3 P. M.

✠

On a recent Sunday, two hundred and twenty young men with their relatives were present in the new building of the Paris Young Men's Christian Association. Addresses were delivered by Pastors G. Appia, Cordey, Theodore Monod, and others.

✠

During the past year the Christian Endeavor Societies in Queensland have increased from seven to twenty-six, and the membership from 330 to 920. Denominationally they are divided into Presbyterian, 8; Congregational, 7; Baptist, 5; Primitive Methodist, 4; Wesleyan Methodist, 1; undenominational, 1.

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The Christian Endeavor Societies of the Reformed Churches, have furnished sufficient money to build a Christian Endeavor Church at Edgerton, Minn., and are now asked to unite in building a "Christian Endeavor Church No. 2." The Rev. Wm. I. Chamberlain and his wife, at Chittoor, India, are to be the Christian Endeavor missionaries in the foreign field representing the Reformed Church. Mr. Chamberlain organized one of the first Endeavor Societies in India.

The Family and Home Circle

LITTLE DAMES AND MEN.

WE must all remember when
We were little dames and men,
When each sorrow tugged away with all its might
At our little hearts and eyes,
Till the air was full of sighs,
And the brightest day was turned to darkest night.
How we'd weep,
How we'd creep
To our little beds to sleep,
With wet lashes on flushed faces; even then
Not a soul would ever know
Half our agony; and so
We would sympathize with little dames and men.

We must remember when
We were little dames and men,
When we meet the little ones from day to day.
A kind word is just as cheap,
And it sinks to depths as deep
As the harsh one you were sending down their way.
If you knew
How a few
Gracious words and acts from you
Were planted in their souls, to blossom when
Golden days of childhood seem
To be shadows of a dream,
You would love and cherish little dames and men.

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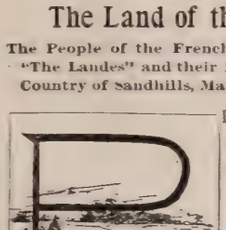
The Land of the Stilts.

The People of the French Department of "The Landes" and their Peculiar Ways—A Country of Sandhills, Marshes and Bogs.



PERHAPS no part of Europe is so little known or visited as that section of France which was once the old English province of Aquitaine, but is now known as the Department of the Landes, on the margin of the Bay of Biscay. Its very name furnishes the reason for its isolation and neglect, for *Landes* means "waste land,"—approximately, marsh, moor, or desert. It is little better than a Sahara, consisting chiefly of long lines of sand dunes or low hills covered with a growth of stunted pines, with great valleys of soft sand lying between, and with heather-covered marshes and bogs. Every tempest carries with it great clouds of sand which fall upon the scattered villages, the woods and the tree-topped dunes, making the region still more of a wilderness. And so, every succeding generation witnesses this once populous and prosperous part of western Europe made less capable of supporting human life, and brings it nearer to the time when it must be abandoned to the sand, the wind and the waves.

Nowhere on the continent does the student or the tourist find more striking examples of primitive manners than in the Landes. It is a desolate region whose people wage a continuous warware against adverse natural conditions. It is not an uncommon experience for them to find after a storm, that their little gardens are all sandblown, and their grazing grounds obliterated. To feed their flocks they have to keep constantly moving about, frequently going long distances in the yielding sand or through marshes to secure good grazing ground. Pine trees have been planted in every available spot with a view to arresting the process of destruction, but though these have succeeded to some extent, there are still immense barren tracts of level land, where little grazing can be found. It is a common sight in the Landes to see a shepherd mounted on wooden stilts, tending his flock, and guiding them from one grazing ground to another. The Landais shepherd is a picturesque figure Dressed in homespun, with the broad, flat cap of the French and Spanish peasant of a century ago, and with an outer garment of goatskin, the shepherd stalks through the marshes "like a giant flamingo." He can dance upon his stilts, run races on them, and with the aid of his long staff, he can even go safely to sleep on his mid-air perch. He usually spends his time in knitting or working at some rude piece of carving. His lunch basket and water bottle slung at either side, he is proof against hunger and thirst for many hours. Although his stilts may go deep into the marshes, he finds little difficulty in extricating them, and his altitude keeps him free from malaria.

To an expert on stilts, distances that would appal the pedestrian are trifling. His leisurely walk is faster than a footman can run. Indeed, his wooden legs become a second nature to him, as he learns to use them in childhood. He is postman, herdsman, or hunter, as occasion requires, and his wife and daughters are equally expert on the stilts. The pose to an artistic taste, cannot be accounted a graceful one; but it is picturesque nevertheless.

Our illustration shows one of the Landais with his flock of sheep. In the distance is a woman approaching, also on stilts. The peasantry are very simple people, free from vice, law-abiding and deeply religious. They are musical, as a rule, and no more charming entertainment can be listened to by the traveler than the singing of a choir of Landais peasants, at evening, after the herds have come home and the work of the day is ended.

SHEPHERDS OF THE LANDES AND THEIR FLOCKS.

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Spiritual Interest for Relatives.

Rev. L. F. Jones, a missionary at Killisnoo, Alaska, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD: "There is at least one important lesson the civilized may learn from the barbarous or semi-civilized. And that is a concern for the spiritual welfare of relatives and friends. Speaking now more particularly of my own people—Americans, the members of families among the civilized seem to take little interest in one another's spiritual welfare. A man will speak to a stranger sooner than to his brother about his soul's salvation. Now with the barbarous and semi-civilized there is a deep religious concern manifested among members of a family for one another. At least this is so with the aborigines of Alaska. As soon as a native finds the way of eternal life, he longs and labors for the salvation of all his immediate relatives and friends. If he changes his religion, his utmost desire is that they should change theirs. So much so is this the case, that if you win a man to Christ or your religion, you will soon have all the members of his immediate family. He will plead with tears till he wins them.

"What a lesson there is here for our more highly civilized and refined people! How heathenish indeed is the lack of interest in the eternal welfare of our own flesh and blood!"

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Korean Women.

Girlhood and womanhood in Korea, as in all other semi-barbarous countries, are surrounded by many restrictions and limitations. Girls seem to enjoy a pleasant childhood, but after the tenth or twelfth year they begin their life of seclusion. They must marry before the age of seventeen if they would avoid reproach. The young lady does not see her future husband until after the ceremony, the whole affair having been arranged by a professional "go-between" an old woman whose income depends upon her reputation for making successful matches. A native of Korea said to Dr. Underwood, a missionary, "You should make greater efforts to reach the women. I do not know how it is in other countries, but in Korea, get the women and you have the land." The women of Korea need the Gospel if ever the women of any land did. They have little to make life worth living, shut up as they are in their homes, with but few acquaintances, and almost never going beyond their own narrow women's quarter. Men cannot reach them, but to the women of America the door is open. There is no such word as 'home' in the Korean language, and there is no home life as we know it. The houses are merely living places. They are heated from beneath, flues being made under the floor, the fire-place and chimney being outside the house. The Koreans sleep on the floor, and in the cold season fuel is used to keep the sleeper warm through the night.

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Origin of a Wedding Custom.

THROWING rice at weddings is a custom that reaches back beyond the oldest history. Like many other customs now followed by the Caucasian races, it had its origin in China. *The Chinese Times* gives this pretty story of its introduction: In the days of the Shang dynasty, 1500 B.C. there lived in the province of Shansi a sorcerer called Chao. One day a Mr. P'ang came to consult the oracle, and Chao, having divined by means of the tortoise diagram, informed the trembling P'ang that he had but six days to live. P'ang called in another doctor to make sure there was no mistake. The new adviser was Peachblossom, a lady sorceress. Her divination yielded the same as Chao's; in six days P'ang should die, unless, by the exercise of her magical powers, she could avert the catastrophe. Her efforts were successful, and on the seventh day great was Chao's astonishment, mortification and rage, when he met P'ang taking his evening stroll, and learned that there lived a greater magician than he. So Chao plotted against the life of Peachblossom. He sent a friend to her parents and he befooled them into believing that he had a son who was seeking a wife, and ultimately he induced them to engage Peachblossom to him. The marriage cards were duly interchanged; but Chao had chosen the most unlucky day he could select for the wedding; the day when the "Golden Pheasant" was in the ascendant. Surely as the bride entered the red chair, the spirit bird would destroy her with his powerful beak. But Peachblossom knew all these things. When the wedding morning came she gave direction to have rice thrown out at the door, which the spirit bird seeing, made haste to devour, and while his attention was thus occupied, Peachblossom stepped into the red bridal chair and passed on her way unharmed. And this is why all people now throw rice after a bride.

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WOMAN, BEWARE!

IT is easier for a man to find a good wife than for a woman to find a good husband. This is a matter of arithmetic. There are very many more women than men. Statistics show that in Massachusetts and New York States women have a majority of hundreds of thousands. Why this is we leave others to surmise. It would seem that woman is a favorite with the Lord, and that therefore he has made more of that kind. From the order of the creation in Paradise it is evident that woman is an improved edition of man. But whatever be the reason for it, the fact is certain that she who selects a husband has a smaller number of people to select from than he who selects a wife. Therefore woman ought to be especially careful in her choice of life-time companionship. She cannot afford to make a mistake. If she make a bad job of marital selection the possibility is nothing but a funeral can relieve it. Divorce cases in court may interest the public, but the love letters of a married couple are poor reading except for those who write them.

A dog and a cat were once married. But they had lived in wedlock only a little while when they began to scratch and bite each other until all the dogs and cats of the neighborhood felt scandalized. The cat was advised by some of her friends, convened, we might say, on the roof of a neighboring wood-house, to sue for a divorce in the law courts. Three dogs were on the judges' bench—a Newfoundland, a shepherd dog, and a rat-terrier, but the Newfoundland presided. The case was called up. The galleries were crowded. It seemed that the family difficulty arose about what is the chief aim in life; the dog thought the hunting of foxes, and the cat the hunting of rats. While the trial was going on all the dogs and cats of the community neglected their work, and the foxes destroyed the chickens, and the rats despoiled the pantries.

A large amount of correspondence between the two litigants was produced and read. Private matters became public property. The daily papers had extra sale. The whole town laughed, and were demoralized. Both cat and dog were ruined in reputation. The jury, made up of six dogs and six cats who had not expressed any opinion on the subject previous to the trial, were charged by the great Newfoundland that if they found the dog guilty they must bring in a verdict for the cat; but if, on the other hand, they found the cat guilty they must bring in a verdict for the dog. After being in a room together, in which the jury fought like cats and dogs, they brought in a verdict that because of disparity in temper and incompatibility of disposition, cats and dogs ought never to be married.

THE OXFORD BIBLE PREMIUM.

MANY letters have reached this office inquiring if the Oxford Bible premium offer is still open. The offer will be continued only as long as our supply of these beautiful Bibles lasts. Those desiring to secure the best reference Bible in the world, containing all the Helps, Concordance, Subject-Index, Reference- and colored maps, can do so by sending $2 for a year's subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. To every such subscriber we will send the Oxford Teachers' Bible.

CHAPTER V.

DANGERFIELD PARK.

THE family returned to Dangerfield Park [illegible] its loveliest. After dinner Guy, who had never seen it before, strolled out on one of its terraces to look at the old home of his ancestors, where his father had spent his boyhood.

"Well, old fellow, is it anything like what you expected?"

Guy turned quickly and in the fading light saw the tall, stalwart figure of his cousin Monk approaching, looking taller than its wont in the silver moonlight that was beginning to overpower the long afterglow lingering in the western sky.

"It is a beautiful old place, Monk. I do not think you said half enough about it."

"You see we were such children when we left, and I do not think we were fond of it as one would fancy, seeing we were born and brought up there. Our grandfather's presence was somewhat overpowering—it made life rather like that one might be supposed to lead in an ogre castle. I think we were all glad to get away to the stir and bustle of London: but it certainly is, as you say, a very fine old house. I did not do it justice in my memoirs."

The cousins, standing with their backs against the wide balustrade of the terrace looked at the long pile of mellow red brick building, standing out well in the soft glamor of the moonlight, and it was not strange that they looked with admiration and pleasure.

It was not a lofty building—indeed there was but one story over the ground-floor rooms along the main front, but what it lacked it lacked in height it made up in length, and the oriel windows and quaint little doors opening upon the wide gravelled terrace without, were too numerous to be counted upon a casual inspection, and the tangle of climbing plants that clambered over the old building very much at their own will, scented the air with a strong, sweet perfume. There were flower-beds, too, all ablaze with their summer bravery, and here and there a stately old cedar or a quaintly clipped yew reared its head, affording pleasant shadow from the noonday heat to anyone who cared to seek its friendly shelter.

"I'm glad you have got such a home, old fellow," said Guy after a long look. "I almost wonder you have kept away from it so long."

"You see my mother thought it better to let it during my minority. I believe it really was the best thing to do, for we were lucky in our tenants, and the property has been very fairly looked after in our absence. Anyway she has contrived very well for me from a pecuniary standpoint. I was very much surprised when I came of age to find out what a [illegible] I was."

"I think your mother must be a very able woman. I knew I was to have ten thousand pounds, but when I had my portion handed over, it was a great deal more than that. She had hardly made any deduction for what I had cost her all these years except my allowance at Oxford. She has been most wonderfully good to me."

"O, you are one of us, Guy: of course she would treat you the same as the rest of us. [illegible] have done, it is you and not I who should be master here. Sometimes I'm not clear what I ought to do. I don't see why you should suffer for what your father did."

Guy laughed in his insouciant way. "My dear fellow, don't talk rubbish. I've not the [illegible] and for nothing [illegible] self your own way. As for me, I should never settle down as contentedly as you will do. [illegible] yourself somewhere, which I shall never do," answered Monk, with a glance of honest admiration into the keen sensitive face of his cousin, "but all the same—"

"All the same you need not make a fool of yourself by talking nonsense. Ah, and here is Yolante—I think her ladyship will enjoy the change in our surroundings if nobody else does."

A tall, graceful girl, had stepped out upon the terrace and was bearing down upon them as they stood clearly revealed in the moonlight. "Her ladyship" was the not altogether inappropriate name which Guy had bestowed long ago upon his cousin Yolante, and the sobriquet had stuck to her as names will do when it is felt that they fit their object.

"Are you here, boys? Ah, you are wise. It is better out of doors than in such a night as this. Monk—how I have looked forward to this day—when I should see you in your own house—master of your own at last."

Monk laughed in his easy-going way. He was a great contrast to his ardent, fiery sister, yet she loved him with all the strength of her heart, and would fain have infused a little of her own spirit into him. She was far more ambitious for him than he was for himself, and was half irritated with Guy for carrying off all the prizes with such ease, whilst her hero plodded on contentedly in his wake, always doing respectably—more than respectably, actually well—but not evincing the slightest brilliancy, and only succeeding through the power of dogged application and steady hard work. Guy was a worker, too, but he could get up in a hour what it would take Monk a couple of days to master, and he read all kinds of things, not confining himself to the needful examination work alone, whilst Monk had all his work to get through that, and had not opened a book for years that was not in his regular course of reading.

He was a fine-looking youth, with a pleasant, open face, a fine figure, and plenty of strength and manliness, as well as abundant good nature. He was never known to be out of temper, or to speak a really unkind word to anyone, so that he made friends wherever he went, and enjoyed life in a wholesome unquestioning fashion that many of his associates found refreshing. If he did not trouble his head about difficult problems, it was not because he was shallow or careless: but he had not reached the speculative stage as yet. Life had always looked a simple and easy thing to him so far, and it was possible with such a nature as his it might so appear to the end of the chapter.

Guy was framed on a pattern altogether different. He was not so tall by a couple of inches as his six-foot cousin, and slightly, though very gracefully built, with a wiry muscularity and toughness that surprised himself and others more than once when they had been put to the test. He was light and agile in his movements, tennis-playing rather than boating and foot-ball having been his main relaxation, and his face was in keeping with his frame—quick, sensitive and varying in expression with every varying thought, the eyes ever alight with eager thirst for information, the keenest sense of humor glancing out of their liquid depths. The features were irregular, yet very attractive, and he had inherited the rich coloring of his mother, which sometimes suggested the idea that he might also have inherited the germs of the fatal malady that had wrought such havoc to her family and had carried her off to an early grave. Yet so far the lad had been strong and healthy, and had never known a day's illness, and there seemed no reasonable cause for anxiety on his account.

Yolante resembled neither brother nor cousin, nor indeed any other member of her family. Love of power was still as strong within her as it had promised to be in the days of her childhood, and her heart swelled with pride as she looked around her, on stately dwelling house and ground, and over the dark woods behind, in the thought that it was all theirs—all Monk's—and she laid her hand upon his arm and spoke with a subdued exultation.

"Do you remember it, Monk? I do—but O, how different it looks now. I never loved it in old days, but I shall love it now, because it is all yours—all yours."

But Monk was always prosaic in proportion as his sister grew exalted and "tall"—as he called it—on any subject. "Well, I suppose so, but as I was saying to Guy just now, I have a feeling that it ought all to be his. I wonder if there is any rational way of making it over to him."

It was spoken more in jest than earnest, and Guy laughed as he had laughed before: but Yolante's eyes flashed, and she turned upon him a look that was almost fierce in its gleaming intensity. "If you ever do anything half so mad, I will never forgive you," she cried. "Guy, why do you put such wicked thoughts in his head? They would never come there of their own accord. It is you who suggest everything."

Guy was too well used to these flashes on the part of Yolante to pay any great heed. He looked at her with provoking calmness, and as he did so he laughed again in the sudden, irrepressible way which often annoyed her, for she knew that he was laughing in part at herself, and at a train of thought which she could not follow.

"Monk," she said, turning her back upon Guy deliberately, "mamma's old friend, Dr. Northesk, has just dropped in to give her a word of welcome. I think she would like you to show up. Do you remember him? I knew him directly. He has hardly changed a bit."

"I've a vague idea that I shall know him when I see him. But you have a better memory than I, Yolante. Well, we'll go in and do the civil—come along, Guy."

"I shan't be wanted, shall I?"

"O, yes, you will. Old Northesk must have known your father. Besides you are one of us you know. Come on."

So Guy followed in the wake of his cousins, amused and interested in the life of this new home, which nevertheless he had an instinct he should not share in the same matter-of-course way that he had shared the old life in London.

The long drawing-room was lighted by many shaded lamps and a soft ruddy and golden glow pervaded it, lighting up its quaint elf-fashioned furniture and antique draperies, and illuminating very clearly the faces of the group assembled there.

Mrs. Dangerfield had changed but little from the day we saw her last. The handsome face with its clear dark eyes and firm determination of expression was hardly marked by a single fresh line, and the chief alteration visible was that the hair had turned very grey, and was crowned by a very becoming cap, that did not suggest the idea of widowhood.

There were three other occupants of the room besides the seniors. A dark-faced, studious-looking youth was buried in a book near to one of the lamps. He resembled Yolante in coloring, but had none of her beauty, being in fact the only plain member of the family, and the most intellectual of Mrs. Dangerfield's children. This was Fulk the second son. He was between eighteen and nineteen years of age, and was studying for the medical profession, for which he had always evinced a strong bent.

On a couch beside one open window lay Humphrey, a very delicate-looking lad of sixteen, and at his side sat his fair-faced twin sister, Cissy — his veritable shadow. Those two had never been separated since their childhood, and were wrapped up in each other. Humphrey suffered from a rather obscure spinal malady which had developed itself after a seemingly slight accident at foot-ball when he had been a small boy. He did not suffer much pain, but was obliged to keep a good deal to his sofa. Luckily his feeble strength was not the trial to him that it would have been to some boys. He had never cared very much for games and sports, and had preferred Cissy's society at home. They studied, played games, and read aloud together with perfect contentment. It never occurred to either to want other friends or playmates, and all the variety they ever craved they found in the periodic returns from school or college of Guy and Monk, to both of whom they were devotedly attached.

Dr. Northesk turned at the sound made by the entrance of the two cousins Yolante had been bidden to fetch, and he greeted Monk with heartiness and fatherly good-will, as an old man does a youth he has known from infancy: but Mrs. Dangerfield noted that his eye rested with more interest upon Guy, and even when the greetings had been exchanged and the party had seated themselves anew, that he could not keep his eyes for long from the bright interesting face of her nephew. And presently he turned and addressed him point-blank.

"You do not seem like a stranger to us—I think you will find many friends here. Do you know how like you are to your father? He was a very popular man here once."

"I suppose he must be almost forgotten by this time."

"Forgotten? Not a bit of it. He was not the kind of young man to be forgotten. I know one humble home where you will be almost worshipped from the first moment. Mrs. Dangerfield, do you remember the Stapleton family?"

Mrs Dangerfield's face put on rather a stern look. "I remember no good of them."

"Troublesome customers, eh? I have a sort of recollection that it was so. You could not do with them as tenants if I remember right? But they are still in the place, owning a small freehold property of their own. They at least will have a warm welcome for Guy. They are not made of the stuff that forgets."

Guy looked up with a bright inquiring glance, but Mrs. Dangerfield's face was more stern than was its wont. Dr. Northesk proceeded to explain his words. "Young Stapleton, as he was in your father's time, was the scape-grace of the place, and no one could do anything with him until Guy Dangerfield declared that there was good in the fellow, and took him on as his own groom. Well, he broke him in somehow—to the immense delight and gratitude of the parents, and on one occasion he saved his life, too—your father did—which added to the load of obligation. Stapleton's devotion became a sort of by-word in the place: but when your father left it he had to leave him behind, and with the rather irrational vehemence that is often found is people of his class, he espoused his master's quarrel, and the whole family turned against old Mr. Dangerfield and behaved so violently and badly that they had to be ousted from their little farm, and they have not been near the place since so far as I know. Stapleton, however, still lives in the village, and I am certain he will be delighted to get a sight of you. He may not be a very amiable character, but he is as faithful as a bull-dog or blood-hound—if that is any recommendation—and was a true friend to your father."

"I will go and see him," said Guy promptly.

"I will not have him about this place," remarked Mrs. Dangerfield with unwonted acerbity. "I have had enough of the Stapletons' insolence."

"I should not think he would be insolent now," said Guy with one of his bright looks of gratitude. "If he cares the least for me, Aunt Clare, he must care for you also. I owe everything to you, and I shall tell him so."

"It will not make the least difference. Prejudice is never overcome in those natures. You must do as you choose about encouraging him. I should recommend your having nothing to do with him—but you are your own master now."

Guy said nothing. He was not accustomed to this tone in his aunt, and he did not wish to commit himself either way.

Monk broke in with a question about Geoffrey, Cicely and Lucy, and the talk became general. Fulk put down his book and drew near to listen. "If there is a decent hospital in Fordringham," he said, "I might stay on here for a bit and study there and in this library. I shall go over and talk to Geoffrey one of these days."

But Yolante was more interested in other people, and asked after the Conways, and other friends.

"There is only Joyce left of the girls," answered the doctor. "The other sisters are married—Mabel to Edgar Wyndham, the eldest son of the Wyndhams of the Mire House. He came into a small fortune from his uncle, and is our county member now. They often come down here in recess. Geraldine is still at home. She will be glad to have some more neighbors."

"I never cared for Geraldine as a child," remarked Yolante. "She was such a little frightened silly thing."

"Nine years make changes in people," remarked the doctor smiling. "Little Geraldine Wyndham is rather a pet of mine."

And then after a little more desultory talk the visitor left, and the three lads walked with him as far as the park gate, liking the genial old man better than their mother seemed to do, for her face was unwontedly grave and stern as she went slowly up to the handsome room she remembered so well, and stood for several moments looking out into the moonlit world beyond the uncurtained window.

"Why did he ask so pointedly into Guy's age? And why did he seem so curious to know whether the grandfather had ever been aware of the existence of the boy? Is it—can it be possible that he knows anything—suspects anything? No, no, certainly not—it is out of the question. He would have spoken at the time if he had. Besides—what am I talking about? There is nothing to know."

(To be Continued.)

An Apostle of Her Race.

Amanda Smith's Remarkable Career — Her Life a Spiritual Tempest—The Story of Her Gospel Work at Home and Abroad.

BORN in slavery, but doubly enfranchised, the noble woman whose portrait is given on this page has stood for wellnigh a generation as the spiritual apostle of her race, known and loved in many parts of the globe. Amanda Smith first saw the light of day at Long Green, Md., on January 23d, 1837. Her father, Samuel Berry, and her mother, Mariam, were slaves belonging to different masters, the father's master being Darby Insor, and the mother's Shadrach Green. They lived on adjoining farms and the masters and mistresses were kind people, who allowed the negroes a good deal of liberty. Amanda's father was a trusted servant, and his mistress reposed so much confidence in him that she allowed him to make articles on his own account and take them to market along with the farm products. Thus, by toiling day and night for years, he was enabled to buy his own freedom, and he then prepared to purchase that of his wife and children, five of the latter being born in slavery.

Miss Celie, the young mistress of the farm where Amanda's mother lived, was converted at a Methodist camp-meeting, and shortly afterward, while she lay dying, she made her parents promise that they would release Mariam and the children. To this the parents assented shortly before her spirit passed away, and thus the enfranchisement of Samuel Berry's family, for which he had so long toiled, was completed through Divine aid.

In her recent book, entitled: "Amanda Smith's Own Story," the writer relates with interesting detail the events of her long and active Christian life. The family left Maryland for Pennsylvania, where the children were sent to school. Her childhood was spent pleasantly enough amid the usual struggles incident to poverty, but the Lord was with the family and they steadily prospered. They were instrumental in aiding many run-away slaves who were hunted by tyrannical masters.

From a very early age, Amanda seems to have had deep religious convictions. Many good Christian people used to visit the humble home on the Pennsylvania farm, and it was a pleasure for the young girl to hear about the grand work that was being done by Christian heroes in different parts of the world, in bringing the nations to Jesus. In 1855, during a severe illness, she had a vision which she tells thus in her own language: "I saw on the foot of my bed a most beautiful angel. It stood with wings spread, looking me in the face and motioning me with the hand; it said, 'Go back,' three times, 'Go back! Go back! Go back!' Then, it seemed, I went to a great camp-meeting and there seemed to be thousands of people, and I was to preach and the platform I had to stand on was high above the people. It seemed it was erected between two trees, but near the tops. How I got on I don't know, but I was on this platform with a large Bible opened, and I was preaching from these words: 'And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.' O, how I preached; and the people were slain right and left. I suppose I was in this vision about two hours. When I came out of it, I was decidedly better. When the doctor called in and looked at me he was astonished, but so glad. In a few days I was able to sit up, and in about a week or ten days to walk about. Then I made up my mind to pray and lead a Christian life. I thought God had spared me for a purpose.

This call—for so she construed it—seems to have affected her whole after life. Her chief pleasure was now in the service of the Master, and there was no one more energetic or enthusiastic at revivals and similar gatherings than the young girl. Her life was a daily life of prayer for increase of faith and freedom from sin.

She was twice married, her first husband being C. Devine, and her second husband, James Smith, a local preacher in Philadelphia. Both are dead, the latter having died in 1869. "Since then," she writes, "I have been a widow, and have traveled half way round the world, and God has ever been faithful. He has never left me a moment; but in all these years I have proved the word true, 'Lo! I am with you always, even to the end.'

> Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
> Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
> By waters still, o'er troubled sea,
> Still, 'tis my God that leadeth me.

Impressionable and emotional to an extraordinary degree, Amanda Smith has experienced more turmoil and temptation than usually falls to the lot of women. Indeed, her life may be likened to a spiritual tempest for many years; but out of every trial, she came forth with increased faith and brighter assurance, more than ever eager to be useful in the work of the Lord. In November, 1860 she had a remarkable experience and was impressed with the conviction that she was called to go out to preach the Gospel. Since that time she has labored in many cities at home and abroad, in a multitude of churches in different parts of the Union, and at camp-meetings and similar gatherings.

MRS. AMANDA SMITH.

Amanda's stirring exhortations, her impassioned, characteristic singing, and the deep fervor of her prayers, soon made her a prominent personality at Gospel gatherings and the spiritual influence she exerted over her audiences proved that the Lord was blessing her work. She had frequently heard her parents and their friends discussing with great earnestness the Gospel needs of Africa, and now that she had reached mature womanhood, her interest in that field was so great that she decided to visit Monrovia, and to consecrate her daughter Mazie to the work of a missionary. Mrs. Smith went to England, where she received a most cordial welcome from Methodist friends. After taking an active part in evangelistic meetings in different parts of the United Kingdom, she set sail in 1879 for India, via Paris, Rome, Florence, Naples, and Egypt, and reached Bombay on November 12. Her evangelical experiences in India were exceedingly pleasant and she was listened to by large and attentive audiences at Bombay, Calcutta, Bangalore, Colah, and other places, and in her quaint, warm-hearted eloquence, she imparted to them, with great effect, the living truths of the Gospel.

Then came the much-longed-for trip to Africa. She landed at Monrovia in January, 1882, and made a very thorough tour of a large portion of the Liberian Republic, speaking to numerous audiences, and being everywhere cordially received by whites, Afro-Americans and natives. Sierra Leone, Grand Canary, Old Calabar, Bassa, and many other places were visited, and altogether Mrs. Smith regards her African experience as one of the most pleasant of her eventful life.

In a brief sketch of this character, it is impossible to do more than merely outline the work of this remarkable servant of Christ, whose life is crowded with instances of rare Christian devotion and self-sacrifice, and whose strong and enduring faith has carried her over every obstacle to success as an evangelist, especially among people of her own race and color. Amanda Smith commands the love and esteem of thousands on both continents, who have listened to her simple, straightforward, earnest invitation to take up the Christian life, and it is unquestioned that multitudes have been benefited and many souls brought to know the Saviour through her humble instrumentality.

COURAGE RECOGNIZED.

An African evangelist named Mzimba, who has been laboring at Lovedale in Livingstonia, recently told an English audience that a dispute over a common cooking vessel was the means of opening the way of the Gospel in his district. He said: The first missionary had among his few belongings a three-legged pot, which he found very useful. A chief of that place coveted that pot, and after throwing out various hints, ended by plainly asking the missionary to give it to him; for he saw how easy it was with such a pot to boil meat and to cook food. But the missionary, who had already given the chief beads, and cloth, and other presents, would not give up his pot, as it was his only cooking utensil. The chief tried to persuade him to part with his treasure, but he was firm. The missionary perceived that it would be necessary to make a stand somewhere and the sooner it was made the better. Then changing his tactics, the chief said, "I must have that pot. If you will not give it to me, then sell it to me, for I must have it." Alone as the missionary was, he would not yield, but held his ground. Becoming exasperated, the chief exclaimed, "I go, but I will return to-morrow. See that you have made up your mind to give me the pot." Next day he duly made his appearance, accompanied by all his councillors, and all fully armed. Stalking into the place, the chief exclaimed, "Now, give me the pot, or I will kill you." The missionary felt that he was completely in the power of the heathen, but knowing that if he once yielded to threatening he would have no peace, and confident that God would uphold him, he would not give way, but replied, "No, you may kill me, but I will not give up my property. I am not afraid to die." The chief looked at the intrepid speaker and saw that he was not afraid to die. Astonished, he hesitated, then said, "I will let you go, but you must tell me how it is that you do fear to die, for with one thrust of my assegai I could kill you." The missionary told him that he had no fear, because he was trusting in God, and for him to die was only to go to a better state. The wonder of the heathen warrior was increased, and he wished to know more of that God who made a man fearless of death. Prior to that incident the natives had regarded the preacher with a kind of contempt, but after that had become noised abroad, they came to see and to hear the words of the man who was not afraid to die.

CONVERTED BY A BIBLE LEAF.

A YOUNG shopman once took up the leaf of the Bible, and was about to tear it in pieces and use it for packing up some small parcel in the shop, when a pious friend said, "Do not tear it; it contains the word of eternal life." The young man, though he did not relish the reproof, folded up the leaf and put it in his pocket. Shortly after this he said within himself, "Now I will see what kind of life it is of which this leaf speaks." On unfolding the leaf the first thing that caught his eye were the last in the book of Daniel: "But go thou thy way till the end be: for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of thy days." He began immediately to inquire what his lot would be at the end of the days, and the train of thought thus awakened led to the formation in him of a religious character.

AN EVANGELIST IN EXILE.

A Russian, who had endured one term of exile in Siberia, on his return was required by the police to sign a certificate which said, "I bind myself to preach no more." He refused to sign, and was at once sent back to Siberia. He went, and after a short time God gave him an awakening in his exile, and he wrote quite overjoyed to his friends, "I have now fifty persons who serve the Lord with me. Hallelujah!" Here is a man who went "bound in spirit" to Siberia: not holding his life "of any account," so that he might accomplish his course and the ministry which he "received from the Lord Jesus, to testify the Grace of God."

Hood's Cures

Mr. D. M. Jordan.

"Fourteen years ago I had an attack of the gravel, and since have been very seriously troubled with my liver and kidneys. Three years ago I got down so low that **I could scarcely walk.** I looked more like a corpse than a living being. I had no appetite and for five weeks I **ate nothing but gruel.** Had no more color than **a marble statue.** After I had taken three bottles of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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Columbus and Jamaica.*

N the 25th of Sept. 1493, Columbus left the Bay of Cadiz on his second voyage of discovery, and on the 3d of May, 1494, while sailing in a southerly direction from Cuba, he came in sight of "the blue summit of a vast and loftly island at a great distance, which began to arise like clouds above the horizon." Two days later—or possibly on the following day—he anchored in the harbor off the town, now known as Port Maria, on the northern coast of Jamaica. Some slight resistance was threatened by the native Indians who flocked in their canoes around the strange Spanish ship, but they were soon appeased and Columbus anchored in the harbor, which he thought the most beautiful of all he had seen and to which he gave the name of Santa Gloria, a name which can hardly be said to have survived its bestowal. Leaving his anchorage to seek more sheltered waters, Columbus put out to sea and sailed a few miles in a westerly direction to Ora Cabecca, now written Oracabezza. The landing was not effected without opposition and protest on the part of the natives, who were treated to a shower of arrows from the Spanish cross-bows, and terrified into confused flight by a huge bloodhound, keen to scent human blood. On reaching the shore, Columbus, in the name of Ferdinand and Isabella, took formal possession of his new discovery, which he called Santiago, though it has always been known by its Indian name of Xaymaca, modernized in spelling and pronunciation into Jamaica. A few days sufficed to repair his ships and to establish friendly intercourse with the Indians, and again the voyage was continued as far as Montego Bay, called by Columbus Buentiempo (i. e. Fair Weather) Bay, because the wind was favorable for his return to Cuba. Two months later he sailed leisurely along the southern coast of Jamaica, receiving kindness and hospitality, but making no attempt to explore the country. At Old Harbor Bay the chief, or cacique, boarded his ship accompanied by many members of his family and staff, and, in the course of an interesting interview, proposed that he himself and all his family should return with Columbus to Spain. The offer was courteously declined, and the journey was continued till on the 19th of August, 1494. Columbus passed out of sight of Jamaica, to the southeastern extremity of which, now known as Morant Point, he gave the name of Cape Farol. Thus ended the first visit of Columbus to Jamaica; his second visit was paid under very different circumstances. . . .

Columbus started on his fourth and last voyage, with a fleet of four ships and crews of 150 men in all, on the 9th of May, 1502. He was then sixty-six years of age, and bore in his body traces of the toil and trouble of a hard life. But more trouble was to come, and Jamaica was to be the scene of its patient endurance. With the details of the earlier portion of the voyage we are not here concerned, and pass to the 22d of June, 1503, when, as he himself wrote, with "his people dismayed and down hearted, almost all his anchors lost and his vessels bored as full of holes as a honey-comb," driven by opposing winds and currents, Columbus put into Puerto Bueno (Dry Harbor).

On the following day, failing to find either sufficient food or fresh water, he sailed eastward to another harbor, since known as Don Christopher's Cove. His forlorn and desperate condition is thus described by his greatest historian: "His ships, reduced to mere wrecks, could no longer keep the sea, and were ready to sink even in port. He ordered them, therefore, to be run aground within bow-shot of the shore, and fastened together, side by side. They soon filled with water to the decks. Thatched cabins were then erected at the prow and stern for the accommodation of the crews, and the wreck was placed in the best possible state of defence. Thus castled in the sea, he wished to be able to repel any sudden attack of the natives, and at the same time to keep his men from roving about the neighborhood and indulging in their usual excesses. No one was allowed to go on shore without especial license, and the utmost precaution was taken to prevent any offence being given to the Indians. Any exasperation of them might be fatal to the Spaniards in their present forlorn condition. A firebrand thrown into their wooden fortress might wrap it in flames and leave them defenceless amid hostile thousands."

Fortunately the natives turned out to be well-disposed to their visitors, and for a time there was little difficulty in obtaining, by exchange of ornaments and other trifles of European manufacture, sufficient food to support the shipwrecked crews. But the supply was not inexhaustible. The country, indeed, was fertile, but on the other hand, the population was large, and Columbus's men were both hungry and fastidious. Dreading the time when the supplies of the district should be exhausted and his followers reduced to famine, Columbus determined on what we may consider the first exploration of Jamaica. Diego Mendez, one of the bravest and most loyal of his officers, was sent on a foraging expedition with three other men. They traveled along the coast and a few miles inland through the present parishes of St. Ann, Trelawny, St. James and Hanover. Friendly terms were made with different chiefs—the names of two of these, Huarco and Ameyro, are preserved—and a regular supply of food was guaranteed, in exchange for fish-hooks, knives, beads, combs and such-like articles. The food to be obtained would largely consist of cassava bread, fish, birds and small animals somewhat resembling rabbits.

Mendez returned from his mission, only to be called upon for more important services. The supply of provisions was of course an immediate necessity, but the greatest need was that of means to get back to Spain, or at any rate to get into communication with Spaniards who could send ships to the rescue of the wrecked mariners. Accordingly, with a small mixed crew of Spaniards and Indians, Mendez was sent in a canoe to Hispaniola to seek assistance from Ovando and to continue his journey to Spain with despatches from Columbus. The first attempt to accomplish his hazardous undertaking was a failure. Mendez was captured by Indians and barely escaped with his life, his companions being put to death. . . . .

On the 28th of June, 1504, after a visit which was almost an imprisonment of upwards of twelve months, Columbus left Jamaica. It is extremely doubtful whether Columbus ever left the shelter of his stranded ships. He was an old man when he came; toil, injustice, anxiety, disappointment had intensified the natural infirmities of old age; gout kept him crippled in his cabin, and leaving Jamaica, he went home to die.

*From "Famous Discoverers and Explorers of the New World," by Joseph Thacher Clarke, Ph.D. Price $2.00. Appleton & Co., New York, publishers.

HEAVEN BEGINS HERE*

The kingdom of heaven begins here. It must have its starting-point and its first experience in this world. Our Saviour strove to make this very plain; but the great truth, in a sense has been missed. The disciples even never saw it clearly; then the Church missed it all together, and so from Church to people and from parent to child has grown an idea of heaven, missing the first and greatest truth. Heaven has usually been the other side of death, mysteriously and dreadfully beautiful; so that we wondered and dreamed about it until it grew dim and very far away, if not unreal. No description was ever given by our Saviour of heaven after death; but of heaven before death he never wearied speaking. He left the curtain drawn against human eyes to the one, but to the other he opened wide the door.

It required the drama of a life on Earth to reveal the life of Heaven in human nature. Some one from heaven must come on earth and live. Jesus our Saviour came, his life unfolding, as he lived with his disciples and loved them. He started them mentally and spiritually along in heaven's way, and kept with them until they began at least feebly to feel his life. The Spirit of his life flowed into their spirit until they lived less from the world about them and from themselves, and more for him. Then when he left them, he helped them to remember his spirit, his words, his commands, his love, until they realized in some degree that although gone from them he still perceptibly, personally controlled their life. They found themselves moving toward his ways. In their community they said, "This is what Jesus did;" "This is what Jesus told us to do;" "This is what Jesus would do if he were with us now as he once was." Thus they were largely subject to Jesus. They thought about it and tried to preserve the spirit in which he kept them while he was the centre of their circle. In time the Holy Spirit came to create and effectively preserve in them the Spirit of Jesus. Thus they were able to keep on in that new life, begun while he was with them. They lived somewhat in the spirit of heaven, though under very different circumstances, and in very trying times. Their relation to each other, to those with whom they did business buying or selling, to their temple and priests, to the Sanhedrim, and to the Roman Government,—all was controlled by the teaching and spirit of their ascended Master. Jesus was their King, though now an unseen King returned to his Father, living again in heaven, but still strong for them and in them, as they kept on trying to tell abroad that which he had told them. Thus there came to them, and through them down to us, the fact that Jesus Christ is a spiritual King, ruling his part of the kingdom of heaven by what he taught, and by the Holy Spirit, who is active in all whom he causes to be born again. This is the kingdom of heaven on earth,—the realm of the human heart subject to the forces of heaven,—Jesus Christ enthroned with the Father, but touching and ruling spiritually the subjects of his kingdom who begin their life on earth.

A BUDDHIST PRIEST CONVERTED.

"There have been several conversions through simply reading the Word of God," writes a missionary from China." The Gospel of Mark got into the hands of the native pastor at Ta-ning, when he was a Buddhist priest; and he dwelt upon it for many months. I believe that for years he was reading that Gospel of Mark. After a time he got a copy of the New Testament, and he and his friends gradually came into the light, merely through reading the Word of God. Since I have left the district I have heard of another case of a man in a city some three days' journey away, who has also been brought to the Lord (and is showing to his neighbors that he is truly a saved man), through reading another Gospel. God has made the Word a great blessing to many souls in China."

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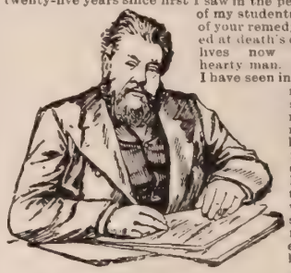
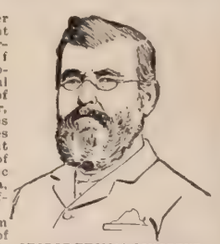

REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"Yours heartily, (Rev.) C. H. SPURGEON.
"'Westwood,' Beulah Hill, England."

G. T. Congreve's Message to America.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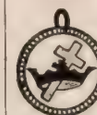
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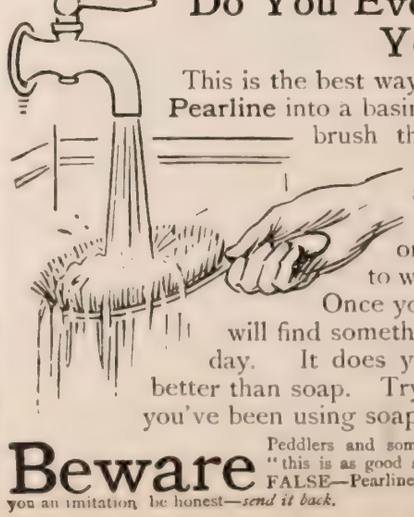

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A LIFE YIELDED FOR AFRICA.

Mrs. William Snape of the Bishop Taylor Congo Mission, Dies on the Voyage Home from Her Missionary Station.

THE sad news comes from the Congo of the death of another of Bishop Taylor's missionaries. Mrs. William Snape, who, with her husband, was in charge of the station at Isangila has passed from her labors into rest. She had been on the field scarcely a year when the effects of the terrible climate became perceptible in her constitution and she reluctantly left her work to seek recuperation in a voyage home. The fatal seed had, however, been sown. Hœmaturic fever developed soon after she went on board the steamer and before she saw the shores of her native land she peacefully breathed her last. Her death was singularly beautiful. Loving friends were at her side, skilful physicians were doing all that science could suggest for her recovery and she, herself, was anxious to live that she might return to her husband to share his labors and continue the work among the African children in which she had been blessed. But when the physicians told her that there was no hope, she cheerfully yielded to the will of the God whom she had served and, declaring that she was sure that he knew best, she died without a murmur, strong in her faith of a meeting in the better land with her husband and those whom she loved. The friends who had watched beside her in her illness made a coffin for the beloved remains and they were solemnly committed to the deep.

THE LATE MRS. W. SNAPE, CONGO MISSIONARY.

This was no accidental termination of a life, but its culmination and crown. She went to Africa with a full knowledge of the dangers she must encounter and fully prepared to lay down her life in her Master's cause, if that was the will of God. From her early girlhood when she gave her heart to Christ and began to work for him in Sunday School and in the factory where she was employed, her thoughts turned longingly to the foreign mission field as the sphere of highest service. She spoke to her pastor on the subject, but he had enjoyed the pleasure of receiving into his church already more than a score of young people, whom she had led to the Saviour; and he urged her to remain in a sphere in which God was blessing her. She stayed; but the thought of the perishing millions to whom no one was telling the good news of salvation weighed upon her soul. She coveted the privilege of going to them and leading them to Christ. The arduous nature of the work was explained to her, the hardships she would have to endure and the possibility of her dying from the club of the savage, the paw of a wild beast, or the no less deadly climate. Her answer was that she had given herself to Christ and her life to his service. The post of danger was, to her mind, the post of honor, and with the ardor of a consecrated heart she longed to occupy it.

The way was unexpectedly opened for her entrance into a training institution in Philadelphia. There the defects of her early education in her native town in Maryland were speedily remedied. She applied herself diligently to study and occupied her leisure moments in visiting the members of the large infant class which had been placed under her care in the Sunday School. Her warm sympathetic nature made her very successful in this work and when she subsequently removed to Brooklyn to complete her studies she took up a similar duty there. Her Brooklyn pastor, Rev. Lemuel Richardson, of the York Street M. E. Church, speaks in glowing terms of her work among the children of his congregation and of the energy and watchfulness, which characterized her in finding opportunities, while visiting her child friends, to speak of Christ to their parents and relatives.

In the course of her work she made the acquaintance of Mr. Wm. Snape, who was preparing to go to Africa under Bishop Taylor's charge. The hopes and purposes which they had in common drew them together and a warm affection sprang up between them which grew closer as time passed. They found that they loved each other and finally they were united in marriage. Three months afterward, in March, 1892, they were on board a steamer bound for the Congo. She arrived at the receiving station at Vivi in good health and spirits, and, during her stay there, her hopes of a long useful life in Africa were very bright. During the three days' march, however, to Isangila, where they were to labor, alarming symptoms daveloped. She made light of them, and on settling in her new home, they apparently disappeared. She was spedily at work, teaching school, visiting among the people ministering to the sick, and encouraging her husband in his new work. For a few months she was the light of the station, making her way into all hearts. Then her health failed, and suffering which she could no longer conceal, completely prostrated her. She hoped for a speedy recovery, but those, whom a sad experience of African sickness had made wiser, told her that only in a prompt return to her native land lay any hope of prolonging her life. The recollection of the invigorating results of a sea voyage, which she had experienced on the way out, encouraged her to accept their advice, in the hope of an early return to her labor. She bade a tender adieu to her husband, cheering him in the parting by the promise of rejoining him in restored health after a brief separation, and went on board the steamer. Only twelve days later, days of suffering, of sadness, but of unwavering faith, the flickering light of her natural life went out, and with loving messages of consolation to her husband, she closed her eyes forever in this world. One more life had been laid down in the effort to tell to the benighted people of Africa the story of him who died that they might have eternal life.

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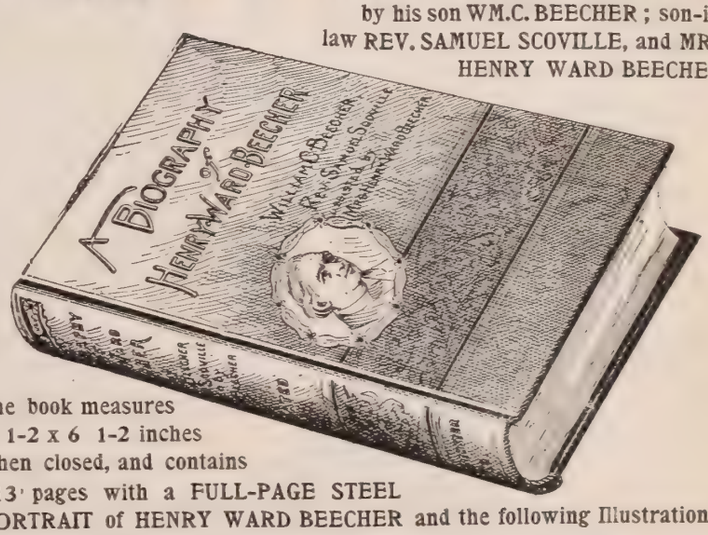

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A CONGRESS OF RELIGIONS.

Chicago to Witness one of the most Remarkable Assemblies ever Convened—The Personnel and Programme.

RAPID as has been the progress of science and art during the last few decades of the world's history, religious thought has fully kept pace with it. While science has been unfolding her mysteries and art revealing the infinite variety of her resources, the spirit of true religion, like the sun in the heavens, has been penetrating and dispersing the clouds of superstition, ignorance, bigotry and prejudice that enveloped a great part of the human race like a pall. Individuals, communities, nations and races, touched by this spirit, have learned to love their fellowmen, regardless of all existing distinctions of creed or race, and to recognize a universal brotherhood, with one Father and one destiny.

It is this common belief that now draws together in fraternal bonds what is probably the most unique assemblage the world has ever witnessed. Christianity, Judaism, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, Confucianism, and Shintoism with many other religions, will meet on a common platform in International Congress at Chicago. While Christianity will naturally have the largest representation, it is almost certain that all the non-Christian faiths will be represented. Differences in creed, dogma, and church standards will, for the time, be set aside to permit the free and untrammeled discussion of topics that are vital to man: the duties toward his fellows, which an enlightened age and an enlarged humanity render incumbent upon him, and the attitude of reverent and obedient faith and confidence he should hold toward the Creator. The programme of the Congress is as follows:

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PROMINENT DELEGATES TO THE CONGRESS OF RELIGIONS

1. Hon. Pung Kwang Yu, Confucian. 2. Purushottam Joshi, Hindoo. 3. R. Nagarkar, Theist, India. 4. Nasarvanji Bilimoria, Parsee, India. 5. Chief Rabbi Adler, England. 6. Rev. Zitzuzen Ashitsu, Buddhist. 7. Wuni Atmaramji, Jain, India. 8. Prof. Dozdes of Utrecht. 9. Prince Chandradat Chudhadharin, Buddhist, Siam. 10. Justice Ameer Ali, Moslem, India. 11. Rt. Rev. R. Shibata, Shinto, China. 12. Prof. Hoffmeyr, South Africa.

After the addresses of welcome and responses by the authorities of the World's Congress Auxiliary and the visiting delegates, the subjects to be taken up and discussed will be: 1. God. 2. Man. 3 Religion essentially characteristic of humanity. 4. Systems of religion. 5. Sacred books of the world. 6. Religion and the family. 7. The religious leaders of mankind. 8. Religion in its relations to the natural sciences and to arts and letters. 9. Religion in its relations to morals. 10. Religion and social problems. 11. Religion and civil society. 12. Religion and the love of mankind. 13. The present religious condition of Christendom. 14. Religious reunion and Christendom. 15. The religious union of the whole human family. 16. Elements of perfect religion as recognized and set forth in the different historic faiths.

From the foregoing, it will be observed that the work of the Congress will take a range sufficiently wide to permit of the utmost freedom of treatment. In every religious system there are cardinal points of belief closely resembling those in other systems, and while the religious unity of the race is not to be realized in a single generation—nor even until many generations have passed—this initial step, taken at the instance and with the co-operation of the most distinguished leaders in modern religious thought, cannot fail to produce a marked impression. It should help, more than anything that has preceded it, to soften and eradicate the hatred and bigotry of rival creeds among the children of men. As this is in the direct line of Christian effort and does not involve the sacrifice of any principle of the religion of Jesus, the Congress is deserving of the sincere support and approval of all Christendom. Beginning September 11, the sessions will continue until September 27, closing with the afternoon or evening of that day. The plan of holding a World's Congress of Religions was first proposed by members of the World's Fair Auxiliary, of which Hon. C. C. Bonney is President, nearly two years ago, and the details were arranged by Rev. John Henry Barrows, D.D., of the First Presbyterian Church of Chicago, who entered into correspondence on the subject with leaders of religious thought in many countries, including celebrated Christian divines of every denomination, foremost apostles of almost every known creed, professors in colleges, distinguished authors, and others. The result has been a multitude of responses.

Among those who will be present and who will represent non-Christian faiths, are Hon. Justice Ameer Ali, of Calcutta, and Said Ali Bilgrami, of Hyderabad, Mohammedans; Rt. Rev. Reichi Shibata, of the Shinto religion; Marilal Dvevidi, of India, representing Hinduism; H Dharmape, of the Buddhist Society of India; J. Modi, of Bombay, Zoroastrianism; Pung Kwang Yu, Confucianism; Rabbis Wise, of Cincinnatti, Berkowitz, of Philadelphia, and Silverman, Kohut and Kohler, of New York, Judaism; with Parsees,

(*Continued on page 591.*)

The Tabernacle Pulpit

WEEK-DAY RELIGION.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., Founded on the Text: Proverbs 3: 6: "In all thy ways acknowledge him."

THERE has been a tendency in all lands and ages to set apart certain days, places, and occasions for especial religious service, and to think that they formed the realm in which religion was chiefly to act. Now, while holy days and holy places have their use, they can never be a substitute for continuous exercise of faith and prayer. In other words, a man cannot be so good a Christian on Sabbath that he can afford to be a worldling all the week. If a steamer start for Southampton, and sail one day in that direction, and the other six days sail in other directions, how long before the steamer will get to Southampton? Just as soon as a man will get to heaven who sails on the Sabbath day toward that which is good, and the other six days of the week sails toward the world, the flesh and the devil. You cannot eat so much at the Sabbath banquet that you can afford religious abstinence all the rest of the week.

Genuine religion is not spasmodic, does not go by fits and starts, is not an attack of chills and fever—now cold until your teeth chatter, now hot until your bones ache. Genuine religion marches on steadily, up steep hills, and along dangerous declivities, its eye ever on the everlasting hills crowned with the castles of the blessed.

I propose, so far as God may help me, to show you how we may bring our religion into ordinary life, and practise it in common things—yesterday, to-day, to-morrow.

And in the first place, I remark: We ought to bring religion into our ordinary conversation. A dam breaks and two or three villages are submerged, a South American earthquake swallows a city, and people begin to talk about the uncertainty of human life, and in that conversation think they are engaging in religious service, when there may be no religion at all. I have noticed that in proportion as Christian experience is shallow, men talk about funerals and deathbeds, and hearses, and tombstones, and epitaphs. If a man have the religion of the Gospel in its full power in his soul, he will talk chiefly about this world and the eternal world, and very little comparatively about the insignificant pass between this and that. Yet how seldom it is that the religion of Christ is a welcome theme? Now, if we have the religion of Christ in our soul, we will talk about it in an exhilarant mood. It is more refreshing than the waters, it is brighter than the sunshine, it gives a man joy [illegible] happiness before the throne of God. And yet, if the theme of religion be introduced into a circle, everything is [illegible] aged Christian man in the corner of the room, feeling that something ought to be said, puts one foot over the other, and sighs heavily, and says, "Oh yes; that's so!" My friends! the religion of Jesus Christ is not something to be groaned about, but something to talk about and sing about, your face irradiated. The trouble is that men professing the faith of the Gospel are often so inconsistent that they are afraid their conversation will not harmonize with their life. We cannot talk the Gospel unless we live the Gospel. If a man have the grace of God in his heart dominant, he can talk religion and it will seem natural, and men, instead of being repulsed by it, will be attracted by it.

"In all Thy Ways Acknowledge Him."

But I remark again: We ought to bring the religion of Jesus Christ into our ordinary [illegible]. "Oh!" you say, "that's a very good theory for a man who manages a large business, who has great traffic, who holds a great estate; it is a grand thing for bankers and for shippers, but in my thread and needle store, in my trimming establishment, in my insignificant work of life, you cannot apply those grand Gospel principles." My brother, you cannot be called to do anything so insignificant but God will help you in it. If you are a fisherman, Christ will stand by you as he did by Simon when he dragged Gennesaret. Are you a drawer of water?—he will be with you as at the well curb, when talking with the Samaritan woman. Are you a custom-house officer?—Christ will call you as he did Matthew at the receipt of custom. The man who has only a day's wages in his pocket as certainly needs religion as he who rattles the keys of a bank and could abscond with a hundred thousand hard dollars. And yet there are men who profess the religion of Jesus Christ who do not bring the religion of the Gospel into their ordinary occupations and employments. There are in the churches of this day men who seem very devout on the Sabbath who are far from that during the week. A country merchant arrives in this city, and he goes into the store to buy goods of a man who professes religion, but has no grace in his heart. The country merchant is swindled. He is too exhausted to go home that week; he tarries in town. On Sabbath he goes to some church for consolation, and what is his amazement to find that the man who carries around the poor box is the very one who swindled him. But never mind—the deacon has his black coat on now, and looks solemn, and goes home talking about that blessed sermon! Christians on Sunday. Worldlings during the week.

Suppose you were to go out to fight for your country in some great contest, would you go to do the battling at Troy or at Springfield? No, you would go there to get your swords and muskets. Then you would go out in the face of the enemy and contend for your country. Now, I take the Sabbath day and the church to be only the armory where we are to get equipped for the great battle of life, and that battlefield is Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. "Antioch," and "St. Martin's," and Old Hundred" are not worth much if we do not sing all the week. A sermon is of little account if we cannot carry it behind the counter and behind the plough. The Sabbath day is of no value if it last only twenty-four hours.

"Oh!" says some one, "if I had a great sphere I would do that; if I could have lived in the time of Martin Luther, if I could have been Paul's traveling companion, if I had some great and resounding work to do—then I should put into application all that you say." I must admit that the romance and knight errantry have gone out of life. There is but very little of it left in the world. The groves where the gods used to dwell have been cut up for firewood, and the man who is looking for great spheres and great scenes for action will not find them. And yet there are Alps to scale and there are Hellesponts to swim, and they are in common life. It is absurd for you to say that you would serve God if you had a great sphere. If you do not serve him on a small scale, you would not on a large scale. If you cannot stand the bite of a midge, how could you endure the breath of a basilisk?

Our National Government does not think it belittling to put a tax on pins, and a tax on buckles, and a tax on shoes The individual taxes do not amount to much, but in the aggregate to millions and millions of dollars. And I would have you, O Christian man, put a high tariff on every annoyance and vexation that comes through your soul. This might not amount to much, in single cases, but in the aggregate it would be a great revenue of spiritual strength and satisfaction. A bee can suck honey even out of a nettle; and if you have the grace of God in your heart, you can get sweetness out of that which would otherwise irritate and annoy.

This brings me to another point. We ought to bring the religion of Jesus Christ into all our trials. If we have a bereavement, if we lose our fortune, if some great trouble blast like the tempest, then we go to God for comfort; but yesterday in the little annoyances of your store or office, or shop, or factory, or banking house, did you go to God for comfort? You did not.

My friends, you need to take the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ into the most ordinary trials of your life. You have your misfortunes, you have your anxieties, you have your vexations. "Oh!" you say, "they don't shape my character. Since I lost my child, since I have lost my property, I have been a very different man from what I was." My brother, it is the little annoyances of your life that are souring your disposition, clipping your moral character, and making you less and less of a man.

You go into an artist's studio. You see him making a piece of sculpture. You say, "Why don't you strike harder?" With his mallet and his chisel he goes click, click, click! and you can hardly see from stroke to stroke that there is any impression made upon the stone, and yet the work is going on. You say, "Why don't you strike harder." "Oh!" he replies, "that would shatter the statue: I must make it in this way stroke by stroke." And he continues on by week and month until after awhile every man that enters the studio is fascinated. Well, I find God dealing with some man. He is shaping him for time, and shaping him for eternity. I say, "O Lord! why not with one tremendous blow of calamity shape that man for the next world?" God says, "That's not the way I deal with this man; it is stroke after stroke, annoyance after annoyance, irritation after irritation; and after awhile he will be done, and a glad spectacle for angels and men."

Not by one great stroke, but by ten

thousand little strokes of misfortune are men fitted for heaven. You know that large fortunes can soon be scattered by being paid out in small sums of money, and the largest estate of Christian character is sometimes entirely lost by these small depletions.

We must bring the religion of Jesus Christ to help us in these little annoyances. Do not say that anything is too insignificant to affect your character. Rats may sink a ship. One lucifer match may destroy a temple. A queen got her death by smelling of a poisoned rose. Why, my friends, there is nothing insignificant in your life. How dare you take the responsibility of saying that there is? Do you not know that the whole universe is not ashamed to take care of one violet? I say, "What are you doing down there in the grass, poor little violet? Nobody knows you are here. Are you not afraid nights? You will die with thirst; nobody cares for you; you will suffer, you will perish." "No," says a star, "I'll watch over it to-night." "No," says the cloud, "I'll give it drink." "No," says the sun, "I'll warm it in my bosom." And then the wind rises, and comes bending down the grain, and sounding its psalm through the forest, and I say, "Whither away, O wind! on such swift wing?" and it answers, "I am going to cool the cheek of that violet." And then I see pulleys at work in the sky, and the clouds are drawing water, and I say, "What are you doing there, O clouds?" They say, "We are drawing water for that violet." And then I look down into the grass, and I say, "Can it be that God takes care of a poor thing like you?" and the answer comes up, "Yes, yes; God clothes the grass of the field, and he has never forgotten me, a poor violet." Oh, my friends! if the heavens bend down to such insignificant ministry as that, I tell you God is willing to bend down to your case, since he is just as careful about the construction of a spider's eye as he is in the conformation of flaming galaxies.

Plato had a fable which I have now nearly forgotten, but it ran something like this: he said spirits of the other world came back to this world to find a body and find a sphere of work. One spirit came and took the body of a king, and did his work. Another spirit came and took the body of a poet, and did his work. After awhile Ulysses came, and he said, "Why, all the fine bodies are taken, and all the grand work is taken. There is nothing left for me." And some one replied, "Ah! the best one has been left for you." Ulysses said, "What's that?" And the reply was, "The body of a common man, doing a common work, and for a common reward." A good fable for the world, and just as good fable for the Church.

But I remark again: We ought to bring the religion of Jesus Christ into our ordinary blessings. Every autumn the President of the United States and the governors make proclamation, and we are called together in our churches to give thanks to God for his goodness. But every day ought to be a thanksgiving day. We take most of the blessings of life as a matter of course. We have had ten thousand blessings this morning, for which we have not thanked God. Before the night comes, we will have a thousand more blessings you will never think of mentioning before God.

We must see a blind man led along by his dog before we learn what a grand thing it is to have one's eyesight. We must see a man with St. Vitus' Dance before we learn what a grand thing it is to have the use of our physical energies. We must see some soldier crippled, limping along on his crutch, or his empty coat-sleeve pinned up, before we learn what a grand thing it is to have the use of all our physical faculties. In other words, we are so stupid that nothing but the misfortunes of others can wake us up to an appreciation of common blessings.

We get on board a train and start for Boston, and come to Norwalk bridge, and the "draw" is off and crash! goes the train. Fifty lives dashed out. We escape. We come home in great excitement, and call our friends around us, and they congratulate us; and we all kneel down and thank God for our escape while so many perished. But to-morrow morning you get on a train of cars for Boston. You cross that bridge at Norwalk. You cross all the other bridges. You get to Boston in safety. Then you return home. Not an accident, not an alarm. No thanks. In other words, you seem to be more grateful when fifty people lose their lives and you get off, than you are grateful to God when you all get off, and you have no alarm at all. Now you ought to be thankful when you escape from accident, but more thankful when they all escape. In the one case your gratitude is somewhat selfish; in the other, it is more like what it ought to be.

Oh! these common mercies, these common blessings, how little we appreciate them and how soon we forget them! Like the ox grazing, with the clover up to its eyes, like the bird picking the worm out of the furrow—never thinking to thank God who makes the grass grow, and who gives life to every living thing, from the animalculæ in the sod to the seraph on the throne. Thanksgiving on the 27th of November, in the autumn of the year; but blessings, hour by hour and day by day and no thanks at all. I compared our indifference to the brute; but perhaps I wronged the brute. I do not know but that, among its other instincts, it may have an instinct by which it recognizes the Divine hand that feeds it. I do not know but that God is, through it, holding communication with what we call "irrational creation." The cow that stands under the willow by the water course, chewing its cud, looks very thankful; and who can tell how much a bird means by its song? The aroma of the flowers smells like incense, and the mist arising from the river looks like the smoke of a morning sacrifice. Oh, that we were as responsive!

If you were thirsty and asked me for a drink, and I gave you this glass of water, your common instinct would reply, "Thank you." And yet, how many chalices of mercy we get hour by hour from the hand of the Lord, our Father and our King, and we do not even think to say "Thank you." More just to men than we are just to God.

Who thinks of thanking God for the water gushing up in the well, foaming in the cascade, laughing over the rocks, pattering in the shower, clapping its hands in the sea? Who thinks to thank God for that? Who thinks to thank God for the air, the fountain of life, the bridge of sunbeams, the path of sound, the great fan on a hot summer day? Who thinks to thank God for this wonderful physical organism, this sweep of vision, this chime of harmony struck into the ear, this crimson tide rolling through arteries and veins, this drumming of the heart on the march of immortality?

O, my friends! let us wake up to an appreciation of the common mercies of life. Let every day be a Sabbath, every meal a sacrament, every room a holy of holies. We all have burdens to bear; let us cheerfully bear them. We all have battles to fight; let us courageously fight them.

If we want to die right, we must live right. You go home and attend to your little sphere of duties. I will go home and attend to my little sphere of duties. You cannot do my work; I cannot do your work. Negligence and indolence will win the hiss of everlasting scorn, while faithfulness will gather its garlands, and wave its sceptre, and sit upon its throne long after the world has put on ashes and eternal ages have begun their march.

"The World is their Debtor."

Dr Peters, the Famous African Explorer, Pays a Tribute to the Missionaries—To write for "The Christian Herald" on the Subject.

FEW men who have visited America in recent years have attracted more attention in religious circles than Dr. Karl Peters of Berlin, the celebrated African explorer, geographer and savant. Dr. Peters has spent nearly ten years in the very heart of the Dark Continent, a large part of the time having been engaged by the German Government on important service. In 1888 he conducted the expedition sent out to the relief of Emin Pasha, his route on that occasion being from the Indian Ocean straight to the Equatorial Province. On the way he heard of the troubles in Uganda, and turning south he crossed

DR. KARL PETERS.

the Nile and entered that country, where he succeeded in restoring to power the Christian party who with the king had been turned out by the Mohammedans. He then traveled around the western side of Lake Victoria, driving out the Arab slavers and opening up the whole district. Pushing on, he met Emin Pasha, and soon conceived a warm admiration for the learned, courageous, Christian explorer who, for the sake of African enlightenment and civilization, had separated himself from the world absolutely for years. On returning to Germany, honors were heaped upon Dr. Peters by scientific societies and the government appointed him Imperial Commissioner in Africa. In 1891 he explored the Kilima-Njaro district and established order there and last year he was engaged, jointly with a representative of Great Britain, in regulating the Anglo-German frontier boundary line. This task concluded, he again returned to Europe three months ago. His visit to the United States at this time is for the purpose of representing Africa at the Ethnological Congress in Chicago.

Dr. Louis Klopsch, proprietor and publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and Mr. G. H. Sandison, the Business Manager, had a pleasant interview with the distinguished explorer at the Hotel Waldorf, in New York, a few days ago. They were warmly welcomed by Dr. Peters, who is a man hardly yet in the prime of life, athletic and robust, his naturally fair skin bronzed by long exposure to the tropical sun. In the course of a delightful and protracted conversation, Dr. Peters made some interesting remarks concerning African missions.

"I have been a close observer," he said, "of the progress and influence of missionary work, and I consider it one of the greatest factors in bringing about the ultimate civilization of Africa. Yet, while I am a Protestant and naturally in sympathy with Protestant missions, I must admit that the Catholics seem in some respects to have the benefit of better organization. One of the first things a missionary must learn, is to avoid meddling with politics. He should devote himself exclusively to the business of soul-saving. When he undertakes to become a political adviser, as well as a Gospel teacher, the result is generally unfortunate and always unsatisfactory. This came to my attention quite pointedly with regard to the missionaries of the Church of England, whom I found absorbed in politics in some places. I have even heard that some of them have actually put rifles in the hands of the negroes. But that is merely incidental. As a whole, the missionaries are doing a great work — a work that cannot be computed by ordinary means —in helping to bring about the redemption of Africa from ignorance and superstition? Whatever there is of civilization in Africa is largely due to missionary effort. The whole world is greatly indebted to the brave men and women who went there as missionaries, and thus opened up that continent to civilization."

"You have had a wide personal acquaintance with the missionary field and must have met American missionaries, too, have you not, Doctor?" he was asked.

"Yes. I have met them in those parts of Africa where I have traveled, and they are noble men. They are well liked everywhere. Personally, I have a great respect for your American missionaries; although comparatively few in number, they are working very effectively and making great headway in many parts of Africa."

"From your knowledge of the field and the workers, can you suggest any means of improving the present method of missionary operations?"

"Experience has shown," replied the explorer, "that the best plan is to begin with the children and to teach them industrial occupations, cultivating both heart and hand simultaneously. I am quite satisfied of this. In the East Coast Missions, especially at the Catholic stations, industrial training of the young is recognized as a most effective method and of the highest importance."

"And on the West Coast, also, there are similar industrial missions, are there not?"

"Yes, the West Coast missions, too, are adopting this principle. They are doing well, although not so long established as those in the east, of course. Indeed, in all parts of Africa the missionaries are finding out that the true way to bring about ultimate evangelization is to educate the children. Teach industrial work in schools and elsewhere and train the hand and heart together. You have got to get at the children, and mission work conducted on that basis is sure of ultimate success."

"Your general remarks indicate that your are favorable to the extension of missionary work in Africa, then. Have you any suggestions to offer in that connection that would be helpful to gospel workers beginning service there?" asked Dr. Klopsch.

"You are right," responded the explorer enthusiastically. "I am very much in favor of a large extension of missionary effort in Africa. The suggestion you make is one to which I will give consideration and in an article which I will send to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD shortly, I will endeavor to indicate the best means of missionary extension and successful work. I may, at the same time, include some suggestions, the result of a long and varied tropical experience, that will be serviceable to those who contemplate entering the African missionary field."

PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY.

S.S. Lesson for Sept 17 Rom. 14: 12-23. Golden Text, Rom. 14 : 21 By Mrs. M. Baxter.

ALL which is divine is necessarily in direct contrast to that which is human; and personal responsibility on divine lines is quite another thing from personal responsibility on human lines. The former is not only compatible with, but dependent upon the grace of God; the latter is independent of grace and antagonistic to it. The sense of responsibility which made Paul of Tarsus think with himself that he ought to do many things contrary to Jesus of Nazareth, was quite another thing from that which led him to see that he had a

Stewardship Intrusted

to him. As the fanatical young Pharisee, filled with a sense of self-importance, he breathed out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of Christ, and taking for granted that he was right and they were wrong, his human sense of responsibility led him to exercise cruel and sanguinary coercion and persecution. As the disciple of Jesus, filled with the Holy Ghost he had quite as strong a sense of responsibility; but O how different was its exercise! he had learned lessons of grace; he knew now that he was the chief of sinners; he had learned that whatever he had become as a Christian it was by grace: "By the grace of God I am that I am." Thus instead of taking the high hand with the unbelieving Jews and Gentiles, as he had done with the believing Christians before his conversion, Paul says: "Though I was free from all men, I brought myself under bondage to all, that I might gain the more." This is personal responsibility, through grace. Oh how like him who said: "I am among you as he that serveth!" There is

Only One Way

by which grace, which makes us entirely dependent on God, and responsibility which makes the strongest demands upon us, can be reconciled: it is by keeping our place in the Body of Christ. Let us not forget that things most opposite by nature can meet and become one in God. If we learn of Christ, and carry out in practice, our responsibility of love and interdependence as members of his Body, we cannot but exercise the responsibility of love to a lost world. Therefore we are ever at school in our relations to our fellow Christians. Thus we learn in our chapter (Rom. 14) not to reject one who is weak in faith. We are followers of him who does not break the bruised reed or quench the smoking flax. What we have to avoid is "doubtful disputations." The spirit of argument is all on human ground, God cannot admit and we cannot admit one who cannot take the place of a learner. But where it is a question of eating or of the observance of days, God would have us large enough to leave those things to the individual conscience. It may be a real help to one Christian to observe the days of Christ's birth and death, resurrection and ascension, while to another, equally devoted, it would be a bondage. To one a strong meat diet would be a positive hindrance to prayer, and fasting a real service to God; to another no such thing. Our responsibility here is to be large enough to allow that if "God hath received him" then surely we can receive a brother who does not see with us in these things.

Our rule of life is to be: "None of us liveth to himself, and none dieth to himself, for whether we live, we live unto the Lord; or whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live therefore or die we are the Lord's." It [illegible] another's. As members of the Body of Christ, we are linked one to another by the Head." "Not holding the Head" always brings in difficulty. In all our responsibility one with regard to others, the thing which makes our responsibility divine is to let all our words to others be given us from the Head; to let all our thoughts of others be first told out to our Lord, and purified by him before we venture to express them to others, or even to allow them in our hearts; by this means grace will rule responsibility. Some truly earnest Christians will say a true thing under a deep sense of responsibility to another Christian, but it has not gone through the Head, and the other member is not prepared to receive it; it touches the self life in him, and that which was meant to do good does real harm. We are not to judge our brother or set at naught our brother; but we are to reprove him and not to suffer sin upon him; yet always "speaking truth in love," not only a love which exists in our hearts, and leaves still a rough exterior, but a love which has been at work upon us to conform us to the image of him whom neither little children, publicans and sinners, nor lepers were afraid of. "We shall all stand before the judgment seat of God . . . Let us not therefore judge one another any more." "Judge nothing before the time until the Lord come." The spirit of judgment is a terrible hindrance to the exercise of divine personal responsibility which can only be exercised in the spirit of service not judgment. There is, however, one thing we may judge: "Judge ye this rather, that no man put

A Stumbling Block

in his brother's way, or an occasion of falling." "It does me no harm to take a glass of wine," says a Christian man; and he takes it without considering the eyes which are upon him. A young Christian man, the son of parents and grandparents who have died a drunkard's death, and who himself has inherited blood poisoned by alcohol, a young man to whom the temptation to drink is inconceivable, in those who have not the misfortune to be born of such parents, sees the action. The devil says to him: "If such a man take wine, why can't you?" He yields, and perhaps in hell will curse the day he ever saw that Christian man take a glass of wine! The Christian man was living to himself, he did not ask God if his glass of wine was serving the purposes of his kingdom, he had not learned like Paul, to the weak to be as the weak that he might gain the weak, he thought only of how it would affect himself and thus through ignorance of divine responsibility to a member of Christ, he sinned against Christ's body.

Paul, speaking of meat offered to idols, says to the Roman Christians of his day: "I know and am persuaded of the Lord Jesus, that nothing is unclean of itself: save that to him that accounteth anything to be unclean, to him it is unclean. For if because of meat thy brother is grieved, thou walkest no longer in love. Destroy not with thy meat him for whom Christ died." And equally it may be said: Destroy not with thy drink, thy smoking, thy Sunday traveling, thy self-indulgence in any way, him for whom Christ died. Bearing, as we do, the name of Christ, all we do attaches to his name. "Let not then your good be evil spoken of." O, how much more: Let not your Master's name be evil spoken of. In the sight of God, nothing is little, all has importance, every thing is worth praying over, and so praying as to have clear and minute direction from God. He has a will about all we do, and all we do touches other people. Only God can guide as to how far consideration for others shall guide our conduct. There is a slavery to the opinion of others which is of the flesh and which is the greatest bondage; "Be ye not servants of men;" Paul was first free from all men before he could bring himself into bondage to all. Free from selfish bondage to become a slave of love for Christ's sake. Human policy is one thing; divine love is quite another.

Paul gives yet another rule: "Let us follow after things which make for peace, and things whereby we may edify one another." Just as in another epistle he says, "Look not every man on his own things but every man also on the things of others." The point for each of us is, not whether a thing is right in itself, but how it may affect others. The kingdom of God is not meat and drink but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. Therefore for meat destroy not the work of God. The necessity for eating and drinking is only a temporary things. "All things indeed are clean," howbeit it is evil, *i. e.* even a thing clean in itself becomes evil if he eateth with offence," if he does harm to another. "The faith which thou hast," faith that meat or wine, etc., will not hurt him—have it to thyself before God, but don't hurt other people with it. "Happy is he that judgeth not himself in that which he putteth to the test." "But he that doubteth is condemned if he eat, because he eateth not of faith; and whatsoever is not of faith is sin." If we have not made out with God that what we do is of him, and will of him be blest to others, even though it be right in itself it becomes a sin against Christ.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

THE teacher has an opportunity, in dealing with this lesson, of directly impressing on the minds of the children a principle which should be inculcated as often as possible. It is that of considering and endeavoring to promote the welfare of others. They should be made to realize that if they aspire to be sons of God and followers of Christ it is necessary to form the habit of preferring others to themselves and sacrificing their own pleasure and inclinations, if by doing so they can benefit some one else. Christ did this to the last extremity, of giving up his own life that the human race might have eternal life. He expects his followers to have the same spirit. There is the more need to impress this on the child's mind, because the spirit of society is opposed to it. The vicious spirit of competition pervades our whole social life. In our public schools the child is praised more for reaching a certain standard, if he is the only one of his class who reaches it, than if many reached it, although the achievement would be the same in both cases. Of course, the praise is based on the idea that few reaching the standard is an indication of the difficulty of the task; but the child takes the practical view of the matter and rejoices if his fellow-pupils fail. He is apt to carry the lesson with him through life. He finds competition everywhere and soon learns to regard others, in the same walk of life, as his rivals, whom it is his interest to hinder, rather than help. In struggling to attain any desired object, though it be only the best seat in a car, he will have no compunction in thrusting some weaker person aside and gaining the position for himself, no matter how sorely some other may need it. He will have no hesitation in monopolizing many branches of business, although he may be aware that in doing so he is ruining men who are engaged in them. Men who act so, are not followers of Christ, whatever position in his church they may hold. The principle is so deeply engrafted into our social life that it is hopeless to eradicate it from the minds of grown men; but there is hope for the children and every teacher can do his part in the work. The direct teaching of the lesson is that it is the Christian's duty to abstain from any indulgence and refrain from doing any act which may have an injurious effect on another, even though such act is right in itself.

No man put a stumbling block. We may go further yet and say it is the duty of every one who loves his fellows to remove a stumbling block out of their way if he can do so. The principle of the golden rule demands that of every one. Two persons were on their way home, one a few feet in advance of the other. In their pathway upon the sidewalk, lay a small piece of orange peel, a little thing, but not so small but that it might have—often has—caused a vast amount of mischief. The first one walked over it, passed on—glad that she had escaped a fall—reached her home in safety, not thinking nor caring perhaps, for the many travelers on the same road, liable, if less fortunate than herself, to slip and fall. The other passed over safely, and then, as if by second thought, stepped back and moved the stumbling block out of the way. Which of the two do you think was a follower of Christ and showed most of his spirit?

There is nothing unclean of itself. Parents and teachers are often puzzled by the challenge of young people to show them in what the evil of certain things consists. It is difficult to prove logically that attending races, going to the theatre, card-playing and some other objectionable practices are intrinsically wrong. But that should not be necessary. Experience has proved that there are passions and propensities in human nature which cannot bear contact with certain influences, just as in chemistry two liquids, which are not explosive, become so when they are mixed. Some months ago a disaster occurred at Pittsburg which illustrates the fact. Several boys were on the trestle work of a railroad, beneath which runs a line of gas pipes. For several days, gas had been escaping from these pipes, and had accumulated in large quantities. One of the boys, after lighting his cigarette, threw the lighted match into a crevice. Instantly there was an explosion which seriously if not fatally injured the boy; the flames spread rapidly, burning fifty feet of trestle work, delaying all trains for a considerable time; and a large rolling mill was so injured that it will have to remain idle for some time to come, throwing out of employment a large force of men. All this from carelessly throwing a lighted match.

Let not your good be evil spoken of. Occasions sometimes arise when the doing of a right and harmless thing may be a source of mischief by misconception. In those cases, concern for the welfare of others would lead us to refrain from doing them. It is narrated of two Jewish patriots Pappus and his brother Julian—that, knowing their firm resolve not to drink Pagan wine lest they should seem to sanction idolatry, Rufus, the Roman governor, ordered water to be served to them, but in glasses so colored that it should look to the multitude as though they were drinking wine. Seeing at once the object of the deception, they sternly refused the water, and faced death by terrible martyrdom rather than taste it.

Acceptable to God and approved of men. It is worth noting that the conduct which pleases God is precisely the conduct that wins love and esteem from men. Nothing pleases a true man so much in another as to see him kind and helpful and considerate of other people. A wealthy gentleman who was childless determined to find a friendless boy and educate him and bring him up to be heir of all he possessed. He went to an orphan asylum and asked permission to watch the children at their play. He wanted to choose a boy who was not only intelligent but good. As he watched the children he became interested in two boys whose looks and actions he liked very much. They were both bright and intelligent, and he hardly knew which to choose. As he stood watching them in their play and trying to decide, one of the girls stumbled and fell. She was a cripple and unable to rise at once from the floor, but in a moment one of the two boys was helping her on her feet, as politely and kindly as a boy could. That act decided the gentleman's choice. "I want a boy who has a good heart," he said, and he took him away to a happy home and loving friends. He did not know why he was chosen, or that the gentleman was watching him. He aided the little girl because he had the spirit of Jesus in his heart, and it was the gentle spirit that brought him a home and friends.

The things which make for peace. The principle of a Christian's life which makes him beloved is that he avoids giving pain and annoyance to others and saying or doing anything which might provoke a quarrel. His life, too, if he follows Christ, is of a character which tends to his own peace when he comes to die because he is at peace with God. A lieutenant in an Iowa regiment was brought into the hospital wounded in the shoulder. At first it was thought that he would recover: but after a few days he rapidly declined. Just before his death, a lady-nurse said to him, "Lieutenant, you have but a few moments to live; if you have any word to send to your wife and little ones in Iowa, you must speak it very quickly." He looked up at her, his face shining and said, "Tell my wife that there is not a cloud between me and Jesus."

It is good neither to eat flesh nor drink wine nor do anything whereby thy brother stumbleth. The reference to the eating of flesh probably related to the dispute as to whether it was right to eat the flesh of an animal which had been offered in sacrifice to an idol. The Apostle says that it is better to abstain than imperil the soul of another. The former part of the injunction does not concern us now, but there is a deep concern in the latter part. The drinking of intoxicants does cause the downfall of many therefore it is a duty to set the example of abstinence. An incident is related by a missionary which shows how the drinking habit prejudiced a heathen against Christianity. As they talked two English soldiers reeled by under the influence of liquor. "See," said the native, "do you want me to become like that? As a Mohammedan I could not, as a Christian I might."

PIONEER WORK IN THE NORTHWEST.

The Apostolic Labors of Rev. Thomas Crosby Among the Indians of British Columbia and Alaska—Two Thousand Miles a Year in a Canoe—The Building of a Steamboat.

EARLY thirty years of toil and travel and self-denying effort for the Evangelization of the Indians of the great Northwest, have made the names of Thos. Crosby and wife householdwords throughout a large section of Canada Few people, even among those who know them best, have any idea of the extent of their labors. The change visible in some locality is witnessed, groups of Indians quit their vicious lives, the women and girls become virtuous and decent, a little church is built and the whole settlement is revolutionized. Then the man and his wife whose labors have been blessed of God to this glorious result cease to be residents of the district. They disappear, but they are gratefully remembered, and their frequent visits afterward are festivals to be anticipated, enjoyed and recollected with delight. Where do they go? The people whom they have served so well do not always know, but if inquiry is made, they learn that the work that has been done among them is being done with the same laborious effort and the same joyful results in some other settlement. No less than thirteen hundred persons have in this way been brought into church membership and have joyfully professed their faith in Christ. More than six thousand have heard the Gospel and have been brought under Christian influences in church and Sunday School. This, in a thinly settled country, where means of communication are few and precarious, is a stupendous work for one man to have accomplished, involving almost inconceivable labor and hardship.

The instrument God has used for the achievements of this enormous undertaking seemed to human eyes a very unsuitable one. With little education, no college training and no preparatory study, he took up the work, moved by faith and love; and by simple brotherly affection and quiet unobtrusive helpfulness he won the good-will of the people in one section after another and led them to Christ. The word of call and inspiration was as simple as it was effectual. In the year 1860 there appeared in a Canadian journal a letter signed "Edward White," in which the writer dwelt on the urgent need of the country. "Thousands of young men," he said, "are coming to British Columbia seeking gold; but where are the young men whom we need to consecrate their youth and strength to the preaching of the Gospel to the miners and the Indians?" It was a deplorable picture that he drew of the condition of these people. They were leading lives of practical heathenism, the miners careless, dissolute and depraved and the Indians sacrificing the sacred ties of fatherhood and brotherhood in pandering to the vices of the white settlers, and squandering the poor proceeds in self-indulgence. It was an awful circle of mutual corruption, vice, and degradation. Who was there with faith in God and conviction in his soul of the purifying and elevating power of the Gospel, who would go and preach it and live it among them? It was like asking for volunteers for a forlorn hope, or for missionaries for some benighted island of the South Seas, with the added difficulty that some of those to whom it was proposed to send the Gospel, were backsliders from Christian lands.

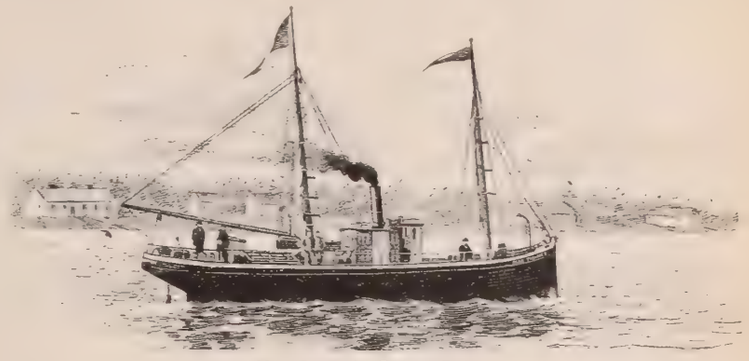
We do not know how many read that appeal from Edward White, but we know that one young man read it and could not forget it. Thomas Crosby was then twenty years old. Four years before, he had come from an English village to Woodstock with his father mother and brothers and had settled here. The family was poor and the father's venture in farming which at first promised a brilliant success ended disastrously. The boy must earn his own living and he took the first opportunity. He went to work in a tannery and was making his way. The inexhaustible energy and industry, which were afterward to be exercised in a far different sphere, characterized him in the tanner's service, winning for him the confidence and esteem of his employers. In his seventeenth year he became a member of the Methodist Church in Woodstock and after a short time was appointed a local preacher. To him, Edward White's letter appeared to be a personal call. He dwelt upon it, reread it, took it to his room and read it on his knees and finally made an offer of himself in solemn consecration to God for the work. That was all he could do; he left the opening of the way to God. Two days later he had an intimation that his offer was accepted. His elder brother, an unconverted man, spontaneously removed the only difficulty in the way by offering him all the money he needed. "Take it as a loan, Tom," he said; "if you can repay it, do; if not, I shall never ask you for it." He took the money and going to his room, he knelt down and thanked God for it, and said that henceforth his whole life was given up to him.

The matter was settled there and then. All attempts to dissuade him from an enterprise that seemed to the worldly mind profitless and foolhardy, failed. His employer was the first to assail him. "What are these people to you?" he asked. "They are savages; they will kill you and eat you. Don't be quixotic; stay with us; you have done well and may do better. Keep on with your work and from today we will double your wages." Tom had but one answer for the kindly tanner, he had promised God and must go. At home the trial was harder. The father could not see the call in the light that Tom saw it; his mother wept over her boy and declared that she could not spare him. There was a midnight scene that is still fresh in his memory, when father and mother both listened to his story of the call and the consecration and lamented over him as one given over to death. "I cannot be happy if I don't go," Tom said. Then his mother answered with a voice broken by sobs, "Well, then, my boy, go and God bless you." Hundreds of times in after years, on storm-tossed seas and lonely desert places, in the solemn night hours, Mr. Crosby declares, the echo of those words fell on his ears encouraging him and stimulating him. The ejaculatory prayer was heard and abundantly answered. God has blessed him.

Setting out alone on his perilous enterprise, with no promise of support from any church or society, he made his way to Victoria, British Columbia, where he arrived April 11, 1862. He was anxious to enter on his work unhampered by an obligation, so he stayed there working with his hands until he had earned enough money to repay his brother's loan. The time was not lost; he gained much knowledge of the field, and he gained strength in lonely communion with God. It was the period of solitude which generally precedes a life of consecrated work. Moses and John the Baptist, and even the Master himself prepared for their labors in retirement from the world.

About a year after his arrival at Victoria, he went to Dr. Evans and told him of his purpose. As a practical preparation, Dr. Evans sent him to Wanaimo, Vancouver's Island to teach the first Indian Mission School that had been established. There he labored and taught and learned. In six months he was able to understand the Indian Flathead language and before the first year was out, he could preach in that tongue. Life began in earnest with that acquisition and Crosby lost no opportunity of exercising it. He journeyed in all directions from his school preaching the gospel, in the Indian huts and tents and in the open air and living with the Indians as one of themselves. Soon it was necessary to build a church at Chilewack. There to his great delight he received a visit from Dr. Punshon, who preached in the new church. Learning that he had not been ordained, Dr. Punshon surprised him by proposing to confer ordination upon him. Crosby had scruples on account of his lack of a college education, of his lack of theological training and general unfitness, but Punshon overcame them, declaring that Crosby had given the best of all proofs of his fitness in his success.

Mr. Crosby remained in that field two years longer and then returned to Victoria to report his success to the church there, in the hope of getting some thoroughly organized work for reaching the Indians commenced. Two of the brethren there, McKay and McMillon were deeply interested in his story and made the experiment of mission services in Victoria itself. They hired a bar-room on the corner of Government and Fitzgerald Streets and Crosby gladly preached in it. There were plenty of Indians there, who had come down from the North with their squaws and daughters to engage in their loathsome traffic. A great work began in that bar-room and many of the people converted during those services, more than twenty years ago, are still living and are leading earnest, faithful Christian lives. Their rescue from the horrible life they were living and from the degrading purpose for which they went to Victoria was a marvel to them, and they begged the man who had been instrumental in effecting it, to return with them to Fort Simpson that their relatives and neighbors might hear the good tidings, too. He was unable to comply, but promised to visit them soon. During the next few months, Mr. Crosby went through Ontario arousing the churches to the need of the work and awakening them by his story of what had already been accomplished, and by his testimony as to the readiness of the Indian to listen to the Gospel, to the duty of supporting missionaries among them. During that tour he incidentally awakened in one of his hearers another kind of interest which finally became a very close and personal one. He was married to the daughter of Rev. John Dewse and henceforth had a valuable helper in his work.



MR. CROSBY'S GOSPEL BOAT.

On the conclusion of his tour, Mr. Crosby kept his promise to the Indians whom he had served at Victoria. A Hudson's Bay ship, sailing to Alaska, carried the missionary and his wife to Fort Simpson, which proved to be about seventy miles from Mr. Duncan's station at Metlakahtla. The converts of the Victoria work had prepared the way for his coming and Mr. Crosby was received with open arms. After a short time, a church was organized and a building commenced. Mr. Crosby with his own hands cut the timber and the the Indians labored hard at the building. The skilled labor was paid for chiefly by the Indians, themselves, who although they had no money brought furs, finger-rings, ear-rings, and surplus blankets, and gave them freely for the building fund. The completion of the church was the beginning of a wonderful work of grace which spread to distant places. The people who came to Fort Simpson and heard the Gospel went home and soon messages came from them to Mr. Crosby begging him to visit them. He went to Queen Charlotte Sound, where there was a similar ingathering of souls. Thence to Bella Bella, to Bella Coolee and to many other places. In each settlement he remained preaching and teaching until a church was organized and he could safely proceed to a new field.

The extremities of this chain of missionary stations were two hundred miles apart and this distance was covered by Mr. Crosby in his journeyings to and fro by canoe. For more than ten years he kept up this laborious and often perilous mode of travel, rowing on an average two thousand miles in a year. But in 1882 he realized that some better mode of locomotion could no longer be dispensed with. He must have a steamboat, which would save time and labor. Remembering his former success in Ontario he returned there and lecturing and appealing to the churches he succeeded in raising a small fund for the purpose. With the aid of a sailor, who had been converted in one of his meetings, he built the boat; a small engine, which would propel it at the rate of seven knots an hour, was purchased and put in and thus equipped Mr. Crosby resumed his labors.

The statistical results of these long years of labor are remarkable. There are now twenty-three churches in regular organization with day schools and Sunday Schools; a hospital under the charge of a skilful Christian physician; a large industrial school for girls with forty pupils, and a similar institution for boys where instruction is given in useful arts. There are eight ordained ministers, seven lay missionaries and eight native assistants. The churches are self-supporting and are in a most thriving condition. Looking back on the results of his thirty years of labor Mr. Crosby thanks God that he was led to take up this pioneer work and for the success with which God has rewarded him.

REV. AND MRS. THOMAS CROSBY.

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A PLEASANT MEMORY.

"HAVE you just come from Paris?" asked the Rev. Dr. John Cumming, as we clasped hands in the vestry of Crown Court Church, London. The French had surrendered at Sedan. I had been among the last to leave Paris after all Americans had been ordered out. I had run the risk of being arrested and imprisoned under suspicion of being a German, as was any man with light hair and whiskers. While standing examining in admiration the gate of the Tuileries, I found myself carefully watched of the city officials. I had arrived in London fresh from the scene of anxiety and turmoil. "Well!" said Dr. Cumming, "did I not tell you so? Have I not been telling the Christian world for years what would happen? Is it not coming true what I said about Napoleon, and what I said about the French nation? People have laughed and caricatured me for my calculation about the fulfillment of prophecy. There is no surprise to me in these modern occurrences. I read them long ago in my Bible." Dr. Cumming thus showed that he was entirely occupied with the exciting occurrences of the day. He asked nothing about America, but rained on me the questions about France, giving me no opportunity to answer more than one out of five or six of them. He impressed me as a man dreadfully in earnest, good and great. How a man had lived so long under such pressure of thought, and scrutiny of events, as though he were personally responsible, and absorbed in the destiny not so much of individuals as of nations and the world, was to me a matter of admiration. What a mighty work he achieved! Much of what he wrote and said I do not believe, but he believed it, and his influence in the aggregate was healthy, from the fact that it aroused much of the indifference of the Church about the things transpiring. He, at any rate, woke the Christian world from its lethargy, and compelled it to think. Even the titles of his books were startling: *The Great Tribulation; The Last Woe; The Destiny of Nations; Apocalyptic Sketches*, etc., etc. The Countess Russell, the Duchess of Sutherland, and the Queen of England, at different times, heard, with high approval, his discourses. At different times he ran the gauntlet of outrageous abuse and lampoonery. The most of the London press took after him as hounds after a hare. But for the most part he kept his temper, did his work, and now rests from his labors.

Born in 1810. Died in 1881. Some of his peculiar views he expressed in Exeter Hall when he said: "I have shown, first, that Christ's Advent is the prominent hope of the Church of God; secondly, that his Advent is a personal one; and, thirdly, that the millennial day succeeds, and does not precede, the Advent of Christ, just as the light follows the sun and does not precede it; and lastly, I have shown from the signs of the times that this Advent is near at hand, and that it becomes all to make ready for the coming of our blessed Lord. Let us now look more earnestly for the appearing of the Son of God and not quarrel. When our Lord comes there will instantly take place a resurrection of the dead in Christ. I hold that when Christ comes at the commencement of the Millennium, all brethren that have died in Christ, from Adam down to the babe that perished yesterday from its mother's bosom—the dead in Christ will instantly rise to welcome their coming Lord. All believers then living will moreover be gathered together with them, and both the dead in Christ will rise from the earth, but the living in Christ who do not die, but are changed, shall be caught up in the air, and shall there remain until the earth has undergone its fiery ordeal, just as the family of Noah was kept in the Ark. The rest of the dead will not rise till the thousand years are finished. That the resurrection of the dead in Christ—that is, of all true believers—takes place at the commencement of the Millennium, and Christ's Advent is pre-millennial, and not post-millennial."

The sentiments of Dr. Cumming thus quoted I am neither ready to accept nor dispute. Perhaps if I had studied those themes as long and as well as he did I might think the same. We shall all know more after awhile than we do now. But we must all rejoice in the work of a man who can demonstate that the Prophecies are not to be looked on as a dead-letter. Because we have a better dispensation we are not to regret the old. Because we have got into the castle is no reason why we should despise the drawbridge. Isaiah is almost as much an evangelist as John, and almost as much of an apostle as Paul. The Old Testament has not yet finished its mission in the world. Dr. Cumming brushed off most of the dust from the old parchments. Daniel and Jeremiah and all the prophets are more thoroughly and earnestly studied because of the resounding voice and far-reaching pen of the pastor of Crown Court Church. Among my happiest memories is the interview I had with this man, who has gone up to question in heaven the old prophets.

SACRAMENTAL DAYS.

IT is a good rule many people make always to be at home on Communion Day. The Sacramental Sabbath, whether it comes to an American church or an English chapel or a Scotch kirk, is more impressive than any other Sabbath. Its light is holier, calmer, sweeter; its voices more tender; its touch is softer; its memories are more chastened. The fruits of the Christian suddenly ripen, like orchards on the hill fronting the South. The wine of the Holy Sacrament seems pressed from the grapes of celestial vineyards, and the bread broken seems to drop from the hand of him who parted the loaves for the five thousand. We walk to the church of God with more thoughtful face and with quieter step.

The jubilant songs of other Sundays are struck through with pensiveness and are all a-tremble with tears, and when, at the close of the service, at the door we shake hands, it is with a more cordial grasp, because we feel thrilling through our body, and mind, and soul the great doctrine of Christian brotherhood; and our minds go back to our forefathers celebrating the sacrament in times of persecution in Scotland among the Highlands; commemorating the dying love of Christ, while they were pursued of their enemies, pouring the wine into rough wooden cups, dipping the waters of baptism from the mountain rock, until one day they heard the voices of their enemies coming up the hill, and the pastor cried out: "Oh Lord, the Shepherd, have mercy on the sheep!" and instantly there was a roaring heard as of great floods and sure enough a cloud had burst and there were great torrents running down the mountain side that whelmed their foes with sudden wrath. What a deliverance it was for them on that Sacramental Day! Oh! that on every Sacramental Day the cloud of God's mercy might burst and our sins be whelmed and our souls be saved! This is the amethyst of days. This is the pearl of days. This is the diamond of days. This is the day of days.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Mrs. J. W. Neefe, Sweden, Pa. How and when did Paul die?

According to Eusebius, he was beheaded at Rome, under Nero, about the same time that Peter was crucified there. Tertullian and Jerome adopt the same story of the great apostle's death.

T. S. Blouch, Exeter, Nebr., writes: "May I thank the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who so kindly responded to my request for the song, 'Will it Pay.' Especially are thanks due the reader from Englewood, Ills., who was the first to respond with a copy; also James C. Holt, Burton's Creek, Va.; John E. Morris, West Monroe, La., and Lillie Earsom, Mechanicsburg, O., for information where to get the book. I never before had it so clearly proven to me what a medium of good THE CHRISTIAN HERALD can be to those who use it."

Charles H. Davis, Crane, Kan. 1. What time in the history of the world was the period known as the "Dark Ages," and why was it so-called? 2. What nation or government burned the Protestant Bibles? 3. What and where is the "Circle of fire"?

1. From the beginning of the sixth to the end of the twelfth centuries. They were so-called because frightful wars and barbarian irruptions into Europe had brought about a condition of society in which education was utterly neglected, and science, literature, philosophy, and even the arts, were preserved only in a few out-of-the-way places. 2. Spain, England and Italy, at different times have permitted the Bible to be burned by fanatical Romanists. 3. Do you refer to the Rosicrucians or to the rites practised by the Druids?

J. W. Kemp, Chillicotte, O. What are the numbers and nationalities of the foreign-born population of the United States?

According to the latest official enumeration there were 9,249,547 foreign-born residents in the country, recorded as follows: Canada and Newfoundland, 980,938; Mexico, 77,853; South America, 5,006; Cuba and West Indies, 23,256; Ireland, 1,871,509; England, 909,092; Scotland, 242,231, Wales, 100,079; Germany, 2,784,894; Austria, 123,271; Holland, 81,828; Belgium, 22,639; Switzerland, 104,069; Norway, 322,665; Sweden, 478,041; Denmark, 132,543; Russia, 182,044; Hungary, 62,435; Bohemia, 118,106; Poland, 147,440; France, 113,174; Italy, 182,580; Spain, 6,185; Portugal, 15,990; China, 106,688; other foreign countries, 54,385.

M. M. Bromley, Vincennes, Ind. What is the "Grand Balance" in the Bank of England?

We presume you refer not to the cash balances, which are regularly shown on the bank's weekly statement, but to the remarkable pair of scales in the Bullion Office. These scales stand seven feet high and weigh nearly two tons. They are operated by hydraulics and are the most sensitive scales ever constructed, being capable of detecting a difference of a one thousandth part of an ounce. The mere weight of a postage stamp, it is said, will move the index several inches. The "Grand Balance" is used exclusively for weighing gold, and cost $10,000 to build. $500,000 in gold constitutes a fair day's weighing.

S. B. Gilbert, Melon, Miss. May we expect Christ's coming as near at hand as are the some prophecies which must be fulfilled before he comes?

There will be two stages in Christ's coming. The first will be when he comes as bridegroom unseen into the air and summons those of his people who are leading spiritual lives and are looking for him, to meet him. They will be caught up and their places in the world will be vacant (See 1. Thess. 4: 16 and other passages). That event may occur at any hour. We have not to wait for the fulfilment of any prophecy before it occurs. The second stage of his coming will be when he comes as Judge and King. Between the two events some years will elapse. Some think three years and a half, others five, others seven. During that interval many prophecies which relate to Antichrist's persecution, the Great Tribulation, etc., will be fulfilled.

F. Jannison, Montreal, Can. What part of the world has the longest day and which the shortest?

We do not infer that you mean to include the polar regions where the day is prolonged unto months. Spitzbergen's longest day is 373 months. Finland has probably the longest regular day, viz.: 22 hours, London and Bremen 16 1-2 hours, Stockholm 18 1-2 hours, St. Petersburg 19 hours, New York 15 hours, your own city (Montreal), 16 hours. Finland has also the shortest day, viz.: 3 hours, about Christmas.

Mrs. E. M. Evans, Atlanta, Ga. What does Paul mean by the thorn in the flesh (II. Cor. 12: 7)?

Nothing is known of it except what is stated in the passage you mention. From the context it would appear to have been some physical defect which was vexatious and humiliating. A common belief which has much in its favor, especially Paul's words in Galatians 4: 15, is that it was an affection of the eyes which incapacitated him at times from reading and writing. It was evidently something painful which God permitted to fall upon him as a discipline to keep him from growing proud.

J. F. Dodd, Delaware, O. Would a Christian in extreme peril be justified in telling a lie or suppressing facts to save life or property? Might he not tell the lie trusting that God will forgive him for Christ's sake?

We cannot conceive of any circumstances which would justify a Christian in telling a lie. If by suppressing facts you mean maintaining silence under questioning, there is no sin in that. A man who would deliberately commit sin trusting to God's forgiving him must have a very distorted idea of God's government. His conscience needs to be enlightened. A child who disobeyed his father wilfully and deliberately because he felt sure of pardon would deserve very severe punishment.

Subscriber, Bayfield, Ont. Is sanctification complete at death or does it continue in Heaven?

We cannot dogmatize about the state of the believer in Heaven. So little is revealed to us about that state, that absolute knowledge is impossible. Judging by what we do know, we infer that there must be a vast increase in knowledge of God and divine things which must have its effect on the character. Then, too, to be in the presence of God, and associated with pure and holy beings and liberated from the gross influence of the flesh would, we should imagine tend to elevate and ennoble and develop the spiritual nature. Perhaps it would be more accurate to describe the progress we expect as growth and development rather than sanctification.

D. B. Alexander, Winnebago, Ill. 1. Were the principles of the Jewish Sabbath incorporated in the Christian, Lord's Day? 2. Did our first parents possess a conscience before they fell? 3. Is love the greatest thing in the world as our minister recently declared?

1. The early Christians appear to have made the Lord's Day more of a festival than the Jews did of their Sabbath. They met together to praise and pray and celebrate the Lord's Supper. It appears to have been kept free of business and worldly cares, but not to have been surrounded with the strict, and somewhat ridiculous legislation of the Jews. 2. They certainly knew, according to the account given us in the Bible, that they were doing wrong in disobeying God and that would indicate the possession of conscience. The result of their sin was to make them know good and evil which is not the function of conscience. The narrative does not say that it made them know the difference between them. 3. Your minister has Apostolic authority for his assertion. (See 1. Cor. 13: 13, R. V.)

Enquirer, Manitoba. We have not the data for answering your question.—Wm. J. Smith, Townsend Centre, Ontario, Can. She is the daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Teck.—Mrs. Martha Taylor, Newton, Mo. Write to Rev. A. B. Simpson, 692 8th Avenue, N.Y. City.—G., Mount Forest, Pa. While it cannot be condemned *in toto*, it is in a majority of cases, a dangerous pastime. Literary studies do not need such an aid.—Reader, Sioux Centre, Ia. 1. Yes (see Mark 6: 3.) 2. Write to J. E. Jewett, bookseller, Bible House, N. Y.—Miss Agnes Eloy, Lansdale, Pa. Volumes have been written to prove the earth round, square, flat, conical and various other shapes. The passage you quote we regard as among the unexplainable as it certainly is among the non-essential parts of Scripture.—Mrs. Jane Stickler, Ogden, Utah. 1. We have already made the explanation in regard to Fort Scott schools, in response to other correspondents. 2. No; they were totally different persons.—Lorelle Damon, East Weymouth, Mass. 1. Write to Sprudling Bros., 241 Broadway, N. Y. 2. We believe he is a Christian. His home we believe is somewhere in Indiana.—Mrs. Annie Newman, Sewall, Me. Rev. Geo. W. Sharp's address is Kirksville, Mo.—Constant Reader, Glasgow, Mo. It means "chapter" and indicates some other chapter in the same book.—Mrs. O. L. Osborne, Hillside, N. Y. Send the old coverings to the nearest barracks, hospital or asylum.—Mrs. George Dibble, Saybrook, Conn. Your view of Jephthah's act coincides with that of other correspondents already noticed.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE DESTRUCTIVE STORM.

IT will be long before the hurricane of Aug. 24th is forgotten on the middle Atlantic coast. The experts of the Life-Saving Stations say that not since the memorable storm of August 23, 1873, twenty years ago to a day, has any storm worked such havoc. Sailing craft came limping into port for two or three days afterward bringing new stories of death and destruction. More than eighty lives are known to have been lost and there is only too certain reason for believing that hundreds have perished, of whom no news has yet been received. On land, great trees were rooted up, houses blown down, railroad tracks torn up and electric communication cut off. But it was at sea that the deadly hurricane gathered its richest harvest. There, wind and wave seemed to have made a hideous alliance to tear in pieces everything at their mercy. The stories of disaster brought in, one upon the heels of another, were appalling in their details. The crews saw other vessels capsize and founder, while they were powerless to help and expected soon to meet the same doom. A fishing vessel, after bravely battling for an hour with the elements, sank with all hands; others wrenched and buffeted with the winds sprang a leak, filled and went down with their living freight. The shores of New Jersey were literally strewed with wreckage and, here and there among it, were corpses showing how the gallant men had struggled for their lives before they had yielded. Even the vessels which outlived the storm had contributed their quota to the awful death list. Five men from one, seven from another, the captain and three men from another had been carried away by the gigantic waves and drowned. One man was taken off the top-mast of a sunken vessel who had clung there for twenty hours; all his shipmates were dead in the vessel below him. A schooner from Demerara, dismasted and battered, was brought in by a tugboat, with less than half her crew. Her captain had been hurled against the fragment of a mast by a high sea and every bone in his body crushed. Others had been swept overboard, or beaten to death by the merciless billows. Many ships must have gone down in the first moment; for the hurricane came with appalling suddenness. Happily many ships were saved by the timely warning of the Signal Service. Twelve hours before the arrival of the hurricane the danger signals were flying and, some vessels which were ready to sail, delayed their departure. They owe their preservation to observing and heeding the danger signals, as many a soul in the voyage of life has owed its safety to heeding the warnings of God's Word. (Ps. 119: 9.)

The Oldest Pensioner.

The officials of the Pension Office will have to omit one name from the list next time they make out their checks, which has long been one of unusual interest. It is that of Mrs. Anne Hyde, of Fishkill, N.Y., who died on August 25 at the age of one hundred and four years. She was the oldest of all the many pensioners on the books of the Department. She drew her pension as the widow of an officer who fought in the war of 1812. She was born in Fishkill in 1789 and lived there all her life. For many years her home has been with a grand-nephew who was very much attached to the old lady and delighted to make her old age happy. Her mind suffered no impairment to the last, and beyond a stiffness of the limbs and slight deafness, she passed her hundredth birthday with scarcely a physical ailment. After that time her sight failed her and she was no longer able to knit, or to answer the many letters which came to her from persons in all parts of the country who had made her acquaintance. Her intelligence was remarkable and her memory singularly retentive. Visitors and members of her own family were charmed with her reminiscences of her girlhood and of celebrated persons whose names have passed into history, whom she had known. She attributed her wonderful preservation of life and health to her regular habits and quiet life, and could boast on her hundredth birthday that she had never had a day of sickness. Possibly her income being absolutely secure may have contributed to her longevity. It has often been observed that Government pensioners live longer than other people. They are relieved of the anxiety about their future livelihood which preys upon the vitality of others. Even the Christian is sometimes subject to that worry from which he might be relieved if he had as much faith in the promises of God as the pensioner has in the promise of the Government. (Isa. 33 : 16.)

An International Episode.

Disturbances in Rome and other Italian cities have caused an international difficulty which has now been peacefully settled, but at one time threatened to involve serious complications. The trouble arose out of the killing of a number of Italian workmen in the French town of Aigues-Mortes. The Italians were set upon by French workmen and took refuge in a farm-house. There they were surrounded and a fierce fight ensued. The police were summoned, but appear to have made little attempt to protect the Italians, their sympathies being with their assailants. Eventually the Italians left their shelter and tried to effect their escape; but the French mob followed them, beat them brutally and killed many of them. When the news reached Italy, it aroused great indignation. The people insisted on the government compelling the French government to make quick and full reparation. In Rome they collected around the French embassy and tried to burn it. In other towns they attacked monasteries of French priests, tore down the escutcheons and committed other acts of violence. By their lawless conduct they weakened the hands of their government in dealing with France, as it had to apologize when demanding reparation. Happily for France and the peace of Europe, Italy was more magnanimous in dealing with her than she was in dealing with Siam, in a similar matter and the concessions she made were accepted. Nations, like individuals, often forget that they may have to ask for themselves the magnanimity that they refuse to show to others. As Christ taught in the parable of the unmerciful servant, they who hope for God's forgiveness must be ready to forgive those who wrong them. (Matt. 18: 23-35.)

An Appointment Refused.

A stalwart young man of soldierly bearing was introduced to the commissioners of Police in Brooklyn, N. Y., one day last week by a roundsman of the force. He wanted a position on the force and said he had had some experience as a policeman on the other side the Atlantic. The roundsman, who is an Irishman, confirmed his statement and said that he had served with him some years ago and that he had an excellent record. The applicant answered the questions put to him with so much intelligence and seemed altogether so suitable a man for the office, that he was accepted. Before he was sworn in, he was asked about his nationality and when he said he was an Englishman, he was told he would have to abjure his allegiance to the Queen. His Irish friend was taking him away to have the little formality performed, when the other protested. Did it mean, he inquired, that he was to give up his nationality and no longer be an English subject. He was told that in no other way could he obtain the appointment. He might remain in the country and earn his livelihood in some other way, but he could not be a policeman without abjuring his allegiance and becoming an American citizen. He seemed much disappointed, but said he could not take the office on those terms, and to the amazement of his Irish friend he quitted the building and went off to look for some other kind of employment. It is much to be wished that the subjects of the King of kings were equally faithful and would refuse to be engaged in any business, however congenial and lucrative it may be, that separates them from their Lord. (II. Timothy 4: 10.)

The Siren Signal.

A writer in a scientific journal gives an account of his visit to a manufactory which is the only one in the world where the device known as the siren signal is constructed. The signal is for use in dense fogs and consists of an apparatus emitting a series of penetrating shrieks at regular intervals. A brass disk perforated with a certain number of holes is fitted to the end of a steam-pipe. From the centre of the disk protrudes a pivot, which serves as an axle for another disk of the same size perforated in exactly the same places with holes of the same size. A clock-work arrangement causes the upper disk to revolve, thus bringing the holes in the two disks over each other at one instant in every revolution. When the pipe is connected with the boiler, the steam rushing through the holes, every time they are brought together by the revolution of the upper disk, gives a shrill whistle, the timbre of which depends on the size of the holes. The device is intended for use on ships or on shores where fogs are frequent and a lighthouse would be of little service. The only attention the apparatus needs is to see that the holes in the exposed disk never become obstructed. If they become filled, the warning voice is silenced and ships are liable to be wrecked. An analogous result comes in the shape of moral and spiritual wreck when the Christian is so taken up with worldly concerns that the voice of God, which should reach the world through him, is obstructed. Opportunities of warning the sinner of the danger before him come to every man, but they are often missed through absorption in the things of this life. (Ezekiel 3: 17-18.)

Walking Forty Miles to be Married.

A justice, who lives near Paterson, N J., married an interesting couple on August 22. They arrived at his house in the evening and asked him to marry them. On being questioned, the man said that he was a resident of that township, but the girl was from Rockland County, N.Y. He had been visiting in the neighborhood of the girl's home and had fallen in love with her. She had accepted him and her family had consented to the marriage. It would have taken place at her home, but the young man wanted his father's consent, which he could not get without showing him the girl he wanted to marry. She was willing to be submitted to his father's inspection, so she set out with him for his home near Paterson. As their joint possessions amounted to only fifty cents, which might be needed for wedding fees, they decided to walk the entire distance, which is forty miles. They started before dawn and arrived weary and footsore after sundown. The bridegroom's father being satisfied with his prospective daughter-in-law, they had come to the justice's house to have the ceremony performed. The bride seemed surprised that there should be any wonder at what she had done; forty miles, she said, was not much of a walk when it was to be married to a man she loved. It should be so with those who are to form the bride of Christ. The toil and hardships of their journey through this world ought to appear of small account when they remember that at the end of their pilgrimage they will sit down at the marriage-supper of the Lamb. (II. Cor. 4: 17.)

Pensioners in Suspense.

A statement recently given out for publication by Pension Commissioner Lochren has caused some little surprise, and to some people some dismay. He says that cases of fraudulent dealing in securing pensions were traced to a certain pension agent, who had a very large business, and who, under the late Administration, had become famous for his success in securing pensions for his clients. In the cases investigated, it was found that the agent had secured the pensions by perjured testimony, and by paying bribes to officials, and that he had deceived his clients, extracting from them more than the legal fees. Mr. Lochren says that the evidence of the agent's culpability was so clear that the Department decided to suspend payment of every pension he had secured, until each case had been examined on its merits. There are more than two hundred of these cases, and all have been suspended. Some of them, Mr. Lochren has no doubt, are genuine cases, in which the people are deserving of a pension, but the fact of any person employing this agent and paying him the large fees he demanded, is regarded by the Department as sufficient ground for suspecting fraud. It is naturally inferred that no one would pay a high fee to the agent, if his services entitled him to a pension, and he could secure it in a legitimate way. Some, however, may have been duped into believing that the agent had influence with the Government, and could secure a pension for them which they could not obtain without his help. There are many who have that idea in spiritual matters. They beg the prayers of a priest or a minister or a class-leader instead of going to Christ themselves, relying on his promise to cast out none who come to him in faith (John 6: 37.)

BRIEF NOTES.

To any one of our readers who will send us the names and full addresses of twenty-five church officers, church members, or Sunday School workers, we will send a beautiful section of Olive-Wood cut from the Mount of Olives, polished by native workmen in Jerusalem and bearing on its face in English and Hebrew characters the name of the Holy City.

The "Heavenly Foot Society" in China is attempting a crusade against the practice of binding the feet of women.

Rev. Henry Varley arrived last week by the *Campania* to fulfil an engagement with Mr. Moody to take part in the Gospel work at the World's Fair, Chicago. The Rev. John Robertson of Glasgow, has also come to assist Mr. Moody.

Rev. George C. Needham, the evangelist, has sufficiently recovered from his recent severe illness to fill the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church, Mount Vernon, N. Y., during the absence of the Rev. Mr. Lane on a vacation.

Mr. Moody has received an invitation signed by 702 London ministers and 553 laymen asking him to conduct evangelistic services there next winter. Mr. Moody has declined on the ground that there will be pressing work to do on this side this year.

Mr. Loomis, the agent of the American Bible Society in Japan reports that many of the native students in the Universities will act as colporteurs during the vacation. There are now sixty colporteurs carrying the Bible and Bible-portions into new districts in Japan.

The members of the Needham family had a reunion recently at South Peabody, Mass., in a grove on the very spot where the first of the family settled in 1620. It has been in the possession of some member of the family ever since. Five generations were represented.

The *Canadian Revue* of Montreal, has been exposing the immoralities of the priests of Quebec province and the archbishop has placed the *Revue* under his ecclesiastical ban. The paper has commenced a suit against him for damages and the outcome of the trial is watched with interest.

The Second Presbyterian Church in Chicago recently had a reunion of its pastors on one Sunday. The opening prayer was offered by its first pastor, Dr R. W. Patterson. The sermon was preached by Dr. J. Monro Gibson, of London, the second pastor, and Dr. S. J. McPherson, the third and present pastor, closed the services.

At Dr. L. W. Munhall's recent Bible Conference at Ocean Grove, N. J., much attention was attracted by two large blocks of artificial ice placed outside the building. The blocks were three feet long, two and a half feet wide, and a foot and a half thick. In the centre was an open Bible. The type was magnified by the crystal and each word could be plainly read.

The Turkish Government has issued an edict including the Jews in the Empire in the subjects liable to conscription. The Jews are horrified at the idea of serving under the banner of Mohammed and a special fast was proclaimed by the Rabbis. The synagogues were crowded all day by men who wept and wailed while they prayed and chanted selections from the Psalms.

Considerable excitement has prevailed in the West Central African Mission over the death of King Kwikwi, who first received American missionaries, afterward expelled them from his country, and has since been alternately hot and cold toward them. In the course of the funeral ceremonies, which lasted some time, Mr. Woodside, of the American Board, found opportunities for preaching the Gospel.

Dr. Samuel D. Ferguson, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Liberia, arrived in New York on the *Etruria* a few days ago. He reports that the Grebo tribe have been persuaded to abandon their fetich worship and accept the Bible as their rule of life. Dr. Ferguson, who is the only colored member of the House of Bishops, says that really industrious negroes especially those having a little capital would be welcome in Liberia and would prosper. It is a poor country for lazy men.

The Inter-Denominational Bible Conference recently held under the charge of Dr. L. W. Munhall at Asbury Park, N. J., was largely attended. Among the speakers were Prof. W. H. Green of Princeton; President H. G. Weston of Crozer; Prof. Howard Osgood of Rochester; Prof. Wm. G. Moorehead of Xenia; Drs. A. J. Gordon of Boston; A. T. Pierson; and Wm. J. Erdman of Asheville, N. C. At the conclusion of the Conference a great meeting was held on the beach at which Dr. Munhall preached. Fully ten thousand people were in the audience.

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

A SECURE STRONGHOLD.

Sermon Preached last Sunday, Sept. 3, 1893, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D.

Text: Nahum 1: 7, *"The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that put their trust in him."*

THE name of the prophet Nahum means comforter or consolation. But in the Greek and Hebrew it appears as the seventh of the minor prophets; according to a Jewish statement of dates, however, he is the sixth. But little is known of his life except that he was a native of Elkosh, a village of Galilee. According to Kitto, he prophesied in Judah after the deportation of the ten tribes, and so toward the close of the reign of Hezekiah. He gives vivid descriptions of the destruction of Nineveh and of the Assyrian monarchy; he also describes in lively colors the relief of Judah from her grievous oppression. All biblical critics speak with enthusiasm of the classic beauty of his style; they also emphasize the fact that it is as marked for its clearness as for its elegances. Its rhythm is perfect, and the thought is continuous until the close of the last chapter is reached. Jahn reminds us that the language is absolutely pure, with a single exception found in the third chapter and the seventeenth verse. Nahum was a genuine poet as well as a consecrated prophet. His language now rises to the lofty and sonorous eloquence of a true orator, and then falls into the soft and murmuring spirit of the gentle poet; but most of all is he characterized by his

Loyalty to God

and his devotion to duty. A great part of the duty of the true prophet and preacher is to comfort the people of God. Nahum in foretelling the destruction of Nineveh was a rebuke to Assyria, but a comforter to Israel. The first chapter opens with a magnificent description of the infinite justice, marked tenderness, parental compassion, and irresistible power of God. The world then did not know God; the world now does not know God. A great duty of the pastor is to make God known. One class of persons represent God as too gentle to be just, and another class represent him as being too just to be kind. There are those who speak of God in harmony with the French phrase, *Le bon Dieu*, representing him as a weak and indulgent being, near at hand when we need him, but conveniently absent when we do not desire his presence. Others represent God as a fierce taskmaster, standing over us rod in hand waiting for an opportunity to inflict a blow. An important design of the Bible is to teach us who and what God is.

The sublime description of God which we have in the first eight verses of this chapter represents him on two sides of his nature. This description seems to involve a contradiction; but this apparent contradiction is really a sublime harmony. One might ask, how can God be a jealous and furious being and at the same time be good and slow to anger?

No Contradiction

in the opposite representations of the divine Being. The opposing descriptions of God [illegible] characters among men. The differences in these descriptions grow out of the differences in the characters of those with whom he has to do. The cloud which accompanied Israel had its dark and its bright side, according as it stood related to Israel or to Egypt. So [illegible] he stands related to holiness or to wickedness. In himself he is infinitely glorious in all his perfections; in the presence of sin he remains immaculate in holiness; in the midst of change he remains without variableness or shadow of [illegible] ing as he stands related to differing characters [illegible]

Nineveh knew not God. God must, therefore [illegible] to her attitude toward him. God's wrath is here revealed against his enemies; but his [illegible] There is a true sense in which it may be said, that as we are toward God so is he toward us. His power is always infinite whether manifested in mercy toward his people, or in wrath toward his enemies. The greatness of his power and the terribleness of his wrath are the dark background against which the tenderness of his love and the manifestation of his goodness may appear in brighter colors. In the text God manifests his favor toward his people in the midst of the glowing descriptions of his power which makes the mountains quake, the hills melt, and the earth burn at his presence. It is impossible to find in any other literature than the Bible so majestic a description of great truths as we here find.

The Infinite Goodness.

Two beautiful thoughts are brought before us with special prominence in this text; first, the character here given to God; and, second, the description of the people of God. God is represented as being good, "the Lord is good." This is the language of all God's people in all the ages of his church. They are ready to say at all times, "O taste and see that the Lord is good." He is infinitely good in all the perfections of his nature; good in all the works of his hands; good in all the dealings of his providence; as good when inflicting deserved punishment upon sin as when rewarding virtue. Popular etymology has long made the word "God" to be a contraction of "good," and even though this derivation maybe shown to be incorrect, God still stands as the sum of all good in all his characteristics in himself, and in all his relations to his creatures. God's justice is simply his holiness flaming out in righteous wrath against human guilt. One of the very first experiences of the new-born soul is a deep sense of the goodness, long suffering and tender mercy of God. His goodness toward us can be matched only by our sinfulness toward him. His goodness is from everlasting to everlasting. No men doubt the goodness of God except those whose badness is conspicuous to their fellow men. God punishes sin simply because he is good; his severity against wrong is evermore the offspring of his love. The purer and truer a man is the more he resents a wrong done to his mother, his wife, or his child. The man who in such circumstances would not flash out his righteous indignation is not worthy the name of man. If God did not punish wrong, he would not be entitled to our respect. Eternal right demands eternal

Punishment of Eternal Wrong.

God's punishment of sin secures the approval of every thoughtful human being. The atonement for sin made by Jesus Christ meets the demand of human as well as of divine justice. But those who are in Christ by a living and loving faith are not exposed to the wrath of God. It can be said of them now as when the apostle Paul wrote, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." Christ bore their sins in his own body on the tree. They are reconciled to God, and God is reconciled to them in Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ is the meeting place between a sinful soul and a holy God. All true believers are now able to say with the psalmist, "all the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies." True believers are dear to God as the apple of the eye; they are engraven on the palms of his hands. He rebukes them because he loves them; he chastens them because he esteems them; he places them in the furnace simply that he may consume the dross and refine the gold.

God is also represented in this text as being "a stronghold in the day of trouble." It is a striking and blessed name which is here applied to God. It suggests thoughts concerning him which awaken hope, inspire confidence, and enkindle zeal. It is true that the word reminds us of our exposure to danger, and this suggestion is in entire harmony with the facts of daily experience. We are exposed to serious danger; we are in an enemy's country. Parts of this territory have been captured for the Captain of our salvation, but great portions of the territory are still in the hands of his and our enemy. In many of the captured places he has erected a stronghold for the honor of his name and for the protection of his people; and this stronghold is a place of security from danger and of safety from serious attacks. A stronghold is a place of defence, fortified perhaps partly by nature and greatly by art. In a stronghold a small force is mighty against vastly superior numbers. It is this truth which made Thermopylæ so dangerous a pass, and which makes Quebec and Gibraltar almost impregnable fortresses. It is very blessed to observe here that God is especially a stronghold

"In the Day of Trouble."

Such a day is sure to come to every Christian believer. When most we need God we can have most of him. When men are rich, strong and great they can have most of the world; but when misfortunes come and they are weak and helpless, the world transfers its honors and affection from them to those who can reward it in kind. Many other words of Scripture set forth a similar truth, "the name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it, and is safe." The psalmist strikes the same note, "the Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust; my buckler and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower;" "for thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy." When we walk about Zion we discover that she has mighty bulwarks and lofty towers. Every attribute of God is a stronghold for his saints. Is it the day of trouble for any soul in this audience? Then know that God waits to be your strong tower, your sure stronghold, and your firm bulwark. Listen to the inspired exhortation, "Turn you to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope." It is glorious to preach a Gospel which presents God as so mighty and yet so tender, so terrible to his foes and so loving to his friends. All his people in all the ages have found him to be their sure deliverance in the day of trouble. Let us again with the psalmist say, "for in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion." Into this pavilion no foe can come, and to the high rock, on which he sets us, no wave of sorrow can rise.

Personal Acquaintance.

Another characteristic of God is here given. "He knoweth them that trust in him." Our attention is often called in the Bible to the fact that "the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous." His knowledge of us is personal, peculiar, and discriminating. He knows his sheep by name, and the sheep know his voice: the knowledge between God and his people is mutual. He enters into a kind of secret relationship with each one of His children. His people have secrets between their souls and their Lord. They communicate with him by a sort of telegraphic cipher which only he and they can understand. This fact is suggested by the statement in Revelation regarding the white stone which is given to each of the saints with a name known only to the giver and the receiver. If there be two persons in this audience who know a fact of importance, which is known to them alone, these two stand in special relations to each other, and are so far separated from all others present. Such a relationship exists between God and each one of his children. He knows men in the mass because he knows each soul individually. He loved the disciples as a whole because he loved each disciple in a personal way. He had his chosen three within the circle of the chosen twelve. Peter, James, and John rightly stood in special relations to Jesus Christ. They were with him at the time of the raising of the daughter of Jairus, with him on the Mount of Transfiguration glory, and with him in the deeper recess of the garden when the wave of sorrow rolled over his soul. He loved all who gathered about him in social relations; but he had a special love for Martha and Mary and their brother Lazarus. He not only calleth his own sheep by name, but "he telleth the number of stars; he calleth them all by their names." Jesus is

The Advocate

with God on behalf of his people; and the Holy spirit is the advocate with us on behalf of God. In some Oriental countries in ancient times, it was common for those who were summoned to appear before courts to have friends come as their patrons; these were called in Greek, *paracletes*, and in Latin, *advocates*. They were not hired pleaders; their services were entirely gratuitous. They were generally men of large social influence, sometimes of great political power, and they stood by the person arraigned before the tribunal, to give him the benefit of their legal knowledge, their social influence and their help in every way possible. Exactly that idea is in the service which Christ performs as our advocate. Sometimes we think we are alone, fighting the battle of life; but this conclusion is utterly erroneous. God fulfils his promise still that he will never leave nor forsake us. Let us trust him with our whole hearts; let us lean on his strong arm, and when weary with life's trials let us pillow our head on his loving heart.

We now reach the second thought in this text. The description here given of the people of God,—"they that trust in him." Many names are given in the Word of God as descriptive of the people of God. They are sometimes called "believers," as faith in God forms so prominent an element in their lives; they are often called "brethren," because fraternal affection should mark all their relations with one another; they are called "disciples," because they sit as pupils at Jesus' feet; they are sometimes called "saints," because holiness unto the Lord marks, or should mark, all the thoughts of their hearts and the actions of their lives. But whatever title may be given them the thought of trust or faith underlies every description. Sometimes in the Bible all of religion is suggested by a single word; that word may be faith, hope, love, joy, peace, or some similar expression. In this text trust is that word. Trust, rightly understood, includes all of religion. Like

A Golden Thread

the thought of trust runs through the Bible. It must, however, be trust in God himself as a living, loving, personal God, Father, and Saviour. Our trust is not simply to be in the Bible, not in any revelation of God merely, but in God himself. All revelations of God are to be but the channel through which he comes to us in love, and through which we go to him in trust. When we give God our unquestioning trust he gives us his unbroken peace. We cannot expect that peace except we exercise this trust. Such faith is often on our lips, but it is too rarely practically in our lives. We fail to trust God because we do not rightly know God; "they that know thy name will put their trust in thee;" "but he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about;" "what time I am afraid, I will trust in thee;" "trust in the Lord with all thine heart and lean not unto thine own understanding;" "thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee;" "trust ye in the Lord forever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." This present trust has been the characteristic of God's people in all generations. Of our spiritual fathers it is said, "our fathers trusted in thee." Abraham, Moses and Job, David and Daniel were heroes of faith, and so were true soldiers of God. Faith rises to its loftiest height when it can say, "though he slay me yet will I trust him." The same

Spirit of Faith

marks the life of the noble Paul, and of our blessed Lord himself. Trust in God, when rightly understood, becomes a dominant characteristic and an inspiring motive in our daily lives. It is not simply the profession of our lips but is the working principle in our lives. Such trust rests on God's eternal promise and knows that it never will be moved. Faith in the Lord Jesus is the beginning of true Christian life in the soul.

Do you trust him as your personal Saviour? Are you one of God's dear people? Only as you trust in God can you claim him as your Saviour from sin and your stronghold in the day of trouble. If you do not so trust him then you have neither part nor lot in God as your stronghold. Only as we walk by faith and not by sight can we now get glimpses of the king in his beauty and cherish the hope of at last seeing him as he is. Only as we can say with deep humility and yet holy joy, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day," can we be sure that for us "The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble." If we have never so sheltered ourselves in God let me now, out of a full heart, give you this inspired exhortation, "turn you to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope;" and then shall you by a blessed experience know that "the name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it, and is safe."

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

HOW THE MONEY CAME.*

WHERE did he get these 118,000 crowns? Did he send begging letters? Did he go to Holland, or cross to England, or ask a subsidy from the State? He is a foe to beggars. He will not tolerate them in his parish; his doctrine is that no Christian dare be a beggar, nor ask from any but God. No one acts so rigorously on these principles as himself. His scruples are almost prohibitory Beyond the barest outline of accounts, he excludes money matters and money difficulties from his paper; though the people are prepared with alms at the annual festival, he never speaks of his wants, nor asks a donation; when he is in urgent difficulty about money, he persists in silence. This may look singular and absurd. But it is not more singular that he has never found this course of conduct to mislead or disappoint him; that he has found his straightforward asking of God abundantly sufficient? When a man makes that discovery, who can blame him for using it?

Before his own paper was established, Harms put a brief report of his proceedings in two of the country newspapers. The unlikelihood of that report reaching far is self-evident, but almost simultaneously contributions came from New Orleans, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Odessa, and Narva. Harms has no doubt how they came. God put it into men's hearts. This is a cardinal point of his faith. "I can assure you," says Harms, "that to the question, Shall we print? we did not answer, Certainly we can; but we cried to the Lord, grant it to us. And he granted it, for we immediately received 2,000 crowns, although the thought had not been told to anyone; we had only to take and be thankful." "A short time ago I had to pay a merchant in behalf of the missions 550 crowns, and when the day was near I had only 400. Then I prayed to the Lord Jesus that he would provide me with the deficiency. On the day before, three letters were brought, one from Schwerin with 20, one from Bucksburg with 25, and one from Berlin with 100 crowns. The donors were anonymous. On the evening of the same day, a laborer brought me ten crowns, so that I had not only enough, but five over" "I must tell you what brought the tears into my eyes, and confirmed me anew in that word, before they call I will answer. A medicine chest was urgently wanted for the mission. I reckoned up to see if there was enough left to supply it. Before I had finished, and when I had not yet well begun to commend this matter to the Lord, a letter was brought, in which the anonymous writer stated that for some time he had been collecting for the mission, and had determined to purchase a medicine chest. The chest accompanied the letter; he only begged it might soon be sent out for the heathen." When the Refuge was projected, the great obstacle was want of money. After prayer, a pious farmer met him and asked him to mention any way in which he could assist the work, "I took it as a sign from the Lord, and mentioned to him what was in my heart. He sent me, through his wife, who was of one mind with him, 500 crowns. Immediately after the merchant sent me 10, a pastor 100, and then came anonymously 100 crowns. Meanwhile I had not made my intention known." "The year before," he wrote in 1858, "I needed for the mission 15,000 crowns, and the Lord gave me that and 60 over. This year I needed double, and the Lord has given me double and 140 over."

I have placed these extracts loosely together because they show with great clearness what Mr. Harms believes about his missions, and to what he attributes their success. There is nothing he insists upon with greater earnestness than that, be the expenses what they may, let them increase ever so suddenly, he has never begged. There is nothing he more enjoys telling than that he has prayed for every want, and that without special prayer he has received support in his life of faith.

THE ORIGIN OF THE COAT†

As the tunic came to be worn tight and close-fitting, an important change occurred in its general cut. It is hard to get into a tight tunic, unless it is very elastic, harder yet to struggle out of it. To facilitate these processes it has always been necessary, when the tunic was high in the neck, to cut it open for a little way down the front, and to fasten together the opening thus made with buttons. But when tunics came to be worn very tight, about time of the Renaissance, the opening was extended to the very bottom of the tunic. After a while it became the fashion to leave the tight outer tunic altogether unbuttoned, except in cold weather. Thus the garment which had been worn from the very earliest times, and called by a hundred different names, such as chiton, tunica, cotte, without any change of general character, suffered its first essential modification, and became the modern coat. The same garment when short is the jacket, when short and sleeveless the waistcoat.

Trousers appear to have been introduced into Rome at a comparatively late period, and as a part of the military uniform. They are worn by the Roman soldiers represented on Trajan's column, as well as by barbarians. The Greeks had never adopted them. With their instinctive sense of beauty they had recognized that these are the only garments that cannot possibly be made graceful. A sleeve may become a part of the drapery of a figure, a trouser-leg is more obstinate in its ugliness. If tight it bags at the knees on the thirdwearing. Yet this is perhaps its least objectionable shape. If somewhat loosely it takes petty and meaningless folds. Some Oriental nations have tried to disguise it as a sklrt, but the result is not entirely satisfactory. If the trousers do not appear to give freedom to the leg they have lost their principal merit. Compromise, which is the life of politics, is the death of art, which should always struggle after an ideal. So thought the Greeks when they entirely renounced for themselves the pantaloons.

*From *Praying and Working;* some account of what men can do when they are in earnest. By Rev. W. Fleming Stevenson. The histories of Immanuel Wichern, Theodore Fliedner, John Evangelist Gossner and Louis Harms,—four men of strong faith who believed and trusted God: 411 pages; price, 75 cents; published by J. E. Jewett, 77 Bible House.

†From an article by Edward J. Lovell in *Scribner's Magazine*, published price 25 cents, by Charles Scribner's Sons, 745 Broadway, New York

Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

The Hour of Prayer.

Grace J. Frances. Hebrews, 10:25. J. Stevenson, arr. h.

1. Come from the world a - part, While evening shades are fall - ing;
2. Come, 'tis the hour of prayer, And leave the world's com-mo - tion;
3. "Ask, and ye shall re - ceive;" Let each, the throne ad - dress - ing,

CHO.—*Come from the world a - part, While evening shades are fall ing;*

FINE.

Come with thy troubled heart, To Him whose voice is call - ing;
Here let each anxious care Give place to calm de - vo - tion;
Now on His word be - lieve, And claim the promised bless - ing;

Come with thy troubled heart, To Him whose voice is call - ing.

O rest a-while be-neath the smile Of love so kind ly bend-ing, And
And while we meet at Je - sus' feet, He spreads His banner o'er us; Be -
Let faith inspire our soul's de-sire, Till, o'er our fears pre-vail - ing, Our

D.S.

praise the Lord with sweet ac - cord, Our thoughts in u-nion blend - ing.
hold Him near our souls to cheer, And guide the way be - fore us.
wings our flight to mansions bright, Of glo - ry nev-er fail - ing.

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From JUNIOR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SONGS, by per of the Publishers.

THE BEAUTIFUL*

BEAUTIFUL faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes, where earth-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministry to and fro,
Down lowly ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patience, grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight at set of sun,
Beautiful goal with race well run,
Beautiful rest with work well done.

Beautiful grave where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep
Over worn-out hands—oh, beautiful sleep!

—ANON.

*From *Songs for the Shut-in*, gathered and arranged by Mary Craige Yarrow. pp. 49; price 75c.; cloth; Thomas Whittaker, N. Y., publisher.

The Lord's Warnings.*

Two Predictions Referring to Two Distinct Events Which are Often Misunderstood.

[Continued from page 569

THE more carefully we compare Luke's report of the Lord's prophetic discourse with the reports given by Matthew and Mark, the more evident is it that the first two Evangelists are reporting one part of it and the third Evangelist another part of it. Matthew and Mark report the portion in which Christ is describing the events of his second coming, while Luke records the events relating to the impending siege of Jerusalem. The warning given by our Lord, as recorded in Matt. 24: 16, and Mark 13: 14, to those that be in Judea to flee to the mountains is the only part of their reports which has its exact counterpart in Luke's report and it applies equally to both events. There is, however, one point of difference as to that. The element of extreme haste which is prominent in Matthew and Mark is absent in Luke. The reason is obvius. Under no conceivable circumstances could the approach of a besieging army be so sudden as to leave a man no time to go down to the house to take anything out—no time to traverse the length of a field to take up his laid off clothes; and we cannot charge our Saviour with having in these words enjoined undue or needless haste. What, moreover, as a fact, took place at the time of the siege of Jerusalem? Everything in justification and literal fulfilment of our Lord's words as contained in Luke; and nothing that appears so obviously a fulfilment of our Lord's words as recorded by Matthew and Mark.

Jerusalem was encompassed by a Roman army under Cestius Gallus—and there was the sign. In a manner which Josephus describes as quite unaccountable, he withdrew; and the Christians, observant of our Lord's warning, retired to Pella and other places. But there was no need of the precipitate haste which the other sign would demand; nearly three years elapsed before the city was surrounded by Titus. If it were winter, therefore, flight might safely be delayed for more favorable weather, and certainly there was no such haste as rendered it imperative to fly, even though it might be the Sabbath day. In these particulars, therefore, we see what is quite inapplicable to the circumstances attendant on the Roman siege. To what events, then, you will say, are the injunctions found in Matthew and Mark applicable? To a siege of Jerusalem which is still future. At the time of the end as we learn from Joel and Zechariah, immediately before our Lord's Second Advent, Jerusalem will again be besieged and taken; and from Daniel we may gather that the wilful king at the head of the confederacy of the nations, will probably set upon Mount Zion some anti-Christian or Infidel altar. This would constitute the sign to flee—and from what? Surely from the impending earthquake described by Zechariah, in which it may well be supposed much of the city can hardly fail to be destroyed, and with it large numbers of the inhabitants.

In view of such a calamity, we can understand why our Lord urges such headlong haste as Matthew and Mark record. A moment's delay might be fatal. Whether in winter or summer, week-day or Sabbath Day, whether in the city or in the fields round about, even if only within the limits of what was understood by "Judea" instant flight only could secure safety; for any moment the Lord might stand on the Mount of Olives, and the overwhelming earthquake take place. The event, whatever it may be, presented to our Lord's prescient eye, no resemblance to an invading army. He did not say, "As it was in the days of Jehoiachin," or "as it was in the days of Zedekiah," when Nebuchadnezzar and all his army came against Jerusalem—but "as it was in the days of Noah"—"as it was in the days of Lot"—"even thus shall it be in the day when the Son of Man is revealed." And mark what follows: "In that day, he which shall be upon the housetop, and his staff in the house, let him not come down to take it away; and he that is in the field, let him likewise not return back." Can we avoid the conclusion that the day when the Abomination of Desolation shall be seen to stand in the holy place, is immediately connected with the day when the Son of Man is revealed?

To sum up, it may be urged that the view contended for seems consistent with the probable circumstances under which Matthew and Mark wrote their Gospels. It finds the parallel to Matt. 24, and Mark 13, in Luke 17, rather than in Luke 21, and in fact, clears the interpretation of all those difficulties and ambiguities which were regarded as inseparable from it.

*From *The Prophetic News* for August which contains also articles on "The Shemese Difficulty;" "The Approaching Rapture;" "The Day of the Lord at Hand," etc.

LIGHT-GIVING.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Sept. 17. Rom 14. 21: Matt. 5: 6

LIGHT-BEARING and light-giving are expected of every Christian. "Ye are the light of the world," was Christ's own declaration. Elsewhere we are taught that "the spirit of man is the candle of the Lord." It is the divine nature imparted and placed in the earthen vessel that it may give light to others. As the light of the candle is the same in its essence as the light of the sun, so the divine life in every regenerated man is the same in its nature, however infinitesimal in degree, as that of the Deity. The world should see God in the Christian. It should see in his life the gentleness, the forbearance, the love, the tenderness which in their glorious perfection exist in God. It should learn something of what God is by what his children are. That it does draw that inference may be learned by conversation with almost any unconverted man or woman. One of the unfailing, stock arguments of opposers of Christianity is the inconsistency of professing Christians. They contend that Christians are like other men, selfish, unjust, contentious, unfeeling and that, therefore, there is no power in Christianity. Thus the Christian's example, with or without his consent has its effect. Men are estimating religion by the conduct of its professors. The responsibility of the Christian is consequently enormous. Is he misrepresenting his Lord? When he is tested in his conduct a copy of the Saviour's? Under undeserved abuse, under persecution, contumely and scorn, is he patient as Christ was? If he is not, his Lord suffers. He may be conscious that the fault is his own, but the world does not draw the distinction. It regards him as the accredited representative of Christ and judges of the Master by the servant. Thus the word preached is continually being tested, clumsily and on wrong principles, but with effect. "Christ can do this and thus for you," says the preacher to the worldling, "keeping you from sin, changing your nature, purifying and ennobling you." The worldling turns to the Christian and looks at him to see if the preacher's words are true. If he sees the Christian is not such a man as the speaker describes, he thinks the preacher has overestimated the power. It is so in other matters. A physician who professed to cure a certain disease would not have the confidence of the public if men who had been his patients were still suffering from the malady. It would be useless for him to explain that the patients were still suffering through having disregarded his injunctions; he would be regarded as responsible and his treatment be discredited. If his treatment were really genuine and if the patients who were treated by him might be cured by obeying his injunctions, how great an injury those patients would do both to the physician and to other sufferers! Men who might go and be cured would stay away because they had no faith and the physician would be deprived of patients. Thus it is with Christ, and so to every follower whom he has saved and cleansed goes forth, in the most pathetic accents, the appeal, "Let your light so shine before men . . . that they may glorify your Father."

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IDENTIFIED BY THE CROSS

A young student who is one of a party engaged during the vacation in Christian work among the [illegible] in one of the city hospitals, in company with the pastor of the Mariner's Temple, distributing flowers to the patients. As we entered the childrens ward we observed that some one had [illegible] flowers was standing in a vase upon the table. "Some one has been here before us," I said to a woman who was sitting there with a child upon her knee. "Yes," she replied with a pleasant smile, "a very nice young lady came. I do not know her name, or where she came from, but she wore a little silver cross."

After a brief conversation we passed out of the ward with the woman's words fastened deeply in our mind. "But she wore a little silver cross upon her breast." That explained all. A daughter of the King had been there. It was the hidden meaning which she saw in the "little silver cross upon her breast" that prompted her hands to gather those flowers, that guided her feet to the hospital, that inspired the words of helpful sympathy to the needy ones there. "I do not know her name." Perhaps it were better so. The deed was done "In His Name," not in hers. It matters little if the name of the bearer is forgotten, if only the cross is seen. "God forbid that I should glory," says the apostle, "save in the cross."

✠

A KANSAS Y. M. C. A.

On this page is a picture of the large and substantial new building of the Young Men's Christian Association of Wichita, Kans. It is centrally located, and covers an area seventy-five feet by one hundred feet. Its total cost

THE BUILDING OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, OF WICHITA, KANS.

was $75,000. The building is a notable illustration of the power of Western enterprise, for the population of the city was not over thirty-five thousand at the last census and the Association is not over eight years old. That under such circumstances so imposing an edifice should have been erected and more than two-thirds of the purchase money paid is astonishing. Our Kansas friends evidently have strong faith in their city growing and in the probability of the new citizens being of the class that will need a meeting-place of a Christian character. People who regard Christianity as antiquated and tending to become obsolete have plainly no representatives among the Association of this go-ahead Western city. The present membership of the Association is 277 of whom about one-third are on the active list. They have regular religious meetings with good attendance and there is also a well-conducted Bible Class. A library of six hundred volumes and a reading-room with newspapers, magazines, etc., are important and much appreciated features of the Association. Beside these, there is a well-equipped gymnasium, baths, etc. The Wichita Association deserves congratulation not only on its handsome home but on its enterprise and foresight.

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AN EPWORTH TRAINING SCHOOL.

A suggestion has been made to Epworth Leagues which appears likely to be generally adopted, if we judge from the favorable reception it has met with in influential quarters. The idea is to have a practical training school for Leaguers in connection with the District Conventions. It has been found that many young people, really in earnest, join the League, as they do other organizations, who are unable to do effective work because they lack training. They wish to help, but do not know how. This difficulty is met with in all departments and it is suggested that if some practical instruction could be given, the young people would gladly avail themselves of it and would become more useful and efficient members. A writer in the *Epworth Herald* who strongly advocates the plan has prepared an outline of such a school of which the following are the chief features:

The chief aims of the training school are: 1. To promote the spirituality of those who attend. 2. To train the young people in practical methods of league work. 3. To afford encouragement and training to Sunday School teachers and workers.

The event of a training school being held should be widely advertised. A careful survey should be made of the entire field and a competent worker in each of the league departments selected to act as a leader of that department during the training-school. The appointments should be made so as to give ample time for preparation. In addition a thoroughly competent helper or two might be called in from a near-by district, or even from a distance, whose suggestions and inspiration would be valuable. Two full days should be given to the school. The delegates should not come for social pleasure nor even for religious enjoyment. These things will naturally be gained by those who attend, but the training school is not intended to provide "a good time" for anyone. It is designed for work.

Such a programme as the following would be effective: Meeting called to order at 8 A. M. Half an hour for devotions. An excellent opportunity to give a sample of an ideal devotional meeting. From nine to ten hold a Sunday School teachers' training class. Have a leader who knows how. The design is to show these young people how to teach the Word, why they have measurably failed, and how they may overcome obstacles. At 10 o'clock begin your "mercy and help" hour. Leader leads off with a ten-minute outline. Then twenty minutes may be devoted to "experiences" (one minute each) on different phases of the work. Then a twenty minute "quiz." A lively song now to rest the people. Then you are ready for your "literary" hour. Subdivide and take only a portion of the work today; the rest to-morrow morning. Talk about the reading course, for instance. Pursue about the same plan as during the "mercy and help" hour.

The first thing after devotions in the afternoon hold a model "business meeting" on the platform, so all can see and hear. Then let the president bring out some points learned from the model meeting. At 4 o'clock your Junior leader will conduct a model Junior League meeting. That may run a half-hour, and, after the children have been excused, the workers may talk about what they have heard and ask questions.

The evening session should be the great meeting of the day. Devote it to the department of "spiritual work." At first you might take up the question of how to get the most out of the weekly devotional meeting, or how the league may render more aid to the Sunday School or some such theme. But before long bring the thought of everyone to the one vital theme of this department, "How shall we win souls?" A half hour of experiences confined to this point may begin at about half-past eight. Then close with a pentecostal service. Two such days would be popular and stimulating, and confer upon every district League a degree of intellectual and spiritual inspiration that would push forward the work mightily in every corner of the land.

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THE B. Y. P. U. PROGRAMME.

In an earnest letter to the Unions of Baptist Young People, Mr. Frank Harvey Field, whose portrait appeared in this journal last week, appeals to every Union to adopt the Christian Culture Courses familiarly known as "the three C's." He says: The whole purpose of the Young People's movement is the training of Baptist young people, not only for Christian service, but in knowledge of our distinctive principles and our denominational history.

A series of thirty lessons, prepared by Mr. Henry C. Vedder, under the general title of "The Dawn of Christianity; or Studies of the Apostolic Church," have been prepared and will shortly be published. This course of lessons will cover the entire field of Baptist principles and polity. By this is not meant that they will constitute a treatise on systematic theology, but that in tracing the organization and history of the Apostolic Church the distinctive beliefs of Baptists must necessarily be expounded and discussed.

Besides this course of lessons, the managers have provided courses in Bible study and missionary study. The Bible Readers' Course, in charge of Professor Ira M. Price, Ph.D., of the University of Chicago, will finish the historical books of the Bible and begin the prophetical books; the Conquest Missionary Course will study one mission field per month during the year, under the guidance of Sophia Bronson Titterington, the well-known missionary author. In every young people's organization, if there is not already an educational committee, let one be appointed now. This is a practical way by which all organizations of whatever name can affiliate with the B.Y.P.U.A. No Christian Endeavor Society, no independent society of Baptist young people, need change its name or alter its former methods of work; it need only add the educational committee to its already existing agencies, and the thing is done, so far as organization is concerned. Then let this committe, with the advice and direction of the pastor, arrange a class for the systematic study of these lessons. At the end of the course there will be an examination for all who choose to enter, and this, it is hoped, will be every one who joins a class and pursues the course.

Three banners will be presented at the International convention at Toronto, in 1894, one for each of the C. C. C's. Each banner will be given to the State or provincial Union whose total local records show the largest results in the course—it being understood that no one State or provincial Union can take more than one banner.

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The Christian Endeavor Societies of the Maritime Provinces held their annual Convention this year at Halifax, N. S. 450 delegates were in attendance. The reports showed that there are in the union 397 societies; viz., Nova Scotia, 269; New Brunswick, 96; Prince Edward Island, 21; Trinidad and Bermuda, 7 and Newfoundland 4. Six evangelical denominations are represented: The Presbyterians lead, with 235 societies; Methodists, 65; Baptists, 31; Congregational, 16; Reformed Episcopalians, 2; Disciples of Christ, 2; and there are also 43 union societies.

Execution by Elephant.

A Frightful Form of Brutality in India, which Christian Civilization has Suppressed

SLOWLY but surely, the superstition and idolatry which have for long ages prevailed in India, are passing away before the benign influence of the Gospel. Many of the most frightful cruelties, which were countenanced and even encouraged by the Brahmin, Buddhist, and Parsee priests, have been abolished; but instances yet occur in localities remote from Christian influence, showing that the barbarism of centuries is not to be easily effaced.

In India, and indeed in all densely-populated Asiatic countries, human life is held very cheaply. It is true that there are no longer deliberate sacrifices of human beings at the great Juggernath festival, as formerly, and that the grim and terrible black goddess, Kali, the patron deity of the city of Calcutta, does not now exact her tribute of victims as she did at no very remote period. The suttee, whereby infatuated women submitted themselves to be burned on the funeral pyre of their dead husbands, is a thing of the past. Even the Khands and the Oriyahs, tribes of the hill provinces, are abandoning the abhorrent system of sacrifice to the Earth-Spirit, whom they believe to be in opposition to the Supreme Deity and whom they consequently try to appease with human blood. The victims of this peculiar barbarism were called "Meriah;" they were of either sex and were trained, delicately cared for and consecrated to the death that awaited them at the annual festival of the goddess Tari, which was held in a grove, after the manner of the ancient Druids. But there are still many places in India where the spirit of revolting cruelty lingers and at times breaks out in a manner which proves, far more strongly than mere words can express, how much remains to be done before that vast land can be wholly brought under the gentle dominion of the Saviour.

Baroda, or Varodah, the capital of the Guicowars, ("cattle kings,") is situated in a beautiful country, thickly populated, and abounding in temples, mosques, mausoleums and fortresses. Here elephants are trained for riding, hunting, war, and even as executioners and combatants. An elephant duel is one of the popular excitements, just as a bull-fight is in Madrid or the City of Mexico. The Guicowar or hereditary prince rarely goes out, even to worship, in a carriage, prefering to ride elephant-back. Nowhere in India were the people more completely given up to idolatry than in Baroda where a multitude of gods and goddesses, painted and otherwise, were worshipped, and the number of priests and priestesses was simply amazing. Under its present progressive and enlightened ruler, Baroda is emerging from its long thraldom of priestcraft and superstition, and many of the old-time barbarities have been abandoned, including the revolting spectacle of execution by elephant.

The last elephant execution in Baroda—and indeed in all India—was a memorable one. An attempt had been made on the life of the prince, Guicowar Khandi Rao, and an investigation disclosed the fact that the originator of the plot was a brother, and the prospective successor of the then regent, Mulhar Rao. The conspiracy was one in which a number of persons were involved. Mulhar Rao was sent to the fortress as a prisoner of state, and the man who made the murderous attempt was condemned to death by elephant. At that time there was a special street set apart for the carrying out of such sentences—a mode of death then not infrequent. The use of the elephant as an executioner did not offend the Hindoo view, as they held that a man should not be killed by men. In this instance, the sentence was carried into effect at a point outside the walls of Baroda. The scene—one apparently never to be repeated in India—was witnessed by the French traveler, Louis Rousselet, and a companion, and one of these gentlemen made the sketch from which the illustration on this page is taken. When it is remembered that the average full-grown elephant weighs about 6,000 pounds, and possesses the most colossal limbs of any creature living, the brutality of employing such a monster as a public executioner is apparent. Among the heathen nations of the world there are many hideous ways of inflicting the death penalty, but probably none is more revolting than this, where the huge pachyderm,

> Whose massive joints are not for courtesy;
> Whose legs are for necessity, not flexure,

places his unwieldy foot on the head of the hapless victim, and, emitting a fierce, trumpet-like roar of anger, crushes the skull as though it were no thicker than a hazel-nut, bespattering the ground with blood and brains. The elephants used for such purposes were always the strongest and most powerful animals. They were fed with nourishment of an intoxicating character to excite them to greater rage and ferocity.

Similar executions were also held in Poonah in former years, but there, too, they have been discontinued. Thus the Hindoo, though he may not relinquish his ancient religion wholly, pays the tribute of recognition to the refining influence of Christian civilization.

THE ELEPHANT AS A PUBLIC EXECUTIONER IN INDIA.

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A Home Engagement.

"My father did a strange thing a few nights ago," remarked a young man, who had been growing so accustomed to spending his evenings outdoors that his own household saw very little of him. "'Are you engaged for tomorrow night?' he asked me. 'If not, I'd like you to go somewhere with me.' 'All right,' I said; 'where shall I meet you.' He leaves the office about an hour before I can get my work finished. He suggested a restaurant at 7.30, and I was there, prepared for a quiet lecture on late hours. But when he appeared, he said he wanted me to call on a lady with him. 'One I knew quite well when I was a young man,' he explained. We went out, and started straight for home. 'She is stopping at the house,' he said, when I spoke of it. I thought it strange that he should have made the appointment for the restaurant under those circumstances, but I said nothing. Well, we went in, and I was introduced with due formality to my mother and sister! The situation was ludicrous, and I began to laugh, but the laugh died away. None of the three even smiled. My mother and my sister both shook hands with me, and my mother said she remembered me as a boy, but hadn't seen much of me lately. Then she invited me to be seated. It wasn't a bit funny then, though I can laugh over it now. I sat down and she told me one or two stories of my boyhood, at which we all laughed a little. When I finally retired, I was courteously invited to call again. I went upstairs, feeling pretty small, and doing a good deal of thinking. Then I made up my mind that my mother was a most entertaining woman, and my sister a bright and brilliant girl. Now I'm going to 'call again,' as I have been doing quite regularly for the last week. I enjoy their company, and I intend to cultivate their acquaintance."

WORSHIP IN THE FAMILY.

FAIR is the sight by Israel's psalmist sung,
Of those whom God hath in one household joined,
In peace, and unity, and love combined;
Most fair, when all assemble, old and young,
Parents and children, those who serve; among
Those whom they serve; with social feelings kind
Each to the other, and with knees inclined
In patriarchal worship, heart and tongue.
List to the Saviour's words! "Where two or three
Meet in my name, there in the midst am I."
Believe, and welcome to thy family
The gracious Guest: and by his blessing try,
How much domestic bliss and amity
Hangs on domestic worship's hallowing tie!

—BISHOP MONT.

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THE TRUE HOSTESS.

IF we live true lives, we can bring our friends home at any time that we choose to invite them, and we need not apologize for the simple fare. They will appreciate the old scriptural adage: "Better is a dinner of herbs, where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." She indeed is the truest hostess who makes her guests feel more at their ease, who, in the plain old Saxon, can make them at home. The opening of dusty shut-up parlors, which smell of moth-eaten carpets, the parade of the best china on the table with trembling care, lest a piece be broken, the setting forth of so elaborate a menu that it tends to gluttony, will never make our friends "at home."

If our parlors are always open, and we have no bric-a-brac too fragile to be admired by all the family, if no part of the house is too good for our own living, to be made use of whenever necessary; if, in short, we sacrifice entirely that gloomy sepulchral room, which is still maintained in many old families — the state parlor—we shall live much more natural, easy lives. We can then receive our friends into the living room, make them at home to the best that we have for ourselves, and we may always be satisfied that it pleases them better than any effort of strained hospitality.

She learns to be a true hostess who gives her guests their freedom, ever watchful of their wants, yet never allowing them to be aware of that watchfulness.

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The Child of Many Prayers.

Toplady had been the child of many prayers, but to all the entreaties of his pious mother and others he answered by inwardly resolving not to become a Christian. When he and his mother were on a visit to Ireland, on the Lord's Day they went to a place where a good man was going to preach. He was very earnest in his sermon, and put the question to the unsaved present, whether they would give themselves to Christ or remain rebels? Every time the young man said in his own heart: "I will not yield, I will not yield." His heart was hardened against God's grace, and at the close of the sermon it seemed to be harder than ever it had been. When the sermon was finished, the minister gave out a hymn:

> Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
> Weak and wounded, sick and sore.

The congregation, stirred by the earnest sermon, sang the hymn with their whole heart; and what a sermon could not do, the singing of the hymn did. It broke the hard, unyielding heart. He found God and gave himself to him. He lived to be an honored preacher of the Gospel.

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Make the Table Pleasant.

Does it ever occur to you that the daily gathering around the family board is an opportunity for the pleasantest as well as the most lasting impressions? Nowhere are the amenities of life more enjoyable nor more quickly recognized than at the table. There, too, not only family affairs are discussed, but those of the State and nation. It is the place for ideas to be exchanged, the place for good cheer and sympathy. The common interests, the pleasant familiarity with different individual tastes combine to make each meal a pleasant season. Can you not recall delightful letters from some old friend that gave an unwonted zest to the dinners where they were read, or the amusing story your father told when he laughed until he cried? It was the tired, overworked wife of a poor minister that contrived to brighten her table as well as her children by placing at every plate a spray of red clover blossoms.

So when providing dainty appointments for the table and appetizing dishes, forget not to secure all the graciousness that you admire, some table-talk of charming things, some good thought, or helpful work to make it pleasant.

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

The namesakes were two cousins, both named Guy Mo[illegible] Dangerfield, son of the father of one of them, was [illegible] old father. He [illegible] man about fifteen years before the opening of the story, had left home [illegible] and had soon afterward been accidentally drowned. On the day of his death his son was born and the widow had given the child his father's first name and, in compliance with a [illegible] had given him for his second name the name of the family of her husband's mother. Meanwhile her husband's younger brother, Charles, had remained at home, dutifully attendant on his aged father. He, too, had married, and, loving his brother and dead mother, had al[illegible] Moss-wood in memory of them both. He had several other children and then he, [illegible] He was [illegible] father-in-law and hoped that the old man would make her eldest son his heir. When she heard the old man's will read in which he left the bulk of his property to his "eldest [illegible] Dangerfield she was satisfied and took possession in her son's behalf. She did not know of the existence of her sister-in-law and her son, so when she accidentally met them in London some years afterward, she was alarmed. Her fears were allayed, however, when her nephew told her that he was born in the same year as her eldest son and his [illegible] As her son's birthday was in February it was he who fulfilled the conditions of his grandfather's will, in being the "eldest grandson." She took care of her sister-in-law, who was sick and poor, and promised to be a mother to the boy if, as seemed probable, his own mother should soon die. She learned, when the boy's mother was dying, that his birthday had been kept in April to avoid making the day of his father's death, on which he was born, a festival day, but he had really been born in January. Mrs. Dangerfield thus learned that her nephew and not her son was the "eldest grandson" and therefore entitled to his grandfather's property. She, believed, however, that the old man, like herself, did not know of her nephew's existence and had intended to make her son his heir. She therefore concealed her sister-in-law's family Bible, in which the true date of the boy's birth was recorded, and retained the property. She brought her nephew up as her own son and he and his cousin who was familiarly called Monk went to school and college together and loved each other as brothers. When they came of age, they, with Mrs. Dangerfield and her daughters, Yolante and Cicely and her other sons, Fulk and Humphrey, went to live at the family home, Dangerfield Park. From this point the story proceeds.

CHAPTER VI.
MONK'S FOLLY.

IN the young men's own room at Dangerfield Park, Monk and his brother Fulk were talking with Norman Conway, who in past years had been their playfellow. They had been speaking of Guy and Norman said: "Of course if he had chanced to be the elder of the two Guys, he would have come into the property, and you would only have had the ten thousand: but as you are the senior, I don't see that you need trouble your head over the matter."

"Well," said Monk, "I don't know if I am exactly bothered, but I want to be sure that everything is on the square. I admit that the old boy—our grandfather I mean—had the right to leave his property as he chose and I'm not fool enough to pretend it isn't a pleasant thing for a fellow like me, not overdone with brains, to be able to lead the life of a country gentleman, and be master of a place like this. But I'd rather sweep a crossing than do anything that wasn't fair and square. And the idea of taking advantage of Guy is simply disgusting. I wonder if the old man knew that he had another grandson."

"There seems no means of finding that out. But it is possible he suspected the possibility, because his will was so worded that any child of his elder son would come in for some provision. Guy has got a very fair competence, and there is no reason to suppose that he was meant to have more."

Monk heaved a deep breath partly of relief partly of an obstinate perplexity that would [illegible] quite leave him. "Well," he said, "I don't [illegible] upset everything, and set the whole place by the ears, and get into my mother's black books and all that, as I should do if I handed the place over to Guy—who by the by would not be likely to take it. But I confess I should like to be certain whether or not our grandfather was aware of Guy's existence when he drew his will: for if not, there is always the doubt whether he would not have left it to him if he had known."

[illegible] He liked Monk none the less for his honest detestation of injustice, even if his words were boyish and his thoughts immature. He could not help feeling that his sister Joyce would [illegible] the boy's opposing [illegible] that [illegible] lips. He was growing to like Monk very much: but he wished him to clear his mind of any doubts as to his own position before the intimacy between the houses went any farther. As things now stood he was made very welcome, and he was over frequently, and met Joyce several times in the course of a week. Norman knew, however, that were he not master of the Dangerfield estate, Lady Conway would give him no such open invitation to the Grange as she now bestowed, and he did not want trouble to fall upon his sister. However, Monk did not appear to have thought of this, and it was not for Norman to suggest the thought. It had relieved the owner's mind to discuss with an old friend the thoughts which had lately suggested, and to which Guy would not even listen seriously, and he felt that he had cleared his brain by ventilating the subject.

When Norman had gone Fulk laid aside his book and said, "What has put all this into your head, Monk?"

"I hardly know—several things. What do you think about it, old fellow? You have a good head-piece of your own."

"O, I agree with Norman that you can't change things now. There does not seem any reason to doubt that the old man meant you. But I do think that Guy ought to come next in succession: and if I were you, I should make a will, leaving it to him. Of course if you married it would be different—you would have to put your own children first; but then a fellow always has to make a new will when he's married, so you need not bother about that. If anything were to happen to you, I think the place ought to go to Guy."

Which was a piece of very disinterested advice on the part of Fulk for he was his brother's natural heir in such a case.

Monk sat still thinking. The same idea occurred to him. "Wouldn't that be rather rough on you?"

"Not a bit of it. I come off very well as it is, with the town house. I never cared for country life you know."

"Well, if you don't think it would be wronging you, I do think it would be the fairest thing to do. Not that there seems much reasonable expectation of my shuffling off my mortal coil prematurely: but of course no one ever knows, and it is always best to be prepared."

A silence followed these words, and Monk, who was wrapped in deep thought, saw Fulk raise his head suddenly, and look towards the angle of the room one side of which was formed by an open window.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I thought I heard a step," and Fulk walked across to the window.

"It was only a rustle in the laurels—I don't think anyone could have got away so fast. Well, I suppose it is about time to turn in. It can't be far from midnight."

"I suppose not. Conway stopped on a long time chatting. Guy went off some time ago."

But they found that Guy had not gone to bed when they went upstairs. He was reading in Monk's room, and said he had been out in the garden most of the time since leaving the smoking room. Fulk laughingly asked him if he had seen the ghost, and was a little puzzled at the sudden rise of color that followed the question, for Guy was not generally taken aback.

After he had got to his own room he wondered if it had been fancy that there had been a shade of embarrassment in his cousin's manner. Fulk had remarkably sharp eyes, and would note many things that would never occur to Monk.

"I wonder if it were he prowling about—but he would have said if it had been. He looked a little queer I thought. But if he had wanted to hear what we were saying, he had only to walk in. Monk never hides anything from him."

Next morning Monk made his way into his mother's room—at least into the library where [illegible] reading and [illegible] old letters was going regularly on, and planting himself before the empty hearth in his favorite attitude, he asked a question which was a great deal more startling to her than he had any notion.

"I want to know, mother, now that you are going over all the papers, whether you have found anything to lead you to suppose that our grandfather was aware of the existence of Guy when he made his will?"

"What makes you ask such a question, Monk?" she said, before attempting a direct reply.

"Why, don't you see, it might have made a lot of difference if he had. We always supposed that our uncle had died, and I fancy grandfather thought so too, or he would surely have sent for him when he was dying—fellows can generally be traced if one goes the right way to work. I can't help feeling that if he had known his elder son had left a child behind him, he might have acted very differently."

"I do not agree with you, Monk. Provision was made in the will for any children that Guy might have left. Mr. Lumly pointed out to me immediately upon the reading of it. He saw very plainly that there had been a motive for the rather vague wording of it. It was plain to his mind that Mr Dangerfield suspected, though he probably did not actually know that his son had married, and wished to act a fair part by any children that might be born: yet the very fact that with this thought in his mind, he made you his heir, shows that his mind was made up as to the prior claim of his younger son. You need not cherish any or these scruples and doubts, Monk."

"Of course I don't pretend I don't like my own position, or wish to give it up if it is fairly mine: only I do see, as I did not before we came here, that things have been rather hard on Guy, and I'd rather be anything in the world than feel that I was doing him an injustice."

"Well, you can set your mind at rest—you are doing nothing of the kind. I wish to speak no ill of the dead, but if you knew all that your father and I had to put up with during the last years of your grandfather's life—and indeed your father had been his butt from childhood, and though we both stayed here from a sense of duty, he did everything in his power to make our lives a burden to us. If you think of all this, and think, too, how Guy left home the moment life was not quite agreeable, and never came near his father again, you can hardly wonder that he was disinherited, and the son who had played the son's part, and that one of unusual difficulty, installed in the vacant place."

"Well, I see what you mean: but the fault was none of Guy's. However, I suppose things are all right as they are. But I should like to tell you that I have made up my mind on one point. I am going to make my will at once, and in it I shall make Guy my heir."

Mrs. Dangerfield made no immediate response. This was not the first time that her son's simple good faith had been something of a perplexity and annoyance to her. He was just like his father had been before him. There was no way of getting him to see more than one side of a question at once.

"You are your own master, Monk. You must do as you will with your own. But it will be something of an injustice to your own brothers: something of a slight, I would rather say—for of course such a will will never stand. You will be marrying in the course of a few years, and then you will take a very different view of the situation, whether you think so or not. Guy will not hold the first place in your heart much longer."

Monk did not laugh, as he would probably have done a month ago, and the color rose in his brown cheek: but his glance was steady and so was his voice: "I don't pretend that that might not make a difference: but I am too young to think of marrying for some years to come, and meantime no one can foresee the future, and if anything were to happen, I feel that Guy should come next. I thought it my duty to speak to you of my intention. It was Fulk himself who suggested the idea, so that you see he will not feel the slight. He does not wish for a country gentleman's life, and property would only be a burden to poor Humphrey. I have thought of everything and considered everything: and I wish to make Guy my heir."

"Very well, Monk, you must please yourself. I have no call to interfere, and I know you always act as seems right to you. But will you let me give you one piece of advice?"

"Certainly."

"Do not let Guy know what you are doing." Monk opened his eyes in surprise. "Why do you say that? Do you think it would hurt his feelings?"

"No, I hardly think it could well do that—it ought to act in a reverse way. But believe me, Monk, I advise you for your good. It would be far better your cousin should not know."

Monk knitted his brows in visible perplexity. "I don't know that I had thought of telling him—I hadn't considered the matter before: but I never kept a secret from Guy before. I'm sure it will all ooze out when we are talking, whether I mean to tell him or not."

Mrs. Dangerfield made a movement of impatience. "Monk, you talk like a woman."

"Do I? Well, there is nothing so very bad about a woman, is there?" responded Monk, with imperturbable good humor. "I hate mysteries and secrets, that is all, and Guy and I have talked all our lives without the smallest constraint. I don't see why he should not know, and that is a fact."

"Well, when you are as old as I am, and know the world as well you will understand better. Meantime can you not take it on trust, and believe that your mother advises you for your good?"

"I'm sure you think you do," answered Monk, heartily, "only I don't think anyone in the world understands the terms Guy and I are on. And I should like to know what you are driving at."

"You will not like what I am going to say, but I do not say it without due consideration. Guy has been so far as one of ourselves, I admit, but he is growing and developing, and there are those about us here who will put ideas into his head, and foment his natural jealousy all they can. Listen to me, I have been watching Guy of late, and I see that he is preoccupied and not quite what he used to be. Then again, he is consorting with some people who hate us, and will make an idol of him if they can—the clan of Stapletons, who were evicted from their cottages by your father for their outrageously bad conduct. It was only a few nights ago that I saw Guy in conversation with the worst of these people under the very windows of this house: and no Stapleton ever came near Dangerfield without meaning mischief."

"I do not yet see how all this bears upon what we were saying just now."

"It has this much to do with it, that if you die without heirs—die before your marriage in fact, Guy steps into this property. It means, in fact, that if you make this will and tell Guy of it, you give him a direct interest in your death. Now do you understand?"

Monk started very slightly, and drew his stalwart figure up to its full height, whilst he looked steadily at his mother with eyes that shone strangely. "Mother," he said in a clear low voice, "I think you cannot know what a hideous thing your words would suggest."

"On the contrary, Monk, I know very well. I have not spoken them willingly, but I consider it my duty to warn you. Do you think that all deeds of vengeful passion are obsolete? Can you take up a newspaper any day in the year without finding some allusion to some horrid tragedy, only too often prompted by a less strong motive than that of winning great wealth. I am making no charge, no imputation: but there was a vein of intense passionate fury in Guy Dangerfield's nature, and how do we know that his son may not have inherited something of it. And then there are others who would rejoice to see him in your place. Monk, Monk, do not be led away by your romantic attachment, which has always been extravagant and unnatural. Take the advice of your mother. Do not do this thing at all. Do not throw temptation in your cousin's way."

Monk's grim face relaxed into a very faint, peculiar smile. "I do not intend doing so."

"You will not make that will? O, I am glad indeed."

"I did not say that. I have not changed my determination on that point. I merely said I should put no such temptation in Guy's way."

"You mean to do it then?"

"Yes, and to tell Guy, too. You shall be made to see that the horrible thought you have admitted to your mind is as baseless and cruel as it is unfounded." And Monk's young face was almost stern as he turned it upon his mother. She saw it was useless to plead longer. She knew when words would do harm rather than good.

So she looked him steadily in the face, and said, "I will not pretend that I am not sorry: but you are your own master and must go your own way. I only hope the day may not come when you will regret the resolve that you have made."

(To be Continued.)

Namesakes. A story of a Secret, by Evelyn Everett-Green, will be published when completed in this form by Fleming H. Revell Company, New York Chicago and Toronto. Price $1.50

A Missionary's Vision.

The Millions in the Chinese Provinces marching in a Procession a Hundred Thousand miles long.

OU have heard of them. You must continue to hear of them. They are forcing themselves on the world's attention, writes Rev. William Ashmore, D.D., in *The Regions Beyond*. They came into the great plans of God. Until they are converted, the world will not be converted. When they turn to the LORD, then it will no longer be any great goddess Diana, but it will be JESUS the Anointed, whom "all Asia and the world worshipeth."

But great numbers in one comment are vague. Let us take them in detail. The population of China has been set down at 400,000,000. A late statement, based on partial returns, puts it at 382,000,000. Some people are frightened at that; so we will take the old official census of 1812, which made it 360,000,000.

It was a solemn sight, and grandly impressive, when the armies of the LORD in the wilderness took up their line of march. No such review had ever been held, and none such has ever been held since. A nation of six millions on the march from one country to another, by the way of the Red Sea, the wilderness of Paran, and the river Jordan. What a pageant was that which passed before Moses, field marshal of the living GOD! In our days, though in a small way, kings, captains and generals are fond of imitating these ancient reviews. We had one such in our own land at Washington after the war, when, before the commander-in-chief and the assembled heads of the nation, with drums beating and colors flying, there marched along the army columns of the great Republic.

Nobody that saw it will ever forget it. We will borrow the designs for a missionary use. Let us make the different provinces of China pass in review before us, one at a time, each with its vast army of living men, women and children.

As each province passes, the population roster can be given; you can lump them afterwards. You can think of all these persons living and dying without CHRIST, without a Sabbath here, or a hope of a Sabbath hereafter. And you can think of the great commission and of him who gave it, and how long since he gave it, and of how many Chinese have lived and died since he gave it.

Soldiers marching in "close order" will take about two and a half feet to each man, but so much time will be required that we must put them closer than that, and save every inch we can and every minute of time. So we will expect them to march in "lock step," and allow only a foot and a half to each person. In one mile there are 5,280 feet. At lock step there will be 3,520 persons to each mile. Each million of them will stretch along for a distance, say of 284 miles.

Twenty miles a day is good work for a column on the march. We will reckon at that—it is fast enough for a column moving on to judgment—and so each million will require fourteen days in passing.

And now all is ready. When shall the column form and the review begin? We will pitch on the first day of June, with the whole of an all-glorious summer before us.

CHIHLI, means "*direct rule.*" It is the capital province of the empire, and is about the size of the State of Illinois. Population, 27,000,871. They will reach 7,952 miles nearly. The line will stretch from the steps of the Capitol at Washington, across the Continent, and far away into the middle of the Pacific Ocean, and will require 397 days in passing.

SHANTUNG, "*East of the hills.*" Here comes the banner of the second province. Population, 28,958,764, near enough to twenty-nine millions to call it that. They will reach 8,230 miles, and will take 411 days to pass. The previous division left you in July of the second year; thus one will keep on moving till August of the third year. Is it not solemn to look upon them as they move? And how many army chaplains ought to be furnished to meet the needs of such a host? If it were an army of the United States, there would be a chaplain to every thousand men, a thousand chaplains to each million, and twenty-nine thousand for them all. Of course we could not and would not send any such number as that; but then, we scancely send anybody. I do not know how it is just at this writing, but a little while ago there was not one preacher to a million.

SHANSI, "*West of the hills.*" This is an inland province, much less thickly settled. It is smaller than Illinois, but it has 14,004,210 people. They will not occupy you so long.

They will reach 3,980 miles, and will be only 199 days in passing. In all these ages since Christ ascended, nobody has taken them the Gospel. Recently those Cambridge men went there, C. T. Studd, Stanley Smith, Montague Beauchamp, and others. Away off in those mountain regions, the Lord has worked with them with signs and wonders following. In the month of April of the past year there were 215 baptisms; yet ten years ago it was not known that a man of the whole fourteen millions had ever heard of Christ. Woe unto you Christian nations! for in the day of judgment the men of Shansi shall rise up and condemn you, for some of them repented under the first sermon they heard, while many of you have heard a thousand sermons, and are not so near the kingdom of God as when you first began.

HONAN, "*South of the river,*" contains 23,037,171 people. Their column will be 6,534 miles long, and will require 426 days to pass along. There they go,—without hope and without God in the world, and without any one to teach them.

KIANGSU. Population, 37,843,501—enough to stock an empire of itself. Japan is an empire, yet it has not so many people as that one province. Great Britain is an empire; France has called himself and empire; Germany is an empire yet; but the population of none of them is much larger. The Kiangsu part of the procession will reach 10,750 miles, and will require in passing 537 days. Such numbers are appalling! While they are filing along by the million, seventy-seven Sabbaths will pass over your heads.

NGANHWUI. Here is another one nearly as large. Other great countries are groups of states and districts; China is a group of empires. It is a great empire, made up of smaller empires. The population of this province is 34,168,054. This line will extend 9,706 miles, and will take up 485 days of your time. Ah, but those empires do not make so much stir in the world as do our small States! Yes, just now; but before a half-century has rolled away, these minor empires will be heard from. They have been in the torpor of a winter millenniums long, but the ice age is passing by; they have been in the Nigban of Buddhism, but the mists of Buddhism are slowly lifting, while at the same time they are beginning to settle down in the theosophic circles of Boston and London.

You may not introduce Buddhistic ritualism in your cultured society, but you will surely feel the chill of Buddhistic teaching. The darkness of Egypt has' been upon this people for ages, while for ages you have been basking in the sunshine of Christianity, which has been shining steadily upon you ever since those early centuries, when foreign missionaries took the Gospel to your Druid fathers, howling and dancing around a human sacrifice. Give the Gospel a chance to thaw them out for just one century, and see what they will be, and how they will gain on the nations of the West.

Kiangsi, "West of the river." Population, 23,047,999, making a line 6,547 miles long, and requiring 327 days to pass along. They keep up their solemn, silent, and yet awfully voiceful tread. Whither are they bound? Do they know anything at all about God as a Saviour? Have they heard of him who was set forth to be a propitiation for the sins of the world? Why is it that these multitudes of Kiangsi are left to themselves? "No man careth for my soul," may be the refrain of them all. Nobody except a dozen men and women of the China Inland Mission.

Chzhkiang.. Once more, enough to set up one of the "great powers" of Europe; 26,256,783 people in a line, reaching 7,454 miles, and taking up in passing 372 days.

Fuhkien, "Happily established." This is a hilly region, and the population is not so large; yet there are 14,777,410 people, forming a line 4,198 miles long, and taking 209 days in passing. What the people lack in quantity they make up in quality. This, and some of the provinces that follow, contain the most vigorous population of China. They have the raw material for the highest forms of national greatness. Warriors, statesmen, scholars, and prosperous merchants are continually rising up among them. Young brethren in the ministry, tell me if it is not a worthy field for your abilities, where you can help mould the coming faith of coming millions.

Hupleh comes next,—another great nation in itself,—27,370,098 strong, stretching far away, the head and the foot of the line 7,775 miles apart, and consuming more than a solid year in the march. But this is wearisome and heart-sickening. The heathen are long and the time drags heavily. Would that the display were over! It is a terrible sight; will it never end? Yes, we can hasten.

Yonder comes the yellow imperial banner of *Hunan, "South of the Lake."* Following it is a file of 18,652,507 human beings who have never heard of Christ. They reach back 5,290 miles more. O Lord, deliver us from indolence and selfishness!

Kwangtung next,—Kwangtung that knows so much about the opium traffic and the coolie trade, with its 19,174,030, and extending the line 5,444 miles farther. O Lord, open the eyes of the ministers in our pulpits, and all the teachers in our colleges and seminaries, to the claims of Christ upon them to preach and teach a missionary Gospel!

Kwangsi, Yunnan, and *Kweichow,* three of them, by far the smallest of them all. We will put them together, for you are tired, and so am I, of this interminable march. All told, they have only about 18,000,000 between them, taking up over 5,000 miles more. O Lord; forgive us for our indifference!

Suchuen, one of the great provinces, with 24,435,078 people, making a line over 6,000 miles long O Lord, move on the hearts of young men to give themselves at once to this work! Make them willing to go forth and preach Christ among the heathen. Make them willing to go without waiting to be driven.

Shensi, with 10,207,256, and a line reaching over 2,000 miles. O Lord, loosen the moneybags of the people! Make them to send forth their rusted coin to help save the nations. "How shall they hear without a preacher, and how shall they preach except they be sent?"

Kansuh. It is nearly over. Here is the last column, 15,193,125 strong, and reaching over 4,000 miles farther. What a pageant! but it has been the pageantry of death. O Lord, have compassion upon the multitudes, for they have nothing to eat! O Lord, in our own land there is bread and to spare, but it comes not hither! Bless the barley loaves of thy servants, and make them feed a least a few of these provinces.

This procession has been *over one hundred thousand miles long,* and it has occupied *more than thirteen years* in passing.

While they have been on this move, one third as many more have been born into the world to follow after. O Lord of the harvest, awake a slumbering Church and a lethargic ministry out of this torpor of death!

MONEY RECEIVED.

Since our acknowledgment in last week's issue the following sums have been received and applied to the funds indicated by the senders:

For the support of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD *Missionary of the American Sunday School Union:* E. C. Brocton, Mass., $1; Mrs. M. Morris, Pasadena, Cal., 50c.; Stuart Newton and Alexander Shields Smith, $3; Subscriber, Tuxedo, N. Y., $2; Charles B. Shores, Amherst, Mass., $1; A Friend, Bedford, Mass., $2; S. M. Hamilton, Franklin, Mass., $5; Ernest Dare, Portland, Ore., $1; King's Daughter, Marlboro, N. J., $2. Total $17.50; previously acknowledged $352.40.

For the Bethesda Home for the Reclamation of Fallen Girls: "E.C.," Brocton, Mass., $1; J., Mass., 28c.; Mary Kint, Norton, Kan., $1. Total $2.28.

For the Permanent Lodging House for Homeless Women: Friends, Eureka Mills, Cal., $6; E. C., Brocton, Mass., $1; Mrs. W. H. Green, Fairhaven. Vt., $5 Mrs. C. A. Dyer, Slades Corners, Wis., $1; Mrs. Mary Cunningham, Manchester, Ill., $1. Total $14.

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"His Happiest Day!"

How a Profane Man and his Household were brought to Christ — Our Sunday School Missionary's Progress

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School Missionary in the Southwest, Rev. George W. Sharp, writes us a most interesting letter from Monroe Co., Me., in which he says: "I send you a photo of East Centre Church, and Sunday School, located in a country district of Adair Co., Mo. When I organized the Sunday School some years ago, it was on the night of a week day. The attendance was small and the prospect rather poor; but, as I have often found that small beginnings have become prosperous and successful, so it has been in this case.

"The school was started in a small schoolhouse; but the church house, shown in the picture, has since been erected. The church

CHURCH AT EAST CENTRE, MO.
Where a Sunday School was organized by "The Christian Herald" Missionary.

has regular preaching, the community is orderly and industrious, and the young people are being brought up under the benign influence of the Gospel. The older people take a good interest in the school and church, and the community has enjoyed a number of precious revival meetings. I do not know the number of conversions.

"Sometime after the church was erected, I visited the Sunday School in the morning and preached in the afternoon. The day was very hot, the people naturally thirsty. Taking a glass of water, I held it before them, to illustrate that salvation was as free as the water, quoting, 'Whosoever will'—any one that wants to—'let him partake of the water of life freely.' God gave his blessing, and several persons of different ages asked the prayers of the people that they might be saved. After personal interviews with them, and prayer, the service was closed, with clear evidence that God's blessing had been bestowed upon it very richly.

"On the following Thursday, I met the head of a family who had attended the service. Grasping my hand warmly, he spoke to the following purport: 'Brother Sharp, this is the happiest week I ever saw. I have been feeling for two years that I ought to be a Christian. I have been a profane man, and my children have heard me swear, and they are old enough to know what it means. I have felt badly over my wickedness before them, and have wanted to be a Christian. Still when I went to church last Sunday I thought little about it, and had no idea of being converted. But when you showed how free salvation was [illegible] and then he joyfully repeated the remark, 'This has been the happiest week of my life!'

"As he was a poor man, and said he had no Bible, I took him to my office and gave him one, understanding that his children who had heard his profanity, should thenceforth hear his prayers and thanksgiving to God."

GEORGE W. SHARP,
CHRISTIAN HERALD Miss'y of The Am. S.S.U.

BAPTIST WORK IN ASSAM

[illegible] of the mission work in Assam," says the Sec[illegible] the year, reference must be made to the persistency with which direct efforts for the evan[illegible] by the missionaries of the Baptist Missionary Union. [illegible] the Gospel. [illegible] the number of laborers. More than seven hundred have put on Christ in baptism, and the readiness to listen to the word is indicative of the rich possibilities attainable, if this inviting field were more adequately manned."

RAISING THE FALLEN.

The readers of this journal who have sent money to help in furnishing the Bethesda Home in Brooklyn, will be glad to learn how much good has been done through their help. Mrs. McIntyre and Mrs. Halvorsen who manage the home had been much distressed at their inability to receive into the home several girls who, through their efforts and those of city missionaries had been persuaded to abandon a vicious life. The vacant rooms were there to shelter them, a kindly matron who gives her services free of charge was there to care for them, pray for them and help them; but there was no bed on which they could sleep, nor chairs to rest on. One and another came and turned away disappointed. One girl pleaded to remain and said she would willingly sleep on the bare floor. Poor creature! she perceived that it was her one hope of regaining her lost position and being saved from her evil life. The two ladies could not bear to turn her away and so finally a quantity of "Excelsior" was bought and spread upon the floor and on that she and two other girls spent the night. By a providential interposition two of those girls have already found homes in respectable families in the country where Christian love and kindness will, it is believed, complete the good work already begun.

With the money sent by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, the two ladies who are managing the Home, have purchased three cheap iron cots, mattresses and bedding, a few chairs and tables and other necessaries, and a quantity of muslin and material to be made into garments by the inmates. Mrs. McIntyre and Mrs. Halvorsen desire us to express their sincere thanks for the timely aid rendered by our readers. It encourages them to hope that the house will yet be furnished throughout and they may no longer have to turn a deaf ear to the women who plead for the opportunity to redeem their lost character. All contributions sent to this office for the furnishing of the Home will be acknowledged in these columns and will be carefully and economically expended.

From a letter just received from the Home, we learn that one of the inmates is just setting out for her home in a distant city. The fact of her repentance had been communicated to her husband whom she deserted a long time ago. He was delighted with the news and came at once to see if it was true. The joyful reunion achieved through the instrumentality of the Home will, it may be hoped, be only the first of many to take place under its roof. The readers of this journal have reason to rejoice that their gifts are helping to make [illegible]

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[illegible] I have used it in my practice during the last few years, and can, with all candor say, that in cases of dyspepsia [illegible] I have obtained from its use more prompt and I have tried a host of remedies that would relieve, but none equal to it. I am grateful to [illegible] for introducing it to the profession. I consider it a boon to suffering humanity."

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DYSPEPSIA

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Dr. P. A. Flournoy, *Charlotte Court House, Va., says:*—"My nervous system was shattered, my digestion difficult and painful, the stomach often rejecting the highest possible articles of food. I was greatly depressed in spirit, and had but little hope of any improvement in my condition. Upon a diet of tea and crackers, I visited the Buffalo Springs, and put myself upon the water of Spring No 1. I was soon conscious of an **increase of appetite and digestive power,** and at the same time of a gradual, decided increase of nervous vigor. This improvement continued through a protracted stay at the Springs, and to such an extent that before leaving I was able to eat with impunity any article of food found upon the hotel table. I left the Springs fully restored, and returned home to enter upon the arduous duties of my profession."

The Professor of Anatomy and Materia Medica, at University of Virginia, Dr. Wm. B. Towles, *at the time Resident Physician at Buffalo Lithia Springs, reports the following case:*—"Miss ——, age sixteen, consulted me as to the use of the Buffalo Lithia Water; she was pale and emaciated, weighing but sixty-eight pounds. For several years she had suffered from a severe form of Dyspepsia with want of appetite, acid eructation, Nausea and vomiting after eating, Headache, Constipation, Hypochondriasis, etc. For twelve months she had not experienced the Menstrual Flow. She was put upon the Water of Spring No. 1, and directions given as to her diet. **During a stay of two months at the Springs her digestion was restored, there was entire disappearance of other distressing symptoms and a return of the Menstrual Flow.** She gained largely in flesh and left the Springs in good health and soon afterwards weighed one hundred and eight pounds."

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Dr. M. H. Houston, *Physician to Randolph Macon College, Ashland, Va.* [*Extract from a communication in the "Virginia Medical Monthly"*]. Having had an opportunity of watching very closely the action of the Buffalo Lithia Water in numerous cases which have fallen under my observation, I am prepared to impute to it one quality at least to which, it strikes me, sufficient attention has not been heretofore directed. I allude especially to its power **as a gentle excitant of the Nervous System and as a Powerful and Permanent Nerve Tonic.** To this particular property I am disposed to attribute much of its efficacy in the relief of many chronic diseases. Other mineral waters, with exhilarating properties, are sparkling in their appearance, and their exciting qualities are due to the gases which are disengaged, and which are consequently evanescent in effect. The Buffalo Lithia Water is without such impregnation of gases, and its effects are much more permanent."

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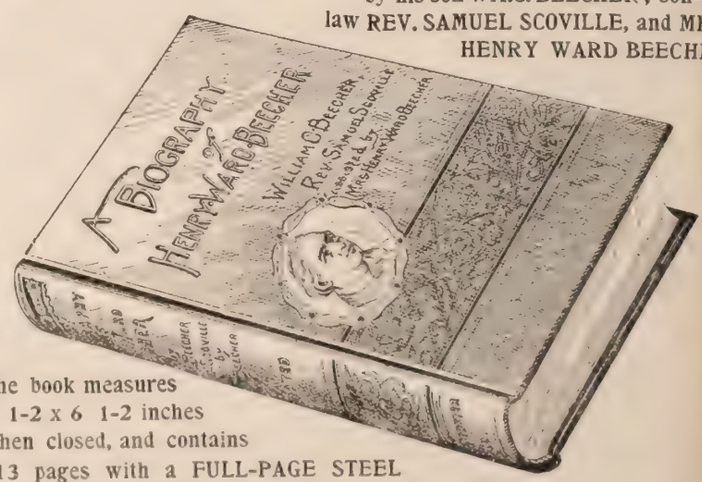

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A Congress of Religions.

(Continued from first page)

Jains, Theists, and many others, representing creeds and beliefs not enumerated above. When it is explained that many of those persons have traveled thousands of miles to attend the Congress, it will be more readily understood how much importance is attached to it by the leading religionists of the globe.

Since the Congress had its origin and the movement received its impetus in our own Christian country, it is probably natural to find that Christianity will have the largest representation of any of the creeds. It is quite within the truth to assert that every sect and denomination of the Christian Church will be represented at the Congress. Protestantism will have as its exponents such able and sterling advocates as Bishop Dudley of Kentucky, Rev. Lyman Abbott, Prof. George T. Ladd, and Prof. George T. Fisher of Yale, Rev. Henry Blodgett of Peking, China; Rev. Maurice Phillips of Madras, India; Prof. M. Valentine of Gettysburg; Bishop Thompson of the Protestant Episcopal Church; Rev. George T. Candlin, Prof. William Henry Green, Prof. Philip Schaff, Pres. Schurman of Cornell University; Prof. Richard T. Ely, Hon. Andrew D. White, Col. Thomas W. Higginson, Rev. Joseph Cook, Rev. George Dana Boardman, Dr. David J. Burrell, Prof. J. P. Landis, Dr. Henry Jessup of Syria; Dr. Francis E. Clark, Rev. Theodore T. Munger, Prof. William C. Wilkinson of the Chicago University; Bishop John H. Vincent, Prof. M. S. Terry of the Northwestern University; Rev. H. Grattan Guinness of London, and many others almost equally distinguished.

Among the foreign notabilities, who have aided in perfecting the arrangements and most of whom will probably attend, are the Anglican Bishop of Worcester; Sir Edwin Arnold; Editor Wm. T. Stead of the *Review of Reviews*; Prof. Hommel of Munich University and Profs. Doedes and Valeton of Utrecht University; Prof. N. J. Hoffmeyr of Stellenbosch, So. Africa; Rev. Zitsuzen Ashitsu of Omi, Japan; Dr. Adler, Chief Rabbi of the British Empire; Muni Atmaramji, High Priest of the Jain Community, India; B. Nagarkar, a Theist of Bombay, India; Prince Chandradut, Buddhist of Bangkok, Siam; Purushottam B. Joshi, a Hindoo of Bombay, and many more. Among the American delegates will be practically all the foremost preachers, thinkers and writers among the Baptists, Presbyterians, Protestant Episcopalians, Methodists and Congregationalists. There also will be a characteristically strong Catholic representation, including a cardinal, several archbishops and bishops. The Orthodox Greek and the Armenian churches will also be represented. Upwards of one hundred distinct schools or forms of religious thought will find opportunity for expression in the Congress. It is hoped that its deliberations may result in bringing all the creeds into closer relations and in strengthening the bonds of brotherhood and love among the nations of the earth. Such a union has no perils for Christianity which, while holding fast to the pure faith delivered to the saints and declared in the Scriptures, can yet afford to extend the generous hand of friendship and good-will to men of every race and creed, who are earnestly striving for truth and righteousness, although they may not yet have come into the light of the Gospel. As the Red Cross Society has established among the nations a common bond of helpfulness to the sick and suffering, so the new movement begun by this Congress may result in the establishment of a world-wide law of sympathy among the creeds, each toward the other, and toward all who are sincerely seeking after God and his righteousness.

The Gospel in Uganda.

Central Africa's Turbulent Kingdom Learning the Message of Salvation.

IN a recent letter from Uganda, Bishop Tucker writes: Early this morning large crowds went out to meet Sir Gerald Portal, the new British Commissioner. The principal chiefs, with their followers, joined the outgoing crowd. Accompanied by Captain Portal, I walked out a short distance and was a witness of the deep joy of the people at the arrival of the representative of the Queen. They feel convinced now that all will go well and that the country will not be abandoned. That they may be under the protection of England is to them a thought of great joy. It was really an impressive sight, the entrance of the travellers into Kanpula. They were all more or less sun-burnt and travel-worn, but thoroughly well and hearty. The Waganda, in their terra-cotta-colored barb clothes and their snow-white garments, lined the roads on either side. Now and again a great chief advanced and was introduced to the Consul-General as he rode on horseback; then he fell back to the rear and was succeeded by another, who in his turn made way for others who wanted to be introduced. Thus the progress was slow. Drums were beating on every hand, and as we drew near to the fort the clash of arms drew our attention to the Soudanese soldiers, who, in their snow-white tunics, were paraded outside the gates, and presented a very smart appearance as they presented arms.

On the following Sunday some fifteen adults were baptised and admitted into the visible Church of Christ. Later in the day an English service was held and attended by the Consul-General and all his staff. It was an interesting gathering; Mr. Millar read the prayers, and I preached from Psalm 119: 105. Next day the King held a barazza for the public reception of Sir Gerald Portal. The scene was a very brilliant one, the sun shining gloriously, and the white dresses of the chiefs and the glittering arms of the native soldiers seemed to sparkle in the sunlight. We of the mission party were already in barazza and as the King rose to greet the Consul-General we also stood, and remained standing until the King and his guests had taken their seats. All the great chiefs of the country were present; many of them were dressed in very gorgeous attire. The King sat in the gilt chair lately presented to him by the company.

The barazza did not last long. Greetings were exchanged. The Consul-General expressed his pleasure at being in Buganda; the King expressed his pleasure at seeing him; and so the interview ended. The King recently gave sentence against a man to this effect: "that so many cattle and sheep were to be paid by the offender as a fine, together with two women." The Christian chief interposed, "But Christians do not give men and women; they give cattle and goats, not human beings." The result was that the King altered the sentence to the effect that no women were to be given, only cattle and goats.

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"For be the day weary, or be the day long,
At length it ringeth to evensong."

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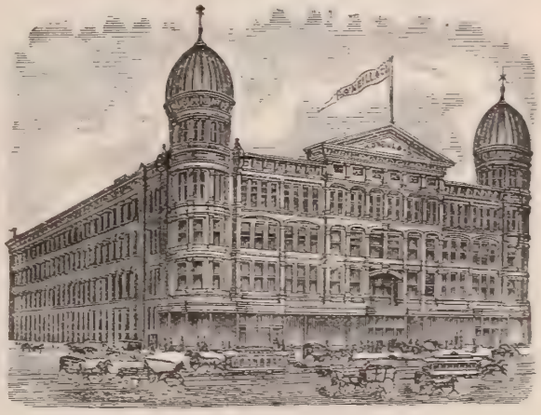

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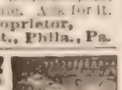

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 16. NUMBER 37.

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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 13, 1893.

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German Scenes at the Fair.

The Architecture of Bavaria, Westphalia and the Black Forest Picturesquely Reproduced—Typical German Castles and Cottages.

BEWILDERED by the number and magnificence of the mammoth palaces at the World's Fair, and wearied by the seemingly endless variety in the panorama of national life and color found in the Midway Plaisance, the visitor to Chicago who is so fortunate as to pass a quiet hour or two in the German Village, finds there an agreeable change. He is at once transported to the Old World and absorbed in the contemplation of quaintly picturesque castles and cottages, some of them constructed on models that were old a century ago, yet which can be found in actual existence in Europe today. Several of this class are presented in the illustrations on this page, the drawings having been made for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD with the Rhine as far as the Swiss border. These cottages are a mixture of the architectural styles of a Queen Anne structure and a Swiss *chalet*. The Black Foresters are usually engaged in the raising of cattle, and in farming, but they vary this with other industries. For many years they were famed for the manufacture of wooden clocks, machinery as well as framework being composed of that material. "Cuckoo-clocks" from the Black Forest are found all over the world. Another panel (No 3), shows a Hessian Town Hall or Rath-haus. Hesse lies to the south of the Black Forest, and in many of the towns and villages of that part of the German Empire may be seen buildings like the one shown in the picture. It is the meeting-place for the local councillors, the court of justice, and the scene of any general and evening. Probably the most interesting and unique in the group is the last, (No. 5), which represents a Westphalian farm-house. Many of the same quaint type are to be found in northwestern Germany, near Bremen and elsewhere. It is the most ancient form of a Saxon dwelling now known to be in actual use and doubtless furnished the original model for the cottage-builders of England, who still adhere to many of its features in their dwellings. A striking peculiarity about the Westphalian farm-house, found in few other dwellings is that its interior contains accommodation not only for the family, but for all their movable belongings, horses, cattle, wagons, stables and grain, all being enclosed within the ample space between no visitor to the Fair should neglect to enjoy.

Chicago claims to be the third German city in the world, and it is evident from the magnitude and costliness of the German exhibits at the Exposition, that the Fatherland appreciates the distinction. In proportion to our commercial relations with that country, the German display is probably the largest of any foreign nation, German manufacturers, the government and even the Emperor himself having shown a lively interest in its success. Herr Wernmuth, the German Commissioner to the Exposition, has won golden opinions for his tact and ability in engineering so marvelous an exhibit, which produces on the mind of

IN "THE GERMAN VILLAGE," AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.—(BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.)

1. A Typical "Pfalz" or German Castle. 2. Cottage in the Black Forest. 3. A Hessian Town Hall. 4. Bavarian Cottage. 5. A Quaint Westphalian Farm-house.

by Mr. Carl Henckel, our special artist at the World's Fair. In the centre of the group (No. 1) is a representation of a typical *pfalz* or small castle, such as many German nobles and landed proprietors possess and occupy as hereditary family seats. Those romantic piles, built in a style that is calculated to outlast generations, crowned with spires and bristling with gables and lattice-work, are the pride and joy of the German artist and tourist. On the right (No. 2), is a cottage in the Black Forest, a mountain range in Southern Germany, running parallel eral public assemblage or local festivity. Quite frequently, too, a portion of it does duty as a jail. The fourth panel shows a pretty cottage in the Bavarian highlands. Dwellers on the Tyrolean Alps are hardy mountaineers, hunters, cattle-raisers and farmers. They dress most picturesquely, the men in knee-breeches and both sexes in the distinctive Alpine hat and short jacket. They are famous singers and the musical "yodel" of the Alpine goat-herds may be heard floating across the valleys and over the rocky chasms, morning its four walls. This type of self-contained dwelling dates from a very remote age. That it ante-dates the introduction of Christianity is shown by the fact that even to this day a relic of primeval barbarism and idolatry is found in the wooden "horse-heads" which adorn the peak of the building and which, though now used merely as ornament, refer to a period when rude carvings of this character were objects of worship.

These are but a few of the instructive and beautiful sights in the German village, which the spectator an impression of the industrial and commercial resources of that country never before experienced in previous World's Fairs outside of the German Empire.

One of the most notable "National Days" at the Fair was "German Day," which brought out an attendance of nearly two hundred thousand persons. A feature was the procession of German societies 16,000 strong, furnishing one of those brilliant martial and musical pageants in which the sons of the Fatherland excel all other European nations.

The Tabernacle Pulpit

THE BATTLE OURS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, preached last Sunday Morning at the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Text, 1 Kings 20: 27, *"And the children of Israel pitched before them like two little flocks of kids."*

WITH thirty-three kings drunk in one tent, this chapter opens. They were allies plotting for the overthrow of the Lord's Israel. You know that if a lion roar, a flock of kids will shiver and huddle together. One lion could conquer a thousand kids. The battle opens. There are a great multitude of Syrians under Gen. Ben-hadad, strong as lions. The Israelites are few and weak, like two little flocks of kids. Who beat? The lions, of course. Oh no; the kids. For it all depends whether God is on the side of the lions or the kids. After the battle, one hundred thousand Syrians lay dead on the field, and twenty-seven thousand attempting to fly, came along by a great wall, which toppled and crushed them to death.

Which was the stronger weapon—great Goliath's sword or little David's sling? David had five smooth stones from the brook. He only used one in striking down Goliath. He had a surplus of ammunition; he had enough to take down four more giants if they had appeared in the way. It all depends upon whether God is on the side of the shepherd boy or on the side of the giant.

There have been many in our day who have ventured the opinion that Christianity is falling back, and that in fifty years it will be extinct. They found their opinion on the assumed fact that the Bible is not as much of a book as it used to be, and that portions of it are repulsive to the people. I reply by asking, which one of the publishing houses of New York, Philadelphia, Boston or Chicago is publishing the Bible to-day with the omission of a single verse or chapter? Are not our publishers intelligent men? And would they, contrary to their financial interests, continue to publish the Bible without the omission of a single chapter or a single verse if it were becoming an unpopular book, and the people did not want it? If Harpers, or Appleton, or Scribner, or Lippincott should publish a Bible with the omission of one chapter, they would not sell ten copies in ten years. The fact that throughout Christendom there are hundreds of printing-presses printing the Word of God without the omission of a chapter or a verse, proves that the Bible is popular; and the fact that there are more being printed in this decade than any other decade, proves that the Bible

I go through the court-rooms of the country. Wherever I find a judge's bench, or a clerk's desk, I find the Bible. By what other book would they take solemn oath? What is very apt to be among the bride's presents? The Bible. What is very apt to be put in the trunk of the young man when he starts for city life? The Bible. Voltaire predicted that the Bible during the nineteenth century would become an obsolete book. Well, we are pretty nearly through the nineteenth century; the Bible is not obsolete yet; there is not much prospect of its becoming obsolete; but I have to tell you that that room—the very room in which Voltaire wrote that prediction—some time ago was crowded from floor to ceiling with Bibles for Switzerland. Suppose the Congress of the United States should pass a law that no Bibles should be printed in the United States. If there are thirty million grown men and women in the country then there would be thirty million people armed against such a law. But suppose the Congress of the United States should pass a law that Macaulay's History, or Charles Read's novels should not be read—could you get half as large an army, or the fourth as large an army? In other words there are, as you know and I know, a thousand men who would die for their Bibles, where there are fifty men who would die for any other book. The fact that there are now more Bibles being printed than ever before, that publishers find it a financial interest for them to continue the publication of the Bible, proves that this book is still the most popular book on the planet.

"But," say those who are antagonistic, "Christianity is falling back, 'from the fact that the church is not as much respected as it used to be, and is not as influential." I reply to that with the statistic that one denomination—the Methodist Church—according to a statistic given me by one of their bishops, dedicates on an average a new church every day of the year. Three hundred and sixty-five new churches in one denomination in a year, and over a thousand new churches built every year in this country. Does that look as though the church were failing in its power, and were becoming a worn-out institution? Around which institution in our communities gather the most ardent affections? The post-office, the hotel, the court-house, the city hall, or the churches? Why, when our old Tabernacle was burning, there were hundreds of men standing in the streets who never went to church, tears raining down their cheeks. It is because the Church of God stands nearer the sympathies of the American people than any other institution. Men may caricature the Church and call it a collection of hypocrites; but when their children are swept off with the diphtheria, for whom do they send? To the postmaster, to the attorney-general, to the aldermen, or to the pastors of the churches? And if there be not room for the obsequies in the private house, what building do they solicit? The Academy of Music, the hotel, public hall, court-house? No; the churches. And if they want music on the sad occasion, do they select the Marseillaise Hymn, or God Save the Queen, or our own grand national air? No; they want the old hymn with which we sang their old Christian mother to sleep; they want the Sunday School hymn that their little girl sang the last Sabbath afternoon she was out before she was seized with the awful sickness that broke father's heart and mother's heart. Oh, you know as well as I do—I shall not dwell on it any longer—the Church of God, instead of being a worn-out institution, stands nearer the sympathies of the people than it ever did and eclipses all other institutions.

THE SCEPTIC AND HIS VICTIM.

But our antagonists go on and say that Christianity is falling back, in the fact that Infidelity is bolder now and more blatant than it ever was. I deny the statement. Infidelity is not near so bold now as it was in the days of our fathers and grandfathers. There were times in this country when men who were openly and above-board infidel and antagonistic to Christianity could be elected to high office. Now, let some man wishing high position in the State proclaim himself the foe of Christianity and an infidel, how many States of the Union would he carry? how many counties? how many wards in Brooklyn? Not one.

Ah! my friends, Infidelity in this day is not half as bold as it used to be. If it comes now, it is apt to come under the disguise of rhetoric or fantastic sentimentality. I know if a man with great intelligence does become an infidel, and begins an attack on Christianity, it makes great excitement—of course it does, and people come to the conclusion, weak-minded Christians come to the conclusion, that everything is going overboard because some man of strong intellect assails Christianity.

If a man jumps overboard from a Cunard steamer, he makes more excitement than all the five hundred sane passengers who continue in the berths or on the decks; but does that stop the ship? Does that wreck all the five hundred passengers? It makes great excitement when a man leaps from a platform or a pulpit into Infidelity; but does that hinder our glorious Bible from taking its millions into the skies. I tell you Infidelity is not half as bold now as it used to be.

"But," say our antagonists, "Christianity is falling back because science, its chief enemy, is triumphing over it." Now, I deny that there is any war between science and revelation. There is not a fact in science that may not be made to harmonize with the statements of the Bible. So said Hugh Miller, so said Joseph Henry, so said Professor Hitchcock, so said Professor Silliman, so said Professor Mitchell.

Joseph Henry, the leading scientist of America, better known and honored in the royal societies transatlantic than any other American, lived and died a believer in the religion of Jesus Christ. Joseph Henry knew all the facts of Geology, and yet believed the Book of Genesis. He knew all the facts of Astronomy, and yet believed the Book of Joshua, the sun and moon standing still. Joseph Henry knew all the anatomy of man and fish, and yet believed the Book of Jonah.

If the scientists of the day were all agreed, and they came up with solid front to attack our Christianity, perhaps they might make some impression upon it; but they are not agreed. It is often said that we religionists are failing in our advocacy of Christianity because we differ in our theology. I tell you we do not differ inside the church in theology half as much as they differ outside the church in science. If they reject our religion because we differ on some minor points, we might just as well reject science because the scientists differ; but as far as I can tell, the war of infidel science against Christianity is not so severe as it used to be, because these men are antagonistic to each other; and as far as I can tell, it is going to be a war between telescope and telescope, Leyden jar and Leyden jar, chemical apparatus and chemical apparatus. They do not agree on anything

Do you suppose that this Bible theory about the origin of life is going to be overthrown by men who have different theories—fifty different theories—about the origin of life? And when Agassiz comes out and puts both feet on the doctrine of evolution, and says in regard to many scientists, "I notice that these young naturalists are adopting as theories in science things which have not passed under observation," Agassiz saw what we all see—that there are men who talk very wisely who know but very little, and that just as soon as a young scientist finds out the difference between the feelers of a wasp and the horns of a beetle, he begins to patronize the Almighty, and go about talking about culture as though it were spelled c-u-l-c-h-a-r—culchar!

It makes me sick to see these literary fops going down the street with a copy of Darwin under one arm and a case of transfixed grasshoppers and butterflies under the other arm, talking about the *Survival of the Fittest* and *Huxley's Protoplasm*, and the *Nebular Hypothesis*, and talking to us common men as though we were fools! If they agreed in

their theories and came up with solid front against Christianity. I say perhaps they might make some impression; but they do not agree. Darwin charges upon Lamarck, Wallace upon Cope, Herschel even charged upon Ferguson. They do not agree about the gradation of the species; they do not agree about embryology. What do they agree about?

Herschel wrote a whole chapter on what he calls the *Errors in Astronomy*. La Place says that the moon was not put in the right place; that if it had been put four times the distance from our world, there would have been more harmony in the universe. But Lionville comes up just in time to prove that the Lord was wise, and put the moon in the right place. How many colors woven into the light? Seven, says Newton. Three, says David Brewster. How high is the Aurora Borealis? Two a half miles high, says Lias. One hundred and sixty-five miles, says Twinig. How far is the sun from the earth? Seventy-six million miles, says Lacaille; eighty-two million miles, says Humboldt; ninety million miles, says Henderson; one hundred and four million miles, says Mayer. Only a little difference of twenty-eight million miles! These men say we do not agree in religion. Do they agree in science? Have they come up with solid front to assault our glorious Christianity?

Even mathematicians do not agree. *Taylor's Logarithms* are found to have faults in them. The French metric system has wrong calculations. Talk about exact sciences! They are inexact. As far as with my little knowledge I have been able to explore, the only exact science is Christianity. There is nothing under which you can so appropriately write, "*Quod erat demonstrandum.*"

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon your verdict?" the court or the clerk says to the jury, having been out all night, on coming in. "Have you agreed on your verdict?" If they say yes, the verdict is taken and recorded. If they say, "No, we have not agreed," they are sent back to the jury-room. If one juryman should say, "I think the man is guilty of murder," and another juryman should say, "I think he is guilty of manslaughter," and another juryman should say, "I think he is guilty of assault and battery with intent to kill," the judge would lose his patience and say, "Go back to your room now, and make up a verdict; agree on something."

Well, my friends, there has been a great trial going on for centuries and for ages, between Scepticism, the plaintiff, versus Christianity, the defendant. The scientists have been impanelled and sworn on the jury. They have been gone for centuries, some of them, and they come back, and we say, "Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?" They say, "No, we have not agreed." Then we say, "Go back for a few more centuries, and then come in and see if you can agree, see if you can render some verdict." Now, there is not the meanest prisoner in the Tombs Court who would be condemned by a jury that could not agree, and yet you expect us to renounce our glorious Christianity for such a miserable verdict as these men have rendered, they themselves not having been able to agree.

But my subject shall no longer be defensive; it must be aggressive. I must show you that instead of Christianity falling back, it is on the march, and that the coming religion of the world is to be the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ ten thousand times intensified. It is to take possession of everything—of all laws, all manners, all customs, all cities, all nations. It is going to be so mighty as compared with what it has been, so much more mighty that it will seem almost like a new religion.

I adopt this theory, because Christianity has gone on straight ahead notwithstanding all the bombardment; and Infidelity has not destroyed a church, or crippled a minister, or rooted out one verse of the Bible, and now their ammunition seems to be pretty much exhausted. They cannot get anything new against Christianity; and if Christianity has gone on under the bombardment of centuries and still continues to advance, may we not conclude that as the powder and shot of the other side seem to be exhausted, Christianity is going on with more rapid stride?

I find an encouraging fact in the thought that the secular press in this day and the pulpit seem harnessed in the same team for the proclamation of the Gospel. To-morrow there will not be a banker on Wall street, or State street, or Third street, who will not have in his pocket or on his table treatises on Christianity, calls to repentance and Scripture passages, twenty or thirty of them, in the reports of the Christian churches of this city and other cities. Why, that thing would have been impossible a few years ago. Now, on Monday morning and Monday evening, the secular press spreads abroad more religious truth than all the tract societies of the country spread in the other six days. Blessed be the tract societies! We hail them, and we hail these others. I say it would have been impossible a few years ago. Hundreds of letters would have come to the secular newspaper offices, saying: "Stop my paper; we have religion on Sunday; don't give us any through the week. Stop my paper." But I have been told that many of the secular papers have their largest circulation on Monday morning, and the whole population of this country are becoming sermon readers. Besides that, have you not noticed that papers proclaiming themselves secular almost every week have religious discussion in them?

Go back a few years, when there was not a decent paper in the United States that had not a discussion on the doctrine of eternal punishment. Small wits made merry, I know; but there was not an intelligent man in the United States that as a result of that controversy in regard to eternal punishment did not ask himself the question, "What is to be my eternal destiny?" and so some years ago, when Tyndall offered his prayer gauge, there was not a secular paper in the United States that did not discuss the question: "Does God ever answer prayer? May the creature impress the Creator?" Are not all these facts encouraging to every Christian and every philanthropist? Besides that, the rising generation are being saturated with Gospel truth as no other generation, by this International Series of Sunday School lessons. Formerly the children were expected only to nibble at the little infantile Scripture stories, but now they are taken from Genesis to Revelation, the strongest minds of the country explaining the lessons to the teachers, and the teachers explaining them to the classes; and we are going to have in this country five million youth forestalled for Christianity. Hear it! Hear it!

Besides that, you must have noticed if you have talked on these great themes, that they are finding out that while science is grand in secular directions, worldly philosophy grand in secular directions, they cannot give any comfort to a soul in trouble.

Talking with men on steamboats and in rail-cars, I find they are coming back to the comfort of the Gospel. They say: "Somehow human science don't comfort me when I have any trouble, and I must try something else;" and they are trying the Gospel. Take your scientific consolation to that mother who has just lost her child. Apply the doctrine of the "Survival of the Fittest;" tell her that her child died because its life was not worth as much as the life of one that lived. Try that, if you dare. Go to that dying man with your transcendental phraseology, and tell him he ought to have confidence in the great "to be," and the everlasting "now," and the eternal "what is it?" and go on with your consolation and see if he is comforted.

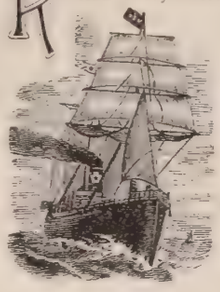
Go to that woman who has lost her husband, and tell her it was a geological necessity that that man passed out of existence, just as the megatherium disappeared in order to make room for a higher style of creation, and go on with your consolation and tell her that there is a possibility that ten million years from now we ourselves may be geological specimens on the geological shelf, petrified specimens of the extinct human race! And after you have got all through with your consolation, if the poor afflicted soul is not utterly crazed, I will send out the plainest Christian from my church, and with one-half hour of prayer and the reading of Scripture promises, the tears will be stayed, and the consolation, and the joy in that house will be like the calmness of an Indian summer sunset. There will be a glory flooding the house from floor to cupola. Oh! people are finding out themselves—and they all have troubles—they find that philosophy and science do not help them when there is a dead babe in the house. They are coming back to our glorious old-fashioned sympathetic religion.

Oh, young man! do not be ashamed to be found on the side of the Bible. Do not join those young men who in this day put their thumbs in their vest, and swagger about the streets and the stores, talking about the glorious nineteenth century, about its light being sufficient without any Bible, and without any Christ, and without any God. The time is coming—we may not live to see it, but I should not be surprised if we did see it—when this whole country is to be one great church, the forests the aisles the Alleghany and the Rocky Mountains the pillars, the chain of inland lakes, the baptistries, and the worship, the Hallelujah Chorus unto him who was, and is, and shall be evermore. Oh! come over to the majority—come under the banners of Emanuel.

Vernon was the son of an English squire. He was brought up in great elegance. There was a man working on the place by the name of Ralph. Vernon used to often talk with Ralph. After awhile Vernon went off to college, and came back with his mind full of scepticism. He talked his scepticism to Ralph the workman. After awhile Vernon went from home again, was gone for years, came back, and among his first questions when getting home was, "Where is Ralph?" "Oh!" said the father, "Ralph is in prison waiting for the day of execution." Vernon hastened to see Ralph. Ralph, looking through the wicket of the prison, said, "Vernon, how good you are to come and see me! I am glad to see you. I hardly expected you would come and see me. I don't blame you, I don't blame anybody: I only blame myself; but, Vernon, I want you to promise me one thing. Will you?" Vernon replied, "I will." "I want you to promise me never to talk scepticism in the presence of anybody. You see it might do them harm. When you used to say there was nothing in the Bible, and it didn't make any difference how we lived, we would come out happy at the last, somehow it had a bad influence upon me, and I went from bad to worse until I am here, and I must die for my crimes." By almost superhuman effort the sentence was changed, and he was to be transported to another country for life. The ship going there was wrecked on Van Diemen's Land. Among those who perished was Ralph, the victim of Vernon's scepticism. Vernon tells the story to-day with tears and a broken heart; but it is too late! Oh! do not talk scepticism, do not talk scepticism. Let God be true, though every man be found a liar!

His Life Voyage Ended.

Death of Captain Jas. H. Spencer, who took the first "Christian Herald" Food Cargo to the Russian Famine Sufferers.



READERS of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD everywhere, and more particularly those many thousands among them who sent in their offerings to swell the Russian Relief Fund raised by this journal last year for the succoring of the famine-stricken millions of Russia, will regret to learn of the death of Captain James H. Spencer, the gallant commander of the steamship *Conemaugh*. On his vessel was conveyed to Riga the first shipment of 2000 sacks of flour made by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund, to be followed shortly afterwards by the splendid cargo of 1500 tons of flour, corn, wheat and potatoes, sent to St. Petersburg on the specially chartered steamship *Leo*. Capt. Spencer was a fine specimen of the American sailor; bluff, hearty, vigorous and wholesouled, with a fund of curious and instructive information about the many different lands he had visited during his numerous voyages. For nearly forty years he had "followed the sea." In 1865 he was selected to take out to Russia the *General Admiral*, the largest ship ever constructed in America. He had seen considerable service in the United States Marine, especially in Mexican waters. For a number of years he was captain of the Inman liner *City of Limerick*, before assuming the command of the *Conemaugh*.

CAPTAIN JAMES H. SPENCER.

On the occasion of his trip to Riga with the relief cargo, Captain Spencer was accorded a notable reception by the Russian civic and military authorities. Twelve large steamers in that port were decorated expressly to honor the event, and their decks were crowded with the youth and beauty of the empire. Russian bands discoursed patriotic music, and the Greek Patriarch, assisting by a number of priests of that church, blessed the cargo. Toward the close of the reception ceremonies, Captain Spencer was presented with the freedom of the city and with a large loaf of bread and a golden salt-cellar on a silver tray. These official demonstrations only mildly represented the deep, overflowing gratitude of the people at the generous relief from America, and the popular joy found expression in festivities that lasted several days. Meanwhile the cargo of the *Conemaugh* was promptly distributed and the food, blessed by generous hearts and consecrated by prayer, was hurried forward to the afflicted provinces in the very heart of the empire.

CONVERSATION.

S S. Lesson for Sept 24.* Matt 12: 33-37. Golden Text, Col. 4: 6 By Mrs. M. Baxter.

CONVERSATION:—what a common thing it is! So ordinary and yet so important. Everybody talks: in the house and in the street, in the railway carriage and in the train, on the steamboat, in the drawing-room and in the kitchen, in the office and in the shop, people talk; and some cannot restrain themselves even when they enter into the house of God! Thus something is being poured out and something being poured in, from one mind to another, continually. When many meet together, children assembling for school, country people coming in to the market, people assembling for any public gathering and, generally people going out of a church,—what a buzz of sound there is—something is poured out, and something poured in.—what shall be the result of it?

One is Looking On and Listening;

in his note-book every word of this incessant hum is being written down to be weighed in the balance of the sanctuary; and over against it all there is the solemn touchstone: "Every idle word that man shall speak, they shall give an account thereof in the day of judgment." Every idle word, every word which had no real purpose! People with empty minds are always great talkers, they no sooner get an idea into their heads than they want to tell it out, without considering what effect it might have on those to whom they tell it. What is their object? Only to indulge themselves, they like to talk, they like to occupy other people, they live unto themselves; and right over all this selfish, useless conversation is written down: Idle words, to be accounted for at the day of judgment!

Imagine for a moment, at that great day of account an hour of useless frivolous clatter tried in the scales. Such questions will surely be put as: By whose authority didst thou say this or that? For whose benefit didst thou make such and such a remark? Who gave thee the right to waste the time of such an one to whom thou wast speaking thoughtlessly? Thou hast misused the time of another, thou hast appropriated to thy own selfish pleasure, or vanity, the gift of speech which God gave thee to speak his praises and "to minister grace unto the hearers." "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," by thy words thou art condemned; fruitless, barren, fit only for the fire!

Many Words.

And yet many, even many Christians will chatter on, without an idea that they are committing any sin by so doing. "I am sure I did not mean any harm," they will say, and they totally ignore that through this multitude of words, something is flowing out to the world which hastens or hinders the coming of the kingdom of Christ. "In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin, but he that refraineth his lips is wise."(Prov. 10: 19.) Never was there a tongue under such discipline as that of the Lord Jesus, therefore his words had such power: "I have not spoken of myself; but the Father which sent me, he gave me a commandment, what I should say, and what I should speak" (John 12: 49), and never, in any instance, did he speak his own words: "I speak to the world those things which I have heard of him;" "I do nothing of myself; but as my Father hath taught me, I speak these things. (John 8: 26: 28)

Conversation which is under the discipline of the Spirit is like the inspiration of mountain air, it quickens, it brings near to God: and he [illegible] one to another; and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him." (Mal. 3: 16, 17.)

Every conversation we hold with another is either a pouring out of our own self-life, or a pouring out of Christ. Just as fevered, poisoned breath pours out death into the atmosphere, so all conversation which is not under the discipline of the Spirit, spreads the elements of our self-life abroad. Impious conversation spreads out its baneful taint, corrupting and defiling all who hear so that they cannot be as though they had not heard this contaminating conversation, unless in God's wondrous grace, he miraculously preserves them from contagion. The bitter-spirited spread the evil and asperity of their own malice and envy abroad by the words they speak, unsettling those who would be contented by their representation of things which have become warped by passing through their own crooked minds. How many a man has lived a happy and contented life until some one came and aroused in his heart a sense that he was wronged and oppressed and then his own spirit became more bitter than that of the man whose conversation had infected him! Any conversation which leaves us with the worst feelings aroused within us can have been no blessing to us. Jesus says: "The tree is known by its fruit . . . how can ye that are evil speak good things? for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." (Matt 12: 34.) A man is amenable to the law if he robs another of money or of any of his earthly possessions, but if, in conversation, he robs him of purity, or of peace, or of contentment, or, above all, of faith in God, is he not ten times more guilty than

A Robber in the Sight of God.

"In many things we all stumble. If any stumbleth not in word, the same is a perfect man, able to bridle the whole body also." (James 3: 2; R.V.) Our beloved Lord was thus a perfect Man; and as man, the secret of his perfection in word was his absolute submission to, and trust in his Father. It is terrible to think how much harm Christians do in conversation. How can it be otherwise until they learn that they are not their own, and that their tongue is a member of Christ (1.Cor. 6: 15), and an instrument for God's use (Rom. 6: 13), to be used not by themselves but by him, to be kept, not by him; a means of communicating, not their thoughts, but his thoughts to others. Until we know by humbling, perhaps by bitter experience, how often we stumble in word, and come to trust the Lord alone for grace to restrain, and to use our conversation, we shall always be in danger of doing harm when we open our lips.

His conversation is a good guage of a man's depth of character. Those who talk out all they hear, even of the things of God, talk it away, and it does not take root. That which we go over with God first abides. Many think it is quite necessary to communicate bits of information about the Lord's work, etc., to others. But there are times when, if we are under the discipline of the Spirit, even this is checked by him. The person to whom one would speak is perhaps

Occupied with God,

and even such a communication which at another time might be in place, would be a distraction to him just then. We cannot hurt others much by our silence, they may wonder at us but it cannot hurt them, while unnecessary words do infinite harm. But, after all, the close leading of God is needed that we may not stumble in word.

It is "out of the abundance, or overflow of the heart the mouth speaketh," just as flowers and fruit are the overflow of the life of the plant, so conversation is the overflow of the heart. If the praises of God come more readily to our lips than anything else, it is because our hearts are full of his goodness. If some unkind and depreciatory remark about another come most unbidden to our lips, it is because this thought of others has been rankling there and has superseded God's place within us, O when we meet again, at the great day of account, our useless, idle words, how deeply ashamed we will all be!

"He that hath knowledge spareth his words." (Prov. 17: 27.) There is a wonderful depth about men and women who have

The Grace of Silence;

not the law of silence, not silence by constraint; but a silence which comes from unbroken communing with God, which instinctively passes all in review before him, and then being thus prepared, ventures to speak of it with man. It is impossible to be much in the presence of God and to be a chatterbox. Who would expect such men as Moses or Elijah to rattle on at any length with needless words or ordinary small talk? It could not be.

* The subject for the day in the International system [illegible]

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

REVIEW Sunday affords an opportunity, which the teacher cannot afford to miss, of collecting and grouping in a compact shape the lessons of the past twelve Sundays. Unless this is done, the study of the several subjects may be of transient value. Like desultory study of any kind, it will speedily pass from the memory if the connection and relation of one subject to another is not explained. In this instance, before passing from Paul's life to

SCENES OF PAUL'S MISSIONARY JOURNEYS.

Paul's teaching, the pause should be utilized in sketching the aspects of the Apostle's life and character which have been presented by the subjects of the past three months' lessons. Paul as a missionary, as a prisoner, as an orator, as a shipwrecked traveller, and finally as a teacher in bonds, should be the subject of the day. There is the more reason to present this general survey on account of the enormous influence Paul exerted on the infant church. There is no doubt that Christianity as it exists to-day is largely the result of his work. None of the other Apostles was capable of giving to the world the philosophic and spiritual conception of the religion of Christ which Paul gave, and it is evident that he was specially raised up and miraculously prepared for the purpose. A man of intense physical energy, and high spirituality, of profound learning, of brilliant literary ability, and of keen logical intellect, he presented Christianity not only as the outgrowth and culmination of the Jewish theology, but as the universal religion adapted to the needs of the whole human race. By his preaching Christianity was carried beyond the narrow confines of Judea into Europe; and by his pen, it has been carried down the centuries, its claims, its merits, and its divine origin maintained and advocated with indisputable logic and resistless eloquence. A session of the Sunday School may be given with advantage to the task of impressing on every mind a true conception of this most remarkable man.

I am with thee. (Acts 18: 10.) Although several times a prisoner and frequently in danger of assassination and lynching, Paul never wavered in his purpose, but preached whenever he had opportunity. The secret of his perseverance and his dauntless courage lay in the assurance given by God himself, "I am with thee." A similar conviction was the support of the great reformer who in character resembled the great apostle. When Luther was summoned to attend the Diet at Worms his friends, notwithstanding the safe conduct granted to him by the Emperor Charles V., apprehending danger to his person, would have dissuaded him from going thither. Luther replied: "I am determined to enter the city in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, though as many devils should oppose me as there are tiles upon all the houses in Worms." He was accompanied from Wittenberg by some friends and one hundred horsemen; but he took only eight horsemen into Worms. When he stepped out of the carriage he said in the presence of a great concourse of people: "God will be on my side."

The Lord had called us to preach the Gospel unto them. (Acts 16: 10.) Paul was never in doubt about his commission and never hesitated in going to fulfil it. The other apostles were for a long time doubtful about it being right to preach to the Gentiles, and to the last did not give the work their cordial sympathy. The same disposition survived till modern times. When in 1787 William Carey in a public meeting of ministers proposed as a subject for discussion, "The duty of Christians to attempt the spread of the Gospel among heathen nations," an old minister named Ryland reproved him sharply. "Young man," he said, sternly, "sit down! When God pleases to convert the heathen, he will do it without your help or mine." But five years afterward, mainly through the efforts of young Carey, the Baptist Missionary Society was formed, and thirty years later it was reported that twelve hundred heathen had been gathered into mission churches and the Bible had been translated into twenty languages. One of the first men to publicly express his thankfulness was Dr. Ryland, a son of the venerable minister whose voice had been so emphatically raised against the project.

As he reasoned . . . Felix trembled. (Acts 24: 25.) A better testimony to the power and faithfulness of Paul's eloquence could not be found than in the fact that such a man as Felix trembled under it. Preaching, to be effective must be personal and applicable to the audience, as Paul's speech was before the Roman governor. The story is told of a famous open-air preacher named William Dawson who was noted for his faithfulness in dealing with the sins common among the people who formed his audiences. On one occasion he was interrupted in the course of a sermon by the keeper of the village dry-goods store who rose to his feet flourishing what looked like a cane in his hand. He held it well up in sight of all the people and then broke it in pieces. "Now, Sir," he shouted, "you can go on." His conduct was explained afterward. It was his yard-measure that he broke. He was in the habit of using it as a walking-stick, knowing that it wore shorter by use. He had continued to use it as a yard-measure although it was then more than an inch less than the required thirty-six inches. Under Dawson's preaching he had been so moved as to resolve never to use it again and broke it on the spot.

Some on boards and some on broken pieces of the ship. (Acts 27: 44.) Such a scene of wreck as Paul was in occured near the Cape of Good Hope some years ago. It was on a desolate part of the coast where no help was likely to come. But a farm laborer named Altemade, a native of Holland happened to be there on his journey from one town to another. He was on horseback and was hurrying along through the storm as fast as his steed could carry him, when he heard cries and saw the men struggling in the water. The greater part of the crew had perished, but on every plank and spar in the surf were some men holding on for dear life. Altemade pulled in his horse, looked at them for a moment and then boldly plunged into the roaring breakers. Two men seized him; bidding them hold fast, he turned his horse's head and carried them ashore. Fourteen men were thus drawn out. Weary and almost exhausted and his horse weak, he went in for the eighth time. Again he reached two men and was returning when an enormous wave struck the horse and overturned it. Altemade's feet were entangled in the stirrup leathers and he was unable to extricate himself. He and his horse and the men he was trying to save were swept out to sea and drowned. He had sacrificed himself in the effort to save others.

With a soldier who kept him. (Acts 28: 16.) According to the Roman custom Paul would be chained to this soldier, yet Paul in these circumstances taught all who came to him and wrote his epistles. The prison has been more than once in modern times a scene of joy through the power of Christ. When Samuel Rutherford of Aberdeen was imprisoned for preaching the Gospel, he wrote to a friend: "The Lord is with me; I care not what man can do. I burden no man and I want for nothing. My chains are gilded with gold. This in haste from my palace in Aberdeen."

THE GOSPEL PIONEER OF JAPAN.

How Joseph Neesima the Japanese Aristocrat Came to America and was Converted and went back to Japan to Found a Christian College.

WE are indebted to Dr. H. Loomis, the famous missionary of Yokohama, Japan, for the following history of one of Japan's most eminent sons, who has done his native land a more valuable service than she yet understands. Leaving the country by stealth at the risk of his life he came to America, and through the kindness of a Boston merchant received an excellent education, became converted to Christ and went back to Japan to inaugurate a religious, moral, and social reformation. He was the founder of the celebrated university which under the name of the Doshisha is training Japan's noblest young men in the principles of Christ:

Joseph Hardy Neesima was born in the city of Tokio in Feb., 1843. He belonged to a Samurai, or soldier family, aud was given the early training which thousands of his class receive. As was the ordinary custom of the people he was instructed for several years in the Chinese characters and literature,in the art of fencing, horseback riding and other military exercises; and when quite young aspired to be a brave soldier, or man of honor, like those of whom he had often read in the traditions of his country.

That he might be successful in the use of arms he frequently went to the temple of the god of war, prayed sincerely that he might receive strength,and engaged in what he afterwards came to regard as very foolish worship.

He was taught like others the heathen systems of worship; and rose up early in the morning and went to the temple more than three miles distant; and,having worshipped,returned to his breakfast. This was done in order that he might not only obtain some blessing from the god, but also that he might receive the praise of his friends and neighbors.

But this worship of mere idols did not satisfy the deep and secret longing of his heart. As the Christian religion was then strictly prohibited he had never heard of the Gospel, but a shadowy conviction of His presence who is not far away from every one of us had dawned upon him and awakened strange aspirations after something better than he had yet experienced.

While in this state of mind a friend lent him a number of Chinese books to read. One of them was a historical geography of the United States, written by Rev. Dr. Bridgman. But what excited his interest and curiosity most were a few Christian books published at Shanghai. From these he first learned that there was one only and true God who had created all things. He also discovered that his other name was the "Heavenly Father," and this inspired still more reverence towards him because he thought he was more to him than a mere Creator of the world.

These books made such a profound impression upon his mind that he wished at once to visit America, to study its people, and know the God who is there revealed and worshipped. In his own words, he says: "Having recognized God as my Heavenly Father, I felt that I was no longer inseparably bound to my parents. A cord which had held me strongly to my home was broken asunder. At that moment I felt that I must take my own course. I must serve my Heavenly Father more than my earthly parents. This new idea gave me courage to become a Christian, to forsake my Prince, and also to leave my country and my home."

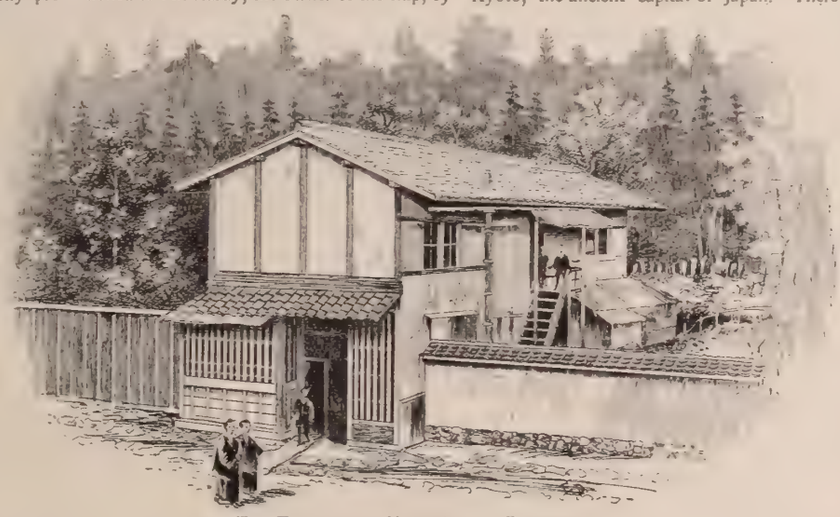
As the penalty for leaving his country, as well as becoming a Christian, was death, he did not dare to make his full purpose known. In the study of foreign books, also, his friends gave him no encouragement. His daimio cautioned him against the influence of foreign learning; to use his own language: "Perhaps it will mistake yourself." But of this he had no fear. And so earnest and persevering was he in the search after truth that the abridgment of the Bible was carefully read at night, lest (as he says) "the savage country's law would bring to death of the cross his whole family."

His purpose grew strong within him; and while walking the streets of Yedo, one morning, and wondering what to do, he met, quite unexpectedly, a friend, who informed him that a schooner would leave for Hakodate in three days; and it was suggested that he should take the voyage. Having got permission from his prince, he left his home not to return until his purpose had been accomplished.

After reaching Hakodate he obtained employment as teacher of Japanese to the now well-known Bishop Nicolai of the Greek church; and while thus engaged, looked about for some means of escape. At length a friend in charge of a foreign store secured a passage for him to Shanghai, on an American schooner. But when the time drew near for his departure, he momentarily hesitated to accept the offer, because of the grief, and perhaps the danger, that his going would bring to his parents. "But," he says, "I said, within myself, if I fail in my attempt altogether, it may be no least loss for my country; but if I am permitted to come home after my long exile to yet unknown lands, I may render some service to my dear country."

Taken on board of the ship in the disguise of a shop boy, and in the dead of night, he was locked up in a room and kept concealed until the vessel had been far of the harbor. Had he been found there he would have been put to death as it was then a capital offense for a Japanese to leave the country. As he had no money to pay his passage it was agreed that he should work for it. Upon reaching Shanghai the captain took an interest in his behalf and secured him a passage to America on board of tne ship *Wild Rover*, which belonged to the Hon. Alphæus Hardy, of Boston. Before leaving China he heard that Bibles were for sale there, and, unwilling to beg from his new friends, he sold his sword and bought a Chinese copy of the Scriptures; and this was his constant companion during the eight months voyage. The captain was extremely kind to him, and before reaching Boston he had learned the principles of navigation.

The case of the young wanderer was mentioned to Mr. Hardy, the owner of the ship, by the compassionate captain and Mr. Hardy thought at first that Neesima might become the house servant for whom he happened then to be seeking. But after receiving him into his home, a few days was sufficient to show that Neesima was no ordinary youth. Then Mr. and Mrs. Hardy took him into their family as a trust from God; and for ten yearsin the best schools of America he was carefully and conscientiously instructed; and this poor friendless Japanese boy, who stole out of his native land in darkness and secrecy was given a Christian home and the best advantages that money could procure.



THE THEOLOGICAL HALL OF THE DOSHISHA.

He was first sent to Phillips Academy, then to Amherst College, and afterwards to Andover Theological Seminary. One of his college mates says of him: "His English was broken then, and his vocabulary small, but his heart was big and full of love. Through every word and act, transparent showed the man,winning the respect of all. He was bright, keen, and full of fun. No one ever saw anything mean in him there was nothing dishonorable in his make up. He was modest, patient, brave, and the highest reach of his ambition was to lose himself in the consecration of his life and thought to his Master."

During the course of his studies the Japanese Embassy arrived in the United States, and needing an interpreter and translator invited Neesima to accompany the Embassy as an attache of the Commissioner of Education. His pardon for leaving his country was obtained; and in this official capacity he traveled through the United States, Canada, and Europe, examining the schools and educational systems of different lands. In this way he gained much valuable knowledge for his future work; and was greatly strengthened in his purpose to devote his life to the Christian education of his countrymen.

His integrity and great abilities so impressed the Embassy as to secure for him the warm friendship and esteem of many who have since become the most influential statesmen in Japan, and who have more than once shown their appreciation of him and his work. Having completed his studies, he was ordained in Boston in September, 1874. At the meeting of the American Board that year, in Rutland, Vt., he was put down for a five minute address. But abandoning the set speech which he had prepared he made a most touching plea for money to found a Christian school in Japan. This appeal secured in a short time a pledge of $5,000. With this sum of money he returned to his native land to found an institution in which the Christian principles of faith in God, love of truth, and benevolence towards one's fellow men should train up not only men of science, but men of conscientiousness and sincerity.

To his inexpressible joy he found that during his absence from his country all had changed. The old edicts against Christianity were no longer in force, converts were multiplying in various places, and a desire for Western science and improvement was spreading all over the land. He began at once to tell his people what he had seen and heard; and also spoke with great power and earnestness to the crowds who came to hear him of that God who so loved the word that he gave his only Son to die for sinners. At Annaka,where his parents lived, the largest temple was opened for his use, and even that was too small to hold the eager throng who gathered to see and hear him.

The chosen field for his future work was Kyoto, the ancient capital of Japan. There he first opened a Christian school, which was called the Doshisha, (School of one Purpose),with six pupils. By the aid of his friends in the government he was able to secure a most valuable location adjoining the old palace grounds and as circumstances have permitted the work has steadily grown in numbers and influence. For some time there was violent opposition on the part of priests and officials on account of its Christian character; but through the influence of a counsellor to the Kyoto Governor and some of the highest officials that opposition gradually diminished and the school became steadily popular. The number of students not only increased, but their character was such as to call forth the highest praise from the governor of the City.

Mr. Neesima taught a daily class in philosophy, but his chief work was in the theological department. As a resident of the school his duties were particularly onerous and difficult. But he acted with great wisdom and skill; and a distinguished cabinet officer pointed to that institution as one reason why he favored the spread of Christianity in Japan. Through his influence the foreign and native teachers were able to work together in harmony, and the students revered and honored him as a father or elder brother.

In speaking of his work Dr. Learned says: "Utterly renouncing all desire for worldly power and honor, seeking only the good of the school he toiled and suffered. The prevasive influence of his faith and unselfishness has been no small part of the educational work of the school."

So great was the change in opinion that the leading citizens of Kyoto, including the highest officials, pledged their support to a university of which he should be the guiding spirit; and his assistance was sought for in the establishment, or conduct of schools in all parts of the Empire.

THE LATE JOSEPH H. NEESIMA, LL.D.

But devoted as he was to educational matters, he always kept foremost the great work of evangelizing the country. This was the immediate object of all his work; and wherever he went he was ever ready to preach, and his services and addresses were both popular and effective. Of this department of his labor he writes with deepest interest "O if we had workers enough what will be the Lord's harvest?"

Impaired health at length obliged him to seek both rest and a change of climate. In 1884 he wrote "it is a great trial to leave Japan. But I can leave our school in our Father's hands, and come out with great joy and peace." On his way to America he wrote "Herewith I send you my special request that you will pray for the speedy conversion of Japan's enlargement intensely. My heart burns for her, and I cannot check it."

In 1885 he returned to Japan and effected a plan for the enlargement of the school into a university. So great was the confidence of the people in his ability and success that nearly $60,000 ($47,000) was devoted for this purpose by the leading statesmen and business men of Japan.

In October, 1889, he went to Tokyo to interest prominent men of the capital in a further endowment of the university. While there he took a severe cold,and was soon after completely prostrated. As his critical condition became known special meetings for prayer were held in many places; and great was the anxiety felt in his behalf. When told that he could not recover, he talked for hours about the Doshisha, and the best methods for the evangelization of Japan. He then indicated a well devised plan for the future enlargement of the missionary work. Loving messages were sent to his friends in America, to the trustees, teachers, students, and contributors to the college; and especially to the Japanese Missionary Society. As the end drew near he raised his hand saying "sufficient," and with the words, "Peace, Joy, Heaven," on his lips entered into rest.

It has been truly said "Neesima's love knew no limits; and the university which he founded is not the only monument, and does not represent the sum of his activity. For beyond all the energy and self-sacrifice involved in its foundation, are these personal and indirect influences upon men and society which cannot be estimated, and which widen from year to year."

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T. de Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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THESE TRYING TIMES.

MAY the Lord God of nations help our Congress in their especial session. Our faith is in God and not in politicians. It is most evident that our national affairs are under divine management. Through what crises this nation has passed! Crisis of foreign war, crisis of nullification, crisis of civil war, crisis of financial panic, crisis of repudiation, crisis of electoral commission, crisis of assassination, crisis of presidential disability, and yet all is well. We have had wise statesmanship in cabinet council, and heroic deeds on battlefield; but this successful navigation of the American Government is of the Lord, and to him be the praise. Among other nations there have been no such frequent and mighty deliverances. I think I see that God intends us for still greater prosperity; but do not let us defeat his design of mercy by our own wickedness. National wealth, unsanctified, is voluptuous waste, is riot, is debauchery, is magnificent woe, is splendid rottenness, is gilded death. Woe to us for the wine-vats, if drunkenness wallows in them. Woe for the harvests, if greed sickles them. Woe for the merchandise, if avarice swallows it. Woe for the cities, if misrule walks them. Woe to the land, if God-defying crime debauches it. Our only safety is more Bibles, more pulpits, more free schools, more Christian printing-presses, more earnest men, more Sabbath-schools, more light. Nations, like individuals, are sometimes born again. By the same divine power that regenerates the soul, a state or an empire may come to conviction, to repentance, to conversion, to adoption, to sanctification.

NEWSPAPER INFLUENCE.

SAD things for friends who tarry, but fortunate for the world, that men do not live, as once, to two, or four or eight centuries. There are men in this country to-day, who, if they could live two hundred years, would put the United States in their vest-pocket. Fortunately for the world that the energies of most men are folded up before they become octogenarians. The psalmist's words may convey sadness for the individual, but they mean prosperity for the world: "The days of our years are three score and ten; and if by reason of strength they be four score years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow: for it is soon cut off, and we fly away." I imagine that the divine limit to human longevity is wisely put. Men are born at the right time, and they die at the right time. But while men die their works live on. It is especially so with those who work in the fabric of the immortal intellect. Editors make wars or stop them, advance civilizations or retard them. What for the last half-century was the influence of any other seven men in this country compared with that of Mordecai Noah, James Watson Webb, James Gordon Bennett, Horace Greeley, Henry J. Raymond, Erastus Brooks and Thurlow Weed? Like it or dislike it as you may, I simply state the potential and tremendous fact. The mightiest men of all departments have recognized the newspaper press as the most important agency for influencing the public mind. Andrew Jackson, who had no literary faculty, would lie on the lounge in the White House and smoke, while Amos Kendall, the cultured, would sit by his side and write editorials for the Washington *Globe*, expressive of the President's sentiments, the editorials printed or torn up according as they pleased or displeased the Chief Magistrate. So all great political, and social, and literary, and moral enterprises, if successful, have laid hold of the wheel of the printing-press. That wheel is either the front wheel of the car of Progress, or the front wheel of an awful Juggernaut. A comparatively few people read books. Why? Because the newspaper has for the great masses taken the place of the book. Look over the street-cars and ferryboats and the great railroad trains, and where you find one man with a book, you find thirty with a newspaper. Take one of the great dailies, and during the year it publishes medical information to more people than all the medical journals of America; legal information to more people than all the legal journals of the land; religious information to more people than all the tract societies of the country; agricultural information to more people than all the farming journals put together. So far from deploring this fact, it is a matter of congratulation. The newspaper is the universal channel of intelligence for the people. Portable and easily carried in hand or pocket, it is read on the way to business, or on the way home. That is about all the time our business and working-people have for reading. After a man has been all day bothered with dry goods, or stocks, or hardware, or bargain-making, you might pile around him a barricade of metaphysical treatises by Sir William Hamilton, and he would not read one of them. The newspaper has overcome the book. Our business is to pray to God for the elevation of the important agency I speak of, and to employ it in the distribution of the truth. The more good newspapers the less chance for bad ones. Let us fight bad pictures with good pictures, bad sentiments with good sentiments, fraud with honesty, lies with the truth.

POST-OFFICES.

WE notice that there are many changes of postmasters. The right administration of their office has so much to do with the public welfare, that no good citizen can be indifferent. What vast changes since, in the fifteenth century, the butchers and drovers were the carriers of letters from place to place, and the reception of perhaps half a dozen letters was more than the average of a lifetime, until now, on cheap paper, with cheap pen and cheap ink, we may put all we have to say in an envelope, and with a two-cent stamp on the outside, and the name and residence of our friend or correspondent on the back of the envelope, we may commit it for lightning travel to its place of destination! Let this blessing be rightly appreciated by all the people, and all attempts to injure the postal system by blackmailing, the transmission of the dishonest and unclean, come to exposure and imprisonment. What a day we live in! Through what quick and confidential modes the world is brought together in sympathy! May all these agencies, postal, telephonic and telegraphic, be consecrated to God and the world's betterment, and all we say, and all we write, and all we do, be productive of usefulness! But nothing will ever take the place of the letter. It has a privacy that never belonged to the telegram; it has a voice which never dies. Some of us have such letters stuck away among our valuables, and though the hand that wrote them long ago has turned to dust, the written words are to-day as warm with sentiment and love as the hour they were posted. A letter of Christian advice, a letter of kind admonition, a letter of condolence, is potent beyond the spoken word, and will live after the hand that wrote it has forgotten its cunning. Claudius wrote a letter to Felix; David wrote a letter to Joab; Mordecai sent letters to the Jews; Paul carried letters to Damascus; but all these have less meaning for you than the last letter written you by your departed father, or mother, or brother, or sister or child. May we all have the grace of Christian correspondence! May our lives, instead of being misdirected letters in the dead-letter post-office, be living epistles read and known of all men!

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Reader, Parallel, Kans. Who were the Nicolaitans mentioned in Rev. 2: 15?

It cannot now be answered with absolute certainty. Even the Fathers who wrote in the early centuries do not agree on the subject. The opinion which has the largest number of adherents is that they were a sect who disregarded on principle the injunction of the Apostles (Acts 15: 20) and while professing to be Christians joined in idolatrous orgies and led licentious lives.

Jas. Brewer, Harrisburg, Pa. What is the origin of the name Mephistopheles, as applied to Satan?

Some philologists assert that it is of Semitic origin, composed of two words, meaning "destroyer" and "liar." Others declare it has a Latin origin in the word "mephitis," signifying a noxious or sulphurous odor. Still others give it a Greek origin from three derivatives signifying "not light-loving." It was first used in English literature a little over 300 years ago.

Ira E. Hilton, Micosta, Mich., and Simon A. Campbell, Kinross, P. E. I. What is meant by Christ preaching to the spirits in prison (1. Pet. 3: 19)?

The passage is mysterious but the prevalent opinion among scholars is that the Apostle was asserting that the Antediluvians of whom he was speaking had not gone to their doom unwarned. That Christ by his Spirit had preached to them in their lifetime, but they had not heeded. As a preacher might say of a member of his congregation who had been sent to the Penitentiary, "I have preached to that man in the penitentiary," although the man was in the church when he preached to him.

George H. Clarke, Eleuthera, Bahamas. 1. Was the Prodigal Son a son of his father before, during and after his wandering? 2. Where did the spirit of Lot's wife go when she was turned into a pillar of salt?

1. As to the actual fact, of course, you are in no doubt. We presume your question refers to the analogical inference. Christ, in relating the parable was showing the readiness of God to forgive and welcome repentant sinners. That was the main purpose of the parable and you must not expect that all the accessories to the story have a spiritual meaning. Nevertheless, we are in a sense the offspring of God even when we are in sin; but only those who are brought by conversion into reconciliation with him enter into that new and closer relation which is described as sons of God. 2. It went where it would have gone if she had died any other kind of death. Her looking back to the city proved that her heart was there and that, unlike her husband, she had been happy there. It was the look of regret. Lot's soul having been vexed there from day to day (see II. Peter 2: 8), he did not look back with any regret at having to leave it.

P. T. Glass, Kenville, Tex. 1. At what time did the original Greek language cease to be spoken in its purity? 2. What is the language now spoken in Greece? 3. What nations have participated in the preparation and use of the International Sunday School lessons?

1. The first writer to discard the ancient or Attic form for a more modern dialect was Theodorus Ptochoprodromus, who lived in 1143-1180. His language is essentially modern Greek. The change, however, was a gradual one, going on for probably a century or two before it was acknowledged by the scholars. 2. The modern Greek, known as such all over the world. It is called "Romeka" by the natives of Rhodes, Cyprus, Smyrna and elsewhere. 3. Practically all the European nations and America as well; every nation where Christianity is taught and practised.

M. McC., Weimar, Tex. Where does the Presbyterian Church find its authority for baptizing infants and if that is the true baptism why were the converts mentioned in the New Testament not baptized until after they had repented and accepted Christ?

The Presbyterian Church regards baptism as an act of dedication. The parents of the child dedicate it to Christ by the rite he instituted. The fact that the baptism of the household is mentioned (as in Acts 16:15), when the head of the household was converted, is regarded as a sanction for the baptism of children. The reason why the baptism of adult believers is mentioned in the New Testament is that they were converts from another faith. The Presbyterian missionary in a heathen land would baptize an adult convert because he had not been baptized before and he would baptize his children in token of the family being henceforth a Christian family.

Miss Etta M. Blanch, Birchton, N. Y., writes: "There are several things which have been mentioned in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD within the last few weeks to which I must contribute as soon as I can. I have for several years past, given systematically a certain proportion of my income to the Lord's cause, and I will henceforth answer to every call for aid that is made in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD; though I cannot, as some, give my dollars, yet, I will give my cents; if I cannot give ten cents I will give five cents, if I cannot give five cents I will give three cents, and I think that if every reader would do as much as this, enough money would come in quickly to carry on all these charities."

C. C. McBride, Port Oxford, Oregon, writes: "In the July 26th number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, T. S. Blough of Exeter, Neb., requests some reader to furnish or tell where he can get the words of the song: 'There's a question that comes to us all.' I have a small book called *Highway Hymns and Songs*, which has the words. It is published at the *Highway* office, Nevada, Iowa."

There's a question that comes to us all,
And it comes many times in a day;
Oh, it comes as a kind angel's call,
That says, Count the cost, will it pay?
Will it pay in the conflict with sin,
Thus to barter this soul's life away?
Though the pleasures of time you may win,
After all do you think it will pay?

CHORUS:
Will it pay? Will it pay?
Thus to trifle this brief life away;
When the day of eternity's near
Oh, then, do you think it will pay?

J. M. H. Chase, Kan., writes: "T. S. Blough, Exeter, Neb., will find the song that he asks about in a volume entitled: *Songs for Worship*."

J. F. C., Crystal City, Mo. 1. Can a seeker after sanctification gain what he seeks if he smokes and occasionally drinks whiskey as a beverage? 2. What is the meaning of the words in the Lord's Prayer, "Lead us not into temptation?" 3. Why did Moses appoint cities of Refuge? Did he sanction the avenger of blood slaying a man who had killed another by accident?

1. We cannot understand how a man can be in earnest in seeking sanctification who indulges in those habits, and certainly no one can obtain the blessing without earnest seeking. If he really desires sanctification and earnestly prays for it strength, will be given him to abandon the habits. 2. The original words would be more correctly rendered, "Abandon us not in temptation." 3. In the condition of society at that time a relative of the deceased was regarded as justly entitled to kill the slayer if he could. The establishment of cities of Refuge was a step toward a better administration of the law. Civilization had to advance by degrees.

Miss L. A. H., Chicago. The expense of supporting THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School missionary in the Southwest is defrayed by voluntary contributions. Any help your Committee may render will be duly acknowledged. Each contributes according to his or her means and interest in the work.——W. Gray Houston, Manhattan, Kan. Write to J. E. Jewett, bookseller, Bible House.——E. B. Schenck, Cerulean, Ky. Write to the General Land Office, Washington, for accurate information.——A. M. Blash, Cortland, N. Y. We have so many similar requests that we cannot undertake to do so.——C. W. S., Brooklyn. You should write, regretting your inability to be present, and conveying at the same time your sincere congratulations and wishes for their happiness.——Wm. F. Lee, Anacostia, D.C. There is no means of deciding this question and those who pretend to do so affirmatively are to be regarded with suspicion.——"A Voice," Philad., Send us your plan in detail, with your name and address.——Mrs. S. H. Holland, Weissner, N. C. We do not know of any market for it.——I. L. Buckwalter. We know nothing of either and hence cannot advise, save to give a general caution to our readers to investigate before giving support to such enterprises.——Marie Strickler, Dayton, O. Send any back numbers you have on hand to J. B. Osborn, Jarrett, Kanawha, Co., W. Va.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE CORINTH CANAL.

AN engineering feat which was projected more than two thousand years ago has just been completed. It is the piercing of the Corinthian Isthmus which united Morea, the ancient Peloponnesus, to Greece. The distance across the isthmus from the Gulf of Lepanto to the Gulf of Ægina is but little more than three miles, but it barred the passage of ships proceeding from the Adriatic to Constantinople and the Black Sea, involving a voyage of two hundred and fifty miles around the peninsula. The work has been done by M. Matsas, a Greek engineer, and has occupied eleven years. The canal is 72 feet wide and 27 feet deep. In one part of the passage, which is shown in the illustration, the cutting is through sandstone rocks 250 feet above the sea level. It is this section that involved the heaviest labor and expense. The canal will now be used chiefly by trading vessels from Brindisi to Smyrna. It has not the world-wide importance it would have had centuries ago, when the Mediterranean was the central sea of the known world and its waters were traversed by the world's greatest navies and commercial fleets. The project of cutting the isthmus was mooted by Periander 628 years before our era. Julius Cæsar, Caligula and Nero all had the idea under consideration, but the Roman engineers believed that the level of the water on the one side was higher than on the other, and apprehended that a flood would ensue from piercing the isthmus. Subsequently, when work was actually begun, it was abandoned, because the Roman laborers declared they heard groans proceeding from the ground, when they struck it with their picks. Thus superstition and ignorance prevented the barrier being removed, as they have prevented the removal of many other barriers to the world's progress. They are to-day the chief obstacles to the progress of Christ's kingdom and they will never entirely disappear until He comes in whose presence every valley shall be exalted and every mountain and hill laid low. (Luke 3: 5.)

A Section of the New Canal Across the Isthmus of Corinth.

Frozen in Torrid Weather.

A New York physician reports that one of the most critical cases on his hands is that of a man who was badly frozen during the severe heat of the latter days of August. The man is a butcher, of rather obese build, who suffers much in hot weather. On Aug. 28, when the thermometer was registering among the nineties, the butcher was oppressed as usual, and thought he would get some relief by sitting for a few minutes in the refrigerating room. He took a chair in and sat down. He thinks he dozed for a minute or two, and when he awaked he was struck with consternation at finding the door shut. His clerk had noticed the door being open, and not supposing any one was inside, had shut it and gone home. There was no way of opening the door from the inside, and the man shouted himself hoarse without getting assistance. He was bitterly cold, and was alarmed at finding himself becoming sleepy. He knew that if he yielded to slumber he would die, so he paced the room to keep himself awake. The desire to sleep continuing, he tried violent exercise, lifting down all the big joints of meat and restoring them to their hooks. He continued the work till his back ached, but he dare not desist. Just as he was becoming exhausted, his son came from his home to see what was detaining his father, and found him. When he was released he fainted, and has been seriously ill ever since. His physician, therefore, has the novel duty of treating a patient for frostbite in summer. Such a duty sometimes falls to the lot of a minister or Christian worker, and he finds it more difficult to cure him of the effects of the remedy he has taken than it would have been to cure him of the original malady. Such patients are those who, under the misery of conviction of sin, plunge into worldly pleasure and dissipation for relief (Jer. 2:13.)

A Child's Long Journey.

A policeman on duty at the Pennsylvania Railroad Station at Newark, N. J., noticed, one day last week, a little colored girl wandering about the station, she carried a small satchel and, attached to her dress, was a conspicuous tag. The girl referred him to the tag for an answer to his questions of where she was going and where she came from. On one side was written the name of a citizen of Newark and on the other the words, "This little girl wants to go to Newark, and conductor will please get her tickets in Washington and see her on the train to Newark, and oblige agent, Rectortown, Va." The conductor had done as requested and the child was safe in Newark. The police-matron took charge of her until the citizen to whom she was consigned could be found. Perhaps she would have reached her destination as safely without the tag, as she could have answered questions; but the child might have been misunderstood, or not believed, so the agent acted wisely in affixing the tag which stated plainly whither she wanted to go. A similarly useful purpose in the journey of life is served by church membership. Children are often discouraged from joining a church after they have been led to Christ, but it should not be done. Their church connection will be a plain intimation to all who may be associated with them of the place whither they want to go. (Heb. 11: 14-16.)

A Manufacturer's Difficulty.

Technical skill is required for success in all branches of manufacture, but in none more than in the production of the fabric known as "Gloria," which is now extensively used in dress-goods, umbrellas and other articles. It is made of silk and wool of fine texture. As it is usually dyed in the piece, after it has been woven, there is a great difficulty in obtaining a uniform color. The two fibres have different affinities for the various dyes and unless nice discrimination is used in selecting them, different shades result from the application of the same dye. The fabric then has a streaked or spotted appearance, the silk fibre being of one shade and the wool of another. When a shot effect is desired, the divergence helps to produce the effect, but in that case there is a difference in the mode of weaving the gloria. For a solid color, it is necessary that the fibres should be selected by someone who knows exactly the affinity each has to the dye that will be used. It is a curious fact that the Jews were forbidden by law to wear garments made of such materials. There was no prohibition against any material; they might wear linen or wool, but they must not mix them in the same garment. The prohibition is not binding under the new dispensation, which deals with the heart and life rather than with garments and outward signs; but the prohibition applies there with greater force, though it is often disregarded. The life and character of the Christian are frequently blotched by inconsistencies, showing that part of his nature is still worldly, though the Holy Spirit waits to make it all divine. (Jude 24.)

Interesting Junk.

A press dispatch from Chicago states that the World's Fair Commissioners will soon be ready to receive bids for the purchase and removal of the beautiful buildings of "the White City." It is expected that the only persons likely to make offers will be dealers in junk. The white plaster cannot be put to any other use, so that the only material which can be turned to available account will be the timber and the iron and steel arches. This fact must involve an enormous depreciation of value, and it is thought that only a very small sum will be realized from the sale. The dispatch states that the buildings which cost the most money to erect will be those for which the lowest prices will be obtained. The Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building, which cost more than a million and a half dollars to build will, it is expected, realize nothing at all, as it will cost almost as much to tear it down as the material is worth. It is believed that any man may have it for nothing who will undertake to clear it away. It is difficult to realize that edifices so beautiful and so costly are so worthless. Yet there is no mystery about the fact. Being intended for only a temporary purpose they were not built of substantial materials. It is so with all human work. The man who builds for time, seeking only the praise and admiration of his fellows, will find in the day of final test that popularity is of no account, and if he has done no permanent good his work will perish like stubble in the fire (1 Cor. 3:12, 13.)

Repenting a Foolish Bargain.

Justice Van Brunt of the Supreme Court of New York granted an injunction last week restraining a lady in the city from taking action on a deed in her possession. It appears from the defendant's story that about two years ago she made the acquaintance in a boarding-house of a lady from Ohio, who had come to New York to seek employment. She had been unsuccessful, and was urgently in need of money. She said that she had four brothers and sisters, and when her father died his estate would be divided among them, in equal shares, so that eventually she would be well off, but for the present she was in straits. After several conversations of the same kind, in which various plans for raising money were discussed, a bargain was struck between the two ladies. The Ohio lady was to convey to the New York lady her interest in her father's estate whatever it might be worth and whenever it might accrue, for fifty dollars in money and a diamond ring worth two hundred dollars. The consideration was duly paid and the Ohio lady signed the deed of conveyance. The lawyer who drew it up says that he fully explained the effect of the deed to her and she appeared to understand him. Now, however, that her father is dead and his property is divided, she finds her share is six thousand dollars. She naturally regrets her bargain and has applied to the Court to have the deed of conveyance set aside. Regret infinitely more poignant will be felt at the last by all who have preferred present gratification to the eternal inheritance. Every man makes a foolish bargain who barters his hope of heaven for wealth or pleasure. (Matt. 16: 26.)

BRIEF NOTES.

To any one of our readers who will send us the names and full addresses of twenty-five church officers, church members, or Sunday School workers, we will send a beautiful section of Olive-Wood cut from the Mount of Olives, polished by native workmen in Jerusalem and bearing on its face in English and Hebrew characters the name of the Holy City.

The house in the north end of Boston which Lyman Beecher occupied as a parsonage is now occupied by the students of Boston University as a social settlement.

The Protestant Episcopal Convention has elected to the Bishopric of Vermont, Rev. Arthur C. A. Hall, D.D., who for seventeen years was rector of the Mission Church of St. John the Evangelist in Boston, Mass.

U. S. Consul Merrill, writing from Jerusalem says that there are now from 25,000 to 30,000 Jews in Jerusalem and about 43,000 in all Palestine. Owing to help received from Jewish and Christian sources the condition of the Jewish settlers has of late greatly improved.

The Evangelical Alliance for the United States has arranged for an International Christian Conference to be held in the Memorial Art Palace of the World's Fair, from Oct. 8 to 15. The object is to be an exposition of the results and present status of mental, moral and spiritual achievement throughout the world.

A new building for the use of the Annual Conferences is to be erected at Northfield, Mass., at a cost of fifty thousand dollars. Mr. Moody mentioned the need of such a building to a small gathering at the close of one of the Conference meetings, and the idea was at once taken up, and in half an hour thirty-five thousand dollars of the sum required was contributed.

Rev. B. Fay Mills is conducting Evangelistic services at Aurora, Ill. All the evangelical churches in the city have joined in the movement and are assisting in the work.

Secretary of State Gresham, has received from the Turkish Government assurance that the miscreants who assaulted Miss Melton, the American Missionary shall receive exemplary punishment and that in future the Ameriean Missionaries shall be protected and a military guard be furnished to the Mission when required.

Dr. Hayes, the Surgeon-general of the Siamese army is an American citizen. He went to Siam several years ago as a medical missionary under the auspices of the Presbyterian Board. He is a native of Baltimore, Md.

The Round Lake Camp Meeting just closed has been the most successful in many years. More than a hundred ministers were present and took part in the exercises. Bishop Newman was one of the chief speakers. Evangelist Keen's preaching was much blessed.

Lane Theological Seminary at Cincinnati, O., desires that it may be made known that, in spite of the rumors to the contrary, financial aid will be afforded as liberally as in former years to young men who desire to study for the ministry of the Presbyterian Church.

Mr. Joel W. Abraham, the young Nestorian whose portrait appeared in this journal on August 2, was baptized on Sept. 1 by Dr. R. S. MacArthur on uniting with the Calvary Baptist Church. In his confession of faith he attributed his desire to unite with the church to God's blessing on the reading of The Christian Herald.

Ex-Minister Robert T. Lincoln has authorized an emphatic and unqualified contradiction being given to the extensively circulated report that his father, "The Martyr President" was a spiritualist. He says that there was not a shadow of foundation for such an assertion.

Mr. Charles Cook the famous prison philanthropist who has personally visited the prisons of Russia, Spain and many other lands and whom the late Pastor Spurgeon described as "the modern John Howard," arrived in New York last week. He purposes visiting our chief cities and will deliver lectures illustrated with pictures and costumes. All our readers who have an opportunity of hearing him will do well to avail themselves of it.

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

A GLORIOUS METAMORPHOSIS.

Sermon Preached last Sunday, Sept. 10, 1893, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D.

Text: II. Cor. 3: 18, *"But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."*

THE apostle Paul's masterful ministry as an apostle of Christianity was due in the second degree to the thoroughness of his discipleship in Judaism. The noble apostle always meant to be loyal to the Messiah. His opposition to Jesus of Nazareth was due to the fact that he did not know him to be the Christ of God. When on the Damascus highway he was stricken down, light regarding the character of Christ illumined his soul. He then realized that the Nazarene was the Messiah, and he cried out, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" He then understood the true relation between Judaism and Christianity; he then saw that Judaism was the root and the trunk of the tree of which Christianity is the flower and the fruit; he then saw that Judaism was the gray dawn of the morning and that Christianity is the full splendor of the noonday sun. Ever after, he loved to compare the two dispensations that he might see the superior glory of Christianity.

Reflected Glory.

In the connection in which the text stands we are carried back to the time when Israel was gathered on the plain at the foot of Mount Sinai. Moses had gone to hold converse with God. The days slowly pass. Moses now returns, and the lingering traces of the glory of the Lord are still seen in his shining face. His appearance inspired terror rather than joy; and Moses vailed his face for the sake of the people. The apostle Paul finds deep significance in this act on the part of Moses. The vailing was not merely because of the dazzling splendor which made it difficult to behold him. The apostle sees that the vailed face was symbolic of important spiritual truths; he sees in that act a picture of the old dispensation. It was only a partial revelation; it expressed itself through a vail, revealed itself in typical rites and in obscure prophecies. But Christianity comes to us with the light on its face and with the vail entirely removed. Doubtless there was divine wisdom in the partial concealment of spiritual truths in the old dispensation. The ultimate design of these Mosaic institutions the people could not in the early day fully understand. For a time the brightness was mercifully concealed; the fulness of time had not yet come. God as a wise teacher taught the people as they were able to understand. They were slow pupils. The end shadowed forth by these types was Jesus Christ. Over the glory of Christ the vail had for a time to be thrown as over the face of Moses.

The apostle sees that to the Jews, Christ's glory is still prefigured, is still vailed. Their self-imposed unbelief

Vailed their Hearts.

Christ's life and character they would see to be the reconciliation of all apparently contradictory prophecies, did they but take the vail from their faces. Their minds were obscured by prejudice and unbelief.

If with unclouded face they could look upon Christ they would see him as a mighty prince, a glorious conqueror, and a peerless king, but yet as the child of the manger, the man of sorrows, and the offering on the Cross; they would see that he fulfilled even the apparently contradictory prophecies of the Old Testament. All these prophecies become sublime and divine harmonies in Jesus of Nazareth. When the heart turns to him the vail is taken [illegible] whole line of Old Testament history. The cross is the key to God's thought in prophecy [illegible] eternity. The apostle shows us here that the spirit of the Lord is the spirit of love, liberty, [illegible] ing, it dispels the mists of doubt, difficulty, [illegible] thought and feeling clear and crisp as a winter morning. Judaism and Christianity are then seen to be parts of one whole. Judaism disappears in the brighter light of Christianity, as the stars of the morning are obscured by the splendor of the risen sun.

We see here, in the first place, who are the subjects of this glorious metamorphosis; they are those who with open face behold in a glass the glory of the Lord. It is the duty and privilege of all Christians to behold that glory. Christians

Can now Look on the Glory

of Christ with unvailed face. That glory shines resplendently in the Gospels. In the life and history of Christ, the beauty of the Lord our God is unvailed. Christ is the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of his person. Walking with Jesus in the Gospel story, he causes our hearts to burn within us, and then he reveals himself to our wondering eyes as he did to the two disciples on the way to Emmaus. There is some difference of opinion regarding the exact meaning of the phrase, "beholding as in a glass." MacKnight, as quoted by Barnes, renders it, "we all reflecting as mirrors the glory of the Lord." Doddridge gives it, "beholding as by a glass;" and Locke, "with open countenances of mirrors, reflecting the glory of the Lord." The Greek word used in this connection is used nowhere else in the New Testament, hence the variety of opinions in rendering it. We know that the mirrors of the ancients were of burnished metal, and they often threw their own splendor on the face of the person who looked upon them. The thought here is that of the Gospel, like burnished metal, receiving and reflecting the glory of the Lord. Christians looking into the Gospel behold as in a mirror the glory of Christ, and this glory which shone upon the face of Paul shines also upon their own faces. There is no vail on this glory, nothing whatever to diminish its brilliancy, or to lessen its beauty as it is reflected in the faces of beholders. The perfections of God thus shine out of the Gospel as mirrors, and are then thrown upon the faces of true believers, transforming them to some degree into the divine image. This is an unspeakably sweet and precious thought; it sets forth the truth that in the face of Christians may be seen

Reflection of the Infinite Glory

of God. In the Lord incarnate the majesty and holiness of God was revealed; in Jesus of Nazareth, God's attributes of mercy, justice and goodness are displayed. He that hath seen the Son hath seen the Father. If we put ourselves before this mirror our own faces shall not be long in darkness. For a time, indeed, Christ may travel with us *incognito* along life's highway; but soon he will make himself known to us, and then our hearts shall burn within us. The light of Christ in the Gospel is bright, but not dazzling; it is warm, but not scorching. The incarnation of Christ enables us to look without blindness and even without weariness upon his person. We could not gaze upon the unclouded glories of the Son of God. He dwelt in light to which no man could approach; in his presence even the angels veiled their faces. His incarnation for a time drew a cloud across the face of the sun; he laid aside a portion of his glory in consenting to become the child of the manger. This temporary concealment of his glory was a part of his voluntary humiliation. His human body was, so to speak, a mirror in which we might gaze upon all of his divine splendor which human eyes may be permitted to see. In the Palazzo Rospigliosi in Rome, amid many remarkable frescoes and other treasures of art, there is in the principal hall a famous ceiling by Guido Reni—Aurora strewing flowers before the chariot of the god of the sun. The coloring is worthy of special notice both because of its brilliancy and harmony. The strongest light is thrown upon the figure of Apollo who appears with hair and body of golden hue. The nymphs nearest to him are of corresponding tint in their yellowish robes, while the dun-colored horses harmonize with the clouds in the background. All critic agree that this is the artist's finest work of its kind. But the neck and eyes of the beholder grow utterly weary in the effort to study this picture on the ceiling. A happy thought suggested itself to those in charge; opposite the entrance they have placed a mirror in which the painting appears in all its details of figure, color and movement. In this mirror, as one sits by it and looks down upon it, the painting may be carefully studied with care and without weariness. Such a mirror was the humanity of Jesus Christ. In marvelous condescension he became a babe honoring the cradle, a boy glorifying manhood, and a man exalting manhood to the divine standard; and now we may gaze with mingled love and admiration upon the linaments of divinity softened as they are seen in

The Mirror of Humanity.

Oh, come into that mellowed light today. Sit with Mary now at the feet of Jesus, and you shall learn of him. Make him the object of your prolonged and loving contemplation; and the glory of the King in his beauty shall assuredly shine in your face.

We now notice, in the second place, the metamorphosis itself. We see clearly from this text the great change which results in the case of those who constantly, trustfully and lovingly gaze on Christ; for we are told that we "are changed into the same image." Just as the reflection from the burnished metal was cast on the face of all who beheld, so the glory of the Lord as first seen in the Gospel is reflected from our faces, if we contemplate that glory as there revealed This is a figure of great beauty and inspiration. If we place ourselves within the light of the Gospel, if we steadily contemplate this glory, we ourselves become changed into the likeness of that glory and become conformed to the character of Christ himself. We know that it is a law of our being that we become assimilated to the persons with whom we constantly associate, whom we daily contemplate, and greatly admire. Insensibly our thoughts, words and acts become like theirs; unconsciously their opinions become ours, their manners ours, and their conversation, even to its tones, becomes ours. Books, pictures, sculptures exercise similar influence upon our lives. This law should make us extremely careful concerning the persons with whom we associate, and the mental and moral atmosphere which we breathe. By living a worldly life we may throw a shadow over

The Brightness of our Piety;

but by living with Christ we gain his image, we have his thoughts, we live over again his life. There may thus be a progressive conformity to the likeness of Christ during our earthly life. This is the wonderful, the glorious, the divine metamorphosis of which the apostle here speaks. As we gaze steadily upon Christ our own characters reproduce his image. Love makes us like those we love. Reverence for Christ transforms our nature into the divine likeness. It is not, however, the occasional look upon Jesus, but the steady gaze of love and trust that by silent sympathy reproduces in us something of his divine beauty.

The thought of metamorphosis is in harmony with the ideas of many heathen poets and philosophers. They imagined a metamorphosis of men into gods, and of gods into men, and of men even into animals. The ancient heathen poets sung in their loftiest strains of such transformations. The story of Daphne, who when wooed and pursued by Apollo, prayed to her mother, the earth, which opened and received her, and she soon again appeared changed into a laurel tree sacred to Apollo and to all poets and heroes, is in harmony with this conception. So is the fable of Juno, the queen of heaven when changed into a bear, and of Diana transforming Actaeon into a stag to be hunted by his own hounds; and many other similar fables are in harmony with the same conception. In heathen temples in China are still seen plaster representations of the transmigration of souls. Such human fancies are

Vague Presentiments

of higher truths. Man's creation itself suggests a recreation or transformation. He stands on creation's pedestal as made in the divine image. The actual facts of daily experience prove the reality of this metamorphosis. Men are by the alchemy of God's grace literally transformed in our day. They are not simply translated from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son, but they are literally transformed in character. Along the whole line of the Christian church we see evidences of the transforming power of God's grace in rescuing great sinners and in making them great saints. All about us are living witnesses of God's transforming power manifested in this way. Miracles, more wonderful than any performed by Christ during his earthly life, are performed by him to-day in the moral lives of men. There are about us now, men whose faces shine like that of Moses, because they are living with Christ and thus gaining his image. There are men and women now who dwell on the mount of transfiguration, and whose faces glow with heavenly splendors. It is said that one grain of iodine will give color to seven thousand times its own weight of water. It is certain that the grace of God received into the heart will give shape, color, power and glory to the lives of all who receive the heavenly gift. Oh, blessed light and heat which come to us from contemplating Christ! It is the heat which melts the cold heart; and it is light which illumines the face with the glory of the Lord.

The text also teaches us, in the last place, that this metamorphosis is progressive—we "are changed into the same image, from glory to glory even as by the spirit of the Lord." We make progress from one degree of glory to another. The more steadily we gaze on the glory of the Lord the more do we reflect its brightness and beauty; the more profoundly we contemplate the truths of our holy religion the more completely do we represent these truths before our fellow men. Christians may live in increasing light and in

Growing Love.

They go "from strength to strength," they advance from one degree of holiness to another; they go from one experience of blessing to a higher until they enjoy the beatific vision of God in his immediate presence. Now they see the king in his beauty in the land that is afar off; but one day they shall be in that land, and shall cast their crowns at the king's feet; one day they shall see Jesus as he is, and be made entirely like him. This metamorphosis is carried forward by the spirit of the Lord. His influence changes the heart and remodels the life. Only as we are led by the spirit of God can we know that we are the children of God. We must submit fully to his leadership and thus shall we partake completely of the character of the sons of God. We must associate on the most intimate terms with Jesus Christ if the reflection of his face is to be seen in ours. We are told that the nearer the moon comes in conjunction with the sun the brighter is her light towards the heavens and the earth. It is certain that the nearer we come to Jesus Christ, the Sun of righteousness, the more shall his light shine upon our faces and the more shall we shine in that light among men. We must not permit the world to come between us and our glorious sun. If the photographer did not take off the curtain from his instrument no image could be produced though one sit long before it. We must live in the presence of Christ with no veil of worldliness between his face and ours if we are to gain his image; then men shall take knowledge of us that we have been with him.

An Inner Change.

The glory we behold when gazing upon Christ sinks into our souls, changes our inner being, and then, as a natural consequence, our outer life. Gazing downward we lose hold of all that is noblest and divinest in human life. We may thus sink deeper and deeper until all the angelic in us becomes Satanic. The title of this sermon is suggested by the Greek word used by the Apostle and translated by us, changed or transformed. Many kinds of metamorphoses are spoken of by scientific and other writers. There is that metamorphosis which results from development, as in zoology. Entomology illustrating the changes in human, animal and insect life. The same is true in botanical life. The term also is employed by Liebig and others as descriptive of various forms of chemical action. The poets have caught the same thought and use this term to express various poetic conceptions of miraculous transmutations of persons, animals or things. Browning in the "Ring and Book" asks,

> Where is the gloriously decisive change,
> The immeasurable metamorphosis
> Of human clay to divine gold?

But the most wonderful, the truly miraculous, the gloriously divine metamorphosis is that by which a sinner becomes a saint, a child of Satan, a child of God, an heir of perdition, a joint heir with Christ to immortal glory. The wonders of grace surpass those of nature. God in re-creation gives us grander displays of wisdom, power and glory, than in creation in its highest development. The glory attained by the child of God now is but the promise of that fuller blessedness which shall one day be his. Finely has it been said that in the presence of Christ we have not the twilight of evening but of morning, and however bright the light may now be, we know that the curtain shall one day lift higher and higher and beyond we shall have glory on glory.

MARTYRED IN CHINA.

Dr. Griffith John Sends the Details of the Attack on the Swedish Missionaries Wehhalm and Johanssen at Sung Pu.

THE cable message, announcing the murder by a mob of the two brave young Swedes, has now been supplemented by a letter from Dr. Griffith John, the famous missionary whose portrait we published a short time ago. It appears from his account of the trouble that last April Wehhalm and Johanssen settled at Sing-pu, which is about fifty-three miles from Dr. John's station at Hankow. Though the people generally were pleased to have the missionaries dwell there, a few of the baser sort seemed bent on driving them out if possible. These men had recourse in the first instance to the method of issuing anonymous placards, charging the foreigners with inhuman practices. The attention of the district magistrate was called to these placards, and the offenders were fined. The man whose house the missionaries occupied was, however, apprehended and severely punished. Certain charges were trumped up against him, and ostensibly he was punished on account of these. But every one knew that he was guiltless of the crimes laid to his charge, and that the real cause of his arrest and imprisonment was his letting his house to foreigners.

For more than a month after this matters went on quietly with the missionaries. The landlord was released, and the enemy was silent. The Great Festival was held in the Sung-pu region. On the first day of the festival everything passed off quietly. The second and third days passed off in a like manner. On the fourth day, however, everything changed like magic. Early in the morning, before the dawn of day, the multitude began to gather in front of the house. Before 10 o'clock there were from ten to twenty thousand people in the streets, ready for action. The little official of the place made his appearance, and tried to assuage the tumult. But he was powerless, and had to beat a hasty retreat. Then the mob began to attack the house occupied by the missionaries. They began by throwing stones and brickbats on the roof; but ere long they made a rush at the door, burst it open, and took possession. What they could steal they stole, and the rest they smashed to pieces. The missionaries and their native helpers made their way into the landlord's house, through a private door in the common partition wall. Thither the mob followed.

The missionaries made their way into the next house, hiding themselves in the garret, while the native helpers concealed themselves in a small room below. The mob soon discovered the hiding place of the missionaries and began to tear the boards, with the hope of bringing them to the ground. The missionaries then made their way through the roof, hoping to find there some way of escape. No sooner, however, were they seen on the roof than the mob began to pelt them from below with stones and brickbats. Four men, famous pugilists of the place, rushed up the roof with iron rods and knives in their hands. The missionaries ran along the roofs of the houses, followed by these demons, until they reached the end of the last house. There was nothing left for them to do but to leap. They did so, and in a moment the mob was upon them. Some were armed with stones, some with sticks, some with iron-spiked carrying-poles, and some with other instruments of torture. Within a few minutes these two brave young fellows were dead men, their heads crushed, and their bodies fearfully mangled. Their remains were left for several days uncovered in the open street.

A DECISION AT THE TURNING.

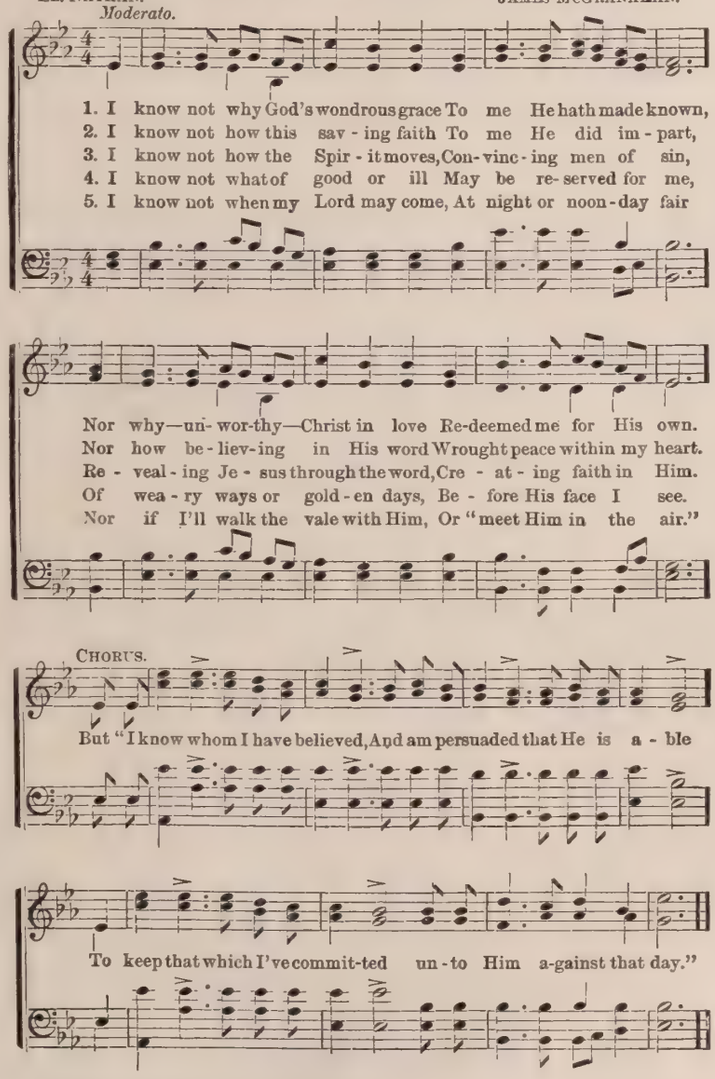
An evangelist relates the following incident: "A young man who was anxious about his soul was on a walking tour. Before leaving his home his heart had been troubled, and in order to get rid of his anxiety he had gone off on a holiday. He was making his way from one town to another, and enquired his way from a peasant. How far was it to C——? Oh, about five miles. How should he go? Straight on till he came to the cross roads, then turn to the right. On he walked, thinking little of his directions until he came to where four roads met, then he remembered. 'Turn to the right.' All at once it struck him. 'How appropriate to my spiritual needs. I am at a cross road. I feel I must choose either Christ or the world. Shall I not turn to the right? I know it is what I should do.' At once, instantly, like a flash of lightning, the decision was made; the young man turned to the right, to Jesus, to life, and has kept on the right road ever since."

I Know Whom I Have Believed.

2 TIM. 1: 12.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

Moderato.


1. I know not why God's wondrous grace To me He hath made known,
2. I know not how this sav - ing faith To me He did im - part,
3. I know not how the Spir - it moves, Con-vinc - ing men of sin,
4. I know not what of good or ill May be re-served for me,
5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon-day fair
Nor why—un- wor-thy—Christ in love Re-deemed me for His own.
Nor how be - liev-ing in His word Wrought peace within my heart.
Re - veal - ing Je - sus through the word, Cre - at - ing faith in Him.
Of wea - ry ways or gold - en days, Be - fore His face I see.
Nor if I'll walk the vale with Him, Or "meet Him in the air."
CHORUS.
But "I know whom I have believed, And am persuaded that He is a - ble
To keep that which I've commit-ted un - to Him a-gainst that day."

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CONTENT.

(Philippians 4: 11.)

HOW sweet to hear the word "content!"
Was sweeter message ever sent
To cheer the little lowly home
Whence parents feared the child would roam?
Here luxuries were seldom found
But love did everywhere abound.

When the dear old folks are left alone:
When all the little "birds" have flown,
But one returns to seek the nest,
Finding the world too harsh at best.
And this one at their side hath bent,
And softly whispers, "I'm content."

Contentment, ah! how much you mean!
You are the mighty power unseen,
Which wearied hearts has ever soothed
And many a wrinkled brow hath smoothed.
You make a hut a palace grand
Where e'en a king might long to stand.

'Tis not enough our lot to bear,
And to endure our load of care.
it is the peace world cannot give,
Oh! may it with us ever live.
And may we learn, what e'er is sent
Therewith, like Paul, to be content.

Sag Harbor, L. I., N. Y.—LILLIAN T. VANSCOY.

SLIPPING AWAY.

THEY are slipping away, these sweet, swift years,
Like a leaf on the current cast;
With never a break in the rapid flow,
We watch them, as one by one they go
Into the beautiful past.

One after another we see them pass
Down the dim lighted stair;
We hear the sound of their heavy tread
In the steps of the centuries long since dead,
As beautiful and fair.

There are only a few years left to love;
Shall we waste them in idle strife?
Shall we trample under our ruthless feet
These beautiful blossoms, rare and sweet,
By the dusky way of life?

There are only a few swift years—ah! let
No envious taunts be heard;
Make life's fair pattern of rare design,
And fill up the measure with love's sweet wine,
But never an angry word.

THE SEALED ROLL.

The Significance and Import of the Document of which Christ takes Possession

BY REV. JOHN STORIE.

IMMEDIATELY after the raising and rapture of the saints the movements commence that are to make way in the world and its nations for the reign of the Son of Man. And, first, there is seen by John (Rev. 5: 1), on the right hand of him that sat on the throne—the Almighty, the Eternal—a Book or Roll of seven leaves, and sealed with seven seals. It lay there, not grasped nor held back, but ready, waiting for the one who is able to claim its possession, and to take it. It is not words, predictions, revelations, that are engrossed in that Book, but acts and deeds, dooms and destinies. It is known by all assembled within that Upper Court to be that legal deed which contains the final issues and decisions of Jehovah in respect to this world; that deed which is to convey the title, authority, and possession of it to him who is able to claim all this by a Redeemer's right; and who can dare to break with unshrinking hand the seals that have so long restrained his conclusive action?

Amid the silence of heaven, while every eye is drawn to that Dread Roll, the voice of a mighty angel is heard to proclaim: "Who is there that is worthy to open this Book?" and none rose to the challenge. "No one in heaven, nor earth, nor under the earth had the power to open that roll, nor to look into what was written therein." But, as John wept in distress that this roll should remain unclaimed and unopened, one from among the Elders said to him, "Weep not; behold the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the root of David he overcame" in that mighty contest in which a world had been lost and more than a world regained. "He has the power and the right," as Redeemer and Conqueror, to take that roll from the hand of the Almighty; to open and to break its seven seals. Then, as John looked, "there stood in the midst of the throne and of the living ones; and in the midst of the elders," that glorious Redeemer, not in form of a lion, but of a lamb; a lamb bearing the marks of death and sacrifice; but alive, risen, in calm majesty; having on his head the emblems of irresistible power, and endowed with the fulness of that Divine Spirit who had been sent forth into all the earth to convince and convict of sin, of righteousness, and of coming judgment.

"He came and took the roll from the hand of him that sits on the throne." He takes it only now; and this explains why he is here in the heavens; why waiting here; and why delaying his Epiphany. The act of his was the lifting from the Father's hand of the title deed. "He said therefore to them, A certain nobleman went into a far country, to receive for himself a kingdom and to come back." (Luke 19: 12.) That Book vests in him, but only now, the right and power to take legal possession and all that was lost in Adam, and to remove from this world forever all that the Devil and transgression have done to degrade its perfection and darken its primal glory. That act of his calls forth the homage and praises of the redeemed, and sends a thrill through the heart of the universe. The living ones and the elders fall down before him and sing that "New Song"—never sung till now—for which they have so longed and waited: "Thou art worthy to take the Book and to open the seals thereof;" and why? for thou hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every tribe and nation, and hast made us kings and priests to God."

With their homage, they present in golden bowls of incense, "the prayers of the saints," —prayers that have ascended in long succession from living witnesses and dying martyrs:— "Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as in heaven." Not one of those prayers lost! For the time to fulfil them is come; the time to cast out the powers of darkness that have so long enslaved the world; the time to restore it to fertility and peace; the time to establish on it the throne and rule of righteousness; "and Lord! we shall reign on earth with thee." Then follows the mighty anthem of praise—angels and living ones and elders uniting in the grand song to him that sitteth on the throne, "the blessing, the honor, the glory and the dominion, for ever and ever;" as though sin and rebellion were now to be subdued, not only on this earth, but through God's wide universe.

Where, in all the Revelations of Eternity, is there such another scene; a majestic movement, a crisis, and a preparation like this? The conclusion is inevitable. There must be in all that follows a divine significance commensurate with commencing solemnities so awful and so sublime.

HOW GOD HELPS.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing September 24. I. Peter 3 :15, 16; Psalms 94: 17-19.

THE kind of help a man gets in an emergency often has a lasting influence on his future. It may be transient help which merely delivers him for the moment, leaving him exposed to a recurrence of his difficulty; or it may be help that places him under an obligation that will ever afterward be irksome to him; or it may be help that maims and cripples him by dishonor. Or, on the other hand, it may be help that is permanent, placing him beyond the reach of similar trials, or by wise counsel teaching him to help himself. How has God helped us? We may learn, by recalling the nature of the emergencies in which we have needed his help. When trial of any kind comes upon us, the most important thing is not so much that we should be relieved of it, as that we come out of it in the right way. In Bunyan's matchless allegory, Christian and Pliable both fall into the Slough of Despond, and both get out of it, but with this difference, that Christian gets out on the side nearest to the heavenly city, while Pliable gets out on the side nearest to his old home. So out of every trial the sufferer emerges either beaten and discomfited, or farther in advance toward his goal. The best help we can get, therefore, is help onward. When temptation comes and the assailed man needs help to withstand it, if he looks to God for it, that is the kind of help he will get. He is enabled to triumph over it and to come from the conflict strengthened by victory. If he needs help in sickness, or poverty, or bereavement and has recourse to God, he comes forth purified and ennobled by experience. It is not that the burden has been merely lifted from his shoulders; he has gained strength to bear other burdens, or to help some other burdened soul. He has been helped in himself. In spiritual difficulties at the outset of the Christian life the help is of the same kind. The man is surrounded with evil influences, and knows that he will inevitably yield to them. It is useless to resist; one day or another he will fail. He knows their strength and his own weakness and has no hope of victory. But if he look to God for help, he obtains a new heart, the Holy Spirit lives in him and he has divine strength to resist the evil. That is how God helps. Every conflict, every difficulty becomes not an evil but a stepping-stone to a higher plane. Every Christian knows by his own experience that it is so. His duty and joyful privilege, therefore, is to point others to the same source of help, with the testimony of how God has helped him.

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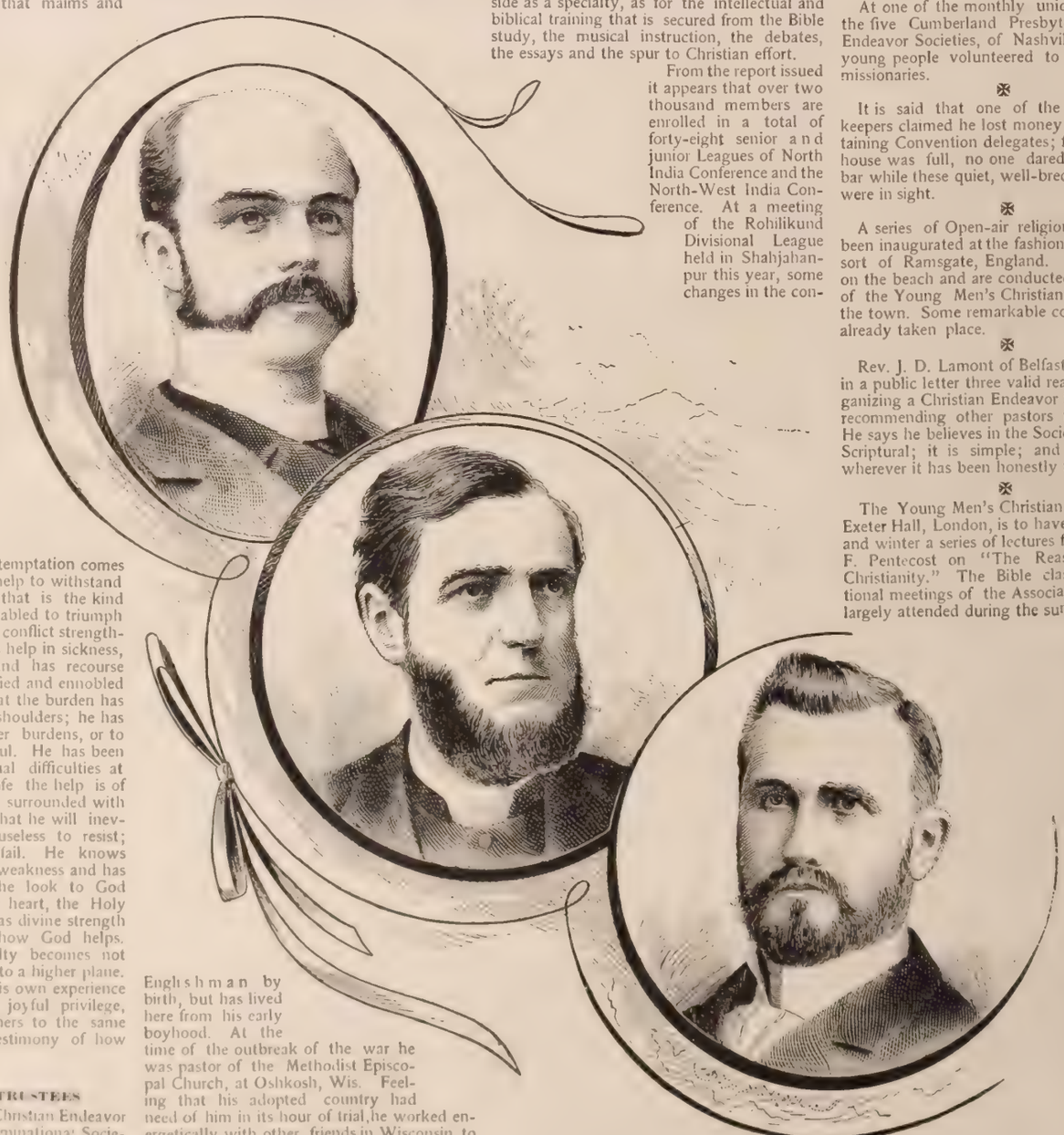
THREE Y. P. S. C. E. TRUSTEES.

In the effort to make the Christian Endeavor Society the really inter-denominational Society it was designed to be, provision has been made for having every denomination that is engaged in the work represented on its Board of Trustees. Three eminent members of the Board, representing respectively the Methodist, Reformed Episcopal, and the United Brethren churches are those whose portraits appear on [illegible] Dr. [illegible] Methodist Church. He is professor of Chemistry and [illegible] of the four Universities of the Maritime Provinces. He is the son of a Methodist minister and was born at Canton, Ont. He joined the church at the age of eleven years, and has been an enthusiastic Methodist ever since. He has given evidence of his earnestness and vigor by doing five years hard missionary work in Manitoba. Subsequently, he served as pastor of St. Claren's Avenue Church, in Toronto, where he formed a strong Christian Endeavor Society. After a very successful pastorate of three years he resigned to accept his present office.

The second in the group is the *Right Rev. Samuel. Fallows, D.D.*, the presiding bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church. He is an Englishman by birth, but has lived here from his early boyhood. At the time of the outbreak of the war he was pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at Oshkosh, Wis. Feeling that his adopted country had need of him in its hour of trial, he worked energetically with other friends in Wisconsin to organize the Fortieth Regiment of Wisconsin Infantry of which he was made Lieutenant-Colonel. He continued in active service till the close of the war and quitted the army with the brevet rank of Brigadier-General Returning to civil life he served several churches, and for some time was President of the Wesleyan University at Bloomington, Ill. He subsequently quitted the Methodist Church and became rector of the Reformed Episcopal Church of St. Paul, at Chicago. In 1876 Dr. Fallows was elected bishop, and on three occasions since that time he has been honored by being elected presiding bishop.



THREE TRUSTEES OF THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

The third of the group of portraits is that of *Dr. Richard L. Swain* of the University of Otterbein, Ind. His father was a Roman Catholic but became converted and was a successful preacher among the Wesleyans in England. Dr. Swain was born in Iowa and for some years roughed it in that State as farm-boy and miner. He joined the United Brethren and at seventeen years of age was well known in his neighborhood as an effective preacher. He was remarkable for his singularly beautiful voice and with this and a good knowledge of music which he acquired in the intervals of labor, as his capital, he entered himself as a student in Western College. Subtequently he went to Union Biblical Seminary at Dayton, O., after which he took a course at Yale. During the entire ten years which his studies in those institutions occupied he supported himself by teaching music. He is now College pastor at Otterbein University and is doing most successful work.

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THE EPWORTH LEAGUE IN INDIA.

The Epworth League is receiving general acceptance in all the Methodist Episcopal Churches of India. The demand, says the *Indian Witness*, is not so much for the devotional side as a specialty, as for the intellectual and biblical training that is secured from the Bible study, the musical instruction, the debates, the essays and the spur to Christian effort.

From the report issued it appears that over two thousand members are enrolled in a total of forty-eight senior and junior Leagues of North India Conference and the North-West India Conference. At a meeting of the Rohilikund Divisional League held in Shahjahanpur this year, some changes in the constitutions were made. The points of emendation are that membership shall consist of three classes, Active, Associated and Honorary members. The Active members must consist of converted persons who take the pledge.

The Active members alone have the power to vote and they elect all the officers. The pledge is found to be very good for the educated and advanced Christians but it is a little in advance of many of the village Christians who, under the old constitution have done good work and made commendable progress. For the time being, it has been decided to retain the constitution that has been adopted by the Central Board of Control and each local League inserts in its own by-laws its conditions of membership, the prayer meeting pledge, and any other items the local League may desire.

Most of the Leagues hold prayer meetings immediately preceding the Sunday afternoon service. In the newly formed village churches, the untrained Christians prepare very creditable programmes; one young man who has received only the elements of a vernacular training, prepared and delivered an excellent oration; his diction was good, his thought was clear and well defined, and his delivery showed a clear apprehension of the need in a speaker of effective enunciation and suitable gestures.

In all the native Leagues, Hindustani music is cultivated and native musical instruments are utilized; there is no question but that Hindustani music for the average native Christian or non-Christian is far more acceptable than European music. In each literary session, written questions on the Bible lesson are distributed to the members present, and they are expected to give the proper answers.

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NOTES OF THE ORDERS.

At one of the monthly union meetings of the five Cumberland Presbyterian Christian Endeavor Societies, of Nashville, Tenn., four young people volunteered to go as foreign missionaries.

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It is said that one of the Montreal hotel keepers claimed he lost money through entertaining Convention delegates; for, though his house was full, no one dared to go to the bar while these quiet, well-bred young people were in sight.

✠

A series of Open-air religious services has been inaugurated at the fashionable seaside resort of Ramsgate, England. They are held on the beach and are conducted by members of the Young Men's Christian Association of the town. Some remarkable conversions have already taken place.

✠

Rev. J. D. Lamont of Belfast, Ireland, gives in a public letter three valid reasons for his organizing a Christian Endeavor Society and for recommending other pastors to do likewise. He says he believes in the Society because it is Scriptural; it is simple; and has succeeded wherever it has been honestly tried.

✠

The Young Men's Christian Association at Exeter Hall, London, is to have during the fall and winter a series of lectures from Dr. George F. Pentecost on "The Reasonableness of Christianity." The Bible classes and devotional meetings of the Association have been largely attended during the summer.

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A Christian Endeavor Society has been organized among the soldiers at the Jefferson Barracks of St. Louis, Mo. For two years past no religious services has been held at the Barracks but that of the Society, and a service once a month under the auspices of the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

✠

The Senior Christian Endeavor Society of the Flanders Street Baptist Church, Adelaide, South Australia, has eight committees: lookout, home mission, Indian mission, social, corresponding, Bible and prayer, gleaners, and calling. That in the Southwark Baptist Church has also a tract committee. That of the Broken Hill Society has a Dorcas Committee.

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We shall be glad to receive from readers who are members of Christian Endeavor Societies, the King's Daughters, etc., reports of the progress of the work in their localities and of any new methods which have been found successful.

TRUST THE CHILDREN

TRUST the children! Never doubt them!
Build a wall of love about them.
After sowing seeds of duty,
Trust them for the flowers of beauty.

Trust the children! Let them treasure
Mother's faith in boundless measure;
Father's love in them confiding;
Then no secrets they'll be hiding.

Trust the children, just as He did,
Who for "such" once sweetly pleaded.
Trust and guide, but never doubt them;
Build a wall of love about them.

—MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

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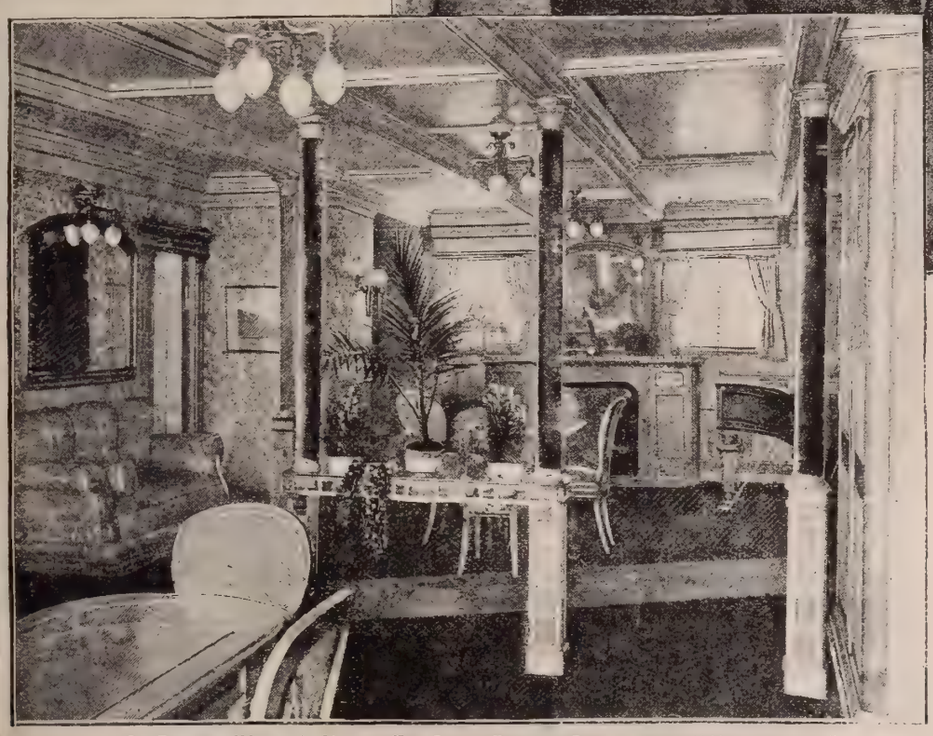
An Imperial Sailor.

Kaiser Wilhelm's Life on Board his Yacht, the "Hohenzollern"—He is a Natural Sailor and Loves the Sea—His Splendid Vessel.

CRUISING along the Baltic, the North Sea and the British Channel in his steam yacht, the *Hohenzollern*, the young Emperor of Germany has spent a considerable portion of the summer, forgetting for the time, the cares of state and the possibilities of European complications, in the pure enjoyment of the free and invigorating ocean breezes. For it cannot be denied that to very many people, life at sea has peculiar charms which can be found nowhere else. Kaiser Wilhelm is a natural lover of the sea and displayed a fondness for it even in boyhood that has increased with the years. Then, too, his ambition to control a great navy and to bring Germany to the front rank among naval powers has led him to devote more attention to seamanship than would otherwise have been the case. Although his imperial yacht, the *Hohenzollern* is really a formidable steel-built steamer of 4,500 tons, with 9,000 horse power engines and twin screws, and carries eight Krupp guns, he is not averse at times to leaving her spacious and superbly upholstered cabins and saloons and roughing it with a crew of hardy seamen on his yacht *Meteor*, which is a much smaller and less commodious craft. Indeed, he has been known on different occasions to take his share of the work of handling rope or tiller on the *Meteor* and to submit with a good grace to the intermittent drenching which every yachtsman expects when his boat points her nose into the passing wave.

But on the *Hohenzollern* such discomforts need not be encountered. She is a floating palace with splendid suites of rooms for the Emperor and Empress. The photographic reproductions on this page afford an idea of the drawing-room and dining-saloon, but their furnishings are eclipsed by the magnificence of the imperial apartments, which are mostly in maple and rosewood, upholstered with imitation tapestry of subdued colors. The Emperor's study is characteristic of the practical German ruler, being furnished with a telephone, log-book and a full supply of nautical works. In the grey-and-white upholstered dining-saloon (shown in the illustration) the portieres are so arranged that the apartment can be enlarged or contracted at pleasure. On the centre tables, filled with flowers, are several of the cups awarded to the royal yachtsman. In the great saloon, where the family gatherings are held, the decorations are in blue-and-silver, and bright, little water-color sketches lighten up the walls, side by side with photographs of William's sons and daughters. A peep into the Empress' own room reveals a bedstead of nickel, with hangings of grey satin and counterpane of purple wadded silk. Remote from all is the Kaiser-Commodore's private study. Here he has a signalling apparatus which enables him to communicate with any part of the vessel. In this little and almost plainly-furnished snuggery, secure from intrusion, he reads his favorite authors. Like all the German princes, William had the benefit of an excellent religious training, and it is not unlikely that in those hours of solitude on the ocean, the spirit of this modern viking may be lifted up far above thoughts of war and conquest, to nearer communion with Him who makes and unmakes nations and holds the seas in the hollow of His hand.

THE DINING-ROOM ON THE "HOHENZOLLERN."



ON EMPEROR WILLIAM'S YACHT—THE ROYAL DRAWING-ROOM ON THE "HOHENZOLLERN."

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Woman's Broader Education.

It is claimed by many writers, remarks Emily Rayner in *Humanity and Health*, that the broader education of woman, absorbing more years for its completion, as the term is used, and increasing her independence, has extended the period of girlhood by at least ten years. The woman of thirty, it is now affirmed, is really no older, and often not as old, as was her grandmother at twenty. At the beginning of this century, and until long after its first quarter had waned, it was no unusual thing for girls of fifteen to marry. To-day a marriage at that tender age is commented upon. The standard of education is so much higher at present, that at fifteen the school days of a young girl, even in moderate circumstances, have hardly begun, and comparatively few now graduate until they have passed their twentieth year. It therefore follows that the period of girlhood must be extended. The great class of cultivated young women are thoughtful of the present and considerate of the future. In no way is the change in womanhood more apparent than in the matter of physical culture and the clothing of the body. The laws of perfect health are now the study of the cultured woman, and through her influence the knowledge of these essential matters are spreading through the great class of life's laborers. The change also affords a greater opportunity for the development of woman's spiritual nature, before she assumes the heavier burdens and cares of life, which when undertaken too young are often so onerous as to be a hindrance to growth of character.

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RELIGIOUS FEELINGS OF THE YOUNG.

IN a recent address to young women, Rev. Henry Drummond, the famous writer on morals and religion, says: "I know more about boys than girls, but I find girls exceedingly modest concerning their religious feelings. I think sometimes that they have none. I find that they are disgusted with themselves because the church seems so slow. Don't think yourself a heathen for that; perhaps the fault is not wholly yours. All ministers have not the art of interesting. Don't judge religion from sermons. I find again that they have secret feelings that it's all over with them because they do not love to read the Bible. I have great sympathy with them. Much of the Bible without its historical setting is unintelligible.

"Again, their need has not come. A sailing directory, marking all the little rocks and shoals, is a dry thing on land, but out in the storms at sea, it is the most interesting, the only thing of value. Again, truth is truth, always. At breakfast you had an egg, shell and all; at dinner you had an egg, but it was stirred up in a pudding. It nourished you just as much. So there is a great deal of Bible truth stirred up in modern literature, in poetry, history, biography and fiction. Don't be discouraged if you can't pray by the half hour. A boy should be religious as a boy, not as his grandmother; a girl as a girl. Fruits of youth differ from fruits of old age. Christ does not come alone in churches. He comes in work. As life goes on, other avenues close and we find God in worship."

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A Wooden Library.

In these days of cheap printing, hardly a home of any pretensions to comfort or culture is without its library. How odd to American eyes, accustomed to beautifully-bound volumes, must appear the library of the town of Cassel, Germany, which is made up of a singular lot of books. It is a library of 500 volumes—each a perfect book, made of a different kind of wood. The back of each volume is formed of the bark of its peculiar tree, the sides of the wood in its mature state, the top of young, immature wood, and the bottom of the same after having been dried and seasoned. When opened, these remarkable books are found to be without leaves, the inside being a box containing the flower, seed, fruit, and leaf of the tree from which the box-book has been made. Russia employed a cabinetmaker during the entire winter of 1877-78 in making a library of the woods found in the extensive Russian forests. They were classified and arranged for the Russian exhibit at the Paris Expositions of both 1878 and 1889. As in the Cassel library, this Russian wood collection showed the wood in several growths, as well as fruit, leaves, and seeds, either natural or imitated in wax and were very beautiful.

CHAPTER VII.

STARTLING DISCOVERIES.

"MASTER GUY—Master Guy—O it is my own dear boy, it is. O my lamb, do not tell me you do not know me—that you have forgotten your old nurse, Nan, you used to love so well."

Guy, walking along the narrow lane, deep in thought, was startled at finding himself thus addressed by an elderly and poorly dressed woman, who seemed to have run after him, so breathless was her condition, and as he paused in doubt and uncertainty as to what could be the meaning of that strange address, she had found enough breath to recommence.

"What, my bairn—not know your old nurse—when you cried to say good-bye, and vowed you would come across the sea to find me. And your sweet mother in her grave they tell me—alack a day—it is always the sweetest flowers that wither first. I knew she was too much the saint to be long for this world. And to think you should not know me again—and yet you must have changed more than myself."

"But I do know you now," answered Guy, a smile lighting his face, as he held out his hands, and took those of the old nurse in a warm clasp. "Of course I remember our dear old Martha—as if I could ever forget—only you have changed much—or my recollection is fainter than I thought. But, Martha, what brings you here? You did not come to see me, I suppose?"

"I did, and I did not," was the oracular reply. "I came back over the water because my husband wished to spend his old age among his own people, and we have saved enough to keep us in comfort the rest of our lives. But I knew that his home was near to the home of the Dangerfields, and I thought I might chance to see my own boy again, or at least hear tidings of him. O, Master Guy, my dear, what a fine young man you have grown, and the very image of your poor dear dead father, too."

So they tell me: but Martha, I want to know more about yourself. So you married out there, did you? And what is your name now instead of Liston."

"Stapleton, it is. I married a settler out of this very place. It seemed home-like to have a husband who had known and loved my dear master, and we took to one another from the day we found out that we had both known Mr. Guy Dangerfield. And O, my dear, they are all as fond and proud of you as if you had been born and bred among them, and right fierce they are that you have not got the place and the money, and they do say if right was done that you would be lord of everything yet."

"Now, Martha, don't you go and let them put that nonsense into your head. I am a richer man than I ever expected to be, and I have everything I can reasonably wish for, and my cousin has been the best brother and friend a man ever had. I do not like to hear such things said, so if you care for my good opinion, you will not talk in that fashion yourself."

"O yes, just like your father—he never could see or care for his own interests—if he had done, maybe things would be different for you, my dearie. But I can't stop folks' tongues, no more can't you, Master Guy, my dear, and the old grandfather at home, he do vow and declare that there be another will somewhere in the house, which would do you justice. He says he can't rest of a night thinking of it, and wondering what's gone of it."

"Nonsense, Martha, that sort of thing would never happen with a man of my grandfather's methodical habits. Besides it would have been found long ago. Your husband's relations have got hold of some distorted notions. They never liked my uncle or his family, and they are angry to see them back in the old house, and do not take the trouble to conceal their annoyance. That is the long and the short of the whole matter, and it is all folly to talk as if there were something underhand or mysterious going on."

"Well, my Guy, you are welcome to your own opinion, and your father would have said just the same. But if so be as things are as you say—why did the old Squire, just a little while before his death, take the trouble to tell the old man, our grandfather, that he would likely enough live to see Guy's son—them were his very own words—Guy's son reigning at Dangerfield? What did he mean by that, they all ask?"

Guy looked at his old nurse in surprise. "Did he ever say that?"

"Ay, he did. Grandfather has all his wits about him, and there's no danger but what he remembers every word that passed that day. You know he was a kind friend to all my husband's people, though Mr. Charles drove them off the estate, and his proud wife would have nothing to say to any of them—and all, they say, because they loved the rightful heir, and could not abide to see his place filled up. Well, the old Squire with all his harsh ways, liked them none the less for being faithful in their attachment, and he would come down many a time to see them, and sit and chat beside the old man's fire. It wasn't his way in most houses, but he would do it for grandfather."

"For my father's sake, I suppose," said Guy feeling touched; "I suppose he really loved him all along?"

"Loved him—why he loved the very memory of his wildest prank better than all the steady dutiful conduct of his other son. If your father had but come back all would have been right directly—but they were both so eaten up with pride they would neither make the first sign—"

"Yes, yes, I know that. What I want to know is what he said to this grandfather of yours before his death."

"It was but a few weeks before—he was failing fast then, for he had never held up his head since his eldest son had gone away, and had grown white in the head, and quite the old man. Well, it was one of the last times he was ever out alone—Madam, she generally went with him if she could, or sent a servant, for she gave out that he was not well enough to go about unattended: but he got his own way when he had a mind to, and so he came down for a chat with grandfather and they got talking of Mr. Guy, as was their way, and he told him plainly—grandfather did—that he ought to have him home again before he died, so that the old place might not be left without a master."

"What did he say to that? Was he angry?"

"Never a bit of it—he knew it wasn't much good being angry with grandfather, who never cared for his harsh words. He looked at him quite gentle-like, and shook his head and said,

"'Stapleton,' says he, quite quiet like, 'Guy has been dead these many years now.'

"And at that grandfather fairly burst out crying, for though he had half feared it before, he had never heard it put so plain, and whilst he was blubbering for the young master like a bit of a baby, Squire, he put his hand on his knee and patted it quite kindly like, and said very clearly and plainly,

"'Never you mind, old friend,' says he. 'Things are bad, but they might have been worse. You will never see your young master back: but you will live to see his son in his place—Guy's boy will be master of Dangerfield. And I think you will live to see it—for I shall not keep him out much longer.'

"Them is the very words he spake, Mr. Guy, my dear, and I don't see how you can get out of them by hook or by crook. He would never have taken the trouble to say things if they had not been true, for the master never told a lie in his life—that he didn't, and he was dead before two months were over, so he hadn't much time to change his mind, even if that had been his way. So now unless there has been some foul play—and the right will has been made away with, I don't see how we can understand it at all. Someone is keeping you out of your rights, and there is others as is thirsting to see you get them, and willing to fight tooth and nail, if you will but speak the word."

Guy looked very much perplexed. He could not doubt the genuine earnestness of his old nurse, and she had evidently learned the story from the lips of the old man himself: and yet it was difficult to understand the existence of another will which had never been found, and on the whole he found the subject more distasteful than pleasant. He disliked the feeling of being brought into rivalry with Monk: and despite the fierce loyalty of these strange people to his father and himself, he always shrank from them, and disapproved their words and ways. They were the most notorious poachers in the neighborhood, and bore a very bad character all over the place. It was not particularly pleasant to him to be mixed up with them, and he wished that his old nurse had married into another family in the place, if she had to return there to live.

"Well, Martha, if ever my grandfather had made a will in my favor it is very plain that he must have destroyed it upon his death-bed. Most likely he saw, as he came to die, how much more his second son had been to him, and done for him, than ever his eldest had, and he would be wishful to do his family justice at the last. The less talk there is now about this business the better I shall be pleased. You do not seem to understand that it is all very painful to me. I am under immense obligations to my aunt and cousins, and nothing is more disagreeable than to hear people talk as though my eldest cousin and I were rivals, and as though some injustice were being done me. If it is painful to me, it must be ten times more so to them, so if you have any influence with your husband's family, I wish you would exert it for putting down all this foolish gossip. Nothing could possibly be made out in the way of evidence of a few words spoken years and years ago, and the sooner they are forgotten the better. You understand me, I think, Martha: and if you love me still, you will do as I ask."

"Love you—ay, that I do, my darling, love every single bone in your body. Haven't I loved you with all my heart ever since that bitter, bitter winter day, when the snow was falling so fast the doctor couldn't get anigh us till you had been two hours born? And your poor dear father lying dead—and your mother more dead than alive, and 'twas myself that thought I should have to be father and mother in one to you, my beautiful boy—for you was that beautiful even then, though you did come into the world in such a sad time of sorrow. Love you? Ay, that I did and always shall. Who could help loving you, a poor little helpless mite, coming into the world at such a time of trouble?"

Again a look of surprise crossed Guy's face. "Come, come, Martha, you are romancing—I was born in April, three months after my father's death. There could hardly have been such a snow-storm then. You must be dreaming."

"Dreaming, am I?" cried the worthy woman. "Why bless your little heart, did your mother never tell you the truth of it? You were born in the evening of the day your poor father was brought home dead. But your poor mother, bless her for a tender-hearted woman, could never bear that your birthday should be a sad one, and so we kept it always on your Christening day in April. Did she never tell you so? Well, maybe she almost forgot herself, or tried to, poor thing: and what does a few weeks matter one way or the other? Your real birthday is the twenty-first of January, as you will see for yourself if you look in your mother's old Bible." And Martha rambled on with reminiscences of his infancy and very early youth, as old nurses love to do, as Guy walked on as one in a dream, for as if by a lightning flash he seemed to see the whole thing, and to understand what it was that had been puzzling some folks so long.

"Martha," he said, in as negligent a tone as he could assume. "Do you know if my grandfather was ever written to about this?"

"About your father's death, and your birth, do you mean? Why to be sure he was. One of the first things the mistress did when she had strength to hold the pen was to write to tell him everything. She told him all about it. "'It isn't that I want his help—I wrote once to him before, soon after our marriage,' she said, 'to try and make the peace, and he returned me my letter, and wrote across it that he had not the honor of knowing the lady who had addressed him, and that he held no communication with strangers on family matters. After that it is not likely I should expect anything, or even wish for anything from him. But in justice to my child and his, I must let him know what has happened,' and she did. She sent him some certificates—enough to prove to him that the child was his legal heir, and then she felt she had done her duty. No notice was ever taken—she always said she believed her letter was burnt unread: but she never wrote another. I think she was almost afraid of anything coming to part her from her child. I thought as she did till I got here. But when I heard what the old man had said to grandfather—I said then to myself: —'Ah he had the letter after all—he knew his son was dead, and he had done justice to the boy.' But what is the good of all that, when there was them about him as made away with——"

"Silence, Matha," Guy spoke so sternly that his old nurse looked at him in surprise. The bright color had faded from his face, his eyes were burning, and there was a look of conflict in his expression which she saw without understanding. And when he saw her eyes fixed upon his face, he mastered himself by a strong effort and said lightly,

"I do not mean to be savage, but I cannot have my kinsfolk maligned. If there is another will, it must come to light in time; but I am certain it is all a delusion of yours. And now, Martha, do not tell anybody else that I have been wrong all these years about my birthday. You see a fellow feels rather a fool at not knowing his own age: and it is just possible it might get me into trouble, for you see I have been sending in my age for examinations and all that as three months under the right one, and it would be better not to let it be known that I am older then I have always said. You haven't told anybody else, I suppose?"

"Not I. I don't even know as I ever thought of it."

"Well, then, don't—don't say a word to anyone: for people gossip about together, and there is no end to it. I might really get me into a mess, Martha, so I beg you will keep silence. I'm sure you would not like to be the means of getting me into trouble."

"Nay, that I should not," answered Martha. "I'll not say a word to nobody for what does it matter? What difference does three months make to anybody? Don't you be afraid of me letting on it out."

Guy smiled and thanked her, and said he must be leaving her now, though he would not be long in paying her a visit at her own cottage. He felt an imperative need of solitude and silence in which to arrange his thoughts and make up his mind and after leaving Martha, he plunged into the very heart of a deep wood, and flung himself along the ground resting his chin upon his hands.

He saw it all now—all that hinged upon the simple question of the date of his birth. That stern old man who had never forgiven the son in his life-time, had forgiven him after his death, and had made his son his heir—at least so it almost seemed, if old Stapleton's testimony was to be trusted—and yet, as he had another grandson of that name, was it not rather strange that he had held no communication with the widow, telling her what he had done, and putting her in the way of claiming rights that she might never hear of and which no one else would understand?

Was it possible that after all he had burnt the letter unread, and had meant Monk all the time? It was possible, and had it not been for old Stapleton's evidence Guy would have felt disposed to think that this had indeed been so. And if Monk had been meant, was it for him to take advantage of a legal quibble to oust him from the position to which he had been brought up? Even if not, could he ever bear to put forward a claim which would be the same surprise to them as it was to him.

Guy had never forgotten the night of his mother's death, when he had stood beside her bed, with Monk's hand closely clasped in his, and his aunt's tender look bent on the dying woman. What was the promise he had made that dying mother then? Was it not to love and cherish those who had been so good to them? To love them and show his gratitude by every means in his power?

At this point in his train of thought it was impossible not to let his imagination run riot for a few seconds. Let the thing be done—let Guy occupy the place of Lord of the Manor and master of Dangerfield Park, and what fair hopes might not open out before him. Would not the mother of the girl Monk loved, and he dreamed of only too often when he let his imagination stray whither it would unchecked, would not she be glad and proud to listen to his suit for her daughter's hand, and were not Joyce's eyes as bright for him as for Monk? Did she not welcome them both with equal good will, equal maidenly friendliness? Her heart had not as yet been won. It might fall to him to touch it as soon as to Monk: and with a wife like Joyce at his side, what might not life be to him?

But if for a moment he was tempted, he drove the thought back with a keen sense of indignation against his own weakness and treachery.

(To be Continued.)

THE BOOK SHELF

THE ATONEMENT.*

PUNISHMENT is not necessarily for reformation. Its purpose may be answered by satisfying a sense of equity, by expressing abhorrence of and deterring others from wrong-doing. But the Sacrifice of Christ, while accomplishing this, saves the transgressor also not only from the penalty of sin but from its ruling power, producing in him repentance and reformation. While evil consequences of sin are removed from the sinner, beneficial results of punishment are secured to the universe. God is glorified, law honored, government upheld, at the same time that guilt is cancelled and the sinner saved. Thus did Jesus "put away sin by the sacrifice of himself"—as a punishment by securing its ends; and as a power by giving spiritual life to the dead sinner and turning him from his iniquities.

Christ perfectly obeyed the law broken by men, and echoed back from humanity God's thoughts respecting sin and holiness. He offered, as our Representative, a perfect obedience, so that the Father beholding him as the Son of Man, and for men, could say: "I am well pleased." He could not as Divine, nor, as a perfect Man, offer the Atonement of remorse; for he "knew no sin." But he did suffer on our behalf many of the consequences of sin—physical infirmities, social wrongs, the malignity of the wicked, mental anguish, spiritual trials; and "became obedient unto death." Throughout his whole life his sympathizing human heart was oppressed with that just appreciation of sin for which his Divine nature rendered him competent. Though sinless, he stood in the place of sinners, confessing their guilt; and thus "his soul was made an offering for sin."

Death was not forced on him to satisfy God's justice, but was his joyful concurrence with God's love. Owing nothing on his own account, he ransomed those who owed "ten thousand talents, and had nothing to pay." In the words of Diognetus in the first century, often cited, "God himself gave up his Son as a ransom for us: the Holy for the unholy; the Sinless for the sinful; the Immortal for the mortal; for what else but his righteousness could cover our sins? O sweet change! O unsearchable work! O unexampled benefit, that the wickedness of many should be covered by One righteous, the righteousness of One should justify many sinners." His Divine nature gave infinite capacity for this great work, and infinite value to the work when performed. This was substituted for the punishment which otherwise both justice and love demanded from the guilty, for the welfare of the Universe. The method of forgiveness vindicates the Law. Its costliness declares both condemnation of sin, and Love in providing such a remedy. Thus reverence and gratitude are together promoted in the pardoned sinner. If he is taught the exceeding evil of the sin needing such Atonement, so he is assured most absolutely that the purpose of God has been fulfilled in "so great Salvation." The Atonement proclaims him to be both Light and Love: establishing Law while saving the transgressor. If one company of Cherubim exclaim, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts," another respond, "for his mercy endureth forever."

THE OLD MEN'S TEARS†

In the midst of the almost universal acclaim of joy and praise [at the laying of the foundation of the second Temple, Ezra 3: 12], there was the note of sadness wailed by the old men, who could recollect the venerable fane in which their fathers had worshipped before the ruthless soldiers of Nebuchadnezzar had reduced it to a heap of ashes. Possibly some of them had stood on this very spot half a century before, in an agony of despair, while they saw the cruel flames licking the ancient stones and blazing up among the cedar beams, and all the fine gold dimmed with black clouds of smoke. Was it likely that the feeble flock just returned from Babylon could ever produce such a wonder of the world as Solomon's temple had been? The enthusiastic young people might be glad in their ignorance; but their sober elders, who knew more, could only weep. We cannot but think that, after the too common habit of the aged, these mournful old men viewed the past in a glamor of memory, magnifying its splendors as they looked back on them throught the mists of time. If so, they were old indeed; for this habit, not years, makes real old age. He is aged who lives in bygone days, with his face ever set to the irreparable past, vainly regretting its retreating memories, uninterested in the present, despondent of the future. The true elixir of life, the secret of perpetual youth of soul, is interest in the present and future, with the forward glance of faith and hope. Old men who cultivate this spirit have young hearts though the snow is on their heads. And such are wise. No doubt, from the standpoint of a narrow common sense, with its shrunken views always confined to the material and the mundane, the old men who wept had more reason for their conduct than the inexperienced younger men who rejoiced. But there is an imprudence that is sublime in its daring, because it springs from faith. The despair of old age makes one great mistake, because it ignores one great truth. In noting that many good things have passed away, it forgets to remember that God remains. God is not dead. Therefore the future is safe. In the end the young enthusiasts of Jerusalem were justified. A prophet arose who declared that a glory which the former temple had never known should adorn the new temple, in spite of its humble beginning; and history verified his word when the Lord took possession of his house in the person of his Son.

A PEARL FROM THE SLUMS.*

In the branches of the trees some birds were singing. Meg's eyes turned from the contemplation of the children with the Guinea pig and the sweet flowers and looked up into the tree, clasping her hands in a quaint way peculiar to herself.

"The little mite is praying," whispered Elsie softly. "She often does when she thinks no one is looking at her."

Millie's eyes filled with tears.

"What a blessed thought it was of your mother's to hunt up that pearl from the slums," she said. "What she has done for little Meg recalls to my mind a beautiful story I read. A poor man whose heart God had touched, dreamed one night that one called him by name. As he listened he heard also these words: 'Look to-morrow on the street, I am coming.' He knew not the meaning of his singular dream, yet his heart was strangely warm all the day. He wrought in his little shop and watched the people as they went by. By and by came an old soldier with a shovel, and began to clear away the snow from the sidewalk. The shoemaker saw him and observed, at length, that the soldier was very weary. Going to the door, he invited him to come in and have some warm tea. The exhausted man gratefully accepted the invitation, and, greatly refreshed by the kindness, at length went his way. Later a woman in poor garb, and carrying a child, stopped before the window. Both mother and child were thinly clad, and the child was crying.

Again the shoemaker opened his door, called to the woman and bade her come into his shop where it was warm. The astonished mother obeyed, and, sitting by the stove, told her story of hunger and want. Soon the old man brought food for her and her child, sending them forth warmed and fed, and with some money to provide for future need. Next it was an old apple woman who drew the shoemaker's attention. A rude boy was annoying her. Again the kind-hearted man went out of his shop and acted as peacemaker and friend. Thus the day passed. At his work the shoemaker, whose name was Martuni, remembered continually the viston of the night before, and watched all the hours for the appearing of him who had promised to come. He saw no bright presence, but a number of poor people he helped and comforted. Night came, and the sboemaker took down his New Testament to read. Again he seemed to hear some one stepping behind him, and there was a voice in his ear: 'Martuni, did you not recognize me?' 'Whom?' asked the old man. 'Me,' repeated the voice. 'It is I;' and the old soldier Martuni had fed and warmed stepped from the shadows, smiled and vanished. 'And this is I,' said the voice again, while from the darkness the woman and her child appeared, smiled and vanished. 'And this is I,' again spoke the voice, and the poor apple woman stepped forward, beamed a kindly look and passed out of sight. The old man put on his glasses and began to read where his New Testament chanced to open. He read: 'For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in;' and further down, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' Then Martuni understood that his dream did not deceive him; that the Saviour really called on him that day, and that he really received him.'"

"That is a lovely story," was Elsie's comment, "but, my dear Millie," putting her arm lovingly around her friend's shoulder, "it isn't one bit more applicable to mamma than it is to you. I do not believe there is a day in the year that either one of you fail to find Christ in some garb or other. No one can say of you that

Without a recognition
You passed him yesterday.

I wish no one could ever say it of me."

THE PICKET LINE.*

It was a smiling, peaceful landscape, with nothing to indicate the presence of an army; but here and there from behind fresh mounds of earth, would now and then come a puff of white smoke, soon followed by a loud report.

I was told we were on the picket-line, and behind those mounds were keen, watchful eyes, losing no chance to lay low an enemy who should carelessly expose himself—taking deliberate aim with no more compunction than if it were a wild bird at which they were firing! Only think how horrible! And then at a signal which both sides understood, the firing ceases and there is an interval of amity, when they meet half-way, exchange gossip and tobacco for coffee, sugar, flour, etc.; and then, at a signal, each party betakes himself to his post, and war begins again. The eye that smiled and the hands which clasped in friendly recognition, deal out death on the first opportunity.

We saw a man waving a red flag from a great high tower, up and down, right and left, then fast and slow. "Why does he expose himself?" I exclaimed. "He will be shot." And sure enough, shells began to explode all about the tower where he stood. "Why does he not come away?" I cried. The officer laughed, and explained to me that he was signalling some movements of troops, and would not think of deserting his post until his message was given. Then taking his glass, he said, "I'll tell you what he is saying: 'A small body of men approaching from the direction of Petersburg bearing white flag.' Good! That's our conferees coming to arrange for the exchange of prisoners."

Before the Confederate officers arrived I saw General Grant. When, in reply to his questions as to how he might serve me, I said, "General, I want to go to Richmond," you should have seen the humorous twinkle with which he said, "And so do I. So you expect to do what I have tried in vain to accomplish with a hundred thousand men, eh? Thus far we have only come within hailing distance."

*From *Atonement, the Fundamental Fact of Christianity:* by Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B., D.D., pp. 159; cloth; price 75 cents. Fleming H. Revell & Co., New York and Chicago, publishers.

†From *The Expositor's Bible*, Ezra and Nehemiah by Walter F Adeney, M.A. A new volume of this valuable series of works setting in picturesque light with the accessories derived from modern study and exploration, the Books of the Bible. Pp. 404; Price $1.50. Published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 51 East Tenth St., New York.

*From *Sweet Millie*, or *Wayside Minstrels;* by Ernest Gilmore, pp. 305; cloth, illustrated; Leonard Publishing Co., Albany, N. Y., and Bible House, N. Y. City, publishers.

*From *The Stormy Petrel*, an historical Romance by Col. John Bowles, pp. 349; cloth; illustrated; price $1. A. Lovell & Co., New York, publishers.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

Bible Lamps for Little Feet: by Chas. B. Morrell, M.D.; cloth; copiously illustrated; 48 colored plates; pp. 286; price $2. Standard Publishing Co., Cincinnati, O., publishers.

Jane, a Tale of Ephesus; by James S. Park; pp. 65; cloth; illustrated; price 85c.; Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., N. Y., publishers.

Mother's Bed-Time Tales; by Minnie E. Kenny; pp. 158; cloth; illustrated; price 75c.; Thomas Whittaker, N. Y., publisher.

The Life of Christ in the World, by the Rev. Arthur Brooks; a series of sermons; pp. 360; paper covers; price 50 cents; Thomas Whittaker, Bible House, N.Y., publisher.

Little Saint Hilary, and other stories; by Barbara Yochton; illustrated; cloth; pp. 95; price 60 cents; Thomas Whittaker, N. Y., publisher.

A Memoir of Adolph Saphir, D. D., by Rev. Gavin Carlyle, M.A.; pp. 448, with frontispiece; cloth; price $2.25; Fleming H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago, publishers.

Temperance in all Nations, the second volume of Papers, Essays, Discussions, Addresses and Histories of the World's Temperance Congress, held by the National Temperance Society in Chicago, June 1893; edited by R. N. Stearns; pp. 434; cloth; price $2.50 per volume; published by the National Temperance Society and Publication House, New York.

IN GOD'S LAND.

HAPPY morn, when I shall wake,
In that land;
Freed from sorrow and heartbreak
In that land.

No night there, but endless noon;
No December follows June;
And all lips hosannas tune,
In that land,
In that land!

I shall lay life's distaff down,
In that land;
Drop the cross and take the crown,
In that land.

Hope will fade from view no more
But—a beacon on the shore—
It will blaze forevermore,
In that land,
In that land!

Roll on Time, then—carry me
To that land,
Where the forms of loved ones be,
In that land.

Waft me on that I may rest
'Mong my saints and on God's breast,
Fetterless and crowned and blessed,
In that land,
In that land!

—W. T. HALE.

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THY LOVE.

DEAR Lord, could I but have to me,
The Spirit's fullness given,
I'd haste to tell thy love to men
And point the way to heaven.

I would portray thy beauteous life,
Before each human eye:
And plead, with all that did me hear,
The heavenly road to try.

I'd tell them of thy cruel death,
Thy midnight hours of grief;
And how thou bore thy Cross to give
A sin-cursed world relief.

I'd tell them of thy wondrous love,
And how for them thou died:
I'd move all hearts to give thee praise,
And seek thy bleeding side.

Yes, I would love to tell throughout
All lands beneath the sun,
That over sin and death and hell
A triumph thou hast won.

Divine Redeemer, could I speak
Thy love so full and free,
Unto each heart that needs thy grace
I'd bring this world to thee.

Then grant me this, most gracious Lord,
Thy richest love to share,
And for thy noblest service here,
My heart and life prepare.

La Grange, Ind. —FRANCIS P. GRIFFITH.

THE INTERMITTENT SPRING.

On one of his recent journeys into the interior of China, Dr. Wilson, of the China Inland Mission, stopped at a small pool near the foot of a certain sacred mountain to watch a man who was vigorously hammering the rock with a heavy stone. A crowd of pilgrims passing on had just scooped the pool nearly dry, either drinking the water from their cups, or carrying it away in bottles, and another crowd stood eagerly waiting. The missionary asked the rock-pounder what he was doing, and he replied that he was trying to make the water run.

After he had beaten the rock awhile the water would gush out of it, he said. And sure enough it did. Suspecting that there was an intermittent spring there, Dr. Wilson told the man that the rock would yield water without pounding. He evidently was anxious that the people around should not know this; but as Dr. Wilson began to tell them about the living water which Christ gives, he grew interested and ceased pounding to listen. As he stood with the stone in his hand the water gushed out again of itself, to the evident surprise of the pilgrims. Those men at least will have no more faith in the efficacy of the pounding of the rock; it may be hoped that they heard enough to lead them to believe in him who can give them living water.

RESPECT FOR BUDDHISM.

A remarkable order has been issued in respect to Lower Burma by the English Government. It runs as follows: "The Government has decided after consultation with its officers and with the priests and the most respectable persons, to prohibit the possession or use of opium in any form by Burmans in Lower Burma just as in Upper Burma. The use of opium is condemned by the Buddhist religion, and the Government believing the latter religion to be right, ardently hopes that the use of opium by persons of the Burmese race shall forever cease."

We may be thankful that the trade in opium in that land is to cease, whatever the cause that operated may have been; but it is somewhat strange that the Government should have assigned as a reason that the Buddhist religion condemns it. They have known for a long time that it was condemned by the Christian religion which one would have supposed they would have regarded as a more important fact.

THE ORIGIN OF A FLOWER MISSION.

[illegible] the origin of her work in the Flower Mission of the city in which she lived. She says: "I was returning from my country home to my [illegible] little boy followed with such wistful eyes that I took a rose out of my basket and gave it to him. He ran away with it; but before my [illegible] got one for them?' pointing to the boys. If [illegible] not have watched more eagerly. I gave two [illegible] with children—pale, ragged, starved little creatures. I do not know where they came from; they seemed to swarm out of the earth. I gave them all my roses, and all the flowers in my garden, too, feeling quite ashamed to think how many I had and how little I valued them, while to the children they were such priceless treasures. Most of the children ran home with their flower, as if it had been a rare jewel. Later, another poor little waif rang the bell to ask if this was the house where they gave away flowers. I made up my mind that it should be. Out of this chance gift of a rose grew the flower mission of a big city that has put many happy hours into the lives of such a number of little children."

A DOUBLE CURE.

An illustration of the value of Medical Mission work appears in the current number of Dr. Dowkontt's *Medical Missionary Record*. Dr. Swanson, who is laboring in China, says: "An old woman came to one of our hospitals lately and asked to see the doctor, and she told the doctor what she wanted. She said: 'The head man of our town was with you here; he was an extremely bad man; he thrashed his wife and made his children miserable; he gambled away his money, and his mouth was so foul, all the waters of the rivers would not wash it clean. He came here and he has returned home, but the tiger is changed into a lamb, and his wife is astonished at the change. He has ceased thrashing her, they are now quite comfortable, and he never says a bad word.'

"'Well, asked the doctor, 'what do you want?'

"'Well,' she replied, 'don't tell any one, but I have a foul mouth; I do a little grumbling, and I fear very much my daughters-in-law are not as comfortable as they should be, for I am not a good woman, and I have come here for some of the medicine that has cured that old man, so that I may be what I ought to be.'"

Get Macbeth's "pearl top" and "pearl glass" lamp-chimneys; they are made of tough glass, tough against heat; they do not break in use; they do from accident.

They are clear, transparent, not misty. Look at your chimney. How much of the light is lost in the fog?

Be willing to pay a little more.

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25c. And your money back if you want it—Vacuum Leather Oil that saves the life of leather.

Patent lambskin-with-wool-on swob and book—How to Take Care of Leather—both free at the store.

Vacuum Oil Company, Rochester, N. Y.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

BY THE EXPRESS AND EXCLUSIVE PERMISSION OF THE AUTHORITIES CONTROLLING THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

IN every one of the sixteen hundred and forty toilet rooms at the World's Fair will be found a remarkable announcement telling of a newly invented substitute for an article of underwear that Pharoah's daughter could not do without. More we cannot say, but for the convenience of those Ladies who are unable to visit the Fair, a copy of this remarkable announcement together with fourteen samples of the new articles, will be mailed free to any address in the United States, for one dollar. The samples may be returned and the money will be cheerfully refunded if any dissatisfaction. Address, Manageress, 4 Wooster St., New York.

Indisputable Evidence

Of the Successful Treatment of Consumption and Chest Diseases by the English Method, as Discovered and Practiced by George Thomas Congreve.

THIS WEEK'S INTERVIEW.

By the Special Commissioner.

At Torquay, with Mr. Fred. Heath, of St. Leonard's Terrace, Newton Abbot, Plumber, whose case appeared in the weekly papers December, 1891.

TWO YEARS AFTER

The "plain unvarnished tale" told by Mr. Heath, of Newton Abbot, Devon, is worthy of attention of all those who are suffering from any form of chest disease. It would be very easy to describe the statements therein made as "wonderful," "remarkable," or even as almost passing belief, but I prefer to tell the story "just as t'was told to me."

"Mr. Heath had a severe attack of bronchitis, following on Russian influenza, and this was accompanied by terrible cough and night sweats.

"I cannot tell you what I suffered," said Mr. Heath, as we sat chatting in a Torquay hotel recently. "My health entirely gave way. The attacks of hæmorrhage were dreadful, and they left me very weak. The expectoration was offensive and purulent. I became very thin, with the exception of my legs and feet, and they commenced to swell. I had the best available medical advice both in Torquay and Newton Abbot.

No less than eight doctors had me in hand

at different times, and they all said I was in a decided consumption, with ulceration proceeding at the back of the lungs."

'Of course you were not able to work?" I asked.

"No; I was laid up for eight and a-half months, unable to earn anything."

"Some portion of that time you spent in the hospital?"

"I was in Teignmouth Hospital for three weeks, and in the Consumption Hospital at Torquay for four months. I was discharged from the latter,

my case being given up as hopeless,

I was so thin that you could see through my hands, and every one who knew me said I was a dying man. One of the doctors who attended me told my wife that I should never do another day's work—in fact, that

I couldn't live very long."

Mr. Heath to-day is a man in the best of health, possessing an amount of strength which he rightly describes as wonderful, so I naturally asked him how the change—miraculous almost—was brought about.

"Well," he answered, "when I was so bad that they watched by my bed for a fortnight,

expecting me to die,

I heard of Mr. Congreve's treatment, and, as a last resourse, I commenced to take it. After about the first four days, I mended rapidly. For a time I brought up a little blood, but that soon ceased after taking special medicine prescribed for me by Mr. Congreve. In about two months I was well enough to go to work."

"Then, do I understand that after being so ill for between eight and nine months, in so short a time you were enabled to go to work?"

"Yes, and more than that.

I have never ailed anything since.

My occupation is a trying one. Perhaps for a time I am standing before a fierce fire, and immediately after I am exposed to the cold air."

"I suppose plenty of persons have witnessed your recovery."

"Hundreds of people who knew me well. After I got to work again, one of the doctors who had treated me asked me to come up and be examined. After the examination was over, he told me he was never more surprised in his life there was absolutely nothing the matter with me except a little weakness. He said he thought I should have been dead and in my grave. People who knew me when I was so ill regard me as a living wonder."

"You certainly appear in good health now?"

"My health is perfect. From the time Mr. Congreve cured me I have not had an hour's ailment. Many strangers who have heard about me come sos my house to inquire, and I tell them exactly the same as I have told you."

"Then you won't mind my publishing your case in the Torquay papers, Mr. Heath?"

"I shall be only too pleased for you to do so, and I will gladly answer any enquiries which may be addressed to me. I ought to add, to show how strong my chest is now, that I belong to a band connected with a religious organization, and play a wind instrument four nights a week, and nearly all day on Sunday."

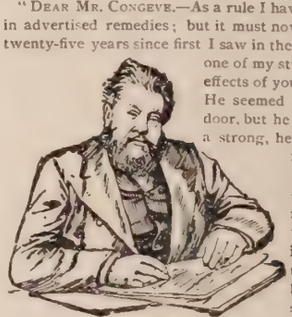
This is Mr. Heath's testimony. Anyone who doubts it can communicate with him at the address above given, and he will be happy to answer any questions.

NOTE.—While in Newton Abbot I met several persons who corroborated Mr. Heath's statement. One gentlemen—Mr. Churton, Rock-villa, Wolborough-hill—who knows all the facts, vouches for their correctness. He has also seen the good effects of Mr. Congreve's treatment in other cases, and speaks of it as the most wonderful medicine he ever knew.

The case of Mr. Heath is one of a number in the neighborhood of Torquay, visited by the special commissioner.

Spurgeon's Own Words.

"DEAR MR. CONGEVE.—As a rule I have no faith in advertised remedies; but it must now be some twenty-five years since first I saw in the person of one of my students the effects of your remedy He seemed at death's door, but he lives now a strong, hearty man. Since then I have seen in many, very many instances, the most happy results following your medicine. I do not go by hearsay, but testify to what I have seen with my own eyes. I believe that you have save numbers from consumption. I have friends with coughs and weak lungs, who speak of your medicine with sincere gratitude.



REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Personally, I find it most useful in the case of wearing cough. Very reluctantly do I give testimonials for publication; but I send you this as your due. What I have seen of God's healing power through you, demands of me that I speak for the good of others. I have those around me whose health I value, and they are living witnesses that yours is a very beneficial preparation.

"Yours heartily (Rev.)

C. H. Spurgeon

"Westwood," Beulah Hill, England."

The above letter from the late eminent preacher, C. H. Spurgeon, is one of thousands of testimonials to the wonderful curative properties of my Balsamic elixir, which not only cures consumption, but gives instant and permanent relief in cases of Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis, Influenza, and all Chest Affections.

It acts like a charm in ordinary cases of Cough, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, Chills, &c., and should be kept in every home.

CONGREVE'S Balsamic Elixir can be obtained from all Drug Stores, or will be mailed direct from my own depot, postpaid for 50c., $1.00, 1.75, 3.75 or 7.00 according to size.

Every case of Consumption and wasting disease, however slight the indications, is likely, if neglected to lead to serious consequences and early death. But no case is too serious for despair, remembering the marvellous cures resulting from my treatment. My book on the "Cure of consumption" will tell you of many sufferers who had given up all hope, but were restored to enjoying vigorous, happy, healthy lives, through the timely use of my treatment. I will mail my book on Consumption and Diseases of the Chest on receipt of 25 cents, or will send the book with a 50 cent bottle of Balsamic Elixir, and a 50 cent box of pills upon receipt of One Dollar.

GEORGE THOMAS CONGREVE,
4 WOOSTER STREET, NEW YORK.

[N. B.—The Rev. Richard Baxter, of London, [illegible] had many opportunities of witnessing the beneficial effects of Mr. Congreve's treatment, particularly in the case of sufferers whom he, Mr. Baxter, especially recommended to adopt the treatment, and who are now leading happy, useful lives, whereas, before, they simply dragged on a weary distressful and emaciated existence.]

"WE STILL HAVE THE SAVIOUR WITH US"*

(Written for The Christian Herald.)

YES, we have the Saviour with us!
And so beautiful and true,
Is the pattern that he set us;
We will strive like him to do.

We will strive to bear so meekly
Words that cut as sharp as swords
And will show by our example
That we truly are the Lord's.

And, if to the Saviour nearer
With a holy longing we
Strive to get, he will be dearer,
And more satisfied we'll be.

And the world will not so largely
Occupy our thoughts and time,
Minor things will, as they should, be
Subject unto things divine.

New Brunswick, N. J. —T. E. M. B.

A BLIND MAN'S LOGIC.

In an English journal the Rev. John Mitchell relates the following incident of railroad travel: A noted infidel was traveling in a car in which a minister was seated. He at once commenced an argument with the clergyman in a loud tone, so as to be heard by other passengers. Among the latter was a blind man who listened attentively. Turning suddenly to him in a pause in the argument, the infidel said. "Do you, sir, believe in a God, who has made this beautiful earth, and the sun to shine upon it, and who has adorned the heavens with myriads of stars, and yet, without any offence on your part, has deprived you for ever of the power of beholding them?"

"I am surprised, my dear sir," replied the man, "that you should ask me such a question. I do believe in the existence of God as firmly as I do in my own, and I could doubt the one as easily as the other. There is, however, one thing that strikes me as being very peculiar in what you have said. When you reason of God you do not seem to be governed by the same principles as when reasoning about men and the common affairs of everyday life." The infidel denied the inference, and the blind man continued: "Suppose, on reaching your home, and on entering your room, you find a lighted lamp upon the table —what will be your conclusion?"

"Why," answered the infidel, with a sneer, "I shall conclude that some one placed it there."

"Well, then, when you look into the heavens and see those innumerable lights of which you have spoken, why do you not come to the same conclusion, that some intelligent being placed them there?"

The sceptic declined to talk any more on the subject, but it was evident to all the passengers that he felt thoroughly humbled and uncomfortable.

NEW MISSIONARY GROUND.

American missionaries are not altogether uninterested in the settlement of the Siamese troubles. The Presbyterian Board has several devoted missionaries in the North Eastern districts which are known as the Laos country. One of these, Dr. S. C. Peoples has just reported the opening of the Province of Pra to the Gospel. He says: "We have had a five days' journey through forests and over mountains, a most delightful journey. We travelled with carriers and two horses, one horse for the tent, and one for myself. After the first day but my horse became lame, and I walked for two days. We passed through only three considerable towns, at points where we crossed rivers. The purpose of my visit was to negotiate with the authorities in Pra about securing a site for locating a mission in that province. I did very little active evangelistic work as I thought it our best course to keep rather quiet for fear of awaking hostility and defeating the end of our visit. The two native workers who went with me did good work, however, in a quiet way. The people were remarkably approachable, and many of them listened with the interest of persuasion. Some of our carriers were citizens of Pra who had come to inquire and learn the new religion. There are now quite a number of the Pra people who are members of the Church.

"Our mission was entirely successful. We secured a most desirable site immediately outside the city wall, on the river bank, large enough for two residences and a hospital, for three hundred rupees. We put two men on this place to clear it off and enclose it with a temporary fence, and bought a few logs to be sawed into lumber for a hospital ward, which will serve as a temporary residence for the missionary who goes to prepare the way for permanent occupation. The expense of these purchases and this work is borne by private parties, in anticipation of the action of the Board in granting the request of the mission to open Pra."

* This beautiful sentence fell from the lips of a Minister's wife, and I then wrote these stanzas; she has since gone to be with the Saviour whom she loved.

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If you suffer from any disease of the blood tomach disorder, or difficulty with the liver and kidneys, try the peculiar medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla. Be sure to get Hood's. Take no other.

Do You Have Asthma?

If you do, you will be glad to hear that the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa, is reported a positive cure for the disease. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, have such faith in this new discovery, that they are sending out free, by mail, large trial cases of Kola Compound to all sufferers from Asthma, who send their name and address on a postal card. Write to them.

$175 Buys a First-class Piano.

You can save from $50 to $200 by buying your Piano or Organ direct from our factory. We do our own making and our own selling. **We employ no agents, stock no stores, supply no dealers. The consumer reaps the benefit** of the agent's commission and the dealer's profit. We do the largest direct business in the world, and can point to **a satisfied purchaser in every county in the U. S.** Every instrument accompanied by an ironclad guarantee for 10 years. Our catalogue of

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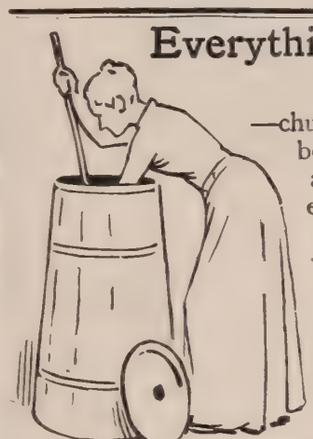

—churns, patters, tubs, firkins—ought to be washed with **Pearline.** That gets at the soaked-in grease as nothing else in the world can. Things may **seem** to be clean when you've washed them in the usual way; but use **Pearline,** and they really **are** clean. It might make all the difference, sometimes, between good butter and bad. Wherever you want thorough cleanliness, or want to save your labor, the best thing to do is to use **Pearline.**

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—*send it back.* 383 JAMES PYLE, New York.

Wise Saws

about economy and punctuality are useless without a practical application. You waste precious minutes with an uncertain watch; and if it is a costly one, there's the expense of risking it every day. The need is for an accurate, low-priced watch that has all the improvements and plenty of "style,"—the new **quick-winding Waterbury** covers these points. Both ladies' and gentlemen's styles, and a style for boys. It is stem-winding and setting; and has a jeweled movement cased in filled gold (14-karat), coin-silver, etc. $4 to $15.

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REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor. Offices, Bible House, New York. NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 20, 1893. PRICE, 5 CENTS. Annual Subscription, $1.50

Ruth, the Moabitess.

The Most Beautiful of Pastorals—Her Meeting With Boaz While Gleaning in the Field —A Picture that Recalls the Bible Story.

RUTH, THE GLEANER.

A LITTLE way out of Bethlehem, down a valley that slopes gently to the east, lies the Field of Boaz where were enacted the scenes in the beautiful story of Ruth the Moabitess, one of the sweetest pastorals in all literature. It is in a locality now known as Wady Kharubeh (Valley of Carobs), and the identity of the place where the young widow of Mahlon, came to glean is established beyond question by a line of unbroken tradition. There were, in olden times, neither hedges nor fences in Palestine, except around orchards or gardens, and the field of Boaz was, like all the others, marked off by boundary stones, which in Hebrew eyes were regarded as divinely ordained landmarks, not to be removed. The women shared equally with the men the toil of harvesting, and reapers and workers came from distant parts of the country to aid in gathering the grain, some bringing their wives and families with them, that the latter might get a share of the gleaning. In many parts of Palestine, similar scenes may yet be witnessed at harvest-time, and even now, as in the ancient days, the master salutes his harvesters with the words of Boaz: "The Lord be with thee," and the familiar response comes: "The Lord bless thee." Although many fields are mentioned in the Bible, there is probably none around which so many tender memories cling as those acres, which once belonged to the generous-hearted kinsman of the young widow from beyond Jordan. Our illustration shows the field in its entirety, as it is to-day. The lime-stone fence is of comparatively recent date, and where the clump of olive trees now stands, the ripe, yellow grain once waved in unbroken rows.

These fields must have been a pleasant sight to look at, when Ruth and Naomi came to Bethlehem at "the beginning of barley-harvest." In all countries, harvest is a time of joy and activity. The field of Boaz was yielding to the sickle, as she came up and modestly began to glean at some little distance from the reapers. It was a field

> Crowded with grain, in which the reapers toiled,
> Each with a sharp-tooth'd sickle in his hand.
> Along the furrow here, the harvest fell
> In frequent handfuls.

One can picture, in imagination, the busy scene: a hot sun, tempered by a gentle breeze waving and tossing the grain like a golden sea; the tawny reapers bending to their sickles, and the little scattered knots of gleaners, one of them—apart from the rest—being the Moabitess. Boaz, coming to the field, sees the sweet-faced, gentle woman, and asks the chief of the reapers concerning her. On learning who she was, and somewhat of her history, his sympathetic heart seems to have warmed instantly to the exile, for he not only accorded her permission to glean, but commended her fidelity to Naomi and honored her above the handmaidens by himself handing her parched corn as they sat eating the noontide meal spread for the refreshment of the harvesters. Nowadays, gleaners are not allowed to come into a field of grain till the sheaves are carried away to the threshing-floor; then they come in hundreds, searching for stray ears. Many of these gleaners in Palestine are very clever at picking up the ears, and gather a good-sized bundle before the close of the day. Besides the chance that Ruth had of gleaning among the sheaves, she was allowed to come and eat with Boaz's maids; while now, in Palestine, to invite the gleaners to eat is out of the question, unless they are relations of the master of the field. Learning who the maid was, Boaz directed his servants to give Ruth a courteous welcome, so that she could go home laden with enough food to support her mother-in-law and herself.

The friendship thus begun in the field, resulted in the union in matrimonial bonds of the wealthy kinsman and the poor Moabitess. According to Oriental custom, Boaz was bound, as her next of kin or "*goel*," to redeem Ruth by marriage, from the calamity of widowhood and this duty he was not loath to accept. There was another person more nearly related to the family than himself, whose title must be first disposed of. Without delay, Boaz applied himself to ascertaining whether this man in question was inclined to assert his right—a right which extended to the purchase of the ransom of Elimelech's estate. Finding him indisposed to fulfil his obligation, there was then no obstacle to his own union with Ruth.

Widows or unmarried women in the East occupied a most unhappy and insecure position. Their only sure refuge from servitude, insult or neglect was a husband's house; hence Naomi, on taking leave of her young widowed daughters-in-law uttered the invocation: "The Lord grant you that ye may find rest (*mennehah*), each in the house of her husband." (Ruth 1: 9.) Under the law of Moses, provision was made for the succor and protection of a widow whose deceased husband had left brothers or near male relatives. (Deut. 25: 5-10.) On the other hand the widow was required not to marry again, except the nearest kinsman of her late spouse, but that kinsman was permitted, if he so desired, to transfer his obligation to the next nearest of kin. A widow, childless and no longer marriageable, could relinquish her estate in favor of a childless and widowed daughter-in-law—as Naomi did voluntarily in the case of Ruth. These peculiar social conditions and customs justified, to Oriental eyes at least, the steps taken by Ruth to secure her right under the ancient Mosaic law of privilege.

From Boaz and his Moabitish spouse sprang an illustrious and royal line. The wealthy land-owner was himself of noble stock, tracing his descent from Israel's kings and judges, and by this marriage so strangely and divinely arranged, he was destined to still higher honors as the progenitor of the House of David and of Mary the mother of "David's Greater Son," the Saviour of the world, who was also born in the same Judean village, within sight of whose white walls Ruth first met her future husband, as she "gleaned in the field."

To the pilgrim who visits Bethlehem, the Field of Boaz, hardly picturesque though it seems, holds memories and suggestions of a character very different from those awakened by the Shepherds' Plain, or the Grotto of the Nativity; yet it gives an impression that lingers long in the mind, like a pleasant fragrance. The whole region is spiritualized by its memories: the shepherd king watched his father's flocks and drew inspiration on its hillsides and valleys for his immortal psalms of pastoral life; the Song of Songs fell from angelic lips over those plains; and the life of the Saviour himself has kept the whole world's heart warm toward Bethlehem through the centuries, and will do so to the end of time.

Ruth and Boaz were striking examples of virtue and uprightness in a rude age and among an idolatrous people, another history illustrates the workings of Divine providence, The greatness of Ruth's spiritual character was, according to the Christian fathers, to be measured by the greatness of her reward in being chosen as the ancestress of Christ.

THE FIELD OF BOAZ, IN THE ENVIRONS OF BETHLEHEM.
From a photograph brought from the Holy Land by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

The Tabernacle Pulpit

REINFORCEMENT.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, preached last Sunday Morning at the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Text, Luke 17: 5, *"Lord, increase our faith."*

"WHAT a pity he is going there," said my friend, a most distinguished general of the army, when he was told that the reason for my not being present on a celebrated day in Brooklyn was that on that day I had sailed for the Holy Land. "Why do you say that?" enquired some one. My military friend replied: "Oh, he will be disillusioned when he gets amid the squalor and commonplace scenes of Palestine, and his faith will be shaken in Christianity, for that is often the result." The great general misjudged the case. I went to the Holy Land for the one purpose of having my faith strengthened, and that was the result which came of it. In all our journeying, in all our reading, in all our associations, in all our plans, augmentation, rather than the depletion of our faith, should be our chief desire. It is easy enough to have our faith destroyed. I can give you a recipe for its obliteration. Read infidel books, have long and frequent conversations with sceptics, attend the lectures of those antagonistic to religion, give full swing to some bad habit, and your faith will be so completely gone that you will laugh at the idea that you ever had any. If you want to ruin your faith, you can do it more easily than you can do anything else. After believing the Bible all my life, I can see a plain way by which, in six weeks, I could enlist my voice and pen and heart and head and entire nature in the bombardment of the Scriptures and the Church and all I now hold sacred. That it is easy to banish soon and forever all respect for the Bible, I prove by the fact that so many have done it. They were not particularly brainy, nor had especial force of will, but they so thoroughly accomplished the overthrow of their faith that they have no more idea that the Bible is true, or that Christianity amounts to anything, than they have in the truth of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," or the existence of Don Quixote's "windmills." They have destroyed their faith so thoroughly that they never will have a return of it. Fifty revivals of religion may sweep over the city, the town, the neighborhood where they live, and they will feel nothing but a silent or expressed disgust. There are persons in this house to-day, who, twenty years ago, gave up their faith and they will never resume it. The black and deep-toned bell of doom hangs over their head, and I take the hammer of that bell, and I strike it three times with all my might, and it sounds, Woe! Woe! Woe! But my wish, and the wish of most of you, is the prayer expressed by the disciples to Jesus Christ, in the words of my text: "Lord, increase our faith."

The first mode of accomplishing this is to study the Bible itself. I do not believe there is an infidel now alive who has read the Bible through. But as so important a document needs to be read at least twice through in order that it may be thoroughly understood, and read in course, I now offer one hundred dollars reward to any infidel who has read the Bible through twice and read it in course. But I cannot take such a man's own word for it, for there is no foundation for integrity, except the Bible, and the man who rejects the source of truth, how can I accept his truthfulness? So I must have another witness in the case before I give the reward. I must have the testimony of some one who has seen him read it all through twice. Infidels fish in this Bible for incoherencies and contradictions and absurdities, and if you find their Bible, you will see interlineations in the Book of Jonah and some of the chapters of that unfortunate prophet nearly worn out by much use, and some parts of Second Samuel or First Kings, you will find dim with finger-marks, but the pages which contain the Ten Commandments and the Psalms of David and the Sermon on the Mount and the Book of John the Evangelist, will not have a single lead pencil stroke in the margin, nor any finger-marks showing frequent perusal. The father of one of the Presidents of the United States was a pronounced infidel. I knew it when many years ago I accepted his invitation to spend the night in his home. Just before retiring at night, he said, in a jocose way: "I suppose you are accustomed to read the Bible before going to bed, and here is my Bible from which to read." He then told me what portions he would like to have me read, and he only asked for those portions on which he could easily be facetious.

You know you can make fun about anything. I suppose you could take the last letter your father or mother ever wrote and find something in the grammar or the spelling, or the tremor of the penmanship about which to be derisively critical. The internal evidence of the truthfulness of the Bible is so mighty that no one man out of the sixteen hundred million of the world's present population, or the vaster millions of the past ever read the Bible in course, and read it prayerfully and carefully but was led to believe it. John Murray, the famous book publisher of Edinburgh and the intimate friend of Southey, Coleridge, Walter Scott, Canning, and Washington Irving, bought of Moore, the poet, the "Memoirs of Lord Byron," and they were to be published after Byron's death. But they were not fit to be published, although Murray had paid for them $10,000. That was a solemn conclave when eight of the prominent literary people of those times assembled in Albemarle Street after Byron's death to decide what should be done with the "Memoirs" which were charged and surcharged with defamations and indelicacies. The "Memoirs" were read and pondered, and the decision came that they must be burned, and not until the last word of those "Memoirs" went to ashes did the literary company separate. But, suppose now all the best spirits of all ages were assembled to decide the fate of the Bible, which is the last Will and Testament of our Heavenly Father, and these Memoirs of our Lord Jesus, what would be the verdict? Shall they burn or shall they live? The unanimous verdict of all is, "Let it live, though all else burn." Then put together on the other hand all the debauchees and profligates and assassins of the ages, and their unanimous verdict concerning the Bible would be, "Let it burn." Mind you, I do not say that all infidels are immoral, but I do say that all the scapegraces and scoundrels of the universe agree with them about the Bible. Let me vote with those who believe in the Holy Scriptures. Men believe other things with half the evidence required to believe the Bible. The distinguished Abner Kneeland rejected the Scriptures, and then put all his money into an enterprise for the recovery of that hocus-pocus "Captain Kidd's Treasures," Kneeland's faith for doing so being founded on a man's statement that he could tell where those Treasures were buried from the looks of a glass of water dipped from the Hudson River. The internal evidence of the authenticity of the Scriptures is so exact and so vivid that no man, honest and sane, can thoroughly and continuously and prayerfully read them without entering their discipleship. So I put that internal evidence paramount. How are you led to believe in a letter you receive from husband or wife or child or friend? You know the handwriting. You know the style. You recognize the sentiment. When the letter comes you do not summon the postmaster who stamped it and the postmaster who received it and the letter-carrier who brought it to your door to prove that it is a genuine letter. The internal evidence settles it, and by the same process you can forever settle the fact that the Bible is the handwriting and communication of the infinite God.

Furthermore: as I have already intimated, we may increase our faith by the testimony of others. Perhaps we of lesser brain may have been overcome by superstition or cajoled into an acceptance of a hollow pretension. So I will, this morning, turn this house into a court-room and summon witnesses, and you shall be the jury, and I now empanel you for that purpose, and I will put upon the witness stand men whom all the world acknowledge to be strong intellectually and whose evidence in any other court-room would be incontrovertible. I will not call to the witness-stand any minister of the Gospel, for he might be prejudiced. There are two ways of taking an oath in a court-room. One is by putting the lips to the Bible and the other is by holding up the right hand toward heaven. Now, as in this case, it is the Bible that is on trial, we will not ask the witness to put the book to his lips, for that would imply that the sanctity and divinity of the book is settled, and that would be begging the question. So I shall ask each witness to lift his hand toward heaven in affirmation. Samuel P. Chase, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, appointed by President Lincoln, will take the witness-stand. "Chief Justice Chase, upon your oath, please to state what you have to say about the book commonly called the Bible." The witness replies: "There came a time in my life when I doubted the divinity of the Scriptures, and I resolved, as a lawyer and judge, I would try the book as I would try anything in the court-room, taking evidence for and against. It was a long and serious and profound study, and using the same principles of evidence in this religious matters as I always do in secular matters, I have come to the decision that the Bible is a supernatural book, that it has come from God, and that the only safety for the human race is to follow its teachings." "Judge, that will do. Go back again to your pillow of dust on the banks of the Ohio." Next I put upon the witness-stand a President of the United States — John Quincy Adams. "President Adams, what have you to say about the Bible and Christianity?" The President replies: "I have for many years made it a practice to read through the Bible once a year. My custom is to read four or five chapters every morning immediately after arising from my bed. It employs about an hour of my time and seems to me the most suitable manner of beginning the day. In what light soever we regard the Bible, whether with reference to revelation, to history or to morality, it is an invaluable and inexhaustible mine of knowledge and virtue." Next I put upon the witness-stand Sir Isaac Newton, the author of the *Principia* and the greatest natural philosopher the world has ever seen. "Sir Isaac, what have you to say concerning the Bible?" The philosopher's reply is: "We account the Scriptures of God to be the most sublime philosophy." Next I put upon the witness-stand the enchantment of letters, Sir Walter Scott: and when I ask him what he thinks of the place that our great book ought to take among other books he replies: "There is but one book and that is the Bible." Next I put upon the stand the most famous geologist of all time, Hugh Miller, an elder of Dr. Guthrie's Presbyterian Church, in Edinburgh, and Faraday, and Keppler, and they all testify to the same thing. They all say the Bible is from God and that the mightiest influence for good that ever touched our world is Christianity. "Chancellor Kent! What do you think of the Bible?" Answer: "No other book ever addressed itself so authoritatively and so pathetically to the judgment and moral sense of mankind." "Edmund Burke! What do you think of the Bible?" Answer: "I have read the Bible morning, noon, and night, and have ever since been the happier and the better man for such reading." Next I put upon the stand William E. Gladstone, the head of the English Government, and I hear him saying what he said to me in January of 1890, when, in reply to his telegram, "Pray come to Hawarden to-morrow," I visited him. Then and there I asked him as to whether, in the passage of years, his faith in the Holy Scriptures and Christianity was on the increase or decrease, and he turned upon me with an emphasis and enthusiasm such as no one who has not conversed with him can fully appreciate, and expressed by voice and gesture, and illumined countenance his ever-increasing faith in God and the Bible and Christianity as the only hope of our ruined world. "That is all, Mr. Gladstone, we will take of your time now, for, from the reports of what is going on in England just now, I think you are very busy." The next man I put upon the witness-stand is the late Earl of Kintore, and I ask him what he thinks of Christianity, and he replies, "Why do you ask me that? Did you not hear me preach Christ in the 'Midnight Mission' of London?" "Oh, yes! I remember!" But I see many witnesses present to-day in the court-room, and I call you to the witness-stand, but I have only a second of time for any one of you. As you pass along just give one sentence in regard to Christianity. "Under God it has changed my entire nature," says one, "It brought me from drunkenness and poverty to sobriety and a good home," says another. "It solaced me when I lost my child," says another. "It gave me a hope of future treasures when my property was swept off by the last panic," says another. "It has given me a peace and a satisfaction more to me than all the world beside," says another. "It has been to me, light, and music, and fragrance, and radiant anticipation," says another. Ah! stop the procession of witnesses. Enough! Enough! All those voices of the past and the present have mightily increased our faith.

Again, our belief is reinforced by archaeological exploration. We must confess that good men at one time were afraid of geologist's hammer and chemist's crucible and archaeologist's investigation, but now intelligent Christians are receiving and still expecting nothing but confirmation from all such sources. What supports the "Palestine Exploration So-

ciety?" Contributions from churches and Christian benefactors. I saw the marks of the shovels of that Exploring Society amid the ruins of ancient Jericho, and all up and down from the Dead Sea to Cesarea Philippi. "Dig away!" says the Church of God, "and the deeper you dig the better I like." The discovered monuments of Egypt have chiselled on them the story of the sufferings of the Israelites in Egyptian bondage, as we find it in the Bible; there, in imperishable stone, representations of the slave, of the whips and of the task-masters who compelled the making of bricks without straw. Exhumed Nineveh and Babylon, with their dusty lips, declare the Bible true. Napoleon's soldiers in the Egyptian campaign pried up a stone, which you many find in the British Museum, a stone, as I remember it, presenting perhaps two feet of lettered surface. It contains words in three languages. That stone was the key that unlocked the meaning of all the hieroglyphics of tombs and obelisks, and tells over and over again the same events which Moses recorded. The signs of the time indicate that almost every fact of the Bible from lid to lid will find its corroboration in ancient city disentombed, or ancient wall, cleared from the dust of ages, or ancient document unrolled by archaeologist. Before the world rolls on as far into the twentieth century as it has already rolled into the nineteenth an infidel will be a man who does not believe his own senses, and the volumes now critical and denunciatory of the Bible, if not entirely devastated by the book worms, will be taken down from the shelf as curiosities of ignorance or idiocy. All success to the pickaxes and crow-bars and powder-blasting of those apostles of archaeological exploration. I like the ringing defiance of the old Hugenots to the assailants of Christianity: "Pound away, you rebels! Your hammers break, but the anvil of God's Word stands." How wonderfully the old book hangs together. It is a library made up of sixty-six books and written by at least thirty-nine authors. It is a supernatural thing that they have stuck together. Take the writings of any other thirty-nine authors, or any ten authors, or any five authors, and put them together, and how long would they stay together? Books of "elegant extracts" compiled from many authors are proverbially short-lived. I never knew one such book, which, to use the publisher's phrase, "had life in it" for five years. Why is it that the Bible, made up of the writings of at least thirty nine authors, has kept together for a long line of centuries when the natural tendency would have been to fly apart like loose sheets of paper when a gust of wind blows upon them? It is because God stuck them together and keeps them together. Bring me all the Bibles of the earth into one pile, and blindfold me so that I cannot tell the difference between day and night, and put into my hand any one of all that Alpine mountain of sacred books, and put my finger on the last page of Genesis, and let me know it, and I can tell you what is on the next page, namely, the first chapter of Exodus, or while thus blindfolded, put my finger on the last chapter of Matthew, and let me know it, and I will tell you what is on the next page, namely, the first chapter of Mark. In the pile of five hundred million Bibles there will be no exception. In other words, the book gives me confidence by its supernatural adhesion of writing to writing. Even the stoutest ship sometimes shifts its cargo, and that is what made our peril the greater in the ship *Greece* of the National Line when the cyclone struck us off the coast of Newfoundland, and the cargo of iron had shifted as the ship swung from larboard to starboard and from starboard to larboard. But thanks be to God this old Bible ship, though it has been in thousands of years of tempest, has kept its cargo of gold and precious stones compact and sure and in all the centuries nothing about it has shifted. There they stand, shoulder to shoulder, David and Solomon and Isaiah and Jeremiah and Ezekiel and Daniel and Hosea and Joel and Amos and Obadiah and Jonah and Micah and Nahum and Habakkuk and Zephaniah and Haggai and Zechariah and Malachi and Matthew and Mark and Luke and John and Paul and Peter, all there, and with a certainty of being there until the heavens and the earth, the Creation of which is described in the first book of the Bible, shall have collapsed, and the white horse of the Conqueror described in the last book of the Bible shall paw the dust in universal demolition. By that tremendous fact my faith is reinforced. The discussion is abroad as to who wrote those books of the Bible called the Pentateuch, whether Moses or Hilkiah or Ezra or Samuel or Jeremiah or another group of ancients. None of them wrote it. God wrote the Pentateuch, and in this day of stenography and typewriting that ought not to be a difficult thing to understand. The great business men of our towns and cities dictate nearly all their letters, they only sign them after they are dictated. The prophet and evangelist and apostle were Jehovah's stenographers or typewriters. They put down only what God dictated; he signed it afterward. He has been writing his name upon it all through the vicissitudes of centuries.

But I come to the height of my subject when I say the way to reinforce our faith is to pray for it. So the disciples in my text got their abounding faith: "Lord, increase our faith." Some one suggests: "Do you really think that prayer amounts to anything?" I might as well ask you is there a line of telegraphic poles from New York to Washington, is there a line of telegraphic wires from Manchester to London, from Cologne to Berlin. All the people who have sent and received messages on those lines know of their existence. So there are millions of souls who have been in constant communication with the Capital of the Universe, with the Throne of the Almighty, with the Great God himself, for years and years and years. There has not been a day when supplications did not flash up and blessings did not flash down. Will some ignoramus, who has never received a telegram or sent one, come and tell us that there is no such thing as telegraphic communication? Will some one who has never offered a prayer that was heard and answered come and tell us that there is nothing in prayer? It may not come as we expect it, but as sure as an honest prayer goes up, a merciful answer will come down. During the blizzard of four or five years ago, you know that many of the telegraph wires were prostrated, and I telegraphed to Chicago by the way of Liverpool, England, and the answer, after a while, came round by another wide circuit, and so the prayer we offer may come back in a way we never imagined, and if we ask to have our faith increased, although it may come by a widely different process than that which we expected, our confidence will surely be augmented. Oh, put it in every prayer you ever make between your next breath and your last gasp: "Lord, increase our faith"—faith in Christ as our personal ransom from present guilt and eternal catastrophe: Faith in the omnipotent Holy Ghost: Faith in the Bible, the truest volume ever dictated or written or printed or read: Faith in adverse providences, harmonized for our best welfare: Faith in a Judgment Day that will set all things right which have for ages been wrong. Increase our faith, not by a fragile addition, but by infinitude of recuperation. I like the way that the minister's widow did in Elisha's time, when, after the family being very unfortunate, her two sons were about to be sold for debt, and she had nothing in the house but a pot of oil, and at Elisha's direction she borrowed from her neighbors all the vessels she could borrow, and then began to pour out the oil into those vessels and kept on pouring until they were all full, and she became an oil merchant with more assets than liabilities, and when she cried, "Bring me yet a vessel," the answer came, "There is not a vessel more." So let us take what oil of faith we have and use it until the supply shall be miraculously multiplied. Bring on your empty vessels, and by the power of the Lord God of Elisha they shall be filled until they can hold no more of jubilant, all-inspiring and triumphant faith.

What a frightful time we had a few days ago down on the coast of Long Island, where I have been stopping. That archangel of tempest, which, with its awful wings, swept the Atlantic coast from Florida to Newfoundland, did not spare our region. A few miles away, at Southampton, I saw the bodies of four men, whom the storm had slain and the sea had cast up. As I stood there among the dead bodies, I said to myself, and I said aloud: "These men represent homes. What will mother and father and wife and children say when they know this?" Some of the victims were unknown, only the first name of two of them was found out—Charley and William. I wondered then and I wonder now if they will remain unknown, and if some kindred far away may be waiting for their coming and never hear of the rough way of their going. The ship had become helpless six miles out, and as one wave swept the deck and went down on the furnaces till they hissed and went out, the cry was, "Oh, my God, we are lost!" Then the crew put on life-preservers, one of the sailors saying to the other, "We will meet again on the shore, and, if not, well, we must all go sometime." Of the twenty-three men who put on the life-preservers, only three lived to reach the beach. But what a scene it was as the good and kind people of Southampton, led on by Dr. Thomas, the great and good surgeon of New York, stood watching the sailors struggling in the breakers. "Are you still alive?" shouted Dr. Thomas to one of them out in the breakers, and he signalled yes, and then went into unconsciousness. Who should do the most for the poor fellows and how to resuscitate them, were the questions that ran up and down the beach at Southampton. How the men and women on the shore stood wringing their hands impatiently waiting for the sufferers to come within reach, and then they were lifted up and carried indoors and waited on with as much kindness and wrapped as warmly as though they had been the princes of the earth. "Are they alive?" "Are they breathing?" "Do you think they will live?" "What can we do for them?" were the rapid and intense questions asked, and so much money was sent for the clothing and equipment of the unfortunates that Dr. Thomas had to make a proclamation that no more money was needed. In other words, all that day it was resuscitation. And that is the appropriate word for us this morning, as we stand and look off upon this awful sea of doubt and unbelief on which hundreds are this moment being wrecked. Some of them were launched by Christian parentage on smooth seas and with promise for prosperous voyage, but a Voltaire cyclone struck them on one side and a Tom Paine cyclone struck them on the other side, and a bad-habit cyclone struck them on all sides, and they have foundered far away from shore, far away from God, and they have gone down or are washed ashore with no spiritual life left in them. But, thank God, there are many here today with enough faith left to encourage us in the effort at their resuscitation. All hands to the beach! With a confidence in God that takes no denial, let us lay hold of them! Fetch them out of the breakers! Bring Gospel warmth and Gospel stimulus, and Gospel life to their freezing souls! Resuscitation! Resuscitation!

NAPOLEON'S SOLDIERS FINDING THE ROSETTA STONE IN THE DESERT.

THE POWER OF THE GOSPEL.

S S. Lesson for Oct. 1. Rom 1 : 8-17. Golden Text, I. Thes. 1 : 5 By Mrs. M. Baxter.

BEFORE the apostle Paul wrote to the Romans about the power of the Gospel he had known that power in his own life. He could fully endorse the words of his Master: "We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen." (John 3 : 11.) It was the power of the Gospel which led the once proud Pharisee to address the Romans as being himself a servant—"a servant of Jesus Christ, called to be an apostle, separated unto the Gospel of God" (ver. 1). Paul took the appellation of "servant" as his by right, but "apostle" as his by calling, always remembering that he was "not meet to be called an apostle," because he persecuted the church of God.

Paul was not the servant of the Romans although he had made himself servant unto all. He was the servant of God, and as such, at the service of the Church, but only as the Lord called him. There was both

Humility and Dignity

in the position he took up, it was the lowest place as the servant, but it was a place of authority as a servant under orders to God, and not to man. He was separated, not to the service of the Roman church, or the Corinthian, Ephesian, or any other special Church, but "unto the Gospel of God." This was Paul's parish, "all nations," his was a cosmopolitan ministry. He needed, and God gave him a heart of all nations, and his name and his ministry touched the world of his day. Speaking to the Romans he treats them as parts of the great whole "among whom," i.e., among "all nations" "are ye also called to be Jesus Christs': to all that are in Rome, beloved of God, called to be saints; grace to you and peace from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ." (R.V.)

Paul had great things to write to the Roman Church; in no other epistle did he bring out so fully what redemption and what salvation really mean. He had a burden on his heart, and he must gain the attention of his correspondents, and this he did as was usual with him, by first of all encouraging them, and recognising what there was of the grace of God in them: "I thank my God through Jesus Christ for you all, that your faith is spoken of thoughout the whole world." When a man who knew, as Paul knew, how dependent we are on the Holy Ghost for the true power of prayer, had the burden of a Church laid upon him, it meant a very real entering into the interests of that Church. This was no forced prayer, it was the privilege of fellowship with his Master. "For I long to see you," he said, that I may impart unto you some spiritual gift, to the end ye may be established, that is that I may be

Comforted Together with You

by the mutual faith both of you and me." Paul knew that wherever God sent him he should not go in vain: it would be a gain to the Roman Church if he paid them a visit, but, at the same time, it would be a gain to him personally. The apostle understood, and highly valued, the privilege of the communion of saints. He knew it was no light matter for men and women of God to meet together in his presence each contributing his or her quotum of the plenitude of the Spirit, of the presence of an indwelling God, of the experience in spirit soul and body of a life yielded up to God. As the father in Christ, he should impart some spiritual gift, as the brethren in Christ and fellow-workers of the Lord, the Romans should strengthen his faith.

How little did Paul know when he thus felt the drawing of the Spirit towards a ministry in Rome, under what circumstances he should come there! In the latter part of this Epistle he writes: "I have been much hindered from coming to you. But now, having no place in these parts (Corinth and the cities of Greece), and having a great desire these many years to come unto you, whensoever I take my journey into Spain, I will come unto you" (chap. 15: 22-24). Truly "man proposes and God disposes." The journey took place indeed, but the Apostle of the Gentiles traveled under arrest; he came, not as a preacher but as a prisoner, and yet, as we have seen, sent of God.

"I should like to win some souls for the Master in France," said a young, earnest, worker. "O how I would like to bring some of the native Hindoos to the knowledge of the Lord," said another. With "Paul the aged" there was a deeper motive:

"I am Debtor."

Seeing as he did the whole creation groaning and travailing in pain, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of the body. The apostle felt that, redeemed by the blood of Christ, and looking for his return to consummate his work, and deliver the groaning creation, he was a debtor. It was: "Woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel." (1.Cor. 9: 16). "I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the Barbarians, both to the wise and to the unwise. So, as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the Gospel to you that are at Rome also, for I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ."

Many were ashamed of it who nevertheless believed in its truth and divine origin. There was much in Paul's time to lead the natural man to be ashamed of the cross of Christ. All its associations were with the criminal courts, the Pharisee, Saul of Tarsus, who could say of himself that he had been, touching the righteousness which is of the law, found blameless, had to endure the bitter scorn of those who now regarded him as the fanatical follower of an executed criminal, who was publicly regarded as an evil doer! This was no light cross for Paul. The religion in which he was brought up, and the strictest sect of the Pharisees of which he had been a member could only look upon him as a recreant, and as a disgrace to the name of Pharisee. The state religion of Rome was just as adverse. Paul lost caste, lost influence, lost respect and prestige; those who had been wont to look up to him as an aristocratic, honorable, pious Jew, and as one privileged to be a Roman citizen, could now only regard him with the last degree of contempt. From all sides shame was heaped on him, and yet Paul was not ashamed! Heaven had been opened to him on his way to Damascus, he had not been "disobedient to the heavenly vision;" old things had then passed away and all things had become new. Paul saw with other eyes from that day forward, he could afford to bear the contempt of man for the Gospel. The good news concerning Jesus of Nazareth had become a power, the power of God unto salvation, and had transplanted Paul into another world, with another point of view: the power of the Gospel made him look, not at the things which are seen but the things which are not seen, and God was nearer to him, and more real to him, than any earthly thing. Phariseeism had been to him a doctrine, an opinion, obstinately pertinaciously held and persevered in; but the Gospel was

A Power to Deliver.

The old doctrine developed what he was, and its fruit was threatenings and slaughter." The Gospel brought salvation and delivered him from what he was, and made him what Christ was, so that as crucified with Christ, he could say, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." And Paul knew and taught that that same Gospel which was such a power to him was not something peculiar to him, but the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. The same condition which he had recognized and complied with was sufficient for others, too, "to the Jew first and also to the Gentiles."

"For therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith." Faith for forgiveness and justification, but only to lead on to faith for deliverance from sin through dying to sin. And again deliverance from sin leading on to another step of faith, deliverance from the flesh by the indwelling of the Spirit of God, and then from deliverance from the flesh to the recognition by faith of our indebtedness to the creation which is waiting for the manifestation of the grown-up, developed, educated, purified "sons of God," according to the purpose of God which again we enter into by faith. "For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son that he might be the first born among many brethren."

O, thank God, the Gospel is not a theory, but a power; it is not a device of man but a call of God with the power attached to it, for it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure. O the mystery and yet the open mystery of the grace of God, open to faith, how glorious it is! Shall we be ashamed of the Gospel of Christ? Rather let us be ashamed that, in spite of God's provision, it has been so little in our lives what God meant it to be: the power of God unto salvation, a salvation which has development from faith to faith! Paul simply yielded himself and became in his own life a witness to all he taught; and thus his word had such wondrous might and power. Paul when he preached was filled with the Holy Ghost. Let us yield up ourselves as he yielded himself and then our lives, too, shall be a witness to the power of the Gospel which shall convince others, and so we shall not have lived in vain.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

ANCIENT SCROLLS IN CASE.

DURING Paul's stay at Corinth he found time to dictate to Tertius the letter which, in our Bibles, bears the title of the Epistle to the Romans. It was written about the year 58, when Paul was getting ready to leave Corinth to go to Jerusalem. Some scholars have doubted whether it was addressed to the Christians in Rome, as the greetings and other expressions in the sixteenth chapter are not such as would be used by a man who had not been in Rome. Besides, Aquila and Priscilla, who are mentioned, were as we know from the Acts, not in Rome at the time, but in Ephesus. The truth seems to be that it was an encyclical letter, intended to be read in various churches. Its natural ending is the close of the fifteenth chapter. The tone changes with the beginning of the sixteenth, from the distant and polite phraseology of the courteous stranger to the familiar words of one having an intimate acquaintance with the persons addressed. That chapter was probably added to the copy of the letter which went to Ephesus and was not on the one sent to Rome. If all the tried friends mentioned by name in that chapter had been living in Rome, Paul would not have had to complain, three years afterwards, as he does (II.Tim. 4: 16), that no one stood by him in his extremity. The character of the letter confirms this theory. It is a manifesto, or declaration of the doctrines and principles of Paul's preaching and an elaborate defence of his contention that the Gentiles need not obey the Jewish law. Thus it was of interest to the whole church and Paul would naturally wish that it should reach every convert, both Jew and Gentile. It presents also, in a closely reasoned argument, Paul's conception of the principles of God's dealing with the world from the beginning, on which he bases his doctrine of the universality of sin, the need of a universal remedy, the absurdity of the Jews trying to maintain exclusive religious privileges, and the philosophic soundness of the distinctive principle of what he calls *his* Gospel—the principle that no man can be saved by obedience to the law, or by good works, but only by the exercise of faith. It is the most profound and logical book of the Bible, a recondite treatise on abstract truths. Peter had probably been reading a copy of it when he said that his beloved brother Paul wrote "some things hard to be understood."

I make mention of you always in my prayer. No one knows the limit of what God can and will do when one who loves him and whom he loves appeals to him. "When I was a child in the Sabbath school in the old country," said a Christian lady, "my faithful teacher used to say, 'I have prayed too much for my class for one of them to be lost.' I was a thoughtless girl at the time, and remember wondering at it and thinking it a very self-confident remark. She is so sure. 'I shall have them all,' she would say. 'I shall say to Christ at the judgment,' "Here am I and the class thou hast given me." "And were they all converted?" I asked. "Yes; she did not live to see it, but my eyes have seen it—the last of sixteen gathered into the fold."

Comforted by mutual faith. The influence of association is more potent that we can estimate. Even the great Apostle expected to receive benefit as well as to impart it in association with people of like faith. A story is told of a gentleman who had a valuable singing canary. A friend wanted to see if he could teach his sparrows to sing by keeping the canary with them. He borrowed it and placed it in the cage with the sparrows. Instead, however, of teaching them to sing, the poor bird got so timid among the strange birds that it stopped singing altogether, and did nothing but chirp like the sparrows. The owner then took it back, but still it would not sing. It then occurred to him to put it beside any canary which sang well. This had the desired effect; the old note, was sung as before.

"Give him a cheer," said one in a crowd gathered round a great conflagration, as he saw a fireman falter for a moment at the final effort that was needed to save a life. "Give him a cheer," and as the admiring huzza was raised the heart of the brave hero gathered new courage, so that he succeeded in his noble endeavor. Just in the same way the sympathy of any gathering or audience bears up a speaker as the water does the ship upon the waves. There is a constant action and reaction between the orator and his hearers. As Mr. Gladstone once put it, "He gets from them in vapor that which he gives back to them in flood."

I'm not ashamed of the Gospel. Something more than fifty years ago there was a dinner party in the West End of London. The ladies had withdrawn and under the guidance of one member of the company, the conversation took a turn of which it will be enough here and now to say that it was utterly dishonorable to Jesus Christ our Lord. One of the guests said nothing, but presently asked the host permission to ring the bell, and when the servant appeared he ordered his carriage. He then with the courtesy of perfect self-command expressed his regret at being obliged to retire, but explained that he was still a Christian. Mark the phrase, for it made a deep impression at the time—"Still a Christian." Perhaps it occurs to you that the guest who was capable of this simple conrage must have been a bishop or at least a clergyman. The party was made up entirely of laymen and the guest in question became the great Prime Minister of the early days of the reign of Queen Victoria—he was the late Sir Robert Peel.

It is the power of God unto salvation. It saves from the power of sin as well as from the punishment of sin. "Have you ever heard the Gospel before?" asked an Englishman at Ningpo of a respectable Chinaman, whom he had not seen in his mission-room before. "No," he replied, "but I have seen it. I know a man who used to be a terror of his neighborhood. If you gave him a hard word he would shout at you, and curse you for two days and nights without ceasing. He was as dangerous as a wild beast, and a bad opium smoker; but when the religion of Jesus took hold of him he became wholly changed. He is gentle, moral, not soon angry, and has left off opium. Truly the teaching is good!"

Ruskin, in his *Ethics of the Dust* calls our attention to the silent forces of nature, which never appear so grand as when they transmute baser material into higher forms. We see the pool of slime transformed by the action of light and heat, repose and quiet so that the clay hardens into blue sapphire, the sand into burning opal, the soot into flashing diamond. And even Jesus never appears so glorious in loveliness as when we see him transforming the very filth and slime of society into gems.

The just shall live by faith. Spiritual strength is developed by faith. It is at first often very weak and faint, but when it is tried and is found to be justified by results the man who has trusted God for small things and has received them is encouraged to trust him for larger and ever larger blessings until he actually lives by faith. Sir Walter Scott relates, in his autobiography, that when he was a child one of his legs was paralyzed, and when medical skill failed, a kind uncle induced him to exert the muscles of the powerless limb by drawing a pretty toy or something that the child wanted before him on the floor, tempting him to creep after it, and thus keeping up and gradually increasing vital action and muscular force. So God deals with us in our spiritual childhood and the weakness of faith. He holds the blessings before us, so as to tempt us to creep after them. How weak our efforts, how slow our movements. But spiritual vitality is developed, and strengthened by these efforts, slow and weak as they are.

A Nestorian Society.

Mr. Joel W. Abraham's Story of the Earnest and Self denying Work of a Society of Christian Young Men in Persia.

FROM Mr. Abraham, the young Nestorian compositor, who has been assisting Dr. Labaree in the production of the new Syriac Bible, as described in this journal on August 2, we have received a description of an interesting work about which little is known outside the boundaries of Persia. Probably no people at the present day have so many claims on the good - will and sympathy of Christians as these Nestorians. For more than three centuries they have been persecuted by the Mohammedans for clinging to their Christian name and faith. Their enemies took the cruel and effective means of rooting out their beliefs by depriving them of all educational facilities, destroying their schools and laying their theological seminary at Nesibin in ruins. The Mohammedan believed that if a few generations were born and grew up in absolute ignorance, Christianity would surely perish from among them. Thus deprived of the source of knowledge from books and without trained religious teachers, the Nestorians have gradually sunk into a debased and superstitious condition which is the grief and shame of the few enlightened people among them. Beside this mental and spiritual famine, the Nestorians have been leading a harassed life physically, through the depredations of their ancestral enemies the Koords who descending from the mountains burn their crops, steal their savings and remorselessly murder the men and outrage the women in their villages.

MR. JOEL W. ABRAHAM.

"But," says Mr. Abraham, in his quaint English, "the star of the hope now is rising and makes the heart of the Nestorian to overflow with joy and gratitude as well as with an earnest expectation for future. The watchman whispers in the ears of the Syrian a glorious greeting—the morning has dawn. The rays of the old spirit are reappearing shining from among the clouds of despondency. So the gratitude fills my heart to praise the Father, who by his infinite love opened the track from America to Persia. The ship which took the American missionaries about sixty years ago is to be considered, by any Nestorian the next to the floating boat of Noah. Even the high waves of the Atlantic stand as the hills of God's mercies for sailing the vessel of help from west to the east. Hallelujahs and Hosannas to the name of Emmanuel, who through the instrumentality of American missionaries has blessed my people."

One of the fruits of the labors of which Mr. Abraham thus gratefully speaks, is the organization of a society of Christian young men who have banded themselves together for aggressive work. They have taken the name of the Nestorian Reformation Society and are laboring earnestly for the enlightenment and conversion of their fellow-countrymen. The pioneer in the work was a young man named Rabi Oshana, who died in July of last year. After his conversion at the American mission-ary station he commenced missionary work on his own account among his associates. All the young men whom he knew before his conversion, or whom he could afterwards meet, were the objects of his persevering Christian effort. He could not rest until they knew the joy of conversion. He talked with them, read the Bible to them and prayed with them, until one after another he had led more than a score of them to Christ. He had access to homes that the missionary could not reach and his influence was greater than of a foreign preacher.

In the summer of 1890 these young men formed their society. It was a very simple matter. Twice a month they met together at the houses of the members in turn, being too poor to hire a room for the purpose. There they told for the encouragement of each other what God had done for their own souls and for the good of others through them. They arranged plans for future work, fixing on places where they could go with their message and consulting and advising as to the various spheres that were accessible. In several instances the young men undertook journeys on foot to places fifteen miles off, walking there and back after their day's work on the farm or shop, that they might carry the message of salvation to some dark district. Their earnestness in speaking of Christ to their business associates and to men and women whom they met in the streets attracted public notice and brought them much reproach. They were addressed by opprobrious epithets, were called, "the band of dervishes," "the association of crazy men," and at last, as they gained the respect and goodwill of the people, "*Desta De Khoodata*," that is, "the Reformation Society" which they accepted and adopted. One of the members who has been successful in the extremely difficult work of reaching the Moslems is a young physician. "The Society," Mr. Abraham says, "makes its collection once a year. Its members do their best in liberality of giving notwithstanding faithful in their duties to the churches where they belong and through the contribution of widow's mites the Society has established evangelists and other workers." Two missionary workers named Benjamin and Abshaloom were selected to give all their time to the Society's work. They penetrated to the settlements in the mountains of Khoordistan and into the Mohammedan districts. Another wide field was opened when recently Hakim Israiel, the young physician, previously mentioned, was invited by the Moslem governor to take up his residence in Ardabeel under government patronage with full liberty to preach Christianity. Mirza Ibrahim, whose martyrdom in a Moslem prison was recently described in this journal was also a valued member of the Society. An effort is now being made to secure a building for the Society, but at present it has no available funds.

THE PPOPOSED SPURGEON MEMORIAL HALL *See page 622.*

The Dead Expositor.

The Loss Sustained by Christendom in the Recent Death of the Famous Biblical Scholar and Author, Dr. Samuel Cox.

THE many readers in this country of *The Quest of the Chief Good, Salvator Mundi* and other works expository of the books of the Bible will regret to hear of the death of their author, Rev. Samuel Cox, D. D. It was his delight to bring to bear the rich treasures of his learning, exploration, and scientific training on the difficult passages of the Bible. No effort was too great and no length of time too much in his opinion to be given to the study of some obscure chapter and he was singularly successful in discovering the real meaning of many passages which had previously puzzled Bible students. In his work on *The Quest of the Chief Good* he gave to the world for the first time a clear and vivid idea of the philosophy of the book of Ecclesiastes, presenting in connected lines the object and purpose and surroundings of its author and showing the lessons he designed to teach. Every reader of his work turns to the treatise of the old Hebrew philosopher with new interest and with the key in his hand to mysterious expressions which had previously been dark to him. Dr. Cox did similar service as to *The Private Letters of Paul and John* and to other books of the Bible, opening up their hidden beauties and explaining the force of passages which had not been perceived by readers so widely separated as we are, both by time and circumstance, from the writers.

Beside the service thus rendered by Dr. Cox, as an author, to Bible students, he laid the Christian world under an obligation by extensive editorial work. He established a monthly magazine called the *Expositor* which had an enormous circulation. During the ten years that he edited it, he sought in every university here and in England and Germany for men who had made a special study of Oriental languages and literature, antiquarians and philologists and any one who could throw light on the idioms of the original languages in which the books of the Bible were written, or accurately describe the lands and times of the Bible writers. From these scholars he obtained contributions of inestimable value to the pages of his magazine. His extreme liberality and his determination to follow truth wherever he found it, were rare qualities in a theologian and they led to many of his friends deserting him. Some who agreed with the views he expressed deplored his stating them publicly. But Dr. Cox was an ardent lover of truth and scorned to pretend to believe anything that he knew to be untrue, or to keep back any portion of the truth from his readers. It was better, he believed, to take the public into his confidence and to let them know that some treasured articles of faith could no longer be defended in the light of modern science, than to allow them to get the information from the enemies of the Bible. Thus his readers learned to look on the Bible in a new light but one quite as valuable as the old aspect and vastly more intelligent. From the position he took no infidel could drive him, because he frankly admitted that the Bible was not given to teach science, but to do a work that science could never do, in leading men to heaven. Young men who had studied in the Universities and who were inclined to abandon Christianity as untenable, found that the old religion, as Dr. Cox taught it, was eternally true and under his guidance renewed their hold upon it with confidence and vigor. Numbers of them, who are serving Christ in the church and in the world, were thus saved by him from infidelity. But the prejudices of the party opposed to him, composed of timid men and bigoted and ignorant men, finally triumphed and the *Expositor* was wrested from his hands.

THE LATE REV. S. COX, D. D.

Dr. Cox belonged to a family highly respected in the city of London, who were at the head of an extremely lucrative business. The highest place in the firm might have been his; but he deemed the work of Bible exposition infinitely preferable, and he turned his back resolutely on business. His early business training, however, was valuable to him in his ministerial and literary work, giving him a knowledge of the difficulties business men have to meet and the obstacles which prevent their acceptance of religion. When finally he was permitted to prepare for the ministry he devoted himself with so much ardor to his studies that his health was undermined and his first services to the Church, like his last, were rendered with his pen. He was nearly thirty-seven years old when, in 1863, he accepted the pastorate of a Baptist Church in the busy manufacturing city of Nottingham. The value of his preaching was speedily realized, not only by the educated and cultured classes of the community, but by the intelligent working men who admired the honesty of the preacher and his sound common-sense. For twenty-five years he labored there, his powers and popularity increasing from year to year. The fidelity of his people to him never wavered and it became more personal and more affectionate when he was assailed by men among his brethren who were opposed to his progressive spirit. During the last few years of his pastorate, his church provided an assistant for him, but in 1888 his voice completely failed and his resignation was reluctantly accepted. He retired to Hastings, where the asthmatic affection from which he suffered was relieved by the soft southern air and for a time his health so far improved as to permit of active literary work. He issued in quick succession, *A Commentary on Job; A Commentary on Ruth, the House and its Builder* and other works of rare value. The last named which he called "a book for the doubtful," has been especially useful in leading sceptically inclined thinkers to Christ. He continued his work until the close of last year, when increasing infirmities compelled him to lay down his pen. Since that time he failed rapidly, and during the remaining months of his life deplored his inability to do work which he ardently longed to do. He was in his sixty-seventh year, and while his mind was active and his spirit full of faith and joy, his physical frame was so completely worn out that he welcomed death as a relief.

OCEAN GROVE'S NEW AUDITORIUM.

The last services in the old Auditorium at Ocean Grove were held on Sept. 10. The present structure, which cost 7,500 and seats 4,200, will now be torn down and replaced by a splendid $50,000 auditorium, nearly the whole amount for which has been subscribed. The first auditorium at the Grove cost about $400 and had a seating capacity of 175. Since the organization of the Camp Meeting Association over twenty years ago, the attendance has increased every year.

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NEWSPAPER READING.

WE cannot read all nor half that comes to us in the public journals. If our time be limited, take the editorials which are a summation of important events. Take the reports of educational, artistic and religious meetings. Do not sit down to a banquet of arsons, and manslaughter, and divorce cases. What you read in the newspapers finally decides your character. The newspaper is the library of the great masses of the people, and out of it they must make their selection. Read chiefly those parts of the paper which are best calculated to improve you. Read what will make you better, not what will make you worse. We are not worthy of citizenship unless we keep our eyes open to the events which affect the welfare of the country where we live. But gossip, whether on the tongue of the gadabout or printed in newspaper column, will improve neither body, mind, or soul. It takes all kinds of information to make a newspaper; but we are not expected to devour all, any more than when a man sits at the table he is expected to eat everything on it, making no distinction between sugar and salt, sweet oil and vinegar. There are many things that do for spicery that it will not do to take in large quantities. We want more common sense in newspaper perusal. What a mighty advantage it gives us all, twice a day to feel the pulse of all Christendom; the morning papers telling us how the world is at daybreak, the evening papers telling us how the world is at sundown. What opportunities we have of watching the world's progress. We do not have to go out and hang on our neighbor's gate and ask him the news. In a crumpled roll it is flung into our doorway, and we hear, as though it were on the next street, an explosion in Russia, the crack of a revolver in Omaha, the wreck of a rail-train at Ashtabula, the fall of the speaker's gavel at Washington. All the world so near together, we ought to have an all-embracing sympathy. So much intelligence implies a corresponding responsibility. I suppose God is preparing all these newspapers and telegraphic wires and railroads so as to make quick work of the world's final evangelization. The Bible idea of nations born in a day is by most people taken as figurative. I take it as literal. All the oceans cabled, all the continents strung together with telegraphic wire, sometime in one hour all nations may get the Gospel call, and the next morning or evening papers have for head-lines the names of ten or twenty nations born unto God that day. The batteries are all planted, the pulpit, the scientific press, the electric battery. When once at God's command they open their united fire, the fortresses of sin will tumble and the banners of Emmanuel float triumphant.

DEADLY WEAPONS.

IT is a wicked folly that many of our young men are getting so familiar with fire-arms. Hundreds and thousands of our young men carry weapons of death — pistols and sword-canes. Many of our young men think it ineffably smart to throw back the lappel of the coat, as by accident, until you see the glitter of the death weapon, or turn down the head of the cane so that you discover the keen edge underneath the knob of the cane. If a man is going out among Bedouin savages, or is to be on police duty in the Fourth Ward, I say let him have club, knife, derringer; but you have no right, with firearms or the weapons of death, to be moving amid the peaceful society of our American cities. Beside that, it is a mark of a contemptible coward. What a chicken liver instead of a heart you must have that you have to be armed in order to walk through Fulton street or Broadway! There is a certain kind of man who ought never to have a pistol in his pocket, or under his pillow, or anywhere in the house from garret to cellar, and that is the young man or the old man who has a violent temper. To say nothing of a revolver, it seems to me it is dangerous for you to have so much as a percussion cap or a ramrod! You carry a pistol, when suddenly, in a moment of insane fury, you may do something that you will be sorry for through time and through eternity. With such a temper as you have, to carry a weapon of death is as unwise as to put gunpowder and lucifer matches in the same vest pocket.

The ordinary citizen in the next one hundred years, will need no firearms. Ten lives are lost every year through the accidental discharge of firearms where there is one life saved by being armed. Away with your pistols and guns and sword-canes! If you are afraid to go down the street without them, ask your grandmother to go with you! She will conquer all your assailants with scissors and knitting needle. This complete puppyism that cannot live in a respectable neighborhood without being armed with deadly weapons ought to be spanked and sent to bed before sundown. It is an awful thing to take human life. Have nothing about you that in a moment of altercation, may become, under the impulse of sudden temper set on fire of the devil, the means of appalling crime.

A WORD FOR NEWSBOYS.

ALL hail to the newsboys of these cities. I never pass them without wanting to buy out their whole stock of goods, and send them home to rest from their labors. Treat them well, and sometimes do not wait for the change when there are two or three cents over. Open the way for the young governors. That was well done when in the old *Sun* building in New York, in March, 1854, the first lodging-house for newsboys was opened, furnishing them a good bed for six cents, a supper for four cents, and a free bath; and these lads who had lodged nights under stairways, and in boxes, and hay-barges, and on steam-gratings, were made comfortable through Christian philanthropy, so that the conversation of these boys the first night in the new lodging house was overheard as they said: "It's most as good as steam-gratings!" "What soft beds these is!" "Jim, this is rather better than bumming, eh?" Yea, a night-school was opened for them, and religious songs were taught to them, and the eyes of these lads who had been so kicked and cuffed of the world were blinded with tears, as Christian voices, accompanied by a melodeon, sang:

There's a light in the window for thee, brother!
There's a light in the window for thee!

The New York Boys' Lodging-house in eighteen years, at an expense of $131,888 lodged 91,326 different boys. The boys themselves put in savings banks during that time, $25,141,35. Blessed be the men and women who have these newsboys' lodging-houses of our cities under their care and patronage. This kindness has already furnished for bar and pulpit, and medical profession and high political place able and useful men.

THE most of the capitalists do not think for themselves; the most of the laborers do not think for themselves. There are boss capitalists and boss laborers who want their way. Indeed, the human family is divided into two classes—those who boss and those who get bossed. Capital will never help itself by fighting labor, and labor will never get any advantage from combating capital.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

R. Stracke, Cleveland, O. What countries are yet closed to missionaries and the preaching of the Gospel?

Thibet and a few of the countries of Central Asia, the interior of China, and parts of Central Africa. While vast districts still await the Gospel, probably no country can be said, as a whole, to be closed against it.

D. W. Johnson, Cottesbury. "Can you tell me who is the author of the following and where I can find the whole poem?"

Columbus was a sailor brave,
The first that crossed the Atlantic's wave,
In fourteen hundred and ninety-two;
He came to view the ocean blue
Where ne'er a ship had sailed before,
He found a wild and savage shore,
Where naked men in forests prowled
And bears and panthers roamed and howled.

Reader, Springbrook, N. Y. 1. Who was Confucius? 2. Who was the author of the "Golden Rule?"

1. A Chinese reformer and moralist, born about 500 years before Christ. 2. He was the author of the famous maxim: "What you would not wish done to yourself, that do not to others," which has been modernized into its present form and denominated the "Golden Rule." Our Saviour spiritualized it in his memorable words: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Mark 12: 31. Another and more literal expression of the same idea is found in the sermon on the Mount. (see Matt. 7: 12.)

J. E. Bozeman, Bells Depot, Tenn. 1. Can the discrepancies in the genealogies of Christ given by Matthew and Luke be reconciled? 2. What is the meaning of Matt. 24: 34?

1. Many theories have been advanced by learned men to account for the divergence, but the most probable one is that which is based on a discovery among Jewish records. It is found that Mary was spoken of by the Jews as the daughter of Heli. Thus Heli would be Christ's grandfather. If now you turn to Luke 3: 23 you find Heli mentioned in that relation, but with Joseph as the representative of the intermediate generation. But the phraseology is peculiar. As Luke knew very well, and is at some pains to state, Jesus was not, as was supposed, the son of Joseph. If the verse is read, as the original permits, "Jesus being (the reputed) son of Joseph (but in reality) of Heli," that is descended from Heli, you have the key to the solution. If this rendering is correct, as is now generally believed, Luke is tracing the genealogy of Mary while Matthew traces that of Joseph. 2. "This generation" refers to the generation of which Christ had been speaking. The meaning is that the generation which sees the beginning of the troubles will see the end. Their course would be very rapid.

W. H. McCormack, Leesburg, Fla. Is it an undisputed fact that the Saviour used wine in instituting the Lord's Supper? If so, would it not be wrong to use any other beverage at the Communion now?

The fact so far as we know is undisputed. It was the common drink of the country and the time, so that the probabilities are in its favor. It has also been the universal custom in the Church from the beginning and will doubtless so continue. There would, however, be nothing wrong in substituting another beverage if there was good reason for so doing. The purpose Christ had in view of a meal eaten in [illegible] by his followers as a sign of their common brotherhood in faith and love of him would be fulfilled, whatever elements were used. Nothing was more foreign to the principles he enunciated than the tendency that is prevalent to observe minute details ceremonial and otherwise while neglecting the spirit of which the ceremony is only the visible expression.

Carrie L. Porteus, Sucker Brook, N. Y. Why do not the Jews offer sacrifices now as they did in Bible times?

They have no temple now. They worship in synagogues and sacrifices were not offered in synagogues. Besides this, they have learned, as their later prophets taught them, that God does "not delight in the blood of bullocks or of lambs." (See Isaiah 1: 11—18; Micah 6: 6—8.)

M. I. Kenyon, Hoggansburgh, N. Y. Can you give me the names of Jesus' sisters?

Their names are not given in the Gospels so that we have no reliable authority. That he had sisters, we learn from Matt. 13: 56 and Mark 6: 3. The identity of his natural relationships is, however, of little importance since he regarded spiritual relationship as much closer. "Whoso doeth the will of God, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother" (Mark 3: 35.)

John H. Sherrard, Rockville, Ind. When was the present formula of baptism adopted? I find in Acts 2: 38, that the Apostles baptized in the name of Jesus.

We suppose it was adopted from the beginning of Apostolic times. Christ gave the formula now used just before his ascension. (See Matt. 28: 19.) The historian of the Acts probably omitted part of the formula in his narrative as he regarded the acceptance of Jesus by the convert and his own confession of him by baptism as the important fact, just as we now speak of Christian baptism.

Subscriber, Boston, Mass. Would a person be committing sin in being baptized by immersion on making profession of faith if as an infant he had already been baptized by sprinkling?

There would be no sin in so doing. He would be ratifying by his own volition the dedicatory act of his parents. If he prefers to make public profession of faith by baptism by immersion, or if he has arrived at the conclusion that it is his duty to do so, there is nothing in the former ceremony to prevent his being baptized again. The important question is as to his having saving faith in Christ. The time and mode of baptism are of infinitely less importance.

Subscriber, Philadelphia. Please inform me 1.) where the Bank of Ilium existed 2co B. C., and (2.), where in the Bible does it read of regulating interests rates?

1. History leaves no doubt that in Ilium, as in other great cities, banks flourished centuries before the Saviour's birth. Recently discovered monuments of ancient Babylon furnish evidence that banking existed in the cities of Assyria as early as 600 B. C. In the reign of Nabupal-assar there was a national banking firm doing business under the name of Egibi & Son, and they even issued a banking almanac, giving the rates of interest. Equally conclusive evidence of ancient Greek and Roman banking is not wanting. 2. See Exod. 22: 25; Deut. 23: 19, 20; Lev. 25: 36, 37, and other passages.

An Eager Questioner. 1. Has Matthew 24: 14 been fulfilled? If not in what part of the world is it unfulfilled? 2. If a girl, who is over age is a Christian and wishes to join a Christian Church, is forbidden to do so by her parents, what is her duty?

1. The passage you mention does not say that every part of the world is to be Christianized, but that the Gospel is to be preached everywhere as a witness. In Thibet and some other parts of Asia and the interior of Africa the people have not yet heard of the Gospel. 2. She must make public profession of her faith. Her duty to Christ is superior to her duty to her parents. But she should do it affectionately and with deference, not defiantly. She should explain to her parents how her conscience requires her to disobey them and to say frankly how sorry she is to oppose them in the matter. If she is and has been obedient in other matters they are not likely to continue their opposition and she must prove by her conduct that in all else she is a dutiful daughter.

J. W. Meminger, Lancaster, Pa. He occasionally read from manuscript, but frequently spoke without notes, although all his sermons were carefully prepared.—Old Settler, Milwaukee, Wis. Political and industrial doctors differ materially regarding the cause of the "hard times." The passages you point out are specially appropriate.—Subscriber, Massachusetts. Write to Biglow & Main, Music Publishers, Ninth St., N. Y.—Wm. Adams, Miles City, Mont. Rubber eraser or mixed solution of oxalic acid will probably do what you want.—T. H. Sonnedecker, Tiffin, O. Write to J. E. Jewett, bookseller, Bible House, New York, for the *Christian News*.—J. R. Walker, San Jose, Cal. It is not a novel, it is rather a personal spiritual experience.—Mrs. S. C. Burdick, Alfred Centre, N. Y. The subject naturally divides itself into these heads: 1. Sleep, the season of refreshment. 2. Contrast the sluggard and the active. 3. Time, the value of hours and minutes. 4. The morning of life, the best for work. 5. The noon: after which the powers begin to wane. 6. Urge all to consecrated activity in youth. "Remember now thy Creator," etc.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

PEARY IN THE ARCTIC.

DISPATCHES from Lieut. Peary reached New York a few days ago. They were brought to St. John's, Newfoundland, by the *Falcon*, the vessel that took him out, and thence sent on by telegraph. They report the explorer and his party, safe and well in the quarters where they are to spend the winter. The house which they took with them had been put up in a sheltered place at Falcon Harbor, near the head of Bowdoin Bay, which is about seven hundred miles from the North Pole. An expedition was made, while the ship was there, northward to Whale Sound to obtain walrus and eider ducks for food for men and dogs during the winter. Peary hopes also to capture some reindeer which will serve for food. A large party of Esquimaux have moved near to the explorer's settlement, who will help in the hunting expedition. Lieut. Peary speaks hopefully of his prospects and is sanguine of success in his effort to penetrate farther north than any previous explorer. When the *Falcon* left him on Aug. 20, he was busily preparing for the long winter night. His party consists of his wife and her maid; Dr. E. Vincent, the surgeon; Mr. W. S. Swain, the secretary; F. W. Stokes, the artist; G. H. Clarke, taxidermist; E. B. Baldwin, meteorologist, and five general helpers. During this month the men and the burros and the eighty-four dogs were to carry a quantity of provisions to an ice camp in the interior for use when the expedition starts northward in the spring. Peary expects to return to Bowdoin Bay to meet the *Falcon*, which is to go there next summer and bring the party home. On the way north, a call was made at Upernavik, the most northerly Danish settlement but one, to ascertain if anything had been heard of Mr. Verhoeff who was lost on Peary's former expedition and who it was thought might have been found by the Esquimaux. No tidings of him were obtained. Upernavik consists of two houses for the use of the Danish governor and his assistant, and about twenty-five native huts. The inhabitants about a hundred in number, seemed, Peary says, a miserable, poverty-stricken set of people and the water trickling from the melting snow on the adjacent mountains passed through the village making it very muddy and unhealthy. At Cape York and at other points, further inquiries were made for Mr. Verhoeff but without success and there is now no doubt that he must have fallen into some crevasse. His is another of the many lives that have been sacrificed in those Arctic regions in the cause of science. Lieut. Peary and his companions know that their lives are also in danger, but they risk them cheerfully, knowing that if they succeed their names will be famous through all time. Far higher, however, is the reward promised to the Christian who as a missionary risks his life to add new realms to Christ's kingdom for his name will be held in everlasting remembrance. (1. Cor. 9: 25.)

A Business-like Bridegroom.

A large party of guests assembled in the warehouse of a shoe-dealer in Brooklyn, on the evening of August 28, to witness the marriage of a Hungarian girl to one of the shoe-dealer's friends. The party was composed chiefly of Hungarians and both bride and bridegroom were popular among them. The bride and the clergyman were there, but the bridegroom did not come. The guests amused themselves for nearly two hours, expecting the missing man to arrive at any moment. As he did not come, one of the party volunteered to go in search of him. He returned in a short time and reported that he had found him in his working-clothes busy on a pair of shoes. Being asked if he had forgotten his wedding, he replied that he had not, but one of his customers wanted the shoes in a hurry, so he was finishing them. "Business is business," the man had said stolidly, "I am making money now, I can get married at any time." Nothing would induce him to leave his work; but, when he had finished it, he put on his best clothes and took the shoes to his customer. Then he went to his friend's store, where the bride and guests were patiently waiting and was married. It was a pity that a man so devoted to money-making should ever have married. If the bride had been wise, she would have perceived that she did not occupy the place in his heart she ought to hold and would have declined the lower place. Many men treat Christ as this man treated his bride, but none who do so are accepted of him. (Matt. 10: 37, 38.)

In a Swamp All Night.

A four-year-old child had a painful experience in Jersey City, N. J., a few days ago. Some one gave him a few pennies to buy candy and his mother allowed him to go a few blocks away to make his investment. He bought his candy and being interested in something that was going on in the street he lingered around contentedly chewing it. It was getting dusk when he started to return home and a storm was coming on. He hurried, but he was in a thinly settled neighborhood where there are many vacant lots and in crossing one of them he missed his way. Finding that he was getting away from the houses he turned back, but in the darkness could recognize no familiar landmarks. He wandered around for some time and then went down an avenue at the foot of which there is some ground that during the recent high tides has been flooded. The little fellow could not see where he was going and was soon up to his ankles in the soft mud. He struggled to get out, but only sank deeper until he was up to his waist. Then he ceased struggling and began to cry. His hands were kept busy killing the mosquitoes for some time, but when a strong wind blew he was relieved of that plague. He was in the swamp all night, while his parents were searching the city for him. In the morning, some boys passing the swamp heard his cries and rescued him. It is thought the hardy little fellow will escape serious consequences from his adventure. So much cannot be said for those children of God who go after the sweets of worldly pleasure, wander off in the darkness and get lost in the swamps of sin. Although they may be restored, their after life is marred by the bitter recollection of their wandering. Peter, although forgiven by his Lord, could not forget his fall and "when he thought thereon, he wept." (Mark 14: 72.)

UPERNAVIK, THE DANISH SETTLEMENT VISITED BY LIEUT. PEARY.

Women as Life-Savers.

A gallant rescue of a shipwrecked crew in which three ladies rendered valuable assistance is reported from Point Lookout. One of the ladies is the daughter of the captain of the life-saving station and the other two were friends of her's, who, with a boy, the son of one of them, walked out to the station to see the effect of the storm of August 29. While they were watching the great waves beating on the beach, a ship was observed about half a mile off with a sorm-sail set. The gale was still raging and the spray from the gigantic billows filled the air with spray like a fog. It could be seen however that she was being driven in shore farther by every wave that lifted her. The captain, watching her through his glass made out eleven men clinging to the bowsprit and presently announced that her masts had gone and the vessel was breaking up. As the life-saving crew does not go on duty until September 1, it appeared that nothing could be done to help them. The ladies, however, begged the captain to make the attempt and promised to help. The captain of the Long Beach life-saving station came along at that time and the watchman of the station was also on hand. Usually eight strong men are needed to draw the beach-wagon into the surf, but the little party ran it out, the women pulling at the ropes with the others. The tiny cannon was fired and the life-line went zig-zagging into the air and fell right across the bowsprit of the storm-beaten vessel. The men clinging to it understood what was being done and made the line fast. Then the breeches buoy was sent along. A boy was the first to come ashore and then the other members of the crew followed in quick succession, the captain last. The women worked on the returning lines like a well drilled crew, pulling at the ropes until their hands were blistered and bleeding, without a word of complaint. When the last man was saved all three sat down on the beach and cried. They were tears of joy, such tears as many a woman will shed when the last of her children, or the last member of her Sunday School class is saved from sin and Satan. She may be on the heavenly shore then and if so, God himself will wipe her tears away. (Rev. 7: 17.)

Fighting at a Fire.

An incident occurred at a recent fire in New York which is likely to cost two men their positions. When the alarm was sent out the fire had made little headway. A fire engine was promptly on the scene and one of the firemen made his way to a room on the third floor of the building immediately over the room to which the fire, which was in the basement, was eating its way. The tenant, who occupied the room, was away at his work and had locked his door, but it was quickly broken open and the flooring ripped up. The tenant returned and finding two men in his room, one of whom was a fireman and the other a policeman in citizens' clothes, he was angry. Looking around the disordered room, he missed a pocket-book containing ten dollars and charged the two men with stealing it. The fireman said to the policeman with significant emphasis, "You were here first." The policeman answered in kind and in a minute the two men were fighting. The tenant left them and they continued fighting while the fire burned. In a short time the room grew too hot to be safe and both men retreated, the fireman incapacitated for duty and the policeman showing marks of punishment. Eventually the fire was put out, but a great deal more damage was done than would have been done had the fireman been allowed to do his work. After the fire was extinguished, the tenant found the missing pocket-book among the debris. So the fight was useless as well as mischievous; the vindication of their honesty would have come in due time had they been content to go on doing their duty and wait for it. The incident and its lesson may be commended to the notice of the Christian ministers and people who are engaged in fighting with each other, while the fire of scepticism and sin and misery which they ought to be trying to extinguish is gaining ground. (Phil. 1: 15-17).

An Artist Criticising his Work.

Among the passengers on the steamer *La Champagne* which arrived at New York a few days ago from France was M. Bartholdi, the sculptor, whose gigantic statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World" adorns the harbor of New York. Mr. Bartholdi has come to visit the World's Fair and to take an extensive tour through the country. He has not been here since 1886 and so has not seen his work in its completion with the electric light attachment. On being asked what he thought of it, he confessed his disappointment. It did not look near so imposing as he had expected, nor did it show as well at night as he thought it would have done. The climate, he thought, did not suit it, as it had worn away considerably under the winds and storms of the winters. He said that a high mound should have been built on the island for the base of the statue, to raise it twenty feet. The bronze of the statue did not show well against the dark background of the city, and he regretted that the figure had not been gilded. He suggested that at least it should be varnished to save it from further decay. Some of the work that is done here in our churches may seem similarly disappointing when it is viewed in its place in the light of the last day. Some of it though highly esteemed of men, we are told, will be so unsatisfactory that it will be destroyed. (I Cor. 3: 12, 13.)

BRIEF NOTES.

To any one of our readers who will send us the names and full addresses of twenty-five church officers, church members, or Sunday School workers, we will send a beautiful section of Olive-Wood cut from the Mount of Olives, polished by native workmen in Jerusalem and bearing on its face in English and Hebrew characters the name of the Holy City.

The opium-smoking shops in Bombay have been closed, so that opium-smokers can only smoke in private houses.

Rev. E. S. Billings, State evangelist of Nebraska, has returned from the summer school at Chicago Seminary and has begun his campain with the church at Pierce, Neb.

The Bible Society for Russia during the past year has disposed of 56,556 copies of the sacred Scriptures. The colporteurs have traversed the wilds of Siberia in their work.

The Olivet Presbyterian Chutch, on Clybourne Avenue, Chicago, has established a creche or day nursery, as an aid to poor women working out by the day, and a kindergarten is also contemplated.

The Rev. George William Knox, D.D., the famous Presbyterian Missionary in Japan, landed at San Francisco, Saturday, August 12, with his family, for a brief period of rest and recuperation. He has been fifteen years away from his native land.

The Board of Managers of the American Bible Society held their regular monthly meeting on Sept. 7. The report showed that during the preceding month 80,024 volumes had been issued. Grants of Bibles to the value of $8,845 were made. This sum includes $1,000 for colporteurs' expenses.

A Ladies' Settlement on the plan of the College Settlements has been organized in London. Christian ladies desiring to work among the poor, can live there for long or short periods and engage in visiting and philanthropic work on systematic plans. The superintendent is Miss Magee, daughter of the late Archbishop of York.

Rev. B. Fay Mills commences a series of services at Binghampton, N. Y., on October 3. A large hall which will accommodate 3500 persons has been erected for the meetings. The city has been thoroughly canvassed, a choir trained and prayer meetings held preparatory to Mr. Mills' coming. A great blessing is expected.

Mr. D. L. Moody told a reporter of the Chicago Record that the results of his effort during the holding of the World's Fair had thus far exceeded his expectations. "I have never," he said, "seen such eagerness to hear the Gospel. We had over 50,000 persons at our services last Sunday and several thousands more who came could not get in. Men and women of all classes have been converted."

A cable message to the press from London states that Miss Frances E. Willard's health has broken down and that the physician whom she has consulted has ordered complete rest with no public speaking for a year. Miss Willard's temperance word in England has been of a very agitating nature, owing to the division in the Woman's Union, occasioned by the introduction of politics into the programme.

A correspondent in Toronto, writes, "Some time ago the Toronto Street Car Comany agitated for Sunday cars and held some public meetings for this object. They prevailed on the Mayor and City Corporation to take a special vote of the city on the matter, which vote was taken on Saturday, August 26; meetings having been held almost every evening in different parts of the city by the parties, both for and against. Christian ministers and others taking the side against the cars and also preaching sermons on the subject. The churches and Christian Endeavor Societies held prayer-meetings and did all they could against this which would only be the beginning of a worse desecration of the Sabbath. At the close of the voting day, greatly to the consternation of those in power, there was a majority against the cars of about fifteen hundred."

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

SOME INSPIRED "WITHOUTS."

Sermon Preached in the Calvary Baptist Church, New York last Sunday morning, Sept. 17, 1893, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D.

THERE is a distinct gain at times, at least, in the method of pulpit treatment introduced by some popular evangelists and known as Bible Readings. But there is danger in the method often advocated and practiced of following one word through many passages and books of Scripture; nevertheless within proper limitations this method also may be profitably adopted. In this spirit on this occasion the word "without" in several important connections will be discussed. The aim is to present the passages in which the word is found in their logical rather than in their chronological relations. Beginning, then, with the entrance of the soul upon the Christian life we follow the word as it is found in passages of Scripture relating to the development and activity of that life.

Without Blood.

"*Without shedding of blood is no remission.*" (Heb. 9: 22). The writer of this book is here setting forth what is one of his great objects in the book as a whole. The relation of the new dispensation to the old is admirably illustrated in this epistle; indeed, it is impossible to fully understand either without comprehending both. In the passage before us we see that almost all things are by the law purified by blood. This is a truth that is taught constantly on the pages of both Testaments; it is a truth which sets forth in its proper importance the atoning death of Jesus Christ. To set forth this truth the law taught us in various symbols the importance of remission by blood. Some things, however, the apostle here teaches us, and we are also taught elsewhere, are purified by fire, and still others by water. But the remission of sins was universally associated with the shedding of blood. So far as the pardon of human guilt is concerned there is no exception to this great law. It holds in this regard always and everywhere. We have no reason to believe that sin is ever forgiven except as the result of the shedding of blood. No instance can be cited on the authority of Scripture of the forgiveness of human guilt except as the result of the shedding of blood. It would be impossible to name any one of God's relations to men more universal than this. If a man is to be saved his salvation must be secured in harmony with this divine law. If a man rejects that principle there is no other, so far as we know, on which he can base his hope of salvation. To set forth this truth was one of the great objects of the Old Testament dispensation; for it was a truth taught among Jews as truly as among Christians. And it is not difficult for us to discover the reason for this

Universal and Divine

law. Every sinner has virtually forfeited his life by his transgression against God, and because of his transgression the law of God requires his death. Life is the blood, and the blood of the victim is shed as a substitute for the life of the sinner. In harmony with this principle the victims offered in sacrifice typified the great sacrifice of Christ. He gave his life for the life of men; and because of his death all men, if they accept the offers of his mercy, may be saved. This element in our holy religion has been made the subject of satirical comment and of fierce opposition. Many have [illegible] theology." We accept the sneering definition. [illegible] death of Jesus Christ, and we look forward to the time when we shall sing the song of the Lamb that was slain. I ask you now in the presence of this great sacrifice, will you trample on the blood of Jesus Christ as an unholy thing? Do not forget that the Bible attributes the blessings of salvation to the blood of Jesus Christ. If we have redemption it is through his sacrifice; if we are justified it is by his death; if we are washed it is in this fountain of cleansing; if we have victory it is through the blood of the Lamb; and if we are admitted with the white-robed throng into heaven it is because we have been cleansed in the blood of the Lamb. We can sing now:

> Let the water and the blood,
> From thy wounded side that flowed,
> Be of sin the double cure;
> Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Without Faith

"*Without faith it is impossible to please him* (God)." Heb. 11: 6. We now advance a step. If we have been admitted into the Christian life our great aim will be to please God, our Father and our Redeemer. We shall recognize this duty as our highest ambition and our most inspiring motive. But without an active faith, one which enables us to walk with God and to become like God, it is impossible that we can please him. In this chapter we have glorious tributes to the heroes and heroines of faith; and right in the midst of these historic examples of faith comes the general truth quoted at the head of this paragraph. We can readily understand that it is impossible to please God except we manifest utter confidence in his promises, his wisdom, and his love. We certainly must believe that he is, before we can please him, or render him any form of service; for if we deny his existence necessarily all relations to him at once cease. We must also, in order to make him rightly guide all our lives, believe that he is a rewarder of those that diligently seek him. If we do not believe that God answers our prayers or notices our lives we can have no encouragement even to pray or rightly to live. The principle laid down here with reference to God is true in other relations of life as well as in religion. It is quite certain that no child can please his parents except he reposes faith in their word and manifests trust in their wisdom and affection. It is equally true in the marriage relation.

The Basal Principle

of joy in married life is mutual confidence resulting in affection. Those whom we cannot trust we certainly cannot love. Trust precedes and presupposes all love worthy of the name. If a man will not believe the Word of the living God, how can he please God? It is a fearful thing for a man to declare even in the act that he will not believe the promises nor the threatenings of the eternal Jehovah. However much one may be disposed to doubt his fellow men, let no one dare doubt the Word of the Almighty. So doubting him we make him, as the Scripture has taught us, a liar. Surely men who take this position do not stop to realize the responsibility they assume, the infidelity they cherish, and the rebellion of which they are guilty. All the relations of business and friendship would be impossible but for the faith which men repose in each other. The whole world runs on the wheels of faith; destroy this faith and you practically annihilate this world. Every time a merchant sells a bill of goods, or engages in almost any other business transaction he illustrates the power of faith. You cannot insult a man more than to express doubt as to his word. Is not the same thing true of God? And yet men constantly doubt his Word, determinedly refuse to listen to his warnings, and recklessly reject his tender invitations and despise his sacred promises. If men

Would but Believe God

they would forsake their sins and become his dear children. If there be a hearer or reader of these words who is not a true Christian, he is guilty of the enormous crime of disbelieving the Word of the Almighty. Few men realize the enormity, the blackness, the heinousness of this heaven-defying and soul-destroying sin. It is a matter of such seriousness that I cannot avoid presenting it to you in this solemn way. How long are you to continue to doubt and to oppose God? How long will you make the God of all holiness, truth, and love a liar to his very face? I would scarcely use that expression were it not that the loving apostle John sets me the example. Oh, believe now that God is; that the eternal one is from everlasting to everlasting; and believe also that he rewards those who seek him; and that by the laws of eternal justice he must punish those who refuse the offers of his love, who deny his word, and who thus destroy their own souls.

Without Works.

"*Faith without works is dead.*" James 2: 26. Having entered upon the Christian life, and having placed before you as an object of attainment the desire to please God, we now see in the Scripture just quoted the relation in which active service stands to the development of the Christian life. It is quite likely that when the apostle James wrote these words there were those who taught that men were saved by a formal faith in the one true God. He therefore shows us that the only faith which avails for salvation is accompanied by good works. He shows that a dead faith is practically no faith; and that wherever there is genuine faith there will be good living as its result. He has said nothing more than the apostle Paul has said in other forms in the second chapter of his epistle to the Romans. The apostle Paul often refutes the same Jewish error that is here opposed by James. Both practically assert that not the hearers but the doers of the law shall be justified. Both show that a knowledge of God's law without a corresponding performance of the same only increases our condemnation. We are in the passage before us taught that there is as much necessity that faith and works be united to constitute true religion as that body and soul be united to form a real man. As the body without the spirit is dead, so we are taught that faith without Christian works is dead also. It is absolutely certain both from the teachings of inspiration and from the nature of the case that where there is true faith there will also be good works. If good works are wanting we are safe in affirming that

Faith is also Wanting.

James is not here nor anywhere arguing against genuine faith, but only against the supposition that mere formal and intellectual faith will save the soul. He shows that where there is the root of faith there will be flower and fruit in good works. Except a man believe in Christ he cannot be saved; and except his faith reveals itself in good works we have no reason to believe that he has saving faith. We may affirm that no man can be saved by good works; and we are equally warranted in saying that no man can be saved without good works. I never could see why men are so troubled by the supposed difference on this subject between James and Paul. Many infidels, and especially Voltaire, sneered at the imaginary contradiction between these two writers. At one time in his history Luther considered this difficulty to be insuperable, and so he was disposed to deny the inspiration of James. Later, however, he took a larger view of the subject and corrected his earliest teachings. If we look at the matter fairly we shall see that there is no contradiction between these two writers. Each wrote from his own point of view. Paul looks at the entire subject of faith in relation to an unconverted man; but James speaks of faith in relation to a man who is converted, who has entered upon the Christian life, and who ought to manifest the fruits of the faith which saves. The apostle Paul rightly teaches that a sinner is justified by faith, and the apostle James rightly affirms that the faith which justifies is not a mere speculative belief, not a formal and dead faith, but one which brings forth fruit in the development of character and in the performance of good works. Paul rightly teaches that whatever gifts or graces a man may have, if he have not true faith in Christ he cannot receive forgiveness and justification; James rightly teaches that whatever pretended faith a man may have, if he does not bring forth the fruits of the new life, this faith is without value. There is, therefore,

No Contradiction

whatever between these two writers. Each looks at the one subject from his own point of view; each could adopt the language of the other when his own view-point and ultimate purpose are admitted by the other. It would be easy to enlarge at considerable length upon this supposed contradiction but real harmony, but perhaps the points already stated sufficiently suggest the principle of reconciliation. Let us no longer cherish the idea of salvation if our faith does not bring forth the fruits of obedience to the Lord Jesus Christ. I can take my stand with the utmost earnestness beside Paul and say "amen" to every word he has written; and I can with equal earnestness and pleasure take my stand beside the apostle James and say "amen" to every word that he has written. The brilliant Frederick W. Robertson has, in his striking way, brought out the relation between faith and works as follows:

"Suppose I say 'A tree cannot be struck without thunder.' That is true; for there is never destructive lightning without thunder. But again, if I say, 'The tree was struck by lightning without thunder;' that is true, too, if I mean that the lightning alone struck it without the thunder striking it. Yet the two assertions seem contradictory. So in the same way Paul says, faith justifies without works; that is faith alone is that which justifies us, not works. There will be works with faith as there is thunder with lightning; but just as it is not the thunder, but the lightning which strikes the tree; so it is not the works which justify. Put it then in one sentence, faith alone justifies, but not the faith which is alone. Lightning alone strikes, but not the lightning which is alone without thunder, for that is only summer lightning and harmless."

Without Chastisement.

Without chastisement—not true sons. (See Heb. 12: 8.) We are now advancing in the Christian life. We have received remission through the shedding of blood, we possess the faith which pleases God and which manifests itself in the performance of good works, and we are now prepared to receive the chastisement which proves our sonship with God. Every true child of God must receive the training which corrects his faults, subdues his temper, rebukes his wanderings and insures his obedience. The father of false sons often refuses to recognize them, and so leaves them to the instruction of others. Such conduct, however, he would not show toward true sons. We ought to receive every affliction from God as tokens of his watchful care and his fatherly love. The word chastisement here suggests wholesome discipline rather than severe punishment; it implies the training at home and the instruction at school of a well-trained child. God takes the tenderest relations of life to set forth his affection toward the children of men. In the one hundred and third psalm and thirteenth verse we read, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him," and in the sixty-sixth chapter and thirteenth verse of Isaiah, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." There are times when it is inexpressibly sweet for the chastised but submissive child to think of God as both father and mother. We have in the presentation of God as inflicting chastisement a strange and strong argument for his fatherly love. We need constant discipline. God may suffer unconverted men to remain in their sins without immediately inflicting chastisement: but he will not permit his dear children thus to remain in sin. Let us receive the chastisement which our Father sends with submissive hearts, with joyous spirits and with obedient lives.

Without Holiness.

Holiness without which no man shall see the Lord." (Heb. 12:14.) Chastisement is conducive to holiness and holiness proves our acceptance with God and assures us of an eternal residence in his presence. Many persons dislike the word holiness. It may be admitted that the word has often been used in such a manner as to justify to some degree the dislike. It has been associated with extravagant and one-sided views of divine truth and of Christian character. Nevertheless, the word appears in Scripture in solemn exhortation, and no refinement of exegesis can remove it from the sacred page. It ought to be the constant endeavor of God's people to realize in their lives the character which this word suggests. Holiness is wholeness in the service of God. Hale, health, whole and holy all stand in close linguistic relations. No man can be morally healthy except he is striving after holiness. It is certain that the Christian Church needs men who have wholeness in God's service; far too many are half-hearted in the Christian life. Whatever views we may hold regarding the higher life, technically understood, it is quite certain that all of us practically might have and ought to have a higher and holier life than most possess. A great and solemn law is laid down in the passage at the head of this paragraph. By the words "See the Lord," we are to understand the enjoyment of his presence, and by the fundamental laws of our nature without likeness to his character we cannot enjoy his presence. There is a sense in which all men will see him, but not in the sense of dwelling with him in felicity. It is impossible that unforgiven and rebellious sinners could be introduced into heaven. Heaven is loving Christ and being like Christ. Men who do not love him cannot have any heaven anywhere; men who love him have heaven always and everywhere in proportion to the reality of that love. To take men to heaven who do not love him would be cruelty to

them and to all heavenly beings. Many classes in our communities now are fit for prisons, but not fit to be members of respectable families. If all the guilty inhabitants of hell were brought into heaven this moment, cherishing their present hatred of God, heaven would be no heaven to them. Heaven is a state, a condition, as truly as it is a place and holiness is its distinctive characteristic. What would unholy men do in heaven? Of what could they speak? What songs could they sing? No untamed savage of the woods would be more out of place in a drawing-room than an unconverted man in heaven. The frequenters of saloons and other abodes of sin would be absolutely wretched in a sweet and heavenly prayer-meeting. The more heavenly the meeting the more wretched they would be. They would hastily leave it and return to the haunts of sin. Such men need new hearts, new wills, new loves. If a prayer-meeting would give them misery, heaven would be really hell in their experience. Would that men could see that God is not arbitrary in his allotment of human souls! Would that men could see that there is a law of moral as truly as of physical gravitation, and that all men not in harmony with that universal and eternal law must go to their own place! Holiness here will assuredly bring us to heaven hereafter. May we learn the solemn and blessed truth that without holines no man shall see the Lord!

Without Christ.

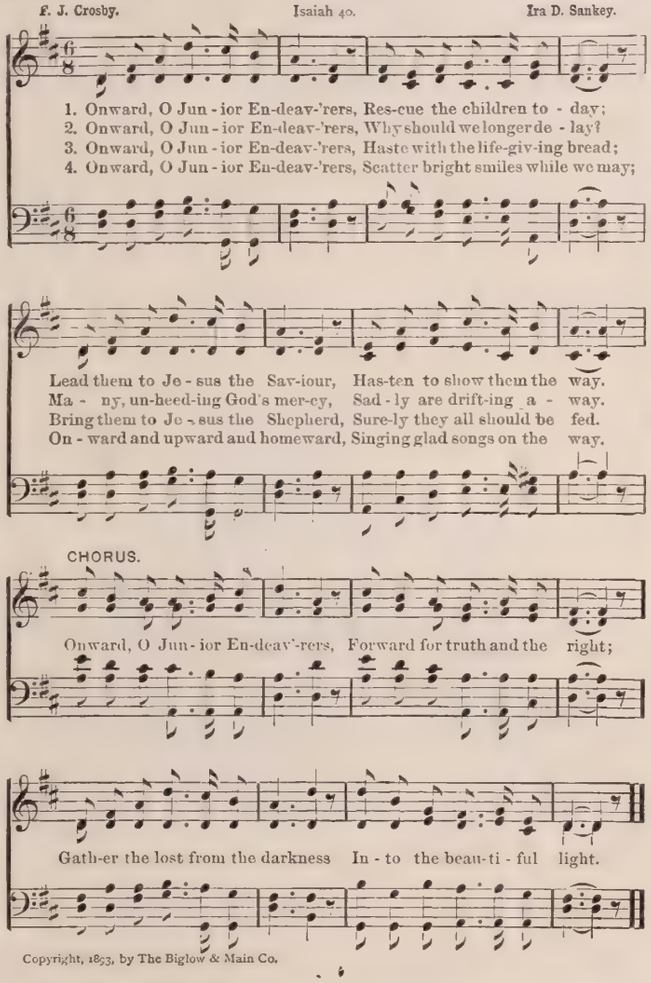
Lastly, "*Without me ye can do nothing.*" (John 15: 15.) In the Christian life the blessed Christ is at its beginning, its middle, and its ending. We begin by gazing on him on the cross; we end by sitting with him on the throne. Most gracious is our Lord in this connection in acknowledging believing sinners to be branches of himself, the divine vine. Only as we abide in this vine can we bear fruit. No good works in his sight are possible except we be in vital union with Christ. It is just as possible for the branch separated from the vine to live and bring forth fruit, as for us to do any good thing when separated from Christ. Even the apostles could do nothing for the establishment of the Church apart from Jesus Christ. God can do without us, but we cannot live, move, and have our being, without God. It is not here said that without Christ we cannot do much, but it is affirmed that without him we can do nothing. A little time ago I assisted in trimming the vines in front of this church. We cut off a vine which appeared to be of little importance, but the next day we discovered that great sections of the leaves well up in the front of the church were dying. We had separated them with all their delicate tendrils from vital connection with the living root; and their speedy decay was inevitable. Oh, men and women, who are depending on your own righteousness for salvation, hear these solemn words, "Without me ye can do nothing." You are hoping that in your own unaided strength you can bring forth the fruits of true discipleship, of noble character, and of divine sonship. You are terribly mistaken. As well might a man attempt to quench his thirst by drinking from the salty sea, as to satisfy his spiritual desires by the cup of self-righteousness. As well might a man lean on his own shadow for support as on his own righteousness for help and strength in performing duty and in developing character. Oh, severed branches, you shall be withered, then gathered into bundles, then cast into the fire and burned. This is not my teaching but Christ's. Without vital union with Christ you can accomplish really no good thing. Oh, blessed branches, abide, I beseech you, in Christ. As every leaf in nature is in miniature in shape and veins the tree on which it grows, so every branch that abides in the heavenly vine shall bring forth leaves of conduct and character bearing close resemblance to the divine vine. So abiding in Christ we may claim the blessed promise, "Ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you." God help us to possess all the gifts and graces suggested by these inspired "without's," that we may be his true children here and may dwell forever with him in heaven!

THE OXFORD BIBLE PREMIUM.

MANY letters have reached this office inquiring if the Oxford Bible premium offer is still open. The offer will be continued only as long as our supply of these beautiful Bibles lasts. Those desiring to secure the best reference Bible in the world, containing all the Helps, Concordance, Subject-Index, Reference- and colored maps, can do so by sending $2 for a year's subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. To every such subscriber we will send the Oxford Teachers' Bible.

Onward, O Junior Endeavorers

F. J. Crosby. Isaiah 40. Ira D. Sankey.


1. Onward, O Jun - ior En-deav-'rers, Res-cue the children to - day;
2. Onward, O Jun - ior En-deav-'rers, Why should we longer de - lay?
3. Onward, O Jun - ior En-deav-'rers, Haste with the life-giv-ing bread;
4. Onward, O Jun - ior En-deav-'rers, Scatter bright smiles while we may;
Lead them to Je - sus the Sav-iour, Has-ten to show them the way.
Ma - ny, un-heed-ing God's mer-cy, Sad - ly are drift-ing a - way.
Bring them to Je - sus the Shepherd, Sure-ly they all should be fed.
On - ward and upward and homeward, Singing glad songs on the way.
CHORUS.
Onward, O Jun - ior En-deav'-rers, Forward for truth and the right;
Gath-er the lost from the darkness In - to the beau-ti - ful light.

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From JUNIOR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SONGS, by per of the Publishers.

THE CROSS AND CROWN.

A Dream.

METHOUGHT I held with both my hands
A sheet of paper large and white,
And One was near to whom I said:
"Thou now canst wish with all thy might.

"Whate'er thou dost desire to see
Shall on this pure white page appear;
But thou must wish with all thy heart
If thou wouldst bring the image here."

"Wilt thou wish first?" was softly said.
I bowed my head in earnest thought,
Then said: "A Cross I wish to see;
A Cross by angel fingers wrought."

"Ah! No!" was cried, in accents quick,
"Oh! never ask a cross to see;
Perchance it might not be removed,
Oh! something brighter let it be."

"We all must bear our cross while here
And shall I fear to ask for mine?
Ah! No! A Cross still let it be.
And trust for help to power Divine."

E'en as I spake a Cross appeared,
Its beauty I shall ne'er forget,
Of purest ivory it was formed,
And wrought as mortals ne'er wrought yet.

Like layer on layer of lace it looked,
Its carving was so fine and rare;
Strange flowers of many kinds I saw,
The rose and lily both were there.

And at its base were three white steps,
Three steps of ivory—creamy white;
And gazing on that lovely cross
My soul was filled with pure delight.

Another ardent wish then came—
I said, "Oh! grant that I may see
E'en but a glimpse of that bright crown—
The crown that has been promised me."

Then lo! above the highest step
There shone a lovely brilliant star;
'Twas set in gold and cast its rays
On all things round, both near and far.

I gazed awhile, then slowly said,
'Tis lovely but 'tis not a crown:"
And as I spake, behold! two stars—
Two other stars, came floating down.

They joined the first, and with it formed
The outline of a crown so bright,
That I could scarce upon it look;
It cast such pure and radiant light.

And then I saw them fade away,
The cross and then the stars of light,
And in my hand I found I held
The sheet of paper—large and white.

New Zealand. —A. P. TIMARU.

THE LAST CRUSADE.

World-wide Missionary Effort to take Place After the Rapture of the Church.

BY J. HUDSON TAYLOR OF CHINA INLAND MISSION.

I CANNOT but fear that there are many who are very near to the Lamb, and very near to those who will form part of his true Bride, but who are not in true heart consecration separated unto him; who are not wholly the Lord's, and who will be terribly disappointed when the Lord comes and takes those whom his spirit has prepared to be with him for ever. I would commend this subject to your very prayerful consideration, whether all those who come to Christ, and perhaps really seek him, perhaps are really united to him, will be caught up to meet the Lord in the air, or whether some will be left behind to pass through the Great Tribulation? You remember in our Saviour's Word in the fifteenth of St. John, he speaks of the branches and the Vine, real branches, but alas! fruitless ones. And we are told that a man gathered them and burned them. Might they represent some who have to pass through the Great Tribulation, having lost the privilege of escaping it, which they might have?

The hope of the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ is a paramount motive given us in the New Testament, for earnest, holy service here and great cheer and encouragement are given us in the trial and persecution that necessarily attend following the Lord Jesus Christ fully. Someone spoke about it as cutting the nerve of missionary effort. I wish to bear personal testimony that it has been the greatest personal spur to me in missionary service. We are to evangelize the world in this dispensation, in order that people may be gathered out for the Lord. This belief that the Lord would have the Gospel preached as a witness in all the world, "and then shall the end come," has been a very great stimulus to me in seeking to carry the Gospel into the districts into which it had not been proclaimed; for the Lord will not come to an incomplete Bride.

There are some who are hindered in the desire to pray for the coming of the Lord, by the idea that his coming will seal the doom of all that are left behind. Now it is a very solemn fact that in connection with the coming of the Lord there are many passages which tell us of great and terrible judgments. And may I point out here that there are two classes of passages speaking of the coming of the Lord? First, those that speak of his coming for his people, like that which is referred to in the fourth chapter of 1. Thess., verses 15-18.

There is another coming, however, that is spoken of in God's Word in many places, that is his coming with his people. You remember we are told in the Epistle of Jude that Enoch, the seventh from Adam, prophesied of certain wicked men, "Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints to execute judgment upon all, and to convince all the ungodly among them of their ungodly deeds, which they have ungodly committed, and of all the hard speeches which ungodly sinners have spoken against him." There is first necessarily the coming of the Lord for his people, and there is subsequently the coming of the Lord with his people, and in the interval between many prophecies have to be fulfilled and will be fulfilled.

And what will take place in that interval? Very much upon earth. The development and the manifestation of God's great and last enemy, the Antichrist, will take place. What else? I believe you will find, if you study God's Word, that there will be a great outpouring of the Spirit of God, a greater than Pentecost, and the Gospel will be preached throughout the wide world. There will be a glorious gathering, compared with which the Church, caught up to meet the Lord in the air, is as the first fruits compared with the harvest.

Close upon the vision of the rapture is another vision of events which occur while the beast and the false prophet are doing their work of persecution. It is an angel flying in the midst of heaven, having the "everlasting Gospel" to preach to them that dwell on the earth, to every nation and kindred and tongue and people. So that you see there are nations and peoples and tongues. It is the Gospel, but this Gospel has one peculiar feature about it. "Fear God and give glory to him, for the hour of his judgment is come"—that is not our present message. The hour of his judgment is nigh at hand, but it is not come yet. We are still in the day of grace. But the final message is there preached. Notice to whom. To them that dwell on the earth, to every nation and kindred and tongue and people. And it is a glorious preaching of the Gospel, a very successful one.

"I AM READY."

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Oct. 1. Rom. 1: 9-17

READINESS such as Paul professed, ought to characterize every follower of Christ. It proceeds from a strong faith in the Gospel, as "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." If a man has that faith in it, he can never be ashamed of it, for it is the most wonderful power in the world. "I protest," says the greatest of modern agnostics, "that if some great power would agree to make me always think what is true and do what is right, on condition of being turned into some sort of clock and wound up every morning, I should instantly close with the offer." The Gospel makes the offer without the humiliating condition. It supplies the standard of truth and righteousness and enables the man who believes in it to attain it. The reason that it is not accepted by such men as the agnostic quoted above, is that they look upon it as a creed or a ritual and not as a power. Perhaps many of them might accept it, if those who knew it as a power were more ready to preach it. This does not mean pulpit preaching exclusively, or chiefly. The most effective preaching with such men is that of life and conduct. If they saw every professor "thinking what is true and doing what is right," they would not be slow in coming to the conclusion that Christianity is the power it claims to be. But apart from the silent testimony of the life, there should be more readiness than there is to preach the Gospel by word of mouth. The Apostle suggests the reason by his own avowal. "I am not ashamed of the Gospel," he says. Is it then possible that the cause of silence is that men are ashamed of it? Does it ever happen that in a company of intelligent men, who are lamenting the present condition of society, or their own individual shortcomings, or those of other people, that a Christian among them is ashamed to declare that the Gospel of Christ is the only sure remedy for the trouble? It may be that shame often is the cause of unreadiness; but the most frequent cause probably is that the Christian himself does not know the Gospel, as a power unto salvation. We have been so long accustomed to regard the Gospel as a species of soul insurance, a scheme for securing heaven after death, that we have lost sight of the other aspect of it. We look to it to save us from the postmortem consequences of sin and not from sin itself. If a man has ever struggled to be free from the bondage of his lower nature; if he has resisted the craving of sinful lusts and appetites and passions; if he has failed in his effort and has fallen again and again and has begun to despair of ever living a pure life in the flesh; and then someone has told him that he can gain from the Gospel the power he needs and he tries it and obtains the power that saves him from his unwilling bondage, that man cannot be silent. He speaks of it joyfully, he is anxious to tell others who are striving as he was, the road to liberty and conquest. He is ready to preach, and is not ashamed of the Gospel, for he knows by experience that it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believes.

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ONE CIRCLE'S WORK.

It is pleasant to read among the reports sent in to the *Silver Cross*, the following, which comes from Mrs. Eustace Gibson of Huntington, W. Va.: We have been enabled to contribute $100 as a starting fund to the Hunt Hospital, and to aid some much distressed persons. A [illegible], a sick man furnished with medicine, and a [illegible] infants. A typhoid fever patient was taken care [illegible] and we assisted in nursing her and paying her expenses to her home in a far-off State. A widow with two children next claimed our attention. We helped to make them comfortable for the winter, and sent them to their friends. We also shared the expenses of another sick and friendless girl to her far distant home. We provided in every respect for a destitute family of three for three weeks, and paid for removing their household goods to another State. During last winter ten children were clothed, twenty-two caps and other presents distributed, and a supper given, at which 52 poor people were fed.

During the Summer we found it necessary to divide our Circle, so we organized a band of Little Helpers, who give their aid in small ways to the Order. Our own Circle numbers 56, several of whom reside at a distance, and many of whom are young girls, whose home and school duties debar them from the active work so much needed. But each one feels that she has done something to relieve the wants of the many who continually cry out to us for help. The future promises a broad field of labor in our rapidly growing town, and "In His Name" we trust to increase our usefulness from year to year.

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THE TORONTO Y. W. C. A.

Perhaps the ladies of some of our large cities where the need is great and has not been yet met may be encouraged to organize by the following record of what has been accomplished in the Young Women's Christian Association of Toronto, in *Faith and Works:* "Twenty years ago, a few earnest Christian women, convinced of the responsibility for the comfort and safety of young women, and whose hearts were filled with compassion for them in the dangers that surrounded their path, and the difficulties they had in finding safe and comfortable boarding-houses, at the price that they could pay, decided to organize a Young Woman's Christian Association, its object being the "temporal, moral and religious welfare of young women who are dependent upon their own exertions for support." The first and greatest need being a well ordered Christian home, a residence was at once established. Other doors of usefulness soon opened, and the work extended.

The twentieth year has been one of their best. Its close found fifty-four in the home, just half the whole number of permanent boarders during the year, to which add 433 transients. As usual, more apply than can be received. $2 to $4 is charged per week. A remark made by one of the girls tells the story of the influence exerted. "I can never tell what a blessing this place has been to me, the religious influence is so great."

Every Thursday evening a Gospel meeting is held; beginning a year ago with but small success it has now an average attendance of 20 to 25. An employment office is open to domestic servants, nurses and other occupations. The classes aim at practical help by instruction in cooking, sewing and dress-making. Concerts, readings, a series of medical lectures; a reception to girls from factories, another for students, and one to Christian Endeavor Societies, form part of their good work. The Reading Room, now open every day is much appreciated.

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MR. SANKEY'S GIFT TO NEW CASTLE, PA.

The handsome building a picture of which appears on this page, is the noble gift of Mr. Ira D. Sankey to the Young Men's Christian Association of the town in which he spent his boyhood. An Association was organized in New Castle in 1885, but as the population of the town was under fifteen thousand there was not much prospect of its ever possessing a building such as Associations in larger cities have found so helpful in their work. Mr. Sankey however came to the rescue. He purchased a suitable site and erected on it a building thoroughly well adapted to Association work. This with a well selected library of sixteen hundred volumes he handed over to the Association as a free gift. It was understood that it was Mr. Sankey's intention to make the building a memorial to his parents, believing that in no better way could he keep the memory of Christian people fresh in the hearts of the rising generation. The Association has now 305 members; its literary society has an average attendance of 155 and its Bible class of 200. It has a well-equipped gymnasium, baths, etc., and is in thorough working order in all its branches. By this munificence Mr. Sankey has done noble service to the town and has laid the foundation of benefits that will become more and more valuable as the years roll by.

THE NEW BUILDING GIVEN BY MR. IRA D. SANKEY TO THE Y. M. C. A. OF NEW CASTLE, PA.

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A UNION OF EPWORTH LEAGUES

We learn from our friend, Miss Addie S. McKnight of New Orleans, that a movement has been inaugurated to unite the Epworth Leagues of that city into an organization for combined effort. Early in August a consultation took place in the Louisiana Avenue M. E. C. S., of five delegates from the several Local Leagues of the city. This delegation met simply to discuss the advisability of going into permanent organization. This discussion having occupied some few moments, resulting in a favorable view by each and every League, an appointed time was settled upon when it would prove expedient to permanently organize. Thereon acting, identical representation, together with such Leaguers as desired a voice in the management, met two weeks later with the view of bringing into existence a City Union League. The offices of Presidency and Vice Presidency were filled by persons who were chosen by ballot. As a result of this movement, Mr. Morris B. DePass was chosen as President of the Union; John T. Crebbin, First Vice President; Col. David Zable, Second Vice President; and Miss Hattie Halley, Third Vice President.

By a unanimous vote Miss McKnight was elected to the offices of Corresponding and Recording Secretary, while Mr. George Brown was appointed to occupy the position of Treasurer, by a like vote. Rev. Robert H. Wynn, of Parker Chapel M. E. C. S., by a vote of acclamation now holds the office of Editor, a column or so in the New Orleans *Christian Advocate* having been granted by its editor. "We feel very much encouraged," Miss McKnight says, "at this great success, knowing that our corps of officers is all that it should be,—a band of noble, intelligent and energetic Christian workers."

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NOTES OF THE ORDERS.

The B. Y. P. U., of Wheatland, Cal., has undertaken as a special work the support of a native preacher, Mr. Kondaty Nenkatiah, in Cumbum, India, pledging forty dollars per year for his support. It has also promised aid in the State mission work.

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The twelfth biennial conference of Women's Christian Associations will be held at Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 24—31. Associations intending to send delegates should communicate with Mrs. George Wadsworth, No. 370 Franklin street, Buffalo, who will give full information.

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President J. Frank Carpenter of the Nebraska Union is planning to have a B.Y.P.U. programme this year at each associational meeting in Nebraska. He says that several associations are already asking assistance to prepare such programmes, and that prospects look bright for the B.Y.P.U. in that State.

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In several Baptist Young People's Unions a new committee has been organized, called the "C. C. C. Committee." Its purpose is to follow up the pastor's public presentation of the study plans. The business of the committee is to complete at once the canvass for students, and see that all are provided with the tools to work with.

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The first Y. M. C. A. ever started in Brazil has just been organised in Rio de Janeiro by Mr. Myrom Clark, who has been sent out for this work by the International Committee. The members so far are almost wholly drawn from the Brazilian churches. The Association, which has every promise of success, has already secured good rooms in the Rua da Assemblea.

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The fall convention of the B. Y. P. U. of the Chicago Association and vicinity, was held Tuesday evening, Sept. 5, at the Fourth Baptist Church, Monroe street and Ashland Boulevard, Chicago. A preliminary meeting for pastors, presidents and all officers and chairmen of committees was previously held to informally discuss plans for the fall and winter work.

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The following testimony to the value of the young people's Societies which is now becoming uniform among all churches who have made the experiment, is sent to the *Epworth Herald* from East Poland, Me.: "One year ago it was impossible to sustain a prayer-meeting at this point. In October last a League was organized, and since then there has been steady improvement in spiritual matters in the church. At the last League service thirty-nine were present. The young people seem to be really interested in this work."

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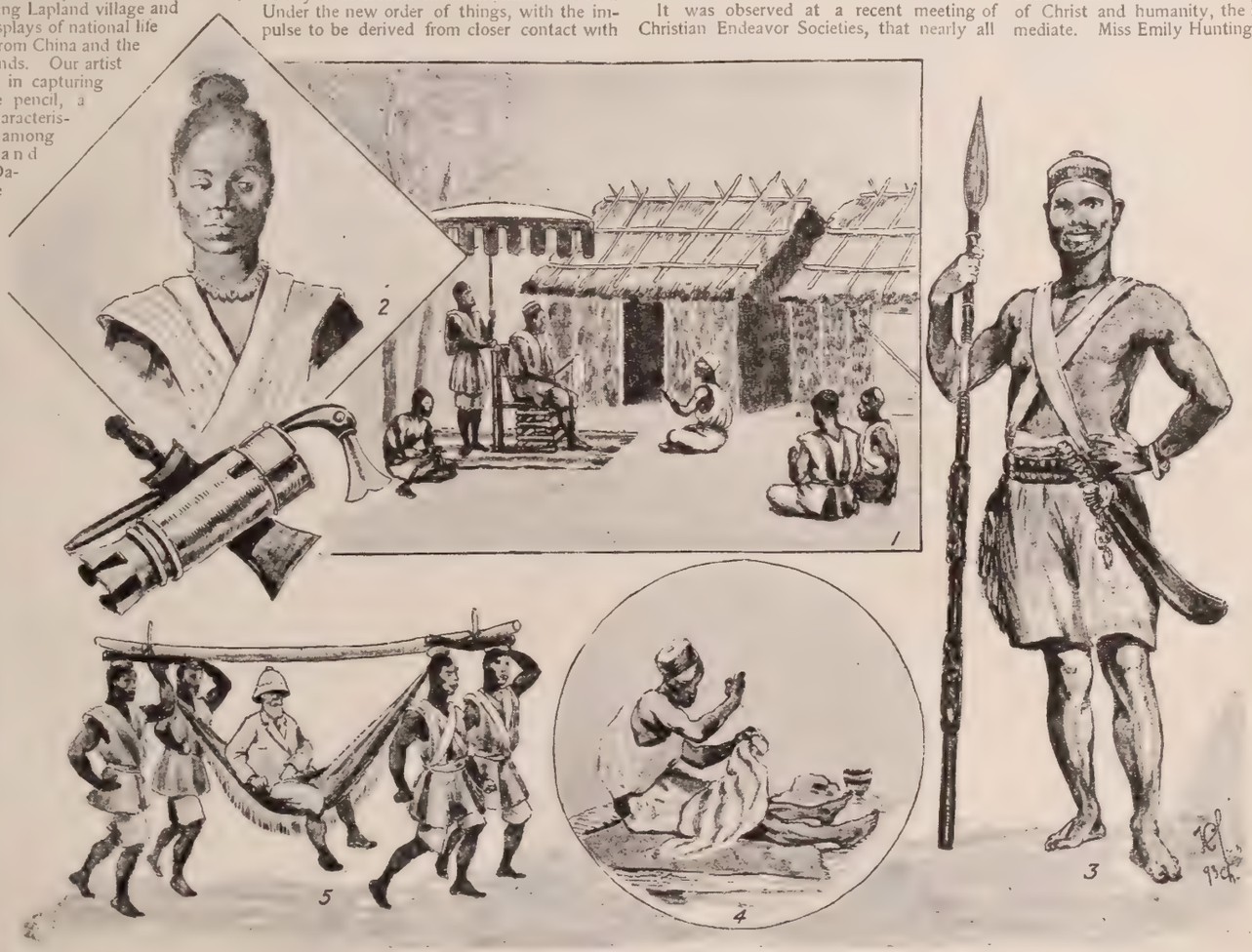
On October 0th the Young Men's Christian Association congress, held in connection with the Columbian Exposition, will convene in the Art Palace, Chicago. The call for the congress will be issued soon and will be signed by representatives of the International Committee, and by George Williams and Lord Kennaid for Great Britain; M. Alfred Andre and M. Jules Siegfried for France; Pastor Gustave Tophel for Switzerland; Count Andreas Bernstorf for Germany; Jean de Looper for Belgium; Ernest Sillem for Holland; Prince Oscar Bernadotte for Sweden; E. von Schousboe for Denmark; W. Rierson Arbuthnot for India; David Walker for Australia; Hon. Taizo Minoshi for Japan and others. There will probably be three sessions held, morning, afternoon, and evening

The Family and Home Circle

Dahomey at the World's Fair.

Characteristic Scenes and Native Types in the Dahomean Village—Ex-King Behanzin's Amazons—Strange Architecture.

BEHANZIN, the deposed monarch of Dahomey and the former wearer of the "Triple Crown," conquered and expatriated as he is, might still be proud of his people if he knew how much attention they are receiving at the World's Fair. The Dahomean village divides interest with the picturesque encampment of the Indians, the frigid-looking Lapland village and the unique displays of national life and customs, from China and the South Sea Islands. Our artist has succeeded in capturing with his facile pencil, a few of the characteristic groupings among the sons and daughters of Dahomey. The Amazon, though a portrait from life, does not present so fierce an aspect as one might have expected, from the stories of their desperate resistance during the recent war with France, when startling atrocities are said to have been committed by Behanzin's female body-guard. But the rage of battle can transform the gentlest, and doubtless the Amazon presents a sufficiently terrifying aspect when armed, on her "native heath." Her compatriot, the warrior, is as imposing a figure as any on the Midway Plaisance, tall, splendidly built, and magnificently muscled. With cutlass and seven-foot spear, he stands like an ebony sentinel, with strength and courage carved in every line and sinew. The native tailor, who plies his trade with the most rudimentary tools; the rude palanquin, presenting a most primitive idea of luxurious transputation; the thatched, willow-woven huts, dark and unventilated within, and the inevitable chair of state for the tribal chief or ruler, with its accompanying carpet and umbrella-bearer, all describe social conditions peculiar to countries that are hovering between savageism and a certain degree of civilization.



DAHOMEY AT THE CHICAGO FAIR. (*By our Special Artist.*)

1. A Dahomean Chief's Reception.—2. An Amazon of the King's Army.—3. A Native Warrior.—4. Dahomean Tailor.—5. Travelling in State.

Whatever the Dahomeans may be at home, they are quiet and well-behaved at Chicago. Some few among them talk a little English. Until recent years Dahomey has had few Gospel advantages. Her monarchs and nobles were engaged in the slave trade and Whydah, the principal city, formerly furnished about 15,000 slaves every year to the Portuguese dealers in the human traffic. Abomey, the royal city, was the scene of nameless barbarities, and countless massacres took place there by kingly permission. Travellers described the walls of the palace as having been decorated with scores of human skulls, as trophies of the power of the monarch, but Portugal, while it fostered slavery, was instrumental in bringing about a cessation of those butcheries. All the conditions were unfavorable for missionary work, yet the Wesleyans succeeded in reaching some of the people and in beginning a work which may yet, under the Divine blessing, become the means of winning Dahomey from its idols and its cruelities to Christ. Under the new order of things, with the impulse to be derived from closer contact with European civilization, and no longer heathen and barbarous, Dahomey may be expected to be abreast of the foremost states in Africa in moral and material progress.

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Influence of Music on Childhood.

There never was a child so dull in arithmetic who would not at first be amused, and then aroused by the fact that his piano practice had to do with his numbers, nor one so inert that he would not open his eyes with an answering flash when shown that he could not move lazily and clumsily without being as unmusical as his little friend who made him cringe when he played his violin "piece" out of time. And no boy was ever so obtuse that he would not at least combat the idea, if presented to him properly, that the evenness of his sister's scales and the bounding of his ball that made her so cross while she practised, were both a part of music. Who can tell how many the strange thoughts that come to the young when, in the silent chambers of his heart, his childhood begins to slip away from him, and the glorious future of his manhood begins to dawn upon him? Who can tell how strong a help the wholesomeness of the poetry of music would be, if linked to common sense, instead of to sentimentality?

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Don't be too Reticent.

Much is to be gained by contact with the outside world. The influence of the social current has the same effect upon human nature as that produced by the constant friction of the sea upon the pebbles on the beach. Rough corners are polished and sharp angles smoothed down into symmetrical proportions. But it is not enough to be simply in the swim. One must, to be happy, cultivate that society which elevates and ennobles. Seek relaxation for mind and body among a set of people who hold broad views of living. Narrow-minded men and women, and the world is full of them, will only give you distorted ideas of life, ideas that will change the sunniest and most healthful disposition into one morose, churlish, and ill-natured. Be careful, then, whom you choose for your companions.

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Victims of Vanity.

It was observed at a recent meeting of Christian Endeavor Societies, that nearly all 1,200,000 little birds are destroyed in the same way and for the same purpose every year; and all the world over a like destruction is being carried on in order to minister to the female love of ornament. It is not too much to say that the woman who wears a dead bird as an ornament, bears a mark of her own heartless or thoughtless inhumanity.

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WAITING.

My work is done; take me within the gate
Where enter only those thou wilt;
A city lighted by thy glory great,
The city not by mortals built.
Come quickly, I beseech, and freely give
The guerdon in its full degree,
Which thou hast promised to every one
According as his work shall be.

Yet, Master, not my will, but thine, be done.
On thee I wait; forgive my prayer!
Thou knowest best if here I'm needed still,
Thou knowest if I'm needed there.
The wages are not due till work is done:
Submissive to the end I'll be,
Knowing thy precious promise never fails,
That my reward still rests with thee!

—CLARA JESSUP MOORE.

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A NOBLE, HELPFUL WOMAN.

THE true woman does not not need to sit and complain of the lack of "a mission" in the world; it comes to her at the right time and if heart and hands be ready for the service of Christ and humanity, the response is immediate. Miss Emily Huntington, the founder of the Kitchen Garden School of Instruction, is in Chicago superintending a kitchen garden exhibit at the World's Fair. As long ago as 1871 Miss Huntington graduated and becoming interested in the slum work fostered by the church to which she belonged, gave up society and a brilliant home to work in a mission. She surrendered the gay garments of fashion for a pilgrim dress of silver gray cashmere, with mull kerchief, cuffs and aprons. It may have been the roses in her cheeks, the sunlight in her hair, or the sympathy in her voice and eyes that charmed the poor stray boys of Tompkins Square, but they were very much interested, and formed themselves into the first "Boys' Club" of New York. Miss Huntington worked for love for all her income was devoted to the cause; but she has already the grateful reward of seeing the result of her labor in the stalwart uprightness of the boys and the pure, devoted lives of the girls she has helped to train. She is the type of an increasing class of glorious women who count the "world well lost" for Jesus.

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Seldom on the heart be lonely,
If it seek a lonelier still,
Self-forgetting, seeking only
Emptier cups of love to fill.

—FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MISSING PAPERS.

THE house seemed dull after the boys had gone. For when Guy and Monk went up for their final term at Oxford, Fulk took himself off to London, and continued the studies which the summer gaieties had somewhat interrupted; and it was a very reduced party that assembled day by day at the table in the big dining-room, and Yolante began for the first time since her arrival at the Park, to think with regret of London, where there was always plenty going on.

She found, as many do who exchange town for country life, that in the short winter days there is little doing in the neighborhood, and those who have not their own resources within themselves are apt to be woefully dull. Cissy the younger sister was settling down to her life with great contentment for there was a whole library of rare books to dig into, and had not Geoffrey held out hopes of being able to do something to get Humphrey out of the worst of his invalid ways? He was quite certain that with time and patience much could be done for him, and though the lad had acquiesced very patiently in the verdict that he would be tied to his couch more or less for life, yet it was with an intense sense of pleasure that he looked forward to the possibilities of a less helpless existence.

So that the twins were finding life anything but dull or monotonous just now, and Yolante had no sympathy for them in her unspoken grievance, though her mother sometimes remarked how solitary she must feel. She did not easily make girl-friends, and Joyce, though greatly admiring Yolante, was just a little afraid of her. Norman was away shooting in Scotland, and might be absent for several weeks. Then, too, the friendship with Cicely upon which Yolante had reckoned, was not proving quite as satisfactory as she had hoped.

More than once she had spent a whole day in Fordringham, and had a note-book in which many names had been entered of poor people who would be grateful for a visit, and who might even be relieved within reasonable limits, as they were suffering from undeserved troubles. Yolante had been to see them, had supplied some of the most pressing needs of the moment, and had seen sorrowful faces light with pleasure when she had promised to come again. And yet she had felt little satisfaction, or even interest in the work. She did not ask herself too closely what it was that she had expected when she had requested Cicely to help her in her labor of love: but she knew in her heart that there had been a secret wish to win Geoffrey's admiration and approbation. She had hoped that he might come in and find her at work, cheering up some sick man or woman, and drawing down upon herself praises that he would hear.

But so far her charitable errands had not appeared to bring her into any contact with Geoffrey, and she was discontented without exactly knowing why. The spice and flavor of life seemed lacking just now and time hung heavy on her hands.

In a mood of some discontent and depression, she wandered into the library one day, without any special object in view. Her mother's task of sorting papers still occupied her during her spare moments, but the bulk of the work had long since been accomplished, and Mrs. Dangerfield held her head higher, and felt that a load had rolled from off her, for not [illegible] on the old man's part of the existence of an elder Guy, and in that case his wish must have been [illegible] been done Guy from any but a purely technical stand-point.

But on this particular day Mrs. Dangerfield was not in the library, and Yolante sat down idly at the great secretary, recalling the bent figure of her grandfather, as she had so often [illegible] garded by all except Fulk with a sort of dread and dislike, but by him with a good deal of admiration, and some childish good-fellowship and affection.

Fulk had often gone to the library of his own accord, and had sat with the redoubtable grandfather at his work. Yolante recalled to mind the memory of a long-past day — a snowy day in mid-winter, when her grandfather had been shut up in the justicing-room for many hours, and Fulk and she (for the time being banded together on account of some childish quarrel with Monk), had stolen to the library, and he as a proof of his goodwill, and under solemn pledge of secrecy, had shown her the trick of a little secret drawer, which he had seen his grandfather open from time to time, and the spring of which he had mastered for himself, to his great pride and satisfaction, after having watched the process several times.

Sitting idly here, with nothing to do, and no very pleasant thoughts for company, Yolante wondered if she could still remember the trick of that little drawer. It had been empty when they had opened it on a former occasion, and she remembered that Fulk said nothing was kept in it except a little loose money sometimes. She knew that it had opened when they pressed one of a cluster of grapes carved on a panel on the outside, and after a certain amount of fumbling and guessing, a little click rewarded her efforts, and the little drawer started open. But this time it was not empty. There were two papers in it, tied together with a tape, though neither was bulky. Yolante, not dreaming of any important discovery, drew them out, and looked at them, wondering if her mother had found them before her.

"That is Aunt Helen's writing," she said to herself, looking at the superscription on one of the envelopes. Yolante knew her aunt's writing, as she had some of her books in which notes had been written in the margin, and Guy's mother's had been a characteristic hand. "She wrote to grandfather, I see, and he answered her, and the letter was returned to him through the post-office. I wonder what they said to one another. I think I will look—it cannot make any difference now."

Perhaps it was not a very honorable thing to do, but at least the girl meant nothing dishonorable by it. She had always been interested in her Aunt Helen, and it did not seem to her to matter much who read letters so many years old. She opened that of her aunt the first. It was not long, and it was written in a feeble hand. It only told of her husband's sudden death, of the birth of a son whom she had named Guy Monkswold, and concluded by the statement that she wished nothing and asked nothing for herself, but that she considered it right, in justice to her boy, that his grandfather should know of his existence. Enclosed were some certificates, at which Yolante hardly glanced.

With a dawning interest in the situation, she turned to her grandfather's letter, which had been returned from the dead-letter office. She saw at a glance that it was dated some three years after the communication from his daughter-in-law.

"Madam," (it ran) "I owe you an apology for the long interval that I have allowed to elapse before answering the communication addressed to me on the occasion of your husband's death. The fact of the case being that I did not open the letter then (having so lately declined all personal communication with you), and it is only within the last month that I have acquainted myself with its contents. Had you taken the common trouble to announce the death in the *Times* in the proper manner things would have been different. As it is you may have consoled yourself with another marriage for aught I know to the contrary. In any case I do not see that anything will be gained by a personal interview. If you need an allowance —and have not married—I will make you one, and in any case make provision for the boy: but I do not ask you to this house, as I believe we shall agree better at a distance. If it is any satisfaction for you to know it, I have made your son my heir. I have another grandson who expects to succeed, so you will have to look sharp after your son's interests when I die—but of course you will do that in any case. The certificate of his birth will give him his claim—and the other will have to make way, and as you will be looking out eagerly for the old man's death—as vultures in the desert—I know you all—you daughters-in-law, with children round you—there is no fear but that you and your child will be on the spot, whether or not this letter finds you, of which after this interval there is just a doubt. But you will be on the watch—you will be there to fight it out with Charles's widow—and I almost wish I could be there to see the battle, and to see Guy's son oust Charles's from the place he has always looked upon as his, or his mother for him. At least there is a small satisfaction in thinking that Guy's son will come after me. I loved his father once, till he chose to defy me and leave me alone in my old age. Well, if we meet again on the other side of the river, we may find out that after all we loved each other all the while. Yes, I shall not be sorry to join him there, and he will know perhaps that I have done justice to his child. G. DANGERFIELD."

Yolante had turned deadly pale as she read this letter in a few rapid glances, too much horrified and startled to forego the fascination of knowing all, though she would have given worlds not to have done so. And when the truth penetrated to her brain, she sat for a moment white and crushed, trying to make out what it all meant both to herself and to others.

Guy the heir—Guy the owner of everything —Monk a mere nonentity with his own career to make for himself—with nothing but an ordinary competence to call his own. The house, the land, the Park, and the prestige of ownership all to pass to Guy—O, it was intolerable. Could nothing be done to stop it?

Yolante pressed her hands to her temples and began to think. It was then that the question presented itself—did her mother know? Her heart gave a great throb, and then seemed to stand still, for some instinct told her that her mother did know something —had she not been care-worn and preoccupied very often at times? And did not she go about often as if she had some heavy weight upon her mind?

"If I thought she had never seen these papers, I would burn them—at least I think I would," said the girl slowly. "But if it is she who has hidden them, and she found they were missing, it would be worse than anything. And suppose she has not found them? Suppose she does not know the trick of the drawer? Why then the safest thing is just to shut them up again. They have been hidden there for ten years, and more, why not till the end of the chapter?"

And Yolante suited the action to the words, replaced the papers where she had found them, and shut the drawer upon them.

"O, if they would only stay there always," she murmured. "I wonder if some day I could come here alone at night and break the spring, so that no one could ever open it again. It is like living with a sword over one's head. But I will do nothing to injure Monk —nothing—nothing. It cannot be my duty, and if it is I will not do it."

Yolante was in the nervous state of excitement that prompts all kinds of unwonted actions, and the sound of a footstep down the passage caused the color to ebb from her face, and her heart to beat to suffocation. Hardly knowing what she did she sprang across the room, and concealed herself behind the heavy curtains. She felt she might betray herself if she met anyone in her present mood.

It was only her mother who was approaching the room, and she came in and closed the door, without being aware of her daughter's proximity. She sat down to the secretary and began to write letters, and Yolante behind her curtain, watched her, and began to feel a little foolish at her position. However time was no object, and though too proud to show herself, she had no objection to remaining there in hiding till something called her mother away. She wanted time for quiet thought and here at least she could secure it.

Mrs. Dangerfield wrote three notes, and then unlocked a drawer and took out her cheque book. When the cheque was written she put back the book and closed the drawer. It went rather hard, and she gave it a sharp push. At the same moment there was the sound of a little click, and the secret drawer flew open. Yolante did not know or did not remember that there was a trick in the closing as well as in the opening of it. She had shut it up without [illegible] the spring, and as a natural consequence the jar and shake sent it flying open again.

Mrs. Dangerfield looked up, and seeing what had occurred, put out her hand and took out what papers there were in this hitherto unknown receptacle. Yolante held her breath to watch her, and the moment she saw the change of face which followed the reading of the superscriptions it, alone, told her that these papers had never been in her mother's hands before, and also that she knew enough to be filled with dismay at the discovery.

Yolante clasped her hands closely together. She felt as if the furious beating of her heart must betray her presence. She almost rushed out and entreated her mother to burn the tell-tale papers and let things go on as they had done before: but the consciousness that such a knowledge shared would make life perfectly intolerable deterred her.

But O, those long, long moments in which her mother was skimming the contents of the fatal papers, her color ebbing fast away as she did so. It seemed as if they would never end, and Mrs. Dangerfield's face was one that even her daughter could not read. Was it minutes or was it hours that passed in that deep and breathless stillness? Yolante never knew. She felt as if the scene were burnt in upon her brain till she never could forget it waking or sleeping. What was about to happen? What would be the end?

The end came more quickly then she had expected. Her mother rose. The girl noted her face looked as if hewn out of a piece of marble. She took the papers in her hand—and it did not tremble—and walked steadily across to the fire which was blazing on the hearth. She took her poker and made a hot glowing bed, and upon it she laid the fatal papers and pressed them down until every atom was consumed, and even the ashes had sprung hot and red up the chimney.

With her head held high, as if in a sort of mute defiance of the voice of conscience within, Mrs. Dangerfield walked steadily out of the room: and Yolante, when certain of escaping unseen, slipped like a shadow from her nook, and fled upstairs to the pleasant retreat of her room, sinking down upon the rug breathless and trembling.

And yet she was glad—she knew all the time that she was glad, though the oppression of the guilty secret weighed like lead upon her.

"It is not for us to do it—it is not—it is not," she kept repeating fiercely. "It was a wicked, cruel thing of grandfather to do—deceiving us even on his dying bed and in the will he left behind him."

Had Mrs. Dangerfield been somewhat less preoccupied herself these next days, she might have noted an unusual restlessness in Yolante. The girl could not keep still, could not even keep indoors, though the weather was very inclement. She seemed to have a fit of intense charitable devotion upon her, and was for ever starting off either to Fordringham, or to the tenantry with gifts of food or clothing, to be distributed with almost lavish prodigality. Her ample allowance all melted away in these charitable works, and she was forced to appeal to her mother for funds, which, however, were readily accorded. The poor people wondered and rejoiced at such good times. Cicely and Geoffrey looked at each other and wondered what it all meant. It was kindly meant, but injudiciously carried out, and the wild enthusiasm of the girl's manner perplexed them not a little. Sometimes she would call and ask Cicely to give her a cup of tea before her cold dark drive home, and she would sit and talk incessantly all the while, with a brilliance and a vehemence which the occasion hardly seemed to require. At that time no service seemed too mean for her—no office unwelcome, however distasteful. She puzzled the Northesks not a little, and she puzzled her own family, too. But her temper was fitful and uncertain, and at home, at least, no one dared take her to task.

Geoffrey ventured to do so one day, when he found that the money left for the use of a patient in a critical case, had been used by the wife in buying spirit for herself, which had rendered her incapable of following out the doctor's orders, and from him she had accepted the rebuke in good part. But she did not pay much heed to cautions and warnings, and her help began to be rather dreaded than courted by the more sober-minded Cicely.

"But you need not worry your head over it," said Geoffrey. "The fit will wear itself out. The fire is burning too fast. We shall have a reaction one of these days. She is a magnificent creature in her way, but her vocation is not in our part of the world. She has something on her mind. When that passes away, we shall see little of her here."

(To be Continued.)

Namesakes. A story of a Secret, by Evelyn Everett Green, will be published when completed in this Journal by Fleming H. Revell Company, New York Chicago and Toronto. Price $1.50.

THE BOOK SHELF

EVANGELIZING ASIA.*

HOW much better is a man than a sheep, than the refuse of furnace or mine? But races exist this day, less cared for than this material waste. Continents populous with human beings, but half developed, because men are half developed. Look at the Asiatic Continent. Have you thought much about it? "Well, why should I? What is Asia to me? Give me a rug or two now and then. Keep up my rations of tea and coffee. Give me that India shawl, if you please, and that exquisite piece of bronze, but don't let those dreadful Asiatics come near me." Why? What is the matter with the Asiatics?

The Asiatic Continent! The largest, richest, most populous continent on the face of the earth! In civilization, the oldest! Mother of great religions, of all the religions worth naming! The great forerunners of the Christ and the Christ himself, were Asiatics. Judaism, Buddhism, Brahmanism, Confucianism, Christianity, Mohammedanism—all Asiatic. The Prophets of the Old Testament, the writers of the New, and the Book, the greatest of books—are all Asiatic. The early fathers of the Church whose subtle thought and kindly interpretation of Christianity is so influencing modern movements within the Church, were many of them Asiatic.

Asiatic History—what a story of colossal empires, magnificent cities, world-conquering armies led by great generals; astonishing commerce from India to Tyre, and thence to all the Mediterranean lands. All these great peoples have seen their brilliant eras, their thinkers, artists, poets, builders, warriors. They have not lost, past recovery, their vigor, their old-time possibilities; but what, among the great powers of the world do they stand for to-day, the peoples that once threatened Europe, invaded Africa, reduced Egypt to vassalage and destroyed her Memphis and her Thebes? Why does Asia stand for so little? She lost her Gospel and her Christ, rather than welcome both to dominate her life. The Light of Asia grew dim and the sun of righteousness is not yet welcomed.

The Asiatic Continent evangelized, made Christian, is the wheeling into line with the world's progress the most versatile of powers, the most vigorous of evangelizing agencies. The true Christian type of thought, life, worship, is surely not Occidental, nor Oriental only, but both. Neither is complete without the other.

Keshub Chunder Sen, whom all respect as having drunk deep at the fountains of our Christianity, thus forcefully resents the common prejudice against Asiatics: "If, however, our Christian friends persist in traducing our nationality and national character, and in distrusting and hating Orientalism, let me assure them that I do not in the least feel dishonored by such imputations. On the contrary, I rejoice, yea, I am proud that I am an Asiatic. And was not Jesus Christ an Asiatic? Yes, and his disciples were Asiatics, and all the agencies primarily employed for the propagation of the Gospel were Asiatic. In fact Christianity was founded and developed by Asiatics, and in Asia. When I reflect on this, my love for Jesus becomes a hundred-fold intensified; I feel him nearer my heart and deeper in my national sympathies. Why should I then feel ashamed to acknowledge that nationality which he acknowledged? Shall I not rather say, He is more congenial and akin to my Oriental nature, more agreeable to my Oriental habits of thought and feeling? And is it not true that an Asiatic can read the imageries and allegories of the Gospel, and its description of natural sceneries, of customs and manners, with greater interest, and a fuller perception of their force and beauty, than Europeans? In Christ we see not only an exaltedness of humanity, but also the grandeur of which Asiatic nature is susceptible. To us Asiatics, therefore, Christ is doubly interesting, and his religion is entitled to our peculiar regard as an altogether Oriental affair. The more this great fact is pondered, the less I hope will be the antipathy and hatred of European Christians against Oriental nationalities, and the greater the interest of the Asiatics in the teachings of Christ. And thus, in Christ, Europe and Asia, the East and West, may learn to find harmony and unity."

* From *Brightening the World*, by Hiram C. Hayden, paper, pp. 184, price 35c. Anson D. Randolph & Co., N. Y., publishers.

SECRET PRAYER.*

I will suppose that I have retired for secret prayer—I have entered into my closet and shut to my door. Am I prepared without a moment's consideration, to pour out my heart before God? Sometimes it may be so; special circumstances may be stirring in my soul the lively emotions of hope or fear, or love, or desire, and I feel unspeakable relief and rest in unbosoming myself to my Father in heaven as I would to a friend. But, frequently, it is far different. Frequently, if I kneel without premeditation—without distinctly realizing what I am about to do—just because it is my duty or my habit to pray—my prayers degenerate into a mere mechanical exercise or a wandering reverie; and I rise from my knees not refreshed, not strengthened, but with the miserable sense of a burden upon my heart, that finds expression in some such sigh as this, "O my God, forgive me the mockery of this prayer!"

As a rule, I conceive no immediate preparation can supersede that of bringing the heart into contact with the spiritual realities of the Word of God. But, alas! to bring the eyes into contact is not necessarily to bring the heart. The regular reading of God's Word is as apt to become listless as prayer itself. What preparation, then, can there be antecedent to this, to stir up the soul to listen to the voice of God as well as to commune with him.

I must firmly grasp the fact that prayer is ordained by God himself as a power in real life. I must put far from me the secret misgiving, "what profit shall I have if I pray unto him?" No thoughts of the unchangeableness of God, or of the reactionary effect of the exercise of prayer upon my own spirit, must be allowed to interfere with my simple belief that prayer prevails with God. Here I must become as a little child, and really believe that prayer does "move the hand which moves the world."

"Shall I pray aloud or inaudibly?" I am disposed to think that the usual practice, which, I presume, is that of praying inaudibly, is not the one most calculated to give reality to prayer. I know there may be external circumstances that may make it neeessary, and there are differences of temperament which must regulate a matter of this kind; yet I am very doubtful whether many would not find the reality of secret prayer greatly increased by adopting the former method, especially if the mind is wearied, as it often is in the evening; and so, apt to wander or to slumber. The effort required to express the thoughts aloud acts as a spur to the indolence of the mind. From my own experience, I can speak strongly of the benefit; it has enabled me to pray when else it would have been a physical impossibility. I would add, as an inducement at least to prove it, that this seems to have been the mode of prayer with holy men of old.

The length consideration appears to me to be a very important point, and to affect more intimately the reality of secret prayer than many may be disposed to think. No doubt to be able to continue in prayer is a very, very blessed thing, and a gift we should all most earnestly covet. The work of most of us would, I believe, be far more than double its present value, if we could spend half our present working time in prayer. All of us know that those who have had most power with men are those who have had most power with God. "I have so much to do," said Luther, in the busiest period of his busy life, "that I cannot go on without three hours a day of praying." Of him, moreover, who came to do the work which only man in union with God could do, it is written, and the occasion was very far from a solitary one, "He continued all night in prayer."

Yet just because this is so, it is more important we should give earnest heed to our Master's words, "They (*i. e.*, the heathen) think they shall be heard for their much speaking; be not ye therefore like unto them." Our God is he "who measures life by love;" and he measures prayer, not by its length, but by its reality. A great deal of unreal secret prayer, especially in an evening, results, I am convinced, from a notion that in order to please God our prayers must be of a certain length.

A most touching anecdote is told of the devout Bengel. He is represented as a man strong in faith and great in prayer. After he became a professor, a countryman, a former parishioner, took a longing to see him once more. Calling on Bengel after evening service, he hid himself to watch the private devotions of one he so revered. Midnight passed, and still Bengel's lamp burned and his pen moved, while turning ever to the open Bible, he bent his head over the holy page. Far on in the time when others sleep, he dug still for others' need into the mine of heavenly gold. At length he shut the book and rose. "At last I hear Bengel pray," thought the peasant, "what words they will be! my long watch repaid!" But Bengel only turned his eyes up to the Master's throne, and said, "O Lord Jesus Christ, things are between us as on the old score." What childlike simplicity! what filial confidence! what reality in that secret breathing! Did it pass unnoticed, think you, because it was so short? Surely not.

*From *What Suggestions can be offered for making Secret Prayer a Reality:* by Henry Wright, M. A., London, paper, 11 pages, price 15 cents; published by Wilbur B. Ketcham, N. Y.

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE SALOON.*

Does the Christian Church hold the sovereignty of cities? It ought; it might; it does not. If the Christian people of any city should persistently determine, and solidly unite, they would rule. Even if numerically weaker than the criminal classes, they could wield a moral power that would be irresistible. But the opinion prevails that churches and Christians ought to keep aloof even from moral measures that run into politics. The church is counted a thing too sacred to dabble with the world's affairs.

Does the press hold the sovereignty of cities? No. Mighty as the press is, it fails to control the life of the cities. To a great extent the press follows public opinion instead of forming it; yields to popular clamor rather than resist and rebuke it; caters to the taste of the masses while it should purify and uplift them. A great journal simply reflects the opinions of those who read its pages.

What sovereignty then? Why, we find the sovereignty of the saloon in great cities to be almost supreme. It is a great business monopoly that is utterly unscrupulous and conscienceless. Its prime products are poverty, pauperage, discontent, vice and crime. It seizes the great populations and debauches them. It depreciates the values of property wherever it is allowed to exist. It is the occasion of direct or indirect tax on all industries. It is at war with the home, the school and the church. It is a public plunderer that has no mercy on its victims. It breeds idleness, appetite, passion, and crime. It is the hotbed of prostitution, infamy, and disgrace. It tramples down the Sabbath and dishonors God. It is the only monopoly that dares defy the courts, and shake its finger at justice. It holds penal codes in utter contempt. The police dare not treat it as any other scourge is treated. It is a living death constantly preying on the community. It has money to bribe, votes to barter, offices to bestow. It hoodwinks judges and defies the public authorities. It is the parent of perjury, the nurse of knavery, the corrupter of courts, and the source of sorrow. It keeps in full blasts when the flags are flapping at half-mast over some tremendous woe, and uses all fast-days and feast-days, all seasons and Sabbaths to swell its nefarious traffic, regardless of what laws are violated, what principles of right are invaded, what rights of society are sacrificed, what sins against God are committed.

The saloon holds its sovereignty by its ability to coerce the great parties into compliance with its will. The liquor trade is an organized force. It casts its influence on the side of the party that it can best trust. It cares for neither of them, yet it has them both at its feet, its chains are on their necks, and they dare not spurn its mandates. Municipal officers and State officials are nominated by the saloon and in the saloon. Nominating conventions only confirm the dictum of the saloon, and publicly present the candidates of the liquor interests. Public improvements and municipal reforms must wait the will of the saloon. This interest must dominate city and State government, and be fostered at the expense of everything else.

To destroy the sovereignty of the saloon is the most imperative duty of the American people. We can have no hope of good rulers, no just legislation while the saloon dominates our politics. And the sovereignty of the saloon cannot be destroyed while the saloon itself exists. To destroy the sovereignty of the saloon, all the elements of righteousness should combine. The Church should rise from its apathy and exert its tremendous power. The great parties of our land should shake off the thrall of the saloon and repudiate it, else every virtue-loving voter should withdraw from them. Everything good and pure should unite and leave to the saloon the support only of the hopelessly lost and miserably abandoned criminal classes of society.

*From *Temperance in all Nations*, papers, essays, addresses, etc., read before the World's Temperance Congress held in Chicago last June, edited by Mr. J. N. Stearns; 2 vols.; price $2.50 each; National Temperance Society and Publication House, New York, publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

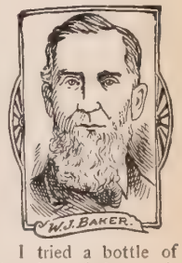
The Sermon Bible; Colossians to James. This volume is a continuation of the series which embraces the whole of the sacred Scriptures and gives in convenient form the essence of the best homiletic literature of this generation; pp. 376; cloth; price $1.50. A.C. Armstrong & Son, New York, publishers.

The Story of the Cross, a slightly abridged version of the Gospel account of our Lord's Passion, Resurrection and Ascension, illustrated with photographs from the Ober-Ammergan Passion Play; paper, price 35c. Compiled and published by W. H. Brearley, Detroit, Mich.

MR. MOODY ON EVANGELISTS.

In describing the qualities necessary for a successful evangelist, Mr. D. L. Moody speaks with authority. His definition of a successful evangelist is one who has common sense, an unblemished character, consecration, large sympathies, faith, patience, enterprise, familiarity with the Word of God and the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

Hood's Is a Blessing



To the suffering. Ever since I was in camp in 1862, when I caught a severe cold, I have suffered with kidney trouble and severe pains in my back, and have been unable to do any heavy work. After I had the grip last spring, I had a bad cough, was very weak, in fact my system was completely run down. I tried a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and it made me feel so much better that I have taken six bottles. It has done

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Mention *Christian Herald.*

A Spurgeon Memorial Hall.

THE late Pastor Spurgeon, for many years associated with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, was possessed of a boundless sympathy for suffering humanity. Among the many institutions he founded, none was dearer to him than the Stockwell Orphanage, England. In it fatherless boys and girls are sheltered and educated. The institution is conducted on the separate home system, each home being presided over by a matron. No uniforms are used, these being regarded as the badge of poverty. The expenses of the Home average about $50,000 a year.

Shortly after Pastor Spurgeon's death, a Fund was started for the purpose of erecting a Memorial Hall for the use of the orphans, and which would prove of great service to the institution on public occasions. The foundation stone of the new Memorial Hall was laid recently, on the occasion of the annual festival held in the orphanage following the birthday of the founder. Among those who made addresses and took part in the ceremony were Revs. J. A. Spurgeon, Charles Spurgeon, Dr. Pierson, W. Stephenson, Dr. Barnardo, and others.

The Memorial Hall is so designed as to be a beautiful and lasting monument to the memory of Pastor Spurgeon and for the preservation of many objects of interest associated with his life and labors. Within the hall there will be erected a monumental design in three panels. In the centre panel there will be a life-size figure of Mr. Spurgeon in the act of preaching; in the right panel, the pastor will be seen in the midst of a group of students; and in the left panel, he will be surrounded by a group of orphans. It will cost about $20,000. The Hall is shown in the illustration on page 613.

AN HISTORIC PARALLEL.

Being challenged as to his reasons for refusing wine on one occasion while in England, Dr. A. T. Pierson related the following incident: "In Paris, during the Reign of Terror, there was a magazine where an immense amount of gunpowder was stored with other kinds of explosives. There was a man there who took out his pipe, filled it with tobacco, and lit it with a taper. His companion said, 'You should not smoke in this magazine; if you are going to smoke go out there.' He replied, 'I am not going to have my liberty interfered with.' Liberty! Has any man a right to exercise liberty when his indulgence is endangering millions of other people? It is quite a mistaken notion of liberty if you claim the right to smoke in a magazine of gunpowder. But the drinking habit is worse than a match lit in such a magazine. There is not only peril in drink, but there is absolute and consummate destruction in it, and I do not know how I could take any other position, knowing the effects of the drink traffic, than to set myself against it tooth and nail, with pen and tongue, with principle and practice, and I ask God to help you all to look at it in the same light."

A LATE ATONEMENT.

The European journals in referring to the death of the Countess Firmian at Salzburg, report that her will conveys all her personal property to trustees who are to hold it for the benefit of Protestant orphan children. As the lady was a Roman Catholic considerable surprise was caused by the bequest. To account for it it is necessary to trace the history of the family back a century and a half. In the year 1730, Count Firmian became Archbishop of Salzburg. He was informed that a great number of his subjects were secretly Protestants. A list of these was written, and, in the severe winter of 1731, 30,000 Protestants were, within a fortnight, expelled by the military from the country. Many of them died on the way, and others found refuge in Germany. The bequest of the recently deceased lady was intended, as she states in her will, as some slight atonement for the wicked wrong committed by her distinguished ancestor a hundred and [illegible]

SINGING WHEN IN TROUBLE

[illegible] a child who lived in the Lake District, Ruskin [illegible] a laboring man in a village near Coniston Water, and he was especially fond of one little boy. One day he came to the house, and, missing the little fellow, said to the mother, "Where is Harry?" With tears in her eyes she told how a short time before the little boy had been taken to his rest. His big brother was mowing in the meadow, and the little boy went to him, but he went very softly and gently to surprise the brother, and the brother did not see him. The scythe swept round and severed the sinews of the poor child's legs, and he fell. His brother hurriedly caught him up, and ran to the house with him. All night Harry lay very still on the little bed; but just as the morning broke he began faintly to sing. "What did he sing?" asked Ruskin. "Oh! just bits of hymns he had learned in his Sunday School." And he sang on, until as the sun was rising he stopped, because he had gone where the angels always sing.

HEATHENISM IN BRAZIL

In a letter from a Christian business man who has gone to Brazil on an extended visit is the following vivid description of the spiritual darkness prevailing there: "When I arrived in Pernambuco, I was much struck with the beauty of the place; everything is so clean, white and bright. I was also astonished at the open godlessness of the people. There is scarcely any Sunday here; everything goes on the same as on week-days. The Sunday I arrived was the opening of a carnival, which lasted three days. It was a sickening sight to see these superstitious souls parading the streets. There must have been hundreds of processions made up from all kinds of people, from the very white to ebony black. They were dressed in all sorts of diabolical and curious costumes, and were singing, shouting, dancing and playing all kinds of instruments, from a tin whistle to a tin pan. This religious scene lasted three days, and now all are quiet, as it is the holy season. It would make your heart ache to know the sins of this city. The immorality is beyond estimate. Truly the god of this world has blinded their minds, and the priests seem to blindfold these poor people more still. I heard of a young man to-day, who said, when he went to the chapel, that it was like taking a box in a theatre, to hear the music and see the fireworks, for they sent up prayers in fireworks! Oh! how I do long to tell them of Jesus the mighty to save. The beauties and wonders of this tropical land are very great. Large mangoe trees, bread-fruit, orange and cocoa-nut trees, and palms, bananas, lemons growing everywhere. Fireflies at night would surprise you. Ants, mosquitoes, and lizards are all over the house."

MARTYRS IN AFRICA.

The Congo Balolo Mission, under the care of Dr. and Mrs. Guinness' Institute, has been seriously afflicted in recent months by the death, one after another, of its missionaries in Balololand, victims of the hæmaturic fever, for which as yet there has been discovered no successful mode of treatment. The mission force is still crippled, but those who have fallen die bravely, calling upon others to come and fill the places which will be made vacant by their death. Volunteers are offering themselves to go. An English missionary, while passing in toward the gold fields of southeastern Africa, says that he counted sixty graves of white men who had preceded him but a few months before in the search for earthly riches. And yet men were coming in companies in search of the coveted gold-dust, and no surprise was expressed that they should come. It is only when men are attracted by the hope of winning souls, more precious than gold, that there is surprise at their not being warned by the fate of their predecessors.

A CHILD-WIDOW'S LAMENT

The bitter need of the people of India for the elevating influences of Christianity is seen nowhere so conspicuous as in the home where there is a child widow. There are more than a million child widows in India, who are betrothed, when infants, to boys and become widows owing to the early death of the boys to whom they were betrothed, and thenceforth are looked upon as disgraced. The following sad complaint of a young child widow of India carries with it its own story of cruelty and injustice: "Every visitor to the house speaks of me ironically and treats me with disdain. From every word I speak, offence is taken. My heart has become sore from the piercing of these bitter words. I am deprived of every pleasure. In the house one woman will be engaged in adorning herself in fine robes, another will be busy combing her hair, blacking her eyes and teeth, another will be making the house ring with the tinkling of her foot jewels and ankle ornaments, while I am condemned to sit in a corner and weep alone with a broken heart. But if anyone should happen to see me weeping, he would consider it a bad omen and curse me for it. The will of my persecutors is that I should neither scream nor weep, but die quietly in my misery. While the whole family enjoys delicious food, I am served with coarse bread. I am strictly forbidden the comfort of sleeping upon a bedstead, but a mat upon the floor and a coarse piece of carpet is my bedding. The barber's wife shaves my head daily. On every festive occasion, and at weddings, every one is present but me. The women whose husbands are alive take the lead in all ceremonies. One sings, one plays on the musical instruments, another puts on the holiday costume, another primps with pride before the looking-glass, while I am shut up in my room to prevent the ill omen which would be the result of my face being seen. Who can be more wretched than I? I look upon all sides, but find no comforter. There is no one to enquire into my condition, and no one to wipe away my tears. The Lord Jesus Christ gave life to the dead, but His followers do not attempt to relieve us from our sufferings."

FATAL IRRESOLUTION.

Five men were clinging to the mast of a vessel, which in a terrible storm was drifting swiftly, helplessly, against a stone pier. On shore willing helpers had thrown a rope, which reached them, and the words rang out, "Hold fast the rope, and leave the mast at the word 'Now.'" Suddenly they heard it, and with trusting hearts let go the mast, and were drawn safely to shore. All but one. With straining eyes they saw one still on the wreck he had hesitated to leave. Many times they threw the rope again, but it missed him, and soon the vessel was dashed in pieces against the pier and the man was lost. How many souls have been lost in the same way! They could not bring themselves to let go of the world and trust to Christ when they heard the warning cry, "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation."

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AT THE DOOR

"I STAND at the door and knock."
"Who art Thou, Lord?"
"One whom the proud priests mock,
Deaf to my Word.
But loving thee, thus late
With thee I plead and wait
For kiss and rest."
"Enter, O Guest."

"Lovest Me more than these?"
"But who art Thou?"
"A King to whom all knees
Shall one day bow:
But once a robe of scorn
And crown of twisted thorn
For thee I wore."
"Lord, I adore."

"Arise, and follow Me."
"But who art Thou?"
"A Guide and Staff for thee,
Yea here, and now;
An arm for aid alway,
A Light upon the way,
Before thine eyes."
"I will arise."

"Be watchful! Pray."
"But wherefore, Lord? for whom?"
"Light is passing away,
Soon through the gloom
Cometh Bridegroom apace
In the closing hour of grace;
And for his dear sake—"
"I shall awake." —JAMES MOFFAT.

MONEY RECEIVED.

Since our last acknowledgment the following sums have been received and applied to the funds indicated by the senders:

For the support of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD *Missionary of the American Sunday School Union:* Old Subscriber, Chickamaugua, Ga., $10; Reader of Herald, Aurora, Neb., $10; L. C. Tobias, Wis., $1; Reader, West Ferndale, Wash., $1; Constant Reader, Ozone Park, N. Y., $1; Frankie, $1; Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Shippard, N. J., $1; Mrs. Mary Stites, N. J., $2; Mrs. Emma F. Stites, N. J., $2; Benjamin Stites, $1; H. W. W. P., Richmond, Va., 25c.; John C. Lane, Afton, Va., $1; Mrs. H. L. Esterbrook, Ilwaco, Wash., $1; J. M., Bridgeton, N. J., $1; Friend, Italy, N. Y., 50c.; Friend, Philadelphia, Pa., $2; Mrs. A. E. M., Peacham, Vt., $3; Mrs. Curtis Blakely, Bristol, Conn., $1.50; Chas. F. Chittenden, North Guilford, Conn., $1; Mrs. O. L. Osborne, Hillsdale, N. Y., $1; Subscriber, Cambridgeboro, Pa., $1; Ira Benjamin, Livingstonville, N. Y., $1. These sums with the $369.90 previously acknowledged make a total of $414.15 toward the $700 required.

For the Bethesda Home for the Reclamation of Fallen Girls: S. S. Wise, Toledo, Ia., $3.40; G. I. D., Northampton, Mass., $1; "A Friend among the least," Decatur, Ill., $1; Frankie, $1; C., Carlisle, Pa., $5; Constant Reader, Winfield, W. Va., $1; W. D. Ward, Springfield, Ill., 50c.; W. D. Jerauld, Hamman, Tenn., $1; Subr, Cambridgeboro, Pa., $1; Ewing, Neb., $2; Mrs. A. E. Moulton, Peacham, Vt., $3; Fall River, $1; Friend, Grand Rapids, N. Dak., $5. Previously acknowledged, $77.78.

For the Permanent Lodging House for Homeless Women: Mrs. Ellen T. Way, Peaks, Me., $2; A friend, Springfield, O., $2; A Northern Brother, Winnipeg, Man., $20; Frankie, Parma, Mich., $1; ——, Fayetteville, N. C., $2; W. Wilson, Blue Earth, Minn., $10; Thos. L. Stratford, Wilmington, Del., $2; Mrs. C. W. Palmer, Morley, N. Y., 25c.; Subscriber, Cambridgeboro, Pa., $1. Previously acknowledged $342.05.

A MURDERER'S CONFESSION.

During her recent tour in Australia, Mrs. Bayertz was the means of the conversion of a murderer. She says: "I noticed among my hearers several men of the criminal type with with such faces as you see nowhere in such numbers as in prisons and convict settlements. I longed to reach some of them and I exclaimed, 'However guilty you may be, I am authorized to offer you salvation. If there be a murderer here I can say to him, The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin, the blood of Jesus will cleanse you from the stain of blood. Among the audience, unknown to me was a man who had committed murder. He told me afterwards he had committed murder when a very young man, and had been condemned to be hung, but on account of his youth the sentence was commuted to a long term of imprisonment, which he had served. He had looked upon himself as an outcast before both God and man, as one for whom there was no mercy neither here nor hereafter, but my words brought new life to him, and he repeated to himself, 'If there be a murderer here I can say to him the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin!' At the after meeting one of the workers spoke to him, and heard his sorrowful story, and when he left the meeting he was rejoicing in the fact that 'The blood of Jesus Christ had cleansed from all sin.'"

AN OUTSIDE LISTENER.

In a recent address on her work in some of the darkest regions of southern Europe, Mrs. Bayertz said: "One of the most remarkable instances of conversion that has ever come under my notice was that of a man, an infidel, who when invited to come to the meetings, refused because the speaker was a woman, and he did not believe in women as public speakers. However, curiosity got the better of his scruples, and one evening he stationed himself outside the building, under an open window where he could hear all that was said inside. He listened, and God's word convicted him of sin. Next Sunday he was in the church and when I spoke to him he said, 'Mistress Bayertz, I fear I have committed the unpardonable sin, but I have a praying mother.' He seemed to think that her prayers might prevail to give him amother chance of the kingdom.

"I assured him that his very fear lest he had committed the unpardonable sin might convince him that he had not; but when he told me that the Spirit had not striven with him for six years, I urged him with even greater earnestness than before to come to Christ there and then, lest the Holy Spirit was giving this final knock at the door of his heart before leaving him to his doom. It brought joy to my heart when he decided to renounce his old ways and come out and out for Christ, surrendering to him, and giving to his service all that was left of his life."

PREACHING TO DIAMOND SEEKERS.

At Kimberley, in South Africa, the "compounds" are large enclosures extending over several acres each, and surrounded with rough corrugated iron sheds, where the natives live who work in the diamond mines. When they are admitted they become voluntary prisoners for at least three months. Many of them remain in longer, or after a holiday return for a second period of service. The high wages earned attract natives from nearly every tribe south of the Zambesi. In these compounds there are opportunities of giving the Gospel to strangers from afar, and most remarkable and cheering are the instances one comes across in which men have accepted Christ while in the compounds, learned to read, and returned to their own home and friends to tell them the wonderful story of the Cross. Sunday is the day to see the compounds at their busiest, for during the week half the men are working in the mines on the day shift, and the other half on the night shift. Some two or three thousand Africans, clothed in the most motley rags one could imagine, throng the enclosure. At one end a war dance is in full swing, while many are driving a busy trade in gambling with dice. They stake their hard-earned money with the utmost nonchalance. There is a good hospital for sickness or accident. No intoxicating liquor is allowed within the gates. When the missionary rings a large handbell and plays a hymn, this attracts a considerable number, who gather round, and right in the midst of all the bustle and din a service is carried on.

One can distinguish the Christians, for as they come up they bend a moment in silent prayer, and sit down with Bible and hymn-book in hand. The address is delivered in one dialect and translated into another by one of the natives, so that most can understand.

THE WORLD'S GOLD.

Mr. Preston, Acting Director of the United States Mint is authority for these figures: Total stock of gold in the world, $5,582,605,000; of silver, $4,042,700,000. Of the gold France has $800,000,000; the United States $604,000,000 Germany, $600,000,000; Great Britain, $550,000,000; Russia, $250,000,000. Of the silver, France, $700,000,000; United States, $615,000,000; Germany, $211,000,000; Great Britain, $100,000,000; Russia, $60,000,000.

THE LABORERS ARE FEW.

When the total statistics of missions are submitted to hearers, one gets the notion that the laborers are many rather than few. But let the number be placed side by side with the population to whom they are sent, and the impression is very different. China has one to 733,000 population, Siam one to 600,000, Corea one to 500,000, India one to 350,000, Africa one to 300,000.

In Central Africa and the Soudan the proportion is one to each 5,000,000. What are these among so many? Like the five barley loaves, they must be multiplied to supply the needs of the hungry multitude.

REUNION IN HEAVEN.

WHERE the faded flower shall freshen,
Freshen, never more to fade;
Where the shaded sky shall brighten,
Brighten nevermore to shade;
Where the sun-blaze never scorches;
Where the star-beams cease to chill;
Where no tempest stirs the echoes
Of the wood or wave or hill;
Where the morn shall wake in gladness,
And the moon the joy prolong;
Where the daylight dies in fragrance
'Mid the burst of holy song—
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest.

Where no shadow shall bewilder;
Where life's vain parade is o'er;
Where the sleep of sin is broken,
And the dreamer dreams no more.
Where the bond is never severed—
Partings, claspings, sob, and moan;
Midnight waking, twilight weeping,
Heavy noontide—all are done;
Where the child has found its mother;
Where the mother finds the child;
Where dear families are gathered
That were scattered on the wild—
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest. —BONAR.

AN ESTIMATE OF TIME.

Describing a journey of scientific interest, the famous banker, Sir John Lubbock says: Some time ago I paid a visit to the principal lake village of Switzerland, in company with a distinguished archæologist, M. Morlot. To my surprise I found that his whole income was $500 a year, part of which, moreover, he spent in making a small museum. I asked him whether he contemplated accepting any post or office, but he said certainly not. He valued his leisure and opportunities as priceless possessions, and would not waste any of his time in making money.

A CHILD'S GLORIOUS DEATH-BED.

A very touching and beautiful story is related by a little girl who lay very ill. The physicians had done all they could for the sufferer and at last the day came when Ellen must leave her mamma. She stood by her bedside and papa and Aunt Mary were there, but they could not ease her pain, or go with her through the valley of the shadow of death. "Mamma, Papa," she said, "what are you crying for? I am not afraid. 'He shall carry the lambs in his bosom.' I am one of his lambs and I want to go to him, won't you let me?" They could not answer her, and she went on, "Sing for me, dear mamma, sing, 'Bright glory!'" Her poor mamma tried, but sobs choked her voice, and she could not, "Papa, will you sing? Aunt will you? Nurse will you sing 'Joyful' for me?" All tried but all failed; so little Ellen raised herself and sung:

Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
And trusted in his grace;
O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful, joyful,
O that will be joyful,
When we meet ——.

The little head fell back upon the pillow, and the song begun on earth was finished in 'Bright glory,' for Ellen was dead!

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor. Offices Bible House, New York. NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 27, 1893. PRICE, 5 CENTS. Annual Subscription, $1.50

Christianity in Russia.

The "Holy Synod," established by Peter the Great, which Administers the Religious Affairs of a Vast Empire—Peculiar Types.

RUSSIA is almost as complex in its government as it is cosmopolitan in its population. With nearly 124,000,000 subjects, representing over fifty distinct nationalities, and occupying one seventh of the entire land surface of the globe, from pole to equator, it can readily be understood that the task of administering the affairs of so vast a constituency is attended with the greatest difficulties. The administration is entrusted to four great boards or councils, each possessing separate functions. They are: 1. The Council of State, whose members are appointed by the Emperor, and which controls the departments of Legislation, Civil and Church Administration and Finance. 2. The "Pravitelstvuvuschiy Senat," or Ruling Senate, which Peter I. established nearly two centuries ago, and which is a high court of justice, and the promulgator of all laws. It has nine subordinate courts, all of which sit at the Capital. 3. The "Holy Synod," also established by Peter, and which administers the religious affairs of the Empire. 4. The Ministerial Committee, which is equivalent to the Cabinets of other nations. The Emperor, besides the above, has two private Cabinets, one dealing with charities and the other with the public instruction of girls and the administration of philanthropic institutions. There are other minor bodies, and, in addition, the Empire is divided into general governments, vice-royalties and districts, the whole system representing a total of nearly nine hundred administrative bodies, of which nearly eight hundred are district governments. There are besides 107,493 communes, each with its own "starosta" (or elder), tax collector and superintendent, who are elected at the communal assemblies. All are amenable to imperial control, the Czar being absolutely over all.

The illustrations on this page (from a photograph brought from Russia by the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD), show the palatial building occupied jointly by the Senate and Synod, and three familiar types frequently met in Russia: the priest, the religious mendicant, and the peasant laborer. The building is near the Admiralty on the banks of the "Great Neva," and is a remarkably handsome and imposing structure, erected about fifty years ago. In one part of the building are the offices of the nine senatorial departments, two of which are Courts of Cassation. The Senators are usually persons of high rank, but a lawyer of distinction, who represents the Emperor, presides. The "Holy Synod," which also meets in the building, is composed of three Metropolitans and a number of bishops of the Orthodox Greek Church, the President being the Metropolitan of Novgorod and St. Petersburg. All the decisions of the Synod, like those of the Senate, are couched in the name of the Czar, and have no force until they receive his approval. A number of the Greek Church officials reside in the building.

THE "SENATE AND SYNOD" BUILDING, ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA.

With illustrations of the typical Russian Priest, Mendicant and Peasant, from life photographs made specially for "The Christian Herald."

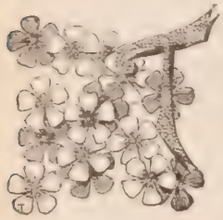
Christianity was introduced into Russia in the Ninth Century. There is a tradition that the Apostle Andrew had planted the first cross at Kiev, but this cannot be authenticated. The patriarch Ignatius, of Constantinople, sent missionaries to Russia over a thousand years ago. The first prominent convert was Princess Olga, Regent of Russia during the minority of her son. She was baptized, and although her son did not become a Christian, her grandson, "Vladimir, the Apostle-like," (980 to 1014) not only embraced Christianity, but through his influence all Russia adopted the religion of Jesus. The people cast the images of Peroun and other heathen gods into the rivers, and came to be baptized by thousands. Metropolitans of the new faith were established at five principal cities and the Church grew in strength and influence. In the seventeenth century, the Russian Church was declared an independent organization, although its patriarchs were still confirmed at Constantinople. It was left to Peter the Great to accomplish the most

Cont'd on page 627.

The Tabernacle Pulpit

NINETEEN HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY;

A Proposition Concerning it. Dr. Talmage's Sermon, preached last Sunday Morning at the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Text, Isa. 9: 6, *"To us a child is born."*



WHAT is a tremendous hour in the history of any family when an immortal spirit is incarnated. Out of a very dark cloud there descends a very bright morning. One life spared and another given. All the bells of gladness ring over the cradle. I know not why anyone should doubt that of old a star pointed down to the Saviour's birthplace, for a star of joy points down to every honorable nativity. A new eternity dates from that hour, that minute. Beautiful and appropriate is the custom of celebrating the anniversary of such an event, and clear on into the eighties and the nineties, the recurrence of that day of the year in an old man's life causes recognition and more or less congratulation. So, also, nations are accustomed to celebrate the anniversary of their birth and the anniversary of the birth of their great heroes or deliverers or benefactors. The 22d of February and the 4th of July are never allowed to pass in our land without banquet and oration and bell ringing and cannonade. But all other birthday anniversaries are tame compared with the Christmas festivity, which celebrates the birthday described in my text. Protestant and Catholic and Greek churches, with all the power of music and garland and procession and doxology, put the words of my text into national and continental and hemispheric chorus: "To us a child is born." On the 25th of December each year that is the theme in St. Paul's and St. Peter's and St. Mark's and St. Isaac's and all the dedicated cathedrals, chapels, meeting-houses and churches clear round the world. We shall soon reach the nineteen hundredth anniversary of that happiest event of all time. This century is dying. Only seven more pulsations and its heart will cease to beat. The fingers of many of you will write at the head of your letters and the foot of your important documents, "1900." It will be a physical and moral sensation unlike anything else you have before experienced. Not one hand that wrote "1801" at the induction of this century will have cunning left to write "1901" at the induction of another. The death of one century and the birth of another century will be sublime and impressive and stupendous beyond all [illegible] date. To stand by the grave of one century and by the cradle of another will be an opportunity such as whole generations of the world's inhabitants never [illegible] be no sickness or casualty to hinder your arrival at that goal, or to hinder your taking part in the valedictory of the [illegible] the new. But as that season will be the nineteen hundredth anniversary of a Saviour's birth, I now nominate that a great International Jubilee or Exposition be opened in this cluster of cities by the seacoast on Christmas Day, the 25th of December, 1900, to be continued for at least one month into the year 1901. This century closing December 31st, 1900, and the new century beginning January 1st, 1901, will it not be time for all nations to turn aside for a few weeks or months from everything else and emphasize the birth of the greatest Being who ever touched our planet, and could there be a more appropriate time for such commemoration than this culmination of the centuries which are dated from his nativity. You know that all history dates either from before Christ or after Christ, from B. C. or A. D. It will be the year of our Lord 1900, passing into the year 1901. We have had the Centennial at Philadelphia, celebrative of the one hundredth anniversary of our nation's birth. We have had the magnificent Expositions at New Orleans, and Atlanta, and Augusta and St. Louis. We have the present World's Exposition at Chicago, celebrative of the four hundredth anniversary of this continent's emergence, and there are at least two other great celebrations promised for this country, and other countries will have their historic events to commemorate, but the one event that has most to do with the welfare of all nations is the arrival of Jesus Christ on this planet, and all the enthusiasm ever witnessed at London or Vienna or Paris or any of our American cities would be eclipsed by the enthusiasm that would celebrate the ransom of all nations, the first step towards the accomplishing of it being taken by an infantile foot one winter's night, about five miles from Jerusalem, when the clouds dropped the angelic cantata: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good-will to men."

The three or four questions that would be asked me concerning this nomination of time and place, I proceed to answer. What practical use would come of such international celebration? Answer: the biggest stride the world ever took toward the evangelization of all nations. That is a grand and wonderful convocation, the Religious Congress at Chicago. It will put intelligently before the world the nature of false religions which have been brutalizing the nations, trampling womanhood into the dust, enacting the horrors of infanticide, kindling funeral pyres for shrieking victims, and rolling juggernauts across the mangled bodies of their worshippers. But no one supposes that anyone will be converted to Christ by hearing Confucianism or Buddhism or any form of heathenism eulogized. That is to be done afterward. And how can it so well be done as by a celebration of many weeks of the birth and character and achievements of the wondrous and unprecedented Christ? To such an exposition the kings and queens of the earth would not send their representatives: they would come themselves. The story of a Saviour's advent could not be told without telling the story of his mission. All the world would say, Why this ado, this universal demonstration? What a vivid presentation it would be, when, at such a convocation, the physicians of the world should tell what Christ had done for hospitals and the assuagement of human pain, and when Christian lawyers declare what Christ has done for the establishment of good laws, and Christian conquerors should tell what Christ had done in the conquest of nations, and Christian rulers of the earth would tell what Christ had done in the government of earthly dominions. Thirty days of such celebration would do more to tell the world who Christ is than any thirty years. Not a land on earth but would hear of it and discuss it. Not an eye so dimmed by the superstition of ages but would see the illumination. The difference of Christ's religion from all others is that its one way of dissemination is by a simple "telling," not argument, not skilful exegesis, polemics or the science of theological fisticuffs, but "telling." "Tell ye the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy King cometh." "Go quickly and tell his disciples that he has risen from the dead." "Go home to thy friends and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee." "When he is come, he will tell us all things." A religion of "telling." And in what way could all nations so well be told that Christ had come as by such an international emphasizing of his nativity? All India would cry out about such an affair, for you know they have their railroads and telegraphs; "What is going on in America?" All China would cry out: "What is that great excitement in America?" All the islands of the sea would come down to the gang planks of the arriving ships, and ask: "What is it that they are celebrating in America?" It would be the mightiest missionary movement the world has ever seen. It would be the turning point in the world's destiny. It would waken the slumbering nations with one touch.

Question the second: How would you have such an international jubilee conducted? Answer: all arts should be marshalled, and art in its most attractive and impressive shape. First: architecture. While all Academies of Music and all churches and all great halls would be needed, there should be one great auditorium erected to hold such an audience as has never been seen on any sacred occasion in America. If Scribonius Curio at the cost of a kingdom could build the first two vast amphitheatres, placing them back to back, holding great audiences for dramatic representation, and then by wonderful machinery could turn them round with all their audiences in them, making the two auditoriums one amphitheatre, to witness a gladiatorial contest, and Vespasian could construct the Colosseum, with its eighty columns and its triumphs in three orders of Greek architecture and a capacity to hold eighty-seven thousand people seated and fifteen thousand standing, and all for purposes of cruelty and sin, cannot our glorious Christianity rear in honor of our glorious Christ a structure large enough to hold fifty thousand of its worshippers? If we go groping now among the ruined amphitheatres of Verona, and Pompeii, and Capua, and Puzzuoli, and Tarraco, and then stand transfixed with amazement at their immense sweep that held from fifty to a hundred thousand spectators gathered for carousal and moral degradation, could not Christianity afford one architectural achievement that would hold and enthrall its fifty thousand Christian disciples? Do you say no human voice could be heard throughout such a building? Ah! then you were not present when at the Boston Peace Jubilee Parepa easily with her voice enchanted fifty thousand auditors. And the time is near at hand when in Theological Seminaries, where our young men are being trained for the ministry, the voice will be developed, and instead of the mumbling ministers, who speak with so low a tone you cannot hear unless you lean forward, and hold your hand behind your ear, and then are able to guess the general drift of the subject, and decide quite well whether it is about Moses or Paul or some one else—instead of that you will have coming from the Theological Seminaries all over the land young ministers with voice enough to command the attention of an audience of fifty thousand people. That is the reason that the Lord gives us two lungs instead of one. It is the Divine way of saying physiologically, "Be heard!" That is the reason that the New Testament in beginning the account of Christ's sermon on the mount, describes our Lord's plain articulation, and resound of utterance by saying, "He opened his mouth." In that mighty concert hall and preaching place which I suggest for this Ninteen Hundredth Anniversary, let music crown our Lord. Bring all the orchestras, all the oratorios, all the Philharmonic and Handel and Haydn Societies. Then give us Haydn's oratorio of the Creation, for our Lord took part in universe-building and "without him," says John, "was not anything made that was made," and Handel's "Messiah," and Beethoven's "Symphonies" and Mendelssohn's "Elijah," the prophet that typified our Christ, and the grandest compositions of German and English and American masters, living or dead. All instruments that can hum or roll or whisper or harp or flute or clap or trumpet or thunder the praises of the Lord, joined to all voices that can chant or warble or precentor multitudinous worshippers. What an arousing when fifty thousand join in Antioch or Coronation or Ariel, rising into Hallelujah, or subsiding into an almost supernatural Amen!

Yea, let Sculpture stand on pedestals all around that building, the forms of apostles and martyrs, men and women, who spoke or wrought, or suffered by headsman's axe or fire. Where is my favorite of all arts, this art of sculpture that it is not busier for Christ or that its work is not better appreciated? Let it come forth at that World's Jubilee of the Nativity. We want a second Phidias to do for that new Temple what the first Phidias did for the Parthenon. Let the marble of Carrara come to resurrection to celebrate our Lord's Resurrection. Let sculptors set up in that Auditorium of Christ's celebration bas-relief and intaglio descriptive of the battles won for our holy religion. Where are the Canovas of the nineteenth century? Where are the American Thorwaldsens and Chantreys? Hidden somewhere I warrant you. Let sculpture turn that place into another Acropolis, but more glorious by as much as our Christ is stronger than their Hercules, and has more to do with the sea than their Neptune, and raises greater harvests than their Ceres and rouses more music in the heart of the world than their Apollo. "The gods of the heathen are nothing but dumb idols, but our Lord made the heavens." In marble pure as snow celebrate Him, who came to make us "whiter than snow." Let the chisel as well as pencil and pen be put down at the feet of Jesus.

Yea, let Painting do its best. The foreign galleries will loan for such a jubilee their Madonnas, their Angelos, their Reubens, their Raphaels, their "Christ at the Jordan," or "Christ at the Last Supper," or "Christ coming to Judgment," or "Christ on the Throne of Universal Dominion," and our own Morans will put their pencils into the Nineteen hundredth anniversary, and our Bierstadts from sketching "The domes of the Yosemite" will come to present the domes of the world conquered for Emmanuel.

Added to all this I would have a floral decoration on a scale never equalled. The fields and open gardens could not furnish it, for it will be winter, and that season appropriately chosen, for it was into the frosts and desolations of winter that Christ immigrated when he came to our world. But while the fields will be

bare, the conservatories and hot houses within two hundred miles would gladly keep the sacred Colosseum radiant and aromatic during all the convocations.

Added to all, let there be banquets, not like the drunken bout at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, celebrating the Centennial of Washington's Inauguration where the rivers of wine drowned the sobriety of so many senators and governors and generals, but a banquet for the poor, the feeding of scores of thousands of people of a world in which the majority of the inhabitants have never yet had enough to eat: not a banquet at which a few favored men and women of social or political fortune shall sit, but such a banquet as Christ ordered when he told his servants to "go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in." Let the Mayors of cities and the Governors of States and the President of the United States proclaim a whole week of legal holiday, at least from Christmas Day to New Year's Day.

Added to this let there be at that international moral and religious Exposition a mammoth distribution of sacred literature. Let the leading ministers of religion from England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, and the world, take the pulpits of all these cities, and tell what they know of Him whose birth we celebrate. At those convocations let vast sums of money be raised for churches, for asylums, for schools, for colleges, all of which institutions were born in the heart of Christ. On that day and in that season when Christ gave himself to the world, let the world give itself to Him.

Why do I propose America as the country for this convocation? Because most other lands have a State religion, and while all forms of religion may be tolerated in many lands, America is the only country on earth where all evangelical denominations stand on an even footing and all would have equal hearing in such an international exposition. Why do I select this cluster of seacoast cities? Answer: By that time December 25th, 1900, these four cities of New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City and Hoboken, by bridges and tunnels, will be practically one, and with an aggregate population of about four millions. Consequently no other part of America will have such immensity of population.

Why do I now make this nomination of time and place? Answer: Because such a stupendous movement cannot be extemporized. It will take seven years to get ready for such an overtowering celebration, and the work ought to begin speedily in churches, in colleges, in legislatures, in congresses, in parliaments, in all styles of national assemblages, and we have no time to lose. It would take three years to make a programme worthy of such a coming together.

Why do I take it upon myself to make such a nomination of time and place? Answer: Because it so happens that, in the mysterious providence of God, born in a farmhouse and of no royal or princely descent, the doors of communication are open to me every week by the secular and religious printing-presses, and have been open to me every week for many years, with all the cities and towns and neighborhoods of Christendom, and indeed in lands outside of Christendom, where printing-presses have been established, and I feel that if there is anything worthy in this proposition, it will be heeded and adopted. On the other hand, if it be too sanguine, or too hopeful, or too impractical, I am sure it will do no harm that I have expressed my wish for such an International Jubilee, celebrative of the birth of our Immanuel. My friends, such a birthday celebration at the close of one century and reaching into a new century would be something in which heaven and earth could join. It would not only be international, but inter-planetary, inter-stellar, inter-constellation. If you remember what occurred on the first Christmas night, you know that it was not a joy confined to our world. The choir above Bethlehem was imported from another world, and when the Star left its usual sphere to designate the birthplace, all astronomy felt the thrill. If there be anything true about our religion, it is that other worlds are sympathetic with this world and in communication with it. The glorified of heaven would join in such a celebration. The generations that toiled to have the world for Christ would take part in such jubilation and prolonged assemblage. The upper galleries of God's universe would applaud the scene, whether we heard the clap of their wings and the shout of their voices, or did not hear them. Prophets who predicted the Messiah, and Apostles who talked with him, and martyrs who died for him, would take part in the scene, though to our poor eyesight they might be invisible. The old missionaries who died in the malarial swamps of Africa, or were struck down by Egyptian typhus, or were butchered at Lucknow, or were slain by Bornesian cannibals, would come down from their thrones to rejoice that at last Christ had been heard of, and so speedily in all nations. At the first roll of the first overture of the first day of that meeting all heaven would cry: "Hear! Hear!"

Aye! Aye! I bethink myself such a vast procedure as that might hasten our Lord's coming, and that the expectation of many millions of Christians, who believe in the Second Advent, might be realized then at that conjunction of the Nineteenth and Twentieth centuries. I do not say it would be, yet who knows but that our blessed and adored Master, pleased with such a plan of world-wide observance, might say, concerning this wandering and rebellious planet: "That world, at last, shows a disposition to appreciate what I have done for it, and with one wave of my scarred hand, I will bless and reclaim and save it." That such a celebration of our Lord's birth, kept up for days and months, would please all the good of earth, and mightily speed on the Gospel chariot, and please all the heavens, saintly, cherubic, seraphic, archangelic, and Divine, is beyond question. Oh, get ready for the world's greatest festivity! Tune your voices for the world's greatest anthem. Lift the arches for the world's mightiest procession. Let the advancing standard of the Army of Years, which has inscribed on one side of it "1900" and on the other side "1901," have also inscribed on it the most charming name of all the universe—the name of Jesus.

Whether this suggestion of a World's celebration of the Nativity be taken or not, it has allowed me an opportunity in a somewhat unusual way of expressing my love for the great Central Character of all time and all eternity. He is the Infinite None-such. The armies of heaven drop on their knees before him. After Bourdaloue, before overwhelmed audiences, has preached him, and Milton in immortal blank-verse has sung him, and Michael Angelo has glorified the ceiling of the Vatican with his Second Coming, and martyrs while girdled and canopied with the flames of the stake have with burning lips, kissed his memory, and in the "hundred and forty and four thousand" of heaven with feet on seas of glass intershot with sunrise, have with uplifted and down-swung baton, and sounding cornets, and waving banners, and heaven-capturing Doxologies celebrated him, the story of his loveliness, and his might and his beauty, and his grandeur, and his grace, and his intercession, and his sacrifice, and of his birth and his death will remain untold. Be his name on our lips while we live, and when we die after we have spoken farewell to father and mother, and wife, and child, let us speak that name which is the lullaby of earth and the transport of heaven

Before the crossing of time on the midnight between December 31, 1900, and the first of January, 1901, many of us will be gone. Some of you will hear the clock strike twelve of one century and an hour after it hear it strike one of another century, but many of you will not that midnight hear either the stroke of the city clock, or of the old timepiece in the hallway of the homestead. Seven years cut a wide swath through churches and communities and nations. But those who cross from world to world before Old Time in this world crosses that midnight from century to century will talk among the Thrones of the coming earthly jubilee, and on the River bank and in the House of Many Mansions, until all heaven will know of the coming of that celebration, that will fill the earthly nations with joy and help augment the nations of heaven. But, whether here or there, we will take part in the music and the banqueting, if we have made the Lord our portion. Oh, how I would like to stand at my front door some morning or noon or night and see the sky part and the Blessed Lord descend in person, not as he will come in the last Judgment, with fire and hail and earthquake, but in sweet tenderness, to pardon all sin, and heal all wounds, and wipe away all tears, and feed all hunger, and right all wrongs, and illumine all darkness, and break all bondage, and harmonize all discords. Some think he will thus come, but about that coming I make no prophecy, for I am not enough learned in the Scriptures, as some of my friends are, to announce a very positive opinion. But this I do know, that it would be well for us to have an International and an Inter-world celebration of the anniversary of his birthday about the time of the birth of the new century, and that it will be wise beyond all other wisdom for us to take him as our present and everlasting coadjutor, and if that Darling of earth and heaven will only accept you and me, after all our lifetime of unworthiness and sin, we can never pay him what we owe, though, through all the eternity to come, we had every hour a new song and every moment a new ascription of homage and praise. For you see we were far out among the lost sheep that the Gospel hymn so pathetically describes:

Out in the desert he heard its cry,
Sick and helpless and ready to die;
But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rises a cry to the gate of Heaven;
"Rejoice, I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echo round the throne:
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!"

A REMARKABLE MOVEMENT.

Reports have been received recently by the Missionary Societies of the turning of some whole villages in India toward the Christian faith. One of these is at the village of Jamadivipeta, near Vizagapatam. The origin of the movement was over thirty years ago, when a native preacher met a Sepoy and told him the story of the Gospel. This Sepoy, after service in the army, took his pension and returned to Jamadevipeta, his native village, and began to talk about Christ. One young man was much influenced. Two years ago when a catechist was preaching in a neighboring town, this man bought a new Testament and with others came to the mission premises at Vizagapatam to learn mote of Christianity. Returning to their village they were visited by the missionary, Mr. Thomas. The movement had evidently taken great hold upon the people, and a short time ago a service was held at which fifteen adults were baptized. The people of the village crowded to the Christian assemblies to join in singing hymns. While there are some forms of opposition to the movement, it seems to have taken a deep hold upon the whole community.

Christianity in Russia.

Continued from first page

important change in the Russian Church. He abolished the patriarchate and substituted the permanent Synod of prelates presided over by the Emperor or his secretary, thus applying the monarchical principle to church as well as state affairs. With certain modifications, the church government of Russia has remained so to this day. It has been a church of great missionary zeal, despite this lack of free voluntary action, and it has done much toward the conversion to Christianity of the Mohammedan and pagan subjects of the Czar's vast empire. The Russian Church and the Orthodox Eastern Church have their doctrine in common, holding that Constantinople has priority in church government over Rome, and rejecting absolutely the Romish doctrine of Papal infallibility. Nor do they worship the virgin as the Catholics do. In many other details of creed and organization, they differ from Rome.

In striking contrast to the splendid architecture of the Senate and Synod building, are the three portraits given on the first page, drawn from photographs taken from life. Here are three distinct types that are found almost everywhere in Russia. The stern soldierly-bearded face on the right, whose firm lips and heavy features indicate the possession of courage combined with stolidity, is that of a peasant in the agricultural districts—wretchedly poor, miserably housed, ill-fed and half starved they are, as a rule. In the centre is a religious fakir or peddler-mendicant, of the type one encounters in the market-places, at fairs and on the public highways, ostensibly selling amulets and cheap trinkets, but in reality soliciting alms. The third portrait—on the left—is that of a well-nourished rural priest of the orthodox Greek Church, whose jovial, rubicund face and merry eye show that he is on good terms with himself and all the world. Many of the priests in the Russian church performed effective service in distributing THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Famine Fund supplies among the starving peasants of that country, a year ago.

A BRAHMAN SAMUEL

In a letter to the American Board from Tirumangalam, India, Mr. Wright relates the following incident: "On Sunday last, after the lesson, I was asking the boys what they expected to do when they came to be men. One of them said he hoped to be a minister. When I asked him how long he had been thinking of this, he replied: 'I am dedicated to the Lord from my birth. That is why my name is Samuel.' This is a Brahman boy. His parents are Christians. The boy is a member of our Endeavor Society. I am glad there are many Christian boys in India, but few are Brahmans, and still fewer dedicated to the ministry.

"When I see the great temples here that have stood for scores, and some of them for hundreds of years; when I see the people flocking by thousands and tens of thousands yearly, and in some cases monthly, to the great feasts of these temples; when I learn how they are endowed and what large sums of money are spent for the maintenance of these temples, and how the people are wedded to their Hindoo faiths, I feel like saying, with Paul, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' But when I see a Brahman boy, sitting among his fellows and saying with true Christian grace, 'I am dedicated to the Lord from my birth,' it does my heart good and I take courage."

In India, as in other lands, it is rapidly being demonstrated that the secret of missionary success lies in educating native evangelists to work in the field heretofore occupied almost exclusively by white Christian teachers. The young disciples of to-day will be the Gospel teachers of the next generation.

REDEMPTION IN CHRIST.

S S. Lesson for Oct. 8 Rom 3 : 19-26. Golden Text, Rom. 3 : 24 By Mrs. M. Baxter.

"THE redemption that is in Christ Jesus!" Who can understand all it means for lost sinners and for the saved of the Lord, called to be saints, and to be conformed to the image of his Son? For the church, and for the world. O! how much is included in redemption! It is the beginning of all things for the children of God; it stands between them and their past; it is their present security and power; it is their hope for the future. Can we ever forget that we were redeemed not with corruptible things, with silver and gold, from our vain manner of life handed down from our fathers, but with precious blood as of a Lamb without blemish and without spot, even the blood of Christ? (1. Pet. 1: 18, 19, R.V.) There is no way into a life at peace with God but through the redeeming blood of Christ; "he that climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." (John 10: 1.)

All attempts to come near to God without redemption are utterly futile. The only recommendation we have to God is that we are redeemed; we are

Precious Because of the Price

paid for us, because of the blood shed for us. By nature there is none righteous, no, not one: there is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God. They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable, there is none that doeth good, no, not one . . . The way of peace have they not known, there is no fear of God before their eyes." And this is but the negative side; the positive is still more terrible; the mouth which, when redeemed and cleansed, is God's instrument to praise him, and to make known the way of life, is by nature, "full of cursing and bitterness," the throat an open sepulchre, containing the poison of asps and a tongue full of deceit! "Their feet are swift to shed blood, distruction and misery are in their ways." Is it indeed such who are redeemed and at such a cost? Is it such utter ruin, such utter worthlessness which is redeemed at such a price? Even so. Valueless in ourselves the redemption price has given God's redeemed ones a priceless value, a value beyond the angels who never fell!

But how shall ignorant, lost, unspiritual man come to the knowledge of redemption? "The law was our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ that we might be justified by faith" (Gal. 3: 24.) But what things soever the law saith it speaketh to them that are under the law, that every mouth may be stopped and all the world may be brought under the judgment of God because by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified in his sight." What does the law say? "The soul that sinneth it shall die;" it is the ministration of death. (II.Cor.3: 7.) By the law also is the knowledge of sin and so shews up the evil of our hearts and lives by nature. But knowing we are wrong does not make us right, and efforts to do better cannot undo what has been wrong in the past, nor yet does it change the tendency of our nature to repeat what is wrong. If there had been a law given which could have given life, verily righteousness should have been by the law." [illegible] be. There must be a radical [illegible] must be new, there must be [illegible] tives of obedience. "The carnal mind is enmity [illegible] of such a nature, bringing forth [illegible] spirit, "cannot please God." They that are in the flesh cannot please God. The law is holy and just and good, but it does not meet with that in a natural heart which can [illegible] redemption. The law breaks down for want of hearts prepared for it; "it was weak through the flesh." There was but one thing it could do with such hearts as ours are by natue, it could give a knowledge of sin, it could unsettle and disturb, and this was all! The law of God makes even the natural man

Uncomfortable in Sin,

but it cannot deliver him from sin. But while by the works of the law there shall no flesh be justified in his sight, yet God does not leave his sintul fallen ones to perish: there is a "justification by faith in Jesus Christ unto all and upon all them that believe." But no man can take the credit to himself; he can be justified, not so as to lay God under an obligation to him, but only "freely by his grace, through the redemption which is in Christ Jesus, whom God hath set forth to be a Propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past; through the forbearance of God."

Does then the redemption do what the law cannot do? Yes; the law could not give life, could not even revoke the sentence of death which is on every sinner, could not change the motives and the will. But redemption does all this; it declares God's righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, but at the same time it redeems us from all which made the past what it was, redeems . . . from your vain manner of life handed down by tradition from your fathers. If through a righteousness of our own we could have atoned for the past, we could have taken a position of independance, so to speak, and been quits with our God. But we had become an utter ruin; helpless, hopeless in ourselves; all help must come from without. We might do things very right in our own eyes, but we could not make these things please God, and, like angry Cain, we might stand beside our unaccepted altar indignant, but rejected! Redemption puts us on another footing: Another has espoused our cause, Another has stepped into our place; not what we are, but what he is avails. He has gone down into condemnation, disgrace, death, burial, for us; identifying himself with our cause as though it were his own. Thus he reckons his death as though it were our death, and we take the same place as those who have died for their sins, aud died unto sin. As long as we look at our past in relation to ourselves, to what we have been, what we have done, what we are or what we do, there is nothing but condemnation for us; but as identified with Christ, who identified himself with us, we are crucified in him, dead with him, abjuring all credit which can accrue to us, we pass on all to him; and he takes the blame which is our portion too. We are redeemed from our very nature as we enter into the fulness of his redemption, for Christ is made unto us of God both wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption. It is not what he has done alone, but what he is which is redemption to us. He separates us from our past by what he is, and what he is in us. His presence in us is a redemption from our past, from all we are, from our circumstances, from our will, from our affections, and also from the overwhelming power of physical infirmity as we trust him.

Until our beloved Lord shall have succeeded in accomplishing the fulness of redemption which was in his purpose, and shall have overcome the last enemy "death," by taking away at his coming those who shall not sleep, but be changed "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," the creation will go on groaning. What hinders his coming? What hinders the accomplishment of the fulness of his redemption? Surely it is that

His Called Ones are not Ready.

Many were called to the marriage feast but "they which were bidden were not worthy." (Matt. 22: 8). Ten virgins went forth to meet the Bridegroom, but five of them had no oil in their lamps. The last picture of the Church in the seven epistles of Rev. 2: 3, is a condition of lukewarmness. But it is while the church is in just such a condition that the call comes to individual members: "As many as I love I rebuke and chasten: be zealous therefore and repent. If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him and he with me. To him that overcometh with I give to sit with me in my throne even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne." The Church as a whole gets more and more lukewarm; but in the midst of her growing coldness, the very overcomers are developed who will overcome as Christ overcame; and so will come about "the manifestation of the sons of God" which the creation is waiting for, before the fulness of redemption, "the redemption of our body" from the cause of death which sin brought upon it, can be accomplished. While the creation waits for the manifestation of the sons of God, for the full development of the Christ life in us, his life who is the firstborn among many brethren who are conformed to his image,—we who have the first fruits of the Spirit also groan "waiting for the adoption."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

CHRISTianity in its objective aspect is the subject of the lesson. Paul appears to regard his work as resembling the problem of restoring to society a criminal, who is not only under sentence of death, but is suffering from a loathsome disease. The man needs pardon and healing. That was, according to Paul's idea, the condition of the human race. Farther on, in the same epistle, he shows the way of healing; in the paasage selected for this lesson, he shows the way of pardon. He approaches his subject by showing that the whole race is concerned in it, both Jew and Gentile being sinners against God. In declaring an offer of pardon he considers first the character of God. How can God be a just Ruler and yet pardon sinners? Our civil relations help us to understand this difficulty; for we should have no respect for the Governor of a State if he pardoned notorious criminals and did not enforce the law. Paul deals with the question from his Jewish standpoint. The way of escape under the old dispensation, was by sacrifice, and he conceives that it is to be so under the new. But the old system of the sacrifice of animals is abolished, and in its stead is a sacrifice so precious, so inconceivably costly, that it shall avail for all men and all ages. He sees that sacrifice in Christ. Accordingly the life and teaching of Christ become to him matters of small moment, compared with his death and resurrection. It is Christ the sacrifice, Christ crucified, that he preaches. Paul thinks of him as the representative in heaven of the human race. This idea of a representative was also drawn from Jewish theology. God had already recognized the principle of representation when he treated the human race as having all fallen in Adam. Here was another representative, a second Adam, infinitely greater than the first, but as fully representative. What the race lost by its first representative it was to gain by its second. The sin of the one with all its vast train of disastrous consequences was to be atoned for by the sacrifice of the other. Thus Christianity became in Paul's mind the development and culmination of Judaism; and God was dealing with the whole race, under higher forms, on the same principles as he had dealt with the Jews. By virtue of the sacrifice of the Divine Representative, he could forgive sinners while remaining just.

Them that are under the law. The Apostle perceived what every man's experience confirms, that the law cannot change mind or disposition. It needs the power of God to do that. Peloubet tells the following: One gentleman said to another in an argument, "How would you like to live in a place where no one drank any liquor, or ever smoked a cigar?" "Very much," was the reply, "it would be excellent." "And where every one went to church every Sunday?" "What a delightful place!" "And where no one steals or forges or cheats?" "Yes, yes; where is there such a place? But there can be none!" "Oh yes there is; you can find it in every well regulated State prison."

The sinner can find no comfort in the law. If he has broken it he cannot look to it for a remedy. He must pay the penalty or obtain forgiveness from the law. The existence of tenderest love, at the same time with the administration of law, is illustrated by a recent court scene in Alabama. A judge was called upon to pronounce sentence upon one of the dearest friends of his life. The evidence had shown the prisoner guilty of a violation of the law, and the judge had to pronounce sentence accordingly. When he did so his feelings were so moved he could scarcly proceed. He wept like a child, saying it was the most painful duty of his life.

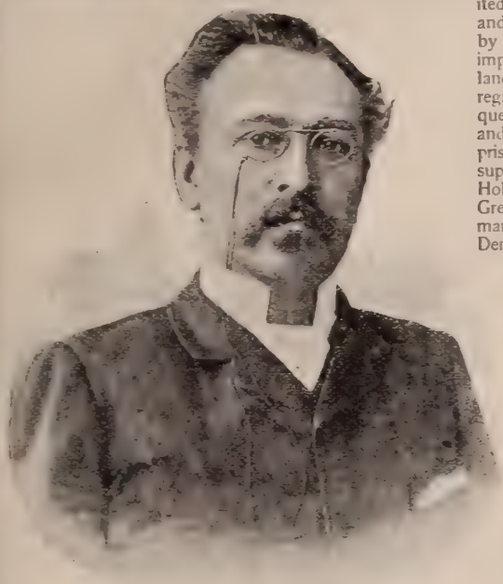
Every mouth stopped. Nothing can be done toward saving a person who does not know that he needs salvation. So long as any one justifies himself there is no use in pardon. We see that in children. Not until the child says, "I have done wrong; I am sorry," can the wise parent forgive. Carlyle says that "the greatest of faults is to be conscious of none." A German prince, travelling through France, came to Toulon, where the galleys are kept. The commandant, as a eompliment to him, offered to set any one slave at liberty. The prince, on inquiry from the slaves found that they were all innocent and ill-treated. At last he came to one who said, "My Lord, I have no reason to complain. I have been a very wicked and desperate wretch. I have oft deserved to be broken on the wheel." The prince looked at him, and said, "You wicked wretch, by your own confession you are bad enough to corrupt all these honest men; you shall not stay with them another day." Then, turning to the officer, he added, "This is the man, whom I wish released."

A propitiation. To propitiate any person is to make an offering to atone for some wrongdoing. In this sense Paul represents the death of Christ on the cross as an atonement for the violation of the law by sinners. The late John Angell James used the following vivid but partial illustration of the doctrine: Zeleucus king of the Locri enacted a law against a heinous offence which was becoming common in his dominions. To deter his people from committing it he decreed that the punishment should be that whoever committed it should have his eyes put out. The first offender found guilty of the crime was the king's own son. The king shrank from making blind the son whom he so dearly loved, yet having enacted the law, he could make no exception in his son's favor. Finally the king determined that he would give one of his own eyes for his son's sake. The king lost an eye and his son lost an eye, that the majesty of the law might be upheld.

The remission of sins that are past. Will Carleton relates an incident, illustrating the meaning of the word remit. A certain deacon owned a house in a town some miles away from the place in which he lived. A friend used to collect the rent from the tenant and send it to him. The tenant was a widow with a large family and she was very poor. On one occasion, when the month's rent was due, the deacon received a letter from his friend, in which he incidentally mentioned how needy the widow was and that her rent was not ready. The deacon was not a liberal man and he considered himself entitled to his rent, so in replying to the letter he made no allusion to the indirect appeal, but simply wrote, "Please remit Widow ——'s rent for November." To his amazement he received a letter in reply, praising him for his generosity and heartily thanking him in the widow's behalf. "What does the man mean?" the deacon exclaimed, "I meant him to send me a remittance of the money." He was in no mood to lose the month's rent, so he set out to look up his friend and ascertain what was wrong. When he arrived, he learned that his friend was out of town, so he went to the widow to undeceive her. The widow no sooner saw him than, without waiting for him to speak, she poured out her thanks. Pointing to the meal on the table, she told him they would have had only dry bread but for his generosity. She told him of the sickness of one of her children and other troubles and how timely his help had been at the worst crisis. As he listened to her story, he could not bear to tell her his errand. He made up his mind to let the mistake stand and lose the month's rent. After leaving the widow's house, he went to that of his fiend, who by that time had returned. "How about that rent of Widow ——'s that I asked you to remit?" he asked abruptly. "Oh, I told her, and she was very thankful" "May I ask," said the deacon, "what you take to be the meaning of the word remit?" "To relinquish, to forgive, to resign, that is what Webster says." "Well here is a five dollar bill which you may remit to the widow." "I will do so with pleasure." "Did it ever occur to you before," the deacon asked, "that there's two ways of remitting?"

A Prison Evangelist.

Charles Cook, the Modern Howard, and his Life-Work — Preacher, Lecturer, Philanthropist and Missionary — An Eventful Christian Career in Many Lands.



CHARLES COOK, EVANGELIST.

A REMARKABLE illustration of the mysterious and beneficent workings of God's providence is furnished in the career of Charles Cook, the English evangelist, who is now visiting the United States. Mr. Cook, who was born in London in 1846, was an orphan at fifteen, with an ample income, which he proceeded to spend in dissipation. For a time he lived in a whirl of sinful pleasures, his principal amusements being gambling, horse-racing, casinos, theatres and dancing-gardens. Day and night were alike to the young sybarite, and he continued his course unchecked till 1867 when he happened to hear a powerful sermon preached on the text: "Resist the devil and he will flee from you." That sermon haunted him; it came like a message from heaven, calling a halt in the young man's downward career; and soon, under full conviction of sin, he yielded himself to Christ, and inspired with divine strength and courage, resolutely began a new life.

Soon the secret of his joy was so great that he felt impelled to impart it to others, and to the astonishment of his friends, the former young prodigal became an ardent evangelist, publicly telling the Gospel message wherever he found an opportunity. In the parks, on street corners and in the common lodging-houses he became a familiar speaker. In many other English cities too, besides London, he prosecuted the work and addressed great audiences. On one occasion, while preaching at Lowestoft in 1879, there was a cry that a boy had fallen overboard and was drowning. Mr. Cook, although a poor swimmer, immediately responded to the call by stripping off his hat and coat and leaping into the sea, where he upheld the lad till both were rescued. A similar heroic incident occurred a few months ago, when Miss Lydia Cook, the nineteen-year-old daughter of the evangelist, was rescued from drowning in the Thames near Shepperton Locks. She had slipped off a launch into the water and was being swept away by the rapid current, when her father plunged in, encumbered as he was by his clothing, and managed to sustain her until the arrival of a boat. On a third occasion also, Mr. Cook was instrumental in saving a human life. These instances show the brave, generous, impulsive nature of the man, who, upheld by high Christian purpose and conviction, does not hesitate for a moment to place his own life in jeopardy for the sake of another.

Almost at the outset of his spiritual career, Mr. Cook displayed a warm interest in the welfare of the criminal classes, and during the years that have passed since then, his efforts have been blessed in being the means of reforming many hundreds of convicts in different parts of the world. Eleven years ago, he visited the prisons of the United States and supplemented this experience by visiting those of nearly every important city in Europe. In England he had already begun to be regarded as an authority on all questions affecting the morality and humanitarianism of the British prisons, and the system of convict supervision. In Belgium, France, Holland, Italy, Egypt, Bavaria, Greece, Austria, Hungary, Germany, Morocco, Spain, Russia, Denmark, Finland and Sweden, he studied prison life, being accorded special facilities by the various governments for that purpose. In ancient as well as modern prisons, in the gloomy old dungeons of the Tower of London, and the rugged Bass Rock, in picturesque Chillon Castle on Lake Geneva, the Kasbah of Tangier in Morocco, and in the Mamertine Prison in Rome where Paul the Apostle was confined as well as Newgate, Millbank, Dartmoor, and Portsmouth in England, the Tombs and Sing Sing in America, he has closely studied prison life and its methods. He has recorded these experiences and observations in a most interesting volume entitled: *The Prisons of the World*.

During those years it has been Mr. Cook's endeavor to provide the Word to such prisoners as were not already supplied with Bibles and Testaments, and to alleviate their sorrows wherever possible, by talking with and advising them. In numerous instances this "bread cast upon the waters" has returned, after many days, in the conversion of convicts. In many places the evangelist interceded for prisoners whom he found penned in foul, unwholesome jails, and secured an improvement in their surroundings, and in some instances he was successful in abating prison abuses. A protest which he made to the Khedive of Egypt against the inhuman detention of hundreds of prisoners without a trial resulted in the release of 150 of them, three days later. Some of the pictures he draws of the brutal treatment of prisoners by jailers and wardens, of their slow starvation, and horrible agony as they lie loaded with chains, of the indignities to which they are subjected, and the terrible hopelessness of their situation, are touching in the extreme. His powerful and unsparing exposures of these crying abuses and his manly Christian acts and attitude on the whole question of the prisoners have won for him the love and admiration of thousands in England and elsewhere. The late Pastor Spurgeon in 1889 called him "the Howard of our day" and truly the spirituality and consecrated energy of John Howard of Bedford seem to have been inherited in no small degree by Charles Cook, who has given a large part of his life to the cause of the unfortunate. He has performed a work whose beneficent influence will be felt for many years, and has been instrumental in securing needed reforms in the prison systems in different parts of the globe.

But Mr. Cook's efforts in the Gospel field have by no means been confined to the occupants of prison cells. He has conducted a grand and successful work in open-air missions and mission halls. In London these services are invariably attended by very large audiences.

As a proof of the cosmopolitan character of his work it may be stated that his converts represent sixteen nationalities. A few days ago he met in the streets of New York a young man from Hyde Park, London, a convert, and in the afternoon of the same day he met at services in the Academy of Music, another convert of Hyde Park Hall. In the evening, Charles Minor, a converted comedian, who had also been brought to Christ through the London work, called upon him.

Mr. Cook has recently visited anew Germany, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Finland, and Russia, and held services in many churches in these different countries. This season he has completed twenty-two years of open-air services at Hyde Park, London, the meetings being known as the largest regular open-air meetings in the world. When in England, in September, of last year, Rev. Dr. Talmage, editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, preached for Mr. Cook to an audience of 20,000 people at Hyde Park, on which occasion a way was made for the preacher through the crowd with the aid of six policemen.

During his recent visit to Russia, Mr. Cook was permitted by the authorities to visit the prisons, preach to the prisoners and to distribute as many Scriptures as he wished. After two days' work in distributing Testaments in one prison in Moscow, there were still 1,500 men unsupplied. At a subsequent visit to the same prison, he found that 40,000 men pass annually into Siberia. Having inspected most of the European and Asiatic prisons, the evangelist is now here to go through American prisons, hoping to preach in those of the different States. He will also lecture in the cities through which he passes. When in England he has usually worked in connection with the churches, and will be glad to hear from any of the ministers of the different churches in the United States who desire to invite him to lecture. Mr. Cook is open to preach in the churches on Sundays, while in America. He has a large church and a congregation of over 2,000 in London.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people

THE KASBAH PRISON, TANGIER, VISITED BY CHARLES COOK—A DESPONDENT CONVICT.

"Luke Nineteen."

How the Title of a Text Became Words of Life to a Soldier

THE following story, which appears in the report of the English Evangelisation Society, will be read with interest: Mr. John de Burgh Rochfort, of the Evangelisation Society, conducted in 1891 a fortnight's mission at the Soldiers' Home at Chatham. He had nearly come to his last afternoon, and was considering what should be the subject of his evening address. One subject after another presented itself to his mind, and each in turn was reejcted. The afternoon had come to an end, and he was still undecided. He left the house about half an hour before the time of service, and went out to the Chatham Lines—the garrison parade ground—and there, walking up and down, he lifted up his heart to God for guidance. Suddenly the words seemed almost to sound in his ears, "Zaccheus, make haste and come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house," and he at once felt that he had received his subject from God in answer to his prayer. It was long since he had spoken on these words, and, returning to his room, he took a sheet of note-paper, and spent the few minutes that remained before the meeting in jotting down one or two points that he would dwell on in his address. Then he went down to the meeting, and when the time came for him to speak he gave out his subject thus: "Luke Nineteen, Verse Five. Zaccheus, make haste and come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house." With this as the basis of his address, he preached the Gospel as plainly, as earnestly, and as solemnly as he could, and prayed God to give his blessing.

Nearly a year passed. Again he was at Chatham, and again going to speak in the Soldiers' Home. "There's a man here very anxious to see you," said the lady in charge that evening, as he sat at tea. "He was converted during your last visit to us, and he wants to tell you about it. There is no questioning as to the greatness of the change that has taken place in him." Gladly Mr. Rochfort sought the man, and the next day he heard the account of his conversion from his own lips. He said, "I had been ill a long time, and had been an in-patient of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. They put me in the Luke ward, and my bed was number nineteen. So I was always called in the hospital 'Luke Nineteen.' I think they hardly knew my proper name, for when the sister had written to me, she had begun her letter, 'Dear Luke Nineteen.' So you see sir, when you stood up and began by saying, 'Luke Nineteen,' I knew it was for me, and listened to all you said." Yes, and thank God, he not only listened, but he received by faith what he heard, and in his case it was clearly seen that the Gospel is as still as ever most truly the power of God unto salvation. From that night he gave evidence of being indeed a new creature in Christ Jesus.

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T. DeWitt Talmage
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PUBLICATION OF SERMONS.

NOT long ago a group of clergymen by resolution denounced the publication of their sermons by the secular press. They say that the Monday synopses of their discourses do them injustice; that the pastors are represented as saying things they never said, and that isolated sentences are taken out of their connection, and that, upon the whole, sermonic reporting in the secular press is damaging to the pulpit and to Christianity. So far from being the cause of complaint it ought to be a matter of thanksgiving to God that in this country the secular press has become the means of Gospel proclamation. In England all this work is left to the religious weeklies, and the London *Times* and the lesser lights rarely make mention of sermons or Christian exhortation. Suppose all the sermons reported in our secular papers were dull and useless, the text would be there, and who can tell what the publication of twenty scriptural passages per week among the millions accosted by the American printing press may do for the world's evangelization? Ministers must not be nervous about occasional reportorial mistakes. There is no perfection in this world—not even in the pulpit. The general rule is that if a sermon has anything useful in it, community comes to get that fact, though the phraseology in it may be a little twisted. The simple fact is that some people are as afraid as of death of a reporter. They do not realize that the men who write in front of the pulpit have their mission to fill as certainly as the man who stands in the pulpit.

A pastor ought not to say anything on Sabbath that he should be ashamed to see in print next morning. If the Gospel you preach is not fit for the fifty thousand readers, then it is not fit for the five hundred auditors. Beside, you have no right to put upon journalists the errors of type-setters. Remember that most of the newspapers are set up in the night, and that it is almost miraculous that there should be so few typographical errors. The utmost caligrapical care cannot hinder mistakes. The Eclectic Review was, by mistake, advertised as the [illegible] of Sully, Prime Minister to Henry the Great, as the Memoirs by Solly, Prime Minister to Henry the Great! Daniel S. Dickinson, Senator of the United States, told me that he thought the type-setters had cut off ten years of his lifetime, and a French author died of chagrin at three hundred typographical errors in his book, and Rev. Dr. Todd, having written something on the lives of saints, found it printed the lies of saints, and by the change of one letter, an enthusiastic reception of a political orator read "the air was rent with the snouts of ten thousand people." I once chased a typographical error all around the world, and failed to catch it; since which time I never correct anything. I put the gun to my shoulder and shoot, letting other people pick up the game. But you are to remember that those whose opinion is worth anything will understand what are mistakes. You are not to let little things hinder your appreciation of the fact that the Gospel of reform for this life and happiness for the next life is carried every week on the wings of the secular press to unconverted millions who would never otherwise see or hear the message. This is the telephone set up by the Lord which makes all the church and all the world one audience. The cylinder of the printing-press is the front wheel of the Lord's chariot. Let it roll on. Let the compositor set up ten thousand "ems" a day. Let the stereotyper hasten with his work, and our perfecting presses strike off the fifty thousand impressions per hour. Place them all in line, the religious and secular presses of Christendom, and at the command of God's providence rush these battering rams against the walls of ignorance and sin until they fall flat as the walls of Jericho at the blast of the rams' horns.

UNFIT FOOD.

MY attention has been recently called to the adulteration of articles of food. It is hard to get anything in our cities not touched by commercial fraud. Many things, once a deception, have ceased to be such. Once when you bought milk off the average milkman you supposed it to be milk; but now you buy it for water and chalk, and so there is no deception. But who can estimate the outrage practised on the community by sugars mixed with ground glass, and baking powders with alum instead of cream of tartar. Well did the late Dr. Crane call the attention of Boards of Health to this last evil. Let the official authorities put on sharper spectacle and spy out and expose this dreadful despoliation of the people's food. Let pepper be pepper and not brick-dust. Let coffee be coffee and not chickory and dried horse-liver. Let the bread that comes in from the bakery be the staff of life instead of the sickle of death. It is generally supposed that the upper rooms of a house control the lower, the sitting-room managing the kitchen, so persons denounce dietary discussions as belittling, as as the poet puts it,

Fat ox and goose itself oppose
And blaspheme custards through the nose.

There never was a graver mistake. The skill of the kitchen decides the health, the disposition, and, to some extent, the morals of the whole establishment. Many a battle has been lost through the dyspeptic twinge of the commanding officer. We masculines have yet to learn that the kitchen is the most important end of the household. If that go wrong, the whole establishment is wrong. Heavy bread, too great frequency of plum puddings, mingling lemonade and pudding, unmasticable beef, have decided the fate of sermons, store-houses, legislative halls and the destiny of empires. The kitchen knife has often cut off the brightest prospects. The kitchen gridiron has often consumed a commercial enterprise. The kitchen kettle has kept many a good man in hot water. It will never be fully known how much of the history of the world was affected by good or bad cooking. In the discussion among Boards of Health, about the adulteration of the food, every household of the nation ought to be interested.

* * *

The things we *do* understand are in small minority. The things we do *not* understand are in vast majority. We do right in wading out into the mysteries of Providence so far as we can keep our footing, but when we find ourselves getting beyond our depth, we had better come back to the shore and cry out with the psalmist: "Thy judgments, O Lord, are a great deep."

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Subscriber, Covington, Pa. If a person wishes to publish a book under the name of a "compilation," what are the rules governing the using of matter as published in books, periodicals, etc.?

The compiler must first secure the written permission of the author or publisher of any copyrighted matter, before he can legally reproduce it in such a "compilation."

S. Hetrick, Harper, Kas. Why did Christ enjoin (Matt. 5: 48) his people to be perfect? Is it possible?

He set them a standard which they were to strive to attain. Every man is conscious when he commits sin that he is not compelled to do it. It is within his power to abstain from sin. Unhappily, when we look within and around, we are apt to think perfection is beyond our reach, but those who strive after it are the better for the struggle and will, at any rate, be kept humble.

J. B. B., Mastine, Ga. Is there more than one true, visible church? If not, which is the right one? Why do Baptists practice close communion?

It is like an army composed of many regiments and each finds some work for Christ which it is specially adapted to perform. The Baptists who practice close communion consider that those who have not been baptized by immersion have been disobedient to the Lord's command, or rather have not obeyed it literally and therefore think that joining them at the Lord's table would be condoning their offence.

Reader, Kingland, Tex. Please tell me, through your correspondence columns, something about the science "Hypnotism." Is it a science?

It is not accorded a place among the sciences. Hypnotism is a development of animal magnetism or mesmerism, and while it has undoubtedly a true scientific, psychologic basis, its nature and phenomena have been so grossly exaggerated and misrepresented by charlatans that it has come to be regarded with discredit by honest investigators. Its present condition is that of a pseudo-science.

Old Subscriber, N. Y. City. Who was the founder of the Christadelphians, and where do they differ from other Christian bodies?

John Thomas, a physician founded the sect called Christadelphians about 1860. They were an offshoot from the sect known as the "Disciples of Christ." They reject the Trinity and hold that Jesus is the manifestation of the eternal spirit of God, that there is only immortality in Christ, that immersion is essential to salvation, that all who are in Christ are his brethren and that only those holding this creed will be resurrected, all others being annihilated.

G. W. S. In our prayer-meeting, a few weeks ago, our leader, in speaking of growing in grace, said we could grow "outward, inward, downward, and upward." I thought "upward" was the only way to grow in grace. The apostle Paul exhorts us to grow "in grace and the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," and if I understand the teaching of Christ, it was upward, and no other way.

Your leader doubtless intended to convey that growth in grace affected every part of one's life, character, and conduct, and that, in exterior life, even to the smallest action, as well as inwardly, the change is perceptible. Such a remark is to be taken figuratively, rather than literally.

C. A. Corey, Newton, Kan. 1. Where can I procure a historical sketch of the International commission that selects our Sabbath school lesson series, stating who were the first members, and the present ones? 2. A brief historical description of the "Bible House"? 3. Who is Miss Lucy J. Crosby, who writes such beautiful heart songs? 4. Will the proceedings of the Congress of Religions (which you gave such an interesting prospectus of) be reported in permanent and accessible shape?

1. Write the American Sunday School Union, Philadelphia. 2. Write to Secretary American Bible Society, Bible House, N. Y., for copy of Annual Report. 3. An aged Christian hymn-writer, totally blind, but with a soul full of spiritual light and happiness. She resides in New York. 4. Write to Rev. J. H. Barrows, D.D., First Presbyterian Church, Chicago, for the information.

Sydney D. Bate, Corydon, Ky. 1. When and where was the first Union Sunday School formed and by whom? 2. When was the American Sunday School Union organized and by whom? 3. Have its principles in law are the literature and [illegible] been changed? Does any denominations [illegible] and who are they?

1. In Philadelphia in 1824. 2. The Philadelphia Sunday and Adult School Union was founded in 1817 and this, with similar societies started later, was changed to the American Sunday School Union in 1824. 3. By voluntary contributors. A Committee of Publication consisting of twelve members representing the Baptist, Congregational, Episcopal, Friends, Lutheran, Methodist, Presbyterian and Reformed churches, decides on all questions as to the literature to be published and arranges for its preparation and production. 4. Part of the last answer applies to this question. Every Christian Protestant denomination is represented in the Union, which is not a union of churches but of individual Christians connected with the different denominations.

W. S. Forsey, South Finch, Ont. Will you kindly give me your opinion of "clairvoyance:" is it from an evil source or otherwise? I have met two or three in my lifetime and must admit they have made some remarkable predictions which came true.

It is to be ranked with kindred legerdemain or occult trickery, such as mind-reading, spirit-rapping, fortune-telling, etc. These mystical accomplishments are uniformly acquired by persons who are not calculated to produce confidence in honest minds. Professors who claim to be able to see what ordinary mortals cannot see, and to read your thoughts, had better be set down as arrant humbugs. They are simply shrewd, unscrupulous students of human nature skilled and practised in deceiving the uninitiated. There is nothing supernatural about it.

Miss S. M. Clarke, Ozone Park, Long Island, N. Y. I recall an anniversary hymn, sung by the members of the Macdougal Street Baptist Church, Rev. Duncan Dunbar, Pastor, and Samuel W. Seton, Superintendent of the Sunday School, of which I was a member more than fifty years ago. My mother was a member of the church and many a time going to Sunday School at 9 o'clock in the morning I have seen Mr. Seton walking up and down the street in front of the Church, picking up all the little ragged, barefooted children, and taking them by the hand into the school. Will you please ask through your valuable paper if any of your readers can send me the other verses?

There is a friend we ought to love
More than all friends beside:
His name is Jesus and his love
Forever shall abide.
Come, children, then, for now he lives,
And praise from little ones receives,
With lip and life we'll praise His name
And not forget he loves again

Laura Moore, Barnet, Vt. Is the "Golden Rule" broad enough to be applied to woman and governmental affairs? Will it ever be substituted for the barbaric law, "Might makes right," by the so-called civilized nations?

True philosophy, both ancient and modern, regards the essential principle of the "Golden Rule," as the key to the world's temporal and spiritual happiness and well-being, but not even the most sanguine indulges the expectation that it will ever prevail, until the ushering in of the millennium. It is broad enough to be applied to all the affairs of human life upon this planet, both sexes and all matters of government included. Yet, with twenty millions of armed men in Europe at the present moment—probably the greatest aggregated host the world has yet seen—it does not seem that the law of love has yet substantially superseded the law of might, even among the highly civilized peoples.

Reader, Eldorado, Kan. Procure a Concordance which will supply you with what you want.—Thomas Adams, Smithville, Ont. The Nile floods are probably no more extensive than those of the Mississippi. The delta of the Nile is not inhabited in the sense of being built upon, but the lands that are periodically submerged are cultivated and produce very rich crops.—H. the Veringa St. Louis. 1. Write to Mr. Bancroft, Secretary American Sunday School Union, Bible House, N. Y., for full information. 2. No.—Joseph A. Dunn, Glen Spey, N. Y. The hymn you mention has already been published and freely discussed in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.—Jas. Maskell, Philadelphia. Write to Mr. Spofford, Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., for all instructions.—Constant Reader, Lockport. There can be no objection, if he was the injured party, and if the divorce was procured on the grounds sanctioned by our Lord.—G. Des Gasbarian, Providence. The address is THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 20 Tudor St., London, E. C.—Mrs. M. J. Barnes, La Fayette, Ind. There is no record in the New Testament. Heli is supposed to have been the father of Mary. See answer to J. F. Bozeman in this journal of Sept. 20, page 614.—Jordan Johnson, Hope, Tex. John's statement (John 4: 2), ought to satisfy you as it is explicit. Jesus probably authorized the baptism and it would be regarded as his act. You frequently hear it stated that De Lesseps cut the Suez Canal but the statement does not convey to your mind that he, himself, labored with pick and spade.—Mrs. Rose A. Honeyman. See answer to J. F. Bozeman in this journal of Sept. 20, page 614.—Rev. J. R. Griffith, Cowlesville, N. Y. Yes, it is indispensable. In the Baptist Church on confession of faith and in other churches in infancy. If the candidate for church membership has not already been baptized it should be done before the Lord's Supper is administered to him according to the mode of the church into which he is received.—Subscriber, Pagosa Springs, Dex. No statute is nothing in the Bible forbidding such marriages. The objections based on physiology [illegible] Legends [illegible] comprehend physiology.—P. P. P., Seneca Falls, N. Y. We believe it to be genuine.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

WAR IMPENDING IN AFRICA.

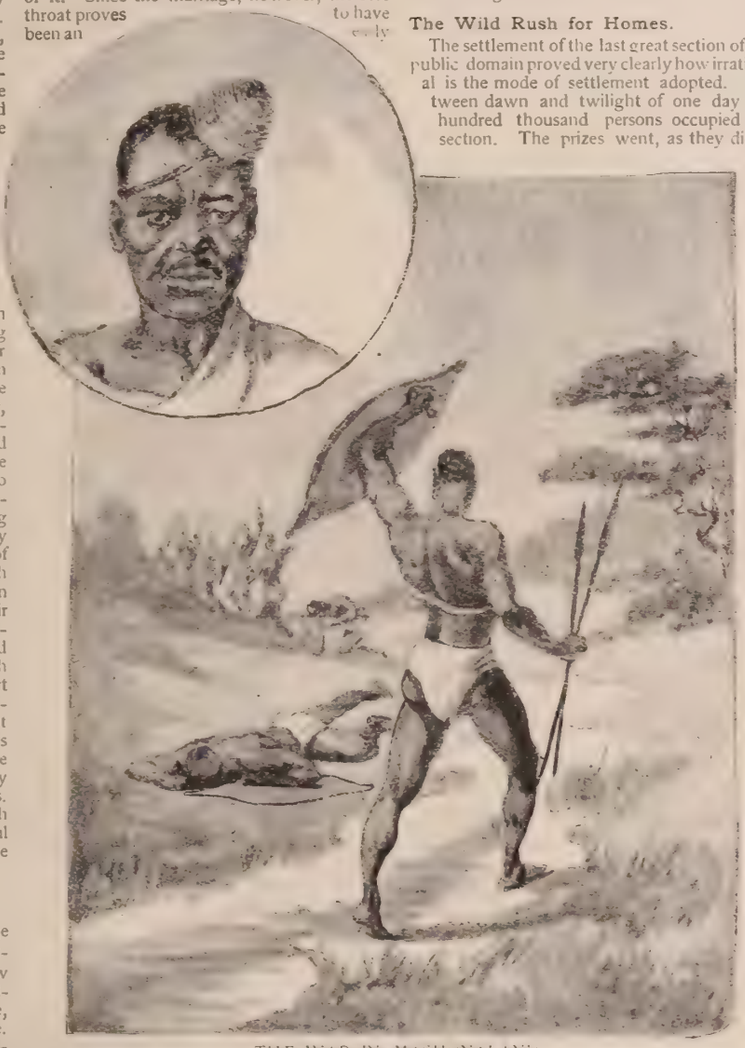
OMINOUS dispatches from Mashonaland in South Africa, have been received. They report that the Matabele nation, under King Lobengula, was about to invade Mashonaland, which is under British protection. Fort Victoria appeared, at the time the dispatches left, to be the objective point of the Matabele invasion. The Mashona men, women and children in large numbers have taken refuge there and the white garrison has promised them to fight to the death rather than surrender them to their ruthless foes. The Matabeles have been the scourge of Mashonaland and its neighbors for more than half a century. In the year 1828 Moselekatze, the great Zulu general, rebelled against the king of Zululand and with twenty thousand warriors quitted the country. They went northward to find a settlement, crossed the Limpopo River and invaded the district occupied by the Mashonas and Makolakas. Both tribes were easily subdued by the fierce Zulu warriors; many were killed and the survivors were enslaved. That was the origin of the Matabele nation. The Zulu conquerors had no industries and lived by the labors of the subject races and the spoils of their annual wars. Mashonaland became impoverished under their sway and Lobengula, the successor of Moselekatze, willingly sold it to the British three years ago and retired to the Makolaka country. England prudently bargained that the payment should be partly in money down and partly in a monthly subsidy of $500, payable during good behavior. Mashonaland revived after the departure of the Matabele Zulus and soon became a tempting field for the raids of the young Zulu warriors. Lobengula, however, remembering the terms of his monthly pension, restrained them. But he is getting old now and appears to have lost his grip on the people. A few of them made a raid into Mashonaland, about three months ago, ostensibly to punish the Mashonas for stealing Matabele cattle. As the charge was clearly false, the Mashonas being too much afraid of the Matabeles to provoke a quarrel, the British forces drove the Matabeles back into their own land. Then the Matabeles mustered all their forces for war and the result is greatly dreaded. They are stalwart men and well trained warriors and are superior in numbers, though probably not in equipment, to the forces at Fort Victoria. It may be hoped that in the providence of God a massacre may be averted, but the situation as described in the dispatches is evidently very critical. There would be more hope of a peaceful solution if more missionary work had been done among the Matabeles. Although they may be beaten in battle such natures as theirs can never be made peaceful by any influence less powerful than the grace of God in Christ. (Ezek. 21: 14.)

An Heroic Feat.

An act of heroism demanding rare courage was performed on Sept. 14, by three workmen on a steam drill on the Sound, near New York. They were awakened soon after midnight by a man who told them that the dredge, to which the drill was attached, was on fire. Instantly, the three men whose names are Edward Hudsons, James Higgins and Michael Fullerton, realized that an awful danger was impending. On the deck of the drill, toward which the wind was carrying the flames from the burning dredge, were a number of large cartridges containing three hundred pounds of forcite powder, an explosive more dangerous than dynamite. If once the flames touched them, the dredge, drill and tug-boat and all they contained would be blown to atoms. Already the flames were so near that the men could not reach the cartridges without being scorched. But they determined to make the attempt. Taking their lives in their hands, they went to the pile of cartridges and began throwing them overboard. The flames crept nearer and the men knew that one spark on the burdens in their arms meant a horrible death; but they worked on until the last cartridge fell into the black water at the side of the craft and the danger was past. They knew that while a cartridge remained on board, their lives were in danger and they braved death to get rid of them. It would be well if men who are in spiritual peril through some habit or lust in their nature would show similar heroism. Christ, who knew all things, said it was better to make the struggle even if it entailed as much suffering as the loss of a right hand or a right eye. (Matt. 5: 29-30.)

Deadly Embraces.

An epidemic which has a remarkable origin is reported from a village near Jamestown, N. Y. A wedding took place there about a month ago which was numerously attended. Both the bride and bridegroom had a large circle of friends, who came to witness the ceremony. The custom of saluting the bride, who was very popular in the neighborhood, was generally observed. She was suffering at the time from a sore throat, but as it occasioned her very little pain, she made no complaint of it. Since the marriage, however, the sore throat proves to have been an early stage of diphtheria and she has had a very severe attack of the disease. More than twenty persons who kissed her on the evening of the marriage, when offering their good wishes, have since been prostrated by the dangerous malady and three of them have died. Doubtless the bride feels poignant sorrow that her friends, in expressing their love and good-will to her, should have contracted the disease from which she was unconsciously suffering. So it has sometimes been with spiritual maladies. Many who have become Christians late in life, have shed bitter tears as they thought of the mischief they wrought in former years on their associates. (Rom. 14: 7.)



THE WAR IN MASHONALAND
Head of a Typical Matabele Warrior—A Matabele Attack.

Gave Her Blood for Her Friend.

A remarkable proof of affection was given a few days ago in a Boston hospital by a lady of that city. She went to the hospital to visit a friend who had been accidentally asphyxiated by gas. She was told by the physicians that there was little hope of her friend's recovery, as she had been all night in a room with the gas-burner turned on. The physician had been unable to restore her to consciousness and she seemed to be dying. Could nothing be done to save her? the visitor asked. She was told that in such cases patients had sometimes been saved by pumping good blood from the veins of a healthy person into those of the sufferer, but it was always regarded as a last resource. The lady at once freely offered herself for the service. An incision was made in her arm and a glass tube inserted which conveyed the warm blood into the chill shoulder of the unconscious patient. The experiment was repeated at two other parts of the patient's body and then the incisions were closed. The lady never quailed, but bore the operation with wonderful courage. She was cheered by the assurance of the doctors that her friend's recovery had been rendered probable by her service. If their predictions are verified and the patient recovers, she will doubtless be more careful about the gas in future. If she were to deliberately turn it on, unlighted, she would do a grievous wrong to her friend and herself. Yet how many are there for whom Christ gave his blood to rescue them from the consequences of sin who are still living in sin and making his sacrifice void. (Heb. 10:26-29.)

The Wild Rush for Homes.

The settlement of the last great section of the public domain proved very clearly how irrational is the mode of settlement adopted. Between dawn and twilight of one day one hundred thousand persons occupied the section. The prizes went, as they did in the other cases, to the people who could by physical force or trickery get an advantage over their competitors. Speculators and the agents of speculators won the prizes which should have gone to needy people and people whose record showed their capacity for building up the section. Thousands had been waiting on the border of the Cherokee Strip for days for the chance to secure a share of the six million acres, when the booming cannon at noon on September 16 gave the signal for the rush. Then the race on horseback, in wagon and on foot commenced and ten thousand persons fought to get on board a train that would hold only one thousand. All decency, self-respect, manhood and consideration for the weak was cast to the winds. Women had their clothes torn off their backs and many were thrown down and trampled upon. When the best sites were reached, the struggle was even worse. Disputes were numerous. The first reports show that over a score of persons were then known to have been murdered and hundreds had been severely injured. If some wealthy man, desiring to give his property to the poor, turned it all into money and announced that on a certain day he would throw it out of an upper window for a crowd to scramble for, he would not have done a more reprehensible thing than the Department of the Interior has done in this and previous openings. It was a direct incitement to the worst passions of our people and especially to the selfishness which is as inimical to the public spirit, that makes a nation strong, as it is to the principles of Christianity. The struggle itself shows how much more responsive human nature is to an opportunity of material gain than it is to an opportunity of spiritual advantage. If the offer of an eternal inheritance "which fadeth not away," aroused as much earnestness to secure it, as the offer of homes on the Cherokee Strip did, nations would be born in a day. (I Peter 1:4.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Mrs. Bishop, the famous traveler in farther Asia, is proposing a journey through inland China, to learn about missionary work.

Five hundred Mohammedan missionaries go out from Cairo every year, and travel through Eastern lands, teaching everywhere the religion of the Koran.

An eminent clergyman who was much maligned in his day was asked why he did not contradict the false stories circulated about him. He replied: "Any man who would believe the stories, would not believe my denial."

The Prison Association of New York has decided to hold monthly conferences at its rooms, 135 East Fifteenth Street, for the discussion of problems connected with the reclamation of criminals, when all suggestions will receive respectful attention. The first conference will take place Oct. 19.

The eighty-fourth annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions will be held at Worcester, Mass., in Mechanics' Hall, commencing Tuesday, Oct. 10th and closing Friday. An effort will be made to make the Prudential Committee more representative of the churches.

The programme of the meeting to be held by the Evangelical Alliance at Chicago Oct. 8-15, has been issued. The list of subjects includes the following: Christian Liberty; The Religious Condition of Protestant Christendom; Christian Union and Co-operation; The Church and Social Problems. Germany, Italy, France, England and the Netherlands are sending able representatives.

Rev. C. P. Hard, the famous missionary, whose labors in India have been much blessed, delivered a lecture on Theosophy, at Hornellsville, N. Y., on Sept. 8. He said that Theosophy was dying out in India, its birthplace, and that during the past two years forty thousand persons in India had renounced their native religions and had been baptized by Christian missionaries.

Mr. H. P. Gibbud of the Rescue Mission of Syracuse, N. Y., of which a description appeared in this journal on Aug. 2, writes us that no less than twenty-five thousand persons have heard the Gospel from the platform of the wagon sent out from the Mission during the past season. The number of persons who have made profession of faith at the meetings was 353.

Dr. Robert H. Nassau writes us from on board the steamer *Cameroon* the good news of his safe arrival at Las Palmas, on the West Coast of Africa. He expected by Sept. 20 to reach the sphere of his future labors at Gaboon, on the equator. The eminent and devoted missionary shows in his letter how glad he is after his brief visit to his native land, to be again in the field.

Evangelist E. P. Telford has reluctantly cancelled his engagements for the fall and winter and returned to England. This change in his plans was due to Mrs. Telford's health. She has been suffering from a throat trouble which, in the opinion of her physician, would become dangerous if she remained in this country. Mr. Telford expects to resume his work at Nottingham after a short season in London.

Secretary of State Gresham has received a dispatch from our embassy in Turkey stating that seven men who were concerned in the attacks on Miss Melton, the American missionary, have been arrested and sent to Mosne for trial. Rev. E. W. McDowell writes to the Presbyterian Board: "Such a thing as punishing a Turk for doing something to a Christian has never been heard of before and the arrest of the chief men is beyond their comprehension. They boasted that they would fix the matter with the Vali and return in a few days to put us out and punish all who helped us. More soldiers will reach here to-morrow to help us."

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

THE EVIDENCES OF CONVERSION.

Sermon Preached in the Calvary Baptist Church, New York last Sunday morning, Sept. 24, 1893, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D.

MANY earnest Christians are often in doubt as to the reality of their conversion. At times they ask with an earnestness bordering on agony, "Have we ever truly experienced the regenerating grace of God?" The language of the hymn formerly often sung, "Am I his or am I not?" has frequently been the question of many a devout, but doubting Christian. It is certainly deeply interesting and equally profitable to be able to give an inspired answer to so important a question; and it is still more interesting to give this answer in the words of so competent a judge as the apostle John. I shall, at this time, confine my replies to the question to the words of the beloved disciple, and I shall arrange his answers in their logical order. He loved to speak of the new birth. This and related forms of expression were familiar phrases on his lips and pen. He learned this language from the lips of the heavenly Teacher; and especially from the definite instructions on this point given him, perhaps by Jesus himself when reporting the nocturnal interview with Nicodemus. We have then for our subject Divine Proofs of Conversion, as given by the beloved disciple. He sets forth most clearly in a series of statements in his first Epistle, the distinguishing characteristics of true believers. He teaches us that

A True Christian is a Believer

in our Lord Jesus Christ—"*Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God.*" (1. John 5 : 1.) We must not suppose that the apostle means to say that mere intellectual assent to the bare proposition that Jesus is the Messiah, the anointed of God, is evidence of regeneration. We suppose that he means to affirm that this truth must be so believed as to produce its legitimate effect on the life. We have no evidence that a man has believed truly in Christ except he live a Christly life. The apostle means to teach that we are to accept Christ as the Messiah of prophecy in the Old Testament and of history in the New Testament.

True faith in Jesus Christ is not merely assent of the head; it includes also the consent of the heart. We know that those who have never been born again may give an intellectual assent to the proposition that Jesus is the Christ. When he was upon the earth many demons believed in him in some sense as their master. Devils are represented in Scripture as doing so now, and as trembling before his power. But true faith implies a consciousness of sin, a deserving of wrath, and a believing wish the heart in Christ as the only Saviour. True faith is a looking to and trusting in the righteousness of Christ for justification, true faith lays hold of his atoning sacrifice for the pardon of sin and for peace with God true faith is the acceptance of Christ as the only hope for salvation for time and for eternity. Such faith works by love; it is not a dead but a living, active, and joyous trust in Jesus. It shows itself in acts of obedience, in a cheerful submission to his ordinances, and in a complete willingness to [illegible] in all things. A dead faith is not faith; an inoperative faith is a contradiction in terms. What is it to be a Christian? To obey Jesus Christ with the whole heart. If you have this spirit of obedience you do not lack true faith; you show that you have been born of God, that you are a partaker of the divine nature, and that you are an heir of everlasting life and glory.

Does Not Live in Sin.

[illegible] "*born of God doth not commit sin.*" 1. John 3: 9. This is a striking passage of Scripture. [illegible] verse and the sixth of this same chapter there have been many differences of opinion; and doubtless such differences of opinion will continue in the future of the church Does this statement teach the doctrine of Christian perfection? Does it affirm that the believer is a man sinless in act and thought? So some excellent Christian men and women have said; but does the apostle so teach? There are insuperable objections to this interpretation of his words. If this passage teaches the doctrine of Christian perfection then it teaches that all Christians are perfect. There is no limitation in this form of statement to one class of Christians rather than another. The word "whosoever" must include all believers of every grade of attainment in the Christian life, and we must affirm of all that they do not and cannot commit sin. But the question arises at once, is this statement true? And the denial must immediately follow the question. No man can affirm that such

Distinguished Examples

of faith in God as Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were sinless. No man dare say with the Scripture history before him that Moses, Job and Daniel were sinless. No man can truthfully affirm that Peter, John and Paul were absolutely perfect, even when they reached their highest Christian attainment. Nothing is more certain than that they did not themselves so believe; nothing is more certain than that the Work of God does not so affirm regarding these eminent saints. Are we then to suppose that they were not believers? But if all believers are perfect, and these distinguished saints were not perfect then we are driven to the conclusion that they were not believers. This is surely a painful conclusion, but it is one to which we are inevitably driven if we adopt the idea that this Scripture teaches the doctrine of absolute perfection. But I do not believe that this Scripture so teaches. Such an interpretation is not a fair exposition of the passage. The writer uses language which any of us writing in our day might employ, when we simply wish to say of a friend or neighbor, that he does not commit wilful, habitual and conscious sin. This thought finds constant expression in the Bible when its writers wish to set forth the idea that a man is truly serving God, and is determinedly avoiding known sin. The apostle John makes the affirmation very strong, but not stronger than an earnest believer of the doctrine now stated might make it. The passage surely teaches solemn and blessed truths regarding every true believer in Jesus Christ. It certainly sets forth the idea that one who is born of God will not commit habitual sin,

Will Not Deliberately Sin

against his own soul, his neighbor and his God. The man who intentionally, deliberately and repeatedly so sins declares that he is a child of Satan rather than a son of God. A true believer may indeed momentarily, under the influence of strong passion, provocation or temptation, yield to sin; but such a man cannot continuously commit sin and retain the hope that he is a regenerate soul. The noblest Christians see much corruption in their own hearts, and over it they constantly mourn. They will not indeed sin willingly; they will not sin finally. They are restrained by the grace of God in their hearts, so that they shall not wholly fall, so that they shall not finally perish. A true Christian may wander far, but he certainly will penitently return. He will not make sin his normal condition; he will not walk in it and give himself up to its power; he will not be its slave. Sin may be in him, but he will not long be in it. If you know that you hate sin and desire to master it, that you constantly strive against its presence and power, that you desire to gain the victory over every form of evil, rest assured that you are born from above, and that you are truly a child of God. Evil thoughts may sweep through the soul, but if you do not welcome their approach and cherish their presence you are not their slave. Quaintly has it been said, "I cannot help having the birds fly over my head, but if I have the use of my hands, I can prevent them from making nests in my hair." So if you give evil thoughts no welcome, no quarter, you need not let them rob you of your Christian hope and the joy of divine sonship. But guard, oh, prayerfully guard, your soul in the light of this Scripture against indulging in known sin against God, your Creator and Redeemer.

A Religious Life.

A true Christian doeth righteousness—"*Every one that doeth righteousness is born of him,*" (1. John 2: 29.) This verse stands in close relations to an interesting train of reasoning. The thought is that all who have a true knowledge of God know that he is righteous; and the apostle means to say that any one who claims to be born of God must be, at least in his purpose and endeavor, righteous also. No man may claim this relationship except he bear this character. It is said that Alexander the Great said to a cowardly soldier, who bore his own name, "you must either change your character or your name." So every man who bears the name of Jesus Christ must possess a Christly character, or he ought immediately to drop the Christly name. This important truth deserves to be constantly emphasized; it is a truth worthy of all acceptation. Christ stands out conspicuously before the church and the world as the righteous One. The man who claims to be born of God must possess the character belonging to the true children of God's family. Righteousness is both imputed and imparted. We have no reason to believe that we have received the forgiving grace of God in our souls except we live the life of God in our relations with men. It is a severe criticism to make of a man, who professes to be a Christian, that he is very pious godward, and very "shaky" manward. The true believer doeth righteousness, not to win the favor of God, not to merit salvation; but, having received salvation as God's free gift, he doeth righteousness from the promptings of love and gratitude. No man can be saved simply by his good works; but no man can be saved without good works. We have no proof of inward life in God except by outward acts of Christian service As a matter of fact, if we are dishonest, unjust, untruthful in our relations with men we have no evidence for ourselves, and can give no evidence to others, that we are the children of God. We may at times be exalted to the third heavens with seraphic visions and ecstatic raptures, but if we be impure in life, untruthful in speech and unholy in act, our raptures and visions are worse than worthless. Our rightness of life will show God's righteousness in us by faith. If, as the fruit of our faith in Christ, we are living rightly toward our neighbors, our families, ourselves and our God we may rest assured that we are born of God.

A Life of Love.

A true Christian will love his brethren—"*Every one that loveth is born of God.*" (1. John 4 : 7.) A glance at the context shows that this verse introduces a new topic of discussion, which continues to the end of the chapter. We all know that the apostle John was the apostle of love, and that this heavenly topic was his chosen theme. All his natural instincts, as well as his special relations to his Lord, peculiarly fitted him for the discussion of this heavenly theme. In the earlier part of this chapter he concluded what he wished to say concerning the trying of spirits, and with this verse he returns to his former exhortation to brotherly love. Men of the world love and seek their own; so Christians should love and seek the things of the new life and love. There is a law of moral gravitation in the Christian life and character, as truly as of physical gravitation in the physical universe. Love is of God. He is its blessed fountain. Christians show that they love him whom they have not seen by loving their brethren whom they see. From the lips of Jesus John learned the truth taught in this verse when Christ said, "A new commandment I give unto you that ye love one another." John never forgot the time when he pillowed his head on the bosom of his divine and loving Lord; and years after he has learned the lesson,

He Echoed the Truth

when he said, "We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren." A man who is born of God must love those who also have been born of God. Differences in social condition, in intellectual attainments, and in spiritual growth will exist among true Christians; but they will love one another fervently, notwithstanding these differences. They may not love all equally. Christ did not. He loved Peter, James, and John with a special affection; he loved Mary, and Martha, and their brother Lazarus with a peculiar tenderness. We also shall have our preferences, but no true believer can hate his brother. We must of course, understand that the love here spoken of is love toward God and love to men of which God is the author. The term is limited necessarily to the subject under discussion; it cannot mean every kind of love, whatever be its source or object. There may be love to one's wife, children, and friends, whose existence would not prove necessarily that he who cherishes it as a true believer. There may be much benevolence toward the poor and much consideration toward all men on the part of many who are not thereby true believers. The love here spoken of is love to God, love to Jesus Christ, love to the children and cause of God, and not love in a general and promiscuous sense. Do you possess and manifest this heavenly love? Can you say at this moment, in the presence of God, that with all your conscious weakness, and sinfulness, you do earnestly and sincerely love him? Do you know that you love the society and companionship of Christians? Can you affirm that by the tests which you apply to your love for parents, for wife, for children, you love the Lord Jesus Christ? Then know without doubt or fear that you are truly a child of God and a candidate for heaven. If we love God aright there is no other place but heaven to which God could send us. O seek and and possess this heavenly love now, and then rejoice in the assurance which it gives that its possessors are born of God.

Protected from Assault.

A true Christian keeps himself and Satan touches him not—"*He that is begotten of God keepeth himself, and that wicked one toucheth him not.*" (1. John 5 : 18.) This is a remarkable affirmation. We, of course, understand that no man can keep himself by his own power. If men could so keep themselves there would be no appropriateness in the prayer of Christ, that God should keep them from the evil. God alone is the keeper of his saints; only he whom God keeps is truly kept. We are expressly taught that we are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation. If there is a mansion and crown reserved in heaven for us we are preserved for that crown and mansion. A Christian will use all his endeavors to keep himself from sin, and by God's grace he will finally win the victory. It is most inspiring to know that the wicked one toucheth not the true believer. Did not Satan touch Christ? Are we not conscious that he now touches us? The statement means that Christ has so repelled all his assaults that he cannot really harm the weakest of God's true saints; that he cannot wound the believer to the heart; and that he cannot destroy the divine principle of life in the soul. Satan may indeed tempt, sift, buffet and grieve a true Christian, but he cannot finally overcome, or destroy him. Blessed be Christ he overcame sin both for himself and for us! The believer is yet to bruise Satan under his heel. If the old serpent wounded the heel of the promised deliverer, he had to put his head under the deliverer's heel in order to inflict the wound. Satan assumes a terrible risk when he puts his head under the heel of the Lord's Christ. There are some Christians who live constantly on the mountain tops of faith and in the unclouded sunshine of God's presence. Satan cannot disturb their peace, cannot dampen their joy or lessen their comfort. They can turn against him

The Shield of Faith,

so that he cannot wound them with his darts. They can each say as did Christ, "get thee behind me, Satan." Blessed be the Lord Jesus, who said to his chosen people, "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any . . . pluck them out of my hand." The train of thought here is climacteric. No one is specified. The word man in our common version is added; the original is unspeakably strong. The Lord said, that no one, man, devil, or any creature whatsoever, should be able to pluck his children out of his hand; and in the next verse it is affirmed that no one shall be able to pluck them out of his Father's hand. The idea is that as they lie safely and lovingly in Christ's hand, the Father places his hand over that of Jesus and between the hands of Father and Son believers are absolutely and eternally safe. Here the doctrine of the preservation of the saints is emphatically and sublimely taught. Should a true believer ever perish the declaration of Christ would be falsified and the honor of God imperilled.

Victor Over the World.

A true Christian gains the victory over the world. "*For whosoever is born of God overcometh the world*" (1. John 5: 4.) I love the victorious side of the Christian life. Such a passage as this is to me stirring as martial music. This passage is a glorious climax to the progress of our thought in developing the evidences of conversion. If we overcome this world we have also overcome the god of this world. Our course of thought has led up to

the crown and the throne. Such exaltation is the Christian's privilege and glory. The world is not a friend of Christ; its precepts and principles, its maxims and morals are often opposed to Jesus Christ. There is a conflict between the Christian and the world; and we are here taught that the true Christian has secured the victory. John repeats for us the words of Jesus, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer I have overcome the world." We may not expect to escape the tribulations, but we may hope to win the victory. The white-robed throng seen in apocalyptic vision by this same John "came out of great tribulation." But they overcame through the blood of the Lamb. Because Christ overcame the world we may also be victorious. We are to regard the world as a vanquished foe, for "greater is he that is in us, than he that is in the world." We are to be in the world but not of it. It has been well said that a ship is not in danger because it is in the water; it is in danger only when the water comes freely into it. Our danger is not in our being in the world, but only when the world comes into us. Can we claim in the light of this last test to be Christians? Are we truly overcoming the world? Does it lie vanquished at our feet? If so, our victory is transcendently glorious. Let us then endure as seeing him who is invisible. This sight of the invisible God is a mighty inspiration in the struggle of life. Faith in the invisible enables us to do the impossible. Only such faith can overcome the world. Such faith made Abraham, Moses and Joshua triumphant amid every form of opposition. Such faith gave us the Latimers and Ridleys, the Luthers and Calvins, the Bunyans and Baxters, the Whitefields and Wesleys, and the Judsons and Careys, the Spurgeons and Moodys, and such faith to-day is upholding millions of God's saints who are bearing the burdens and sorrows of life and who amid the shouts of angels and of just men made perfect will receive their reward. O for such faith to-day, faith which overcomes the world, which destroys death, which vanquishes hell, and which utterly defeats Satan; a faith which comes from the home and heart of God, and which leads its possessor up to that home and heart as an eternal dwelling place.

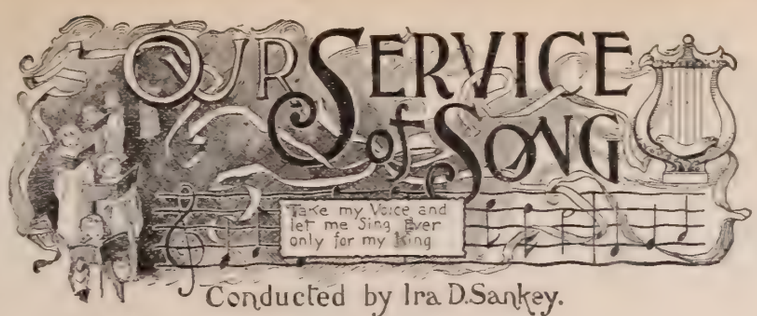
A NOBLE REVENGE.

Demetrius I., who was king of Macedonia after Alexander the Great, was devoted to Greek science, and inspired with an eager ambition to rival the ancient heroes of his race. On one occasion, while he was engaged in war, he left his wife and children to the protection of the Athenians, whom he considered his friends. He lost the battle, and being obliged to flee for his life, felt sure that he could find shelter with his friends at Athens; but they refused him and went so far as to send to him his wife and children, under the pretext that it was probably unsafe for them in that city. This ungrateful conduct pierced the heart of Demetrius, for he loved the people of Athens and had done them great service.

As time passed, he recovered his affairs and came with a large army to besiege Athens. The guilty populace, knowing that they could not expect pardon from him, were determined to die with sword in hand. Their rulers issued a decree to the effect that all those who proposed surrender should be condemned to death. A short time passed, when they found that their food was almost exhausted, and the most reasonable among them said: "It would be better that Demetrius kill us at once, than that we should die a lingering death by famine. Perhaps he will have mercy on our wives and children."

After Demetrius had taken possession, he gave orders that all the married men should assemble in a large open square, and that his soldiers, sword in hand, should surround them. Then there were cries and lamentations heard all over the city; women began embracing their husbands and taking an eternal farewell. Demetrius, who had been observing all that was going on, began to reproach them for their ingratitude to him when he was so much in need of help. He spoke in such a feeling manner that he could not refrain from shedding tears. He then remained silent for some time, and the people were expecting to hear him give orders to his soldiers to massacre them. Demetrius, looking on them with compassion and love, said at last:

"I wish to convince you how ungenerously you have treated me; for it was not to an enemy you have refused assistance, but to one who has loved you, and still loves you, and who wishes to revenge himself only by granting your pardon, and by being still your friend. Return to your homes; while you have been here, my soldiers have been filling your houses with provisions."

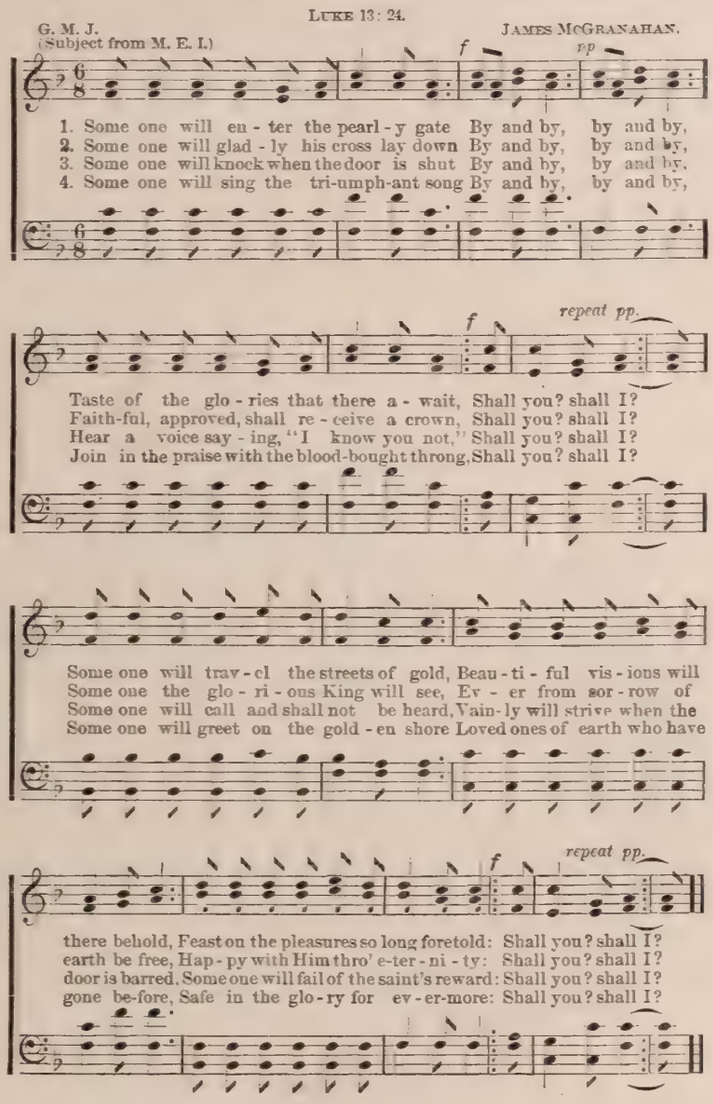


Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

Shall you? Shall I?

LUKE 13: 24.

G. M. J. (Subject from M. E. I.) JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. Some one will en - ter the pearl - y gate By and by, by and by,
2. Some one will glad - ly his cross lay down By and by, by and by,
3. Some one will knock when the door is shut By and by, by and by,
4. Some one will sing the tri-umph-ant song By and by, by and by,
repeat pp.
Taste of the glo - ries that there a - wait, Shall you? shall I?
Faith-ful, approved, shall re - ceive a crown, Shall you? shall I?
Hear a voice say - ing, "I know you not," Shall you? shall I?
Join in the praise with the blood-bought throng, Shall you? shall I?
Some one will trav - el the streets of gold, Beau - ti - ful vis - ions will
Some one the glo - ri - ous King will see, Ev - er from sor - row of
Some one will call and shall not be heard, Vain-ly will strive when the
Some one will greet on the gold - en shore Loved ones of earth who have
repeat pp.
there behold, Feast on the pleasures so long foretold: Shall you? shall I?
earth be free, Hap - py with Him thro' e-ter - ni - ty: Shall you? shall I?
door is barred. Some one will fail of the saint's reward: Shall you? shall I?
gone be-fore, Safe in the glo - ry for ev - er-more: Shall you? shall I?

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THE BLESSED REFUGE

JESUS, my Lord, to thee I come.
To thy blest arms if there is room
For weak ones such as I;
To thy bright robe, O, let me cling
To hide beneath thy sheltering wing,
For safety I would fly

I cast myself beneath thy Cross—
O, cleanse me from all sin and dross
And fill my heart with peace;
O, take me by thy loving hand
And lead me to that blissful land
Where pleasures never cease.

Come, quicken now my power to love,
Bind fast my hopes to joys above
And help me love thee true,
Help me adore thy holy name,
Spread o'er the earth thy matchless fame
And yield thee all thy due

To him who sent thee from on high,
To save the lost, to bleed and die,
Be praise forever given.
May I with all thy ransomed host,
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Join in the acclaim of heaven

La Grange, Ind —FRANCIS P GRIFFITH

THE TOKEN

DIM falls the hush as a sweetness distilled
Over the sod.
And Nature, as if divine breathings had thrilled
Her soul to adoring, its every pulse stilled,
Whispers but "God."
Kneels he enraptured Mute glances uplift
Worship, and bear
Thoughts that as silver-winged orisons rift
The mist-wreaths of glory and silently drift
Upward as prayer

O pure devotion! thus all to resign,
Empty to go;
Only this one love his soul to enshrine,
Only communion with him, his Divine
Master to know. [gray
And now stands his Lord there as once in the
Light by the sea [day
His eyes looked such tender compassion, to-
In sweet, sad, persistence his lips seem to say
"Lovest thou me?"

THE END OF THE DISPENSATION.

The Events which will Accompany the Closing Scenes of the Christian Dispensation.

BY SIR A. BLACKWOOD.*

AND the seventh angel sounded, and there were great voices in heaven, saying, "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever." This is the end of the dispensation. For "in the days of the seventh angel, when he shall begin (or be about) to sound, the mystery of God should be finished, as he hath declared (or announced as good news) to his servants the prophets." It is the winding up of the great drama of the present age. Many notable things will occur then; let us consider a few of them:

1. The omnipotence of our Lord and of his Christ is manifested and exercised, and in the way of execution of judgment. This has occasionally and partially taken place, *e. g.*, in such cases as the Flood, the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, the extermination of the Canaanites, the overthrow of Babylon, of Jerusalem, etc. But these have been exceptions to the general tenor of Divine procedure. God has "kept silence." There has been "the hiding of his power." "Sentence against an evil work has not been executed speedily." He has been slow to anger, long suffering, and men have said, "God hath forgotten; he hideth his face; he will never see it." For six thousand years he has most chiefly declared his Almighty power by showing mercy and pity. When the last trumpet sounds he will exert it in judgment.

2. The Kingdom of Christ is manifestly set up. Now are fulfilled all the prophecies concerning the Kingdom of God. The promise of the Father to the Son, "I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession," is realized. The triumphant anticipations of inspired Psalmists come to pass. "The whole earth shall be filled with his glory—and—the prayers of David the son of Jesse (shall be) ended." The visions of Daniel have their accomplishment. The four world empires have come to nought, for the stone cut out of the mountain without hands has broken them in pieces, and filled the whole earth. "The Son of Man came with the clouds of heaven, and there were given him dominion and glory and a kingdom, that all people and nations and languages should serve him. His dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and his kingdom shall not be destroyed." "The Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David, and of his kingdom there shall be no end." He must reign. "King of the Jews," "King of Ages." (Rev. 15: 3, R. V.) "King of kings," "Blessed and only Potentate." He who wore the crown of thorns now comes in glory, and "on his head are many crowns."

3. There are great voices in heaven, and the four-and-twenty elders, representing the Church of God in her completeness, peal forth their jubilant anthems. They rejoice with joy, no longer unspeakable but full of glory. Their beloved Lord and Saviour is glorified; the whole universe trembles with gladness. Sin and pain, and death and crying all come to an end. All things that offend and they that do iniquity are gathered out of his Kingdom. Satan is bound; wrongs are righted; mysteries are cleared up; God's ways are vindicated. It is the time of "the restitution of all things." The Day of the Lord has dawned, Christ reigns in glory.

4. The nations were angry." The long warfare of men against their Creator has culminated in universal rejection of his sway. There is "upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring." The nations are angry. Their impotent fury dashes itself in vain against the calm omnipotence of God.

5. "Thy wrath is come." Oh! unspeakably solemn word. It is no longer "the wrath to come." It has come. The wrath of God, like a tornado, sweeps across the scene where long suffering and grace have for millenniums pleaded with men.

6. "And that thou shouldst give reward to thy servants the prophets, to thy saints, and them that fear thy name, small and great." Then will take place that unerring discrimination of the deeds done in the body which will display in all its wonderful perfection the omniscience of the living God. The parables of the talents and of the pounds will have their fulfilment. Oh, how blessed will they be to whom he shall say, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

*From his "Apocalyptic Scenes" in the London *Christian*.

WHAT IS FAITH?

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Oct. 8. Rom. 3: 22; Eph. 3 17 21.

NO more important question can any man ask, for, by some mysterious principle, faith is made the condition of every blessing. Without faith a man stands among the choicest gifts of God, as destitute as a man without money stands in a market. The disciples, puzzled by their failure to relieve the demoniac, asked in sorrow, "Why could not we cast him out?" and were told that they could have done so, if they possessed more faith. We read too of a district which Christ visited, that received no blessing even from the Master's presence, because he could not do any mighty works where he found no faith. It would seem as if even Christ's power was restricted by unresponsive surroundings. It is only to as many as receive him, or have faith in him, that he gives the power to become the sons of God. Looking closely at these and similar passages, we begin to realize that faith is more than a condition; it is the channel of blessing. Spiritual life comes that way and so do peace, and hope, and love, and power, and all graces. Wherever any one of them is mentioned, we notice that it comes by faith. So there is no question so important as that of "What is faith?"

We have beclouded our minds on the subject by our own refinements. We have represented it as a creed and have found the creed powerless in the life. We have conceived of it as obedience, only to lapse into formalism and bondage; and we have regarded it as love and have become emotional and ecstatic. Yet we find no difficulty about faith in the affairs of life. We know in our social relations what it is to believe in a man and we discover that it is the same kind of faith as we are required to exercise in Christ, however much it may differ in degree. No man can help us if we do not believe in him. Our heart is closed against him unless we can trust him. The most eloquent orator on earth cannot move me if I know him to be ignorant of his subject, or false in his profession. I may admire his eloquence, but if I do not believe in him, he is powerless to help me. We may love a person and yet not believe in him; we may obey an authority and yet not believe in it. It is so in our relations with a business man or with a political or military leader, or in intrusting a case to a physician or a lawyer. When we say, "I believe in such a man," those who hear us expect that in an emergency we shall commit ourselves and our interests to his keeping. It is more than confidence in another's ability; it is faith in his character. If a man in dying is concerned about his orphan children, it is not the mere skilful man that he chooses as the trustee, to whom he commits the care of them. He chooses a tried friend, in whom he believes. All these things we fully realize in our worldly affairs. We find no mystery about faith there. It is the same faith, but greater, that Christ expects. Faith in him is the channel of every blessing. It is the entrance to spiritual life and the support of spiritual life all through. If we can truly say, "I believe in him," all things are possible to him that believeth.

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B. Y. P. U. NOTES.

The Chicago Unions held their quarterly Convention in the Fourth Baptist Church recently. President Chapman and Secretary Wilkins of the B. Y. P. U. A. were present and took part in the proceedings. After the business session at which Raymond K. Maynard of the Oak Park Church was elected Vice-President of the Union, Miss Dora Daver of Wheaton read a paper on "Advancements in the Local Society." Another paper was read by Miss Ida B. Steere of Aurora, on the subject of "The Conquest Meeting." Dr. Wilkins then made an address on "The Three C's." Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman gave a stirring greeting to the Unions and urged them to continue their good work. He belonged to another communion but knew so well the value of Christian Endeavor that he could join with the members of the kindred society in celebrating its success.——The annual Convention of the Illinois Unions will be held at Jerseyville on Oct. 16.——A vigorous Union exists in connection with the Yates Association which held its first Convention at Milo, N. Y., a few days ago. Among the speakers were G. A. Beers of South Pultenay; Rev. A. J. Wabrath of Penn Yan; Henry C. Vedder of New York; Rev. E. E Chivers of Buffalo; Mr. E. C. Gillett of Penn Yan and Mr. D. E. Sprague of Milo. The President of the Union is Rev. J. N. Lattimer of Milo.——The first Colored State Union is that organized recently for Florida. The Convention which organized it was held at Gainesville. The President is J. H. Brown of Tampa.——The Union of the Maritime Provinces held its annual Convention at St. Martin's, N. B. The International banner which was won by the Union at Indianapolis was placed in the custody of Amherst, which had the best record for study. ——Reports from Kansas indicate progress in the Young People's movement there of a phenomenal order. It is spreading throughout the State and finding friends everywhere.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

It is estimated that fully seven thousand Epworth Leaguers attended the annual Convention at Burlington Junction, Mo.—The St. Louis *Christian Advocate* urges that at every Conference an afternoon or evening be given to an Epworth League Mass-meeting; and adds, "There is no more important interest of our church, and ministers as well as laymen need to be informed regarding it. It is young and brave, with its hands full of promise and its head crowned with the laurels of victory. As a church we have hardly yet begun to appreciate the vast possibilities of the League or what it means to our young people. Let us have enthusiastic meetings at all our Conferences, where the work of the League can be brought before the church."—A great Convention was that held at Russell, Kans., recently by the Ellsworth District League. The sessions occupied four days beginning with sunrise praise services followed by morning meetings for literary work and the Question drawer, closing in the evenings with preaching and evangelistic addresses. Mr. E. W. Voorhis, was elected President for the ensuing year; Mr. F. C. Griffiths, of Kanopolis, Secretary, and Mr. John Machin, Treasurer.—A day was appropriated to the League at the great camp-meeting at Watseka, Ill. The exercises began at 8:30 A. M., and continued with short intervals until ten ot night. Among the speakers were Rev. W. J. Minnim, Drs. Williamson and Cummings, Rev. J. H. Scott, and Rev. John Small. The officers for the ensuing year are W. G. Landes, President; Minnie McGill, and Lelia DeHart; Secretaries, and Mrs. Flora Calkins, Treasurer.

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THE Y. M. C. A. OF WATERBURY, CONN.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Waterbury, Conn., is about to celebrate its tenth anniversary by taking possession of its new building, a picture of which appears on this page. It is located in the best part of the city, facing the public park and in the neighborhood of the principal churches. The building and site cost $75,000. It has a well-furnished reading-room, a parlor, gymnasium, swimming baths, a dark room for the use of amateur photographers, a large, tastfeully decorated auditorium capable of accommodating an audience of several hundred persons, besides convenient rooms for the use of officers. The upper floor is divided up into dormitories which furnish comfortable accommodation for twenty-four young men. The Association has a thriving boys' auxiliary and has set apart two large rooms for its use. The total number of members in the Association proper is 387, but as a large number of these are on the active list the roll will probably largely increase when the Association occupies its new building and makes use of the faculties it affords.

THE NEW BUILDING OF THE Y. M. C. A. OF WATERBURY, CONN.

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THE Y. M. C. A. OF CAIRO, EGYPT.

In Cairo, the Egyptian capital, there is a Young Men's Christian Association which has increased in numbers so much as to need larger rooms. These were formally opened on Sept. 3. They are situated at 3 Sharia-el-Manakh. In declaring the rooms open Rev. W. Harvey, D.D., gave a brief history of the work done by the Association since its inauguration in 1892 as the result of the efforts of Mr. George Holmes, one of the foreign agents of the English National Council. The Cairo Association supplies in addition to its religious meetings, a well furnished reading-room (which is open every evening), a good circulating and reference library, a literary and debating society and various other advantages.

AMONG THE ORDERS.

"Bitolcko-to Muzhsko Druzhectoo na Christianski Trood" is the name of the Christian Endeavor Society in Bulgaria.

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The Christian Endeavor Societies of Binghampton, N. Y., are taking an active part in the preparations for the approaching visit of Rev. B. Fay Mills.

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A Congregational Church at Ashton-under-Lyne, England, has issued a card to its members in the Acrostic style, thus:

You are wanted at every Meeting.
Persuade a friend to come with you.
Strive to be punctual.
Come in a prayerful spirit.
Expect a blessing.

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A summer school for Young Women's Christian Association workers has been held at Eastnor Castle, England, Lady Henry Somerset's residence. The object was to train secretaries and other workers in Bible teaching and Y. W. C. A. methods, among other classes being one conducted by Dr. Flavell Cook on "The Evidences of Religion." Classes were often held in the open air under a cedar-tree. The afternoon was given up to tennis and other forms of recreation. In the evening conferences were held on subjects affecting the intellectual and devotional life of the workers themselves.

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Weekly evangelistic services are to be held at the Brooklyn Navy Yard during the Fall by the Hanson Place Baptist Young People's Union. "We hope," says one of the members, "by attractive singing, spiritual testimonies, and the presence of God's Spirit, to start some of these brave men of the sea on a voyage to heaven

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An illustration of the union of the denominations, which the Christian Endeavor Society aims to extend, is furnished by the report of a visitor at a prayer-meeting at Poona, India. He says that the meeting was conducted by a minister of the American M. E. Church and there were seventy persons present. The following analysis will show the thoroughly representative character of the gathering: there were missionaries from the Church of England Society; Wesleyan, Methodist Episcopal, Free Church of Scotland, Established Church of Scotland, Irish Presbyterian, Canadian Presbyterian, Congregational, Brethren Churches also Young Men's Christian, Zenana and Medical Missionaries.

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Christian Endeavor is gaining ground in New Zealand, where there are forty societies with 1,000 members. The Auckland Union, containing fourteen societies and 580 members, has recently held a united Convention in the Tabernacle. In Wellington there are only four societies. After much prayer a union was formed, and at the first annual consecration meeting an abundant answer to prayers was realized. There was not sufficient time for all who desired to give their testimonies.

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During the summer the social meetings of the Associations have chiefly been occupied with the lighter order of Topics. At the Harlem branch of the Young Women's Christian Association of New York, one evening lately the subject for discussion was "the kind of young man it is undesirable to marry." There were about a hundred young women present. They concluded that the character of a man who would be a desirable husband must possess the following requirements: The man must be temperate, have a good disposition, be unselfish, able and willing to support the family, must keep good hours and company. He must be a Christian man. It was considered unnecessary for him to be handsome.

The Family and Home Circle

Arctic Visitors at the Fair.

The Eskimos Quite at Home Amid their Reindeer, Kayaks, Igloos and Dog Sledges —A Strange Contrast of Races.

BEAUTIFUL architecture, sculpture and painting, wonders in mechanics and amazing variety in industrial products of every kind, crowd the mind of the visitor to the World's Fair so much that he feels he cannot remember more than a mere fraction of what he has seen. But there are sights at this grandest of all Expositions which are so unique and so individualized that they will hardly ever be forgotten. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S artist, with skillful brush, has pictured to our readers the quaint scenes in the Cairo street, the German Village and the Dahomean encampment, to-day we give on this page his pictorial view of a visit to the Eskimo village—another delightful little study of good-natured dwellers of the Far Arctic zone, by the singular ordering of events, have been made almost next door neighbors to their antipodean friends, the South Sea Islanders, the Arabs, and the merry, jovial, singing and dancing Japanese.

The Eskimos, as a whole, are fairly civilized, those who live in East and West Greenland probably being the most advanced in this respect. The North Greenlanders—the "Arctic highlanders," as they have been called, are still semi-savage, while the Asiatic Eskimos or Tuski, are in pretty much the same benighted condition. Their style of dress gives them a squat, dwarfish appearance, but they are nearly all athletic and exceedingly muscular, with pleasing, brown, frank features that are liable at any moment to break into a grin or relax into a hearty laugh. Despite the hardships and disadvantages of their peculiar climate, they find that life contains much to be thankful for, and in this respect furnish an excellent example to many who are more favored, yet less contented.

Equally at home on land or water, the Eskimo may be said to live in a "kayak" or skin-covered canoe during a great portion of the year. A skilful "kayaker" can capsize his canoe, turn a somersault in the water and come up smiling and dry on the other side, not a drop having penetrated beneath his water-tight garment. Some of these canoes called "boidars," are double-manned and can hold two or more fishermen or hunters. Still another form of boat is called a "umiak." The men are experts with bow-and-arrow, spear, and harpoon. The native huts, except in some of the larger and more civilized villages, are known as "igloos," and are built of stone, turf, earth and bones, and entered by a low, tunnel-like passage, to pass through which one must get down on all-fours. Our artist has shown one of those rude dwellings, which a native is entering. Men and women dress almost alike, in skins of the seal, reindeer, bear, dog and fox. They wear jackets which have hoods to protect the head in cold or rough weather, and both sexes wear trousers which are loosely tucked into seal-skin boots. The only distinctive point in the dress of the women is the ornamentation of the garments with down from the eider-duck or possibly white leather, or leather of various colors, on the long leggings. It is quite usual, in winter, to wear two such suits of cloaks, and the result, as may be imagined, is to make the figure bulky and ungraceful; but these are secondary considerations at a season when warmth is the principal object in life. The clothing is remarkably well made, and, being sewed with "sinew-thread" and bone needles, is not liable to come apart, like the garments of European and American civilization. Eskimo housewives are their own seamstresses, and their work is designed to last until the garment is worn out. Clothing worn under the seal coat or jacket is frequently made of birdskins, or of delicately prepared skins of the dog or reindeer.

Pomuk, chief of the Kikkertaksoaks, a prince in his own country in Labrador, West Greenland, is the head of the little colony of Eskimos at Jackson Park. He is only sixteen years old and less than forty inches tall. He is accompanied by his sister, Kamialini, an uncle and a stepmother. The whole colony numbers less than sixty persons. They are located on a park of three acres near the Nebraska and North Dakota buildings. About a dozen queer-shaped dwellings, of as many different styles of architecture, constitute the village, and besides these there are skin tents and huts of logs, sod and moss, built like their own native igloos. Much of the time during the summer has been spent by the men in ivory carving, and by the women in grass-knitting and plaiting and making dolls. Ethnologists say the language spoken by these simple people from the frozen North as well as their dress and many of their customs have undergone no material change either in the way of improvement or deterioration in the last thousand years.

THE ESKIMO VILLAGE AT CHICAGO (BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST).

1. An Arctic Kayak or Canoe. 2. Eskimo Family. 3. Entering the "Igloo." 4. Traveling by Dog-Sledge.

A Lesson from Childish Generosity.

In one of his writings, Bonar has this beautiful passage: "Like the child with the stalk of grapes, who picked one grape after another from the cluster, and held it out to the father, till, as affection waxed warm, and self faded, she gayly flung the whole into her father's bosom, and smiled in his face with triumphant delight, so let us do, until, loosening from every comfort, and independent of the hel; of broken cisterns, we can say, 'I am not my own.' Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee."

Surely, here is a lesson worth heeding, to those who cling too closely to the world and its riches. What, after all, is the wealth of earth, compared to the "unsearchable riches?"

MOTHER'S HYMNS.

HUSHED are those lips, their earthly song is ended:
The singer sleeps at last.
While I sit gazing at her arm chair vacant.
And think of days long past.

The room still echoes with the old-time music
As, singing soft and low
Those grand, sweet hymns, the Christian's consolation,
She rocks her to and fro.

Some that can stir the heart like shouts of triumph
Of loud-toned trumpet's call,
Bidding the people fall prostrate before him,
"And crown him—Lord of All."

Safe hidden in the wondrous "Rock of Ages,"
She bade farewell to fear;
Sure that her Lord would always gently lead
She "Read her title clear."

Dear saint! in heavenly mansions long since folded.
Safe in God's fostering love,
She joins with rapture in the blissful chorus
Of those bright choirs above,

There, where no tears are known, no pain nor sorrow,
Safe beyond Jordan's roll,
She lives forever with her blessed Jesus,
The "Lover of her soul."

THE QUEEN AND HER DOLLS.

VICTORIA was very much devoted to dolls and indeed played with them till she was nearly fourteen years old. Her favorites were small wooden dolls, which she could occupy herself with dressing, and she had a house in which they could be placed, says *The Strand Magazine*. Of the 132 dolls preserved, the queen herself dressed no fewer than thirty-two, in a few of which she was helped by Baroness Lehzen; and they deserve to be handed down to posterity as an example of the patience and ingenuity and exquisite handiwork of a twelve-year-old princess.

The dolls dressed by her majesty are for the most part theatrical personages and court ladies, and a few little babies—tiny creatures made of rag, with painted muslin faces. The workmanship in the frocks is simply exquisite; tiny ruffles are sown with fairy stitches, wee pockets on aprons (it must be borne in mind for dolls of five or six inches), are delicately finished off with minute bows; little handkerchiefs, not more than half an inch square, are embroidered with red silk initials, and have drawn borders; and there are chatelaines of white and gold beads so small that they almost slip out of one's fingers; and one is struck afresh by the deftness of finger and the unwearied patience that made them.

CHAPTER IX.

A CHRISTMAS GATHERING.

THE approach of Christmas brought news from Oxford. Monk had passed his examination with ease, and Guy had come off with flying colors in the honor schools of the University having taken a first in classics, and a second in mathematics.

"He would have got a double first," wrote Monk, "if he hadn't been seedy. He's been grinding too hard, and has had a horrid cold and cough upon him, which he can't get rid of, and which has pulled him down a good bit. It was a horrid sell he was so handicapped just at this time of all others. He ought to have been in his bed instead of in the Schools. However, it's all over now, and he can get nursed up at home. He laughs at me when I talk of nursing, but the doctor told me he wanted a good deal of care for a bit. He asked if there was any tendency to pulmonary disease in the family, and I said I had never heard of it. He thinks there is something rather shaky about Guy's lungs, I can see. I thought I'd better just name it to you before getting home, to show you that he will have to be careful."

Mrs. Dangerfield was reading this letter aloud to Yolante. It had come by the afternoon's mail, and Monk's letters were always common property between mother and daughter.

Yolante looked up quickly.

"Did not Aunt Helen die of consumption?" asked the girl.

"Yes, and she told me that many of her family had gone in the same way. I used to fear that we should detect symptoms of the disease in Guy: but so far he has always appeared remarkably strong and healthy. This is the very first intimation I have ever had that there was anything amiss—and perhaps it hardly amounts to that yet."

Yolante sat silent. She was half afraid of the thought that had come into her mind, which was no other thought than this "I don't wish any harm to him: but if he were to die, how much more comfortable I should feel."

But she would have been much more surprised, and not a little startled could she have seen that exactly the same idea had presented itself, all unacknowledged to the mind of her mother.

"We must let Geoffrey see him," said Mrs. Dangerfield in so quiet a tone that no one would guess the tumult of thought rising within her. "If there is the least danger of his following his mother's family, it may be advisable for him to winter abroad. Certainly we must think what can be done to check the tendency at its outset."

Yolante drew a long breath. "I think I should be rather glad for Guy to go away. I do not care for him so very much, and he does so engross Monk, I can never get a bit of his company when Guy is there. It seems rather silly for men to be so fond of one another, I think. If Guy went abroad we should have much more good of Monk."

"Yes, I have thought myself sometimes that it is really time they learnt to do without one another—or rather that Monk learnt to do without Guy—for it is he who is the more dependent of the two."

"Only if Guy goes away, Monk will be certain to wish to go with him. He will be seized with a longing to see the world—though so far he has always voted traveling a bore."

"Monk's place is here—I shall point that out to him very clearly. It is patent to me that the property wants the master's eye over it. I think I can prevent Monk following Guy now. He must see that the time has come when they can no longer be inseparables—and Guy who has plenty of sense will see it too. Luckily, too, there is another attraction here. If Lant had not very much [illegible] Monk would think twice about leaving the neighborhood that holds Joyce Conway."

"O—do you think he cares for her?" Yolante asked. "Well, that is better than his infatuation for Guy. We shall see: but I think I should not be sorry for Guy to learn that this house is not his home as it is ours. He is not really one of ourselves—and—and—"

Yolante hardly knew how to finish, and a hot wave of color flooded her face. Dangerfield Park not Guy's home! The thought of what she knew on that subject, and of what her mother knew, checked her words, and covered her with confusion: but she had sufficient self-control to keep her emotion to herself, and Mrs. Dangerfield, who had her own countenance to command, did not heed her daughter's sudden pause."

"Exactly, it is time Guy learned self-dependence, and began to think seriously of his career in life. As long as this house is Monk's, it is probable he will always be welcome to call it home: but at least he cannot live here as though he were an actual brother. I think a winter abroad might be as a good a break as anything else."

It was some time after dark on a cold frosty evening that the travelers arrived, and all the household flocked out into the hall to meet and greet them. Monk looked just as of old, stalwart, beaming, all aglow with satisfaction at seeing the familiar faces once again But there was something very fragile in Guy's appearance, and though his color was bright, his eyes aglow, and his smile as frequent and as sunny as ever, one glance at his face brought back to Mrs. Dangerfield's mind the remembrance of his mother, as she had so often looked during those weeks when she had seemed to be gaining strength although she and others knew but too well that the improvement was but one of the insidious lulls so characteristic of the fatal malady. But Guy was even more affectionate and gentle than of old. He seemed to value his place as brother and son of the house almost more than ever, and towards his aunt he was more loving and attentive than even in the old days, when he had been famed for the filial reverence he always paid to her.

As a matter of fact Guy was feeling the inevitable influx of love and tenderness which cannot but follow upon a generous sacrifice. He was giving up for these relatives of his the birthright which he now knew to be his, and contenting himself with the lower place which by right should be Monk's. And in doing this out of love for those who shared his name, and out of gratitude for all they had done to him, he could not but love them all the more, and although he was not demonstrative in his affection, it was too real and too spontaneous not to betray itself in a hundred little unconscious ways.

As for the bond which existed between him and Monk, it seemed to be closer than ever. And those who had wronged Guy, and who knew that they had done so, and were suffering from that inevitable shrinking from and dislike for the object so wronged, could not look calmly on this new state of things, but suffered considerable irritation at an affection which could only cause them self-reproach and discomfort.

But nevertheless there was no open manifestation of these feelings and the first evening passed off very pleasantly. The two young men were in the centre of the group about the fire, and told stories one against the other till bed-time, and then could hardly be persuaded to move—"It was so good to be at home again," they said. And when they got upstairs, they sat over Monk's fire till midnight, and wondered if the ice would bear tomorrow, as Yolante had prophesied it would.

When the morrow came, however, and the frost had only increased in intensity, and the ice was pronounced to be in prime condition, it was only Monk and Fulk who went down with the girls to the water, for Guy was fit for nothing but to lie on the sofa in Humphrey's room, and try to make up for the sleepless night he had passed.

He had not seemed at all ill overnight, and had hardly coughed once but he made up for it now, by doing little else, and looked wan and weary, though quite ready to laugh and joke when able to talk, and did not even regret the skating, of which generally he had been so fond.

"Horrid cold work," he muttered shivering, when Monk came in at lunch time to pity him for having been kept away. "We're much better off here, aren't we, Humphrey. I say, have you seen Humphrey's new accomplishments? He can do ever so many things he used never to attempt. It seems that Geoffrey is going to make a man of him one of these days."

"Well I wish he'd take you in hand too—I hate to see you look like that—let alone missing all the fun. There are such a lot of jolly people on the ice—Joyce of course, and she asked after you, and was awfully sorry you were so seedy. She'll come and see you one of these days. I told her I was sure you'd like it. Norman is there, too—he skates awfully well. Yolante is making all the running with him. I wish you could see her ladyship. She is going the pace in great style. I do think she gets handsomer every month. But she is changed since we were here last. Have you noticed anything? You generally have sharper eyes than mine."

"I think I know what you mean—but I call her very fascinating. I can't help watching her whenever she is in the room. She moves so gracefully, and there is such a look about her—I can't describe it. Humphrey, you look as if you did not appreciate your sister properly, young man."

"Don't I? O, I assure you I mean no harm, only Yolante has been very odd and capricious of late. There is no pleasing her anyhow, and she snubs Cissy unmercifully, so naturally I get rather wild. But I know she's handsome enough for two. O here is Geoffrey. I wonder if he has come to see Guy."

No, Geoffrey had come to see Humphrey, as he did generally once or twice in a week; but he looked at Guy from time to time, and in the end turned to him and asked what was the matter.

"Only a cold—you know Oxford is a horribly cold place in the winter, and going in and out of lecture gives one no chance of throwing a cold off. I shall be as right as a trivet in a few days now that I am at home again. How is your sister? And how are you getting along at Fordingham? I want to come over and see you some day soon."

"Well, mind and get rid of that cough before you attempt to go out in this cold. It's the kind of cough that won't bear trifling with. You must look after that fellow, Monk, and keep him indoors tight for some days to come yet. He ought to have come home before to be nursed, but I suppose it was practically impossible."

Geoffrey did not often allow himself the relaxation of an afternoon's skating, but the temptation to-day overcame his self-denial, and he was not too busy that day to spare himself a couple of hours. So with a pair of skates of Monk's slung over his shoulder, he tramped down to the ice with his companion, to see when he got there the conspicuous figure of Yolante, in her crimson cloth and silver fur, gliding about hither and thither in the throng, hand in hand with Norman Conway, who was also conspicuous in his way by his very excellent and finished skating.

Geoffrey was not expected on the ice, and Yolante did not see him. It was a misty afternoon, such as often follows a bright sunny morning, and there were so many persons on the ice, that the dark figures of the men were not easily distinguished one from another. Geoffrey glided in and out of the shifting throng, keeping his eyes about him, and generally following in the wake of Yolante, interested in watching her as he always had been, and seeing something new in her to-day, which was something of a revelation to him.

Often as he had seen Yolante in society, he had never chanced to see her when she was not aware of his proximity, and the girl when under the influence of his eye, comported herself somewhat differently than she did at other times. The sort of magnetic attraction which Geoffrey possessed for her has been noted before. When he was in the company, Yolante restrained her natural inclination for flirtation, and reserved for him and him alone those wonderfully soft glances, which were so telling, and which seemed to reveal the very depth of her heart. She gave to him the impression (not altogether false) that she thought more of his opinion than of all the world beside, and he did not know that in his absence, she impressed upon certain others just the same feeling and just the same sense of fascination.

And to-day she was a little more in earnest than usual: for Norman Conway was there, and Yolante always liked him next best to Geoffrey and, moreover, she was rapidly reaching the conclusion that it would be a very desirable thing to secure her own future before any possible blow had fallen. She had a much better chance of making a brilliant wedding now, than she would have if any turn of fortune's wheel brought Guy to his own, and turned them adrift to seek their home elsewhere. Yolante would have liked to keep her liberty longer, to have waited to see if a London season did not bring even more eligible suitors to her feet: but she knew the value of the bird in the hand, and resolved that if Norman did speak she would not repulse him.

So Geoffrey saw bestowed upon the young baronet the glances he had believed were reserved for himself. He saw Norman and others treated to the blandishments and witcheries which he had once thought were brought out by his efforts alone. He smiled to himself as he watched, and mused and wondered at his own blindness, and then he found out little shy Cissy, diligently practising figures with Fulk in a secluded corner, and he carried her off a glad and willing companion, to be piloted rapidly up and down the shining sheet of ice in that breathless rapid way which is the delight of the skater, but which Cissy would not have ventured upon without the support of Geoffrey's strong hand.

And he did not let her go again all the while she stayed on the ice. Cissy's company had a charm for him as different from that of Yolante as sunlight is from moonlight. They had many things to talk of now—many objects of mutual interest, for Geoffrey was like an old friend, and Cissy's whole gratitude had gone out to him for all he was doing for Humphrey. It was Cissy who was his coadjutor in all things where her brother was concerned, and now he gave Guy in part to her keeping.

"For he really ought to be careful of himself for a time," he explained. "I do not quite like his looks."

"I think I could manage Guy if you tell me what he may not do. He is always so gentle and considerate. I'm sure he would not do anything to make people uneasy if he knew he ought not. I suppose he must stay indoors at night, and in very cold weather?"

"Yes, he ought not to be out after dusk all the winter, and for some days he had better keep to the house altogether, and then only go out in the middle of the day. He is in the humor to rest now, but that will not last very long, and then you will have to watch him. Of course he has a fire in his room? He ought not to breathe very cold air for any length of time together."

When Cissy went home she reported all this to her mother, who said it should be attended to. Guy laughed at her little sisterly attempts to coddle him up, but he enjoyed them all the same, and was very well content to spend his days with Humphrey, and let Cissy tyrannize over him in her gentle fashion.

Joyce would often drop in to see him, and he tried to meet her bright smile without shrinking, and to check the feeling that her voice was the sweetest music in the world for him. She was very much disposed to make him a hero, both on account of his academic laurels, and his fragile looks, which gave him a resemblance in her mind to one of her favorite knights: but Monk was delighted to see her make much of Guy, and no thought of jealousy ever seemed to enter his honest heart. He thought that it was natural that Guy should be admired, and never could be brought to see in him a possible rival. If Guy had cared for Joyce he would have told him so—so argued simple-minded Monk—and then he would have retired to leave him a fair field, for of course he should have no chance against the superior fascinations of Guy. But Monk went on his way in placid content, and Guy saw his happiness and good faith, and would have sooner cut off his right hand than do anything to thwart or supplant him.

So Christmas came and went. Guy found it as good to hear Monk and Yolante describe the festivities as to be there himself, and his companionship of Humphrey released Cissy from some of her attendance, and she was made to take part in the gaieties from which hitherto she had shrunk. Humphrey and Guy delighted in hearing of the successes she was making, and would on no account let her stay at home with them, when some festivity was on foot elsewhere. They had never taken that pleasure in Yolante's more brilliant career, perhaps for the reason that she thought so much of it herself, but of Cissy they were genuinely proud, and the Christmas was all the more happy and gay, because she was first "appreciated" by the outside world, as Humphrey said.

And if Yolante was sometimes jealous, at least she never betrayed herself, yet there were moments when a rather dark look would cross her handsome face, as her eye rested upon her younger sister, and these moments generally were when Geoffrey Northesk was singling out Cissy for special attention, as was not unfrequently the case.

(To be Continued.)

THE BOOK SHELF

THE PROGRESSIVE REVELATION.*

FROM the first the Gospel was realized in the way of life. Little by little, the revelation of Christ's nature was made through the events of his intercourse with men. The facts were open before the world: it was for those to whom they were made known to read their lessons. These were seen and they were allowed to work. In this respect the answer which our Lord gave to the disciples of the Baptist (Matt. 11 : 2–6), shows the manner of revelation for all time. He sent no direct reply to his herald, but he stated plainly, and in a significant order, the signs from which a reply could certainly be deduced.

This characteristic of the method of revelation is signally illustrated by the records of the resurrection of Jesus. The incidents preserved by the Evangelists present two distinct and complementary views of the event. In one group we have the assurance that the risen Lord was indeed the same Lord as the disciples had known in his earthly life: in the other group we see that he was raised above the conditions of earthly existence. Either group would by itself be wholly inadequate to convey the truth which was to be made known. The first group alone, could establish only a rising again such as that of Lazarus to a life subject as before to death. The second group alone would leave us in the presence of shadowy phantom-like appearances, and offer no real connection between the two worlds. But the Evangelists give both groups without any consciousness of an opposition and without any direct interpretation. They present Christ as wholly the same after his resurrection, and yet wholly changed. The significance of the two series of manifestations in combination becomes apparent upon reflection; and faith by a spiritual synthesis, apprehends the fact of a continuity of human life under new conditions, of the transfiguration of all that belongs to the fulness of humanity. By the resurrection of Christ, thus realized, the two worlds—the seen and the unseen—are brought into a union of life, and we perceive that the fact is a revelation.

The revelation was thus made through a succession of facts, and the import of the facts was historically apprehended by progressive thought. This is true in different ways, both of the Apostles and of later Christian teachers; and the recognition of the truth is important for ourselves. For example, we commonly lose much for failing to notice how the divine nature of Christ was slowly discerned under the action of (what we call) natural historical circumstances. It is assumed that all was clear from the first; and that the Apostles were enabled at once and finally to grasp the fulness of the revelation, and to regard him, with whom they had gone in and out, as being what John in the end was enabled to declare him to be, "the Word become flesh." Such a view was equally at variance with Divine Providence, as made known to us in Scripture, and with the laws of the human mind. There is an order and growth in the teaching of God. This we know through our own experience. All indeed lies enfolded in the earliest seed, but the actual development is, to our observation, slow and continuous and in successive phases . . . Under this aspect the history of the Christian Church is the history of the victories of the risen Christ gained through the Spirit sent in his name. (John 14: 26.)

JESUS' LIMITATIONS.†

The limitations of Jesus are his glory; the fact that he does not claim any of these ideals of earthly greatness is because he sets up a greater ideal, to which they all belong. We can find an illustration in our human life. A king steps down among his people; he mingles with them, and sees them at their work. And there is not one of those workmen that cannot do something better than he can. If they should bring their difficulties of work to him, he could not answer one of them; he fulfils the ideal of no one of their positions. And yet all those interests are his, and are strong and healthy through his power and character. His kingly character remains untouched by the superiority of any one of those who are eminent in their departments, and the carelessness or scorn of some man who thinks a man no king who does not know his secrets, never moves his mien of royal dignity. The lifting-up of every one of those subjects to the higher conception of the nation over which he rules, is a work truly his, as no mechanical knowledge or minute practice can ever be. Such was Christ's position as King; and so he stands far above, though never apart from, every standard of human attainment. He helps every one of them, as he brings them all into connection with the very centre of life. He sets forth forever the truth that the life of the lower is to be found in the higher.

That was what the world needed, and what no other one could teach. Many a man is nobler and better and fairer in his business for the influence of the wife who never enters his place of business, and knows none of its secrets. True influence knows none of our limits, because it is dependent on something infinitely greater, and that Christ revealed. Our deepest knowledge of the Jewish priesthood to-day, our attention to all that ritual, is on account of him who never could minister at its altars. What achievement of self-sacrifice or of warlike valor has not gained inspiration from him whose whole life told of the power of standing up for principle against all enemies, the exalting inward conviction against outward forces? And to-day knowledge is strong and pure for his holy influence who made men respect the world in which they lived, and taught the duty of honest inquiry and manly thought; business feels the impulse of the honesty and prudence and strength of his teaching, who revealed the true relation between man and man, which controls all our intercourse; and whatever virtue dignifies the statesman, and whatever grace clothes the man or woman of society, finds its truest inspiration and illustration in him.

* From *The Gospel of Life*, by Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D., D.C.L., an introduction to the study of Christian doctrine, showing how the problems of life find their solution in Christianity, and each generation gets new light from the old source. The book also contains a survey of the leading doctrines of other religions, with their points of similarity and difference. Pp., 306: price, $1.75; published by Macmillan & Co., Fourth ave., New York.

† From *The Life of Christ in the World*, by Rev. Arthur Brooks, of New York, a compilation of recent sermons, paper covers, pp. 360; price 50c. Thomas Whittaker, N. Y., Publisher.

"BUDDIE" THE WAIF.*

It was several days before Madge was allowed to see Buddie, and then she scarcely recognized him. In a small white bed lay the little fellow, his face clean and very pale, his hair brushed smoothly off his forehead.

"Hey! Madge," he said, smiling faintly and holding out his hand. "How've yer bin? Thought as how yer'd forgot me."

"Forgot yer, Buddie!" cried Madge, great tears welling up into her eyes. "'Taint likely, I can tell yer. Every night the last thing I thinks of is yer. I dreams of yer, and the fust thing in the mornin' I thinks of yer again. I'se cried for yer every night, Buddie, an' I would o' come to see yer before ef they'd a let me.'

"Guess I'se been purty sick," said Buddie, with a kind of pride in the statement. "I don't 'member 'bout much; been kinder wild, yer know. How d'ye get along, Madge? Where yer been eatin' an' sleepin?"

"Oh! nowhar in partickiler," replied Madge, carelessly waiving the question. "I don't take no pleasure in nothin' sense yer been sick, Buddie. I'se so lonely; I misses yer, I do. An' I've bringed yer somethin' I thought yer might like."

Carefully undoing several dingy-looking pieces of paper, she produced with great pride a small red orange, and laid it on the bed

"My!" cried Buddie, who fully appreciated the delicate attention. "Ain't it a nice one? Why, Madge, yer's very kind to spend yer money on me. Say, yer'll have a piece, won't yer?"

"No, thank yer," said Madge, firmly, her tone belying the wistful look in her eyes. "I don't want none an' I ain't agoing to take it. I'se bought it for yer, an' I wants yer to eat it all. Lors! a orange like that ain't nothin' to me. Go on an' eat it yerself."

* From *Little Saint Hilary*, by Barbara Yechton, cloth covers, illustrated, price 60 c. Thomas Whittaker, New York, Publisher.

Not a word about the empty stomach that was craving to be filled, or the strong self-denial that had been required to get even that small orange, but I think Buddie guessed it all for he repeated softly, "Yer's very kind, Madge," and began to tear away the skin.

"Is it good?" asked Madge, bending forward eagerly.

"Good!" cried Buddie, smacking his lips. "Good ain't the name for it. It's about the bestest orange I ever eat."

"The man said as how it wor good," said Madge, with an air of satisfaction; "but oranges are very deceivin' sometimes." . . .

One day when Madge came they were all about his bed, the nurse and the doctor, and the lady who read to him was kneeling by him. He was very pale and was breathing slowly and with great effort, but there was no trembling, no shrinking; calmly, even cheerfully, Buddie met the great Destroyer.

"Oh! Madge," he said, with a faint smile: "I'se orful glad to see yer. I was 'fraid yer wouldn't get here in time."

"For what?" asked Madge, the old terror stealing over her.

"I'se a-going—fast, don't yer see it?" said Buddie, calmly.

"A-dyin'!" cried Madge shrilly. "Oh! yer's a-foolin'. Ain't he a-foolin'?" addressing the lady. Then throwing out her arms across him, "Oh! Buddie, I don't want yer to go, I ain't got nobody but yer."

"That's one thing wot worrits me," said the boy, slowly. "Ef I could take yer with me I'd like it fust rate. Yer know, Madge, I thinks a lot of yer; you an' I has allus hung together and it do go agen me to leave yer behind, but wot kin I do? The dear Lord, he says fur me to come alone, an' I has to go. An' I ain't onwillin' to go, for tho' I ain't spoke much 'bout it, I'se been orful tired sometimes—an' I've asked him to look arter you, Madge, *pertickeler*."

"You're not afraid to die, Buddie?" asked the lady.

"No!" said Buddie, simply, "'Cause the Lord's a-waitin' fur me on the other side. He promised he would, yer know, an' I ain't 'fraid he'll go back on his word—Madge, will yer meet me by'mby? I'll be a-watchin' fur yer. Say, will yer come?"

"I'll try," cried poor Madge, with a violent burst of tears. "But I don't expect to get ther; yer knows, Buddie, I'se allus been wicked."

Buddie's eyes were closing. "Sing 'I was weary, too,'" he whispered. So the lady sang slowly and softly:

Well I know thy trouble,
Oh, my servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary, too.

When she finished the last line little Buddie was no longer weary.

IONE, THE MARTYR.†

THE weary hours of day and night had passed
Alike to them; the only light they had
Glared from the lions' eyes behind the bars;
Instead of heaven's sweet winds upon the brow,
The breathing of their nostrils; and they heard
In all the pauses of the sacred song
Deep growls of hunger, grasping each other's hands
They trembled,—but a consciousness of power
Beyond their own upheld them.

Meanwhile, games
Were going on above; the wrestlers strove
And writhed for mastery, and athletes ran,
As if by Hermes sandalled, for the crown;
The pugilists, with heads and necks like bulls,
Rained desperate blows upon each other; then
Strong gladiators struggled for their lives,
With swords and nets and tridents. And their strife
Stirred up the people as wild beasts are stirred
To savagery by the taste of blood,
And all along the benches ran the words,—
A murmur, rising to an awful cry,
Hoarse and persistent, crueler than death,—
"Bring out the Christians!" . . .

The Asiarch, wondering at her face,
Thrice questioned ere she heard him; then she said,
"Yea, I am ready!" So they led her out,—
The rude, imbruted Ethiopian slaves
Awe-struck and trembling at her confidence,—
And from the arena's sands of bloody death,
She, with a score of others, entered Life.

. . . . . .

Beneath the dust of centuries there lies
A sculptured tomb of marble, with these words
Engraved upon the pavement: "In this place
Sleeps in the peace of Jesus Christ the dust
Of Ctesiphon and Ione, side by side,
Father and daughter.

"Blessed are the dead
Whose death is in the Lord; they rest from strife,
And their works follow them.

"This tomb was built
By Marius, a minister of Christ."

† From *Ione*, a tale of Ephesus, by James S. Park, pp. 65, illustrated. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., New York, publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"My Guest Chamber;" or, For the Master's Use, by Sophia M. Nugent, pp. 143, cloth, price 50 cents. Fleming H. Revell Co., N. Y. and Chicago, publishers.

Ridley's Fashion Magazine, for the Fall and Winter of 1893; pp. 152, illustrated. E. Ridley & Sons, New York, publishers.

Tending Upward, by Mary B. Wiley; pp. 237, price $1.10. American Sunday School Union, Philadelphia and New York, publishers.

Donald Patterson's Daughter, by Mrs. S. K. Reeves, pp. 254, cloth, price $1.10. American Sunday School Union, Philadelphia and New York, publishers.

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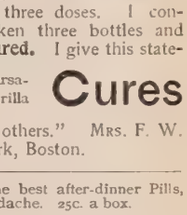
Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures



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The Martyred Missionaries.

Further Details Respecting the Murder in China of Messrs. Wikholm and Johnson, the Swedish Missionaries.

FROM the letters of Dr. Griffith John, [illegible], China, we were informed of the circumstances attending the massacre of the two devoted young Swedes and published the story in this journal on Sept. 13. We are now enabled to publish the portraits of the young men. Dr. S. Lavington Hart of the London Missionary Society, whose station at Wuchang is near the headquarters of the Swedish Mission, knew them well and writes lovingly of them. "A few weeks ago," he says, "Mr. Wikholm came in to tell us about his difficult work in Sungpu. He described to us how false stories were being circulated about them, and how one man, especially, seemed filled with a violent hatred to the foreigners and their doctrine; so much so that he had placarded the town with notices calling on the people to unite and expel the 'foreign devils' from their midst, or, better still, to kill them. He even went so far as to incite them to do this foul deed during the 'feasts of the fifth month.' I remember how Mr. Wikholm told us that the mandarins would scarcely take any action in the matter. 'But I feel I must be there at the time,' he said, 'as the few who have sided with us have already suffered, and may be in danger if these threats prove true.' That evening he led the worship of our little household, and read from John xi.: 'I am the Resurrection and the Life,' speaking to us about death and the life to come.

REV. O. F. WIKHOLM.

REV. A. D. JOHANSSON.

"The last time I saw him was on the eve of his return. He was taking a walk alone on the city wall, doubtless facing the future and communing with his God. Our Swedish friends heard with relief that 'the feast of the fifth day' had passed off quietly, and that their two brethren were safe and well; for with Mr. Wikholm had gone Mr. Johansson, a man of whom it has been said that he loved the Chinese and trusted them even as he would have them trust him. But on Monday, July 3d, the coolie who had gone to Sungpu with stores returned, bringing the dreadful news of the riot and of the brutal stoning to death of these two Christian missionaries. Bit by bit the information was received, now by a Sungpuman—who had been all but beaten to death for his friendliness to the Swedes—now by the landlord of the house in which they lived—who had been threatened with his life, and had been [illegible]d to flee, leaving his goods to be ran[illegible]l—and by others who had escaped to Hankow. I do not intend to describe this cruel murder, as the details are too painful to recite. But often since hearing of the end of these brave messengers of Christ, I have had before my mind the scene, and have almost seen them beaten out of their house into the middle of the angry crowd, taking refuge in a [illegible] house and fleeing to the roof for [illegible] hunted from roof to roof till at [illegible] were compelled to meet their pur[illegible]nd, with the howling rabble closing in [illegible] them, gradually succumb to the stoning and the beating. And if the report be corr[illegible] posed day after day on the spot where they had [illegible] ing feasted by the mandarins of the district.

[illegible] friends to their last resting-place, close by the monument erected over the spot where, two years ago, Argent was buried. Mr. Lund, of the Swedish Mission, told us that as he and his friend Wikholm were standing in that [illegible] Wikholm had said to him: 'I wonder who will be the next?' Little did he think that he himself should be the next to wear the martyr's crown.

"Pray for the bereaved mission, pray for us that whatever may be the incidents of our very real warfare out here, we may be found faithful and fit to join in the last great victory song. But pray especially for China, its poor unenlightened people; for those who might hear and will not; for the many who are willing to hear, but can scarcely understand the simple message, and for the still larger number of those who cannot believe because they have not heard. And how shall they hear without a preacher?"

CONVERTS BECOME MISSIONARIES.

An inspiring report has been received by the *Missionary Herald* from Phalapye, the new district in Africa where King Khama has established himself and his people. It seems that the chief and his followers have been impressed with the duty of giving the Gospel which they have received to others, and they had planned to co-operate in a mission to Lake Ngami in April. A public meeting was held in reference to the matter, chief Khama presiding, making a very effective speech; missionaries and natives took part in the service, and the church at Phalapye contributed a wagon and oxen and three men. On the following Sunday a number of people who have been waiting a long time for reception into the church were welcomed, no less than sixty being received into church fellowship. Khama and his people are greatly cheered with the progress of the work amongst them.

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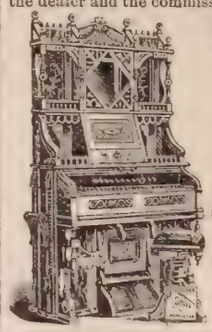

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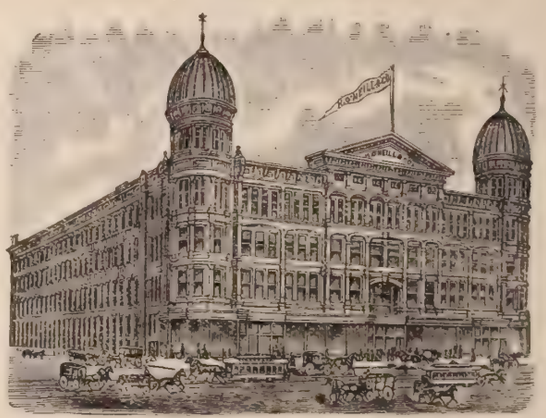

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MR. GEORGE MULLER.

always come before the need was felt. As many of these offerings have been sent from this country, an extract from the annual report just issued will be read with interest.

The financial year opened under a cloud. The salaries of the teachers were in arrear and some necessary repairs to the buildings had not been paid for. About $18,000 were required for immediate payments. Mr. Muller says: "Our trial of faith continued week after week, and month after month; but Mr. Wright and I, and our many helpers, looked with unshaken confidenee to the Lord, fully assured that in his own time he would more abundantly help and deliver us out of our difficulties." This faith was honored of God. At the closing of accounts at the end of May for the financial year, all the arrears has been cleared off, the current expenses paid and a balance is left on hand of $11,600 toward this year's expenses. This large amount of money has come chiefly in small sums and from total strangers. The number of orphans received during the year was 200 and there are more in the institutions now than at any previous period in their history."

MONEY RECEIVED.

Since our last acknowledgment the following sums have been received and applied to the funds indicated by the senders:

For the support of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD *Missionary of the American Sunday School Union:* A friend, Neosho Rapids, Kans., $1; S. L. Snow, Syracuse, N. Y., $2; Subr., La Fargeville, N. Y., 50c.; Miss R. G., Johnstown, N. Y., $1; Mrs. E. W. Whitford, Bridport, Vt., $1; Friend, Boulder, Colo., $1. These sums with $414.15 previously acknowledged make a total of 420.65 toward the $700 required.

For the Permanent Lodging House for Homeless Women: A friend, Wearton, Ont., Can., $1; S. L. Snow, $2; Subr., La Fargeville, N. Y., 50c.; A friend, Neosho Rapids, Kans., $2; Friend, Boulder, Colo., $2. Previously acknowledged, $382.30.

For the Bethesda Home for the Reclamation of Fallen Girls: P. C. R., Manchester, N. H., $5; S. L. Snow, $2; F. E. Bucknam, $1; B. A. M., La Porte, Ind., $1; W. K. Dest, $5; A Sister in Christ, Hyde Park, Mass., $4; Subr., La Fargeville, N. Y., 50c.; Friend, Neosho Rapids, Kans., $1; I. W. I., Sheridan, Wyo., $2; A King's Daughter, Marlboro, N. J., $1; M. P., Richmond, Va., $1; Annie Macdonald, $5; A friend, Springfield, Mass., $1. Previously acknowledged, $103.68.

MARY WASHINGTON NAME FUND.

Since the last acknowledgment of sums sent by women bearing the honored name of "Mary," as donations to the monument to be erected by the women of America to this representative Christian mother, I have received the following contributions: "In memory of a mother Mary C." by A. R. S., Ford's Store, Maryland, 25c.; M. H., by E. M. B., Birckton, Saratoga Co., N. Y., 11c.; Little Sister Mary, by R. A. R., Mount Holly, N. J., 25c.; Mary K. and Mary P., Mechanicsburg, Pa., 50c.; Grandmother, Mother, Aunt and Daughter, New Hampshire, $1.; Mother, by M. J. R., West Hoboken, 25c.; Mary H., by A. B. F., Mary A. F., by A. B. F., Mary G., by S. B. H., and Mary E. S., by W. H. H., Central City, Col., $1; a Mother 73 years old, Mary A. H., Mary E. G., Mary E. H. G., Mary E. G., Stonington, Conn., $1; Mary S., Patchogue, L. I., 25c.; Mary M. R., Pope Co., Ill., 25c.; Mary E. P. McKean, Erie Co., Pa., 25c. In reply to a contributor's question I would state that the price of *The Story of Mary Washington*, by Marion Harland, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass., is $1, also that all the profits upon the sale of the work go to the Monument Fund.

MARION HARLAND.

THE NEW TESTAMENT CANON.

The results to which the labors of Professor Zahn, of Erlangen, lead may be summed up as follows:

1. The Churches were in possession of all the canonical books before the time of Jerome, but circumstances had not permitted a full agreement upon all the items of the Canon. In the time of Jerome, the great Latin translator and editor (A. D. 380-420), the New Testament consisted of the same books which we now find in our English Bibles.

2. The idea of canonical Scriptures is a primitive fact in the history of the Church.

3. The first Bible of the Church was, as in the synagogue, the Old Testament. The Gospel was first received orally, though, no doubt, this spoken testimony would soon attain a new form. Apostolical Epistles were read, and, since the Apostles were regarded as men filled with the Holy Spirit, their communications weae received as inspired.

4. It is probable that the Epistles of Paul were the first to be collected in the Gentile Churches. When the Apostles had passed away, the four Gospels written by them or under their patronage, were formed into a Canon. The Gospels and thirteen of the Epistles of Paul first attained the full position of authoritative Scriptures. But the Act, the Catholic Epistles, Hebrews, and the Apocalypse, were known and were gradually received by recognition in particular churches.

5. It can, therefore, be shown historically that since the Apostolic Age the Church has not been without its standard of sacred writings as the ground of its authority.

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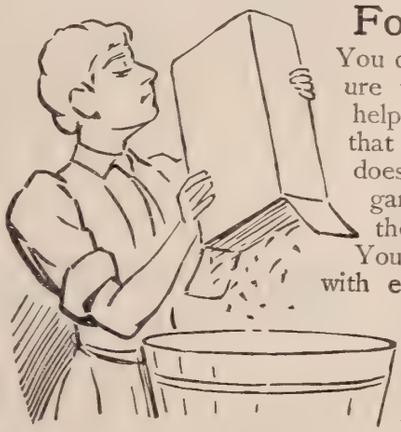

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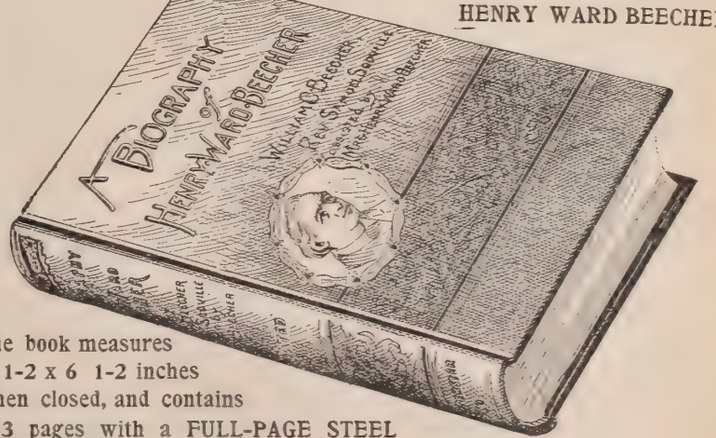

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ELEVEN THOUSAND HOURS OF PRAYER.

The Retirement of Mr. J. C. Lanphier, who Led these Petitions at the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting—Mr. C. F. Cutter Accepts the Leadership.

CHRISTIANS of every denomination and in every State of the Union and not a few in foreign lands have had relations with the prayer-meeting which is held every day at noon in Fulton Street, New York. For thirty-six years they have been sending requests for prayer to this meeting and have been asking that thanks be given to God for the answers to those prayers. The change that has just taken place in the management of the meeting will, therefore, be a matter of wide and lively interest. Happily it is not a change of method or of principle, but a personal change, rendered necessary by the passage of time. The venerable missionary, who has so ably and faithfully conducted the meeting for thirty-six years, has attained the age of eighty-four years and no longer feels physically equal to the work it entails. He has found a younger man able and willing to take his place, a man whose heart is in the work and whose faith in the power of prayer is so strong that Mr. Lanphier transfers the office to him with full confidence that the beloved offspring of his own labors will thrive and flourish under his care. This change was announced by Mr. Lanphier on Saturday, September 23, at the commencement of the thirty-seventh year of the history of the prayer-meeting. He then formally introduced Mr. C. F. Cutter as his successor and cordially commended him to the good-will of his colleagues.

Mr. Jeremiah Calvin Lanphier is the founder of the famous meeting. In 1857, the year of the memorable financial panic, when for months men of wealth and position knew not from day to day whether they would become penniless, and thousands saw the accumulated savings of a lifetime swept from their hands, there was a widespread solemnity in the community and a disposition to seek the eternal riches which can never fade away. Mr. Lanphier was then engaged in mission work in connection with the North Reformed Dutch Church, a picture of which appears with his portrait on this page. He had been in business and could sympathize with the men whose torturing anxieties were driving them to the Source of true peace and comfort. An absorbing desire to consecrate his efforts wholly to the service of God had led him, some time before, to relinquish business and devote his time and energies to labor in the populous district around the church. A tall, courteous, kindly man of forty-eight years of age, he was at that time, with a manner so gentle and sympathetic that people of all classes spontaneously confided in him, told him their troubles and sought his Christian counsel. Many broken-hearted, despairing men, grieving over the loss of home and fortune did he comfort in those troublous times, pointing them to the Friend who never fails, and encouraging them to trust in Him who would not feed the ravens and clothe the lilies, and leave his children in need.

No man can engage in such work without encountering difficulties, and Mr. Lanphier had his share. Often, his own faith faltered and he would grow discouraged. As Christ felt, when the woman touched him that "virtue had gone out of him," so the Christian worker often feels that in listening to the sorrows of others and imparting consolation to them that his own spiritual strength is impaired. At such times Mr. Lanphier went to the Consistory room, at the rear of the church, to bend in prayer before him "who giveth more grace." He would rise from his knees to resume his visiting, refreshed and strengthened. The thought crossed his mind that many a burdened soul might gain strength in the same way, if an opportunity was afforded. In that thought was the origin of the Fulton Street prayer-meeting. As he dwelt upon it, it grew to a practical purpose. One day, the business men of Wall Street and the adjacent streets, the clerks in the banks and offices, the brokers and dealers, received a circular informing them that on Wednesdays, beginning with September 23, 1857, a meeting for prayer would be held at noon in the Consistory room of the Old Dutch Church, and would continue for one hour. "This meeting," the circular explained, "is intended to give merchants, mechanics, clerks, strangers, and business men generally, an opportunity to stop and call upon God amid the perplexities incident to their respective avocations."

The first response to the invitation was not encouraging. At the time appointed, Mr. Lanphier took his seat in the room, but no one was there to join him in seeking the Lord. Half an hour passed and no one came. It seemed as if the men who had been invited had said like the men of whom Job wrote, "What profit shall we have if we pray unto him?" At the end of the half hour one man came and later, there were four others. At the meeting on the following Wednesday, twenty were present, and at the next meeting, the company numbered forty. Thus encouraged, Mr. Lanphier obtained the consent of the Consistory to the meetings being held every day. The same desire was felt by others. Before Mr. Lanphier could announce the change to the meeting, one of those present anticipated him by moving, as a resolution, the request that the meeting be held daily. The resolution was passed unanimously, and in a few well chosen words, Mr. Lanphier told the meeting that, as with many of the petitions they would offer at the Throne of Grace, this request was answered before it was presented. From that day to this there has been no break. It soon became necessary, owing to the increasing numbers who attended, to hold the meetings in the larger room on the ground-floor. Thirty-six years have passed, the growth of the city compelled the demolition of the church, but the old room still stands, and every day at noon believers still meet there to call upon God. Sometimes the meetings have been held in seasons of national trouble, as during the war, and the illness of President Garfield; sometimes in periods of financial stress, but in all seasons and in all kinds of weather and in all varieties of circumstances, with ever-growing confidence, men have come to lay before God their trials and perplexities and seek his aid.

MR. C. F. CUTTER,
The new President of the Fulton St. Prayer Meeting

The benefits of the meeting have not been confined to those who could be present in person. The knowledge that such a meeting was held spread far and near, and people in distant cities who were in some special need would write asking the prayers of the meeting for themselves or their loved ones. It has been no uncommon event for three hundred such letters to come in one day and it involved no slight labor to classify these so as to present them at the meeting. In THE CHRISTIAN HERALD mail such letters frequently come from persons who do not know the address of the meeting, with a request that they be forwarded. The most significant feature, however, as a good lesson for this agnostic age is the second letters which often come from the same people. While it is true that, like the ten lepers whom Christ cleansed, of whom only one returned to give thanks, many fail to report the answers to the prayers offered at their request and to ask that thanks be offered to God, so large a number have done so, as to

(Continued on page 645.)

THE FULTON STREET NOONDAY PRAYER MEETING AND ITS LEADERS.

The Old Dutch Church in Fulton Street, New York . . . Mr. J. C. Lanphier, for 36 years Leader of the Meeting . . . The First Solitary half-hour in Fulton St.

The Tabernacle Pulpit

THE GARDENS OF THE SEA.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, preached last Sunday Morning at the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Text, Jonah 2: 5, *"The weeds were wrapped about my head."*

THE Botany of the Bible or God among the flowers, is a fascinating subject. I hold in my hand a book, which I brought from Palestine, bound in olive wood, and within it are pressed flowers which have not only retained their color, but their aroma; flowers from Bethlehem, flowers from Jerusalem, flowers from Gethsemane, flowers from Mount of Olives, flowers from Bethany, flowers from Siloam, flowers from the Valley of Jehoshaphat, red anemones, and wild mignonette, butter-cups, daisies, cyclamens, chamomile, blue-bells, ferns, mosses, grasses, and a wealth of flora that keep me fascinated by the hour, and every time I open it, it is a new revelation. It is the New Testament of the fields. But my text leads us into another realm of the botanical kingdom.

Having spoken to you in a course of sermons about God Everywhere: on the Astronomy of the Bible, or God among the Stars; the Ornithology of the Bible, or God among the Birds; the Ichthyology of the Bible, or God among the Fishes; the Mineralogy of the Bible, or God among the Amethysts; the Conchology of the Bible, or God among the Shells; the Chronology of the Bible, or God among the Centuries, I speak now to you about the Botany of the Bible, or God in the Gardens of the Sea. Although I purposely take this morning for consideration the least-observed and least-appreciated of all the botanical products of the world we shall find the contemplation very absorbing. In all our Theological Seminaries where we make ministers, there ought to be professors to give lessons in Natural History. Physical Science ought to be taught side by side with Revelation. It is the same God who inspires the page of the natural world as the page of the Scriptural world. What a freshening up it would be to our sermons to press into them even a fragment of Mediterranean sea-weed. We should have fewer sermons awfully dry if we imitated our blessed Lord, and in our discourses, like him, we would let a lily bloom, or a crow fly, or a hen brood her chickens, or a crystal of salt flash out the preservative qualities of religion. The trouble is that in many of our Theological Seminaries men who are so dry themselves they never could get people to come and hear them preach, are now trying to teach young men how to preach, and the student is put between two great presses of dogmatic theology and squeezed until there is no life left in him. Give the poor victim at least one lesson on the Botany of the Bible.

That was an awful plunge that the recreant prophet Jonah made when dropped over the gunwales of the Mediterranean ship he sank many fathoms down into a tempestuous sea. Both before and after the monster of the deep swallowed him, he was entangled in sea-weed. The jungles of the deep threw their cordage of vegetation around him. Some of this sea-weed was anchored to the bottom of the watery abysm and some of it was afloat and swallowed by the great sea-monster, so that, while the prophet was at the bottom of the deep after he was horribly imprisoned, he could exclaim and did exclaim in the words of my text: "The weeds were wrapped about my head." Jonah was the first to record that there are growths upon the bottom of the sea, as well as upon land. The first picture I ever owned was a handful of sea-weed pressed on a page, and I called them "The Shorn Locks of Neptune." These products of the deep, whether brown or green or yellow or purple or red or inter-shot of many colors, are most fascinating. They are distributed all over the depths and from Arctic to Antarctic. That God thinks well of them I conclude from the fact that he has made six thousand species of them. Sometimes these water-plants are four hundred or seven hundred feet long, and they cable the sea. One specimen has a growth of fifteen hundred feet. On the Northwest shore of our country is a sea-weed with leaves thirty or forty feet long, amid which the sea-otter makes his home, resting himself on the buoyancy of the leaf and stem. The thickest jungles of the tropics are not more full of vegetation than the depths of the sea. There are forests down there and vast prairies all abloom, and God walks there as he walked in the Garden of Eden "in the cool of the day." Oh, what entrancement, this sub-aqueous world! Oh, the God-given wonders of the sea-weed! Its birthplace is a palace of crystal. The cradle that rocks it is the storm. Its grave is a sarcophagus of beryl and sapphire. There is no night down there. There are creatures of God on the bottom of the sea so constructed that, strewn all along, they make a firmament besprent with stars, constellations and galaxies of imposing lustre. The sea-feather is a lamplighter. The gymnotus is an electrician, and he is surcharged with electricity, and makes the deep bright with the lightning of the sea. The gorgona flashes like jewels. There are sea anemours ablaze with light. There is the star-fish and the moon-fish, so-called because they so powerfully suggest stellar and lunar illumination. Oh! these midnight lanterns of the ocean caverns: these processions of flame over the white floor of the deep: these illuminations three miles down under the sea: these gorgeously upholstered castles of the Almighty in the under-world! The author of the text felt the pull of the hidden vegetation of the Mediterranean, whether or not he appreciated its beauty, as he cries out: "The weeds were wrapped about my head."

Let my subject cheer all those who had friends who have been buried at sea or in our great American lakes. Which of us brought up on the Atlantic coast has not had kindred or friend thus sepulchred? We had the useless horror of thinking that they were denied proper resting-place. We said: "Oh, if they had lived to come ashore, and had then expired! What an alleviation of our trouble it would have been to put them in some beautiful family plot, where we could have planted flowers and trees over them." Why, God did better for them than we could have done for them. They were let down into beautiful gardens. Before they had reached the bottom, they had garlands about their brow. In more elaborate and adorned place than we could have afforded them, they were put away for the last slumber. Hear it, mothers and fathers of sailor boys, whose ship went down in our last August hurricane! There are no Greenwoods or Laurel Hills or Mount Auburns so beautiful on the land, as there are banked and terraced and scooped and hung in the depths of the sea. The bodies of our foundered and sunken friends are girdled and canopied and housed with such glories as attend no other Necropolis.

They were swamped in life-boats, or they struck on Goodwin Sands or Deal Beach or the Skerries and were never heard of, or disappeared with the *City of Boston* or the *Ville de Havre* or the *Cymbria*, or were run down in a fishing-smack that put out from Newfoundland. But dismiss your previous gloom about the horrors of ocean entombment.

When Sebastopool was besieged in the Anglo-French War, Prince Mentschikoff, commanding the Russian Navy, saw that the only way to keep the English out of the harbor was to sink all of the Russian ships of war in the roadstead, and so one hundred vessels sank. When, after the war was over, our American engineer, Gowan, descended to the depths in a diving-bell, it was an impressive spectacle. One hundred buried ships! But it is that way nearly all across the Atlantic Ocean. Ships sunk not by command of Admirals, but by the command of cyclones. But they all had sublime burial, and the surroundings amid which they sleep the last sleep are more imposing than the Taj Mahal, the Mausoleum with walls encrusted with precious stones, and built by the Great Mogul of India over his Empress. Your departed ones were buried in the Gardens of the Sea, fenced off by hedges of coraline. The greatest obsequies ever known on the land were those of Moses, where no one but God was present. The sublime report of that entombment is in the Book of Deuteronomy, which says that the Lord buried him, and of those who have gone down to slumber in the deep, the same may be said—"The Lord buried them." As Christ was buried in a garden, so your ship-wrecked friends, and those who could not survive till they reached port, were put down amid iridescence—"In the midst of the garden there was a sepulchre." It has always been a mystery what was the particular mode by which George G. Cookman, the pulpit orator of the Methodist Church and the Chaplain of the American Congress, left this life after embarking for England on the steamship *President*, March 11th, 1841. That ship never arrived in port. No one ever signaled her, and on both sides of the ocean it has for fifty years been questioned what became of her. But this I know about Cookman, that whether it was iceberg, or conflagration mid-sea, or collision, he had more garlands on his ocean tomb than if, expiring on land, each of his million friends had put a bouquet on his casket. In the midst of the garden was his sepulchre.

But that brings me to notice the misnomer in this Jonahitic expression of the text. The prophet not only made a mistake by trying to go to Tarshish when God told him to go to Nineveh, but he made a mistake when he styled as weeds these growths that enwrapped him on the day he sank. A weed is something that is useless. It is something you throw out from the garden. It is something that chokes the wheat. It is something to be grubbed out from among the cotton. It is something unsightly to the eye. It is an invader of the vegetable or floral world. But this growth that sprang up from the depth of the Mediterranean, or floated on its surface, was among the most beautiful things that God ever makes. It was a water plant known as the red-colored Alga, and no weed at all. It comes from the loom of Infinite beauty. It is planted by heavenly love. It is the star of a sunken firmament. It is a lamp which the Lord kindled. It is a cord by which to bind whole sheaves of practical suggestion. It is a poem all of whose cantos are rung by Divine goodness. Yet we all make the mistake that Jonah made in regard to it, and call it a weed. "The weeds were wrapped about my head." Ah! that is the trouble on the land as on the sea. We call those weeds that are flowers. Pitched up on the beach of society are children without home, without opportunity for anything but sin, seemingly without God. They are washed up helpless. They are called ragamuffins. They are spoken of as the rakings of the world. They are waifs. They are street Arabs. They are flotsam and jetsam of the social sea. They are something to be left alone, or something to be trod on, or something to give up to decay. Nothing but weeds. They are up the rickety stairs of that garret. They are down in the cellar of that tenement house. They swelter in summers when they see not one blade of green grass, and shiver in winters that allow them not one warm coat or shawl or shoe. Such the city missionary found in one of our city rookeries, and when the poor woman was asked if she sent her children to school, she replied: "No, sir, I never did send 'em to school. I know it, they ought to learn, but I couldn't. I try to shame him sometimes (it is my husband, sir) but he drinks and then beats me. (Look at that bruise on my face), and I tell him to see what is comin' to his children. There's Peggy, goes sellin' fruit every night in those cellars in Water Street, and they're hells, sir. She's learning all sorts of bad words there, and don't get back till twelve o'clock at night. If it wasn't for her earnin' a shillin' or two in them places, I should starve. Oh, I wish they was out of the city. Yes, it is the truth; I would rather have all my children dead than on the street, but I can't help it." Another one of those poor women, found by a Reformatory Association, recited her story of want and woe, and looked up and said: "I felt so hard to lose the children when they died, but now I'm glad they're gone." Ask any one of a thousand such children on the streets: "Where do you live?" and they will answer: "I don't live nowhere." They will sleep to-night in ash-barrels, or under outdoor stairs, or on the wharf, kicked and bruised and hungry. Who cares for them? Once in a while a city missionary or a tract distributor or a teacher of ragged schools will rescue one of them, but for most people they are only weeds. Yet, Jonah did not more completely misrepresent the Red Algæ about his head in the Mediterranean than most people misjudge these poor and forlorn and dying children of the street. They are not weeds. They are immortal flowers. Down in the deep sea of woe, but flowers. When society and the church of God come to appreciate their eternal value, there will be more C. L. Braces and more Van Meters and more Angels of Mercy spending their fortunes and their lives in the rescue. Hear it, Oh, ye philanthropic and Christian and merciful souls; not weeds, but flowers. I adjure you as the friends of all Newsboys' Lodging Houses, of all Industrial Schools of all Homes for Friendless Girls, and for the many reformatories and humane associations now on foot. How much they have already accomplished. Out of what wretchedness, into what good homes. Of twenty-one thousand of these picked up out of the streets and sent into country homes, only twelve children turned out badly. In the last thirty years a number that no man can number of the vagrants have been lifted into re-

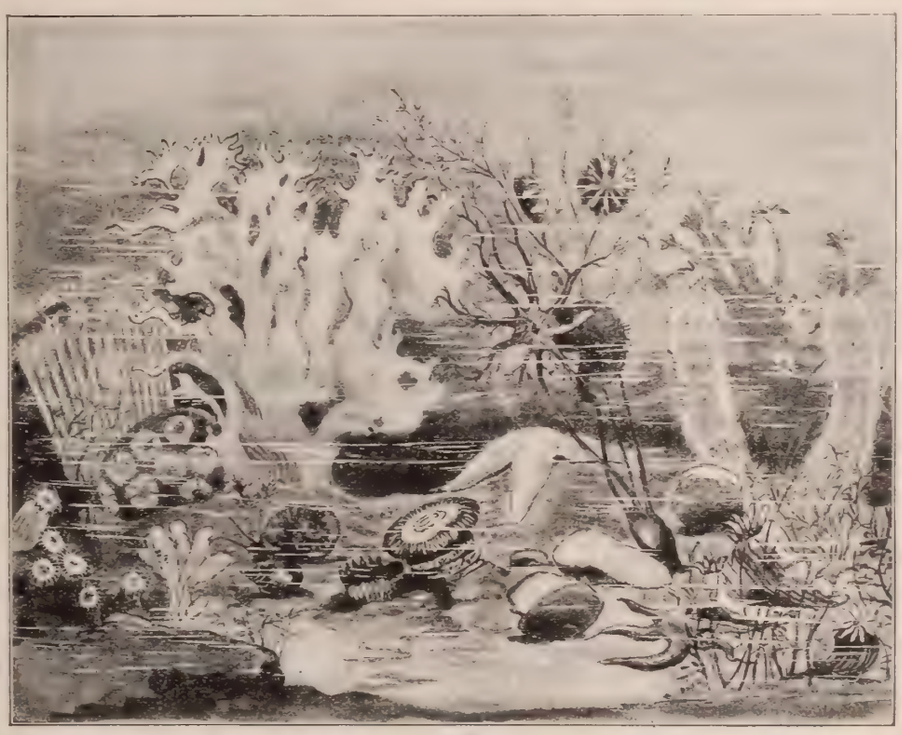
spectability and usefulness and a Christian life. Many of them have homes of their own. Though ragged boys once and street girls, now at the head of prosperous families, honored on earth and to be glorious in heaven. Some of them have been Governors of States. Some of them are ministers of the Gospel. In all departments of life those who were thought to be weeds have turned out to be flowers. One of those rescued lads from the streets of our cities wrote to another, saying: "I have heard you are studying for the ministry; so am I." My hearers, I implead you for the newsboys of the streets, many of them the brightest children of the city, but no chance. Do not step on their bare feet. Do not, when they steal a ride, cut behind. When the paper is three cents, once in a while give them a five cent piece, and tell them to keep the change. I like the ring of the letter the newsboy sent back from Indiana, where he had been sent to a good home, to a New York Newsboys' Lodging House: "Boys, we should show ourselves that we are no fools, that we can become as respectable as any of the countrymen, for Franklin and Webster and Clay were poor boys once, and even George Law and Vanderbilt and Astor. And now, boys, stand up and let them see you have got the real stuff in you. Come out here and make respectable and honorable men, so they can say: 'There, that boy was once a newsboy.'" My hearers, join the Christian philanthropists who are changing organ-grinders and bootblacks and newsboys and street Arabs and cigar girls into those who shall be kings and queens unto God forever. It is high time that Jonah finds out that that which is about him is not weeds but flowers.

As I examine this Red Alga which was about the recreant prophet down in the Mediterranean depths, when, in the words of my text, he cried out: "The weeds were wrapped about my head," and I am led thereby to further examine this submarine world, I am compelled to exclaim, What a wonderful God we have! I am glad that, by diving-bell and "Brooks' Deep-Sea Sounding Apparatus" and ever improving machinery, we are permitted to walk the floor of the ocean and report the wonders wrought by the great God.

Study these gardens of the sea. Easier and easier shall the profounds of the ocean become to us, and more and more its opulence of color and plant unroll, especially as "Villeroy's Submarine Boat" has been constructed making it possible to navigate under the sea almost as well as on the surface of the sea, and unless God in his mercy banishes war from the earth, whole fleets of armed ships will yet far down under the water move on to blow up the argosies that float the surface. May such submarine ships be used for laying open the wonders of God's workings in the great deep and never for human devastation! Oh, the marvels of the water world! These so-called seaweeds are the pasture fields and the forage of the innumerable animals of the deep. Not one species of them can be spared from the economy of nature. Valleys and mountains and plants miles underneath the waves are all covered with flora and fauna. Sunken Alps and Apennines and Himalayas of Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. A continent that once connected Europe and America, so that in the ages past men came on foot across from where England is to where we now stand, all sunken, and now covered with the growths of the sea, as it once was covered with growths of the land. England and Ireland once all one piece of land, but now much of it so far sunken as to make a channel, and Ireland has become an island. The islands, for the most part, are only the foreheads of sunken continents. The sea conquering the land all along the coasts, and crumbling the hemispheres, wider and wider become the sub-aqueous dominions. Thank God that skilled hydrographers have made us maps and charts of the rivers and lakes and seas, and shown us something of the work of the Eternal God in the water-worlds. Thank God that the great Virginian, Lieutenant Maury, lived to give us "The Physical Geography of the Sea," and that men of genius have gone forth to study the so-called weeds that wrapped about Jonah's head and have found them to be coronals of beauty, and when the tide receded, these scientists have waded down and picked up Divinely-pictured leaves of the ocean, the naturalists, Pike and Hooper and Walters, gathering them from the beach of Long Island Sound, and Dr. Blodgett preserving them from the shores of Key West, and Professors Emerson and Gray finding them along Boston Harbor, and Professor Gibbs gathering them from Charleston Harbor, and for all the other triumphs of Algology, or the Science of Sea-Weed. Why confine ourselves to the old and hackneyed illustrations of the wonder-workings of God, when there are at least five great seas full of illustrations as yet not marshalled, every root and frond and cell and color and movement and habit of oceanic vegetation crying out: "God! God! He made us. He clothed us. He adorned us. He was the God of our ancestors clear back to the first sea-growth, when God divided the waters which were above the firmament from the waters which were under the firmament, and shall be the God of our descendants clear down to the day when the sea shall give up its dead. We have heard his command and we have obeyed: 'Praise the Lord, dragons and all deeps.'"

There is a great comfort that rolls over upon us from this study of the so-called sea-weed, and that is the demonstrated doctrine of a particular Providence. When I find that the Lord provides in the so-called sea-weed the pasturage for the thronged marine world, so that not a fin or scale in all that oceanic aquarium suffers need, I conclude he will feed us, and if he suits the Algæ to the animal life of the deep, he will provide the food for our physical and spiritual needs. And if he clothes the flowers of the deep with richness of robe that looks bright as fallen rainbows by day, and at night makes the underworld look as though the sea were on fire, surely he will clothe you: "Oh, ye of little faith!" And what fills me with unspeakable delight is that this God of depths and heights, of ocean and of continent, may, through Jesus Christ, the Divinely appointed means, be yours and mine, to help, to cheer, to pardon, to save, to emparadise. What matters who in earth or hell is against us, if He is for us? Omnipotence to defend us, Omnipresence to companion us, and Infinite love to enfold and uplift and enrapture us. And when God does small things so well, seemingly taking as much care with the coil of a sea-weed as the out-branching of a Lebanon Cedar, and with the color of a vegetable growth which is hidden fathoms out of sight as he does with the solferino and purple of a summer sunset, we will be determined to do well all we are called to do, though no one see or appreciate us. Mighty God! Roll in upon our admiration and holy appreciation more of the wonders of this submarine world! My joy is that after we are quit of all earthly hindrances we may come back to this world and explore what we cannot now fully investigate. If we shall have power to soar into the atmospheric without fatigue I think we shall have power to dive into the aqueous without peril, and that the pictured and tessellated sea-floor will be as accessible as now is to the traveler the floor of the Alhambra, and all the gardens of the deep will then swing open to us their gates as now to the tourist Chatsworth opens on public days its cascades and statuary and conservatories for our entrance. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." You cannot make me believe that God hath spread out all that garniture of the deep merely for the polyphs and crustacea to look at.

And if the unintelligent creatures of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic Ocean, He surrounds with such beautiful grasses of the deep, what a heaven we may expect for our uplifted and ransomed souls when we are unchained of the flesh and rise to realms beatific. Of the flora of that "Sea of Glass mingled with fire," I have no power to speak, but I shall always be glad that, when the prophet of the text, flung over the gunwales of the Mediterranean ship, descended into the boiling sea, that which he supposed to be weeds wrapped about his head were not weeds but flowers. And am I not right in this glance at the botany of the Bible in adding to Luke's mint, anise and cummin, and Matthew's tares, and John's vine, and Solomon's cluster of camphire, and Jeremiah's balm, and Job's bulrush, and Isaiah's terebinth, and Hosea's thistle, and Ezekiel's cedar, and "the hyssop that springeth out of the wall," and the "Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley," and the frankincense and myrrh and cassia which the astrologers brought to the manger, at least one stalk of the Algæ of the Mediterranean. And now I make the marine doxology of David my peroration, for it was written about forty or fifty miles from the place where the scene of the text was enacted. "The sea is his and he made it! and his hands formed the dry land. O, come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our Maker. For he is our God, and we are the people of his pasture." Amen.



In the Beautiful "Gardens of the Sea."

A BRAHMAN ASCETIC.

From Rev. John P. Jones, the American Board's missionary at Pasumalia in the Madura District of India comes the following story of a remarkable conversion: "Recently we had the pleasure of receiving into the Pasumalai church, on profession of his faith, a Brahman, probably the first one of that social status ever united with this church. His case is both interesting and encouraging. He is a young man of twenty-three years of age, of considerable intelligence, and well versed in Hindu Shastras. His home was at Wynaad, where his brothers and sisters now live. Four and a half years ago he donned the yellow cloth, became an ascetic and as a Hindu devotee has wandered all over India. He was everywhere well received inasmuch as he was in the habit of addressing audiences on Pantheism. But his own teaching brought him no peace of mind, and the more he taught the more he felt the utter hollowness of his own words. Moreover his visits to Benares to the temple of Jaggannath and to other sacred places revealed to him the vast corruption of these centres of Hinduism; so that he now claims that if there is a hell upon the earth it must be Benares. In his pilgrimages he also met in many places Christians whose lives he watched and whose Bibles he studied. Thus he grew more and more dissatisfied with his ancestral faith and leaned increasingly toward the Christian religion. When he came here a short time ago he was in an unsettled state of mind. I had a long talk with him and found that he was in no mood to defend his old faith. After a few days of intercourse with us here he finally decided to give himself up to Christ and asked that we baptize him. While rejoiced at this decision we hesitated to take so important a step without adequate evidence of his sincerity and conversion. Since that time I have seen him daily and had opportunity in conversation with him and in prayer to satisfy myself that he is thoroughly sincere. He is also remarkably well versed in the Bible and shows appreciation of its truth. The pastor with whom he has lived during these weeks is deeply impressed with his character and intelligence and believes most strongly in his new life. He now purposes to discontinue entirely his wanderings and after suitable preparation, to enter upon Christian service.

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

S S. Lesson for Oct. 15 Rom 5 : 1-11. Golden Text, Rom. 5 : 8 By Mrs. M. Baxter.

"HOW can man be just with God," or "before God?" (Job. 9:2,margin), is the question which arises in the soul of every man who is really awakened by the Holy Spirit. Every conversion which is not the result of God's answer to this question of questions lacks the true foundation for real and lasting relations with God. "Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God? Shall I come before him with burnt offerings,with calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? Shall I give my firstborn for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?" (Micah 6: 6, 7.) All this would be no better than the offering of Cain which was rejected. "It cost more to redeem their souls." (Ps. 49: 8, P. B. V.) God can never deal with sin as though it had not been. "Every transgression and disobedience received a just recompence of reward."

God Must be Just

before he can justify, he must be true to himself, to his own holiness, in dealing with the sinner. God could never be a party to sin by treating it lightly: "The soul that sinneth it shall die." (Ezek. 18: 4.) Every heathen religion recognizes sin, but forgiveness, reconciliation, justification is unknown except in Christ. There is nothing in the heathen conception of God to raise and elevate him. He thinks of his Gods as powerful but capricious beings whom, for his own sake, he must propitiate; but holiness, righteousness, peace of conscience are unknown to him. The heathen choose their own Gods, manufacture them, carry them upon their shoulders, etc. But when it dawns upon a man that there is a God that made heaven and earth, in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, then he must also think: "How do I stand in relation to this mighty, this holy God? He is of purer eyes than to behold evil, and cannot look upon iniquity; how can I, with a heart "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked," draw near to him? It was undoubtedly the question with which Jacob lay down with a stone for his pillows when the consequences of his cruel deceit with his old blind father made it necessary that he should fly from the face of his brother, Esau. O the bitter remorse of the man's heart when away from home, utterly alone upon the face of earth, his treachery discovered, his character for truth gone, he was still enough to give time for reflection and he would have drawn near to God, but that, to him, insuperable barrier, his sin, stood between, and he had to realize that he was even more cut off from him than even from his parents.

Bruised Jacob! There is one who does not break the bruised reed. Smouldering faith! Know that he does not quench the smoking flax. Jacob was nearer God now that he felt himself far off, than he had been before this fall, for he had now learned

The Truth About Himself,

and he knew he was a sinner. No man can be justified till he knows this. Fatigue overcame him and sorrow and he slept. Then the sinner's Friend drew near, and wrote upon his tired brain and broken heart a revelation of himself. "He dreamed, and beholda ladder set up on the earth and the top of it reached to heaven." (Gen. 28: 12.) What then? Was there a way by which sinful man could indeed reach God? Could it be possible that man a liar should draw near to the God of truth? [illegible] how the ladder, "the Way," is Jesus Christ, who also hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, "that he might bring us to God." But God revealed himself to him as far as it was possible,and Jacob knew that the holy God loved him, and cared for him, and from the awful condemning of his sin he was relieved; he would build an altar,would draw nigh unto God, and would meet no repulse. Jacob was at peace with God!

Under the New Testament our only ground for peace is Jesus Christ. "Now, in Christ Jesus,ye who sometimes were far off,are made nigh by the blood of Christ. For

He is our Peace,

who hath made both [Jew and Gentile] one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us; having abolished in his flesh the enmity, even the law of commandments contained in ordinances, for to make in himself of twain one new man, so making peace, and that he might reunite both unto God in one body by the cross, having slain the enmity thereby, and came and preached peace to you that were afar off, and to them that were nigh." Peace between an offended God and sinful man, peace between Jew and Gentile,peace between us and our own consciences, because his blood "speaketh better things than that of Abel."

How different this is from the heathen idea of outbalancing the sins of the past by good deeds in the present! "Being justified by faith" in what Jesus Christ has done, "we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. By whom also we have access into this grace wherein we stand—for he is the Door, the Way—and rejoice in hope of the glory of God," when he shall come again. We can approach God now as justified, if we believe for our own selves, and God himself asks, "Who can lay anything to their charge? it is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather that is risen again who is also at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us."

If the Judge Defends

the prisoner, if the judge accepts the substitute, there can be no further appeal; the prisoner is as clear before his answer as though he had never sinned! But we sinners can never again lift up our hands in self-righteousness; we owe all to Another; we are justified only because the truly Just One took the place of the unjust, and in pure grace changed places with us. Therefore if there is in us any gratitude commensurate with the greatness of the Redemption by which we are justified, we shall not grumble, and pity ourselves at the first little trial we have; on the contrary "we glory in tribulations also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given us." It is the test of how far the unspeakable love of Christ has laid hold of us that it becomes a joy to suffer for him, an instinct of love and gratitude. We have been conquered by love, we cannot forget that "when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly. God commendeth his love to us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

When we deserved nothing but punishment, disgrace, and everlasting misery, he stood between us and the just punishment, and bore it himself for love to those who had treated him with indifference, scorn and contempt; those who had preferred the world and pleasure, their own will and device, to him and to his law. It is this which breaks the heart, this which conquers us, and makes us the slaves of love. What then? If, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we [illegible]

Saved by His Life.

We have been saved through him by his death when he died for us, saved from hell and everlasting death, shall we not yield up our life to him, with our will and our affections, that by his life, lived in us, we may be saved from our own selfish hearts, our own crooked wills, our own evil affections, and so be made like him? It is the life of Jesus wrought in us by the Holy Ghost, which separates us from what we are by nature, and conforms us to what he is.

After Peter had left his business and his father and his ship to follow Jesus, he was still a forward, pushing, selfish man. He even rebuked the Lord Jesus, and wanted him to pity himself, (Matt. 16: 22, margin), instead of denying himself. He wanted selfishly to remain in the mount of transfiguration with Jesus, Moses and Elijah, James and John, and leave the poor world to perish! He wanted Jesus to fix a limit to forgiveness, and thought to forgive seven times was as great a stretch as could be possible (Matt. 18: 21), and was indeed astounded when Jesus said: "Seventy times seven;" hd wanted to drive bargains with God: "Behold we have forsaken all and followed thee; what shall we have therefore?" (Matt. 19: 27),—all this was Peter's own self life. From all this Jesus saved him as he can save us.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

CLOSELY connected with last week's lesson is this of "Justification by Faith." Having explained the Godward side of salvation, showing that God was dealing with men in the Gospel as he dealt with them by the system of sacrifices, under the law, and having adjusted his old religious principles to the new revelation, Paul proceeds to explain the human

THE STATUE OF LUTHER AT EISLEBEN.

side of the doctrine. The salvation of the Gospel was a free gift; man could never purchase it or earn it, but it was not given without conditions. Man must bring something on his side, before he could receive it. But it was as a qualification not as a payment. This something was faith. The condition was not, Paul held, a capricious choice, but one that was reasonable and philosophical. It was as if a regiment of soldiers had mutinied and under the military law were liable to execution. The favorite son of the king, by personal service and humiliation secures the offer of a free pardon to any rebel who will come forth from his hiding-place, lay down his arms and surrender to the son, who will conduct him to the king, his father. It is obvious that any rebel who hears of the offer and does not avail himself of it, is deterred by one of two motives. Either he does not desire the king's pardon, or he does not believe in the king's promise. Either attitude would be a new offence and would aggravate the original crime. It is not necessary that he should know how the pardon has been secured, although, that has been disclosed; nor is it necessary that he should do any penance, or make any payment; his one business is to prove his faith by coming in the way appointed and claiming the pardon promised. When Paul understood Christianity in this light, he felt like a man delivered from slavery. With joy, he proclaimed that the way to peace with God was not the long arduous and toilsome one of obedience to the Jewish law and observance of Jewish ordinances, but the way of simple trust and faith. This revelation lifted the burden from many shoulders and opened the door of hope to many hopeless ones. Centuries after Paul's time, men were groaning beneath a similar burden which had been imposed by the Roman Catholic Church and they knew no way to peace with God, but the one of payment and penance. The same revelation was again preached and it brought the same deliverance. Taking his stand on this chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, Luther proclaimed anew Paul's message of justification by faith and all Christendom was thrilled. Following Paul's example, he made that principle the corner-stone of his teaching and, since his day, wherever it has been proclaimed it has brought liberty and life to the seeking soul.

We rejoice in hope. It is a common, but erroneous idea that religion is a gloomy, sad thing, but as a matter of fact there is no man so hopeful and joyous as the man who possesses most of it. Col. A. J. Edgerton, while commanding a brigade in Louisiana, in which sickness and death were extremely prevalent, was requested to prohibit religious meetings, as "religion tended to depress the spirits of the men," and to injure their health. He caused a careful examination to be made, and refused the request because he said that he had learned that, while two-fifths of the whole regiment had died, only one-eighth of the Christians in it had died.

Scarcely for a righteous man will one die. Instances of such devotion have been known, but they are rare. Among the statues in ancient Rome is one of brass to a servant who knowing that his master was to be put to death, clothed himself in the garments of the latter that he might be taken for him. He was taken one night and killed, and his master caused this statue to be erected as a monument to his servant's faithful affection.

On the borders of a forest in Russia stands a granite pillar which is a memorial of a thrilling incident. It was a wild region, infested with wolves, and as a little party travelled along, it soon became plain that these were on their track. The pistols were fired; one horse after another was left to the ravenous wolves, till, as they came nearer and nearer, and nothing else remained to be tried, the faithful servant, in spite of the expostulations of his master, threw himself in the midst of them, and by his own death saved his master. That pillar stands where his bones were found; that inscription records the noble instance of attachment.

Some would even dare to die. One of the most conspicuous instances on record is that of the famous Dr. Guyon who voluntarily laid down his life that his fellow physicians might learn by the records he left the nature of a fatal disease. The plague was making a desert of the city of Marseilles; death was everywhere. The physicians could do nothing. In one of their councils a physician said how sad it was that they were all ignorant of the nature of the disease, being unable to see how it affected the organs of the body. If we could see them, he said, as they appear after the disease has run its course, we might learn how to save many lives. To do this, however,the corpse of one who died from the disease must be dissected,and to do that would involve the death of the operator. Dr. Guyon arose, and said, "I devote myself for the safety of my country. Before this numerous assembly, I vow in the name of humanity and religion, that to-morrow,at the break of day I will dissect a corpse, and write down as I proceed what I observe." He immediately left the room, made his will, and spent the night in religioos exercises. During the day a man had died in the house of the plague, and at daybreak on the following morning,Guyon entered the room and critically made the necessary examinations, writing down all his surgical observations. He then left the room, threw the papers into a vase of vinegar, that they might not convey the disease to another, and retired to a convenient place, where he died in twelve hours.

Christ died for us. The penalty once borne by Christ as our divine Substitue will not have to be suffered again by any who avail themselves by faith of his sacrifice. When Napoleon I. was emperor a conscription was made for the army, and a poor fellow, who had a wife and family, was drawn. He was fortunate enough to procure a man to take his place in the ranks as a substitute. The latter went to the field of battle and was killed in the very first action. Soon after this another draft was ordered, and the name of the same man was drawn again. He,however,refused to go out. Said he, "I am free from the conscription; I sent a substitute into the army, and he was killed; therefore I am a dead man." The case was disputed, and went before the French judges, who decided that under the law the man was free through his substitute's death.

"The Land of the Sky."

Russia's Expedition to the Vicinity of the Pamirs—A Mountainous Territory whose Possession gives the Key to India.

FOR a number of years past Russia has been advancing her interests step by step in Central Asia. The military outposts of the Czar's expeditionary forces some time ago penetrated to the Pamir region, sometimes called "the land of the sky," a territory on the north-western extremity of the great Thibeto-Himalayan mountain plateau, whence the rivers Oxus and Jaxartes take their source. It lies between Asiatic Russia and Afghanistan, immediately north of the Hindoo Koosh and with the wedge-like uplands of Northern India reaching up to its Southern borders. Control of the Pamirs would give to Russia the key to India, and would be a constant menace to the British, who have hitherto jealously guarded the mountain passes of the northwest against all intruders.

On this page we give an illustration in connection with the latest Russian official tour in Central Asia. Baron Wrewsky, the Russian Governor-General, and his staff encountered many hardships in their journey to Eastern Bokhara, and along the Amou-Daria river, and especially in surmounting the great natural barrier (known as the Pass of Terek Daven), which separates the Russian from the Chinese empires in Central Asia. The pass is rough and extremely mountainous, being 12,000 feet above the level of the sea. In approaching the pass, they observed among the fragments of rocks numerous skeletons of men and beasts, the relics of caravans which had perished there, amid the bleak cold winds and the eternal snows. The whole region about the pass has been a battle-ground for ages, Mussulmans, Chinese, and natives of Kashgar and Yarkand having there contended for supremacy on many hard-fought fields. Other passes, almost equally rugged, had to be traversed and the Asiatic scenery, rich in mountain, river and cascade, rivalled in grandeur anything found in Europe.

At almost every point the Russians were hospitably received by the native rulers and people. At a place called Dara-out-Kourgan, they were met and entertained by the Emir of Bokhara and the Bek of Karategin at a sumptuous "dastarkhan" or banquet, served under tents to a large company, who dined upon characteristic Asiatic viands, consisting of meats, pilaffs, bread and sweetmeats.

A number of Russia's Asiatic dependencies were visited, the object of the tour being to ascertain their condition and whether there has been any real improvement under Muscovite dominion. As a whole, the result was satisfactory.

China, too, has an eye on the Pamirs, and has at different times sent out expeditionary forces to watch the movements of England and Russia. Between Yarkand (on the verge of the Pamirs) and Sarag-gol is the desert of Shaitan Kum, a burning stretch of sand, and among the mountains themselves are some of the worst precipices in Asia. China claims a sort of suzerain right over the Pamirs and is apparently resolved that neither England nor Russia shall occupy the much-disputed territory. Sometime ago, a British expedition under Lord Dunmore and Major Roche entered the Pamirs by the Valley of Tashkurgan, which is the Chinese key to that country, and remained encamped on the Kukturk river fifty-five days, hunting and taking observations.

There is little doubt that, in the near future, the Pamir region is destined to be the scene of exciting events, in connection with Russia's Asiatic ambitions and England's determination to prevent the possibility of losing her hold on India.

THE RUSSIAN CENTRAL-ASIATIC EXPEDITION TO THE PAMIRS.

The Governor-General and Staff with the Native Envoys at Kourgan.

THE LIGHTED PATH

The experience of a ship-captain's wife as she related it to a party of Christian ladies conveys a useful lesson. "We were on shipboard," she said, "the night was stormy and we were near shore. Suddenly the vessel ran on a sand bar. The waves dashed over the ship and seemed as if they would beat her to pieces. It was decided to abandon her and in some way unknown to me then the sailors were going ashore. I was told to go. I was terribly afraid, but a strong hand was laid on my arm and a kindly voice said, 'Do not be afraid; I will take care of you.' My guide bore a peculiar-shaped dark lantern, only a single ray of light being emitted from a small circular aperture. 'Now,' he said, 'take my hand; hold fast, do not look on either side of you, only on the little spot lighted by my lantern, and place your footsteps firmly right there.' I heard the rushing of the waters, and was still conscious of fear; but I did as he told me, planting my footsteps just there, not turning either to the right or the left, clasping firmly the strong hand. The danger was overcome, and the shore reached in safety. The next day my guide said, 'Would you like to see the way by which you came last night?' Then he showed me where our vessel had been lying, and the very narrow plank (just a single one) by which we had reached the shore." That is the way the Christian travels through life. He does not see far ahead but all he needs is to have light on the next step.

AN AMERICAN HOSPITAL IN INDIA.

The mail from India brings the report of the dedication of the new building of the American Mission Woman's Hospital at Madura city. At the dedication there were songs and prayers and addresses, in the presence of many members of the mission and a large company composed of Hindu gentlemen and of the native Christian community. Appropriate addresses followed by Rev. Mr. Jones in behalf of the mission, the Rajah of Ramnad in behalf of the Hindu community, by a native member of the municipal, and by Dr. Chester. The building is large and of two stories, and is located between the mission dispensary and the ladies' bungalow. The arch over the gateway has

11,000 Hours of Prayer.

(*Continued from first page.*)

teach an impressive lesson. No reasonable unprejudiced man can examine the records which Mr. Lanphier has carefully kept without being convinced that God does answer prayer. It is not too much to say that the evidence thus furnished, if presented as evidence of the truth of some scientific theory would be accepted as irrefragable.

How the meeting is conducted thousands know by observation. Mr. Lanphier, with the organizing and penetrative faculty which characterizes him, early found that it was possible to throw "a wet blanket" on the meeting. Good but indiscreet brethren would preach, would indulge in "vain repetitions," would monopolize the time, and rules had to be established and observed. Ten minutes were allotted for opening the meeting with singing and reading a passage of Scripture. A pile of letters on the table, sent from all parts of the world, have previously been opened and their contents summarized. The chairman reads that a son in North Carolina asks prayer for the conversion of his friend; that a father in Vermont asks prayer for the reclamation of his wandering son; that a pastor of a dead and cold church wants the meeting to pray for the quickening influence of the Holy Spirit, etc., etc. One and another rises in the meeting to present special requests. Prayers limited to five minutes follow, until a quarter of one. Then a few words from the chairman touching on various requests, mentioning letters received containing grateful acknowledgment of answers received to prayers asked at former meetings. Then a hymn, the benediction, and the meeting separates for another twenty-four hours.

The conduct of the meeting for this long period of thirty-six years has been to Mr. Lanphier a labor of love. He counts it a rare privilege to have been permitted for so long a time to superintend this interdenominational work, and to have witnessed the cordiality with which Christians of every sect have united in worship and communion with God. Still more, he rejoices that through this meeting so many have come to realize the efficacy of prayer and to know that God is, and is the rewarder of those who diligently seek him. It has also been, on the other hand, a privilege to the Church throughout the land to have had at this centre a servant so painstaking and so faithful, serving their members in their hours of need, reading their letters, formulating their requests and seeing that they are presented to God in prayer. Such long service deserves a public acknowledgement and we should be glad to see a suitable testimonial presented to him now that in his old age he feels compelled to relinquish the service he has so long rendered to friends and strangers.

It is a great satisfaction to Mr. Lanphier, that in his successor, Mr. C. F. Cutter, whose portrait appears on the first page, he has a man likeminded who cares for the same things. Mr. Cutter is firmly convinced that the Christian man can and should be faithful to Christ in his business and that success in business is by no means incompatible with a conscientious discharge of Christian duty. He holds that in business no less than in the pulpit the follower of Christ may serve him faithfully and find opportunities of promoting the kingdom of Christ and winning souls for him. Mr. Cutter occupies a responsible position in the house of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, and has an abundance of business matters to occupy his attention, as every business man has in these days, yet he has cheerfully accepted this new duty, believing that strength will be given him to perform it faithfully. Like his predecessor in the presidency of the meeting, he has unbounded faith in prayer and brings to his work with the energy and activity of his young manhood a spirit of devotion and a desire to serve Christ by serving his fellow man which is an augury of success. Mr. Cutter is a native of Illinois. His father was one of the pioneers in that State, as other members of his family were in Iowa and California. He received his education at Phillips Academy at Andover, where he had the privilege of the tuition of "Uncle Sam" Taylor. He subsequently studied at Yale College, from which he graduated in 1875. He also took a course at Union Seminary and has had a law education. He is consequently thoroughly well equipped by study and mental training for the position he has accepted and is a conspicuous illustration of the fact that the highest knowledge and culture may be united with profound faith in Christ and Gospel truths.

At the meeting on Sept. 23, when Mr. Lanphier resigned his office to his successor, a large number of ministers and laymen attended. Many addresses were given by old friends of the meeting, recalling various scenes that had been witnessed within the walls of the old house, and many fervent prayers offered for God's blessing on the retiring veteran and his young successor. Mr. C. N. Crittenton spoke of the inspiration the meeting had given him in his rescue work in New York and on the Pacific slope. Mr. Huggins, who has been a frequent attendant from the beginning, told the history of the early years and related many incidents of answered prayer. Mr. Homer, who had been examining the records of the meeting, said that the meetings numbered 11,232, over 56,000 prayers had been offered, and the requests for prayer which had been sent in writing besides those made verbally in the meeting numbered more than 225,000. More than half a million persons had attended the meetings since they had been established. When Mr. Lamphier rose to address the meeting he was visibly affected. "Dear old Fulton Street," he said, looking around at its walls, "how I love you; I have come to say goodby and God bless you." The good old man's voice broke and he had to pause for a time while he controlled his emotion. Then he went on: "I commend to you my dear brother Cutter who succeeds me here. Hold up his hands; encourage him and cheer him in his work. He will need your help and your prayers." Then taking Mr. Cutter by the hand, the white haired veteran fervently prayed that God would bless him and give him great faith. The scene was a most pathetic one, and it will never be forgotten by any who witnessed it.

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MORTALITY AMONG BOOKS.

RECENTLY, walking through the streets, I saw piles of neglected books for sale. Whether it be Asiatic cholera or trichina that has got among them, we know not, but most certain it is they are dying a hundred a day. The second-hand bookstores are the morgues where thousands of them are laid out. Many of them died after doing their work and their end was peace; but many of them from the start were afflicted with a marasmus that never allowed them to take a healthy breath. The mortality of novels is something fearful. Three-fourths of them never paid the expense of their publication. The entire enterprise was a dead loss. Most men need to publish one book in order to find what an expensive and unsatisfactory business it is in most cases.

I had a friend who had given birth to a religious poem. He thought it would rival John Milton's *Paradise Lost* and shake the nations. He kept the secret under lock and key for a long while, showing it only to a few special friends, and that under promise of secrecy. He grew thin in calculating at what time the world could best endure the exhilaration of the publication. At last the manuscript was in type and the proof read and the book put upon the market. He banqueted his friends on publication day in anticipation of a large fortune. He figured up how many would be sold. First, he calculated on disposing of 20,000, but as he reviewed the importance of the work and the fascination of the style, he put the figures up to 50,000. Afterward, bethinking himself that it was impossible to keep a rare thing on this side of the Atlantic and the certainty of its world-wide distribution, he concluded it reasonable to expect a circulation of 100,000. The fact was that of the first edition of 500 copies, 150 were sold, and the rest were given away. Its rivalry did not hurt John Milton's reputation a bit. My friend's experience was that of the man spoken of in the fourth chapter of Revelations: "I took the little book out of the angel's hand, and ate it up, and it was in my mouth sweet as honey, and as soon as I had eaten it, my belly was bitter." My friend died of chagrin.

We once had a cross old relative who believed in war because he thought the best way to reform the race was to keep killing it off. While we reject that theory we really believe that the epidemic among books is fortunate. If one half of the books which have been printed in the last thirty years had continued to live, our libraries and tables and bookstands would have been so crowded that the world would have had no room to turn around. If all the snow that had ever fallen continued lying on the ground we should have had banks of it reaching well on up to the moon; but fortunately the crystals melted. And the only reason that our way is not entirely blocked up by snow-storms is because, through the paper mills, the material soaks away. Long life to all good books and honorable sepulchre to those that die early.

A CARNIVAL OF CRIME.

DID you ever see a season so full of stories of theft and burglary and vagabondism and highway robbery and murder? What is the matter? Is it the dogdays giving to the human race canine paroxysm? Tramps on the road. Gangs of desperadoes on the streets. More Charley Rosses stolen. At noon-day, carriages stopped until the owner gets out and the ruffian gets in. Is it the hard times and no wages? No. The men who do such deeds would not work if they had wages of $5 a day offered them. Examine the character of these criminals, and you will find they did not work when times were thrifty. The only time they ever toiled was when they were in the penitentiary, and the overseer threatened them with protracted shower bath or extra hoppling. My opinion is that one cause of all this villany is the fact that public officials seem to fear these men will some day get into supremacy, and will all want to be either Governor or President. But why fear these men when the workingmen of the country hate them with a perfect hatred? Those men who have worked hard until they quite or nearly own their own house will never allow these outlaws to gain power in this country. Let the law be executed. Let the police become more vigilant. Let them break up these gangs of loafers at our street corners. If honest men are to walk the streets undisturbed and children to have safety in our parks and womanhood alone shall be as safe as womanhood with armed escort, it will be by the toning up of the courage of public officials. What we want throughout the land are more asylums for the support of people who are willing to work, but who, through invalidism or old age, are incompetent, and more work-houses, where the voluntary idlers and scapegraces of the country shall be compelled to work for the State, if they will not work for themselves. For these men who threaten to rob and burn and destroy, nothing is so well adapted as the old-fashioned whipping-post. These outlaws would like nothing better than a prison bunk, in which for three months to recline their laziness. Ordinary imprisonment for them on the part of government is a consent to pay the board and take in the washing of these miserable desperadoes. Some kind of physical chastisement is the only thing that will have a tendency to work their reform. Order we will have in our cities, and the men who have not the courage to execute the law must come down and take the position of private citizens. I have noticed that immediately after the officials of any city rouse themselves up to a rigid execution of the law, there come quiet Sabbaths, empty jails, and wide public equilibrium.

DANGEROUS LETTERS.

THERE is nothing more perilous than masked correspondence. So great are the rivalries in business that cipher telegrams are, to a great extent, unavoidable, if bargain makers between city and city wish to have any privacy of agreement or intelligence. So far, all is well; but I warn especially young men against the habit, more and more prevalent, of throwing mystery around their correspondence, whether by pen or telegraph. When people begin to go astray, look out for mysterious allusions and letters blindly directed and the insertion of fictitious names, and initials for signature, because initials are safer than the full name. As far as possible, cultivate frankness and outspokenness. Never put your initials to anything to which you dare not put your full name. When you have to watch the correspondence of others lest your own be mixed up and accidentally read, and you are tempted to write in an assumed hand, or to use ciphers when plain Anglo-Saxon ought to do as well, you are entering on dangerous territory. Ciphers are useful in telling New York what the Western markets indicate; but they are suggestive of evil when they are used either in matters of the heart or politics.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Subscriber, Framingham, Mass. In what battle did ten thousand soldiers lie under the river banks and let the other soldiers do the fighting and when did it take place?

Possibly some of our readers may be able to furnish this information.

Subscriber, Sigourney, Ia. How could James write against Paul? Would it not be one inspired writer against another?

If you compare the second chapter of James with the fourth chapter of Romans you will see that James did oppose Paul's teaching You will find also that the inspired Apostle Paul withstood the inspired Apostle Peter to the face and Paul states the fact plainly, adding, "because he was to be blamed." (See Galatians 2: 11.) The statements of the two men can be reconciled, but it is plain that there was antagonism between the men.

Thos. Lawson, Grayton, Mo. I see it stated that the interval between the two stages of Christ's coming may be three and a half or five or seven years; will there not be an interval of a thousand years between the resurrection of the righteous and the wicked?

Both statements are true. Christ will come into the air to summon his waiting people and those "who sleep in him." After a short period he will descend to the earth with them, to take vengeance on Antichrist and the living wicked and will reign as king on the earth for a thousand years in millennial glory. At the end of the thousand years the resurrection of the wicked dead and the last judgment will take place. That is the programme according to the New Testament.

E. E. Politi, New York. After the 144,000 Christians have been taken up will those remaining be the lukewarm Christians spoken of in Rev. 3: 16? Are there not more than 144,000 Christians in the world?

We expect that the Christians left behind will be so concerned by the removal of their brethren that they will become very earnest and will labor very diligently for Christ and will be the means of converting many. So far from being lukewarm they will be martyrs, dying by the sword or fire rather than renounce the faith. There are more than 144,000 Christians in the world, but not all Christians will be caught up in the rapture. It is a privilege reserved for those who are leading consistent lives, who are looking for Christ and waiting for him and have not allowed the world to have their affections.

E. L. G., Walmapital, Can. Does Hebrews 6: 4-6 imply that a child of God may finally be lost?

The expression "tasted" seems to apply not so much to the experience of a child of God as to those who are nearly but not quite converted. It is a common experience of ministers to find that there are none so difficult to arouse as those who in some revival were impressed, went through a period of anxiety, attained a temporary peace and then went back into the world. We know that is so, apart from the information of the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews. His statement that if some line is crossed, return is impossible, should never discourage us from effort to restore the backslider. There are many promises which assure a backslider of pardon and welcome if he will apply for them and they will be kept.

J. Henry Gardner, Philadelphia. 1. Does the statement of Paul in 1. Cor. 15: 8 mean that he saw Christ in the flesh? 2. Was not Christ in the flesh after his resurrection?

1. Paul refers in that passage to the vision he had of Christ on his way to Damascus when he was converted. This was six years after the ascension. If Christ had been on the earth, in the flesh, when Paul saw him, it is not likely that we should have had the record that the men who were with Paul at the time heard a voice but saw no man. (Acts 9: 7). It was a vision. 2. Jesus said after his resurrection that a spirit had not flesh and bones as he had, yet the descriptions of his appearances, coming in when the doors were shut, and appearing suddenly at places long distances apart at times when it would have been impossible to travel from place to place indicate that his body after his resurrection had powers which ordinary bodies have not. When it is said that Paul did not see Christ in the flesh, it is meant that he did not see Christ during Christ's natural life.

Subscriber, Burlington, N. C. What would be your advice to a young man who feels that he is called of God to do the work of an evangelist, whose eyesight will not permit a college course and who has not sufficient education to receive authority from the church, nor the means to complete a theological course?

To distrust the feelings, which often deceive people. The fact that the way is closed is a sufficient indication that God has not called him, because God does not call men to do impossibilities. If he holds himself ready to go in the event of the way opening he has done all that is necessary in the way of obedience to his supposed call. In the meantime we should advise him to labor for Christ among his friends and acquaintances and to speak for Christ when he has opportunity. For that work, which may be richly blessed, he does not need a college course nor the authority of a church.

T. M. Janeway, Indianapolis. How many current versions are there of "Rock of Ages"?

There are many various forms of Toplady's beautiful hymn. Hardly a line has been left in the original form. Here are some of the changes:

Toplady's lines:	*Altered to:*
From thy riven side. . .	. . . wounded side.
Be of sin the double cure. .	. . of sin and fear the cure.
Cleanse me from its guilt and power. .	save from wrath and make . . . me pure.
Could my zeal no respite know	no languor know.
Nothing in my hand I bring	In my hand no price I bring.
Foul I to the fountain fly	Vile I to the fountain fly.
When my eyelids break in death	. . . eyelids close . . .
When I soar to worlds.	. . . soar through tracks

The foregoing are only a few of the many instances of changes made by successive publishers.

Protestant, New York. Please inform me what authority you have for the statement in your "Mail Bag" (issue of Sept. 6th), to the effect that Peter was in Rome and was crucified there? The New Testament has not a word to say about Peter ever having been in Rome, and I have read many reputable Protestant authors who deny utterly that there is any proof of Peter ever having been there, much less of his having been Bishop of Rome, which is the pretention of Roman Catholics?

It is held as a settled point, by the oldest writers, that Peter went to Rome in the last year of his life. The statements of Eusebius and Jerome that the Apostle remained many years in Rome do not seem to rest upon accurate information. But concerning his actual visit there, there is no room for doubt. Clement of Rome, writing before the close of the first century, mentions it. Ignatius, in an Epistle to the Romans, refers to Peter in terms that show his special personal connection with their Church. Papias also refers to Peter's Roman experience, and Dionysius of Corinth writing to Soter, Bishop of Rome, in the second century, explains the intimate relations between the two churches by the fact that Peter and Paul both taught in Italy and both suffered martyrdom there. Irenæus bears distinct testimony to Peter's presence in Rome. Caius, the Roman presbyter, in the next century, also gives similar testimony and speaks of Peter's tomb in the Vatican. Besides, there is the additional evidence of Origen, Tertullian and the ante and post-Nicene fathers as to Peter's presence in Rome. None of those authorities mentioned, however, assert that he was the sole founder and head of the Church, as the Romish clergy contend. As to Peter's martyrdom, we may cite Origen, who declares that the Apostle himself chose crucifixion. St. Ambrose and Tillemont also give corroborative testimony.

M. M. Nance, Palmyra, Mo. We are already overcrowded with M.S.S. and cannot undertake to publish any except such as are wholly suited to the requirements of the paper.—Mrs. M. J. Reading, Pana, Ill. We do not know the author of the passage quoted.—Mrs. J. G. Denton, Kendall, Wis. Address Miss Mary G. Burdette, Corresponding Secretary, Baptist Training School, Indiana Ave., Chicago.—James Rogers, Red Jacket, Michigan. Write to Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers, New York City.—Will Robinson, Kinde, Mich. You are right.—Subscriber, Buffalo. The selection of Cardinal Gibbons was a mere matter of courtesy and without special significance. No distinct prominence was given to any creed or denomination at the Congress of Religions.—John Scott, Onancock, Va. No.—H. H. Hare, Prosser, Neb. We regret that we cannot do what you ask.—Geo. Mann, Kearney, N. J. Write to Rev. Dr Barrows, Chicago, for the information.—E. I. Wood, Smithfield, O. Address Major Pond, Everett House, N. Y.—M. C. Dobbins, Plainfield, N. J. We are unable to supply the information asked.—J. M. Thompson, Decatur, La. This has been recently answered in these columns.—Geo. R. Brown, Salisbury, Md. 1. All pastors so do. 2. No. 1 South Oxford St., Brooklyn. 3. No.—Harmon Smoot, St. Joseph, Mo. We regret that we cannot undertake it.—Mrs. A. R. Rockhill, Riverside, Cala. 1. No, she is an American white woman. 2. Yes, we believe the Moravians have missions there.—Friend of Missions, Iowa State Centre. The Sessions are still on the Congo. The adopted son is dead.—Subscriber, Spangle, Wash. Write to Mr. Cutler, Fulton Street, Noonday Prayer Meeting, N. Y.—Reader, Wolcott, Ind. Canton, China.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

BRAZIL'S NEW REVOLUTION.

ONCE more the Brazilian republic is brought face to face with a revolution—the third since the downfall of the Empire. Nearly a year ago, the province of Rio Grande do Sul, which had never been considered entirely loyal to the new regime, revolted; but the movement was short-lived. This was followed by a demonstration against the government of President Peixoto by a portion of the Brazilian navy which, however, was speedily suppressed and its leader executed. The latest rising, which seems to include practically the entire naval and a portion of the land forces, is of so formidable a character that it is not improbable that the present administration may ultimately be overthrown. Admiral Mello, the commander of the insurgent fleet, has already bombarded the forts protecting the harbor of Rio Janeiro, and has effected a combination with the land insurgents near Santos. Notwithstanding several repulses, in all the fighting thus far the insurgents seem to have more than held their own. With the best of the navy, a portion of the army, and the provinces of Rio Grande do Sul and San Paolo supporting him, Admiral Mello has felt himself in a position to deliver an ultimatum, demanding the surrender of Rio, which would virtually mean the end of the Peixoto government; and failing compliance, he threatens to bombard the city and lay it in ashes. Even the loyalty of the Rio forts is doubted. Meanwhile, a panic prevails in the Brazilian Capital, and merchants and traders are fleeing inland. The cause of the rebellion is, in some respects, not unlike that which brought about the recent revolt in Chili against Balmaceda. Peixoto and his cabinet are accused of arbitrary, dictatorial and unconstitutional acts, which have neither the approval of Congress nor of the people. The immediate provocation was furnished when, in contemptuous defiance of the Courts, the government refused to release certain persons arrested on political grounds. When the release was finally granted in obedience to popular clamor, the press of Rio was outspoken in condemnation of Peixoto, declaring that an administration so conducted afforded no guarantee for the safety of the persons or property of citizens. This is only one of many similar instances of the arbitrary and despotic policy that has aroused the revolutionary feeling. There are many who believe that Mello's revolt is instigated by the deposed royalties now in Europe, and that his triumph would mean the restoration of the Empire. Possibly, the deposed royalties may have encouraged Mello to revolt; it is to their interest that the republic should be divided and disturbed. But Mello, even with royalist backing, would have little chance of success if Peixoto had given the people a just and wise government. His arbitrary and despotic rule has apparently brought them to a condition in which they are ready to accept a new ruler or return to the old ones. It reminds us of the parable Christ told of the house swept and garnished (Matt. 12: 43-45), except that Brazil did not keep her house empty when she had cleared it of royalist abuses, but suffered it to be occupied by a tenant who made as much muss as did the former occupant. It is so in spiritual matters; when the wicked man reforms his life, and the drunkard becomes sober, and the vicious man virtuous, every one rejoices; but the man is not safe unless he gives himself over to the rule of One who governs well and is strong enough to keep out the old or a new tyrant. (Luke 11: 21, 22.)

THE REVOLUTION IN BRAZIL.—THE CITY AND HARBOR OF RIO JANEIRO.

A Ghastly Cargo.

A derelict ship was brought to New York last week by the Norwegian steamer *Breidablik*, which has occasioned some surprise. The Norwegian found her near Cape Hatteras floating about helplessly. On sending a party on board, it was found that she had been deserted by her officers and crew. The log showed that she sailed from Alexandria on May 24, ninety-six days before she was sighted off Hatteras. Where she had been in the interval there is nothing to show. It was quite as much of a mystery why she had been deserted. The hull was in good condition and, except for the loss of a top mast and some of her rigging, she had suffered no damage. The cargo, however, was the matter which aroused the greatest discussion. It is composed wholly of rags and bones. A great portion of the latter are human bones and one part of the hold is filled entirely with human skulls. It is supposed they were collected in the deserts and cemeteries of Egypt and were shipped for use in fertilizing. The vessel and cargo were estimated to be worth $40,000. They will probably be sold to satisfy the Norwegian's claim for salvage. At present the health officers will not allow the cargo to be landed and it will have to be disinfected before it can be admitted. It is horribly offensive to the sense of smell as well as of sight. Apart from the cargo, a good price will, it is expected, be obtained for the ship as it is staunch and strong and when thoroughly cleansed of its present cargo can do valuable service. It is like some of the human derelicts, deserted by relatives and friends, degraded and dirty and with loathsome thoughts and habits, who are brought in at the Christian missions, who are capable of becoming under the cleansing power of the Holy Spirit, vessels for God's service of priceless value. (1. Cor. 6: 11.)

A Fortune-Teller's Dupe.

An extraordinary application to Justice Ryan in a New York Police Court last week elicited a curious story. The complainant was a dressmaker of rather sentimental appearance. She had summoned on the charge of non-support, a young man who is a clerk in a store. She said that the young man was her husband, but that he would not live with her nor support her. The young man said that he was not her husband and did not even know her name. Then she explained that she had seen the young man in the store where she went to make some purchases and had fallen in love with him at first sight. She consulted a fortune-teller as to the prospect of his returning her love and the fortune-teller had promised to help her. No progress was made with the strange courtship as the clerk seemed disconcerted by her singular manner when she went to the store and was under the impression that she was demented. Again she went to the fortune-teller who undertook for twenty-five dollars to assure her complete success. She paid the money and the fortune-teller put a ring on her finger and told her to consider herself the clerk's wife. She did so, but had failed to get an interview with him or to approach him in any way. She therefore applied to the court and received a severe reproof for her folly. The woman must have been very simple to suppose that she could, by a payment to another person, become a man's wife without his consent. Yet there are some people, who would despise her folly, who expect to go to heaven as part of the bride of Christ through their gifts to religious or philanthropic institutions, without seeking through faith in Christ the acceptance of God of their own persons. (II. Cor. 13: 5.)

A Sponsor's Despair.

A pathetic incident in banking circles is reported from Minneapolis. The unexplained absence from his post of the paying teller of one of the banks of that city recently, led to an examination of his accounts. It was found that there was a shortage of fifteen thousand dollars and it was then realized that he had absconded. The man most distressed by the discovery was the cashier of the bank. He went over the accounts personally again and again, hoping to find that the absent man was innocent. On Sept. 6th he remained after the bank closed until nearly dawn, checking the various entries and working over the books. Then when the fact of the defalcation could no longer be doubted, he sank into a mental collapse. He recovered sufficiently to go to his home, but a short time after his arrival there, he committed suicide. The distress which overturned his reason was caused by the fact that it was on his recommendation that the teller had been taken into the service of the bank and had been promoted from place to place, until he had reached the responsible office in which he had committed the defalcation. The cashier was in no way concerned in the loss, but he brooded over his protege's misconduct until his reason failed. Doubtless the defaulter will be astonished at the calamity when he hears of it. He probably had no idea, when he committed the crime, that his sponsor would feel the disgrace so keenly. Men often forget how heavily the consequences of their wrongdoing will fall on their friends and benefactors. The Christian, especially cannot do wrong without causing such innocent suffering. The Church and Christ, himself, have to suffer reproach when one who bears the Christian name goes astray. (Hebrews 6: 6.)

BRIEF NOTES.

From our stock of Oxford Teacher's Bibles we have thrown out a case into which a little dust had settled. They are perfect in every respect and are the same as those we used in our Premium Department. We will mail these Bibles, about 500 in number, at One Dollar each to such of our subscribers as may desire to avail themselves of this opportunity.

The Presbyterian missionaries in Corea, have united in a joint committee with the Methodists for arranging rules of comity in the conduct of their work.

The Presbyterian exhibit at the Chicago Fair has not been and will not be opened unless and until the injunction against closing the Fair shall be dissolved.

Mr. B. F. Jacobs, the well-known Sunday School worker, was elected president of the International Sunday School Association at its recent meeting in St. Louis.

An imperial ukase has been issued by the Czar of Russia forbidding the use of the knout on women and children, whatever their offence may be. The knout is a whip with a long leather lash, at the end of which is a hard, heart-shaped leather knot.

Miss de Broen, the founder and manager of the Belleville Mission in Paris, is now on a visit to this country in the interest of the Mission, and also for the purpose of delivering an address before the Congress of Religions in Chicago, on "Poverty and Religion." During her stay in Chicago, she will be the guest of Rev. Augusta J. Chapman, 3835 Lake Avenue, that city. She will remain in the country several months and will be gladly welcomed by thousands of Americans who know of her admirable Christian work among the poor of Paris. Friends of the work may address her to the care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Maj. George A. Hilton, whose work at Los Angeles, Cal., has frequently been described in these columns, is paying a short visit to the East. He has held some very successful meetings at several points in Pennsylvania where he labored some years ago.

Mr. Theodore F. Seward has secured a very large number of additions to the Brotherhood of Christian Unity during his visit to Chicago. At the Parliament of Religions many eminent men from foreign lands and of various denominations heard of the Brotherhood for the first time and gladly enrolled themselves. Among them were the distinguished author Dr. Alfred W. Momerie; Bishop J. H. Vincent; Dr. Carl von Berg and the President of the Parliament, Dr. J. H. Barrows. The principles and object of the Brotherhood were described in this journal in its issue of Sept. 28, 1892.

Archbishop Ryan, in a rerent address, said that the great struggle between capital and labor would never be satisfactorily settled until it was settled by Christ, himself. Both sides might confidently leave it in his hands for while he was King of kings he had also worked as a carpenter at Nazareth.

The City Council of Newberg, Ore., desiring to check the temptations of young people has passed an ordinance forbidding any person under the age of eighteen years to wander about the streets after seven o'clock in the evening during the winter, and after eight during the summer, unless in company with parents or guardians or bearing a permit from them. The penalty is fine or imprisonment.

The annual Convention of the Christian Workers of United States and Canada will be held at Atlanta, Ga., Nov. 9-15. These Conventions have in former years been times of wonderful blessing. Evangelists and workers in every department of religious and philanthropic effort have attended, told their experience and have been mutually helped and stimulated. As in past years arrangements are being made for special railroad rates.

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

CHRIST'S CONSTRAINING LOVE.

Preached last Sunday morning, Oct. 1, 1893, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D.

Text: "*For the love of Christ constraineth us.*" II. Cor. 5: 14.

IT is quite evident that some persons, perhaps famous teachers in Corinth, charged the Apostle Paul with being beside himself. Such a charge made against a man of his consuming zeal for the salvation of men is not surprising. The same charge was made against him by Festus, when he said, "Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad." Such a charge was made against our Lord by his friends and relatives, who "went out to lay hands on him, for they said he is beside himself." Often in the history of the Church since, worldly men and cold-hearted Christians have been ready to make a similar charge against those who were earnest in Christian work because of the love of Christ in their hearts. Such a charge is often the highest honor which can be conferred upon Christian workers. They are the only truly sane. Many who boast of prudence and wisdom in their devotion to the things of time and sense are really insane men; they, and not true Christians are the insane. It would be well for the world and the Church if a larger number of Christians were so inflamed with holy zeal as to merit the charge of being beside themselves. Men who live for this life alone, who live for the body and the world, forgetting God and eternity, must be considered in the sight of true Christians, of holy angels and of God as really insane. The Apostle Paul wishes now to show that he was influenced, in what seemed to his critics his extraordinary conduct, entirely by the love of Christ in his soul.

The Mighty Impulse.

There is a little ambiguity in the phrase, "The love of Christ," both in the Greek original and in the English translation. The phrase may mean, Christ's love to us or our love to Christ. The sense is to be determined by the connection in which the words stand, and by the nature of the argument itself. Here it is almost certain that the phrase means, Christ's love to us, rather than our love to Christ. We might translate it "For Christ's love constraineth us;" that translation would remove all ambiguity. A grammatical explanation, is given by Meyer who remarks, "that the genitive of the person after 'love' is with Paul always subjective." This commentator cites a number of passages which clearly prove that this is the usage of the Apostle Paul. The whole argument here requires this interpretation. The Apostle desires to show that only this mighty love could influence him in the conduct which led to the suspicion of his insanity. His remarkable zeal was because of this powerful impulse; he lived under the inspiration of this divine love. He shows further that Christ's love was revealed in his dying for all men. Nothing can be more certain than that he desires to emphasize Christ's love to us, rather than our love to him.

No translation could be more appropriate than the word constraineth in this connection. The original word means to hold together, to press together, to inclose, and then to urge, to impel, to excite. The idea is that of a forcible limitation, that of confining to one object. The argument is that he who rightly considers the marvelous love of Christ toward us, as seen in his death for us, must be bound to God by the strongest possible cord, must be inseparably held to Christ and to duty in his service. We have in these words examples of the apostle's careful forms of expression, of his wise choice of words, and of his masterly appeals to all that is tenderest in the human heart. The love of Christ was always with the apostle Paul the constraining and persuading motive. The infinite and eternal love of God, as seen in the self-sacrifice of Christ, binds us to God and his service with a threefold cord, which can never be broken.

This subject is appropriate for us to-day. This morning we commemorate in the ordinance of the Lord's supper the atoning death of the Son of God. In this ordinance we are reminded of his everlasting love. Here at his table we see the Lord of glory, as he was wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities. He thought of us and ordained this feast in the darkest scenes of his earthly history. The cup of suffering was before him even in his hours of greatest earthly triumph. Surely our hearts to-day will be affected by the powerful motive which the apostle Paul here presents.

Proofs of His Love.

We may fittingly, at the outset, notice some instances of Christ's wonderful love. It was gloriously manifested in what he has already done for us. Language breaks down utterly under the effort to express the love of Christ for the children of men. To form any suitable conception of that love we would need to have a right appreciation of the number and nature of the terrible sorrows which he endured on our account; we would need to know more than the Christian ever will know of the terrors of that second death, whose sting he extracted on our behalf; we would need to appreciate the wonderful fact that he redeemed us from the curse of the law, by being made a curse for us. We know that he suffered without the gate that he might sanctify the people with his blood; that he made a full and everlasting satisfaction for the sins of those who receive him for their Saviour; that he is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth. When we think of the enormity of our sin, we are led to say of Christ's sufferings, "Here is love whose breadth, length, height and depth surpass all human or angelic comprehension." There was no form of humiliation to which Christ did not stoop; there were no sufferings which he did not endure in bearing our sins in his own body on the tree. That we might have riches he became poor; that we might have a mansion in heaven he had not where to lay his head on earth. The Apostle Paul could say, "He loved me and gave himself for me." We know that he was made sin for us that we might receive forgiveness of sin. This wondrous fact will fill heaven's high dome with songs of praise and shouts of adoration. The redeemed will ever sing, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood and hath made us kings and priests unto God, and his Father, to him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen," and turning their faces to the throne on which sits their blessed Redeemer, as a Lamb that had been slain, they will strike

A Still Loftier Note

as they chant, "Thou art worthy, for thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood." Compared with this love all other love is cold and dead. We know the love for their country of the brave Spartans at Thermopylæ, of Howard for his fellow men, as he dies of a fever caught in their dungeons, of the Moravian missionaries, who incarcerated themselves in a leper house to preach to the dying; but the love of Christ is to these as the light of the sun to that of the stars.

His love is shown by what he is doing now as our advocate in heaven. After discharging his duty as our Substitute he appears before God as our advocate. He has entered into the holy place to appear in the presence of God for us. He is now able to save to the uttermost, because he ever liveth to make intercession. In all the affliction of his people he was afflicted. There is no sorrow which can come to the hearts of his people, which he does not fully know, and in all their burdens he bears a full and personal part. Having suffered while on earth, he knows now how to sympathize although he is on his throne. He carried to the skies the marks of Calvary; and these wounds make effectual intercession for his people. Never was a Father's pity so tender as that of Jesus Christ; never was a mother's comfort so personal, precious, and healing as is that of Jesus Christ.

His love will be illustriously displayed in supporting his people in life and death, and in giving them a triumphant entrance into his kingdom. Before leaving his disciples he assured them that he was going to prepare a place for them. In his matchless intercessory prayer, which is the true Lord's prayer, he prayed, "I will that they also whom thou hast given me." His heart longed for the presence of his disciples. He desired to show them his glory with a fulness and blessedness impossible while he sojourned in humiliation on the earth. Heaven will be more heavenly even to Jesus because of the presence of his redeemed; and heaven would be impossible to the redeemed without the presence of Jesus. He will add them to

That Innumerable Throng

"who came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." He will fashion their bodies like unto his own glorious body. He will lead them to fountains of living water, and he will wipe all tears from their eyes. He will reveal to them the hitherto inexplicable mysteries of providence and grace; he will still be their great teacher as they sit at his feet in the celestial university learning the deep things of God. The reality of this glory almost oppresses us; in its contemplation reason staggers, imagination is overwhelmed, but love is enkindled, and adoration fills the soul with heavenly thoughts and divine peace. Here is glory unspeakable, joy ineffable, and bliss inconceivable. Even on earth it is true that "eye had not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

We see now how this love ought to affect the hearts of God's children. It will surely lead them to rejoice supremely in Jesus Christ, and to say with the apostle of love, we love him because he first loved us." The eyes of unconverted men see no beauty in Jesus that they should desire him; to them he has no form or comeliness. There is nothing in his life of lowliness to charm the lovers of sin. They pass by the man of sorrows without true sympathy with his sorrows, or true penitence for their own sins. But we have seen "the King in his beauty." We know that there is no other object of love to be compared with him. With the apostle Peter we can say, "Lord, we have left all and followed thee;" with the apostle Paul, "I count all things but loss for

The Excellency of the Knowledge

of Jesus Christ my Lord;" with the apostle Peter again, "whom having not seen ye love, and in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory;" and with David, "thou art fairer than the children of men," "whom have I in heaven but thee." This is the language of every true Christian. The believer delights to think of Christ, to read of him, to speak of him, to hear of him and to take up his cross and follow him. He never grows weary hearing and studying the "things touching the king." It was said that French audiences would rather hear repetitions from Bourdaloue than novelties from another. It is certain that true Christians would rather hear of and from Christ than aught beside. To them there are new charms in his cross, his manger and his crown. Their heaven will be in being in his immediate presence forever.

Christ's love shed abroad in the heart will constrain men openly to confess him. As with the heart we believe in Christ, so with the lips we are to confess Christ. We are not to play fast and loose with Christ and the world. Men who are ashamed to own him now, he will be ashamed to own in the presence of his Father and the holy angels. We cannot have Christ as our prophet to teach us, nor as our priest to atone for us, except we have him as our King to command us. We must remember that he is a princely priest and

A Priestly Prince;

and that God hath highly exalted Christ to be not only a Saviour, but to be also a King. All who cordially receive him will wish promptly to confess him. Our faith in the heart is not complete until confession is made with the mouth. The Bible knows nothing of any considerable company of secret disciples. It is utterly humiliating that men and women should strive to secure salvation without performing the duties which its possession implies and necessitates. Christians who are ashamed of their principles are Christians of whom their principles ought to be ashamed. The Pentecost believers confessed and were baptized; the eunuch confessed and was baptized; and Saul of Tarsus confessed and was baptized. Thrice shame on the cowards who would secretly secure pardon and cravenly refuse to acknowledge Jesus as their Lord and Saviour. Such persons have never truly received pardon; and such can never be owned at the last as the disciples of the Lord. It is said that on one occasion Napoleon standing before his troops asked for one hundred men to lead a forlorn hope. He frankly told them that every man would doubtless be killed the moment the enemy opened fire. Who would dare to respond to this call and die for his Emperor? Lifting his voice, Napoleon said, "One hundred men forward! Step out of the ranks!" Did one hundred men respond? It is said that the whole regiment as one man instantly sprang forward in solid line to obey. Shall Christ call and men refuse him, as the Captain of our salvation and the Redeemer of our souls? True Christian love will teach us to make any sacrifice for our faith and our Lord. We cannot serve God and mammon. We must break with the world; we must follow the Lord fully: we must love him more than father or mother. But his love makes obedience easy; his love cushions the yoke of duty, and makes it light and soft. This love is the mightiest motive known among men. As it led Paul to give himself without reservation to Christ, so it has led the Careys and the Judsons and ten thousand more, to give themselves, body, and soul and spirit, to the service of God.

The Constraint.

The apostle Paul in this text virtually says that the love of Christ has obtained and now possesses unlimited dominion over his soul. As he contemplated the freedom, the riches, the sovereignty, the immensity and the eternity of this heavenly love, he was lost in amazement. At times he was so transported with this blessed experience that he scarcely knew whether he was in the body, or out of the body, whether he was still on earth or already in glory. This love is the sublimest influence that can ever reach, fill, and dominate a human soul. When it surely possesses the heart a Christian will be constrained to do all he can for the spread of the Gospel. Christ has removed from him an exceeding and eternal weight of wrath, and has given him in its stead an exceeding and eternal weight of glory. When we become true believers we become eternal debtors. We are not our own but Christ's, who has bought us with his precious blood. This love is the true motive for all true missionary endeavor. It so fills the soul with its joy and peace that we cannot but tell to others the story of this marvelous, matchless and heavenly love. We become willing to endure any trial, to incur any risk in order that we may be the bearers of this message to those who sit in darkness. The idea that God should have given his only begotten Son to die, the just for the unjust, is such a revelation of God's love that it rebukes our selfishness and inspires every noble quality in the soul. It leads us out of the dark cellar of our own selfish nature and places us upon the house-top of our noblest selves, where we can feel the air of kindliness toward all men, and where we can bask in the sunshine of our Father's presence and love.

The Inspiration.

Every disheartened Christian should take fresh courage, because of the constraining love of Christ. There is no need that he sink into despair when this constraining love throws its mighty and gentle arms around him. Cold and dead must be that heart that does not respond to the wooings of this mighty love. Surely the man who remains indifferent to its call must have a stone and not a heart in his bosom. By that constraining love, as seen in the cradle, and in all the early life of Christ, as conspicuously displayed when he drank the cup of suffering in Gethsemane, and as it reached its highest point on the cross of Calvary, I beseech every unconverted soul now to yield to the claims, to obey the commands, and to accept the invitations of this loving Lord.

This love holds us in our station and duty as soldiers are held together under the banner of their country. Christ's banner over us is love. Under the inspiration of this love timid women have become heroines, and brave men have become braver still. It has made the dungeon, otherwise loathsome, resplendent and glorious; it has made the wheel and rack softer than couches of down. It has made the fagot and flame a triumphal chariot to bear noble souls to glory and to God. O men and women, yield your hearts to-day to this mighty motive. In life amid all its trials, in death amid its coldness and darkness, and in heaven amid its triumphal songs and peerless glories, true Christians can express the dominant motive, the controlling influence, and the inspiring purpose of their entire life by saying with the apostle Paul, "The love of Christ constraineth us."

PARENTAL INFLUENCE.

Home Association and Example Affect the Whole After Life.

UNHAPPY and undisciplined homes are the source of much iniquity. A good home is deathless in its influences. Parents may be gone. The old homestead may be sold and have passed out of the possession of the family. The house itself may be torn down. The meadow brook that ran in front of the house may have changed its course or have dried up. The long line of old-fashioned sunflowers and the hedges of wild rose may have been graded, and in place thereof are now the beauties of modern gardening. The old poplar tree may have cast down its crown of verdure and may have fallen.

You say you would like to go back a little while and see that home, and you go, and oh, how changed it is! Yet that place will never lose its charm over your soul. That first earthly home will thrill through your everlasting career. The dew-drops that you dashed from the chickweed as you drove the cows afield thirty years ago; the fire-flies that flashed in your father's home on summer nights when the evenings were too short for a candle; the tinged pebbles that you gathered in your apron on the margin of the brook; the berries that you strung into a necklace, and the daisies that you plucked for your hair—all have gone into your sentiments and tastes, and you will never get over them. The trundle bed where you slept; the chair where you sat; the blue-edged dish out of which you ate; your sister's skipping-rope; your brother's ball; your kite; your hoop; your mother's smile; your father's frown—they are all part of the fibre of your immortal nature.

Rascally and vagabond people for the most part come forth from unhappy homes. Parents harsh and cruel on the one hand, or on the other lenient to perfect looseness, are raising up a generation of vipers. A home in which scolding and fault-finding predominate is blood relation to the gallows and penitentiary. Petulance is a reptile that may crawl up into the family nest and crush it. There are parents who disgust their children even with religion. They scold their little ones for not loving God. They go about even their religious duties in an exasperating way. Their house is full of the war-whoop of contention, and from such scenes husbands and children dash out into places of dissipation to find their lost peace, or the peace they never had.

Traveler for eternity, with your little ones gathered up under your robe, are you sure you are on the right road, or are you leading them on a dangerous and winding bridle-path, off which their inexperienced feet may slip, and up which comes the howling of the wolf and the sound of loosening ledge and tumbling avalanche? Blessed the family altar where the children kneel. Blessed the cradle where the Christian mother rocks the Christian child. Blessed the song the little one sings at nightfall when sleep is closing the eyes and loosening the hand from the toy on the pillow. Blessed the mother's heart whose every throb is a prayer to God for the salvation of her children. The world grows old, and soon the stars will cease to illuminate it, and the herbage to clothe it, and the mountains to guard it, and the waters to refresh it, and the heavens to overspan it, and the long story of its sin, and shame, and glory, and triumph will turn into ashes; but parental influences, starting in the early home, will roll on and up into the great eternity, blooming in all the joy, waving in all the triumph, exulting in all the song of heaven, or groaning in all the pain, and shrinking back into all the shame, and frowning in all the darkness of the great prison-house.

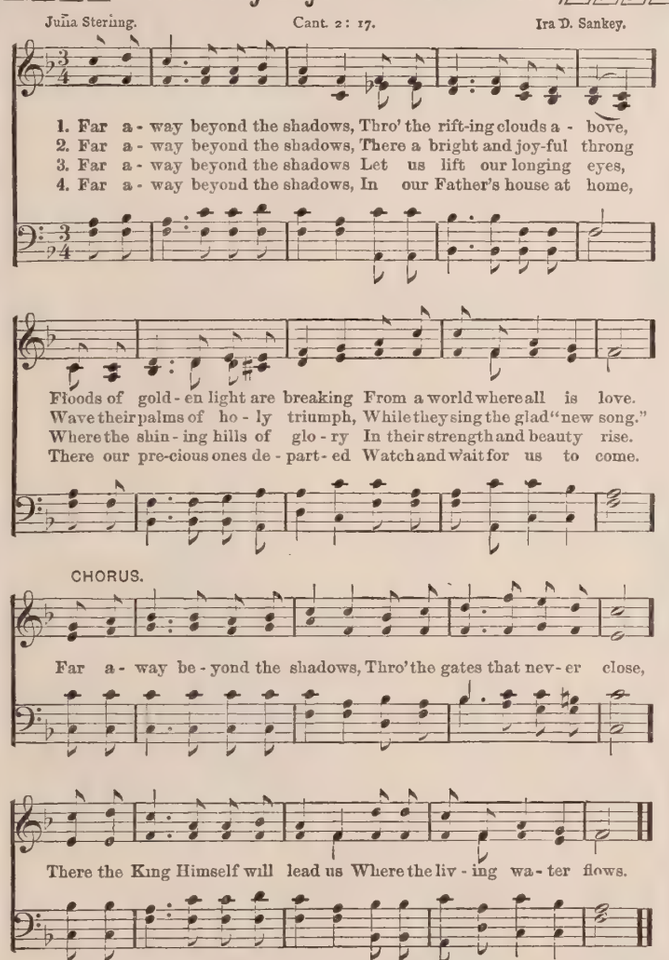
THE MARSOVAN COLLEGE.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions has received word from Dr. Herrick, the President of the American College at Marsovan, Turkey, that the promised firman for Anatolia College has not been granted, and that the permit to rebuild at Marsovan on the ot where the building burned last winter stood s withheld. The authorities have demanded a written pledge, before giving the permit, that he building shall not be used for church or for chool purposes, and the answer has been that he building was designed for a school. "It seems difficult to believe," says the Board, 'that the Turkish Government will violate its pledge, made to the United States Minister, to grant the firman for the college, and we cannot but think that our government will not brook much further delay in the matter. The case s a clear one. We have rights under treaties which cannot be ignored. In the meantime our work in Turkey is much impeded and our brethren need our sympathies and our prayers."

Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

Far Away Beyond the Shadows.

Juna Stering. Cant. 2: 17. Ira D. Sankey.


1. Far a - way beyond the shadows, Thro' the rift-ing clouds a - bove,
2. Far a - way beyond the shadows, There a bright and joy-ful throng
3. Far a - way beyond the shadows Let us lift our longing eyes,
4. Far a - way beyond the shadows, In our Father's house at home,
Floods of gold - en light are breaking From a world where all is love.
Wave their palms of ho - ly triumph, While they sing the glad "new song."
Where the shin - ing hills of glo - ry In their strength and beauty rise.
There our pre-cious ones de - part - ed Watch and wait for us to come.
CHORUS.
Far a - way be - yond the shadows, Thro' the gates that nev - er close,
There the King Himself will lead us Where the liv - ing wa - ter flows.

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From JUNIOR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SONGS, by per. of the Publishers.

MARAH.

"Thou knowest, Lord, how weak and sick
The body is,—how dark and thick
The shadows lie across my soul,
And how I long to be made whole!
Thou knowest, too, how hard a thing
For Faith to lift her bruised wing,
When she has flown so far, so long,
Against the storm so fierce and strong."

Long prayed I thus with many a sigh,
Before he seemed to heed my cry;
"He knoweth," then the answer came,
And I feel sure he will not blame,
If sometimes, through my blinding tears,
Besieged by doubts, hard pressed by fears,
I fail to recognize my Lord,
And do not clearly read his Word. —"C."

AT NIGHT.

THESE human hearts of ours are prone to wander
Throughout the day from paths we know are best,
But when night's shadows fall each star fn yonder
Broad firmanent speaks silently of rest;

And leads us back by gentle, strong emotions,
Back to our God and holy ways once more;
And all our being seems submerged in oceans
Of love that stretch far out to Heaven's shore.

How sweet it is to turn back home at even!
Tho' late the hour, the Saviour lets us in.
Aye, soon or late, each heart will cry to Heaven,
Or soon or late will learn the curse of sin.

Marshall, Mich. —BERT H. WHITAKER.

BY-AND-BY.

WHAT will it matter, by and by.
Whether my path below was bright,
Whether it wound through dark or light,
Uuder a gray or golden sky,
When I look back on it by and by?

What will it matter, by and by,
Whether unhelped I toiled alone,
Dashing my foot against a stone,
Missing the charge of the angel nigh
Bidding me think of the by and by?

What will it matter, by and by,
Whether with cheek to cheek I've lain
Close by the pallid angel, Pain;
Soothing myself through sob and sigh,
"All will be elsewise by and by.

What will I care for the unshared sigh,
If, in my fear of slip or fall,
Closely I've clung to Christ through all;
Mindless how rough the path might lie,
Since he will smooth it by and by.

Ah, it will matter, by and by,
Nothing but this—that joy and pain
Lifted me skyward, helped me gain,
Whether through rack or smile or sigh,
Heaven—home—all in all—by and by!

THE THREE RANKS.

The Types of the Classification of the Lord's People to be made at His Coming.

BY MISS A. M. BARBOUR.*

THIS question of the "First-fruits" is a most important, and a most precious one to God's beloved and blood-washed children, and it is a truth which in these "latter days," is occupying, as it well may, much of their thoughts and attention. Until comparatively recently, it was believed that when Christ came, he would take away all his own, the luke-warm and worldly Christians (providing they were but truly his) as well as the consecrated ones. But God, we believe, is teaching his children differently now, and the more closely we study our Bibles in the light of the Holy Spirit's revelation, the more clearly I think we shall see, that only the watching, waiting, faithful ones will be taken when our Lord first comes.

Now in Matt. twenty-five, we have three classes, three grades of Christians, spoken of and described—the Sheep, the Servants, and the Bride. Perhaps there is no animal that is endowed with less instinct than the sheep. Unable, if it stray away from the home in which it has been born and reared to find its way back, unless the shepherd himself goes out after it, searches it out and returns with it to the fold. Foolish sheep! Yet there is one thing the sheep can learn, one thing it can do—at least in the East, where the scene of the parable in the tenth of St. John was laid—it can learn to know the shepherd's voice, it can keep close to the shepherd's side. And as sheep, this is all that our Shepherd asks of us, all he expects from us.

Then there are the servants. Now there is a vast difference between the irresponsible sheep and the trusted and valued servant, one who understands his Master, has his interests at heart, and to whom he can entrust his most prized possessions with the certain knowledge that they will be well taken care of and thoroughly looked after.

Ah! let us not be content with merely being sheep. Knowing and loving our Shepherd it is true, and blindly following him, but not understanding his heart, with no appreciation of his character, not engaged in his service, never having woke up to the fact that we are saved to serve, and bringing our Lord and King no true return for all the wealth of love and blessing which he has poured out upon us.

Not to the sheep, but to the servant, will the sweet words of commendation be spoken one day—"Well done, good and faithful servant . . . enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Lastly, we come to the Bride. And just as there is a vast difference between the sheep and the servant, so there is a great distinction between the servant and the bride. The servant, no matter how valued and trusted he may be, can never occupy the place in the household that belongs to the Bride.

Now if we are content to remain sheep, and sheep only; if we have no thought beyond being just saved; if we have none of that holy ambition which characterized the Apostle Paul (see II. Cor. 5: 9, R. V. marg.); if we shrink from service, and are unwilling to be amongst the "overcomers," I know not how we may expect to be a part of the Bride. And think you it is possible to develop from the sheep into the Bride all at once? Methinks not. If we are too idle, too lazy, or too timid to enter into Christ's service down here, if we have cared so little about his interests, if we have been so estranged from him in will and purpose as to have no love for the perishing souls about us, no hunger for their salvation, or no desire to help his own poor, needy, suffering and ignorant ones, we never need anticipate occupying a seat which means so much

"If we suffer we shall also reign with him." And just in so far I believe, as we know what it is, to have fellowship with our Lord down here, and to have been drawn by his loving power into close and abiding communion with himself, shall we be fitted to occupy that position, that glorious seat—the highest which heaven itself can give.

"With me in my throne." Up beyond the blue canopy of space, away beyond these lower heavens up, up, further and yet further, where the dazzled imagination and dimmed eye can no longer follow somewhere up there, comes the whispered echo, clear and sweet—"With me in my throne." And yet not only do the unsaved, but even God's own beloved children, in alas, too many instances, "Turn away from this grand destiny of bliss and dream that they were made for this poor earth."

*From the *Prophetic News* for September which contains "Prophetic Notes," by Rev. H. Sturt; "The Locusts of the Fifth Seal;" "W. Houghton's Predictions;" "The Newly Discovered Revelation of Peter," etc. Price six cents.

THE C IRISTIAN'S HOPE.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Oct. 15. Rom. 5: 1-5; Phil. 1: 20-27.

IN declaring that the Christian's hope is one that maketh not ashamed, Paul states precisely what every man needs to know about a hope, before he entertains it. Man is a hopeful creature. He is constantly looking forward to some state, or condition, or prize, that he does not yet possess. He hopes that the burdens and restraints which now oppress him will one day be removed and he will be at liberty to enjoy himself in his own way. Such hopes brighten his life, make him patient in trial and hardship and cheerful under affliction. They encourage and stimulate him to effort and they nerve his heart to overcome obstacles. A hopeless man is a useless, as well as a miserable man. His work is perfunctory and his life dark and joyless. But not always are these hopes guests whom it is wise to entertain. Some hopes do make those who indulge them ashamed. Some are shameful in themselves, as when they are sordid or selfish or immoral; while of others a man is ashamed when he discovers that they are unattainable. To have indulged the former is a reflection on his purity and to have indulged the latter is a reflection on his sagacity. There is no surer index to a man's spiritual condition than the nature of his hopes. As a man hopeth in his heart, no less than as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. His hopes represent his conception of his highest good. They indicate what he would choose for himself if he had the power to fix his lot. Of all the many impulses and desires in his nature the one he would most like to gratify is represented by his chief hope. If his hope is for wealth, or pleasure, or power, or the gratification of the senses, or for spiritual attainment, or usefulness, there need be no doubt in any case as to the nature of the man. When we consider the Christian's hope, about which Paul writes, the contrast of natures is fundamental. His conversion is a begetting "unto a living hope." It influences his thought and conduct. "He that hath this hope purifieth himself." It gives him courage and fortitude in every period and state of his life. "Happy is he whose hope is in the Lord." And even when he comes to die, "the righteous has hope in his death." His bereaved friends are also comforted, for "they sorrow not as others who have no hope." This hope we are assured will never make a man ashamed, for it will be realized. In fact, unlike the hopes that are for this world's good, it falls far short of the realization. "Neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath grepared for them that love him." It is a hope based on experience. Tribulation and patience have preceded its birth and the love of God in the heart is the earnest of its fulfilment.

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THE EPWORTH LEAGUE IN CHINA.

An interesting letter from Minnie E. Wilson sent to the *Epworth Herald*, describes the conduct of a Chinese chapter. In the course of her letter she says: Epworth Leagues are not numerous in China, there being only two to my knowledge—one here in Hinghua, and one in Foochow; as to a girls' programme, this is the first we have heard of here, and were not our Christians whole-hearted, liberal-minded eople such a thing would be impossible, s the heathen Chinese women and girls are not supposed to be seen in public, much less heard. But since the organization of the league they have led the meetings and testified as Christians would at home.

One feature of the evening was the "Little daughter-in-law's soliloquy," being the life history of three typical girls—Hindoo, Chinese and American, beginning with their birth, and the welcome and unwelcome attending it; the next stage was that of five years old, when takes place the betrothal of the Hindoo, the foot-binding of the Chinese, the kindergarten of the American; then at ten years the marriage of the Hindoo, the betrothal of the Chinese, the public school life of the American; at sixteen the widowhood of the Hindoo, the marriage of the Chinese, the high school and college experiences of the American; and at twenty-five the grandchild of the Hindoo, the betrothal of the daughter of the Chinese, and the bethrothal and marriage of the American. It graphically portrayed the difference between the customs of heathen and Christian lands, and the comfort and blessing that come to the Hindoo and Chinese after they become followers of the true God.

A song, "Oh, Happy Rest," translated into Chinese for the occasion was sung by a number of girls. A calisthenic exercise by ten of the smaller girls was very well given, and much enjoyed by the audience, some of whom had never seen the like before. As I beheld the graceful dignity of the girls that evening I looked into the future and saw what Chinese women can and will be when Christianity gives them the station in life and home that God intends for them.

Refreshments of fruit, native cakes, sugared peanuts, and tea were served at the close of the meeting. The enjoyment of the Leaguers was not without its pathos; it was so new to them in that dark land though common to us.

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THE B Y. P. U. SECRETARIES.

Our readers who belong to the Baptist Young People's Unions of the various cities will all be glad to have the portraits which appear on this page. Although the Secretary of any society or institution does not claim or receive equal honor with its President, his work is generally more arduous and his responsibility

MR. A. M. BRINCKLE,
Recording Secretary B. Y. P. U.

greater. The efficiency or non-efficiency of that officer has more influence on the welfare of the enterprise than has that of any other, and therefore any society that has secured a really earnest, methodical and genial man for the office deserves to be congratulated. As the Baptist Young People's Union has two such secretaries it is entitled to double congratulation. Dr. Frank L. Wilkins, of Chicago, is the General Secretary, and Mr. A. M. Brinckle, of Philadelphia, is the Recording Secretary. The Union has made the mistake of adding to the duties of the General Secretary, which must be sufficiently heavy in a Union comprising over five thousand Societies, the duty of editing the organ of the Union, a duty which can never be done properly by any man who does not give it his undivided attention. The results of this mistake are palpable to all critical readers but the fault is with the Union, not with Dr. Wilkins who must often be sorely pressed with the multiplicity and variety of his duties. As the Union is growing with phenomenal rapidity and its Founding Fund already amounts to a large sum, it will doubtless see the benefit to be gained by giving its overworked General Secretary all his time to devote to the legitimate duties of his office. His energy and devotion to the cause like those of his Philadelphia colleague are worthy of all praise.

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Y. P. S. C. E. IN ENGLISH CHURCHES.

The representative councils of several denominations in England have taken action in favor of the Christian Endeavor movement, and it is significant that the strongest words of approval come from the various sections of the great Methodist body. Rev. W. Bainbridge, a member of the English Council reports these utterances to the *Golden Rule* and speaks enthusiastically of the prospects of the Society. The Conference of the Methodist New Connection, he says, has given the Society its imprimatur and the president, the Rev. Thomas Scowby, made reference, in his address to the Conference, to the spiritual characteristics of the Endeavor movement. The address of the Conference to the churches, written by the ex-president, gives prominence to the Society which "recognizes variety in endowments, in aptitude and attainment, and finds a sphere in which the talents of each may be utllized, amid the best conditions to secure success and commends the organization to churches that have not yet directed their attention to it."

The Annual Assembly of the United Methodist Free Churches—a large and influential community—also adopted Christian Endeavor pure and simple. *The Free Methodist*, the weekly paper of the denomination, remarks: "Among the decisions of the annual assembly which are likely to have far-reaching and blessed results, we place the one indorsing the Christian movement and directing that minis-

REV. F. L. WILKINS, D.D.,
General Secretary B. Y. P. U.

ters shall be instructed to bring the matter before the various churches in their circuits. It was notable that the judgment of every speaker in the Assembly, who had practical acquaintance with the working of the Society, was not only favorable, but strongly so." The Congregationalists and the Presbyterians have heartily adopted the Society and the Synod of the Morav an churches unanimously passed a resolution "That in response to a resolution from the last national Christian Endeavor convention, addressed to all evangelical churches, this synod expresses its official and formal approval of the movement of the Y. P. S C. E."

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THE LUMBERMEN'S CHAPTER.

Few people had any idea of the extent of the work done by the King's Daughters among lumbermen and miners until Miss Emma C. Nason read her paper on the subject in Chicago. The work it appears, commenced in 1889. Our first field, Miss Nason says, was Hurley, a mining town in the northeast corner of Wisconsin. This town had become a hotbet of dissipation. There the worst characters of America's sixty million people had gathered in fastnesses of vice. From there came those awful reports of iniquity too dreadful to believe, yet undoubtedly true, and the worst has never been revealed. The call to the rescue came as a voice from eternity. It sounded in our ears day and night until we could not sleep, and were willing to give our life for this mission. Hedged in by difficulties, without money, we prayed. Money came. A missionary was supported in Hurley. He sought the lost in saloons and dens of vice. Rescues followed. Gamblers and drunkards were amoug the saved.

This work at Hurley was only the gateway to a greater field. In two years thirty thousand people, mostly poor, largely foreigners, settled on the Gogebic Range. Nowhere did the population increase so fast as in Northern Wisconsin. Here in the vast pineries, hundreds of miles in depth, is our camp mission of Northern Wisconsin. This great army of woodsmen are banished from the sound of church bells and the comforts of home, and from saving influences, save as they are reached by camp evangelists. No congregations receive Gospel messages more gladly. No camp meetings in the world have been blessed with better results than these winter camp meetings. In occasional instances the whole camp has been morally changed. Hundreds of lumbermen and miners have professed conversion during the last three years. Many Bibles have been given away, 3,000 Testaments and Gospel literature in ten languages have been distributed.

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AMONG THE ORDERS.

The Convention of the Illinois B. Y. P. U., will be held at Jerseyville, Oct. 20.

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The South East Kansas B. Y. P. U., has raised in nine months $606.52 of which $103.52 was devoted to missionary purposes.

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The Ohio B. Y. P. U., will hold its annual Convention in connection with the State Anniversaries at Circleville, Oct. 17 and 18.

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University chapter of the Epworth League, Los Angeles, Cal., has seven local preachers on its roll and three other members preparing for the ministry.

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Manistee, Mich., has a flourishing chapter of the Epworth Leagne. Its membership is ninety-one. The attendance at the Sunday evening meetings has been from seventy to seventy-five every evening.

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On Maui, one of the Hawaiian Island, there is a Christian Endeavor Society with about twenty-five active members. Some of them are obliged to travel seven miles to the meetings, but the attendance is excellent.

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The Japanese Young Men's Christian Association of San Francisco, celebrated its seventh anniversary recently. Mr. Ishikawa, the secretary, reported a most encouraging state of affairs. There are 2,000 Japanese young men in the city.

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More than twelve hundred new Christian Endeavor societies have been added to the rapidly growing hosts of this organization since the convention at Montreal in July last, so that there are now 27,600 societies in all parts of the world, with a membership of over 1,600,000.

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The Young Women's Christian Association congress occurs Saturday, Oct. 7th, at the Art Palace, Lake Front, Chicago. Two sessions will be held, one at 10 A.M., the other at 8 P.M. Among the speakers will be Lord Kinnaird of London, England, president of the Young Women's Christian Associations of Great Britain.

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During the vacation of the pastor of the South End Tabernacle of Boston, Mass., Rev. E. W. Darst, the preaching service Sunday evening has been given up, and the Christian Endeavor Society has conducted a prayer service instead, with a few minutes' talk, each night, by one of the elders. These meetings have been well attended, and greatly blessed by the presence of the Spirit.

✠

Work on the magnificent new building which is being erected for the Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago is being pushed with great rapidity. The finishing touches have been put on the towers, thus completing the exterior of the building. The plastering in those rooms which are to be occupied this season has been finished and the floors are now being laid. Other inside wood finishing is being done as rapidly as possible. It is expected that the association will be able to occupy its quarters in the new building by the 1st of November.

✠

The Endeavor society has been adopted and endorsed by no less than eleven different evangelical denominations in the United States, by several in Canada, four in England and by as many more in the different colonies of Australia, while many other denominations which have not in any formal adopted the society have practically no other young people's organization in their church. The circle of the denominations which have adopted the Christian Endeavor society is constantly widening, an omen which augurs well for the practical co-operation of Christians the world around in future years.

The Family and Home Circle

Fijians at the World's Fair.

Picturesque People from the South Seas, who are both Musical and Warlike—Their Beautiful Country, once Cannibal now Christian and Progressive.

IF evidence were needed of the rapid advance of civilization and Christianity in the remote regions of the world, the unconvinced could not do better than to study the life in some of the villages along the Midway Plaisance at the World's Fair. It would have been well-nigh impossible, a quarter of a century ago, to have brought together such an aggregation of nationalities as is there assembled. The native African, the descendant of generations of savages, is next neighbor to the New Zealander, and the Polynesian, whose forefathers were painted cannibals. Contact with the Caucasian has both evangelized and civilized them, and has modified, yet without materially changing, their national customs and mode of life.

The thirty Fijians who, under the leadership of an old chief and warrior, are now sojourning at the Fair, are pleasing representatives of the South Sea native races. They are very musical, and fond of dancing; their voices are clear and resonant and their singing is not ungraceful. Physically they are among the finest specimens of manhood and womanhood at the Exposition, the men strongly built, war-like and graceful, and the women much handsomer than many of their dusky sisters from other parts of the world. The complexion is light coffee-color, not unlike that of some of our own Indian tribes. The quarters of the party are opposite the Javanese Village. They are domiciled in strongly-built huts, composed of stout timbers, and heavy thatched roofs, the whole sufficiently snug to afford shelter in stormy weather and abundant shade in the heat. Our artist has reproduced from the life some interesting types among the Fijian visitors. Those interested in aquatics will at once recognize in the native boat, with parallel pole on extended supports, the principle applied in the construction of the catamaran, which is not uncommon on our own coasts. The catamaran is a surf boat and its principal recommendation is that it does not capsize.

The Fijians are classed between the Malay and Papuan types of the negro race. Their native government is patriarchal and before the advent of Christianity they had many gods, and worshipped idols. Since 1884, they have been under British protection. There are several schools and a number of missionary stations on the islands, which are some 300 miles from the Samoan group. They are almost an earthly paradise in the abundance of of their tropical fruits and the luxuriance and beauty of their vegetation.

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The Heart's Latch-String.

A young girl and her mother had been visiting a friend. As the lady was bidding them good-by, she said: "Now remember that the latch-string will always be out for you." "What did she mean, mamma?" asked the child, as they drove away. "Why," said her mother, "in old times, when people did not have door-knobs or locks and keys, they hung a string out of the door, and it was fastened to the latch, so that whoever pulled the string would open the door. If the family in the house saw any bad-looking person coming, they could draw in the string." "Couldn't we have latch-strings now?" the little one asked. "Not on the doors of our houses, but on the doors of our hearts," said her mamma. "Then if we see 'Naughty Words' or 'Wrong Thoughts,' or any other bad things coming to get in, we ought to pull in the latch-string and keep them out. But we will let 'Love' and 'Kindness' come in. Let us keep the door open for them always."

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Home Cares.

One would imagine, writes Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher in *Godey's*, that there could be few departments in housekeeping where the time and skill would be so taxed as in dusting. Yet to some, this work, properly performed, is often one of the most disheartening of the housekeeper's duties. To teach our young daughters it calls for more constant oversight and repeated direction than almost any other work in which we are anxious to have them perfected. Yet in this case long and patient continuance in repeating the lesson wins at last. But not one in ten of our "hired help" ever dusts properly. They slip over and slight this work as if they say less danger of their negligence being recognized than any other portion of their duties.

Some are often very capable in the performance of almost any household labor allotted to them, but wretched failures in the simple labor of dusting a room.

We urge mothers to begin early to teach their young daughters how to dust a room peefectly, and by such thorough work to polish and rejuvenate the furniture and ornaments that add so much to the beauty of a home. Let them begin their first lessons by taking charge of their play-rooms and playthings, and knowledge thus gained in seeming play will increase each week in perfection, and prepare them soon to be valuable and efficient assistants to their mothers on a larger scale of work.

Mothers understand that there is a great difference in the children, even in one family; and that one child needs to be looked after and assisted in every step of her way toward becoming a practical, helpful daughter and woman, much more than her other children. This is often a heavy tax on the mother's strength, but love and patience will conquer in the end.

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THE LITTLE ONES HE BLESSED.

I WONDER if ever the children,
Who were blessed by the Master of old,
Forgot he had made them his treasures,—
The dear little lambs of his fold.
I wonder if angry and wilful
They wandered afar and astray,
The children whose feet had been guided
So safe and so soon in the way.

One would think that the mother at evening,
Soft soothing the silk-tangled hair,
And low leaning down to the murmur
Of sweet childish voices in prayer,
Oft bade the small pleaders to listen,
If haply again they might hear
The words of the gentle Redeemer
Borne swift to the reverent ear.

And my heart cannot cherish the fancy
That ever these children went wrong
And were lost from the peace and the shelter,
Shut out from the feast and the song.
To the days of grey hairs they remembered,
I think, how the hands that were riven
Were laid on their head when He uttered,
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

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A PLEASANT JUVENILE EXPERIMENT.

"HOW can I see to the bottom of the river, or lake?" is a question that often arises in youthful minds. Now, it isn't so very hard a problem, after all. The young people will be pleased to know that the object can be attained by the use of a water-telescope, such as the Norwegian fishermen use to ascertain the position of herring shoals. It is made quite simply. Procure a tube made of tin, and funnel-shaped, about three and a half feet long and nine inches in diameter at the broad end. It should be wide enough at the top to take in the observer's eyes, and the inside should be painted black. At the bottom or wide end, a clear, thick piece of glass must be inserted. with a little lead in the form of a ring to weight the tube. When the instrument is immersed in clear water, it is astonishing how many fathoms down the observer can see. A great deal of genuine instruction and amusement can be gathered out of such an instument for young folks.

SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS AT CHICAGO.—(BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.)
1. South Sea Island Native Huts. 2. A Warrior. 3. Fisherman in a Catamaran or Native Boat. 4. A South Sea Belle.

NOT LOST.

THEY are not lost; they are within the door
That shuts out loss and every hurtful thing,
With angels bright and loved ones gone before,
In their Redeemer's presence evermore. [King.
And God himself, their Lord and Judge and

CHAPTER X.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

THE idea of Guy going to Spain or Italy for the winter was submitted to Geoffrey at a family conference at which Mrs. Dangerfield and Monk and Funk assisted. Yolante was not present, but she was interested and when her mother came out of the room she eagerly inquired: "Is he going abroad, Mamma?"

"I hardly know. Geoffrey Northesk does not seem to think it actually needful, if he takes common care of himself at home."

"I wish he would go," said Yolante. "I can't bear him about the place."

Mrs. Dangerfield looked up quickly and keenly. It was strange to hear her sentiments echoed so truly by her daughter. She felt that she was calculating his chances of life with a strange desire to hear that the mother's constitution was developing in him over the tough Dangerfield fibre, of which it had hitherto seemed to be made. She might hide all this from others, but it was becoming impossible to hide it from herself: and the knowledge that this was so, was slowly embittering her whole mind, and was degenerating it slowly and surely.

As for Yolante, she could hardly restrain the expression of her impatience at Guy's constant presence in the house, and had more than once asked him point blank what he was going to do, and how long he proposed, now that his education was complete, remaining a gentleman at large, a mere hanger-on of Monk's.

And indeed that same question was occupying a good deal of Guy's attention at this very time, and it was partly this which brought him to Fordingham one afternoon in Christmas week, when the wind was blowing softly from the southwest, and the thaw seemed to have set fairly in. He bent his steps towards the riverside house where Geoffrey Northesk lived with his sister, and upon the very threshold, he encountered Cicely, coming in from one of her rounds.

"Why, Guy," she explained, for by this time Guy had been received as one of the family by all who had known the other Dangerfields in their childhood, "I certainly never expected to see you here. Do you think you ought to be out, so far away from home?"

"O yes—I am almost all right again, thank you, and I have got leave to be out now that the wind has changed, I thought I would come over and have a chat with Geoffrey. I have not seen him for some days."

"No, he is very busy, but he generally comes in about this time from his long round. Come up and have some tea."

"It sometimes seems almost wicked to come in to such luxury, after all the things one has heard and seen during the day," she said, as she took off her hat, and unbuttoned her warm jacket, leaning back in an easy chair with the fire-light playing over her face. "One knows that there must be differences in the world, but it is sometimes hard to understand the how and why."

Guy looked at her with quick comprehension and sympathy.

"It is odd that you should have said that now."

"Why?"

"Because I have come to talk to Geoffrey on a subject somewhat akin. You know we do sometimes think at college about other things than books and games. Several of my greatest friends are men who are going to the pulpit. I have been thinking a good deal as to whether I should do the same."

"Yes?" Cicely looked sympathy and interest, though her words were few.

"I am too young yet—Monk thinks I hardly know my own mind. He would rather I took some other line: but he will end in acquiescing whatever I choose. I have no special bent for anything else. The question is, have I a call for that life. Of course, it is not one to be taken up quickly or thoughtlessly."

"Indeed not. But I do not think you would fall into that error, and earnest men are greatly wanted—even in this little town we feel it [illegible]

"You must not think of commencing anything serious until the warm weather is here," Geoffrey said when he came in presently and the project was laid before him. "You have overworked yourself and let yourself down, and it will not do to think of hard work or rough living until you are your own self again. You cannot work among our poor while in danger of taking chills and in fear of night air—and you ought to be very cautious to avoid those two ills, for some months to come. Think it over and wait till you are your old self: and then if you are still in the same mind I can promise you a warm welcome."

Guy's face brightened. He would have liked to commence at once, but saw the sense of Geoffrey's advice: and as did not take any serious or gloomy view of his own condition, being too young to understand that a hereditary tendency is rather a serious thing in such cases, he felt that a little patience would quite set matters right, and that having some definite occupation to look forward to in the future would help to make the time pass quickly.

He had a great admiration for Geoffrey, and when the young doctor told him that the rooms at the top of the house had long been vacant, and that their landlady was a very estimable woman, he could hardly be restrained for striking a bargain for them then and there, and when after some more chat, Geoffrey discovered that it was raining fast, and that the air was raw and chill, he resigned himself with real pleasure to being their guest for the night, as Cicely suggested, so that they could talk over the future and lay plans for his coming walk in life. A telegram was sent to Monk at the Park to set his mind at rest, and a very happy evening was spent in the riverside house.

Next morning was foggy and damp at the outset, and only cleared toward noon, so Guy did not get home very early, and when he did so he was at once pressed into the service of re-making wreaths for the church which on the morrow was to be refurnished for the new year.

Next day the hounds were to meet about five miles off, and as there had been three weeks cessation from hunting on account of the frost it was reported that the gathering would be large, and Monk was resolved to be present, as were also Yolante and Fulk; and Cissy. Guy would have liked to go, but was advised against it, and his own good sense told him he was better away. Moreover there were the decorations to be put up in the church, and he knew that Cissy would stay at home if there were nobody else to undertake the office.

"Never fear for the wreaths," he said, "I'll see to all that. You can go with a clear conscience, Cissy. I'll see to everything."

"And console yourself afterwards by another visit to Geoffrey," suggested Fulk, "as you two seem so uncommonly thick."

"Well, perhaps I will," answered Guy, who always met chaffing more than half way. "So if I don't turn up at night, you'll know where I am."

He saw the hunting party off, and spent the rest of the morning in finishing, with a little help from Humphrey, the work for the church that still remained to be done. He lunched with Mrs. Dangerfield, and immediately afterwards set off with his wreaths and flowers, and was seen no more for many hours by anyone at Dangerfield.

His aunt, as she chanced to pass along near the church that afternoon, saw Guy's face looking out from one of the belfry tower windows. She shrewdly suspected that he had finished his work, and had gone up there to explore. Almost immediately afterward Mrs. Dangerfield saw the sexton locking up the church, and toddling off to his cottage with the keys.

She paused, struck by the oddness of such a proceeding. Surely Guy had not had time to get down the stairs and leave the church? But if anyone was still inside why did the old custodian lock it up? Mrs. Dangerfield took a few steps in the direction of the old man's cottage, and then suddenly stopped short.

After all what reason had she to infer that Guy had been inadvertently locked in the church? There were more keys than those belonging to the sexton. The Rector had one, and so had Mr. Wydham, who was churchwarden. It would be absurd for her to trouble her head over such a simple thing. Certainly Guy was quite capable of taking care of himself.

So Mrs. Dangerfield walked tranquilly on—tranquilly at least as far as outward appearance went: but within a fire seemed to rage and burn, and she shrank from looking into her own heart to see what terrible thought she was cherishing there.

Not Guy's death—to do her justice she did not go so far as that: but she longed to have him out of her house—removed from the current of her daily life, taken away from the family circle, in which his presence was a constant mute reproach, so that she might once again breathe freely, as she never could do now.

She felt perfectly certain that a winter's night passed in the dank chill of that unwarmed church would not fail to leave its impress Guy could not stand such exposure with impunity, and it would take only a little more delicacy of lung to induce the doctors to order him off forthwith to the south of Europe for this and perhaps many succeeding winters. She wanted to get him out of the house—out of her sight, and out of danger of any contact with those vindictive Stapletons, of whom she stood in some awe, though she could hardly have said why. She knew that they could not know her secret, and yet from the rumor that sometimes reached her ears she knew that they still cherished the hope of seeing Guy reigning at Dangerfield, and she felt like one who walks by the crater of a volcano.

It has been truly said that it is the first step that costs, and Mrs. Dangerfield had taken the first step long years ago, when she had locked away the old Bible, and with it the secret of Guy's true age. Then, when this next temptation of another kind met her face to face, it did not seem hard to yield to it also. It troubled her less than she once would have deemed possible, for her conscience was growing seared, and the power of evil within her had dominated her will so long and so often that she yielded herself a willing slave to the promptings of its beguiling voice.

With steady and even steps she walked home, a sense almost as of triumph in her heart, and she settled herself in her cosy drawing-room, to await the return of her children without allowing herself to dwell upon the thought of what was passing within the walls of the lonely church, situated so far back from the road that it was most unlikely any shout from within its walls would arouse the attention of a chance passer-by. It did not stand upon the man road, and there was little traffic in the lanes after dusk.

About five o'clock in came the riding party, splashed and hungry, and in excellent spirits after a very exciting day with the hounds.

"And where is Guy?" was Monk's inevitable question, as soon as they had related a few of their adventures.

"I have not seen him since he went to the church," answered Mrs. Dangerfield quietly. I have not been troubling myself about him."

The subject dropped then, and the evening passed as merrily as usual. Monk's prognostication as to the weather proved right, for Fulk who went to look out at ten o'clock reported a stinging frost, and the wind setting into north east. Mrs. Dangerfield heard the news with a certain contraction of the brows: but she had tied her own hands and could not speak now, even had she wished, which she was not certain that she did.

So Guy was left to his fate and might have remained all night in the cold church in that bitter Christmas weather, but for a fortunate accident. From the churchwarden's window his daughter Geraldine looked out about midnight and saw a light in the church. She aroused her brother who went to the church to see what brought anyone into the building at that hour. Guy was released and as he was coughing badly, was hurried to the churchwarden's house and warmed and made comfortable for the remainder of the night. In the morning he breakfasted without much appetite and then made his way home.

As he walked into the hall, in which the houshold had assembled as they often did during the early part of the day, a good many questions were showered upon him, and he had barely time to note the strange gleam in Mrs. Dangerfield's eye as he made his greeting, and wonder what brought it there.

But there was a fine sensation produced when he really did tell what happened to him. Monk whistled below his breath, and began abusing all the church authorities for what was certainly not any fault of theirs, whilst Cissy looked anxiously at Guy, and Fulk curiously at their mother.

There was to be a dinner party at the Park that night, and Guy dozed away the hours with Humphrey, trying to convince himself that he was none the worse for his night's adventure.

"I suppose you can't let me off to-night, Yolante," said Guy's voice at her door, as she was putting the finishing touches to her dress.

She opened it, and heaved a sigh of relief to find that he was dressed, despite this appeal.

"No, indeed we can't. It would throw the table all wrong, and we should be thirteen, which is out of the question. Why do you ask. You look all right. Are you very tired?"

"I've got a bad headache, and feel a bit seedy, but I'll come if I'm wanted—anything to be useful."

They went down together, and the guests began to arrive. The story of Guy's last night's adventure had got whispered abroad, and everbody was anxious to learn the truth of it. When the ladies left the table, Geoffrey, who had risen with the rest, crossed the room and took Geraldine's vacated chair by Guy and soon afterward the two went out together.

Yolante was not pleased when she found that Geoffrey was not forthcoming after dinner because Guy had captured him and taken him off somewhere. But she could not say anything then, and made the best of her evening without him. It was only when everybody else had gone that Geoffrey appeared again, and then with rather a grave look upon his face. Monk caught the look at once, and his face contracted.

"Nothing wrong with Guy, I suppose? Don't be a croaker, Geoffrey."

"Better croak in time than too late," was Geoffrey's answer. "Guy is in bed, and there he will have to stay until I give him permission to get up. I thought that would be the end of the fine escapade your guests were laughing at so heartily at table just now. I suppose it was a series of unlucky blunders that no one could foresee: but it does seem as though some amongst you might have known enough of his movements to institute inquiry when he was missiug after dark."

Fulk looked at his mother—he could not help it—and he saw the very slight contraction of her features. Again he was possessed by that uncomfortable feeling that there was some kind of mystery behind which he could not penetrate. It was his voice that asked what was the matter with Guy,

"There is a distinct inflammation of one lung, and a good deal of fever. I hope to save the other, but his chest will not stand liberties. You might give an eye to him to-night, Fulk—you know enough to be of use. I think he will sleep—he is so dead tired."

Fulk nodded acquiescence. He made no display of his feelings, but all the same he was very much attached to Guy, and doctoring and nursing were not distasteful to him.

Mrs. Dangerfield looked up and spoke rather incisively. "If Guy is so very delicate, it is a great pity for him to stay in England. The Riviera is the place for delicate lungs, and if Guy were my son he should go there at once, and return a new man after a residence there."

"Well," said Monk, "if that's what it all means, and the poor old fellow wants another climate than this, we'll start off to-morrow with all my heart. But I believe in home for fellows who want looking after."

"And," said Geoffrey, "there is no option. Guy could not travel now, nor for some weeks to come. When he is on the road to recovery we must discuss what is to be done."

Monk looked rather relieved. He hated the idea of leaving the country: but it had not yet occurred to him that Guy could go without him. Mrs. Dangerfield let Geoffrey depart, and Yolante, who hated discussions about Guy, go to her room, and then she turned to her son.

"It is time for you to realize, Monk, that you and Guy cannot always be together. Your place is now here, where your duty imperatively demands you to remain. If you sacrifice that for a boyish freak you will stand a very good chance of utterly blighting your prospects in life. You have a happy future stretching out before you, and you have only to put out your hand to take it. But believe me, my boy, when I tell you that no woman will stand being in the second place: and if ever you mean to think of marriage, you must learn to look upon Guy as no more and no less than an ordinary cousin. To go on as you are doing now is simply to court ridicule and unhappiness."

And without waiting to see the effect of her words, Mrs. Dangerfield swept quietly from the room.

(To be Continued.)

HENRY VARLEY IN CHICAGO.

The Celebrated English Evangelist Gives His Impressions of Religious Work in the Exposition City—Mr. Moody's Gospel Campaign.

THIS is a great city! Situation, prospect and climatic conditions are all elements of power in Chicago. Her position takes hold at the centre of a confluence of influences. Commercially, she must increase. Rapidity of growth is her danger. The people rush on in an intense and unhealthy excitement. A careworn and premature age marks the countenances of masses of the people, and is removing them further and further from the handsome contour of well-developed and useful men and women. This "beating the record" spirit threatens a disastrous success. Having distanced in architecture, in commerce, and in mass of population all other of the State cities, New York herself is seen ahead, and is to be raced, caught up to and surpassed. The question whether the evolution of a city of two millions of people, excited, reckless and engaged in a neck and neck race on the lines of keen competition, will yield desirable and healthy results is not thought of. The aggregations of human life in our English cities are not yielding results which indicate social or national prosperity. The rural and suburban populations furnish our highest types of physical strength and beauty, as also the normal glory which belongs to home and family life.

MR. HENRY VARLEY, EVANGELIST.

It is impossible, however, not to admire the marvellous enterprise of the people. The city not yet thirty years old since the time the great fire laid it in ruins, tells of expenditures fabulous in amount, and on the score of time, buildings seemingly impossible of erection. The massive piles of elaborate structures devoted to Chicago's giant commerce I have never seen surpassed. From eight to sixteen stories high and used in their vast capacities from cellar to topstone, these stores are second to none throughout the earth as illustrating an enormous commerce.

Mr. Moody's Meetings.

I have not yet seen the Exposition Buildings, the scene of the World's Fair. Should time serve in the midst of this great evangelistic session, I will send you some account of it; but I write you first my impressions of the work initiated and carried on by that centre of evangelistic energy, D. L. Moody.

It was a bold conception to make the six months of the World's Fair the occasion for preaching the Gospel to the largest company probably that ever heard, in a great city, the word of Life. The ministers as a whole were in fear and regarded the campaign as Quixotic and Utopian. Not so our honored brother, who in dependence upon the Lord, and using with marked sagacity and common sense, went courageously forward. I am not writing to criticise the ministers, for when we take into account the heat of summer and the absorbing interest of the greatest Fair the world has ever seen, it is not matter for wonder that they feared to inaugurate the campaign. But the campaign was inaugurated and has challenged and secured the attention of hundreds of thousands of the residents in, and visitors to Chicago. Despite the silence of the daily press and the crowding out of him who is Lord of all, his power and glory have been manifested wondrously. It is still true "he cannot be hid." "The Light of the World" shall not be voted out even by the World's Fair Committee. The battle has indeed, been carried to the gates. Some idea may be formed of the widespread interest which exists when I state that the week just closed gathered from 55,000 to 60,000 people to twenty different centres in which the needed and adapted Gospel of Christ has been heralded and taught.

The great central building where we all live and rally is the Bible Institute. I question whether the energy ability, devotedness and unity of hearts which exists here was ever exceeded. As the waters in Ezekiel's visions flowed out, so here, literally, truth, zeal and energy for God and man pour forth from a hundred living springs. Here there are about three hundred students. The impress of the beloved leader marks the majority, and Mr. Moody appears, under God, to have engraved upon these young men and women who for more than four months have carried on this great and holy war, the motto, "Out and out for Christ,"—the favorite motto of one of our brothers here. What a magnificent training for Gospel ministry!

A Great Evangelistic Gathering!

Then there are present about thirty leading ministers and evangelists. There are amongst us Pastors Stoecker of Berlin, John McNeill, John Robertson, A. C. Dixon, R. A. Torrey, Drs. Riddell, Wharton, Goodwin, Majors Whittle and Cole, besides the tent worthies, Merton Smith, R. Atkinson, Fred Schiverea, and others whose names I cannot recall. We make long days. Days of prayer, sowing, service, testimony, teaching, and "bringing in the sheaves." It is a bright, joyous, company which gathers every night in Mr. Moody's room. He is leader in the war with his eye upon the man with the drawn sword who is Captain of the Host. From about 10-15 to 11-40 P. M., we come in and report progress and discuss America's huge water-melons, and afterwards go to sleep without a grain of desire for Egypt's leeks, onions, or garlic. They are good times we are having and no mistake. Walking in lowliness before our gracious Lord, I venture to think no brighter days for evangelization ever existed than are found in Chicago now.

I should not have found time for this letter but there is something in the air which comes from Lake Michigan that induces hoarseness to nearly all public speakers, on their first arrival, and I unwillingly am unable to speak without difficulty till my voice is restored. The first week, through Mr. Moody's kindness, I spoke of Christ Jesus to fully 15,000 people. Sunday Morning, 3,000 crowded the Haymarket Theatre at ten o'clock to hear our leader. The doors had to be closed, as many being shut out as were found inside. A quarter of a mile distant, I was preaching in Standard Theatre to 1,700 people, and John McNeill at the Central Music Hall to another crowded house numbering 2,500. The afternoon and evening saw even greater companies thronging the twenty different buildings and tents devoted to the living God through the band of workers gathered under brother Moody.

The Power of Gospel Song.

The power of Gospel song and the virtue of the old, old story of God's great love exhibited in Christ Jesus is seen here and I joyfully testify to the fact. Our brethren—Stebbins, Towner, Burke, McGranahan, and Mrs. Pierson, are capital leaders in the service of song. The choirs sing admirably, and some young men render valuable help in the same attractive ministry. Sunday evening, I had the joy of preaching for Dr. Goodwin. I was not aware that the Lord would so soon grant me the honor of standing with the noble man whose heroic exhibition of the Gospel of Christ in London a few months since had endeared him to the hearts of thousands. All honor to the brave who will not bow the knee to the cultured criticism which presents another Gospel, or in my judgment, at least, a misrepresentation of the Word of Life. It would do some brethren good to see here the power of the Gospel of the Grace of God.

Monday following we had the first of the great Central city prayer-meetings. The Central Music Hall, taken till the Fair closes, is right in the heart of the city. Two thousand people crowded the floor and first gallery of the spacious auditorium and Mr. Moody presides. Songs of praise, prayer, and addresses continue till about 12-15; Rev. John McNeill preaches and teaches the exalted Christ. The meetings are bound to grow. More prayer, power, and zeal—the fruit of communion,—indicate the course mapped out. We are of one heart and mind, set for the preaching and exaltation of him whom God hath raised up, and sent to bless the sons of men in turning every one from his iniquities and bring by his power into the glorious relationship of the sons of God.

The Failure of Sunday Opening.

There is one item that deserves to be heralded to the ends of the earth. Amongst the other "booms," the exhibition was to know a "Sunday Boom." The law was against it, but the World's Fair Commissioners secured practically the repeal of the law which prevented the opening of the exhibition on Sunday. Meanwhile a petition against the opening was brought in from various parts of the States (the largest ever signed, numbering millions of names.) The law has been practically set aside and broken, might triumphing over right for greed of gain and ungodly license.

And now mark the result! The judges have stood up for the overthrow of the closing law. The Fair has been opened on Sundays according to the decision of the judges, but this great people have not gone and will not go! I quote the actual average figures to illustrate the position of those who said that America wanted Sunday opening:

Saturday, Sept. 2,	paid admissions	152,063.
Sunday, Sept. 3,	" "	25,439.
Monday, Sept. 4,	" "	121,851.

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If my pen can overset my temporary disability to speak, my silence shall serve him!

Yours faithfully,

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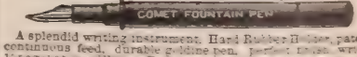

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David's Last Days.*

THE old age of good men is often a beautiful spectacle. They show us the example of a mellower wisdom, a larger tolerance, a sweeter temper, a more unselfish sympathy, a clearer faith. The setting sun of their bright day tinges even the clouds which gather round it with softer and more lovely hues.

We cannot say this of David's age. After the oppressive splendor of his heroic youth and manhood there was no dewy twilight of honored peace. We see him in a somewhat pitiable decrepitude. He was not really old; Josephus says that when he died he was only seventy years old. He had reigned seven years and a half in Hebron and thirty-three years in Jerusalem. At the age of seventy many men are still in full vigor of strength and intellect, but the conditions of that day were not favorable to longevity. Solomon does not seemed to have survived his sixtieth year; and it is doubtful whether any one of the kings of Israel or Judah—excepting, strange to say, the wicked Manasseh—attained even that moderate age. Threescore years and ten have always been the allotted space of human life, and few who long survive that age find that their strength then is anything but labor and sorrow. But the decrepitude of David was exceptional. He was drained of all his vital force. We are surprised at such total failure of life's forces. But David had lived through a youth of toil and exposure, of fight and hardship, in the days when his only home had been the dark and dripping limestone caves and he had been hunted like a partridge on the mountains by the furious jealousy of Saul. The sun had smitten him by day and the moon by night, and the chill dews had fallen on him in the midnight bivouacs among the crags of Engedi. Then had followed the burdens and cares of royalty with guilty anxieties and deeds which shook his pulses with wrath and fear. Coincident with these were the demoralizing luxuries and domestic sensualism of a polygamous palace. Worst of all, he had sinned against God, and against light, and against his own conscience. True he was forgiven, but he must have found it terribly hard to forgive himself. God gave back to him the clean heart, and renewed a right spirit within him; but the sense of forgiveness differs from the sweetness of innocence, and the remission of his sins did not bring with it the remission of their consequences. From that disastrous day David was a changed man. It might be said of him as of the Fallen Spirit:

> His face
> [illegible] and entrenched, and care
> Sat on his faded cheek.

The Nemesis of sin's normal consequences pursued him to the end. Dark spirits walked in his house. Joab knew his guilty secrets, and Joab became the tyrannous master of his destiny. Those guilty secrets leaked out, and he lost his charm, his influence, his popularity among his subjects. He was haunted by an ever-present sense of shame and humiliation. Joab was a murderer, and went unpunished; but was not he too an unpunished murderer? If his enemies cursed him, he sometimes felt with a sense of despair, "Let them curse. God hath said unto them, curse David." His past carried with it the inevitable deterioration of his present. In the overwhelming shame and horror which rent his heart during the rebellion of Absalom, he must often have felt tempted to the fatalism of desperation.

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Curses in his family, a curse upon his daughter, a curse upon his sons, a curse upon himself, a curse upon his people—there was scarcely one ingredient in the cup of human woe which, in consequence of his own crimes, this unhappy king had not been forced to taste. But among all the "sad stories of the deaths of kings," none ends a purer glory with a more pitiful decline than the poet-king of Israel, whose songs have been to so many thousands their delight in the house of their pilgrimage. Truly David's experience no less than his own may have added bitterness to the traditional epitaph of his son on all human glory: "Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, vanity of vanities; all is vanity."

Dreams and Prophecy.*

DREAMS have interested the children of men in all past ages principally, not for their imaginative qualities, nor for their naturalness and vividness, but for the prophetic meaning ascribed to them. History is full of famous dreams, poets have often used them as a powerful motive, and, to be frank, who of us have not thought over a dream, to whom has not the thought come whether this or that dream may not have some meaning? The subject-matter of the dream is of little consequence. The main thing is how deeply our emotions are engaged. A dream in which we revel in masses of gold and precious stones causes but a smile at most when we awake. But when in a dream we pass by our own grave, and see a future date inscribed upon the head-stone as the date of our death we must be very sordid or very much preoccupied if it does not appear to us as a warning prophecy. And very self-possessed must we be if we can look forward to the date without a certain terrifying expectation.

Any one, too, may convince himself of the deep hold which dreams not particularly affecting the emotions have upon one. An elderly gentleman related to me the following dream: "I thought," he said, "that I was at the Court of St. Petersburg. His majesty, the Emperor of all the Russias, conversed intimately with me about the Russian troops, calling my special attention to the difference in arms between the Russians and Germans. While we were talking, a gentleman covered with orders approached me from the brilliant circle of courtiers, or rather he hopped toward me in a ridiculously impossible way, and said: 'You must not address His Majesty, but must wait until spoken to.' I disposed of this individual summarily by saying that I understood that very well, but that it was doubtless permissible in a dream. All laughed. I laughed too, and awoke, and the childish scene made so strong an impression on me that I continued to laugh, and could not control my hilarity for at least half an hour. Still more during the whole forenoon, though engaged in business, I could not get rid of the sight or at least of the memory of the bright yellow buttons on the uniforms of the Russian soldiers." In this case there was undoubtedly entopic vision in question, and probably local excitation of the center of the brain which affected the risible muscles.

Easily excitable persons dream more vividly and are more affected by dreams after awaking than do cool, critical, calculating natures. Children and women dream more vividly than men do. The people of the Orient with their lively imaginations pay more regard to the "interpretation" of dreams than do the cooler people of the West. There the interpretation of dreams was reduced to a system, a regular, psychological method. The dream interpreter enjoyed a high distinction. He must be a highly gifted, learned, and pious man. Knowledge of the human heart and of physiognomy were the chief requisites together with a gift of fine sounding, ambiguous speech and imposing demeanor. Other matters, too, had to be taken into consideration.

* From *Sleep and Dreams*, a Scientific Popular Dissertation; from the German of Dr. Fr. Scholz, by H. M. Jewett; pp. 147, cloth, price 75 cents. Funk & Wagnalls, N. Y., publishers.

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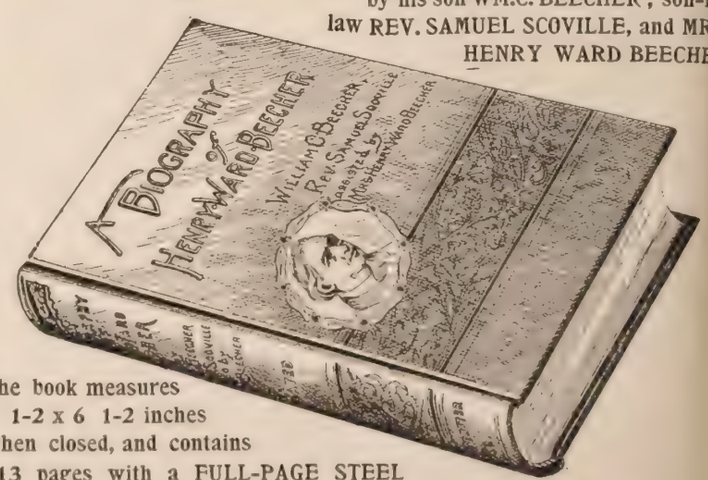

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HIGH on the list of self-sacrificing Christian women, stands the name of Mary L. G. Petrie, a young Englishwoman, whose remarkable talents have been consecrated to the service of the Master and who has wonderfully succeeded in an altogether new field, which she has opened up for herself. Miss Petrie enjoyed the blessing of a pious ancestry. Her grandfather, Commissary-General Petrie, was the friend of Count Guicciardini, and in the early part of this century distributed Bibles among the people of Italy. Her father, Colonel Martin Petrie, now dead, was a faithful servant of his God and of his country. He took an active interest in philanthropic work in London. Her mother was Eleanora Grant Macdowall, one of the Macdowalls of Gartland, Scotland.

MISS MARY L. G. PETRIE.

In 1880, Miss Caroline Cavendish founded the English Christian Women's Educational Union, with the two-fold object of "raising the intellectual standard of religious education and bringing definite religious influence to bear upon higher education." Mrs. Petrie was one of the original members of this union, and in consequence of a suggestion from Miss Cavendish, her daughter Mary undertook to give aid in study to two or three girls who were unable to avail themselves of professional teaching. This informal correspondence class was mentioned in the weekly press in 1881, and the result was an avalanche of letters from all parts asking for the proffered aid.

Meanwhile, Miss Petrie was a very busy woman with her private studies. In 1883 she took her degree with honors in classics, modern languages, mental and moral science, English literature and history. She also won numerous prizes at University College, London. She was the first woman to gain the scholarship in philosophy and logic. She then began to devote her entire leisure to the "College by Mail," which she soon organized on a complete working basis. It seeks to promote the systematic study of Holy Scripture, as well as to give secular instruction to girls over sixteen years of age. All the teachers give their services gratuitously; the students have no expense save a nominal sum to defray postage. There are at the present time over 3000 students, each of whom devotes half an hour daily to Bible study, and may join one or more secular classes. The staff consists of over 200 ladies, many of whom have had a University education, and all of whom are well qualified for the position they hold. Both students and teachers are in direct communication with the president, and none but those who have been with Miss Petrie in her study can have any idea of the enormous amount of labor involved in the undertaking. Sixty out of seventy Scripture classes have taken up a "Chronological Scripture Cycle." A scheme for reading the Bible through chronologically in three years, was originally worked out by the president, in a set of twelve pamphlets for the use of the College. Within a short time 3000 of these papers had been subscribed for, not only by the students, but by others who wished to follow out the scheme at their leisure. So numerous were the requests for them, that on Dec. 20, 1892, the complete course, revised and enlarged, was published in the volume, *Clews to Holy Writ*. One of the latest additions to the College is a class to study the Expansion of Christendom. The papers prepared by the president, include a sketch of missionary history from the Day of Pentecost to the present time, illustrated by the lives of great representative missionaries.

Miss Petrie is shortly to be married, but she will continue to conduct her "College by Mail," although the scene of her labors will probably be transferred from London to Montreal, Canada, where her future husband, Prof. Carus-Wilson, is connected with the McGill University.

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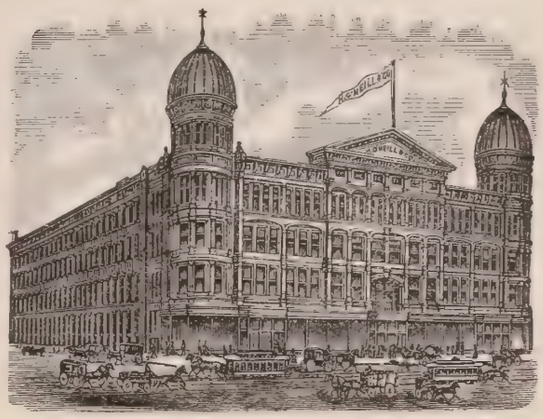

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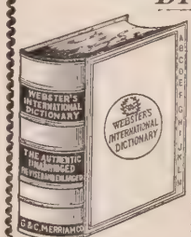

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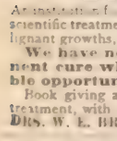

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A CITY OF TEMPLES AND IDOLS.

Beautiful Madura, Once a Royal Capital and a Centre of Hinduism, now a Focus of Christianity—The Work of the Madura Mission.

A REMARKABLE illustration of the growth of Christianity, under most adverse conditions, is found in the mission work now going on at Madura, India. This ancient seat of the Pandiar kings, who ruled over a great part of India from the fifth century before Christ to the end of the eleventh century of our era, is a district crowded with palaces and temples. The city of Madura, the largest in the district, is the fourth largest city in the Madras Presidency. Among its celebrated structures are the "Hall of a Thousand Pillars," the famous palace of Tirunialai Nayack, and the "Vasantu" or "Pathu Mantapam," which is said to have been built as a summer retreat for the god Sundareshwara, one of the many forms of Siva. The city was in ancient days, not only the capital of a kingdom, but the centre of South Indian culture and learning, and a stronghold of Hinduism.

The Madura Mission, which is under the control of A. B. C. F. M., was established in 1834. A recent enumeration of the foreign evangelical force of the American Board showed thirteen ordained, Christian missionaries, two physicians, and a number of female assistant missionaries, while the native force was nineteen pastors, 120 catechists, seventeen evangelists, 254 teachers, and thirty-five Bible-women. There are 141 common schools, with 3,603 pupils, ten station boarding-schools, besides a Training College, Theological Institute, Normal, High and Middle schools, eighteen Hindu Girls' Schools, 230 out-stations, thirty-six churches with 3,439 members, and 12,030 adherents. When the American missionaries, in 1834, took up their residence in Madura, the more influential Hindus treated them with studied indifference—a policy which afterward changed to bitter opposition. But the work progressed in spite of obstacles, and the principles of Christianity secured an enduring and ever-growing hold upon the Hindu people. Especially was the work very successful among the native women. Native Bible-women in cities and villages taught their Hindu sisters to read and to "know Christ." Many were beaten and persecuted for their loyalty to the new religion, their Bibles were seized and torn up or burned, and they themselves deprived of liberty. The Madura Female Normal School is training and sending out hundreds of well-equipped Christian teachers, while the Pasumalai Institute, with its 400 pupils, has furnished the field with hundreds of native helpers, and prepared many for the Madras University. During the great famine of 1877-78, about 60,000 persons in Southern India renounced idolatry and embraced the Christian religion, over 2,000 of them joining the Madura Mission. Five years ago, a determined effort was made by the Hindus to check the progress of the work in Madura, and a violent persecution of Christians was inaugurated. Preachers were stoned and the Bible and its religion were abused, and an effort was made to break down the Christian schools; but like similar movements, the persecution failed, and the Christian element gained in strength and popularity everywhere.

In a letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Rev. T. S. Taylor, an active worker in the missionary field, gives some interesting facts connected with the progress of the Gospel in Madura. He writes:

"As a traveller approaches Madura, the only signs of the existence of that famous city are the lofty towers of the temple rising above the belt of cocoanut trees which hem it on every side. The four lofty towers which now rise from the walls surrounding the temple, are supposed to have been built between, 1,450 and 1,500 A. D., by the last of the Pandiars. The west tower is said to be the oldest of the four.

"The actual number of the pillars in the 'Mantapam' is 999, many of them being ornamented with spirited carvings of gods and heroes. The most important addition to the temple was the New Mantapam (hall) of the god, Sundareshwara, built for his retreat during the dog-days in the burning month of May, in consequence of which it has the name of the 'Spring Hall.' It is surrounded by a narrow, stone water-course intended to cool the air during the fierce heats of May. The flat roof is composed of long slabs of granite, supported by 124 stone pillars, carved in the ordinary Hindu style and placed in four rows. Ten of these pillars are ornamented with statues, sculptured in stone, of Tirunialai Nayak and his nine predecessors of the Nayak dynasty, together with their wives. To a stranger, the most imposing of Tirunialai Nayak's buildings is the Palace which, even in its ruin, is admired by all who see it. The American Board, which, early in 1834, selected Madura as the most suitable place for missionary work, has now for its guidance the accumulated experience of fifty-nine years. Twelve ordained missionaries and sixteen missionary ladies married and single, are working in the field here at present. On coming out of the pastor's house the stranger sees the missionary dispensary, which is just in front. The first thing to which his eyes are drawn is a crowd of people on the dispensary verandah, with an evangelist in their midst who appears to move the crowd with impressive words, uttered with eloquence. This over, the Medical Missionary, Dr. Van Allan, and a hospital assistant, administer medicines and perform surgical operations. Once a rich man came from Malaiputti, thirty-seven miles off, and received kind attention and medical treatment. He informed the doctor that he desired the friendship of a missionary

CONTINUED ON PAGE 661.

A TYPICAL HINDU OF MADURA.

THE GATEWAY OF THE TEMPLE, MADURA, INDIA.

From a Photograph forwarded to the Christian Herald by Rev. T. S. Taylor, Madura.

The Tabernacle Pulpit

POMPEII AND ITS LESSONS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, preached last Sunday Morning at the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Text, Isaiah 25: 2: *"Thou hast made of a defenced city a ruin."*

A FLASH on the night sky greeted us as we left the rail train at Naples, Italy. What was the strange illumination? It was that wrath of many centuries —Vesuvius. Giant son of an earthquake. Intoxicated mountain of Italy. Father of many consternations. A volcano, burning so long, and yet to keep on burning until, perhaps, it may be the very torch that will kindle the last conflagration and set all the world on fire. It eclipses in violence of behavior Cotopaxi and Ætna and Stromboli and Krakatoa. Awful mystery. Funeral pyre of dead cities. Everlasting paroxysm of mountains. It seems like a chimney of hell. It roars with fiery reminiscence of what it has done, and with threats of worse things that it may yet do. I would not live in one of the villages at its base for a present of all Italy. On a day in December, 1631, it threw up ashes that floated away hundreds and hundreds of miles, and dropped in Constantinople and in the Adriatic Sea and on the Apennines, as well as trampling out at its own foot the lives of eighteen thousand people. Geologists have tried to fathom its mysteries, but the heat consumed the iron instruments and drove back the scorched and blistered explorers from the cindery and crumbling brink. It seems like the asylum of maniac elements. At one time far back its top had been a fortress, where Spartacus fought and was surrounded, and would have been destroyed had it not been for the grape vines which clothed the mountain side from top to base, and laying hold of them he climbed hand under hand to safety in the valley. But for centuries it has kept its furnace burning as we saw it that night on our arrival in November of 1889.

Of course the next day we started to see some of the work wrought by that frenzied mountain. "All out for Pompeii!" was the cry of the conductor. And now we stand by the corpse of that dead city. As we entered the gate and passed between the walls, I took off my hat, as one naturally does in the presence of some imposing obsequies. That city had been at one time a capital of beauty and pomp, the home of grand architecture, exquisite painting, enchanting sculpture, unrestrained carousal, and rapt assemblage. A high wall, twenty feet thick, three-fourths of it still visible, encircled the city. On those walls at a distance of only one hundred yards from each other, towers rose for armed men who watched the city. The streets ran at right angles and from wall to wall, only one street excepted. In the days of the city's prosperity, its towers glittered in the sun; eight strong gates for ingress and egress; Gate of the Sea Shore, Gate of Herculaneum, Gate of Nocera, perhaps the most important. Yonder stood the temple of Jupiter, hoisted at an imposing elevation, and with its six Corinthian columns of immense girth, which stood like carved icebergs, shimmering in the light. There stands the Temple of the Twelve Gods. Yonder see the Temple of Hercules, and the Temple of Mercury, with altars of marble and bas-relief, wonderful enough to astound all succeeding ages of art, and the Temple of Æsculapius, brilliant with sculpture and gorgeous with painting. Yonder are the theatres, partly cut into surrounding hills and glorified with pictured walls and entered under arches of imposing masonry, and with rooms for captivated and applaudatory audiences, seated or standing, in vast semi-circle. Yonder are the costly and immense public baths of the city, with more than the modern ingenuities of Carlsbad. Notice the warmth of those ancient tepidariums with hovering radiance of roof, and the vapor of those caldariums with decorated alcoves and the cold dash of their frigidariums, with floors of mosaic, and ceilings of all skilfully intermingled hues, and walls upholstered with all the colors of the setting sun, and sofas on which to recline for slumber after the plunge. Yonder are the barracks of the celebrated gladiators. Yonder is the summer home of Sallust, the Roman historian and senator, the architecture as elaborate as his character was corrupt. There is the residence of the poet Pansa, with a compressed Louvre and Luxembourg within his walls. There is the home of Lucretius, with vases and antiquities enough to turn the head of a virtuoso. Yonder see the Forum, at the highest place of the city. It is entered by two triumphal arches. It is bounded on three sides by Doric columns. Yonder, in the suburbs of the city, is the home of Arrius Diomed the mayor of the suburbs, terraced residence of billionairedom, gardens, fountained, statued, colonnaded, the cellar of that villa filled with bottles of rarest wine, a few drops of which were found eighteen hundred years afterward. Along the streets of the city are men of might and women of beauty formed into bronze that many centuries had no power to bedim. Battle scenes on walls in colors which all time cannot efface. Great city of Pompeii! So Seneca and Tacitus and Cicero pronounced it.

Stand with me on its walls this evening of August 23rd, A. D., 79. See the throngs passing up and down in Tyrian purple and girdles of arabesque and necks enchained with precious stones, proud official in imposing toga meeting the slave carrying trays a-clink with goblets and a-smoke with delicacies from paddock and sea, and moralist musing over the degradation of the times passes the profligate doing his best to make them worse. Hark to the clatter and rataplan of the hoofs on the streets paved with blocks of basalt. See the verdured and flowered grounds sloping into the most beautiful bay of all the earth—the Bay of Naples. Listen to the rumbling chariots, carrying convivial occupants to halls of mirth and masquerade and carousal. Hear the loud dash of fountains amid the sculptured water nymphs. Notice the weird, solemn, far-reaching hum and din and roar of a city at the close of a summer day. Let Pompeii sleep well to-night, for it is the last night of peaceful slumber before she falls into the deep slumber of many long centuries. The morning of the 24th of August, A. D., 79, has arrived, and the day rolls on, and it is one o'clock in the afternoon: "Look!" I say to you, standing on this wall, as the sister of Pliny said to him, the Roman essayist and naval commander, on the day of which I speak, as she pointed him in the direction in which I point you. There is a peculiar cloud on the sky; a spotted cloud, now white, now black. It is Vesuvius in awful and unparalleled eruption. Now the smoke and fire and steam of that black monster throat rise and spread, as, by my gesture, I now describe it. It rises, a great column of fiery darkness, higher and higher, and then spreads out like the branches of a tree, with midnights interwrapped in its foliage, wider and wider. Now the sun goes out and showers of pumice stone and water from furnaces more than seven times heated, and ashes in avalanche after avalanche, blinding and scalding and suffocating, descend, North, South, East and West, burying deeper and deeper in mammoth sepulchre, such as never before or since was opened, Stabiæ, Herculaneum, and Pompeii. Ashes ankle deep, girdle deep, chin deep, ashes overhead. Out of the houses and temples and theatres, and into the streets and down to the beach fled many of the frantic, but others, if not suffocated of the ashes, were scalded to death by the heated deluge. And then came heavier destruction in rocks after rocks, crushing in homes and temples and theatres. No wonder the sea receded from the beach as though in terror, until much of the shipping was wrecked, and no wonder that, when, they lifted Pliny the elder from the sail cloth on which he was resting, under the agitations of what he had seen, he suddenly expired. For three days the entombment proceeded. Then the clouds lifted and the cursing of that Apollyon of Mountains subsided. For seventeen hundred years that city of Pompeii lay buried and without anything to show its place of doom. But after seventeen hundred years of obliteration, a workman's spade, digging a well, strikes some antiquities which lead to the exhumation of the city. Now walk with me through some of the streets and into some of the houses and amid the ruins of Basilica, and Temple and Amphitheatre.

From the moment the guide met us at the gate on entering Pompeii that day in November, 1889, until he left us at the gate on our departure, the emotion I felt was indescribable for elevation and solemnity, and sorrow and awe. Come and see the petrified bodies of the dead found in the city, and now in the museums of Italy. About 450 of those embalmed by that eruption have been recovered. Mother and child, noble and serf, merchant and beggar, are presentable and natural after seventeen hundred years of burial. That woman was found clutching her adornments when the storm of ashes and fire began, and for 1700 years she continued to clutch them. There at the soldiers' barracks are sixty-four skeletons of brave men, who faithfully stood guard at their post when the tempest of cinders began, and after seventeen hundred years were still found standing guard. There is the form of gentle womanhood impressed upon the hardened ashes. Pass along, and here we see the deep ruts in the basaltic pavements worn there by the wheels of the chariots of the first century. There, over the doorways and in the porticos, are works of art immortalizing the debauchery of a city, which, notwithstanding all its splendors, was a vestibule of perdition. Those gutters ran with the blood of the gladiators, who were the prize-fighters of those ancient times, and it was sword parrying sword, until, with one skilful and stout plunge of the sharp edge, the mauled and gashed combatant reeled over dead, to be carried out amid the huzzas of enraptured spectators. We staid among those suggestive scenes after the hour that visitors are usually allowed there, and staid until there was not a footfall to be heard within all that city, except our own. Up this silent street and down that silent street we wandered. Into that windowless and roofless home we went and came out again on to the pavements that, now forsaken, were once thronged with life.

And can it be that all up and down these solemn solitudes, hearts, more than eighteen hundred years ago, ached and rejoiced, and feet shuffled with the gait of old age or danced with childish glee, and overtasked workmen carried their burdens, and drunkards staggered? On that mosaic floor did glowing youth clasp hands in marriage vow, and across that threshold did pall-bearers carry the beloved dead, and gay groups once mount those now skeletons of staircases? While I walked and contemplated, the city seemed suddenly to be thronged with all the population that had ever inhabited it, and I heard its laughter and groan and blasphemy and uncleanness and infernal boast, as it was on the 23d of August, 79. And Vesuvius, from the mild light with which it flushed the sky that summer evening as I stood in disentombed Pompeii, seemed suddenly again to heave and flame and rock with the lava and darkness and desolation and woe, with which, more than eighteen centuries ago, it submerged Pompeii, as, with the liturgy of fire and storm, the mountain proclaimed at the burial: "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

My friends, I cannot tell what practical suggestion comes to your mind from this walk through uncovered Pompeii, but the first thought that absorbs me is that, while art and culture are important, they cannot save the morals or the life of a great town. Much of the painting and sculpture of Pompeii was so exquisite that, while some is kept on the walls where it was first penciled, to be admired by those who go there, whole wagon-loads and whole rooms full of it have been transferred to the Museo Borbonico at Naples, to be admired by the centuries. Those Pompeiian artists mixed such durability of colors that though their paintings were buried in ashes and scoriae for seventeen hundred years, and since they were uncovered many of them have remained there exposed to the rains and winds and winters and summers of a hundred and thirty years, the color is as fresh and vivid and true as though yesterday it had passed from the easel. Which of our modern paintings could stand all that? And yet many of the specimens of Pompeiian art show that the city was sunk to such a depth of abomination that there was nothing deeper. Sculptured and petrified and embalmed abomination. There was a state of public morals worse than belongs to any city now standing under the sun. Yet, how many think that all that is necessary is to cultivate the mind and advance the knowledge, and improve the arts. Have you the impression that eloquence will do the elevating work? Why, Pompeii had Cicero half of every year for its citizen. Have you the idea that literature is all that is necessary to keep a city right? Why, Sallust, with a pen that was the boast of Roman literature, had a mansion in that doomed city. Do you think that sculpture and art are quite sufficient for the production of good morals? Then, correct your delusion by examining the statues in the Temple of Mercury at Pompeii, or the winged figures of its Parthenon, and the colonnades and arches of this house of

Diomed. By all means have schools and Dusseldorf and Dore exhibitions, and galleries where the genius of all the centuries can bank itself up in snowy sculpture, and all bric-a-brac, and all pure art, but nothing, save the religion of Jesus Christ, can make a city moral. In proportion as churches and Bibles and Christian printing presses and revivals of religion abound is a city clean and pure. What has Buddhism or Confucianism or Mahommedanism done in all the hundreds of years of their progress for the elevation of society? Absolutely nothing. Pekin and Madras and Cairo are just what they were ages ago, except as Christianity has modified their condition. What is the difference between our Brooklyn and their Pompeii? No difference, except that which Christianity has wrought. Favor all good art, but take best care of your churches and your Sabbath Schools and your Bibles and your family altars.

Yea, see in our walk to-day through uncovered Pompeii what sin will do for a city. We ought to be slow to assign the judgments of God. Cities are sometimes afflicted just as good people are afflicted, and the earthquake and the cyclone and the epidemic are no sign in many cases that God is angry with a city, but the distress is sent for some good and kind purpose, whether we understand it or not. The law that applies to individuals may apply to Christian cities as well: "All things work together for good to those that love God." But the greatest calamity of history came upon Pompeii not to improve its future condition, for it was completely obliterated and will never be rebuilt. It was so bad that it needed to be buried seventeen hundred years before even its ruins were fit to be uncovered. So Sodom and Gomorrah were filled with such turpitude that they were not only turned under, but have for thousands of years been kept under. The two greatest cemeteries are the cemetery in which the sunken ships are buried all the way between Fire Island and Fastnet Light House, and the other cemetery is the cemetery of dead cities. I get down on my knees and read the epitaph-eology of a long line of them: Here lies Babylon, once called "The hammer of the whole earth." Dead and buried under piles of bitumen and broken pottery and vitrefied brick. And I hear a wolf howl and a reptile hiss as I am reading this epitaph: Isa. 13: 21, "The wild beast of the desert shall be there and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures."

The next tomb I kneel before in this cemetery of cities is Nineveh. Her winged lions are down and the slabs of alabaster have crumbled, and the sculpture that represented her battles is as completely scattered as the dust of the heroes who fought them. Perhaps I put my knee into the dust of her Sardanapalus as I stoop to read her epitaph: Zephaniah 2 . 14, "Now is Nineveh a desolation and dry like a wilderness, and flocks lie down in the midst of her: all the beasts of the nations, both the cormorant and the bittern, lodge in the upper lintels of it." And while I read it I hear an owl hoot, and a hyena laugh. The next entombed city I pass has a monument of fifty prostrate columns of grey and red granite and it is Tyre. The next sepulchre of a great capital is covered with scattered columns, and defaced sphinxes, and the sands of the desert, and it is Thebes. As I pass on I find the resting place of Mycenae a city of which Homer sang, and Corinth which rejected Paul, and depended upon her fortress Acrocorinthus, which now lies dismantled on the hill, and I move on in this cemetery of cities, and I find the tombs of Sardis, and Smyrna, and Persepolis, and Memphis, and Baalbek, and Carthage, and here are the Cities of the Plain, and Herculaneum, and Stabia, and Pompeii. Some of them have mighty sarcophagus, and hieroglyphic entablature, but they are dead, and buried never to rise.

But the cemetery of dead cities is not yet filled, and if the present cities of the world forget God, and with their indecencies shock the heavens, let them know that the God, who, on the 24th of August, '79, dropped on a city of Italy a superincumbrance that staid there seventeen centuries, is still alive and hates sin now as much as he did then, and has at his command, all the armament of destruction with which he whelmed their iniquitous predecessors. It was only a few summers ago that Brooklyn and New York felt an earthquake throb that sent the people affrighted into the streets, and that suggested that there are forces of nature now suppressed, or held in check, which, easier than a child in a nursery knocks down a row of block houses, could prostrate a city, or engulf a continent deeper than Pompeii was engulfed. Our hope is in the mercy of the Lord continued to our American cities. It amazes me that this city, which has the quietest Sabbaths on the continent and the best order and the highest tone of morals of any city that I know of, is now having brought into as near neighborhood as Coney Island carnivals of pugilism as debasing as any of the gladiatorial contests of Pompeii. What a precious crew that "Coney Island Athletic Club" is, under whose auspices these orgies are enacted. What a degradation to the adjective "athletic," which ordinarily suggests health and muscle developed for useful purpose! Instead of calling it an athletic club they might better style it "The Ruffian Club for Smashing the Human Visage." Vile men are turning that Coney Island, which is one of the finest watering-places on all the Atlantic coast, into a place for the offscouring of the earth to congregate, the low horse jockeys and gamblers and the pugilists and the pick-pockets and the bloats regurgitated from the depths of the worst wards of these cities. They invite delegates from universal loaferdom to come to their carnival of knuckles. But I do not believe that the pugilism contracted for and advertised for next December will take place in our neighborhood.

Evil sometimes defeats itself by going one step too far. You may drive the hoop of a barrel down so hard that it breaks. I will not believe that the International Prize Fight will take place on Long Island, or in the State of New York, until I see the rowdy rabble rolling drunk off the cars at Flatbush Avenue and with faces banged and cut and bleeding from the imbruting scene. Against this infraction of the Laws of the State of New York I lift solemn protest. The curse of Almighty God will rest upon any community that consents to such an outrage. Does any one think it cannot be stopped and that the constabulary would be overborne, then let Governor Flower send down there a Regiment of State Militia, and they will clean out the nuisance in one hour.

Warned by the doom of other cities that have perished for their Ruffianism, or their Cruelty or their Idolatry or their Dissoluteness, let all our American cities lead the right way. Our only dependence is on God and Christian influences. Politics will do nothing but make things worse. Send politics to moralize and save a city and you send small-pox to heal leprosy, or a carcass to relieve the air of malodor. For what politics will do I refer you to the eight weeks of stultification enacted at Washington by our American Senate. American politics will become a reformatory power on the same day that pandemonium becomes a church. But there are I am glad to say benign, and salutary and gracious influences organized in all our cities which will yet take them for God and righteousness. Let us ply the Gospel machinery to its utmost speed and power. City evangelization is the thought. Accustomed as are religious pessimists to dwell upon statistics of evil and dolorous facts we want some one with sanctified heart and good digestion to put in long line the statistics of natures transformed, and profligacies balked, and souls ransomed, and cities redeemed. Give us pictures of churches, of schools, of reformatory associations, of asylums of mercy. Break in upon the *Misereres* of complaint and despondency with *Te Deums*, and *Jubilates* of moral and religious victory. Show that the day is coming when a great tidal wave of salvation will roll over all our cities. Show how Pompeii buried will become Pompeii resurrected. Demonstrate the fact that there are millions of good men and women who will give themselves no rest day nor night until cities that are now of the type of the buried cities of Italy shall take type from the New Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven. I hail the advancing morn. I make the same proclamation to-day that Gideon made to the shivering cowards of his army, "Whosoever is fearful and afraid, let him return and depart early from Mount Gilead." Close up the ranks. Lift the Gospel standard. Forward into this Armageddon that is now opening and let the word run all along the line: Brooklyn for God! All our cities for God! America for God! The world for God! The most of us here gathered, though born in the country, will die in town. Shall our last walk be through streets where sobriety and good order dominate, or grog-shops stench the air? Shall our last look be upon City Halls where justice reigns, or demagogues plot for the stuffing of ballot-boxes? Shall we sit for the last time in some church where God is worshipped with the contrite heart, or where cold formalism goes through unmeaning genuflexions? God save the cities! Righteousness is life, iniquity is death. Remember picturesque, terraced, templed, sculptured, boastful, God-defying and entombed Pompeii!

The Forum, as Excavated from the Ruins of Ancient Pompeii.

A JUST MAGISTRATE.

A notable communication is published in the *Church at Home and Abroad* from Rev. A. A. Fulton of Canton, China. It refers to the conduct of a magistrate to whom Mr. Fulton had to apply for protection in spite of the Geary Law. He says: A few days ago placards were put out against us, stating that we pretended to do good, but would harm the people by our medicines. This was serious. I had a personal interview with the magistrate, and showed him copies of our treaty, and of the Emperor's last edict against posting inflammatory placards. It was the 5th of May, the very day when the Chinese were to be ejected from our country, and here I was asking this magistrate for protection. What did he do? He said *treaties* must be kept. He put out proclamations all over the city stating that we came here to do good, and threatening with imprisonment any who would dare to disturb us. He ordered all the defamatory placards torn down, and sent soldiers to our boat. He also, yesterday issued one of the strongest edicts in our favor that I have seen. This edict is for protection of our chapels. He states very clearly that we have a right to open chapels everywhere, that this is by *treaty* requirements and imperial authorization, and that he will punish any who put out placards against us, or disturb our work. He also issued proclamations to be sent by special soldiers and posted in our chapels at Shing Tong and Shun Kok, situated in this district, distant from this place ten and fifteen miles respectively.

CHRISTIAN LIVING.

S S. Lesson for Oct. 22. Rom 12: 1-15. Golden Text, Rom. 12 : 21 By Mrs. M. Baxter.

AS those who have "turned to God from idols," from the "vain manner of life handed down from their fathers," (1. Pet. 1: 18, R.V.) who have been delivered "from the present evil age," "to serve the living and true God and to wait for his Son from heaven," it is our privilege to lead a transformed life. If we anticipate the day when he whom we are looking for shall fashion anew, or transform, the body of our humiliation that it may be conformed to the body of his glory, it is but befitting that our lives and our whole spirit shall first go through a transformation. The first principle in the life of a true Christian is: "Ye are not your own, for ye were bought with a price, glorify God, therefore, in your body." Redeemed, blood-bought, belonging to another, our whole life is seen with other eyes. Christ died "for all that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them and rose again."

Thus Paul, having told out the greatness of redemption, justification, and the power of God to live a holy life, exhorts: "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service." (R.V., margin; "spiritual worship.") Anything less is unreasonable, anything less is carnal. Until we come to understand, not in doctrine, but in actual daily living, that our body, our eyes, ears, hands, feet, brain, heart, etc., are no more our own than is that which we have sold or given into the hands of another, we cannot live a really Christian and transformed life. Just the knowledge of sin forgiven, without this radical change in the whole tenor of our lives, can do nothing for the kingdom of God. A sacrifice was never a sacrifice until its life was laid down; it was its very consumption upon the altar which made it to be a sacrifice, and the very offering to God made it to be holy and acceptable to him. And, practically, this transforms a life. Something may happen which is a real trial to me, it upsets my plans, it humbles me, it tests my patience; it seems to be contrary to the interests of God's work; what shall I do, then? Shall I resist? Shall I pity myself? Shall I struggle against it? How can I? A sacrifice can only yield and die. The only purpose of a sacrifice is to die, if we are a living sacrifice, then our vocation is to die, yes; with Paul, to "die daily." (1. Cor. 15: 31.) To be "crucified with Christ," even if the crucifixion may be a very lingering and painful one. This is

Spiritual Worship.

It does not consist of the singing of hymns and offering of prayers except they proceed from a life laid down. The powerlessness of the Christianity of the present day is that the true spirit of sacrifice is so largely wanting, the religion of the day, even the conversions of the day, partake of the spirit of the age in which we live, while Paul says: "Be not fashioned according to this age, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God" (R.V.) Self will is the spirit of the age: "All seek their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ's." Self-will governs politics, self will reigns in churches, in communities, in families. A man [illegible] bution, and thus might is right. More or less this is the spirit which prevails between man and man throughout the world. In civilized countries there are certain restraining influences, which keep the will of man, to a certain extent, under control, and self interest will lead him to recognize that he benefits by law and order, but, at heart man is a selfish being, and when he is not subject to the law of God, he will suffer more or less, and make others suffer under his own self-will. God has redeemed us that we may be made a blessing to others, and calls us to be transformed, not to transform ourselves, that, instead of following out our own evil self-will we may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God. Our part is to yield; the part of God the Holy Ghost is to transform us. It is God—i. e., God the Holy Ghost—that worketh in us both to will and to do of his good pleasure. He will always do his work on one who is fully yielded, one who does not resist God, but who meets everything in the spirit of sacrifice, not considering himself, but only "what is God's will?" Such will discover that his will to a yielded spirit is good and acceptable and perfect, "although it would have been gall and bitterness to his self-will if it had not been laid down. They who are looking forward to a transfigured body when Christ shall come again, cannot but yield to him day by day and hour by hour, in all the rules and crosses of every day life, that their whole spirit may be transformed day by day, so as to accord with that "house from heaven" with which Jesus will clothe them when he comes. But the detail of such a life is

Exceedingly Practical.

A transformed man will not think of himself more highly than he ought to think, but will think soberly, according as God hath dealt to each man a measure of faith." (R.V.) That is to say he will see himself by faith and not by sight; he will value himself no more by what he is, his own advantages of birth, position, wealth or talent will not make him regard himself as superior to others, he will see himself in the light of redemption, of the blood which bought him, and of the calling wherewith he is called, and so cannot possibly exalt himself above the weak brother. The spirit of the age is quite another: men are everywhere valuing themselves, boasting themselves, priding themselves upon their birth, their position, their talents, their education, their wealth, their property, their power, etc., etc. God wants a witness against this spirit of the age, "a little flock who can afford to be little, to be nobodies, to be despised, rejected and unknown; and yet who, when put to the test, are found fireproof, temptation-proof, scoffing-proof, satan-proof, people of another order, truly conformed to him who is the Firstborn among them; a people of new creations in Christ Jesus, unlike all others.

God would have our relations to one another to be not of choice or of self-will but a

Matter of Faith.

"For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office; so we also being many are one body in Christ, and everyone members one of another. We cannot always see or feel our relations to one another; there are brethren or sisters who see all things from such a different point of view, people may misunderstand us if we acknowledge them, and yet they are brethren, according to their light they serve the Lord as we do. When our heads would not discover the oneness, let us, by faith, discover whether they are united to the one Head, Christ, and if so, be one with them through faith in him, bearing with all which he bears with, and acknowledging all which he acknowledges. Only he can bring us near to brethren who misunderstand us, and whom, perhaps, we misunderstand; no part of our life needs more faith, more close dealing with our God than our relations one to another.

Here again comes in the truth "Not your own." Deeper down than our own choice, uniting us more closely to our brother or sister than anything in their natural character which might attract us, there is the recognition that Christ has given them a place in the Body; if [illegible] be, what can they be to us? Only let us be careful how we admit either attraction or repulsion which is not by faith in God: we are stewards of our relations to our brethren as we are stewards of all else, and it is a glorious witness which we bear to the world, if our relations to our brethren are indeed regulated from above, for they will be unable to comprehend how our love for our brethren does not, in any degree, depend upon what they are or how they treat us.

Again it is by faith we are to regard the special gifts which God has committed to us. While the worldling will look down with contempt on those whom he regards as inferior, and will conceit himself upon gifts, talents, or advantages, which he did not bestow upon himself. It is the graceful privilege of the children of God and disciples of Jesus to be servants to gifts for the sake of others: their gifts are the Lord's, and they are servants of their brethren for his sake. Therefore the Spirit of living sacrifice pervades all.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

SELF-SURRENDER and self-conquest are the key-notes of the lesson. Having dwelt at length on what God has done for man and emphasized the cardinal duty and saving power of faith, Paul goes on to show the practical results of faith in life and conduct. If any of the Apostle's readers supposed that a mere assent of the intellect to the facts of the atonement constituted them Christians in Paul's view of the word, their error would be corrected when they read this chapter. He tells them that not only would such faith as he had been describing lead them to holiness and service, but the very graces it produced must be nourished and cultivated. As usual, he uses a Jewish figure. The body is to be a living sacrifice . . . unto God. Under the Mosaic dispensation the sacrifice was slain, but in this case the sacrifice is to live that it may be offered continually. It is to be a perpetual offering, consecrated so long as it exists as the habitation of the soul. It is as if a man desired to give his mansion and grounds to the people. He would not demolish the house but would fill it with such books and pictures and statues and apparatus as would render it suitable for the entertainment and culture of the people. It would be consecrated to their use and benefit. The body is to be placed at God's service, according to Paul's conception of the Christian life. It is to be transformed, purified, renovated, so that the whole man shall be the Lord's. Entering into details, the apostle mentions some things which need to be done. Vanity and conceit are to be excluded, and under the figure of the mystical body he shows the reasonableness of the exclusion. As every member has its office, so every man has his work. A body is maimed and crippled whether it is a hand or a foot that is missing; so the meanest, poorest member of the church is not to be despised, for he is necessary to the perfect body. There is not only to be respect, but love for the brethren and that love is not to be hypocritical, but sincere. Earnestness, activity, cheerfulness, patience in trouble and prayerfulness, benevolence, hospitality, magnanimity, and sympathy are all enjoined. The man is to be fully alive, alert, energetic, consecrated. He has been redeemed, as a slave or a prisoner might be set at liberty, but not that he may spend his life in idleness or pleasure or self-indulgence, but in active service for his benefactor and his fellow-men. As Paul observes, this is a reasonable service.

Present your bodies. In the old schools of philosophy it was usual for the pupils to bring a present to their teacher at the commencement of each term. On one of the occasions when the disciples of Socrates one by one were going up with their gifts a poor youth hung back. But when all the others had presented their gifts he flung himself at the feet of the sage, and cried, "I give thee myself."

A brother going to spend a day in a large city, said to his invalid sister, "Can I buy anything for you, dear? I do want so much to bring you something." She interrupted him, "Nothing, dear; don't bring anything. Come back as soon as you can. I only want you."

Be ye transformed. Two children, brother and sister were playing together in a room, where there was a large mirror. They stood for a moment before it looking at their reflections. The boy was a bright handsome boy, with clear complexion and bright eyes. The girl was freckled and plain with irregular features. The boy made a hard, contemptuous remark taunting his sister with the difference between their looks. The girl burst into tears and went to her father for consolation. "Do not be distressed my child," said he. "When you look in the glass remember that the lustre of amiable conduct and kindliness of heart and manner will always be more appreciated than beauty." To the boy, he said, after reproving him for hurting his sister's feelings, "Remember when you look in the glass that a most lovely face may be dishonored and debased by unloveliness of character; and harshness and unkindness and pride are deformities for which beauty can never atone."

One body in Christ. An ancient fable has it that two friends went into the forge of Vulcan to beg a boon of him. It was that they might be made one. Vulcan told them it could be done only by beating on the anvil or melting in the furnace. The moral was that only by adversity and suffering could there be union. There is no doubt of the truth of this. The union of Christ's people with him comes in that way, and he bore the suffering.

Members one of another. The humblest members of society and of the Church should not be discouraged nor should they be despised, as the duties they may do are necessary to the welfare of the whole. Rev. Mark Guy Pearce uses the following illustration of the fact: I stood awhile ago and looked at a drinking-fountain; a marble angel, beautifully sculptured, stood pointing to heaven. Then came polished granite inscribed with gilt letters, and massive slabs of stone. But I noticed that the water came through a small brass pipe, and the people drank from an iron cup attached to an iron chain. And the marble angel pointing heavenwards would have done nobody any good, but for the brass pipe and iron cup. Think if the pipe had said, "If they do not make me of gold I will not belong to the thing." Or if the cup had said, "I must be of silver or I shall be ashamed to be there at all. No, I thought I heard the music of the three—common water, common pipe and common cup. "Well," they sang, "they can't do without us, and we must do our part along with the marble angel and polished granite."

He that giveth let him do so with liberality. (R. V.) Two ministers, collecting for a Missionary Society had a hundred dollars brought to them by a man in low circumstances of life. Doubting whether it was consistent with his duty to his family and the world to contribute such a sum, they hesitated to receive it, when he answered to the following effect: "Before I knew the grace of our Lord, I was a poor drunkard, I never could save a shilling; my family were in beggary and rags. But since it has pleased God to renew me by his grace, we have been industrious and frugal; we have not spent many idle shillings; and we have been enabled to put something into the bank, and this I freely offer to the blessed cause of our Lord and Saviour."

Fervent in spirit. The inward life, if it is vigorous and intense, changes the outward appearance so that the face becomes sweet and bright. "I have noticed in the winter," says Dr. Hamilton, "a row of cottages half hidden in snow. Great piles of it rested firmly on their sloping roofs and even when the sun was up, it merely melted a little from the surface. But some of the cottages were denuded of their load early in the day. It slipped in some cases in one mass and in some cases in fragments from the roof to the ground. I found that in those houses a fire had been kindled and the houses were warm inside, while in the houses on which the snow remained there was no fire."

Rejoicing in hope. History is full of the records of Christian men and women who, have rejoiced even in the agonies of a cruel death, being supported in the hope of eternal happiness. A modern instance occurred in Uganda, Equatorial Africa, recently. The executioner of King M'Wanga was ordered to torture three young men for having become Christians and if they would not renounce Christ under torture to burn them. After the cruel deed was done, he went to the missionary and begged to be instructed in a religion which had the power to support any one in trying circumstances. He told the missionary that the young men had borne the torture like heroes. Finally, he had cut off their arms, and yet they would not recant. Then, in obedience to the king's command, he had piled the wood around the stakes to which they were chained, and actually when they were lighting the fire, they had broken out in joyful song which they kept up until the fire ended their sufferings. He had never witnessed such heroism and wanted to know how it was produced.

A City of Temples and Idols.

Continued from first page.

who was living nearer, and the physician gave him a letter to the Rev. J. C. Perkins, who lives seven miles from Malaiputty. He

THE LATE REV. J. KENDALL.
One of the Pioneers of the Madura Mission.

took the letter and requested Mr. Perkins to come to his village. Accordingly, one evening the missionary went there with his Catechists. The patron had collected a number of people and was ready to receive the visitors. When they arrived the missionary preached on the life of Christ to a most appreciative audience. They were afterwards kindly entertained by their host.

"The Eastern part of the Dispensary is the Female Department, which is under the charge of Miss M. Root, assisted by two Bible-women. Nearby are the headquarters of Rev. J. S. Chandler, the eldest son of the venerable missionary of the Madura Station. His wife is the daughter of the late Rev. J. Kendall, a grand disciple and teacher, who was connected with the Madura Mission for thirty-eight years. He was universally beloved. Both husband and wife are thus the children of missionaries who were in charge of the station, a fact which speaks well for the interest taken by the children in the spiritual work of their parents. On Monday evenings, the three pastors of the city, mission agents and a number of Christian workers usually assemble, in Mr. Chandler's rooms for prayer and praise and to arrange for the street preaching in four different places, which are regularly occupied every Tuesday.

"Near Mr. Chandler's bungalow is the Training School for Girls, the manager of which, Miss B. B. Noyes, is a daughter of the late veteran missionary, Rev. J. T. Noyes, who was connected with this mission for about forty years. Miss Mary Noyes arrived here last September to work with her sister. Those born in India are better able to bear the heat of the sun than the new missionaries and their tongues turn more quickly to the study of the Tamil language. Besides, they are better able to understand the social customs and religious thoughts of the people. Miss Noyes' school is the highest educational institution for girls and the only school for the training of women in the Madura district. Girls are there taught habits of neatness and usefulness, to lead a pure life, and to make their homes the abode of joy and Christian love."

In the "Otis Hall," a substantial school building connected with the Girls' Seminary, little children who are gathered from the streets soon learn to love their teachers. It is very pleasant to hear these little ones sing their hymns and recite Bible stories and verses. Many of them belong to Hindoo and Mohammedan families. The church itself is pleasantly located. It is known as the "East-gate Church," and was built in 1843. Rev. John Cornelius, ordained in 1871, was the first pastor. He faithfully served the Lord in Madura for forty years, of which twelve were devoted to the East-gate Church. One of our illustrations presents a group composed of the official members of this church. The second pastor of the church (at the extreme right of the group) was lately called from earth. Since his death a "Workers' Committee" has been formed who arrange services, conduct meetings, outdoor work, Sunday Schools, etc.

Besides the East-gate, there are the West and the North Churches in Madura. Mr. James Rowland is the pastor of West Church, a self-supporting institution, now 25 years old and doing excellent work. The North Church was established only two years ago. Most of the church members earn their livelihood by daily work, yet to meet the church expenses, they pay their offerings with great enthusiasm and cheerfulness. Some of these find work in the cotton-mills, where they refused to work on Sundays when urged by the managers of the mill. Having heard an official order to them to persuade their pastor to excuse their keeping the Sabbath, a youth replied: "It is not the pastor who orders us to keep the Sabbath, but the God of the Sabbath; we will leave our work rather than disobey God's commandment." The European was very glad at hearing this brave boy, and said he would permit them to do as they pleased and give them their proper wages, without any deduction for absence on Sundays.

Near the Meanatchy Temple lives a widow who has been under the instruction of the Bible-women for ten years. Her husband opposed her embracing Christianity. Lately the husband died. On the fortieth day, she attended the Evening Sunday Service, though high caste widows do not appear in public before a year passes. She promised soon to confess her faith in Christ openly.

Miss E. Swift's new Training School for Bible-women was opened last year and there are now nineteen women in the school. Many are widows and all are showing the excellent results of their spiritual training.

We are indebted to Rev. T. S. Taylor of the Madura Mission for the very interesting photographs used in the illustration of this article.

THE GOSPEL IN INDIA—OFFICIAL MEMBERS OF THE EAST GATE CHURCH, MADURA.

TIMELY AID.*

IN all hours of unrest,
When the spirit is distressed,
If disturbed with doubts and fear,
Pray "Thy Peace, Lord," he will hear.
(John 14: 27.)

In all hours of irritation
When there is a combination
Of all evils 'gainst the soul,
"Lord, thy Patience" be our call.
(Isa. 53: 7.)

In the hour of temptation
When the dark solicitation
Unto sin comes to our heart,
"Lord, thy Purity" impart.
(II. Peter 2: 9.)

In the hour of our weakness,
We would call on thee in meekness,
"Thy Strength, Lord" O, give us now,
As before thy throne we bow.
(II. Cor. 12: 9.) C. S. S.

*B. F. Meyer, tells a venerable clergyman, who once when tempted to great irritation, looked up and claimed the patience and gentleness of Christ and since that time it has been his practice to claim from him the virtue of which he felt the deficiency in himself.

THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.

Men of other Faiths Tell us how they Regard Christianity and why they Refuse to Become Christians—Hints for Missionaries.

FROM the Parliament of Religions which has just closed its sessions in Chicago two significant and important results have come. First, we have learned from the addresses delivered by representatives of many religions, especially those of Asia, that the leaders of these faiths have generally the same aim as that of the Christian preacher. They are seeking in their way to eradicate sin and vice, to ennoble and purify the lives of men and to encourage kindness, charity and helpfulness. Thus, so far as morality is concerned, they are allies rather than opponents of Christianity.

A second result is that Christians have now learned authoritatively from the representatives of other faiths what are the principal obstacles to the propagation of Christianity in some of the lands to which we send missionaries. The chief obstacle is the inconsistencies of professedly Christian nations and individuals. When these people suffer from the cruelty, injustice, oppression and immorality of professing Christians, they conclude that Christianity is not the transforming and beneficent power that it is claimed to be. It will also surprise some among us to learn from the addresses in the Parliament that Christ is honored and his teachings accepted by many who reject the dogmas and doctrines of the sects. These facts ought to be understood and appreciated by the Church of Christ throughout the world and especially by the friends of missions. The following from among numerous weighty utterances will indicate the attitude of the speakers toward Christianity:

Kinza Ringe Hirai, a Buddhist teacher of Japan declared that Christianity would be given a kindly hearing by the Japanese but for the un-Christian conduct of so-called Christian nations.

Swami Vivekananda of Bombay, India, said, "Sisters and brothers of America, I am proud to belong to a religion that has taught the world both tolerance and universal kindness. We believe not only in universal toleration, but we accept all religions to be true. I am proud to tell you that I belong to a religion into whose sacred language (the Sanscrit) the word seclusion is untranslatable. I am proud to belong to a nation which has sheltered the persecuted and the refugees of all religions and all nations of the earth. I am proud to tell you that we have gathered in our bosom the purest remnant of the Israelites, a remnant which came to southern India and took refuge with us in the very year in which their holy temple was shattered to pieces by Roman tyranny."

"In India there are more than 300,000,000 men and women living on an average of a little more than 50 cents a month. I have seen them for years living on wild flowers. Whenever there was a litttle famine hundreds of thousands died of starvation. Christian missionaries come and offer life, but only on condition that the Hindus become Christians, abandoning the faith of their fathers and forefathers. Is it right? There are hundreds of asylums; but if the Mohammedans or the Hindus go there they would be kicked out. There are thousands of asylums erected by Hindus where anybody would be received. Brethren of America, the crying evil of the East is not religion. We have more than religion enough; what they want is bread, bet they are given a stone. It is an insult to a suffering man dying of hunger to preach to him metaphysics. Therefore, if you wish to illustrate the meaning of 'brotherhood,' treat the Hindu more kindly, even though he be a Hindu and is faithful to his religion. Send missionaries to them to teach them how better to earn a better piece of bread, and not teach them metaphysical nonsense."

Mr. Dharmapala, a Buddhist monk of India, said: "For nineteen centuries you have had Christianity in Europe, but only during the last three centuries have attempts been made to propagate it in the East. The Buddhists have a record to show that the Christian nations of three centuries ago did not do their duty as Christ wanted it done, and therefore Christianity failed in the East. The conditions of our country are different from those of yours. Your great slaughter-house here is a shame and curse to civilization, and we do not want any such Christianity in Ceylon, in Burmah, in Japan, or in China. We want the lowly and meek and gentle teachings of Christ, not because we do not have them now, but we want more of them. I tell you, if you want to make Christianity an influence in the East, you must send there men of gentleness, lowliness, meekness and tolerance. Buddhism had its missionaries before Christianity was preached. It conquered all Asia, and made the Mongolians mild. Its preachers do not go in this grand, fashionable costume of yours, but in the simple garb you see on this platform. They did not go with a Bible in one hand and a rum bottle in the other, but they went full of love, compassion and sympathy. With these attributes they conquered, and they made Asia mild. Slaughter-houses were abolished, public-houses were abolished, but they are now on the increase because of the influence of Western civilization. It is left for you, this younger family of European nations, to change this. You are intelligent, you are free from the bonds of theology and dogma, and I want you seriously to consider that the twentieth century evangelization is in your hands. I warn you that if you want to establish Christianity in the East, it can only be done on the principles of Christ's love and meekness. Let the missionary study all the religions; let them be a type of meekness and lowliness, and they will find a welcome in all lands."

Minas Scherez, editor of an Armenian newspaper, spoke as follows: "Salutations to the New World, in the name of Armenia, the oldest country of the Old World. Salutations to the American people, in the name of Armenia, which has been twice the cradle of the human race. Salutations to the parliament of religions, in the name of Armenia, where the religious feeling first blossomed in the enraptured heart of Adam. Salutation to every one of you, brothers and sisters, in the name of the Tigris and the Euphrates, which watered the Garden of Eden; in the name of the majestic Ararat, which was crowned by the ark of Noah, in the name of a church which was almost contemporary with Christ. A pious thought animated Christopher Columbus when he directed the prow of his ship toward this land of his dreams—to convert the natives to the faith of the Roman Catholic church. A still more pious thought animates you now, noble Americans, because you try to convert the whole of humanity to the dogma of universal toleration and fraternity. Old Armenia blesses this grand undertaking of young America, and wishes her to succeed in laying, on the extinguished volcanoes of religious hatred, the foundation of the temple of peace and concord."

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people

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THE JOY OF THE SEA.

THERE are physical constitutions that will not harmonize with the water; but one-half the things that writers record against the sea is the result of their own intemperance. The sea-air rouses a wolf of an appetite, and nine-tenths of the passengers turn into meat-stuffers. From morn till night, down go the avalanches of provender. Invalids, on their way to Europe for the cure of dyspepsia, are seen gorging themselves at nine o'clock, at twelve, at four, at seven and at ten. Much of the sea-sickness is an insurrection of the stomach against too great instalment of salmon, and raisins, and roast turkey, and nuts, and pies, and an infinity of pastry. One-half the same dissipation on land would necessitate the attendance of the family doctor, and two nurses on the side of the bed to keep the howling patient from leaping out of the third-story window.

Oh, the joy of the sea! The vessel bounds likes a racer on the "home-stretch," bending into the bit, its sides flanked with the foam, and its white mane flying on the wild wind. We have dropped the world behind us.

On the land, when morning comes, it seems to run up from the other sides of the hills, and, with its face red from climbing, stands looking through the pikes and cedars. On the sea, it comes down from God out of heaven on ladders of light to bathe in the water, the waves dripping from her ringlets and sash of fire, or throwing up their white caps to greet her, and the sea-gull alights on her brow at the glorious baptism. No smoke of factory on the clear air. No shuffling of weary feet on the glass of the water-pavement. But him of Genesareth setting his foot in the snow of the surf, and stroking the neck of the waves as they lick his feet and play about him.

But the grandest smile of the sea is, after a rough day, in the phosphorescence that blazes from horizon to horizon. Some tell us it is the spawn of the jelly-fish, and some that it is a collection of marine insects; but those who say they do not know what it is, probably come nearest the truth. The prow of the vessel breaks it up into two great sheaves of light, and [illegible] the beam's-end till the mind falls back benumbed, unable longer to take in the splendor. In one direction, it is like a vast mosaic, and yonder it now quivers the "lightning of the sea." Here it is crystal inlaid with jet; or the eyes of sea-serpents flashing through the hissing waters; or a tall wave robed in white, flying, with long trail, toward the East; or the tossing up in the palm of the ocean a handful of opals, answered by the sparkle on one finger of foam; and then the long-restrained beauty breaking out into a whole sea of fire. On this suspended bridge many of the glories of the earth and heaven come out to greet each other and stand beckoning to ship, and shore, and sky, for all the rest of the glories to come and join them. Historians think it worth recording, that, at an ancient feast, a pearl was dissolved in the wine, and drank by a royal woman; but a million pearls are dissolved at this phosphorescent banquet of the deep, around whose board all nations sit drinking. The stars are to drop like blasted figs, and the sun is to be snuffed out; but when the ocean dies, its spirit will arise in white robe of mist, and lie down before the throne of God, "a sea of glass mingled with fire."

IMPROVED SCHOOLS.

COMPARE the qualifications of teachers now with those who presided over our school boy days. It is a wonder that we know anything. We were gadded, and boxed and pulled by the ears, and stood in the corner on one foot, and kept in after school, and given extra lessons to learn. Some of the teachers, no doubt, were well qualified, but others, I remember, were cross and petulant and impatient and revengeful, and ignorant and filthy. I remember our old teacher used to open the school with prayer, putting one foot on the chair, and his elbow on his knee, and his hand over his eyes, but his fingers wide enough apart to see what went on, and seemed more anxious to note the effect of the prayer in the school-room than the effect of his prayer in heaven. Then the school-house was unshaded in summer weather, and was caught between the loose clap-boards in the wintry blast. We all drank out of one tin cup, and sat on benches without backs. I have not one pleasant memory of all my school days, except that connected with the recess and vacation. Let us rejoice that the Protestant inquisition is ended, and that the educational opportunities of to-day are so far in advance of what they were in our childhood. Still, the largest room in the world is the room for improvement, and we owe the grand men and women who preside as teachers in our schools better apartments in which to train and develop the young. Children are sometimes thought to be dull when they are only asphyxiated. An overcrowded school-room is a warm invitation to scarlet fever and measles and diphtheria. Money put in school-houses is money saved from penitentiaries. The best way to lessen our taxes is to pay more money for the intelligence of the people. There is a style of economy which is the worst extravagance. Good schools tend toward empty almshouses. Knowledge lifts. Ignorance depresses. It is no rare thing to find educated scoundrelism, but to the vast majority of the criminal classes, the writing of their own names is a difficult enterprise. When society knows more, it will behave better. The newspaper column which discusses the school question should be read by every citizen, patriot and Christian.

HAPPY INFIDELS.

MY opinion is that the men who have given up the religion of Jesus Christ are the most miserable beings on earth. They try to make you think they are happy; but their anxiety to impress you in that direction creates suspicion in regard to them. They are just as happy as a shipmaster with compass and chart washed overboard and drifting he knows not whither. Just as happy as that. If a man tells me that he is happy when he knows nothing about his eternal destiny, is not even certain there is any future world, and has no assurance for the future, I know that his statement is in direct antagonism with the truth. There never has been a happy infidel. There never will be. Such people may laugh in apparent glee, and caricature sacred things, and joke about God and defy retribution; but they are a bundle of keen and unadulterated wretchedness. Alas! for this religion of "don't know." Are you immortal? "Don't know." Do you think that the soul, in the future state, will have any relation to the body that dies? "Don't know." Will we recognize each other in the next world? "Don't know." Will the spirit in the future state see its Creator? "Don't know." This religion of "don't know" is made up of a hundred ingredients. The first fifty are darkness and the other fifty are midnight.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

E. A. B., Granby, Que. Whence comes the phrase: "Like oil upon the waters?" It is not Scripture.

Some of our readers may be able to answer the question.

George Latham, Fairburn, Ga. What was Judas' transgression and from what did he fall? (Acts 1:25.)

The passage has reference to the treachery of Iscariot, who sold his Divine Master. His fall from the high office of the apostleship and companionship of the Saviour to the blackest depths of degradation and despair, ending in suicide, was without parallel.

"Reader. Has Satan the power to make a man "tired," in order to keep him from church?

Some men may allege this as an excuse for not attending divine service, but it is a "willing excuse," in other words, a mere pretext. We do not believe Satan has power over a man's limbs, certainly not to the extent of preventing him from doing his duty, if he be so minded. If the man is really willing to attend church, diabolic restraint is powerless to stop him. "Resist the devil and he will flee from you." (Jas. 4: 7.)

Mrs. S. N. Norwalk, Conn. Is it wicked for parents to rob their children of the privilege of going forward at their conversion to be baptized? If my parents had dedicated me to Christ in infancy by sprinkling, they would have robbed me of the happiest day of my life.

It need not have been so; you could have been baptized by immersion just the same. The previous rite need not have precluded you from the later one. Thousands of persons have been baptized at their conversion who had previously been baptized by sprinkling. The late Pastor C. H. Spurgeon is an instance.

Earnest Inquirer, New York. 1. Does Matt. 24 relate to the Jew, Gentile or Church of God? 2. Will Christ come "as a thief in the night" for his church?

1. The chapter relates to the coming of Christ for the "first-fruits." That is, those members of his church who are one with him and are living for him. Worldly Christians will be left behind to go through the great tribulation which is described in the same chapter. The removal of the first-fruits takes place when he comes into the air, not when he comes to the earth. 2. That coming will be secret as a thief in the night. The other and later coming will be with great glory.

Savington Starrell, Cleveland, O. How did the ancient Jews make their money? Of what did it consist?

Authorities state that from the earliest time, silver was used by the Jews as a medium of commerce, and that a fixed weight was assigned to single pieces, so as to make them suitable for the various purposes of trade. In later times, a distinct allusion to coined money appears in the Apocrypha, where it is narrated in the first book of Maccabees, that Antiochuseth the VII. granted to Simon the Maccabee, permission to coin money with his own stamp. This coin was the shekel made of silver, and bore no head, the Jews being the worshippers of the one only true God; hence idolatry was strictly forbidden in their law. It was impressed simply with the almond rod and the pot of manna. Gold was only used for ornaments.

Jos. A. Underdown, Ozark, Mo., and others. When, where, and by whom was the first prayer-meeting organized?

Prayer is as old as the human race itself, and the first public assemblage for this purpose, however small, occurred at a period beyond the reach of history. The first Christian prayer meetings, however, are mentioned in Acts 16:15, as having taken place at a rural spot, "by a river side where prayer was wont to be made." This was only a few years after the crucifixion of Christ, and at a time when the church was in the early formative stage. But it is quite certain that there were earlier prayer meetings, although unrecorded. In Acts 2:1, the gathering "with one accord" was doubtless for prayer among other spiritual purposes. At the houses of the disciples, in secret places and at their own homes, the apostles and worshippers met for this purpose.

W. H. Dodd, Raleigh, N. C. Can you inform me of the name, author and date of publication of the *first* Sunday School music book with notes published in the United States.

Mr. Hubert P. Main, the well-known hymn writer and composer, and an authority on hymnology, writes in answer to the above:

So far as I have been able to learn, the first Sunday School music book published in the United States was called "Sabbath School Psalmody," and was issued by Ezra Barrett, Boston, 1828. I had two copies, one as above, and a second edition, copyrighted 1829. Title-page dated 1830. The next I found was "Sabbath School Harp," 1834, by Lowell Mason, Boston. The third, "Union Melodies," 1836, S. B. Pond, New York. Since that time hundreds of collections have appeared.

Carrie, Rome, Ga. I know a young minister who is engaged to a lovely, sweet, accomplished young lady. Their dispositions blend perfectly, and their social standing is equally high. They are devoted to each other, but he continues to put off the wedding day secretly because she is not a professing Christian. Is he doing right? Should he not pay his vows and then let his Christian influence bear upon her?

We cannot say that he is doing right, as his course is weak and vacillating. We do not, however, think the course you suggest would be right. To pay his vow would involve his violating the Apostolic injunction (II. Cor. 6: 14), and the fact of his wife not being a Christian would be a constant hindrance and embarrassment to him in his work. It is not at all certain that she would become a Christian after marriage. The minister is in an unpleasant dilemma as the result of his engagement. His conscience and his inclinations are doubtless in conflict. He probably hopes that he will be rescued by the lady becoming a Christian. If she does not, he will have either to marry her and violate his conscience, or break the engagement and be false to his vow.

John A. Johnson, Peapack, N. J. 1. Where and how did the Apostles of Jesus Christ die? 2. Is there any book giving an account of their lives and deaths?

1. According to ancient authorities and tradition, Peter was crucified at Rome, Bartholomew crucified at Albanopolis, in Armenia Minor; James the Elder (the first apostolic martyr), beheaded; Andrew, crucified in Achaia for refusing to sacrifice to idols; Philip tortured at Hierapolis, from the effects of which he died; Thomas killed by a lance in the hands of persecutors, either in India or Persia, and Simon Zelotes crucified in Judea, under Domitian. John escaped martyrdom, although he is said to have been made to drink hemlock, which proved powerless to kill him. There is a tradition that Matthew was martyred, but it is probably unfounded. He, as well as Nathaniel, and James the Less, seems to have died a natural death. The fate of Judas Iscariot, the betrayer, is notorious. 2. A "Biography of the Apostles" is published in London, which you may be able to order through Fleming H. Revell Company, publishers, N. Y.

Mrs. Cyrus Cole, Athens, N. Y. We have many similar appeals from different quarters and only regret our inability to aid.——Mrs. J. S. Leslie, Bailey, Tex. Write to J. E. Jewett, bookseller, Bible House, N. Y.——Subscriber, Oakesdale, Mich. Any relation, social or otherwise, that encourages habits of dissipation and social irregularities, is to be avoided. If in addition to these objections, there is a distinctly anti-Christian influence, it is clearly to be condemned.——William Skinner, Dallas, Tex. 1. It does not seem to be "a work of necessity," and as such, permissible. If you represent it rightly, it is inexcusable in one who professes to be a Christian. 2. Yes.——J. W. L. Porter, Ogden, Mich. Dr. Talmage preaches without any notes, written or printed.——W. H. Dodd, Raleigh, N. C. What you refer to as the "design" in the centre of the olive wood souvenir, which we sent you, is the natural color and markings of the heart of the wood, and not artificial at all. Some of these convolutions are very beautiful and artistic.——J. C. Atkisson, Milan, Tenn. Consult a reliable physician.——A. B. Keating, Argola, Ala. It probably relates to an incident in the time of the Papal Inquisition, when many converts from the Roman Church to Protestantism became martyrs. Probably some of our readers may be able to inform you as to the authorship of "The Romish Lady."——Mrs. A. J. D. Foster, Glasgow, Ky. Our arrangements for music, being made far in advance, prevent us from complying with your request.——J. A. Spence, Pleasant Hill, Ala. 1. The speeches made at the Congress of Religions will shortly be published in volume. 2. The Korean wonders are doubtless largely legendary or mythical.——John Gowan, Mocksville, N. C. Write to J. E. Jewett, bookseller, Bible House, New York. 2. Four, of whom two are married. 3. Methodist.——Mrs. C. H. Leland, Holliston, Mass. Send back numbers to Isaac M. Washburn, Shrewsbury, Ky.——Sophie A. Hurd, Lancaster, Wis. It is not published in this country. Write to editor, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 20 Tudor St., London, E. C.——Mrs. Jane Edwards, Broken Bow, Neb. If Dr. Murdoch be a Presbyterian missionary, write to the Secretary, Presbyterian Board, 43 Fifth Ave., New York.——L. L. Frank, Louisville, Ky. 1. No; under certain conditions it may be entirely proper. 2. No. 3. Probably only a few hours.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE CRADLE OF CHOLERA.

CHOLERA'S reappearance in several European cities renews public interest in the investigations of scientists of the origin of the dreaded plague. The march of the disease has been traced backward along two lines to its sources. It was noticed that it had a religious connection in both cases. Mohammedans and Hindoos were the bearers of the fatal microbes, which produce the malady and the fiercest outbreaks followed their religious gatherings. When the Mohammedan pilgrims return from Mecca and when the Hindoo pilgrims return from the sacred bathing places of the Ganges about Hurdwar, an outbreak of cholera usually takes place in the villages in which the pilgrims live. It is therefore legitimate to infer that it is from Mecca and Hurdwar that the cholera comes. The filthy wells and unsanitary conditions of Mecca have often been described and it appears that Hurdwar is like it, if not worse. Ordinarily, Hurdwar and the adjacent villages have an aggregate population of only thirty thousand souls, but at the great festival more than a million persons from all parts of India assemble there. They go to bathe in the Ganges and to drink of its waters, both acts being regarded as of peculiar sanctity. Day after day they pass in a continuous line through the river, from dawn until sunset, more than five hundred persons being in the water at the same time. At night every space capable of accommodating a human being is filled. On every roof and balcony, in every out-house and hovel and tent, the pilgrims herd as closely as they can be packed. In the morning they swarm at the high building called a ghat, where wide flights of steps lead into the river. The filth on the steps and in the sluggish water, which collects in the little bay at their foot, is indescribable. Specimens of the water at that place have been analyzed and have been found to be full of microbes. It is no wonder that the people who bathe in it and drink it go away with the seeds of the plague in their bodies and afterward die of cholera and infect others. Thus in trying to gain sanctity from the river, they contract the fatal disease and so the river becomes the exact contrast of that river which was seen by Ezekiel and John, which caused everything to have new life wherever it went (Ezek. 47: 9) and gave access to the tree of life which gave healing to the nations. (Rev. 22: 2.)

A Biologist's Discovery.

A scientific correspondent of a New York journal reports that a recent discovery by Prof. Burdon Sanderson destroys the hopes that have been entertained of finding the secret of the principle of life. The dream of the ancient alchemists that eventually they would find the liquid or the gas which would restore youth and perpetuate life through the centuries seemed to some biologists on the eve of realization. Prof. Sanderson, who is regarded as the greatest living biologist, has now, however, extinguished these hopes. He declares that the processes of secretion are not, as is generally believed, attributable to liquid diffusion, but to the specific energy of the cells. In other words, the principle of life is in the human organs and not in anything that can be taken into the body. From the time when the cellular principle of all life was discovered the search for the vital essence has been carried forward with an energy unknown since the days of the alchemists, for the clue to the mystery was believed to have been found. There is now, if the great biologist is right, no use in carrying the investigation further, for the greatest of all mysteries can never be discovered. It is a pity that those who have been so ardently searching for the secret do not go to Christ, who has promised to those who believe in him, not perpetual life here, but the greater boon of eternal life beyond the grave. (Mark 10 : 30.)

A Captive of Affection.

A letter from a Belgian officer now in the Congo Free State contains a pathetic story of friendship. The Belgian forces engaged in suppressing the slave trade became aware that some white man was with the Arabs. When the Arab commander had occasion to communicate with the Belgian force, letters were sent which were evidently not written by any Arab. It was remembered that six months previously, two employes of the Congo State had mysteriously disappeared and it was conjectured that one of them was the writer of the letters. A short time ago, the Arabs desired a conference with the whites and a message was sent to the leader of the Belgian force, appointing a meeting-place. A river ran between the two armies and the conference was to be conducted in shouts across the river. The Belgian officer at once recognized, in the speaker for the Arabs, one of the missing employes. Asking how he came there, he received the reply that he and his companion had been taken prisoners and had been been brutally treated. They did not know from one day to another when they would be killed. The man said that his fellow-prisoner was then sick from ill-usage. The officer summoned a company of his best marksmen and stationed them in the long grass by the riverside. He then told the prisoner to jump into the river and swim across, and the marksmen would take care that no Arab should molest him. The prisoner hesitated a moment and then refused. He said that if he did so the Arabs would revenge themselves on his companion. The officer urged him to secure his own liberty, but he shook his head and they saw him walk wearily away from the river-bank toward the Arab camp. He was going back as he knew, to slavery and death, but he would not purchase his liberty at the cost of his fellow-prisoner. We can admire a man who showed such devotion to his friend, but how little do men think of the love of Christ who while we were yet enemies died for us. (Rom. 5: 10.)

The Cradle of the Cholera.—Pilgrims Bathing in the Holy Pool, Hurdwar, India.

Edible or Poisonous.

As about a dozen persons have died recently in New York from eating poisonous toadstools, under the impression that they were mushrooms, the warning of the Chief of the Agricultural Station at New Haven, Conn., deserves special attention. He says that the tests usually applied to distinguish the wholesome from the poisonous growth, are unreliable. It has been supposed that they could be distinguished by the cap, the ease with which the upper surface could be pealed off and the discoloration of silver if inserted in the pan during cooking. None of these tests, Dr. Sturgis says, are sure. There are but two differences which absolutely determine the character of the fungi. One is the color of the seed, or spores, contained within the gills, under the cap. In the wholesome mushroom they are pink, brown or purple; in the poisonous variety they are white. The second difference refers to the root. If the fungus has a ring about the stem and grows out of a bulbous cup with ragged edges it is certainly poisonous. The general appearance of the two kinds is so much alike that only by the root and the seed can the true nature of the fungus be determined. It is so with spiritual food. Much is now being offered that is injurious, yet it is so like the beneficial that it is often mistaken for it. The safe test is to see if it has its root in Christ or if, as the prophet said, "they speak a vision out of their own heart and not out of the mouth of the Lord." (Jer. 23: 16.)

The Reversible Waterfall.

An interesting phenomenon is described in an article by Gustav Robbe in the current number of *Scribner's Magazine*. Writing of "The Tides of the Bay of Fundy," he says that the difference between high and low water is so great as to seem incredible to one who has not actually seen it. At Petitcodiac it is no less than seventy feet. At St. Johns, New Brunswick, where the St. Johns River falls into the Bay, the tide often rises twenty-four feet, and it is there that the curious phenomenon of a reversible waterfall exists. There is a beautiful gorge at that point, through which in remote ages the river seems to have forced its way. Between tides the surface of the river and that of the bay are level, and vessels pass easily either way through the gorge. But as the tide rises, the water in the bay is high above the river and at high tide, rushing through the gorge, pours into the river in a beautiful cascade. Then the ebb begins and again there comes a placid interval, when, for twenty minutes, the passage is smooth and tranquil. As the ebb continues, the water in the bay becomes lower, until, at low tide, the river rushing through the gorge at the rate of twenty-five knots an hour, strikes a large rock and, spreading out in graceful curves, falls into the bay. Thus, at intervals of about five and one-half hours, there are waterfalls there, running alternately in opposite directions. An analogous phenomenon is witnessed in Christian work. The man who helps others, from whose soul there flows a tide of blessing, receives blessing into his own soul. "He that watereth is watered also himself."(Prov. 11:25)

A Route for Sunlight.

The captain of the tank steamer *Kasbek*, now loading at Philadelphia, contrived an ingenious method of solving a difficult problem, while his vessel was waiting for its cargo. A break had been discovered in one of the lowest tanks, in which the steamer carries oil in bulk. It was necessary to have it repaired, but it was a difficult task, which could not be done in the dark. No lamp could be used because of the danger of an explosion, the tanks being full of gas generated from previous cargoes of oil. In this difficulty, the captain determined to make an attempt to get the sunlight down to the hold. He procured a number of highly polished plate glass mirrors and made experiments. After a series of efforts, he succeeded in getting a ray of sunlight reflected right upon the faulty place. In several places the ray had to pass through a manhole less than two feet in diameter, but lenses were placed there, which caught and focalized the ray upon another mirror and so on, from one deck to another, until the faulty place was illuminated. In this unique way the machinists were able to do the work in safety. In all our cities there are dark and squalid places which might be illuminated with heavenly light in a similar way. Sin and misery and early associations intercept God's light from the hearts of the denizens, but they might have it if among them went some who obey the apostolic injunction, and "reflect as a mirror the glory of the Lord."(2.Cor.3:18 R.V.)

BRIEF NOTES.

From our stock of Oxford Teacher's Bibles we have thrown out a case into which a little dust had settled. They are perfect in every respect and are the same as those we used in our Premium Department. We will mail these Bibles, about 500 in number, at One Dollar each to such of our subscribers as may desire to avail themselves of this opportunity.

The number of volumes issued by the American Bible Society during the month of August was 80,024. Since April 1st, 434,308 volumes have been sent out.

It is said that if the United States were supplied with ministers in the same proportion that the heathen world is with missionaries there would be altogether about 275 ministers in the country, a smaller number than there are now in Boston alone.

Dr. Clarence Eberman, formerly of Brooklyn, has received a warm welcome from the Moravian Church at Lancaster, Pa., whose call he recently accepted. The field is a most promising one and Dr. Eberman is hopeful of doing effective work there.

Dr. J. G. Paton, "the Apostle of the New Hebrides," has closed his tour in America. He bade good-by to his many friends at a service in Dr. Charles C. Hall's church in Brooklyn, and thence went to the steamer which is to take him to Scotland, whence he will return to the sphere of labor to which he has given so many years of his life.

Evangelist Harold F. Sayles of Chicago, has been conducting a series of meetings at Deshler, O., with much success. He used the stereopticon with great effect. Crowds came to see the pictures from the country districts and listened attentively to the Gospel addresses. During the meetings seventy-three persons made profession of faith in Christ. The Presbyterian Church, of which Dr. A. B. Wilson is pastor, has received many of them into membership.

Mr. Charles Minor, the English Singing Evangelist, has been holding services in the New York Tombs. The prisoners listened attentively to his sprightly talks and gospel songs. He has also given several delightful talks to the convalescents at Bellevue Hospital. On October 1 he gave his address "From the Stage to the Cross" at Prohibition Park, Staten Island. Dr. Schauffler highly commends his work at the Broome Street Tabernacle. Churches desiring his services can write him at 203 Wilson St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Rev. A. Skoogsbergh, known as "the Swedish Spurgeon," has done excellent work among the Swedes in Chicago in connection with Mr. Moody's work. He has been preaching in the Bethania Norwegian Church to congregations of 1,500 and 2,000. The services have now been transferred to the Moody Church, and continue with unabated interest. Mr. Moody has also the assistance of Henry Varley of London, and Drs. Robertson and Reddell of Glasgow, in addition to his other helpers.

Rev. B. Fay Mills delivered a stirring address at the recent meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in Boston. He declared that as he studied the New Testament he was more and more convinced that the message which the people need to-day is that which John the Baptist proclaimed, which Jesus gave to his disciples and which Paul never ceased to preach, "The kingdom of God has come nigh unto you." Mr. Mills expressed his belief in the duty of carrying out to the letter the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount, in giving to them that ask, in resisting not evil, in lending to them that would borrow, in short, in cultivating the spirit of love and renunciation in that discourse.

OVERCOMING OR OVERCOME.

A Sermon Preached in the Clarendon Street Church, Boston, by Rev. A. J. Gordon, D.D. "*Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.*" Rom. 12 : 21.

DR. A. J. GORDON.

HERE is not simply an important text, but also an important principle; conqueror or conquered: victor or vanquished, every one must be. There is no discharge in this warfare and there is no neutrality. Overcome evil, or you will be overcome of evil. You may display a flag of truce, and say, "I do not wish to fight;" but your request will not be heeded. You are in the battle, and overcomer or overcome, which shall it be?

Being Overcome.

I. The secret of being overcome. "Be not overcome of evil." The apostle has just been warning us against wrong states of mind, anger, malice, and revenge. These are to be repressed he says, lest we be overcome with evil. The mind is the man himself, and if you are in a bad state of mind, you are most defeated when outwardly most victorious. Let a Christian whose calling it is to resist not evil, get angry and knock a man down, and really he is himself the one who has been knocked down. The victim of his passion may rise to his feet in a minute or two, but if the Christian gets upon his feet within a week or a month or year, he may count himself fortunate; for the one man has lost his foothold, and the other has lost his character with men, and his communion with God.

It is your own heart that is your greatest foe, O, Christian! If that goes wrong, you are defeated, though outwardly you are the most prosperous and victorious man in the world. Therefore hear the word of the Lord: "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." That is to say, our conduct and character in the world proceed from ourselves as truly as the motion of the watch's hands proceed from the spring which is coiled up within. Temptation cannot hurt us very much from without, unless the heart throws the key out of the window and bids it unlock the doors and come in. Look over your lives and ask how it was that you were overcome with evil at this point and that, and see if it was not the case that your treacherous heart opened the doors and invited the enemy to enter.

The Secret in the Heart.

Jesus Christ was a great teacher on this point. When he saw men all taken up with the business of regulating the externals of life, he exclaimed: "Do you not understand that it is what cometh out of the heart that defileth the man? You may clean the outside of the cup and platter, while within they are full of extortion and excess." As well try to cure a poisoned well by whitewashing the pump through which the water is drawn, as to imagine that one's life can be made right by moral improvement when the heart is unregenerate and unchanged. "Keep your heart with all diligence. Yes: but you cannot do even that much alone. Pray much if you would be safe. "In everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God; and the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts." Oh wonderful words! "The peace of God shall govern your hearts," the words mean literally, God's holy peace standing as sentinel at the door of every sense; guarding every advance of approach through which temptation might steal in; keeping watch on the tower of hope, until the day dawn and the Lord return to end the battle. This is our confidence and this is our promise. Therefore let us pray daily, "Oh Lord keep my heart for I cannot keep it for thee—deliver me from the Evil One for I cannot deliver myself!"

Heart-conditions have most to do with our [illegible] against such sins as covetousness and worldly lust. If these passions have their way they will determine the life, in spite of all preaching and all practice of a contrary sort. Strong affections determine character.

I was passing the humble cottage of a market gardener some years since, and to my surprise I saw him at work cutting down a most beautiful and luxuriant elm, which grew just on the edge of his land. I remonstrated at such wanton destruction, and he replied: "Yes, I am sorry to do it, sir; but you see I depend upon my garden for a living. And this great tree has been sending out its roots under my little farm and reaching further and further and striking deeper and deeper each year, till now it sucks all the life out of the soil, and leaves nothing for my vegetables; and so I must cut it down, sorry so I am to do so. I must sacrifice a shade-tree or give up gardening." What a parable is here!

The love of money gets possession of some Christian men's heart. It roots itself deeper and more deeply every year in the affections; absorbs more and more of the richest life of the heart, till at length it overtops everything—religion, charity, faith, compassion, hope. These become stunted under its shadow. And some day the Saviour passing that way is as grieved as he was over the barren fig-tree, and exclaims sorrowfully: "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven." Good has been overcome of evil: one master-passion has subdued and dried up the sweetest graces and holiest charities of the Christian life. This is a most vital matter for consideration. Never in all her history has the church of Christ been so rich as to-day; nowhere has she ever been so rich as in America. Piles of money mean perils unspeakable to the faith, the humility and unworldliness of Christian life. Look to it every one, whether rich or poor, that ye be not thus overcome and may God give you grace to say: And now the axe is laid at the root of this tree.

Again worldly tastes and inclinations get possession of some Christian. He goes in for fashion and gaiety and

Pleasure-seeking.

Ask him what he is doing, and he will say that he is "making the most of both worlds." But soon the wide spreading tree obtains such swing and development, that it is evident that instead of making the best of both worlds, one world is getting the best of him. Faith, hope and charity wither and die within him, and once more you hear the great alternative repeated: "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."

Now there is no cure but one—repression and uprooting. "Every plant which my Father hath not planted," says Jesus, "shall be rooted up." Therefore let us look well to what is planted. There is an exotic called charity. Jesus brought it with him from heaven when he came. An eminent church historian declares that he has searched in vain among the hsathen to find any trace of this attribute—Love—pure, unselfish love, coming from the heart of God, and going out without requital to the heart of man. No wonder that Paul in preaching it said, "The greatest of these is charity." This is the plant which our heavenly Father planted. Death cannot pluck it up, the grave cannot chill its roots. It came from heaven to be planted in human lives, and it can be carried back to heaven, developed, enlarged and ripened. Live in Christ by daily prayer and communion, and this will live in you.

But there is another exotic named selfishness. A weed, a tare shall I call it rather? Ask how it first came to be planted in human hearts, and the reply must be, "an enemy hath done it." It was brought from beneath as the other was from above. It is the root of all evil! for all selfishness is sin and all sin is selfishness. Let alone your heart and it will overspread its entire domain. You need not cultivate it; weeds do not require to be nourished or watered. Allow human nature to have its way and this evil principle will overpower all charity, choke all sympathy, shock the life out of kindness and goodness. Let yourself alone, or be let alone of God, and the good in you will be overcome by evil. God forbid that it should be so with any of us.

Overcoming.

II. The secret of overcoming, like the secret of being overcome, lies wholly within. I give it in the words of Scripture: "Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world." (1. John 5: 4.) Human nature is not sufficient of itself. A drowning man may grasp his left hand with his right hand, but after all it is self laying hold of self, and both will go to the bottom. What is wanted, is a stronger hand from above, to draw one out of the floods of great waters. And this is what regeneration is; it is the divine laying hold of the human.

In the story of Peter's attempt at walking on the sea, we have a perfect parable of redemption. He saw his Lord walking on the water, and asked permission to try it himself. The Lord said unto Simon, "Come;" and the presumptuous disciple stepped out upon the waves and started to walk to the Lord. But as the wind began to be boisterous, he found himself sinking. Peter's self-sufficiency now gives way to self-despair. He cried out, "Lord save me!" And immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand and caught him and said, "Oh thou of little faith, wherefore dost thou doubt?" This is exactly what men are always trying to do; to walk on the water with feet adapted only for the earth; i.e., is to do supernatural things with only natural powers; to follow Christ in his divine activity, with only human faculties with which to act. We try it and fail. We get to the end of self and then are saved by Christ.

How beautifully the idea is brought out in the epistle to the Hebrews. "For verily, he took not on him the nature of angels, but he took on him the seed of Abraham." It is the same Greek word which is used in the story of Peter. "He took hold of the seed of Abraham." He caught our human nature. When it was sinking in the flood of its own perdition, Christ reached out his hand and seized it. His incarnation was a laying hold of our humanity; and our regeneration is a laying hold of his divinity. This is

The Secret of our Rescue.

As Peter says: "Whereby are given unto us exceeding great promises that by them ye might be partakers of the divine nature having escaped the corruption which is in the world through lust," etc. The flood of perdition, the stream of corruption that was started from Adam's lust and sin in the Garden and has been flowing through the world ever since. You are in it; you were sinking beneath it; but by Christ partaking of your nature, you may be lifted out and saved.

"Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world." Put your finger on this text; hang your confidence upon it as upon a nail fastened in a sure place. Your Adam birth can never save you from the sins of your Adam nature. Only that which is born of God can lift up that which has fallen through sin.

The Apostle John gives us another key of victory over the world. "Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God." This is one of the strange paradoxes of the Gospel which puts faith for action. When one asked Jesus, "Good Master, what shall I do to work the works of God?" He replies: "This is the work of God that ye believe on him whom he hath sent." When the frightened jailer of Philippi said to Paul and Silas, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" They replied: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." When John asks the secret of victory, he replies, "This is the victory that overcometh the world even your faith." Thus we see that faith does all, conquers all, gains all. But you may with good reason, ask me to explain this saying of John. How does my conviction that Jesus is the Christ, make me a conqueror over the world? Can one put faith against fact? Can one down with the lusts of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, by simply confronting them with a theological proposition—that of the deity and Messiahship of Jesus Christ? Well!

Put these two texts together for their true explanation of the matter. Christ says: "Be of good cheer,

I Have Overcome."

John says: "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even your faith." That is because faith links us to Christ, and makes us sharers of all that he is and does. The coupling of the car is a very little thing, and it would seem absurd to say that this coupling makes the train go. But it is so, in precisely the same sense that faith overcomes the world. For by linking the cars to the locomotive, the coupling transfers all the strength and speed of the locomotive to the train. So faith makes me victor over the world, by uniting me with Christ who overcame the world, and makes me partaker of his victory.

Oh, this great enemy self, with its horde of unconquerable lusts and passions—how can I get the victory over it? asks the young man. By faith in Christ, we reply, it is written, "They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with its affections and lusts" Christ pronounced the doom of these foes on his cross, and though they may still war against us, as certainly as Christ lives, he will make an end of them.

"What matters it," exclaims Martin Luther, though I overcome the Pope, so long as that great pope, self, lords it over me?" But Christ doomed this pope when he died on Calvary. He pronounced his death warrant; "knowing this," says Paul, "that our old man was crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin."

I cannot close without cheering your hearts by pointing out some of the rewards of overcoming. There are seven such rewards mentioned in the book of Revelation. I have time to dwell only on two. 1. "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life which is in the midst of the Paradise of God." (Rev. 2 : 7.) That means simply Paradise regained for Paradise lost. Our first parents were overcome with evil, and as the penalty they were shut out from the tree of life, while the way was barred by the flaming sword. But access to that tree is now restored. "Blessed are they that wash their robes that they may have right to

The Tree of Life."

Wondrous saying! To eat of that tree, not only permitted, but guaranteed through Christ. Brethren, here we touch "the crown-rights of Immanuel." We shall not be in Paradise by suffrance now, but by equity. He our glorious Redeemer, our mighty kinsman has redeemed the forfeited estate and made it over to us by the title-deed of his blood. As we walk in the Garden of God, and by the pure river of the water of life, we shall not walk abashed as intruders. We may lift up our heads now and rejoice that we are in our Father's domain, having as joint heirs with Christ all the privileges which he himself enjoys. "That they may have right to the tree of life."

2. "He that overcometh and keepeth my words unto the end, to him will I give power over the nations, and I will give him the Morning Star." "What is signified by the "Morning Star?" In the 22d chapter of this book it is defined, "I am the bright and morning star," says Jesus. Christ promises then to give himself, to them who overcome. Blessed hope of the faithful! On the cross, Christ gave himself for us; at his coming he will give himself to us. On the cross, he gave himself in humiliation, "his image so marred more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men." At his coming he will give himself in glory, "the King in his beauty," fairer than all the sons of men. This is the sum and crown of all blessedness. Thomas Aquinas, the great theologian says, that he once had a dream in which Christ appeared to him and said, "Thomas, thou hast wrought nobly for me by thy writings; what shall I give thee?" And Thomas replied: "Lord give me thyself, and I shall be satisfied." That is the confession of

A Sincere Disciple.

As Paul said to the Corinthians, "I seek not yours, but you," the consecrated believer will say to Christ, "Lord I seek not thine, but thee." There is a selfish love that desires the goods and gifts of Christ, rather than himself. There are multitudes who want salvation and peace of conscience and the enjoyment of heaven, who care nothing for Christ. To such, the Lord will give neither his gifts, nor himself. We speak with certain contempt of marrying for money—the bride caring only for the millions and nothing for the man. "Wherefore ye are become dead to the law by the body of Christ," says Paul, "that ye should be married to another, even to him that was raised from the dead." But remember that Christ will never be married to any church which cares more for his dowry than for himself. Therefore it is that he puts the cross between himself and us, to prove us whether we love him so much that we are willing to suffer with him, in order to reign with him. If we reign with him, he himself will be our exceeding great reward. On the cross we get Christ for us; from the throne we get Christ in us by the Holy Spirit; at the Coming we shall get Christ with us, in his glory, and we shall see his face and his name shall be in our foreheads.

May the Lord give us that victorious faith by which we shall attain this glorious consummation.

WORK IN SIAM.

Despite the disturbances in Siam and the prejudice against all foreigners which has resulted from the duplicity and wickedness of the French, missionary work continues. Mr. Lewis A. Eaton, of the Baptist Missionary Society, speaks hopefully of the prospects, especially among the Chinese residents at Bangkok. He says: The missionary in his work is brought in contact with all classes of Chinese in the public services, and holds forth to them the word of life. He often receives their consent to listen to him while he reads and explains a portion of Scripture or a tract, and oftentimes their inability to read gains an entrance for the truth into their hearts.

MR. MOODY'S CHICAGO CAMPAIGN.

BY REV. H. B. HARTZLER.

AMONG all the great objects of interest in Chicago at this time, not the least is the remarkable evangelistic movement inaugurated by Mr. D. L. Moody. Perhaps the most remarkable and certainly the most striking and gratifying feature of the whole movement is the almost incredible extent of its constituency. Tributary streams of sympathy and aid are flowing into this great reservoir from every part of our land and other lands beyond the seas. There are living nerves of close connection between this centre of prayer and effort and millions of praying people, constituting a prayer union in evangelistic labors, the like of which has never been known. Thousands of churches, Christian associations, Endeavor Societies, Sunday schools and other Christian organizations, have been drawn into the mighty fellowship of the movement. The results of blessing yet to come from this world-wide fellowship of sympathy, prayer and effort are in calculable.

It has already come to pass, as Mr. Moody hoped and prayed, that souls here converted and Christians quickened, "from all parts of the world, are carrying the fire back with them to their homes." It will be a startling surprise to many to learn how large a proportion of the fifty thousand people who listen to the Gospel every Sunday in the evangelistic meetings consists of World's Fair visitors. Mr. Moody has on several occasions tested the question in his congregations. It was found that of a congregation of some 3,000 souls in the Haymarket Theatre, all save about 200 were from abroad, and of a congregation of 2,000 in one of the churches, only about 100 were Chicagoans! In some of the immense congregations nearly every State in our Union is represented, as well as lands beyond the sea. Well may Mr. Moody speak and pray for ten thousand holy conflagrations to be kindled over the face of the earth from the fire carried away in quickened hearts from these meetings.

Sunday, September 17, was a memorable day of the campaign. On the evening of that day as the evangelists, one by one, came into headquarters office at the Bible Institute and with shining faces reported the work of the day, Mr. Moody broke in with thanksgiving—"Thank God! Thank God!" He said it was the best day of all the four and a half months' campaign, and the best Sunday he had experienced in Chicago. "It was a day of great grace and blessing. There was more melting Divine power in every one of my meetings than ever before. The people just melted down under the power of God."

As usual, in some of the places the overflow of people was great enough to have filled other large halls with hungry-hearted hearers. Not less than sixty-four different meetings were held in forty-six places during the day, with a carefully estimated aggregate attendance of from 62,000 to 64,000 hearers, which is about 10,000 more than any previous Sunday. Among the important centres of operation now occupied, in addition to the nine large churches and the five large tents, are the Central Music Hall, where daily meetings are held from 11 to 1 o'clock, addressed by Mr. Moody and Dr. John McNeill, and others; the Haymarket, the Standard, the Columbian Sunday School building, the Hotel Epworth Tabernacle, the Hotel Endeavor Tabernacle, Holmes Hall, Institute Hall, and the Bible Institute. No more successful soul-saving work has ever been done in Chicago than that which is being done in the theatres, halls and tents. It is astonishing how the "lapsed masses" and the "lost masses" are laid hold of in these places.

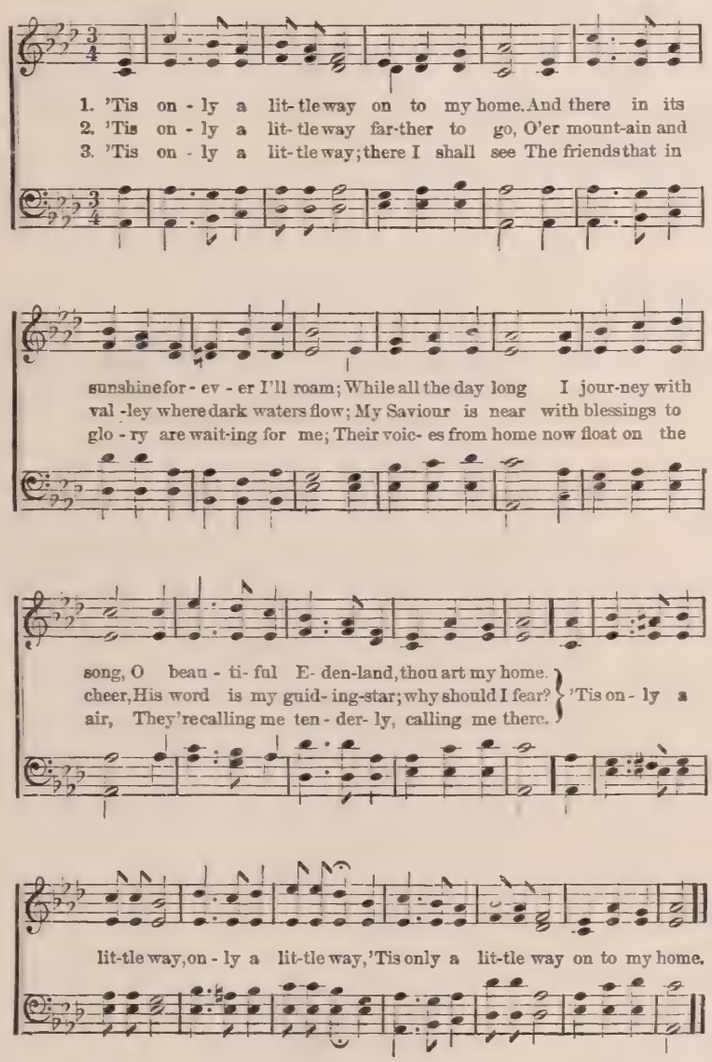
PEOPLE AGAINST PRIEST.

Writing of his work in the Syrian Mission to the *Church at Home and Abroad*, Rev. F. W. March thus describes an incident of a recent tour: At Jibrail, near Beinu, I was spending the evening at the sheikh's house, when the village priest came to call on me. He was in a very bad temper and complained bitterly of our teacher and the school, saying that the children no longer attend church. I asked the teacher about the matter and he said it was quite true; the children had studied the Bible and heard it explained, and of their own accord had decided that the Greek Church was wrong and that they would have no more to do with it. The parents of the children, moreover, sympathized with them. Then followed an angry discussion between the priest, the sheikh and others present, in which the priest was quite alone in his views. They laid down the law to him to the effect that the school was a good school and should remain; that religion was a matter touching the conscience of every man, and that whoever wished to become a Protestant was perfectly free to do so.

Only a Little Way.

"Make no tarrying, O my God."—Ps 40: 17.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. 'Tis on - ly a lit- tle way on to my home. And there in its
2. 'Tis on - ly a lit- tle way far-ther to go, O'er mount-ain and
3. 'Tis on - ly a lit- tle way; there I shall see The friends that in
sunshine for - ev - er I'll roam; While all the day long I jour-ney with
val -ley where dark waters flow; My Saviour is near with blessings to
glo - ry are wait-ing for me; Their voic- es from home now float on the
song, O beau - ti- ful E- den-land, thou art my home.
cheer, His word is my guid- ing-star; why should I fear?
air, They're calling me ten - der- ly, calling me there.
'Tis on - ly a
lit-tle way, on - ly a lit-tle way, 'Tis only a lit-tle way on to my home.

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PASSING AWAY.*

THE sound of the Gospel is passing away:
The days of probation are ending.
Oh, who will return to the Saviour to-day,
While the prayers of the saints are ascending?

The sound of the Gospel is passing away,
Long, long has it lingered around us;
How sweet, when in childhood it taught us to pray:
Alas! we're to-day where it found us!

The sound of the Gospel is passing away,
It rose on the wings of the morning;
When my holy sire, bid his family pray,
And left them in tears his last warning.

The sound of the Gospel is passing away,
The sound that enraptured my mother;
It fell on her ear like a sweet seraph's lay;—
Now, falls on the ear of another.

The sound of the Gospel is passing away,
The offers of mercy are closing,—
Ten thousand are gone, who've refused to obey,
And are under tombstones reposing.

The sound of the Gospel is passing away,
Soon, soon shall its warning be over,
And graves hold their dead 'till the great judgment day
Shall the doom of creation be over.

The sound of the Gospel is passing away,
It rose on the four wings of heaven;
Creation now dawns with millennium day,
And the world's final warning is given.

The sound of the Gospel is passing away,
Oh, God! sound its last notes in thunder;
Let peal after peal rouse the sinner to-day,
To flee from the wrath he is under.

The sound of the Gospel is passing away,
And bringing the saints into glory.
Hail! mighty Redeemer; Oh! where shall we stay
And shout hallelujah before Thee.

*This grand old sacred poem was assigned by "Reader," Washington, D. C., and is now furnished to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by Mr. G. R. Frisbee, Sr., Middleburg, Pa.

THE YEAR-DAYS.

Why a Prophetic Day is Believed to Indicate a Year of Actual Time

BY S. ARTHUR BLACKWOOD.

THE principle of calculating the length of periods in prophecy on the scale of a day to a Jewish year of 360 days, a month thirty years; and 1260 days, or 42 months, 1260 years, is based on the following grounds:

1. In a symbolic prophecy it would clearly be incongruous, or out of keeping with the rest of the revelation if, while all the events prefigured therein were conveyed by means of hieroglyphs, the chronological periods contained in it were described by literal terms. It is, to say the least, a reasonable assumption that the same method would be employed in both cases.

2. Such a method would be specially adapted to secure the double object of the prophecy, viz., to conceal while revealing, and to reveal while concealing. This was essential to the evident purpose of God that the Church should be kept in a state of constant watchfulness and expectation of her Lord's return. Yet he knew himself, as we all know now, that nearly two thousand years would intervene between the departure and the return of the Lord Jesus Christ. To have stated this plainly in the prophecy which foretold in enigmatical language the history of that long interval, would at once have deprived the early Christians of the incentive to watchfulness; for they would naturally have argued that there could be no possible advantage in watching for an event which Christ had told them could not occur for many centuries. By employing a hieroglyph, the meaning of which would not be, and, indeed, was not, apprehended for a very long time, to describe the periods which were to be the measure of certain events in history, the truth was revealed, as by all other symbols in the Apocalypse, and at the same time concealed from those whose watchful condition of soul depended upon their being ignorant of the duration of this dispensation.

3. Taking, then, for granted, that in order to attain these two objects—namely, the harmonious principle of construction, a composition of the prophecy (that is, by the uniform employment of symbols) and the concealment from those from whom it was important to conceal the length of the dispensation, the next position to be established is that of the suitability of the symbol used to denote chronological periods. Now it is clear that the symbol must be on the same scale as other symbols employed. The scale observed in the Revelation is a minature one. A great empire is represented by a wild beast, a kingdom or dynasty by a horn, the Church by a woman, and so on. To have adopted a totally different scale in describing periods of duration from that employed to denote the events occurring during such periods would evidently been a complete violation of the harmony of the book. The scale must be proportionate; and to signify a year by a day, or its 360th part, is the employment of the same minature scale of representation which applies to the scenery of the great drama. The period of the lesser revolution of the earth, a day, is used as the symbol of the greater, a year.

4. The use of a day to represent a year was one which could be gathered from other Scriptures. Thus we find that the sentence on Israel in the desert ran as follows:—"After the number of the days in which ye searched the land, even forty days, each day for a year shall ye bear your iniquities, even forty years." (Num. 14:34.) As the twelve men were types of the twelve tribes, so the forty days were typical, a representative of the forty years. Again, Ezekiel is commanded to enact a type, to become himself a living emblem of the house of Israel, by lying first on his left side for three hundred and ninety days, and then on his right side for forty days (Ezek. 4:4). The prophet was a type of the nation, his recumbent position a type of its degradation; and as he was a minature emblem of a large nation, so the days were a brief emblem of a long period. Therefore it is said to him, "I have appointed thee a day for a year, a day for a year." Once more, if not absolutely as certain, it is extremely probable that our lord adopted the same symbolic kind of expression when announcing "that fox" Herod the duration of his ministry, which was three years, he says: "I do cures to-day and to-morrow, and the third day I shall be perfected. I must walk to-day and to-morrow and the day following") Luke 13:32, 33). It certainly was not literal days that our Lord meant. Did he not employ the term in the typical or symbolic sense?

(To be Continued.)

CHRISTIAN COURTESY.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Oct. 22. Rom. 12 : 10-15. Philippians 2 : 2-5.

WHAT the difference between a gentleman and a boor is, many have attempted to define. Some have thought that it consisted in wealth and that a gentleman is one who does not work for his living, while he who does work is not a gentleman. Others have contended that the difference is in dress and that loud and showy clothes, as much as shabby clothes, indicate that the wearer is not a gentlemen. Not quite so superficial is the idea that a gentleman may be known by his manners. If he knows how to behave at table and in social gatherings and is not guilty of rudeness, or incivility, there is a presumption that he is a gentleman. In some circles of society there is an unwritten, but clearly defined code of laws, to transgress any of which involves the penalty of being branded as, "no gentleman." It is "bad form" to do this or that, or to neglect doing some other thing. All these distinctions, however, are extraneous to the man, himself. Napoleon said, "If you scrape the Russian, you will find a Tartar" and if a man with fine clothes and elegant manners be stripped of them it is possible that underneath may be exposed a very mean, contemptible creature, to whom it would be absurd to apply the title of gentleman. The meanest motives may impel a man to acquire these outer distinctions, which give him a place in society, while he continues at heart vulgar and ignoble.

Infinitely more radical is the Apostle's idea of true nobility. The man who lives up to it cannot fail of being a gentleman in the true sense of the word, though he be the poorest of the poor and has not the faintest conception of the etiquette of society. Such a man is of necessity a good citizen, a good servant or employer, and a good neighbor. He inspires respect; he can be safely trusted; he injures no man and helps many; and those who know him best have the highest regard for him. There is no need for such a man to study how to fulfill the laws of social life, he does spontaneously the things which lie at the foundation of social duty. The disposition inculcated in both the passages chosen for the topic is a motive spring, which produces harmonious action. It is the extirpation of selfishness in all its forms, and the cultivation of love and kindness. Thus Christian courtesy differs from ordinary social courtesy in being deep seated. It springs from the heart. There evil is abhorred and good entertained. Pride, vanity, conceit, jealousy, envy, ambition—all the vile crew which bring misery to every man who harbors them in his breast and make him a plague in society, are banished. In their place are the humility that prefers others for honorable positions, the magnanimity that does not retaliate, but renders blessings for curses, the sympathy that rejoices with those who rejoice and weeps with those who weep and the helpfulness that looks not on personal interests, but on the needs of others. A society composed of such men and women would have attained the highest civilization. When we realize that it was "this mind which was in Jesus Christ," we pray with all earnestness, Let thy kingdom come."

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A STATE SUPERINTENDENT'S WORK.

An excellent suggestion to State Superintendents of Christian Endeavor comes to us from Mr. W. G. Bell of Austin, Texas. Our C. E. friends of that state have appointed a [illegible] the purpose of extending the work. Mr. Bell, [illegible] letter printed which he is mailing to every pastor in his district, making inquiries. Among the questions are the following: "Have you a Young People's Society, connected with your church? If you have none, would you like to organize one? Are there any Christian Endeavor Societies in your town? If so, would you kindly [illegible] presidents?". The letter concludes with an offer to pastors who have no society of assistance in organizing one and a cordial invitation to the District Convention. Mr. Bell says that the results of this appeal have already been very encouraging and he recommends the plan to any superintendents who have not yet tried it

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

At the recent conference of Missouri, seventy Leagues were represented, with an aggregate membership of 2,358.—The American University, of Washington, D. C., has received a gift of five hundred dollars from a League on the Pacific Coast.—It is expected that at the next general conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, the League will be fully organized with a League journal, a General Secretary and a Board of Counselors.—At the Indiana State League Convention a total of 701 chapters reported. Of these, 479 were Senior and 222 were Junior. The total membership was given at 39,467. The male membership is 16,350, and the female 23,117. The State Secretary said that the duties of his office had involved his traveling 12,300 miles.—There are more than seventy members of the League at Singapore, Malasia.—A cabinet meeting of the League is to be held immediately on the return of Bishop Fitzgerald from his Southern tour, probably in February.—Ten chapters have been organized in Italy. The constitutions are in Italian and a special pin is being made to properly initialize the Italian name for the League, *Lega Epworth*.—The Chadron District of Northwest Nebraska, although containing a Methodist membership of only 1,689, has 22 chapters, with an aggregate membership of over 600. The numbers are double what they were a year ago.—A chapter has been organized in Mexico and named Epigmenis Monroy, after the famous martyr of the Methodist Episcopal Mission.—The books for the reading course are now ready. They meet with general approval this year, although in some quarters the wish is expressed that a wider range of subjects had been covered.

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B. Y. P. U. NOTES.

The third annual convention of the Baptist Young People's Unions of Colorado, will be held Oct. 10, in the Calvary Church, Denver. As many eminent ministers will be in the city attending the State Convention, a very profitable time is expected.——The Baptist Young People's Union at Milwaukee at its last meeting elected the following officers: President, E. W. Drake; Vice-President, E W. Bond; Secretary, A. O. Rittman; Treasurer, H. Miller. The executive committee is Arthur Bradley, Fred Dixon, Frank Moody, Edward Ellis, A. M. Miller and B. Favorite. Max Hintz is chairman on visitation.——The Brooklyn Unions have decided to continue the work at the Bethel Mission. They have sole charge of furnishing workers and paying all expenses except the rent, which is defrayed by the Church Extension Society. Mr. John Hooper will preach there on Sunday and Wednesday evenings, succeeding Mr. Norman W. Keyes, who has been called to another field. A lady missionary will also be employed in house-to-house work. It is proposed, if the funds are contributed, to establish an Industrial School and a Reading-room.——Leaders have been found for the three Christian Culture Courses. Professor Ira M. Price, and Dr. David Spencer, of Racine, Wis., will conduct the Bible Readers' Course; Mrs. Sophia Bronson Titterington, the Missionary Course, and Mr. Vedder, the Sacred Literature Course.——A profitable meeting as to both its spiritual and financial results took place a few days ago in the offices of Mr. Frank Harvey Field, in New York. President Chapman was in the city and gave a short talk about the prospects of the Union and its needs to a small company of friends, hastily invited to meet him. Among them were: Gen. T. J. Morgan, Dr. A. S. Hobart, H. C. Vedder, Rev. W. J. Sholar, Rev. J. G. Ditmars and Professor Hale. Pledges of help were given which were very encouraging to the President of the Union.

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THE DES MOINES Y. M. C. A.

On this page is a picture of the handsome building now occupied by the Young Men's Christian Association of Des Moines, Iowa. The Association has just attained its majority, having been organized in 1872. It has a membership of 544, of whom 171 are on the active list. It has a well selected library of about five hundred volumes, a reading room and a spacious and well-equipped gymnasium, with baths, etc. The new building covers an area of 70 by 120 feet, and is centrally located. Its total cost, with the lot on which it stands, was nearly a hundred thousand dollars. So energetically, however, have these young men worked, and so liberal has been the response to their appeals, that the amount paid and the pledges given make an aggregate only ten thousand dollars short of covering the whole amount.

THE Y. M. C. A. NEW BUILDING OF DES MOINES, IA.

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A KING'S DAUGHTER'S EFFORT.

A noble effort is being made at Bessemer, Va., by Mrs. John A. Pettigrew and her sisters in the Order of King's Daughters. There is no place of worship in that district, not even a Sunday School room. The King's Daughters are working hard to erect a modest building which might be used for divine service as a union church of all denominations. They are a small band, but they are earnest of purpose and will surely succeed. Mrs. Pettigrew thinks that if members of the Order in other cities were made aware of the existing spiritual destitution and the effort being made, they would possibly be willing to send some help for the erection of the King's Daughters' church.

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THE Y. M. C. A. IN THE GERMAN ARMY.

A strong testimony to the value of the Young Men's Christian Association is given by Count A. Bernstorff. In an article by him in the *Young Men's Era*, he says: The mission to the soldiers is a special feature of Young Men's Christian Association work in Germany. There are two distinct factors in connection with this work which operate very much in our favor. One of them is that our government is just a little afraid that the soldiers may imbibe the socialist sentiment and teachings which are being assiduously spread through the country. Owing to this they are glad to have religious influences spread among them and anything which will absorb their attention. In the second place, we have a most excellent officer in Berlin—the chief of the army chaplains. He has displayed admirable judgment in the choice of under chaplains, and exercises great influence over the soldiery. His sympathies are enlisted in our behalf with very marked and gratifying effect. Through his efforts many of the soldiers are brought within the influence of the association. Many of the officers also interest themselves in the work, especially in the temperance movement and in the organization of Bible classes and are thus brought under spiritual influence. When some are interested others come and thus the circle widens. A class of men among whom we have been enabled to do good work are the orderlies or officers' servants. Special services are held in the association building afternoons and evenings and are well attended. Some of these services are religious and some of social nature. But on the whole, I think, the Bible classes are the chief centres of interest.

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AMONG THE ORDERS.

The Christian Endeavor Committee of the Presbytery of St. Paul, Minn., has arranged for the benefit of the Endeavor Societies throughout the presbytery, a very attractive course of lectures.

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Endeavorers in Denver have established a free employmeht bureau in the basement of a church, were some of the society are constantly on hand. The Societies in the city have passed resolutions urging the Mayor and police to close the gambling houses.

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The young people of all churches are asked to join in prayer on Oct. 12, for the 10,000,000 young women of this conntry, of whom not more than half are Christians. This Day of Prayer has been observed by the International Young Women's Christian Association for several years.

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The Epworth League of Burlington, Kans., heard that the property of an aged Methodist minister was to be sold for taxes. Knowing that, if it was sold, the minister and his venerable wife would be homeless, the League proposed to redeem it if the money could be raised. A committee was appointed to carry the project through.

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The project of erecting an Epworth Home on the camp-meeting ground at Lancaster will be carried out. At the recent convention instructions were given to a committee to raise, $200 to add to the $230 already raised to build the home. A great many of the leaguers are enthusiastic over the prospects of having headquarters of their own on the camp-ground before the next meeting.

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The date of the Cleveland C. E. Convention of 1894 is fixed for July 11–15. One of the interesting features will be the awarding of certain diplomas, twenty-five of which will be given to societies reporting the largest number of pledged proportionate systematic givers in their membership. Twenty-five more will go to the societies forming the largest number of societies during the year, and a banner will be given to the local union that gains the greatest number of societies during the year.

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As a result of the suggestion that juniors in the Christian Endeavor Societies of America should write to Australian juniors, one society in Adelaide received sixteen letters in one day. *The Golden Link* of Australia urges regular early Sunday morning Christian Endeavor prayer meetings. "Only a few, the more earnest ones, will attend," it says, "but for spiritual refreshing and power you will find no meeting equal to this. The self-denial involved will not only give a zest to that particular meeting, but will carry its sweet reward into all the the subsequent services of the day."

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From the English Year-Book of Y. M. C. A.'s issued from Exeter Hall, we learn that in the British Isles the movement is represented at 843 centres, has 597 associations reporting, and (approximately) 87,464 members. As compared with last year centres have decreased by three, but members have increased by about 3,500. In ten years associations, membership, and current income have more than doubled, while the number of associations occupying buildings which are their own property has more than quadrupled. Some twenty-six other countries are accounted for in the report.

Laplanders at the Fair.

A Colony of Queer Little People who come from Afar to see Our Western Wonders.

AMID the many picturesque features of the Midway Plaisance at the World's Fair, there are few that attract a larger number of interested spectators than the Lapland Village, whose deminutive people have come from a country, bleak and unlovely, to swell the grand panorama of nations and peoples at the greatest of all world-pageants. Their village lies to the right on entering the Plaisance at Cottage Grove Avenue, and there the little colony, under the chieftainship of a dignified Lapp, known as "King Bull," have passed a very pleasant and profitable summer, notwithstanding the severe climatic change from an almost Arctic country to a temperature sometimes semi-tropical. They number about twenty-five or thirty in the settlement, and this includes seven Swedish singing girls from the ancient province of Dalecarlia. Very quiet and peaceable are these Lapps; indeed after listening to the clatter and jargon in some of the other villages, one cannot help being struck with the stillness of the Lapland settlement, which is broken only by the occasional jingling of the deer-bells or the soft crooning of some Northern mother, as she hushes her baby to sleep.

The Lapps are veritable nomads—like the Arabs—and are ever moving. Likely enough, it is a novel experience for them to be stationary as long as they have now been, at Jackson Park. Their wandering habits, however, do not seem to interfere with their health, for they are probably the longest-lived people in the world. "King Bull," who is somewhere between 70 and 80 years of age, seems to be less than sixty, while his wife, who is ninety-three, looks quite as young as he. She is a very clever woman and a devout member of the Lutheran Church, an official of which accompanies the party. In the illustrations on this page some glimpses are afforded of life in the Lapp village. The two tepees, or tents, shown in the first picture are very different structures, the lighter one, composed of dog-skin or the hides of reindeer, being for summer use, while the stouter structure, which is heavily sodded and built quite to the ground, is a winter tepee. As in Indian tepees, the fire is built in the middle of the tent and the smoke escapes through the roof. Another illustration shows "King Bull," who is about to take a sled ride with his wife. The companion or guide who accompanies them, wears the "skis," or snow-shoes common to all the Arctic people. "King Bull's" reindeer are specially cared for, and he imported a large quantity of "Iceland moss" from Norway and Lapland, this being their principal food. In still another picture a Lapp mother in the national dress is seen rocking her babe to sleep, the cradle being swung from a tree branch. There is something delightfully simple and rustic about this little group which recalls the "Dream Tree" of the quaint old German nursery, "Schlaf-Lied," or "Slumber Song." The last of the illustrations is a portrait of a typical Lapland maiden of seventeen years.

These people vary in complexion from a swarthy copper hue to yellow, and their hair from auburn to a bluish black. The Lapps have a rather dreary country, it is true, but in the month of May it is a land full of buds and blossoms and flowers. In July their fishing and hunting season begins, fruit is ripe, mosquitoes are every-where in the lowlands, and the rivers and streams are in flood. In the month of October the great reindeer hunts are inaugurated and the men begin to lay up their family store of winter meat. In December the bears and the wolves become the game of the hunters. The Lapps are in the main a frugal, temperate people. Their chief food consistes of meat, fish, rye and barley cakes and milk, and the doors of their *njallas* (houses) are always hospitably open to the stranger. In all they number probably less than 30,000, and are distributed over Norway, Sweden, and Finland.

THE "LAPLAND VILLAGE" AT CHICAGO. (*By our Special Artist.*)

1. Lapp Tents, or Tepees. 2. King Bull and His Deer-sleigh. 3. A Native Mother and Child. 4. A Lapland Maid.

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Manhood's Foundation.

"Truth, my son, is the only foundation on which manhood can be erected," writes Bishop Dudley; "for otherwise, no matter how beautiful the upper stories may be, and no matter of how good material they may be built, the edifice, the character, the manhood, will be but a sham which offers no sure refuge and protection to those who seek it, for it will tumble down when the trial comes. Alas! my boy, the world is very full of such shams of manhood in every profession and occupation. Now I want you to be a man, and that you may be that, I want you to be first thoroughly true. I hope you would scorn to tell a lie, but that is only the beginning of truthfulness. I want you to despise all sham, all effort to seem to be otherwise than you are."

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A New Hebrides' Bride.

In his autobiography Rev. J. G. Paton, the famous missionary to the New Hebrides gives this amusing description of a native bride's first visit to church.

"Nelwang, (the groom), came first, after all the worshippers were seated, dressed in shirt and kilt, grasping determinedly his tomahawk, an unusual accompaniment certainly of public worship. In a few seconds Yakin (the bride), entered. Yakin resolved to show the extent of her Christianity by the amount of clothes she could carry upon her person. She had some idea of state occasions, and appeared dressed in every article of European apparel, (mostly portions of male attire) that she could beg or borrow. Her bridal gown was a man's drab-colored, great-coat, buttoned tight above her native grass skirts, and sweeping down to her heels. Over this she had hung a vest, and above that again, most amazing of all, she had superinduced a pair of men's trousers, drawing the body over her head, leaving a leg dangling gracefully over her shoulders, and streaming down her back. Fastened to the one shoulder, also, there was a red shirt, and to the other a striped shirt, waving about her like wings as she sailed along. Around her head a red shirt had been twisted like a turban and her notions of art demanded that a sleeve thereof should hang aloft over each of her ears. She seemed to be a moving monster, loaded with a mass of clothes. The day was excessively hot, and the perspiration poured down her face in streams. Nelwang looked at me, and then at her, smiling quietly, as if to say. 'You never saw, in all your white world a bride so grandly dressed!'"

A MISSIONARY DOLL.

RUTH MARIE SITES, writes entertainingly in *The Heathen Woman's Friend* about the travels of a missionary doll. She says: Marion Augusta Bell, one of the daintiest little doll babies that came out in the Baltimore box, has just this moment started out for her missionary labors, and I feel impelled to write you about her, that the sender may thus hear where her gift has gone. It is a long trip from Eastern Maryland to Foochow, China, but Marion Bell made it in safety, and when we removed her careful wrappings we were charmed with her neatness and beauty. Everything, even to the underclothes with tiny buttons and neat buttonholes, proved that a dainty somebody had gotten her ready. Marion Bell has gone to supply one of the special cases. In a large and elegant Chinese house lives a wealthy official tax collector (Mr. Pang), with his two wives, a daughter and son, and innumerable servants. One of her servants appeared with an urgent invitation that I dine with Mrs. Pang on Thursday. As to the feast, suffice it to say that it was the most elegant it has been my privilege to enjoy in China. First, sharks' fins, then pigeons' eggs, birds' nests, and more of equal fame. And they were good, too, really. At first I tried to count the courses, but gave up in despair after we approached the twenties. Almond tea accompanied the dessert, and finished the long list of dainties. The conversation was as varied as could be in any land, and constantly intermingled with pleasant urgings from the hostess, as "Eat more;" "I have prepared nothing worthy to enter your mouth;" replied to by the guests with, "I alone have done all the eating," "To-day, what fortune is mine to taste such dainties," "I need eat no more for three days," "I have put you to heavy expense to-day," and the like.

But to me, the most interesting part came after dinner, when we went into the apartments of Mrs. Pang, number one, and there met her two children. The baby boy, five years old, is a little beauty, and as bright and clever as I ever saw a child. But what of his sister? A sweet-faced, patient girl of fifteen, whose life is lost in the constant presence of incurable disease. Some spinal affection has bent her poor little back, and dwarfed her till she stands little higher than a child of eight or ten. Life has little sunshine for her. She cannot read a word; has no music, or drawing, or painting—nothing to entertain or amuse her but a bit of embroidery, and her little strength will not permit her to do much of that. And to her has gone our doll, the bonny Marion Bell.

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Fruitful Obedience.

The strength of opening manhood is never so well employed as in practicing subserviency to God's revealed will; it lends a grace to religion, and produces an abundant harvest.

CHAPTER XI.

CONFIDENCES

"AND so, Guy, you are really going?" said Norman Conway who, with his sister Joyce had invaded Guy's pleasant little "den," which opened from his bed-room and was carefully kept at the same temperature. "Glad to see you looking more like yourself again. You have had rather a sharp attack by all accounts."

"We have been so sorry," said Joyce, her bright eyes alight with frank sincerity. "We have missed you so much. Everybody is so sorry you have to go away."

"Not sorrier than I am myself," answered Guy, though he smiled as he spoke. "Please sit down by the fire and make yourselves comfortable. The others will be in by-and-by."

"We came chiefly to see you," remarked Norman, as they gathered round the fire; "we heard that you were out of your room again. We wanted to see for ourselves that you were on the high road to recovery."

Guy was always very grateful to anyone for liking him. He could not always help fancying that he was not really one of his aunt's family, and that people might look upon him sometimes as a sort of interloper. But he loved them all so much—more so than ever now that he had deliberately elected to sacrifice much worldly prosperity for their sakes, and it was an effort to him to break the brotherly and sisterly tie which bound him to this household. And so when he found himself looked upon as one of the family by others, and missed from the circle when he was absent, he felt very pleased and gratified, and more so than ever when it was Joyce who so spoke.

Joyce was some day to be Monk's wife—of that Guy had made up his mind, and no thought of disloyalty to his cousin was allowed to mingle with his admiration for the girl who possessed a fascination for him that he could not entirely shake off. He sat and looked at her now, as she chatted to him of everything that had taken place whilst he had been shut up, and he pictured her at home in this very house, and the thrill which ran through him was curiously compounded of pain and pleasure and pride. But at least there was no envy mixed with the inevitable pain, and Guy told himself that no one would more rejoice in Monk's happiness than himself, and he did not overrate his own strength of will and generosity in so saying.

"Will Monk go with you?" asked Joyce presently, and he thought he detected the least shade of anxiety in her glance.

"I think not. At least if he goes out with me, it will not be to stay. I shall pack him home again when once I have settled down. He is not really fond of foreign life and travel, though he is a little bit bitten by the mania just now—or thinks he is. But his place is here, but he must not be away for long."

There was undeniable gladness in the girl's eyes as she heard this. "O, I am so glad we shall not lose you both—some people thought you would never go alone, and we wondered if Monk would be your companion. He will miss you very much."

"Yes, though I have not been much of a companion to him lately, and I hope other people will make it up to him when I am gone."

"Are you going to Spain?" Norman asked. "I see all these books are more or less Spanish in character."

"Yes, I have settled to try Seville. I have a great dislike to the idea of the Riviera. If I go anywhere, I should like it to be farther afield. And I should not be surprised if Fulk came with me. He has never had any respite yet from his studies, and he is so well ahead with his work that he can afford a few months' holiday. He wants to go to Spain—thinks he can get wrinkles about obscure diseases rarer over here—or pretends he does—and he has rather set his mind on being my comrade. I should be very glad if he did come. It would be only half the exile if I had a chum with me; and Fulk is no end of a good fellow when you get below the crust, though as different from old Monk as chalk from cheese."

"Well, it would be much better to have somebody to take care of you," said Joyce.

"So it is an exile, is it?" questioned Norman.

"Well, I don't know if I ought to say so: but I hate the thought of it all. I had made up my mind to something different, and one does not care to have to change all one's plans: but I ought not to complain, and if it sets me up again it will be worth the bother of the time wasted. I can't imagine anything more humiliating and tiresome than to be in a chronic state of having to take care of oneself, and to be afraid of all kinds of foolish things."

"Such as getting locked up in churches," laughed Joyce. "O Guy, it was silly of you."

Norman, however, looking at Guy's delicate features, bright eyes, and the hectic color on his cheeks, wondered if he would ever reach the stage where care was no longer essential, and felt more sorry for him than he would have cared to say.

At that moment the door opened, and the riding party came in, Joyce caught the bright look which flashed into Monk's eyes as he saw who were Guy's companions, and he came and leaned over his cousin's chair, and looked at Joyce. "I'm glad you have been to cheer him up. It's hard lines for him to have to go away, is it not?

"Very," answered Joyce quickly. "We are all so sorry—we shall miss him so much."

"But Joyce and I have been agreeing that it will only make matters worse for you to go too," said Guy looking up with an arch smile. Such two important people as you and I cannot possibly be spared at once. So now that Joyce has added her testimony to mine, you must stand convinced, old fellow. We will tell your mother that it is all settled to her satisfaction."

Norman, meantime, was talking to Yolante, who never looked better than when dressed for the saddle, of which fact she was very well aware. "You will miss Guy when he is gone," he remarked.

But Yolante smiled rather sarcastically as she removed her hat and veil, and laid her head back against the cushioned chair. "To tell the honest truth, I do not profess such great enthusiasm over cousins—and I consider invalids rather a bore. Very unfeeling, is it not? But I shall be very glad when Guy is safely away, in a place that suits him better. And it will do him a world of good to be shaken out of his home-bred ways. He is worse than any of our own boys who have a real right to be here—" and then, do as she would do to prevent it, Yolante could not help stopping short and coloring crimson.

Norman observed this—indeed, though he never appeared to be taking much notice of what passed about him, there were very few things that escaped him—and though he could not account for the sudden confusion, he made a mental note of it. Yolante turned the conversation pointedly, and commenced upon another subject.

"We are going to town soon—very soon after all this travelling fuss is settled. I want a good long season, and mamma intends Cissy to come out, though she does not care to, and she is quite young still. I shall be so glad to get back to London. I think the country has been a little disappointing."

"Ah, just so—you require a wider field. Life down here is little better than stagnation to a nature like yours. For my own part I am afraid stagnation suits me. I have been marvellously contented here of late."

It was never thoroughly understood by more than one or two in the house how nor why Monk suddenly abandoned his half-formed intention of accompanying Guy abroad, and left Fulk have his own way in the matter: but the decision was received with great satisfaction, and allowed on all hands to be the best.

What passed between the cousins themselves upon the subject no one ever knew: but it was very plain that it was no diminution of the affection which bound them together, that resulted in this agreement to part. The tie was if possible stronger than before, and Guy would not let himself think of the moment when he should hold Monk's hand in his for the last time for so long.

"I should like one thing," he said one day, in answer to an inquiry from Mrs. Dangerfield, who had grown more gentle and tender in her manner of late. "I should so like to see my old nurse again."

Mrs. Dangerfield started slightly. "Your old nurse, Guy? Whom can you mean? One of the nurses you have had in my house?"

"O, no," answered Guy smiling. "Why, Monk and I never considered ourselves in the nursery since I came to be with you. I mean the old nurse who was with my mother up till within a year of her death. Martha Liston she was then—"

"But she is not here—she has emigrated," Mrs. Dangerfield interrupted with sudden sharpness. "Your mother spoke of her once or twice. She told me so."

Fulk, who alone was present when Guy made this request, raised his eyes from his book, and saw that his mother's face had grown suddenly pale. Much surprised, he listened attentively to what followed.

"Yes, but she has come back—she is living quite near. I have seen her often. She married one of the Stapletons out in Canada: and they have come home to spend the rest of their lives with his people."

Mrs. Dangerfield's lips were dry—her face was livid. She seemed to divine this, and took up a hand-screen to shield herself.

"Why did you not tell me this before?"

"I hardly know. I think chiefly because you have good cause for disliking the Stapletons. It was a curious coincidence, was it not, that she should come back here? Are you sure you did not know? Did she not tell you?"

"Tell me? Why, I have never seen or spoken to the woman. I never should upon principle hold any communication with the Stapleton family. I am very sorry: but if you knew the way that family has insulted my dead husband, you would not be surprised."

Guy was disappointed, for he knew there was no chance of his seeing Martha unless she could come to him, but he forbore to press this point. Perhaps after all it would be safer for her to stay away. She might make some revelation to the family which would lead to trouble and complication. So Guy and Fulk started for Spain and Monk and his mother and the family went to London for a season of fashionable life. It was a time of triumph for Yolante and of genuine pleasure to the others.

But when the rush and the excitement of the London season were over, and they were back in their country house once more, Mrs. Dangerfield who had been puzzled by remarks that Yolante had dropped inadvertently from time to time felt that she could go on no longer in suspense, she must know the truth, however bad. She could no longer endure the suspicion that some other hand held her secret, and that a mine might be sprung at any moment under her feet.

"Yolante," she said suddenly, when her daughter chanced to come to the library one day for a book, and they two were alone together, "Yolante, we cannot go on like this much longer—it is killing me, and hurting you. Tell me plainly what you know and how you know it."

The girl looked steadily at her mother. "Will it not make it worse if I do?"

"Yolante, tell me what you know—and, above all, who told it to you."

"No one told me. I saw it all for myself, the girl came forward, and loosening the spring of the secret drawer, which flew open at her touch. "It was I who accidentally discovered those papers—I who was the means of your discovering them, because, after I had read and put them back, I did not properly fasten the drawer: and it was I who saw you read and burn them—and I was quite certain by the way you did it, and by the way you took it, that it was not the first you knew of the matter."

Mrs. Dangerfield sat silent a moment with her head bowed on her hand. Then she looked suddenly up. "And what would you have done in my place?"

"I think I should have done as you did."

"Then you do not condemn me?" the mother spoke humbly to her child.

"No," cried Yolante hotly. Mother, you did quite right to burn those papers—I was glad to see you do it. Now let us think no more about it. Nobody knows but our two selves, and we can keep our counsel."

"No one knows of those papers, Yolante: but there is one who knows Guy's real age—and that is why I live in constant dread. She does not know, it seems, how much depends on that, or she would have made it public long ago: but the truth might leak out at any moment, and if it became generally known—"

Yolante clasped her hands and her face flushed hotly. "O, mother, I had not dreamed of that. Who is the woman, and where is she to be found?"

"She is that old nurse of whom Guy once spoke, and by some terrible coincidence she has married the Stapleton, who emigrated, and has now returned to live within a mile of the house, amid the very people who have always hated us and cherished the belief that Guy's son—your Uncle Guy's, I mean, of course—would be master here one day. They have not got the rights of the matter yet, or we should have heard of it. Most likely they do not know how the will was worded, and even if they knew that Guy was the elder it might never occur to them of any moment: but there is always the risk that they may hear or tell something which may serve to set the whole question in a new light, and then—"

"Then we shall all be ruined and disgraced."

Yolante spoke in a whisper, but Mrs. Dangerfield lifted her head, and the proud hard look returned to her face. "No, that need never be so—for no one in the world knows that we are acquainted with the true facts in the case. In that fact lies our safety. People will pity, but they cannot blame us. There is no particle of evidence to show that we knew more than Guy himself, who has told us the date of his birth three months too late. And now, Yolante, let us talk no more of this. It is a subject that can only be painful to us both, and I only wish that you knew nothing. You are too young to be weighted with such a secret."

Meantime, whilst this interview was taking place in the house, Monk was engrossed in a matter closely connected with that happiness which was being so eagerly canvassed between his mother and sister. He had gone out that day with his fishing tackle: but the water had been too clear and blue for success, and the fishes were shy of the bait when they could see all too clearly the trap set for them. Even now Monk had not got over the unsatisfactory feeling of having to go about alone. He missed Guy as much on these occasions as he had done during the first weeks of his absence, and he was eagerly looking forward to his return: but that would not be just yet, for he and Fulk would not be home at earliest before September. However, Guy was well and strong again, and that was the main thing, and no doubt Geoffrey was right in thinking that it would do him good to live for some time in dry air, and to knock about the world a little before coming home to settle.

Meantime Monk had to make the best of his solitude, which he did by walking constantly over to the Grange to see Norman, as he said, to get him come out with him. He was almost as much at home by this time in Lady Conway's house as in his own, and everybody knew, perhaps, except himself, what was to be the end of that intimacy.

And when he took his rod and line out that sunny day, it was more with the idea of dreaming of Joyce than of filling his basket, that he went forth. And what place could be better for the indulgence of his bright dreams than the whispering woodland, with its myriad voices of hope and promise?

And when he had plunged into the woods to indulge his thoughts quite uninterrupted, what should he see sitting in that favorite dell of his, but the figure of a young girl in a white morning dress, and who should that young girl be but Joyce herself?

"O, Monk—how you startled me. I have never seen anybody in these woods before at this time of day."

"I was thinking about you, Joyce," said Monk, as he took a seat beside her on the fallen tree-trunk.

"How kind of you—I hope you were thinking something nice."

"At least they were very pleasant thoughts for me," answered Monk steadying his voice which had an unaccountable tendency to tremble. "I was thinking what life would look like if you were by my side to share it."

He stopped suddenly short as if afraid he had said too much, and then as she did not speak he looked into her face, and something he saw there gave him courage to proceed.

"Joyce, dear, I do love you with all my heart. Will you let me try to show you how much that is?"

For a moment there was still silence, and then a little warm hand was slipped into his, and his fingers closed tight over it.

"O, Monk, dear, I don't know if I may make promises without leave, but if I may, I should like to belong to you better than to anybody in the world."

(To be Continued.)

Namesakes. A story of a Secret, by Evelyn Everett-Green, will be published when completed in this journal by Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago and Toronto. Price $1.50.

Miss De Broen's Visit.

The Brave Christian Lady who was the first to Carry the Gospel to the Communists of Paris, Comes to America—Her Twenty-two Years in Belleville.

VERY bright and smiling, with the tint of health in her cheeks, and the gentlest of voices, a lady entered the editors' room in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offices in the Bible House, one day last week. She had just crossed the ocean, on a brief vacation, after something over twenty-two consecutive years of missionary work in a foreign land. In the course of a twelve-month many missionaries visit THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, some from far distant China, others from India, Ceylon, Burmah, Africa, Siam, Korea, South America and frigid Alaska. Those who have been working for the Master in tropical lands come here pale and worn with arduous duties, their faces darkened by the sun and their bodies wasted by the rigors of the deadly equatorial climate. Few, indeed, escape more or less physical suffering and privation in such service. But the bright-faced woman in question, despite labors that would have worn out strong men, is to-day as full of godly energy and zeal as when she enlisted in the army of Jesus over two-score years ago.

MISS DE BROEN.
Founder of the Belleville Mission, Paris.

Miss De Broen, the founder and head of the famous Belleville Mission in Paris, is not a stranger to many of our readers. From time to time, her grand work in the slums of the most brilliant and most wicked of European cities has been described in these pages; and now, for the first time, we have the story of her remarkable experience from her own lips:

"I was with Mrs. Pennifeather in England," she said, "getting things ready for the French soldiers. Suddenly a voice seemed to say to me 'Go to France.' I fell asleep with it ringing in my ears, I woke with it and it followed me. This was at the beginning of the Franco-German War, 1870–71. I received an invitation from friends, asking me to accompany them to France on a missionary tour; but I refused, being anxious to attend the Mildmay Conference which was to take place in a few days. No sooner had my letter been posted than I felt very uncomfortable, because I had taken the answer into my own hands without asking God's guidance. This was in the beginning of June. I resolved to go and ask my friends if they could send me to the station, and they did so. I arrived at my destination before my letter.

"When I saw Mrs. Alsop, the lady who invited me to go abroad, she told me that in a fortnight they would be joined by other friends, and if I liked, I could then travel with them after the Mildmay Conference, but again the Spirit of God seemed to strive with me and I felt it my duty to start at once. So I went to Paris.

"This was the beginning of the mission. One day we visited the cemetery of Pere La Chaise. We arrived at a spot where we saw a crowd of women and children in a most excited condition, holding up their hands toward heaven and swearing revenge before God and man. When we inquired what had happened, we were told that during the previous night about 600 Communists, men, women and children, had been shot. These were their relatives, standing by the graves to pay the last respects of love. Some brought flowers, others a cross with a name on it, and others only a slip of paper with "Revenge" written on it. All the dead were put into three common graves. One poor woman had lost her husband and son. I heard her violent expressions of revenge and sorrow, and though my heart seemed to long to say a word of comfort to her, I was very timid, so I asked the Lord to give me courage, which he did. In handing her the Gospel of St. John, and while laying my hand on her shoulder, I told her, though she had lost everything dear to her on earth, she had not lost one thing, and that was the love of God in Christ Jesus. The message of God's love seemed to magnetize the poor, sorrowful heart and she looked at me with a quiet expression, so different from what it was before, and asked 'Can it be that God can care for me?' Seeing the result of that message of love I felt as if the Lord told me to bring the message to others, and consequently decided to stay in Paris, instead of going with my friends to the provinces to begin work there. On returning to our hotel, I told my friend, Mrs. Alsop, of my decision, and she was alarmed and objected, thinking probably that I had been sunstruck. At that time, even soldiers would not go in the streets of Belleville except in detachments of 300 or 400. 'There is no money to begin such work as you wish,' Mrs. Alsop said. I replied that if God had put this thought into my heart, he would send the money. Two days later, two gentlemen belonging to the Society of Friends, came to our hotel. They had been sent out to Sedan to distribute large sums of money among the farmers for seed for corn. A small surplus was left which the committee had decided to use for relief purposes in Paris, so they gave the money to Mrs. Alsop and she handed it to me. That money went towards the payment of sewing-classes for the winter; but since that time I have been solely responsible for all the expenditures of this extensive work

"My first Gospel meeting consisted of only three women, but in less than two weeks we had more in attendance than we had room for. Soon they learned to love the Word of God. They asked me to establish a day school, and to teach their children the truth, and so the 'Iron Hall' was built. During the first six months of the Belleville Mission, I often felt like a mere atom among the multitudes, and more than once I decided to leave Paris, but the Lord strengthened my weakness and said: 'Why don't you pray for more workers?' which I most heartily did. One Sunday afternoon, while I was listening to a most spiritual sermon by the late Rev. Barton Hart of Rue Royale, he informed his congregation of a letter written to him by a gentleman in England who desired prayers. The letter stated that the writer and his wife, on returning from their holiday trip in Switzerland, had passed the month of August in Paris and were greatly impressed with the need of evangelical work there, but the writer saw so many difficulties before him that he believed it was not the will of God that he should come. This letter was from Rev. Mr. McAll, and with hearty rejoicing, I recognized it as an answer to my prayers. I at once wrote to Mr. and Mrs. McAll, telling them how great my soul's cry had been for more laborers. When they arrived in the winter time, I had the privilege of finding them lodgings, as neither of them spoke French. Their intention was not to work in Belleville, or in any particular district, but throughout the whole city. They lived in Belleville and had four stations amongst the workmen of Paris, one being at Belleville. At every point, a distinct work, entirely apart from the Belleville Mission and with a distinct organization, was carried on. The two had nothing in common.

"Very soon I opened a Day School, and also a Medical Mission—the first one in France for many years. This I did with the generous help of the Medical Missionary Society of Edinburgh, which granted me the salary of a doctor for two years. From a small beginning the annual expense of the Belleville Mission now amounts to nearly $15,000 a year. These expenses include the support of out-stations, salaries of evangelists, doctors, teachers, nurses, medicines, rent, sewing-classes and various other matters."

From the beginning, Miss De Broen has been an honorary worker, receiving no compensation whatever, but devoting her entire time, energies, and income to this labor for the Lord. The buildings in the Belleville Mission consist of the Orphanage, a large four-story and attic structure, capable of sheltering twenty-six orphans and in which Miss DeBroen herself lives with the workers; and the "Iron Hall," in which medical consultations, Gospel meetings, sewing-classes, night school, prayer meetings, temperance meetings and other meetings are held. At 205 Rue Saint Honore, there is a free Reading-Room for French and American visitors, and also a Temperance Restaurant and Inquiry Office. During the twenty-two years since the founding of the Mission in 1871, fully 1,000,000 persons have attended in various capacities, some receiving medical treatment, others tuition, and still others coming to sewing classes, and as inmates of the orphanage, etc. These are in addition to the Gospel meetings, the total attendance at which would aggregate a very large number indeed.

In connection with Miss De Broen's Mission, it is very important that those readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and the friends of the work in this country who have followed the history of her Belleville Mission since the beginning, should understand that it has stood alone, connected with no other mission and deriving support from no other source than donations and voluntary subscriptions. Friends in England and America have sent their contributions to Miss De Broen year after year, for the support and extension of the work, but there were many who mistakenly identified the Belleville Mission with the work of another mission in Paris. This has given rise to confusion and to a diversion of resources which has been very prejudicial to the Belleville Mission and owing to this same cause the contributions to the Belleville Mission for a number of years have fallen considerably below its expenditures. This has occasioned surprise to many who have been stanch supporters of the Mission and who have been highly appreciative of the noble work it was and still is doing in Paris. One of the results of the depleted finances has been that Miss De Broen was compelled, during the past year, to discontinue the Medical Mission.

The highest endorsements have been received by Miss De Broen commending the Belleville Mission. Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, writes: "I have seldom met one in whom I feel a deeper interest. Her work has been wonderfully blessed of God, and ought to have a warm place in every Christian heart." Dr. Morgan, of the Church of the Holy Trinity, of Paris, writes: "It will be a pleasure to me to aid your work by an offering." Mr. Henry C. Mabie, of Minneapolis, writing to the Baptists of America, says: "It is with special pleasure that I give my testimony in favor of the wide-spread, evangelical and Christ-like and effectual work of Miss De Broen, which she has carried on for seventeen years in Belleville, Paris." Mr. D. L. Moody, the celebrated evangelist, says in a letter: "From the first, I formed the highest opinion of Miss De Broen, an opinion which no way changed, the more I saw her." These are taken from a large mass of similar cordial testimony.

Miss De Broen's visit to this country is for the furtherance and interest of her work in Paris. It is proposed to establish auxiliaries of the Belleville Mission in a number of American cities, including New York, Boston, Baltimore, Chicago, and others, and also several in Canada. She can be addressed to the care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

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Proctor's Monument Unveiled.

Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage's Address at Professor Richard A Proctor's Reburial at Greenwood, Tuesday, October 3d, 1893

WHEN Proctor, the famous astronomer and author died in New York City about five years ago, where he had no relatives at hand, Rev. Stephen Merritt generously gave space in his own family vault in Greenwood Cemetery where the mortal remains of the distinguished scientist have since reposed. A newspaper recently called attention to the fact of the unmarked grave, and Mr. George W. Childs, the millionaire philanthropist, purchased as suitable grave in Greenwood and erected a beautiful monument which was publicly dedicated on Oct. 3d, with appropriate ceremonies; the reinterment taking place on that date. Rev. Dr. Talmage, who had been invited to deliver the oration, spoke substantially as follows:

Fifty-six years ago in Cheyne Row, London, that street to be famous for all time as the residence of Thomas Carlyle, the monarch of English literature, a child was born and took the name of Richard Anthony Proctor. Starting life with an independent fortune, which put within his reach highest university attainments, coupled with all the advantages of extensive travel, he passed through one gate of knowledge after another, and from great to greater altitudes in scientific attainment, until, in the collapse of a New Zealand banking corporation, all his investments were swamped, and, instead of a fortune to draw upon, he had nothing left except a liability of sixty thousand dollars to draw upon him. But reversal of fortune is only arousal and inspiration to a man like Professor Proctor. His pen and telescope now became the means of achieving a livelihood, as well as of reporting the behavior of the heavenly bodies, for be it known, not for the encouragement of other adventurous youth, but as a matter of history, that while yet a college boy, he had met a fair young Irish girl, with large brown eyes and curls beautiful enough to lasso almost any susceptible nature, and after a week's acquaintance, called in clerical aid to emphasize the fact that they took each other "for better or for worse, till death did them part." So that by the time he had passed on to the great financial exigency of his life, a small constellation around him in his own household was to him of quite as much importance as the constellations above him. Concerning the struggles through which he passed before gaining the appreciation that his services deserved, I will not speak, except to say that, in his life, as in the life of most of those who have achieved scholastic or scientific or financial success, there was an Iliad of woes. The ladder of worldly achievement is of slippery rung and hard to climb, and but few reach the top and most stop short of half way. But Proctor was great in hard work. His study hours were from eight in the morning till noon, and from three o'clock to six in the afternoon, and from eight at night to two and three o'clock in the morning: with such habits of work, combined with talents splendid and phenomenal, we do not wonder that he has now standing on the shelves of personal and city and national libraries such books as, "Saturn and its Systems;" "Myths and Marvels of Astronomy;" "Other Worlds than Ours;" "The Border Land of Science;" "The Universe and the Coming Transits;" "Light Science for Leisure Hours;" "Flowers of the Sky;" "Constellation of the Seasons;" "Old and New Astronomy;" and in all fifty-seven books, while if from magazines and newspapers his contributed articles were gathered, they would make a library of themselves. He made a geography of the heavens; he charted three hundred and twenty-four thousand stars. What a eulogy upon work, hard work, unrelenting work, triumphant work, was that man's lifetime. The curse of the world is genius allied to idleness. It excites high expectation only to disappoint it. But genius, as in this case, allied to industry produces Newton's "Principia," Shakespeare's dramas, Virgil's "Georgics," Bacon's "Novum Organum," Dante's "Divina Commedia," and Richard Anthony Proctor's New Theory of the Stellar Universe. Not only was this friend, whose going away was an international lamentation, great with his pen, but just as great with the voice, for which of our A[illegible] eloquence? In one American tour, he gave one hundred and two lectures, and in another tour one hundred and forty-two lectures. He, with our own Professor Mitchell, whom we nick-named "Old Stars," did more to popularize astronomy than any two men that ever lived. Other lecturers on astronomy have stunned us with figures of millions and billions of miles and the weight and periphery of worlds, and we came out of the lecture hall as bedazzled and confounded with stellar habits and stellar eccentricities and stellar catastrophes as the people were on the night of the star shooting in 1833, when all the heavens seemed unhinged. But Professor Proctor by illumined apparatus appealing to the eye and explanations appealing to the ear, lifted audiences into an intelligent understanding about the life and death of worlds, rung them like silver bells, put them into bloom as the hanging gardens of the sky, entranced and awed and melted multitudes, who went home, saying in prayer as they went: "When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained, what is man that Thou art mindful of him or the son of man that Thou visitest Him." Proctor opened new windows in heaven, and swung back doors that, for the masses of the people, had always been bolted.

Let it be known that this man died a martyr to science. Over-work left him with physical strength so reduced that malarias easily filled his system with aches and pains, and an exhaustion which a mighty epidemic sweeping by had but to touch and see him expire. To his bereavements, many and quick in succession, and to frequent lack of appreciation for exalted work, which only genius like his own could rightly estimate, were added illnesses that made his burdens heavier, but never induced him to unload them. We crown a martyr to-day. That is the meaning of this sculpture. That is the meaning of these garlands. That is the meaning of this reverential assemblage. That is the meaning of the anthems to-day chanted.

And now this transference from tomb to tomb is no disturbance of the dead, but it is as when we enter the room of a sleeping brother, and say: "Come! We have another room for you in another part of the house. We have fitted it up especially for you. Come, brother, and lie down on this better pillow!"

Sweet is the slumber beneath the sod,
While the pure spirit is resting with God.

It is appropriate that the change of sepulchres be made and this beautiful shaft erected by one whose generosity is constantly being shown toward the living and the dead. He is the glory of American journalism, putting on pensions those who have grown old or fallen sick in his service. To his magnificent hospitality to the living, he adds his hospitality to the dead. All the land honors him. Coming generations will bless his name. Synonym for everything gracious and kind and pure and magnanimous and splendid, the name of George W. Childs. God bless him, is my prayer, and the prayer of millions on both sides of the sea.

While to-day, in this monument, journalism honors astronomy, over this grave also let Science and Religion cordially grasp hands. In these latter days attempt has been made to divorce them, but "whom God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." Coadjutors have science and religion always been, though irreverence on the one side and bigotry on the other have sometimes denied it. In many German cathedrals there is an organ at either end of the cathedral, and these instruments majestically respond to each other, and it is Organ to Organ and Overture to Overture and Grand March to Grand March. So, in this great cathedral of the universe, science and religion respond to each other in glorious accord.

The same Divine Being whose blessing Professor Proctor tenderly invoked at the close of nearly all his letters to his household is the God whose mercy we now invoke, as, gathered this autumnal day, amid the falling leaves, to uncover this monument to the memory of the great scientist, we seek for Almighty comfort to descend on the hearts that still bleed over his bereavement. The quaint words, which, among the Scotch Highlands, are often sung on the way to the grave of someone greatly honored and beloved, are very appropriate now:

Neighbor, accept our parting song,
The road is short, the rest is long;
The Lord brought here, the Lord takes hence,
This is no house of permanence.

On bread of mirth and bread of tears
The pilgrim fed, these checkered years:
Now undoor world, shut to the door,
Thy guest is gone forever more.

Gone to the land of sweet repose,
His comrades bless him as he goes;
Of toil and moil the day was full,
A good sleep now, the night is cool.

Yea village bells, ring softly, ring,
And in the blessed Sabbath bring;
Which from this weary work-day toyst
Awaits God's folk through Jesus Christ."

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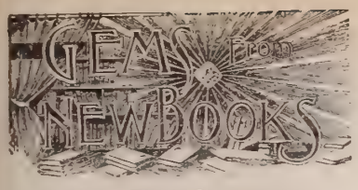

His First Sermon.*

THE sermon was one in which he had dwelt largely on the different isms of the day, and refuted them with somewhat of Scripture and much of theology. It was both strong and scholarly, but to Aunt Hannah's mind there was something lacking. Her soul thirsted for more of the sincere "milk of the Word" whereby to gain strength for the bearing of life's every-day burdens and the meeting of its various vicissitudes in a proper spirit and manner. Strong theological meat was desirable for those to whom it was adapted, but few of his listeners would be called upon to combat a long list of heterodox dogmas. They were mostly plain, practical common-sense people, and like himself, would be most benefited by that practical teaching which would tend to build them up in the inner life, and lead them closer to the loving heart of the heavenly Father.

Robert finished and then, somewhat complacently, tilted back in his chair with his hands clasped behind his head, and waited for remarks.

And they came:—"Well, my boy, that's a strong sermon. It's full of good points rounded by grand rhetorical flourishes, and I'm proud of it, but for myself, I'd like one with more of Christ in it. Say what thee will, this is the crying need of the world to-day—Christ a Saviour, a helper and a burden-bearer."

Little more was said and soon Robert went to his room. He went to bed, but not to sleep. The remarks had wholly unsettled his mind with regard to his morning's sermon. He felt that his choice had been made with reference to human rather than divine approbation and he was humiliated by the thought.

That was to him one of those test hours through which great souls pass, when they are emptied of self, and out of whose experiences they come forth, ready in a humble way devoid of self-seeking, to go forth to do whatever comes to hand for God and humanity, be the service humble or exalted, as did Peter after he had seen the vision, and Paul after he had listened to the assurance—"My grace is sufficient for thee."

More of Christ—the crying need of the world to-day—Christ a Saviour, a helper, and a burden-bearer—that thought took hold upon his mind with a life-long grasp, and sank into the depths of his soul as a motive power.

Its influence was afterwards felt in many a settler's cabin, and men with grimy hands and unshaven faces suppressed the oath and hastened to brush away the unbidden tear, as, in their soiled working garments, they stood with uncovered heads and listened attentively to the touching story of Christ the burden-bearer.

THE ARRESTED SUN.†

THE stupendous miracle of the day consisted in the arrest of daylight. It is obvious that Joshua 10: 12–15 is a quotation from the "book of Jasher. This is clear, because verse 15 is duplicated with verse 43; and the style is altogether different from the majestic roll of the historian's prose. But there is no reason to believe, with some, that these verses give us only a metaphorical account of the fight, and of the thoroughness of the victory; as though the poet would say that in one day Israel did the work of two. Beneath the veil of poetry, so gravely interpolated by the historian, there must be a reference to a marvelous and miraculous episode.

We place no limit to the divine power. He who made all things is the Monarch of all. It is indeed easy for him to impose his will on nature, man, or human will. The miracle of the resurrection is so stupendous in the raising of our human nature, incorporate with the divine, to take its place in the heart of the forces of the spirit-world, that we need not hesitate to accept any well-accredited marvel. Nor should we scruple to believe that God could make the clock of the universe stop, if it were necessary that it should do so.

But it is not necessary to believe that he did this. No doubt here, as elsewhere, Scripture uses the language of ordinary human life. By some process, the laws of which are at present unknown to us, but of which we get glimpses, in refraction, in the after-glow of sunset, in the fantastic appearances familiar to travelers in high latitudes and amongst the loftiest mountains—God was able to prolong the daylight until Israel had made an end of slaying their foes, with a very great slaughter, so that only a decimated remnant entered into the fenced cities. The how is not material to our present purpose.

*From *Tending Upward*, by Mary B. Willey; pp. 257, price $1.10, cloth binding; American S. S. Union, Philadelphia publishers.

†From *Joshua and the Land of Promise*, by F. B. Meyer, B. A.; an Old Testament study of entrancing interest; pp. 210, cloth; price $1.00. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago, publishers.

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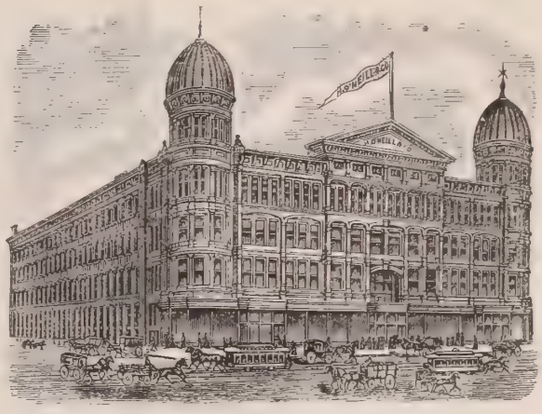

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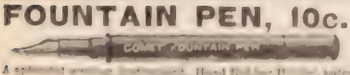

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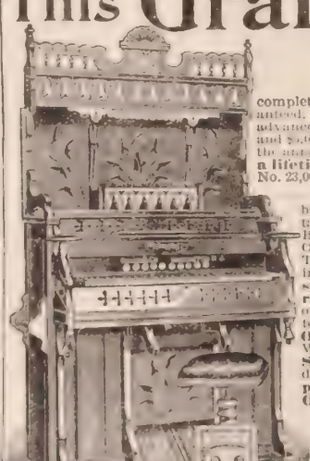

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"BEHOLD THE MAN!"

The "Ecce Homo Arch," the Memorable Scene of Pilate's Weakness, When he Delivered the Saviour to the Multitude.

JERUSALEM is truly a city of sorrowful memories. In whatever direction the inquiring traveler turns, he is confronted with some reminder of the long-vanished past, that tells him of dark tragedy, or else of joy that was turned to bitter grief. Not a hill or valley around Zion, not a street or corner of the city itself, is without its gloomy history. These memories seem to come in troops upon the traveler, as he threads the devious windings of the narrow, dingy thoroughfares. Memories of ancient wars and warriors, of conquering Roman and Saracen, of brave Templar and gallant Crusader, of Maccabbean prowess and of Israelitish glory and magnificence. There are memories, too, of cruel kings and a malign priesthood, of armed men-slayers, who went about watering the city pavements with the blood of their victims, and, above all rises the face of One who "suffered as no man suffered,"—Jesus the Innocent. Next to Calvary and Gethsemane, one of the most mournful reminders of the cruelties He endured at the hands of a rabble inflamed by the fiercest of all passions—religious hatred—is the place shown in the illustration. Tradition declares that it was under this arch that the Saviour was scourged by the soldiers and abused and vilified by the mob, who were hounded on by the priests, and that it was on the narrow parapet above the arch that Jesus was led out and shown to the people by Pilate with the memorable words: "Behold the Man!" (John 19: 5.) It is exceedingly probable that the event the Evangelist describes took place in some such prominent position, where it could be witnessed by the multitude.

Looking at the picture, one can conjure up the scene anew. The scourging had ended and Pilate was about to formally deliver Jesus to a military officer who was authorized to conduct Him to the place of crucifixion. Half-clad, bleeding, with painful, labored steps and sorrowful mien, yet with the divine glory reflected in His face, the Saviour of the world was exposed to the derision and contumely of the dense crowd that packed the narrow street. Pilate was but half-hearted: he lacked the courage to do what his conscience prompted and save the victim, and he was impelled to give assent to the condemnation of the innocent to appease the people and the priests, and because the Jews had intimidated him by threatening to accuse him to Tiberius. In his heart he felt convinced of the innocence of the accused, and this conviction was deepened by the humane urgings of Procla, his wife, who had been divinely warned in a dream. "Behold," he said, as he stood beside the scarred and bleeding Jesus, facing the multitude, "I have brought Him out to you again, that you may know once more that I have found no fault in Him. Behold the man!"

The Governor, however, was not a match for the crafty priests who had sworn that Jesus should die and Pilate, giving up the struggle at last, solaced himself with the reflection that, after all, it was the Jews themselves who demanded the sacrifice. He therefore returned to his palace, while the Saviour of the world was led by the *Via Dolorosa* ("Way of Sorrow"), to the Damascus Gate and death on Calvary.

The "Ecce Homo Arch" springs from a solidly-built tower on the eastern side of the Government buildings, which form the present fortress and arsenal of Jerusalem. It is generally believed to occupy the site of the "palace" spoken of by Nehemiah the prophet. So greatly changed is the Jerusalem of to-day from the city of the Saviour's day, that even the lines of the ancient streets have largely disappeared and can be traced only by excavating through deep beds of rubbish. In the general demolition, by the Romans, the prominent buildings were included. It is believed that the arch now known as the Ecce Homo Arch is really of the time of Hadrian, and that the original structure must have been a triple arch, the largest being in the centre. Only this central arch is now standing, and not altogether intact, a portion of it being built into the "Church of the Sisters of Zion," on the right. Before reaching this arch, the pilgrim along the *Via Dolorosa* passes the traditional spots where Simon of Cyrene took up the Cross, where Jesus fell under the burden, where Lazarus of Bethany dwelt after being raised from the dead and where Dives, the typical rich man of the Scripture, dwelt. That which was formerly the site of Pilate's Judgment Hall is now occupied by the official residence of the Pasha of Jerusalem, at the Turkish barracks. It is said to be identical with the old Tower of Antonia, although the building is comparatively modern. The whole city was rebuilt after the Romans demolished it, the old stones being largely used in the construction.

In the season of the pilgrimages and particularly when the city is crowded by devotees from all parts of the world, gathered for the Easter festival, the Via Dolorosa is visited by multitudes, who reverently tread its winding passages from the Judgment Hall to a point opposite the traditional site of Calvary. These pilgrims present a remarkable picture as they pause to view the points which tradition associates with that last earthly journey of Jesus the Innocent.

THE "ECCE HOMO ARCH," JERUSALEM.
From a photograph brought from the Holy Land by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

The Tabernacle Pulpit

HELPFUL CHURCHES.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, preached last Sunday Morning at the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Text, Psalms 20: 2: *"Send thee help from the Sanctuary."*

IF you should ask fifty men what the church is, they would give you fifty different answers. One man would say, "It is a convention of hypocrites." Another, "It is an assembly of people who feel themselves a great deal better than others." Another, "It is a place for gossip, where wolverine dispositions devour each other." Another, "It is a place for the cultivation of superstition and cant." Another, "It is an arsenal where theologians go to get pikes and muskets and shot." Another, "It is an art galley, where men go to admire grand arches, and exquisite fresco, and musical warble, and the Dantesque in gloomy imagery." Another man would say, "It is the best place on earth except my own home. If I forget thee, O, Jerusalem! let my right hand forget her cunning."

Now, my friends, whatever the church is, my text tells you what it ought to be; a great, practical, homely, omnipotent help. "Send thee help from the sanctuary." The pew ought to yield restfulness to the body. The color of the upholstery ought to yield pleasure to the eye. The entire service ought to yield strength for the moil and struggle of every-day life. The Sabbath ought to be harnessed to all the six days of the week, drawing them in the right direction. The church ought to be a magnet, visibly and mightily affecting all the homes of the worshippers. Every man gets roughly jostled, gets abused, gets cut, gets insulted, gets slighted, gets exasperated. By the time the Sabbath comes, he has an accumulation of six days of annoyance, and that is a starveling church service which has not strength enough to take that accumulated annoyance and hurl it into perdition. The business man sits down in church headachey from the week's engagements. Perhaps he wishes he had tarried at home on the lounge with the newspapers and the slippers. That man wants to be cooled off, and graciously diverted. The first wave of the religious service ought to dash clear over the hurricane decks, and leave him dripping with holy and glad and heavenly emotion. "Send thee help from the sanctuary."

In the first place, sanctuary help ought to come from the music. A woman dying in England persisted in singing to the last moment. The attendants tried to persuade her to stop, saying it would exhaust her and make her disease worse. She answered, "I must sing; I am only practising for the heavenly choir." Music on earth is a rehearsal for music in heaven. If you and I are going to take part in that great orchestra, it is high time that were stringing and thrumming our harps. They tell us that Thalberg and Gottschalk never would go into a concert until they had first in private rehearsed, although they were such masters of the instrument. And can it be that we expect to take a part in the great oratorio of heaven if we do not rehearse here? But I am not speaking of the next world. Sabbath song ought to set all the week to music. We want not more harmony, not more artistic expression, but more volume in our church music.

Now, I am no worshipper of noise, but I believe that if our American churches would with full heartiness of soul and full emphasis of voice sing the songs of Zion, this part of sacred worship would have tenfold more power than it has now. Why not take this part of the sacred service and lift it to where it ought to be? All the annoyances of life might be drowned out of that sacred song. Do you tell me that it is not fashionable to sing very loudly? Then, I say, away with the fashion. We dam back the great Mississippi of congregational singing, and let a few drops of melody trickle through the dam. I say, take away the dam, and let the billows roar on their way to the oceanic heart of God. Whether it is fashionable to sing loudly or not, let us sing with all possible emphasis.

We hear a great deal of the art of singing, of music as an entertainment, of music as a recreation. It is high time we heard something of music as a help, a practical help. In order to do this, we must only have a few hymns. New tunes and new hymns every Sunday make poor congregational singing. Fifty hymns are enough for fifty years. The Episcopal Church prays the same prayers every Sabbath, and year after year, and century after century. For that reason they have the hearty responses. Let us take a hint from that fact, and let us sing the same songs Sabbath after Sabbath. Only in in that way can we come to the full force of this exercise. Twenty thousand years will not wear out the hymns of William Cowper, and Charles Wesley, and Isaac Watts. Suppose now each person in this audience has brought all the annoyances of the last three hundred and sixty-five days. Fill this room to the ceiling with sacred song, and you would drown out all those annoyances of the three hundred and sixty-five days, and you would drown them out forever. Organ and cornet are only to marshal the voice. Let the voice fall into line, and in companies, and in brigades, by storm take the obduracy and sin of the world. If you cannot sing for yourself, sing for others. By trying to give others good cheer, you will bring good cheer to your own heart. When Londonderry, Ireland, was besieged many years ago, the people inside the city were famishing, and a vessel came up with provisions, but the vessel ran on the river bank and stuck fast. The enemy went down with laughter and derision to board the vessel, when the vessel gave a broadside fire against the enemy, and by the shock was turned back into the stream, and all was well. O, ye who are high and dry on the rocks of melancholy, give a broadside fire of song against your spiritual enemies, and by holy rebound you will come out into the calm waters. If we want to make ourselves happy, we must make others happy. "Mythology tells us of Amphion, who played his lyre until the mountains were moved and the walls of Thebes arose; but religion has a mightier story to tell of how Christian song may build whole temples of eternal joy, and lift the round earth into sympathy with the skies. I tarried many nights in London, and I used to hear the bells, the small bells of the city, strike the hour of night—one, two, three, four, and after they were done striking the hour of night then the great St. Paul's Cathedral would come in to mark the hours, making all the other sounds seem utterly insignificant as with mighty tongue it announced the hour of the night, every stroke an overmastering boom. My friends, it was intended that all the lesser sounds of the world should be drowned out in the mighty tongue of congregational song beating against the gates of heaven. Do you know how they mark the hours in heaven? They have no clocks, as they have no candles, but a great pendulum of hallelujah swinging across heaven from eternity to eternity.

Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God:
But children of the Heavenly King
Should speak their joys abroad.

St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

Again I remark, that sanctuary help ought to come from the sermon. Of a thousand people in this or any other audience, how many want sympathetic help? Do you guess a hundred? Do you guess five hundred? You have guessed wrong. I will tell you just the proportion. Out of a thousand people in this audience there are just one thousand who need sympathetic help. These young people want it just as much as the old. The old people sometimes seem to think they have a monopoly of the rheumatisms, and the neuralgias, and the headaches, and the physical disorders of the world; but I tell you there are no worse heartaches than are felt by some of these young people. Do you know that much of the work is done by the young? Raphael died at thirty-seven; Richelieu at thirty-one; Gustavus Adolphus died at thirty-eight; Innocent III. came to his mightiest influence at thirty-seven; Cortez conquered Mexico at thirty; Don John won Lepanto at twenty-five; Grotius was attorney-general at twenty-four; and I have noticed amid all classes of men that some of the severest battles and the toughest work comes before thirty. Therefore we must have our sermons and our exhortation in prayer-meeting all sympathetic with the young. And so with these people further on in life. What do these doctors and lawyers and merchants and mechanics care about the abstractions of religion? What they want is help to bear the whimsical-

ties of patients, the browbeating of legal opponents, the unfairness of customers who have plenty of fault-finding for every imperfection of handiwork, but no praise for twenty excellences. What does that brain-racked, hand-blistered man care for Zwingle's "Doctrine of Original Sin," or Augustine's "Anthropology?" You might as well go to a man who has the pleurisy and put on his side a plaster made out of Dr. Parr's "Treatise on Medical Jurisprudence."

While all of a sermon may not be helpful alike to all, if it be a Christian sermon preached by a Christian man, there will be help for every one somewhere. We go into an apothecary store. We see others being waited on; we do not complain because we do not immediately get the medicine; we know our turn will come after awhile. And so while all parts of a sermon may not be appropriate to our case, if we wait prayerfully before the sermon is through, we shall have the divine prescription. I say to these young men who come here Sabbath by Sabbath, and who are going to preach the Gospel, these theological students—I say to them, we want in our sermons not more metaphysics, nor more imagination, nor more logic, nor more profundity. What we want in our sermons and Christian exhortations is more sympathy. When Father Taylor preached in the Sailors' Bethel at Boston, the jack tars felt that they had help for their duties among the ratlines and the forecastles. When Richard Weaver preached to the operatives in Oldham, England, all the workingmen felt they had more grace for the spindles. When Dr. South preached to kings and princes and princesses, all the mighty men and women who heard him felt preparation for their high station.

Again I remark, that sanctuary help ought to come through the prayers of all the people. The door of the eternal storehouse is hung on one hinge, a gold hinge, the hinge of prayer, and when the whole audience lay hold of that door, it must come open. There are here many people spending their first Sabbath after some great bereavement. What will your prayer do for them? How will it help the tomb in that man's heart? Here are people who have not been in church before for ten years; what will your prayer do for them by rolling over their soul holy memories? Here are people in crises of awful temptation. They are on the verge of despair, or wild blundering, or theft, or suicide. What will your prayer do for them this morning in the way of giving them strength to resist? Will you be chiefly anxious about the fit of the glove that you put to your forehead while you prayed? Will you be chiefly critical of the rhetoric of the pastor's petition? No. No. A thousand people will feel "that prayer is for me," and at every step of the prayer chains ought to drop off, and temples of sin ought to crush into dust, and jubilees of deliverance ought to brandish their trumpets. In most of our churches we have three prayers—the opening prayer, what is called the "long prayer," and the closing prayer. There are many people who spend the first prayer in arranging their apparel after entrance, and spend the second prayer, the "long prayer," in wishing it were through, and spend the last prayer in preparing to start for home. The most insignificant part of every religious service is the sermon. The more important parts are the Scripture lesson and the prayer. The sermon is only a man talking to a man. The Scripture lesson is God talking to man. Prayer is man talking to God. Oh, if we understood the grandeur and the pathos of this exercise of prayer, instead of being a dull exercise, we would imagine that the room was full of angelic appearances.

But, my friends, the old style of church will not do the work. We might as well now try to take all the passengers from New York to Buffalo by stage-coach, or all the passengers from Albany to Buffalo by canal-boat, or do all the battling of the world with bow and arrow, as with the old style of church to meet the exigencies of this day. Unless the Church in our day will adapt itself to the time, it will become extinct. The people reading newspapers and books all the week, in alert, picturesque, and resounding style, will have no patience with Sabbath humdrum. Some of the poorest preachers wear the best clothes; and many a backwoodsman has dismounted from the saddle-bags, and in his linen duster preached a sermon that shook earth and heaven with its Christian eloquence. No new Gospel, only the old Gospel in a way suited to the time. No new Church, but a Church to be the asylum, the inspiration, the practical sympathy, and the eternal help of the people.

But while half of the doors of the church are to be set open toward this world, the other half of the doors of the church must be set open toward the next. You and I tarry here only a brief space. We want somebody to teach us how to get out of this life at the right time and in the right way. Some fall out of life, some go stumbling out of life, some go groaning out of life, some go cursing out of life. Through these church gates set heavenward how many of your friends and mine have gone? The last time they were out of the house they came to church. The earthly pilgrimage ended at the pillar of public worship, and then they marched out to a bigger and brighter assemblage. Some of them were so old they could not walk without a cane or two crutches; now they have eternal juvenescence. Or they were so young they could not walk except as the maternal hand guided them; now they bound with the hilarities celestial. The last time we saw them they were wasted with malarial or pulmonic disorder; but now they have no fatigue, and no difficulty of respiration in the pure air of heaven. How I wonder when you and I will cross over! Some of you have had about enough of the thumping and flailing of this life. A draught from the fountains of heaven would do you good. Complete release you could stand very well. If you got on the other side, and had permission to come back, you would not come. Though you were invited to come back and join your friends on earth, you would say, "No, let me tarry here until they come; I shall not risk going back; if a man reaches heaven he had better stay here."

Oh, I join hands with you this morning in that uplifted splendor.

When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?

In Freybourg, Switzerland, there is the trunk of a tree four hundred years old. That tree was planted to commemorate an event. About ten miles from the city the Swiss conquered the Burgundians, and a young man wanted to take the tidings to the city. He took a tree branch and ran with such speed the ten miles, that when he reached the city waving the tree branch he had only strength to cry, "Victory!" and dropped dead. The tree branch that he carried was planted, and it grew to be a great tree twenty feet in circumference, and the remains of it are there to this day. My hearer, when you have fought your last battle with sin and death and hell, and they have been routed in the conflict, it will be a joy worthy of celebration. You will fly to the city and cry "Victory!" and drop at the feet of the great King. Then the palm branch of the earthly race will be planted to become the out-branching tree of everlasting rejoicing.

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls,
And pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

A Christian Diplomat.

The Death of Sir A. S Blackwood, Secretary of the British Post-Office Department and Leader of Various Evangelistic Movements.

THE announcement of the death of Sir Arthur Stevenson Blackwood, which was cabled from England on Oct. 2, occasions regret on both sides of the Atlantic. His lucid and scholarly articles on prophecy, several of which have appeared in this journal—one of them this week—have made his name familiar to American readers. Many of our citizens, too, have enjoyed personal intercourse with him when during trans-Atlantic visits, they have had the privilege of attending the famous conferences at Mildmay Park. Since the death of Mr. Pennefather, who organized these conferences, Sir Arthur Blackwood has been President of the Mildmay Association, and his enthusiasm and organizing abilities have maintained the Conferences at the high level they attained under their saintly founder.

Late Sir Arthur S. Blackwood,
Diplomat and Evangelist.

His death will be severely felt at Mildmay and in other religious circles where his influence was a power for good. It appears that Sir Arthur has been in very poor health for some months past, and recently went to several watering-places in France and Germany in the hope of recovering his normal vigor. He was returning home when, on board the steamer on which he was crossing the channel from France to England, he was prostrated by a sudden seizure and became unconscious. On the arrival of the steamer, he was carried ashore and his family physician was summoned to his side. His condition was pronounced hopeless and in a few hours he passed away, without recovering consciousness.

Sir Arthur Blackwood was about sixty-three years old when he died. He commenced his career in the service of his government in 1851 as a clerk in the Treasury. He soon became noted for the conscientious care with which he performed all the duties intrusted to him and he was marked out for promotion. During the Crimean War he was sent out to the field to personally superintend the commissariat department of one of the divisions of the British army. The disgraceful break-down of the department in the first year of the war caused widespread disaffection, the relatives of the soldiers being indignant that the brave men who had gone out to fight their country's battles should be left without food and the common necessaries of life. The indignation became louder when it was found that the sufferings of the army in the inclement Russian winter were due to the bungling and blundering of government clerks. In the emergency, the young government clerk who had proved his capacity and painstaking devotion to duty was selected to remedy the defects and reorganize the commissariat service. His success was phenomenal and he returned with an assured position in the confidence of his superior officers. He was decorated with the Crimean medal with the clasps of Alma, Inkerman and Sebastopol and he also received the Medjidie medal from the Sultan of Turkey. He resumed his place in the Treasury Department, but in 1874 when the English government was adding the telegraph system to the Post Office Department it again had recourse to Mr. Blackwood's service. He was appointed Financial Secretary of the Post Office, and two years later, when the Post Office extended its field of operations by carrying small parcels of merchandise, Mr. Blackwood was promoted to be permanent chief of the department, and was knighted. In his new position he controlled 100,000 employes, and was responsible for the efficient working of the department. This position he retained under the Conservative and Liberal governments, and the Postmasters-General of both parties found in him a most reliable executive.

During all his official career, Sir Arthur Blackwood maintained a deep interest in religious matters. While he was still a young man, he commenced a series of Evangelistic services in the most aristocratic district of London, which finally developed into the great meetings at Willis's Rooms, where the converts included men and women belonging to the highest social circles. At his own house at Streatham in Surrey, where his wife, formerly Duchess of Manchester, presided with grace and dignity, some of the most eminent clergymen and evangelists were always among the guests and regular weekly meetings were held for Bible study. He subsequently removed to Crayford and there he built a large mission hall and established one of those combinations of club and restaurant, which have proved in England the most successful rivals of the saloon. He was one of the most frequent speakers in his mission hall and it was noticed that his addresses were listened to with as much delight by the uneducated masses who gathered there as by and cultured audiences in the London drawing-rooms. Those addresses, many of which have been published indicated a close and intimate knowledge of the Bible and a great deal of original thought. Underlying them was a spirit of devotion and simple dependence on the Holy Spirit's teaching which impressed every hearer. For twenty years, his addresses were among the most stimulating and helpful of those delivered at the Mildmay Conferences and often gave the key-note to the whole of the sessions. It was mainly due to the wise choice which selected Sir Arthur as the successor of Mr. Pennefather that the Mildmay Conferences maintained and increased their influence. Through his marriage, and his near relation to the Marquis of Dufferin he had access to the highest social circles, but he was one of the most humble and unostentatious of men and throughout his life was a conspicuous illustration of the fact that high birth and position need be no bar to Christian activity and usefulness.

DEATH OF A CHOLERA NURSE.

Sister Saint Paulin, who has just died at Oran, for thirty years bravely held her post on the battlefield of sickness. She nursed the sick during the cholera of 1867, the typhus of 1868, the cholera of 1884, and the small-pox of 1886, and in the intervals of these great campaigns she never quitted her works of mercy. In 1885 she received the Cross of the Legion of Honor. In her last illness the doctor said to her, "Courage, you will yet wear your cross for many a year." "No," she replied, "I am going to wear another Cross, the true one; my work here is ended. Good-bye, or rather *au revoir* [till we meet again], for whatever you may think we shall meet again in eternity."

SELF-DENIAL.

S. S. Lesson for Oct. 29. I Cor. 8. Golden Text, Rom. 15: 1. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

"NOW we that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak and not to please ourselves. Let each one of us please his neighbor for his good unto edifying, for Christ pleased not himself." Self-pleasing, personal enjoyment is sapping the root of the spiritual, physical and political life of the day. Men are no longer willing to "endure hardships." We read of those who have, from a life of obscurity worked their way upward through self-denial, and labor, to a position of superiority, and everyone feels the force of such men as these; they have learned to endure. But the race of such seems to have almost died out, and a weak, pleasure-loving, degenerate generation has succeeded them, who clamor for pleasure, for riches, for position, without being willing to work their way up.

Self-pleasing in eating, drinking, dress, reading, etc., pervades all classes of society, and the terrible thing of all is that the same spirit has got into the Church of God. "I don't like," or "I do like" is the acknowledged reason for saying or doing, instead of that which alone actuated the Lord Jesus, the will of his Father who was in heaven. It is blessed to turn from a self-pleasing world and a self-pleasing church, which only augments instead of correcting the self which is in the world, and to look right away to the blessed Word of God and read: "Even

Christ Pleased not Himself."

Has it really dawned upon us that our high calling, our vocation for eternity is to be one with God? Has the prayer of our Master ever taken possession of us: "That they all may be one, as thou Father art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us, that the world may believe that thou has sent me." (John 17: 21.) God has set his witnesses in the world as lights in the midst of the darkness, and those whose lives are not in contrast to the darkness are not fulfilling the purpose for which they are sent into the world. Of Jesus it is written: "When he cometh into the world he saith . . . Lo, I come to do thy will, O God." (Heb. 10: 5, 8.) He says of those whom the Father has given to him, "As thou has sent me into the world, even so have I sent them into the world." What for? To do thy will, O God," as their Master did before them. Is this your recognized, accepted vocation? If so, you can never again be entangled in the meshes of a self-pleasing spirit, your prayers will not be to obtain something for yourself, you will forget how to have a choice of your own about the things which happen day by day; like your Master you will neither please yourself nor wish to please yourself, but "live to do thy will O God." And this principle will enter into your eating and drinking, into the spending and the earning of your money, into your prayers and your service. God will have his complete will in all.

One of those things which most crosses the will of Christian workers is this Christian privilege of bearing the infirmities of the weak, acting with a regard for those who may be stumbled by what we do or say. The infirmities of the weak test those who think they are strong. How often one who is looked upon as strong in the Lord finds it very difficult to bear with a weak brother, whose conceit leads him to break into a meeting at the most inopportune time with a prayer, or testimony, or chorus right across the spirit of the meeting! How many a Christian worker has fallen into unrest of spirit or into a kind of inward indignation which he tried to believe was zeal for the Lord, under a test such as this! And yet the proof of true strength would be the ability to bear with this brother. It takes no grace of God to be indignant; the weakest brother can find fault; but to stand still when it seems to us that the work of God is suffering, and, with calm confidence in God, to bear the infirmity of our brother with a serene, untroubled spirit, trusting the Lord to overrule, this is

A Proof Positive

that we are strong in the Lord and in the power of his might. It takes a very real confidence in God to see what may seem to us great harm done to the cause of God, and to be able quietly to trust him about it without putting our own hands to it; it shows that we have come to see our own nothingness and to appreciate the might and wisdom of our God, and to believe in his care for his own work against all appearances. The apostle Paul who, later on in his epistle, is about to unfold the wondrous teaching about the body of Christ (1. Cor. 12), gives a very practical lesson on this head as to how Christians in his day should act about meat which has been offered in an idol temple. He prefaces what he is about to say with the truth: knowledge puffeth up but love buildeth up;" and adds: "If any man thinketh that he knoweth anything, he knoweth not yet as he ought to know." (R.V.) How ought he to know? Divine knowledge always convinces us of our ignorance and nothingness, and anything which exalts us cannot therefore be of God: God resisteth the proud but giveth grace to the humble." (1. Pet. 5: 5.) It is an awful thing to be puffed by knowledge which God gives to us, it is turning the grace of God against him, and through his very gifts misrepresenting him!

Paul gives this illustration. A converted man has knowledge that an idol is nothing at all, but the bit of wood, or stone, gold or silver, which he sees, he has knowledge enough to know that eating what is offered in sacrifice to an idol is not in itself harmed thereby, the food is unchanged, no virtues and no power to harm is communicated to it by its being offered to wood or stone, and no Christian could be harmed by the fact of eating it. But there are weak brethern,

Old Asscoiations are Strong

in them; they have not enough of the Spirit of God to dissociate from the meat offered to idols the old superstition in which they formerly lived. They cannot, without wronging their consciences, do that which a brother stronger in faith can do with impunity. But if a man see thee sitting at meat in an idol's temple, what then? Thou mayest be unhurt, but how about thy weak brother? Human impatience would say: "I cannot be hindered by his ignorance and want of faith." But if through thy knowledge thou leadest thy brother back into idolatry because he cannot eat with thy knowledge, but with his associations, is not thy knowledge a curse to thy brother, and wouldst not thou have served him better if thou hadst been as ignorant and as fearful of meat offered to idols as he is?

Let us take another illustration: thou art a saved man, intoxicating drinks are no snare to thee, but thy weak brother has been delivered from them; they were the curse of his life, he sits at thy table, sees thee drink them with impunity, and, in his weakness of faith, he follows man instead of God and puts himself into the jaws of the lion which he has escaped by following thy example. Thou wert only thinking of thyself and thy power to drink with impunity, so, through thy knowledge he that is weak perisheth, the brother for whose sake, Christ died." (R V.) Or, again, one who can enter into an exhibition, on some place of public resort, without losing his communion with God, may forget that for a weak brother's sake, whose infirmities it is his privilege to bear, he would do more for the Church of Christ, in that weak brother by denying himself and keeping away, lest that weak brother be stumbled. Again in the books we read and speak of, etc., and in all our conversation generally, let us not forget that weak brethern are always watching us; it is our vocation to do all we do for Christ and for his Church. Sinning against the brethren and wounding their weak conscience is to

"Sin Against Christ."

O, how many sins of Christians there are in this way against the brethren and so against Christ. It is utterly impossible to keep watch over ourselves in all the details of life, but if we are fully surrendered to the Holy Ghost he will warn us whenever a brother or sister is in danger of being hurt or stumbled by us. In measure as we take in the exceeding glory of our calling to be one, it becomes a sweet and welcome privilege, and no hard cross, to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves. Self-pleasing becomes absolutely abhorrent to us as we see and enter upon our true and divine vocation. We see a beauty in Christ's life of renunciation above all other beauty, and we cannot but say with Paul: "If meat make my brother to stumble, I will eat no meat while the world standeth lest I make my brother to offend."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

EATING IN THE IDOL'S COURTS.

CLEAR idea of the circumstances in which Paul wrote this letter to the Church at Corinth will do much toward explaining some of its teaching. As in our own correspondence, we would write a very different letter to a newly married friend, from one addressed to a friend suffering under bereavement, or some heavy trial, so Paul's letter was intended for people in peculiar circumstances. As was his babit, however, he lays down broad principles, which we can apply to modern life. His letter is believed to have been written in the spring of 57, about three and a half years after Paul left Corinth. He was at Ephesus and had just received a letter from the church at Corinth. Its tenor can be perceived from Paul's answer. The church wanted an authoritative utterance from him on questions which had arisen since his departure. The little group of Christians he left there, belonged to different social ranks and some of them had been rescued from the vicious classes. They were in a city given over to licentiousness, and would be exposed to fierce temptations. From Chloe's servants who brought the letter to Paul, information was obtained which caused the Apostle great sorrow. Some members of the church had fallen into sin, others were worldly and in the church itself there were quarrels and divisions. Some of these disputes were about doctrine, some about baptism, then, as now, a fruitful subject of contention, some about marriage and some about the conduct of church discipline. When Paul answered the letter he had in mind the facts imparted to him by Chloe's servants. Our lesson has to do with one of the questions submitted to him—that relating to the meat which had been offered to idols. This matter was one of immense practical importance. The priests and the people about the idolatrous temples had the right to sell the carcases which had been offered in sacrifice to heathen deities. Much of the meat sold in the market came from this source and at the heathen feasts such meat was preferred. The church asked if it was wrong to eat it. The question might have been easily answered if it had stood alone. An idol was nothing and the meat did not suffer by having been offered to it. But to Jewish converts such an act was revolting; it had been forbidden by the Council at Jerusalem (See Acts 15: 20); and it might lead weak Christians to revive the practice of eating in the courts of the idol's temples. Taking all things into account, Paul said it was well to abstain. The great object was to win souls for Christ, and if the practice of eating food indiscriminately was keeping any back, or causing divisions and weakening the church, it should be abandoned. Thus we obtain the principle which we may apply now, when the whole question of idol worship is obsolete, that Christian love is higher law than Christian rights.

If any man see thee who hast knowledge. If any kind-hearted man thoughtlessly dropped a banana skin or a piece of orange peel on the pavement and afterward heard that some one had slipped on it and injured himself, he would be sincerely sorry. How much more would the Christian grieve if by inadvertence he set an example which led others into sin! Mr Spurgeon used to say that when he was staying at Homburg he never went to the public gardens in which the gambling-palace was situated. They are the most beautiful gardens in the world and none would have enjoyed seeing them more than he, but he would not go. He was not afraid of being attracted by the gambling-table, but he refrained for the sake of others. Perhaps some man who had not the same moral strength might have seen him go in, and naturally inferring that there could be no harm in doing it as Mr. Spurgeon did it, might have gone in, too, and once within the circle of fascination, could not have resisted. As a matter of fact, the proprietor of the gambling hell said that many of his victims were lured in that way. The beauty of the gardens attracted respectable people. Others who were weak followed them in and, once there, were induced to enter the gaming saloon. Mr. Spurgeon felt, when he heard this, that although there would be no harm to him and a great deal of pleasure in walking in the gardens, and though he had a perfect right to do so, it would be wrong to enter the gardens.

Them that are weak. None but they who are affected with the craving for intoxicants know what weakness and frailty there is in it. Prof. Drummond says: I knew a man who had this awful craving, but who wrestled with it and overcame it. He yearned to help those similarly afflicted and was successful in doing so for he spoke to them with sympathy knowing by his own experience how pitiful was their lot. He became celebrated as a temperance lecturer, but he supported himself by his trade as a glass-cutter and gave his services free of charge to the temperance cause. Many years passed after he had ceased to be a drunkard but the appetite was not eradicated. One day a servant girl brought into his place of business a decanter with a broken neck, and asked him to cut it smooth. He took up the bottle to see what was wrong; the fumes of brandy came out of the neck and went into his brain. He turned the decanter upside down and got a drop of the fluid upon his finger and put it to his lips. It set his blood on fire. He went to the nearest saloon and got drunk. That was the beginning of a very bitter and disgraceful end.

A young man who has been working in Yokohama, Japan, related to Dr. W. M. Taylor, of New York, a remarkable incident which occurred there. A temperance society was formed in the city sometime ago. It hung out its sign over its meeting place, and the sign was read by a native of Ouida who came to Yokohama on business. No missionaries were allowed to work in Ouida so that he had not heard anything of the temperance movement. He went into the room and inquired what it was. He was told, and the idea struck him as novel and useful. He obtained some literature and pledges, and went back to Ouida determed to organize a temperance society. Although there were plenty of drunkards there, the society was not the success that it was in Yokohama. Something appeared to be lacking. On going again to Yokohama the man made another call on the Temperance Union. There he discovered that the defect in his work was the absence of motive. The people could not see why they should deny themselves for the sake of their weak brethren. The power of the love of Christ in arousing love of others was explained to him, and he begged that a native evangelist be sent back with him to Ouida to teach him and his fellow townsmen. From that visit grew a church of over forty native members, and the temperance society flourished. The people who learned to love Christ and follow him began to take an interest, quite new to them, in the welfare of all about them.

For whom Christ died. This thought gives a new aspect to the valne of a soul. When we see a drunkard reel along the street we are apt to think it does not much matter what becomes of him. But Christ did not think so. He loved the poor and degraded and proved it by dying to save them. It is the fact of his love that has given him the power at which we often wonder over the outcast. Love has a mighty power to redeem though it be only the love of one like ourselves. The superintendent of the Inebriate Asylum at Binghampton, N. Y., is reported as saying, "Some men are sent here under compulsion—almost driven here by their friends and such men are never cured. In all my experience I have never known a case of a man being cured of his inebriety unless there was someone—a sister, a mother, a wife, a maiden—who prayed for him, hoped for him, wept for him at home. The great redemptive power of the world, the power that saves men from sin is the power of a loving suffering heart."

Singing the Gospel.

Alexina Mackay Ruthquist and Her Heroic Christian Work Among the Hindus.

ONE of the most delightful and instructive missionary books of the season has just been issued from the publishing house of A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York, the writer being the author of the famous missionary biography, "A. M. Mackay, Missionary of the C. M. S.

Missionary to India. . . . (*Reproduced by Permission.*)

to Uganda."—a volume from which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD published copious extracts a year ago. The present volume, which has a certain connection with the previous work, is entitled, *A. Mackay Ruthquist, or Singing the Gospel among the Hindus and Gonds*. It is the life-story of Alexina Mackay Ruthquist, one of the brightest, most devoted and self-denying of missionaries, now gone to her reward. Her field of labor was India, and there her efforts were remarkably blessed. In the Zenanas, among the soldiers, and among the native population she sang sweetly and worked nobly and successfully for the Master. Some of her experiences in the Zenanas and elsewhere are given below in her own words:

"A few days ago at Nagpoor we had a direct call from a woman as we were passing, and soon we were surrounded, not only by a little company of women with such kindly faces, in the centre of which was our own special friend, in the shape of a Brahman widow, but a large gathering from outside, consisting of men, youths and children, grouped round us, and listened very quietly to some of the most stirring hymns selected by us, as well as to a plain statement I read to them from a little book, concerning the true way of salvation. As we were taking leave of this company, several of the women from other houses urged us to visit their homes too, which we were only too glad to do, finding new opportunities in the circle of friends connected with each.

"The young native teacher of another school to which we introduced ourselves came up to our gharree the other day, and asked us to visit his mother-in-law (Sassoo), sending a boy along with us to show the way. Here we had a capital opportunity, a number of women crowding in, while several men and boys seated themselves in the little courtyard. The teacher himself joined us, and graciously granted permission to his shy-looking wife to learn to read, along with another member of the company who had become a pupil.

A Native Minstrel.

"While sitting in a certain house one morning, about to begin our first hymn, a young minstrel, a religious beggar of some sort, appeared in the yard. He had a tamborine, or some such musical instrument, in his hand, and we allowed him to treat us to one of his songs, afterwards asking him to listen to us. He had been singing about one of their heroes, Sukaram by name, as he informed me. I told him our song was about the true God, who filled heaven and earth, and had created us and everything. When we had finished singing, he asked us for a hymn-book. Now these hymn-books cost four annas, i. e., about 6d., and on ordinary occasions we insist on the payment of this small sum, if the person soliciting it seems to be in comfortable circumstances, otherwise there would be no end to the gratuities we would have to pay to these people. In this case, however, in consideration that the young man in question could read (in itself a rare accomplishment) and moreover, that he made his living by song-singing, and might himself unconsciously become a propagator of the true religion if he took to singing our hymns, or even carrying them about with him, I made one over to him, as well as the little First Book, containing so much Christian instruction. Meeting him since at another house, I was able to give him a little book written by one of our missionaries, containing the history of his hero, Sukaram! We frequently invited these strolling musical or other medicants to sit down and listen to a hymn, when they call at the houses we are visiting."

Roses in January.

"Yesterday," Mrs. Ruthquist wrote on another occasion, "such a nice little boy led the way for us to his home, where we found his mother and some other friends waiting for us. Almost immediately a wreath of splendid roses was thrown around my neck, and this the month of January, remember! And the usual refreshment of betel-nut offered, after which we sang and explained a nice hymn. A little baby of a month old was shown to us. The mother wishes to be taught to read and make topees soon. The boy is very anxious to learn English, but his father will not pay the school fees. He is a selfish man, and spends the money on himself. The grandfather was an educated man; he taught in a school founded by a famous missionary, now dead, a Mr. Hislop. He almost made up his mind to profess Christianity. I do hope the way will be opened for my little friend.

"The name Gond, or Gund, is from the Telugu word for a mountain, and signifies 'hillmen.' This simple race believe that they were created by the invisible God on the snowy peak of Dhawalagiri, the third loftiest of the Himalaya Mountains; and their legend of the five "Songs of Lingo" describes how they descended the torrent which sprang from the melting snow on this majestic summit, until they reached and settled in the ravines and jungles among the hills of Central India. Over half a century ago, Sir Donald M'Leod—a Scotchman, who has also the blood of the Huguenots in his veins—created and supported for many years missions to the Gonds and some other aboriginal tribes. It remained for the Scottish missionary Hislop to reduce the Gondi language to writing, and to reveal to the world the folk-lore of the Gonds, and their social and religious condition. To work among this timid, truthful and superstitious people, Alexina gladly settled down with her husband in the lonely jungle. Many of them were bards who could sing and play the drum and other musical instruments, and as they were exceedingly friendly, and very receptive to Christianity, her hymn-singing was greatly appreciated.

The Gonds are said to have about fifteen gods, all malevolent, who are regarded as media of communication between the Creator and mankind; but in their homes they have no idols. They are in reality Shamanites, or devil-worshipers; but unlike the Hindoos, they have a strong sense of sin, and of their need of a living sacrifice, and of the shedding of blood. Their dense ignorance is very trying, and a great hindrance to the entrance of the Gospel; but at the same time, Alexina considered that, dark and degraded as they are, they are more easily evangelized than the Hindoos, as they have less to unlearn. The Gond villages are very isolated, and frequently are comprised of only four or five houses, although sometimes they may be double that number; but alas! however few there may be, one is invariably a brewery! The curse of opium has also fallen upon these simple Hill people.

Rev. J. Montelins, of the Swedish society, writes:

Idolatrous Abominations.

"One sees with grief how the people (the Gonds), walk in darkness, and whilst they think they are serving God, they are degrading themselves in the service of their idols. I have read much of the pursuit of evil lusts to the honor of idols, but never could I have imagined that human uncleanness and worship in idol temples could so blend as they in reality do. We have always been obliged to make our observations through the doorway, as we were forbidden to enter, unless we would draw off our shoes, and such veneration we could not pay to their abominations. Here there is the blowing of trumpets, ringing of bells, and beating of drums for the idols, both when they are to be awakened in the morning, or when they are to sleep in the evening. These idols are dressed and undressed, washed and cared for, whilst the whole time they are being fanned. If there was not under all this the frightful reality of the power of the devil in the world, one might call it the people's play with dolls.

Mrs. Ruthquist died while on a voyage up the Red Sea. When the news came to Amarwara, the women came together in crowds, and one could see and hear them outstripping each other in weeping and lamentation, crying, "Oh, that she had only been allowed to die here, that we might have gone with her to the grave!" On the evening of the last day she was in Amarwara, she called some women who used to come for instruction, saying, "I want to have them once more; who knows when I can have them next?" Her mind was very much taken up latterly with thinking of heaven, and how it would be there. On her way down to Nagpoor, she sang the whole way one beautiful hymn after the other, and several times in one day the twenty-third Psalm.

The War in Morocco—Mekinez, the Summer Residence of the Sultan.

A Moorish "Holy War."

The Spanish Garrison at Melilla Fiercely Attacked by the Moslem Tribesmen.

"HOLY wars," so-called, have at different stages of the world's history, devastated large areas of the earth's surface and, in the name of religion, destroyed millions of its population. Even in these comparatively enlightened days, the recent religious riots in India, the relentless per-

Muley Hassan, Sultan of Morocco.

secution of Christians in Turkey and the threatening attitude of the Buddhist and Shinto devotees in China and the Korea show that the intolerant fury of the "jehad" or holy war is not confined to the Moslem alone.

From Morocco comes the news of an attack by the Riff tribes in force on the Spanish garrison at Melilla, a town on the northern coast. Melilla is a Spanish convict settlement and in view of previous disturbances, the military commandant, Gen. Margallo, decided to strengthen the fortifications. This angered the Moors and the mountain tribes assembled a force about 6,000 strong and attacked the little garrison of 400 men. The garrison, although vastly outnumbered, fought heroically and were aided by the white residents of the town, who organized a corps for the defence. The guns of the garrison did great execution, and besides inflicting heavy losses on the enemy, destroyed many buildings, including a mosque. Eighteen of the defenders were killed and over 100 wounded. Spain has resolved to send a strong force to punish the tribesmen, and the Sultan of Morocco, Muley Hassan, who acknowledges the right of Spain to build a fort at Melilla, has promised to make reparation. It is doubtful, however, whether Sultan Muley can suppress the fanaticism of his mountaineer subjects.

It is possible that even Spanish gunboats and artillery may find a more powerful foe to face than they anticipate, should the tribesmen summon Mohammedan aid from other parts of Africa. The present trouble brings up the question of what is to be ultimately done with Morocco. England, France, Italy and Spain all have covetous eyes turned toward the little North African independency. Spain already has a foothold there, having both Ceuta and Melilla — the latter a sort of offset to the English possession of Gibraltar. Thirty years ago, the piratical Riff tribes rose against the Spanish and Spain occupied Tetuan and exacted $20,000,000 indemnity from Sultan Muley's father. It is not improbable that the present trouble may result in a further addition to Spanish territory in Morocco.

Mekinez, the summer residence of the Sultan (shown in the illustration on this page), is situated about forty miles west of Fez, and Muley Hassan is conducting the negotiations for reparation at the former place. Its triple row of walls, its olive plantations, and thousands of white roofs and terraces, with not a wreath of smoke ascending and not a man or woman visible within the walls, make it look like a phantom city. Yet it is claimed that it has the most beautiful gardens, the finest palace and the handsomest women in all Africa. The palace was founded by Muley Ismael, who had "4,000 wives and 877 sons."

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T. de Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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WEEK-NIGHT SERVICES.

ALL over Christendom, on Friday nights, or Thursday nights, or Wednesday nights, people assemble in churches for religious service. Is not the Sunday service enough? Why invade the week-nights with the church meeting? Many Christians do not appreciate it. Indeed, it is a great waste of time, unless there be some positive advantage to be gained. The French nation at one time tried having a Sunday only once in ten days. The intelligent Christian finds he needs a Sunday every three or four days, and so builds a brief one on the shore of a week day in the shape of an extra religious service. He gets grace on Sunday to bridge the chasm of worldliness between that and the next Sunday, but finds the arch of the bridge very great, and runs up a pier midway to help sustain the pressure. There are 168 hours in a week, and but two hours of public religious service on Sunday. What chance have two hours in the battle with 168? A week-night meeting allows larger membership utterance. A minister cannot know how to preach unless, in a conference meeting, he finds the religious state of the people. He feels the pulse before giving the medicine. Otherwise, he will not know whether it ought to be a sedative or a stimulant. Every Christian ought to have something to say. Every man is a walking eternity. The plainest man has omnipotence to defend him, omniscience to watch him, infinite goodness to provide for him. The tamest religious experience has in it poems, tragedies, histories, Iliads, Paradise Lost and Paradise Regained. Ought not such an one to have something to say? If you were ever in the army, you know what it is to see an officer on horseback dash swiftly past carrying a dispatch. You wondered as he went, what the news was. Was the army to advance or was an enemy coming?

So every Christian carries with him a dispatch from God to the world. Let him ride swiftly to deliver it. The army is to advance and the enemy is coming. Go out and fulfill your mission, and you may have a letter committed to your care, and after some days you find it in one of your pockets and you forget to deliver it. Great was your chagrin when you found that it pertained to some sickness or trouble. God gives to every man a letter of warning or invitation to carry, and what will be your chagrin in the judgment to find that you had forgotten it. A week-night meeting widens the pulpit until all the people can stand on it. Such a service tests one's piety. No credit for going to church on Sunday. Places of amusement are all closed. There is no money to be made. But week nights, every kind of temptation and opportunity spreads before a man, and if he go to the praying circle he must give them up. A man who goes to the weekly service regularly, through moonlight and pitch darkness, through good walking and slush ankle deep, will, in the book of judgment, find it set down to his credit, his eternal credit. He will have a better seat in heaven than the man who went only when the walking was good and the weather comfortable and the service attractive and his health perfect. That service which calls for nothing, God counts for nothing. A week-night service also thrusts religion into the secularities of the week. It is as much as to say, "This is God's Wednesday, or God's Thursday, or God's Friday, or God's week." You would not give much for a property, the possession of which you could only have one-seventh of the time, and God does not want that man whose service he can have only on the Sabbath. If you paid full wages to a man, and found out that six-sevenths of his time he was serving a rival house, you would be indignant, and the man who takes God's goodness and gives six-sevenths of his time to the world, the flesh and the devil, is an abomination to the world. The whole week ought to be a temple of seven rooms dedicated to God. You may, if you will, make one room the Holy of Holies, but let the temple be consecrated. The week-day service gives additional opportunity of religious culture, and we find it so difficult to do right and be right that we cannot afford to miss any opportunity.

Such a service is a lunch between the Sunday meals, and if we do not take it, we get weak and faint. A truth coming to us then ought to be especially effective. If you are in a railroad train, and stop at the depot, and a boy comes in with a telegram, all the passengers lean forward and wonder if it is for them. It may be news from home. It must be urgent, or it would not be brought there. Now, if, while we are rushing on in the whirl of everyday excitement, a message from God meets us, it must be an urgent and important message. If God speaks to us in a meeting mid-week, it is because there is something that needs to be said before next Sunday.

THE PEN GAINING.

BRAIN is coming up. Muscle has made many a strike for higher wages at the door of the factory and the mine, but the brain has suffered in silence. Grub Street, London, with all its pinched poverty, has run clear around the world. "Prideaux' Collection," without which a library is incomplete, was two years rejected by the publishers. The valuable works of Linnæus were sold for one dollar, although now the scientific world would not part with them for millions of dollars. When Victor Hugo in early life wanted to be made a member of the French Academy, he called upon Collard for his vote, and the latter pretended not to have heard of him or of his books. "Will you accept a copy of my books?" said Victor Hugo. "No, I thank you," said Collard, "I never read new books." Paley offered to sell his immortal philosophy for five hundred dollars, and the offer was rejected. Many of the best and wisest of the authors had not where to lay their head. Sometimes government took pity upon them, as when President Pierce appointed Hawthorne to office, and Locke was, by the British Government, made Commissioner of Appeals, and Steele was made a Commissioner of Stamps. Oliver Goldsmith said: "I have been years struggling with a wretched being, with all that contempt which indigence brings with it, with all those strong passions which make contempt unsupportable." Mr. Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," had no home, and was inspired to the writing of his immortal song by a walk through the streets on a slushy night, and hearing music and laughter inside a comfortable dwelling. The world-renowned Sheridan said: "Mrs. Sheridan and I were often obliged to keep writing for our daily shoulder of mutton, otherwise we should have had no dinner." John Mitford, while he was writing his most celebrated book, lived in the fields, making his bed of grass and nettles, while two-penny worth of bread and cheese, with an onion, was his daily food. But things have vastly bettered. Literature is more honored now than in any age of the world.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Subscriber, Thompson, Pa. Are audiphones practical for church use that the deaf may be enabled to hear the Gospel preached? If so, where can they be procured?

We believe they are now used to some extent, but would recommend you to write to Hiscox Freeman, 853 Broadway, New York.

J. E. Montgomery, Malcolm, Neb. Does the new birth of which Christ spoke to Nicodemus mean the same as conversion? Does it take place in this life or when a man enters heaven?

It is the same as conversion and takes place in this life when a man begins his Christian career. It is the new life imparted to him when he exercises faith in Christ.

S. A. Marteeny, St. John, Kan. Was there any effort made to rebuild the Temple after its destruction by Titus, A. D. 70?

In A. D. 136, Emperor Hadrian built a heathen temple on its site and dedicated it to Jupiter Capitolinus. No Jew was permitted to approach it. In 363, Emperor Julian undertook to rebuild the Temple but was compelled to desist by flames, which are said to have burst forth from the foundations. A mosque now stands on the Temple site.

A. W. Smedes, Springbrook, N. J. How do you reconcile the two passages: "God is love," and "Our God is a consuming fire"?

We can readily comprehend how the two emotions of love and anger can exist in the same human breast; and as we can only know God's nature as it is revealed through agencies that are intended to be comprehended by our humanity, so we can realize the possibility of love and anger—just, righteous anger against sin—existing in the divine nature also.

C. A. Bergen, Bellemead, N. J. Where did Cain get his wife and who was she?

She was doubtless a dweller of some land "east of Eden" to which Cain fled after his fratricide. "Nod" is derived from the word "Nud," which means "flight," or "the land of exile." There is no country in Asia of this name, and as the geographical position of Eden is uncertain, so must be the exact locality of Cain's exile. Some commentators believe that India is indicated.

George R. Greene, Seattle, Wash. What authority had Paul for claiming to be a Roman? He stated that he was a Jew and a Pharisee.

There is no inconsistency, any more than in speaking of a naturalized Irishman as an American citizen. Roman citizenship was occasionally conferred on men of other nationalities as a reward for distinguished service. It was highly valued, and as it appears in Paul's case, was a protection from indignity. Paul's father or some ancestor had received this distinction and Paul inherited it.

"Subscriber," Mt. Holly, Mass. Please explain 1 Timothy 1:20.

You will find a similar and more explicit passage in 1. Cor. 5:5. It would appear that the Apostles possessed a power of discipline mysterious to us which was exercised on delinquent members of the church. It appears to have been more than excommunication and included bodily affliction intended to produce reformation. This bodily ill the Apostle regarded as inflicted by Satan, as he did his own affliction, which he spoke of (II. Cor. 12:7), as a messenger of Satan sent to buffet him.

S. D. Davis, Vienna, S. C. 1. Did Peter's command (Acts 2:38) imply that the sins of the people would not be forgiven till after baptism and is it [illegible]? 2. Did the Apostles expect the Jewish law to stand [illegible] years after the Christ's death?

1. Peter required them to be baptized as an outward and visible evidence of their faith. In those days of Jewish persecution, the act of baptism marked a man out as a follower of Christ with all the danger and social discredit it entailed. No man would be likely to thus boldly take the stand with the despised band of Christians, unless he had true faith. Baptism was in their case a test of sincerity. Their sins would be forgiven when they exercised faith, and it is so now. 2. Yes, their conception of Christianity was that of a Jewish sect. It was only gradually, through Peter's vision and Paul's story of his success among the Gentiles, that they realized the universality of the new religion. Even after the Council at Jerusalem had decreed freedom from the law for the Gentile converts (Acts 5:19, 20), the feeling prevailed, especially with James, that Jewish converts ought to continue to observe the Mosaic laws. (Acts 21:24.)

L. Powers, San Marcos, Tex. Do you construe the teaching of the Bible as declaring that persons who have had no means of acquiring a knowledge of Christianity will be punished after death?

The two passages bearing most directly on the question are Luke 12:47, 48, and Romans 2:12-15. You will see from these that every person will be judged according to the light he has had. There is no explicit statement as to the condition of the heathen who died without hearing the Gospel, and there was no reason why God should tell us what he does in respect to them; the question does not concern us. As, however, we are told that there is no way of attaining eternal life except through Christ, there is abundant and urgent reason for the church to make earnest effort to carry the Gospel to those who have not heard it.

A. Hewitt, Marianna, Ark. 1. Were the Kingdoms of Judah and Israel totally distinct and did Judah occupy the whole country after Israel ceased to be a nation? 2. Who was the elect lady to whom John addressed his second epistle?

1. The separation of the monarchy into two took place shortly after Solomon's death, as described in I. Kings 12. After the downfall of the ten tribes, the southern branch, consisting of Judah and Benjamin, continued to occupy the land they had formerly occupied until they too were carried away captive. 2. Her name is not known, unless the Greek word "Kyria," translated "lady," be a proper name. Some have regarded it as the Greek form of Martha. She was evidently a woman well known to the Apostle. He had, as we infer from the epistle, been at the house of her sister, where he met her children. The idea formerly entertained that under this name the Apostle was writing to a church, is now generally abandoned.

John A. Warner, Richland, S. Dak. In what century did the Catholic Church originate?

Catholic historians assert that their church began with the life of Jesus on earth, and endeavor to support their claim by legend and tradition. His advent was the beginning of the Christian Church, of which the Church of Rome was a later and corrupt development. Christianity spread through a large part of the civilized world and the Emperor Constantine, being converted, transferred the imperial residence to Constantinople, leading to a rivalry between the Christian bishops of Rome and Constantinople. The Roman bishops extended their influence over Western Europe and at the close of the Eighth Century had established the Papal temporal power and converted the episcopate into a Papal Church. This period is therefore to be regarded as the date of the foundation of the Roman Catholic Church. The Reformation, which came later, giving birth to the Protestant Church, was really a restoration of the original Christian Church and its pure doctrines, from which the Eastern and Western churches had both diverged.

John W. Hopkins, Sandy Spring, Md. Address *New and Leather Repairs*, 17 Spruce street, New York City.—E. O. Martin, Palmetto, Mo. You have the right to republish old ones that were published before the International Copyright law was passed, but no others.—M. E. Hoffman. The fare from Liverpool to Cape Town, South Africa, is £35 sterling.—H. B. Goodrich, Waushara, Kan. McClintock & Strong's Biblical Encyclopædia is the best.—Miss E. R. Hyde, Hartford, Ct. 1. It is no longer published. 2. Address Hubert P. Main, care Biglow & Main, Music Publishers, New York, about the hymn proposition.—H. K. Hare, Brassed, Neb. We have no means of doing what you ask.—Constant Reader. Your views are unquestionably right. They are the cursed transmissible moral and physical wrecks.—D. W. Fales, Boston. If you can send us the date we will try to supply a copy.—"One of their children." If every means to reform the father has been tried and has failed, the plan you suggest may be the best way out of the difficulty. The children show a very filial feeling in purchasing for their mother a few years of peace. They deserve praise for their project.—Mrs. S. M. Wright, Aurora, Mo. Both modes are used at the Presidian Tabernacle, and the candidate may be either sprinkled or immersed, according to his own view of the ordinance. If the candidate is fully justified in his own mind he can be baptized in the manner he prefers.—Subscriber, Banksville, Pa. Read the narrative again. It does not state that Peter and John had not received the Holy Spirit, but that the people whom they visited had not.—Mrs. T. W. Hewitt, Marianna, Ark. If would require a whole page of this journal to answer even briefly your twelve questions. It is impossible to give in the space at our disposal with the fulness you wish the arguments which have been founded on the various passages you mention.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A CHRISTIAN WORK IN RUSSIA.

AN exquisitely beautiful work, so unostentatious that few people outside of St. Petersburg know of its existence, has been carried on in that city for some time by the two ladies whose portraits appear on this page. The motive for the work originated in New York. Several years ago, Miss Grundberg and Miss Wennberg were strolling up Fourth Avenue one Sunday morning and entered a church there. They were Swedish ladies who were engaged in teaching in New York and had been drawn together when they first met in this city by the similarity of their circumstances, both being of Swedish nationality and both having been orphaned in early life. Neither was a Christian, but both went to church occasionally. The preacher that morning, a perfect stranger to them, preached on John 3 : 16, and his words were blessed of God to the ultimate conversion of both ladies. They shortly afterward returned to Sweden, and thence went to Russia, settling in St. Petersburg. There they united with the American-English Church under the pastorate of Mr. Kilburn, and looked around for some work to do for Christ. By Mr. Kilburn's advice they distributed tracts among the poor of the city and talked with them. The police, however, ordered this work discontinued. They then began a work among friendless girls seeking to save them from the temptations of the capital, in which they were successful in protecting many from falling and finding them suitable positions in which they could earn a livelihood. Again, however, the police interfered, always on the same plea of heretical teaching, and the temporary home they had opened had to be closed. Their next effort was a home for orphan children in which they gathered twenty-one little waifs. The police interfered again, but by this time the story of their persecution had been told in Court circles, and one of the Grand-duchesses laid their case before the Czar himself. He promptly stopped the police proceedings and gave the ladies his sanction to their work. Since that time they have been unmolested, and their Christian labors among the poor and friendless have extended and been greatly blessed. The work has been carried on in absolute dependence on God; and money has been provided in answer to prayer, as every need arose. God's promise has been fulfilled in their experience. (Isa. 33: 10.)

Died Alone on the Mountains.

An old man died a few days ago of exposure on the mountains of Pike county, Pa. He lived at Roemerville, Pa., and left home to visit his brother in Porter township. The country through which he traveled was mountainous and sparsely settled. He stopped at a house near Cadensis to inquire his way, and that was the last that was seen of him alive. It was several days before it became known that he had not reached his brother's. A searching party was organized at once and his dead body was found near Goose Pond. He was only a mile and a half from his brother's, but he had evidently become bewildered and wandered about aimlessly in the woods until worn out by hunger and fatigue. The surroundings show that he had broken off branches of trees and made him a bed in several places, and the gnawed sassafrass roots disclosed the straits to which hunger had driven him. He had $39 in his pockets. If some kind-hearted person had been near to tell him how near he was to his brother's house and direct him thither how thankful the old man would have been. There are many here and in heathen lands trying to find the way to God and waiting for such a service to be rendered to them. (Romans 10: 14.)

A Use For Tungsten.

A discovery reported by the German papers promises to be of considerable value to manufacturers. It is of a use to which the brittle white metal known as tungsten can be applied. Although this metal is found in great abundance in many districts, it has been regarded as of no value, as it is too brittle to be worked. A short time ago, however, some crystals were found, so hard that they would scratch glass and cut topaz and other precious stones. On being analyzed, it was found that the crystals contained nothing but iron and tungsten. Experiments were made which have resulted in the discovery that a combination of the two metals in the proportion of one atom of iron with two of tungsten produces the crystals, and when tungsten is alloyed with steel a remarkable increase of hardness is imparted to the latter metal, minute crystals being formed in the mass. Thus the quality which rendered the metal useless by itself, renders it more valuable when combined with another metal, each supplying the lack of the other. The principle does not apply to metals only; it operates among men, and we see it in the Church of Christ, where "there are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit," (1 Cor 4 : 16) and the whole body is "compacted by that which every joint supplieth." (Eph. 4 : 16.) There is, too, much human material outside, which, like the tungsten, is now useless, but would become valuable if consecrated to Christ and used in his service. (1 Tim. 1:12,13.)

A Use For the Willow.

The apparently useless willow that grows in abundance along the banks of the Mississippi, has, says a scientific journal, been put to good service: "The United States Government, it is safe to say, would not be half as far along with the improvement of the Mississippi as it is if it had not had the aid of the humble and seemingly-useless willow. It is of no account for building; it cannot be construed as firewood by any but the most active imagination, and it is of no use in the arts, beyond the making of whistles, but when it comes to building a dam the engineers find nothing that fills the bill half as well as the willow. It is woven into a long continuous mat. One end of this is anchored to the shore on one side of the chute that is to be damned, and weighted with rocks and sunk to the bottom, then another mat, made in the same way, is woven and laid down on top of the first, and similarly weighted down, and this work is continued till the dam has risen as high as it is intended to stand; the finishing being always a heavy coating of rock that covers the willow and all. The willow, always covered with water and the mud that inevitably lodges among the rocks of the dam, is kept sealed air-tight, and of course does not decay. It binds the rocks together and prevents the dam being pushed out of place by ice or disturbed by the pressure of the current at high water." It is so with human nature. The weakest and apparently most useless men and women often effect a purpose that stronger natures fail in achieving. Especially in the Lord's work the weak things of the world, the base things and those that are despised God uses to bring to naught things that are (1 Cor. 1 : 28).

MISS GRUNDBERG. MISS WENNBERG.

Caught by the Quicksand.

An effort to recover a couple of ducks which he had shot involved a sportsman in a terrible death recently near White Bear, Minn. A farm-hand who was at work on the edge of Mud Lake saw a man in a boat at some distance shooting ducks. A few minutes later a faint shout reached his ears. Looking across the lake in the direction in which he had last seen the sportsman he saw an overturned boat and a little way distant from it the man struggling in the water. He ran to a place where a boat was moored and after some time spent in searching for oars he rowed to the spot, but the man had disappeared. His body was afterward found within three feet of where the boat had been capsized, in about four feet of water. The bottom of the lake is an oozy mass of mud and treacherous quicksand, out of which shoot thousands of water lily stems. Evidently the sportsman had shot a couple of ducks—the dead birds were floating near by on the water—and in attempting to pick them up had capsized the frail boat. His feet became tangled in the web of water-lily vines, and he could not extricate himself from the quicksand, into which he sank inch by inch until he was drawn under the water and drowned. The body was nearly buried in the mud when the searchers recovered it. Analogous catastrophes have been witnessed in spiritual life. Men who have sought some worldly prize have often become entangled in snares and temptations from which they cannot extricate themselves and become dead to the influences of religion. (II. Timothy 2: 4.)

Almost a Fatal Blunder.

The quiet village of Jamaica, L. I., was disturbed early in the morning of October 3rd by the loud ringing of the church bell. It continued ringing and many of the citizens rose from their beds and went to see what was the cause of the alarm. The church doors were securely locked, yet the mysterious ringing went on. There are two watchmen employed in the districts near the church, and both of them went to the church under the impression that some practical jokers were in the building or that burglars had entered and inadvertently set in motion the electric apparatus by which the bell is rung. They approached the building stealthily from different sides, each hoping to catch the wrong-doers in the act. Soon the sound of a pistol-shot intimated to the crowd of onlookers that one of the watchmen had caught sight of an offender. Another pistol-shot was heard a few moments later, and one of the two watchmen was seen running quickly around the church. He seized a man who was lurking in the shadow of the church and dragged him out. The figures could not be clearly distinguished in the gray dawn, but there was evidently a violent altercation going on between the watchman and his captive. The people ran to the help of the officer, and found, to their surprise, that the prisoner was the other watchman, and that the two men had been shooting at each other, under the impression that they had been shooting at a burglar. When the doors of the church were opened it was found that all the commotion had been caused by a crossed wire, the insulating material of which had been gnawed off by a mouse or had gradually worn off. The two men congratulated themselves for once on their bad marksmanship. There is often trouble of other kinds in the church, generally caused by some cause as insignificant as the Jamaica mouse, that does not end so pleasantly. Those most concerned for the welfare of the church mistake each others for enemies and rush into conflict, forgetting the Apostle's warning that they are liable to be consumed one of another. (Gal. 5 : 15.)

BRIEF NOTES.

From our stock of Oxford Teacher's Bibles we have thrown out a case into which a little dust had settled. They are perfect in every respect and are the same as those we used in our Premium Department. We will mail these Bibles, about 500 in number, at One Dollar each to such of our subscribers as may desire to avail themselves of this opportunity.

The Bible Society for Russia during the past year has disposed of 56,556 copies of the Sacred Scriptures. The colporteurs have traversed the wilds of Siberia in their work.

At the recent annual Juggernaut festival at Puri 70,000 worshippers were content to march before the idol's car, instead of throwing themselves under the wheels as of old.

Harrison B. Thompson, one of the missionaries of the Congregational Society in Alaska, has been murdered. It is believed that the crime was committed by a drunken Indian.

Dr. Maxwell, formerly Medical Missionary in China, informed the Royal Commission on Opium that some 20,000 victims passed through the hands of the missionaries annually, seeking to escape from the opium bondage.

The minister, whose sermon is stated to have been the chief cause of the conversion at Colchester of the late Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, has just died at the Parsonage, Higher Ardwick, Manchester. Rev. Robert Eaglen was born in Norfolk in 1815, and was highly esteemed by Primitive Methodists.

The statistics presented at the Sunday School Convention in St. Louis show that the United States leads the world with 123,173 Sunday Schools, 1,305,949 teachers and 9,718,422 scholars, next comes England and Wales with 37,201 Sunday Schools, 585,457 teachers and 5.976,537 scholars; Canada has 8,336 schools, 69,521 teachers and 576,064 scholars.

Rev. Weston F. Shields, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Wood River, Wis., and one of his elders, Dr. J. S. Thomas, have resigned, to engage in foreign mission work. They have been accepted by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, and are now under appointment to go to the North Laos Mission in Siam. They are expecting to sail as soon as they can make all their arrangements.

Rev. Dr. Stoecker of Berlin, formerly court preacher, now a member of parliament, and head of the Berlin City Mission, has assisted Mr. Moody in his evangelistic campaign at Chicago. On Sept. 10 he preached to a large number of Germans at the Chicago Avenue Church and Music Hall. It was Mr. Moody's hope through him to reach many of those Germans who have fallen away from their churches and have almost wholly lost interest in religion.

One of the daughters of Prof. C. A. Briggs, the suspended Presbyterian minister, has entered the Grace House Training Institute for deaconesses. Prof. Briggs and his wife and daughters are warm friends of the Salvation Army and often attend the meetings at the Headquarters in Reade street, New York. Mrs. Briggs receives clothing and provisions for the use of the Army in its philanthropic departments.

Many ministers and church officers and members have united in a political organization in Jersey City, N. J., for the moral reform of the city. The political parties are so nearly balanced that it is believed a compact union of the friends of decency and good government acting disinterestedly could hold the balance of power and compel reformation. Dr. Scudder of the People's Tabernacle is the leader of the movement.

The American Board's financial report for the year shows that the income of 1892–93 is $629,946. This is less than of 1891–92 by $164,922. The donations have fallen off to the extent of $61,909 and the legacies $103,013. In August, which is usually the best month in the year, the collections were $79,030, while in August of last year they were $124,394. The debt is about $88,000. While this decrease is partly due to the business depression, the chief cause is that many of the churches which have been the largest givers in the past are dissatisfied with the attitude of the Prudential Committee.

Dr. L. W. Munhall closed his work in Mount Carmel, Pa., on Oct. 5. The entire city and neighborhood has been moved during these services and hundreds have been converted. Dr. Munhall had arranged to leave by an early morning train on Friday and bade his friends good-by the previous evening, but a general desire was expressed for a farewell praise and prayer-meeting and one was called for four o'clock on Friday morning. The church was filled at that hour and there was a blessed season of prayer. Afterward the company went with the Evangelist to the railroad station and continued singing hymns until the train left.

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

THREE CANDIDATES FOR DISCIPLESHIP.

Preached last Sunday morning, Oct. 15, 1893, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D.

Text: Luke ix. 57-62: "*And it came to pass, that as they went in the way, a certain man said unto him, Lord, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest,*" etc.

E have brought before us in this Scripture three candidates for discipleship in Christ's school. The facts concerning each one furnish sufficient material for a discourse; but there is a decided advantage in the comparison and contrast of one case with another. Perhaps our sermons ought oftener than they do to deal with considerable portions of Scripture; certainly this course is justified where three related and yet distinct instances of Christ's wisdom in dealing with inquirers are brought before us in so close relations

The first two instances are given by the evangelist Matthew in connection with the stilling of the tempest; but Luke's order is preferable, as he usually gives us a continued narrative while Matthew groups events topically rather than chronologically. Luke informs us that Jesus was now going to Jerusalem; that around him were great multitudes, and that he gave commandment to depart unto the other side of the sea. This time no doubt was a crisis in our Lord's ministry. Around the King was gathering a company of enthusiastic adherents, whose expectations of earthly honor and glory were raised to the highest point. The tumult and excitement which they caused threatened to defeat our Lord's higher and diviner plans, and it became absolutely necessary that he should avert the threatened outbreak, or change the whole character of his earthly mission. In some instances on former occasions he was able to repress the enthusiasm of his

Mistaken Followers.

In other cases he withdrew himself from them and their dangerous designs. At such seasons he was accustomed to retire to the other side of the lake of Galilee; but the earnestness of some of his followers led them to intrude even upon his quiet retreat there. It seems now a fitting time for our Lord to lay down plainly the requirements of discipleship, and to bring from the outer into the inner circle of his friendship and service those who were worthy of this high honor.

In nothing does our Lord's divine wisdom appear more conspicuously than in his relations with individual souls. This manifestation is especially noticeable when men of various characters and attainments come into contact with him in rapid succession, as in the case before us. These applicants possess some characteristics in common; but their spiritual conditions are so diverse as to require opposite forms of treatment on the part of Christ. He was the wise physician of souls; he knew how rapidly to make an exhaustive diagnosis in each case. He needed not that any man should tell him, for he knew what was in man. Every student of Scripture must be profoundly impressed by our Lord's practical wisdom in dealing with inquirers, whether they were honest inquirers or merely captious cavilers. These three candidates all seemed to have already belonged to the outer circle of Christ's disciples. Are they worthy of admittance into closer and tenderer relations with the Lord? Let us study the three cases in their order.

The first candidate was an enthusiastic, impulsive, unreflecting and self-seeking man. The evangelist Matthew calls him "a certain Scribe," or "one Scribe." There is perhaps some emphasis to be placed on the "one," marking the infrequency of offers of service from the class to which this man belonged. It was rare that a scribe, an educated and professional expounder of the law, offered to follow Christ in any way, and still more rare that he should say, "I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest." The numeral "one," which means more here than the indefinite article, would seem to call attention to the wonder that a scribe should make this offer. But although he might regard Christ as the promised Messiah, like other disciples, he had mistaken notions of the nature of his kingdom. His profession of attachment was in itself most commendable; it possesses characteristics worthy of enumeration. It was voluntary; he had not been called by Christ; he had not been urged by the other disciples. He is thus a volunteer, and usually volunteers are preferred for the most difficult and dangerous forms of service. His profession also was determined; he affirms his willingness to become Christ's constant attendant, sharing his dangers at all times, and in all places. His proffer was so unreserved that it reminds us of the brave words of the noble Ittai to David, "Surely in what place my Lord the king shall be, whether in death or life, even there also will thy servant be." His words arouse our enthusiasm and evoke our appreciation. His conduct and speech are entirely commendable. There is no reason, so far as we know, to doubt the honesty of this aspirant to discipleship. But our Lord's answer shows that

He was Inconsiderate

and unreflecting. Doubtless he expected a temporal kingdom, established with great earthly splendor; and doubtless he expected that he would, as an attendant on Christ, have a prominent place, a sort of premiership, in that new kingdom. Our Lord saw that there was not in him the thorough devotion which would lead him to follow him in trial as truly as in triumph. His words are wonderfully suggestive of Peter's confident asseveration, "Lord, I am ready to go with thee, both unto prison and to death." It is certain that Christ was not impressed by the apparent heartiness and honesty of his profession of devotion; to Jesus these fine-sounding words were really hollow-hearted. His profession did not have the right ring; it lacked the element of intelligent and genuine resolution. Christ's perfect honesty always impresses us as we read the gospels. He will never secure followers by false representations; he will never lower the standard of discipleship to accommodate a rich young man, or a learned scribe; neither will he raise it to keep away one who is poor or ignorant. There is the same standard for fishermen, scribes and millionaires. His reply on this occasion corrects this applicant's false expectations of worldly advantage in discipleship. Christ does not forbid him, but simply shows what he must expect in becoming a true disciple. Christ seems to ask, "Do you expect worldly good?" And he practically affirms, "if so, you will be utterly disappointed, for I am

Houseless and Homeless."

With wonderful pathos he reminds him that the foxes have holes and the birds nests, but the son of man has not where to lay his head. He is not in this reply complaining of his abject poverty; we dishonor the master when we unduly magnify his houseless condition. He is merely giving a proverbial description of his unsettled and homeless life in contrast with the life this scribe expected should he become a disciple. Nevertheless, his words show us how great was his poverty, how complete his humiliation. The heavenly king had no palace, no royal couch, no obsequious servants. On the cross he bowed his head on his own breast, for in death as in life he had not where else to lay it. He would have this impulsive applicant carefully count the cost; he would throw him back upon deeper searchings of his own heart than he had yet made. We do not know whether this scribe became finally one of the pupils of this houseless teacher. It is more likely that he, as well as the rich young man of a later day, withdrew and went away never to return. Christ teaches us, as he taught the scribe, that except we give up all for him we cannot be his disciples. Are you willing here and now to give up everything for Christ? Let us remember that Christ asks us to give up nothing which we ought to keep. We are to give up what the sick man gives up when returning health flushes his cheek and invigorates his body; what the prisoner gives up when his prison doors are thrown wide open, and he passes into the outer world as a free man. Come now, I beseech you, and be Christ's disciples in this whole-hearted, joyous and blessed spirit, and you will have a foretaste of heaven even on the earth as you follow the Lord withersoever he goeth.

Our attention is now directed to the second applicant for the honors of discipleship. He is a man who is in a strait betwixt two duties. Our Lord's relations to this hopeful candidate are most instructive and helpful. While he checked the one applicant, he encouraged the other. He recognized more honesty in this man's backwardness, than in the other's forwardness. To him, therefore, he addressed the encouraging and significant words, "Follow me." He puts this man into the same category as Matthew, Philip and Peter, to whom he had addressed the same command. This man was timid, hesitant and doubtful; he needed earnest encouragement and

A Hearty Invitation.

We all know men whom we almost compel to decide for Christ; often they are good and true men, but timid and distrustful. Timid men need holy urgency to duty. They are afraid they will not hold out, afraid that they will not grow sufficiently in grace to justify them in taking a forward step; and thus they stay out of Christ's school. They ought to learn that Jesus would have them come in and take their place at his feet. Men cannot grow in grace except they use the means of growth. We do not refuse to send children to school because they are ignorant, if they are only willing to learn. Their very ignorance is one of the best reasons why they should go to school. Men and women often act with an utter disregard of common sense concerning the Christian life. Those who are conscious of their Christian life, and who are anxious to learn, those who know that they can trust Christ as their personal Saviour, ought at once so to acknowledge him, and to come into his Church. How can they receive warmth if they insist in living out in the cold? How can they have full light if they will not walk in the light they have? This man, as we have seen, was perplexed between two duties. In answer to our Lord's command, he replied, "Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father." Some suppose that his father was not yet dead, and that he wished to remain with him until his death occurred; but most interpreters believe that his father was even then dead, and that this applicant asked permission to perform the last offices of piety to him before

Following Christ.

This latter is the more natural interpretation, both of the candidate's request, and of the Lord's reply. Christ's reply probably is to be interpreted thus: "Let those who are spiritually dead bury those who are naturally dead." It is as if Christ had said, "Those who have not been spiritually quickened with the new life may perform such a service as burying those who are naturally dead; but those who are made alive by spiritual quickening, have other and nobler duties to perform." The Evangelist Luke alone gives us Christ's further command to this man, "Go thou and preach the kingdom of God." For such work this man had special fitness. The case is put by our Lord in the strongest possible light, to show that no duty, however important and sacred in itself, ought to prevent us from becoming his disciples. The more sacred the duty toward the dead father the more emphatic the teaching of Christ regarding his higher claims. Had Christ yielded to this man's request he would have admitted that a duty to a dead father was more important than the command of the living Lord. But his reply clearly shows that no duty whatever, even the most sacred arising from human relationship, must interfere with the positive command of immediate entrance upon Christian service. We know how sacred to the pious Jew was this duty on the part of children to their parents; but even this sacred duty must give way to the

More Sacred Duty

of following Christ. Nothing whatever must come between the soul and obedience to the divine Lord. In no other way could Christ mpre emphatically have taught this solemn and sacred lesson. A similar lesson he taught in the words, "Whosoever loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." A man called of God to preach the everlasting Gospel must not refuse obedience because of any earthly claim. The King's business requires haste. A visit to a sorrowing family might have been injurious to this man's spiritual life. Probably as a procrastinating and hesitating man attendance upon his father's funeral might have prevented him from ever following his Lord. Christ doubtless selected an extreme case to make the lesson he would teach, the more striking, emphatic and solemn. Delays are always dangerous. Delay in this case might have been utterly hurtful. Perhaps the first applicant was too hasty in resolving; certainly this one is too deliberate in executing. When the command of God comes in clear and positive terms we must not consult with flesh and blood. Some have supposed that this candidate was none other than Thomas; and this unwise caution was not unlike that of the

The Hesitating Disciple.

We may believe that when this man's duty was made clear he immediately followed his Lord. Beautiful is it to suppose that he finally followed Jesus as Ruth did Naomi, and sad to see the first, like Orpah, taking leave of God and his people. O, for decision when the call of Christ comes! We need men who will cut every earthly tie and run in the way of God's commandments. We need men who will burn all their ships behind them, lest they should be tempted to go back. We need men who will not even look back, but ever forward in Christian service. O, the follies of these suffer-me-first people! One says, suffer me first to repent more Another, suffer me first to enjoy more of the world. Another, let me have more of wealth; another asks for more time. Some make a virtue of their delay; they are so commendably cautious. But to each Christ says regarding every excuse, "What is that to thee, follow thou me." God help all to follow Jesus just now!

We now come to the the third of these candidates for discipleship. The second was in a strait betwixt Christ and his duty toward his dead father, and this one was in a strait betwixt his duty to Christ and his living friends. He, too, like the first, offered to follow Christ; but, like the second, he made a condition, asking first to go home to bid farewell to those who were at his house. He also forgot that

Duty to Christ is Supreme.

That Christ demands an immediate, deliberate and unreserved surrender. We do not know whether or not Christ had previously called the man to follow him. But whether or not, this candidate must now learn that there can be no dallying with Christ's authoritative call; he must learn, like the king's daughter of the 45th psalm, that when the divine command comes he is to "forget also thine own people and thy father's house." His command reminds us of Elisha's request when called from the plough of Elijah, "Let me, I pray, kiss my father and mother, and then I will follow thee." Indeed, it is not impossible that this incident was in the mind of the candidate in making his request and in the mind of Jesus in giving his reply. Elisha's request was granted; this man's was denied. Elisha doubtless was firm and decided; this man was fickle and vacillating. Our Lord's reply is most beautiful and instructive; "No man having put his hand to the plough and looking back is fit for the kingdom of God." We all know that if a ploughman is to make a good furrow he must not look back. But it is impossible to do good work if the ploughman removes his hand from the plough, or his eye from the mark. Especially difficult was it to make straight furrows in Oriental countries where the soil was hard and the plough light. Only a watchful eye and a steady hand could make a furrow even approaching straightness. Dr. Hackett tells us of the frequency with which he saw peasants with their light ploughs and feeble cattle striving to break up fallow soil. He shows also how exact is

The Language of the Saviour

to Oriental customs. Had the ploughs of that country been made like ours, Christ would have said hands and not hand; but he speaks with exact conformity to the one-handed plough common then and not uncommon still. Our Lord teaches us that Christian calling requires earnestness, decision and perseverance, and the man who lacks these qualities is not fit for the kingdom of God. Hesiod, one of the earliest Greek poets, speaking of the ploughman, says:

> Let him attend his charge and carefully trace
> The straightest lined furrow, gaze not more around,
> But keep his mind intently on the work.

Looking back leads to drawing back, and drawing back, we are divinely taught, is perdition. We must ever remember that only he who endures to the end has the promise of salvation. This man acted as if following Christ was a melancholy and gloomy occupation; he seemed to think that he was going to death rather than into joyous life. He forgot that he might be a nobler friend to his

family by being the friend of Christ. His worldly affairs were too much on his heart. He was in the unfortunate condition of being double-hearted; one heart was at home, the other with Jesus.

In studying these three classes of persons, first, the impulsive, second, the procrastinating, and third, the half-hearted candidate for discipleship, we learn that all who follow Christ must count the cost; that duty to Christ is supreme; that he demands a deliberate, unreserved and immediate surrender, and that the first duty of every man is to seek "first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness." To-day I am asking for candidates for my Lord's service. I have laid down under his guidance the conditions. By his divine authority I invite you now to enlist in his service, and by his matchless tenderness I would win you to a service sweeter than earth can know, and a service which will continue forever in heaven where the redeemed serve him day and night in his temple.

RUSTEM PACHA'S CHARGE.

Among the cablegrams to the secular press on October 6, was one stating that inquiries had been made of Rustem Pacha, the Turkish Ambassador in London, as to the reason why THE CHRISTIAN HERALD had been excluded from Turkish dominions. He had replied that it had been excluded because it had published incorrect statements in reference to the action of the Turkish Government in the affair of the burned American College at Marsovan.

On reading the cable message, we at once telegraphed to the Postmaster-General at Washington, to ascertain if THE CHRISTIAN HERALD had really been excluded from the Turkish mails. We have received in reply, a statement from him to the effect that he had received no notice from Turkey of the exclusion of this journal, and that while the Turkish Government had the right to exclude any journal from its mails to which it might object, it was unusual to do so without notifying the representative of the country to which the journal in question belonged. As no such notification has been received by the Washington post office, it is safe to conclude that this journal is not the one referred to in the cablegram, and we therefore suppose it was the London *Christian Herald* that was referred to in the cablegram published by the American papers.

There is the more reason for believing this, in the fact that all the statements made in these columns on the subject of the Marsovan affair have been confirmed by official documents and by the evidence given at the trial of the accused professors. The Turkish Government, therefore, could not exclude this journal on the ground that it had made incorrect statements, although it might do so if it resented the publication of correct accounts of the outrage.

MONEY RECEIVED.

Since our last acknowledgment the following sums have been received and applied to the various funds indicated below by the senders:

For the support of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD *Missionary of the American Sunday School Union:* C. B. Sheard, $5; One of God's Children, Cohoes, N. Y., $5; Mrs. J. A. Hoyt, $1; Friends, Eureka Mills, Cal., $2.50; Wm. H. H. Martin, $2.60; John Johnson, $1. Previously acknowledged, $430.40

For the Bethesda Home for the Reclamation of Fallen Girls: Friend, $5; A Christian Endeavorer, Empire, O., $2; Mrs. M. B. Duvall, 50c.; In His Name, Sandy, $1; Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Knoxville, Ill., $2; One of God's Children, Cohoes, N. Y., $5; Friend, North Amity, 50c.; Subr., Champaign, Ill., $1; Subr., Clifton Springs, N. Y., $3; C. B. Sheard, $5; X., N. Y., $1.75; Subr., Neb., $1; H. A. White, $1; John Johnson, $1. Previously acknowledged, $146.04.

For the Permanent Lodging House for Homeless Women: X., N. Y., $1.75; C. B. Sheard, $5; Reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Knoxville, Ill., $2; John Johnson, $1; L. E. Wheeler, $1; Kate E. Baldwin, 60c.; Isaac A. Wood, 25c. Previously acknowledged, $396.20.

For the Florence Mission: Friend, $5; Mrs. M. B. Duvall, 50c.

A FREE GIFT OF OLIVE WOOD.

To any one of our readers who will send us the names and full addresses of twenty-five church officers, church members, or Sunday School workers, no two being of the same family, we will send a beautiful section of Olive-Wood cut from the Mount of Olives, polished by native workmen in Jerusalem and bearing on its face in English and Hebrew characters the name of the Holy City.

Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

Loving Service.

E. E. Hewitt. Mark 9 : 41. Hubert P. Main.

1. Bear the cup of lov-ing serv-ice, Sons and daughters of the King;
2. Bear the cup of lov-ing serv-ice, To the wear-y and the sad,
3. Bear the cup of lov-ing serv-ice, Listning for the Master's voice;
Wa-ter from the liv-ing fount-ain To the faint and thirst-y bring;
For the draught out-held to oth-ers Makes the giv-er more than glad;
Read-y al-ways for His er-rands, In the bless-ed work re-joice;
Tenderd in His lov-ing Spir-it, Bless-ed will the mis-sion be;
So 'twill yield a dou-ble bless-ing, Wak-ing sweet-est chords of praise;
Yes, we know, for He hath told us, And His word is still the same;
E'en the small-est cup that's offered, Christ, our gracious Lord, will see.
While we strive to fol-low Je-sus In His pleasant, peace-ful ways.
He will bless the cup of wa-ter Hum-bly offered in His name.

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From JUNIOR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SONGS, by per of the Publishers.

"I AM THE GOOD SHEPHERD."

JOHN 10 : 11.)

OH shepherd, come out on the mountain so cold,
We are sure lambs are there that have strayed from the fold,
We thought they would follow in pastures so green,
But by the still waters they cannot be seen.
We frighten them so, if we go on this trail,
No efforts of ours in the least will avail;
Come shepherd, they know you, and you they will hear,
If you call they will listen, nor longer will fear.
We never can rest while in danger they roam,
Come shepherd, good shepherd, come carry them home!

We are sure, as we hearken, we hear a faint cry,
O hasten, good shepherd, we fear they will die!
The wolf, as he comes from his deep mountain lair,
Will hear the weak cry, as 'tis borne on the air.
Come, shepherd, and lead us, so kind is your voice,
They'll come at your calling and make us rejoice; [feed,
Once more in their pasture contented they'll
And follow their shepherd wherever he'll lead.
We never can rest while in danger they roam,
Come shepherd, good shepherd, come carry them home!

West Damascus, Pa. —C. B. B.

LET HIM IN.

(Written for "The Christian Herald.")

HEAR your Blessed Master pleading
For admission to your heart;
Be not stubborn and unheeding,
Else from you he may depart;
Oh, admit him,
And receive his healing art!

Oh, admit the Great Physician,
Hasten now to let him in,
Do not render void his mission—
Your deceptive heart to win;
Oh, receive him,
He will pardon all your sin.

Choose you now his free salvation,
That you may be born anew,
Suffer not procrastination,
To steal precious time from you;
Follow onward,
He will lead you safely through.

Let him in; he long has waited,
Standing at the bolted door,
Bow to him, whom once you hated,
Let him stand without no more;
Haste to open,
Ere your day of grace be o'er.

Enter not the valley friendless,
Let him in—your need is great;
His departure may be endless,
Fixing your eternal state,
Wait no longer;
Open, ere it be too late!

New Bloomfield, Pa. —JACOB CRIST.

THE YEAR-DAYS.

Why a Prophetic Day is Believed to Indicate a Year of Actual Time.

(Continued from page 665.)

BY SIR ARTHUR S. BLACKWOOD.

THE large and prominent place occupied in God's Word by predictions yet to be fulfilled excludes the thought that those predictions were intended to be meaningless to us. They were written for our edification and our warning. They were to be studied, and the reward comes not to the superficial reader, but to the student. In endeavoring to understand them, the time scale is obviously of the first importance. When we meet with the word "day" in a prophecy, we must ask ourselves whether the writer means a period of twenty-four hours, or some longer period, as in the expressions "the day of the Lord," "the day of judgment," etc. Already four reasons have been cited for the belief that a prophetic day is to be understood as a year—the Jewish year of 360 days. Other reasons appear on further examination of the subject.

5. The year-day principle is strongly supported by the notable instance of the seventy weeks of Dan. 9: 24. The literal translation of the expression is, as is well known, "seventy sevens," and wherever the term "sevens" is used by itself in the Scripture it invariably denotes seven days. As the period predicted is proved by the fulfilment of the prophecy to have extended over a period of four hundred and ninety years, there is no alternative but to conclude that the seventy weeks, or "sevens" of days, were employed to prefigure as many weeks of years.

6. It is further supported by the instance in which it was declared that Nebuchadnezzar's madness and bestial condition were to last for "seven times," Dan 4 : 16, 23, 32. These "times" are acknowledged to mean years. Seven days would have been too short for the purpose; seven centuries could not have applied to a man's lifetime. But while predicted as literal years, and fulfilled in literal years, they were symbols of a much longer period. The whole occurrence had a symbolical meaning. Nebuchadnezzar was a typical, or representative man; he was the representative of the long succession of Gentile rulers who were to bear sway over the earth until the coming of the Son of Man as the King of kings. The debasement of the kingdoms of this world was symbolized by his insanity and degradation to a bestial condition. Seven "times" or years would consist of 2529 days, and be consequently symbolical of 2520 years which these "times of the Gentiles" were to cover.

7. That "the three days and a half" during which the witnesses lie unburied (Rev. 9: 9) are symbolic, is proved by the fact that "we have about thirty passages in Scripture, where three days are mentioned to define an interval, and four where four days occur; but nowhere else is the fraction of a day introduced into such a measurement of time. . . . If the Holy Spirit had intended natural days only, would he have used a preciseness in the statement of time, which is nowhere else employed, not even in that most important of all instances, the resurrection of our Lord?"

A supposed objection has been taken to the year-day principle, on the ground that it would require the thousand years, or millennium, to last for "three hundred and sixty thousand years." But this, though at first sight plausible, has really no force. The reason for expressing in hieroglyphs the different chronological periods mentioned in the prophecies which related to the dispensation to elapse during our Lord's absence was probably that the Church should be kept in ignorance, for a very long time indeed, of the length of the interval. This, as we have seen, was essential if she was to occupy an attitude of watchful expectation of her Lord's return. The periods in question are therefore described in a variety of ways, the longest of them being expressed by three different terms—"a time, a times, and half a time:" a thousand, two hundred, and three-score "days," and "forty and two months." This fact is alone sufficient to lead to the supposition that the expressions had a mysterious character, and were designed to convey a hidden meaning.

But when this dispensation has been wound up, when the time of waiting is over, and there is no longer any need for watchfulness, the Church being with the Lord, it is no more necessary to conceal the period of her reigning with him (prior to the everlasting state) by means of mysterious and various symbols. It is therefore expressed by one and the same term, "a thousand years," no less than six times. The hieroglyph is no more required. The year-day principle obtains no longer,

CHRISTIAN RESPONSIBILITY.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Oct. 29. I. Cor. 8: 10, 11; Romans 14: 12-19

IN emphasizing, and rightly, the necessity of faith as the first step in the Christian life, it has too often been forgotten that the next step, from faith to love, is no less essential. The cardinal principle of Christianity is love. The Apostle John goes so far as to doubt whether a man who does not love his fellow-man really loves God. He had been nearer to his Master than any of the twelve and had entered more fully into his spirit. In doing so, he had perceived that Christ's ideal of his people was that of a band of men and women full of love for each other and for all about them. They were not only to love those who loved them but even their enemies and those who were intent on injuring them. Out of this principle comes the duty which is the subject of the topic. As the husband who loves his wife will refrain from doing something that annoys, or vexes her, simply on that ground, though, in his own opinion, the thing she objects to is harmless and enjoyable, so the Christian must consider the weaknesses and even the prejudices of his brother. This is not to extend to matters of right and conscience, but to incidental matters of mere gratification. What the Christian believes it is his duty to do, he must do, no matter whom it may hurt; but if by any of the indulgences of the taste, or of the flesh, he is causing pain or injury to another, there ought to be enough love in his heart to lead him to relinquish the indulgence. The fact that no harm comes to himself from the indulgence and that his brother had more sense or more moral strength he would see the thing in another light, is not to have any weight with him; his duty is to deny himself for his brother's sake. The burning question at the time Paul wrote was, whether there was any harm in eating meat that had been offered in sacrifice to idols, but in every age there is some question to which the principle will apply. Paul admitted that there was no harm in the practice in question, but under the circumstances enjoined abstinence. With us, the difficulties are of another kind but the duty is the same.

Two gigantic evils exist in society which have a bad eminence over many others. It would be difficult to prove that in itself it is wrong to drink a glass of wine, or play a game at cards, but when the acts are viewed in relation to the vices of drunkenness and gambling, they are set in another light. A Christian man is bound to ask himself whether his abstinence is not a duty in view of the injury others suffer from those vices. His indulgence may do him no harm, but what of those who try to follow his example, but have not his moral strength? How will it affect the boy who sees him and who will have to endure temptation when he goes out into the world? If that boy is disposed to follow his father's example, will he not be safer if the example be one of absolute abstinence, than he would be if the example is one of temperate indulgence? Let experience answer. And, of the weak brother, who has found by experience that moderation is impossible for him, will it not help him to complete abstinence, will it not relieve him of [illegible] whom moderation is possible? Thus abstinence becomes a law of Christ, for he pleased not himself, but became a sacrifice for others.

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B. Y. P. U. NOTES.

The young people's society of the State Street Baptist Church, of Rockford, Ill., is to be credited with another illustration of practical Christianity. They recently planned to give an entertainment of a special character to increase the funds of the treasury, but on learning that the Ladies' Union Aid Society of the city were in need of funds to carry on their work among the poor of the city, the young people enlarged their plans and gave a grand entertainment and donated the proceeds to the poor. About $150 were realized, and the action of the young people has stimulated other organizations to make special offerings for the needy.——The Illinois State Union holds its annual convention at Jerseyville Oct. 20. It is expected that every church will be represented, as an attractive programme has been prepared and important business is to be transacted. A resolution is to be moved providing for a representative Board and a better division of labor, which resolution, it may be hoped, will be passed. Efforts will also be made to secure a more methodical system of enrollment.——At the recent rally at Plainwell, Mich., of the Unions in the Kalamazoo River Association, stirring addresses were made by Rev. G. M. Hudson, President of the Union, Rev. D. T. Magill and the State Secretary. The Unions in this Association are thoroughly organized and full of enthusiasm.——The Baptist young people's societies in Utah and Southern Idaho are being brought into line by the attraction of the Christian Culture Courses. They have held a convention and appointed an Associational Secretary to correspond with each society and promote denomination organization. Provo leads the way in enrolling its societies.——Echo meetings to receive the report of the delegates who went to Indianapolis, have been held throughout the country. One of the largest was the one recently held in the Fourth Church of Philadelphia. The meeting had the double honor of the presence of two national officers in the persons of President Chapman and Secretary Brinckle.——A good example to Baptist pastors has been set by Rev. N. N. Glazier, of Greenfield, Mass., whose sermon on "Culture for Service" was followed by the Union in connection with his church taking up the three "C" courses with enthusiasm.——A very graceful and kindly action of the Union in connection with Dr Pierce's church at Rockford, Ill., was an invitation to the old people of the church to a special reception. A carriage was sent to the house of every invited guest of seventy years and upward to bring them to the meeting.

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THE NEW C. E. TRUSTEES.

The appointment of five new members of the Board of Trustees of the United Society of [illegible] announced by the *Golden Rule*. One of the new members is Canon Richardson, of the Diocese of Huron, who represents the Episcopal Church of Canada. Another is Rev. J. M. Lowden of Boston, Mass., of the Free Baptist denomination. Another is Prof. James Lewis Howe of Kentucky, of the Southern Presbyterian Church. All know what splendid work he has done for Christian Endeavor, and how highly respected he is throughout his State. Rev. M. M. Binford has taken the place of the lamented Rev. A. C. Hathaway as President of the Friends' Interdenominational Christian Endeavor Union, and also succeeds Mr. Hathaway at his church in Richmond, Ind. He has just been chosen a member of the board from this denomination, while the fifth member is Rev. Rufus W. Miller of Pennsylvania, of the Reformed Church in the United States, who has become so well known in connection with the brotherhood of Andrew and Philip, an organization which works most cordially and sympathetically with the Christian Endeavor Society.

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A THRIVING R. R. ASSOCIATION.

The Young Men's Christian Association at Baraboo, Wis., has the advantage of a union of the town and railroad work, and so has been able to secure a much larger and more imposing building than would otherwise have been possible. The building, a picture of which is here given, is one of the finest and most commodious of those devoted to Y.M.C.A. in that section of the country. It has a good library and reading-room, an excellent gymnasium, baths, etc., besides auditorium and class-rooms. It covers an area of 53 by 63 feet, and cost $10,300. The Association was organized only eleven years ago, but it has attained a membership of 238 and has this elegant home of its own. The Association, like others of the railroad connection, has a regularly organized system of visiting the sick and injured.

The Railroad Young Men's Christian Association at Baraboo, Wis.

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KING'S DAUGHTERS IN COLLEGE.

It is gratifying to learn that many of the young ladies studying at Wellesley College wear the silver cross. From the pen of Helen Worthington comes the following report of the work, which appears in the organ of the Order: It was during 1888 that the Professor of Physics formed the first Wellesley Ten among the students of her immediate acquaintance. Busy as the members were, they still found time to gather once a week for a few moments of prayer, and frequently sew for some needy family. Although the following year saw them scattered, this pioneer Circle still influences the Christian life of the college. Nearly every Fall one or more new students come to shake hands with the Professor, who is still teaching at the "College Beautiful," announcing themselves as Children of the new bands formed at school or home by the members of the original Ten. And so the good goes on and out, to be gathered back to the dear Alma Mater from which it issued. At the beginning of every college year, therefore, the President calls a meeting of the Silver Crosses, and urges each bearer to identify herself and her energies with the work of the Christian Association. In the name of this body of teachers and students, nearly all the religious and charitable labors of the institution are carried on. Two missionaries are supported by subscriptions; an active interest in temperance affairs is maintained, Sunday schools in the neighboring villages are supplied with volunteer teachers from among the girls; a reading-room and entertainments for the college servants have been furnished, besides many other responses made to calls for aid. To accomplish this, necessarily, the co-operation of many individuals is needed. For this high reason, The King's Daughters have come to believe that in losing their outward personality for the time being, they could give more, and find their lives more fully in the larger whole. Thus, it has come about that while distinctive Tens are comparatively few in Wellesley, the most consecrated and efficient workers are wearers of the silver cross.

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AMONG THE ORDERS.

At the recent meeting of the Epworth League Chapter at Brockton, Mass., it was announced that 311 members were on the rolls.

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The B. Y. P. U. of Turner's Falls, Mass., is supporting a native teacher in China. Fifty dollars a year covers all his expenses.

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Dr. Edwin Schell says that an Epworth League was organized at Praireton, Ind., in 1892, with eighteen members, not one of whom was a member of the church. This year it has forty-nine members, and forty of them have joined the church.

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The Christian Endeavor Societies of Galesburg, Ill., have raised for missionary purposes during the past twelve months $1,600.

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Of the $15,000 needed for the Cleveland Christian Endeavor Convention, $7,000 are already pledged by Cleveland societies. Delegates will be entertained in large part in the homes of the city.

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The State Conventions of the Christian Endeavor Societies of Indiana will be held at Terre-Haute, Dec. 1–3. The programme announces that Dr. Clark will be there; also Dr. Crandall of Chicago; Dr. Rondthaler, Dr. Lucas and others well known for their good work in Christian Endeavor will be present.

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The Leagues of Northern Long Island are making extensive preparations for their annual gathering which takes place on Oct. 26, at the First M. E. Church, Greenpoint. Names of delegates are to be sent to Mr. F. L. Foster, 205 Manhattan avenue, Brooklyn.

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A roll of honor is to be exhibited at the next International Christian Endeavor Society Convention at Cleveland, on which will be inscribed the name of every Society, which during the year has contributed more than ten dollars through a regular missionary society for work among the heathen.

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Each of the three Chinese churches in California has a Christian Endeavor Society

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The new building of the Philadelphia Women's Christian Association is almost finished. The carpenters' work is done, the electricians have put lights on all the eight floors, and the machinery for steam heating, etc., is in place. The painting and final decorative touches are all that remains to be done.

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We are asked to remind all Young Women's Christian Associations of the Biennial Conference which assembles in Buffalo, N. Y., October 24-31. If Mrs Wadsworth, 370 Franklin street, Buffalo, is notified of the coming of delegates, she will see that all are hospitably entertained during their visit.

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There is a strong missionary spirit in the society at Trinidad, Col. A former member is at work in Mexico, one member is preparing for the foreign field, and others have decided to be missionaries. The missionary committee has charge of a Chinese Bible school, which has sent $50 to China for missions, and one of the scholars, a member of the society, is also to go as a missionary

The Family and Home Circle

Red Men at the World's Fair.

The Nation's Wards Have Some Interesting Encampments There.—Indian Progress.

WHEN the managers of the World's Exposition planned the series of camps of aboriginal peoples from different quarters of the globe, the North American Indian was not overlooked. Indeed, our red wards have a number of encampments there. Maine has sent several families of civilized Penobscot Indians; New York has an Iroquois village; Canada has a settlement of Creek Indians, and besides all these, there are swarthy and dark-haired delegations from the Winnebagos, Apaches, Navajos, Savannah and Arawack Indians. One group shown by our artist on this page is a drawing from the life of one of these Indian colonies, and represents a council at which matters of grave tribal consequence are discussed between pipe-whiffs, while the braves sit around outside the tepees, or tents. It is a characteristic group, and reproduces with absolute fidelity a scene which everyone familiar with Indian custom must recognize. Dressed in his blanket and bonnet of eagle feathers, the old chief is haranguing the younger members of the tribe, and it is evident from their attitude, that his words sink deep into their ears, even though they may not be convincing. Civilization and evangelization have made rapid progress among the Indian tribes of North America in the last quarter of a century, although for many years previous it had been of phenomenally slow growth. The first Protestant missions to the Indians of New England were undertaken in 1643 on Martha's Vineyard, just twenty-two years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers; and the first convert was Hiacoomes, who afterward became a preacher among his own people. Now missionary work has extended to all the tribes, and the gospel has stanch followers everywhere among the red men. Such great Christian philanthropies as the Hampton Institute, established by the late Gen. Armstrong, in Virginia, and the Haskell Institute, in Lawrence, Kan., are doing a noble work in the education and training of the red men, and the various Christian denominations are spreading the Gospel among the war-like tribes, bringing them into churches, colleges, boarding-schools and school-houses, and educating them to abandon their nomad habits and inherited love of arms, and to adopt the arts of peace. The American Missionary Association alone has eight missions among the Indians divided into twenty-three stations with forty-three white, and twenty-five native mission workers. The Presbyterians have nearly sixty stations; the Protestant Episcopal, Baptist, Methodist Episcopal and other denominations are all grandly represented in the same field.

An Indian Village at the World's Fair. *(By our Special Artist.)*
The Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kan.—An Indian Pupil—A Native Encampment of the Sioux Tribe.

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A Merchant Prince's Test.

The following story is told about Horace B. Claflin, a prominent New York merchant, who was as quaint and humorous as he was keen-witted and rich: On a certain evening, about five o'clock, Mr. Claflin was sitting alone in his office when a young man, pale and careworn, timidly knocked and entered. "Mr. Claflin," said he, "I am in need of help. I have been unable to meet certain payments, because certain parties have not done as they agreed by me, and I would like to have $10,000. I come to you because you were a friend to my father, and might be a friend to me." "Come in," said Claflin; "come in and have a glass of wine." "No," said the young man; "I don't drink." "Have a cigar then." "No; I never smoke." "Well," said the joker, "I would like to accommodate you, but I don't think I can." "Very well," said the young man, as he was about to leave the room; "I thought perhaps you might. Good day, sir." "Hold on," said Mr. Claflin. "You don't drink?" "No." "Nor smoke?" "No." "Nor gamble, nor anything of the kind?" "No, sir; I am superintendent of the ——— Sunday School." "Well," said Claflin, with tears in his eyes and choking voice, "you shall have it, and three times the amount if you wish. Your father let me have $5,000 once, and asked me the same questions. He trusted me, and I will trust you."

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TWILIGHT TOWN.

BEYOND the shadow lies Twilight Town,
Where wee heads nod and lids shut down
Over black eyes, blue eyes, gray and brown;
And through a gap in the city wall
Is a beautiful spot where sunbeams fall
And dance for aye, through tree-tops tall.
Hush, baby! Soft and slow,
Soft and slow, let us go
Through the shadows to Twilight Town.

Soft as the wind through rippling wheat, [meet,
When the sun's last rays and the shadows
Sounds the patter of thousands of little feet.
Through the gap in the wall, on their dimpled knees,
The babies creep under the waving trees,
On the grass of the kingdom "Do-as-you please."
Hush, baby! Soft and slow,
Slow, slow, let us go
Through the gap in the wall to Twilight Town.

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A Baby's Voice Saved Them.

A missionary in China, Rev. James Graham, tells how their baby saved their home from destruction and themselves from what seemed almost certain death. There was an uprising of the Chinese against the missionaries, and a mob that found Mr. Graham outside his home began to abuse him. They pursued him to his home, pelting him with bricks. His wife, believing that innocence has power to dispel evil, seized her baby from the cradle and ran to the window, where she held it up in the face of the mob. The baby, as if it had been retained for the scene, began to crow, and throw up its hands in the absurdly friendly fashion of babies, at the threatening faces below. The Chinese saw it, and began to grin back in return. The bricks fell from their hands, and the missionary escaped indoors. Nor did they leave; they gathered around the window where the baby still crowed and goo-gooed, and actually stayed until they were surprised and overcome by a rescue party from town.

NATIONAL FLOWERS.

MANY nations have their favorite flower. Americans have not yet quite decided as to the national favorite. Says a writer in *The Housekeeper*, "it is thought by southern people that the beautiful magnolia should be chosen, because it was George Washington's favorite. Others are in favor of the Mayflower, because it cheered the Pilgrim Fathers after their first gloomy winter in this country. Then the trailing arbutus, the golden-rod, and so many others have been suggested, that it seems quite impossible or any authority to decide the question as to which shall be our national flower.

"The purple thistle of Scotland, which is its national flower, is not beautiful to the sight, nor yet agreeable to the touch, but the Scotch chose the thistle, instead of one of the many beautiful flowers which bloom there, because of a service it had rendered them in the ancient Danish wars. The shamrock of Ireland looks exactly like a three-leaved clover. The Irish chose this for their national flower because it was supposed to charm away evil spirits, and it was believed that serpents never stung anyone who wore a bit of shamrock. The cactus of Mexico was chosen because of the following legend: In ancient times, long before Columbus came to America, the Aztecs, or ancient Mexicans, were looking for a place to build a city. They wandered over what is now the United States, and finally came upon a wise man, who told them that when they came upon a spot where an eagle was perched upon a rock, they should there build their city. As they drew near the Lake of Tezcuco, they saw an eagle upon a branch of the nopal cactus, which grew out of a crevice in the rock. The eagle held a serpent in its beak. The Aztecs then knew that this was the place intended for their city, and they built what is now known as the City of Mexico. The lotus is the national flower of Egypt. It is an aquatic flower resembling the pink pond lily. China and Japan have a great deal of sentiment about their national flower, which is the chrysanthemum, for they devote a whole day every year to its celebration. On this day the emperor throws wide open the gates of his gardens, which are usually closed to all, and allows rich and poor alike to enter. No country has a sweeter or more attractive flower than Greece—the violet. The white violet has always been an emblem of purity, and the purple and blue of faithfulness. The purple iris is the national flower of France. It was chosen by Louis the Seventh, who used it on his flag. England has always been symbolized by the rose, which was chosen because so many beautiful white roses were found there. The terrible War of the Roses, which prevailed in England so many years, took its name from this symbol. When time had brought a happy ending to this war, the two roses were combined on the flag.

"The stolid people of Holland had an eye for the beautiful and sweet, as shown by their national flower, the hyacinth. The superb, courtly hues, the ivory-like finish, and the rich, passionate odor and air of the carnation, captivated the Spanish."

CHAPTER XII.

YOLANTE'S DIPLOMACY.

JUST how much the Stapletons knew as to Guy's position as the rightful owner of the Dangerfield estate, Yolante determined to find out. Her mother's words had made her uneasy and she could not rest until she had seen Martha and found out the extent of the danger. She went to the cottage and asked for Guy's old nurse. A gruff voice could be heard within, saying, "Martha, come back and shut the door. We don't want no dealings with any of that crew."

Martha Stapleton, who having been in good service was a well-mannered woman, and knew a lady when she saw one, hesitated at the sound of that peremptory call, and cast an appealing glance at her visitor.

Yolante, however, was not one to be daunted by difficulties. She stepped boldly within the cottage, and found herself face to face with a bent old man, who despite his white hair and bowed frame, showed in his movements indication of great physical strength, or rather the remains of it. His eyes beneath their shaggy white brows gleamed ominously upon the girl as she advanced, and perhaps had Yolante's spirit been less high, and her pride less strong she might have quailed beneath that vindictive scowl. As it was she advanced fearlessly, and stood in a very upright attitude well in view of the angry old man, not perhaps entirely unconscious of the fact that she made a picture upon which any eye might look with pleasure, and reckoning somewhat upon her well-tested power of charming, though she had certainly never before troubled to exert it upon so unpromising a subject.

"Mr. Stapleton," she began quietly and courteously, "I have heard a good deal about you and your family: but I have never had the pleasure of seeing you before. What I have heard about you has made me curious. I wonder if you would be good enough to answer me a few questions."

The old man sat and glared at her with a sort of sullen fire in his eyes such as one sometimes sees in the eyes of an angry bloodhound. Martha came nervously forward, and looked imploringly at the girl.

"It's no manner of use arguing with grandfather, ma'am," she said respectfully. "He is that set against you all, and 'twould be better to go quiet-like away." The woman spoke beneath her breath, as if desirous that her words should not reach their subject. "I don't doubt you meant kindly by coming—but it would be better-like to let well alone."

"It was you I really came to see, Martha," answered Yolante with one of her bright smiles. "Do you know that it was only by accident the other day that I heard anything about you, and knew that you had been Guy's nurse. If I had heard it before, I should have made your acquaintance earlier. I did not know when I started, that you actually lived with your husband's father, as I suppose 'grandfather' is, but I suppose you are at liberty to see friends who come to see you, and anyone who has ever been good to Guy, must rank as a friend of ours. Don't you know that he is almost like a brother to us all? Indeed I never saw two brothers anywhere so fond of each other as Guy and my eldest brother Monk."

"That is what they all say, miss," answered Martha, her face ligting up, "and I be main glad to hear it."

A fierce snort from the old man here interrupted her.

"Fine affection that—all talk—all talk. If you be all so mighty fond of he, why don't you give him his rights among you?"

"Guy has got all that belongs to him," answered Yolante calmly, "but I will not pretend to misunderstand you, Mr. Stapleton, I know you think that Guy ought to be in my brother's place, as of course he might have been but for the quarrel between his father and grandfather. But I should very much like to know, if you would be kind enough to tell me, why you talk as though Guy was being in any way defrauded. If he has any rights of which we do not know, I am sure we will be very much obliged to anyone who will enlighten us. As it is my brother has offered to divide the property with him, feeling that our grandfather's will was hard upon him, but he entirely declined to allow it. It is hardly, I know, for me to defend my brother's conduct to you or anybody else, for it has always been upright and straightforward enough to speak for itself. But I am too fond of him to like hearing reproaches cast at him, and so if you will be good enough to tell me why you speak as if he were doing a conscious wrong, and defrauding the person he loves best in all the world, I should be very glad: because it might help to clear away some ill feeling and misunderstanding to talk the whole thing over."

Yolante had made several pauses in her speech, hoping that one of her hearers would answer her; but neither appeared to have anything to say, and it was with some relief that the girl saw this, for it seemed plain to her that they had not got hold of the real clue to the tangle they more than suspected, and so long as that was the case, there was nothing to fear from them.

"Well, have you anything to tell me? Surely you cannot think it a fair thing to do, to bring grave charges against us, and then decline to state your reasons for them. You are fond of saying to everyone that Guy ought to be master here instead of my brother to whom the place was willed. Will you not tell me why you go on saying so?"

"Old Squire told me his own self, as we should see the young master's son reigning here when he was dead."

"If he said so, he must have changed his mind afterwards. And we do not even know that he ever knew that his eldest son had a child."

Yolante wished after the words were spoken that she had not told a falsehood. The color rose in her cheeks as she did so for she was not yet versed in the ways of deceit, and though she had been keeping a guilty secret for some time, she had never had occasion so far to commit herself in any way.

"Ay, but he did know—he did know—for he told me his own self," repeated the old man eagerly, "and Squire he wasn't the man to change his mind once he had made it up. He left the old place to Mr. Guy's boy, and somewhere in the house there is another will—and some of these days it will be found, unless—"

The old man paused suddenly with a wolfish gleam of ferocity in his eye. It was very plain to Yolante what he meant by that expressive pause: but she did not appear to understand.

"I am afraid you will be disappointed if you think that," she was able to speak quietly in the relief she felt at finding them obstinately set on the wrong tack, "Old Mr. Lumley, the lawyer, who was very fond of our uncle Guy, and was very wishful to make sure that he or his heirs were being justly dealt with, made the most careful search for a possibly later will, and failed to find one. My brother would be the last man to stand in anybody's way if he were not placed there by law and right. Least of all would he defraud Guy."

"Fine words—fine words—if he talks why does he not act too?" the old man sneered.

Yolante flushed hotly: she was not accustomed to be spoken to in that way. She considered that she had been very condescending in listening so quietly to this violent and insolent old man as it was, and now that she had learnt what she had come to learn she did not care to remain to be badgered. As her pride rose her caution diminished, and she drew herself up haughtily as she said,

"My brother has done everything in his power to be generous to Guy and has even gone so far as to make him his heir. Not one man in a hundred would have acted as he has done, and you show how little you know in the matter in leveling inuendoes at him."

The fiery eyes of the old man were bent searchingly upon her. "Made him his heir, has he?" he repeated slowly. "O ay—I heard something about that."

"Guy must have told them," said Yolante indignantly to herself, and she felt a strong sense of irritation in the thought that her cousin should come to this house to gossip over the private affairs of the family with their pronounced enemies. True it was only what she herself was doing at the present moment: but then she had an object in view, and what could be more hurtful than for Guy to go and talk with their worst enemies of the probabilities of Monk's life? She was terribly indignant.

"You seem to know a great deal," she said, rising and drawing herself up to her full height.

"Ay, maybe I do. I mostly finds out what I want to know. It's the best way to keep a watch when this kind of a game is being played out. Some folks had best look to themselves when I and my boy are having our eyes upon them."

Yolante felt that she had stayed long enough. She bowed a haughty farewell to the old man, and walked to the door, followed by Martha, who had listened uneasily to the dialogue, witoout attempting to put in a word herself.

When they had passed out into the little garden, and she had gone forward to unlatch the gate at the end of the gravel walk, so that they were well out of ear-shot of the cottage, she spoke in a hurried, nervous way.

"Thank you kindly for coming, miss. You meant it kind, I know, and I should like a bit of a chat with anybody as loved Master Guy—as he will always be to me: but you see it don't do—it don't do. Grandfather is that set against you all, and though he was quieter like with you, seeing as you are such a beautiful young lady, he can't never get over the old feeling, and it would be better to keep out of the way."

"They are very wicked men," said Yolante haughtily, "And I am surprised that a respectable woman, as you seem to be, should care to associate with them. Guy would tell you himself—if he spoke with any truth, that we are and always have been the best friends he has."

Martha's face had changed its expression several times during the speech, and had Yolante been a little less haughty and a little more conciliatory she might have learnt something she would have been very glad to know. As it was, Martha hesitated for a moment, and then her lips closed firmly. She was not accustomed to being taken to task in this way, and especially by a slip of a girl, even though she was one of her boy's cousins. So after a moment of proud silence on both sides, Martha merely asked.

"And will you tell me, please, how Mr. Guy is getting on, and when he will be back?"

"He has been quite well for a long time, and he will be home in September, I believe. I daresay you know as much about him as we do, you are such great friends it would seem."

And then Yolante walked quietly away, with a brief "good-morning," not quite sure if she had acted with as much diplomacy as she had intended, though glad to have made out what she had done from the words of the fierce old man.

Martha went slowly back to the cottage, a cloud upon her face. She was an honest, straight-forward, well-intentioned woman by nature, and it went greatly against the grain with her to be mixed up in any feuds of dark purposes, however little understood by her. So Martha would gladly have seen the matter set at rest, and did what little she could to throw oil on the troubled water: but though she did not know it, there was a strong tendency to mania in her husband's family, and it was developing itself fast in her husband's brother, the mania in this instance taking the form of a deadly hatred against Monk Dangerfield, not for anything that he had done or left undone, but simply because he was supposed to be the supplanter of the natural heir.

Unknown to her, Ralph Stapleton had entered the back room whilst Yolante had been in the front one, and he had plainly heard every word which had passed.

"I begin to think it will never be found now. They have made away with it amongst them. I was always afraid from the first that she had laid hands on it and tossed it into the fire—its just what she would have done if she got the chance," remarked the old man with an air of conviction. "Well, if that way is gone, there is only one thing left to hope for, and there seems little enough chance of that, with a strapping young fellow like that. I wonder now if it is true about that will of his. The girl seemed to know all about it."

"I believe that is all true enough," said Ralph who was leaning his head on his hand, a very dark look upon his black-browed face. "But that will soon be waste paper, if all they say now is going to come true."

"And what do they say?"

"Why, that young Squire," and a fierce sneer crossed the man's face as he pronounced the words, "that he is courting Lady Conway's daughter, and that they are keeping company together already. If that's so, we shall be hearing their wedding-bells in about no time."

"Well?" questioned Martha, who was interested in this little piece of romance.

"Well," he echoed mimicking her, "What do you suppose is the worth of a will made before a man's marriage?"

Martha looked perplexed.

"Don't you know that a marriage makes waste paper of any will drawn before it? A man has to make a new one when he puts his head into the noose: and what do you think of our boy's chances, when his fine cousin has taken a fine young wife?"

"Oh," answered Martha grasping the situation at once, "of course that does make a great difference." She sat silent, and presently heaved a long sigh. "The young Squire's life is worth two of his," she said.

But there was no response in the man's sombre eyes. Martha did not like the look in them, though she was far from suspecting the black thoughts at work in his partially clouded brain.

However, her husband would be coming in soon, and she must get his dinner ready.

When Martha was gone the old man and his son sat on opposite sides of the hearth, and looked at the smouldering embers and sometimes at one another. There was something so vindictive in the faces of both, that it was no wonder the honest woman had felt afraid.

"She must never know," remarked the old man, as if following out some private train of thought.

"There isn't anything to know that I am aware of," was Ralph's sullen reply, though his eyes gleamed wolfishly.

"Right, boy, there is nothing to know. Maybe there never will be, but it is a good maxim to repeat from time to time, never to trust a woman."

There was a long silence and then Ralph spoke. "They sent him away to die and leave the coast clear. They sent the young doctor chap with him—him with the dark face, who looks as if he knew a thing or two. I thought then we should never see him back no more: but either the young chap muddled his part, or else he didn't care to do it when it came to the point. Any way, he's on his way home now, they say: and it'll be odd if he can ever be sent away again. When he's the master here, he can please himself, and the Squires of Dangerfield have always lived on the old place."

"Shooting time coming on—plenty of accidents every year—" muttered the father, as if seeing into the future—"young men always careless with their guns—why Guy himself, the best shot I ever saw, put a charge in my leg once just in carelessness. And one of his uncles was shot dead when they were out having a day of it. Never a season without an accident—never was one here at least—and I think the old place will keep up its reputation—that I do."

Yolante paid no more visits to the cottage, and nothing more was heard of Martha or the Stapletons during the summer. In September Guy returned looking strong and well.

"Why Guy, I should hardly have known you," Monk said when he met him at the depot on his arrival, "you are so brown and so broadened out. You are twice the fellow you were when you went away. As for Fulk, he looks like a young lion. How good it is to have you back. The place hasn't been like itself without you."

"It seems to have suited you anyhow," laughed Guy, as he mounted the seat of the mail-phaeton in which Monk had driven down to meet him. "And so I am to wish you joy? and begin to learn to look upon you as a sort of Benedick? Well, I will try to focus my mind afresh, and adjust my ideas to the new state of things. What, you haven't ceased blushing at the thought yet. Bravo, old boy, I'm glad you retain your old modesty. I was afraid you might lose it now you have not had me to set you down judiciously at the right moment."

"I think I wanted you more to keep me in countenance," laughed Monk who was only a little less boyish than of old, though his new dignities and responsibilities were beginning to tell upon his character and give it stability. "You are certain you are glad, Guy? You do not think that it will make any difference?"

"Well, I should be inclined to hope it would make a very considerable difference. Marriage is not generally regarded in the light of such a complete detail."

(To be Continued.)

The Book Shelf

TRAVELLING IN CHINA.*

THE Chinese or Pekin cart, while a very venerable and respectable institution, is, regarded as a mode of conveyance, neither commodious nor luxurious. It is a small but very heavy and strong tilted cart on two wheels; the whole conveyance is built of very strong, tough wood, the wheels heavily tured with iron, and further protected on the outside with iron bosses; the axle-tree is of large dimensions and great strength, and the axle projects on each side of the cart some six or seven inches. On the bottom of the cart there are several wooden projections, fitting the axle-tree, so that it can be put forward or backward according to the load carried—the same principle as in an English dog-cart, though the altered position is secured by lifting instead of a screw—and the body of the cart, when got into position, is secured to the axle-tree by strong ropes; the shafts run through the cart, so as to form the support of a rack in the rear, on which heavy luggage can be placed, and to stop the cart at a convenient angle when it is tilted up in the innyard or elsewhere.

The internal dimensions are two feet six inches in width, by four feet in length, and the height is sufficient for you to sit on the floor of the cart and have a little space left between your head and its covering, which is semi-circular in shape. It must, not, however, be supposed that the whole of this space is devoted to the use of the inside passenger—if he gets two thirds of it he is fortunate. Smaller articles needed on a long journey are carefully stored away in the rear of the cart, and then one-half your mattress forms a seat, while the other half is bent up against the packages in the rear of the cart, so as to form a support for your back; and into this partially filled cart you have to creep and get as comfortably seated as you can, your feet extending so as to touch the tail of the mule, and resting on a board like the foot-board of our English carts, the centre of which forms a leg-rest for the passenger, and the ends seats for the driver and Chinese attendant. Such were the conveyances in which we were to travel some two hundred and seventy miles.

The roads of China can only be characterized as bad and worse. I believe there are no good roads in China, except in the foreign settlements; all the others I have seen are unutterably bad. The very bad roads are, I think, on the whole easier to travel on than those which are slightly better. On the very bad roads the mules are obliged to move slowly and cautiously; the concussions are very violent as you are jolted into a hole or jerked out of one. As the mules make a rush at a bank, and then without the slightest regard for your feelings, let you drop on the other side, you have your teeth nearly shaken out of your head and your breath put out of your body; but then you have this consolation—that an interval of perhaps a minute must elapse before another such concussion will occur. But if the road improve a little, the mules are inclined or persuaded to break into a gentle trot, and then every part of your unfortunate body is agitated by a constant and terrible vibration, and it is an occasion for both astonishment and gratitude that a complicated piece of mechanism like the human body can remain in going order after many hours of such treatment.

On December 23, we took our departure for Chow-ping, a two-days' journey where we were to spend Christmas day. I used a wheel-barrow on this occasion which one of the missionaries placed at my disposal. The wheel-barrow is one of the most important and useful of Chinese institutions, and is in this part of China more largely employed for various purposes than any other mode of conveyance, or, even of all other conveyances combined. Nearly everything is carried on wheel-barrows, and by the poor it is largely used to carry persons. Our missionaries have seized the idea of the wheel-barrow, and have improved upon it, and the result is that they have, for fine weather, the most comfortable conveyance that I have seen in this country, and one which, with its single wheel, can travel where no two-wheeled conveyance could possibly go.

The barrow is a strong wooden framework about six feet long and four feet six inches broad, with two short shafts at each end, which the barrow-men hold. The wheel works in a kind of a slot in the middle, the upper part being boxed in. The wheel is a very strong one, three feet ten inches in diameter. In addition to the barrow-men, who are strong and skilful—as they have need to be—there is harnessed to the barrow, for a long journey or a heavy load, a pony, donkey or mule. The animal is attached to the barrow by rope traces, about four or five yards long, so that he is able to choose his way, and can get on a bank, or to the top of a steep rise, and thus help the barrow-men as otherwise he could not. These barrows will carry two passengers, one on either side, or if only one, the bedding and baggage can be packed on the unoccupied side. The barrows used for conveyance of merchandise are very strong, but rough constructions, and immense loads are carried upon them. On a long day's journey you will meet with hundreds of these barrows.

*From *A Winter in North China*, by Rev. T. M Morris. This volume gives a clear and graphic picture of Chinese life and character, with many sketches of life in the missionaries' homes in that land, many of which the author visited. Pp. 256; price $1. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, Fifth Avenue, New York.

The Old and New in Education.*

THE schools conducted on scientific principles differ widely from the mechanical schools. While the aim of the old education is mainly to give the child a certain amount of information, the aim of the new education is to lead the child to observe, to reason, and to acquire manual dexterity as well as to memorize facts—in a word, to develop the child naturally in all his faculties, intellectual, moral and physical. As in these schools the teacher is guided in her work by the nature of the child mind—that is, by the laws of mental development—she is constantly in search of such light as will guide her in giving the child the benefit of what is known of the nature of the mind and its mode of development. We find, therefore, widely distributed among the teachers a truly progressive spirit, much enthusiasm, and a desire to become conversant with the laws of psychology and the principles of education. It is almost exclusively in the cities where the teachers constantly pursue professional studies under the guidance of their superintendents that schools of this order are found.

As it is no longer the text-book or the arbitrary will of the superintendent, but the laws of psychology, that now become the ruling spirit of the school, the order of things becomes reversed, and, in consequence, the atmosphere of the school-room is entirely changed. The teacher who endeavors to instruct in accordance with the nature of the mind is of necessity obliged to study the child, so that she may understand him and know how to minister to his needs. In this manner a true bond of sympathy forms between the teacher and the child. The attitude of the teacher now changes from that of lord and master to that of friend and guide. She thus ceases to be cold and harsh, and becomes loving and sympathetic. The school room loses its prison aspect and becomes characteristic of a refined and refining home. Further, when the teacher is guided in her work by the laws of psychology, there is a change in the methods of instruction as well as in the spirit of the class-room. While in the mechanical schools the recitation periods are devoted either to hearing children recite lessons that they have studied by heart, or to drilling the pupils in facts, in the schools conducted on scientific principles such procedures are not tolerated, the teachers being obliged to devote these periods to actual teaching, and—to the best of the ability—in accordance with methods approved by the educational scientists.

It may therefore be seen that the new education recognizes that there are elements aside from measurable results that require consideration in educating the child. The first and foremost among these elements is the child himself. The old system of education thinks only of the results, and with its eye upon the results, forgets the child; while the new system is in large part guided by the fact that the child is a frail and tender, loving and lovable human being. "By their fruits shall ye know them," is a proverb which, though frequently quoted in this connection, does not apply to schools at all, because it leaves out of consideration the fact that the child lives while he is being educated. Who would argue that the steerage is as good as the cabin because the steerage passenger travels as quickly and as safely as the cabin passenger? When natural methods are philosophically applied by the teacher, the child becomes interested in his work, and the school is converted into a house of pleasure. When, on the other hand, the child is taught by mechanical methods, his mental food is given to him in the most indigestible and unpalatable forms, in consequence of which he takes no interest in his work, learning becomes a source of drudgery, and the school a house of bondage.

*From *The Public School System of the United States*, by Dr. J. M. Rice, who made recently a personal examination of the public schools of New York, Baltimore, Buffalo, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Boston, Chicago, Minneapolis and other cities. His object was to ascertain to what extent the old unscientific system of education still prevailed, and to propose such changes as his observations suggested as in his opinion would render our schools more effectual in giving the children a thorough education. This book is the result of his tour, and it shows how much might be done with slight effort for the benefit of the children. Pp. 308; price, $1.50. published by *The Century Co*, N. Y.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Flavia, by Adair Welcker; a Roman tale in dramatic blank verse; paper covers; published by the author at Berkeley, California.

A History and Preparations of the World for Christ, by Rev. David R. Breed, D. D., second edition; pp 483, price $2., cloth; illustrated; Fleming H. Revell Co., N. Y., Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

The Chronicles of the Sid; or the Life and Travels of Adelia Gates; by Adele F. Orgen, pp. 113; cloth; copiously illustrated; price $2. Fleming H. Revell Company, N. Y., Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

Sermons (Sixth Series), by Rt Rev. Phillips Brooks, D.D., late Bishop of the Diocese of Massachusetts. Twenty famous discussions by one of the greatest of America's preachers; pp. 362; price $1 75; cloth binding. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, publishers.

The Social Law of God, by the late E. A. Washburn, D. D., New York. This is a series of sermons on the Ten Commandments; pp. 212; paper covers: price 50 cents. Thomas Whittaker, New York, publisher.

I Myself, by James Logan Gordon, General Secretary of the Boston Y. M. C. A. This is a book written for young men and young people generally; pp. 91; cloth; price $1. The Little Book Publishing Co., Boston, publishers.

A Bouquet of Pentecostal Gratitudes to the praise and glory of God, by Rev. Silliman Blagden, being a collection of original poems and hymns with music and illustrations; pp. 141; cloth binding. Published by the author.

Job, Jehovah's Champion, by William G. Ballantine, President Oberlin College. 40 pp., paper; price 25c. An able analytical review of the book of Job, treated as a historical poem. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago, publishers.

Joshua, and the Land of Promise, by Rev. F. B. Meyer, B. A. This is the sixth volume of Mr. Meyer's famous series of "Old Testament Heroes," and is a wonderfully interesting study of the scenes and events connected with the conquest of Canaan. pp. 210, cloth binding; price $1. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

General Johnston, by Robert M. Hughes continuation of the "Great Commander" series), edited by James Grant Wilson. A masterly presentation, historical and biographical, of the life and military campaigns of one of the foremost figures in the Civil war. pp. 353, cloth, illustrated; price $1.50. D. Appleton & Co., New York, publishers.

Announcements.

The Gilded Man and other Pictures of the Spanish Occupancy of America, by A. F. Baudelier, the distinguished archæologist and historian, will shortly be issued by D. Appleton & Co. It describes early Spanish explorations in the Southwest. The same publishers also announce *Tis the old Frontier, or the Last Raid of the Iroquois*, by William O. Stoddard, a tale of frontier life a hundred years ago.

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CHILDREN oft seek
Beyond the reach
Of broken speech
Some cherished gift for which they long,
Persistingly
And hopefully
Trusting a mother's love so strong.

Lord, may not we—
Children we be
Truly of thee—
Learn of the child the lesson old,
And ask and ask,
And trust and ask?
The blessings thou will not withhold?

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Mention *Christian Herald*.

BRAZIL'S CIVIL WAR.

UNHAPPY Brazil continues to be torn by civil war. Admiral Custodio Jose de Mello, commanding the insurgent fleet, has kept up the bombardment of Rio Janeiro, and a large portion of the business community has left the city. He has not yet succeeded in reducing the forts, Santa Cruz, one of the strongest, still flying the government flag and keeping the rebel fleet at bay with its powerful batteries. At present the fate of President Peixoto's administration hangs in the balance. Florian Peixoto, whose portrait we give in this column, was a marshal of the republic before being elected president. Not quite two years have passed, however, since his predecessor, Marshal Deodoro da Fonseca, was deposed by the same Admiral Mello with a very similar demonstration of naval force, which had, as in the present instance, been preceded by an insurrection in the province of Rio Grande do Sul. Peixoto was then vice-president, and became president on the overthrow of Fonseca. It is curious that the present crisis has arisen out of his action in having vetoed a law recently passed by congress to forbid a vice-president becoming president. The presidential term of office is four years, and if Peixoto now succeeds in overcoming the present attack he has over two years more of executive power before him. He is a man of much determination and great personal bravery. In his domestic life he has very simple tastes, and he is said to be carefully saving and investing in Europe the greater portion of his salary.

PRESIDENT PEIXOTO.

JOB'S FRIENDS.*

JOB'S three friends come to comfort him and help him toward a right moral attitude. There are three rounds of discussion: Eliphaz leading, Bildad following, Zophar closing. To each Job replies. In the third round, Zophar, feeling the uselessness of prolonging the colloquy, fails to speak. Then Elihu, a younger man, comes forward to offer his views. At the end Jehovah answers Job out of a whirlwind. Job prostrates himself, accepts the divine reproof. Prosperity returns.

Look first at what Job's friends contribute to the discussion. Let us do them no injustice, as by the sarcasms of Job and the divine rebuke we may be inclined to do. They are the best men of their time and country. Nowhere is age more venerable than in Arabia. A life in the pure open air of the desert, active but not laborious, temperate without hardships, thoughtful without wearing study, ceremonious in courtesy without the dissipations of society, leads to an age of imperial dignity. As these patriarchs in flowing robes and snowy beards approached the sufferer, erect and clear-eyed, they were fit types of manhood in its ripe maturity. Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar were just men, reverencing a just God. The divine government as they understood it, was an administration of inflexible justice, slow, possibly, but sure [illegible]

When now they found Job stripped of his wealth and his children, loathsomely diseased and seated in the ashes, they had but one opinion. He was guilty and his guilt was an atrocity measured by his calamities. Shocking as it was to their feelings to see the change in one so lately trusted, it was a shock only to their feelings, not to their opinions. What they saw was readily adjusted to their general notions of the fallibility of man and the methods of the divine government. The plain duty which they thought they saw was to lead Job to a confession of his crimes, and so again to peace. They began [illegible], setting forth the majesty and holiness of God, his justice and irresistible omnipotence, his readiness to forgive, and the inevitable doom of the obstinate sinner. All is general and impersonal.

*From *The Witch of Salem, or Credulity Run Mad*, by John R Musick, author of "Columbia," "Estevan," "St. Augustine," "Pocahontas," "The Pilgrims," "A Century Too Soon," etc., cloth, illustrations, price $1.50. Funk & Wagnalls Company, London and Toronto, publishers.

ORIGIN OF THE QUAKERS.†

Religious fanaticism is the most dangerous of all the errors of mankind. A false leader in religion may be more fatal than an incompetent general of an army, therefore ministers of the Gospel and teachers have the greatest task imposed on them of any of God's creation. When once one's religion runs mad, barbarity assumes the support of conscience and feels its approval in the consummation of the most heinous crimes. The Pilgrims and Puritans who had fled from religious persecution across the seas, and had come to the wilderness to worship God according to their own conscience, were unwilling to grant the same privilege to others. For this reason they banished Roger Williams, and persecuted other religious sects not in accordance with their own views.

They whipped Quakers, bored holes in their tongues, branded them with hot irons, and even hung them for their religious views. Religious fervor, controlled by prejudice and ignorance, is the greatest calamity that can be [illegible] a nation.

The Quakers appeared first in England about the time Roger Williams procured his charter for Rhode Island. The term "Quaker," now so venerated and respected, was given to this sect in derision, just as the Puritans, Protestants, and many other now respectable sects were named. Their founder and preachers were among the boldest and yet the meekest of the non-conformists. Their morality was so strict that by some they were denominated ascetics, and their strictness was carried into every habit and department of life. Extravagant expenditures, fashionable dress, games of chance, dancing, attending the theatres and all amusements, however harmless, were forbidden by this sect. Even music was discouraged as a seductive vanity. The members of this church were forbidden to own slaves, take part in war, engage in lawsuits, indulge in intemperance or profanity which, if persisted in, was a cause for the expulsion of a member from the society, and the whole body was in duty bound to keep a watch upon the actions of each other. Their practices so generally agreed with their principles, that society was compelled to admit that the profession of a Quaker or Friend, as they usually styled themselves, was a guaranty of a morality above the ordinary level of the world.

†From *The Witch of Salem, or Credulity Run Mad*, by John R Musick, author of "Columbia," "Estevan," "St. Augustine," "Pocahontas," "The Pilgrims," "A Century Too Soon," etc., cloth, illustrations, price $1.50. Funk & Wagnalls Company, London and Toronto, publishers.

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Possibly the most remarkable of these curious objects is a door-socket in diorite, ascribed to the period of Sargon I., 3800 B. C. On the side is a cuneiform inscription, written in the oldest Semitic dialect of Babylonia, and the characters are archaic and beautiful. The message which it conveys from the ancients to us moderns is ominous in its portent. It reads as follows: "Shargani-Shar-Di, son of Itti Bel, the mighty King of Agad and of the dominion of Bel, builder of Ekur, temple of Bel in Nippur. Whosoever removes this inscribed stone, his foundations may the Gods Bel and Shamash and Ninna tear up, and exterminate his seed."

[illegible]

ETERNAL REST.

Oh, how blest are ye whose toils are ended!
Who through death, have unto God ascended!
Ye have arisen
From the cares which keep us still in prison!

Christ hath wiped away your tears forever;
Ye have that for which we still endeavor;
To you are chanted
Songs which yet no mortal ear have haunted.

Ah, who would not then depart with gladness
To inherit heaven for earthly sadness?
Who would here languish
Longer in bewailing and in anguish?

Come, O Christ, and loose the chains that bind us,
Lead us forth, and cast this world behind us;
With thee, the Anointed,
Finds the soul its rest and joy appointed.

—*Longfellow.*

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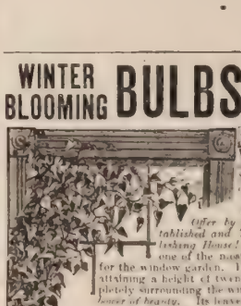

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THE LIFE BEYOND.

WHAT were the use of living
If life contained no more,
No sweet hope, solace giving,
That points to a fairer shore?

Beyond this land of shadows
Eternal sunshine dwells,
And in those peaceful meadows
There bloom the asphodels.

The fragrant winds are winging
Their flight through budding bowers,
And Eden birds are singing
Thro' long delightsome hours.

No shade of pain and sorrow
O'erclouds the day so bright,
And no uncertain morrow
Darkens a troubled night.

—M M FOLSOM.

A SCENE IN LEOPOLDVILLE.

In a letter to the Baptist Missionary Society from his station at Leopoldville, Rev. Joseph Clark writes:—I wish you could see this station and the work being done here. First, I think the different languages would astonish you: Accra, Kitanga, Kikongo, Kiyansi, Kilolo, Ki(ba)ngala, and some other tongues the names of which I cannot tell. Then the work would appeal to you with its many-sidedness. Here are some boys and girls clearing the ground and planting palm and other trees. These palms are not merely ornamental, they provide food and oil, and in other ways are of very great value. Some are at work being trained in the carpentry; others, are building a roof on a house. It looks fully as good as any house of our missionaries down country. Is it a new house for Dr. Sim's? No, it is a house for native girls, of whom there are about fifteen on the station. What has it cost? If you look at the Missionary Union accounts, it seems to have grown as do the mushrooms, at no expense. The doctor has raised it himself; to a considerable extent the expense has been paid by his medical skill. Here are the brick walls of a fine house going up. This is the industrial school, costing the same to the Missionary Union, I presume, as did the other house. The five recent baptisms tell that not only are bricks being made and houses built, but also souls are being won for Jesus. Others are seeking the way of life, and I can assure you it is affecting to see some come out in front of, say, one hundred and fifty to two hundred others, and kneel down to be prayed for.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Striking phrases which happily express in a few words some weighty thought often live in the memory when long arguments are forgotten. Such are the following which have fallen from the lips of famous preachers: Rev. Charles Berry recently spoke of "the explosive power of a right principle." This recalls Dr. Chalmers' famous saying, "the expulsive power of a new affection." The Church will never forget Augustine's words, "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our heart is restless till it rest in Thee"; nor these: "Take my heart, Lord, for I cannot give it to Thee. Keep it, for I cannot keep it for Thee." Luther's saying is the watch-word of Protestantism: "The doctrine of justification by faith is the mark of a standing or falling Church." George Westfield does not usually get the credit of having been a suggestive preacher, but his is the saying: "I do not preach for life, but from life." His words to students are golden: "I hope you will enter into your studies, not to get a parish, nor to be polite preachers, but to be great saints." And to ministers: "Beware of nestling." One of Spurgeon's happy sayings is: "God wants nothing but your wants."

THE UNCHANGED VERSE.

At a recent evangelistic meeting the following incident was related: A neighbor of the speaker was converted under a sermon on John 3:16. When she returned home her little boy noticed her happy face, and asked the reason of it. "I have found Jesus, my dear boy," she exclaimed, "I am saved by his precious blood." "How do you know?" asked the little fellow. "Listen," she said, and she read the verse to him that had brought the joyful assurance. Next morning Satan raised his favorite question of feelings, and she came down to breakfast with the old miserable expression that her son had been so long accustomed to. "What's wrong now, mother?" questioned the boy. "Everything's wrong, dear; I have made a terrible mistake, I fear." "Have you lost Jesus, mother?" She did not like to say she had. "Has the verse changed, then?" continued the boy, "it seems as if it had." "That was many years ago," said the mother, "but my dear boy's faith rebuked my unbelief. I then and there believed God's bare word, feel or no feel, because it was his word, and I am just resting my soul there now."

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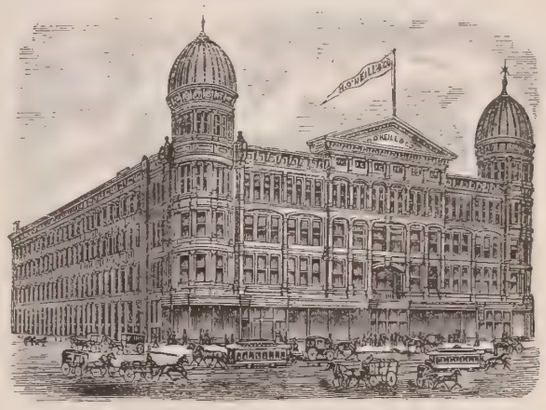

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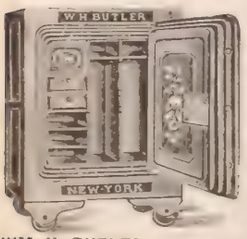

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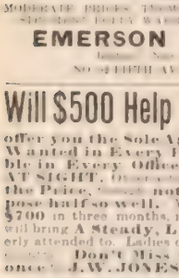

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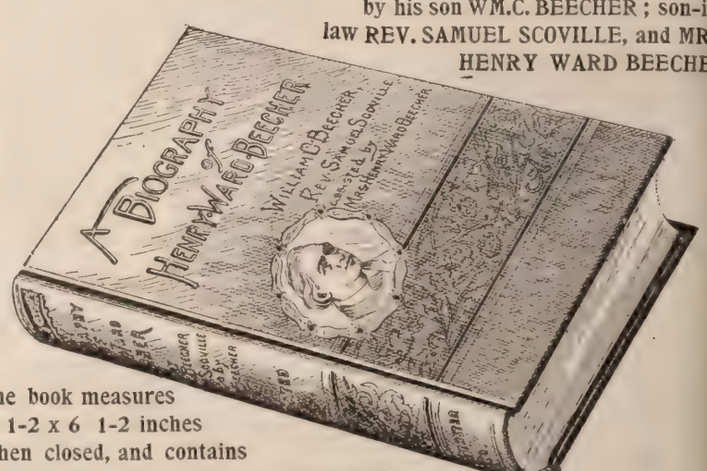

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CALLING IN THE CHILDREN.

Cheering Reports from "The Christian Herald's" Sunday School Missionary in the Southwest—Still Planting New Schools—A Typical Sunday School Convention.

NEARLY two and a half years have passed since this journal, with the hearty Christian co-operation of a number of its readers, commissioned the Rev. Geo. W. Sharp, a pastor of wide experience in the home field, to go forth in the capacity of a Sunday School Missionary in the Southwest. His duties lay in out-of-the-way sections, among the poorer class of settlers, who had not the benefit of church relations, their homes being remote from centres of population and trade. It was sad to contemplate the neglected condition of the children in such homes; thousands of the little ones were growing up in obscure localities in ignorance of the Gospel.

Those two and a half years have been prolific of spiritual results, and have witnessed the founding of many new Sunday Schools and not a few churches, in Northern Missouri especially—a locality where such work was greatly needed. Our missionary's labors have been greatly blessed in being the means of opening up avenues for supplying Gospel privileges to many localities hitherto unprovided. In the first year, twenty new schools were organized, five reorganized or revived, sixteen were addressed and aided, and twenty-seven others visited and assisted in various ways according to their particular needs. During the second year, twelve new Sunday Schools were planted, forty-three new teachers appointed, and 497 scholars enrolled. Six schools that were falling off for want of attention were revived and a large amount of other evangelical work performed which it is not necessary to recapitulate here. During that year the missionary traveled 5,072 miles, visited 432 families, delivered 162 addresses and sermons, and distributed several hundred Bibles and Testaments. His work during the part of the third year that has already gone has been even more arduous than in the preceding years, but both Mr. Sharp and those who are contributing to his support in the field have the gratification of knowing that the results are proportionately increased. An idea of the character and extent of the work may be gathered from the extracts from some of his recent letters which we give below. Of one school which he founded, he writes:

"Oak Grove is the name of a country Sunday School in Adair County, Missouri. As its name indicates, it meets in a grove. A large oak tree stands on the west of an open space in the forest, and shelters the school (which meets in the afternoon) from the heat of the sun. On the south side of the open space, or court, lies a large log, partly decayed, which may have been a tree of towering height before this territory had acquired statehood. The open space is shaded by trees around it, and is seated with slabs and planks resting on supports at the ends. The school is well attended by parents, youths and children. One of those present the day I was there recently, was an octogenarian, about the age of Mr. Gladstone. He was in fine health, very cheerful, and taking an active interest in the success of the school. He has long been a Christian, and still brings forth fruit in old age. The teachers were delighted, the scholars attentive, and the interest in the work equalled, if it did not surpass, that of many schools which meet in houses. Their young voices and sweet songs sounded lovely through the forest. "At the close of the school I addressed the scholars, seeking to aid and encourage them. I was invited to come again soon and hold a protracted meeting with them. This I was compelled to decline on account of other work. When the weather gets too cold for the school to meet in the grove, it will be continued in some dwelling-house.

"In my travels in another county, last spring, I found it necessary to reorganize a school which had met with opposition through ignorance and sectarianism. It is truly missionary ground. The roads were muddy—the weather rainy and chilly; but the reorganization was effected, in spite of unfriendly influences and evil prophecies. I have recently received cheering words from it. The attendance is regular and growing, and the interest is good. The district has about ninety children of school age, and a corresponding adult population who greatly need the gospel."

Mr. Sharp thus describes the illustration on this page which he recently forwarded:

"This is a photograph of Indian Springs Sunday School picnic-convention. On the left you will see your missionary standing on a stump, addressing the school and visitors.

"The Convention lasted two days. I addressed them each day and preached at night, and during that time distributed hundreds of Gospel tracts, booklets, etc. In former years I organized Sunday Schools near that locality in school-houses. Indian Springs School is in a country district near two springs which used to be frequented by Indians in the early history of this State—hence the name. There is no church house near. A Christian family, hav-

(Continued on page 693.)

A SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION IN THE SOUTHWEST.
(From a photograph forwarded by our Sunday School Missionary, Rev. G. W. Sharp.)

The Tabernacle Pulpit

UNSAFE LIFEBOATS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, preached last Sunday Morning at the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Text, Acts 27: 32: "*Then the soldiers cut off the ropes of the boat, and let her fall off.*"

WHILE your faces are yet somewhat bronzed by attendance on the International Boat Contest between the *Vigilant* and the *Valkyrie*, I address you. Good things when there is no betting or dissipation, those out-door sports. We want more fresh air and breeziness in our temperaments and our religion. A stale and slow and lugubrious religion may have done for other times, yet will not do for these. But my text calls our attention to a boat of a different sort, and instead of the Atlantic, it is the Mediterranean, and instead of not wind enough, as the crews of the *Vigilant* and *Valkyrie* the other day complained, there is too much wind and the swoop of a Euroclydon. I am not calling your attention so much to the famous ship on which Paul was the distinguished passenger, but to the life boat of that ship which no one seems to notice. For a fortnight the main vessel had been tossed and driven. For that two weeks, the account says, the passengers had "continued fasting." I suppose the salt water, dashing over, had spoiled the sea-biscuit, and the passengers were seasick anyhow. The sailors said, "It is no use; this ship must go down," and they proposed among themselves to lower the lifeboat and get into it, and take the chances for reaching shore, although they pretended they were going to get over the sides of the big ship and down into the lifeboat only to do sailors' duty. That was not sailor like, for the sailors that I have known were all intrepid fellows, and would rather go down with the ship than do such a mean thing as those Jack Tars of my text attempted. When on the Mediterranean last June the *Victoria* sank under the ram of the *Camperdown*, the most majestic thing about that awful scene was that all the sailors staid at their posts doing their duty. As a class all over the world sailors are valorous, but these sailors of the text were exceptional and pretended to do duty while they were really preparing for flight in the lifeboat. But these "marines" on board —sea-soldiers — had in especial charge a little missionary who was turning the world upside down, and when these marines saw the trick the sailors were about to play, they lifted the cutlasses from the girdle and chop! chop! went those cutlasses into the ropes that held the lifeboat and splash! it dropped into the sea. My text describes it: "The soldiers cut off the ropes of the boat, and let her fall off." As that empty lifeboat dropped and was capsized on a sea where for two weeks winds and billows had been in battle, I think that many on board the main vessel felt their last hope of ever reaching home had vanished. In that tempestuous sea a small boat could not have lived five minutes.

My subject is "Unsafe Lifeboats." We cannot exaggerate the importance of the lifeboat. All honor to the memory of Lionel Lukin, the coach-builder of Long Acre, London, who invented the first lifeboat, and I do not blame him for ordering put upon his tombstone in Kent the inscription that you may still read there:

"Lionel Lukin was the first who built a lifeboat, and was the original inventor of that principle of safety, by which many lives and much property have been preserved from shipwreck; and he obtained for it the king's patent in the year 1785."

All honor to the memory of Sir William Hillary, who living in the Isle of Man, and after assisting with his own hand in the rescue of 305 lives of the shipwrecked, stirred the English Parliament to quick action in the construction of lifeboats. Thanks to God for the sublime and pathetic and divine mission of the lifeboat. No one will doubt its important mission who has read of the wreck of the *Amazon* in the Bay of Biscay; of the *Tweed* running on the reefs of the Gulf of Mexico, or of the *Ocean Monarch* on the coast of Wales, or of the *Birkenhead* on the Cape of Good Hope, or of the *Royal Charter* on the coast of Anglesea, or of the *Exmouth* on the Scotch breakers, or of the *Cambria* on the Irish coast, or of the *Atlantic* on the rocks of Nova Scotia, or of the *Lexington* on Long Island Sound. To add still further to the importance of the lifeboat, remember there are at least three million men following the sea, to say nothing of the uncounted millions this moment ocean passengers. We "land-lubbers," as sailors call us, may not know the difference between a marlinespike and a ring bolt, or anything about heaving a log, or rigging out a flying jib-boom, or furling a top-sail, but we all realize to greater or less extent the importance of a lifeboat in every marine equipment. But do we feel the importance of a lifeboat in the matter of the soul's rescue? There are times when we all feel that we are out at sea, and as many disturbing and anxious questions strike us as waves struck that vessel against the sides of which the lifeboat of my text dangled. Questions about the church. Questions about the world. Questions about God. Questions about our eternal destiny. Every thinking man and woman have these questions, and in proportion as they are thinking people do these questions arise. There is no wrong in thinking. If God had not intended us to think and keep on thinking, he would not have built under this wheel-house of the skull this thinkingmachine, which halts not in its revolutions from cradle to grave. Even the midnight does not stop the thinking machine, for when we are in dreams, we are thinking, although we do not think as well. All of us who are accustomed to thinking want to reach some solid shore of safety and satisfaction, and if anyone has a good lifeboat that we may honorably take, I wish he would unswing it from the davits and let us get into it and put for shore. But I give you fair notice, I must first examine the lifeboat before I risk my soul in it or advise you to risk your soul in it. All the splendid Ramsgate lifeboats, and Margate lifeboats and South Shields lifeboats and American lifeboats were tested, before being put into practical use, as to their buoyancy and speed, and stowage and self-righting capacity. And when you offer my soul a lifeboat I must first test it.

Here is a splendid new lifeboat called Theosophy. It has only a little while been launched, although some of the planks are really several thousand years old, and from a worm-eaten ship, but they are painted over and look new. They are really Fatalism and Pantheism of olden time. But we must forget that and call them Theosophy. The Grace Darling of this lifeboat was an oarswoman by the name of Madame Blavatsky, but the oarswoman now is Annie Besant. So many are getting aboard the boat, it is worthy of examination, both because of the safety of those who have entered it and because we ourselves are invited to get in. Its theory is that everything is God. Horse and star and tree and man are parts of God. We have three souls: An animal soul, a human soul, a spiritual soul. The animal soul becomes, after a while, a wandering thing, trying to express itself through mediums. It enters beasts, or enters a human being, and when you find an effeminate man, it is because a woman's soul has got into the man, and when you find a masculine woman, it is because a man's soul has taken possession of a woman's body. If you find a woman has become a platform speaker and likes politics, she is possessed by a dead politician, who forty years ago made the platform quake. The soul keeps wandering on and on, and may have fifty or innumerable different forms and finally is absorbed in God. It was God at the start and will be God at the last. But who gives the authority for the truth of such a religion? Some beings living in a cave in Central Asia. They are invisible to the naked eye, but they cross continents and seas in a flash. My Baptist brother Dr. Haldeman says that a Theosophist in New York was visited by one of these mysterious beings from Central Asia. The gentleman knew it from the fact that the mysterious being left his pocket-handkerchief, embroidered with his name and Asiatic residence. The most wonderful achievement of the Theosophists is that they keep out of the insane asylum. They prove the truth of the statement that no religion ever announced was so absurd but it gained disciples. Societies in the United States and England and other lands have been established for the promulgation of Theosophy. Instead of needing the revelation of a Bible, you can have these spirits from a cave in Central Asia to tell you all you ought to know, and after you leave this life you may become a prima donna or a robin or a gazelle or a sot or a prize-fighter or a Herod or a Jezebel, and so be enabled to have great variety of experience, rotating through the universe, now rising, now falling, now shot out in a straight line, and now describing a parabola, and on and on, and up and up, and down and down, and round and round. Don't you see? Now, that Theosophic lifeboat has been launched. It proposes to take you off the rough sea of doubt into everlasting quietude. How do you like that lifeboat? My opinion is you had better imitate the mariners of my text, and cut off the ropes of that boat and let her fall off.

Another lifeboat tempting us to enter is made up of many planks of Good Works. It is really a beautiful boat—alms-giving, practical sympathies for human suffering, righteous words and righteous deeds. I must admit I like the looks of the prow and of the row-locks and of the paddles and of the steering gear and of many who are thinking to trust themselves on her benches. But the trouble about that lifeboat is, it leaks. I never knew a man yet good enough to earn heaven by his virtues or generosities. If there be one person here present on this blessed Sabbath all of whose thoughts have been always right, all of whose actions have always been right, and all of whose words have always been right, let him stand up, or if already standing, let him lift his hand, and I will know that he lies. Paul had it about right when he said: "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified." David had it about right when he said: "There is none that doeth good, no not one." The Old Book had it about right when it said: "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Let a man get off that little steamer called "The Maid of the Mist," which sails up to the foot of Niagara Falls, and then climb to the top of the Falls on the descending floods, for he can do it easier than any man ever will be able to climb to heaven by his good works. If your thoughts have always been exactly right, and your words exactly right and your deeds always exactly right, you can go up to the Gate of Heaven, and you need not even knock for admittance, but open it yourself, and push the angels out of your way, and go up and take one of the front seats. But you would be so unlike anyone else that has gone up from this world that you would be a curiosity in heaven, and more fit for a heavenly museum that for a place where the inhabitants could look at you free of charge. No, sir, I admire your good works, and that lifeboat you are thinking of trusting in is handsomer than any yawl or pinnace or yacht or cutter that ever sped out of a boat-house or hoisted sail for a race. But she leaks. Trust your soul in that, and you will go to the bottom. She leaks. So I imitate the mariners of the text, and with a cutlass strike the ropes of the boat and let her fall off.

Another lifeboat is Christian Inconsistencies. The planks of this boat are composed of the split planks of shipwrecks. That prow is made out of hypocrisy from the life of a man who professed one thing and really was another. One oar of this lifeboat was the falsehood of a church member, and the other oar was the wickedness of some minister of the Gospel, whose iniquities were not for a long while found out. Not one plank from the oak of God's eternal truth in all that lifeboat. All the planks, by universal admission, are decayed and crumbling and fallen apart and rotten and ready to sink. "Well, well," you say, "No one will want to get into that lifeboat." Oh, my friend, you are mistaken. That is the most popular lifeboat ever constructed. That is the most popular lifeboat ever launched. Millions of people want to get into it. They jostle each other to get the best seat in the boat. You could not keep them back though you stood at the gunwales with a club as on our ship "Greece" in a hurricane and the steerage passengers were determined to come up on deck, where they would have been washed off, and the officers stood at the stop of the stairs clubbing them back. Even by such violence as that you could not keep people from jumping into the most popular lifeboat, made of church-member inconsistencies. In times of revival when sinners flock into the inquiry room, the most of them are kept from deciding aright because they know so many Christians who are bad. The inquiry room becomes a World's Fair for exhibition of all the frailties of church members, so that if you believe all is there told you you would be afraid to enter a church lest you get your pockets picked or get knocked down. This is the way the talk: "I was cheated out of $500 by a leader of a Bible class." "A Sunday School teacher gossiped about me and did her best to destroy my good name. "I had a partner in business who swamped our business concern by his trickery, and then rolled up his eyes in Friday night prayer meeting, as though he were looking for Elijah's chariot to make a second trip and take up another passenger." But what a cracked and

water-logged and gaping-seamed lifeboat the inconsistencies of others. Put me on a shingle mid-Atlantic and leave me there, rather than in such a yawl of spiritual confidence. God forbid that I should get aboard it, and lest some of you make the mistake of getting into it, I do as the mariners did on that Mediterranean ship when the sailors were about to get into the unsafe lifeboat of the text and lose their lives in that way. "Then the soldiers cut off the ropes of the boat, and let her fall off."

"Well," says someone, "this subject is very discouraging, for we must have a lifeboat, if we are ever to get ashore, and you have already condemned three." Ah, it is because I want to persuade you to take the only safe lifeboat. I will not allow you to be deceived and get on to the wild waves and then capsize or sink. Thank God, there is a lifeboat that will take you ashore in safety, as sure as God is God and heaven is heaven. The keel and ribs of this boat are made out of a tree that was set up on a bluff back of Jerusalem a good many years ago. Both of the oars are made out of the same tree. The row-locks are made out of the same tree. The steering gear is made out of the same tree. The planks of it were hammered together by the hammers of executioners, who thought they were only killing a Christ, but were really pounding together an escape for all imperiled souls of all ages. It is an old boat, but good as new, though it has been carrying passengers from sinking ships to firm shore for ages, and has never lost a passenger. These old Christians begin to smile because it is dawning upon them what I mean. The fact is that in this way years ago they got off a wreck themselves, and I do not wonder they smile. It is not a senseless giggle that means frivolity, but it is a smile like that on the face of Christians the moment they leave earth for heaven, yea, like the smile of God himself when he had completed the plan for saving the world.

Right after that big tumble of the Atlantic Ocean six or seven weeks ago, on the beach at East Hampton, I met the captain of the life-saving station and said: "Captain, do you think a life-boat could live in a sea like that?" Although the worst of it was over, the captain replied: "No, I do not think it could." But this life-boat of which I speak can live in any sea and defies all breakers, and all cyclones, and all equinoxes, and all earth, and all hell. In twenty years the life-saving apparatus along our Atlantic coast saved the lives of over 45,000 of the shipwrecked, but this life-boat that I commend has saved in twenty years hundreds of miliions of the shipwrecked. Like those newly invented English lifeboats, it is insubmergeable, self-righting and self-bailing. All along our rocky American coast things were left to chance for centuries, and the shipwrecked crawled up on the beach to die unless some one happened to walk along or some fisherman's hut might be near. But after the ship *Ayrshire* was wrecked at Squan Beach, and the *Powhatan* left her three hundred dead strewn along our coast, and another vessel went on the rocks, four hundred lives perishing, the United States Government woke up and made an appropriation of $200,000 for life-saving stations, and lifelines from faking-box are shot over the wild surf, and hawsers are stretched from wreck to shore, and what with Lyle's gun and six-oared surf-boat, with cork at the sides to make it unsinkable, and patrolmen all night long walking the beach until they meet each other and exchange metal tickets, so as to show the entire beach has been traversed, and the Coston light flashes hope from shore to sufferer, and surfmen, encased in Merriman life-saving dress, and life-car rolling on the ropes, there are many probabilities of rescue for the unfortunate of the sea. But the Government of the United Heavens has made better provision for the rescue of our souls. So close by that this moment we can put our hand on its top and swing into it, is this Gospel life-boat. It will not take you more than a second to get into it.

But while in my text we stand watching the marines with their cutlasses, preparing to sever the ropes of the life-boat and let her fall off, notice the poor equipment. Only one life-boat. Two hundred and seventy-six passengers, as Paul counted them, and only one life-boat. My text uses the singular and not the plural. "Cut off the ropes of the boat." I do not suppose it would have held more than thirty people, though loaded to the water's edge. I think by marine law all our modern vessels have enough lifeboats to hold all the crew and all the passengers in case of emergency, but the marines of my text were standing by the only boat, and that a small boat, and yet two hundred and seventy-six passengers. But what thrills me through and through is the fact that though we are wrecked by sin and trouble, and there is only one life-boat, that boat is large enough to hold all who are willing to get into it. The Gospel hymn expresses it:

All may come, whoever will,
This Man receives poor sinners still.

But I must haul in that statement a little. Room for all in that life-boat, with just one exception. Not you; I do not mean you, but there is one exception. There have been cases where ships were in trouble and the captain got all the passengers and crew into the life-boats, but there was not room for the captain. He, through the sea-trumpet, shouted: "Shove off now and pull for the beach. Good-by," and then the captain with pathetic and sublime self-sacrifice went down with the ship. So the Captain of our Salvation, Christ the Lord, launches the Gospel life-boat, and tells us all to get in, but he perishes. "It behooved Christ to suffer." Was it not so, ye who witnessed his agonizing expiration? Simon of Cyrene, was it not so? Cavalry troops, whose horses pawed the dust at the Crucifixion, was it not so? Ye Marys who swooned away with the sun of the mid-day heavens, was it not so? "By his stripes we are healed." By his death we live. By his sinking in the deep sea of suffering we get off in a safe life-boat. Yes, we must put into this story a little of our own personality. We had a ride in that very life-boat from foundered craft to solid shore.

Once on the raging seas I rowed,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned and rudely blow'd
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

But I got into the Gospel lifeboat and I got ashore. No religious speculation for me. These higher criticism fellows do not bother me a bit. You may ask me fifty questions about the sea and about the land and about the lifeboat that I cannot answer, but one thing I know: I am ashore and I am going to stay ashore, if the Lord by his grace will help me. I feel under me something so firm that I try it with my right foot, and try it with my left foot, and then I try it with both feet, and it is so solid that I think it must be what the old folks used to call the Rock of Ages. And be my remaining days on earth many or few, I am going to spend my time in recommending the lifeboat which fetched me here, a poor sinner saved by grace, and in swinging the cutlasses to sever the ropes of any unsafe lifeboat and let her fall off. My hearer, without asking any questions, get into the Gospel lifeboat. Room! and yet there is room! The biggest boat on earth is the Gospel lifeboat. You must remember the proportion of things, and that the shipwrecked craft is the whole earth, and the lifeboat must be in proportion. You talk about your *Campanias*, and your *Lucanias*, and your *Majestics*, and your *City of New Yorks*, but all of them put together are smaller than an Indian's canoe on Schroon Lake compared with this Gospel life-boat, that is large enough to take in all nations. Room for one and room for all. Get in! "How? How?" you ask. Well, I know how you feel, for summer before last, on the sea of Finland, I had the same experience. The ship in which we sailed could not venture nearer than a mile from shore, where stood the Russian palace of Peterhof, and we had to get into a small boat and be rowed ashore. The water was rough, and as we went down the ladder at the side of the ship, we held firmly on to the railing, but in order to get into the boat, we had at last to let go. How did I know that the boat was good and that the oarsmen were sufficient? How did I know that the Finland Sea would not swallow us with one opening of its crystal jaws? We had to trust, and we did trust, and our trust was well rewarded. In the same way get into this Gospel lifeboat. Let go! As long as you hold on to any other hope, you are imperiled and you get no advantage from the lifeboat. Let go! Does some one here say, "I guess I will hold on a little to my Good Works, or to a pious parentage, or to something I can do in the way of achieving my own salvation." No, no, let go! Trust the Captain, who would not put you into a rickety or uncertain craft.

For the sake of your present and everlasting welfare, with all the urgency of an immortal addressing immortals, I cry from the depths of my soul and at the top of my voice, Let go! Last summer the life-saving crew at East Hampton invited me to come up to the life station and see the crew practice, for twice a week they are drilled in the important work assigned them by the United States Government, and they go through all the routine of saving the shipwrecked. But that would give little idea of what they would have to do if some midnight next winter, the wind driving beachward, a vessel should get in the grasp of a hurricane. See the lights flare from the ship in the breakers, and then responding lights flaring from the beach, and hear the rockets buzz as they rise, and the life-boat rumbles out, and the gun booms, and the lifeline rises and falls across the splintered decks, and the hawser tightens, and the life-car goes to and fro, carrying the exhausted mariners, and the ocean, as if angered by the snatching of the human prey from the white teeth of its surf and the stroke of its billowing paw, rises with increased fury to assail the land. So now I am engaged in no light drill, practicing for what may come over some of your souls. It is with some of you wintry midnight and your hopes for this world and the next are wrecked. But see! See! The lights kindled on the beach. I throw out the life line. Haul in, hand over hand! Ah, there is a life-boat in the surf, which all the wrath of earth and hell cannot swamp, and its Captain with scarred hand puts the trumpet to his lips as he cries: "Oh, Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thy help." But what is the use of all this if you decline to get into it. You might as well have been a sailor on board that foundering ship of the Mediterranean when the mariners cut the ropes of the boat and let her fall off.

THE LIFEBOAT OFF TO THE RESCUE.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people

THE RESURRECTION.

S. S. Lesson for Nov. 5. I. Cor. 15 : 12-26. Golden Text, I Cor. 15: 57. By Mrs. M. Baxter

THE last enemy that shall be destroyed (or abolished) is death." The Apostle Paul declares that our Saviour, Christ Jesus, abolished death, and brought life and incorruption to light through the Gospel. (II. Tim. 1: 10, R. V.) And in Heb. 11: 14, it is written: "Since then the children are sharers in the flesh and blood, he also himself in like manner partook of the same, that through death he might bring to nought him that had (or hath) the power of death, that is, the devil; and might deliver them who through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage." (R.V.) "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now, and ourselves also which have the firstfruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit the redemption of our body." (Rom. 8: 22, 23.)

Sin brought into the world sickness, death, corruption, Christ came to reverse all which sin had done. By dying he has destroyed the power of death, of sin, of sickness, of corruption. How shall we ever fully understand the unspeakable grace and love which in every sense, gave itself for us! Only so far as we understand the death of Christ—and that can only be by being crucified with him—just so far can we know "the power of his resurrection." Only as we know the power of his resurrection can we share and enter into his coming glory.

Paul meets the objections of those who say that there is no resurrection of the dead by saying if this is so: "Then is not Christ risen, and if Christ hath not been raised your faith is vain, ye are yet in your sins." (R.V.) The only proof that Christ has really made atonement for sin is the fact that death, the penalty of sin, has lost its hold upon him. "But now hath Christ been raised from the dead, the firstfruits of them which are asleep," the first of those who have been raised from the dead who did not die again,

The Pledge of Life Immortal

for those whom he shall raise when he comes again. "For as in Adam all die, so also in Christ shall all be made alive." All that we have from Adam, all our earthly, fleshly nature must pass through death, all flesh is grass and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field . . . The grass withereth the flower thereof fadeth, but the word of the Lord endureth forever. (I. Pet. 1: 24, 25.) But just as real as is the law of death for all which is of Adam, so real and unchangeable is the law of life and incorruption for all which is of Jesus Christ. He came with power over all flesh, to give eternal life, i. e., incorruption to as many as the Father has given him.

By the very fact that in our human nature he passed through death, and was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, Jesus Christ, has pierced through death, and made a way by which life and immortality or incorruption should come to light. "But every man in his own order, Christ the First-fruits, afterward, they that are Christ's at his coming." "Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more, death hath no dominion over him," and when once he has succeeded in taking away those that are his at his coming, he is the guarantee that death shall have no more dominion over them. Our nature inherited from Adam has gone through death in him, and we put our signature to this faith in willingly welcoming all which is death to our self-life; reputation, choice, affection, tastes, all which we have valued—"what things were gain to me," as Paul expresses it. And as surely as we are united with him by the likeness of his death so surely shall we be united with him by the

Likeness of His Resurrection

now in the spirit, and when he comes again in the body. This is why Paul says: I die daily. In no other way could he could he have made his calculation that the loss of all things was worth while that he might "know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable to his death if by any means [he] might attain to the resurrection [out from among the dead."] i. e., the resurrection of God's true elect; those whom the Father has given to him.

The resurrection has always been that which the natural man has sought, by any means, to get rid of; death, annihilation, anything but resurrection. And therefore all the ingenuity of the natural mind has been brought to bear on the resurrection. "How are the dead raised up and with what body do they come?" is among the question which are raised. "Thou foolish one," answers Paul, that which thou thyself sowest is not quickened except it die: and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body which shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat or of some other seed; but God giveth it a body as it has pleased him, and to every seed his own body." What then, are our human bodies, only the seeds of what shall be? And is our life on earth, our moral, spiritual, as well as physical life only the seed of the future? Are we not only sowing, but sown for a wonderful, incomprehensible harvest in the future? "It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." (I. John 3: 3.) O wondrous, ineffable glory of the resurrection! It is not eternal imperfection but the corruptible sown for the

Harvest of the Incorruptible,

the imperfect sown for the harvest of perfection! Paul speaks of the variety of nature, one flesh of beasts, birds, fishes, all varying. There are some celestial, some terrestrial bodies, and among celestial bodies, the sun and moon differ, and one star differeth from another star in glory. "So also is the resurrection of the dead." Differences which are as small here as the form of many yellow or brown looking little seeds, will, in the resurrection, wonderfully develop. Then shall we understand the difference between the queen at the right hand of him who is "fairer than the children of men," and the virgins her companions that follow her. Then shall we know who are the blessed that are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb. Then shall we understand the mystery of the living creatures, who are not only "round about the throne," but also "in the midst of the thrones," and who unlike the four and twenty elders, seem to have part in the execution of judgment. Then we shall know, when these distinctions shall be made clear to us, who are the servants that open to their Lord immediately when he shall return from the wedding, for we cannot doubt that all of such as these who have already passed through death will have part in the first resurrection.

But the wonderful sowing for the harvest of the resurrection. It is beyond all our human conceptions. "It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory." This is so like the change which the Lord will work in those who shall be taken away without dying. He will fashion anew the body of our humiliation that it may be conformed to the body of his glory according to the working whereby he is able even to subject all things unto himself. (Phil. 3: 21, R.V.) Just as in our chapter the apostle says: "Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, neither can corruption without incorruption. Behold I tell you a mystery [or a secret]; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye at the last trump, for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." How shall this corruptible mind put on incorruption, "Not for that we could be unclothed, but clothed upon that what is mortal may be

Swallowed up of Life."

What strange expressions these are, until we learn to die daily! Then it becomes our own familiar tongue; we understand what it is to look, not at the things which are seen or which are felt, or which are approved of man, but at the things which are not seen and not felt, and not understood by man; we learn in our turn to suffer the loss of all things earthly and to see in all things Jesus only. This leads us to understand the order of things. The first man, Adam was made a living soul, the last Adam was made a quickening (i.e., life giving) spirit. Howbeit that is not first which is natural (soulish, consisting of our will and feelings, likes and choices, intellect and talents), but that which is spiritual; "the hidden man of the heart is that which is not corruptible the very being of God within us.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

"I SAY UNTO THEE ARISE."

RESURRECTION seems almost an impossibility when we look upon a corpse after corruption has set in. It is not surprising that many have asked incredulously, "If a man die, can he live again?" Some men of this way of thinking were in the church at Corinth, as Paul learned, either from Chloe's servants, or from the letter they brought. They may have belonged to the Greek schools of philosophy and have brought the doctrines they learned there, into the church. The Epicureans denied that there was any existence after death. The Stoics believed that the soul lived after death, but lost its identity, being re-absorbed into the source of life from which it originated. Paul combats both ideas, and expresses surprise that any man could hold them and yet be in a Christian church. For him, the fact that Christ had risen from the dead should be a sufficient proof that resurrection was not impossible. There ought, Paul held, to be no doubt in the mind of any Christian as to the fact of Christ's resurrection. To doubt the fact was to disbelieve the Apostles, who declared that they had seen him alive after the crucifixion. It was to take away the foundation of faith, for who could put faith in a dead man? His resurrection proved him to be divine. It was also to take away the motive for service and suffering, for why should a man work and suffer for Christ, if there was no future life? There was no security for future life if Christ had not risen. Thus Paul lifted the question out of the region of speculative philosophy and made it a question of fact. Had Christ risen? Then his people might be sure of rising, too; if he had not risen, the whole fabric of Christianity collapsed. Paul staked all his position and preaching and labor on the one fact of Christ's resurrection, and he breaks forth into a pæan of joy as he dwells on its absolute certainty. Christ, he declares, has triumphed over death and he will go on conquering until this last enemy is abolished and death is swallowed up in victory.

How say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead. Nature abounds with suggestions of life from the dead. It is told of Thorwaldsen, the Danish sculptor, that when he returned to his native land with those rare works of art which have made his name immortal, the servants, who unpacked the statuary, scattered upon the ground the straw which was wrapped around the marble works. There were unseen seeds in that straw, and soon there were flowers from the gardens of Rome blooming in the gardens of Copenhagen.

"I find it hard to believe in the resurrection," said a young man to an evangelist. "I had the same feeling," said the evangelist, "the other day, when I was planting some beans. 'Is it possible,' I said to myself, 'that such dry things can live again?' I believed in their resurrection, though I could not reason the matter out, and in spite of my not being able to understand it, they did rise again." The young man replied, "Yes, but man when he is buried remains where he is laid." "Then," said the evangelist, "you think God takes more care and puts less effort into the case of the man than of the bean."

Opponents of the doctrine of the resurrection contend that it is impossible to restore anything which has been dissolved into its original elements, as the body is after it has lain long in the grave. Halley relates that an Eastern slave, to whom his master intrusted a beautiful silver cup, accidently dropped it into a bowl of aquafortis. He saw the cup disappear and was in despair. He appealed to a superior servant, who assured him that the cup was irretrievably lost, having been dissolved. Finally, in distress, he went to his master and told his story. The master added to the aquafortis which held the silver in suspension a quantity of salt water, which caused the aquafortis to precipitate the silver, and a new cup was made from it.

Faraday describes a beautiful illustration of the doctrine of the resurrection, which he saw in the cemetery of the village of Oberhofen in Switzerland. There were many imposing monuments there with inscriptions declaring the hope of the bereaved in the future life of those they had buried there; but none of these interested the great scientist so much as the casual work of nature herself on a humble grave. The relatives of the deceased were evidently too poor to buy a gravestone; but they did what they could. A rough log had been driven into the ground at the head of the grave and at the top of it a small flat board had been nailed slantwise, on which was a paper bearing the name and age of the dead. Between the board and the log was a vacant sheltered space. A caterpillar had crawled into it to undergo the change in chrysalis from a crawling worm into a beautiful butterfly. It had passed through the stage and had flown away, but its empty skin lay in the web it had spun in the hollow over the grave. There, in plain view, was the discarded habitation of the butterfly and beneath the sod the discarded habitation of a human soul.

In a paper mill a number of women were employed sorting the rags out of which the finest kinds of paper were made The rags were very dirty and the women were dirty, too. They were morally polluted too, for being poorly paid they had drifted into vicious ways of getting money. It was strange to think that the sheets of beautifully white paper which were used for bank notes and dainty stationery were the product of the filthy rags which the wretched women were sorting over, but so it was. One of the women was led to Christ during a sickness that kept her long in hospital. A stranger visited her and was surprised to find her so joyful on the verge of death and he asked her why she felt so. She answered, "I have led a wicked life and I am altogether vile and corrupt. I am like the rags going into the mill, but soon I shall be pure and clean and fit for the Master's service.

Margaret Gatty tells a beautiful little parable in illustration of the resurrection. She represents the grub of a dragon-fly at the bottom of the sluggish pool asking anxiously what became of the grubs that climbed up the stalks of the bulrushes. No one could tell him, for none of them ever came back. One day he asked his question of a frog who splashed down among the grubs into the only world they knew of. The frog told him that there was a beautiful world of dry land beyond the pool utterly unlike such a dull dark slimy place as that and the grubs went there when they climbed up the bulrushes. The grub could not believe it but the frog assured him it was so and that while on dry land himself he had watched a grub just like his questioner laboriously and painfully climb up a stalk and fix himself near the top in the sunlight. There he rested until his skin, dried in the heat, cracked from end to end. Then a strange thing happened. Through the gap in the skin could be seen something light and shimmering. It shook itself, as if awaking from a dream, and at last shook itself free of the dry bands of skin. Then it spread beautiful large gauzy wings and rose and the frog saw it no more—saw nothing but the empty skin. The grub listened wonderingly and doubtfully. It repeated the story to other grubs, who were also incredulous, but admitted that there was mystery in these departures. They obtained a promise from a grub, who was just about setting out on the fatal journey up a bulrush that if he could come back and tell them what happened to him, he certainly would. His old companions looked for him anxiously but he never came back. So, one after another went the same way, but none returned to satisfy the curiosity of the grub who had listened to the frog and did not know whether to believe or not. But when one day his limbs grew sluggish and he felt restless and uneasy and oppressed, he felt irresistibly impelled to climb the bulrush himself as he had seen so many of his fellows do. Then he knew the change, but not till then.

CALLING IN THE CHILDREN.

(*Continued from first page.*

ng only a small house, received the school into their home for more than a year; but about a year ago they erected a tabernacle, made of muslin, supported by wooden posts, plainly seated, with earth for a floor, and warmed in cold weather by a large stove. On the occasion of the recent picnic-convention, the crowd was at times larger than could be accommodated in the tabernacle. They therefore met in a grove. Grouped in the picture are a number of Sunday School workers of this and other schools, some having come over a dozen miles. This school has a very needy and large field. Through it I have from time to time supplied the poor with Bibles and Testaments, and a great amount of Sunday School literature; and Gospel books, tracts, etc., have been scattered far and wide, and these have been received with gladness. The number of conversions has been considerable, and their genuineness has been attested in the changed lives of the living and the triumphant departure of the dying. The school is doing a very important and greatly needed work, not only for the people in its immediate neighborhood, but for miles away. Will not THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers pray for the devoted workers, for they have many difficulties, and much wickedness to encounter, and the field is "white unto the harvest?"

Another gathering which he attended "represented fourteen schools. The exercises were devotional, encouraging and instructive. Some features of the gathering were in the nature of a convention, as the speeches and plans looked to increasing the efficiency of the work, and extending it in the different townships of the county. The attendance was about 2,500.

"From there I sent out appointments for the following Sunday. One of these appointments was at a school-house in a district where there is great indifference, and the people are illiterate. After an address and the distribution of gospel literature, I conversed with the people. They seemed to be stirred afresh to the importance of keeping up their school, which they had allowed to go down. They asked me to send them another appointment, which I hope to do, because it will result in much good.

"From there I drove west across the Grand Chariton—a river flowing from north to south through north Missouri—to a part of the country where I had organized schools in different districts in small school-houses some years ago, and where no church-house had been erected. God be praised for a great change in those neighborhoods! Recently two very neat and comfortable churches have been built, about four miles apart, furnishing ample room for regular preaching and Sunday Schools in thickly settled communities.

"The man at whose house I lodged that night, said, 'Bro. Sharp, I was converted through hearing you speak at M——(a school house) six years ago,' and his wife said, 'I longed to come out (on the Lord's side) at that time.' Some time afterwards both husband and wife became known as out-and-out Christians and Sunday School workers. They have six children, the oldest probably not over eighteen years, all boys, and bright fellows, whom they are bringing up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Six years had passed before I saw this precious fruit. These parents were strangers to me at that time. I therefore go on gladly in the work the Lord has given me to do, praising him for the blessings he allows me to see, and trusting that I shall see far more when the reaping time shall come."

Concerning another Sunday School, he writes:

"Rutledge is a station in Scotland County, Mo., which has grown into a village since the recent construction of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad through that county. Soon after the village was located, I went there to organize a Sunday School. There being neither church nor school-house in the place, I organized in an implement warehouse—a plain barn-like-structure, but large enough to hold the people. The school lived and prospered, and is now conducted in a beautiful and comfortable church-house since erected. On a recent visit when I addressed the school and preached, the house was well filled, the workers seemed earnest and intelligent, and the singing was delightful, both in its volume and harmony. The village is situated in a beautiful and fertile country, which has an industrious and prosperous population. The town is increasing in business and numbers, so that the importance of having planted a Sunday School early in its history is very manifest.

"From another county I have received recent information of an entire township in which there are four school-houses, but neither Sunday School nor regular preaching. A well-known and very reliable minister of the Gospel tells me that in visiting that section of the country, he was at the house of a married woman whom he had known in her girlhood. She told him she had not heard a sermon since she moved to that community *eleven years ago!* For her own sake, and for the sake of her children, she was anxious to have a Sunday School organized which they may attend. It is my purpose soon to explore that portion of the country, preach to the people, visit them from house to house, and plant as many Sunday Schools as may be needed."

Many persons have the impression that this frontier work, among scattered farm communities, poor people and sod houses, is a simple matter. This is a great mistake. While deep points in theology, Greek and Hebrew are all but useless, a wide range of ability is essential to success. The missionary must be ready at any moment to address, interest and instruct any kind of a congregation—children, cowboys, cultured church-going town people, or others. Frequently on Sunday he drives from ten to thirty miles, addressing three meetings, no two congregations alike. Not only this, but usually he can know little or nothing of what his audience will be till he faces them from the platform. The missionary needs, besides a vast fund of information, tact, readiness for any emergency and grace. These accomplishments must be rapidly and constantly portable by plain, dirt or mud roads, in all kinds of weather, hot winds or blizzards, drouth or flood. Twenty, thirty or forty miles a day in blazing sun, snowstorm or mud is not a trifle, but appointments must frequently be made weeks in advance, and kept if at all possible. Heroes for God indeed are these missionaries and humble followers on the frontier.

Contributions for the continuance of this work during the remainder of the present season are greatly needed. Already many of our readers who have taken an active interest in Mr. Sharp's missionary labors have forwarded their offerings, and nearly $500 of a total of $700 required have been received and acknowledged, leaving a balance of about $200 necessary for the support of the work. We trust that others among our readers, who have the spiritual welfare of the unevangelized little ones of the Southwest at heart, will also co-operate in this effort to introduce the Gospel, and raise the standard of salvation in those neglected districts.

> Those truants from home and from heaven,
> They make us more humble and mild;
> We know now how Jesus could liken
> The Kingdom of Heaven to a child.

All sums contributed for this purpose will be promptly acknowledged in these columns. The following have been received within the last two weeks:

Mrs. N. C. ——, Minda, N. Y., $1; Mm. Marshall, Rutland, Ill., $1; Centreville Beverly, Mass, $5; F. R., Emerson, Ill., $10 One whom Jesus loves, $3; Dan'l Drummond, $2; M. M.M., Chicago, $1; ——, East Shelburne, $1; Mrs. B. Filer, Rochester, N. Y., $1; Mrs. M. J. Miller, Petaluma, Cal, $2; Mary Pratt, P'ville, Cal., $1; Subscriber, Mass., $1; Mrs. Jesse W. Flesher, St. Louis, Mo., $2; W. H. Campbell, Fonda, N. Y., $3. Total, $34. Previously acknowledged, $456.50. Total to date, $490.50.

"Marion Harland" off To the Holy Land.

The Famous Author to Study Home Life in Palestine For "Christian Herald" Readers. What She Expects to Do and to Write.

THERE is probably no woman in America at the present day so well known or so generally beloved as "Marion Harland," the graceful and brilliant author of many books that have endeared her name to English-speaking people everywhere and made it a household word throughout the Union. Mrs. Mary Virginia Terhune (as she is in private life) sailed last week in the steamship *New York* for London, whence she will proceed to the East, to undertake a task such as no American woman has yet attempted. It is a journey that calls for singular courage and high ability as essential to success, and "Marion Harland" fortunately possesses both.

"MARION HARLAND" (MRS. M. V. TERHUNE),
The Famous Author, now on her way to Palestine for "The Christian Herald."

From London she will go to Scotland for a few days, and then to Paris, Florence, Rome and Naples. From Brindisi she goes by steamer to Alexandria, and thence to Jaffa, by the way of the Red Sea. From that city, under the escort of David Jamal, the most famous of Syrian dragomen, who was the guide of Dean Stanley, the Duke of Edinburgh and Dr. Talmage in Palestine, she will set out on a tour of the Holy Land. Discarding conventional routes, and unaccompanied by any attendants other than her son, Albert Payson Terhune (a student of twenty), her dragoman and her maid, she will journey camel-back across the valleys and along the mountain slopes of Palestine, halting at every point of interest, and gaining an insight into the life and customs of the people by actual observation and personal contact. Her time will be devoted not to visiting those places to which the great army of tourists and pilgrims constantly flock, and with which the writings of innumerable travelers have made everyone familiar, but rather in studying the home-life of the land that gave birth to the Saviour of men, and which in almost every respect is precisely the same to-day as when Jesus sojourned on earth.

Few pilgrims have set out with higher enthusiasm on a journey of 20,000 miles than "Marion Harland" has done. When, several weeks ago, it was suggested by the proprietor of this journal that she should go to the Holy Land and write her experience there for the benefit of CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, she very heartily entered into the project, declaring that it had been "the dream of her life" to make such a journey. Among the many attractive topics which she will describe in her weekly letters to be published in these columns are: A Christmas at Bethlehem, a wedding at Cana, housekeeping in Bethany, a sail on Lake Galilee, a week in Nazareth, a funeral at Nain, a woman's life in Palestine from the day she is born to the day of her death. She will tell American mothers how Oriental housewives conduct their homes, and how their children are trained, cared for and educated. Bethlehem's pearl-workers, the harems and bazars of "Damascus the beautiful," gloomy Gethsemane, the Monks of Mar Saba (the oldest convent in the world), the lepers, beggars, fortune-tellers, musicians and slaves of the Orient, the Druse solitaries of Mount Carmel and the nomad Bedouins of the desert will all receive illumination from her gifted pen. Moreover, these letters will be doubly attractive, since they will be abundantly illustrated by photographs taken by the lady herself expressly for this paper.

Mrs. Mary Virginia Terhune, whose portrait appears on this page, is a native of Massachusetts, and the wife of Rev. Edward Payson Terhune, a Presbyterian clergyman. She is a most prolific and successful author and editor, and has achieved an international fame under the *nom de plume* of "Marion Harland." Her books are so well known that they hardly need recapitulation here, the principal works being "Miriam," "The Christmas Holly," "At Last," "Eve's Daughters," "Judith," "A Gallant Fight," "Our Daughters and What Shall We Do With Them?" and "Loitering in Pleasant Paths," besides which she has produced nearly a score of other volumes, all of an elevating and instructive character, the whole forming a list such as no other distinguished female author in America, and very few in Europe, have equalled either in graphic intensity of interest or quality of literary style. For several months prior to her departure for Palestine she was engaged in the preparation of a new and fascinating serial story for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, entitled "The Royal Road," the opening chapters of which will soon appear. It is a masterpiece of dramatic narrative and description and will possess a special interest for all who are striving to make progress in the Christian life.

THE CRUELTIES OF HEATHENISM

A VIVID description of an occurrence deplorably common in Central Africa and often without the mitigating circumstances of this case, appears in *The Church at Home and Abroad*. "One moonless night," says the writer, "the Angoni swooped down on the innocent Waronde and before morning swept the village of Kayume out of existence. A warrior posted himself at every door to slay every man and boy as they rushed out. The captives, consisting of some three hundred women and girls, were tied together and coopped up like sheep, while the warriors feasted on the stores of food and drink. When the news reached the African Lakes Company's fort of Karonga, three hours distant, two of the Scotch workmen organized a rescue party. The surprised Angoni, unable to escape with both the women and the booty, began to spear the crowd of helpless victims, and no small number were butchered before the rescuers were able to drive them off. The Angoni soon fled in confusion, and were pursued for a time by the Scotchmen who, however, soon returned to do what they could for the miserable captives. A few days afterward Dr. Cross, the Livingstonia medical missionary, reached the place to tend the wounded and dying. All the survivors had fled to the reeds on the lake shore, where they were starving. Led by one of them, the brave surgeon crawled for hours on hands and knees among the reeds, seeking the wounded where they lay. He dressed the wounds of forty-seven who yet survived. One man had seventeen spear wounds; a child of two year shad seven. Numbers of young girls, and even infants at the breast, had two or three spear wounds. The list of the dead consisted of twenty-nine men, about a hundred women, thirty-two girls, and sixteen boys, while the Angoni raiders lost thirty dead and carried off their wounded."

WHEN WRITING TO THIS OFFICE

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BACK FROM AFRICA

Mr. Julius Abroe, of Perkins, Iowa, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that the Sessions family, who a little over a year ago went to Africa to found a mission on the Congo, have returned to the United States. Myrtle Perry, who was with them in the "Dark Continent," has also returned, and is at the home of her parents. Two members of the family lie buried on the banks of the African river, victims of the fatal fever peculiar to that country.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. de Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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Letters should be addressed

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF SEXTONS.

A SEXTON, like a poet, is born. A church, in order to peace and success, needs the right kind of a man at the prow, and the right kind at the stern—that is, a good minister and a good sexton. So far as we have observed, there are various kinds. The fidgety sexton. He is never still. His being in any one place proves to him that he ought to be in some other. In the most intense part of the service, every ear alert to the truth, the minister at the very climax of his subject, the fidgety official starts up the aisle. The whole congregation instantly turn from the consideration of judgment and eternity to see what the sexton wants. The minister looks, the elders look, the people get up in the gallery to look. It is left in universal doubt as to why the sexton frisked about at just that moment. He must have seen a fly on the opposite side of the church wall that needed to be driven off before it spoiled the fresco, or he may have suspicion that a rat-terrier is in one of the pews by the pulpit, from the fact that he saw two or three children laughing. Now, there is nothing more perplexing than a dog-chase during religious service. Give my love to the sexton, and tell him never to chase a dog in religious service. Better let it alone.

The lazy sexton does not lead the stranger to the pew, but goes a little way on the aisle, and points, saying, "Out yonder!" You leave the photograph of your back in the dust of the seat you occupy; the air is in an atmospheric hash of what was left over last Sunday. Lack of oxygen will dull the best sermon, and clip the wings of gladdest song, and stupefy an audience. People go out from the poisoned air of our churches to die of pneumonia. What a sin, when there is so much fresh air, to let people perish for lack of it! The churches are the worst ventilated buildings on the continent. No amount of grace can make stale air sacred. "The prince of the power of the air" wants nothing but poisoned air for the churches. After audiences have assembled, and their cheeks are flushed, and their respiration has become painful, it is too late to change it. Open a window or door now, [illegible] man's bald head, and the back of the neck of that delicate woman, and you send off hundreds of people coughing and sneezing. One reason why the Sabbaths are so wide apart is that every church building may have six days of atmospheric purification.

The good sexton is the minister's blessing, the church's joy, a harbinger of the millennium. People come to church to have him help them up the aisle. He wears slippers. He stands or sits at the end of the church during an impressive discourse, and feels that, though he did not furnish the ideas, he at least furnished the wind necessary in preaching it. He has a quick nostril to detect unconsecrated odors, and puts the man who eats garlic on the back seat in the corner. He does not regulate the heat by a broken thermometer, minus the mercury. He has the window-blinds arranged just right—the light not too glaring so as to show the freckles, nor too dark so as to cast a gloom, but a subdued light that makes the plainest face attractive. He rings the bell merrily for Christmas festival, and tolls it sadly for the departed. He has real pity for the bereaved in whose house he goes for the purpose of burying their dead—not giving by cold, professional manner the impression that his sympathy for the troubled is overpowered by the joy that he has in selling another coffin. He forgets not his own soul; and though his place is to stand at the door of the ark, it is surely inside of it. After a while, a Sabbath comes when everything is wrong in church; the air is impure, the furnaces fail in their work, and the eyes of the people are blinded with an unpleasant glare. Everybody asks, "Where is our old sexton?" Alas! he will never come again. He has gone to join Obed-edom and Berechiah, the doorkeepers of the ancient ark. He will never again take the dusting-whisk from the closet under the church stairs, for it is now with him "Dust to dust."

DO GOOD NOW.

THE prospect of a reformation in the next world is more improbable than a reformation here. In this world, life starts with innocence of infancy. Surely, it is easier to build a ship out of new timber than out of an old hulk that has been ground up in the breakers. If with innocence to start with in this life a man does not become godly, what prospect is there that in the next world, starting with sin, there would be a seraph evoluted? The sculptor has more prospect of making a fine statue out of a block of pure white Parian marble, than out of an old black rock seamed and cracked with the storms of a half century. Surely upon a clean, white sheet of paper it is easier to write a deed or a will than upon a sheet of paper all scribbled and blotted and torn from top to bottom. Yet men seem to think that, though the life that began here comparatively perfect turned out badly, the next life will succeed, though it starts with a dead failure.

Do you know what made the ancient deluge a necessity? It was the longevity of the antediluvians. They were worse in the second century of their lifetime than in the first hundred years, and still worse in the third century, and still worse all the way on to seven, eight, and nine hundred years, and the earth had to be washed, and scrubbed, and soaked, and anchored, clear out of sight, for more than a month before it could be made fit for decent people to live in. Longevity never cures impenitency. All the pictures of Time represent him with a scythe to cut, but we never saw any picture of Time with a case of medicines to heal. Seneca says that Nero for the first five years of his public life was set up for an example of clemency and kindness, but his path all the way descended until at sixty-eight he became a suicide. If eight hundred years did not make antediluvians any better, but only made them worse, the ages of eternity could have no effect except prolongation of depravity.

If, after the Gospel ship has lain at anchor before our eyes for years and years, and all the benign voices of earth and heaven have urged us to get on board, as she might sail away at any moment, and after awhile she sails away without us, is it common sense to expect her to come back? You might as well go out on the Highlands at Neversink and call to the *New York* after she has been three days out, and expect her to return, as to call back an opportunity for heaven when it once has sped away. All heaven offered as a gratuity, and for a life-time we refuse to take it, and then rush on the bosses of Jehovah's buckler demanding another chance. There ought to be, there can be, there will be no such thing as posthumous opportunity. Thus, our common-sense agrees with my text—"If the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be."

OUR MAIL-BAG.

I. M. Welch, Benton, Kan. "In reply to the question of 'Subscriber,' Farmingham, Mass: It was at the battle of Pittsburg Landing, Tenn., that 'ten thousand soldiers lay under the river banks and let the other soldiers do the fighting,' April 6th and 7th, 1862. Most of them, however, were got into line during the night of the 6th and morning of the 7th, and did good service on the 7th."

William T. Brady, Highwoods. What was the meaning of "S.P.Q.R." on the Roman standards?

They were the initials of the words "Senatus Populus Qui Romanus" (The Senate and People of Rome), and were adopted on the standards shortly after Rome became a Republic.

Mrs. M. L. Herndon, Silver Hill, Mo. Will you or any of your readers please tell me who the missionary was who visited the little boy spoken of in the verses beginning:

Into the tent where a gipsy boy lay,
Dying alone at the close of the day,
News of salvation we carried—said he
"Nobody ever has told it to me."

Subscriber, Rogersville, O. Is it a sin to have the fortune told?

Sorcery, witchcraft, enchantment and divination are classed in Scripture as among the forbidden indulgences. See Jer. 27: 9; Rev. 21: 8; Deut. 18: 10; Ezek. 23: 23; and other similar passages. Our duty lies in the present. The future belongs to God alone.

John H. Oliphant, Birmingham, N. J. What kind of a mark did the Lord put upon Cain?

The words have been interpreted as meaning that the Lord "gave a sign" to Cain, very much as signs were given to Noah later. The nature of the sign or mark is uncertain. It may have been recognized by Cain alone, or may have been visible to others.

H. M. Waller, Williamsburg, Va. Does Luke 20: 34-38 teach that only the righteous are raised from the dead?

It teaches the same truth that is taught in Rev. 20: 5, 6 and other passages, that there is to be a resurrection from among the dead which will take place a thousand years before the general resurrection. The seer said that it would be the privilege of the blessed and holy to be among those thus raised, and Paul expresses the hope that he would be accounted worthy to attain it. (Phil. 3: 11.)

John Gurner, Longville, Mass. What is meant in 1. Corinthians 3. 15, by suffering loss and being saved by fire?

That the man whose work was not of genuine character, who had been seeking worldly gain and popularity and not trying to win and build up souls, would lose the reward that Paul had been speaking of, which would be given to the preacher who built on the foundation of Christ, "gold, silver, and precious stones." This man's work he likens to wood and stubble which would not stand the day of judgment. His soul would be saved, but he would miss the reward promised to the faithful worker.

Charles W. Stone, Nuevo, Cal. 1. Is the idea that this earth is to be the abode of the saved throughout eternity taught in Ezekiel 37: 25; Rev. 5: 10, etc? 2. What is meant by the words in 1. Timothy 4: 10: "Saviour of all men especially of them that believe"?

1. The passage in Ezekiel is generally understood as promising a perpetual kingdom in the same way as the word forever might be used now, when we speak of some substantial structure as being built to last forever. The passage in Revelation refers to the millennium when Christ will reign for a thousand years. While many have inferred from certain passages of Scripture that the world will after being purified by fire become the abode of the saved, it is nowhere directly stated that it will be so. It may be; but the question is merely speculative. 2. That God's love goes out to all men, preserving them and sustaining life and that he is ready to save all eternally who seek salvation; but he is especially a Saviour to those who believe in Christ to eternal life. It is as though you spoke of some clergyman as being the pastor of his congregation but especially the pastor of the members of his church.

J. Pressley Barrett, Norfolk Va. Is the Christ of God able to cleanse us, but unable to keep us from sin? etc.

God does not deal with us as automatons. That he could keep us from committing sin, no one disputes; but as a matter of fact, he does not. The man does not live who does not commit sin. If he is a child of God he deplores it, repents of it, and strives to keep from it in the future, and beseeches God to keep him from falling. Sometimes he is brought to this condition by God's discipline: God interferes to prevent him continuing in sin and brings him back to himself by a road of sorrow and suffering. No child of God will say, "May I commit a sin a day or one sin an hour?" He will be anxious to avoid it and not to regard it as a privilege.

E. R. McGregor, Aurora, Mo. 1. Why was the Jew allowed to sell food to an alien that he was forbidden to eat himself as mentioned Deut. 14: 21? 2. How did the king of Babylon know that the being he saw in the furnace looked like the Son of God? 3. Was your answer about Spitzbergen's longest day on Sept. 6, correct? 4. Can a person join the Epworth League if he is an active member of a Christian Endeavor or B. Y. P. U?

1. The dietary laws applied to the Jews only. Aliens not being under the law might eat such food. As they had not the privilege of the Jews, they were free from the restrictions of the Jews. 2. He probably used the words as expressive of majesty and glory superhuman. 3. No. By a compositor's error, which escaped detection, the word hours was printed as months. 4. We are not sure that he would be eligible, but in any case, active membership in one such society is sufficient for anyone. A division of energy generally involves waste. He would do well either to be satisfied with his active membership, or resign it before joining another society.

Mrs. Henrietta E. Young, Salt Point, N. Y. Below is a leaflet concerning which I desire information. About what time could Napoleon have taken those MSS.?

> The following epistle was taken by Napoleon from the public records of Rome, when he deprived that city of so many valuable manuscripts. It purports to have been written at the time and on the spot where Jesus Christ commenced his ministry, by Publius Lentellus, the Governor of Judea, to the Senate of Rome, Cæsar Emperor. It was the custom in those days for the Governor to write home any event of importance that transpired while he held office:
>
> "CONSTANT FATHERS:—There appeared in these old days a man named Jesus Christ, who is yet living among us, and of the Gentiles is accepted as a prophet of great truth; but his own disciples call him the Son of God. He hath raised the dead, cured all manner of diseases. He is a man of stature somewhat tall and comely, with a very ruddy countenance, such as a beholder may both love and fear. His hair is the color of the filbert when fully ripe plain to the ears, whence downward it is more orient of color, curling and waving about his shoulders; in the middle of his head there is a seam or partition of long hair, after the manner of the Nazarites. His forehead is plain and delicate; his face without spot or wrinkle; beautified by a comely red; his nose and mouth are exactly formed; his beard is the color of his hair, and thick, not of any great length, but forked. In reproving he is terrible; in admonishing courteous; in speaking, very modest and wise; proportion of body, well shaped. None have seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep. A man for his surpassing beauty, excelling the children of man."

The story is apocryphal; there is no well-authenticated evidence that any such MS. ever existed among the public records of Rome.

Subscriber, Blyth, Ont. Queen Victoria's maiden name is Alexandrina Victoria. Her intimate friends when addressing her call her "Your Majesty."—Nellie Salisbury, St. Louis. It is an old secular song of the war days, and can be found in almost any collection.—Constant Reader, Monaqua, Ill. They are generally regarded as unhealthy, except for those born there. Educational facilities are meagre.—Subscriber, Pa. His address is Mr. George Muller, Ashley Down, Bristol, England.—Henry R. De Witt, Glasco, N.Y. Write to Librarian Law Library, New York.—Alice M. Roe, Greenville, N. Y. We have so many applications of this character that we are compelled to decline.—I. C. Sargent, Poynette, Wis. Many attempts have been made, by clerical and other authors, to identify them but the question is still as speculative as ever.—Constant Reader, Reedsburg, Pa. We cannot do what you ask.—Reader, Washington, D. C. 1. The poem was based on a tradition or legend. The lieutenant also is supposed to have perished. 2. Write to Mrs. Whittemore, "The Door of Hope," 101 E. 61st St., N. Y., for leaflets containing the story of "Blue Bird." 3. We don't know whether the book you mention has been translated or not. 4. Three subscriptions to The Christian Herald at one time will entitle you to a free copy in lieu of agent's commission. 5. Any purchases made on Sunday ought to be limited strictly to articles of necessity. We don't [illegible] in this category.—S. M. Charles Ocean Park, L. I., has received from Mr. H. H. Colbert, the entire words of the Anniversary Hymn of the Mackinaw Street Baptist Sunday School, recently published in The Christian Herald.—Maria G. Johnston, Higley, Fla. Write to Biglow & Main, Music Publishers, N. Y.—D. S. Herman, Chicago. 1. At the nearest prison or missionary they would be appreciated. 2. Apply to the Bible Institute, Chicago, for advice in connection with local Christian work.—Subscriber, Boudrine, Va. 1. The number cannot be given. 2. Their history can be found in almost any encyclopedia to be [illegible] in a public library.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE MENACED GARRISON.

OMINOUS news comes from Mashonaland, Africa, of the advancing horde of Matabeles upon the little garrison of Fort Victoria. The origin of the trouble, and the character of the Matabele assailants were described in this journal on September 27. Later news confirms the reports then received as to the gravity of the situation. A force estimated at fully ten thousand warriors, eager to win by slaughter their seats in the council of their nation, was marching toward Fort Victoria. They were evidently intending to massacre its defenders. No such numbers and no such equipment as they have would be needed for one of their customary raids on the Mashonas. The garrison of the Fort has been reinforced by all the troops that could be spared from Cape Colony, and now numbers about seven hundred men. Two regiments, under the command of Sir Frederick Carrington, have been sent out from England to the help of the garrison, which will raise the number to nearly three thousand; but it is unlikely that they will reach the field of action in time to take part in the first engagement.

Dr. Jameson, who is in charge of the defence, pending the arrival of Colonel Carrington, is reported to be a shrewd, capable man who knows the country and people thoroughly. He believes that the fort can be defended against open attack, even by so large a force as the Matabeles are sending against it, providing the enemy will fight in the open. The Maxim guns in the fort will do deadly execution on the Matabeles armed only with assegais. Experience has proved, however, that the Zulus, of whom the Matabeles are the most warlike branch, are too shrewd to make a direct attack, and that they are more likely to quietly surround the fort and attack it secretly. They are adepts at night surprises and will probably endeavor to set it on fire. Acute suspense is felt in South Africa and news is anxiously awaited. It is stated that the native tribes, including the Zulus, are in hearty sympathy with the garrison of the fort, all of them having at one time or another suffered at the hands of the Matabeles, who live wholly by war and robbery. They have steadily resisted all attempts to do missionary work among them, so that there is no hope of a peaceful solution of the trouble. To them more than any other people the wise king's words apply, "Even the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." (Prov. 12: 10).

THE GARRISON OF FORT VICTORIA AWAITING THE ATTACK OF THE MATABELES.

A Dangerous Associate.

A lady who has had a painful experience with sickness in her family, was walking in Central Park, New York, a few days ago, when her attention was arrested by the appearance of a man, whose face was disfigured by unsightly blotches, sitting on a seat near the entrance. A nurse girl was sitting on the same seat, with an infant in her arms and several children were playing around. The lady felt convinced from the man's appearance that he was suffering from small-pox in its early stage, and she was horrified at the danger those about him were were incurring. She beckoned them away, but could not make them understand their peril. Then she went to the entrance to the park to await the passing of some vehicle that looked like a doctor's carriage. One soon came in sight and she hailed it and was glad to find that its occupant was a physician. She told him her suspicions and he drove past the suspected man. He at once pronounced the case one of small-pox and bade the policeman on the beat call an ambulance, in which the patient was taken to the receiving hospital. He said that he did not know what his disease was, but had felt sick for some days and had that morning gone to a hospital for treatment, but as it would not be open for the examination of patients for two hours, he went to the park to pass away the time. He was guiltless of any intention of imperilling the health of others and the children did not realize their danger, but the mischief may have been done, all the same. It is so with the moral lepers that are to be found in society. Mere association of the morally corrupt with the innocent and unsuspicious often works injury to the latter, though on neither side is any evil intent. As the Apostle warns us, "Evil company corrupts good manners." (1.Cor. 15: 33, R. V.)

Arrested at the Prison Gate.

A much disappointed man was admitted to prison at Avon, N.Y., on Oct. 11. Two years ago he was arrested for murder and was tried and convicted. He was sentenced to imprisonment for life. He has served since that time in the prison at Auburn, N.Y. Recently he learned that efforts were being made to secure his pardon. A few days afterward, to his intense delight, he was called to the warden's room and informed that Governor Flower had signed his pardon and he was at liberty to depart. He lost no time in availing himself of the permission, but as he emerged from the prison gates, his countenance beaming with joy, he was confronted with a sheriff. The officer had heard of the pardon being signed, and remembered that he had a warrant against the man for burglary committed about the same time as the murder. It had never been served, as the man had already been sentenced to imprisonment for life. Now, however, that he was about to be released, the sheriff determined to act upon the warrant, and the man was arrested and committed for trial. His disappointment was pitiable, as he had been so greatly elated by his release. No such calamity can happen to those whom God forgives for Christ's sake. Although the pardoned man laments and deplores the sins of his past, he has full assurance that all his sins are blotted out by the blood of Christ. (Rom. 8: 33.)

The Telephone at Sea.

The welcome news is published that the Lighthouse Board has succeeded in its efforts to connect lighthouses and light ships with the life-saving stations by telephone. For several years experiments have been carried on under directions of the Board with this object, but until now, without success. The details of the plan which has accomplished the object have not yet been communicated to the press, but it is known that the core of the telephone wire is to be attached to the iron cable which holds the ship to its anchors and thus a circuit is established. It is believed that the discovery of the system will save many lives and many thousands of dollars worth of property every year. The chief benefit is expected to be attained at Nantucket Shoals, where so many wrecks have taken place, that they have been called "the graveyard of American shipping." The lightship there, is thirty miles from shore, but the Board expects no difficulty in establishing telephonic communication with it. If this can be done, many ships may be saved from wreck, for vessels are often seen from the lightship to be in danger, a long time before the actual catastrophe occurs. The men on the lightship can do nothing themselves to avert the catastrophe, but if they are provided with a telephone they can telephone to the life-saving station from which relief-vessels can be sent in aid of the imperilled vessel in time to save her from wreck. Perhaps some moral and spiritual wrecks might be averted, if a similar effort was made by those who first perceive the impending danger. Sometimes it is beyond the power of man to afford succor, but God's ear is ever open to appeals for help in such cases. (1.Samuel 12: 23).

A Lost Identity.

A mysterious disappearance which has puzzled a Kansas community for three years has just been discovered, but not accounted for. It was that of a wealthy man who had lived for many years at El Dorado. The Kansas City *Star* says that he owned several farms and had a fortune in bonds. He was County Treasurer and had served several terms. His sole amusement was fishing, of which he was very fond. Whenever he felt the need of recreation, he would look up two political friends, whose influence, like his own, was potent in State affairs, and with them would go for a day's fishing on the Walnut River. Three years ago he told his wife and family he was going for a three weeks' camping trip. He put some cooking utensils into his wagon with a quantity of food, his tent, rifle and shot-gun, and drove away. He never returned. After four or five weeks an organized search which cost several thousands of dollars was made for him. It extended to the Flint Hills, twenty miles away, and all the surrounding district, but not the slightest trace of him was found. Advertisements fully describing him were published far and near, and from time to time answers were received from persons who thought they had seen him, but in every instance they were found to have been mistaken. After a year, all hope of seeing him again was abandoned. It was supposed that he had been murdered or accidentally killed. His estate was probated and his accounts were perfectly straight. He had held some very large sums in trust, but the amounts were all accounted for and properly invested. There was no trouble in settling the estate and the property was divided according to law. Nothing was heard of him until a few weeks ago. It is now learned that he went from El Dorado to Parsons, where he applied for work as a farm-hand. He was employed, and although he had done no manual labor for over twelve years, he gave perfect satisfaction. He labored hard and lived frugally. He read the accounts of his own disappearance, knew of the grief of his family and friends, and of the efforts being made to find him, but made no sign. Early this year his health began to fail and recently he became seriously ill. When informed, at last, that death was near, he revealed his identity and instructed his new friends to write to his wife, when he was dead, and tell her of the fact. This was done and she identified his remains, but has found no clue to his motive among his effects. The discovery only deepens the mystery. Why a man of wealth and position, apparently enjoying life, should lay aside riches and station to become a farm-hand is incomprehensible. All realize that whatever his motive may have been, it must have been a very strong one to have impelled him to so great a sacrifice. It is much to be wished that there was a similar appreciation of the depth of love and infinite compassion that must have filled the heart of Christ when he took upon him the form of a servant and became obedient unto death. (Phil. 2: 7.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Bible has been translated into 187 of the leading languages, which are spoken by about 600,000,000 people, less than half of the population of the globe.

Mr. E. P. Telford has commenced his work in England with a special mission in Nottingham, to continue for three weeks. The Sunday services will be held in the Albert Hall, which holds 2,500 people, and it is proposed to hold the week-night meetings in the churches in several sections of the town.

Congregational ministers throughout the country are requested to make Sunday, Nov. 12, foreign missionary day, and appeal to their churches for funds to maintain and extend the work of the American Board in foreign lands.

At the recent meeting of the Board of managers of the American Bible Society, grants of Bibles and portions to the value of $1,048 were made. Some of these are for colportage work in Yucatan, Venezuela and Colombia. The issues from the Bible House last month aggregated 89,169 volumes.

At the recent meeting of the Friends of the Indian at Lake Mohonk, N. Y., it was stated as an evidence of the independence and thrift of the Indian, that nearly five hundred of the students of the Carlisle Seminary had visited the World's Fair, paying their expenses with money saved from their own earnings.

Dr. Benjamin Labaree the famous missionary to Persia who is now in New York, believes that the alarmist reports of danger to American missionaries in Persia which have appeared in the daily press are somewhat exaggerated. There is always danger to missionaries in that land from the lower classes, but the intelligent Moslems frown on any acts of violence.

At the meeting of the American Board at Worcester, Mass., it was decided to appoint Rev. W. R. Noyes as one of the Board's missionaries to Japan. Mr. Noyes is the missionary whose appointment was recently revoked by the Prudential Committee. The vote on the appointment stood 106 to 24. Dr. Joseph Cook, Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, Dr. E. P. Goodwin and Dr. William E. Parke were among the most vigorous opponents of the appointment.

The advantages of advanced Normal study are engaging the attention of the Sunday School workers of New York. The State Executive Committee has taken up the subject, and through its committee on Normal study proposes to vigorously push this branch of work. Diplomas signed by the State officers will be issued to all who pass the required examination. Those desiring to enroll as candidates for diplomas and those seeking further information are invited to communicate with Timothy Hough, Syracuse, N. Y., or E. W. Hawley, 29 Park Row, New York City.

Dr. Charles L. Thompson, pastor of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, emphatically denies the statements recently published that the church is in financial difficulties and will soon be sold. Dr. Thompson says that there is not the remotest thought of selling the church property and no cause for such a thought; the last year has been the most prosperous ever enjoyed by the church; the collections have been large, and the income would fully meet the expenses.

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

SAVING FAITH.

Preached last Sunday morning, Oct. 22, 1893, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D.

Text: Acts 16 : 30, 31: *"Sirs, what must I do to be saved? . . . Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."*

THE question of the text was asked by the Philippian jailer, and the answer was given by Paul and Silas, who were his prisoners. The great earthquake which shook the old prison to its deep foundations shook also the stony heart of the stern jailer awakening his fears and leading him to cry out for help in his despair. His first thought is of suicide. Believing that his prisoners had escaped he was in despair, expecting that with his own life he must pay for his supposed neglect of duty. It is altogether likely that the apostle Paul heard his exclamation of alarm and of determination to resort to suicide. The apostles immediately called out, "Do thyself no harm, for we are all here." This command is evermore the blessed injunction of religion. It constantly enjoins men to do no harm to themselves by evil habit, by suicide or in any other way. Christianity is the true friend of every worthy interest of our race. The jailer now understands that his first fear was groundless; for he knows that not one prisoner has escaped although the doors of the prison are wide open. He knows now that the rigor of the Roman law cannot be inflicted on him, as all committed to his charge are in safety. But immediately his thoughts take an entirely new direction, and a still greater fear fills his troubled soul.

The Momentous Question.

Never was a more important question asked than the jailer's; never was a more precious answer given than that of the apostles. But plain as is this reply it is not easy for all men to understand its meaning. The plainest and highest things of life are often difficult of explanation. It is not easy to explain to a man born blind the splendor and glory of the sunlight. We may be sure that if ever there was a time when the apostle Paul wished to put a volume of meaning into one sentence it was at this moment; we may be sure that he has here given us the very marrow of the Gospel. Think of this strange scene. The darkness, confusion and dismay, the wild cry of the jailer, and the calm, sweet, divine answer of the apostles! This jailer is starving; the apostles give him the bread of life. He is consciously sinful; they tell him of an Almighty Saviour; he is dying; they offer him eternal life. Not a moment is to be lost on their part; they must give the truth in its plainest, simplest, and speediest form. What did the apostles mean by the command given to the jailer? They demand of him not "doing;" they insist upon simple faith or trust; faith in the person of the Lord Jesus Christ. May God help my tongue to make very plain the answer to the jailer's question, and your hearts fully to receive the truth!

The Succinct Answer.

In the first place, let me call attention to the act of saving faith—"believe." Both in the Greek and in the English tongues this is a suggestive and beautiful word. Some have supposed, but perhaps incorrectly, that its English form was derived from the Gothic "*belifian*," and that it thus expresses the truth, the doctrine, the principle, by which a person lives, or according to which he conforms his entire life. The latter part of the word is closely connected with leave, lief and love; it suggests the idea of what is dear, pleasing or lovely. The combination of ideas shows that he who is truly believed is truly beloved. When we turn to the Word of God we are able to illustrate its meaning by reference to a number of important passages. We constantly see that the Apostles as well as the Lord repeat this word and emphasize the duty which it commands. They do not tell inquirers to pray, or to cherish good feelings, or to perform acts of devotion. They never advise them to wait for deeper conviction, or for the manifestation of greater penitence. They never tell them to go home to read the Bible, to meditate, or to pray; never to try to make themselves better; but they evermore command them at once, there and then to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. The Apostles here instructed the trembling jailer at once to commit his agitated and guilty soul to the keeping of the Lord Jesus Christ; and they practically assured him that upon his obedience would come complete safety. They assume that he would understand what he was to do, and they command him to do it immediately.

What Is Implied.

The command to believe in this case is substantially similar in the meaning to the command to repent, as it is given by John the Baptist and by our Lord. He who truly repents rightly believes; and he who rightly believes truly repents. All the graces of the Christian life are simultaneous in their origin; they are like the spokes of a wheel, all start at the same moment when the wheel as a whole moves. *Believing is coming to Christ.* Our blessed Lord invited all who labor and are heavy-laden to come unto him. Those who are unconscious of their burden and go with it to his feet, will find immediate and complete deliverance. If Christ were personally and literally in the next room you could only as the result of the decision of your will move your body so as to come into his presence; always the will must decide to go before the body can move. Christ is nearer to us at this moment than if he were in the next room, and they who are willing at this moment to yield themselves to the Lord Jesus as truly as if by their physical eyes they could look into his dear face. *Believing is receiving Christ.* We are distinctly told that "as many as received him to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name." Here believing and receiving are synonymous terms. Salvation is offered without money and without price. You have simply to open your heart and receive the Lord Jesus as your friend and Saviour. He comes to your heart's door. He says, "behold I stand at the door and knock." You have only to rise, draw back the bolt, and admit him as your guest. Do not keep him waiting longer; do not practically command him to depart. If you open the door he will come in and will sup with you and you with him, and he will go no more out forever. Taking him to your heart is receiving him, and receiving him is believing on him as your personal Saviour. In the believing heart he evermore dwells. It is his home, and there he becomes a blessed guest and soon a gracious host.

Reposing Confidence.

Believing is committing all to Christ; it is trusting him with the whole heart. The apostle Paul said, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him." You are about to start to the country for the summer. You have a few valuables which you cannot take with you, and you are afraid to leave them in your home. You, therefore, take them to the Safe Deposit Company's office. You have entire confidence in their trustworthiness. You write your name and the amount of value upon the package. You then give this package over into the hands of the proper representative of this company. You know it will now be safe. The reputation of the company is excellent, and their ability safely to keep all that is committed to them is unquestioned. Your act of committal is an act of trust in their integrity and ability. Jesus Christ is your Safe Deposit Company. You have a soul of inestimable value. It must live when time shall be no more, a soul priceless above rubies and diamonds, a soul for whose redemption Jesus Christ gave his life. He is able to keep it and he asks you to commit it at this moment into his hands. Here and now, in the presence of angels and God, by an act of whole-hearted trust, give him your immortal soul, commit to him all your interests of body, estate, and spirit for time and for eternity. Say just now in the quiet of your heart, "here, Lord Jesus, just as I am I commit myself to thee; wash me, cleanse me, make me thy child, and keep me in time and eternity—Amen." So doing you have committed your soul to the Lord Jesus, so doing you believe in Jesus Christ; and having so done you shall be saved here and hereafter.

Believing is looking—"looking away unto Jesus." We are reminded by this Scripture of the children of Israel in the wilderness when bitten by the fiery serpents. When Moses had placed the serpent of brass upon the pole the people were commanded to look, and so looking they were assured of life. This was a look of trust, of hope, of faith. It was the look which the suffering patient gives to the skillful physician; it was the look which the poor widow who is to be turned out of her humble home gives to the philanthropist who says, "my good woman, dry your tears, fear not the landlord, look to me for the money to pay your rent;" it is

The Look of a Heart

toward God, toward the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world. It is wonderful how simple is this command. Do you say, "but I cannot see?" Stop a moment; you are not asked to see; you are simply commanded to look. Mr. Spurgeon, in referring to this act as descriptive of his own conversion, reminds us that the command in our English tongue consists of only four letters, and two of them alike; look, look, look! Turn thine eyes, O dying Israelite, to this serpent of brass; turn your eyes, O sinner, now to Jesus Christ. You cannot see, but you can at least look, and, thank God, "there is life for a look."

Believing is trusting. Trust is only another and simpler form of the duty taught in the command to believe. Suppose that a man on this street promises to pay the rent of every one on this block who is unable to do it himself, and publishes this offer in the daily newspapers. You hear of it, and give a moment's thought to the kindness of heart which prompts the offer; but yon are able to pay your own rent, and the offer has very little personal relation to you. But misfortunes come, and you are unable to meet your obligations. You are about to be turned out of doors. You remember that kind offer. You go with much humiliation to the philanthropist who made it. You acknowlndge your poverty; you express your sorrow over your helpless condition. He instantly says, "you are just the man

For Whom This Offer Is Made.

Go home, have no further fear, trust me." The moment you exercise this trust your fears are removed; you have believed in him and you are saved from this trying experience and humiliating position. Your faith has saved you. Why cannot men exercise similar faith in God? They trust a human philanthropist. Why cannot they trust Almighty God, the everlasting Father and gracious Redeemer? So far as the act of the mind is concerned, the exercise of faith in God is similar to the exercise of faith in man.

Faith is putting your case into the care of Jesus Christ as your lawyer. The apostle John uses these words, "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." You have a perplexing difficulty with a neighbor. You try to manage it yourself. You become hopelessly entangled in the intricacies of the case. You take it to a skillful lawyer, and you put it entirely into his hands. You have committed it to him, you trust him, you believe in him. He is to be your advocate. Jesust Christ, the righteous, is now your advocate with God. Put the case of your soul with all its sinful entanglements, with all its moral defilements, into the hands of this mighty advocate. He has never lost a case; he never will lose a case. "He is able also to save them to the utmost, that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." He is an advocate who has identified himself with his client; his client's interests are his interests. He is also an advocate who is at home with the judge. In a real sense he is both advocate and judge. He is an advocate who knows and has met all the requirements of the law. Put your case at this moment into his hands; retain him as your advocate. "Retaining" Christ is believing on him.

The Great Physician.

Believing in Christ is trusting him as the patient trusts the skilful physician. You are lying helpless upon your bed of pain. By your side stands a physician who has wrought marvelous cures. He is a man of gracious presence. His very face is a benediction. There is soothing, there is healing in his touch. You cannot but trust him; you do trust him. You say to him, "Here I am, doctor, I give myself unreservedly into your professional care. I shall take whatever you prescribe, and I shall do whatever you command." You have trusted that physician; you have believed on that physician. How simple is this faith! You can trust an earthly physician. Will you refuse to trust the divine physician? Is not Christ the great Physician? Did he not heal the sick, give sight to the blind, and even raise the dead? Will any man be so cold and cruel as to refuse to trust Jesus Christ as the physician for his sinful soul, while he trusts earthly physicians for the cure of his diseased body? Look unto Jesus now for the recovery of your soul as you would to an earthly physician for the healing of your body. O that men with sin-sick souls the world over would commit them to the great Physician, the mighty healer, the loving Redeemer, Jesus Christ!

Reliance on Another.

Notice, the object of saving faith—"The Lord Jesus Christ." We are not to put our faith in anything in ourselves. The element which makes this faith saving faith, is the character of him on whom it rests. True faith is a going out of self; true faith says, "not having mine own righteousness." Self-righteousness is a broken reed on which no one can safely lean. Self-righteousness makes the righteousness of Christ of no avail. As well might a man attempt to quench his thirst with sand as to satisfy the upbraidings of an awakened conscience by his own good deeds. Our faith must not rest in "frames and feelings," and not in works of righteousnessness which we have done. True faith cries out evermore:

> Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
> More than all in thee I find.

If our own goodness apart from Christ Jesus could save us, then the Cross of Calvary was either an unspeakable blunder or an unpardonable cruelty. Saving faith is self-renunciation; it is the resting of the soul on the person of Jesus Christ.

Believing in Christ is more than believing in a system of religious doctrines; it is more than trust in any rites or ordinances of God's house. It is trust in the person of the Lord Jesus Christ; it is

The Appropriation of Christ

as a sovereign medicine, as a remedy for all the evils of sin. It is, in a word, faith in Christ himself. The soul in this act casts itself on Christ alone. It is more even than believing in the promise of Christ for salvation. It has been well said that "the promise is but the cabinet, Christ is the jewel in it which faith embraces; the promise is but the dish, Christ is the food in it which faith feeds on." Faith rejoices in the cross of Christ, but really its joy is in the Christ of the Cross. It rests on Christ crucified, Christ risen, Christ enthroned, Christ glorified. All who have ever been saved were saved by faith in Christ as a personal Saviour. This was the Gospel preached at Eden's gate. Then salvation came from faith in the coming Saviour. This was the Gospel preached to Abraham; he exercised faith in the Christ of promise, and that faith was counted to him for righteousness. The doctrine of a personal Saviour was set forth in all the types and shadows of the old dispensation. Jesus Christ was the substance behind every shadow. To believe on Christ is the substance behind every shadow. To believe on Christ is the grand command of the Gospel. He is the rock on which true believers must evermore rest. He is the theme of our most joyous songs on earth, and he will be the subject of our highest praises forever in heaven.

Immediate Results.

In the last place, we emphasize the result of genuine faith—"thou shalt be saved." This is a blessed result. The salvation offered by the apostles to the jailer was full and free; and not only to him, but to all the members of his household who believed in the Lord Jesus. This faith immediately brought forth fruit in the life of the jailer; it was not a dead but a living faith. It manifested itself in an act of obedience, the act of baptism. It showed itself in acts of kindness to the apostles, whom lately he had treated so cruelly. The same hour of the night he took them perhaps to a fountain or tank, posibly in the court of the house, ancient houses usually enclosed a rectangular reservoir called the "impluvium" for receiving the rain, and washed their stripes. His former cruelty is immediately changed into humanity and tenderness. His was an immediate salvation. As the night closed he was an unbelieving heathen; as the morning dawned he was a baptized Christian. The obedience of baptism followed immediately upon the obedience of faith. His was also a great salvation. This man had formerly been a hard and cruel officer. His government was not accustomed to select tender souls for such employment as his; usu-

ally such positions were given as rewards to old and heroic soldiers. In his intention he was at the moment a self-murderer; his hand was lifted against his own life; in intention his guilt was as great as if he were a suicide. But for the apostle's interposition the dagger in a moment more would have reached his heart; thus the hand of mercy stopped him at the door of doom. But great sinner as he was, Paul commanded him immediately to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. Nothing is more certain than that if a man truly believes in Jesus Christ he shall be saved. With hooks stronger than steel God has joined faith and salvation; with hooks equally strong he has joined faith and its appropriate manifestations in good works, and what he has joined let no man put asunder. The Lord Jesus uttered these words in connection with the great commission, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." Elsewhere in Scripture we hear the truth, "He that believeth is passed from death unto life;" "he that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." This life is not reserved for a distant future. It is a present possession, it is an immediate blessing, it is a personal bestowment.

The centuries pass. For nearly two thousand years the jailer at Philippi and Paul and Silas have been in heaven, but the sweet words spoken by the Apostles on that memorable night, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," are still on the page of the Bible, are still uttering themselves from many pulpits, and are still bringing the blessing of salvation to thousands of sin-sick souls. Thank God, these words will never lose their power; thank God, the way of salvation is still plain and simple; thank God, the offer is still without money and without price. Are you saved? Have you thus believed in Jesus Christ? If so, you are saved; if so, you can give God thanks for this great salvation. Blessed be his name, it is still true that as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.

There is life for a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee:
Then look, sinner, look unto him and be saved,
Unto him who was nailed to the tree.
Look! Look! Look and live!
There is life for a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee.

A CHINESE INDICTMENT.

It is often useful to learn how we appear in the eyes of foreigners. The following extract from a Chinese tract shows how they look upon the character of the people who send missionaries to them: "It is presumptuous in the barbarians to endeavor to improve the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire, inasmuch as they themselves stand so sorely in need of improvement. They have shown a lack of benevolence by importing among the Chinese a poisonous drug, and thus injuring others for the sake of personal gain. They have sent fleets and armies to bereave other nations of their possessions, to which they have absolutely no right; therefore they cannot lay claim to be regarded as upright. They allow men and women to associate together and to walk arm and arm in the streets; therefore they condemn themselves as falling short in a sense of propriety. By rejecting the ancient doctrines they have shown themselves to be possessed of little wisdom. Veracity appears to be the only good quality which they can in any measure boast of. Therefore, lacking as they do four of the five cardinal virtues, how should they be able to improve others? Besides, they have shown lack of reverence for the inventors of the art of printing by recklessly treading on printed paper, while others have spent much money to circulate books for the amelioration of the age. Moreover, these self-constituted exhorters of the world are void also of filial piety. They forget their ancestors as soon as they are dead, put them into simple boxes which are only an inch thick, and do not sacrifice to their souls; nay, they will not so much as burn a strip or two of gold foil for their future welfare. Finally, they admit persons that have the advantages of wealth and rank to office without examination, and do not leave open the way for the promotion of poor and the lowly born. On all these accounts these foreigners appear to be inferior to the Chinese, and, therefore, in no way competent to instruct them in better ways."

A FREE GIFT OF OLIVE WOOD.

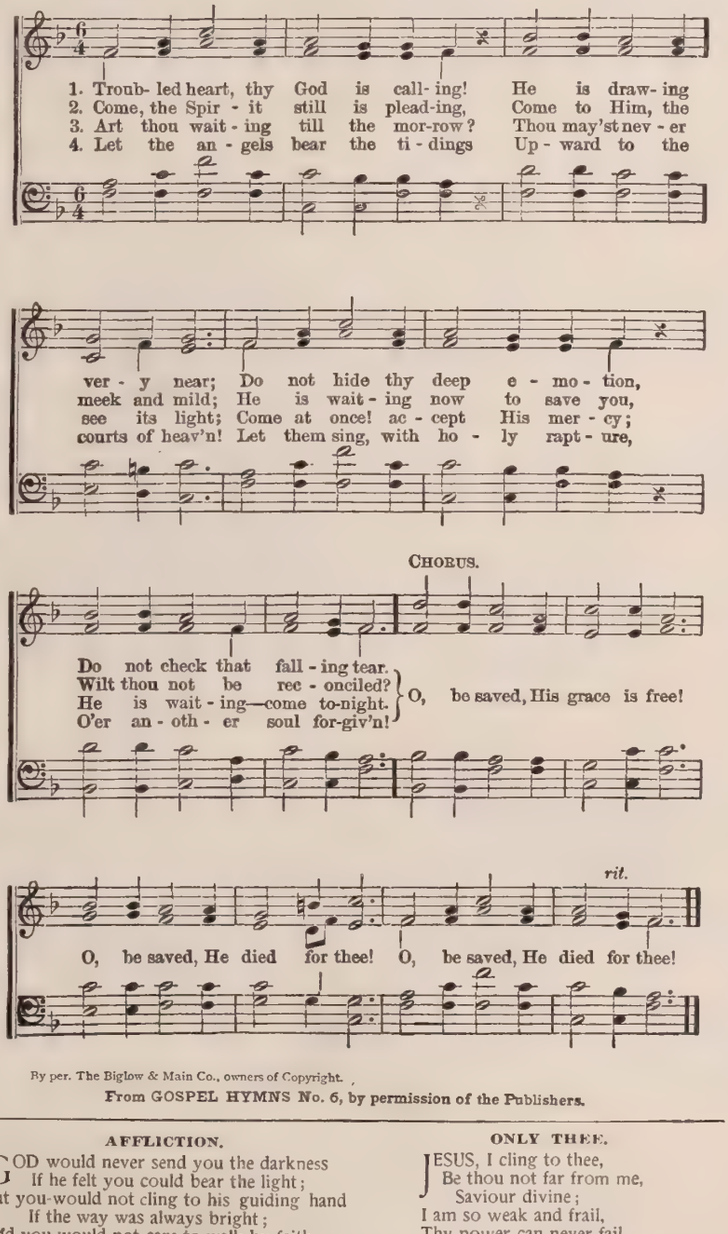
To any one of our readers who will send us the names and full addresses of twenty-five church officers, church members, or Sunday School workers, no two being of the same family, we will send a beautiful section of Olive-Wood cut from the Mount of Olives, polished by native workmen in Jerusalem and bearing on its face in English and Hebrew characters the name of the Holy City.

Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

He Died for Thee.

"The Son of man is come to save."—MATT. 18: 11.

F. J. CROSBY. S. J. VAIL.


1. Troub- led heart, thy God is call- ing! He is draw- ing
2. Come, the Spir - it still is plead-ing, Come to Him, the
3. Art thou wait - ing till the mor-row? Thou may'st nev - er
4. Let the an - gels bear the ti - dings Up - ward to the
ver - y near; Do not hide thy deep e - mo - tion,
meek and mild; He is wait - ing now to save you,
see its light; Come at once! ac - cept His mer - cy;
courts of heav'n! Let them sing, with ho - ly rapt - ure,
CHORUS.
Do not check that fall - ing tear.
Wilt thou not be rec - onciled?
He is wait - ing—come to-night.
O'er an - oth - er soul for-giv'n!
O, be saved, His grace is free!
rit.
O, be saved, He died for thee! O, be saved, He died for thee!

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AFFLICTION.

GOD would never send you the darkness
If he felt you could bear the light;
But you would not cling to his guiding hand
If the way was always bright;
And you would not care to walk by faith
Could you always walk by sight.
'Tis true he has many an anguish,
For your sorrowful heart to bear;
Many a cruel thorn-crown
For your tired head to bear;
He knows how few would reach heaven at all
If pain did not guide them there.

So he sends you the blinding darkness
And the furnace of seven-fold heat;
'Tis the only way, believe me,
To keep you close to his feet;
For 'tis always so easy to wander
When our lives are glad and sweet.
Then nestle your hand in your Father's,
And sing, if you can, as you go;
Your song may cheer some one behind you
Whose courage is sinking low;
And, well, if your lips do quiver,
God will love you better so.

ONLY THEE.

JESUS, I cling to thee,
Be thou not far from me,
Saviour divine;
I am so weak and frail,
Thy power can never fail.
O, let that power prevail
To keep me thine.

Jesus, I cling to thee,
For I would holy be,
Pattern divine;
Thy image make me bear,
Likeness both near and clear:
Lord, lend a listening ear,
Form me as thine.

—REV. N. W. CONKLING.

BETTER THINGS.

BETTER sit at a master's feet
Than thrill a listening state;
Bettter suspect that thou art proud
Then be sure that thou art great.

Better to walk the realm unseen
Then watch the hour's event:
Better the "Well done" at the last
Then air with shoutings rent.

—GEORGE MACDONALD.

A MOMENTOUS YEAR.

A Date at which Various Lines of Prophetic Chronology Appear to Focalize *

MOST students of prophecy, if not all of them, tell us that by the expression, "time, times and half," we are to understand 360 years added to twice 360 years added to half 360 years, making a total of 1,260 years. If we could be sure of the correctness of this, we should be indeed among the wise who shall understand.

We are also taught by them that the words, "the holy people," we are to understand as meaning Daniel's people, the Jews. This last no ordinary reader of the Book of Daniel will dispute. It is equally beyond dispute to students of history that the last and most complete act in the scattering of the holy people took place when the Saracens captured Jerusalem in A.D. 637, since which time the Mohammedan desolation has been there set up, and the Jewish people have been excluded from the temple area and treated as strangers in their own city and land. If we could be sure that "time, times, and a half," meant 1,260 years, and that in A.D. 637 the scattering referred to in verse 7 took place, then without possibility of doubt the year A.D. 1897 would witness the end of all sorrow for the Jews and the long hoped-for return of our Lord Jesus Christ. The two events are inseparable according to the Scripture.

The signs of the coming of our Lord are to many persons so apparent that we may, I think, with profit follow out the suggestion that A.D. 1897 may possibly prove an important year in the history of God's holy people. Let us search in the revelations made to Daniel, where are found special references to the continuance and end of sorrows and desolations which had befallen and were to befall the holy people.

We have in Daniel 8, such a revelation. Not only is a vision recorded, but also its meaning, as given by the angel Gabriel. In verse 17 it is said, "At the time of the end shall be the vision"—that is, that the evils set forth as touching the Jews would continue right through to the end. In verses 13 and 14 the duration of time from the starting-point given in the vision to the end, when "then shall the sanctuary be cleansed," is given as 2,300 days.

Now, as to what is meant by the "sanctuary being cleansed," can there be other than one answer? and that answer, that the holy people will then have restored to them the temple area, on which to worship Jehovah, and that their city, Jerusalem, and their country, Palestine, will be forever free from Gentile domination. The time given is 2,300 days.

The commencing date of the 2,300 days must be sought. All the world knows that the Turk holds Palestine now, also that the Russian would like to hold it next; but, however, that may be, we have God's word that at the end of 2,300 days from some starting-point shown in this vision, neither Turk, nor Russian, nor anyone but the holy people, and their brethren, the Ten Tribes will hold it.

What period of time, then, is intended by 2,300 days? If we accept what is allowed by all, students of prophecy, that a prophetic day is a year of actual time, then 2,300 days mean 2,300 years, and as these are Jewish matters, 2,300 Jewish years are equivalent to 2,231 of our years. Now, where in the vision can we reckon from? In verses 5–7 we read of the "he-goat" advancing upon and trampling down the ram of verses 3–4. In verses 20–21, we have the angel Gabriel explaining to Daniel what the "he-goat" and "ram" represent. The ram, "Media and Persia"; the rough goat, "Grecia." The great horn that is between the eyes of the goat is the first king.

Now turn to history, and find when the first king, Alexander I., entered upon his swift trampling down of Media and Persia. It was B.C. 334. Now reckon 2,300 Jewish years from this date, and we reach A.D. 1897! Can it be that the words of the Lord in Dan. 12: 7, "All these things shall be finished," coincide as to the time when, with the words of the "wonderful numberer" of chap. 8, "unto 2,300 days, then shall the sanctuary be cleansed?" Does it not appear so?

The reader will now say, Having begun by the three and a half times of chap. 12, as dating from A.D. 637 and ending 1897, then another three and a half times should date back from A.D. 637, and so give us a total of seven times and a starting-point for the head of gold. Well, so they do! From A.D. 1897 back seven times, or 2,520 years, we reach the year B.C. 624, the year of Nabopolasser, the father of Nebuchadnezzar. It was in the reign of this Nabopolassar, the father of Nebuchadnezzar, that the seventy years of captivity began.

* From an article in the *Prophetic News* for October, which also contains "Spiritualism, a Sign of the Advent;" "Palestine Gleanings;" "The Judgment Period," etc. Price six cents.

VICTORY THROUGH CHRIST.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Nov. 5. I. Cor. 15: 57; I. John 5: 3-5.

IT is significant how frequently the Christian life is represented in the New Testament as a conflict. Attainment is to be gained by overcoming. Every advance is the result not so much of growth as of effort. This aspect of our position is confirmed by experience. Every man who aspires to spiritual attainment finds himself hindered, opposed and held back. On all hands there are obstacles, and within him there is some treacherous power that is in league with the enemy. Like Longfellow's youth, he bears on his banner the watchword Excelsior, and like him he is beset with allurements and discouragements. His first need, therefore, is for strength to resist and to overcome. This strength, the Apostle says, he gets by faith. He that overcometh is he that believeth. At first sight there appears no connection between faith and strength, faith and valor. Yet we recognize such a connection in other matters. The soldier who believes in the cause he fights for is certainly a better soldier than the mere machine. He bears hardships better and is not so soon demoralized as is his unintelligent comrade. It is so in the courts. The counsel who believes in the justice of his client's cause is not perfunctory in his pleadings, but puts into them the earnestness of conviction. That kind of faith we recognize and understand. We perceive how it gives inspiration and stimulus. In the Christian's faith, the faith that is to give him victory in his struggle, there is all this and more. It includes a channel through which superhuman strength is imparted. An eminent preacher compares it to the car-coupling which attaches the car to the motive power. It does not produce motion but it ensures motion. It connects with a force that overcomes inertia. Viewed in this light we see no limits to the power of a faith which brings man into connection with omnipotence. And we are encouraged all through the New Testament to take this view of it. Christ spoke of a faith that could remove mountains, and said that it was only faith like a grain of mustard-seed. "All things," he said on one occasion, "are possible to him that believeth." Faith, therefore, is not the useless thing that it might appear in this fierce conflict. With it the Christian may overcome the traitor within him and the foes outside of him. It enables him to overcome the numerous obstacles, the temptations, the insidious influences represented by "the world." It enables him to hold in subjection his lower nature, through which he is drawn aside and enslaved. It is the gate by which he enters Christ's kingdom in this world; it is the sustaining power which keeps him true to his Master, and it is at last the power that will make him victor over his last enemy. He is in union with One who vanquished that enemy and escaped from the bond that holds all. Into that dark stream of death he steps with confidence, trusting that the power which has given him the victory in former conflicts will be with him in this, and with all the more confidence because this enemy has already been vanquished by Him in whom he trusts.

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THE SECRETARIES OF THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

The two ladies, whose portraits adorn this page, are well-known by name and reputation to thousands of our readers and many of them have been brought into communication with them. In every part of our country and in many foreign lands are women and girls who [illegible] members number a quarter of a million is no sinecure. To the fact that in both the departments of the office the duties have been performed so efficiently, so courteously and with so much tact and gentleness, is chiefly due the maintenance of the close bond of union between distant circles, and the Central Council and the enthusiastic fidelity of all its members. Wherever else an unsympathetic temperament has exerted a chilling influence, and arrogance and conceit have wounded sensitive minds, in the Secretaries' office there has been no shadow of these faults. It is well for the Order that it has been so, for it is there that they would have done most mischief. The most obscure circles, as well as the most influential, have nowhere found sincere sympathy, prompt help and wise counsel more surely than by addressing the Secretaries of the King's Daughters.

Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson has been the General Secretary of the Order from the date of its organization. Her early experience as an educator in the higher ranks, before her marriage, made her acquainted with the most pressing needs of young women and with the difficulties they had to encounter. After the death of her husband her thoughts turned back to the interest of her early womanhood with the hope of helping her less fortunate sisters. Several charming works designed to enlist sympathy with working women issued from her pen. Of these the best known are *Among the Thorns, Amber Star, The Fair Half Dozen* and *One Little Life*. She was also associated with Edward Everett Hale in the editorial charge of his *Magazine of Philanthropy*. Another sphere of activity she found in the Presidency of the Woman's National Indian Association. She subsequently held an important office in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and was Secretary of the Woman's Branch of the American Bible Society. To one whose best thoughts and activities had thus been consecrated to the service of her country women the Order of the King's Daughters presented an opportunity for their exercise in an effective manner and it had her enthusiastic support from the beginning. To her skill as a writer and to her remarkable power of lucid and incisive expression, the Order is largely indebted for its extension in this and other lands and for the fidelity with which its numerous circles have adhered to the principles on which it was founded.

Mrs. I. C. Davis.
Corresponding Secretary of the King's Daughters.

Mrs. Isabella Charles Davis has held the office of Corresponding Secretary since 1889. Prior to that time she had taken a deep interest in other fields of Christian work. The cause of Foreign Missions found in her an able and devoted advocate. By her thrilling eloquence and the subtle, sympathetic power to which we give the name of magnetism, numbers of her sisters in many States were moved to give and to work for the propagation of the Gospel in heathen lands and to feel that active sympathy with women whose lives are dark and joyless, which prompts them to send to them the good news of salvation. Besides this work Mrs. Davis engaged in missionary work of another kind at home. The working girls of the cities found in her a loving friend. As the head of an organization of their own, they confided in her in their difficulties and sent to her in their sicknesses and sorrows, and never appealed to her in vain. Such material help as it was in her power to give was freely given; in any case, kindly sympathy and sensible advice were always afforded. The experience Mrs. Davis had in both these spheres of labor fitted her for the responsible office which she now fills. It gave her the insight into human nature and the inexhaustible charity which never faileth, suffereth long, and is kind.

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AN EPWORTH LEAGUE REVIVAL.

Pastors throughout the country are making the discovery that when they have an Epworth League in their churches they have the most effectual means of preparing the church for the Holy Spirit's work, and for taking care of the converts. One remarkable illustration is given by Rev. J. B. Holloway, of Covina, Cal., in a communication to the *Epworth Herald*. He says that in a church in Southern California there was an earnest desire for a revival, but in the circumstances of the church it was impossible to secure the services of an evangelist. He spoke to the Epworth League on the subject and found its members ready to help. They practised the singing of special revival music and in a few days were prepared for service. The meetings began, and for several evenings were given up to singing and prayer. On the following Sunday the pastor preached earnest soul-stirring, sermons, and in the evening many rose for prayer. After that day, the revival spirit was in force and the Epworth Leaguers were actively engaged in directing anxious souls to Christ. There were many conversions. One of them is a specimen of others. A young man, of whom few had any hopes, was surrounded one night after most of the people were already gone home, by three or four of the young people and urged to then and there give his heart to the Lord. He at first tried to treat the matter lightly, but they were not to be bluffed, so at the first opportunity he slipped out. All the congregation, even the pastor, had by this time gone except these few faithful leaguers. When the young man had gone but a few yards from the church, he turned to a companion who was walking pensively by his side, and said: "Jack, what do you think of this, anyhow?" "I believe it's all right," replied Jack. At this the young man turned suddenly, and laying his hand upon Jack's arm, said hurriedly, "Let's go back;" and suiting the action to the word, he returned and called to his besiegers, who were now starting away, to "come back." He led the way directly to the altar and, falling upon his knees, pleaded for salvation. When the news went abroad that he was converted, like the disciples of old, some of the people "believed not for joy," and "some doubted." On the following evening at the testimony service he arose and told how these Epworthian workers had besieged him on the previous evening, and even after he thought he had given them the slip and had started to go to the saloon he felt himself mysteriously impelled to return and surrender. This is only one testimony out of many to the valne of the Epworth League in such emergencies. Pastors of churches of other denominations have the same story to tell of their young peoples' societies.

Mrs. M. L. Dickinson.
General Secretary of the King's Daughters

AMONG THE ORDERS.

The members of the Epworth League of St. Louis, Mo., are paying the expenses of one of their number who is receiving training for the work of a missionary.

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At a convention of the Baptist Young People's Unions of West Virginia, at Charleston on October 10, a State Union was organized. Mr. D. L. Jamison, of Parkersburg, was elected President.

✠

The Young Men's Christian Association in London holds a meeting every Wednesday for an hour at mid-day at its central rooms for business men. The meetings are largely attended and much appreciated.

✠

A Volunteer Circle of the Christian Endeavor Missionary Institute has been formed in Chicago, consisting of all Student Volunteers belonging to the Chicago Union, and of all mission workers who cannot go into the foreign field.

✠

The Pennsylvania Christian Endeavor Societies held their annual convention at Reading this year. It was necessary, owing to the enormous number of delegates, to hold meetings simultaneously in the Presbyterian Church and the Metropolitan Hall.

✠

The Maine state Epworth League held its first convention at Auburn. The following officers were elected: President, Rev. E. O. Thayer, Lewiston; Vice-President, Mrs. E. A Cobb, Biddeford; Secretary, Miss Carrie E. Miller, Lewiston; Treasurer, Mr. A. D. Russell, Augusta.

✠

The second annual convention of the B. Y. P. U. of Connecticut was held at Danbury, October 16th and 17th, in connection with the meeting of the State convention. The programme included addresses by Rev. Messrs. E. M. Poteat, J. T. Dickinson, F. M. Hungate, J. B. Lemon, and J. D. Herr, D.D.

✠

The new officers of the New York Union of Christian Endeavor Societies elected at the recent State Convention at Syracuse are as follows: President, Rev. William R. Taylor, D. D., of Rochester; Vice-President, T. D. Wager, of Troy; Secretary, A. E. Dewhust, of Utica; Treasurer, William Palmer, of Buffalo.

✠

The calendar for the season of the City of London Young Men's Christian Association includes forty-nine evening classes for young men. The list includes languages (ancient and modern), all the ordinary subjects of a commercial education (amongst which a course of lectures by a barrister on mercantile law holds a prominent place), Civil Service classes, St. John's ambulance and gymnastics.

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This is the testimony of an English pastor as to his experience with the Christian Endeavor Society connected with his church: "I have never asked an Endeavorer to do anything that he refused to do. I have asked them to call on strangers, and they have done it; to sit up with the dying, and they have done it; to call on the sick, and they have made over a thousand calls on sick people in hospitals and out."

✠

The New Jersey Societies of Christian Endeavor held their annual convention at Trenton. President F. E. Clark attended and delivered an earnest address. Among the other speakers were Dr. John L. Scudder, of Jersey City; Rev. S. J. McDowell, of Friesburg; Rev. Judson Conklin, of Trenton; Ex-Postmaster General Wanamaker and Miss Clara Littell. The delegates present numbered fully fifteen hundred. The officers were re-elected.

✠

Rev. C. E. Boult, of the Mariners' Temple, New York, speaks in the highest terms of the value of Floating Societies of Christian Endeavor in the work among seamen. He says: "We have on the roll fifty-six active members. Good work has already been done by these sailors, on the streets and on shipboard The C. E. badge, worn conspicuously, is a testimony that the wearer is a Christ-man, and is not ashamed of it. Then the pledge and card of introduction, which the sailor Endeavorer carries with him, and presents to the Christian Endeavor society in any port he arrives at, accords to him a ready recognition and a hearty welcome; this is most helpful to one, who otherwise would feel a stranger in a strange land.'

The Family and Home Circle

Java at the World's Fair.

A Diminutive But Interesting People, Who Suffer In Our Changeful Climate.—Their Industrious Habits, Dress and Customs.

NEAR the Samoans and only a little distance off from the German Village at the Chicago Exposition, is the Java Village, in which the visitor finds specimens of the smallest and most effeminate-looking race to be seen at the Fair. They are physically greatly inferior to the tall Arabs, the powerfully built Dahomeyans, Soudanese and the South Sea Islanders, and contrasted with most of the other foreigners in the various villages, they look like pygmies. They are an inquisitive little people with bright, beady, twinkling eyes that are ever on the watch. Industrious and painstaking, they set an excellent example to some of the other villages at the fair, whose occupants seem to have no better way of spending the time than loitering around idly and gazing at strangers. The Javanese, on the other hand, have been intelligently busy every moment since their arrival. Their buildings—skilfully very constructed straw huts which are the admiration of the Western people—are models of ingenuity and rude decoration. Several of these queer-looking dwellings are shown in the illustrations on this page, by our special artist. The grounds are gracefully ornamented with palm-trees. One of the illustrations shows a tasteful pavilion of reeds and plaited grass; another represents the peculiar-shaped, wooden carriage with its clumsy wheels and odd decorations, which are seen everywhere in Java. A couple of nimble-fingered Javanese weavers, working upon floor-mats and table spreads, are seen in a third panel, while the fourth shows a group of musicians, one of whom is making music by tapping metal blocks with mallets, while the other plays on an instrument that seems a modification of the violin. All the Javanese are exceedingly fond of music.

These merry little people find it difficult to keep well in our trying climate and several have already succumbed to lung diseases. One of the inhabitants of the village is a captive ourang-outang, a huge Sumatran ape, whose antics afford much amusement. Java should not be confounded with some eastern countries that have never enjoyed any form of civilization. It has passed through many remarkable vicissitudes and its history teems with bygone splendor, while its magnificent temples, with their wealth of carving, show that its people had at one time attained great progress in the arts. Java is a country of great natural beauty and fertility and is a perpetual source of wealth to Holland which claims its allegiance. The population is estimated at about 19,000,000. Gospel work has been in active progress among the Javanese for a number of years. When the Christian missionaries first entered the country they encountered much persecution from the Mohammedan rulers and people, until the Dutch Government interfered. Now all this changed, and the prospects for missionary work are cheering. Christian missions of various denominations now have 53 churches with large and growing memberships in four of the Java residencies.

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Look at the Best Side.

There is a moral in this little incident that may be helpful to people who are apt to look at the worst side of things: A Christian lady had moved into a new flat. It was not conspicuous for its cheerful surroundings nor for its pleasant outlook. The average woman would have found there a commonplace shelter from the snow of winter and the rains of summer. A lady friend called, and was asked by the cheerful housewife to note the pleasant outlook from the parlor windows. "Yes," said the visitor, "I see a remarkably fine lot of chimneys." "Chimneys!" exclaimed the housewife, "why I never saw any chimneys before. I looked over the chimneys, and saw those magnificent trees that form the line on the horizon. I thought only of the trees and the sunsets."

And so she goes along through life, with eyes closed to chimneys and dingy roofs, but wide open to drink in all that is good. If the trees are in leaf, or if the leaves have been scattered by the wind, there is beauty in the old elms that sway in the gales beneath her window, bearing the raindrops or the snowflakes or radiant with the sunshine. Her cheerfulness is infectious; it fills her home and the lives of her companions.

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A Good Bible Reminder.

Young people who are apt to forget the order of the books of the Bible might commit the following to memory with advantage:

The great Jehovah speaks to us
In Genesis and Exodus;
Leviticus and Numbers see,
Followed by Deuteronomy:
Joshua and Judges sway the land;
Ruth gleans her sheaf with trembling hand,
Samuel and numerous Kings appear,
Whose Chronicles we wondering hear;
Ezra and Nehemiah now;
Esther and beauteous mourner show;
Job speaks in sighs, David in Psalms,
And Proverbs teach to scatter alms;
Ecclesiastes then comes on
And the sweet Song of Solomon;
Isaiah, Jeremiah then
With Lamentations takes his pen;
Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea's lyre
Sweet Joel, Amos, Obadiah,
Next Jonah, Micah, Nahum, come,
And lofty Habakkuk finds room;
While Zephaniah, Haggai calls;
Rapt Zechariah builds the walls,
And Malachi, with garments rent,
Concludes the ancient Testament.

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A Boy King's Escapade.

Thang-Tai, the boy king of Anam, is just fourteen years old. A short time ago there was a day of great excitement at the royal court. Thang-Tai was missing. Etiquette requires that the king shall never leave the palace grounds. The whole court was in dismay; but the young potentate was not hard to find. Though he was a king, he was a boy, and it is natural for a boy when he has some money in his pocket to want to go out and spend it.

Now, that was exactly what the king of Anam did. Entirely alone, he had started on a "shopping" expedition through the streets of the capital. "Of course no one knew him, because he had never shown his face in public," writes a traveler, "he was simply a boy, like any other boy, and this was exactly what he wanted. But he was treated with respect by the shopkeepers, because he had plenty of money. Curiously enough, the thing which seemed to attract him most was a hair clipper, and when the frightened courtiers discovered him at last, it was with this implement in his possession. No doubt he intended to amuse himself by shaving the heads of all his dependents."

THE JAVANESE VILLAGE AT CHICAGO (*By our Special Artist*).
Native Weavers—A Little "Musicale"—Javanese Huts—A Unique Carriage.

MOTHER.

BREATHE it gently, in a whisper;
'Tis a sweet, a hallowed word.
Saddened hearts swell with emotion
When the thrilling sound is heard.
Breathe it gently,—breathe it softly,
Touch a chord in every heart:
Many a heart will grow more tender,—
Many a pearly tear will start.

Mother! name that all hearts cherish:
E'en the child of sin and shame
Speaks in accents softer, milder,
When he breathes the hallowed name.
Breathe it gently in a whisper,
Lest some bleeding heart is riven;
There's but one name dearer to us,
And that cherished name is Heaven!

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HOUSEKEEPING AND HOME-MAKING.

GREAT seemed the responsibility cast upon the shoulders of a newly wedded wife of our acquaintance. She felt the cares, as she took up her abode on the farm with her husband, for she knew that to keep house was not simply to keep free from dirt, but to make it as home-like and attractive as possible. Not much to do it with, very little pin-money to spend, so what was to be done? She did all her own work, washing, ironing, scrubbing, baking, etc., and was very happy. Sometimes a tear would escape and she would feel quite "blue," but when the husband came home all would vanish. She always greeted him with a smile, and in return would get a kiss and a kind word. They were working for each other, pulling the family burden together and trusting in the Heavenly Father. They didn't have much company, but when friends happened in, the little wife always welcomed them, and though they came at the usual meal hour, she always made the most of what she had prepared. She made it a rule not to make all manner of excuses for not having more or daintier food prepared.

This little wife always found plenty of leisure time, somehow, altho' there was but one farm-hand. She had her work planned beforehand and it was done systematically. She made curtains of bleached muslin, for the kitchen windows, and trimmed them with some lace that had been given to her. These were used for summer and for winter, crimson curtains of double-faced flannel took the place of the white ones. These made the room look cheerier and more cosy and warm for the winter. A pretty rag carpet was on the floor, and a few rugs made from scraps of cloth were very useful as well as ornamental. Thus, little by little, the house was made cosy and inviting. The little wife found her happiness in doing good and making the home happy. Although her cares have increased (she now has two little children), she says this is the happiest year of her married life. Husband is more contented, now the babies are here, and they have a glorious future before them. They are rich in their Christian home, in love and in happy hearts.

AUNT LOU.

Creston, Ill.

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Don't Waste Your Time.

Of the Princess May, lately married to the Duke of York, one writes that she was too active to waste an hour. It frequently happened when a friend called that she would say: "You will pardon me, I know, if I get my knitting and do some work while we talk. There is really so much to do, it seems quite wrong to be idle." Sometimes it would be plain sewing, and always something to be given to the very poor. Neither her high station nor her learning nor her many accomplishments separated her from the destitute.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SHOT IN THE WOOD.

NORMAN and Joyce were dining at Dangerfield Park, on the evening of the day when Fulk and Guy returned. They were almost as wishful to see Guy again as his own relations—more wishful indeed than some of them, for Mrs. Dangerfield and Yolante shrank from him increasingly as time went by, and the knowledge that her secret was shared by her daughter made the mother's heart many degrees heavier than it had ever been before. It was hard to call up an answering smile, when Guy spoke to her, hard to hold back the sense of chill disappointment with which she noted his complete restoration to health. And when he thanked her with serious gratitude for having "sent him away against his will," and told her that he believed from what he had heard that nothing else could have saved his life, she was conscious of a curious thrill she hardly knew if it were of pleasure or pain, which ran through her at his words, and she said within herself,—

"If he owes me his life, does he not owe me with it everything else. Have I not the right to all?" and then came the inevitable thought, "Suppose I had not let him go—where should we have been now?"

And the pang of shame which even now could not but follow such musing, was rendered four-fold more bitter from the fact that she read in her daughter's eyes, that she too shared it, and knew what was in her mother's mind.

Fulk was the great talker that evening. Always rather in advance of his years in reflection and powers of observation, his travels had seemed to make a man of him all at once. Cissy was almost shy with him for the first hour, he seemed so changed and developed, and he was the one to give the account of their travels, and relate such of their adventures and disasters as had not been duly recounted in letters. And whilst all this was going on, Guy sat a little apart with Monk and Joyce, and then they enjoyed a little personal conversation far more interesting than what was occupying the rest.

Yolante sat and watched them, and a certain hardness not unmingled with sadness came into her face. She lost the thread of Fulk's discourse and her mind went off on a journey of its own. There was one person in the room who noted this and watched her, and presently she started at hearing herself addressed.

"You are glad to get your travelers safe home again, I suppose?" said Norman by way of preface, and the girl gave him one of her inscrutable glances as she answered indifferently.

"Am I? Well, I do not know that I am. I do not see that it makes much difference to me one way or another."

With a look and a gesture he did not entirely understand, she rose and left him, and began playing stormily to herself at the other end of the room, where the grand piano stood. Guy, who never could keep away when there was music going on, came and stood beside her, but she seemed to shrink away from him, and would not answer when he spoke.

That evening, though outwardly so happy, left an uncomfortable impression on several minds, and Norman was so silent as he drove his sister home that she twitted him gaily, and asked if he had lost his heart. He answered her with unwonted gravity.

"I hope I may be no true prophet, Joyce, but I have an uncomfortable feeling about that family just now. There is something I do not understand going on. I should never be surprised at hearing something strange has happened."

The golden autumn days flew by as if on wings. In his delight at having his old comrade back, Monk seemed to grow backward into his boyhood again, and forgot [illegible] the graver manlier ways that had come to him with his new responsibilities. He was the very life of the house, teasing his sisters, plaguing his mother, playing tricks upon everybody, and acting as if he had not a thought or a care in the world. Joyce used to enjoy telling him that it was plain Guy still held the first place with him, and that she could never make him so happy: but she did not seem to resent this outbreak of boyish spirits, and Guy fed the flame in his own quiet way, and they wandered about the place from morning till night, generally with their guns over their shoulders and their dogs at their heels, but sometimes without any ostensible occupation, though on such occasions they were often busiest, for Monk had great ideas of improving the condition of his tenantry, and looking well after his property, and wanted to confide to Guy his pet projects, which he was turning over in his mind, and get his cousin's co-operation and approval.

"It is absolutely ridiculous the way they go on now," said Yolante with an impatient shrug, "Monk will be the laughing-stock of the place before long if he does not take care, and the worst of it is that Joyce does not or will not care, and takes Guy at Monk's valuation. I cannot think how any girl can be so silly."

"Things cannot go on like this forever," said Mrs. Dangerfield in cold measured tones. "If Guy is not going abroad for the winter—and there has been no mention of such a thing so far—he must find occupation for himself elsewhere. Dangerfield cannot and ought not to be his home. I am sometimes very uncomfortable about things as they are."

Yolante was afraid to ask what her mother meant, but Mrs. Dangerfield went on speaking of her own accord.

"I have never been comfortable since Monk made that absurd will, leaving all to Guy. I told him at the time that he was doing a foolish thing, and that in telling Guy of his intentions he was capping one blunder by another. As Guy went abroad and remained there so long it did not seem to matter much at the time: but I confess I never see them go out with their guns alone together without a shudder. One knows what thoughts are always being suggested to Guy by those people with whom he will associate himself despite all that can be said to the contrary: and there is and always has been something about Guy that I never fathomed. I have always distrusted that appearance of great fondness for us. After all why should he care so much for us, when but for our existence he would be in such a very different position?"

Yolante was silent. She knew that she did not like Guy, but that was because she had been jealous of him and had wronged him. It had never occurred to her to doubt his affection for them all, and for a moment she thought her mother's words were strained and hardly sincere: but when she realized the position in which her cousin stood and saw how but one life stood between him and the property which would make a great man of him, a sort of shiver ran through her, and she turned perceptibly paler.

It was perhaps a week after this conversation that mother and daughter, sitting in the dusky drawing-room, and waiting for the return of the boys who were out, Guy and Monk shooting, and Fulk on an expedition to Fordringham to see the Northesks, when a sharp twice-repeated pull at the front door bell made itself heard, and in a few moments the butler made his appearance with a look of such alarm and trouble on his face that both the ladies started to their feet before he had spoken a word.

"There has been an accident in the wood, they say, ma'am," began the old man in tremulous tones. "I don't know the rights of it yet: but the young gentlemen were out shooting—and—and—it's Mr. Dangerfield they are bringing home directly."

Mrs. Dangerfield's arms dropped to her side. Her face was white and rigid, and Yolante's eyes seemed to burn with lambent flame.

"I understand—I knew always it would be so," said the mother, speaking in the labored, mechanical way of one who dreams. "My son is dead—and it is Guy who has killed him."

Out into the hall stepped mother and daughter. The lamp had been lighted there, and shone full upon the oak panelling and thick warm rug. The front door stood wide open, and a flood of ruddy light streamed out into the gloom without, serving as a beacon light to guide the little procession now approaching so near that the heavy tread of those who bore the helpless burden might be distinctly heard.

A few seconds more and they must know the worst. Slowly up the steps came the bearers, and even at that moment it was with a thrill of relief that in one of these they recognised the face and figure of Geoffrey Northesk. It was no time to ask how he came there; it was enough that the best surgical help to be had in the neighborhood was on the spot. Fulk was another of the bearers, and his face was pale and set: but it was his eyes that first met the terribly imploring look on his mother's face, and he opened his lips to say.

"He is not dead."

That was all—no word of hope or confidence for the future, and on the rigid face, from which every drop of blood had receded, the seal of death seemed already stamped. One look and Yolante sank half-fainting upon a neighboring couch; but no one had a thought to spare for her just then.

Behind the mournful procession, his face as white as the wounded man's, his head bent as if beneath the weight of a crushing blow, came Guy, so changed and broken down that it took a keen glance to make sure that it was he. But as under Geoffrey's direction, the move toward the stair case was made without any pause in the hall, and Guy was still following mechanically, the touch of a hand upon his arm roused him from his trance, and he found himself face to face with his aunt, looking straight into a pair of eyes that seemed literally to scorch him with their flaming glance.

"Guy Dangerfield," the tones of the hoarse voice were very low, but not the less telling on that account, "farther than this you do not go. You will not be permitted to approach my son from this time forward. You will leave this house to-night. Soon, by your own deed, you may be master here—if you can clear yourself in the eyes of the law from this great crime: but this roof can no longer shelter you and me. My son's blood is upon your head—of that I am absolutely convinced, whatever the appearances may be."

As the sense of these words penetrated to Guy's understanding, a new look crossed his face. White as it was, there was a sort of quiet dignity about him that was not without a very slight effect upon Mrs. Dangerfield. She had intended to sweep past him without another word, now she almost involuntarily paused to hear if he had aught to say. The bearers toiling slowly up with their burden had hardly surmounted the first stairs. There was time for a brief dialogue before she could approach her son.

"Aunt Clare, do you mean what you have said? Am I to have no part in nursing Monk back to health—if he is spared to us?"

"I would sooner trust a tiger in the sick-room than you."

Guy seemed for a moment to shrink back before the vindictive light in those eyes. Then he bent his head, and looked up a moment later with an intense pleading in his glance.

"Is it any use to tell you that I am certain it is no carelessness on my part that caused this accident—"

"I can quite acquit you of carelessness," was the icy response. "I never accused you even in my heart of any careless inadvertence."

Guy looked at her—and then the horrible truth flashed across him—It was not as the author of a terrible accident she thus reproached him, but as the author of a deliberate and most cruelly treacherous crime. There was but one course open to him, and that was to leave the house that night, as indeed he had been ordered to do.

"I will go," he said, in the low dazed tone of a man who received a crushing blow, and Mrs. Dangerfield swept upstairs, whilst he sank down in one of the chairs, and covered his face with his hands.

Looking up a few seconds later, he saw Yolante; she, too, shrank away, and the fire flashed into her eyes.

"You, you, you," she panted. "How dare you stand there, under his roof? You have killed him. You know you have. And you dare to come and face us—as if we did not know what you had done, and why you had done it."

But if Guy had been overwhelmed by his aunt's fierce words—from her so unwonted, and therefore so crushing—he had had a few moments to recover himself now, and Yolante was not in the same position towards him, and he felt he could speak to her, and explain if she would but listen.

"Yolante," he said, standing up straight before her, "I cannot understand why you and your mother, without having heard a single detail of what has happened to-day, are willing to lay the whole blame upon me. But in justice to myself you must hear what I have to say. "It was getting dusk when it happened. We had decided to go home, and had started off in that direction. I was in front, as the path was narrow, and Monk, I suppose, saw something that delayed him, for by-and-by as he did not answer when I spoke, I turned round and did not see him. I expected I should hear his gun in a moment and so I did; and just then a hare ran out, and I fired, but I could not see if I had killed it. I called Monk, and he did not answer, so I went back for him, and found him lying on the ground with a charge of shot in him." Guy paused a moment and shuddered. "There is only one rational explanation of it. Monk is not very careful with his gun—he must have been carrying it carelessly and hurt himself. There was no one else with us. I wish to heaven there had been. You believe me, Yolante, do you not? You believe what I told you?"

The answer was inflexible and pitiless. Perhaps only the young could be so stern in judgment. "I do not believe a single word. I believe you did it yourself—and did it on purpose."

Guy sat down suddenly and rested his head on his hand. For a moment the whole place swam before his eyes. He did not know where he was or what was about to happen. Then out of the mists he heard another voice—and at that moment it seemed to him as the voice of an angel.

"I believe you, Guy—Yolante, how can you be so cruel, so wicked? Guy, dear Guy, look up—do not mind what she says."

"A great deal they can know about it if they think such things," said Humphrey's quiet voice. "Do not be afraid, Guy. Things will come right yet."

Guy looked up then, and saw that Humphrey and Cissy were standing beside him. It was not a time when many words could well be spoken, but those few were enough. Guy no longer felt an outcast from all his kindred.

Dr. Northesk had by this time arrived, and a celebrated surgeon from a neighboring town, who had been telegraphed for by Geoffrey on the first alarm, might shortly be expected. Fulk came down once, and said that Monk was still alive, though quite unconscious, but he did not know the extent of the danger, and could not stay to talk. He went back, and the slow hours crawled by. The other surgeon arrived and went upstairs, and presently after what seemed a very long interval Mrs. Dangerfield and Geoffrey came downstairs together.

In the hall the same four were still gathered. No one had moved from the place which seemed to afford the best centre for information of what was going on in the house, and all eyes were turned upon Geoffrey as he came slowly down the stair-case.

"He is slightly better," was the answer he gave to the unspoken question.

"You here still?" said Mrs. Dangerfield in icy tones to her nephew, who was standing leaning against the mantel-shelf with a face ashy from excess of agitation, "I thought I had made myself sufficiently clear."

"You did—I am going," said Guy, speaking with difficulty, "I had to wait for news of Monk."

"Mamma, mamma," cried the horrified Cissy, "you do not mean that you are so cruel as to think that horrible thing that Yolante said. O, Guy, Guy, don't look like that. People can't believe it of you."

"Silence, child," said her mother, for once speaking harshly and with audible irritation. "You know nothing at all about it. You are not competent to pronounce an opinion."

Cissy made no verbal response, but she went and stood beside Guy, and put her hand upon his shoulder.

It was a simple little action, but it told a tale of resolution and quiet independence which would hardly be credited in timid, retiring little Cissy. Geoffrey who had looked on and heard every word that had been spoken, understanding exactly what had been implied all through, now stepped forward, and faced Guy.

"You had better come with me," he said. "You have had about as much of this thing as you can stand. We will put you up for the night, and you can make your plans to-morrow."

Guy made no audible response, but he looked at Geoffrey with a world of gratitude in his eyes. He attempted no kind of leave-taking, but followed Geoffrey out of the door.

"You shall have your things to-morrow," said the harsh voice of his aunt as he went out into the darkness, and that was the last word that reached him as he drove from the doors of the old home.

(To be Continued.)

The Book Shelf

A WORD TO A PREACHER.*

I CITE an illustration to show the word of the Lord comes to men to-day just as it came of old to the prophets of Israel. It is a personal experience of the famous Mr. Charles Finney, and it is best given in his own words. He writes: "When I came out of the pulpit in the afternoon an aged man approached, and said to me, 'Can you not come and preach in our neighborhood? We have never had any religious meetings there.' I inquired the direction and the distance, and appointed to preach there the next afternoon, Monday, at five o'clock, in their school-house . . . I went on foot to fulfil this appointment. The weather was very warm that day, and before I arrived there I felt almost too faint to walk, and greatly discouraged in my mind. I sat down in the shade by the way-side, and felt as if I were too faint to reach there, and, if I did, too much discouraged to open my mouth to the people. When I arrived I found the house full, and immediately commenced the service by reading a hymn. They attempted to sing, but the horrible discord agonized me beyound expression. I leaned forward, put my elbows upon my knees and my hands over my ears, and shook my head withal, to shut out the discord, which even then I could barely endure. As soon as they had ceased to sing I cast myself down upon my knees, almost in a state of desperation. The Lord opened the windows of heaven upon me and gave me great enlargement and power in prayer. Up to this moment I had had no idea what text I should use on the occasion. As I rose from my knees *the Lord gave me this*: 'Up, get you out of this place, for the Lord will destroy this city.' I told the people, as nearly as I could recollect, where they would find it, and went on to tell them of the destruction of Sodom. . . . While I was doing this I was struck with the fact that the people looked exceedingly angry about me. Many countenances appeared very threatening, and some of the men near me looked as if they were about to strike me. This I could not understand, as I was only giving them, with great liberty of spirit, some interesting sketches of Bible history. . . . I turned upon them and said that I had understood that they had never had any religious meetings in that neighborhood; and, applying that fact, I thrust at them with the sword of the Spirit with all my might. From this moment the solemnity increased with great rapidity. In a few moments there seemed to fall upon the congregation an instantaneous shock; . . . the Word seemed literally to cut like a sword."

I need not quote more. At the second visit Mr. Finney learned for the first time that the place, on account of its wickedness, had been nicknamed Sodom, and the old man who had invited the preacher to visit it was nicknamed Lot, because he was the only professor of religion there.

I do not know any instance in the Old Testament of the Word of the Lord coming more aptly and powerfully, or in circumstances of greater need and dejection, to a Moses, a Samuel, an Elijah, or any of the prophets whose writings have come down to us.

Another example shall be from a page of modern missionary enterprise. The narrator, Dr. Edgerton Young, spent many years in preaching the Gospel to the Indians in the Canadian Dominion. He says: "On the banks of a wild river, about sixty miles from Beaver Lake, I visited a band of pagan Indians, after a painful and difficult journey, who seemed determined to resist every appeal and entreaty I could make to them. My faithful Indians, my companions, did all they could to rouse them by telling them of their own happy experience. But the people sat shrouded in their blankets, smoking in a sullen indifference, upright and motionless as mummies. Tired out in body and sad at heart, I threw myself on the help of God, and breathed a prayer for guidance in this hour of sore perplexity. God heard me, and springing up I shouted, 'I know where all your children are, all your dead children! Yes, I know most certainly where all the children are whom death has taken, the children of the good and the bad. I know where they all are.' The Indians quickly uncovered their faces and manifested intense interest. I went on: 'They have gone from your camp-fires and your wigwams. The hammocks are empty and the little bows and arrows lie idle. Your hearts are sad, and you mourn for the children you hear not, and who come not at your call. But there is only one way to the beautiful land where the Son of God has gone, and into which he takes the children, and you must come this way if you would be happy and enter it.' As I spoke, a big, stalwart man from the side of the tent sprang up and rushed towards me. 'Missionary, my heart is empty, and I mourn much, for none of my children are left among the living; very lonely is my wigwam. I long to see them again and to clasp them in my arms. Tell me, missionary, what must I do to please the Great Spirit, that I may enter that beautiful land and see my children again?' He sank at my feet in tears, and was quickly joined by others, who, like him, were broken down with grief and anxious for instruction."

Was not that exclamation, "I know where all your dead children are," a veritable word of God? Did ever any saint in Old Testament times receive a more direct or manifest message to deliver? It was the one point where the callousness of that congregation was penetrable. The missionary had no means of knowing where that point was. And the word of the Lord came to him. He gave it, and with such results as might be expected.

* From *Verbum Dei* a series of lectures on preaching delivered to the students of Yale College this year by Robert F. Horton, M. A. Among the subjects discussed are: The Preacher's Theme; The Word in the New Testament; The Bible and the Word of God; The Word of God Outside the Bible; The Logos; Methods and Modes. Sound practical advice to preachers and many useful suggestions are made in the lectures by the famous teacher. Pp. 300; price $1.50; published by MacMillan & Co., Fourth Avenue, New York.

AN UNTAXED TEA PARTY*.

Soon the delicious odor of tea came from the kitchen, and the three women, so long deprived of that luxury, could not but enjoy it. When invited out to supper, they praised Mrs. Niles' biscuit and butter, but looked suspiciously at the tea. When a lady refuses her tea, she must be patriotic. The tea was poured and passed, and Mrs. Stevens raised her cup half-way to her mouth. When convinced that it was neither foxberry nor sage, she put it down.

"Why, this ain't foxberry, nor sage tea, neither, if I've got any taste," declared Mrs. Brown.

"So it seems to me," declared Mrs. Hill.

Yet the patriotic ladies, much to the disgust of Mrs Stevens, drained their cups. When they had done so, Mr. Brown looked their host in the face and remarked:

"Now, Mrs. Niles, you haven't been a-giving us boughten tea, have you?"

"I shouldn't think you would ask after drinking a cupful," the irritated Mrs. Stevens answered.

"For my part, I could tell it clear across the room by the smell."

Then Mrs. Niles, with a triumphant smile, which abashed and puzzled the committee, answered:

"Well, to tell the truth, it is as good a dish of shushou as I could make!"

The looks of horror and expression of dismay which followed this declaration were indescribable. The ladies pushed back their cups and Mrs Brown declared:

"I shan't cross my conscience, Miss Niles, by drinking your boughten tea. I love my country too well for that, and have too much respect for the committee."

"Nor I, neither; I'd just as soon drink poison," vowed Mrs. Hill. Mrs. Stevens, who was as calm as a summer's morning, said:

"You'll just as true be published in the papers as a traitor to the cause of the country, as you are alive."

Mrs. Niles very calmly answered: "I don't think so."

"Oh, Miss Niles, you've ruined yourself," almost sobbed Mrs. Hill. "If nobody else don't complain of you, I shall feel it my duty to go to the committee myself about it."

"Wall, I'm not afraid of any trouble about it," declared Mrs. Niles.

"Why not? I think it's high time you was afraid of it," said Mrs. Stevens.

"Because I haven't broke over the rules of the committee, not one of 'em. We had ten pounds of tea in this house when rules against buying and using India tea were first published; and you know families were allowed to use up what they had in the house. I'm very much obliged to you, ladies, for coming here to teach me patriotism; but I should like to see the woman, or man, either, who would go further, or suffer more than I, for the good of my country."

"Good for you, Mrs. Niles! now I like to hear you talk that way," cried Mrs. Stevens. Mrs. Niles continued:

"I've no idea of buying any more tea till our troubles with parliament are over, or till the committee takes off the restriction. But as we have this in the house, we might as well drink it once in a while and take the comfort of it, and give a cup to our friends when they come in and see us, as to let it lay in the cupboard and lose its strength and all be wasted. So now, ladies, just drink your tea and take the comfort of it. This tea wasn't taxed."

And they did. Even the patriotic Mrs. Stevens drank three cups and declared it the most delicious beverage she had ever tasted.

* From *Independence;* a Story of the Revolution; by John R. Musick; cloth; pp. 456; price $1.50; Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, Publishers.

A Good Child

is usually healthy, and both conditions are developed by use of proper food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is best infant's food; so easily prepared that improper feeding is inexcusable. Grocers and Druggists

Every housekeeper finds a slice of delicious Ham, just broiled to a turn, or a dainty sliver of Breakfast Bacon, furnishes a most appetizing relish with Flesh, Fish, or Fowl. Only Grocers who really handle the **Best Goods** will supply the **"FERRIS"** brand, but it is worth the Consumer's while to Insist upon having these Choice Meats. "A Little Higher in Price, BUT!!!"

A New Cure for Asthma.

Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send your name and address on postal card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free.

Praise Is Good

For any medicine you hear about, but to be made well by its use is still better. My only regret is that I did not take Hood's Sarsaparilla earlier. I have for many years suffered with an irritabie itching all over my body, and my left leg swelled and became so sore I had to give up work. Physicians prescribed for me for scrofula, but did not cure me. Hood's Sarsaparilla gave me immediate relief, when I began to take it, and I am confident it has driven all diseases out of my blood and given

Hood's Sarsaparilla **Cures**

me a perfect cure. In the future Hood's Sarsaparilla will be my only medicine." W. O. Dunn, 21 Lampson Court, Kansas City, Mo.

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ANOTHER CASE.

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CASE OF "HOPELESS PHTHISIS."
BROUGHT HOME TO DIE!
BUT CURED! BY THE TREATMENT OF
MR. C. T. CONGREVE.

"Dear Sir—I have much pleasure in writing you to say that one of my sons, *whose life was despaired of* in consequence of Consumption having supervened an attack of inflammation of the lungs, *has been completely restored to health* by your invaluable treatment. I cannot speak too highly of your medicine, for a more complete and wonderful cure, I think, has never been effected by any other medicine. My son returned home in a hopelessly dying state. By accident I heard of your remedy, and determined to try it. My wife and other members of my family were surprised and delighted to notice some change for the better, after a few days only; and in a few months, I am glad to say, my son was entirely restored to health, and is now one of the strongest and most robust of our family.

As the publication of this case would, I think, do much good, you can make any use you like of this letter, &c. I shall write an account to my relatives living in Tasmania and Queensland, and should suggest you inserting this in the papers there.—I am, dear sir, yours gratefully, John B. Hardwicke, Selby-villas, Prettlewell-street, Southend, Essex."

In confirmation of the above, Mr. Hardwicke has sent me the certificate of his son's discharge from the Royal Navy: "Sydney Hardwicke *invalided; case, Pneumonic Phthisis.*" Also a certificate as to his present state of health from a surgeon at Southend:—"*I hereby certify that Sydney Hardwicke is sound in body and of good constitution.*—Aug. 9, 1892.

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OUR REFUGE.

WHEN our hearts are pulsating with pleasure.
And Time tells the hour with a song;
When Fortune with gifts fills our measure,
How gladly life rushes along!
Ah, we look thro' bright vistas of morrows,
And with pride in achieving, we plan;
And exclaim in the absence of sorrows,
"What a marvelous power has man!"

When our hearts are aweary of beating,
And the ways of the world seem awry;
When upon every hand we are meeting
Cold glances from each passer-by;
When we stand quite alone 'mid life's troubles,
And the wreck of fond hopes sadly scan,
We learn then the thinnest of bubbles
Are the pride and the power of man.

It is then, when we crave consolation,
That humbly our eyes turn above;
And the soul, sick with sin, finds salvation,
In the ways of the Master's love.
And we rest in his dear arms forgetful
of sorrow that seemed dark and deep,
And like children grown tired and fretful,
We are lulled into peaceful sleep.

Marshall, Mich. —BERT H. WHITAKER.

CHINESE PERSECUTION

Many evidences of Chinese hostility to foreigners were seen by Mr. Stephen Massey during his recent tour in China. He writes: "Proceeding up the great river, the Yank-tse-kiang, towards Hankow, we hear a good deal of the recent anti-foreign riots in this valley. At Wuhu, the Roman Catholic Church, the Foundling Hospital and other mission buildings, and the Customs buildings, which were all burned or sacked and torn down, are being rebuilt. Further up the river on the opposite bank is Wusuch, where after twenty years of peaceful work, and having apparently the full confidence and good will of the people, the Wesleyan ministers were attacked suddenly, their houses and chapel burned down, a missionary (Mr. Argent) and a Customs officer (Mr. Green) were murdered, and the ladies, seeking refuge in the Yamen (the Chinese official quarters) had the doors shut in their faces, and were left exposed to the fury of the mob.

"From the river the chapel can just be seen in course of rebuilding. The Chinese heathen seem to be quite unable to believe in disinterested philanthropy, and so all the efforts which missionaries may make to benefit them are misunderstood and slandered, and this seems to be specially true of the Yang-tse Valley. It is dangerous to establish foundling homes, because those in charge of them are accused of taking out the eyes of the girls in order to use them in making photographic lenses and chemicals, and for refining silver."

AN ESCAPE FROM THE ZENANA.

From Mrs. Frater, one of the devoted ladies who is laboring among the women secluded in the zenanas of India, comes the following account of an escape: "About a fortnight since a young unmarried woman from a Kuhlin Brahmin family left her zenana. She is an only daughter, a bright, intelligent, handsome girl of nineteen years of age. We have visited her for three years, but a year ago she felt the power of God's love in her heart, and from that time ceased to worship idols, thus frequently incurring her father's anger. Two or three weeks ago she asked us if she might come out of her zenana and confess Christ, as she believed in Him. Many difficulties were in the way, but she was determined; so the night after the Holi festival she quietly forsook her old home and its religion for a new and untried world. Two hours afterwards we met her and took her to a place of safety. The following night she was brought down to Fyzabad at her own wish. On Tuesday, [illegible] down and laid a complaint before the magistrate that we had abducted the girl for the sake of her jewels. He said, 'The girl is only thirteen years of age,' upon hearing which the girl spoke up and said, 'Father, I am nineteen, you told me so last week.' The magistrate asked for her birth certificate; the father said, 'It is lost.' The girl, looking straight at him, said, 'No, father, you know it is in the box at home.'

Finally the magistrate, having satisfied himself as to her age, gave us permission to take the girl away. Before leaving the court she said, 'I will never go back home. I love the Lord Jesus, and I am determined to be a Christian. I will give up all my jewels and money, they are no use to me.' Mr. Frater baptised her the other day before a large congregation, and her answers were most clear and distinct."

A TEST OF FAITH.

It requires no small amount of faith on the part of an idolator to destroy the images which he has reverenced all his life. Sometimes there is reluctance to do this, even after public profession of faith. Miss Fourie, of Pa-chau, China, describes in a recent letter one case of the kind. She says: "In my last letter I mentioned a very earnest old gentleman named Yang, who still had his idols up in his house. Praise the Lord! now his idols are all burnt up.

"He had no peace whilst they were in his possession; one day he sent them to our house in a large basket. The next day we gathered all the Christians and enquirers together, and had a short service in the guest-hall. Then we went out in the court-yard, and the old gentleman set fire to his idols. There were four idols and three ancestral tablets; and, as he was putting the light to them, he said: 'They are false: I don't fear, I don't fear.' When the burning was over, Mr. Walter Taylor invited him to stay to dinner, and directly he had finished he said, 'Now I am going out to preach.' He comes through pouring rain to the services on the Sunday, and constantly testifies in the tea-shops and on the streets Another man also, who has spent the greater part of his life exhorting people to do good, hoping thus to secure for himself happiness in the next world, has been to our services and brought the books which he has been accustomed to use in his idolatrous worship, and his paper God, that we might burn them. He says there is one more idol in the house, but he cannot remove it until his sister-in-law gives her consent.

MONEY RECEIVED.

Since our last acknowledgment the following sums have been received and applied to the various funds indicated below by the senders:

For the Bethesda Home for the Reclamation of Fallen Girls: Miss Etta M. Branch, 11c.; T. B., Northampton, Mass., $1; W. B. Woodruff, $1.50; M. L. Holladay, $4; L. B. Westfield, Mass., $1; C. M. Greenlee, $1; Mrs. M. J. Miller, $2; Mrs. N. C. Metcalf, $1; Christian Friends, Kearney, Neb., $10; One whom Jesus loves, $1; I. E. M. Calais, 50c; Friend, Washington, Ill., $1; Mr. and Mrs. M. Bishop, $1; Friend, Fort McIntosh, Tex., $2; a King's Daughter, 10c. Previously acknowledged, $173.70.

For the Permanent Lodging House for Homeless Women: Elisha Hill, $2.50; One whom Jesus loves, $1; W. B. Woodruff, $1.50; T. B., Northampton, Mass., $1; A sister in the Lord, Jacksonville, Ill., $1; Mrs. L. M. Upham, $1; S. S. Wise, $2; Lucy Ellison, 50c; Mr. and Mrs. M. Bishop, $1. Previously acknowledged, $413.30.

For the Door of Hope: S. S. Wise, $2.

MISSIONARIES FOR INDIA

A farewell service for six missionaries appointed to go to India was held October 13 in Lenox Hall, New York. The missionaries are the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Clark, of Parkville, Mo., who go to Lodiana; the Rev. C. C. Meek, of Evansville, assigned to the Furrukhabod district; the Rev. G. H. Simonson, of New Albany, Ind., to Miraj; the Rev. E. D. Martin, of Danville, Ky., who goes with Mr. and Mrs. Clark to Lodiana, and Miss Abbie M. Stebbins, of Buchanan, Mich., to Dehra. The Rev. Dr. F. F. Ellinwood conducted the service.

INDIA'S HEATHEN MILLIONS.

The population of India equals the combined population of Russia, United States, Germany, France, Great Britain, Turkey proper, and Canada. If each person in India could represent a letter in our English Bible, it would take seventy Bibles to represent the heathen population of India, while the Christian population could be represented by the Prophecy of Isaiah. The people in India, holding hands, would reach three times around the globe at the equator. Could you put the women of India in a column eight deep, and allow a foot and a half for each woman thus walking in lock-step, you would have a column eight times across the continent of North America. Again, could you distribute Bibles to the women of India at the rate of twenty thousand a day, you would require seventeen years to hand each woman a Bible. Could you put the children of India in a column four deep, and allow a space of two feet for each child to walk in, you would have a procession reaching 5,000 miles. The widows of India would outnumber four cities like London, England. Give to each a standing space of one foot, standing ten abreast, and this closely-packed column would reach the full length of New York State. One in every six of the females in India is doomed to a desolate and degraded life. What a field India is for the Gospel!

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They are made of tough clear glass, clear as crystal.

They fit the lamps they are made for. Shape controls the draft. Draft contributes to proper combustion; that makes light; they improve the light of a lamp.

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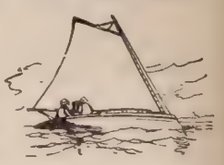

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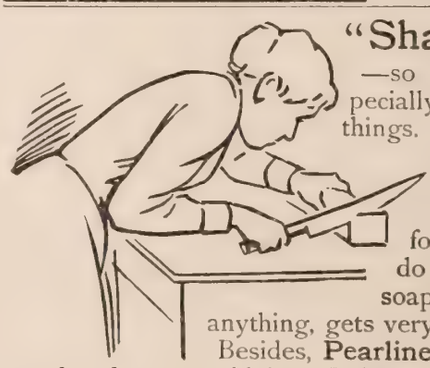

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Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—*send it back.* 392 JAMES PYLE, New York.

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Jordan Water.

Owing to the approaching close of the World's Fair I offer for sale my stock of water from the sacred Jordan stream, rather than carry it back to Palestine.

Having had the pleasure some years ago of meeting both Dr. Talmage and Dr Louis Klopsch at my bazaar in Jerusalem, the genuineness of the Jordan water is, in a measure at least, vouched for. Besides this, Consular certificates, fully bear out my claims in this respect. A nice glass-bottle bearing the sign of the Jerusalem Cross, and the words, "Jordan Water," blown into the glass, full of genuine Jordan Water, neatly and securely packed in a box, sent, all express charges prepaid by me, on receipt of **fifty cents.** I will send back your money if my stock is exhausted.

Address, before November 15th,

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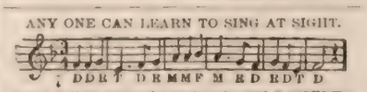

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A visit to the World's Fair is in itself a liberal education. You can't afford to miss it. Do you know that all trains of the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," stop at Exits View Station, affording passengers the most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the great cataract, and that this is the only line from the East that carries passengers directly to the Exposition Grounds, with local stops at Sixtieth Street (Midway) Pleasance and Fifty-third Street (Hyde Park) within easy walking distance of over one hundred hotels?

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Young Christians.

Their Loyalty to Jesus, the Church and their Fellowmen.

IN the opening address at the International Christian Conference held in Chicago, Oct. 8, Rev. E. M. Gates, LL.D., President of Amherst College said, among other remarks: "The Young Men's Christian Association originated in London, but it is in the religious life of our land that it has had its most marvellous growth, and has taken on a true international form, and through the International Committee, organized here, has reached all the nations of the world, and places its secretaries as leaders of the Young Christian manhood of Japan and India and Ceylon. The educational classes maintained in our cities by our Christian Associations are in line with the University Extension work of England. And the movement for the extension of the privileges of the University to the great masses of the people who cannot go to a University centre for study, while it started in England, and while the great need which exists in England was to a large extent met by our system of free High Schools and public schools in America, still answers so directly to the conception of Christian helpfulness which marks American life, that its results in our own land have been wonderfully broad, wide and deep, and the work takes on proportions here which its founders in England never contemplated.

"So the idea of the University Settlement among the poorest in our cities, originating in the Christian fervor of Arnold Toynbee, found immediate answer in the heart and the life of the noblest and most aspiring young men and young women of our Universities and Colleges. The fine old legend, of '*noblesse oblige*,' is recognized in the world of intellect; and all the richest blessings that attended the recognition of this law of God where it reached the heart of one nobly born, are found now as the noblest born of the sons and daughters of God among us take up the blessed law of service, and give their lives to the enlightening and lifting up of those sodden masses of humanity that render terrible the worst districts of our larger cities.

"As these conceptions grow upon the Christian consciousness of the land, God's own promise is fulfilled, 'I will pour out my spirit unto all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions and your old men shall dream dreams, and on my servants and on my handmaidens I will pour out in those days of my spirit.'

"The young in our churches feel the spirit of loyalty to Christ, of brotherhood with their fellows, and of desire to serve him to whom they owe all, while the "dew of their youth" is still on them; and the Christian Endeavor movement, latest and most marvellous of Christian organizations, girdles the globe with its millions of praying and working young Christians.

"Christian women feel the accursed inroad of the saloon upon the home; and combining to defend the sacred ties of home and to rescue husbands, brothers, and sons, the Women's Christian Temperance Union, binding together women of all nations, is the most significant outgrowth of the new revelation of Christian womanhood.

"There springs up a deep sense of pity and spiritual yearning for the millions who still sit in darkness. The movement known as the Students' Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions stirs the centres of higher learning, and binds together in ties of prayer and of deepened interest in foreign missions ten thousand young men and women who offer themselves for the work of holding up the Cross of Christ in the dark places of the world."

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CHINESE PREJUDICE.

An interesting tour of the mission stations in China has recently been taken by Mr. Stephen Massey, who speakes in the highest terms of the heroism and intrepidity of the missionaries, both men and women. At Foochow he met Mrs. Alhok, the Christiain Chinese lady of whom he says, that since her husband's death "she has been much persecuted by her heathen relatives and defrauded of much of her property in consequence of her husband and herself having become Christians. She had some of the lady missionaries living in her house, and when I called upon her she sent her love to her many Christian friends, and desired them to know that though she had passed through much trouble her Saviour had kept her in peace.

"The Foochow Christians have not altogether escaped the violent raging of the heathen which has broken out lately in other parts of China. Mr. Philips of the Church Missionary Society, had his house burned down, and some rooms which he and his wife temporarily occupied filled with abominable filth at Kienyang, a pioneer station which he was opening for Christ far up among the mountains, and Dr. Rigg, the medical missionary about the same time was almost murdered. People at home want to know what the Chinese Christians are like, and here is a glimpse of one. When Dr. Rigg was attacked by the mob, they were dragging him along with the avowed intention of throwing him into one of the "horrible pits" filled with liquid filth, which abound throughout China, he was saved by the devotion of a Chinese Christian, who hurried up on hearing of the tumult, and throwing himself into the middle of Dr. Rigg's asailants, diverted their attention to himself. He was thrown into the pit, and his would-be murderers said, "Leave him, he is sure to die." Providentially, however, his life was spared, and afterwards, when he heard that Mr. Philips was in danger, he walked forty miles in one day to share the danger with him. Has not such a man given credible evidence of the reality of his conversion?"

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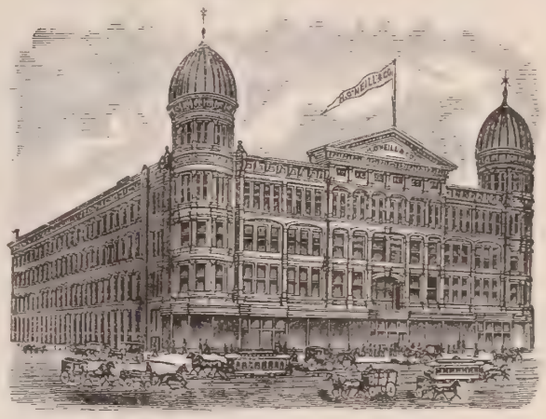

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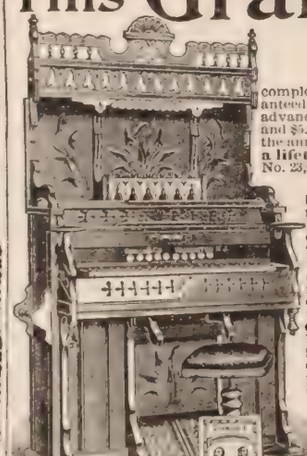

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VOLUME 16. NUMBER 44.

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 1, 1893.

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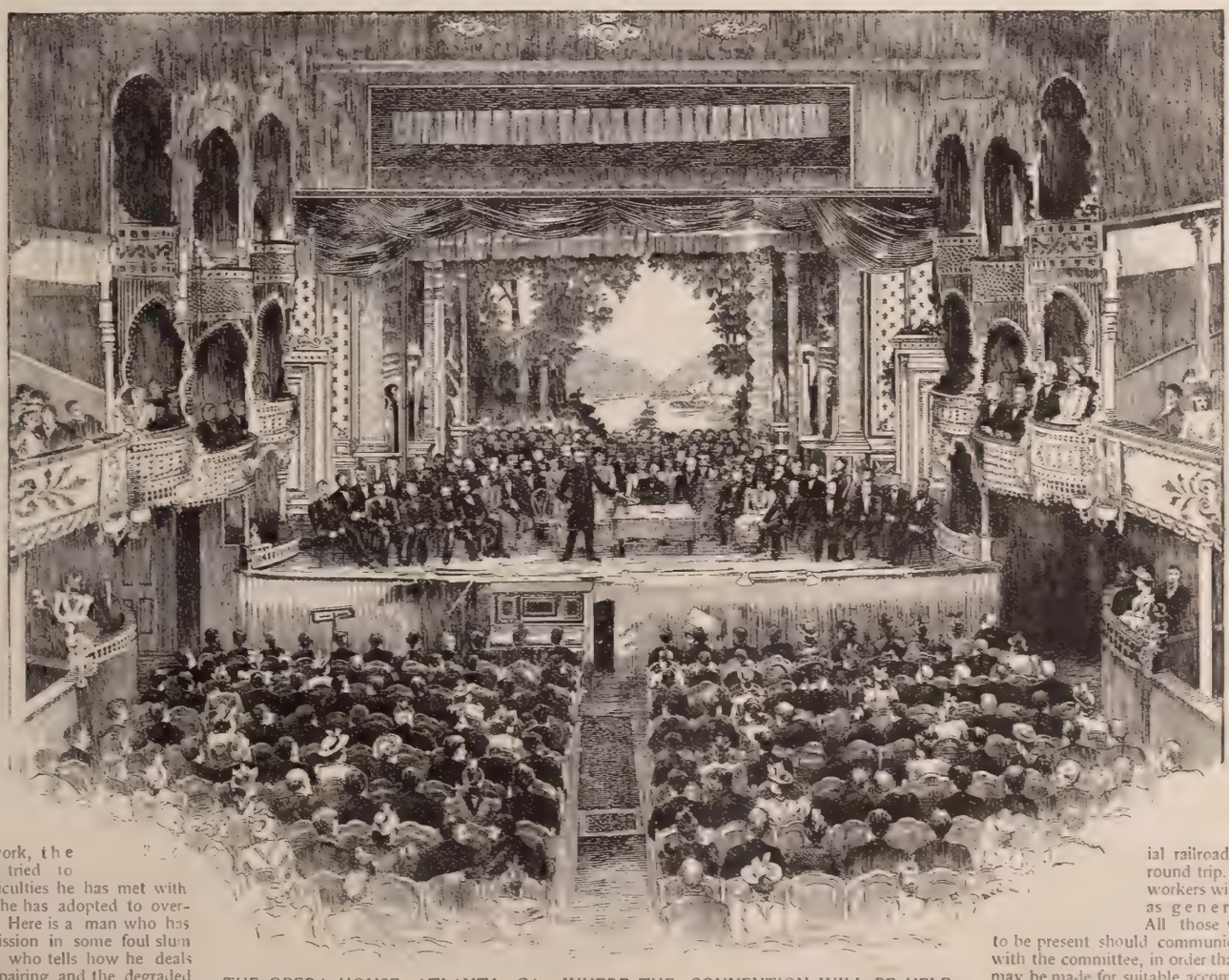
CHRISTIAN WORKERS IN COUNCIL.

The Eighth Annual Convention of the Association to be Held Next Week at Atlanta, Ga. —The Object of the Association, and Portraits of its Managing Committee.

EARNEST Christian workers throughout the United States and Canada have been looking forward for several months past to the Convention which assembles next week at Atlanta, Ga. It is the eighth annual Convention of the International Association of Christian Workers, whose membership now numbers over twelve hundred, and includes the most prominent laborers in Christian service on both sides the Atlantic. In former years, at Buffalo, N. Y., Hartford, Conn., Washington, D. C., and Boston, Mass., the announcement of the coming together of so many eminent servants of Christ attracted large numbers of Christian people from all sections, who listened with pleasure and profit to the stories of successful effort as they were told by the men and women who had been serving the Master in various spheres of labor. Fully five thousand persons attended the meetings in Boston last year, and as each Convention has been larger than its predecessor, there is reason to expect a still larger number at Atlanta this year. The charm of these Conventions lies in the originality of the addresses. Every speaker describes his own method of work, the class he has tried to reach, the difficulties he has met with and the means he has adopted to overcome them. Here is a man who has charge of a mission in some foul slum of a great city who tells how he deals with the despairing and the degraded drunkard; here is a woman who goes out night after night to seek her fallen sisters, and restore them to their homes, or find them employment in honorable service; here is a man who visits the jails and talks with the criminals and tells how men have come out of prison, as Jerry McAuley did, to devote the rest of their lives to Christ's service; here is one who has collected cast-off clothing and worn-out articles of household use and has had them renovated and made decent that he might have wherewith to give to poor outcasts who need help for the body as well as the soul: here is one who has opened lodging-houses where the homeless can be decently lodged, with religious surroundings; here are men who have organized boys' clubs, worked in University Settlements, established industrial homes, opened orphanages, have gone out after their day's business in Gospel wagons or Gospel boats on our rivers and canals, or have preached on street corners, or on the docks to the sailors, or organized Christian work among soldiers or policemen. Each has a story of thrilling interest to tell. There is no self-glorification, no advertising, no boasting, but a simple desire on the part of each speaker to place at the service of his brethren the benefits of his own experience. The inspiration of these addresses is wonderful. Men and women go away from these conventions to their own cities stimulated to engage in Christian work there. They have heard what has been done elsewhere, how apparently feeble instruments, full of faith in the power of the Holy Spirit, have attempted some work for Christ, depending solely on that power, and have been blessed with success surpassing their most sanguine hopes. They have learned, too, the practical side of the work. They have heard of mistakes at the beginning, of failures through inexperience, of methods tried and found useless, and finally success coming through unexpected discoveries of new agencies or plans. Thus the Christian from a spiritually lifeless, torpid community, leaves the convention not only encouraged to enter the field and strive to win souls, or to organize some philanthropic effort, but equipped with technical knowledge gained from the painful experience of others. Many a work in distant cities which is now lifting men out of the mire of sin and vice, helping them morally, spiritually, and temporally, has had its origin in these conventions. As an eminent divine of Massachusetts said, after attending last year's convention, when asked to describe it, "Bring together a missionary conference, a Gospel meeting in the slums, a revival service, an experience meeting, a gathering of souls waiting, like those in the upper chamber at Jerusalem, for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, assemble believers by the thousand from many lands, hold three sessions every day and you have the externals of the Convention of Christian Workers."



THE OPERA HOUSE, ATLANTA, GA., WHERE THE CONVENTION WILL BE HELD.

The list of speakers at next week's convention indicates that it will be no less interesting add useful than the conventions of former years. Among them are Mr. J. A. Riis, the author of *How the Other Half Lives*, and *The Children of the Poor;* Prof. John R. Commons, Secretary of the recently organized Institute of Christian Sociology; David Allen Reed, of the School for Christian Workers; Rev. R. A Torrey, Superintendent of Mr. Moody's Bible Institute, Chicago; Mr. C. N. Crittenton, whose wonderful work in connection with the Florence Night Mission is so well known; E. P. Hammond, the Evangelist of the children; Mr. W. H. Howland of Toronto; John P. Quinn, the Anti-Gambling Evangelist; Major George A. Hilton, the conductor of the famous mission at Los Angeles, Cal Dr. Josiah Strong, author of *Our Country;* Mrs. J. K Barney, Rev. Thos. Bone, Rev. John H. Hector, Elder Rufus Smith, Rev. B. Fay Mills, Rev. Frank Russell, Rev. J. W. Simpson, Miss Bertha Wright, Rev. H. W. Pope, Mr. B. H. Warner, Mr. H. M. Moore, Miss B. B. Tyson and a large number of others. The singing will be under the charge of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Stebbins.

The sessions will be held in De Give's Opera House, a picture of which appears on this page. It seats three thousand persons and overflow meetings are to be held in neighboring churches. Preliminary prayer-meetings will also take place in the churches of Atlanta on Wednesday evening, Nov. 8, and the first session opens in the Opera House at nine o'clock on the following morning. Three sessions will be held every day, except Sunday, for a week, closing with the evening session of Wednesday, Nov. 15. Any church, mission, Y. M. C. A. or Christian Endeavor Society may send a delgate, who will have the advantage of special railroad rates for the round trip. All Christian workers will be welcome as general delegates. All those who intend to to be present should communicate promptly with the committee, in order that preparations may be made for suitable accommodation and for convenience of railroad travel. A committee of Christian friends in Atlanta have arranged for the entertainment of a thousand delegates and others will be provided for at moderate rates. For the convenience of delegates from the East,

(Continued on page 709.)

BEFORE ELECTION SERMON.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., Founded on the Text: Exodus 20: 18: *"And all the people saw the thunderings and the lightnings and the noise of the trumpet and the mountain smoking."*

ON the eve of elections in the sixty counties of this State, and in all the counties of most of the United States, while there are many hundreds of nominees to office, it is appropriate and important that I preach this Before Election Sermon.

My text informs you that the lightnings and earthquakes united their forces to wreck a mountain of Arabia Petrea in olden time, and travellers to-day find heaps of porphyry and greenstone rocks, bowlder against bowlder, the remains of the first law library, written, not on parchment or papyrus, but on shattered slabs of granite. The corner-stones of all morality, of all wise law, of all righteous jurisprudence, of all good government, are the two tablets of stone on which were written the Ten Commandments. All Roman law, all French law, all English law, all American law that is worth anything, all common law, civil law, criminal law, martial law, law of nations were rocked in the cradle of the twentieth chapter of Exodus. And it would be well in these times of great political agitation if the newspapers would print the Decalogue some day in place of the able editorial. The fact is that some people suppose that the law has passed out of existence, and some are not aware of some of the passages of that law, and others say this or that is of the more importance, when no one has any right to make such an assertion. These laws are the pillars of society, and if you remove one pillar you damage the whole structure. I have noticed that men are particularly vehement against sins to which they are not particularly tempted, and find no especial wrath against sins in which they themselves indulge. They take out one gun from this battery of ten guns, and load that, and unlimber that, and fire that. They say, "This is an Armstrong gun, and this is a Krupp gun, and this is a Nordenfeldt five-barrelled gun, and this is a Gatling ten-barrelled gun, and this is a Martigny thirty-seven-barrelled gun." But I have to tell them that they are all of the same calibre, and that they shoot from eternity to eternity. Many questions are before the people, in the coming elections all over this land, but I shall try to show you that the most important thing to be settled about all these candidates is their personal, moral character. The Decalogue forbids idolatry, image-making, profanity, maltreatment of [illegible], murder, theft, incontinence, lying, and covetousness. That is the Decalogue by which you and I will have to be tried, and by the same Decalogue you and I must [illegible] office.

Of course we shall not find anything like perfection. If we do not vote until we find an immaculate nominee we will never vote at all. We have so many faults of our own we ought not to be censorious or maledictory or hypercritical in regard to the faults of others. The Christly rule is as appropriate for November as any other month in the year: "Judge not that ye be not judged, for with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

Most certainly are we not to take the statement of red-hot partisanship as the real character of any man. From nearly all the great cities of this land I receive daily or weekly newspapers, sent to me regularly and in compliment, so I see both sides—I see all sides—and it is most entertaining and my regular amusement, to read the opposite statements. The one statement says the man is an angel, and the other says he is a devil; and I split the difference, and I find him half-way between. There never has been an honest or respectable man running for the United States Presidency, or for a judgeship, or for the mayoralty, or for the shrievalty, since the foundation of the American Government, if we may believe the old files of newspapers in the museums. What a mercy it is that they were not all hung before they were inaugurated! If a man believe one-half of what he sees in the newspapers in these times, his career will be very short outside of Bloomingdale Insane Asylum. I was absent two or three years ago during one week of a political canvass, and I was dependent entirely upon what I read in regard to what had occurred in these cities, and I read there was a procession in New York of five thousand patriots, and a minute after I read in another sheet that there were seventeen thousand; and then I read in regard to another procession that there were ten thousand, and then I read in another paper that there were sixty thousand. A campaign orator in the Rink or the Academy of Music received a very cold reception—a very chilling reception—said one statement. The other statement said the audience rose at him; so great was the enthusiam that for a long while the orator could not be heard, and it was only after lifting his hand that the vociferation began to subside! One statement will twist an interview one way, and another statement will twist an interview another way. You must admit is is a very difficult thing in times like these to get a very accurate estimate of a man's character, and I charge you, as your religious teacher, I charge you to caution and to mercifulness and to prayer.

I warn you also against the mistake which many are making, and always do make, of applying a different standard of character for those in prominent position from the standard they apply for ordinary persons. However much a man may have, or however high the position he gets, he has no especial liberty given him in the interpretation of the Ten Commandments. A great sinner is no more to be excused than a small sinner. Do not charge illustrious defection to eccentricity, or chop off the Ten Commandments to suit especial cases. The right is everlastingly right and the wrong is everlastingly wrong. If any man nominated for any office in this city or State differs from the Decalogue, do not fix up the Decalogue, but fix him up. The law must stand whatever else may fall.

I call your attention also to the fact that you are all aware of, that the breaking of one commandment makes it the more easy to break all of them, and the philosophy is plain. Any kind of sin weakens the conscience, and if the conscience is weakened, that opens the door for all kinds of transgression. If, for instance, a man go into this political campaign wielding scurrility as his chief weapon, and he believes everything bad about a man, and believes nothing good, how long before that man himself will get over the moral depression? Neither in time nor eternity. If I utter a falsehood in regard to a man I may damage him, but I get for myself ten-fold more damage. That is a gun that kicks. If, for instance, a man be profane, under provocation he will commit any crime. I say under provocation. For if a man will maltreat the Lord Almighty, would he not maltreat his fellow-man? If a man be guilty of malfeasance in office, he will, under provocation, commit any sin. He who will steal will lie, and he who will lie will steal.

If, for instance, a man be impure it opens the door for all other iniquity, for in that one iniquity he commits theft of the worst kind, and covetousness of the worst kind, and falsehood—pretending to be decent when he is not—and maltreats his parents by disgracing their name, if they were good. Be careful, therefore, how you charge that sin against any man either in high place or low place, either in office or out of office, because when you make that charge against a man you charge him with all villainies, with all all disgusting propensities, with all rottenness.

A libertine is a beast, lower than the vermin that crawl over a summer carcass—lower than the swine, for the swine has no intelligence to sin against. Be careful, then, how you charge that against any man. You must be so certain that a mathematical demonstration is doubtful as compared with it.

And, then, when you investigate a man on such subjects, you must go to the whole length of investigation, and find out whether or not he has repented. He may have been on his knees before God and implored the divine forgiveness, and he may have implored the forgiveness of society and the forgiveness of the world; although if a man commit that sin at thirty or thirty-five years of age there is not one case out of a thousand where he ever repents. You must in your investigation see if it is possible that the one case investigated may not have been the exception. But do not chop off the seventh commandment to suit the case. Do not change Fairbanks' scale to suit what you are weighing with it. Do not cut off a yardstick to suit the dry goods you are measuring. Let the law stand, and never tamper with it.

Above all, I charge you do not join in the cry that I have heard—for fifteen, twenty years I have heard it—that there is no such thing as purity. If you make that charge you are a foul-mouthed scandaler of the human race. You are a leper. Make room for that leper! When a man, by pen or type or tongue, utters such a slander on the human race that there is no such thing as purity, I know right away that that man himself is a walking lazaretto, a reeking ulcer, and is fit for no society better than that of devils damned. We may enlarge our charities in such a case, but in no such case let us shave off the Ten Commandments. Let them stand as the everlasting defence of society and of the Church of God.

The committing of one sin opens the door for the commission of other sins. You see it every day. Those embezzlers, those bank cashiers absconding as soon as they are brought to justice, develop the fact that they were in all kinds of sin. No exception to the rule. They all kept bad company, they nearly all gambled, they all went to places where they ought not. Why? The commission of the one sin opened the gate for all the other sins. Sins go in flocks, in droves, and in herds. You open the door for one sin, that invites in all the miserable segregation.

Some of the campaign orators this autumn, some of them, bombarding the suffering candidates all the week, will think no wrong in Sabbath-breaking. All the week hurling the eighth commandment at one candidate, the seventh commandment at another candidate, and the ninth commandment at still another, what are they doing with the fourth commandment, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy"? Breaking it. Is not the fourth commandment as important as the eighth, as the seventh, as the ninth? Some of these political campaign orators, as I have seen them reported in other years, and as I have heard it in regard to them, bombarding the suffering candidates all the week, yet tossing the name of God from their lips recklessly, guilty of profanity. What are they doing with the third commandment? Is not the third commandment, which says, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain"—is not the third commandment as important as the other seven? Oh, yes, we find in all departments men are hurling their indignation against sins perhaps to which they are not especially tempted — hurling it against iniquity toward which they are not particularly drawn.

I have this book for my authority when I say that the man who swears or the man who breaks the Sabbath is as culpable before God as those candidates who break other commandments. What right have you and I to select which commandment we will keep and which we will break? Better not try to measure the thunderbolts of the Almighty, saying this has less blaze, this has less momentum. Better not handle the guns, better not experiment much with the divine ammunition. Cicero said he saw the Iliad written on a nut-shell, and you and I have seen the Lord's Prayer written on a five-cent piece; but the whole tendency of these times is to write the Ten Commandments so small nobody can see them. I protest this day against the attempt to revise the Decalogue which was given on Mount Sinai amid the blast of trumpets and the cracking of the rocks and the paroxysm of the mountain of Arabia Petrea.

I bring up the candidates for ward, and township, and city, and State office; I bring them up, and I try them by this Decalogue. Of course, they are imperfect. We are all imperfect. We say things we ought not to say, we do things we ought not to do. We have all been wrong, we have all done wrong. But I shall find out one of the candidates who comes, in my estimation, nearest to obedience of the Ten Commandments, and I will vote for him, and you will vote for him unless you love God less than your party; then you will not.

Herodotus said that Nitocris, the daughter of Nebuchadnezzar, was so fascinated with her beautiful village of Ardericca, that she had the river above Babylon changed so it wound this way and wound that, and curved this way and curved that, and though you sailed on it for three days every day you would be in sight of that exquisite village. Now, I do not care which way you sail in morals, or which way you sail in life, if you only sail within sight of this beautiful group of divine commandments. Although they may sometimes seem to be a little angular, I do not care which way you sail, if you sail in sight of them you will never run aground and you will never be shipwrecked. Society needs toning up on all these subjects. I tell you there is nothing worse to fight than the ten regiments, with bayonets and

abres of fire, marching down the side f Mount Sinai. They always gain the ictory, and those who fight against em go under. There are thousands nd tens of thousands of men being lain by the Decalogue. What is the natter with that young man of whom I ead, dying in his dissipations? In his lying delirium he said: "Now, fetch on he dice. It is mine! No, no! It is one, all is gone! Bring on more wine! Bring on more wine! Oh, how they attle their chains! Fiends, fiends, iends! I say you cheat! The cards are narked! Oh, death! oh, death! oh, eath! Fiends, fiends, fiends!" And e gasped his last and was gone. The ten Commandments slew him.

Let not ladies and gentlemen in this neteenth century revise the Ten Commandments, but let them in society and at the polls put to the front those who come the nearest to this God-lifted standard. On the first Tuesday morning in November, read the twentieth chapter of Exodus at family prayers. The moral or immoral character of the officers elected will add seventy-five per cent unto or subtract seventy-five per cent from the public morals. You and I cannot afford to have bad officials; the young men of this country cannot afford to have bad officials; the commercial, the moral, the artistic, the agricultural, the manufacturing, the religious interests of this country, cannot afford to have bad officials; and if you, on looking over the whole field, cannot find men who, in your estimation, come within reasonable distance of obedience of the Decalogue, stay at home and do not vote at all.

I suppose when in the city of Sodom there were four candidates put up for office, and Lot did not believe in any of them, he did not register. I suppose if there came a crisis in the politics of Babylon, where Daniel did not believe in any of the candidates, he stayed at home on election day, praying with his face toward Jerusalem. But we have no such crisis, we have no such exigency, thank God. But I have to say to you to-day that the moral character of rulers always affects the ruled; and I appeal to history. Wicked King Manasseh depressed the moral tone of all the nation of Judah, and threw them into idolatry. Good King Josiah lifted up the whole nation by his excellent example. Why is it that to-day England is higher up in morals than at any point in her national history? It is because she has the best ruler in all Europe, all the attempts to scandalize her name a failure. The political power of Talleyrand brooded all the political tricksters of the last ninety years. The dishonest Vice-Presidency of Aaron Burr blasted this nation until important letters were written in cipher, because the people could not trust the United States mail. And let the court circles of Louis XV. and Henry VIII. march out, followed by the debauched nations.

The higher up you put a bad man the worse is his power for evil. The great fabulist says that the pigeons were in fright at a kite flying in the air, and so these pigeons hovered near the dovecote; but one day the kite said, "Why are you so afraid? why do you pass your life in terror? make me king, and I'll destroy all your enemies." So the pigeons made the kite king, and as soon he got the throne, his regular diet was a pigeon a day. And while one of the victims was waiting for its turn to come, it said: "Served us right!" The malaria of swamps rises from the plain to the height, but moral malaria descends from the mountain to the plain. Be careful therefore, how you elevate into any style of authority men who are in any wise antagonistic to the Ten Commandments.

As near as I can tell, the most important thing now to be done is to have about forty million copies of the Sinaitic Decalogue printed and scattered throughout the land. It was a terrible waste when the Alexandrian library was destroyed, and the books were taken to heat four thousand baths for the citizens of Alexandria. It was very expensive heat. But without any harm to the Decalogue, you could with it heat a hundred thousand baths of moral purification for the American people.

I say we want a tonic—a mighty tonic—a corrective—an all-powerful corrective—and Moses in the text, with steady hand, notwithstanding the jarring mountains and the full orchestra of the tempest and the blazing of the air, pours out the ten drops—no more, no less—which our people need to take for their moral convalescence.

But I shall not leave you under the discouragement of the Ten Commandments, because we have all offended. There is another mountain in sight, and while one mountain thunders the other answers in thunder; and while Mount Sinai, with lightning, writes doom, the other mountain, with lightning, writes mercy. The only way you will ever spike the guns of the Decalogue is by the spikes of the Cross. The only rock that will ever stop the Sinaitic upheavals is the Rock of Ages. Mount Calvary is higher than Mount Sinai. The English Survey Expedition, I know, say that one Sinaitic peak is 7000 feet high and another 8000 and another 9000 feet high, and travelers tell us that Mount Calvary is only a bluff outside of the wall of Jerusalem; but Calvary in moral significance overtops and overshadows all the mountains of the hemispheres, and Mount Washington and Mont Blanc and the Himalayas are hillocks compared with it. You know that sometimes one fortress will silence another fortress. Moultrie silenced Sumter; and against the mountain of the law I put the mountain of the cross. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," booms one, until the earth jars under the cannonade. "Save them from going down to the pit, I have found a ransom," pleads the other, until earth and heaven and hell tremble under the reverberation. And Moses, who commands the one, surrenders to Christ, who commands the other.

Once by the law our hopes were slain,
But now in Christ we live again.

Aristotle says that Mount Etna erupted one day and poured torrents of scoria upon the villages at the base, but that the mountain divided its flame and made a lane of safety for all those who came to rescue their aged parents. And this volcanic Sinai divides its fury for all those whom Christ has come to rescue from the red ruin on both sides. Standing as I do to-day, half way between the two mountains—the mountain of the Exodus and the mountain of the 19th of John—all my terror comes into supernatural calm, for the uproar of the one mountain subsides into quiet, and comes down into so deep a silence that I can hear the other mountain speak—ay, I can hear it whisper: "The blood, the blood, the blood that cleanseth from all sin."

The Survey Expedition says that the Sinaitic mountains have wadys, or watercourses—Alleyat and Ajelah—emptying into Feiran. But those streams are not navigable. No boat put into those rocky streams could sail. But I have to tell you this day that the boat of Gospel rescue comes right up amid the water-courses of Sinaitic gloom and threat, ready to take us off from under the shadows into the calm sunlight of God's pardon and into the land of peace. Oh, if you could see that boat of Gospel rescue coming this day, you would feel as John Gilmore, in his book, *The Storm Warriors*, says that a ship's crew felt on the Kentish Knock Sands, off the coast of England, when they were being beaten to pieces and they all felt they must die! They had given up all hope, and every moment washed off another plank from the wreck, and they said, "We must die, we must die!" But after a while they saw a Ramsgate lifeboat coming through the breakers for them, and the man standing highest up on the wreck said: "Can it be? Can it be? It is, it is, it is, it is! Thank God! It is the Ramsgate lifeboat! It is, it is, it is, it is!" And the old Jack tar, describing that lifeboat to his comrades after he got ashore, said: "Oh, my lads, what a beauty it did seem, coming through the breakers that awful day!" May God, through the mercy in Jesus Christ, take us all off the miserable wreck of our sin into the beautiful lifeboat of the Gospel!

MOUNT SINAI, AND THE DESERT OF ARABIA PETREA

HINDOO HEATHEN ATROCITIES

In a recent address in England the Dean of Rochester said: "Seventy years ago the fires of Suttee were publicly blazing in the Presidency towns of Madras, Bombay, and Calcutta, and all over India—the fires of Suttee, in which the screaming and struggling widow, in many cases herself a mere child, was bound to the dead body of her husband, and with him burned to ashes. Seventy years ago infants were publicly thrown into the Ganges, as sacrifices to the goddess of the river. Seventy years ago young men and maidens, decked with flowers, were slain in Hindu temples before the hideous idol of the goddess Kali, or hacked to pieces in the Meras, that their quivering flesh might be given to propitiate the god of the soil. Seventy years ago the cars of Juggernaut were rolling over India, crushing hundreds of human victims annually beneath their wheels. Seventy years ago lepers were burned alive, devotees publicly starved themselves to death, children brought their parents to the banks of the Ganges and hastened their deaths by filling their mouths with the sand and water of the sacred river. For these scenes, which disgraced India seventy years ago, we may now look in vain. And need I remind you that every one of these changes for the better is due directly or indirectly to missionary enterprise and the spirit of Christianity. It was Christian missionaries, and those who sent them out, who denounced these tremendous evils. Branded as fanatics, and satirised as fools, they ceased not until one by one these hideous hallucinations were suppressed."

CROCODILE WORSHIP

Some of the heathen tribes of Madagascar invoke the forbearance of crocodiles, or seek protection with charms, rather than attack them. In all heathen lands respect is paid to them, and savages are everywhere reluctant to kill them. According to the natives, they will seize white flesh in preference to black or brown; but a dog is asserted to be the caiman's *bonne bouche*. One of the innumerable curious sights of India is the Nuggar tank of Kurachi. In former times, the crocodiles which inhabit it roamed the neighbourhood at their will, but so great were their depredations that the authorities were forced to build a wall round their haunt. In this tank one observer counted two hundred reptiles, from eight to fifteen feet long, and smaller ones innumerable. "The whole appearance of the place," says one writer, "with its green, slimy, stagnant water, and so many of these huge uncouth monsters moving sluggishly about, is disgusting in the extreme, and it will long be remembered by me as the most loathsome that I ever beheld."

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York.

THE GRACE OF LIBERALITY.

S. S. Lesson for Nov. 12. II Cor 8: 1-12 Golden Text, II. Cor. 8: 9. By Mrs. M. Baxter

THE grace of liberality! Thank God that there are Christians who see that giving is something more than a duty, such as the giving of tithes exacted by the law, that it is, in its very essence, a grace, a something that comes from God. "All things come of thee, and of thine own have we given thee." (I. Chron. 29: 14.) It is not peculiar to the present day that the poor are the best givers. Paul writing, to the wealthy Corinthians of whom he had never asked or received help for his own maintenance while residing and working about two years among them, cites the Macedonian churches as an example to them. "Moreover, brethren," he writes, "we make known to you the grace of God which hath been given in the churches of Macedonia, how that in much proof of affliction, the abundance of their joy and their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality."

How many people in comfortable circumstances have made the excuse, just when they were passing through some special affliction, or just when they had sustained some special loss, that this was not the time in which they could give, and they have felt themselves justified in withholding help from the distinct work of spreading the Gospel at home or abroad! Yet it was just under such circumstances Paul tells us that the Macedonian churches "abound unto the riches of their liberality." Whether the

"Riches of Liberality"

was reckoned according to the amount given, or according to the spirit in which it was given, we cannot be sure; but he who searcheth the hearts found in the churches of Macedonia, especially in that of Philippi, the grace which could pass current with him for liberality. The Philippian church was the only one which had communicated with Paul about giving and receiving; the only one which seemed to understand that a man of God who bore on his heart the burden of souls, and the care of all the churches, needed to be set free somewhat from the necessity of always working for his living, that he might have more time to be alone with God, and to preach the Gospel. This very same church, in addition to the care of Paul, took the lead also in the collection made among the Gentile churches for the poor saints at Jerusalem.

The grace of liberality in our day is a question of great difficulty, and one in which we need be very careful to follow the the leadings of God's Spirit, lest we err on the right hand or on the left. There are so many "disorderly" Christians, as Paul calls them, who are a kind of parasites, living on those who work honestly for their bread, or those who are called by a special grace of God to abandon their earthly cares to him. These

"Disorderly" Christians

make gain of the people's faith, and count it a wrong done to them if they are not maintained in idleness, although the very habitual mention of their need is proof enough that they are living no life of faith, but a life of expectation from the creature, an expectation for which the Bible gives no warrant. Besides these there are the habitual hypocrites, who are to be found attached to every church and mission, who institute a claim upon the charity of such a church or mission by the fact that they attend the services, and they assert [illegible]

The Christian is placed in a difficulty. He feels a kind of intuition that these imperious claimants are not those to whom he should give what God has intrusted to him, yet he may feel it difficult to refuse them and to make them his enemies. If he does give to them he is short the amount he has given them, to give to the work of God which has been laid upon his heart, and thus he is unfaithful in his stewardship. He cannot entirely prove the insincerity of the claimants, he suspects them and yet blames himself for his suspicion, lest, after all he should be mistaken. What can be done then? First, how do we stand in regard to our possessions? Have we the spirit of the primitive Christians, when none of them claimed "that ought of the things which he possessed was his own," (Acts 4: 32), and when they that bought were as though they possessed not? It is really a matter in which we have no choice how any of our possessions shall be disposed of? Is our oneness with the Lord such that we only want his will and have no desire such as Ananias and Sapphira to keep a little nest egg against a rainy day, lest the Lord should fail to provide? If it is so, then we may be sure that God will guide us if we let ourselves be guided, and he will give us a something that holds us back if we would give to those whom he would have to work for their living. And if they cover us with reproaches as those people mostly do who caricature faith life, we can afford to let the Lord answer for us. Only let us beware that Satan does not make use of these people to create within us a hardness of heart and suspiciousness which cannot come from God.

When once we are sure that it is of God we should give to such and such a Christian work then

"How Much shall we Give?"

This is a question which He only can answer to whom all belongs, if we are really, and not only professedly stewards, we shall find that the Lord will guide us in the most intimate way in this matter, and if it seems to us we have nothing to give, it is wonderful how out of nothing God can make something. Paul, speaking of the Macedonian churches, says: "For according to their power, I bear witness yea and beyond their power, they gave of their own accord beseeching us with much intreaty in regard of this grace, and the fellowship in the ministering to the saints." Such a joy was in these early Christians to strip themselves for the work of God. "And this, not as we had hoped, but first they gave their own selves to the Lord, and to us by the will of God." Here was the secret; themselves given, no longer their own, themselves a living sacrifice, how could they longer hold on to anything which had been theirs, all they were, and all they had, had passed out of their hands into the service of their Master.

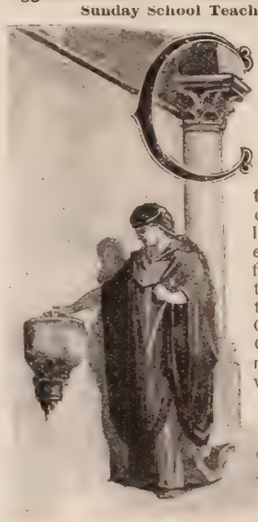
It was just this whole-heartedness of the poor Macedonian Christians by which Paul sought to stir up the rich Corinthians—he desired to see in them "this grace also." Therefore as ye abound in everything, in faith, in utterance, in knowledge and in all diligence, see that ye abound in this grace also. Paul counts true Christian liberality as a proof of true Christian consecration. How can it be otherwise? Surely it is unbelief in God or else it must be selfishness which would make us cling to anything we possess down here! In the light of our Lord's return, we do not want to be weighed down by earthly possessions. He speaks of it also as a proof of the sincerity of their love to Christ, and he appeals to them: "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes

He Became Poor,

that ye through his poverty might be rich!" Such a plea takes away every thought of mine and thine. How can such a thought as personal renunciation enter our hearts for a single moment in sight of the Cross of Jesus? Surely he who has redeemed us with his precious blood has a full right to all which he has purchased! A year had elapsed since the subject of ministering to the poor saints of Jerusalem had been first named to the Corinthians (1. Cor. 16: 1-3.) Now therefore, he says, "perform the doing of it, that as there was a readiness to will, so there may be a performance also out of that which ye have: for if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not." Our God is a Father, he never looks for impossibilities from his children, a willing mind is the first necessity. The "willing mind," the giving first ourselves to the Lord makes it a possible thing for him to accept gifts at such hands as ours; otherwise it will ill become us to offer, or him to accept them. But let no one think that he can put God under an obligation in giving to him. All the beasts of the forest are mine, he says, and so are the cattle upon a thousand hills. .. If I were hungry, I would not tell thee, for the world is mine and the fulness thereof." The heathen think to accumulate merit by their gifts, but David saw things in the true light when he said: "But who am I, and what is my people that we should be able to offer so willingly after this sort? (1. Chron. 29: 14) It is an unspeakable grace in God that he will take anything we offer, and it is grace given to us that we have the heart to give, all is from him from first to last.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



THE WIDOW'S GIFT.

CHRISTIAN giving, as it should be practised, is described in the verses which form the subject of this week's lesson. It is easy to infer from the Apostle's words, that the Church at Corinth had made some very liberal promises of a collection for the Jewish poor when he was there; but that Titus, with his other bad news, had brought intelligence that little or none of the money had been paid. Paul is distressed, for, regarding their promises as certain of fulfilment, he had boasted to other churches of the liberality of the Corinthian Christians. Now, as he was about to visit Corinth again and some of the members of the churches to whom he had boasted might come with him, he would feel ashamed of his boasting, if the money was not ready, and the church would have reason to feel ashamed, too. What he says about giving, is still pertinent. It is a grace; it should follow self-consecration; it is a proof of sincerity; it had been inculcated by the example of Christ; and it should be done willingly, systematically and in proportion to the wealth of the givers. Further on in the same epistle, he encourages them to give, by the assurance that it is pleasing to God and will surely be blessed by him. We are not told in the New Testament what was the result of this appeal, but it was probably disappointing. The church at Corinth was a disappointing church. All through this epistle there is evidence of the fact. It is easy to read between the lines and see that the Apostle was pained by the conduct of the members. The tone of the first nine chapters is one of tender, gentle admonition. Farrar thinks that when Paul had written thus far, some one else came from Corinth, not only confirming the disagreeable report of Titus, but giving other bad news. The tone changes in the latter chapters, becomes stern, self-assertive and reproachful. Evidently the Apostle had learned that a party hostile to himself personally was being formed. Some enemy was at Corinth, bent on depreciating Paul. Doubts had been cast on his credentials as an Apostle; and the church was reminded that he had not seen the Lord and might be misrepresenting his teaching. Even his personal appearance had been ridiculed and as for his speaking—why it was contemptible. Paul was evidently deeply hurt and in vindicating himself shows plainly that he thinks the painful duty ought not to have been necessary.

Poverty abounded unto riches. The cause of foreign missions received a large and unexpected accession of funds in England a few years ago through an old woman's gift of a sixpence. A party of wealthy men was gathered around the table of a leader of society, at breakfast. Among them was the secretary of a missionary society who related an incident. He said that an old Scotch woman whose practice it was to give a penny a day for missions, was visited by some acquaintance of former days, who learning that she lived on oatmeal porridge, and seldom tasted meat, gave her sixpence to buy some. The old woman thought to herself, "I have long done very well on my porridge, so I will give the sixpence also to God." The host and his guests were profoundly impressed by the incident, the host himself saying that he had never denied himself any luxury for the cause of God. He therefore instantly subscribed $2500 additional, and others of the party followed his example, till a large sum was raised before they separated. That was the harvest of the old woman's small gift. There is nothing so fruitful as self-sacrifice.

First gave their own selves to the Lord. When this is done wholly the giving of money and service becomes an easy matter. But there is too often a reservation in self-surrender. When the people of Collatia were negotiating an unconditional capitulation to the Romans, Egerius, on the part of the Romans, inquired of the ambassadors, "Are the people of Collatia in their own power?" When an affirmative answer was given, it was next inquired, "Do you deliver up yourselves, the people of Collatia, your city, your fields, your waters, your boundaries, your temples, your utensils, all your property, divine and human, into my power, and the power of the Roman people?" "We surrender all." "And so," said he, "I accept you."

To prove the sincerity of your love. It should not be forgotten that liberality in giving was the Apostolic mode of proving whether a man really loved Christ or not. A story is told of an agent of a well known society which had the confidence of the churches, that there being a special urgent need he went on a collecting tour. He was entertained one night by the owner of an old mansion, who was noted for his parsimony. The agent was told that the owner would like to offer him a bed for the night, but every room was full except a chamber that had the reputation of being haunted. The agent said he had no objection to occupying it. He was told that the ghost would surely disturb his rest and was asked what he would do. "Oh," said he, "I shall offer him my collection book. My experience is that a man is not worried by many people anxious to become acquainted with him when he is known to be soliciting money."

Dr. Judson applied the test to a Karen convert. He wrote: A Karen woman offered herself for baptism. After the usual examination, I inquired whether she could give up her ornaments for Christ. It was an unexpected blow. I explained the spirit of the Gospel; I appealed to her own consciousness of vanity; I read to her the Apostle's prohibition (1. Tim. 2: 9). She looked again and again to her handsome necklace; and then, with an air of modest decision that would adorn beyond all ornaments any Christian in the land, she took it off, saying, "I love Christ more than this."

For your sakes he became poor. Gifts of money are not always the wisest or most effectual way of helping the poor. The example of Christ which the apostle here commends to his readers consisted in personal humiliation and personal sacrifice. An instance of beneficence more closely following that example than charity usually does, is that of a lady who, at the close of the war, quitted fashionable life went to a sandy island off the Atlantic coast, where about two hundred persons were living in poverty and ignorance, and established her home there, with the intention of benefiting the inhabitants. She began with teaching, by example, how to cultivate the land lucratively, and was imitated. Next she established a school for the children, and afterwards a church. Now the island is in a thriving region, with an industrious and moral population, the change being the work of one woman.

According to that a man hath. Few people are in the habit of giving systematically. The Bible rule under the old dispensation was to give a tenth of the income and it certainly ought not to be less under the new dispensation. Hohannes, the blind missionary of Harpoot, tells of a place where the Board had spent much money with little result. To this place he was sent. The people were to raise 600 piastres, and the Board to pay the balance of his salary. The people, who were extremely poor, said they could not raise so large a sum; while a neighboring pastor declared it was impossible for them to do it. All this gave the missionary great anxiety. He determined, however, to remain and take what was given. He called the people together and asked them each to give a tenth part of his income. The people agreed; and the entire sum, with a surplus to spare, was easily raised.

WORKERS IN COUNCIL.

Continued from first page.

special train will leave Jersey City, N.J., *via* the Pennsylvania, Richmond & Danville Railroad at eleven o'clock on the morning of Nov. 6, reaching Washington the same evening. Special services will be held in several Washington churches for the delegates. At eleven the following morning, when delegates from New England, Canada and other sections will have arrived, the train leaves Washington. Arrangements have been made for visits to various battlefields, including Bull Run, Kennesaw Mountain, Allatoona Heights and Sherman's battlefields. The delegate's expenses from New York for the round trip will be about thirty-five dollars. All particulars may be obtained by addressing Rev. John C Collins, Blair Building, New Haven, Conn.

The arrangements for the convention are in charge of a local executive committee, the chairman of which is the distinguished statesman who is now Governor of Georgia—the Hon. William J. Northen. This is by no means the first time that Gov. Northen, whose portrait we give, has taken a prominent part in religious assemblies. He has for eight years been the Moderator of the Washington Baptist Association, and has in many other ways manifested his interest in Christian work. He comes of an old Scotch family whose representative came to this country nearly two centuries ago and settled in North Carolina. Subsequently the family removed to Georgia, where the Governor was born some fifty-eight years ago. In his young days he was noted as a successful educator, and succeeded Dr. Carlisle Beman in the charge of the famous Mount Zion High School. He distinguished himself in the war, and at its close served his State in various political positions. He was also a trustee of Mercer University and of the Washington Institute. In 1890 the citizens of his State conferred upon him the highest honor in their gift by electing him Governor.

HON. WILLIAM J. NORTHEN, GOVERNOR OF GEORGIA.

Valuable as is the function of the Association of Christian Workers in bringing together once a year so many distinguished servants of Christ for mutual helpfulness, this service by no means comprises all its functions. It has charge of what is called a Bureau of Supplies, which is organized to supply Christian workers of all kinds with the various appliances needed in their work. Chief among these are the various kinds of Gospel wagons and push carts which are constructed to furnish a suitable platform for speakers, a place for the portable organ, and other conveniencies From the Bureau of Supplies may also be obtained the complete apparatus for the boys' clubs, floral cards for Sunday-schools and children's mission schools, contribution cards, and many different books helpful to workers in various spheres. The Association was called into existence at the first Convention, held in Chicago in 1886 At that Convention the benefit derived from the consultation of so many Christian workers of different denominations and different spheres of labor was so evident that a committee was appointed to call another Convention and "to do such other work as it might think wise for the advancement of special forms of aggressive Christian effort among those not reached by the ordinary ministrations of the Church." This committee afterward organized the Association by the addition of co-operating and sustaining members, who paid a small fee to furnish an income for office and clerical expenses. The affairs of the Association are conducted by the ten persons, whose portraits we publish, who form the Managing Committee. A more representative body of workers it would be difficult to get together. Drawn from various classes, with very varied experiences, they are united in the dominant object of their lives, the winning of souls for Christ.

Rev. S. P. Holcombe, whose portrait is No. 1 in the group, was formerly Superintendent of the Union Gospel Mission in Louisville, Ky., and is now engaged in evangelistic work. In his younger days he was one of the most notorious gamblers in Louisville, and since his conversion he has devoted himself largely to the reclamation of that class of men.

Miss Bertha H. Wright, No. 2 in the group, has served four years on the committee. She is an Episcopalian, and has done valuable work in Ottawa in connection with that church by gathering in the working girls of the city for religious education. She commenced with a small class of seven girls which now has a membership of over two hundred; a Young Women's Christian Association has been organized, and a home for friendless women established. Beside this, she conducts a regularly organized system of rescue work which has had marvellous success. The expenses of her various institutions have sometimes aggregated five hundred dollars a month, but the need has always been promptly met by the citizens of Ottawa, who know the value of the work she is doing.

Mrs. J. K. Barney, whose portrait occupies panel No. 3, is famous for her work in connection with the Women's Christian Temperance Union. She is one of the Union's most effective speakers and has visited every section of the country in her advocacy of the cause. A few years ago her average yearly record of travel was thirty thousand miles, and most of it was at her own expense. It was mainly through her earnest and persistent efforts that the appointment of matrons at police stations has become so general.

Panel No. 4 contains the portrait of Mr. John F. Barclay, who conducts the successful Gospel Mission on Marrietta street, Atlanta, Ga.

The fifth in the group is the distinguished Canadian philanthropist — thrice mayor of Toronto — Hon. W.H. Howland, who is Vice-President of the Association. Under Mr. Howland's administration Toronto won the position of being the city in which the Lord's Day was observed more generally and scrupulously than in any other city in the world. The moral tone of the city also generally improved under his sway. Although a busy and successful business man, Mr. Howland finds time for gospel work among the neglected classes and is at the head of several philanthropic organizations.

MANAGING COMMITTEE OF THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY.

1. Rev. S. P. Holcombe.
2. Miss Bertha H. Wright.
3. Mrs. J. K. Barney.
4. Mr. John E. Barclay.
5. Hon. Wm. H. Howland.
6. Rev. David A. Reed.
7. Rev. B. Fay Mills.
8. Mr. L. P. Tibbals.
9. Rev. R. A. Torrey.
10. Rev. John C. Collins.

Rev. David Allen Reed is the intimate associate of Mr. Moody and secretary of his school for young men at Northfield. He was for many years pastor of Hope Church at Springfield, Mass., which has been the mother of several other churches. Mr. Reed founded the Springfield School for Christian Workers, whose object it is to train young men for Sunday-school work and for assistant pastors. He has also established an Industrial and Technical School for practical instruction in various callings. The demands of those two institutions became so engrossing that Mr Reed recently resigned his pastorate that he might devote to them all his time.

Rev. B. Fay Mills is too well known to need any introduction to our readers. His evangelistic labors have made him honored and loved in every section of the country.

Mr. L. P. Tibbals, whose portrait is in the eighth panel, has done a grand work in New York with his cheap lodging houses. Many a man, decent and respectable, but temporarily stranded, has thanked God for putting it into the heart of Mr. Tibbals to open those houses in various parts of the city, where for a few cents he can have cleanly accommodation for the night. Many a man, too, ruined and undone, has in seeking a night's rest there found through the kindly sympathy and help given him the way to a new start upward in the moral and social scale.

Rev. R. A. Torrey, our readers already know, through the sketch published in this journal last January in our description of the Bible Institute in Chicago. Mr. Torrey is chairman of the Association of Christian Workers, and has occupied that position from the beginning of its existence.

Rev. John C. Collins is the secretary and chief executive. He was practically the founder and originator of the Association, and he has labored enthusiastically and indefatigably for its success. He is about forty-three years of age and is a graduate of Yale. His first work was done in the city missionary field at New Haven, Conn. In that work he gained an intimate and extensive knowledge of the needs of the people and set himself energetically to supply them. He conducted attractive services on Sunday evenings in a hall in the centre of the city, attended the police courts to talk with the prisoners, and visited the people in their homes. The work, however, which he most loves, and that in which his success has been phenomenal, is his work among young people. One of his happiest ideas was that of a Boys' Club, to which a penny savings bank is attached. This idea has now extended to other cities, and during the past four years nearly twenty thousand boys of the street have thus been brought under Christian influence.

Such is the Committee which has charge of the affairs of the International Association of Christian Workers. Their qualifications for their duties are not in their adherence to creed, or in their partisan denominationalism, but in their sympathy with every one who is in any way serving Christ by helping the needy. That sympathy is cordially given whether the help rendered is to the body or the soul. They believe that Christianity was intended by its Divine Founder to be a many-sided blessing to the world and that he is a true follower of the Master who is engaged in assisting the poor, in alleviating the sorrows of the distressed, as fully as he who is preaching the Gospel. Thus they strive to bring into contact and communication the workers in all fields. They make no inquiries as to the denomination to which a worker belongs before extending to him fraternal welcome. If he is on the side of Christ, if he is trying in any way to fulfil Christ's injunction of helpfulness, they recognize him as a brother, rejoice with him over his success, advise with him about his difficulties, encourage him to new effort and pray to God to strengthen him and bless him. The existence and progress of such an association is one of the most cheering signs of the times.

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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THE WORLD'S REFUGE

THE whole world will at last come into the refuge of Christ. The windows of heaven will be opened; God's trumpet of salvation will sound, and China will come from its tea-fields and rice-harvests, into the light. India will come forth, the chariots of salvation jostling to pieces her Juggernauts. Freezing Greenland, and sweltering Abyssinia, will, side by side, press into the kingdom; and transformed Bornesian cannibal preach of the resurrection of the missionary he has slain. The glory of Calvary will tinge the tip of the Pyrenees; and Lebanon cedars shall clap their hands; and by one swing of the sickle Christ shall harvest nations for the skies. In the rush of the winds that set the forest in motion, like giants wrestling on the hills, we see the tossing up of the triumphal branches that shall wave all along the line of our King as he comes to take empire. In the stormy diapason of the ocean's organ, and the more gentle strains that in the calm come sounding up from the crystal and jasper keys at the beach, we hear the prophecy: "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of God as the waters fill the sea."

CONCERNING ESCAPADES.

I KNOW of a few cases where marriage has been under the red-hot anathema of parents and all the neighbors, but God approved, and the homes established have been beautiful and positively Edenic.

But while we may admit that there are real cases of justifiable rebellion, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred—yea, in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, these unlicensed departures and decampments by moonlight are ruin, temporal and eternal. It is safer for a woman to jump off the docks of the East River and depend on being able to swim to the other shore, or get picked up by a ferry-boat. The possibilities are that she may be rescued, but the probability is that she will not. Read the story of the escapades in the newspapers for the last ten years, and find me half a dozen that do not mean poverty, disgrace, abandonment, police court, divorce, death and hell. "Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant. But he knoweth not that the dead are there." Satan presides over the escapade. He introduces the two parties to each other. He gets them to pledge their troth. He appoints where they shall meet. He shows them where they can find officiating minister or squire. He points out to them the ticket-office for the railroad train. He puts them aboard, and when they are going at forty miles an hour, he jumps off and leaves them in the lurch; for, while Satan has a genius for getting people into trouble, he has no genius for getting people out. He induced Jonah to take ship for Tarshish when God told him to go to Nineveh, but provided for the recreant prophet no better landing-place than the middle of the Mediterranean Sea.

The modern novel is responsible for many of these abscondings. Do you think that young women would sit up half a night reading novels in which the hero and heroine get acquainted in the usual way, and carry on their increased friendliness until, with the consent of parents, the day of marriage is appointed, and amid the sorrounding group of kindred, the vows are taken? Oh, no! There must be flight, and pursuit, and narrow escape, and drawn dagger, all ending in sunshine, and parental forgiveness, and bliss unalloyed and gorgeous. In many of the cases of escapades the idea was implanted in the hot brain of the woman by a cheap novel—ten cents' worth of unadulterated perdition.

These evasions of the ordinary modes of marriage are to be deplored for the reason that nearly all of them are proposed by bad men. If the man behaves well, he has a character to which he can refer, and he can say: "If you want to inquire about me, there is a list of names of people in the town or neighborhood where I live." No; the heroes of escapades are nearly all either bigamists, or libertines, or drunkards, or defrauders, or first-class scoundrels of some sort. They have no character to lose. They may be dressed in the height of fashion, may be cologned, and pomatumed, and padded, and diamond-ringed, and flamboyant-cravated, until they bewitch the eye and intoxicate the olfactories; but they are double-distilled extracts of villainy, moral dirt and blasphemy. Beware of them. "Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant. But he knoweth not that the dead are there."

INDIAN SUMMER.

SUMMER with fever heats has perished, and we twist a wreath of scarlet sage and China asters for her brow, and bury her under the scattered rose leaves, while we beat amid the woods and by the water courses this solemn dirge: "The summer is ended!" Those in this world who are far advanced in years, were once just like ourselves. There was a time when they could hardly bridle their exuberance. They laughed, they romped, they shouted, they sang. The world was as bright to them then as it is to us now. Though they are in the November of life now, it was June with them once. They take with placidity things that once would have made them blaze with indignation. Sometimes they may chide us because of our vivacity; but when two or three of the aged get together, I have overheard them talk in the next room about occurrences that make me believe that when they were of our age, they were just like us. How fast they did drive. What strong wrestlers they brought to the earth. In what a wilful mood they upset the sleigh, to see the victims crawl out of the snow-bank. How many "frolics" there were, and how many "quiltings." The aged do not talk much to us about these things. They wonder why we are not as cool as they are. Ah! the dear souls forget that July is never as cool as November.

In this climate, in the latter part of October, or the first of November, there is a season of beautiful weather called Indian summer. It is the gem of all the year. A haziness is in the atmosphere, but still everything is pleasant and mild. And so I see before me in life some who have come to that season. There is a haziness on their vision, I know, but the sweetness of heaven has melted into their soul. I congratulate those who have come to the Indian summer of their life. Their grandchildren climb up on the back of the chair, and run their fingers along the wrinkles which time has for a long while been burrowing there. In sunny afternoons, grandfather goes out in the churchyard and sees on the tombstones, the names, the very names that sixty years ago he wrote on his slate at school. He looks down where his children sleep their last sleep, and before the tears have fallen, says: "So much more in heaven!" Patiently he awaits his appointed time until his life goes out gently as a tide, and the bell tolls him to his last home under the shadow of the church that he loved so long and loved so well. Blessed old age, if it be found in the way of righteousness!

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Any reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD having old libraries or other literature suited to Sunday Schools, can send the same to Mrs. W. F. Bidwell, Wetmore, Nemaha Co., Kan., where they will be greatly appreciated.

Subscriber, Philadelphia. 1. Please inform me where Peter says some of Paul's Epistles are hard to understand. 2. Has Dr. Carl Peters written his African article for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD yet?

1. See II. Peter 3: 16. 2. No.

J. E. D., Georgetown, Del. What is your belief in regard to shouting and leaping in Divine service?

See answer to Julius P. Albroe, in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD "Mail Bag," issue of Aug. 2 last.

Mrs. J. S. Garr, Alexander, Iowa. What is meant by the words "this generation" in Matt 24: 34?

The generation of which Christ had been speaking. The generation which saw the beginning of the events would witness the close when he would appear in his glory.

Subscriber. 1 By whom, and when was the colony of Liberia founded and what are its area and population? 2. Who is the author of "Home Sweet Home." 3 What is the sin unto death, which Paul says we are not to pray for?

1. It was founded in 1822 by American philanthropists (the American Colonization Society.) Its area is 24,000 square miles; population at last official estimate, 18,000 civilized negroes chiefly of American origin and 1,050,000 natives, of whom some are still half savage and some conform to civilized customs. 2. John Howard Payne. 3. Indicate the passage.

Arthur Drew, Howell, Mich. Did the ancient Jews believe in the immortality of the soul?

While the belief is nowhere directly stated in the early Jewish writings there are many passages which appear to indicate that it was general. The laws in the Pentateuch against holding communication with the dead imply a prevalent belief that the soul lived on after the death of the body. Saul's application to the witch of Endor (I. Samuel 28), shows that he believed in the continued existence of the soul. In Heb. 21: 16 the statement is made that the patriarchs expected to enter a heavenly country. Christ also referred to the belief as existing in the days of Moses. (See Luke 20: 37.)

Subscriber, Berkshire, N. Y. 1. Is the age of Paul at the time of his conversion known? 2. Why did he spend three years in Arabia? 3. How many years was he in active service for Christ? 4. Was Agrippa in jest when he said "almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian"? 5. It has been reported that Dr. Talmage is a millionaire. Is this the truth?

1. He is supposed to have been between 30 and 40, but his age at that time cannot be accurately fixed. 2. Stanley suggests that he may have visited Sinai. The accepted inference is that before entering on his mission as an Apostle he sought seclusion in order that by conferring "not with flesh and blood," but with the Spirit, he might receive more deeply in his mind the commission given him at his conversion. 3. Biblical writers fix the date of his conversion at 37 A. D., and the traditional date of his death at 66 A. D., making the approximate duration of his Christian service twenty-nine years, less three years of seclusion. 4. It is generally supposed to have been spoken ironically. 5. No.

Geo. Gray, Pittsburg, Pa. I am superintendent of a small Mission Sabbath School near this city. Last Sunday being "Mission Day," I engaged a quartette of music (1 cornet, 1 violin, 1 trombone, and 1 clarinet, to accompany us in the hymns. Some of our teachers held that it was a sin to have them play on Sunday and consequently staved away from Sabbath School on account of the music. What do you think of music as an adjunct to Sabbath School?

The proper use of music in divine worship is authorized not only by Scripture but by a host of ancient and modern examples. In the Bible, we read frequently of the timbrel, harp, psaltery, dulcimer and other instruments being used in the Lord's service. To-day, in about every city in Europe and America, instrumental music is a prominent feature of worship. As to Sunday Schools, Mr. Wanamaker's has an instrumental band, Dr. Talmage's Tabernacle Sunday School is led by cornet and organ, Mr. Yatman's great revival meetings have a brass band. So long as the music is of a sacred character and rendered in a consecrated spirit it cannot be harmful, in either church or Sunday School.

E. V. T. Scottsburg, Oregon. How many Christians are there in the world?

This is not to be answered by figures, since God alone knoweth the heart. According to Schem's *Statistics of the World*, however, there are 420,000,000, and according to Sir Monier Williams of England, 430,000,000. In the United States there are about 23,000,000 members of Christian Churches of all denominations, and 20,000,000 (estimated) adherents.

H. G. Cronk, Apopka, Florida. Who were the writers of the Book of Judges, Ruth, 1-2 Samuel, 1-2 Kings and 1-2 Chronicles? I have the names of the writers of all the other Books in the Bible.

Judges is supposed to have been written by Samuel; the authorship of Ruth is uncertain; I. and II. Samuel are attributed to Samuel, both being edited after his death; the authorship of Kings is unknown; Ezra is supposed to have penned the Chronicles. Our correspondent is remarkably fortunate if he has the names of the writers of "all the other books," as the most eminent Biblical scholars have been unable thus far to decide their authorship.

J. A. Westervelt, Sprakers, N. Y. Is it possible for any for whom Christ died to be lost through the neglect of another?

The subject of predestination is too large for discussion in this place. Apart from that aspect of the question, your own experience and observation will convince you that many who die of their sins might have been saved if the Gospel had been earnestly and faithfully presented to them. The heathen abroad and the heathen in the slums of our great cities are cases in point. The success which of late years has attended the efforts to reach both classes justifies the belief that had those efforts been made as earnestly in former years, many who have been lost might have been saved, and the same principle applies to individual effort.

Mrs. M. C. Mansfield, Lexington, O. Is it wrong for Christians to wear their best clothes to church?

The expression, "best clothes," is one whose meaning changes according to the circumstances of the individual and the station in life. Modest and becoming garments should be worn to the house of the Lord, and not clothing of a character so pronounced that it will distract the attention of other worshipers. No true Christian will indulge the vanity that makes a display of dress, and especially in church. At the same time, scriptural precedents instruct us to honor the service of the Lord by appearing before him in clean garments. When the high priest entered the sanctuary he put on "holy garments" of clean white linen, and the clothing of the priests worn in the temple service, was also sanctified. This was doubtless intended not only as a part of the service itself, but as an example to the congregation. See also the very plain injunction in 1. Peter 3: 3, 4.

Rebecca Powell, Wylam, Ala. Address Rev. Dr. Barrows, First Presbyterian Church, Chicago.——Arthur Marvin, New Haven, Ct. Yes, he holds that belief firmly.——Anna E. Miller, Verona, Pa. Verses with a similar title were published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a year ago.——Christiana McDonald, Port Richmond, Pa. It depends on the subject and treatment.——Subscriber, New York. We do not know that he has any fixed opinion concerning perpetual motion.——Mrs. L. H. Lacy, Herkimer, N. Y. Clergymen do well to keep out of politics. Partisanship in the pulpit does not accord with the profession of the Gospel.——John A. Hendricks, Grand Rapids, Mich. It is only justifiable when it becomes an absolute necessity and this must be decided by your own conscience.——Mrs. E. C. Robertson, Charco, N. M. You will probably find answers to all your questions in a good biographical dictionary. The great majority were Protestants.——I. Spring, Eyhodia, O. 1. This has already been repeatedly answered in the "Mail-Bag." 2 It means a pure, chaste, sober, temperate, godly life.——Inquirer, Richmond, Va. We simply state the fact as to the ancient Jewish shekel, but it is unquestionable that the laws against idolatry, being then of comparatively recent date, were more strictly observed than in later centuries. The second commandment is only to be construed with reference to idolatry, otherwise art would be included in the divine prohibition.——A. French, New York City. Your questions have already been answered in a recent issue of this journal.——Ollie Gray, Paulding, Miss. Mr. Moody is a Congregationalist.——Ronnie Smith, Greeneville, Tenn. We do not believe it will.——L. P. Foster. The passage referred to is probably Job 28:24, where the figure is used as pure metaphor.——Mrs. Emerson, New Windsor, Ill. It is not yet sufficiently authenticated to be accepted as genuine.——Subscriber, Davenport, Ia. You can order Handbooks or Manuals on Conchology, Geology and Ornithology through any bookseller.——Mrs. S. A. Strole, Brook, Ind. We are unable to supply it.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

TWO EMINENT FRENCHMEN DEAD.

FRANCE has suffered the loss of two of her distinguished sons in one week. On October 17 died Marshal MacMahon the famous general and second President of the Republic, on the following day died Charles Francis Gounod, the famous musical composer. Marshal MacMahon was eight-five years of age. He was the descendant of an old Irish family whose undying allegiance to the House of Stuart cost it its estates and finally involved it in exile. The family followed the last of the Stuarts to France and settled there. The late Marshal was educated at St. Cyr, and after his graduation joined the army. He distinguished himself in Algiers and rose so rapidly in rank that in 1848, when he was under forty years of age, he was Brigadier General. He further distinguished himself in the Crimean War by leading the French column in storming the Malakoff, which was the key of the Russian position at Sebastopol. In the war against Austria in 1859, he also did splendid service. Napoleon III. made him a Duke and gave him a Field Marshal's baton. In the Franco-German war he was defeated and severely wounded at Sedan. He loyally supported M. Thiers in reorganizing the army and the country, and on M. Thiers resigning the Presidency in 1873, MacMahon was almost unanimously elected. He held the office until 1879, when he resigned. Since that time he lived in retirement, engaged chiefly on the writing of a history of his times. Gounod, who is best known as the composer of *Faust* was seventy-five years old. His musical genius manifested itself in his childhood and he was sent to Italy at the expense of the French government to cultivate it. While there, he produced several sacred pieces of some merit, but little was heard of his talent until 1851, when he produced his *Sappho*. Six years later his greatest achievement, *Faust*, was given to the world, and all Europe rang with his praise. He afterward produced several Oratorios and Operettas, but it is on his *Faust* that his fame rests. He had been living for some time in retirement when an attack of apoplexy prostrated him, from which he did not recover. Like the brave soldier on the previous day, he was conquered by the universal enemy against whom there is no defence either in fame, or power, or genius, but over whom the humblest Christian may triumph through Christ. (I Cor. 15: 54-57).

A Dispute Over a Cemetery Lot.

A painful dispute took place a few days ago at a funeral at Hempstead, L. I. The funeral was that of a child, and the mourning parents and friends followed the body to the cemetery. On their arrival, they found that no grave had been prepared to receive it. The authorities at the cemetery informed them that their family lot had been exchanged for another in a different part of the cemetery. The parents insisted that the lot belonged to them, that one of their children was already interred there, and that no exchange had taken place. They remembered that a year ago a lady came to them and offered to purchase the lot, or to give them in exchange a lot belonging to her in another part of the cemetery, but they declared that they had never entertained the offer. On the other hand, the lady claimed that they had consented to the exchange, and the cemetery authorities, although unable to find any documentary evidence of the fact, say that the exchange would not have been recorded on their books if the original owners had not given their consent. The difficulty stopped the funeral ceremony, and the body of the child was taken to the receiving vault, where it will have to remain until the dispute is settled. It is well for the child that it is the destination of his body only that is in question. He will suffer no detriment by it remaining in its temporary abode, however long the dispute may continue. Happily, the destination of a soul is not so determined, or many men who are safe in heaven would have been long kept out, if they were not excluded altogether. (II. Timothy 2: 9.)

An Author's Delirium.

The curious and distressing fancies which torture a man in the delirium of fever are graphically described in a letter recently sent by Mr. Robert Louis Stephenson, the famous novelist, to a friend. He says: "During an illness at Nice I lay awake a whole night in extreme pain. From the beginning of the evening one part of my mind became possessed of a grotesque notion. I thought the pain was connected with a wisp or coil of some sort. I knew naught of what it consisted, nor yet where it was, and cared not; only I thought, if the two ends were brought together, the pain would cease. Now, all the time with another part of my mind, which I venture to think was myself, I was fully alive to the absurdity of this idea, knew it to be a mark of impaired sanity, and was engaged with my other self in a perpetual conflict. Myself had nothing more at heart than to keep from my wife, who was nursing me, any hint of this ridiculous hallucination; the other was bound that she should be told of it. I believe it must have been well on in the morning before the fever (or the other fellow) triumphed, and I called my wife to my bedside, seized her savagely by the wrist, and, looking on her with a face of fury, cried, 'Why do you not put the two ends together and put me out of pain?' I have called the one person myself, and the other the other fellow. It was myself who spoke and acted; the other fellow seemed to have no control of the body or the tongue; he could only act through myself, on whom he brought to bear a heavy strain." The experience must have been very distressing, and was doubtless due to the great man's brain being temporarily enfeebled by the fever. A similar result is produced when the moral powers are enfeebled

THE LATE MARSHAL MACMAHON.

by habitual sin, and the man says, "What I would that do I not, but what I hate that do I." (Rom. 7: 15.)

The Capital of the Cherokee Strip.

The extraordinary progress of a town in the recently opened Cherokee Strip is described in a letter from a newspaper reporter, who went there in the rush as a settler. He says that in Perry, which is the capital of the Strip, there are nearly a thousand contested claims. Some of the lots have sixteen claimants, who are awaiting the arrival of the Commissioners from Washington to adjudicate the claims. The town has a population of 15,000. It lies one hundred and fifteen miles south of Wichita, Kan., in the most fertile and picturesque portion of the Cherokee Strip. It was built in a day. In three weeks the improvements have been wonderful. Thousands of tents and rough board buildings are scattered along the broad streets and avenues. Every one is used for business. Already six daily newspapers and two weeklies have been started. There were more lives lost in dispute over claims than were ever reported. Some of the contests were very fierce and in more than one case both of the contestants were killed in the fight for the possession of a lot. One dispute ended more agreeably. There were only two claimants to that lot and as one was a bachelor and the other an unmarried woman they concluded not to wait for the Commissioners, but to combine their claims by marriage. They are busy cultivating their claim, not caring whether the Commissioners decide that it belongs to the husband or to the wife. This was an exceptional case, not many of the disputes could be adjusted in that way. If, however, Christ's teachings were literally obeyed by his followers, the principle which settled this dispute would settle all disputes, in which Christians are engaged, for, as it was in the early days of the Church, men would cease to contend for any possession. (Acts 4: 32.)

A Hunting Cruise.

The dynamite cruiser *Vesuvius* reached New York on Oct. 21 after a long cruise in search of derelict vessels. Several of these have been reported lately as drifting in the "steamer lanes" of the Atlantic. As they are level with the water's edge and very srrongly built they are a source of serious danger to ocean steamers, and the *Vesuvius* went out to destroy them. She steamed around in search of them for several weeks but did not find them. She did find, however, two large wrecks, the masts of which protruded from the water and were strong enough to pierce the side of a ship that might collide with them. The *Vesuvius* destroyed both. The plan adopted was to send down a diver who attached a dynamite torpedo to the keel of the sunken vessel. When it was safely fixed it was set off by an electric wire. There was a vast upheaval of the waters, a tremendous scattering of fragments, and a mass of loose timber came to the surface and floated away toward shore. That was all that was left of

THE LATE CHARLES FRANCIS GOUNOD.

that menace to navigators. As soon as the cruiser is re provisioned she will set out on another cruise after the derelicts. We presume that if she finds any that can be saved and are worth saving, she will not destroy them, but tow them to port. That would be a more profitable occupation. It is so with human derelicts that abound in society. All of them are worth saving, and by divine power may be saved. While the Church deplores the mischief they do and ardently desires that it may be terminated it wishes that Christ's own methods may be used and the derelicts be sought and saved, not destroyed (Luke 9:54-56)

A Romance of the War.

A wedding took place at Louisville, Ky., on Oct. 18, which resulted from an engagement made thirty years ago in the turmoil of the war. The bridegroom at that time was a brave Confederate soldier twenty years of age. His company was surprised during one of the later campaigns and he was taken prisoner. He was sent to the military prison at Rock Island, Ill. While waiting there for an exchange some parcels of clothing were sent to the prison by Southern ladies for the Confederate prisoners The one which fell to the share of this young man came from a lady at Shelbyville, Ky. He wrote to thank her for it and a correspondence followed. After the declaration of peace he went to see her and they became engaged. The young man, however, had to find some occupation by which he could earn a livelihood and the girl had an aged mother and an invalid sister whom she could not desert. They agreed to let the marriage be deferred until a more propitious time, and they separated. The young man drifted about the Southern States for a long time before he could obtain remunerative employment, and afterward he experienced several reverses. Recently he went into business at Macon, Ga., where, for the first time, success attended his venture. Then he looked up his old love, found her still unmarried, and renewed his offer. Both are now over fifty, but a happier couple is seldom seen than they made as they stood up for the marriage ceremony at Louisville. It is much to be wished that those who pledge themselves to Christ when they are in adversity were as faithful to their promises as this young man was when prosperity shines upon them. (Ps. 66: 13, 14).

BRIEF NOTES.

From our stock of Oxford Teacher's Bibles we have thrown out a case into which a little dust had settled. They are perfect in every respect and are the same as those we used in our Premium Department. We will mail these Bibles, about 500 in number, at One Dollar each to such of our subscribers as may desire to avail themselves of this opportunity.

The King of Samoa has issued a proclamation forbidding, under pain of heavy penalties, any native Samoan or Pacific Islander to sell or to give away any intoxicating drinks.

A large meeting was held in St. James Lutheran Church, New York, on Oct. 21 to bid farewell to Dr. David A. Day who was returning after his brief vacation to his mission field at Muhlenberg, Liberia. Dr. Day has labored there and in other African stations for eighteen years.

A colporteur was recently arrested in the Galata district, Turkey, for selling the Epistle to the Galatians, on the ground that it was a seditious document. The Turkish authorities called for a certificate of the author's death to assure themselves that the document was not of recent origin.

Reports from the home of Dr. Charles P. Deems contain the gratifying intelligence that he is so much better as to be able to take an occasional drive. He is unable to walk without assistance, his voice is still indistinct, and he is unable to give expression to his thoughts fluenrly, but his progress is encouraging.

Miss Frances E Willard and her friend, Lady Henry Somerset have gained a good deal of popularity among the miners of England who have suffered much privation during the recent strike. Miss Willard gave her watch to be sold for the benefit of the distressed families of the miners and her friend redeemed it for her for $25.

At the recent Convention of the International Missionary Alliance Rev. A. B. Simpson said that more than one hundred new missionaries had been sent out during the year. The gifts offered at the Convention for the foreign missionary work amounted to $31,000. This was in addition to the $30,000 contributed at Old Orchard a few weeks before.

At a recent session of the Executive Committee of Foreign Missions, Southern Presbyterian Church, held in Nashville, Tenn., the Rev. Dr. Chester, recently pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Nashville, Tenn., was elected Secretary of Foreign Missions to succeed the Rev. M. H. Houston, D.D., who resigns to engage in active missionary work in China.

A remarkable revival is reported from Patchogue, L. I., as the result of the labors of Evangelist Arthur J. Smith of New York. The meetings have been held hitherto in the Congregational Church, but are to be transferred to the M. E. Church now. The converts belong to all classes, many of them having been non-church goers and some of them open scoffers at religion.

During the last six months, to September 1st, 1893, 185 colporters of the American Tract Society labored in thirty-three States and Canada. They visited 78,651 families, circulated by sale and grant 53,000 volumes of Christian literature; addressed 2,824 meetings; found 6,035 families destitute of all religious books except the Bible, and 5,195 families without the Bible.

Dr. Albert H. Henderson and wife sailed on Oct. 18 in the *Paris* for Mone, Burmah. The field is among the Shans a very wild class of people. Dr. Henderson acquired his medical education in Dr. Geo. D. Dowkontt's Medical Missionary College and was fourth on the roll of honor at his graduation from the University Medical College of New York City. He was one of the seven young men who went on the Evangelistic tour last summer in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Gospel Stage.

A press despatch to the *New York Recorder* from Baltimore, Md., states that a remarkable scene was witnessed in the South Western Police Court of that city on Oct. 18. The judge had some doubt as to the truth of an assertion made by one of the witnesses and asked her if she was sure her statement was true. She raised her hand toward heaven and called God to witness that it was true. She immediately tottered and fell forward unconscious. It was twenty-four hours before she recovered and it was then feared that she would become insane.

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

RUNNING A WINNING RACE.

Preached last Sunday morning, Oct. 29, 1893, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D.

Text: Heb. 12: 1. *"Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us."*

IN the preceding chapter the writer described with great fullness the heroes and heroines of faith. That chapter is a magnificent picture gallery on whose walls hang the immortal portraits of the victors through faith. They had fought a good fight; they had won a glorious victory. We are still in the fight; we are still running the race. But there is sympathy with us in our trials and triumphs. Heaven is nearer earth than we sometimes suppose. Earth is not a small island in God's universe cut off from all communication with the mainland. The spirits of just men made perfect are in some sense cognizant of and interested in our struggles; most of all, Christ himself is our great example and helper.

Attention is called, in the first place, to the encouragement we have in running the race. The exhortation here continued was really begun in the 10th chapter and the 19th verse; but at that point it was broken off that the writer might introduce the wonderful examples of triumphant faith which occupy the remainder of that chapter. Now he returns to the subject then dropped for the purpose mentioned; and now he continues the exhortation with accumulative force, and with increased momentum he expresses his argument with irresistible power. He assures us that we are surrounded by

Numerous Witnesses.

It is evident that the language here is suggested by the games with which the writer and readers were familiar. In those games multitudes of spectators occupied the circular seats in the amphitheatre; and from that vantage point they could easily see all that was occurring in the arena. This thought is enlarged until the heavens are the great amphitheatre, and saints and seraphs, angels and archangels are the witnesses of the struggles and triumphs of Christians in their earthly course. To deny this reference is to miss the very point of the writer's thought. Christians are, in some sense, surrounded in like manner with the worthies to which reference was made in the previous chapter. Perhaps the writer does not intend to positively affirm that they are familiar with earthly occurrences, in the same sense as were the spectators in the games; but he seems to teach that in some sense they are interested and encouraging witnesses of our earthly trials.

We know that these athletic and other games aroused an absorbing interest in that early day. The successful champions were crowned with great solemnity, pomp and rejoicing. With tears of gratitude and joy their friends bore them away in triumph. Cicero tells us that a victory at the Olympic games was not much less honorable than a triumph at Rome. The witnesses of these games were very numerous; so the writer in this case speaks of "so great a cloud of witnesses." These heavenly witnesses, like

The Spectators

in the circus, are represented as being above and around us. From their heights in heavenly bliss they look on with sympathy and affection. It was common for classic writers to speak of a multitude as a "cloud." Not less fitting, but more, is the word cloud used in this higher and divmer revelation. In this case, as in the old games, a multitude of spectators gives courage to the combatants, stimulating them to win the victory. We must not press this thought too far, but we may catch its sweet lesson, and feel its heavenly inspiration.

Among those witnesses are some of the dearest friends we have ever known on this earth. Yonder on some heavenly height is perhaps the pastor of our youth, he who led us to Christ, he who buried us with Christ in baptism, he who welcomed us to the table of the Lord; he who guided us in the early days of our Christian life. Yonder are perhaps the father who prayed for our conversion, and the mother at whose knee we knelt in childhood's holy hours, and under whose sweet exhortations we yielded our hearts to Jesus Christ. Let us catch the lesson which their presence teaches, and feel the inspiration which their sympathy imparts. But the greatest of all forms of encouragement here given is that we are to look unto Jesus.

A Precaution.

We observe, in the second place, that there is not only encouragement given, but precaution suggested as we run the Christian race—"Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us." The word here translated "weight," does not occur elsewhere in the New Testament. It means primarily that which is crooked or hooked, and then whatever is suspended by a hook or or crook. The word is occasionally found in classic writers referring to pride and its various manifestations. Usually, however, it means a weight or burden. No doubt there is a further allusion here to runners in the games, who were careful to lay aside any superfluous weight, which might interfere with the freedom of their movement in running. Their clothes were made in such fashion as not to impede their running; they were careful also in their training to remove unnecessary flesh and whatever else might prove a hindrance or impediment. These athletes teach Christians important lessons at this point. They not only removed all that was unnecessary in their clothing, but unnecessary weight in their own person. The word here might be applied to every weight of every kind that might obstruct the progress of the racer; thus it will apply to weight of the person, or weight on the person. A distinction is here made between weights and sins. Not all weights are necessarily sins; but almost any weight may become a sin. It is important to observe this distinction. Many things proper in themselves become vastly improper when improperly used. We may make vices out of our virtues; we may make our gifts and graces hindrances and impediments in the Christian race. Many a man's external circumstances become weights because of his internal conditions. Similar circumstances in the case of another man may become helps rather than hindrances. To run well we must remove

Unnecessary Weights;

to run well we must run light. The weight with one may be one thing, and with another, another. In one case it may be pride, worldliness, bad temper, a corrupt imagination, an unholy affection. With another it may be love of personal beauty, love of adornment, even undue devotion to commendable culture, commendable with appropriate limitations and relations. But whatever it may be, it must be heroically and determinedly laid aside. Unimportant in itself, if we honestly feel that it is interfering with our progress in the Christian life, we must promptly set it aside. Love of money, love of praise, love of success—a thousand things, not necessarily wrong, but wrong when they become inordinate, wrong only when they come between us and our duties to Christ—these we must set aside, though they be dear to us as a right hand or a right eye. Above all things beside we must run our race so that we may win the victory. Thanks be to God, all runners may be winners. In the old games many ran, but only one could win. Here all may run and all may win. May God help you that you may all "so run that ye may obtain."

We are also to lay aside "the sin which so easily doth beset us." The word which describes this sin is deeply interesting, alike in its composition and significance. The word "sin" is distinct from and in advance of the word weight. Every sin may be a besetting sin, but not every weight is even a sin. Both weights and sins, however, are to be put away that we may run successfully the appointed race. The word descriptive of this sin does not elsewhere occur in the New Testament, nor in the whole range of Greek literature, as learned commentators affirm. This fact makes its interpretation somewhat difficult. Its composition shows that it means the well-standing-around sin, or putting the Greek thought into words more directly derived from the Latin, the well-circumstanced sin. It is the sin which has everything in its favor, time and place, desire and opportunity. Some have rendered it, "the sin that hangeth on us," others "the sin which specially winds around us and and hinders our course:" and still others, "the sin which doth naturally enwrap us." We may suppose that the word is suggested by the fact that the garments ordinarily worn, if not put off, would wind around the legs of the runner and hinder him in his course. We are, then, to lay aside the sin, whatever it may be, which clings fast to us, and will not readily part from us, but which clings as a

Cumbersome Garment.

As the runner stripped for the race, so must we lay aside both weights and sins which would hinder our progress and perhaps entirely defeat our purpose. While we are commanded to lay aside "every weight," we are especially commanded to lay aside the easily-besetting sin. The word translated "and" in this connection has the meaning of particularly or especially. What are the sins which may be described as easily besetting? They are different in the experience of different men; what may hinder one, may be of slight importance in the case of another Christian. We can, however, lay down some general principles, which will apply to sins of this class in the case of all men.

There are certain sins which may be called constitutional. They belong to us in our bodies and souls alike. Tendencies to them may have been inherited, and indulgence in them may have greatly strengthened the inherited propensity. Strong on most other points, we may be weak at some given point. We must not, however, try to throw aside our own responsibility on the ground of inherited tendency. We are in danger of throwing back to our ancestors responsibility which is our own. There is a great truth in the law of heredity, but nevertheless for the indulgence of the propensity, and for its consequences, we alone are responsible.

Our Responsibility

neither God nor common sense will allow us to throw back upon parents or others. Every man has his weak point, except he be weak all over; that weak point he must especially guard. No chain is stronger than its weakest link; when pressure is put upon it every other link may stand, but the chain fails of its purpose because of one weak spot. A bow in the hand of a boy a day or two ago seemed to be entirely strong except at one point, a point at which the carpenter, in cutting a wedge, had made a slight nick in the bow itself. The boy adjusted the arrow, drew the bow with force to send the arrow to a distant mark; and, at the point where the edge of the chisel had touched it, the bow snapped. The bow was only as strong as its weakest point. So is it with the resolution, conduct, and character of every man or woman. That point must be most carefully guarded and constantly strengthened. Knowledge of one's weakness is necessary to the formation of a worthy character and to victory over inherent evil tendencies. A holy life will consist in part in discovering our weak points that we may so fortify them as to become invincible.

There are also habitual sins, which may become easily-besetting sins. These may be the outcome of the constitutional trend of which we have spoken. The tendency may be gratified until it becomes a habit, and the habit may be indulged until it becomes character, and the character may be so developed as to determine destiny. These

Habitual Sins

are those to which we were exposed by natural temperament, and which we freely indulged before making a Christian profession. There is danger that they will return with irresistible power; danger that by laws of memory and association we may fall before their onset. It has been well said that when we bury our sins at conversion, we must not too often visit their graves, lest they have a resurrection. The man who was intemperate before conversion must not expose himself by association with drinking men or by visiting saloons. A man I knew some years ago, who had reformed, said that the click of the glasses would arouse the old and fierce appetite to such a degree that he often had to run past the open door of a saloon. The smell of liquor will have a similar influence in the case of other men. No man who has been redeemed from the power of his cups should heedlessly expose himself again to danger. If a man will continually put his head into the lion's mouth, he ought to know that one day the lion will be likely to close his jaws. Men who have been infidels are in danger of a return to their scepticism, and men who have lived lives of gross impurity, will be attacked on the side of their lower and viler nature. Against the enemy who approaches us at any one of these weak points we must be constantly on our guard. There is danger that we may tempt the devil as truly as he may tempt us.

Professional Sins.

There are also certain sins which may be called professional sins, against which we must guard. They may become our easily-besetting sins. It is exceedingly difficult for men to rise above the moral standard of their profession. A subtle and almost mysterious atmosphere surrounds most professions. They have their own standards of attainment; "they all do it" is often a dangerous fact. The man who yields to a moral wrong in his profession, to which he would not yield outside, must guard himself at the point where his profession specially touches him. Every merchant, physician, lawyer and clergyman knows the significance of these remarks. They apply with equal force to farmers and mechanics; and, indeed, to all classes and conditions of men and women. We must watch lest we lose the simplicity of our faith and the spirituality of our life, lest our position as politicians, or members of any of the professions, shall reveal our weak point and cause us to fall before the onsets of Satan.

Lastly, we have the exhortation, "Let us run with *patience*, the race that is set before us." The word here translated "patience" is more strictly perseverance, or patient endurance. This exhortation is of prime importance. It is worth much for us to know that life is a race, and that it is an appointed race, and that it must be run with great endurance else victory is impossible. Encouraged by the triumph of the sainted witnesses, who won the prize, and especially by

Looking Unto Jesus,

our great Exemplar, we are to run our race with patient endurance. The race becomes vastly easier when we know that it is appointed by the infinite wisdom and love of our God. We sometimes think that no path is as rough and thorny as ours; and that no cross is so hard and heavy as ours. We often think that if we could change position with other men our lot would be vastly easier. We forget that we do not know how heavy their cross is, and that if God gave us our choice, perhaps, after all we would select the very cross which we are now bearing. Let us rest assured that our race in not the result of accident or caprice. The path in which we run is chosen for us as being most conducive, in the judgment of the omniscient God and loving Father, to our good and to his glory. Let us then be patient and heroic as we run the race so that at last we may win the crown. Perseverance is one of the noblest graces in the Christian life. "Patience is genius," said Buffon; "patience is power; with time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes satin," says the eastern proverb; "the world is his who has patience;" says the old Italian proverb, "a stout heart breaks ill-luck;" "if I have lost the rings, here are the fingers still," says the Spanish proverb. Perseverance is often

The Noblest Element

of Christian endeavor. "Hard pounding, gentlemen, but we will see who can pound the longest," said Wellington at Waterloo. The spider climbing the twelfth time on a beam of the roof, and falling each time, but succeeding when it climed the thirteenth time, gave Robert Bruce, as he took shelter in the barn, and who had also failed twelve times, courage to make the thirteenth endeavor in which he met and defeated Edward and was crowned king. Dr. Judson must labor in Burmah seven years before he has a convert, but his faith never failed. His reward was abundant. Cyrus Field toiled anxiously and ceaslessly for thirteen years, often with aching head and sinking heart, wandering in the forests of Newfoundland in pelting rain and stormy nights, praying that he might not taste death until his work was accomplished, before the Atlantic cable was laid. We are told that Mr. Edison's phonograph long refused to say the word "special;" it dropped the "s," and could say only "pecial." Mr. Edison worked for seven months from eighteen to twenty hours a day to make the phonograph utter that single sound. The difficulty was that the material in his cylinders was not of a proper consistency. He required material delicate enough to receive impressions not more than a millionth part of an inch in depth, and yet firm

enough so to carry the needle as to produce the vibrations which had made the impressions. Scientists said that it could not be done; but he said that it *must* be done, and he *did it*. If men will make such heroic efforts in fields of scientific learning, how much more ought we in gaining the crown of everlasting life. If men did so run in the Grecian games to gain a crown of laurel, how ought we to run when the prize is a crown of everlasting glory!

O, enter the lists to-day! Just now step out of the broad way of sin and death, and enter this narrow path, and finish your course with joy unspeakable and full of glory. God grant that some in the race may be encouraged to-day, perhaps amid many trials, to run with patient endurance; and that some others now looking unto Jesus may begin to run for the prize of eternal life!

Relieved by the "Red Cross."

President Clara Barton and her Committee aiding the Sea Island Sufferers.

SO great have been the loss of life, the suffering and the destitution caused by the recent cyclone and floods in the Sea Island district between Charleston and Savannah, that the section is now little better than a wilderness. Fully 30,000 people for the next eight months will have to be provided with all the necessaries of life.

As the recent calamity is one that appeals to the sympathies of the entire country, the American National Red Cross has undertaken to conduct the work of relief, and Miss Clara Barton, together with her Committees, has established a relief headquarters at Beaufort, S. C. Governor Tillman and the Central Relief Committee have placed the responsibility of receiving and distributing supplies in the hands of the Red Cross and the relief work will now be prosecuted with systematic vigor.

President Clara Barton thus describes the situation in the destitute districts:

"There are two means of earning a livelihood among the inhabitants of these Sea Islands—farming and mining in the phosphate fields. The farm interests have been almost completely destroyed and there is nothing to be done on the farms till spring. The storm swept away the machinery and boats of the phosphate mines and it will be six months before they can resume work. The other sources of revenue are meagre and will not supply the demands of the thousands in need of food and shelter. The sanitary condition, never the best, is now naturally as much worse as could be imagined. With but little clothing, less food, decaying vegetation, stagnant water, exposure to the weather, medical assistance miles away, few medical supplies, what but sickness can be expected, without prompt attention and immediate relief? One bright spot is the superb work of the marine hospital service under Dr. Magruder's control through the direction of Dr. Wyman. As far as this service has reached, it is directing the clearing of wells, the burial of carcasses, and the drainage of the soil wherever practicable.

"There will not be work for the people for months. The fishing boats of the people were swept to sea, their poultry, in the main, drowned, and on many islands cows and goats were destroyed. The entire seacoast belt of islands, extending south from James Island to Hilton Head Island, with 30,000 population, has been devastated. Crops were ruined, houses swept away, clothing destroyed, sickness is breeding and perhaps half of these poor people will be dependent upon public charity for support, if they are not already so. There is a severe winter season ahead. The men, so far as I have been able to see and hear, are willing to work where there is anything to do, but there is little if anything, and there will be less when winter comes. If they leave the islands, their families, generally large ones will be left behind entirely destitute and practically helpless.

"The appeals for help have been generously responded to up to this time, and have doubtless saved many lives. The fund has been almost entirely expended in the purchase of grist, bacon and flour, the principal staples of food, and these supplies have been judiciously and honestly distributed. But the work has just begun. Months and months of bread have to be supplied."

Governor Tillman, Miss Barton and a party made a tour of investigation among the afflicted islands and found the reports of suffering fully confirmed. The entire forces of the Red Cross are now actively at work and all aid sent to the headquarters at Beaufort will be distributed to the best advantage among the needy part of the population.

Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

After the Mist and Shadow.

F. J. Crosby. Psalm 5:7. Kate M. Preston.

1. Aft - er the mist and shad - ow, Aft - er the drear - y night,
2. Aft - er the thorn - y path - way, Aft - er the storms we meet,
3. Aft - er the cares and tri - als, Aft - er the toils and tears,
Aft - er the sleep-less watch - ing, Com - eth the morn-ing light;
Aft - er the heart's deep long - ing, Joy and com-mu - nion sweet;
Aft - er the time of sow - ing, Reap-ing thro' end-less years;
Beau - ti - ful, soft and ten - der, Lead-ing the soul a - long,
Aft - er the wea - ry con - flict, Rest in the Sav-iour's love,
Aft - er the pil - grim jour - ney, Rapt - ure that ne'er shall cease,
O - ver the si - lent riv - er, In - to the land of song.
O - ver the si - lent riv - er, Safe in the home a - bove.
O - ver the si - lent riv - er, Rest in the land of peace.

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From JUNIOR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SONGS, by per. of the Publishers

"THE LORD WILL KEEP HIS OWN."

(Written for The Christian Herald.)

I KNOW not if to-morrow's sun
Will bring me joy or pain;
If blessings will descend from heaven
Or sorrows fall like rain,
Or if the skies be overcast
With clouds like funeral pall,
Or if the sun will rise and shine,
Or if it rise at all;
I only know that down my path
Of earth o'er brier and stone,
I shall be safely led, because
"The Lord will keep his own."

I know not if my path of life
Still winds through many years,
Or if before to-morrow's morn
I bid farewell to tears;
I know not which of all my friends
Will be the first to go,
And leave me wandering lonely through
This vale of sin and woe;
I only know my heavenly Friend
Will never leave me lone,
But walk forever by my side
And always "keep his own."

I know not how Christ cleansed my sins,
I only know that he
Did take my sinful heart and give
A spotless one to me.
And through this heart that he has cleansed
His wondrous love does flow,
And here abides that perfect peace
The world may never know.
I know not now whose lives are pure,
Or whose hearts are like stone;
I only know my heart is Christ's,
And he will "keep his own."

I know that pleasures are but fleet,
While pain is everywhere,
But God thinks best to give us all
Some little taste of care;
And oh! I know this night of earth
Will sometime pass away,
And all will be forgotten when
We wake in Heaven's day;
And with all sin, and strife, and pain,
And tears forever flown,
There'll be but comfort, peace, and love
When God does claim "his own."

Marshall, Mich. — CLARA BELLE SOUTHWELL.

CHANGELESS.

AMID earth's changes, Lord,
Its shadows and its fears,
Its broken pledges, shattered plans,
Its sorrows and its tears,
Thy children trust thy own sure word,
And wait the eternal years.

O, dearest trust in God,
That fights our darkest days,
O, sweetest calm that lifts a psalm
Forever to God's praise,
Glad are the pilgrims on the road
When he ordains their ways.

THE TWO WITNESSES.

Their Testimony, their Decline and Final Extinction for Three and a Half Years.

BY THE LATE SIR A. BLACKWOOD.

THE great Revealer declares to his servant John, in the eleventh chapter of Revelation, that the two witnesses are to be killed by an agency from the abyss; that their corpses are to be exposed to public contempt, their death being a cause of universal rejoicing; but that they are to be resuscitated, and to be raised, in the sight of all, to a position of glorious exaltation. In my opinion the two witnesses represent the Protestant Churches which are to lose their vitality, their life. The olive-trees are to become destitute of oil; the light of the candlesticks is to be extinguished. They will no longer be filled with the breath of the Spirit, no longer feed upon the Bread of Life, no longer lift up their voice in testimony for God.

They are to be slain by "the wild beast that ascendeth out of the bottomless pit." This wild beast is identical with the fourth wild beast seen by Daniel (chap. 7), and consequently denotes the fourth great world empire, or Rome. The various aspects under which that power appears—first Pagan, then Papal, and finally Democratic—are presently described. This is the power that makes war with the Witnesses, overcomes, and at length, kills them. The life of the Protestant Churches is to be destroyed by the power of Rome (Rev. 11:7.) This end is accomplished "when they shall have finished their testimony." The war of the wild beast or Rome, against them, has been carried on during the period of their testimony."—*i. e.*, throughout the 1,260 years of their witness for Christ and against anti-Christian error (the 1,260 days of Rev. 11:3.)

For three years and a half (three and a half prophetic days) these dead churches, whose witness to Christ and his truth is then no longer heard, becomes the gazing-stock and scorn of the representatives of Christendom ("they out of the people and kindreds and tongues and nations," *i. e.*, deputies therefrom) who will treat them with grossest ignominy. They are "cast out of their graves as abominable branches, carcases trodden under foot" (see Isa. 14:19) There is "none to bury them, (they) are become a reproach to their neigbors, a scorn and derision to them that are round about." (Psa. 8::3.)

Dwellers upon the earth will rejoice over vanquished Protestantism. Their troublesome testimony is silenced. Evangelical truth, is suppressed. The dwellers on the earth can be happy now. No unpleasant witness to the truths of God will be heard. The realities of holiness and sin, of death, judgment, and eternity, of the Cross of Christ, of heaven and hell are put on one side. The Protestant Churches will have, some of them, modified their creed and standards to obtain or preserve State recognition, while others, in order to abolish it, will subordinate their Christianity to their politics. In one way or another, the churches will have ceased to testify. They will have abandoned their Protestant attitude. It may be that, cap in hand, they will humbly sue to be included in the imposing organization presented by a reunited Christendom, but though they "lay their body as the ground, and as the street to them that went over," they will obtain no favor in the sight of the representatives ahd rulers of the worldly religious Church that has the upper hand, and exercises universal sway. They do not even "suffer their dead bodies to be put in graves."

This state of things will last for three years and a half, and no longer, (Rev. 11:9). The period is accurately, divinely measured. At its end a revival takes place. No human agency is mentioned: "the Spirit of life from God enters into them, and they stand upon their feet." No longer crouching, cringing, ashamed of their previous history and the noble testimony of their ancestors—in fact, void of vitality and power—they will be once more erect, bold, and steadfast. The functions of living churches will again be exercised; the holy oil will pervade the branches and fill them with beauty and fruitfulness; the light of the candlesticks once more shines forth with divinely-imparted brillance. The testimony of Jesus will be sounded forth anew in all its truth and sweetness.

The revival of the Protestant Churches will be as conspicuous, as notorious, as their shameful death had been, and the world that hated their testimony and thought it forever silenced, will be amazed and alarmed by their resuscitation by the direct intervention of God. All this appears to be yet unfulfilled. Yet are there some striking indications of the probability of the earlier stages of this prophecy soon being realised.

THE TEST OF LOVE.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Nov. 12. II.Cor. 8: 1-9; 9: 6-8.

GIVING, in the cause which Paul advocated, was doubly a test of love. If a man loved his fellow-men, the knowledge that some were in need would certainly move him to relieve their need. If he loved God and was a follower of Christ, he would give for Christ's sake. Thus, to neglect giving, was to show that there was not the love for God and men in the heart that there ought to be. It was a serious condition that these men were in; they had faith, utterance, knowledge, diligence and love for their teacher, but they lacked this grace of giving. They were apparently selfish Christians and Paul shows them why selfishness was worse in a Christian than in any one else. They were rich because Christ had become poor for their sakes, therefore, if they were really followers of Christ they would make sacrifices for the sake of others. If a man refrained from giving to those who were in need, he did not have the spirit of Christ and was not following him. There is no flaw in the Apostolic argument. No wife would believe that her husband loved her, however much he protested that he did, if he habitually neglected her, was unmindful of her wishes, spent his income on himself, while she lacked food and clothing. Christ was not there, but he had so identified himself with his people that he had said, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto these my brethren ye did it not to me." In withholding the help from the Jewish Christian poor, for whom Paul pleaded, these Corinthians were withholding gifts from Christ himself. The inference that they did not love him was logical. They had given another proof, too. Paul intimates that while he was serving them as their pastor, he had toiled for his own support and had actually accepted help from other churches, while he was laboring for the Corinthians. Evidently it was a church that needed admonition on this matter. Paul would not command; it was a subject on which commands were out of place. The gifts ought to be spontaneous, as they would be if the people loved Christ. The Apostle was concerned, not about the lack of the gifts, but about the barrenness which their absence implied.

This test is not worn out nor discarded. They who love God, love their fellow-men still; and their love is not idle. It is one of the invariable signs of genuine conversion that love to the whole world springs into life. Especially is there love toward those who have fellowship with us in the blessed hope. They are brethren and their need is our concern. If they lack the necessaries or even the comforts of life, while we have more than we need, their cry goes up to heaven against us and we shall not be held guiltless. If the men who break to us the bread of life are suffering poverty and if the agencies which are engaged in propagating the Gospel in the world are restricted in their efforts by lack of funds, while we are hoarding our money, we shall be called to account for it. Pointing to the hoarded thousands, Christ asks, "Lovest thou me more than these?" Dare we refuse to give while we call ourselves followers of him who was rich, yet [illegible]?

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THE Y. W. C. A. IN INDIA.

For several years past Christian women in the city of Madras, India, have been accustomed to meet together occasionally for mutual counsel and help. So much benefit was derived from these meetings that it was decided to have a regular organization as a Young Women's Christian Association. Arrangements were made and the Association was regularly constituted at the beginning of this year. So great was its success that since that time five branches have been opened in as many districts of the city and all are prospering. The meetings held, exclusive of the business meetings of the Board of Managers have been 197 in all, and of these 128 were for Bible study and prayer. Among the others were sewing parties, social gatherings and receptions. There are now 316 members on the books. "The object of the Association," says Mrs. E. M. Organe, the secretary, in a letter to the *Indian Witness*, "is to promote the highest interests of young women of all classes, and to help them in every possible way to become fitted for the great responsibilities that devolve upon the rising generation. We aim at cultivating the physical and intellectual as well as the spiritual part of their natures. The special needs of such work, if brought before Christian young women, would be the means of calling forth offers of service that are so sorely needed in many places. Ways and means would also probably be indicated in which the young women in large centres might help in the work of spreading the Gospel message among their non-Christian sisters, for we are convinced there are many only waiting to be shown how to set to work. I merely add that we hope at no distant date to welcome from England or America a lady worker who shall give her whole time to the development of Associations in this City and Presidency. For this we have earnestly prayed and have obtained the cordial co-operation of our friends in the far west." The extent of the sphere to be occupied may realized when we know that the population of the city of Madras is more than half a million and of the Presidency nearly forty millions.

THE NEW BUILDING OF THE W. C. A. OF PHILADELPHIA.

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THE PHILADELPHIA W. C. A.

Last week the Women's Christian Association of Philadelphia had the pleasure of moving into its new home, a picture of which appears on this page. For more than two years, the officers and members have suffered the sickness of deferred hope. Their former home, endeared to them as the scene of many happy meetings and the centre of useful work, was wrested from them by one of the railroad monopolies which are the curse of our land. Only after long and expensive litigation could the Association obtain such compensation as would enable them to secure a new site and part of the cost of a new building. Work was commenced on the structure more than a year ago, but trade disputes and other troubles caused delay, and it is only now that the Association is once more under its own roof. There is, however, some consolation for the ladies who have labored so strenuously for the cause, in the beauty and convenience of the new building. It was worth while waiting to have so magnificent a home. We sincerely hope that the wealthy citizens of Philadelphia, who know how valuable is the work the Association is doing, will munificently subscribe to relieve it of the incubus of debt which burdens it, and will, until it is removed, curtail its usefulness. It is expected that fully $100,000 will be needed to cover the entire cost, in addition to the amount received for the old building from the railroad. The site, the building and the furnishing have cost $335,000.

The building is an ornament to the city. It is practically nine stories high. It stands on the corner of Eighteenth and Arch streets and occupies an area of 132 by 120 feet. The material is buff brick with granite facings. There are accommodations for 250 boarders and about fifty transient guests. Beside these rooms there are all the rooms necessary for the business of the Association and for the common use of its members. These include a large auditorium with a seating capacity of one thousand, an amusement hall, a restaurant where 250 can dine at the same time, a large library, fifteen class-rooms, several committee-rooms, parlors, sewing and reading rooms and all the rooms needed for that valuable department of the Association's work, the School for Training Domestic Servants. Over all is the model roof-garden which in the summer months will be a refuge for those members who cannot afford the luxury of a sojourn on the mountains or the sea-side. The privilege of living in the building is restricted to self-supporting women and an idea of the value of that privilege is gained from the fact that board, lodging and washing will be afforded for three dollars a week. For a small extra sum the inmates can have tuition in book-keeping, stenography, type writing, dress-making and many other studies. The Association was organized twenty-three years ago and its life has been a continuous growth in usefulness. Mrs. Franciscus, the President, Miss Sarah Cadbury, the Secretary, and other officers of the Association have made it their life study to find out the needs of their sisters and the best way of supplying them. The result is this model Association.

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A SPHERE OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

A suggestion that merits the consideration of young people's societies of all denominations is made by Mr. A. S. Orne, of Haverhill, Mass. Circumstances in connection with a sphere of work in which he was engaged led him to seek a home for some destitute children where they would receive a religious education and the knowledge of some business by which they could earn a livelihood. The difficulty he experienced in finding such an institution led to his making further investigation. To his astonishment he discovered, that although there were numerous institutions under he control of the Roman Catholic Church, in which destitute children, orphans, foundlings, deserted children, and the children of criminals were willingly received and cared for, the Protestant churches had made little or no effort of the kind. The Roman Catholics appeared to have appreciated the value of such material for their church, while Protestants had been oblivious of it. Yet in all the States in which Mr. Orne conducted his investigations he found hundreds of children on their way to becoming a public charge as criminals who, might in all probability, be saved to lives of honesty and usefulness by religious training. The question arises, whether it would not be possible to have an institution in every State in which such training could be given. It might be on a small scale at first with only a score or a hundred inmates. The value of the work would soon be realized and its extension would come naturally. The difficulty of course would be one of funds. Although in England George Muller, Pastor Spurgeon and Dr. T. J. Barnardo have established such institutions and have been enabled to carry them on for many years, doing an inestimable amount of good, the need here, which is quite as pressing, has not been so met. In the absence of men of their strong faith, might not such a work be undertaken by the young people's societies? A very small subscription from every member, if lodged in the hands of a State Union of Christian Endeavor Societies, of Epworth Leagues and Baptist Young People's Unions would, in the aggregate, suffice to build and equip and support an Orphanage in the State. It might be under the charge of a joint committee and be conducted on undenominational lines. We heartily commend the project to the attention of our readers in the honest conviction that it would be no less pleasing to Christ than the effort already being made by the Societies to send the Gospel to the heathen abroad.

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AMONG THE ORDERS.

The number of Christian Endeavor Societies in Great Britain has increased to 750.

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At the Kansas City, Mo., Epworth League Convention the report showed 790 members and 423 juniors.

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The B. Y. P. U., of Oak Park, Ill., have the pledge printed in large type, handsomely framed and hung where all can see it in their prayer-room.

✠

One hundred simultaneous missionary meetings were held in Chicago on a recent Sunday, under the auspices of the Illinois Christian Endeavor Missionary Institute.

✠

The banner won by South Dakota at the National B. Y. P. U. Convention at Indianapolis has been confided to the Brookings Union, which had the best record for Bible reading in the State.

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The second Sunday in November and the week following have been set apart by the Young Men's Christian Associations of the world as the annual day and week of special prayer for their work in behalf of young men.

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At the State Convention of the B. Y. P. Unions of Indiana 94 societies and 21 Associational Unions reported. The total number of members 4,859. Prof. Moncrief declined re-election to the Presidency. His successor is Rev. A. B. Chaffee of South Bend.

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The local Societies of Christian Endeavor of New York held their annual meeting in the Marble Collegiate Church on October 26th and 27th. Dr. John F. Scudder's address was on the question, "What ails our Society?" Dr. Parkhurst spoke on "the Christian Endeavorer as a citizen."

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The services held during the summer by the Waugh Epworth League in Schott's Alley, Washington, D. C., a hive of Italians and negroes, were blessed of God to several conversions. The League has now rented two rooms in the Alley where work will be carried on through the winter.

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The Chinese Endeavor society which meets in the First Presbyterian Church of Chicago sent eleven members to the recent annual meeting of the South Side Union. This meant the loss of half a day's wages to several of the "boys," who had to furnish substitutes when away from work.

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The Epworth League of the Washington Avenue Church at Kansas City has found a source of income in collecting foreign postage stamps which it sells to collectors, the proceeds going to the support of the Bethany Hospital. The request for these stamps has met with a prompt response from all quarters.

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The State Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association of Georgia has issued an appeal to the Associations throughout the country for help for the convalescents at Brunswick. Many young men, he says, who have recovered from the epidemic are temporarily in need of the common necessaries of life. Donations are to be sent to W. M. Lewis, Atlanta, Ga.

The Family and Home Circle

Teaching Blind Girls in China.

A Lady Missionary Describes a most Interesting Christian Work in Canton.

Miss Nyrup.

EVERY reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD having the spiritual welfare of the unevangelized millions of China at heart will be interested in the following extracts from a letter written by an American lady missionary concerning her work among the blind children of Canton. Mary W. Niles, writes:

"Ten years ago, when I first had occasion to pass through the streets of Canton by night, I was surprised to meet blind girls of the age of fourteen years or more, over-dressed in gay shams or jackets, with their cheeks painted and flower-bedecked hair. A woman carrying a musical instrument led them there. These girls were the property of cruel mistresses who sent them out to spend their nights in low places of amusement or upon the streets. I pitied them but passed on, not thinking that I had any duty in respect to this practice. Later, Sin Lan, a bright slave girl of seventeen years of age, was brought to the hospital by her mistress for healing. Mrs. Kerr has a little school in connection with the hospital, and this girl memorized rapidly the first and second primers and the Gospel by Mark in Chinese. At length she applied for admission to the church and passed an examination which astonished the elders, and yet they dared not admit her to membership. Was she not owned body and soul by those who would not permit her to live a Christian life? When, at length, she became hopelessly ill, her mistress deserted her. Then again she was examined for church membership. I was quite overcome with the beautiful testimony of her faith in Christ. She desired a new baptismal name (Koi-Chan), meaning transformed to the truth. In a few months she went from us, rejoicing, to her heavenly home.

"I soon learned to long for a school for blind girls. In 1888 a blind baby was brought to me who had been picked up on the street, and I was told that if I would promise to cure her eyes the family who had found her would support her. 'If not?' I asked. 'Then,' said they, 'there is nothing but to give her to the owner of blind slaves.' The thought flashed upon me, 'Who has more responsibility in this case than yourself?' Then I said to the woman, 'You may leave her with me.' Afterward, I wondered if this might not be the beginning of a school for blind girls. But who was to open one?

"In 1889 a blind girl named A-Un came to me. A woman who was negotiating to buy her older sister brought that sister to me. If I said that there was no cure, that settled the bargain. She told me that the mother was poor and could not keep her. Not a tenth of a cent has been paid for any one of the eleven girls now under my charge. Two weeks later the mother brought A-Un and wished to give her to me. After several months the mother came again to me in great distress, saying that she saw A-Un so happy and contented, while her sister was most wretched, would I not take her also? 'Yes,' I replied, 'if you will redeem her from her mistress.'

"A Chinese lady, not a Christian, has supported A-Un ever since she has been with me. It costs but thirty dollars a year to support one of these blind pupils. In 1890 the British and Foreign Bible Society offered to publish the Bible, or portions of it, in the Braille system for the blind. As yet, however, not an entire Gospel for the blind in the Cantonese dialect has been prepared.

"In 1891 a little school was opened for four little blind girls who had already memorized one of the Gospels in Mrs. Kerr's hospital school. A blind teacher who had been educated in the Berlin Foundling House, was employed, and the experiment of teaching Cantonese by the Braille system was begun. A new pupil was soon received from the hospital in Hong-Kong. Our teacher proves to be thorough, neat, orderly and systematic. She can teach reading, writing, knitting, music, and the performance of household duties. Her pupils are learning very nicely, and all can read. The teacher writes out with care all the lessons that the children are taught to read. Some of them can write and knit. One is making very satisfactory progress in music. Two new pupils have come, and four little ones in the family will soon be old enough to go to school. We are crowded for room, so that the teacher and one of the pupils sleep in the contracted school room.

"When recently a Chinese gentleman, becoming interested in this school, of his own accord proposed to take my subscription book to the Chinese officials so as to enable me to build a house, to my surprise, in a few weeks the subscription book was returned, accompanied by more than a thousand dollars. It will go toward the purchase of a suitable home for these blind girls.

"Miss Nyrup, a Danish lady and a devout Christian, has agreed to assist me for the next two years. We expect to rent a comfortable house for the present. I ask the prayers of Christians for my little flock. I have reason to hope that each one may be used greatly to advance the Kingdom of Christ in China. They are very obedient, affectionate and prayerful children, already well grounded in Christian truth and untrammeled with superstitious notions. Lin-Shan, the teacher, takes a volume of her German Bible in raised letters and goes to the hospital wards for an hour each day, translating the precious truths of the Gospel into Cantonese, and explaining their meaning. An interesting group of women is always gathered around her. Her success as a Bible reader inspires me with great hope for the future usefulness of her pupils."

Blind Children of the Berlin Foundling House, Canton, China.

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Be Courteous in Small Things.

Politeness has been defined as love in trifles, writes Rev. Dr. Drummond. Courtesy has been defined as love in little things. And the secret of politeness is to love. Love cannot behave itself unseemly. You can take the most untutored persons and put them in society, and if they have love as a reservoir in their heart, they will not behave themselves unseemly. They simply cannot do it. Carlyle said of Robert Burns that there was no truer gentleman in Europe than the ploughman-poet. It was because he lived to love everything—the mouse, and the daisy, and all the things, great and small that God made; and so he could go into any society of the day. We heard the other day from one speaker on a certain platform about the meaning of the word "gentleman." It means a gentle man—a man who does things gently, with love. "Love doth not behave itself unseemly."

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A Lesson from a Plant.

As I look at my century plant, now in full bloom, says a writer in *The Interior*, it seems to me a symbol of our American aristocracy. Certain of our families who have not risen above the common level for several generations, send up, now and then, a millionaire, an orator, a statesman or an inventor. There is a rapid development—an efflorescence of genius that attracts the admiration of multitudes. Then the great man dies, and his descendants are but ordinary folks. One can count on the fingers of a single hand the eminent men who had eminent fathers, or whose sons attained to eminence. God evidently does not believe in any permanent aristocracy, but that of position won by individual energy. And yet, as the flower stalk of the agave is rooted in that lowly bunch of leaves, and depends for its development upon their healthy condition and vigorous growth, so our great men, as a rule, are born and bred in homes of intelligence and virtue. Hence if we common folks are true to God, ourselves and our children, even though our own lives are spent in poverty and obscurity, we may be known and honored by the next generation when some son or daughter of ours becomes conspicuous.

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AN EVENING PRAYER

O GOD! to-night I cannot lay
Before thy throne, in fitting way,
My soul's great needs; I only bring
My childhood's simple offering;
From heart to lip the dear words leap,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

So rough the way, so sharp the fight,
So oft the wrong o'ercomes the right,
My heart grows faint, my strength is small;
But day and night God ruleth all,
And softly as the shadows creep,
"I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

A solemn thought my being thrills,
With awe and fear my bosom fills,
For with the passing of the night,
My soul from earth may take its flight;
But trustingly this prayer I make,
"If I should die before I wake,"

O! let some portal open wide,
That I may enter and abide
In heavenly mansion bright and fair,
Which Christ hath promised to prepare;
If I should die ere morning break,
"I pray the Lord my soul to take." "C."

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SWEET TEMPERS.

IT pays to keep sweet—that is, sweet in temper and disposition, writes Rev. H. A. Ott. "Nothing is so distressing as a soured disposition, sour words, sour glances, sour actions. Nobody can afford to be sour. It does not pay to say unkind things to your next door neighbor. No one can afford to be snappish, churlish, cross or ugly when something is done which fails to please. Such a course soon creates a sour disposition, and if it is cherished, in the course of time we get soured against everybody and everybody's heel is lifted up against us. We cannot afford to be sour, because of the effect it has on our own happiness.

No amount of natural talent, education, or the highest culture, can atone for a sour disposition and make us lovable. We are lovable precisely in proportion as we are sweet in temper and loving in act and deed. If we take no interest in anybody, we need not expect them to take any interest in us. If we are unsocial in our life, repelling on account of our cutting words, we need not be surprised if the world treats us coldly and indifferently. "He that hath friends must show himself friendly."

Sour people can aid a pastor very little. When he wants a new member visited, or a sick person cheered, he puts to work the amiable, tender and affectionate. Indeed, he trembles lest the new members be discouraged and disheartened by lack of cordiality. Let us keep sweet, be sociable and sympathetic, be loving and lovable, for then in the highest degree can the Master use us, and we can be servicable in his cause.

***

Selfishness in Church-going.

A lady remarked the other day: "I don't go to church now, because in no church in my neighborhood can I get any comfort." This lady seems to have thought that the only reason for going to church was in order to get something. Another and a better reason for going would be to give something and to do something. We should go to church in order to obey this command, and to do an act of service that is pleasing to God. This cultivates our religious feelings and prepares us for the duties of the week. Then we give something to our fellow-man by going. Our example benefits him, and his devotion is warmed by ours. A number of sticks burn better together than one alone. So long as we hold the what-can-I-get theory of church-going, we shall get little by going to church. We shall merely sit in the seat of the scornful, and criticize the preacher and the choir. If one goes to church with the true devotional spirit of Christian service in the heart, there will be no room left for selfishness. The words of the preacher will then come to our spiritual ears tipped with living fire, and the music will be rapturous to our souls. There will be no need of complaining that one "cannot get any comfort out of the services."

CHAPTER XIV.

CALLED TO ACCOUNT.

FOR about ten days Monk lay hovering between life and and death, none daring to say how things would turn, though as the doctors all agreed, each day that passed by without the appearance of unfavorable symptoms was in itself a gain. He was never fully conscious during these days. He knew Joyce, and would be restless if she were long absent from him. He did not attempt to talk, and he evidently knew very little as to what passed around him. Sometimes he would speak to his mother by name, and look at Fulk and ask why he had come back without Guy: but there was no attempt at consecutive thought, still less at any kind of conversation, and although Geoffrey was satisfied with his state, and told them that they must not expect to see any rapid recovery, it seemed very long before they could trust themselves to hope, and still longer before the danger of relapse was at an end.

It was about a fortnight after the accident—and with regard to that occurrence nothing had been elicited that had not been known from the first, the incident still remained wrapped in a kind of mystery—that Monk one evening opened his eyes, and looked about him with something in his glance that had been lacking hitherto.

Joyce chanced to be with him and alone. Mrs. Dangerfield who had taken the night watch, as indeed she generally did, was now lying down in the adjoining room.

"Joyce," he said in a very weak voice, but one in which the old ring was plainly audible, "what does all this mean?"

"You have been ill, Monk, and I have been helping your mother and sisters to nurse you. That is what it is."

"How good of you, Joyce," he said. "I can't now think what it was all about—I never was ill before."

"It was an accident," said Joyce softly, she did not know how far she ought to gratify Monk's curiosity, and was afraid every moment of some question that she would find it hard to answer, but he was so rational and so completely himself, and he put his questions with such calmness that it was difficult to refrain from answering him.

"An accident?" he repeated, seeming to reflect, "O, I think I begin to remember. Were we not out shooting, Guy and I?"—he paused suddenly, and looked round him. "Where is Guy? I had an idea he had not come back. Where has he been all this time?"

Joyce paused for a moment, and then said in a quiet and matter-of-fact tone: "He has been staying in the same house as Geoffrey and Cicely Northesk. He has taken rooms there for himself. You know he had some idea of doing that before he came home. It has been settled since he got back."

A puzzled look came over Monk's face

"How long have I been like this?"

"A fortnight."

"And how long has Guy been gone?"

"A fortnight, too."

There seemed nothing for it but to give truthful answers. Monk was too much himself to be put off with anything but the exact truth.

"Then you mean that he went away at the time I was so ill. What does it all mean, Joyce? I can see by your face that there is some mystery about it all."

"Now, Monk, you must not get excited, or you will be worse, and they will tell me I am a bad nurse, and send me away. The reason that Guy went away was because it seemed to some people that he must have been the cause of the accident—I am not sure if he [illegible] for him altogether that he went away with [illegible] I have always known that when you were able to tell what happened we should understand how things were really. But in the confusion nobody seemed able to give an account of it, and as it was Guy who was with you, don't you see—?"

Monk's face wore a look that Joyce did not entirely understand. He lay silent for some time, and then said slowly,

"Do you mean to say that he has been treated as if any blame could possibly attach to him!"

"Some people blame him," answered Joyce, "but not many. I never believed he had anything to do with it at all."

Monk smiled and pressed her hand.

"Where is my mother?" he asked.

"She will be here soon. She is lying down now. She has been sitting up a great many nights lately."

But Mrs. Dangerfield had been aroused by the sound of voices, and had risen and come forward to the door-way to listen.

Monk saw her, and his face lighted with its old bright smile. For the moment all was forgotten in his sense of the welcome he was getting from those about him, from whom he seemed to have been sundered for a long time by the dim clouds of oblivion in which he had been so long wrapped. He was tired even by the short dialogue he had held with Joyce, and was content to keep very quiet the rest of the day, seeing his sisters and brothers, and showing that he recognized them, but not attempting any conversation.

Joyce knew, however, that he had not forgotten what she had told him, for he never asked for Guy: but she was certain he was often thinking of him by the way he listened for Geoffrey's step, and the searching glances he sometimes cast on his mother and Yolante. He had known before this that these two had lost their old affection for Guy, and he was wondering if they were at the bottom of this sudden defection of his best friend.

Geoffrey did not come till the following afternoon, having had a critical operation case in town to chain him to the spot, and in the interval Monk had made great strides. He greeted Geoffrey with somewhat of his old heartiness, and enjoyed the satisfaction and surprise of the young man in the sudden ground gained.

"I want to see Guy," he said, before Geoffrey left, speaking naturally, though his glance wandered to his mother's face, "will you send him here, please? I cannot think why he has been away so long. Now that I am getting better I shall want him. I know he will gladly come."

But Mrs. Dangerfield stepped forward, and laid her hand upon Monk's. "My dear boy, you must wait a little longer before you see your cousin. I will explain to you by-and-by why I ask it. For the present you must trust the wisdom of your mother's decision. Guy must not come here."

"Why not?"

"It would not be right. I could not permit it. Monk, you know that I would do nothing to distress you needlessly."

Monk looked straight at the speaker, and then at Geoffrey. "What does this mean?"

Geoffrey heartily wished it had not happened, but Mrs. Dangerfield was too determined a woman to be restrained in any course of action she meant to pursue.

"It means that for the present you had better let things stand as they are, and not trouble your head over them until you are stronger, when you can set them right at your leisure. It will be enough for Guy to know that you have asked for him, and it must be enough for you to know that he is well and as happy as present circumstances will allow him. Now that you are round the corner he will be able to enjoy life again."

A bright look crossed Monk's face, and there was energy and resolution in his next words. "Tell him that I am a new man today, and intend to go on as I have begun, and that the first day I can get out I shall come and see him. And we shall make everything out together when we meet, and laugh at the folly of people who want to make a mystery of everything."

And after that Monk never spoke Guy's name in his mother's hearing and she became [illegible] that no word had passed up between herself and her son an impalpable but very real barrier, and that from that day forward some new element entered into their mutual relations with one another.

Monk did not speak much, but he lay with all his faculties about him, more observant and alert than he had been in old times, his wits sharpened as it seemed by illness, and his easy-going kindliness somewhat changed in the manner of its manifestation. When all danger was at an end he saw somewhat less of Joyce, who only paid him regular visits, without taking part in the actual nursing, and it was Fulk who was his main confidant, and from Fulk that he learnt what had actually occurred, and what was the meaning of Guy's sudden departure from the Park.

Fulk, as has been said before, had long suspected that there was some under-current in their lives which neither he nor his brother understood, and whilst he and Monk were left so much together during the days of the patient's convalescence, he told him of his vague suspicions, and they talked freely to each other and tried to piece together bit by bit the puzzle to which the key seemed wanting.

But though they made out plainly enough that their mother had some reason for disliking Guy, and that she had infected Yolante with her own feelings and opinions, they could neither of them guess at the motive of this alienation.

"Does Guy understand the cause?" Monk asked.

Fulk hesitated and pondered. "I do not think he does: but he knows more than we do. Guy has a secret of his own, and sometimes I think that his secret may have some connection with this one. You know he was pretty bad when we were traveling, and whilst we were together in the hotel, not quite certain whether he was not going to have another inflammation, which would probably have made an end of him at once, he gave me a sealed letter, which he said I was to give to our mother in case he died, but to return to him in case he got better, which of course I did afterwards. He never made the least allusion to it then or since, only colored up a little and tossed it into the fire. Of course I have not the faintest notion what was in it: but I have often wondered."

"Have you seen Guy lately?"

"Yes."

"What is he doing? and what does he think of it all?"

"He is taking it very quietly, but keeping himself very much away from people. You know that ugly rumors got afloat, and people always do seem to love to spread a scandal, and gloat over it, even when they profess not to believe it themselves. It makes him very reluctant to show himself, and he spends his time working for Geoffrey, and for the clergy down there in that waterside parish, who have the sense to see the stuff he is made of, and not trouble about silly talk. He is very eager for news of you—and he would be delighted to see you again, but he knows he cannot come here, and I think he is quite right under the circumstances to keep away. Yolante's tongue is so bitter that they had better not meet. It is she who is doing most of the harm; it seems as if some fiend of malice possessed her."

"Poor Yolante," said Monk. "I cannot tell what has come over her lately. She never used to be like she is now."

Fulk shook his head, but had no more to say on the subject. It was all part of the puzzle he was plainly unable to unravel.

Monk did not require actual night nursing now, but he was not yet left quite alone. Mrs. Dangerfield generally sat up with him till about one o'clock, after which if he were sleeping, she would go to bed and leave him to the care of his brother, who slept in the adjoining room, and Fulk always slept soundly until warned by his mother that she was leaving his brother's room.

Habit had made made him wake up pretty regularly at one o'clock, whether he was aroused or not. One night when he thus awakened, it was to hear the sound of low but very earnest voices proceeding from the adjoining room, and to his surprise Monk was not one of the speakers, for the voices both belonged to women, and one was undoubtedly that of his mother, though he hardly knew it, for the strange ring of fear, almost amounting to terror which dominated its customary calm evenness of tone.

Greatly astonished, and under the impression that his mother might be in some difficulty, the nature of which he could not divine, Fulk hurried into his clothes, with the idea of presenting himself and putting an end to the perplexing interview, whatever its nature might be. As he did so he could not avoid hearing some words—words spoken by the strange voice to his mother in an almost threatening tone—which sent a strange thrill through him, and for a moment arrested his movement.

"You have destroyed it—you know you have—the paper that would have given him his rights. Do you dare to deny it? I say I know that you have found it and have destroyed it."

Monk was sleeping the heavy dreamless sleep of a healthy convalescence, and was too much used to the sound of low-toned voices about him to be in any way disturbed by the dialogue carried on at his bedside. But his mother was cowering—literally cowering in her chair before a tall, veiled woman who held out her hand in a threatening manner.

At the sight of his tall figure in the doorway both women suddenly turned, and Mrs. Dangerfield sank in her chair half fainting from excess of agitation. As Fulk sprang to her side, the spranger moved silently to the door and vanished. For a moment neither thought of staying or hindering her, and when they looked round she had gone. Mother and son were left face to face.

A few minutes later a messenger was riding swiftly from Dangerfield Park to Dr. Northesk's house, and a telegram was sent for Geoffrey. His sister, Cicely, received it and aroused him instantly. She did not know the cause of the urgent summons, and as he did not return for several hours, her anxiety increased. She feared that Monk had suffered a relapse, and Guy, who came in and heard her story, had the same fear. It was nine o'clock before he came in, and then his sister saw at once that something unusual had happened.

"Who is ill?" she asked, and Geoffrey's answer was no small surprise to both.

"Mrs. Dangerfield. She had a kind of seizure in the night. She is better, but in a very curious state."

"My aunt," said Guy, "I have never known her ill before. Has she overdone herself nursing Monk?"

"No doubt she has weakened herself by her unremitting attentions, and the anxiety has told upon her without question: but there has been something more at work to cause this sudden break down: and she will not open her lips or give us the slightest clue to the trouble that is plainly preying on her mind."

"Do you mean that something has happened to cause this, and that she will not say what it is?" asked Cicely.

"Partly so. What we can learn is this—and it is certainly strange enough. She was watching in Monk's room last night as usual, till her customary hour for retiring, and Fulk was next door in the dressing-room. He heard voices just at the time when he generally relieves guard, and when he went to see what was the matter, found a strange woman in converse with his mother, seemingly talking in a threatening manner to her. He heard hardly any words, because as soon as he appeared she slipped away, and his mother's state engrossed him. Who she is, and how she got into the house are questions that nobody seems able to answer. Fulk has an idea that it is the woman who was your nurse, Guy."

A curious flash crossed Guy's face, not unnoted by Geoffrey, who went on speaking.

"Mrs. Dangerfield is suffering from shock to the nervous system, and from something almost like paralysis, though it hardly amounts to that yet. The difficulties are increased by her apparent determination to conceal from everyone the cause of her illness. It is plain to everyone that something is preying on her mind, and it is doubtful how much we can do for her so long as this weight remains."

"Geoffrey," said Guy slowly, "do you mean that there is less chance for my aunt's recovery if you, as her doctor, have no idea of the thing that is or may perhaps be troubling her?"

Geoffrey paused for a moment before replying, and then he said slowly and thoughtfully:

"It depends so much upon the character of the anxiety—whether it is one of the kind that we can relieve her from. If it is something which she heard that is preying upon her mind, it might be useless for us to know the truth: we might not be able to give her any relief?"

"No," said Guy thoughtfully, "I don't suppose that *you* could."

The emphasis upon the pronoun was so marked that both his listeners looked up eagerly at him.

"Do you mean that you could, Guy?" asked Cicely breathlessly.

He did not answer for a moment, and then he gave a quick look from one to the other, and said:

"I think perhaps I might—but I do not know; it might perhaps make things worse."

(To be Continued.)

THE BOOK SHELF

The Founding of Georgia.*

TO the English government, Oglethorpe proposed to plant a colony of unfortunate prisoners for debt in the unoccupied country below Savannah. His colleagues readily assented, and, in his report to the House of Commons, he laid his scheme for the colony before that body. The plan had the advantage of securing a promising domain to the British crown, which otherwise might fall to the Spaniards in Florida. The colony would also relieve the South Carolinians from danger, besides taking from prisons and placing in homes a large class of worthy British subjects. The king and parliament favored the project. American colonization had already proved fruitful to the English government. An appropriation was made for this object, and, on the 9th of June, 1732, the king granted a charter for founding the colony of Georgia; the name being given as a compliment to King George II., the reigning monarch of Great Britain. Twenty-one "noblemen and gentlemen" were entrusted with the management of the new settlement, who were constituted "Trustees for settling and establishing the colony of Georgia." One of these trustees was Oglethorpe. To them was given the powers of legislating for the colony for the space of twenty-one years, at the expiration of which time, a permanent government was to be established by the king or his successor or successors, in accordance with British law and usage. The great philanthropist, who had managed and planned this scheme for the benefit of the unfortunates in his realm, tendered his services to accompany the emigrants and assist them in making their first settlement. Never did any project more completely commend itself to the hearts of the British people. Donations from all ranks and classes were freely given to assist the emigrants in planting comfortable homes in the wilderness. A generous gift was made by the Bank of England, and the House of Commons, from time to time, voted money, amounting in the aggregate, in the course of two years, to $160,000. The trustees chose Lord Viscount Percival as president, and a code of regulations for the colony, with agreements and stipulations, was speedily prepared. Everything being in readiness, thirty-five families amounting to one hundred and twenty emigrants, men women and children—sailed from Gravesend for Georgia in the ship *Anne*, of two hundred tons burden, on the 6th of November, 1732. Oglethorpe, who was commissioned as the first governor, went with them, and the Rev. Mr. Shubert, of the Church of England, also accompanied them as their spiritual guide. The trustees of the colony, in the hope of growing silk in Georgia, sent with these emigrants a dozen Piedemontese silk-workers.

*From *Braddock, a Story of the French and Indian Wars*, by John R. Musick, author of "Columbia," "Estevan," "St. Augustine," "Pocahontas," "The Pilgrims," etc. pp. 470; illustrated; cloth covers; price $1.50. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York, London and Toronto, publishers.

*From *A Lie Never Justifiable*: A Study in Ethics, by H. Clay Trumbull; a most comprehensive and instructive treatment of a vexed question. pp. 237, cloth, price $1 00 John D. Wattles & Co., Philadelphia, publishers.

THE BIBLE ON LYING.†

GOD who can justly take life, cannot lie. A lie is contrary to the very nature of God. "It is impossible for God to lie." And if God cannot lie, God cannot authorize another to lie. What is unjustifiable in God's sight, is without a possibility of justification in the universe. No personal or social emergency can justify a lie, whatever may be its apparent gain, or whatever harm may seem to be involved in a refusal to speak it.

The Bible opens with a picture of the first pair in Paradise, to whom God tells the simple truth, and to whom the enemy of man tells a lie; and it shows the ruin of mankind wrought by that lie, and the author of the lie punished because of its telling. The Bible closes with a picture of Paradise, into which are gathered the lovers and doers of truth, and from which is excluded "every one that loveth and doeth a lie;" while "all liars" are to have their part "in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone; which is the second death." In the Old Testament and in the New, God is represented as himself the Truth, to whom, by his very nature, the doing or the speaking of a lie is impossible, while Satan is represented as a liar and as the "father of lies."

While the human servants of God, as represented in the Bible narrative, are in many instances guilty of lying, their lies are clearly contrary to the great principle, in the light of which the Bible itself is written, that a lie is always wrong, and that it cannot have justification in God's sight. The idea of the Bible record is that God is true, though every man were a liar. God is uniformly represented as opposed to lies and to liars, and a lie in his sight is spoken as a lie unto him, or as a lie against him. In the few cases where the Bible narrative has been thought by some to indicate an approval by the Lord of a lie, that was told, as it were, in his interest, an examination of the facts will show that they offer no exception to the rule that, by the Bible standard, a lie is never justifiable.

Take, for example, the case of the Hebrew midwives, who lied to the officials of Pharaoh, when they were commanded to kill every Hebrew male child; and of whom it is said that "God dealt well with the midwives; . . . and . . . because the midwives feared God, . . . he made them houses." Here it is plain that God commended their fear of him, not their lying in behalf of his people, and that it was "because the midwives feared God" not because they lied, "that he made them houses." It was their choice of the Lord above the gods and rulers of Egypt that won them the approval of the Lord, even though they were sinners in being liars; as in an earlier day it was the approval of Jacob's high estimate of the birthright, and not the deceits practiced by him on Esau and his father Isaac, that the Lord showed in confirming a blessing to Jacob.

Abraham is called the father of the faithfull and he was known as the friend of God. But he indulged in the vice of concubinage, in accordance with the loose morals of his day and of his surroundings; and when he was down in Egypt he lied through his distrust of God, apparently thinking that there was such a thing as a "lie of necessity," and he brought upon himself the rebuke of an Egyptian king because of his lying. But it would be folly to claim that God approved of concubinage or of lying, because a man whom he was saving was guilty of either of these vices. Isaac also lied, and so did Jacob; but it was not because of their lies that these men had favor with God. David was a man after God's own heart in his fidelity of spirit to God as the only true God, in contrast with the gods of the nations round about Israel; but David lied, as David committed adultery. It would hardly be claimed, however, that either his adultery or his lying in itself made David a man after God's own heart. So all along the Bible narrative, down to the time when Ananias and Sapphira, prominent among the early Christians, lied unto God concerning their very gifts into his treasury, and were struck dead as a rebuke of their lying.

The whole sweep of Bible teaching is opposed to lying; and the specific injunctions against that sin, as well as the calls to the duty of truth-speaking, are illustrative of that sweep. "Ye shall not steal; neither shall ye deal falsely, nor lie one to another," says the Lord, in holding up the right standard before his children. "A lying tongue" is said to be "an abomination" before the Lord. "A faithful witness will not lie: but a false witness breatheth out lies," says Solomon, in marking the one all-dividing line of character; and as to the results of lying he says, "He that breatheth out lies shall not escape," and "he that breatheth out lies shall perish." And he adds the conclusion of wisdom, in view of the supposed profit of lying, "A poor man is better than a liar;" that is, a truth-telling poor man is better than a rich liar.

It would seem to be clear that the Bible, and also the other sacred books of the world, and the best moral sense of mankind everywhere, are united in deeming a lie incompatible with the idea of a holy God, and consistent only with the spirit of man's arch-enemy—the embodiment of all evil.

AFRO-AMERICAN PROGRESS.*

From the very first time since the Afro-American had a right to exercise his freedom in this country, his course with regard to church, State and society, has been followed with more than ordinary zeal, and his progress in the various pursuits undertaken by him have been noted with an exacting eye, characteristic of the most watchful. Why he has been watched in this peculiar way is not hard to be seen when the circumstances surrounding his life have been taken into consideration. When one remembers that he was brought from Africa only two centuries ago, an uncivilized and barbarous creature, and settled in a country where he was deprived of the privilege of becoming even properly civilized; when one remembers that during the aforesaid period he had not one iota of opportunity to understand the most unpretentious business act in state and church, when one remembers that he was not allowed (if he desired), to think of a business transaction in any of its ramifications, were they ever so small; when it is remembered that the whole world was closed against him for centuries, save that of labor in the field of his owner, and when it is remembered that he faced the world as freeman, laborer, mechanic, student, scholar, lawyer, doctor, engineer, business man, journalist, etc., under the most embarrassing circumstances, the desire of mind and heart for a complete knowledge of his development, grows into a mountain of curiosity. Thus it can be said that he is the cynosure of all nations.

If the above be true (which everyone in fairness will admit), the next thought that would likely present itself is: Has the Afro-American made any commendable progress amid the multiplicity of disadvantages which have beset him? We freely assert that he has; and it is with this thought in mind that we deal with the facts of his journalistic career of sixty-three years, dating from the first paper published in New York city, March 16, 1827, to the present auspicious year of 1893. And from our observations we predict that the nineteenth Century will close with a halo of journalistic sunshine about his head, and the Twentieth Century open with succeeding new events indicative of his triumphant success.

*From *The Afro-American Press and its Editors*, by I. Garland Penn, Principal in Lynchburg, Va., Schools, and ex-Editor Lynchburg, Va., *Laborer*, with contributions by several others; cloth; fully illustrated; pp. 565; price $2, $2 50 and $3 75 Willey & Co., publishers, Springfield, Mass.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Foreign Missions After a Century, by Rev. James S. Dennis, D.D., for 23 years connected with the Syrian Mission of the American Presbyterian Board at Beirut, Syria. pp 368; cloth, binding; price $1.50. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, publishers.

How to Win Romanists; by Justin D. Fulton, D. D., with a sketch of the author by R. S. McArthur, D.D. Dr. Fulton relates a wonderful experience in both Europe and America. Pp. 416, with frontispiece, cloth binding; price $1 25. The Pauline Propaganda Co., Brooklyn, N. Y., publishers.

The Young Preacher, by Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D. A series of chapters dealing with sermon-building, pastoral work, soul-winning, etc., pp 111; cloth, price 75c. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago., publishers.

The Christian Movement in the Universities of America, Europe, and Asia; Addresses by John R. Mott, James B. Reynolds, and Luther D. Wishard, delivered before the Universities' Congress at Chicago. Pp. 42, paper covers, price 25c. postpaid. R. R. Donnelly & Sons, Chicago, publishers.

The Public School System of the United States, by Dr. J. M Rice. The most important collection of data ever presented on this subject: pp. 308; illustrated; cloth binding; price $1.50. The Century Co., New York, publishers.

The Cosmopolis City Club, by Rev. Washington Gladden. A series of articles describing the organization and working of an ideal yet practical club; pp. 135; cloth; price $1. The Century Co., New York, publishers.

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Rev. Philip Schaff, Chief of the American Board of Revisers, Passes Away.

FEW men in the present day have attained such eminence in learning, and especially in the domain of Sacred Literature and Church History, as the late Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff, whose life of usefulness closed in New York a few days ago. Dr. Schaff was born at Coire, Switzerland, in 1819, and was educated at the leading European universities, where he won the highest honors. In 1842 he was first recognized as an authority on Biblical Exegesis and Church History and soon thereafter became an instructor in the German Reformed Theological Seminary at Mercersburg, Pa. His extraordinary learning and activity were quickly felt in his new field, and his translations and lectures gave rise to what became known as the "Mercersburg Theological Movement." His lectures and writings at Mercersburg extended over a period of twenty years. His liberalism at one time subjected him to a charge of heresy, but on his trial before the Synod in 1845, he was honorably acquitted.

THE LATE REV. PHILIP SCHAFF, D. D., LL. D.

In 1854 Dr. Schaff went to Europe as the representative of the German Reformed Church in America, to two important religious convocations—the Ecclesiastical Diet at Frankfort and the Swiss Pastoral Conference at Basle. On his return he was invited to occupy the chair of Ecclesiastical History at Andover Theological Seminary, which he held for five years, being afterward elected Professor of Church History at the Hartford Theological Institute. He afterward held various professorships in Union Theological Seminary, and found opportunity, even in the busiest part of an extraordinarily active career, to devote time to official duties in connection with the New York Sabbath Committee and as a prominent member of the Evangelical Alliance, of which he was one of the founders. As instructor, historian, commentator and advocate of Christian principles, he was equally known and valued throughout the United States, and by thousands of Bible scholars and students in Europe also.

Perhaps the greatest work of his life and that in which he rendered the largest service to his day and generation, was the part he bore in the Revision of the Authorized Version of the Holy Scriptures. He was the president and the organizer of the American Committee of Revisers, one of his duties being to select from among the great body of the American clergy those who were to assist in the important work of revising the New Testament. The Revised New Testament was published in 1881 and the Old Testament in 1885.

He was a most prolific and able writer, his style either in German or English being equally clear and cogent. Among his leading works are "A History of the Christian Church," "A Companion to the Greek Testament and the English Version," the Schaff-Herzog Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge," "The Creeds of Christendom, with a History of Critical Notes," "Through Bible Lands," "The Person of Christ," "Bible Dictionary," and the "History of the Apostolic Church." The last effort of his pen was a contribution to the World's Religious Congress at Chicago, "The Reunion of Christendom," which he was too ill to deliver in person. He never fully recovered from the effects of a stroke of paralysis which he experienced a year ago.

FROM GRATITUDE TO WORSHIP

The instinct of worship is stronger in the heart of some of the heathen than among ourselves. A remarkable case illustrating the fact is related by Rev. E. O. Dunlop who has been itinerating on the West Coast of Siam, who says: "A poor fellow who had been beaten over the head and cut with a large knife, was abandoned by native doctors. They pronounced his case hopeless. I was invited to care for him; the lancet and poultices soon eased his pain. On the third day I asked him concerning his object of worship, and was both surprised and grieved by his answer, for he said, 'Since you have helped me I have resolved to worship you; and last night and this morning I have made my offerings to you.' I at once urged the sufferer to worship the true God. He also told me that after the native doctors abandoned him he secreted a knife and had determined to end his sufferings by suicide. He gradually turned from all else to the worship of the true and living God."

AN EVANGELIST'S PERIL.

Mr J Malcolm Sawers tells of some Remarkable Experiences in his Gospel Car in Minnesota.

IN a recent letter, Mr. J. Malcolm Sawers, who has been evangelizing in the Northwestern part of Minnesota for the past month, gives an intensely interesting account of his experences. He writes: "This part of the State has been in excitement over a number of murders which have taken place on and near the railroads. It is overrun with men out of work, most of them having gotten through with their engagements on the harvest field. While side-tracked at one of the small towns, a representative of about twenty desperate-looking characters ran after me and stopped me just before getting on the car, demanding money to buy bread, the only alternative being to grant his request. A few minutes afterward, the same request was made by another of the gang from Mr. Johnson, our present Chapel Car assistant, which of course had to be granted also. It was about 6:30 P. M., the night was cold. All of the gang disappeared but two who stopped for the meeting, after which, "when night's dark mantle had covered all," in the stillness of the night, a number of those same fellows came back and congregated near the car in a deep ditch, and began talking over operations. One of them took away our coupling link, which had the effect of causing us to breathlessly await further developments, for it was now midnight. We were certain that no harm should befall us, having committed ourselves to our Saviour's care, but it sent a tremor through us which we shall not soon forget. They were laying plans to plunder the post-office, and if needs be, do some shooting.

"The next place we came to we had a similar experience, where four murders had been committed only three weeks before, and in the morning we found that one of these murders had been committed on the very spot where we had been side-tracked, and to add to our greater horror, three desperadoes, able-bodied fellows with liquor in them, secreted themselves between the wheels, right under our living apartment at eight o'clock, but two little boys providentially noticed them, and acquainted me with the fact, when they were secured until the chief of police arrived, who took them under his affectionate care the remainder of the night, marching them out of town in the morning with a trusty promise that if ever they should be found in town that they should run the risk of getting five years in the penitentiary. Nearly all of the male portion of the town carry fire-arms, such being the necessity of the case.

"This last trip has been one of mighty blessing to many families, God setting his seal on our work in every hamlet that we visited."

The success of Mr. Sawers' work in his Chapel Car *Evangel* has exceeded all expectations. His report of September work shows: Thirteen towns visited, 761 miles traveled, 41 sermons and addresses, 45 families visited, 2 Sunday-Schools addressed, 64 letters written, 2527 pages of tracts distributed, and 75 professed conversions.

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THE BIBLE IN AUSTRIA.

In the journals of the colporteurs of the British and Foreign Bible Society now engaged in Vienna, there are recorded many interesting and instructive incidents of a Gospel character. On visiting a carpenter's shop one colporteur was met with derision by the workmen. One of the journeymen, however, rebuked his fellows, and told them that a Testament bought many years ago had made him very happy and brought him peace. This testimony was not in vain; several copies were purchased. Several said that they had burnt their Testaments by order of the priest, although some admitted that the books were very good. In a few cases other copies were purchased. In the course of a visit paid to a town not far from the metropolis, another colporteur offered his books at a baker's. The latter replied: "I long for the whole truth; where can I find it?" The colporteur pointed several passages out to him, and the baker ordered a Bible and a New Testament. A few days later he passed the same shop, and the owner called him in: "I am so glad you brought me these books; I found what I sought—the whole truth—I cannot keep it to myself. I must make my friends acquainted with the same. Please bring me nine other copies for this purpose." One day a colporteur offered his books to a woman. The latter opened a cupboard and took a Bible down from the shelf. The look of the book betrayed its frequent use. "Some years ago," the woman remarked, "you sold this Bible to a young man, a lodger. He made good use of it and read it to us. 'It is my greatest treasure,' he used to say; 'I would not part with it for all the riches in the world.' Not long after he died peacefully and happy. This Bible is the only legacy he left us, and I and my children like so much to read in it that we would not give up the book for anything."

THE LESSON OF FOLDED HANDS.

You may have heard the story how, long ago, in quaint old Nurenberg, lived two boys, Albrecht Durer and Franz Knigstein. Both wished to be artists, and both studied and wrought with great earnestness. Albrecht had genius, but Franz had only love for art, without the power to put on canvas the beautiful visions that haunted him. When they compared their work that of Franz was cold and lifeless, while Albrecht's was instinct with beauty and pathos. Then Franz saw it all and knew that he could never be an artist. His heart was almost broken, but he said in a voice choked with tears, yet full of manly courage, "Albrecht, the good Lord gave me no such gift as this of yours; but something, some homely duty. He has waiting somewhere for me to do. Yet now, be you artist of Nuremberg, and I"—"Stay, Franz, be still one moment," cried Albrecht, seizing his pencil. Franz waited patiently in his attitude of surrender, his hands folded together. With swift pencil Albrecht drew a few lines and showed the sketch to his friend. "Why, those are only my hands," said Franz. "Why did you take them?" "I took them," said Albrecht, "as you stood there making the sad surrender of your life so very bravely. I said to myself, 'Those hands that may never paint a picture can now most certainly make one.' I have faith in those folded hands, my brother-friend. They will go to men's hearts."

Durer's famous "Folded Hands" is but a picture of the hands of Franz Knigstein as they were folded that day when he gave up his heart's dearest wish, and yet believed that the Lord had some duty still worth his doing.

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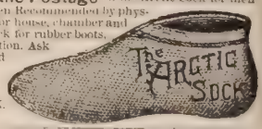

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The Gospel in the Prisons.

BY CHARLES COOK, EVANGELIST.

IN running through Canada and the West on my recent evangelistic tour, I could not help noticing that the churches were superior in construction, convenience and comfort to any others I had ever seen. I have been laboring amongst Methodists, Presbyterians and Baptists, and found a brotherly, loving spirit manifested, less occupied by doctrine than duty. Every opportunity was afforded of addressing the different ministerial associations and colleges. All were busy and occupied in church work and the alleviation of sorrow and distress.

I was surprised to find little or no open-air work and, in some cases, after-meetings were not held. In Canada one minister said, "We need educating on open-air work."

In Chicago, I found Mr. Moody and his workers very busy, many theatres, tents and churches being pressed into service. 75,000 persons were present at the Sunday evening meetings. Among the helpers present whom I knew were Mr. Henry Varley, Rev. John McNeill, Dr. Arthur Pierson, Rev. Geo. Needham, Lord Kinnaird, Lord Bennett and Geo. Inglis. John McNeill's meetings were specially crowded, he preaching four times on Sundays and Mr. Moody likewise.

Ordinary church life and work seemed somewhat upset by the interest caused by the World's Fair. One of the leading ministers said to me, "While my church is crowded on Sunday, it is difficult to get an audience on week nights. Our church work seems somewhat demoralized for the time being." The churches on my route I found occupied with Christian work, and had large attendances wherever I preached. In making a tour of Canadian prisons and penitentiaries, I found much to admire, but there are some things which call for reform. Canada seems especially blessed with good wardens who are doing their utmost to bring about the prison reforms that are needed. They are trying to abolish the association system, and are loud in praise of the American principle of "indeterminate sentences." Many of the cells are the smallest in the world, being 8 feet long and only 28 inches wide. This calls for special comment. They are hoping to do away with this inhumanity and have already begun to build larger cells. Concerning the American prisons which I visited, I found them clean and comfortable. Most of the prisoners were engaged in some kind of work, although, in some instances, men were idle, which is a mistake. The system of convict contracts is hardly fair to outside labor and the work in Joliet Penitentiary, where the system is still in existence, is about to be undertaken on State account.

As an instance of liberality accorded to me when preaching among the prisoners, I may mention that a Roman Catholic priest in one prison brought in his own flock, desirous that I should speak to them also, while addressing the Protestant prisoners. He also elected himself to stay as an auditor.

The gathering together of so many thousands in Chicago, has naturally brought toy gether a vast number of criminals, and crime has during the last six months wonderfully increased. When I visited the Cook County Jail, 600 men were confined there. I found 300 prisoners together smoking, reading and talking, among them many dangerous murderers, and I asked the official who conducted me around, what class of criminals they principally were. He said, "mostly murderers. They are as guilty of robbing each other here as committing robbery outside." One man recently murdered another, and another lost $36 out of his pocket while sleeping in the same cell with a second prisoner.

A pathetic incident happened in a Canadian prison. In a hymn book which I took up, the following lines were found: "Mary Douglas left Scotland, July, 1881, reached Canada, August, 1881, once a father's pet and a mother's joy, but now a poor drunkard, but God will save me yet." Mary has been advertised for, but they have not as yet heard from her.

Of these "outcasts of society," men and women unable to help themselves, there are thousands in many lands who rarely hear the Gospel except through such visits. Giving them New Testaments and holding simple services in the prisons, is a work which should commend itself to thoughtful Christian people. Having government credentials from many of the authorities of different countries, I have been able to enter prisons which would be closed to most men. There are at least one million people in prison in Europe alone, and the majority of them are without the Gospel of Christ. Any help in reaching these neglected ones, or in supplying them with Testaments, can be sent to me at 60 Clinton Place, New York City.

AN ENEMY TO THE GOSPEL.

When the celebrated Justin Perkins was in Persia over fifty years ago, he received a letter from a friend in the United States, inquiring as to the attitude of the people of Persia on temperance. His reply was:

"The intoxicating article mostly used here is the wine of the country, which is plentiful and cheap. Another article considerably used is arrak, brandy distilled from dried grapes, or from the refuse after the wine is extracted. Our missionary brethren who have just arrived were preceded by one week by a caravan bearing among other poisons of the kind, eighteen barrels of New England rum. What an indignity cast upon the poor brutes even, who are made to plod their way over a journey of near seven hundred miles, crossing almost impassable mountains, and groaning beneath their almost intolerable burdens, which tend only to degrade the species that drive them, incomparably below themselves. I see no other American manufacture in the markets here than New England rum. Can the enterprising men of my country send to Mohammedan Persia no better commercial representatives? Well may the American churches multiply their missionaries to this country if it were only to repair the evils that were sown here by New England.

"I was walking out a little distance from the city, and my Armenian servant was with me. As we approached some beautiful gardens he began to weep, I enquired, the cause, and he answered, 'Sir, I have not come this road before for six years, and it always makes me weep to come here. My father once owned those fine gardens, he drank much wine, it made him a fool; he got into a quarrel and killed a Mussulman. He was shut up in prison, came near losing his life, and escaped only by giving the governor all his property. Before, he was rich, he owned a good house and these gardens and kept two servants; now we have all of us, my father, my wife, my child, and myself, nothing to buy clothes with but the five dollars a month which you pay me for living with you.'"

The United States to-day exports vast cargoes of spirits to Africa and other lands in which our missionaries are laboring to extend the Gospel. Only a short time ago, news came from Africa of a steamship arriving on the west coast, with four missionaries and 40,000 gallons of rum. It was not surprising that the missionaries, when they knew of the hideous cargo that had accompanied them, should have experienced the keenest sorrow and shame for their country which, while professing Christianity, sent out to the ignorant heathen the means of moral and physical degradation and destruction.

LUCY STONE'S BUSY LIFE CLOSED.

"I Expect on the Other Side Still to be Busy for Good," She Said when Dying.

IN the death of Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell, at her home in Dorchester, Mass., last week, one of the most notable American women of the last half century passed away. Lucy Stone was born on a farm near West Brookfield, Mass., seventy-five years ago. Almost from childhood, she showed extraordinary intellectual capacity and as she grew to young womanhood, surprised her parents with the expression of a desire to go to college. Such a thing as a plain farmer's girl going to college was unheard in those days, but the barefooted girl who worked on the farm had in her small frame an indomitable will and a noble, pure, consecrated purpose, and she resolved to go to college at whatever material cost. She picked berries and chestnuts and sold them to buy books, and as her knowledge grew, she taught school and studied alternately until she was twenty-five when her ambition was gratified and she was able to go to Oberlin College. Here she paid a large part of her expenses by doing housework for others and even did her own cooking. In the four years of her college life she had only one new dress—a cheap print—and she could not bear the expense of a single visit home. As soon as she was graduated, in 1847, Lucy Stone took up the work of her life as a warm and earnest advocate of the higher education and development of woman, spiritually and intellectually, and also of her right to representation in legislation and government. As one of the pioneers of the woman's movement she had to encounter much abuse and many privations, and frequently the meetings at which she spoke were broken up by disorderly crowds. Although she became known as an abolitionist, she never allowed her sympathy for the negro to overshadow the subject nearest to her heart. And, at last, after years of rough experience and abuse, people began to see the real merit in this brave, little, gentle-faced woman, with quiet, unassuming manners and sweet, musical voice, and they crowded to listen wherever she appeared.

In her later life she devoted much of her energies to the work in which she, and William Lloyd Garrison and Julia Ward Howe were associated, and in the editorship of the *Woman's Journal*. Her husband, Henry B. Blackwell, a merchant of Cincinnati, was in full sympathy with her work. Both were stanch Christians, and only a few hours before passing away, Mrs. Blackwell said to those who stood around her: "I look forward to the other side as the brightest side, and I expect still to be busy for good things."

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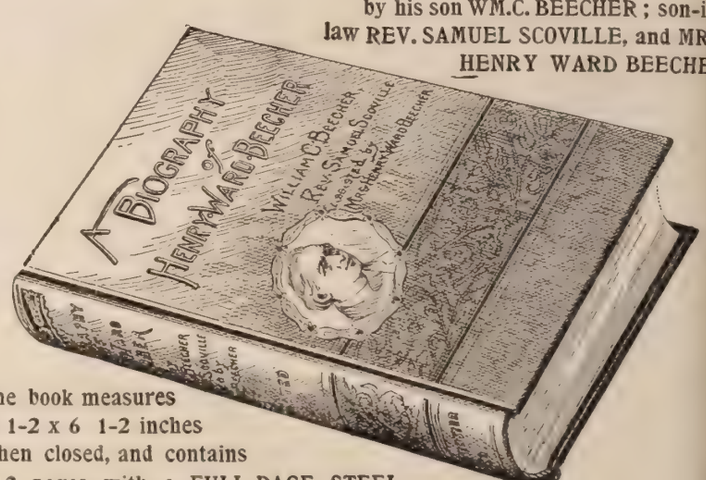

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A Perilous Missionary Tour.

The Story of a Woman's Heroic Attempt to Carry the Gospel into Tibet—Miss Annie R. Taylor's Life Repeatedly Endangered by Poison, Cold, Starvation and Brigands.

BEFORE many more years have passed, Tibet, the mysterious "Roof of the World," as it has been called by reason of its snowy altitudes, will have become evangelized. During long centuries, this strangely secluded country, concerning which the civilized world even yet knows very little, has been kept almost hermetically sealed to all other nations than the Chinese. It lies to the northeast of India and west of China, and has about three times the area of France, with great ranges of mountains and the loftiest table-lands on the globe. Owing to the strict prohibitions, very few white travelers have ever attempted to penetrate to Inner Tibet, and of those who have reached Lhassa, the capital, only two have returned alive to tell their experiences.

It fell to the lot of a Christian woman—Miss Annie R. Taylor, of the China Inland Mission—to be the first to cross the frontier bearing the Gospel message. Miss Taylor, who has now been engaged nine years in missionary work, had been located for a time at Tau-Chau, in China, near the Tibetan frontier, being the first English missionary in that city. In 1887 she visited the Great Lama monastery of Kum-bum, beyond which lay the vast unevangelised land that seemed to beckon her forward. After much consideration, she resolved to make the attempt to penetrate Central Asia, and if possible reach Lhassa, the sacred city of the Lamas and the capital of Tibet. With this view she went to Darjeeling on the Bengal frontier, and at a little Tibetan village nearby she studied the language and customs of the country she was about to enter. She set out in 1888, on her journey, trusting to the Lord for protection from danger. After several adventures, she reached a Tibetan fort near Kambojang, and here the hostility of the natives toward foreigners began to be apparent. They "prayed her dead," according to the native custom but she lived and still pushed on. The wife of a chief attempted to poison her by mixing aconite with her food and the native chiefs commanded her to return to the border, but she succeeded in securing the services of a faithful man-servant named Pontso —a native of Lhassa and her first Tibetan convert—and with his aid she still determined to press onward.

A year was spent on the frontier near Tau-chau before she made her next attempt. In the care of a Chinese Mohammedan named Noga, and his friendly wife, Miss Taylor with four servants and Pontso, set out for the interior. Noga proved to be a mercenary rascal who had planned to rob and murder her. Soon after leaving Tau-chau, the party encountered eight brigands, but the enemy were driven off after a sharp but bloodless fusilade. Soon thereafter, a force of two hundred brigands attacked them. Two of the travelers were killed and eight wounded, while nearly all their property was seized, but Miss Taylor and Pontso succeeded in escaping. Noga's persecution continued, however, for he attempted to stir up the natives to waylay and murder her, and to excite their cupidity, he circulated stories that she carried precious stones concealed in her robes. At this time she felt very strongly the divine protecting hand and had many providential escapes from deadly perils. On one occasion for three days and nights, with her servant, Pontso, she lost her way in the mountains, finding afterwards that this had been God's method of sheltering them from a deliberate attempt at murder planned by Noga. When three days' journey from Lhassa, she was arrested by Tibetan soldiers and brought before an official who advised her to return, adding that if she persisted in going on, he would be executed for allowing her to proceed. The missionary, having exhausted every possible resource, and not wishing to have the responsibility of any man's blood upon her head, was thus compelled to set her face away from the capital city and begin a long and terrible return journey to China.

What she suffered on the outward march was as nothing to the perils and privations that now beset her on every side. Noga had robbed her and the brigands completed the spoliation, so the Tibetan chiefs gave her two horses, an old tent and some food. The supply of provisions soon gave out and the small party was reduced to semi-starvation. At the same time, the intense cold at those great altitudes prostrated them, two men of their escort dying from its effects. Miss Taylor passed twenty consecutive nights in the open air, sleeping on the ground with snow falling all around and no shelter near. The horses were ravenous with hunger and ate even woollen clothing. Rivers were to be forded or crossed on the slippery ice and hazards, such as not one woman in a thousand would have dreamed of facing, were of daily occurrence. Yet amid all, the devoted and courageous missionary, though baffled in her effort to reach Lhassa, sowed Gospel seed by the way at every opportunity, both among her escort and in such towns, villages and hamlets as she passed through.

ANNIE R. TAYLOR, THE BRAVE CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY WHO, WITH HER NATIVE SERVANT, ENTERED TIBET.

A most exciting experience was her meeting with a tribe known as the Golocks, governed by a woman chief, named Wachu Bumo. This is a most ungovernable tribe, amenable neither to Chinese nor to Tibetan authority, and living entirely by plunder. Its members go out in parties of 500 to 2000, and are so certain of victory that the women and children also go out to see the fighting. They are the wealthiest tribe in Tibet. Wachu Bumo fortunately became quite friendly to Miss Taylor, and gave her a royal safeguard through the Golock territory. After many other adventures, the traveler reached Ta Chien Fu in Chinese territory safely nearly four months having been occupied in the return journey.

Many interesting examples of peculiar Tibetan customs and superstitions were observed by the traveler. By the native religion, the life of an insect is held as sacred as that of a man. The people lie unscrupulously in trading but are absolutely truthful in dealing with an enemy. The Golocks never rob within their own territory, and bribery is unknown there. Throughout Tibet, a woman is safe from violence, whether a foreigner or not. The climate is so intensely cold that tea freezes as soon as poured out and cooking is exceedingly difficult.

Miss Taylor's experience, far from deterring, has rather stimulated the zealous desire of other missionaries to continue in Tibet the Gospel work she began. Miss Taylor herself is now agitating for a Tibetan Mission on the lines of the China Inland Mission, and she proposes that twelve missionaries—all men and six of them medical missionaries—be the advance guard. She has no desire that other women should be subjected to perils like those she experienced

The Tabernacle Pulpit

CHRISTIAN CITIZENSHIP.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday Morning in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Text: Acts xix: 32: *"Some therefore cried one thing, and some another; for the assembly was confused; and the more part knew not wherefore they were come together. And they drew Alexander out of the multitude, the Jews putting him forward. And Alexander beckoned with the hand, and would have made his defense unto the people But when they knew that he was a Jew, all with one voice about the space of two hours cried out, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."*

EPHESUS was upside down. It was about the silver question. A manufacturer of silver boxes for holding heathen images had called his laborers together to discuss the behavior of one Paul, who had been in public places assaulting image-worship, and consequently very much damaging that particular business. There was great excitement in the city. People stood in knots along the streets, violently gesticulating, and calling each other hard names. Some of the people favored the policy of the silversmith; other people favored the policy of Paul. There were great moral questions involved; but these did not bother them at all. The only question about which they seemed to be interested was concerning the wages and the salaried positions. The silversmith and his compeers had put up factories at great expense for the making of these silver boxes, and now, if this new policy is to be inaugurated, the business will go down, the laborers will be thrown out of employment, and the whole city will suffer. Well, what is to be done? "Call a convention," says some one; for in all ages a convention has been a panacea for public evils. The convention is called, and, as they want the largest room in the city, they take the theatre. Having there assembled, they all want to get the floor, and they all want to talk at once. You know what excitement that always makes in a convention, where a great many people want to talk at once. Some cried one thing, some cried another. Some wanted to denounce, some wanted to resolve. After a while a prominent man gets the floor, and he begins to speak; but they very soon hiss him down, and then the confusion rises into worse uproar, and they begin to shout, all of them together, and they keep on until they are red in face and hoarse in the throat, for two long hours crying out, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians! Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"

The whole scene reminds me of the excitement we have almost every autumn at the elections. While that goddess Diana has lost her worshipers, and her temples have gone into the dust, our American people want to set up a god in place of it, and they want us all to bow down before it; and that god is Political Party. Considering our superior civilization, I have to declare to you that the Ephesian idolatry was less offensive in the sight of God than is this all-absorbing American partisanship.

While there are honest men, true men, Christian men, who stand in both political parties, and who come into the autumnal elections resolving to serve their city or their State or the nation in the best possible way, I have noticed also that with many it is a mere contest between the ins and the outs those who are trying to stay in and keep the outs out, and those who are out trying to get in and thrust the ins out. And one party cries, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" and the other party cries, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" neither of them honest enough to say, "Great is my pocket-book!"

Once or twice a year it is my custom to talk to the people about public affairs from what I call a Christian standpoint, and this morning I have chosen for that duty. I hope to say a practical word. History tells us of a sermon once preached amidst the Highlands of Scotland—a sermon two hours long—on the sin of luxury, where there were not more than three pairs of shoes in the audience; and during our last war a good man went into a hospital distributing tracts, and gave a tract on "The Sin of Dancing" to a man both of whose legs had been amputated! But I hope this morning to present an appropriate and adapted word, as next Tuesday, at the ballot-box, great affairs are to be settled. The Rev. Dr. Emmons, in the early history of our country, in Massachusetts, preached about the election of Thomas Jefferson to the Presidency. The Rev. Dr. Mayhew, of Boston, in the early days of our republic, preached about the repeal of the Stamp Act. There are times when ministers of Christ must look off upon public affairs and discuss them. We need go back to no example. Every man is, before God, responsible for his own duty. If the Norwegian boasts of his home of rocks, and the Siberian is pleased with his land of perpetual snow; if the Roman thought that the muddy Tiber was the favored river in the sight of heaven, and if the Laplander shivers out his eulogy of his native clime, and if the Chinese have pity for anybody born outside of the "flowery kingdom," shall not we, born under these fair skies, and standing day by day amidst these glorious civil and religious liberties, be public-spirited? I propose to tell the people very plainly what I consider to be their Christian duty at the ballot-box?

First, set yourself against all political falsehood. The most monstrous lies ever told in this country are during the elections. I stop at the door of a Democratic meeting and listen, and hear that the Republicans are liars. I stop at the door of a Republican meeting and listen, and hear that the Democrats are scoundrels. Our public men microscopized, and the truth distorted. Who believes a tenth part of what he reads or hears in the autumnal elections? Men who at other seasons of the year are very careful in their speech become peddlers of scandal.

In the far East there is a place where, once a year, they let the people do as they please and say what they please, and the place is full of uproar, misrule and wickedness, and they call it the "Devil's day." The nearest approximation to that in this country has been the first Tuesday in November. The community at such times seems to say, "Go to, now; let us have a good time at lying." Prominent candidates for office are denounced as unprincipled and renegade. A smart lie will start in the corner of a country newspaper, and keep on running until it has captured the printing presses of the whole continent. What garbling of speeches! What misinterpretation of motives! What misrepresentation of individual antecedents. The trouble is that we have in this country two great manufactories—manufactories of lies—the Republican manufactory of lies and the Democratic manufactory of lies—and they are run day and night, and they turn out half a dozen a day all equipped and ready for full sailing. Large lies and small lies. Lies private and lies public and lies prurient. Lies cut bias and lies cut diagonal. Long-limbed lies and lies with double-back action. Lies complimentary and lies defamatory. Lies that some people believe, and lies that all the people believe, and lies that nobody believes. Lies with humps like camels and scales like crocodiles and necks as long as storks, and feet as swift as an antelope's, and stings like adders. Lies raw and scalloped and panned and stewed. Crawling lies and jumping lies and soaring lies. Lies with attachment screws and rufflers and braiders and ready-wound bobbins. Lies by Christian people who never lie except during elections, and lies by people who always lie, but beat themselves in a political campaign.

I confess I am ashamed to have a foreigner visit this country in these times. I should think he would stand dazed, and dare not go out nights! What will the hundreds of thousands of foreigners who come here to live think of us? What a disgust they must have for the land of their adoption! The only good thing about it is that many of them cannot understand the English language. But I suppose the German, and Italian, and Swedish, and French papers translate it all, and peddle out the infernal stuff to their subscribers.

Nothing but Christianity will ever stop such a flood of indecency. The Christian religion will speak after a while. The billingsgate and low scandal through which we wade almost every autumn must be rebuked by that religion which speaks from its two great mountains, from the one mountain intoning the command, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," and from the other mount making plea for kindness and love and blessing rather than cursing. O, Christian men! frown upon political falsehood! Remember that a political lie is as black as any other kind of a lie. God has recorded all the falsehoods that have been told at the city, state or national elections since the foundation of this Government; and, though the perpetrators and their victims may have gone into the dust, in the last day judgment will be awarded. The falsehoods that Aaron Burr breathed into the ear of Blennerhasset, the slanders that Lieutenant General Gage proclaimed about George Washington, the misrepresentations in regard to James Monroe, are as fresh on God's book today as the lies that were printed last week about our local candidates. "And all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death."

Again, I counsel you as Christian men to set yourselves against the misuse of money in political campaigns. Of the thousands of dollars already spent this autumn, how much of the amount do you suppose has been properly used? You have a right to spend money for the publishing of political tracts, for the establishment of organizations for the carrying out of what you consider to be the best; you have a right to appeal to the reason of men by argument and statistics and by facts. Printing and renting of public halls and political meetings cost money, but he who puts a bribe into the hand of a voter, or plies weak men with mercenary and corrupt motives, commits a sin against God and the nation. Bribery is one of the most appalling sins of this country. God says, "Fire shall consume the tabernacles of bribery." Have nothing to do with such a sin, O Christian man! Fling it from the ballot box. Hand over to the police the man who attempts to tamper with your vote, and remember that elections that cannot be carried without bribes ought never to be carried at all. Again I ask you as Christian men to set yourselves against the dissipations that hover over the ballot-box. Let me say that no man can afford to go into political life who is not a teetotaler. Hot political discussion somehow creates an unnatural thirst, and hundreds of thousands of men have gone down into drunkenness through political life. After an exciting canvass through the evening you must "take something;" and rising in the morning with less animation than usual, you must "take something;" and going off among your comrades through the forenoon, you meet political friends, and you must "take something;" and in the afternoon you meet other political friends, and you must "take something;" and before night has come something has taken you. There are but few cases where men have been able to stand up against the dissipations of political life. Joseph was a politician, but he maintained his integrity. Daniel was a politician, but he was a teetotaler to the last. Abraham was a politician, but he was always characterized as the father of the faithful. Moses was a politician, the grandest of them; but he honored God more than he did the Pharaohs. And there are hundreds of Christian men now in the political parties, maintaining their integrity, even when they are obliged to stand amidst the blasted, lecherous, and loathsome crew that sometimes surround the ballet-box; these Christian men doing their political duty, and then coming back to the prayer-meetings and Christian circles as pure as when they went out. But that is not the ordinary circumstance; that is the exception. How often you see men coming back from the political conflict, and their eye is glazed, and their cheek has an unnatural flush, and they talk louder than they usually do, and at the least provocation they will bet, and you say they are convivial, or they are exceedingly vivacious, or you apply some other sweet name to them; but God knows they are drunk! Some of you, a month or six weeks ago, had no more religion than you ought to have, and after the elections are over, to calculate how much religion you have left will be a sum in vulgar fractions. Oh, the pressure is tremendous!

How many mighty intellects have gone down under the dissipation of politics! I think of one who came from the West. He was able to stand out against the whole American Senate. God had given him faculties enough to govern a kingdom, or to frame a constitution. His voice was terrible to his country's enemies and a mighty inspiration in the day of national peril. But twenty glasses of strong drink a day were his usual allowance and he went down into the habits of a confirmed inebriate. Alas for him! Though a costly monument has been reared over his resting-place, the young men of this country shall not be denied the awful lesson that the agency by which the world was robbed of one of its mightiest intellects, and our country of one of its ablest constitutional defenders was the dissipation of political life. You want to know who I mean? Young man, ask your father. The adverse tide is fearful, and I warn you against it!

You need not go far off to find the worn-out politician. Here he is, stumbling along the highway, his limbs hardly able to hold him up. Bent over and pale with exhausting sickness. Surly to anybody who accosts him. His last decent article of apparel pawned for strong drink. Glad if, when going by a grocery, some low acquaintance invites him in to take a sip of ale, and then wiping his lip with his greasy sleeve. Kicked off the steps by men who once were proud to be his constituents. Manhood obliterated. Lip blistered with a curse. Scars of brutal assault on cheek and brow. Foul-mouthed. A crouching, staggering, wheezing wretch. No friends. No God. No hope. No heaven. That is your worn-out politician. That is what some of you will become unless by this morning's warning, and the mercy of God, your steps are arrested. Oh, there are no words enough potent, enough portentous, enough consuming, enough damning, to describe the horrible drunkenness that has rolled over this land, and that has bent down the necks of some of the mightiest intellects, until they have been compelled to drink out of the trough of bestiality and abomination! I warn young men against political life, unless they are teetotalers and consecrated, Christian men.

Again, I counsel you that, when you go to the ballot-box at the city or the State or the national elections, you recognize God, and appeal to him for his blessing. There is a power higher than the ballot-box, than the Gubernatorial chair, than the Presidential White House. It is high time that we put less confidence in political platforms and more confidence in God. See what a weak thing is human foresight. How little our wise men seem to know! See how, every autumn, thousands of men who are clambering up for higher positions, are turned under. God upsets them. Every man, every party, every nation, has a mission to perform. Failing to perform it, down he goes.

God said to the House of Bourbon, "Remodel France, and establish equity." House of Bourbon would not do it. Down it went. God said to the House of Stuart, "Make the English people free, God-fearing, and happy." House of Stuart would not do it. Down it went. God says to the political parties in this day, "By the principles of Christianity remodel, govern, educate, save the people." Failing to do that, down they go, burying in their ruins their disciples and advocates. God can spare all the political intriguers of this day, and can raise up another generation who shall do justice and love mercy. If God could spare Luther before the Reformation was done: and if he could spare spare Washington before free government had been fully tested; and if he could spare Howard before more than one out of a thousand dungeons had been alleviated; and if he could spare Robert M'Cheyne just as Scotland was gathering to his burning utterances; and if he could spare Thomas Clarkson while yet millions of his fellow-men had chains rusting to the bone—then he can spare any man, and he can spare any party. That man who, through cowardice or blind idolatry of party, forsakes the cause of righteousness, goes down, and the armed battalions of God march over him.

O Christian men! take out your Bible this afternoon, and in the light of that word make up your mind as to what is your duty as citizens. Remember that the highest kind of a patriot is a Christian patriot. Consecrate yourselves first to God, then you will know how to consecrate yourselves to your country. All these political excitements will be gone. Ballot-boxes and Gubernatorial chairs and continents will smoke in the final conflagration; but those who love God and do their best shall come to lustrous dominion after the stars have ceased their shining, and the ocean has heaved its last billow, and the closing thunder of the judgment-day shall toll at the funeral of a world! Oh, prepare for that day! Next Tuesday questions of the State will be settled; but there comes a day when the questions of eternity will be decided. You may vote right, and get the victory at the ballot-box, and yet suffer eternal defeat. After you have cast your last vote, where will you go to? In this country there are two parties. You belong to the one or the other of them. Likewise in eternity there will be two parties and only two. "These shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." To which party will you belong? God grant that, while you look after the welfare of the land in which God has graciously cast your lot, you may not forget to look after your soul—blood-bought, judgment-bound, immortal! God save the people!

The Temple of Diana at Ephesus.

PROFANITY PUNISHED

Robert Raikes, the founder of Sunday Schools, was a prison philanthropist. He once related an incident of a man named Daniel Munday who had been committed to prison for stealing wood. He was a great swearer. One night, while uttering some blasphemous imprecations, his brother who was also in prison, reproved him. Daniel called on his Maker to strike him dumb if he did not hang himself. Next morning the turnkey found him in bed at a late hour. Munday was found to be dumb. He continued speechless for several days, when, on his deep repentance, the power of speech was mercifully restored.

Martyred in Persia.

Baron Aghajan, a Christian Merchant, Brutally Slain by Moslem Fanatics — Other Christians also Victims.

ISAAC M. YONAN, a young Christian native of Oroomiah, Persia, now a student in Louisville Theological Seminary, sends to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a copy of a very interesting letter received from his father, Malik Yonan, a Nestorian Christian minister in Persia. The letter, which is dated August 5, furnishes a sorrowful picture of religious persecution in the Shah's dominions. It is as follows:

"My Dear Son—In trembling, fear, sorrow and perplexity of mind, I am writing this letter to you. Mohammedanism seems to be reviving its old enmity against Christianity. Some months ago, Mirza Ibrahim was choked in the prison, and some days ago a Christian was killed in his home, another was tortured to death, and to-day we have a terrible murder.

"The Moolahs (the priests of the Mohammedans), sent a Mohammedan lady to Baron Aghajan, a Christian merchant of Oroomiah, to ask for money. He refused to give it to her. She reported to her friends that Aghajan had insulted her, whereupon a large crowd of roughs that needed only a word from their religious leaders to rush into any crime, gathered around his store with daggers, swords, guns and stones; they dragged him from the store and carried him to the court of their mosque, where they murdered him with fearful torture, putting his head on a rock and with other rocks beating him till his brains came through his mouth. After that his body was pierced with thirty-five daggers; some cut his ears, some cut his nose, and others pelted his body with stones. Then they put a rope around his neck, and together with a dead dog they dragged him all over the streets of the city, and outside the city walls, where they threw his body into a filthy pond. During all this time, not one Christian, not even his wife, could approach him for fear of instant death. His wife was able to get his body only by paying money to the Governor. She had a picture of the body taken and sent to the Shah.

"All denominations of Christians are greatly excited over this terrible matter; even little children understand the danger of the times. The prominent Christians feel that they will have to give all their property to the Shah, in order to save their lives, by getting permission to leave the country. I hope all the Christian Embassies will unite to help the persecuted Christians here.

"On the other hand, the Mohammedans have awaked to a new zeal; they have telegraphed to their high priest, at Carbala, to be permitted to recommence the Holy Wars of the olden times. No body knows what will be the end of this matter, but one thing we know, that God rules. Whenever there are troubles and persecutions, it is only to strengthen the Christians in their faith. I can do nothing for my family and my poor Nestorian nation, except set the matter before the Lord, like Hezekiah (II. Kings 19: 19), 'O Lord, our God, we beseech thee, save thou us out of his hand, that all of the kingdom of the earth may know that thou art the Lord God, even thou only.'

MALEK YONAN."

Writing a few days later, Malek Yonan adds:

"Last week, I wrote to you about the murder of Mirza Aghajan. The picture that was taken of his body has been scattered over all the world, and I send you one. While he was in such extreme suffering, they offered to release him if he would confess Mohammed, but he defied their tortures and died like a martyr. I am thankful to say that all missionaries of different denominations, even Catholics, have acted in unity in this matter. They have written to the Embassies of Russia, England, Germany, and France and are telegraphing every day to the Shah, who has commissioned a Mohammedan Governor to look into the matter.

"Soon after the death of Aghajan, a large mob went to his home to kill his wife, but she escaped to the American Mission. On the same night, a Christian was killed in his home, and all his property destroyed or taken, and another was killed in a village some miles from town. I am sure that these dark clouds must precede the brightest sun.

"Ask all the Christians that are living under the flag of liberty of that blessed country, to be encouraged to fulfil the great commission: 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature,' and to send more missionaries to this field of darkness.

MALEK YONAN."

This is the second martyrdom for the cause of the Gospel in Persia within a few months, the first having been that of Mirza Ibrahim, who perished of violence in a Moslem prison in that country. In his letter to this journal, forwarding the information, Mr. Isaac M. Yonan says:

"Dear Sir.—My father has long been a reader of your valuable paper at our home in Persia. Since I have been in this country I have read it every week through the great kindness of my friends.

"I am very grateful to you for the love you bear toward my country. All you publish in behalf of Christianity in Persia I receive as a personal favor. May God bless you for your broad, liberal, missionary spirit and zeal."

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

S. S. Lesson for Nov. 19. Eph. 4:20-32. Golden Text, Eph. 4: 32. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE apostle, writing from the Romish prison, where his fettered body had no power to drag down the spirit, which recognizing his heavenly citizenship, dwelt with Christ in heavenly places,—unfolded wonderful things to God's children. He writes in the spirit of fullest praise and deepest adoration: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with every spiritual blessing in the heavenly places in Christ." He saw that no divine blessing could come to God's people on earthly ground; we must be heavenly that we may receive heavenly blessings. Then follows: "Even as he chose us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blemish before him in love; having foreordained us unto adoption as sons through Jesus Christ unto himself. But only through his Beloved "in whom we have redemption through his blood even the forgiveness of sins" can this foreordination find its accomplishment in us. Then he tells us of the mystery of his will, according to the good pleasure which he purposed in him, unto a dispensation of the fulness of the seasons, to sum up all things in Christ, the things which are in the heavens and the things upon the earth—uniting heaven and earth in himself, by uniting the members of his Body to him! "In him, I say in whom we were made a heritage." (Eph. 3: 11, R.V.)

A Heritage of God!

A possession for God to inherit! One staggers at the very thought that such a destiny can be possible for fallen, sinful, redeemed man! Yet again he speaks of "foreordained" to this wondrous destiny in Christ, "in whom, having also believed, ye were sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise, which is an earnest of our inheritance, unto the redemption of God's own possession (Rom. 8: 23), unto the praise of his glory."

Having thus introduced the vast subject which filled the whole horizon of his thoughts and heart, and made him comparatively unconscious of his imprisonment, Paul prayed that the eyes of the Ephesians might be opened to understand this hope of their calling, and the riches of the glory of God's inheritance in the saints, and he tells them that in order to bring about this unspeakable purpose of God, the same strength of his might which he wrought in Christ, when he raised him from the dead, and set him at his right hand in the heavenly places "far above all rule, and authority, and power, and dominion, and every name that is named not only in this world, but also in that which is to come, is the same exceeding greatness of his power to us-ward who believe," in order to bring about this marvellous purpose of our God? How little Nero knew when he shut up Paul in prison that this unusual prisoner should be called into the council chamber of the King of kings!

He shows in chapter two how, by his Cross, Jesus has slain the enmity between Jew and Gentile, "that he might create in himself of twain one new man," (neither Jew nor Gentile, but one body of many members), and he gradually unfolds, in chapter three,

"The Mystery of Christ,"

which from all ages had been hid in God, who created all things, to the intent that now unto the principalities and powers in the heavenly places might be known, by the church, the manifold wisdom of God, according to the eternal purpose which he purposed in Christ Jesus, our Lord. Then, as though he could say no more to man, the apostle repeats what has been given him in prayer to God, that wondrous prayer: "That ye may be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith . . . that ye may be filled with [or unto] all the fullness of God."

This leads him on to the exhortation: "I therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called." (Eph. 4: 1.) What vocation? "Whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son, that he might be the Firstborn among many brethren." Our vocation is to learn Christ and to be made like Christ who is the image of God, the Firstborn of every creature. But how can the imperfect ever become perfect, how can the creature become like the Creator? The goal is too high. Yes, indeed, if it is to be attained by individual human creatures. But the purpose is God's purpose, not man's; God's calling from afar, not man's device. And in order to accomplish it, God, who is himself a Trinity of Three divine Persons in One, has conceived the making a unity of many in one "of twain,

One New Man,"

not many new men. He ascended to receive gifts for men which should serve "for the perfecting of the saints unto the work of ministering unto the building up of the body of Christ, till we all attain unto the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God unto a perfect [or full-grown, R.V.] man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ. Not many perfect or full-grown men but one, made out of many. Our vocation is to understand God's purpose in this and yield to his working.

With this glorious calling, this purpose of God, before him, Paul sees wondrous possibilities for the saints of God knowing that many Christians are little children in the Lord still. He says, after speaking of the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ: "That we be no longer children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness whereby they lie in wait to deceive [or after the wiles of error, R.V.] but speaking truth in love may grow up in all things unto him, which is the Head, even Christ; from whom all the body, fitly framed and knit together through that which every joint supplieth, according to the working in due measure of every part maketh the increase of the body unto the building up of itself in love." Paul sees the glorious possibility of a Bride for the Lamb of God, consisting of members who through the redeeming blood of Christ, and through the work of the Holy Spirit conforming them to the likeness of Christ, shall make them to be one, as he is one with the Father, and make them when united into one, to be his true complement, the fulness of him that filleth all in all. It is with this in view that he appeals to the Ephesians to walk no longer as the Gentiles walk in the vanity of their mind . . . alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them. It behoves such as are predestined to be one with God to walk in quite another spirit. Once understanding our vocation and entering into it, the sins of self-life; such as jealousy, envy, pride, etc., become impossible. "Ye did not so learn Christ, if so be that ye heard him, and were taught in him as the truth is in Jesus, that ye put away as concerning your former manner of life the old man—i. e., what we were as unconverted people—which waxeth corrupt after the lusts of deceit; and that ye be renewed in the spirit of your mind." This is at the bottom of all which is truly divine, a thorough break, once for all, a break which is steadfastly maintained, with the old man. "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, the self for which he has lived before, and take up his cross which he has complained of, and tried to flee before—and follow me—instead of following his own will and inclinations. We cannot live under our own headship and under the headship of Christ, at the same time, and the high calling wherewith we are called appeals to us to leave utterly and forever behind us what we were—"what things were gain" to us—as well as what things were loss to us, and to know ourselves only in Christ and as members of his body. "And put on the new man which after God hath been created in righteousness and true holiness." To put off the old man and to put on the new is something more than to believe that God for Christ's sake has forgiven our sins. It is to die with Christ to all our former life, and to turn willingly away from all we were and are by nature to his life, to take him as our Pattern and as our Power, expecting no more from ourselves, and therefore never disappointed with the failure of our own efforts; renouncing every thought of any credit that can accrue to us because the new man is not a new development of what we are but a new creation in us of what Christ is, so that the glory of the change in us is not ours but his. Every victory is his, and every grace is his, the very will to serve him proceeds from him. Every prayer is his; nothing is ours.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

ANCIENT EPHESUS.

EPHESUS had enjoyed three years of Paul's ministry. What the character of that ministry had been, we learn from the interview with the elders of the church on that memorable night at Miletus (Acts 20: 17-35), when Paul sent for them that he might warn and exhort them once more. Between that interview and the writing of the epistle, a passage from which is the basis of our lesson, four eventful years had passed. Paul had been arrested, arraigned before Felix and Agrippa, imprisoned, shipwrecked and finally again imprisoned in Rome. There his thoughts turn to the beloved church and knowing the dangers by which it would be assailed, he writes this letter to strengthen the people in their faith and to advise them as to their daily life in the home, the church and the world. He makes his letter a general one, suitable for other churches, omitting his usual, personal greetings and he probably would send by Tychicus several copies of it for them, making it a circular letter. It is a singularly beautiful communication, full of tenderness and of exalted spiritual feeling. About half of it is devoted to doctrine, emphasizing the teaching Paul had given to the church during his residence with them. These doctrines, he then proceeds to show, are not to remain in their minds as mere theories, but are to exert a controlling influence over their lives. It is sometimes contended that it does not matter what a man believes if his life is right. But the Apostle argues on the sound principle, which everyone's experience confirms, that right living proceeds from right thinking and the only right life is based on right principles. He mentions a few characteristics of the conduct of people who are really guided by Christ's life and teaching. He then sums up the whole in the central, all-inclusive injunction to put on Christ. That is to so enter into his spirit that they will live as he lived. Their life cannot fail to be right if he is their guide. As a great divine has said, "In sailing over the troubled ocean of life, with its changing winds and unknown currents, we must steer by the stars." That Paul's warnings and admonitions were not unnecessary we see from the message which, seven years after this letter was written, Christ himself sent to the church. (Rev. 2: 1-7).

Taught by him. Jeremy Taylor uses the following illustration to show how the Christian's life is made easy by following Christ: The Bohemians have a story that their great king who was canonized as St. Wenceslaus had a servant named Redivivus who admiring and loving his master, earnestly desired to be like him in all things. One winter night the king set out for a distant church to pray. He desired to keep his body in subjection and humiliate himself, so he went barefoot. Redivivus tried to follow, but fell repeatedly, as the way led over ice and snow. The king saw his servant's failures and turning to him bade him follow in his footprints. The servant followed, carefully placing his feet on the places where the king had trodden and slipped no more. The Christian has received the same command, and he never falls when he follows where Christ has led the way.

Put on the new man. The Christian's highest hope is to be like Christ. The way to achievement is through love. The more anyone loves Christ the more is he likely to become like him, and the more too will he impress the world with the beauty and blessing of his religion and so lead others to become like Christ. A minister tells the following story of Dr. Belfrage. His wife died after less than a year of singular and unbroken happiness. He had no portrait left of her, but resolved that there should be one, and though ignorant of drawing he determined to do it himself. He procured the materials for miniature painting, and then shut himself up for fourteen days. He came out of his room wasted and feeble, with one of the plates on which was a portrait full of subtle likeness, drawn and colored as no one would have dreamed that such an artist could do. We have given ourselves to harder labor, to reproduce the image of Christ in the hearts of men, but if we have exceeding love for him we must be successful.

Putting away lying. Deception and fraud of every kind are a disgrace to any Christian. The influence of Christianity ought to make every man who professes it honest and truthful. Ruskin discovered a very ancient inscription on the Church of St. Giacomo di Rialto, Venice, which reads, "Around this temple let the merchant's law be just, his weights be true and his covenants faithful." A beautiful epitome of the influences which ought to radiate from the sanctuary, to elevate and purify the world around. He says of the discovery, it is "the pride of my life."

Let him that stole steal no more. A wealthy gentleman was addressing a group of convicts one Sunday afternoon in a certain penitentiary. He inveighed severely on the iniquity of stealing. At the conclusion of his address he went among the convicts to impress on them individually the lessons he had been imparting. "Are you an honest man yourself?" said one of the convicts, "really honest in heart?" The gentleman was highly indignant at the question, but declared that he had never stolen anything in his life. "Do not be offended," said the convict, "I am seeking information; I want to know how it is with other men. Have you ever had an opportunity of getting gain by unfair means?" The gentleman considered a moment and said, "Yes, I have." "Then," said the convict, "tell me how you felt. Had you a slight inclination to get it?" There was more hesitation this time and the answer came at last, "Yes, I think I may have had, but controlled it. The convict smiled. "Perhaps you might not have done so if you had been brought up as we have been and if you were starving. There is really very little difference between us." The gentleman looked down humbly. "No," he said, "the difference is not in ourselves, but in our circumstances and the grace of God."

To give to him that needeth. How many people have in their possession money or clothing which their poor brethren need, yet who hoard it instead of giving it away. Martin Luther was once asked to help some cause when he really had no money to give. Still he did not refuse his assistance, but going to a drawer in which he kept a valuable and highly prized medal of Joachim, the elector of Brandenburg, he drew it out, saying, "What art thou doing here, Joachim? Dost thou not see how idle thou art? Come out and make thyself useful."

A poor Irishwoman went to a venerable priest in Boston, and asked him to forward to Ireland her help for the famine sufferers. "How much can you spare?" asked the priest. "I have a hundred dollars saved," she said, "and I can spare that." The priest reasoned with her, saying that her gift was too great for her means, but she was firm in her purpose. It would do her good to know that she had helped; she could rest happier thinking of the poor families she had saved from hunger and death. The priest received her money with moistened eyes. "Now, what is your name?" he asked, "that I may have it published." "My name?" said the brave soul counting out her money, "don't mind that, sir. Just send them the help, and God will know my name."

Forgiving one another even as God . . . hath forgiven you. That is to be the measure of forgiveness, full, free and complete. Louis XII. of France had many enemies before he ascended the throne. When he became king he caused a list to be made of all the chief men of the kingdom and against the name of every one who had done him a wrong he affixed a black cross. When this became known, the enemies of the king fled, feeling sure that the king meant to punish them. But Louis, hearing of their fears, caused them to be recalled, with an assurance of pardon, and said that the reason for his putting a cross against their names was to remind himself of the cross of Christ through which he hoped for the forgiveness which he must extend to others with the same fulness.

Gospel Work in Western Africa.

The Gaboon and Corisco Mission of the Presbyterian Church—Miss Nassau's Successful Effort in Training Native Evangelists.

THE deadly climate of many parts of Africa has cost the Church of Christ many a precious life. The roll of brave men and women who for love of the Master have gone to preach to the people the glad news of salvation, knowing the risks they ran, and have sickened and died there, is a long and sad one. Yet there is no disposition to abandon the effort. When a missionary dies, another promptly volunteers to take up and continue his work. But the cost of life is frightful; and those who die in that awful breach of the enemy, are precisely the men and women whom the church can least afford to lose—noble, consecrated, self-sacrificing souls, capable of doing valuable work for Christ in the world. The question arises, whether the work might not be carried on without this dreadful waste of life. Could not native converts be educated and trained for Gospel work? They are inured to the climate and do not suffer from it as white men do; they have naturally a more complete command of the language than a foreigner can attain and their work is less likely to excite suspicion and prejudice than would be that of the foreign teacher. But are the converts intellectually qualified for missionary work? Could they by education and training be fitted to become preachers and teachers to their people? These questions have been put to a practical test in the Presbyterian mission on the Gaboon and Corisco field, which lies on the West Coast of Africa, near the Equator. The results of the experiment are eminently satisfactory. The missionaries report that the native preachers are doing faithful, earnest work and are planting churches in new districts. Portraits of five of these native Christian preachers appear on this page. Their names are Itongolo, Etiani, N'taka Truman, Frank Myongo and Ibia j'Ikenze.

Itongolo has been doing efficient work at Bongahele station at the southern extremity of the Gaboon and Corisco field, where, for several years, the work was carried on by native preachers unaided by the white missionary. He is now stationed at Ubenje where the people have built a house for him and also a house of worship. Etiani, another of the group, is stationed at Bata, whese he is gathering a thriving church. Ibia J'Ikenge is on the island of Corisco. He conducts a boys' school in addition to his evangelistic labors. Myongo has an excellent record. During the time he was pastor at the station at Bongahele the people erected a place of worship capable of holding five hundred persons, and at each of the Sunday services it was crowded. He is a pupil of Miss Isabella A. Nassau, to whom he owes all his training for his ministerial work.

Miss Nassau, whose portrait is here given, has been for twenty-five years an earnest and most devoted worker in the Gaboon and Corisco mission. She is a sister of Dr. Robert H. Nassau, whose pioneer labors in this field were described in these columns on May 24. From the days of her early childhood she looked with longing eyes to the work of foreign missions as the highest vocation to which she could aspire. She had the cordial sympathy of her father, Dr. Charles H. Nassau, who as pastor, professor and college president at Lafayette, Penn., was eminently qualified to aid her in preparing for efficient service. For several years after she had definitely decided to offer herself for the work she studied hard, and by teaching in the seminary at Lawrenceville, Penn., acquired the art of imparting knowledge and of gaining influence over the minds of others. She went out to Africa in 1868, and was stationed first on the island of Corisco, then erroneously supposed to be more healthy than the mainland. After a time she removed to Bolondó on the Benito River, where her talents as an educator were successfully employed. She had a class of boys and young men whom she trained for the work of the ministry. It was a work for which by nature and education she was peculiarly fitted, and her success in it was recognized by a glowing tribute in the *History of the Corisco Presbytery*, which also states that her services had been devoted to this arduous sphere longer than had those of any other person. When the Board of Missions decided to plant a station at Kangwe, Miss Nassau went thither and took with her several of the young people she had educated. The work at Kangwe suffered from the harassing opposition of the French government, in whose "sphere of influence" it was situated. The French are enemies of Protestant missions wherever they have power and at Kangwe they made any advance well-nigh impossible. At Talaguga also, where Dr. Nassau had established a station, the same obstacles were encountered and it was finally found necessary to abandon both stations; but some work is still being done there by the French Society of Evangelistic Missions. Miss Nassau remained for some time at Kangwe and then removed to her brother's station at Talaguga, where quietly and unostentatiously she did much valuable work in teaching. It was her habit to journey from village to village, taking with her cards on which she had stencilled some text in the native language. She would stay a short time in a village talking familiarly with the people. She would then depart, leaving a few cards behind her. On her way back after an interval of a few weeks she was often surpised to find how deep an interest had been stirred by the silent teacher supplementing her talk at her former visit. The transfer of the stations to the French society, however, broke up that work, and Miss Nassau came home for a brief rest before entering a new field. In October of last year she was back again in Africa and settled at Batanga where she has now a flourishing girls' school and abundant occupation in teaching and visiting the adjacent villages.

Native Ordained Presbyterian Ministers of Western Africa.

ITONGOLO. ETIANI. MYONGO. N'TAKA. IBIA J' IKENGE.

Batanga lies at the north of the Gaboon and Corisco field. It forms an excellent base of operations for reaching vast numbers on its eastern side. On that side the country is within the German "sphere of influence," and is open to missionary effort. Happily, the Germans show a different spirit from that of the French. They have given a cordial welcome to the American missionaries and have guaranteed them protection from interference. Dr. A. C. Good, who is stationed at Batanga, has recently made an exploring trip into the territory thus opened and has returned to the mission full of enthusiasm at the prospects. It has been decided to open a station sixty miles inland at a place called Nkonemekak and another at a place five days' journey to the north, called Zingi, and the opening of still another station has been planned. The missionaries who will have charge of this pioneer work are the young physician Dr. C. J. Laffin, whose portrait and life have already appeared in this journal; Rev. R. H. Milligan and Mr. M. H. Kerr. With Batanga on the coast as a basis of supplies and a centre for the training native helpers the missionaries are full of hope that a great work will be done. Dr. Good covered a distance of 180 miles. "This," he says, "is, of course, hardly more than a beginning, but this beginning has shown that God has here opened a magnificent field for our church. A fine mountainous country, with a climate remarkably cool and bracing for Africa, and a large population of strong, vigorous savages were discovered. But the journey only touched the densely populated plateau, where we are assured that the people swarm as almost nowhere else in Africa. Here are the Fang, Bule, Bene Yewonda and Yengona; only names to us, but each name standing for from one hundred thousand to half a million souls. All these peoples, aggregating perhaps a million, perhaps several millions, speak practically one language; and to the eastward are other tribes of whom we know only the names, and that they are cannibal savages, still more degraded than those mentioned above. If this field seems too small, we have only to pass over the border of the Yewondo country to the northward, and we are soon in the darkest part of the Soudan, where we find powerful chiefs, populous cities and a barbarous (Mohammedan) civilization, but not one ray of light. These multitudes are as ignorant of the way of salvation as if there were no Saviour. Men they certainly are, with eternal destinies, but sunk in the depths of selfishness and beastly sensuality."

Miss Isabella A. Nassau, Missionary to the Cameroons.

Dr. Good reports that in the regions he visited there were no cities or large aggregations of population among the Bule. Their villages seemed to be strung along the routes of travel at not very great distances apart. He would frequently pass from twenty to fifty villages in a day, but never massed together. They lined the path as if it were a river with villages scattered along on either bank. He found centres where a population of from three to five thousand people were within two hours' walk in either direction, and at one of these centres it is proposed to locate the first station of Nkonemekak. Among the Yewondo and Yengona the population is massed in a different way, as they occupy a great plain, the whole surface of which is available for residence and cultivation. The climate of this interior region is regarded by Dr. Good as salubrious and healthful, and he sees no reason why it should not be perfectly safe as a place of permanent residence for missionaries. The soil is sandy, and an elevation of from 1,500 to 2,000 feet can be easily secured for residence. He regards it as much superior to the climate of the Ogowe Valley. Beside which, there is the additional advantage of being on territory under the control of the Germans who permit teaching in the native language.

"On the trip," Dr. Good continues, "I had opportunity for talking with and questioning the people, but all I can learn only emphasizes what I have already written you as to the vastness of the field here opened to us. I questioned many old people who had come from the far interior, and all agreed in the statement that where I turned back I had not yet reached the dense population. And the country is open to us. I wish you could have seen the enthusiasm with which I was everywhere greeted. All distrust and misconception had melted away as I had not dared to hope; and now very few ask me the question I have been weary of: 'What are you seeking for?' Everywhere the people crowded to hear my poor efforts at preaching the Gospel. Some were disposed to scoff at the high standard of morality set forth by Christ, not because they denied its excellence, but because it seemed hopelessly above them. But on the whole I was pleased by the attention and interest with which my message was everywhere received.

"But if the Gospel were not the power of God unto salvation, I should have been utterly discouraged by some glimpses I had of the unspeakable immorality of these people.

"This is the field. Can there be a question as to whether God calls us to enter it? But to do so, both men and money are needed. Young men, strong, earnest men, must offer themselves to the Lord for this work—not by ones and twos, but by tens and twenties, if this great field is to be evangelized. Shall the response be that the Presbyterian Church, with its thousands of young men and its vast and ever-increasing wealth, is unwilling to take up this new work?"

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WHAT I BELIEVE.

AS people all over the country, in the church and out of the church, are now telling what they believe and what they do not believe, so I suppose my turn has come to tell what I believe. I can tell you in five minutes. I believe in God the good, the kind, the loving, the just, the independent, the omnipotent. I believe in Jesus Christ, with a heart large enough to take the whole race in his compassion, and perhaps other worlds, for I do not know but that he has done as much for other spheres as he has done for ours. I believe in the Holy Ghost, a wooing, coaxing, elevating, sublimating, purifying, gracious personage, gentle as the dove that symbolized Him at the baptism, and yet as intense as the fiery tongues which covered the heads of the disciples at Pentecost. I believe in a soul immortal, winged for eternal flight, and having free choice whether that flight shall be upward or downward. I believe in a heaven built on so vast a scale that there is room for all angelhood, all manhood, all womanhood, all childhood, and not a monopoly for a few, but twelve gates for all. I believe in a perdition, the abode of those who are soul suicides, for God pushes no man off the precipice. He jumps off. "Oh Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself." You see, it is self-destruction. If a man is in peril and there are twelve gates wide open, to let him out, and he turns his back on the twelve gates and jumps into the crater of a volcano, who is to blame? Certainly not the man who swung open the twelve gates. And if any man misses heaven it will not be God's fault, but the fault of those who perish.

"Ah!" says some one, "how can a merciful God allow any suffering hereafter?" I will answer your question as you will answer mine. Why does a merciful God allow that good woman to marry a man who makes her life a hell on earth? How can a merciful God allow bad people to prosper in health, while men who spend their lives in doing good, die of cancer in the face? You answer my question, and I will answer yours. You tell me why a merciful God allowed sin to come into this world, then I will tell you why God lets suffering go into the nether world. I go on and I say, I believe in baptism, the water beautifully symbolic of a cleansing of the soul, and whether the bright liquid drop from a wooden cup, as when in holy rite the Covenanters of Scotland sprinkled their children among the Highlands, or whether the candidate have whole Jordans roll over him. I believe in the King's banquet, commonly called the Lord's Supper, and welcome to its table all who acknowledge allegiance to him, of whose atonement the red wine of the Sacrament is parabolic. I believe in the Bible from lid to lid inspired, not always as a precept, but sometimes as a history, the sacred writers no more approving of the conduct described in the Bible, than Macaulay approves of all the conduct in England described in his history, but a Bible from lid to lid inspired, not always as a precept, but sometimes as a history, yet the best book ever written by pen or printed by type, the foundation of happy homes and good governments, the book from which most other good books have been beaten out as one little piece of gold may be beaten into foil of almost illimitable extension. I believe in the brotherhood of man; all of one blood, and having the same rights, all made in the image of God, and that he who insults a man, however obscure, strikes in the face of his neighbor. These cardinal truths I have been preaching for thirty-seven years, and I have no prospect of changing. I am all the more indisposed to change, because I have noticed that those who get off the track are like a rail train off the track, tumbling down the embankment; they roll over and over and over from place to place, now one side up, now the other. Now they wonder about this and now they wonder about that, and the most of them end in agnosticism. That is, they do not believe in anything. That is generally the depot at which they fetch up. They call it progress, and it is progress; but it is progress into a bank of mud.

VICTORY!

EVER and anon we see a determination on the part of theologians to square off and fight the religion of their fathers. Some think it argues great pluck for a man to assail the Bible and the Church and get up a new religion. The fact is it requires no courage at all to do so, for he is always sure of the favor and applause of a vast multitude, who hate the Bible and would be glad to see it struck on any side and to have Christianity crippled. The Bible antagonists do not realize that they are attempting to stop an express train by putting their foot on the track or to arrest an Alpine avalanche by bracing themselves against one of the ice cakes. The Bible goes right on, and the Church of God goes right on, and Christianity goes right on, and the chief danger is done to the antagonists. There have never been so many live churches in America as today. More people believe the Gospel than ever before and vaster multitudes are attempting to practice its precepts. The attempt to shatter the Bible for the last three hundred years has not rent asunder or dislodged a single doctrine or sentiment. After its present assailants are all dead, their funeral sermons will be preached from King James' translation, not one verse omitted, from the first page of Genesis to the last page of Revelation. One would think the world would get tired of a bombardment of the Bible castle, when with all their concentrated fire of three hundred years, they have not been able to knock out of its walls a splinter large enough to make the most sensitive eyeball quiver. Oh! I am so glad we are in the army which will finally win the day. Here and there a repulse may come through the perfidy of some officer or the backing out of some traitor in camp; but there are enough of the mounted cavalry of the King to ride down all opposition and to dismount the guns of the enemy.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its publication, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people

OUR MAIL-BAG.

ANY reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD having old libraries or other literature suited to Sunday Schools, can send the same to Mrs. W. F. Bidwell, Wetmore, Nemaha Co., Kan., where they will be greatly appreciated.

J. G. Rouzer, Chicago.—"Allow me to express to you my hearty appreciation of your work in the publication of so thorough a Christian paper as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Although a subscriber for a number of years, my appreciation of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD grows annually. Each year it seems to grow better. I have just noticed your generous offer to send our dear Editor's book, 'From Manger to Throne,' with a year's subscription, for $2.00, but no mention is made in said advertisement whether this is only for new subscribers or for old as well. Of course, I well know your old subscribers are never overlooked, but my faith wavers somewhat to think of this handsome offer meaning me. Kindly enlighten me on this point and very much oblige."

The offer applies to both new and old subscribers. Any of our old subscribers sending $2.00, with renewal of subscription, will receive a copy of this splendid volume "From Manger to Throne." We desire this to be distinctly understood, in order that our old subscribers may avail themselves of this opportunity.

P. C. Chaney, New Salem, Ill.—"To Mrs. E. M. Evan's question (of Atlanta, Georgia), I will say that in my humble opinion the 'thorn in the flesh' Paul speaks of in 1 Cor. 12-7 was not a bodily affliction, as many claim, but an evil spirit. 'The messenger of Satan to buffet me.' It is commonly believed by some that Paul was hunch-backed (a deformity) but there is no ground for that belief."

M. A. T., Reidsville, Pa. In what year and at what age did the Apostle Paul suffer martyrdom?

Biblical writers state that Paul's death occurred about the year 66 A. D., when he was about 64 years old.

C Nicholsen, The Dalles, Or. 1. What is the best book that gives the Lives of Christian Martyrs? 2. What is the best volume of sermon illustrations?

1. Fox's "Book of Martyrs." 2. Baxendale's Dictionary of Anecdotes, etc., published by Whittaker, New York.

Agnes McFarlane, Colfax, Ia. 1. When and where was the epistle to the Romans written? 2. Where in the Old Testament do we read of the brazen serpent?

1. At Corinth, during Paul's third missionary journey, and in the winter of 54-55 A.D. 2. See Numb. 21: 9, also John 3: 14.

T. P. H., Bolington, Va. 1. What is the best chapter in the Bible against immorality? 2. Can you give me the rest of the lines belonging to this poem and the name of the writer?

"Hours are golden links—God's token,
Reaching heaven, but one by one;
Take them lest the chain be broken,
Ere the pilgrimage be done."

1. Exodus 20, which contains the Decalogue. 2. Possibly some of our readers can supply the information desired.

M. E. W., Newburgh, N. Y. Is it right to have articles set apart to be won by the greatest number of votes cast at a church fair?

There are many counterfeit methods of giving and they cultivate bogus benevolence. All methods of raising money for the Lord that are contrary to the precepts and examples of his Word are to be condemned. The simple method of free-will offerings alone is approved, (see Ex. 35, 5, 21, 29; II. Cor. chaps. 8 and 9; Luke 6: 35, Matt. 10: 8.) Lottery and grab-bag and similar devices involving the gambling principle are all "works of the flesh," and a distinct desecration of the Lord's house.

P. C. Chaney, New Salem, Ill.—1. How do you explain the apparent discrepancy between the twenty-second and thirty-first verses of Acts 27? 2. Why was the centurion willing to save Paul as stated in Acts 27: 43?

1. The assurance given in the former verse was fulfilled, but the means had to be used. The Apostle wished to stir up the soldiers to defeat the cowardly purpose of the sailors. That the purpose would be so defeated was undoubtedly foreseen when the assurance was given, but men must not be fatalists. 2. We are not told; but probably he had been favorably impressed by his observation of his prisoner's conduct and was reluctant to see his life needlessly sacrificed.

Azalia Sharp, Frost, W. Va.—Please explain 1 Cor. 14: 34.

The injunction was necessary in that time and church. Society at Corinth was in a condition at the time the Apostle wrote this letter in which it would have occasioned great scandal for women to have spoken at the meetings of the church. There had already been trouble there, as we see by the word Paul uses, and this injunction was given to prevent a repetition of it. Biblical scholars are not agreed as to whether it was intended to be permanent, but the majority believe that it was not. It certainly does not preclude woman from singing or praying, or speaking at Christian Endeavor meetings.

H. S Roberts, Reidsville. 1. What was the origin of the Campbellite Church? 2. What is its proper name? 3. Where is its publication house?

1. Thomas Campbell and Alexander, his son, ministers of the seceding branch of the Presbyterian Church, came to this country from Scotland in 1807. They were Irish by birth but were descended from a Scotch family and had been educated in Scotland. They settled in Pennsylvania. In 1809 they issued an invitation to the Christian people around them to join them in a church which should recognize and profess no creed but the Bible. Many joined them and the numbers have steadily grown since, until now the church has in the United States about 900,000 adherents. In church government and practice it is much the same as the Baptists, but without "close communion." 2. The Church of Christ or Disciples of Christ. 3. No. 1416 East Ninth street, Cincinnati, O.

Annie H. Mullis, Luton, Ia. 1. Why did Elisha refuse the gold and silver of Naaman? A friend remarked the other day, "there are few Elishas now, but many Gehazis." 2. Is it God's will that man should demand so many mites of the poor for speaking to them of the "Love of Jesus?" It has made my heart ache for some who believe that they are bound to contribute of their scantiness. Jesus gave unto such, instead of taking from them?

1. Elisha doubtless regarded the great principle involved, and rightly refused to accept a gift in return for any benefit rendered to Naaman, as such a thing was the Lord's doing and not of man. He would not be bribed for doing the will of his Master. 2. Nothing is further from the divine will than the oppression of the poor by extortioners, whether in the name of religion or otherwise; yet it is a pleasure, in which even the very poor may share, to give of our substance for the Lord's cause. The widow, who casts her mite into the treasury, is a type of the humble self-sacrificing Christian, who gives heartily and lovingly, knowing that such giving will never impoverish.

Subscriber, Chicago. I united with the church when quite a small child. My life ran on in the same channel, and I did many things I should not have done. For the last two or three years, I have felt deeply convicted of my sins: I have never spoken to any one of my trouble, but prayed to God to convert me. Last May, I lost a dear little boy. Since then, the world and everything seems changed. My nature has changed to some extent. I am most sorrowful for past sins and I strive to be only good. Do you think God has answered my prayer? I am by nature very quiet but I thought conversion meant a change throughout. Things I once enjoyed have no charm now. Yet I expected, when the answer came, to be thrilled through and through and I would know that God had forgiven my sins. Can you tell me where my trouble lies?

Your bereavement, while it has naturally depressed you, has been a blessing, in that it has brought you nearer to God and revealed to you the condition of your own heart. Your prayer, if offered in all penitence and sincerity, has been answered in the change that is now taking place in your life. Spiritual experience varies in different natures, and probably no two are precisely alike. Ask and strive for larger spiritual growth, and that you may be made useful in helping others. The greatest aid to faith is Christian activity, and the two, combined, bring true happiness.

Neil Love, Bad Axe Mich. They are doubtless interested in denying it.——Mrs. E. Thompson, Scottsburg, Or. See answer in "Mail Bag" of issue of Nov. 1.——Subscriber, Coeyman's Hollow, N. Y. No.——Joseph Toby, Holliston, Mass. Thanks for the information.——Ada S. Geiger, Southern College Institute, Albion, Ills. "We feel the need of a well equipped reading room. Good religious reading matter will be welcome."——Mrs. John Lockwood, Monroe, Wis. 1. They are very entertaining and profitable reading. 2. As gross error. 3. This has already been repeatedly answered in "the Mail Bag."——L. B. Mendenhall, Union, Ia. On a point where all is purely conjectural one theory is probably as good as another. We have only referred to those that seem most reasonable.——William McKenzie, Rapid City, Man. Your sister was entirely right. Any amusement that has immoral tendencies or which brings you into doubtful company is to be avoided.——W. W. Lembcke, Milwaukee, Neb. Nothing Christian can consistently belong to such an organization.——J. H. Armstrong, Valden, Miss. The term "strong drink," used in the Bible, was applied to any beverage that had intoxicating qualities. Fermented drinks were known in the most ancient times, whereas distilling is comparatively modern.——Mrs. S. G. Filer, Florence, N. Y. It is published in book form in England we believe.——Joseph M. Bragg, Newbern, N. C. A History of the Reformed Church is shortly to be published.——Subscriber, Big Bend, Pa. Whittier was liberal in his beliefs but not an atheist. His writings are full of expressions of an abiding trust in a merciful Father.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE MATABELE KING.

INDICATIONS are apparent of an intention on the part of the English government to take charge of the campaign against Lobengula and the Matabele. The motive is a humane one. Intelligence has reached London that the South African Company, which is conducting the campaign, has dealt harshly and unjustly with the Matabele potentate, arresting his envoys and shooting down his troops when they were peaceably departing out of Mashonaland. The reports have been contradicted by the Company's officers, but the British government has ordered Sir Henry Loch, who is commander-in-chief in South Africa, to assume the supreme command in Mashonaland and conduct the negotiations with Lobengula. Conflicting statements as to the king's character are published by travellers who have come in contact with him. Mr. Rider Haggard describes him as cruel and treacherous. He says that a few years ago two travellers who called at his kraal during a hunting excursion were hospitably entertained by the king, but were treacherously murdered by his orders before they had gone a day's journey into the country. Other travellers report more favorably of him, but represent him as capricious and easily influenced for good or evil by his wives and young warriors. All agree that he is extraordinarily superstitious, and spends hours daily with his medicine men, endeavoring to read omens or auguries in the entrails of newly slain cattle. It is certain that the Matabele were cruel oppressors of the Mashonas, prior to the British occupying the land, but whether they have been aggressors recently is disputed. There is to be a Parliamentary inquiry as to the South African Company's treatment of the king, and there is an evident determination on the part of prominent members of Parliament that no wrong shall be done him. The appointment of Sir Henry Loch has been made to prevent the Company compromising the honor of the British government by unwarrantably taking possession of Matabeleland. Our own relations with the Indians suggest what is likely to take place when a barbarous race has possession of a territory fertile and rich in minerals, and the adjoining land is held by a civilized people. It may be hoped that the true facts will be ascertained and justice be done; for "righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." (Prov. 14: 34.)

Held by His Foot.

A switchman on the Reading Railroad met death in a terrible form a few days ago at West Falls, Pa. He was on night duty and he ran ahead of a train to open a switch. That duty performed, he signalled the engineer to bring on the train. His signal was obeyed, but as the train came toward him, the switchman found that his foot was caught firmly in a frog. He shouted for help, and made frantic efforts to release himself, but in vain. The noise of the puffing engine drowned his cries, and when the engineer saw the struggling man in the full glare of the headlight it was too late to save his life. Swiftly the great engine bore down on the frantic prisoner and though the lever was reversed and the brake put down hard, the locomotive struck the man and he was literally cut in two. Death was instantaneous, but the expression on the dead face showed plainly the terrible agony the man had endured for a few seconds. There is reason to fear that still more terrible tragedies often occur from a like entanglement. Nothing is more common in Christian work than to see a man almost persuaded to forsake the world and fly to Christ for salvation, held back by some evil habit, some secret sin, or some worldly connection which he has not the moral strength to shake off. (Matt. 5: 30.)

To Photograph the Heavens.

The new photographic telescope which Miss C. W. Bruce of New York, is giving to Harvard University is nearly finished and in a few weeks will be set up at Cambridge. It will be thoroughly tested there and will then be sent to Peru where it is to be permanently fixed on a hill near Arequipa for the use of the South American branch of Harvard University. No instrument of equal power is in existence. The plates will give a result not attainable by the Lick telescope as the arrangement of the lenses will give a power equal to a forty-five inch aperture while the Lick lens is only thirty-six. The new instrument also takes in an area six times the size of that telescope, and with sixteen hundred plates, can give an entire map of the heavens. It is expected that the photographs to be taken by this instrument will reveal the existence of stars which have never yet been seen by human eyes. Men will have no doubt that there are such stars if the sensitive photographic plate shows them, even though the eye fails to detect them. Yet they scoff at Christians to whom the evidence of faith is surer than that of sight. (1. Peter 1: 8.)

A Sister's Devotion.

A painful operation performed in the City Hospital of Rochester, N. Y., is described in the *Democrat* of that city. It states that about two weeks ago a boy of five years of age was badly burned. He fell into a fire which he and a few other boys had made in the open air, with dead leaves. His clothing caught fire and before it was put out his chest and arms were severely burned. He was taken to the hospital and treated, but did not recover. No new skin would form and he lay in a precarious condition. A messenger was sent to his parents to inform them that nothing more could be done to save his life except skin-grafting. If some person would submit to have strips of skin taken from his body, they might be put on the injured places and the child's life might be saved. The parents hoped that some person might be prevailed upon, for a liberal reward, to undergo the operation. No such person, however, could be found. Finally the seventeen year old sister of the child offered herself for the purpose. She was asked if she knew how painful the operation would be and replied that she was ready to undergo it if it would give her brother a chance of life. She went bravely to the hospital where the surgeons removed from her person enough skin to cover the burned places on the child. Her limbs were then swathed in bandages and she was sent home in an ambulance. The skin thus obtained was applied to the boy's wounds and it is believed that he will get well. There can be no question as to this girl's love for her brother, for she suffered that he might live. If he recovers and grows to manhood we should expect that he will be peculiarly tender and affectionate to his sister; but it is by no means certain, for many men who know that Christ died that they might have eternal life, despise his claims upon them and do nothing for his sake. (II. Cor. 5: 15.)

THE QUEEN OF MATABELELAND.

LOBENGULA, KING OF MATABELELAND.

A Lion Uncaged in New York.

Considerable excitement was produced in New York on October 26 by the news that a ferocious lion was loose in a stable in East Eighteenth Street. The lion had recently been brought over from England for exhibition in this country. He had been in the noted Wombwell's menagerie and had the record there of having killed two keepers, one of them as recently as last July. On his arrival in New York he was taken in his cage to the Eighteenth Street stable, where three other lions, a wolf and some kangaroos were temporarily lodged, ready for transportation to a travelling menagerie. It had been decided to remove the lion to safer quarters, but in transferring him to a wheeled cage, he broke loose. The keeper fled from the stable and the lion bounded on the back of a valuable horse which was in a loose box, and killed it instantly. He made a huge feast on the carcass of the horse. For more than twenty-four hours the lion had undisputed possession of the stable, all efforts to coax him away from the dead horse into his cage proving unavailing. It would have been easy to shoot him from the stable-loft, but as his owner had paid five thousand dollars for him, he had a natural reluctance to kill him. The general alarm of the people in the neighborhood, however, especially mothers of families, made itself heard and the police interfered. The owner of the lion was notified that the ferocious beast must be securely caged within a few hours, or the police would shoot it. The notice had its effect. The assistance of several keepers from the Central Park Menagerie and from Barnum's circus was secured and the lion was driven into his cage and safely fastened in. Happily, no harm was done, save to the horse, but the lion might have had a human victim if the natural and reasonable alarm of the parents of children in the neighborhood had not forced decisive action. It is much to be wished that there was a similar concern for the protection of the children from the danger more imminent and more dreadful of falling a prey to the enemy, who, as the apostle said, "as a roaring lion walketh about seeking whom he may devour." (1 Peter 5: 8.)

A Fatal Swindle.

Three persons in Williamsburg, N. Y., lost all of their savings and one of them lost her life through a swindling transaction. A widow and her son and son-in-law had accumulated by industry and frugality the sum of $13,000 of which one half belonged to the widow. They were seeking a profitable investment for the money when a peddler with whom they were acquainted told them of an offer by which he said they could make a large profit. Two men who were school-fellows of his in Russia had just arrived, bringing with them a quantity of gold dust obtained dishonestly from Russian mines. It might be had cheap, as the present possessors could not, for obvious reasons, dispose of it themselves through the regular channels. The widow and the two young men were taken by the peddler to Newark, N. J., where the gold was submitted to an examination. They agreed to purchase for their thirteen thousand dollars, three bags of the metal, the weight of which, if genuine, showed it to be worth $30,000. Samples of it were taken by the intending purchasers and submitted to an expert for a test. It was declared by him to be pure gold. The purchase was then completed and the price agreed upon was paid. The purchasers went to Newark and brought home the bags. When they were opened the appearance of the metal aroused their suspicion and it was again sent to the expert. He at once pronounced the metal brass filings, and not worth five dollars. The bags evidently had been changed at the last moment. When the widow realized that they had been cheated she had a fit of apoplexy in which she died. Many a man has lost his soul as she lost her life. The promises of peace and happiness that Satan and the world hold out to their votaries are never fulfilled, but turn out to be dust and ashes, and when the victim discovers that he has been cheated and that all he has gained by the sacrifice of his best interests is vanity and vexation of spirit, he has seldom the disposition to seek the Lord. (Job 21: 13-16.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The last words of Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell, whispered to her daughter, were the injunction, "Make the world better."

The Jews of Jerusalem, who have hitherto worshipped in three separate congregations, Spanish, German and Russian, are now to be united in one, as they all speak Hebrew.

It is computed that the number of missionaries throughout the world is 5,094; of unmarried female missionaries, 2,445; of native ministers, 3,730, and of native helpers, 40,438.

Dr. Charles H. Daniells of New York was elected Corresponding Secretary of the American Board, to fill the place of Dr. E. K. Alden, who has resigned the office.

Churches are warned against a colored man who is pretending to be a converted Zulu, and is appealing for funds. A few years ago the same man personated a native Kaffir chief and was arrested for imposition.

Messrs. Crossley and Hunter, both of Canada, and evangelists of recognized ability and standing, began special services on Nov. 5, at the Janes Methodist Episcopal church, Brooklyn. They will remain in Brooklyn five weeks.

No less than one hundred and fifteen missionaries sailed from England during the last week of October under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society. Their respective destinations were India, Ceylon, Palestine, China, Japan and East Africa.

The results of the American Board's wise decision in the Noyes case and the change in the offices and Prudential Committee are already becoming tangible. On Oct. 22 one church in New York alone took up a collection of $2,600 for the Treasury of the Board.

The successor of the late Bishop Crowther the colored bishop in connection with the Church Missionary Society has been appointed. He is a native of the Yoruba country and a son of Christian parents. It is reported that two other natives of that country are soon to be consecrated bishops.

Mr. Charles Cook the Prison Evangelist preached for Dr. MacArthur last Sunday evening. To-morrow (Thursday) he will lecture in St. George's Church, New York, on the prisons of the world. On the following evening (Nov. 10) he will lecture on the same subject in the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

Sunday School Superintendents are asked by the Women's Executive of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions to take up a collection on the Sunday preceding Thanksgiving Day in behalf of the educational work of the Board. The money received from that source this year will be devoted to the erection of a school building for the Omaha Indians.

Mr. Nobuta Kishimoto, speaking at the Parliament of Religions on The Future Religion of Japan, said: "We do not want Catholic Christianity, nor do we want Protestant Christianity." "We Japanese want the Christianity of Christ. We want the truth of Christianity—nay, we want the pure truth." "We hope for the union of all Christians."

Rev. A. C. Dixon, pastor of the Hanson Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn, is arranging for an evangelistic campaign to cover the whole city beginning the tenth of this month and continuing through the winter. Mr. Dixon hopes to have the help of several evangelists who have been assisting Mr. Moody in Chicago. Among them Mr. R. E. Pearson, Mr. McNeill Robertson, and Mr. Henry Varley. Services are being held in the Hanson Place Church every night.

Evangelist W. L. Bowell of the Church of the Disciples, delivered an interesting address to the Sunday school of the Brooklyn Tabernacle Oct. 22. His remarkable power of arresting and holding an audience was strikingly manifested. Mr. Bowell has been conducting some very successful services during the past few weeks at Providence, R. I., and Boston, Mass. He has now returned to his home at Canfield, O., for a brief rest before commencing an evangelistic tour in the West.

At the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union Congress recently held in Chicago representatives from twenty-eight countries were in attendance. Among those present were Lady Henry Somerset, Archbishop Ireland, Mrs. Sakurai, of Japan, Susan B. Anthony, Anthony Comstock, Miss Kate Bushnell, and other well-known personages. After the close of the Congress the National W. C. T. U. held its twentieth annual convention extending through four days. Miss Willard, who is in Europe in delicate health, was re-elected president.

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

LOOKING AWAY UNTO JESUS.

Preached last Sunday morning, Nov. 5, 1893, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D.

Text Heb. 12: 2: *"Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."*

THIS text stands in very close relations to the verse which precedes, the verse which was the text last Sunday morning. The encouragements which the writer gives in that verse find their climax in the exhortation, "Looking away unto Jesus." The second verse is really a part of the one exhortation begun in the first verse. This climax gives the strongest inducement to run the Christian race with patience. It calls our attention to Christ's holy life, his patient endurance of trial, and his final, glorious victory. His example encourages us to run this race as the example of the glorified witnesses who encompass us could not. We are told that on the Grecian race courses were erected pillars on which was placed such mottoes as, "excel," "hasten," "finish the course." These mottoes would often, doubtless stimulate the flagging zeal of the racer as he neared the goal. So on the page of Scripture such mottoes as this verse and the previous one stimulate us in our Christian course. It is very beautiful to discover the true meaning of the word translated "looking." The word by its composition shows that our attention is drawn off everything else and fixed exclusively upon Jesus. We are to look away from our own weakness and strength, away from all rites and ceremonies, away from every other means of grace, and to look first, last and always to Jesus, the author and finisher of the faith. It is most important, therefore, that we should understand just now in what characteristics we are to see Jesus as set forth in this text.

The Exemplar of Faith.

First, we are to look upon him as the great Exemplar of faith. There is a common misconception regarding the writer's meaning in this exhortation. The word "our" is not in the original; and its presence in our version tends to mislead our thought. We are not here exhorted to look upon Christ as he who begins and completes our faith. It may, or may not, be true, that so far as this passage is concerned, that Christ produces faith in us, that he begins and completes our faith unto salvation; but that thought is not at all in the mind of this writer in this connection. The meaning is simply that Christ was the beginner and finisher of the long list of illustrious examples of faith in God. In this respect he occupied a pre-eminent position; he is in his own aim and life the most perfect model of unquestioning faith which can possibly be placed before us. He was not enumerated in the long list of heroes of faith given in the preceding chapter, for the apostle wished to present him alone, as his example was so much more illustrious than that of all others. He stands at the head of the line of noble examples of unquestioning, unfailing, and unwavering faith. We are to look at him as did the racers in the Grecian games when a former competitor and victor might stand before the runner to cheer him in his course. As an example of faith Christ was

The Alpha and Omega,

he was the beginning and the ending of faith; he was the first and the last. We are not, then, to think of him as either beginning or finishing our faith; but rather as the most perfect example of faith in its largest sense. At him as such a model we as racers may now look with hope, with assurance, and with enthusiasm. Christ is [illegible] most eminent illustration of the faith which we ought to cherish and manifest. It is important that this explanation be given. It is quite certain that most readers of this passage, and often many preachers who select it as a text, are misled by the presence of the word "our," and by the teaching of other Scripture regarding Christ's relation to the beginning and the ending of our Christian experience and victory. The true Christian is to keep his eye on Christ at every step as the pattern of devotion in doing and suffering the will of God, and as drawing from him power for patient endurance in the Christian race. Thus looking to Christ it will be easy to throw aside every weight; it will be joyous to guard every besetting sin; it will be blessed to bear the heaviest cross, and to run in the roughest path while receiving his inspiration and enjoying his approval. Indeed, except we so look to him it will be impossible to lay aside our weights and sins. When his love fills the soul sin is necessarily driven out. His love gives the soul

The Expulsive Power

of divine affections. In my yard was a tree on which during the most biting frosts and the fiercest winds of winter the dried-up leaves and buds of the former year still clung. It seemed as if no external force could separate them from the stem; but with returning spring came the flowing sap, pulsing life, and shooting bud of the new vegetation. Soon the old leaves naturally dropped off. They were pushed off by the silent but irresistible power of the new life in the heart of the tree. The new buds of spring were mightier than the fiercest storms of winter. So the new love of Christ in the life of the soul will cause old habits, heavy weights and besetting sins to slough off, however firm they may have been to mere natural resolution or external solicitation. When the heart is given up to Jesus Christ, a beautiful, blessed, mighty life will fill the soul.

We are also, in the second place, to look away unto Jesus as the atoning and joyful sufferer on the cross, "who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame." Our thoughts are now carried back to Christ upon the cross. At one time we see him on the throne crowned with glory, and at another on the cross crowned with thorns. The cross and the crown are ever near each other. Christ sways to-day the sceptre of universal empire because once he hung upon the cross as the world's Redeemer. The cross was the symbol of the most painful,

Shameful and Ignominous

death. It is very touching to see the cross set before us in the midst of allusions to Christ as the victorious example of faith. We know that crucifixion was a Roman rather than a Jewish mode of execution; and that it was intended to be inflicted only on the lowest slaves and the vilest criminals. Cicero said, "It is an outrage to bind a Roman; to scourge him is an atrocious crime; to put him to death is almost parricide; but to crucify him, what shall I call it?" To the proud Roman and to the cultured Greek the cross was the symbol of infamy; crucifixion was to them an unspeakable humiliation and an indescribable horror. It is interesting to observe that our word "excruciating" is derived from this form of punishment. This word is intended to represent a pain like that which was felt on the cross. We have no word in our language more descriptive of violent agony than this. We know that from the very nature of the punishment the pain attending it must have been unspeakably exquisite; for death came only after days of torturing pain. Pilate marveled that Christ was dead when he had hung for only six hours on the cross. To us the cross is the symbol of so much that is beautiful and glorious that it is almost impossible for us to associate with it ideas of ignominy which it once suggested. The views of the world, because of the relation of the cross to Christ, have associated with it honor and glory. We appreciate the disgrace which attaches to the block, to the guillotine and to the gallows; but in the early day the ignominy of the cross was vastly greater. Now, however, the word is associated with all that is noblest in sacrifice, grandest in poetry, sublimest in architecture, most artistic in painting and sculpture, and most æsthetic in ornamentation. Then the word excited the contempt of the Jews, the detestation of the people of Athens, of Corinth, of Rome, and indeed of the civilized world; but ever since Constantine made it a part of the imperial standard in war, it has been honored among the great nations of the earth. Around the cross to-day there is a halo of heavenly glory. Far different was it when Christ hung thereon, and when the writer of the epistle to the Hebrews wrote our text. Then, as we have seen, it was the symbol of every degree of infamy. When the Apostle Paul in writing the epistle to the Philippians, would describe our Lord's deepest humiliation, he carries us down step by step from the sublime height of equality with God to obedience unto death, and then, as the last downward plunge, he adds, "even the death of the cross." Lower than that he could not go. But even in this terrible suffering there was, as we see in the text,

Joy Set Before Jesus

Marvelously beautiful is it too see how sorrow and joy, honor and shame unite in close relations and in striking contrasts around the cross. These contrasts are worthy of our careful examination. Our Lord had joy in his sense of obedience to the will of God. To do this will he came from heaven to earth; and to do his Father's business was his dominating purpose when a boy of twelve. There was joy also in the glorious recompense of reward attaching to his sacrificial love. He looked now thence forward to the hour of his complete triumph. All earth and heaven were to testify to his innocence, his purity, and his divinity. The day would come when he should see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied; the day when the world should know that he suffered the just for the unjust; the day when all the world would shout, "Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift." There was joy also in the knowledge that by his sufferings innumerable souls would be saved from the bondage of sin and Satan and would finally enjoy the triumph and peace of heaven. He saw our ruined and miserable race in its sin and wretchedness; his heart was touched with pity, and he flew to our relief. He knew that by his sufferings millions would be delivered; that by his poverty they would be made rich; that by his stripes they would be healed; and that by his death they should have eternal life.

His Soul Glowed

with joy as he looked forward to that day when the "ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." He looked forward to that day when a great multitude, which no man could number, should be presented faultless before the presence of his Father with exceeding joy. There was joy also to such a heart as Christ's in healing the sick, comforting the sorrowing, feeding the hungry, and raising the dead. One almost envies him the reflex joy which came from the joy which he imparted to weary hearts, sinking souls, and broken lives, all about him in his earthly course.

Christ also despised the shame. This is very striking language. How shall we understand it? Does it mean that he despised the joys of this life. So some have thought; but this seems to be a very inadequate explanation. Surely the sense is that as compared with the joy set before him the sufferings of the cross were insignificant. The word translated "despising," suggest that he lightly esteemed the pain by comparison with the joy, that he disregarded the ignominy, that he looked down with a certain sort of holy contempt on the shame and pain of the cross. Most instructive is this comparison. It shows us his love for man and his trust in God.

It Rebukes Us

for our murmuring at the crosses we bear, the shame we endure, and the efforts we make for the salvation of men, and for the glory of God. In the presence of Christ's sacred contempt for the pain of crucifixion, let us never more murmur at our lot in life. O, gaze upon him, looking away from everything earthly, from earth's charms, defeats and victories, until the heart glows with unspeakable joy and is filled with ineffable bliss.

We are, in the last place, while running the Christian race to look away unto Jesus as the victorious occupant of the divine throne, "and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." Our eyes turn now from the cross of shame to the throne of glory. Beautiful again is the sudden contrast here suggested. Because of his elevation on the cross, we now have Christ exalted to the throne. Evermore the cross must precede the crown, the shame, the glory, the death, the life. Evermore Calvary meets us before Olivet; bearing our crosses we are prepared to wear our crown; going to Calvary we are really on the way to glory. The reference here to the right hand of God teaches us that Christ was promoted to the highest possible place of dignity and honor in God's broad universe. We see, too, that he is represented as sitting down at the right hand of God. His work of

Cross-Bearing is Over;

his atoning work is complete; his work of intercession now begins. When Stephen saw him he was represented as standing on the right hand of God. The right hand is the place of honor, of power and of glory. He is on a throne both of power and of grace. We ought to thank God that grace and glory and majesty, blend in all the descriptions of that heavenly throne. He is able now to succor those that are tempted, because once he himself suffered being tempted. As our great high priest he has passed into the heavens, and now he ever liveth to make intercession for us. Though tempted in all points like we are, he was yet without sin; he is, therefore, a high priest, who is most tenderly touched with the feelings of all our infirmities. Let us then look with longing, trustful, and joyous eyes to-day upon our enthroned King; and let us go with holy boldness, with confidential frankness, unto the throne of grace. That throne is open day and night; it is accessible from year to year, and from generation to generation. It can be approached by men of every condition, in every land and of every language. Glorious throne, triumphant King, sympathetic Priest, to thee we look to-day as by faith we run the appointed race! Amidst all our trials, however numerous and severe, our eyes shall rest both upon our Lord's cross and crown, and from his heroic example we shall learn lessons of patience and perseverance as we press forward toward the mark of the prize of our high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

No Laggards.

There must be no lagging in this race. Success is due to our looking away unto Jesus, and yet also to our striving as if it all depended upon our own efforts. There is an inseparable union between divine power and human effort. Christ does the entire work, and yet we have to run the race. Divine sovereignty and human responsibility must ever be side by side in the entire experience of every Christian. If the racer in the old games took his eyes off the goal to look upon other objects of interest he lagged in the race, and ran the risk of failing to win the prize. If the world attracts our attention so that we fail lovingly to gaze upon Jesus Christ we shall lose our inspiring motive and fail of our victorious reward. Nothing but looking unto Jesus enabled the great Dr. Judson to endure amid all the disappointments of his years of weary waiting before converts to his Lord were made. These are his words, "If any ask what prospect there is of ultimate success, tell them as much as that there is an Almighty and faithful God. If a ship were lying in the river, ready to convey me to any part of the world I should choose, and that with the entire approbation of all my Christian friends, I would prefer dying to embarking." Some years later he wrote, "I know not that I shall ever live to see a single convert; but I feel that I would not leave my present situation to be made a king." This is the perseverance which gives victory; this is the holy enthusiasm which secures the approval of God, and fills the believer's soul with

Divine Peace.

Professional enthusiasm fired the heart of Audubon with similar perseverance. Looking unto scientific triumphs he labored for years to complete a set of drawings of birds made in their native haunts. The years of toil are over, the drawings are made and entrusted to a friend for safe keeping. The time arrives when they are to be prepared for the public. Audubon calls for his drawings, and then to his dismay discovers that they have been destroyed by vermin. Brave man, he plunges into the forest, and by three years of incessant labor repairs the loss, honors science and reaps enduring fame! O, how many start in the Christian race, run well for a season, and then drop out by the way! Such cases there were in Apostolic days, and such failures called forth Apostolic exhortation, and gave sorrow to the heart of the Apostles as to the heart of Jesus himself. Such cases well-nigh break the hearts of pastors to-day. How many there are like Atalanta of mythical fame. Being the swiftest of mortals, she offered to become the wife of him who should outrun her in the race, the penalty of defeat being death. Meilanion, as a gift from Venus, secured three golden apples,

which he successively dropped in the race. Atalanta was charmed by their beauty; she could not refrain from gathering them; she lost the race, lost her honors and was obliged to yield her heart to her deceiver. O, how the world drops its apples of gold, of beauty, of pleasure, in the Christian race! Stopping to pick these apples, the eye is taken from Christ, the feet lag and the race is lost. O, men and women, look away from everything earthly, fix the eye alone upon Christ, and let the motto in life, in death, and forever in heaven be, "Looking away unto Jesus."

AN UNFILIAL TRIBE

The Katchins, a tribe of cattle-raiding mountaineers on the Chinese frontier of Upper Burmah, have many peculiar and savage customs, some of which are interestingly described by Col. H. G. Colville, in the November number of *Scribner's Magazine*. "Once," he writes, "we came to a clearing on a narrow saddle where a *lup*, or conical thatched tomb of a Sawbwa stood out black against the sky, surmounted by a fantastic cross, looking in the gloom like the writhing body of some crucified malefactor. Near it was a scaffold, built of four tall bamboos, towering above the forest trees, but the details of its top lost in the darkness.

"I could easily see, however, that it was approached by a rough bamboo ladder, and its whole appearance was somewhat similar to that of early models of the guillotine. I learnt afterward that it was an altar to Yan, the spirit of the sun, and is used by some Katchin tribes for gently reminding their aged relatives of the impropriety of clinging too long to their fleshy tenements. Having been politely and tenderly conducted to the top of the ladder, the old people are prodded with long bamboos, from below, until, overstepping the limits of their narrow resting-place, as they had previously done those of life, their souls and bodies take different routes."

HINDOO CASTE SUPERSTITIONS.

Rev. Elbert Chute, a Baptist missionary at Palmur, India, writing of field work in that district, and of the obstacles encountered in the propagation of the Gospel among the natives, gives two notable instances of caste superstition: "When we had about seventy coolies employed in building the mission bungalow," he writes, "a fire broke out among the thatched houses in the town. The dry thatch of straw and leaves burned like tinder. The occupants were attending a festival some miles distant. One third of the town would soon have been swept away, but on seeing the flames, I sent my overseer with the coolies to put out the fire. When they came near the burning houses they saw more than two hundred people gathered there, not one of whom was making an effort to stop the progress of the fire, but all were laughing and enjoying it as our people would enjoy a bonfire at home. My overseer ordered the coolies to take water from a large irrigation well near by and quench the fire.

"A number of men who stood near by forbid them touching the water, saying that it would defile the well, many of the coolies being outcaste men. Though a Christian, this was too much for the patience of my overseer; in anger he struck some of those who stood near, and they were all afraid and ran away. The coolies then dipped up the water, and the fire was soon subdued. The poor people on returning from the festival blessed us for saving their homes.

"While camping at a village, a boy, while taking water from a well, fell in, and was liable to drown, while his sister stood near by beating her breast and could render him no assistance. An out-caste boy, seeing the occurrence, jumped into the well and brought out the drowning boy. The chief man of the village, in anger, abused and threated the boy severely, saying that he should have let the boy drown rather than defile the well."

Such are some of the difficulties encountered by missionaries in India.

WHEN WRITING TO THIS OFFICE

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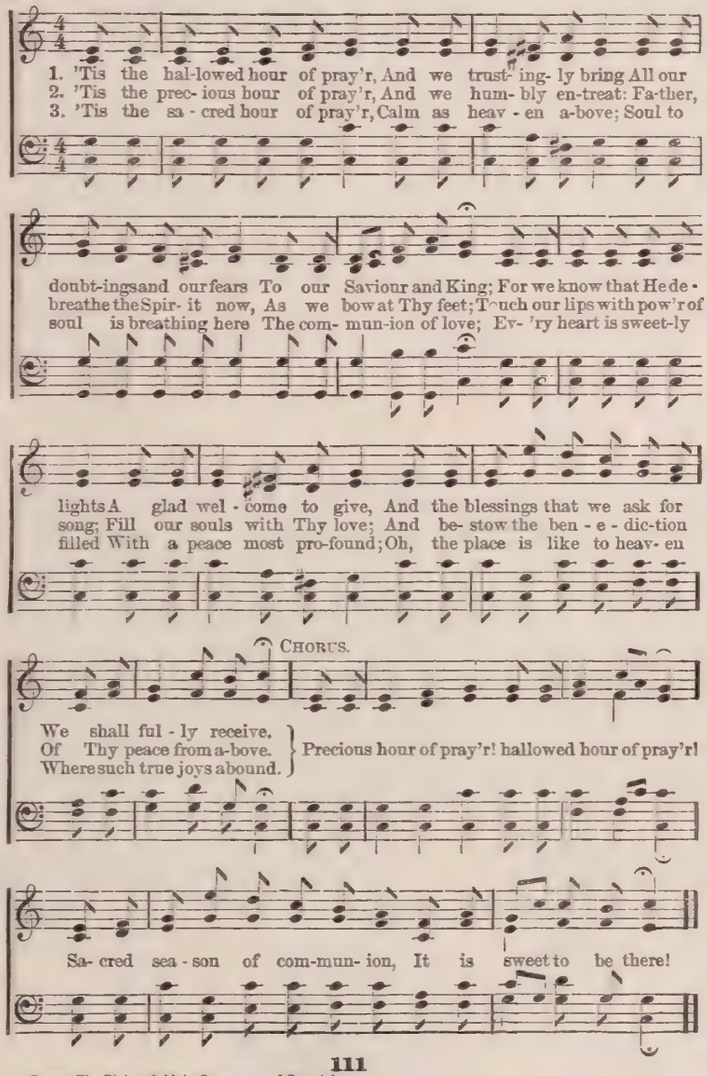
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York.

No. 108. Hallowed Hour of Prayer.

"My house shall be called the house of prayer."—ISA. 56: 7.

E. A. HOFFMAN. J. H. TENNEY.


1. 'Tis the hal-lowed hour of pray'r, And we trust-ing-ly bring All our
2. 'Tis the prec-ious hour of pray'r, And we hum-bly en-treat: Fa-ther,
3. 'Tis the sa-cred hour of pray'r, Calm as heav-en a-bove; Soul to
doubt-ings and our fears To our Saviour and King; For we know that He de-
breathe the Spir-it now, As we bow at Thy feet; Touch our lips with pow'r of
soul is breathing here The com-mun-ion of love; Ev-'ry heart is sweet-ly
lights A glad wel-come to give, And the blessings that we ask for
song; Fill our souls with Thy love; And be-stow the ben-e-dic-tion
filled With a peace most pro-found; Oh, the place is like to heav-en
CHORUS.
We shall ful-ly receive,
Of Thy peace from a-bove,
Where such true joys abound.
Precious hour of pray'r! hallowed hour of pray'r!
Sa-cred sea-son of com-mun-ion, It is sweet to be there!

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WATCHING AND WAITING.

MY feet are nearing the river's brink,
And I wait for the dip of the oar,
That shall row me safe to the other side,
To eternity's evergreen shore.
I am waiting and watching the shadows that go:
I am sometimes faint with the strife.
But eternity's dawn will reveal, I know,
The portals of endless life.

Oh! wonderful river, the river of death!—
Oh! wonderful bliss of the skies!
Oh! wonderful grace, that came to earth!
Oh! wonderful sacrifice!
For the precious blood of the Son of God,
Was shed as a ransom for me,
And I know that I shall be satisfied,
When the King in His beauty I see.

I am weary grieving o'er vows unfulfilled
I grieve o'er my weakness and sin,
Do I hold up my light so that others may see
And not stumble by walking therein?
Oh! God of my childhood, vouchsafe unto me,
The grace that maketh me strong,
That eternity's dawn may reveal unto me,
Some sheaves in that heavenly throng.

Kansas City, Mo. —RACHEL PARKER.

TO THEE WE SING

TO thee, O gracious Lord, we sing,
To thee in faith we pray,
And all our sins to thee we bring,
Lord, wash them all away.
We glory in thy boundless love,
We triumph by thy grace.
When shall we come to heaven above,
To see thee face to face.
This barren wilderness is long,
O, be thou with us, Lord,
And by thy Spirit make us strong,
And guide us by thy Word.
Thy holy love, O spread abroad
In these soil'd hearts of ours,
That we may consecrate to God
Our bodies and our powers.
When comes the time to fall asleep,
Thou, Morning Star, we pray,
Conduct us safe across the deep
In thy own blessed way.

Scranton, Pa. —D. C. PHILLIPS.

THE PLAN OF THE VISION.

The Structure of the Book of the Revelation and the Arrangement of Times.

BY THE LATE SIR S. A. BLACKWOOD.*

"THE orderly arrangement of the Book of Revelation is," as Canon Garrett says, "too striking to escape notice, and the interpretation of the symbols must be greatly affected by ascertaining correctly the true outlines;" and again, "Everything in the clear understanding of the prophecy depends upon getting the skeleton outlines of the Apocalypse firmly fixed in the mind." This is indeed of paramount importance. As perhaps nothing is more helpful to the reader of ordinary literature than a methodical table of contents, and appropriate division into chapters, so is it of the greatest assistance to the student of the prophetic word to apprehend at the outset the plan upon which the particular book is framed. For some portion of it we have Divine explanation; for others we are left to the resources of prayerful examination and conjecture.

About the first grand division of the Apocalypse there can neither be doubt nor difference of opinion. All are agreed that the Giver of the Revelation has himself declared its character. His command to the seer ran thus:—

"Write—
"The things which thou hast seen,"
"The things which are,"
"The things which shall be hereafter."

This was to be the threefold division of the contents of the book that he was to write.

"The things which thou hast seen" were clearly the vision described in the first chapter. "The things which are" were those which related to the Seven Churches in Asia. Whilst, however, they had primarily to do with the then actually existing Churches situated in the places named, the symbolical number indicated that those Churches were regarded as representative of the whole Church, and the character and contents of the seven letters with the accompanying promises to the individual "overcomer," and the urgent call for attention by the Spirit, leave no room for doubt that "the things which are" were meant to exhibit the spiritual phases and features of the professing people of God during the whole of the dispensation. The applicability of the admonitions, commendations, warnings, and encouragements to the various conditions of spiritual life which have all along obtained, has been recognised by all.

Whether the Seven Churches are to be regarded as prefiguring or illustrating successive chronological conditions of the Church, from the time when the Revelation was given until the end of the dispensation, is another question, and one into which I do not now enter. In its first and simpler meaning "the things which are" must, it is submitted, be understood in the sense in which the Apostle would have understood it, as applying to the whole Church then "militant here on earth," and represented by the seven selected examples.

"The things which shall be hereafter"—"the things which must shortly come to pass" (ch. 1:1)—"the things which must shortly be done" (22:6) would consequently commence when the description of "the things which are" had been concluded. And this is exactly what we find; for no sooner is the seventh epistle ended than an altogether fresh vision is presented to the seer, and the trumpet-toned voice of the Divine Revealer is heard, saying: "I will show thee things which must be hereafter"—or literally "after these things." The prophetic history of the future then commences—that is to say, after a preliminary manifestation of certain glorious scenes in that heaven into which the seer had been spiritually rapt. The prophecy thenceforward deals with that which should immediately begin to take place, and continues to unfold the things which were to come to pass; it ends only when "the mystery of God" is finished, "as he hath declared to his servants the prophets," and the new heaven and the new earth, with all the glories of the New Jerusalem, and the blessedness of the redeemed, have been brought before the entranced gaze of the beloved disciple.

Such are the main divisions of the book. But subordinate to these, and not less important, is the arrangement of that part which is contained in the last of three sections. This arrangement is a twofold one: that is to say, the things which were to come to pass were exhibited to the seer in two series of visions, each of them covering the same chronological period, and consisting of a double sevenfold succession of prophetic figurations.

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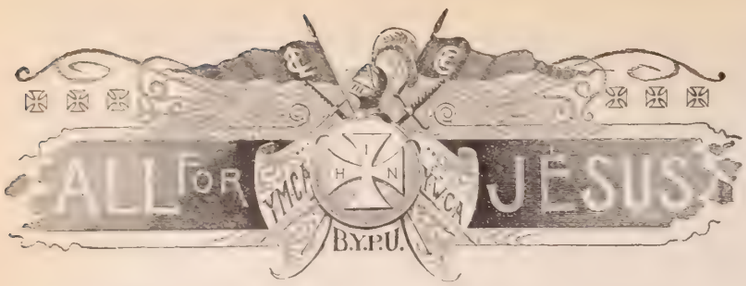
*[illegible] article in the London [illegible]



GENTLENESS.

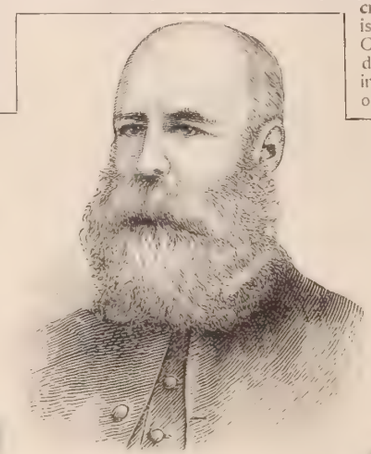
Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Nov. 19. Eph 4: 30, 32; Col. 3: 12-15.

CHRIST'S law of forgiveness, which the Apostle emphasizes, occasioned more surprise among his followers and was recognized as one more difficult to obey than any other part of his legislation. Again and again he was questioned on the subject and, to the last, they did not comprehend it. Yet it was an essential and logical result of the principle of love, which was to be the basis of all Christian life. With the heart full of love for God, with the conscience continually reminding the child of God how much God had forgiven him, how could he refuse to forgive? Yet the law of resentment was so deep-seated in human nature that this limitless gentleness and magnanimity was repugnant to it. Christ said a wrongdoer was to be forgiven though he offended seven times. Peter eagerly apprehended a limit and asked explicitly whether seven offences exhausted an offender's right. But Christ promptly swept it away. Not seven times, nor seventy times seven, he said, would be a limit. Nor was the forgiveness to be passive. Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, pray for them that despitefully use you. Truly human nature was never required to do a more difficult thing. It can only be done when the spirit of love is animating and directing the whole being. Then it becomes easy and natural. It is not difficult for the husband to forgive the wife, nor the parent the child. The wise and loving father is chiefly concerned lest he forgive too readily for the child's good. And it is in this consideration that the true limit of Christ's law is found. While he commanded the follower who was struck by a persecutor, to turn the other cheek, he commanded him, if his brother trespassed against him, to rebuke him, and if that did not suffice, to carry his complaint to the church. The Christian was not to be the boneless, emasculated creature that the disciples inferred from the other command. Righteous indignation was not prohibited. Christ himself even felt it and showed it when he was dealing with the Scribes and Pharisees and with the high priest at his trial. If that was prohibited, wrong might go unreproved and the Christian might be regarded as condoning, if not conniving at, the iniquity he abhors. The child must be punished for the wrong he has done, or he may think that his father does not disapprove of his conduct. But the punishment is not to be vindictive. It must not be in the nature of revenge. It has accomplished all its purpose when the wrongdoer has become repentant. So with the brethren. An abject apology is not necessary, but sincere contrition is required. The personal element is excluded. The sufferer is not to brood over his wrongs, not to be resentful on his own account. It is the general good that is his concern. Toward the heathen man who wrongs him, he is to be passive, but the brother who wrongs him is to be rebuked; eventually, if he continue impenitent, is to be treated as no longer a brother. In his case the brotherhood is implicated. He ought to know better. Even Christ in the supreme moment of his death agony thus distinguished [illegible] the Scribes or the Pharisees, but for the soldiers [illegible] ward all there is to be forbearance, humility, a [illegible] and actions and a readiness to forgive when forgiveness can do no harm to the culprit or [illegible]

THREE C. E. LEADERS.

Young people's societies of every name like to know the faces of eminent men who are interesting themselves in the young people's movement. Three such men, who are prominent in Christian Endeavor work are pictorially represented on this page. One of them belongs to the Society of Friends, a second to the Protestant Episcopal Church and the third is a Methodist. All honor to any movement or any society which brings together in united effort and paternal spirit representatives of three so widely separated communions. *Rev. M. M. Binford* is the President of the Friends' International Christian Endeavor Union. He is well known as an earnest successful evangelist. About twenty years ago he did two years arduous missionary work in Mexico and about ten years ago, at the request of the American Bible Society he made an extensive tour through New Mexico. Mr. Binford is a native of Indiana, about forty-two years of age and a most earnest and energetic worker. *Canon J. B. Richardson* is one of the new members of the Board of Trustees of the United Society of Christian Endeavor. He is a Canadian by birth and about fifty years old. For the past fifteen years he has been rector of the Memorial Protestant Episcopal Church of London, Ont., and during greater part of the time has been clerical secretary of the diocese. Mr. Richardson is noted as one or the best organizers in the diocese, having the faculty of inspiring men and women to work, and the still rarer quality of finding for each one the kind of work for which he or she is best adapted. No less than six young people's societies are in active operation in connection with his church. One of them is a Christian Endeavor Society and in point of numbers and efficiency is the banner society of the church in Canada. *Rev. Gilby C. Kelly, D.D.*, is another trustee of the United Society of Christian Endeavor. He is at present pastor of the First Methodist Church of Owensboro, Kentucky, and has ministered to some of the largest churches of that State. He comes of a honored ministerial family. His father had three brothers and two sisters; the four young men all became useful Methodist ministers and the two young ladies married methodist ministers. Dr. Kelly is one of the leading advocates of the affiliation of the Epworth League with the Christian Endeavor Society and has contributed an article on the subject to Bishop Fitzgerald's *Epworth Book*. His attitude on this question is not popular in his denomination, but his geniality and uniform courtesy disarm all personal opposition.

REV. M. M. BINFORD.
(*Trustee of United Society of Christian Endeavor.*)



CANON J. B. RICHARDSON.
(*Trustee of United Society of Christian Endeavor.*)

REV. GILBY C. KELLY, D.D.
(*Trustee of United Society of Christian Endeavor.*)

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THE B. Y. P. U. CONVENTIONS.

Reports of the activity of the Baptist Young People's Unions come from all quarters. At the Convention recently held at Denver, Colo., there was a large and enthusiastic assemblage. The officers elected for the year were: President, Rev. S. C. Davis; Secretary, Miss Agnes Kirkbride; Treasurer, James Morger. A description of the programme of the Christian Culture Courses by Mr. E. L. Harrington, elicited warm commendation from the ministers and delegates, and there was an evident disposition to adopt them generally. The Pennsylvania Convention, which met in the Tenth Street Church, Philadelphia, passed the following among other resolutions: "That no energy be spent by any one in seeking to change the name or constitution of any Young People's Societies now existing in the churches, or in seeking to terminate their present affiliations." Such a resolution must make Dr. Wilkins doubt whether life is worth living, especially as the Convention ordered this and other resolutions of a like fraternal spirit to be printed and sent to every Young People's Society in the State. The Convention elected as President, Mr. C. A. Edsall of Pittsburg. An enthusiastic Convention of the Minnesota Unions was held at Rochester lately. Twenty-three Unions were represented. All reported an increased interest in the work and an encouraging growth in membership. The President for the year is Prof. W. A. Shedd of Owatonna; the Secretary, Rev. George E. Rowe of Waterville, and Treasurer, Rev. George W. Hallowell of St. Paul.

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A HEARTSEASE CIRCLE.

Among the stories we receive from the various societies of Christian young people who are endeavoring to live as Christ lived, going about doing good, is one which comes from Miss Annie D. Laird, President of the Heartease Circle of King's Daughters in Philadelphia. After acknowledging the help derived by the Circle from THE CHRISTIAN HERRALD, she says: "We used the 'penny-a-day' system to increase our treasury, that is, each one of the Circle saves one cent a day, and at every meeting we turn it in with our dues, which makes sometimes thirty-three and sometimes forty cents a month individually; from that system our receipts for the year amount to $39.86; $5.95 of which was donated to us; our expenses amounted to $30.44, leaving balance in treasury of $9.42. Our custom each week is to send flowers to the sick; we have sent clothing to one of the rescue missions and different institutions; also sent a barrel of clothing, etc. to South Carolina; for Christmas we also sent donations toward the support of a Bible reader in China, and the erection of a Woman's Hospital in N. India; the Children's Country Week Association, and to our pastor, to pay for lodging for those who have no homes."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is glad to have helped these young ladies in their excellent work and hopes that they will continue it, and realize in blessing others that they are themselves being blessed.

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THE EPWORTH GUARDS.

The constitution of this new auxiliary to the Epworth League has been issued and copies may be obtained from the Board of Control. Its object is defined as "The development of Christian manliness in the young men and boys who are members and adherents of the Methodist Episcopal Church." The organization is to be under the supervision of the General Cabinet. Every chapter may organize a company, which is to consist of not less than fifteen nor more than fifty members. A regiment must have not less than six nor more than twelve companies. The companies in a presiding elder's district are to be organized into regiments or battalions, and the regiments within the boundaries of an annual conference will constitute a division. Every member of the Epworth Guards is required to pledge himself to abstain from intoxicating liquors and tobacco and not to use profane or obscene language. There is to be a regular uniform, wherever it can be secured, but the only one that is indispensable is a regulation cap and cane. Each company is to have corporals, sergeants, a first and second lieutenant and a captain. The captain is to be nominated by the pastor and confirmed by the local cabinet. The captain nominates the lieutenants who need confirmation by the cabinet. The other officers are appointed by the captain. Full details as to the duties of the various officers and the discipline of the force are given in the Constitution. There can be no question as to the popularity of this new contingent. That is assured, and as each member must pledge himself to total abstinence, the organization will be a distinct gain to the party of temperance.

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AMONG THE ORDERS.

The Founding Fund of the B. Y. P. U. has reached a total of $14,468.

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The Y. M. C. A. of Providence, R. I., has received a legacy of $1,000, which will be spent in educational apparatus.

✠

The only French Epworth League in the world flourishes at Manchester, N. H. It is well organized and growing in numbers.

✠

The Epworth Leagues of St. Louis, Mo., are supporting two students at the Scarrett Bible and Training School at Kansas City.

✠

The Christian Endeavor Societies of Birmingham, Eng., are agitating to secure the National Convention of 1895 for that city. At the recent annual meeting of the local societies four hundred delegates were present.

✠

An important meeting of the Y. M. C. A. officers of Georgia and South Carolina was recently held at Atlanta, Ga., for consultation and suggestions of plans for the winter campaign.

✠

The German Epworth League now comprises 301 chapters with an aggregate of 10,846 members. At the recent annual meeting in the German M. E. Church of St. Louis, 164 accredited delegates representing six conferences, attended.

✠

The Baptist Young People's Union will be surprised to learn from the editorial columns of their organ that the diligent effort of Bible students to find out who were the writers of the Books of the Bible and how those books attained their present shape, is "a literary fad."

✠

An unusually attractive programme for the Christian Endeavor Convention of Massachusetts has been arranged. It includes such popular speakers as Dr. F. E. Clark and Dr. D. J. Burrell. It meets at Holyoke, Nov. 14,-15. Two thousand delegates are expected to be present and the meeting promises to be one of the most enthusiastic Convention ever held in the State.

✠

The Kansas State Convention of B. Y. P. U. was held at Ottawa. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year. President, W. H. Keith, Ottawa; Vice-presidents, Rev. G. W. Schaefer, Leoti, Rev. J. F. Crawford, Phillipsburg; Secretary, Charles Corwin, Ottawa; Treasurer, Miss C. E. Sheffield, Topeka. President Chapman attended and made an inspiring address.

✠

Few Epworth Leaguers outside the great cities can furnish a better record of work and progress than the Parkin Chapter of Brockton, Mass. It has 312 members, a gain of 70 during the year; a Junior League of 80 members has been organized; 200 bouquets have been given to the sick; 386 calls have been made on invalids, shut-ins and strangers; and for a part of the year an attendant has been hired for an invalid sister.

In Ireland's Capital.

Some of its Picturesque Environs—Knockmaroon and the "Strawberry Beds."

NO one who has visited the Irish Capital will fail to recall its beautiful suburban drives, which possess a charm of simple, rustic picturesqueness to be found in few European cities. Usually the road selected leads along the lovely valley of the river Liffey, or through many-statued Phœnix Park, with its distant panorama of the blue mountains of Wicklow. One of the most delightful of those surburban drives leads in the direction of the village of Lucan. Seated in a "two wheeler," or "Irish jaunting car," the exhilarating spin through the Park and in and out among leafy groves and green meadows, is keenly enjoyed by the visitor, who presently finds himself at Knockmaroon Hill and the famous "Strawberry Beds," a resort dear to the hearts of the people of Dublin. On the hill-side—which slopes down to the valley of the Liffey—are laid out with dainty exactness, great beds of strawberry plants and cherry bushes, and from these the place takes its name. The hillside is dotted with cottages that would delight the eye of an artist, so rural and prettily picturesque are they, with the neatest of thatched roofs, the whitest of walls, casemated windows, half hidden by flowering vines, and invitingly open doorways. These cabins are tenanted mostly by strawberry growers who, in the fruit season, make a golden harvest from the summer visitors, who come in hundreds to enjoy a dish of great luscious strawberries and cream, or a cluster of cherries. The hospitable cottagers usually add a slice of hot griddle-cake and a mug of new milk to the banquet, and it is not an infrequent sight to witness members of noble families enjoying this democratic repast off a table covered with snowy, homespun linen, while, at the adjoining table, some workman's family out from the city for a rare holiday, are making the hillside re-echo with innocent merriment and frolic. The photograph on this page shows one of the "Strawberry Bed" cabins on Knockmaroon Hill. Many of these stanchly-built, white cabins are very old—some of them having withstood the wear and tear of a century

Although there are many fashionable resorts in the environs of Dublin (including the Lucan Spa nearby, where invalids go to drink the sulphur waters), none is so universally patronized as the "Strawberry Beds" on the hillside, where the humble dwellers in the little thatched cabins have played the host to rich and poor alike, almost from time immemorial.

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An Arctic Housewife.

Mrs. Peary, the wife of the explorer, who is now in the Arctic, will this winter keep house in a dwelling such as no white woman ever before occupied, probably since the world began. It is only thirty-three feet long by seventeen feet wide, but it is built of the very best material. The uprights are two-inch planks, outside of which is placed tar paper, two-ply, then a sheathing of matched boards, on top of which is another layer of three-ply tar paper. The entire house is painted with tar. Inside comes another layer of paper. Then more sheathing which is put on at an angle of forty-five degrees, and runs opposite on the opposite sides of the house, in order to more securely brace it. Inside of all this is thick red flannel to keep the occupants warm. On the roof is a glass dome, shaped like a hot-house, and made of hothouse sashes, with very thick glass. Under this dome and even with its ceiling, is another glass layer, making it perfectly wind-proof and comfortable, however cold it may be outside. On the whole, although she can't be outdoors very much, Mrs. Peary will be snug and comfortable in her Arctic dwelling till the long, Greenland winter is past.

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Chinese Musical Pigeons.

Many young people are fond of keeping tame pigeons, and those who do so, as well as others, will be interested in the following: When a traveler visits Pekin for the first time, he is struck by a strange music that seems to be upon the air. It approaches, retreats, and then dies away. After some moments, it will be repeated. Looking upward at the instant when the ariel orchestra is at its loudest, there appears a very light cloud whose tint shows against the blue of the sky. The cloud approaches and is seen to be a flock of pigeons which wheel and circle, and finally settle upon the eaves of the house to which they belong. The music ceases, and the traveler is convinced that the birds are the musicians, but he is puzzled as to their instruments. The instrument is called a Chao-tse; the word Chao meaning whistling, and the tse signifying mechanical. A Chao-tse is a mechanical whistle. The form of the little machine varies according to the material from which it is composed. Some are made of reeds placed together in the form of pipes, such as Pan played, and others are made of small gourds. At the extremity of each reed, or on the face of the gourd, is placed a whistle. The whole instrument must be light enough for the bird to experience no difficulty in flying. It is fastened to him by means of a thin strip of wood which goes between the two central tail feathers. A small ring is attached to this, and a light stick is thrust through it. This holds the machine firmly. The whistling is varied by the way in which the air penetrates, and the force is proportioned to the rapidity of flight. The notes vary according to the dimensions of the reeds or gourd. A pigeon concert in mid-air is very beautiful and fascinating.

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Study Politeness.

Speaking to young girls, Mrs. Jenness Miller says:—"I would try and be polite everywhere. True courtesy is more winsome than a pretty face or fine dress. Loud talk or loud dress does not betoken the lady. Be appreciative and sympathetic, and you have two keys which will unlock almost all hearts. I would learn self-control. To know when to speak, and when to be silent; to have hateful things said about you, and be able to answer pleasantly; to have people confide in you, and be wise enough to keep it locked in your heart; to be in poverty, and not be soured by it; to meet temptation, and be strong before it; to be strong enough to perform any labor or duty which needs to be done—all this shows a noble mastery over self."

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The Young Household.

If there be anything to which a young married couple are fully and unequivocally entitled it is their perfect autonomy, says a writer in *The Interior*. It may be hard for the mother, who has tucked her boy in his crib every night and personally looked after his buttons and his shoe-strings, to believe that he has arrived at an age when he can be trusted to take his umbrella or put on his overshoes, but just because it is so hard he had better, when he is married, move into his "own hired house." It is still harder, a thousand times, for the mother who has bought all her daughter's dresses, selected her gloves and governed all her up-risings and down-sittings, to believe that this young fellow with a downy moustache and limited income can know anything about her needs, or will be able to look after her necessities without superintendence. Fatherly authority and motherly anxiety are very precious in the development of the son and daughter into man and woman. Over the unfledged chick the eagle broods, but under the full-grown bird the wise mother bird stirs up the nest and tumbles the eaglet out. It is the Bible teaching that two adult generations shall never live under the same roof as one family, but, however intimate the relationship, as equally responsible and equally free. The remembrance of this, and remembrance of it as part of the divine economy, embraced in the revelation of the will of God through words of Jesus, is one of the first requirements in the constituting of a happy home. It may be dangerous to trust young people with the freedom which God bestows upon them in his Word, but it is a great deal more dangerous to deprive them of it.

THE "STRAWBERRY BEDS" AT KNOCKMAROON HILL, NEAR DUBLIN.

THE CHILDREN'S ROOM.

HOW peaceful at night
The sleeping children lie.
Each gentle breath so light
Escaping like a sigh!
How tranquil seems the room, how fair
To one who softly enters there!

Whose are the yearning eyes,
And whose the trembling tear?
Whose heart is this that cries,
Beseeching God to hear?
Whose but the mother's, in whose face
Love shows its sweetest dwelling-place?

Her hopes in beauty bloom,
And heaven sends down its light,
Which lingers in the room
Where mother says, "Good night."
Soft treading by the sleepers there,
Her very presence seems a prayer!

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BROTHERLY EXAMPLE.

GOODNESS must be seen to be imitated by the young. "I have met many a score of selfish boys," writes Rev. E. H. Lyttlelton, "but I doubt if one of them would not have been permanently better if vivid objects in usefulness could have been brought plainly before his eyes. It seems that the training in altruism should begin through brothers and sisters. If there are none, strangers or cousins should be imported to supply their place. A great deal ought to be made of the very strong social instincts of children.

"The fostering of this quality is a task of the utmost importance, and is therefore difficult. Incessant vigilance is necessary. When the mother sees the children at play together, and observes one—probably a boy—accustoming himself to secure the attention of others, and always thinking of himself first, her business is to wake up within him an instinct which ought to be active, but is dormant.

"Suppose that that boy, at the age of two, had no wish to learn how to walk, it is certain that the mother would have spared no pains to rouse up the desire in him. She would have consulted the doctor and worried all her nearest of kin. But when he grows and grows, and the years pass, and he betrays no beginning of a feeling for the wants of others, no gladness in their joys, or wish to share their sorrows, nobody cares. It seems to be thought that as he is naturally defective, so nature may be blamed for it, and nothing need be done.

"We have much yet to learn. If we are in earnest, anxiety and love will find out the way. Stories will be told to the child emphasizing the joy of renunciation. No opportunity will be lost for giving special praise at the faintest indication of unselfishness. As soon as the boy is old enough, take him into consultation over cases of distress, though his suggestions will be poor and useless. At prayer-time in the evening take care to review the events of the day, and see if some incipient self-denial has found a place. A day without it will be felt to be incomplete.

"In the same way, cruelty to animals will be prevented by simply teaching of fact. A diminutive infant will maul the housefly from a wish to possess and investigate, and from a failure to understand that the insect is alive. Children sin from ignorance. Enlighten them, therefore, as to the animal's sensitiveness by a sharp infliction (if possible) of similar pain to that which they have been giving. Inflict it without a trace of anger, merely as a means of instruction. And encourage meantime the keeping of pets, after the manner of Kingsley's children, and the voluntary tending of something like a lame dog or a chicken with a broken wing.

"Let the small renunciations that are made take visible effect. The giving up of money should be thus rewarded. Delicacies should be spared, or a comfortable chair relinquished, not for the benfit of a remote hospital or of a mission in the other hemisphere, but for use in a convalescent home close by, or for the enjoyment of some indigent cottager whom the young almsgiver can personally visit, so that he may be certain that his diminutive self-denial is doing something."

CHAPTER XV.

A MIDNIGHT INTERVIEW

THE statement that Guy made that perhaps he could say or do something that would help in his aunt's recovery astonished the young physician and his sister. They looked at him inquiringly. Guy pledged them both to secrecy and then told his story. He said: "I have often wished to speak to somebody about it—in case anything should happen—one never can foresee exactly how things may turn: and I have wanted to more than ever lately, when people have said such things of me,only you never believed them,so there was no need, and I could not trust anybody else. I wonder if I could make my aunt happy again. For I am almost sure I know what is troubling her so. She has not spoken to Monk about it,has she?"

"No,indeed," Geoffrey answered. "She has not see him since she was taken ill. She will have nobody near her but Yolante: and Yolante seems all at once to have awakened to a wish to be useful. She is with her mother night and day,and does her best to keep everybody else out."

Guy did not understand why that was, but he was thinking deeply. "I think it was my old nurse who was there and she told my aunt what she once told me—only I asked her to keep the secret—that I am a month older than Monk,not younger as everybody thinks, and as I thought myself till she told me."

For a moment there was silence, whilst the Northesks realized all that this meant, and were the less surprised at the effect the news had upon Mrs. Dangerfield, and then Geoffrey said slowly,

"In that case Dangerfield Park and property belongs to you."

"Yes, legally it does, but I have never felt any real claim upon it. Monk ought to have it, and I mean him to. He must never know, and I must find my aunt and ask her to keep the secret as a favor to me. It would be most unjust to Monk to turn him out now—I will never do it: and if he knows there might be some trouble. Do you think this would account for what has happened?"

But Geoffrey left the question unaswered: he was thinking of something different. "Then all this while you have known yourself the heir, and have been content to take a secondary position, whilst Monk reigned over your possessions? Why was that, Guy?"

"But I did not know it very long,and when I did it would have come so hard on Monk. He was just beginning to—to—well, I mean, to think about Joyce, and I always thought he ought to have it, for his father's sake,and I have as much as I want. I decided then to say nothing—you know I owe everything to my aunt and cousins, and it seemed such a mean return for all their kindness. I settled it all then and there—and now you must see for yourselves that it would be out of the question to speak. It would be doing a cruel wrong. You know you promised to keep my secret before I ever said a word about it."

Geoffrey and Cicely both smiled at the imploring look he bent on them as if he were afraid for the safety of his treasured secret. It was safe enough with them, but they could not help feeling some doubt as to whether it could ever be preserved inviolate, and whether it ought to be so kept, for was Guy right in thus despoiling himself even for one so dear to h[illegible]

Cicely exclaimed: "And you have let people say that you wished him out of the way, when you were all the time keeping this to yourself? O, Guy, you are a strange mixture. I should have thought that you must have cleared yourself of that imputation at all costs."

"You have acted very generously, Guy," Geoffrey said, "and if you felt that, you did quite right: but there is always the question [illegible] you, and mean you all the time? You know there were several rumors afloat at one time to the effect that the heir would prove other than Monk,and the very wording of the will seems to imply that he knew of the existence of more than one Guy Monkswold. If that should prove to be so—"

"It will make no difference—it shall make no difference," answered Guy quickly. "I will never be the means of ousting Guy. Come what may, he shall be master here."

"If you can keep him in his place."

"I will keep him there."

Geoffrey smiled. "It will be Greek meeting Greek one of these days if Monk ever finds out the truth. Luckily for you, he is not of a suspicious nature."

Guy made no answer. He was thinking deeply. "Do you think I could do my aunt any good by seeing her?" he asked,and Geoffrey mused a little, and then said,

"I think perhaps you might. We will try if you will."

So it was settled and the next day Fulk going home after a ride, was astounded to see Guy sitting quietly in his room. It was weeks since his cousin had crossed the threshold of the house, and he was so astonished at seeing him there, that he made no effort to welcome him, and it was Guy who spoke first.

"Ah, Fulk, old fellow—I have hidden myself up here, where I thought I should be least likely to be discovered. Geoffrey brought me here just now. He wants me to wait till he has prepared my aunt. He thinks I can do her some good by seeing her if she will permit it."

Fulk gave a keen glance,but Guy's face betrayed nothing. "Geoffrey is here, then?"

"Yes; he is with your mother now."

"And will you not come and see Monk? He will be savage if he hears that you have been here, and have not been to him."

"I think I would rather see your mother first," answered Guy quietly.

Fulk stood looking down into the fire. He was very much surprised and more than a little suspicious that more was meant than met the ear; but he was not one to ask questions where confidence was not spontaneously given, and Guy did not seem inclined to speak more plainly. So for the present they sat and talked over the fire. Guy told of his new life and the pleasure he took in it, and Fulk told him all about Monk, and what satisfactory progress he was making.

Presently Geoffrey came into the room, and closed the door behind him, sitting down by the fire with an air of abstraction. Guy looked at him, but did not speak, and meeting the glance, Geoffrey said,

"If we do it at all it must be without preparation. As it is, the sound of your name alone, throws her into one of those paroxysms of nervous agitation, which are doing her so much harm. She might bear the sight of you better."

"What does it all mean?" asked Fulk with a keen glance from one to the other.

"It is Guy's affair," answered Geoffrey quietly, "Your mother has got hold of some notion which is preying on her mind. Probably Guy can set the matter straight with her if we can get her to listen to him; but there seems little hope of her consenting to do so if we consult her beforehand."

"Then let us wait till night," said Fulk. "It is my turn to watch her. Yolante has consented to go to bed and leave me to the charge of the patient. I will let Guy in then, and he can have a private interview. I will take care he is not interrupted."

"You will leave us to ourselves?" said Guy smiling, "I want as few people as possible to be in the secret. It is nothing very mysterious—really—but the sort of thing that is best kept quiet. You do not mind, Fulk? You know it is not because you are not trusted."

"I don't profess not to have a certain amount of curiosity in my composition: but it shall be exactly as you wish. I never desire to intrude where I am not wanted."

"Guy is quite right," answered Geoffrey. "It is better to keep the thing quite private. But Mrs. Dangerfield must be relieved of the load which is pressing upon her, and that can only be done, so far as I see, by an interview with Guy."

Guy's presence in the house was not generally known, but Fulk managed to feed him, and when the time came for the household to retire, he brought his cousin into the dressing room which was adjacent to the sick room,and bid him wait there for the summons.

Midnight had just struck before it came,and then Fulk stepped softly to the half-open door and beckoned him. "She is awake now, and will know you. Go to her, and I will stay here with the door closed. If you want anything, call. I shall be close at hand."

"Fulk, what are you whispering about?—Whom have you got there? Not that woman again—O, not that woman."

It was Mrs. Dangerfield's voice, but how changed from the cold haughty tones that Guy had last heard. A great wave of pity swept over him at the sound, and motioning Fulk back, he stepped quietly to the bedside.

Mrs. Dangerfield was lying back upon her pillows, her eyes bright, her face shrunken, her whole face and attitude betokening a tension of nerve, and a feverish irritability painful to witness in one ordinarily so calmly self-restrained. When she saw Guy, she recoiled as if a blow had been levelled at her, and shrank away at his approach with a look of such terror that he could hardly bear to see it. He knew not whether it was detestation at what she had believed he had done, or fear at what he might have come to say: but which ever it might be, his one wish was to set her mind at rest, and as her speech seemed fairly paralysed by agitation and dread, he found himself able to approach and even to take her hand without a rebuff.

"Aunt Clare," he said very gently, "please do not look at me like that. I have come to try and do you good. Do you think that I would ever lift a finger to injure Monk?—to take from him what is truly his, and what he ought to have? I think I know what it is that has made you ill, and I want to tell you that you have nothing to fear from me. I have known it for a long time now, but I never intended anybody else to know. It ought to be Monk's, and I will never take it from him."

The burning eyes were fixed upon his face: the sick woman struggled hard to speak, and at length succeeded.

"What do you know?"

"I know that I am older than Monk—that if I chose to take advantage of a technical quibble I could be the master here. Martha, my old nurse, told me so, and I bid her keep the secret. She promised she would, not knowing all it might mean. Will you believe me now, Aunt Clare, when I say that I never hurt Monk?—you must see how much more easily I could have won my way if I had chosen?"

Guy spoke more as if begging a favor than bestowing one, his eyes met those of his aunt in an almost imploring glance. He had felt it such a terrible thing to be suspected and distrusted. If he could only win back her good opinion, how happy it would make him.

Mrs. Dangerfield made a great effort to rally her faculties, for she felt by instinct that a crisis of her life was at hand. The next few moments might make all the difference in her own future and that of her son's. She looked steadily at Guy, and said,

"Will you tell me a little more clearly what it is you know, and why you have come here at this hour to speak to me of it. I am ill—my mind is not very clear. I have been much disturbed of late. I want the case put very plainly before me."

Guy was so relieved at hearing her speak so calmly and quietly to him that he felt no suspicion and no misgiving. He sat down in Fulk's vacant chair and laid his hand upon that of his aunt.

"It is quite easy to understand, for it is only just this—I know I am older than Monk, and so might have a sort of legal, though not a moral, claim on this property. I found it out quite accidentally, a year and more ago from Martha: but she did not know that it would make any difference to my position, and so I begged her to keep it a secret as I professed I might get into trouble or look foolish if it were found out that I was passing myself off as younger than my age. I knew my grandfather had not even heard of my existence when he made his will—or at least had resolved to have nothing to do with me, so that it would have been the greatest shame in the world to have taken advantage of it—and in any case I would rather that Monk had it—he is far better fitted than I to be master here."

Guy felt his hand pressed as if in gratitude, and with a smile of affection he continued in his gentle way,

"When I heard that Martha had paid you one of her mysterious visits (into which I must inquire) and that you had been ill and agitated ever since, I felt certain that she had somehow betrayed the secret to you, and that it was this which had upset you. Of course I knew it was the first suspicion you could have had of such a thing, and that it would be most painful and difficult for you to know how to act to do right by us both. So I begged that I might come and see you, to tell you that I knew, and intended to go on just the same. It would be a wretched return for all the kindness I owe to you and yours to try and steal my brother's inheritance—for Monk will always be a brother to me—and I have come to beg that you will not think again of the matter, but let everything go on as before. For nothing will induce me to rob Monk, and it is imperative that he shall never know."

"You did not hear the charges the woman brought against me then? How she accused me of destroying papers, and I know not what. You did not set her on? You do not know what she can mean?"

Guy smiled, and held his aunt's hand in a warmer clasp. "Do I know what she meant by such words? Well, I do not know? but I think I can guess. Those people all labor under a delusion that my grandfather made a will in my favor—a pure hallucination of their disorded imaginations—and as it has never turned up, no doubt they try and persuade themselves that it has been destroyed. I can think of no other ground for such an accusation, and it would quite explain it to my thinking."

Guy looked up into his aunt's face with the clear truthful glance that had been one of his most winning attributes from childhood, and was surprised to see the spasm of pain and anguish that for a moment contracted that countenance. For a moment Mrs. Dangerfield struggled as if to speak—struggled almost as if some physical weight were lying upon her heart—after a long pause she said, "There is one thing that would make me happier for the future, if you would consent to do it."

"What is that? I will do anything in my power to set your mind at ease."

"It is this—to make a formal renunciation of your claims in favor of Monk—such a renunciation as would be binding on you and your heirs alike. It is not that I fear your changing, Guy—I know your faithful loyalty to Monk, which has stood already such a test—but we have to think of those who come after, and guard the property from the chance of being absorbed in a tedious law suit, which might embroil a whole family, and ruin the place. Do you understand me? And would you be willing?"

"Quite willing if it could be done quietly, so that Monk need never know."

"I would arrange that. We would go to London together and get it done privately. God bless you, Guy, my dear boy. You have made a happy woman of me at last."

Guy saw that she was wearied out and took this as a dismissal, walking quietly away with a strangely lightened heart.

Guy's first business the next day was to visit the Stapleton family. His face was very stern—more stern than some of those who knew him best would have believed that it could be, as he stood facing the dark-browed man who had been his father's servant with an unflinching look of determination stamped upon his face.

"Listen to me once and for all," he said with rapid decision and emphasis. "I wish you fully to understand that whoever is an enemy of the Squire's is an enemy of mine. Ralph Stapleton, I believe that were I to institute an inquiry into that night's work I could elicit evidence that might be very ugly for you, and might land you in a place where you would be safer, perhaps, than you are at large, but where for the sake of the affection you bore to my father I should regret to be the means of bringing you. As it is I have suffered much for what I fully believe is your deed, and were it not that my cousin agrees with me in thinking that after the lapse of so many weeks it will be better not to reopen the question, I should hesitate now as to the course I take. But, remember, my forbearance depends mainly upon your keeping the peace. If I find you at any of your old tricks, or if I have any good reason to think that you meditate the repetition of your own cowardly deed, I shall have no mercy. I am not sure now that I am doing right in not pushing inquiry to its furthest limits."

And with one more scathing glance under which Ralph seemed momentarily to cower, Guy turned on his heel and walked off.

(To be Continued.)

Namesakes. A story of a Secret, by Evelyn Everett-Green, will be published when completed in this paper by Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago and Toronto. Price, $1.50.

THE BOOK SHELF

The Face of Jesus Christ.†

IT is a remarkable thing in the history of Christ that nowhere have we any clue to his physical identity. The world owns no material portraiture of his physical person. All the pictures of Christ by the great artists are mere fictions. They look no more like Christ than they look like Simon Peter or Nebuchadnezzar. More than this, not only has the world no material portraiture of the physical Christ, it has no authentic description of his material person by which he could be distinguished from Zaccheus the little man, or Bartholomew, who has nothing more than a name upon the sacred page. Coins and statues, in our New York Metropolitan Museum, reveal the features of the Roman contemporaries of Jesus; history gives a more or less accurate pen-picture of the physical face and form of the great men of Greece, Socrates and Demosthenes and Pericles; but of him, the one historic personage of whose form and face the whole world most desires some knowledge, there is not a trace in the Bible. You cannot tell whether he was of moderate height or tall; whether his eyes were hazel or piercing black. You cannot tell one personal peculiarity of his which gave him his individual look. The conventional heads of Christ are the manufacture of the merest fancy. The would-be descriptive letter of Publius Lentulus is a fabrication of the fourth century, and the story that the face of Christ imprinted itself upon the handkerchief of the holy Veronica is a pure myth of papal Rome.

Why this absence of Christ in marble, or Christ on the canvas, or Christ on the face of ancient coins? Why this paralysis of pen, this silence of inspired biographers? I believe it is from God. God sets Christ forth as a man, and not as any particular man, that he may not be localized, or nationalized, but that he may be what he is, the Son of Man, the son of the race, and that he may belong to the wide world. As his face is pictured on the Bible page, a man of any nation can come to him and feel kinship. If he was particularized and localized—if, for example, he were made a man with a pale face, then the man of the ebony face would feel that there was a greater distance between Christ and his white brother. As it is, there is neither white nor black in Jesus. He is a man. That is all. And wherever you find a man, black or white, Christ is his brother. This is what the Caucasian feels when he looks at the face of Christ in the Bible album; this is what the Mongolian feels; this is what the African feels. In the church to which I minister, Caucasian and Mongolian and African sit together at the Lord's table, and we all think alike of Jesus, and we all feel that he is alike our brother.

We are satisfied with this way of presenting the face of Jesus Christ. While we do not have his features as we have the features of Cæsar or Napoleon or Washington, we have his mind, his purposes, his moral qualities, his spiritual nature. Enough is told us of his face to bring these out, and these fully satisfy us. After all, is it not the aim of true art in painting the human face to set forth these qualities? Are not these called the essence of the man? A true artist is not satisfied with painting the surface correctly, with merely giving features in their most exact proportions; he is not satisfied with putting mere physical beauty upon the canvas. A face beautiful merely as to the physical, a face with lips modeled from Cupid's bow, with chin of Grecian type, with ears like pearly shells, with cheeks white and ruddy, with hair black and glossy, and rippling in waves, and with eyes large and dark—a face such as this will not satisfy a true artist. To him it is like a false gem. It is worthless. Nay, more, it is more than worthless, because it mocks him with its flashing, and its false resemblances. To him it is like a musical rhyme without sense or meaning. Such a face lacks the main essentials; it lacks spiritual life; it lacks the characteristics of an indwelling mind. While the true artist puts the features upon the canvas in exact proportions, he considers his work a failure unless from the face the character and the life and the soul of the man look out. He wants the face to be the window of the soul. He wants it to represent the man, so that when we become thoroughly acquainted with him and know his inner and secret history we could not imagine it possible for him to have a different face. The face of Jesus Christ, as it looks up at us from the holy page, realizes the highest aim of true art. It introduces us to a living man. It makes his great attributes burn and thrill. It chronicles his tragic history. It opens a wide window into his nature.

†From *Our Best Moods, Soliloquies and other Discourses.* 'A series of stimulating and uplifting discourses. by David Gregg, D D.: pp. 362: cloth; price, $1.25. E. B. Treat, New York, publisher.

HOW TO PRAY.‡

A Christian who does not pray is a dead Christian. He is not—he cannot be—a true Christian at all. For he violates the most imperious instinct, and flings away the chiefest blessings of the Christian life. He becomes like a man who is blind and lame, and who yet, though his path lies amid stumbling-blocks and precipices, flings away his crutch and drives away his guide. I fear that many, after their childish years, abandon the habit of praying altogether, to the fatal injury of all peace with God. And that is the reason why we see so many evil, so many disordered, so many absolutely depraved lives; that is the reason why the world is so full of misery and wickedness, and the Church so full of pettiness and malice.

Do not retire to rest this night till you have knelt before the God of your life and asked him, for his dear Son's sake, to forgive all your neglect, all your backsliding, all your wickedness. It may be the very saving of your soul. You will find an infinite blessedness in doing so. If you come to your Saviour, he will receive you graciously, he will love you freely.

Christ does not contemplate the possibility of a Christian who has ceased to pray; such a Christian is in God's sight no Christian; but he warns us of the other danger, that Satan, if he cannot divert our prayers, will do his utmost to pervert them. And on this head he gave two warnings: one against idle verbiage; the other against hypocritic formality. "In praying," he said, "use no vain repetitions, as the heathen do." The Hindoo fakir will spend all day in repeating over and over again the name of his deity. The Buddhist bonze thinks that there is salvation in the endless repetition of his magic formula. The Mussulman will interlard his commonest, and even his wickedest speech with endless parentheses of "God is great," "God is compassionate." The ignorant Romanist repeats his Aves and his Paters, dropping a bead with every Paternoster. God bears compassionately with our fooleries, but in itself this is mere stuttering, and the tumbling out of empty words. And at last prayer becomes degraded into a fetishistic mechanism, and the Tartar thinks that he offers so many thousand prayers with every clatter of his prayer-mill.

Few, very few—none but God's truest saints—can make long prayers; and when our Lord gave his model prayer, saying, "Thus pray ye," knowing our nature, knowing our sole capabilities, his model was brevity itself. Prayer is no bare huddle of ceremonies, or heaping up of formal words in empty churches. Be they hurriedly babbled, or be they unctuously droned, or be they pompously rolled forth, they may be no more than the idle speaking against which Christ warns us. Far better that our prayers should only occupy five minutes and be sincere, rising like incense through the golden censer of our one and only Priest, Christ Jesus, than that they should be a spiritless mummery, or that they should resemble the idle vaunt of the Pharisee,—a prayer with the strange fire of pride.

God will hear no wicked prayer. Men have been known to ask God for what they would not dare to ask men. The Hindoo Thug prays to his goddess that his murders may be accomplished. The Italian bandit thanks the Virgin for the success of his raid. In the heathen satirist, the hypocrite prays to Laverna that he may deceive successfully, and that man may think him holy and just. Against such prayers I need hardly warn you. They are as if a man offered swine's flesh upon the altar.

But we all need much more an earnest warning against selfish and earthly prayers. Of all the seven petitions of the Lord's Prayer, one only is for the simplest of earthly needs, and even in that the heavenly is mingled with the earthly. We may mention to God our earthly desires, but never without the two humble provisos: Only if it be good for me; only if it be Thy will.

‡ *The Lord's Prayer.* A sermon preached in Westminster Abbey by F. W. Farrar, D.D., F R. S., Archdeacon of Westminster, cloth, pp 297; price $1 50 Thos. Whittaker, New York, Publisher.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

A Lawyer's Examination of the Bible: by Howland H. Russell, LL.B., with an introduction by Frank. W. Gunsaulus, D.D., pp. 262, cloth, price $1.00. It meets the difficulties of belief which naturally come to a lawyer's mind. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago.

A Harmony of the Gospels; in the Revised Version, with some new features, by John A. Broadus, D.D., LL.D., with notes by A. T. Robertson, D.D. This work is the result of over 30 years spent in teaching the English New Testament, and is exceedingly valuable to pastors and students. Pp. 265; cloth, price $1.50. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York, publishers.

Under the Live Oaks, by T. M. Browne, author of *The Musgrove Ranch, Dorothy*, etc. Cloth; pp. 218; price $1. Published by Thomas Whittaker, 2 & 3 Bible House, New York City.

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Young Christian Soldiers.

Growth of the Boys' Brigade during the past year, reviewed by Secretary Girwin—Saving the Boys of America.

FEW movements in recent times have taken such a hold upon the affections of the young as the Boys' Brigade, whose wonderful history and development were recently described in an article in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Secretary Ernest A. Girwin, at the recent annual meeting of the Boys' Brigade Council, gave a very interesting review of the progress of the organization during the past year. He said:

"The Church of Christ, composed as she is of two elements, the human and divine, is adapting herself to existing conditions, and utilizing her boys and girls, her young men and young women, as she never dreamed of doing in the past. Hence we see the Young Men's Christian Association, the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, the Epworth League, the Salvation Army, which is almost entirely youthful in its membership, and last but not least, the Boys' Brigade. The Church needs the boys as never before in her eventful history, and the boys in this time of transition, turmoil and temptation, must go down into the seething vortex of sin, without the help of the Church of the living God. And never before have the boys of godly parents been drifting away from all that is good and holy in as large numbers as now. The Sunday School loses its hold on the boy before he is out of his knickerbockers, and the devil had a thousand agencies with which to entrap him and by which to employ his restless energies in the destruction of himself and others.

"Just in this time of danger, the Boys' Brigade is raised up by the Almighty to save the boys, and our wonderful organization is demonstrating its ability under God so to do. Wherever it has had a fair chance, it has been a gratifying success. It furnishes legitimate and helpful avenues for all the overflowing energies of boyhood, and by its agency, churches in San Francisco, where a boy of twelve was a curiosity three or four years ago, are now the places where scores and hundreds of young men between fifteen and twenty spend a large portion of their leisure time, where they study the Bible, and listen to the preaching of the Gospel of Christ.

"Many difficulties have arisen during the past year to impede the progress of the organization, but it has triumphed over them all, and demonstrated its vitality by a marvelous growth. A year ago last July, the month in which the present statistical year began, there were only seventy-five enrolled companies in the United States, fifty-two of which were in California, four in Oregon and Washington, and nineteen in the Eastern States. Last July there were 217 companies enrolled, of which ninety-four were on the Pacific Coast and 123 companies in the East. There are now eighty-five companies in California alone, or ten more than there were in the entire country a year ago. Since July many additional companies have been enrolled, and the total number is 253, of which ninety-seven are on this coast and 156 in the Eastern States. It is probable that besides the companies enrolled, 100 others are in various stages of formation, and will soon connect themselves with the Boys' Brigade in the United States. An organization among the Baptists using our methods, and calling itself the Boys' Brigade, now numbers 100 companies. It began its existence less than a year ago. It is proper to state that this organization does not represent the Baptist Church in any exclusive sense, but that some of our most active and earnest workers are members of that denomination, among whom I may specially mention Dr. Charles B. Morrell, the Eastern Secretary, and Mr. Louis A. Holman, the Secretary of the First Massachusetts Battalion. A year ago there were only two battalions in our organization. To-day there are twelve or thirteen. The four leading denominations are represented in the Brigade numerically as follows: Presbyterians, 30 per cent., Congregationalists, 25, Methodists, 17, and Baptists, 16. From July, 1892, to July, 1893, we increased from 75 to 122 companies, or almost 300 per cent. If this ratio of growth is maintained, and I have no reason to doubt that it will be, we will have 450 companies by January, 1894, and nearly 700 by July of the same year. Assuming that 450 companies will be enrolled at the beginning of next year, we would then have a total membership of 14,400, and by October, 1894, the date of our next annual meeting, the same rate of increase would give a membership of [illegible]

"I am confident that with the advantages resulting from our reorganization, our growth in membership and value as an evangelizing agency among the boys will be much greater proportionately in the years to come than it has been in the past twelve months, and that if we are true to our sacred trust, the next century will dawn upon millions of American boys marching in the ranks of the Brigade, and acknowledging Christ as the great Captain of their salvation."

"YOU ARE JESUS PEOPLE."

Mrs. M. B. Ingalls, a Baptist missionary worker at Thongze, Burmah, relates the following incident: "It was the hot season in Burma when I went forth with a party of workers to the Leppadan district. There was no railroad then, and the distance of twelve miles was a rough cart trip, lasting from the hour of four P. M. to the next day at eight A. M." We were all bruised and tired. After our buffaloes were put out to feed, and the girls and boys were busy over the rice and curry pots, the preachers and Biblewomen gathered under and about my cart for prayer. Then we piled up our books and clothes for pillows, and closed our eyes for a little rest. The sound of voices fell upon my ears. I pulled my handkerchief over my face, and, looking out, saw a group of Burman men and a yellow-robed priest who stood wondering about the travellers. The girls told them who we were and the men replied: "'Oh! you are Jesus' people, the heretics,' and one of them, to show contempt spat upon the ground; but the priest shook his head at him, and I heard him say, 'I have read some of their books, and it is a good story if true.'

"A few months after that we went again, and then seventeen men and women were baptised in a little stream over which the Buddhist priests had made their vows to Gaudama. The friendly priest was there in a lay dress, but he was too proud to join that number in this rite, though he stood under my umbrella and looked into my hymn book and when we prayed he covered his face with his hands.

"'I'll wait a little,' he said, as we left the village; but the day came when he waited for us, and then it was a humble call, 'Let me pay my vows in the presence of these people.'"

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

THROUGH storm and sun, the age draws on
When heaven and earth shall meet,
For the Lord has said that glorious
He will make the place of his feet.
And the grass may die on the summer hills,
The flower fade by the river,
But our God is the same thro' end'ess years,
And his word shall stand forever.

"What of the night, O watchman
Set to mark the dawn of day?"
"The wind blows fair from the morning star
And the shadows flee away.
Dark are the vales, but the mountains glow
As the light its splendor flings,
And the Sun of Righteousness comes up
With healing in his wings."

Shine on, shine on, O blessed Sun,
Through all the round of heaven,
Till the darkest vale and the farthest isle
Full to thy light are given;
Till the desert and the wilderness
As Sharon's plain shall be,
And the love of the Lord shall fill the earth
As the waters till the sea.

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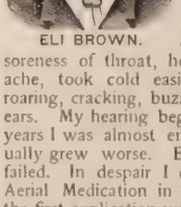
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A Japanese Christian Worker.

Matsuna Okuno, a Noble Convert and his Labors for Christ among his Countrymen.

SOLDIER, Buddhist, scholar, and scion of a noble house, with every possible honor and distinction open to him in his native land, Matsuna Okuno, (whose portrait we publish on this page), has cast all ties, traditions and ambitions aside to become a follower of Jesus. His story is one of the most interesting and instructive that has ever come from the Gospel field in far Japan.

Matsuna was born in Yeddo in 1822, where his father was a military retainer of the Shogun.

MATSUNA OKUNO.

At an early age he was placed in a Buddhist temple to be educated, and he also studied Chinese classics to such good purpose that he won a special reward for scholarship. In 1867 he did valiant military service in the field against the Shogun's enemies, but the Shogun's cause was ultimately defeated. While Matsuna was meditating how he might restore his beloved master to power, he was advised by the Buddhist priests to fast, to bathe in ice-cold water, to sit naked on coarse straw mats, eat no rice, &c., besides which they sent him on a pilgrimage to a thousand temples and he employed others to visit fifteen thousand more on his behalf. Angry and disgusted at being constantly deceived he trampled on the sacred image of Buddha and, after reproaching the priest, began a career of dissipation that promised soon to end his life.

In the spring of 1871, he was introduced to Dr. Hepburn, who was seeking for just such an educated man as a helper in the preparation of his dictionary. Thus he was brought under Christian influences. By the instruction received from Dr. Hepburn, and the earnest preaching of Rev. Mr. Ballagh, he was at length led to feel that he was a sinner, and in need of the cleansing blood of Christ. Then, at the risk of his life, he made public profession of his faith, and was baptized in July, 1872. In September of the same year he began to assist Dr. Hepburn in the translation of the New Testament. As a superior penman, in preparing the first editions to be printed on blocks, and as a thorough and critical scholar, his services were invaluable. It was for some time impossible to find any one who would undertake the printing of the "Book of Jesus," as it was then contrary to the law to publish any work of that kind. But Mr. Okuno at length persuaded some one to cut the blocks and print them in secret, and if detected he was ready for either prison or death.

"During the absence of Dr. Hepburn in the United States,' writes Rev. H. Loomis in *The Christian*, "he became my teacher, and well do I remember saying to him one day, 'Are you not afraid of being arrested and punished for being a Christian and doing Christian work?' Drawing his finger across his neck in a significant way, he replied, 'They may cut off my head, but they cannot destroy my soul.' One day he brought with him a long roll of paper and held it up, saying, 'I have here the meaning of that hymn that we have been singing so long, and which we all liked so much, but which I have never before understood.' It was a literal translation of 'Jesus loves me,' which had become a general favorite on account of the tune. I think it was several days before we got it into suitable rhyme and metre; and as far as I know this was the beginning of Japanese hymnology. Encouraged by this effort, we went on and made translations of about fifteen more of the most familiar hymns, and they were published with the title, *Oshe ho Uta*, or religious hymns. This Mr. Okuno assisted to prepare. Several of the pieces were his own. About three years ago, a very complete and excellent hymn book was published, and is now used by the larger part of the Christians in Japan. Much of the work was done by Mr. Okuno.

When the committee for translating the New Testament into Japanese was appointed, Mr. Okuna was chosen as one of the assistants. He labored with diligence and success. At the close of the work, he moved to Tokyo and became pastor of one of the principal churches in that city. He has since filled various pastorates in Yokosuka, Mishima, and Osaka, with faithfulness and zeal. Now he is in charge of a new and important mission in Yokohama. Although more than seventy years old, he is full of energy and vigor, and rejoices in every opportunity to speak for his Lord and Master.

MONEY RECEIVED.

Since our last acknowledgment the following sums have been received and applied to the various funds indicated below by the senders:

For the support of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD *Missionary of the American Sunday School Union:* Maggie Cowan, Glade Mills, Pa., $1; L. A. Gillett, $1; Stedman Fox, $1; In His Name, St. Louis, Mo., $10; Friend, Ipswich, Mass., $1; Aaron J. Allen, $2; Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Stewart, $1; Mrs. E. L. D., Mt. Clemens, Mich., $5; Mrs. Douglass, $1; C. W. Charles, $1; Old Subr., Chickamauga, Ga., $5; Mrs. L. Bunce, $1; Mrs. R. A. Parker of Ct., $2. Previously acknowledged, $490.50.

For the Bethesda Home for the Reclamation of Fallen Girls: Mrs. McElroy $1.50; In His Name, St. Louis, Mo., $5; Friend, Ipswich, Mass., $1; Aaron J. Allen, $1; Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Stewart, $1; Mrs. E. L. D., Mt. Clemens, Mich., $3; E. T. M., $2; T. B., Ct., $1. Previously acknowledged, $203.

For the Permanent Lodging House for Homeless Women: In His Name, St. Louis, Mo., $5; Friend, Ipswich, Mass., $1; Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Stewart, $1; Mrs. E. L. D., Mt. Clemens, Mich., $2; Mrs. Douglass, $2; Mrs. Waldron, $2.75; P. D. Parish, $3. Previously acknowledged, $424.80.

For the Door of Hope: C. W. Charles, $1; W. C. Hewitt, $10.

For Miss De Broen's Belleville Paris Mission: E. Griffiths, Omaha, Neb. $10; —— Milwaukee, Wis., $5.

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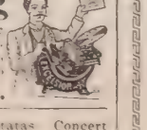

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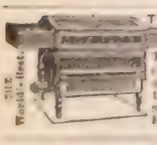

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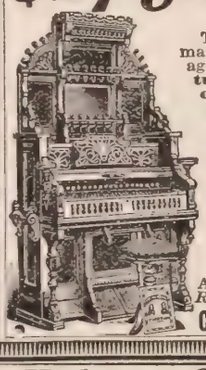

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 16. NUMBER 46.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor. Offices Bible House, New York.

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THE DRUSES OF PALESTINE.

Picturesque Peasants who Dwell in Villages Near Nazareth—Their Singular Dress and Peculiar Customs.

QUAINT as are the dress and customs of the people of Palestine to European or American eyes, there are in several parts of the Holy Land, little colonies dwelling apart, and whose daily lives and surroundings serve to perpetuate, in an even more remarkable degree, the ancient traditions and customs of their forefathers. To this peculiar class belong the Druses of Carmel and Lebanon, and also those who live in some of the villages or hamlets in the neighborhood of Nazareth. The two former have already been described in previous issues of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and today we present below an illustration showing a group of young Druse girls, photographed near Nazareth, during the recent journey of the editor and proprietor of this journal to Palestine. These young women differ in many respects from their Druse kinsfired who inhabit Mount Lebanon, and more particularly the southern part of it, the anti-Lebanon (Hermon) and the Hauran (Aurantis.) They do not veil their faces and they wear a peculiar white muslin head-dress, tied with narrow, black ribbon, while the maids and matrons of Lebanon never expose the features and use quite different head-gear. Indeed, so careful are the women of Lebanon in this respect, that whether sitting or walking or working, they are watchful of the coming of strangers and if a man appears, they instantly conceal their features, leaving only a single eye exposed.

A GROUP OF DRUSE WOMEN, NEAR NAZARETH

Very simple and inexpensive is the Druse woman's toilet, a single dress or robe serving its owner for two years. Usually, however, she has a dress for special occasions, such as festivals and the like, and this garment not infrequently lasts her a lifetime. The ordinary attire consists of a long white garment, over which is a graceful, loose flowing robe, gathered by a bright, varicolored sash of silk or Persian cashmere. Above the sash, at the waist, are rows of coins either of silver or gold, according to the social rank of the wearer. Shoes are rarely worn by the Druse peasant women, who think nothing of walking many miles barefoot. The body is unconfined by any of the devices known to civilization and the result is a symmetrical development and strong gracefully-proportioned frames such as are seen in the crowded cities of the western world. It frequently happens, however, that the Druse women of Syria of the better class, wear jewelry and other ornaments, which, though rudely made, are worth a considerable sum in the aggregate, but the peasants are satisfied with a simple ring of silver and earrings of the same material. A Druse lady of rank, the wife of an Emir (Prince) or a Bey or Sheikh, has the privilege of commanding any six women of the poorer class in her tribe to labor for her without pay, for a limited time; but such service rarely goes unrewarded, for, though money be scarce, the lady generally pays them liberally in cloth, grain or provisions.

Of late years, the Druse power and influence have greatly declined. They still cherish the old-time hatred against the Christians and their ancient pride and spirit of domination frequently break out in acts of oppression, wherever they are sufficiently numerous and influential to attempt such a course. Their religion is a mingling of Mohammedanism and Christianity, nature worship and sheer idolatry. They believe in soul-transmigration. Although they have no priests and make no prayers in public, they have buildings dedicated to the purpose of religious meditation. Some of the rites and mystic practices which they still observe are inheritances of ancient heathenism. Large numbers of the Druses are engaged in agriculture and cattle-raising, their tastes are warlike, and they do not hesitate at deeds of violence, although the dread of an authority that is sufficiently powerful to punish restrains them. History holds no darker page than the Druse plot for the utter extermination of every Christian in Hasbeiya, when nearly a thousand helpless and inoffensive victims were slaughtered. The persistent and sanguinary persecution of the Christians has been the means of subjecting the Druses to an enforced exile and ever since the massacre of 1860—after which the European powers intervened to protect the Christians—they have been alienated from their fellow-men and scattered over Syria, in punishment for their sins, being compelled to seek safety and seclusion in high plateaus and amid the mountain fastnesses.

SEE PREMIUM ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 742.

The Tabernacle Pulpit

OBLIVION AND ITS DEFEATS.

Rev. Dr. Talmage's Sermon, preached last Sunday at the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Text, Job. 24: 20: "*He shall be no more remembered*;" and Psalms 112: 6: "*The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.*"

OBLIVION, and its Defeats, is my subject to-day. There is an old monster that swallows down everything. It crunches individuals, families, communities, states, nations, continents, hemispheres, worlds. Its diet is made up of years, of centuries, of ages, of cycles, of millenniums, of æons. That monster is called by Noah Webster and all the other dictionarians, Oblivion. It is a steep down which everything rolls. It is a conflagration in which everything is consumed. It is a dirge in which all orchestras play, and a period at which everything stops. It is the cemetery of the human race. It is the domain of forgetfulness. Oblivion! At times it throws a shadow over all of us, and I would not pronounce it to-day, if I did not come armed in the strength of the Eternal God on your behalf to attack it, to rout it, to demolish it.

Why, just look at the way the families of the earth disappear. For a while they are together, inseparable, and, to each other indispensable, and then they part. Some by marriage going to establish other homes, and some leave this life, and a century is long enough to plant a family, develop it, prosper it, and obliterate it. So the generations vanish. Walk up Broadway, New York, State Street, Boston, Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, The Strand, London, Princess Street, Edinburgh, Champs Elysees, Paris, Unter den Linden, Berlin, and you will meet in this year eighteen hundred and ninety-three not one person who walked there in the year seventeen hundred and ninety-three. What engulfment! All the ordinary efforts at perpetuation are dead failures. Walter Scott's "Old Mortality" may go round with his chisel to recut the faded epitaphs on tombstones, but Old Oblivion has a quicker chisel with which he can cut out a thousand epitaphs while "Old Mortality" is cutting in one epitaph. Whole libraries of biographies devoured of book-worms, or unread of the rising generations. All the signs of the stores and warehouses of great firms have changed, unless the grandsons think that it is an advantage to keep the old sign up, because the name of the ancestor was more commendatory than the name of the descendant. The city of Rome, Italy, stands to-day, but dig down deep enough, and you come to another Rome, buried, and go down still further, and you will find a third Rome. Jerusalem stands to-day, but dig down deep enough, and you will find a Jerusalem underneath, and go on and deeper down, a third Jerusalem. Alexandria, Egypt, on the top of an Alexandria, and the second on the top of the third. Many of the ancient cities are buried thirty feet deep, or fifty feet deep, or one hundred feet deep. What was the matter? Any special calamity? No. The winds and waves and sands and flying dust are all undertakers and grave-diggers, and if the world [illegible] lyn and New York and London, will have on top of them other Brooklyns and New Yorks and Londons, and only after digging and boring and blasting will the archæologist of far distant centuries come down as far as the highest spires and domes and turrets of our present American and European cities. Call the roll of the armies of Baldwin the First, or of Charles Martel, or of Marlborough, or of Mithridates, or of Prince Frederick, or of Cortez, and not one answer will you hear. Stand them in line and call the roll of the one million men in the army of Thebes. Not one answer. Stand them in line, the one million, seven hundred thousand infantry and the two hundred thousand cavalry of the Assyrian army under Ninus, and call the roll. Not one answer. Stand in line the one million men of Sesostris, the one million two hundred thousand men of Artaxerxes at Cunaxa, the two million, six hundred and forty-one thousand men under Xerxes at Thermopylæ, and call the long roll. Not one answer. At the opening of our Civil War, the men of the Northern and Southern armies were told that if they fell in battle, their names would never be forgotten by their country. Out of the million men who fell in battle or died in military hospitals, you cannot call the names of a thousand, nor the names of five hundred, nor the names of one hundred, nor the names of fifty. Oblivion! Are the feet of the dancers who at the ball of the Duchess of Richmond at Brussels the night before Waterloo all still? All still. Are all the ears that heard the guns of Bunker Hill all deaf? All deaf. Are the eyes that saw the coronation of George the Third all closed? All closed. Oblivion! A hundred years from now, there will not be a being on this earth that knew we ever lived

In some old family record a descendant studying up the ancestral line may spell out our name, and from the nearly faded ink, with great effort, find that some person by our name was born somewhere between 1810 and 1890, but they will know no more about us than we know about the color of a child's eyes born last night in a village in Patagonia. Tell me something about your great-grandfather. What were his features? What did he do? What year was he born? What year did he die? And your great-grandmother? Will you describe the style of the hat that she wore, and how did she and your great-grandfather get on in each other's companionship? Was it March weather or June? Oblivion! That mountain surge rolls over everything. Even the pyramids are dying. Not a day passes but there is chiseled off a chip of that granite. The sea is triumphing over the land, and what is going on at Coney Island is going on all around the world, and the continents are crumbling into the waves. And while this is transpiring on the outside of the world, the hot chisel of the internal fire is digging under the foundation of the earth and cutting its way out toward the surface. It surprises me to hear people say they do not think the world will finally be burned up, when all scientists will tell you that it has for ages been on fire. Why, there is only a crust between us and the furnaces inside raging to get out. Oblivion! The world itself will roll into it as easily as a schoolboy's india-rubber ball rolls down a hill, and when our world goes, it is so interlocked by the law of gravitation with other worlds that they will go too, and so far from having our memory perpetuated by a monument of Aberdeen granite in this world, there is no world in sight of our strongest telescope that will be a sure pediment for any slab of commemoration of the fact that we ever lived or died at all. Our earth is struck with death. The axle-tree of the constellations will break and let down the populations of other worlds. Stellar, lunar, solar mortality. Oblivion! It can swallow and will swallow whole galaxies of worlds as easily as a crocodile takes down a frog.

Yet oblivion does not remove or swallow anything that had better not be removed or swallowed. The old monster is welcome to his meal. This world would long ago have been overcrowded if not for the merciful removal of nations and generations. What if all the books had lived that were ever written and printed and published. The libraries would by their immensity have obstructed intelligence and made all research impossible. The fatal epidemic of books was a merciful epidemic. Many of the State and National libraries to-day are only morgues, in which dead books are waiting for someone to come and recognize them. What if all the people that had been born were still alive? We would have been elbowed by our ancestors of ten centuries ago, and people who ought to have said their last word three thousand years ago, would snarl at us, saying: "What are you doing here?" There would have been no room to turn around. Some of the past generations of mankind were not worth remembering. The first useful thing that many people did was to die; their cradle a misfortune and their grave a boon. This world was hardly a comfortable place to live in before the middle of the last century. So many things have come into the world that were not fit to stay in, we ought to be glad they were put out. The waters of Lethe the fountain of forgetfulness are a healthful draught. The history we have of the world in ages past is always one-sided and cannot be depended on. History is fiction illustrated by a few straggling facts. In all the Pantheon the weakest goddess is Clio, the goddess of History, and instead of being represented by sculptors as holding a scroll, might better be represented as limping on crutches. Faithful history is the saving of a few things out of more things lost. The immortality that comes from pomp of obsequies, or granite shaft, or building named after its founder, or page of recognition in some encyclopædia is an immortality unworthy of one's ambition, for it will cease, and is no immortality at all. Oblivion! A hundred years. But while I recognize this universal submergence of things earthly, who wants to be forgotten? Not one of us. Absent for a few weeks or months from home, it cheers us to know that we are remembered there. It is a phrase we have all pronounced: "I hope you missed me." Meeting some friends from whom we have been parted many years, we enquire: "Did you ever see me before?" and they say, "Yes," and call us by name, and we feel a delightful sensation thrilling through their hand into our hand, and running up from elbow to shoulder, and then parting, the one current of delight ascending to the brow and the other descending to the foot, moving round and round in concentric circles until every nerve and muscle and capacity of body and mind and soul is permeated with delight. A few days ago, visiting the place of my boyhood, I met one whom I had not seen since we played together at ten years of age, and I had peculiar pleasure in puzzling him a little as to who I was, and I can hardly describe the sensation, as, after awhile, he stumbled out: "Let me see. Yes, you are DeWitt." We all like to be remembered

Now, I have to tell you that this oblivion of which I have spoken has its defeats, and that there is no more reason why we should not be distinctly and vividly and gloriously remembered five hundred million billion trillion quadrillion quintillion years from now, than that we should be remembered six weeks. I am going to tell you how the thing can be done and will be done.

We may build this "everlasting remembrance," as my text styles it, into the supernal existence of those to whom we do kindnesses in this world. You must remember that this infirm and treacherous faculty which we now call memory is in the future state to be complete and perfect. "Everlasting remembrance!" Nothing will slip the stout grip of that celestial faculty. Did you help a widow pay her rent? Did you find for that man released from prison a place to get honest work? Did you pick up a child fallen on the curbstone, and, by a stick of candy put in his hand, stop the hurt on his scratched knee? Did you assure a business man, swamped by the stringency of the money market, that times would after awhile be better? Did you lead a Magdalen of the street into a midnight mission, where the Lord said to her: "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more?" Did you tell a man clear discouraged in his waywardness and hopeless and plotting suicide, that for him was nearby a laver, in which he might wash, and a coronet of eternal blessedness he might wear? What are epitaphs in graveyards, what are eulogiums in presence of those whose breath is in their nostrils, what are unread biographies in the alcoves of a city library compared with the imperishable records you have made in the illumined memories of those to whom you did such kindnesses? Forget them? They cannot forget them. Notwithstanding all their might and splendor, there are some things the glorified of heaven cannot do and this is one of them. They cannot forget an earthly kindness done. They have no cutlass to part that cable. They have no strength to hurl into oblivion that benefaction. Has Paul forgotten the inhabitants of Malta, who extended the island hospitality when he and others with him had felt, added to a shipwreck, the drenching rain and the sharp cold? Has the victim of the highwayman on the road to Jericho forgotten the Good Samaritan with a medicament of oil and wine and a free ride to the hostelry? Have the English soldiers who went up to God from the Crimean battlefields forgotten Florence Nightingale? Through all eternity, will the Northern and Southern soldiers forget the Northern and Southern women who administered to the dying boys in blue and gray after the awful fights in Tennessee and Pennsylvania and Virginia and Georgia, which turned every house and barn and shed into an hospital and incarnadined the Susquehanna and the James and the Chattahoochee and the Savannah with brave blood? The kindnesses you do to others will stand as long in the appreciation of others as the Gates of Heaven will stand, as the "House of Many Mansions" will stand, as long as the Throne of God will stand.

Another defeat of Oblivion will be found in the character of those whom we rescue, uplift or save. Character is eternal. Suppose by a right influence we aid in transforming a bad man into a good man, a dolorous man into a happy man, a disheartened man into a courageous man, every stroke of that work done will be immortalized. There may never be so much as one line in a newspaper regarding it, or no mortal

tongue may ever whisper it into human ear, but wherever that soul shall go, your work upon it shall go, wherever that soul rises, your work on it will rise, and so long as that soul will last, your work on it will last. Do you suppose there will ever come such an idiotic lapse in the history of that soul in heaven that it shall forget that you invited him to Christ, that you, by prayer or Gospel word, turned him round from the wrong way to the right way? No such insanity will ever smite a heavenly citizen. It is not half as well on earth known that Christopher Wren planned and built St. Paul's, as it will be known in all heaven that you were the instrumentality of building a temple for the sky. We teach a Sabbath class, or put a Christian tract in the hand of a passerby, or testify for Christ in a prayer-meeting, or preach a sermon, and go home discouraged, as though nothing had been accomplished, when we had been character-building with a material that no frost or earthquake or rolling of the centuries can damage or bring down. There is no sublimer art on earth than architecture. With pencil and rule and compass, the architect sits down alone and in silence, and evolves from his own brain a cathedral or a national capitol or a massive home before he leaves that table, and then he goes out and unrolls his plans, and calls carpenters and masons and artisans of all sorts to execute his design, and when it is finished he walks around the vast structure, and sees the completion of the work with high satisfaction, and on a stone at some corner of the building the architect's name may be chiseled. But the storms do their work, and Time, that takes down everything will yet take down that structure, until there shall not be one stone left upon another. But there is a soul in heaven. Through your instrumentality it was put there. Under God's grace you are the architect of its eternal happiness. Your name is written, not on one corner of its nature, but inwrought into its every fibre and energy. Will the storms of winter wash out the story of what you have wrought upon that spiritual structure? No. There are no storms in that land and there is no winter. Will time wear out the inscription which shows your fidelity? No. Time is past and it is an Everlasting Now. Built into the foundation of that imperishable structure, built into its pillars, built into its capstone, is your name, either the name you have on earth or the name by which celestials shall call you. I know the Bible says in one place that God is a jealous God, but that refers to the work of those who worship some other god. A true father is not jealous of his child. With what glee you show the picture your child penciled, or a toy ship your child hewed out, or recite the noble deed your child accomplished, and God never was jealous of a Joshua, never was jealous of a Paul, never was jealous of a Frances Havergal, never was jealous of a man or woman who tried to heal wounds and wipe away tears and lift burdens and save souls, and while all is of grace, and your self-abnegating utterance will be, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name, Oh, Lord, give glory!" you shall always feel a heavenly satisfaction in every good thing you did on earth, and if iconoclasm, borne from beneath, should break through the Gates of Heaven and efface one record of your earthly fidelity, methinks Christ would take one of the nails of his own Cross and write somewhere on the crystal or the amethyst or the jacinth or the chrysoprasus your name, and just under it the inscription of my text: "The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance." Oh, this character building! You and I are every moment busy in that tremendous occupation. You are making me better or worse, and I am making you better or worse, and we shall, through all eternity, bear the mark of this benediction or blasting. Let others have the thrones of heaven, those who have more mightily wrought for God and the truth, but it will be heaven enough for you and me if ever and anon we meet some radiant soul on the boulevards of the Great City who shall say: "You helped me once. You encouraged me when I was in earthly struggle. I do not know that I would have reached this shining place had it not been for you," and we will laugh with heavenly glee, and say, "Ha! ha! Do you really remember that talk? Do you remember that warning? Do you remember that Christian invitation? What a memory you have! Why, that must have been down there in Brooklyn or New Orleans at least ten thousand million years ago." And the answer will be, "Yes, it was as long as that, but I remember it as well as though it were yesterday." Oh, this character building! The structure lasting independent of passing centuries, independent of crumbling mausoleums, independent of the whole planetary system. Aye, if the material universe, which seems all bound together like one piece of machinery, should some day meet with an accident that should send worlds crashing into each other like telescoped railway trains, and all the wheels of constellations and galaxies should stop, and down into one chasm of immensity all the suns and moons and stars should tumble like the midnight express at Ashtabula, that would not touch us, and would not hurt God, for God is a spirit, and character and memory are immortal, and over that grave of a wrecked material universe might truthfully be written: "The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance." Oh, Time, we defy thee! Oh, Death, we stamp thee in the dust of thine own sepulchres! Oh, Eternity, roll on till the last star has stopped rotating and the last sun is extinguished on the sapphire pathway, and the last moon has illumined the last night, and as many years have passed as all the scribes that ever took pen could describe by as many figures as they could write in all the centuries of all time, but thou shalt have no power to efface from any soul in glory the memory of anything we have done to bring it to God and heaven.

There is another, and a more complete defeat for Oblivion, and that is, in the heart of God Himself. You have seen a sailor roll up his sleeve and show you his arm tattooed with the figure of a favorite ship, perhaps the first one in which he ever sailed. You have seen a soldier roll up his sleeve and show you his arm tattooed with the figure of a fortress where he was garrisoned or the face of a great General under whom he fought. You have seen many a hand tattooed with the face of a loved one before or after marriage. This tattooing is almost as old as the world. It is some colored liquid punctured into the flesh so indelibly that nothing can wash it out. It may have been there fifty years, but when the man goes into his coffin, that picture will go with him on hand or arm. Now, God says that He has tattooed us upon His hands. There can be no other meaning in the Forty-ninth chapter of Isaiah, where God says: "Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of My hands." It was as much as to say, "I cannot open My hand to help, but I think of you. I cannot spread abroad My hands to bless, but I think of you. Wherever I go up and down the heavens I take these two pictures of you with Me. They are so inwrought into My being that I cannot lose them. As long as My hands last, the memory of you will last. Not on the back of My hands, as though to announce you to others, but on the palms of My hands for Myself to look at and study and love. Though I hold the winds in My fist, no cyclone shall uproot the inscription of your name and your face, and though I hold the ocean in the hollow of My hand, its billowing shall not wash out the record of My remembrance. 'Behold I have graven thee on the palms of My hands.'" What joy, what honor can there be comparable to that of being remembered by the mightiest and most affectionate being in the universe. Think of it, to hold an everlasting place in the heart of God. The heart of God! The most beautiful palace in the universe. Let the archangel build some palace as grand as that if he can. Let him crumble up all the stars of yesternight and to-morrow night, and put them together as mosaics for such a palace floor. Let him take all the sunrises and sunsets of all the days, and the auroras of all the nights, and hang them as upholstery at its windows. Let him take all the rivers and all the lakes and all the oceans, and toss them into the fountains of this palace court. Let him take all the gold of all the hills and hang it in its chandeliers, and all the pearls of all the seas and all the diamonds of all the fields, and with them arch the doorways of that palace: and then invite into it all the glories that Esther ever saw at a Persian banquet, or Daniel ever walked amongst in Babylonian castles, or Joseph ever witnessed in Pharaoh's throne-room, and then yourself enter this castle of archangelic construction, and see how poor a palace it is compared with the greater palace that some of you have already found in the heart of a loving and pardoning God and into which all the music and all the prayers and all the sermonic considerations of this day are trying to introduce you through the blood of the Slain Lamb.

They Ministered to the Blue and the Gray.

Oh, where is Oblivion now? From the dark and overshadowing word that it seemed when I began, it has become something which no man or woman or child who loves the Lord need ever fear. Oblivion defeated. Oblivion dead. Oblivion sepulchred. But I must not be so hard on that devouring monster, for into its grave go all our sins when the Lord for Christ's sake has forgiven them. Just blow a resurrection trumpet over them when once Oblivion has snapped them down. Not one of them rises. Blow again. Not a stir amid all the pardoned iniquities of a life-time. Blow again! Not one of them moves in the deep grave trenches. But to this powerless resurrection trumpet a voice responds half human, half divine, and it must be part man and part God, saying: "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." Thank God for this blessed Oblivion! So you see I did not invite you down into a cellar, but up on a throne, not into the graveyard to which all materialism is destined, but into a garden all a-bloom with everlasting remembrance. The frown of my first text has become the kiss of the second text. Annihilation has become coronation. The wringing hands of a great agony have become the clapping hands of a great joy. The Requiem with which we began has become the Grand March with which we close. The tear of sadness that rolled down our cheek has struck the lip on which sits the laughter of eternal triumph.

THE CHRISTIAN HOME.

S. S. Lesson for Nov. 26. Col. 3: 12-25. Golden Text, Ps. 101: 2. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

A MAN'S home generally reveals what kind of man he is. There are houses where everything in the house says: God is here. You see he is the Alpha and Omega, the real Owner and Master of the house. You see that all things are arranged and ordered for his name and for his glory. He is consulted in the hours which are kept, his worship and the remembrance of him takes precedence of all else: the morning hour with the Lord of each dweller in the house must never be interfered with, family worship must always have its place, God is consulted in every perplexity, he consoles in every grief, the remembrance of him sanctifies every coming together of the members of the family for meal times, for conversation, for work; the books, the furniture, the pictures, and above all, the habits of those who dwell there, say: God is here. Such is a true Christian home. Such a house David declared his should be when he said: "I will behave myself wisely in a perfect way . . . I will

Walk Within my House

with a perfect heart." There are homes where everything speaks of man. The furniture tells how rich he is, the pictures tell what a taste he has for art, the formality tells of his self-importance; nothing says to a visitor: "You are welcome;" everything says: "Take notice of me and mine. Such a home is without comfort, for it is without God. All Satan's rage is concentrated against a truly godly home; he knows the power of its witness for the Lord. Any one who knows the Lord can be pious and devout, and filled with a heavenly experience in meetings, when the atmosphere is heavenly, but he may be simply carried along with the real experience of others till he imagines he is even as they. It is in the house, the home life, that our knowledge of God is put to a real test: it is there that we are seen as we really are, there where all our weak points are known, there where every room has associations of past failures, and every person knows our worst side, there is the place where the true life of Jesus in us has opportunity for exercise, and where God can gain his highest victories. No wonder David's Psalms come with such divine power to us even after three thousand years: it had been his aim to walk within his house with a perfect heart, and where the fire was hottest the Lord's gold came forth.

It is in contact with others that the self-life or the Christ-life comes out. At home, where we are constantly in contact with the same persons, and those most intimately connected with us, our real inner life is manifest. And yet to how many it seems just in the home life so impossible to serve God. It seems as though just there one were not understood, just there all one's spiritual life were crushed, just there everything combines to make our service of God and our witness for Christ impossible. Why? Can it be that all those things so apparently adverse, "work together for good to them that love God, to them [illegible]" Yes, it is just this apparent impossibility which calls for the exercise of faith, and which is the [illegible] for our education; he has measured and [illegible] hindrance, and provides grace for all.

The apostle Paul has just been saying to those who were raised together with Christ "by faith in the operation of God who raised [illegible] Ye [illegible] life is hid with Christ in God. Ye have put off the old man with his deeds . . . and ye [illegible]

forbearing one another and forgiving each another, if any man have a complaint against any; even as the Lord forgave you, so also do ye." (R.V.) This is a rule for the Church of Christ, but therefore, very specially the rule for every Christian household. Yet how impossible, except we have in very deed put on the new man! No home can be a truly Christian home except Christ dwell in the members of that home, and his presence is known by

A Heart of Compassion."

Job's three friends were "miserable comforters," "physicians of no value," because as soon as their own self life was touched, they were eager to prove Job in the wrong. But when Elihu came it was in another spirit with "a heart of compassion." "My terror shall not make thee afraid, neither shall my hand be heavy upon thee;" "If thou hast anything to say, answer, speak, for I desire to justify thee." Elihu's object was not to prove that he himself was in the right; he only wanted to serve Job, to help him out of his trouble. But a "heart of compassion, kindness, humility, meekness, long suffering," are not fruits which grow in fallen human nature; they cannot take root until we have "put off the old man," i. e., parted definitely and for ever with all we are, and with all we hope for from ourselves. Such fruits are fruits of the Spirit born in a heart and life which is given up to the blessed Spirit's discipline; and where he can produce such fruits in home life there is an undeniable witness for the Master worth years of preaching.

And let the peace of Christ rule (or arbitrate) in your hearts, to which also ye were called in one body. Every home life is or may be a picture in miniature of the Church and Body of Christ. We are called to give up all weapons in words, deeds, even looks and tones, and accept arbitration from him who has slain enmity by the blood of his cross. But only as "one body," only in our relations to our fellow members can the peace of Christ be more to us than a name. Thus, in a home life, we only have the privilege as members one of another to

Let Christ Arbitrate

and decide every question which arises between man and wife, brother and sister, parent and child, mistress and servant. Where all are subject to Christ and all yield to him in yielding to one another, what a blessed consciousness of the presence of God is in that home! The peace of God arbitrates as we become subject to the Word of God. "Let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom." If it only finds a place in the thoughts and intellect, that is no dwelling richly in all wisdom; it is when it is translated into our very life, and we become samples of all we understand, that the Word has found a dwelling-place in us; and then, when we come together, instead of foolish, light, meaningless or unkind conversation, the fount within us finds egress, we teach and admonish one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in our heart to the Lord. Every Scripture which takes hold of, and conquers us, becomes a new song in the heart for it makes God real to us in a new light. And whatsoever ye do in word or deed do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks unto God and the Father by him. It is a true fruit of putting off the old man and putting on the new when the name of Christ really takes the place of our own name in our lives. O, the suffering which many pass through on account of their exceeding sensitiveness to their own name, and to all which touches them; O, how often they imagine that others are alluding to them in conversation, are meaning them in their prayers, are disparaging them in some remark which they make, and all the time they have never so much as crossed the mind of the persons they believe to be so occupied with them! Family life is often troubled by the presence of

Self Occupied Spirits.

[illegible] all [illegible] morbid thoughts and feelings is to do all in the name of the Lord Jesus. If once we learn from his cross the deep shame which we have brought upon him, we shall be deeply grateful if we may but hide away our own name and our own self life altogether under the shadow and shelter of his holy name. All sensitiveness to our own selves and that which touches us arises from pride and self-importance, it is a root of bitterness which can only spread evil in family or in church life. Whenever we learn to do all in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, we learn at the same time to give thanks to God and the Father through him, thanks that we are permitted to do all in his name, that we have his sanction and his authority in all we do.

How have we put off the old man if we do as we should, have done before our conversion? Yield to God, and wonderful victories will be the result.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

A SCENE IN COLOSSÆ.

THE circumstances of the church at Colossæ had much to do with the character of the letter Paul wrote to it. The city was one of three, standing near together on the banks of the River Lycus in Asia Minor. The other two were Hierapolis and Laodicea. Paul had never visited Colossæ during his missionary journeys, although it was but a short distance from Ephesus, where he stayed three years. Doubtless, he was indirectly its founder, as it must have been organized by men who had been won by his preaching. While the apostle was a prisoner in Rome, he was visited by Epaphras, who came from that church and was perhaps its pastor. From him Paul learned that affairs at Colossæ were not in a healthy condition. Some teacher was there whom Paul refers to, but does not mention by name, who was beguiling, deluding, or spoiling the members of the church. We get an idea, from Paul's remarks, of the character of this man's teaching. It was a curious compound of mysticism and asceticism, very much like some of the teaching popular in our day. A humorous divine likens it to a lady whose head is in the clouds and her feet in the mud. Speculation as to the existence of angels and as to abstruse doctrines occupied the mind and close observance of forms and ceremonies and a dependence on them for salvation, animated the conduct. The natural result of these doctrines, if not checked, would be an unpractical, lifeless religion. And so it proved. The message of Christ (Rev. 3: 24-22) to the sister church at Laodicea shows this result there and probably her neighbor, Colossæ, was in similar evil case. Paul writes this letter to counteract this false teaching. He begins by showing in a very adroit way, how the disposition to discover hidden, heavenly mysteries was satisfied by Christianity. Instead of forbidding them to indulge the disposition, he turns it into a new channel. The mystery of Christ's previous existence was a better subject for their thoughts, and he treats it as it is more fully revealed in the Gospel according to John. Then he deals in detail with the errors which, as Epaphras has told him, were being preached at Colossæ. Finally he brushes contemptuously aside all this talk about the importance of meats and drinks and holy days and shows them that religion consists in none of these things, but in a pure, humble and beneficent life. In every relation and in every sphere, no matter how lowly, the Christ life may be lived; not by the observance of days, of diet, or of rites or ceremonies, but by becoming more gentle, more tender and more dutiful. Every generation needs to be reminded of this fact, for there is a perpetual tendency to substitute creed and outward worship for duty and right conduct. It is from this section of the epistle that the subject of the lesson is taken.

Forbearing one another. A workingman and his wife who had often quarrelled determined to make an effort to live peaceably. They noticed that the quarrels occurred when one of them was in a ruffled state of mind and could not bear words which at another time would give no offence. But how was either of them to know that the other was in an irritated state? They agreed that when the man was in that condition he should wear his cap aside when he entered his home and that his wife, when in a like state should pin up the corner of her apron. One day the husband came home with the danger signal set. He looked surly and ill-tempered. He looked around and said nothing. Presently his wife entered the room and noticed his cap awry. His eye also caught sight of the appointed signal on her apron. He saw at once that this was a bad day to be out of humor. It would not do for both to be in a bad state at the same time. He turned round and put his cap straight. The same thought had crossed his wife's mind and when he looked at her again the corner of her apron had been unpinned. Both laughed and on that day there was no need for unusual forbearance on either side.

Forgiving one another. Very often a quarrel comes from one person quickly resenting some hasty utterance of another, which if no notice were taken of it at the time would be repented of. We do not know, when some person speaks angrily, how much he may be suffering from some physical or mental irritant. We do not resent the speeches of an insane person, or a drunken man because we are aware he does not know what he is saying, and a similar allowance would often be made for another man if we knew his circumstances. In a recent number of the *Century* magazine the experience of a pearl-diver is related. He says that under water the temper is strangely affected. A man at the bottom of the sea becomes irritable and flies into a passion at the most trifling annoyance. On several occasions the life-line being too light or too slack or some imaginary wrong-doing on the part of the men in the vessel above him has so excited him, that he has given the signal to pull-up, fully intending to visit the offender with severe punishment. When he has risen to the surface, the anger has totally disappeared and he has forgotten what he came up for. He thinks the irritation under water is due to the pressure of air inside the diving-dress affecting the lungs and through them the brain. Allowance has to be made for the man under water and it should be made for others who are affected by other circumstances.

Charity, which is the bond of perfectness. He is a disagreeable person who is fond of detecting and pointing out the faults of others. We ought to think the best and put the most charitable construction on the words and conduct of every one. A painter was engaged upon a likeness of Alexander the Great. In the course of his battles, Alexander had received an ugly scar on the side of his face. The artist was desirous of giving a correct likeness of the monarch, at the same time desirous of hiding the scar. It was a difficult task to accomplish. At length he hit upon a happy expedient. He painted him in a reflective attitude, his hand placed against his head, whilst his finger covered the scar. Let us put the finger of charity upon the scar of the Christian as we look at him, whatever it may be—the finger of a tender and forbearing charity, and see in spite of it and under it the image of Christ notwithstanding.

Ye are called in one body. The most insignificant Christian does well and has Christ's approval if he does his duty faithfully, however inconspicuous it may be. He is part of the one body which would be perfect if each member did its proper work. A young bugler in the French army lay on his narrow bed in the camp hospital, mortally wounded. The commander, passing from bed to bed, to speak a kind word to each occupant, paused by the little bugler, and laid a cool hand on his fevered brow. "Oh, General," said the little fellow, "if only I were a man, I might have helped to win the battle yesterday." "Win the battle!" he replied, "why, without your aid we should never have won the day: though your duty seemed so simple and insignificant, I could not have done without you."

Ye serve the Lord Christ. This fact dignifies all labor. If we remember that in doing our duty faithfully we are serving and honoring him, we shall never be ashamed of a lowly occupation. In one of Murillo's pictures in the Louvre, he shows us the interior of a convent kitchen; but those who are doing the work are not mortals in old dresses, but beautiful angels. One is putting the kettle on the fire to boil, and one is lifting up a pail of water, and one is at the kitchen-dresser lifting up for plates. The painter depicts every one as so busy, and working with such a will, that you forget pans are pans and pots are pots, and think only of the angels and of the work they are ennobling in the doing of it.

On The Blue Atlantic.

A Restful Voyage—Choppy Seas and Mal de-Mer—Pleasant Acquaintanceships.

FROM mid-ocean—seemingly in the very centre of the solemn round of the great, shining sea—I send back greetings to the readers with whom I hope to hold regular intercourse during the coming winter.

As far as the eye can reach nothing is to be seen from the steamer-deck but this same ocean, dark blue, except where the sun lays a broad roadway for himself, as he mounts the heavens, and the pale sky that stoops to the water-line of the horizon.

Nothing in life is, to my imagination, so like dying as an ocean voyage. The friends left on shore, straining their eyes for a last glimpse of faces beloved, the slow, silent outmooring of the vessel into the trackless main, the all-aloneness of the voyager, cut off utterly for days from communication with the world in which he has lived and loved and toiled and suffered, are suggestive images of the flight of the soul from the body and the sphere in which the body has borne it company.

I turn the thought over, dreamily and not unhappily, in my mind, lying here in my steamer-chair, folded in soft wraps from the morning freshness of the sea-wind, the sunlight warm upon my feet, and the strange consciousness upon me that there is absolutely nothing to do, all day long, but to look and dream, and rest.

"It is like the time for which the New England farmer's wife prayed, in dying," I say to Alcides, whose length of young limbs is stretched out in an adjoining chair, "'I don't feel to have strength enough to hold a harp, much less to play on it, even if I knew how,' she said to her minister. 'I've done my own wash for nigh upon forty years, and I'd take it as a great mercy if the dear Lord would let me lie still in my grave for a couple of hundred years, or so, and get real rested out.' I know how the poor, nerve-wearied, over-taxed creature felt. I wish she could be here now."

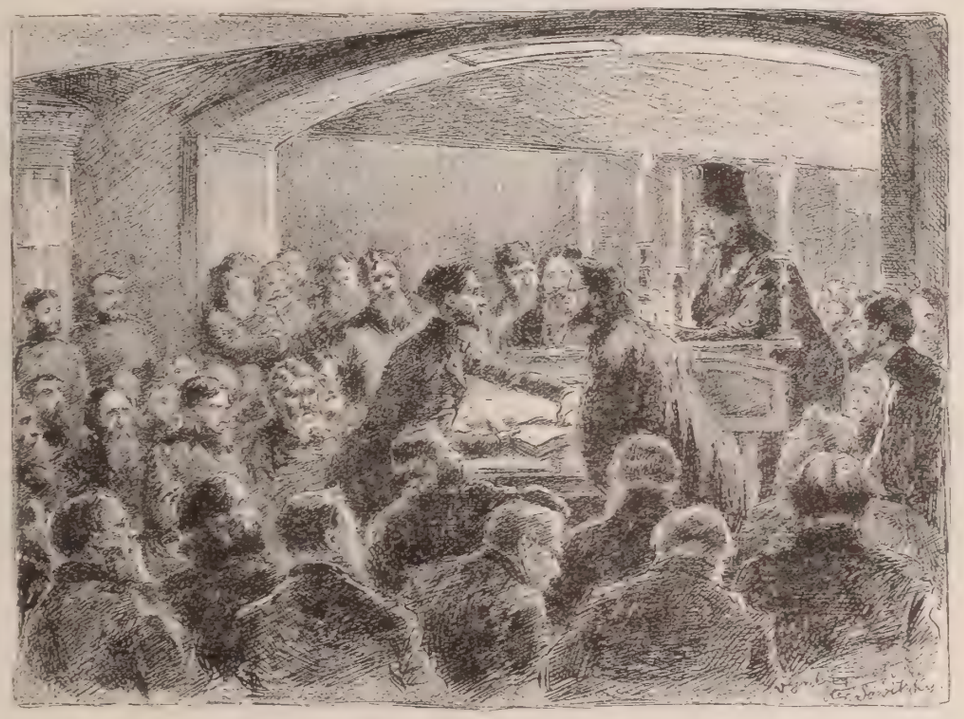
Alcides lifts his lazy eyelids. He has been asleep for the past hour.

"Nothing like it!" he responds drowsily.

Nobody cares to converse during the early half of the voyage when the voyagers are Americans. Whether we know it or not, the high pressure of our daily living keeps up the system, mental and physical, to its utmost powers of endurance. I doubt if one of the hundreds of native-born passengers, lounging within my sight, has ever known on shore, since his or her childhood, such entireness of healing inaction as we must, perforce, enjoy until we sight the other shore. I was reading the other day a treatise upon "The Technique of Rest." It can be practiced nowhere else, in such perfection, as on shipboard.

For two days we had a chopping sea, and the inevitable accompaniment of sea-sickness for those who can be sea-sick. (Some happy mortals cannot.) The philosophical voyager is not what old-fashioned folk call "heart-sick," even under this infliction. The suffering is temporary and seldom, if ever, attended with danger. A little patience, a good deal of resolution in the determination to get into the air and hold the dumb mania at arms' length until the oxygen, strengthened by a thousand mile rush across the salt waves, can take hold of the frightened diaphragm—and the victory is won. It gives me sincere gratification to say that if sea-sickness is tolerable anywhere, and in any circumstances, it must be on this good steamship *New York* of the American line. From the moment in which the smitten creature retreats, in more or less confusion, to her (I use the feminine pronoun advisedly) state-room, to the happier moment when she is assisted, faint, but approaching convalescence, into her deck-chair to have the cure completed by the sea-air—benevolent ingenuity is racked to render her condition tolerable. The state rooms ventilated by electric fans, have nothing of the dead, emphatic odor that in former years, was an added terror of sea-sickness. The little Scotch widow who is nominally stewardess, virtually, the good genius of the prostrate sufferer, slips in and out of the sick room, gentle of voice and touch, comely to the eye, and tactful in ministration. "I'm thinking madam," I heard her say, the other night to a pale shape, laid with folded hands and weary eyes within her berth, "that if you would allow me to bring you, instead of gruel, a bit of cold chicken minced up fine by myself, that you wouldn't have to cut at all, and a morsel of cool celery with a pinch of salt—you'll find it more heartening-like than so many slops."

An hour later, a stronger voice than had yet proceeded from the berth greeted the stewardess's next visit.



A Night Debate Between Russo-Greek Priests and Stundists.
After a Drawing from life by the Russian Artist, Savitsky.

"I am better already. I really think that I can get on deck if you will help me rise."

As a practical woman, I made a mental note of the prescription and the result. As a candid woman, I marvelled that it had not sooner occurred to me, as to the other victim of the chopping sea, that food which must be masticated, by exciting the salivary glands to action, tends to stimulate the digestive organs. I pass on the incident for the benefit of women who suffer from sea sickness, and the scarcely less grevious malady of "car-sickness." Force yourself to eat something that must be chewed.

"I lie still from the beginning to the end of the voyage, only lifting my head to have a gruel poured between my lips," said a woman who had "crossed" six times. In the light of my discovery, I comprehend now why she lay still so long.

Once on deck, every kindly human agency supplements the glorious air of heaven—"a whole skyful of it," as I heard a four-year-old describe it—in hastening on the work of renovation. Everybody is glad to see the convalescent "up again."

The clever young artist who is bound for Algeria and Arabia, strolling by arm-in-arm with a college athlete, lifts his cap to hope smilingly that "the air"—always spoken of as if there was no other—"will soon bring her up again;" the prettiest girl on board brings a rose, not fairer than her blooming face, and says, "We are all so glad to see you among us once more;" the red-faced, white-whiskered Englishman returning from "the Fair—don't ye know?"—assures the woman from "the States," whose name he does not and never will know, that "you are not looking so badly knocked up as might be expected, don't you know, now?" The distinguished American Divine, now a London pastor, whose brown travelling suit, yachting cap and red necktie scandalize the comically inclined, proffers a cluster of just six big purple grapes—one more would have discouraged appetite—and affirms, with authority, "They will taste good!" And the purser, who is acting host of the big vessel, kind-eyed, frank of face, with a ring in his pleasant voice that is a cordial only second in efficacy to "the Air,"—actually shakes hands with the pale passenger in the genuineness of his satisfaction.

"You have moral courage, you see," he goes on to say. "That's nine-tenths of the battle. Resist seasickness and it will flee from you."

At 11 A. M. the deck stewards run swiftly to and fro with trays. One notices, as she has leisure to note and be amused at trifles here, that both are red-haired. Both are alike, alert, quiet and attentive. Beef-tea, smoking hot, with sandwiches, thin slices of brown-bread-and-butter, are passed. I recall, gratefully, as I take my cup, how on the first day of my re-appearance upon deck after my brief turn of sea-unworthiness, I had gone to the windward side of the boat, upon Alcides' arm to see a far-off steamship, and an Englishwoman, who had seemed precise and formal from a distance, came through the upper cabins, all the way across to us to say—"I beg your pardon, but I have taken the liberty of crossing to tell you that they are serving beef-tea on the other side, and I though that you might feel the need of it."

Decidedly, the sea-voyage promotes the growth of all sweet and pleasant graces. Another reason why a busy people should make it a frequent indulgence.

Still dreamily, and still happily, I think of the many old friends, and the many more new to whom these "Familiar Talks" of mine will convey "Kodak" glimpses of the scenes through which, if God will, I shall pass before my feet again press the dearest and best land upon this dear and good earth of ours.

I am blessed in being so well-informed as to the readers of what I mean to make as easy and chatty, as graphic and as sympathetic as pen-and-ink communications can be. I know into what manner of homes they will go. May I ask in each of the thousands of these Christian homes a corner in the heart, as well as a place in the head, and above all, that now and then, my name may be breathed in the prayer that goes up for those who travel by sea and by land?

MARION HARLAND.

Religious Debates in Russia.

The Public Discussions of Religious Doctrine in Russia between Priests and Stundists.

RECENT reports from Russia have referred to public discussions between the priests of the Russo-Greek Church and the leaders of the Stundists. People familiar with the religious situation in Russia have been sceptical as to these discussions, knowing well how carefully the Stundists avoid publicity, especially such as will attract the attention of the church. It appears, however, that the discussions do take place and are arousing much interest. In Moscow they are held in the Kasitsin House which is situated in the quarter of the city where Stundists are numerous. The scene at these meetings is a strange one. On this page is a picture from the original, drawn from life, by the celebrated Russian painter, Savitzky, of one of these meetings. The room in which they are held is low and long. Near the centre is an arched projection, on one side of which is a rostrum for the president and his colleagues. Father Tikhon a leading divine of Moscow usually presides, and he is accompanied by some younger men, who are scholars and experienced debaters. Massive candlesticks stand on the rostrum, from which the light of candles is shed on the table, where theological works are piled for use in the debate. It is an unequal combat, as a rule, for the Stundists are poor and unlearned, while the priests have been well-taught. In Biblical knowledge, however, the priests are no match for the Stundists who are emphatically men of the one book. In the picture, a Stundist is insisting on a passage from the Bible being the final authority on the point in dispute.

The Stundists now number about 200,000 in all Russia, including those who have been sent to Siberia and the Caucasus to serve out their sentences for heresy. There are many who have thus suffered, though they are generally accused of some other offence at their trial, so as to bring them under the civil law. It is not difficult to do this because it is a statutable offence under Russian law for the members of any church besides the national church to make converts. The Russian Government boasts that there is religious liberty for all sects in Russia, and it is so; but every convert from the Greek Church to the Stundist faith is a source of peril to the congregation he joins. A recent letter from a Russian Stundist explains how these unusual debates have occurred. It is, he says, a common practice for the priests to enter any house in which a Stundist meeting is being held and controvert the teaching of the preacher. They usually come in late in the evening and the debates are continued to a late hour. Out of these informal discussions have developed the larger assemblages in the Kasitsin House and other places.

The audiences generally include merchants, peasants and office-holders of all classes, many of them belonging to the national Church, as well as a fair proportion of Stundists. The debate is free to all and ranges over the whole field of Christian doctrine. It is followed with keen interest by the audience; and the police officers, who are always in attendance, watch the signs of sympathy in the various faces, with a few to future legal proceedings. The impression cannot be eradicated from the official mind that disloyalty to the church must be associated with disloyalty to the Czar. As a matter of fact, however, the Czar has no subjects more loyal, or more law-abiding than he has in the Stundists.

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T. DeWitt Talmage
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Concerning "From Manger to Throne," Dr. Talmage, explaining under what circumstances it was written, says:

"In my American home, on the Atlantic, on the Mediterranean, on camel-back, on muleback, on horseback, under chandelier, by dim candle in tent, on Lake Galilee, in convent, at Bethel where Jacob's pillow was stuffed with dreams and the angels of the ladder landed; at the brook Elah, from which little David picked up the ammunition of five smooth stones, four more than were needed for crushing like an egg-shell the skull of Goliath; in the valley of Ajalon, over which, at Joshua's command, astronomy halted; and with my hand mittened from the storm, or wet from the Jordan, or bared to the sun, or gliding over smooth table, this book has been written."

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If you select this Premium, be sure to mention Premium Offer Number Seven.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

We desire, as far as lies within our power, to avoid imposing Sunday work upon the Express Companies, who are usually crowded with business as the holiday season approaches. We therefore invite our readers and all intending subscribers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to co-operate with us in this object, by forwarding their subscriptions at the earliest possible date.

Subscriber, N. Y. 1. What authority have we for believing that Christ worked at the carpenter's trade? 2. Why was it "in due season" that Christ came?

1. Justin Martyr, Theodorus and other early writers mention the fact. 2. It means that God, in his divine wisdom and foreknowledge, saw that the time had arrived when the Old Dispensation, having served its purpose, should be replaced by the New.

J. R. Hatch, Kingsville, O. Please explain John 19: 11. "Thou couldest have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above." If he (Christ) referred to the power of the Father, how do you consider the last clause of the verse "Therefore, he that delivered me to thee hath the greater sin?"

In the first, he doubtless referred to the fact that the Lord had placed the Jewish nation under the Roman authority. In the last quoted clause, it is evident that he referred to the high priest; for if that functionary had not handed him over to Pilate, the latter would have had no opportunity to exercise any power in the case.

Subscriber, Chemung Co., N. Y. Is it wrong for a young man who expects to enter the ministry to use a hired carriage Sunday evenings to drive a young lady—a professing Christian of the same denomination as himself—to church, and escort her home again, after he has preached as supply?

If it be absolutely necessary on account of distance and other conditions, that a carriage should be hired, it would be justifiable; but under no other circumstances would there be justification for doing what would involve Sunday labor on the part of another, any more than there would be in pleasure-riding on that day. The matter of escorting a lady to church certainly cannot be wrong, under the circumstances we have indicated.

G. E. Dunkeson, St. Joseph's, Mo. 1. When was Jerusalem destroyed the last time and by whom? 2. What is the meaning of Mathew 24th ch. and 19 verse. 3. Was the language that we now use in use or known at all when Christ was here?

1. In the year 614 A.D., Chosroes II. of Persia, surnamed "the Conqueror," captured Jerusalem, destroyed its churches and temples and the Holy Sepulchre. The most complete destruction was done by the Romans in A.D. 70. 2. This relates to the predicted siege and destruction of Jerusalem which took place about 37 years afterward. 3. No. The language of that part of Palestine and probably that which the Saviour and his disciples used, was Aramaic.

C. C. Caldwell, Glidden, Iowa. Why is not the Bible printed in conformity with grammatical rules? Why is the word "which" so often used in place of the word "who" and why is the practice continued in the Revised Version?

If you will refer to the list of suggestions made by the American Revisers which is published at the end of the Revised New Testament, you will see that they suggested the changes you mention. It is number seven on the list. The English Revisers, considering the terms on which they were appointed, did not feel justified in making the change, as they were instructed to follow the style of language in the authorized version and not to make any changes, except such as might be necessary to render the text clearer and more accurate in translation. The old English form of expression was therefore retained in deference to the conservative feeling of the public.

D. F. S., Ill. Send them to Chaplain Nave, Fort Niobrara, Neb.—Mary Williams, Marion, Ala. We are overcrowded with similar applications.—Trouble, Maplehurst. We know of none that we can safely recommend.—Mrs. Adams, Glindon, Mass. President Clara Barton of the Red Cross Society, can be addressed at Beaufort, S. C.—"Aunt Rachel's-store." Literary skill comes by long practice and although you might succeed, you should be slow to abandon a reliable field for one in which there are many disappointments. Ascertain which publication accepts manuscripts of the class to which yours belongs, and forward it to the editor.—Subscriber, Romeo, Mich. Between 420,000,000 and 430,000,000. See answer to F. V. T., Scottsburg, Ore., in issue of Nov. 1.—Harry W. Hubbard, Pana, Ill. Write to Harper's or Scribner's publishing houses in New York City.—W. C. Coon, Fort Madison, Iowa. We are already overcrowded with MSS.—S. M. S., De Soto, Iowa. It is so presumed, the other being probably an inferior race.

As these offers hold good only as long as our supply may last, prompt action is advisable. Subscribers whose terms expire at any time during the coming year, may now avail themselves of the Premium Offers, and have their terms extended one year by remitting the amounts named.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

In Tippoo Tib's Parlor.

THE illustration on this page represents a scene recently witnessed in the home of Tippoo Tib, the African potentate, on whose assistance Stanley mainly relied for reaching Emin Pasha on his expedition of rescue. An artist of the English journal *Black and White*, who has been exploring in Africa, waited on Tippoo Tib and found there Mr. and Mrs. Swann of the London Missionary Society conversing with the powerful chief. He took a photograph of the group, which we reproduce. Mr. Swann is the missionary who first obtained authentic information of the death of Emin Pasha. Being asked if he thought there was no hope of the news being false, Mr. Swann said that there was none. He received the information from men who knew Emin and had full details of his murder. They said that in passing through a native village, Emin had demanded a quantity of cloth, which represents money, from the people. It was refused and thereupon he seized it and in the struggle that ensued, Emin's men killed five of the natives. Soon afterward Emin was overpowered by a strong party and was killed in revenge. Mr. Swann has been travelling in Central Africa, with brief intervals, since 1882. He had charge of the expedition which carried the London Missionary's steamer, *Good News* to Lake Tanganyika. It was during that journey and his subsequent stay at the Lake, that he made the acquaintance of Tippoo Tib, who conceived a strong liking for him and gave him his protection. He would probably be much surprised at Mr. Swann's news of the killing of Emin, as he had so recently assisted Stanley to rescue him, andwell knew at what a cost of money and life the rescue had been effected. He would naturally wonder that having once been rescued with so much difficulty he should voluntarily return. It is not so much of a puzzle to us as it might be to Tippoo Tib, but we are often surprised at a similar temerity in spiritual matters which has not the excuse that Emin's had. It is when a man who has been spiritually enlightened and has understood that to rescue men from sin Christ gave his life, and has almost availed himself of the offer of salvation, returns to his sins. (Heb. 6: 4-6.)

TIPPOO TIB ENTERTAINING REV. AND MRS. SWANN AT STANLEY FALLS

A Fierce Fight in a Menagerie.

A desperate struggle took place in the tigers' cage in the Park menagerie at Providence, R. I., on October 18. A royal Bengal tiger, weighing about 350 pounds, was in the cage with his mate, a powerful tigress, as fierce as he. They were well known as the finest pair in captivity, and menagerie keepers from all parts of the country went to see them. That morning they appeared to be on good terms, although from the time they were first put in the same cage the tiger had been vicious and had frequently ill-used the tigress. His unwonted good humor was, however, of short duration. He struck her a blow with his heavy paw. In a moment she turned upon him with a ferocity equal to his own and they fought desperately. The tigress was getting the worst of the conflict, when she drew off to a corner of the cage, as if exhausted. But only for a moment. With a sudden spring she leaped on the tiger's back and tore at his throat savagely with her cruel claws. In less than a minute she had torn deep into his neck and he rolled over helpless, bleeding to death. The tigress had no mercy. She bit and tore until her adversary's head and neck were a shapeless mass, and when the keepers came, they found her crouched and panting, with her great paw proudly laid on the dead tiger's head. It was a terrible spectacle of brute passion, and it is dreadful to realize that a like nature exists in man, as we perceive that it does, by the details of some of the murders that are reported. It is stronger in some than others, but with all, there is the same need of a new birth by divine power through which alone our natures can be changed. (1 John 3: 15.)

A Natural Barometer.

A remarkable geological substance found in Finland is a stone which foretells by a change of color, the probable character of the weather in the near future—a natural barometer—known by the name of semakuir; and which is said to turn black shortly before an approaching rain, while in fine weather it is mottled with spots of white. For a long time, it appears, this interesting phenomenon was inexplicable, but on an analysis of the stone it was shown to be a fossil mixed with clay and containing a portion of rock salt and nitre. This fact being known, the explanation of the changes became easy; the salt, absorbing the moisture, turns black when the conditions are favorable for rain, while the dryness of the atmosphere must as naturally bring out the salt from the interior of the stone in white spots on the surface. Thus the mystery is explained and perhaps an analogous principle would explain the changes in the manner and conversation of some Christians in different social atmospheres, when the whole nature has not been given up to the transforming power of the Holy Spirit, the remains of the old nature are responsive to worldly influences and the man whose piety is conspicuous in church and prayer meeting is worldly in business and worldly society (Ezek 33:31).

A Magnanimous Wife.

An extraordinary instance of a wife's fidelity to a worthless husband is reported in a press dispatch from Bath, N. Y. Near that town lives a man who does no work, but lives on the money his wife earns by doing chores for the people of the neighborhood. She was returning home recently after her day's work when her husband met her and demanded money. She told him that she had not been paid. He did not believe her and insisted on her giving him the money. Finally he knocked her down and dragged her to the edge of the bridge on which they were standing and held her suspended over the canal a hundred feet below. Two men working near, rescued the woman from her brutal husband and proceeded to punish him for his brutality, when the woman seized a club which he had let fall and went to his assistance, vigorously belaboring her rescuers. They retired in disgust, and the man and his wife walked on along the railroad track. The dispute continued and the vile man seized his wife and threw her in front of an approaching train. A switchman saw the act and dragged her away, not a moment too soon to save her from death. He berated the husband and the latter attacked him, but was getting the worst of the fight when the wife again interfered and put the switchman to flight. He had the husband arrested, however, and he was put on trial. The wife was called as a witness, but she denied every charge that was made against her husband. Her evidence failed to save him, and he was convicted and sent to the penitentiary for four years. We are mysterious beings. This woman is faithful to her husband under the vilest ill-usage, yet the infinitely kind and loving God has comparatively few who say of him, "Though he slay me yet will I trust in him." (Job 13: 15).

An Omission in the Code.

It was supposed, when the code of signals for communication between vessels at sea was constructed, that every contingency had been provided for. It appears, however, that there was one omission. In an article on the code recently published, the circumstances which led to the discovery of the omission are narrated. It appears that the day before the Guion steamer *Arizona* collided with the iceberg off the shores of Newfoundland some years ago she met the *Anchoria* of the Anchor line. The captain of the *Anchoria* had seen several icebergs drifting across the track which the *Arizona* was taking and knew that she would be in danger of collision. He at once consulted his code to find the signal "Icebergs ahead." No such signal was in the book and before the words could be spelled out, the doomed ship was beyond signalling range The captain's apprehensions were verified. The *Arizona* struck on an iceberg and but for her watertight bulkheads would have gone to the bottom The omission in the code was soon afterward rectified, but it came near costing many lives. If the captain had happened to think of it, there was a signal on the code which might have served his purpose. It was the signal, "You are running into danger." If he had displayed that signal, the *Arizona*'s captain would have been put on the alert and the accident might have been averted. Ministers and Christian workers who are challenged to produce from the Bible specific condemnation of gambling, attending races, card-playing, etc., are unable to do so, but there is no difficulty in finding there the general warning which applies to all such pursuits, "You are running into danger." (Prov. 13: 20.)

Not Responsible for Panic.

The plaintiff in a suit against a railroad company in Philadelphia has been surprised by a judge's ruling. She is a lady, who, ten months ago was traveling on a street car, over a road which crosses the railway tracks at a level crossing. Just as the car reached the tracks the passengers were horrified by seeing a locomotive approaching at full speed. Instantly there was a panic. Every one rushed to the door to jump off. The lady went with the others, but she was crowded in the doorway and on reaching the platform was pushed off the car by terrified passengers behind her. She fell and was trodden on and severely injured. She therefore sued the company for damages. To her astonishment, the judge directed a nonsuit. He held that as there was no real danger of collision and the passengers would have been safe if they had kept their seats, they had no valid claim against the company for compensation for injuries resulting from their own panic. In the affairs of life the Christian sometimes suffers in the same way. If when calamity seems to be impending, while he is in the path of duty, he endeavors to save himself byworldly means instead of waiting for the salvation of God he is likely to fall into mischief. (Psa 37: 7.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Prof. Alfred Momerie, the distinguished Biblical scholar of London, delivered a powerful address on the irrationality of Agnosticisim a few days ago at Union Theological Seminary, New York.

Dr. Chapman s meetings at Georgetown, Ky., have been the largest ever known in that section. From fifteen hundred to two thousand people were present at the evening services. Dr. Brown of Louisville and Evangelist Bilhorn have been assisting in the work.

The Rev. Benjamin Griffith, D.D., of the American Baptist Publication Society, died a few days ago at his home in Upland, Penn. He was born in 1821, became a pastor in 1850, and was connected with the Publication Society from 1858 till the day of his death.

The American Bible Society has been notified by its agent in Rio Janeiro that its premises in that city have been injured by one of Admiral Mello's shells. He also states that the war has seriously retarded his work in other districts of the country.

The Christian Men's Union for Total Abstinence has been organized and legally incorporated under the laws of the State of New York. Its object is practically identical with the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The National Headquarters of the Union are at 433 Lexington ave., New York. It proposes to organize local unions in every town and county of the United States with men who abstain on Christian principles from intoxicating drinks. It is to be Inter-Denominational and non-political. The incorporators are John S. Huyler, Samuel H. Hadley, William Evans, George F. Langenbacher and Henry H. Hadley.

Rev. Benjamin Labaree, D.D., who was for many years a successful missionary in Western Persia, and has had charge of the revision in this country of the Syriac Bible, has been appointed Recording Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. Dr. Labaree is a profound scholar and a most indefatigable worker.

One of the results of the World's Fair Congress on Sunday Rest, in which Protestants and Catholics united, is an organization of men in Chicago to aid in securing Sunday as a day of rest by pledging themselves not to buy anything on that day. The movement has the support of the Retail Clerks' Association, and of many merchants who have heretofore kept open doors on Sunday.

Rev. Jacob Freshman, pastor of the Hebrew Christian Church in New York, has been helping Rev. E.O. McFarland of Newark, N. J., in very successful revival services. One of the press notices of the meetings says: "Mr. Freshman is a remarkable preacher, having a profound religious experience. Knowing the rigor of the law, he preaches it most forcibly, yet lovingly. He imparts his intense convictions to his hearers."

Rev. B. Fay Mills went to Scranton, Pa., for a series of services after closing at Binghampton, N. Y. At the latter place no less than twenty churches united in the movement, and a temporary building capable of accommodating four thousand persons was erected for the work. Even this was not large enough and overflow meetings were held in the First Presbyterian Church. On one Sunday evening the Electric Railroad Company suspended its service and the conductors and motormen occupied seats in the building. On Oct. 17 the Mayor issued a proclamation requesting suspension of business for "religious purposes."

CHAPTER XVI.

VANITY AND VEXATION OF SPIRIT.

IN the old library at the Park Mrs. Dangerfield and Yolante sat together. They had been talking of Guy and Yolante said, "Then he has known it all the time?"

"Yes, he has known it for some time, and has seen that it would be best to remain silent. It is a great load off my mind. I hardly expected so much sense and good feeling from Guy. Yolante, what have you in your mind? You look as if this knowledge had brought no comfort to you."

"In one way it has not," answered the girl bitterly. "One cannot help thinking what might have been, if we had taken Guy into our confidence from the first."

"It would doubtless have saved us some anxiety and trouble of mind, but beyond [illegible]—"

But Yolante was not even listening. "Does [illegible] all—everything?" she asked abruptly, and her eyes rested upon the carved work of the old secretary in a fashion that was not to be mistaken."

The color rose slowly in Mrs. Dangerfield's face, which had lost something of its accustomed healthy tint, and roundness of contour, but her eyes had regained their old calm directness of gaze, and the nervous hesitancy and agitation of manner which had distressed those who knew her best whilst she had been ill, had now almost entirely disappeared.

"I did not think it needful to enter into more detail than was necessary, or to complicate matters needlessly," was the steady answer. "Guy knew that he had a claim, and made up his mind not to exercise it, feeling as no one could help doing, who fully understood the family history of the past years, that Monk's moral claim was stronger than any legal quibble. As he has said to me since—if he had intended to speak at all, he ought to have done so at once, before Monk engaged himself to Joyce. I quite agree to this. It would be a cruel thing to disturb his possession now. Nor do I believe that any number of documents such as the ones to which you allude, would shake his determination."

"But still the fact remains that he does not know he was meant in the will which our grandfather drew up? He believes that Monk was the Guy Monkswold named there?"

"Possibly—I am really not responsible for his private opinions."

"And he thinks that we have been in total ignorance all this time!"

Mrs. Dangerfield felt slightly irritated. Hitherto Yolante had always shown the good sense and good taste to avoid needless allusions to a subject that could not but be painful. Why she was now so determined to put everything in the most unvarnished colors, just when things really were growing comfortable at last, was more than her mother could imagine.

"He thinks exactly what he chooses, and what is for his best happiness," was the sharp reply. "Really, Yolante, I do not know why you talk so oddly to-day."

The girl heaved a long sigh, and passed her hand across her eyes.

"I hardly know myself—only I had a vague hope that I was going to get free of this horrid black weight that has been shadowing my life so long, and now it seems almost blacker than ever: for whilst Guy is acting with the [illegible] —well, we will not further explain what we are doing."

Mrs Dangerfield turned a searching and almost angry look upon her daughter. "Yolante, you are strangely unlike yourself to-[illegible]. What [illegible]? And are you [illegible]. It [illegible]

There was no mirth in the girl's smile, as she sat looking into the fire, bearing her mother's close scrutiny with the greatest indifference.

"I can soon explain what I mean, and you will see that I do not speak without due warrant. I threw away the love of two faithful and honest hearts, partly through pride, but more because I could no longer feel myself an honest woman, and I dreaded that some day they should discover all, and my complicity, and repent that they had ever loved a being who had fallen so low."

Rising abruptly, as if she were afraid of breaking down if she said more, Yolante made her way to Monk, who was now promoted to the drawing-room sofa, and allowed to go about the house pretty much at will. He had not yet been out of doors, as the keen winds of early spring were still blowing from the east: but he looked almost himself again, was gaining flesh and color, and had quite regained his old cheery buoyancy of spirit since Guy had begun to come backwards and forwards to the house. Guy did not return there to live—his own work tied him to his quarters in the riverside house and as Monk's marriage was talked of for the ensuing summer, it would have been foolish to disturb himself again: but he came and went at will now, and it was admitted on all hands that some misunderstanding had been cleared up since Monk had come to the full possession of his faculties.

Monk was alone, with Cissy's dachshund for a companion.

"I did not know you were by yourself, Monk. Has Guy not come over yet?"

"No, he said he should be busy to-day. I daresay he will look in later on, when Geoffrey comes."

"I should almost have thought you were able to dispense with regular attendance from Geoffrey now," remarked Yolante, as she seated herself at her tapestry frame, "You don't look much like the invalid now."

"No, thank goodness—I believe I could try a fall with Geoffrey now and not come off so very badly: but—" and here a mischievous smile lighted Monk's eyes—"I suspect I am not the only cause of these daily visits."

Yolante looked suddenly up, her cheek flushing as she did so, and a great throb of hope setting all her pulses racing. Then she bent over her frame and said, "You are mysterious, Monk."

He laughed in his good-humored fashion. "Well I think that's about the first time in my life that I've had that adjective applied to me. And certainly there seems uncommonly little mystery about this business."

Yolante stitched away diligently, as if her work absorbed all her attention. Monk continued speaking, lazily pulling the dog's soft ears the while. "I must say I feel uncommonly glad. I always did think Geoffrey a right good fellow, and since he's been so good to poor old Guy, when he was down on his luck, I've liked him even better. I always did think he would be the best kind of a brother for one of my sisters to give me. The fun of it is to think that little Cissy is a grown-up young lady, whom fellows are falling in love with."

Monk laughed at the notion, and Yolante sat drawing her needle in and out, but without making the least progress in her work. It was rather as if someone had dashed a pitcher of ice water in her face. She felt numb and cold, and rather wondered if it were not all some bad dream. Cissy—the sister she had looked upon as a mere child hardly out of the nursery (for whilst Yolante had always been old for her age, Cissy had been content to remain a child as long as possible) that this little insignificant sister with her unformed ways and childish mind should have succeeded where she—the thought was intolerable, it was not to be borne. She was glad that Monk was speaking again. Perhaps it was all one of his teasing jests.

"I'm not surprised though. I never knew till I was ill what a capital nurse and companion little Cissy could be. I suppose it has been waiting on Humphrey all her life that has given her such a turn for it. I know when I was bad, I'd rather have her about me than any of those trained women, though they were awfully kind and clever, too. I used to see how Geoffrey would watch her—and how he would follow her about with his eyes when she moved across the room. It was the first thing that I began to notice and take an interest in—and it was so pretty to see how unconscious she was all the time. But I think it is beginning to dawn upon her now."

"She is such a child," said Yolante with dry lips.

"Well, she seems so to us—though she's no child in a sick room. You're more the child there, madam, let me tell you. But she is nearly eighteen, and not too young to be wooed, as she will very soon find out. I do not think her little heart will be very hard where Geoffrey is concerned. And she is just the one woman in the world for him—even such a fellow as I can see that."

"I should have expected Geoffrey to look for more character."

Monk laughed, and turned to look at Yolante. "It strikes me that the little one has a good deal more character than some of us have given her credit for, quite enough to make her husband happy. There is such a thing, my dear, as a little too much of that valuable commodity. You know I fancied once that Geoffrey had his thoughts turned in another direction (when Cissy really was little more than a child) but he got frightened by what he saw and heard. Have you heard the expression 'A hurricane in petticoats'? Well, there are women like that—and as a rule after a bit, we poor placable men rather fight shy of them, though they're generally the best looking of the whole race—worse luck."

Yolante was silent: she knew that this was Monk's first and possibly last allusion to the attitude she had adopted towards Guy, of which of course he had been aware, though he had been peculiarly reticent upon the subject, his masculine reserve and sound sense alike telling him that the least said the soonest mended. All was right now—he did not exactly know how and never cared to ask—and this was just one little fraternal hit, which she saw through, and accepted with unwonted humility. Yet all the time she felt as if a fire raged within, and though she sat at her frame, she started at every sound, and when Cissy came in presently with her hands full of flowers which she began arranging in the vases of the room, her sister's dark eyes were fixed upon her with a glance of the keenest scrutiny.

Yes, there was no denying it, Cissy was a very fair young maiden, with a sweet, fresh, unconscious beauty that had in it something fragrant and flower-like. No scorching passions had swept over it to destroy its dewy freshness, no idle trifling had rubbed the bloom from the tender fruition of a first young love. Yolante looked and saw and realised the gulf that lay between her sister and herself—so little different in years and in surroundings, and her heart felt suddenly crushed and dead. Again it was forced upon her that she had chosen—and lost, and a bitter wave of self-condemnation surged over her heart.

There was another sound outside. The door opened to admit Geoffrey and Guy. The latter went straight over to Monk, the former to Cissy, as if he had eyes for her alone. Yolante in the shadow of the curtain, and half concealed by her frame was not observed by either. She was free to look on and judge for herself of the truth of Monk's surmise.

Yes, it was all true—there was no mistaking it—the earnest tender depth of his glance, the trusting sweetness of hers. Old friends and comrades they might be, but that look in their eyes was due to no feeling of mere good fellowship and *camaraderie*. It was something deeper, purer, holier than that, and Yolante suddenly rising from her seat slipped noiselessly out into the garden. She felt unable to bear the sight of it longer.

"Lost, lost, everything lost—thrown away in blind wilfulness. I am the most miserable girl in all the world, and the sting of it all is that I have so richly deserved it—have brought it all deliberately on myself."

A picnic had been planned for the next day. The party was to celebrate Monk's recovery by a journey to an old ruined castle picturesquely situated at the head a deep gorge, lined with great trees. Yolante was not in the mood for pleasure, but the consequence of her refusal to go would have been questions and explanations, and these Yolante was anxious to avoid. She, therefore, went with the party, but when they went to look for an old grotto in which a gypsy was said to be living, Yolante wandered gloomily away by herself along the gorge which as a child she had often visited.

She was recalling somewhat bitterly the promise of those days, and wondering how it was that everything seemed to turn to ashes beneath her touch Everybody else was happy—she had seen Geoffrey and Cissy wandering along the opposite bank of the ravine, lost in their own happiness and one another. Monk and Joyce were now so absorbed in each other that there seemed no place for her in her brother's heart, and he had never been quite the same to her since she had helped to drive and keep Guy from the Park. Even Norman and Cicely had not noticed when she drew away from them. She, who used to be such a power wherever she went, now appeared to be superflous in any company. Nobody loved her, nobody wanted her. She was one of those many superfluous women of the world, who seem to have no place save in the butterfly round of fashion. When once that whirl was over, her occupation was gone: and this year she had not even had the satisfaction of a London season.

"There is no room for me in the world," was the melancholy conclusion she reached, "it would be much better if I were out of it. I do not think there is a creature here who would miss me."

By this time she had reached a very lonely part of the ravine, having wandered in an opposite direction from the bridge where it could be crossed. Down below in the water she saw growing some very beautiful flags, and thought she should like to have some to take home for the decoration of her room. The bank was very high and precipitous, but Yolante thought she could make her way down without very much difficulty.

There was no path of any kind, but she plunged down boldly, clinging to the young willow saplings, and slipping sometimes as the sandy ground gave way beneath her feet, or the loose stones rolled as she stepped upon them, and fell with a crash and splash into the torrent below. Presently it began to dawn upon her that she had tried a descent beyond her skill, and as she found that the ravine in this place actually overhung the rapid stream below, it seemed hopeless to try and descend in that place, and she attempted to regain her former level. But this she found to be actually impossible. There was no foothold in the yielding sand. The shrubs would not stand the strain put upon them when she tried to raise herself by them. One to which she was clinging gave way in her grasp, and with a sharp cry of terror and despair she felt herself falling—falling—slipping and sliding without the power to save herself.

But there was a stunted willow somewhat stronger than its fellows directly in the path of her descent, and with the tenacity of despair she clung to its tough boughs, and felt herself stopped in her downward race. But she saw at a glance the peril of her position. Once let her grasp of this frail support relax, and she must fall helplessly into a deep dark pool into which the torrent widened out at this point. Grasping the boughs with frantic force, and clutching at them too with her feet, Yolante shrieked aloud for help.

To her immense relief her shout was answered—by what voice she did not know and could not think—but, alas! the voice came from the opposite side of the torrent. She hid her face and did not even try to see, absorbed in the frightful strain of holding herself up till help could reach her.

"Hold on—hold on for a few minutes. I am coming," cried the voice, and next moment a loud splash told her that the river was no obstacle to her rescuer. Next came the sound of scrambling and climbing, and after what seemed almost endless suspense, Yolante felt her hands grasped and herself drawn up little by little to a ledge above, where she found herself face to face with Guy.

He was pale at first, his face set in lines that told of anxious strain, but when once he saw her in safety, these relaxed, and he almost laughed as he shook his head and said,

"O, Yolante, Yolante, what did you mean by getting yourself in such a hobble. It makes me giddy to think of it."

But she could not speak, and he saw that she had better be got into a place of greater safety before her nerve gave way. He had seen from the opposite bank the track of an old pathway, and bit by bit they traced it out till they stood on the top of the bank again, and Yolante sank down burying her face in her hands.

"O, Guy, Guy, Guy," she cried in great tearless sobs, "to think that after all that has happened I should owe my life to you. What can I do? What shall I do? O, I never thought of such a thing as that."

But Guy did not understand. He thought she was upset by her fright and only laughed her out of her tragic mood.

(To Be Continued.)

Note.—"The Story of a Secret," by Evelyn Everett-Green, will be published when completed in this journal by Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago and Toronto. Price, $1.50.

What the Story Did.

GREAT was the peril of Dr. Jacob Chamberlain, of the Arcot Mission, India, in a walled town in Hyderabad. The natives, in a rage at his telling of a different God from theirs, bade him leave at once. He replied that he had a message which he must first give; but they declared that if he should say another word he would be instantly killed. He saw them standing with arms filled with paving stones, and heard them say to one another, "You throw the first stone, and I will throw the next;" but he lifted his heart to him who can subdue man's angry passions, and asked leave to 'tell them a story," with the understanding that then, if they pleased, they might stone him.

It was the "old, old story" that he told them, beginning with the birth of Jesus. When he spoke of the Cross, and explained that the agony there suffered was for each one of them, they listened with wonder. Surely God was speaking through the words of the missionary. Their anger ceased, their hearts were touched, they threw down their heavy stones. After telling of Jesus Christ's cry, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" of his resurrection and ascension to heaven, and of the glorious offer of salvation for all, Dr. Chamberlain said he was done—now they might stone him. But he had nothing to fear, for those men, lately infuriated, were weeping. They gathered around to buy his books, that they might read for themselves of these wonderful things.

DUCAL OCULISTS.

The correspondent of a society paper says that Duke Carl Theodore of Bavaria is a most charitable man and an extremely clever oculist. He has established three hospitals for persons suffering from disease of the eyes—one at Meran, one on the Tegernsee, where he passes most of his time, and one at Munich. He makes no charge for poor patients, but at the door there is a box into which those who can afford it are expected to place contributions for the good of the poor of the place. The Duke is a general in the Bavarian army, and is the brother of the Empress of Austria. His eldest daughter is the Duchess Sophie, who has inherited her father's skill, and is his principal assistant in his work as an oculist. The Duke always enters his consulting-room by seven o'clock in the morning, and the young Duchess takes her share in soothing the sufferers, and enters with enthusiasm into the charitable work. As an example of the Duke's skill, he recently removed a splinter of iron from the eye of an iron-turner, an operation which had defied the skill of several other oculists. The Duke is the heir presumptive to the throne of the palatinate of Bavaria, as his elder brother, Ludwig, who married a commoner, has renounced his right. Such conduct is unusual among dukes and princes. As a rule they are not famous for opening the eyes of their subjects metaphorically or physically.

CALLING THE FLOCK.

An illustration of a passage of Scripture not generally understood was witnessed in the province of Aran, Northern Africa, by Mr. Barrow, a missionary to the Jews. He writes: "I was travelling in the diligence from a place inland to a town on the coast. All was quiet in that little place as we jumped out of the diligence. There was no one in sight until quite suddenly an Arab appeared, and planting himself in the middle of the street of houses which formed the town, took out from the folds of his robe a little bamboo whistle or pipe, and began to play upon it. I could not think what he meant, but as he piped I saw to my astonishment some cows coming from one direction, some goats from another, and from all directions they came and gathered round the man. It was the voice of the shepherd calling the flock to him, that he might lead it out to pasture. When the whole flock was gathered he led them away, walking before them until he disappeared beyond our vision. As I watched the shepherd I realized for the first time the meaning of Zech. 10:8 that prophecy so dear to my people which, correctly interpreted, reads: 'I will pipe for them and gather them,' and it refers to the action of the shepherd who pipes sweet music to his flock calling them to him."

A FREE GIFT OF OLIVE WOOD.

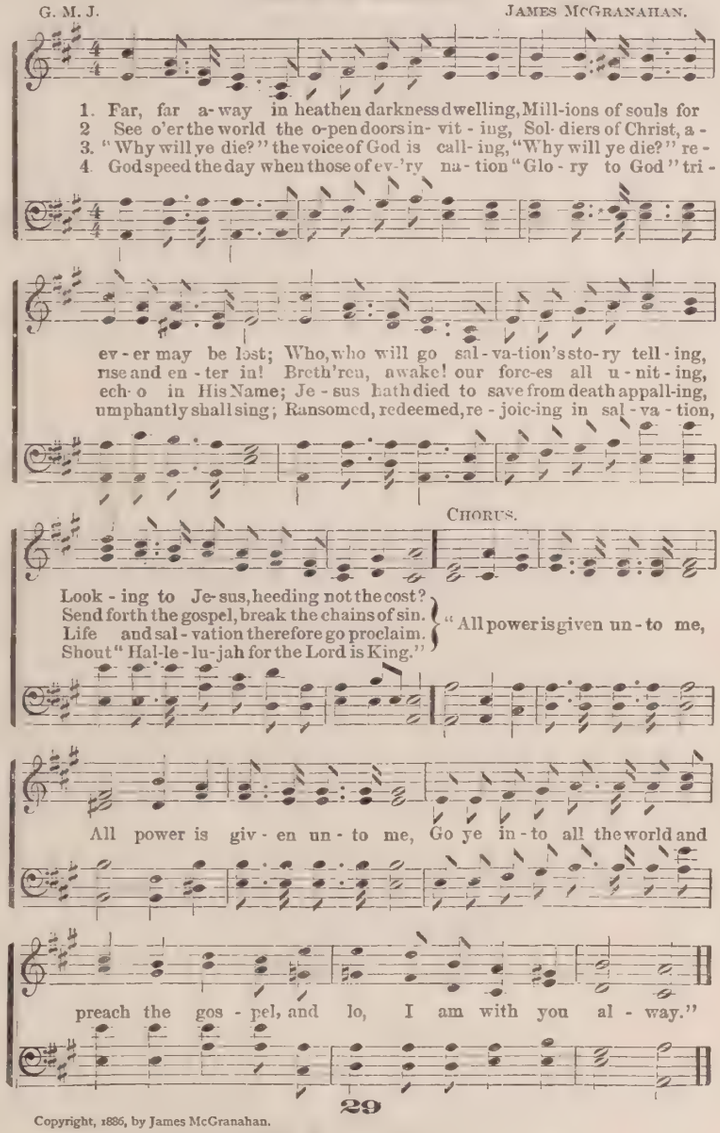
To any one of our readers who will send us the names and full addresses of twenty-five church officers, church members, or Sunday School workers, no two being of the same family, we will send a beautiful section of Olive-Wood cut from the Mount of Olives, polished by native workmen in Jerusalem and bearing on its face in English and Hebrew characters the name of the Holy City.

Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

No. 27. Go Ye Into all the World.

MATT. 28: 18. MARK 16: 15.

G. M. J. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. Far, far a-way in heathen darkness dwelling, Mill-ions of souls for
2 See o'er the world the o-pen doors in- vit - ing, Sol- diers of Christ, a -
3. "Why will ye die?" the voice of God is call- ing, "Why will ye die?" re -
4. God speed the day when those of ev-'ry na- tion "Glo - ry to God" tri -
ev - er may be lost; Who, who will go sal - va-tion's sto-ry tell - ing,
rise and en - ter in! Breth'ren, awake! our forc-es all u - nit - ing,
ech- o in His Name; Je - sus hath died to save from death appall-ing,
umphantly shall sing; Ransomed, redeemed, re - joic-ing in sal - va - tion,
CHORUS.
Look - ing to Je- sus, heeding not the cost?
Send forth the gospel, break the chains of sin.
Life and sal - vation therefore go proclaim.
Shout "Hal-le - lu-jah for the Lord is King."
"All power is given un - to me,
All power is giv - en un - to me, Go ye in - to all the world and
preach the gos - pel, and lo, I am with you al - way."

29

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"IF THOU HADST KNOWN!"

"When He beheld the city He wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known. . . ."—Luke xix. 41, 42.

"IF thou hadst known!" so spake the Saviour Lord [Word,
To those who spurned his pure, life-giving
As o'er Jerusalem his tears were poured—
"If thou hadst known!"

"If thou hadst known!" heaven-chosen, favored race,
What meant the lifting on thee of his face,
Thou could'st not have despised such wondrous grace,
"If thou hadst known."

Lord, make us know, "while it is called to-day,"
The things that to our peace belong, and may
We never hear Thee, sorrowing o'er us, say,
"if thou hadst known."

And when we reach the presence of the King,
"The half hath not been told," our hearts shall sing,
Such joy had borne us, as on eagle wing,
If we had known.

Shanghai. ALICE JANE MUIRHEAD.

THE SOUL'S ANCHORAGE.

NOW I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

O Love, thou bottomless abyss,
My sins are swallowed up in thee!
Covered is my unrighteousness
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy—free, boundless mercy—cries.

By faith I plunge me in this sea;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee;
I look into my Saviour's breast:
Away, sad doubt and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that's written here.

From a translation by J. WESLEY,

THE PLAN OF THE VISION.

The Structure of the Book of the Revelation and the Arrangement of Times.

BY THE LATE SIR S. A. BLACKWOOD.*

Continued from page 729.

THE duplication of visions is in accordance with what appears to be the Divine plan in foretelling future events, if we may judge from other examples. Such, for instance, was the method employed when, in his dreams, Joseph foresaw his exaltation to be head over his brethren. It was revealed to him in the double visions of the sheaves and the stars. So again in the case of the dreams of Pharaoh concerning the seven years of plenty aad the seven years of famine, which were made known to him under the symbolic forms of the seven fat and lean kine, and the seven good and bad ears. And on that occasion we are told the reason for the double revelation, "For that the dream was doubled unto Pharaoh twice, it is because the thing is established by God, and God will shortly bring it to pass." It was to indicate the absolute certainty of accomplishment of the things revealed.

It is, therefore, reasonable to expect that, when communicating to his servants in the Churches the things which were shortly to come to pass, and which were to end in the completion of the mystery of God, and the establishment of Christ's kingdom forever, a similar method would be adopted, and a double prefiguration of the future be vouchsafed. And such we find to be the case. The Revelation declares the future history of the Church militant here on earth, and of that part of the world which had been the subject of previous prophecies, in a twofold series of visions, for "the thing is established."

The structure of that part of the Book which deals with the things which were to happen immediately after the then existing condition of the churches is, I believe, as follows: (The scene and action recorded in the fourth and fifth chapters are introductory to the actually prophetic portion, which accordingly commences with the opening of the first seal, as recorded in the sixth chapter.)

The seven seals, the seventh of which expands into the seven trumpets, ending with the "last trump," under which the assumption of power by the Lord Jesus Christ, the resurrection, and judgment take place.

Seven signs (the first two and the last of which are thus designated, the intervening ones being left to be discovered); the seventh expanding into the seven vials, ending with the completion of the mystery ("It is done,") the fall of great Babylon, and the final "shaking" of all things.

Both series end, it will be observed, with the "great hail" (ch. 11: 19; 16: 21).

These two sets of visions are followed by the explanation of the mystery of Babylon given in ch. 17; the fuller delineation of her fall in ch. 18; the marriage of the Lamb and the victorious advent of the King of kings in ch. 19; the millennium and first and second resurrections and judgment of the great white throne in ch. 20; and the manifestation of the Church, in chs. 21 and 22.

It will at once be seen that this view of the structure of the Apocalypse differs in one important respect from that which has so long been held with practical unanimity by Protestant interpreters, who have regarded the book as consisting, in its main prophetic portion, of three septenaries, or series of seven visions—the seven seals, the seven trumpets, the seven vials. To that theory the very serious objection attaches that, whereas the trumpet series concludes at the end of ch. 11, the next series, that of the vials, does not commence till ch. 15, thus making a great gap or break in the order of the book.

I now subjoin the following enumeration of the seven signs, mentioned above taken from Garrett's "Commentary on the Revelation," wherein he expounds the view which, so far as I am aware, he was the first to set forth.

First sign (and thus designated). The woman clothed with the sun, ch. 12: 1-2.

Second sign (and thus designated). The ten-horned wild beast, ch. 12: 3-17 and 18: 1-10.

Third sign. The beast with the lamb-like horns, ch. 13: 11-18.

Fourth sign. The 144,000 on Mount Zion, ch. 14: 1-5

Fifth sign. The three angels flying through the midst of heaven, ch. 14: 6-13.

The sixth sign. The harvest and the vintage, ch. 14: 14-20.

The seventh sign (and thus designated.) The seven angels having the seven last plagues, chs. 15 and 16.

*From a recent article in the London *Christian*

THANKSGIVING:

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week beginning Nov. 26 Ps. 68: 19; 92: 1-5.

WHILE it is ever true that the thanksgiving most acceptable to God is a humble, pure and beneficent life, no man can realize in the slightest degree his obligations to God, without desiring to offer vocal thanks to him. A human benefactor who gives a library, or a park to his town, is pleased if he sees that his gift is used and enjoyed, but he would think the beneficiaries strangely lacking in gratitude if they forgot him and took his gift without thanking the giver. We can conceive of God only through ourselves and of our duty to him only as we perceive our duty to our fellow man. Toward one who confers benefits upon us we look with grateful affection and would feel ashamed of our neglect of duty if we failed to thank him for his kindness. Yet, as a great divine has said, all our thanks to man are like thanking the clouds for rain. Our thanks are due to him who sends the clouds The Christian, who has entered into the closer relation to God, is especially under the obligation of thankfulness. He knows more of God than others do and he owes him more. He knows enough of himself to be profoundly conscious that it is not by his own merits, nor by his own power, that he has attained the high position of sonship of God. He differs from the savage, from the cultured Hindoo, from the sceptical philosopher and from the degraded criminal, not by his superior wisdom, but by the circumstances of his birth and education and by the power of the Holy Spirit, the gift of God. His position and his hope of future blessedness both urge him to offer thanks to God with heartfelt gratitude. Knowing whence his blessings come, he cannot be silent regarding them.

It is well that as a nation we set apart a day every year for this purpose and it would be still better if we did not so frequently forget the purpoe for which it is set apart. As a people we should thank God for our national blessings, not taking them as matters of course or as the products of our own effort. "Except the Lord keep the city the watchman waketh but in vain." Knowing and realizing this fact the Christian part of our nation ought to set the example of recognizing the Source of national blessing and offering thanks. It is not only in seasons of national and personal prosperity that thanks should be offered. Adversity in both cases calls for thankfulness. In national and personal experience the time of darkness and sorrow has again and again been the time of richest spiritual benefit, so that we have had to say, as did the patriarch, "The Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." It is in this constant recognition of the divine nearness and unremitting beneficence, in infinite variety of forms, that faith grows and strengthens. To forget God is to die spiritually and to come before him daily with petitions, offering no word of thanks for past and present kindnesses is to behave toward him as we would not behave toward one to whom we owe infinitely less. Therefore we adopt the words of the Psalmist and say, "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord and sing praises unto thy name, O Most High!"

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A CANADIAN CIRCLE.

The beneficent work of the King's Daughters is seen nowhere more conspicuously than in the Dominion. One circle, meeting at Chatham, Ont., is a specimen of many others. Miss L. Sandys, the secretary, in describing the work of the year in a report to the Headquarters of the Order, says: "We have furnished and endowed a room in the new general hospital. This room is called the King's Daughters' room. The furniture is of oak, except the bedstead, which is of iron, enameled in white, the dainty curtains, and pretty fawn and brown rug, giving a home-like, cheerful appearance, and doing away largely with the usual bareness of our hospital rooms. The members have subscribed and endowed their room, which entitles them to a free bed in the hospital for any deserving case requiring such assistance.

One of our "scattered members," who has gone out as a missionary to the "Rupert's Land School," writes to say that she has organized a Circle among the Indian girls there, and is much encouraged by the good results. Our Circle has purchased an organ for the Home for the Friendless, and some of the members go out each Thursday to assist in the usual weekly services."

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THE NEW BROOKLYN BRANCH.

The rapid growth during the last few years of the city of Brooklyn, N. Y., has demanded increased effort and greater facilities on the part of the Young Men's Christian Association. Neither the elevated roads nor the improved surface-car service make the Central Association the home for the young men in the outlying districts that an Association should be. Several prominent residents of the Twenty-sixth Ward have realized the fact and have co-operated with the Central Association in establishing a branch in that ward. The building, of which a picture appears on this page, is the result of their efforts. It was ready for occupancy on November 1st, and through the kindly interest and help of the ladies of the ward, is being thoroughly and tastefully furnished. The building is situated on the corner of Pennsylvania and Liberty Avenues, in the centre of a population of a hundred thousand souls. It is four stories high, and is built of wood and galvanized iron. In the basement are the gymnasium, running track and swimming bath. On the second floor the Secretaries' offices, the parlors, class-rooms and reading room. The third floor is given up to public meeting-rooms and the auditorium. On the fourth floor are the janitor's apartments and a meeting-room for general purposes. The entire structure is 100 feet long and fifty feet wide; it is fitted up with all the latest improvements and will be a valuable acquisition to the new section of the city.

THE NEW BRANCH Y. M. C. A., PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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A NEW COURSE OF STUDY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

The American Institute of Sacred Literature announces its usual correspondence courses for the year, in the Hebrew, the New Testament Greek and the English Bible. This department of the Institute work goes steadily on from year to year, graduating a goodly number annually, and enrolling about the same number. The work is of such a thorough, scholarly character that it cannot increase faster than the desire of the people to devote time and earnest mental effort to the study of the Bible.

Many plans for widening the field of the Institute work are under consideration. Among these a plan of Bible study for the numerous organizations for Christian work, notably the Young People's Societies.

Two great advantages of this plan are that the time required is but fifteen minutes a day, and that the cost is but fifty cents a year. Further, the course embraces four years of work, covering in that time the entire Bible under four great subjects, viz: The Life of Christ, the Founding of the Christian Church, Old Testament History and Prophecy, and Old Testament Legislation and Poetry. No books are required save the Revised Version of the Bible, and a small Bible Dictionary, everywhere available. The work may be done by individuals or in clubs. No leader is required, as the Institute supplies all directions for work, question sheets, etc., and reports are made directly to the headquarters of the Institute. A specimen of the first month's work may be obtained by addressing the office of the Institute, Hyde Park, Chicago, Ills. Dr. William R. Harper, Principal.

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THE THREE C'S

An earnest appeal to the Baptist Young People's Unions to take up the Christian Culture Courses was made by Dr. W. H. Stifler at the recent convention at Aberdeen, S. D. In the course of his address describing the respective advantages of the three lines of study he said: As to the first line of study, the Word of God, "This is of first importance. Long ago the immortal Chrysostom said, 'Herein is the cuse of much ill, that the Scriptures are so poorly understood.' A clear and intelligent knowledge of the Bible is the sheet-anchor of our denominational life. If our young people early learn to know the Scriptures they cannot be carried about with every wind of doctrine. He who who would refute or even withstand the opinions of men must know the word of God as few of our young people do, until they have given heed to Paul's exhortation to the young man Timothy, "Give attendance to reading." No man can have spiritual power who does not have an intelligent conception of what the Bible teaches. And as knowledge increases, power may increase. I have said "may increase" deliberately. Knowledge in and of itself has no power. More than that, it may be a power for evil as well as for good.

"Our second line of studies is to take us to the mission fields where this Bible is winning its victories in turning the people from nature's darkness to God's marvelous light and from the power of Satan unto God. Our young people are to know our mission fields as they know their own church field. They are to know the noble men and women of God who have not counted their own lives dear unto themselves that they might finish their course with joy, and the ministry they received to testify the gospel of the grace of God.

"We take our third line of studies in the fields of sacred literature. Our Bible has a history. This history our young people are to know. Here they will learn that not only that 'Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost,' but that God has preserved in a most marvelous way that which was written, and has given us as clear confirmation of the reliability of these sacred records as we should have if we saw them written before our own eyes. As our young people roam through these fields of sacred literature they will be more and more convinced that we do not follow cunningly devised fables in following that which Moses and the prophets did write.

"These lines of reading will lead to two beneficent ends: they will equip us for service. They will keep us out of the quagmires of error and superstition Our motto is to be, "We study that we may serve."

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AMONG THE ORDERS

A project has been started by the Christian Endeavor Societies of the Reformed Church to send an Endeavor missionary to Japan. To accomplish it ten dollars a year will have to be contributed by every Society in connection with a Reformed church in America.

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At the annual meeting of the Baptist Young People's Unions of New York State at Oswego, the report of the secretary showed that associational unions have now been organized in seventeen of the associations of the State, and unions are in process of organization in several other associations.

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The sailors whose ships touch at San Francisco are looked after by the Christian Endeavor Societies. A sociable for them is provided every Thursday evening by some of the societies in the city and a society at Berkeley, Cal., collects papers and magazines to be distributed on board of vessels.

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At the anniversary of the Baptist Young People's Union of Philadelphia a few days ago, Rev. A. M. Brinckle retired from the Presidency in which he has rendered excellent service for three years. Rev. Frank M. Goodchild was elected as his successor.

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The Epworth Leagues of East Tennessee have been holding an enthusiastic Convention. Among the addresses were three on different aspects of the League. Bishop Joyce viewed it from the bishop's standpoint; the local minister from the pastor's standpoint and a representative layman from the layman's standpoint.

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Three new Young Women's Associations have been organized. They are at Lincoln, Neb., Mt. Holyoke College, South Hadley, Mass., and Illinois Female College, Jacksonville, Ill.

✠

At the great rally of the Christian Endeavor Societies of Boston, Mass., held recently in the Union Congregational Church, over a thousand Endeavorers were present, representing the majority of the churches in the union.

✠

At the twenty-first convention of the Illinois Young Men's Christian Associations over $6,200 was raised for the work of the State committee, though only $5,000 was asked for. At the young men's meeting on Sunday seventy-two young men signed cards saying they desired to live a Christian life.

✠

At the forty-second annual meeting of the Y. M. C. A. of Washington, D. C., fifty-seven young men were elected to membership, and the religious work committee reported an average attendance of 176 at Gospel meetings on Sunday afternoons. There were 175 requests for prayer and eighty conversions were reported.

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The Epworth League at Pearl street Church, Brockton, Mass., under the direction of the pastor, Rev. J. E. Johnson, holds a monthly missionary meeting. Some of the leaguers and converts who have been organized into a praying band go into the homes of the irreligious to read, talk, pray, and persuade them to better things.

Family Life in Corea.

A Country where Woman's Lot is a Hard One—A Great Gospel Field.

STRICTLY speaking, there is no family life in Corea—in unevangelized households, at least. Missionaries who have had ample opportunities to become familiar with the social life of the people, have concluded that a Corean woman has no recognized moral existence. She is never made the companion or equal of man, has no distinctive name, her childhood's appellation being dropped the moment she becomes a woman. "After her marriage," writes William Elliot Griffis, in his book entitled: "Corea, the Hermit Nation," "her name is buried! Her own parents allude to her by the name of the district or ward in which she has married. Her parents-in-law speak of her by the name of the place in which she lived before marriage. When she has children, she is 'the mother of so-and-so.'" She does farm labor, even the meanest and eats what is left after the men laborers make their meal. She carries the heavier load to market. Among the upper classes, it is true, her condition is somewhat better, but the same lack of recognition is apparent. Her children are separated after the age of 8 or 10, the boys being taught that it is wrong to enter that part of the house where their sisters are, and the girls that they must never be seen by their brothers. The father rarely converses with his wife and then only as though she were a creature far beneath him. The women, after marriage, are practically prisoners and dare not even look out of their windows on the streets without the permission of their lords. Instances are on record where fathers have cruelly killed their daughters, husbands their wives, and wives have committed suicide, because strangers have simply touched them with their fingers. Corean women have little to do with the choice of a husband, the entire arrangement being made between the fathers of the young people on either side, even to the appointment of a wedding-day, which is generally set, after consulting the astrologers. Women are frequently married at thirteen. On the wedding-day, a platform is erected in the bridegroom's house, and decorated with rich woven draperies. A crowd of friends assembles and in their presence the young couple, who probably never met before, bow profoundly to each other, on the platform. The bride bows four times to her father-in-law and twice to the groom and the latter four times to the bride. This is the entire ceremony, and it is followed by feasting and amusement. Throughout the whole day, the bride must preserve absolute silence. She signs the *hon-sechi* or wedding document and if unable to write her name, spreads out one hand and with a pencil traces the outlines of the fingers. On the ring finger she wears two golden circlets in token of wifehood.

There is, however, a brighter side to the social life of many Corean households than that already pictured—homes where the advent of a child is hailed with pleasure, where its tender years are pleasant ones, where its nursery is full of toys and games and pleasant companions of its own age, and where the mother enjoys the social dignities and estate of her husband.

Christian mission work is progressing favorably in Corea. In several letters published in previous issues of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Dr. W. J. Hall, writing from Seoul, the capital, furnishes interesting reports of the condition of Gospel and medical missionary work in that promising field. A few months ago, he was appointed by the Methodist Board to the Pyeng Yang circuit, 180 miles from Seoul. "We loaded our little pack ponies with drugs and books, and started on our tiresome journey over rough roads, fording streams and mountains," he writes, "I have the privilege of being the first missionary appointed to exclusive work in the interior." At Pyeng Yang he was cordially received. He found that his medical work brought him into favor with the natives and gave him greater opportunities for preaching the Gospel and distributing the Word than could otherwise have been done.

MISSIONARIES PREPARING TO "MOVE ON PYENG YANG," COREA.

In a letter just received from Dr. Hall, dated Sept. 18, he writes:

"What experiences the past year has brought — trials, persecutions, dangers without—perfect peace within. During April and May, soldiers guarded our houses night and day. We knew not what would befall us but the dear Master has protected us, so nothing has harmed us. Eight years ago our church commenced work here. Up to last year little had been done outside the treaty parts. Again this year, I am appointed to the same work in the interior. How vastly different it is from our work in the parts where we have our fairly comfortable homes with dear ones there, and surrounded by our fellow laborers. As we penetrate this dark kingdom carrying with us this message of salvation, I am sure we shall have the prayers of thousands of warm Christian hearts in America.

"I told you of our little room, eight feet square, in Pyeng Yang, with its mud walls and floor, in which I ate, slept and treated my patients. On my return to Seoul, at the children's meeting, I told about our work and how much we needed a better house in which to do this work for Jesus. The children said, 'Well, Dr. Hall, we will ask God to give you a house!' I shall not forget those prayers—they went straight to the throne and soon the answer came. After the meeting closed Bertie Ohlinger came to my room with a bright silver dollar and said, 'Dr Hall, here is a dollar to help buy a house in Pyeng Yang—I wish I could give more, but it is all I have.' At Christmas he had received two dollars; with one he bought a present for his mother, the other he gave to God. Next came Willa, his sister, a dear little girl of nine, with ten cents. Following her came Augusta Scranton, with fifty cents, saying, 'I was saving it to help buy a piano, but I would rather help with God's work.' It was only one dollar and sixty cents, and the prayers of God's little ones, but he who fed the five thousand with five loaves of bread and two fishes, has multiplied the children's gifts until they have grown in eight months to one thousand four hundred and seventy-nine dollars and ninety-nine cents. To-day we have our building for hospital and dispensary well situated in Pyeng Yang. God has since taken Bertie and Willa home to heaven, but still their work goes on. We wish to express our gratitude to the many dear friends in America and Corea for the deep interest they are manifesting in our work."

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Plans for Home Reading.

Rev. Dr. Vincent writing of the benefits to the home circle, of the Chautauquan plan, says: "Many a frontier cabin, southerly plantation, ship on the seas, has felt the influence of the Chautauqua Circle. Wherever there are earnest people who would make life more than dull routine or idle play, Chautauqua is ready to go with a definite plan of reading, with specified books, with hints and suggestions, with a monthly magazine and other means of stimulus and aid. Individual readers may join, even though there be no 'circle' in the community. There is genuine satisfaction in cultivating the intellectual side of one's nature, in accumulating mental measures which are beyond the reach of fickle fortune. There is discipline in it as well. Chautauqua urges that education ends not with school and college days, but with life only, and that every intelligent man or woman is by nature under obligation to obtain all possible self-culture. The Chautauqua course for 1893–94 is very attractive. It deals with the rise and fall of Rome, and with the making of modern Europe during the much maligned Middle Ages. It has to do with the art and letters of those times, and lays the foundation for that thorough knowledge of the nineteenth century which every one should seek, as this great page of history is at the turning point. Do you dread age? The body must grow old, though activity is a wonderful preventive of decay. But the soul! Keep it young. Keep it vigorous. How? Use all its powers. Think; commit to memory; be interested in every good thing. Read good books; make them your own by reviewing and re-reviewing. In short, be a Chautauquan!"

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FOUR THINGS.

FOUR things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true:
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow-men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and heaven securely.

FOUND

A SOUL once sought to find out God—
The holy and the true,
And many weary steps it trod
Before its search was through.
It sought him over all the earth
With unremitting care,
It sought him in the halls of mirth
But did not find him there.

It sought him in the market-place
Where busy men were rife,
In church, 'mid feeble signs of grace,
It found unseemly strife.
It tried amid the laughing throng
Where pleasure seemed to be,
But still the quest seemed vain and long—
God's smile it could not see.

Then to itself this poor soul said,
"My search has been astray,
Surely his love cannot be dead—
I'll look some other way."
It sought him where high hopes prevail,
At court, and everywhere,
Then it looked down through sorrow's vale,
And lo! it found him there.

Woodbridge, N. J. WM. LYLE.

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A PHYSICIAN'S HEROISM.

The death of Mr. William Freer Lucas, a London physician, was due to as real a piece of heroism as ever was rewarded by medal or Victoria Cross. He lately performed an operation on a poor child-patient suffering from diphtheria. While administering chloroform he must have inhaled the patient's breath or been poisoned by the mucus thrown off by the unconscious sufferer in a fit of coughing and spluttering. The child died in a few hours. Three days after Mr. Lucas found himself in the grip of the disease, and was put in the diphtheria ward. From the first, the attack was severe; soon the bronchial tubes, as well as the throat, were affected, and although all that medical science and skill could do was done, the brave young fellow succumbed. This sad instance of the risks of the profession produced a deep feeling in the hospital, and the funeral service in the board room was attended by the members of the surgical and medical staff. The sadness of the case is intensified by the fact that he failed to save the life of the patient as well as sacrificed his own life. Infinitely more sad is it to think that although the Great Physician laid down his life to save the world, thousands, through their own perversity, derive no benefit from the sacrifice.

***

Economise the Hours.

It is wonderful to see how many hours prompt people contrive to make of a day; it is as if they picked up the moments the dawdlers lost. And if ever you find yourself where you have so many things pressing upon you that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret: Take hold of the very one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest will all fall into file, and follow after, like a company of well drilled soldiers; and though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line. You may have often seen the anecdote of the man who was asked how he had accomplished so much in his life. "My father taught me," was the reply, "when I had anything to do, to go and do it." There is the secret—the magic word now!

***

A Habit to be Avoided.

People in the country more rapidly fall into the habit of scolding than the people in town. Women contract the habit more frequently than men. This may be because they live in a confined and heated atmosphere, very trying to the nervous system and the health in general, and it may be partly that their natures are more susceptible, and their sensitiveness more easily wounded. One case is found in indigestion and dyspepsia. But "bad air" is undoubtedly to be held as the cause of many scoldings which would never have occurred in well-ventilated apartments. By getting into the way of kind words, and seeking to benefit rather than wound one will escape much displeasure, and in time entirely lose the habit.

THE BOOK SHELF

Woman's Trip to the Sahara.†

FRIENDS advised her not to attempt it. She wrote to me and asked me what I thought. I said it was madness in one of her age to start on such a trip; she would probably have to ride in many places, and how could she sit all day on a horse—she who had reached an age when ladies generally spend life in an easy-chair or in taking mild exercise? How could she travel, except in carriages; and were there carriages in the Desert? I doubted it. Then, again, what about beds? Could she always hope to have a comfortable bed, and was there not danger of her getting stiff and lame from trying to sleep on a hard couch? And the food—what about that? Simplicity of diet was all very well, but everyone should have good and nutritious food, and plenty of it. I knew nothing about the hotels in the Sahara, but I had grave doubts. Then the expense was another matter. She was a poor woman, living on an income that hardly ever reached five hundred dollars, and in which her charities made large holes. Would she be able to accomplish such a trip without great expense? In short, it seemed an impossible undertaking, and so I wrote to her.

She asked other people too, and they all endeavored to dissuade her. The landlord of her hotel in Algiers strongly advised her against going to the Sahara.

'What if you are massacred, mademoiselle? Catastrophes as shuddering sometimes accomplish themselves in the desert.'

'That would certainly put an end to all my travels,' she replied; 'but old women are seldom murdered. Why should anyone kill me? What possible advantage could it be to any human being to take my life? I don't fear anything of the sort.'

'Ah! but mademoiselle knowns not the Arab. He is a creature most depraved. He is eager for plunder. He fears not the police, nor even the Government. The Government reaches him not in the distant oasis.'

'Yes; but why should I be murdered there any more than here in Algiers? What would any one kill me for?

'For your money and your garments.'

'Pshaw! my clothes won't tempt a beggar when I go to the Desert; and as for money, I shall carry but little with me.'

'Ah! but one knows not. I have fear I see you never again.'

'Yes, you will. I shall come out of the Desert all the browner and better for my trip.'

'What if you get lost?' asked another friend, a nervous lady.

'Lost? How can I get lost?' was the reply. 'I may as well be in one place as another. I can't fall out of the world, and, short of that, I don't see how I am to be permanently lost.'

We all objected and protested, but in vain. She was not to be turned back from her purpose. She said she did not mind not having comfortable beds, she would sleep on the ground; she did not want a carriage, she would ride on a camel. She did not want a baggage train, her clothes would go into a hand bag. All she wanted was a couple of dresses, with one change of undergarments, and a waterproof cloak made up of pockets, in which she carried (as it turned out) ink and paper and books, and paint-box, and slippers, and handkerchiefs, and brushes and soap, and pins and needle and thread, and buttons and scissors and her knife. She said, in fact, that

†From a woman's Oriental travels, pp. 43. Illustrated, cloth covers, price $2. Fleming H. Revell Co., N. Y., Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

would have gone, never would have had that two months of wild life, never would have enriched her portfolio with the Desert flora, never would have seen the Arabs as they live in their own homes, and, in short, never would have taken the most unique and enjoyable trip of her life.

* * * *

Towards three o'clock in the afternoon of a December day in the year 1888, a small party might have been seen approaching the Arab town of Stetin, a fortified place in a southwesterly direction, some 250 miles from Algiers. The expression 'fortified place' is indeed likely to lead the unwary astray, for Stetin is no fortress bristling with guns, nor has it even an earthwork with gaping embrasures. The fortifications of Stetin consist mere of a wall eight feet high, which surrounds the couple of hundred houses that constitute the town. A walled garden in a London suburb has higher 'fortifications' than these which defend Stetin from its foes. The party which was directing its course towards this walled town consisted of three persons: El Ebib, a negro mule-driver, Bel-Ouari, a well-armed *spahi*, acting as guard and guide, and, finally, the Sid. For all her apparent unsuitableness on the score of age and sex, there never was a person more eminently fitted for travelling in the Desert than the Sid. She can go without food like a camel for an indefinite period, or can dine very blissfully upon *rouina*, which is wheat roasted and coarsely ground.

A CONTRAST AT MALTA.*

The observant stranger is struck with sadness, upon first landing in Valletta, at sight of

APPROACHING STETIN, IN THE SAHARA DESERT.
From "Characters of the Sky," by permission, E. H. Revell Co.

the swarming hordes of the unemployed who throng the shore and some of the public squares of the city. He sees before him an ignorant, hopeless, poor, hungry mass of humanity, and wonders where these people can obtain sufficient bread to keep them from starving. The manifest poverty of the prolific lower classes of Malta is appalling to the political economist. Who would dare to sound the depth of this sea of human want and misery, the daily lot of these hordes of half-fed men? While looking upon such a scene, a resident with whom we were in company was asked: "Where can this army of poor, portionless creatures bestow themselves at night?" The reply was brief and significant: "They have always the skies over them!"

There are many rich people in Malta, while the churches—supposed emblems of charity, peace and good-will towards men—are uselessly decorated with gold and silver candlesticks, precious stones, costly marbles, valuable tapestry, and priceless works of art, articles as foreign to any true principle of devotion as snow is to the vegetation of the tropics. No one can travel in Spain, Italy, Mexico, or South America—all Roman Catholic countries—without being brought face to face with a similar state of affairs: costly cathedrals and churches crowded with gorgeous display, upon which gold has been recklessly lavished in all possible ways, often surrounded by a ragged and starving populace steeped in ignorance. Is there any amount of sophistry which

*From [illegible]

On coming out of the magnificently adorned Cathedral of Guadalupe, situated a league from the City of Mexico, not long since, the author was literally dazed by the strong contrast which presented itself. Passing by a dozen steps from within this rich and gorgeous temple, upon which millions of dollars have been lavished, into an atmosphere of the most abject poverty and dismal want was like changing from brightest sunshine into the valley and shadow of death. A half-naked, starving army of beggars—men, women and children—stared one in the face, their cadaverous features and attenuated forms, all too clearly defined, appealing for them with more eloquence than words could do. What sort of religion is that which can hoard jewels of fabulous value, together with plate of gold and silver in its churches, while the poor, crippled, naked multitude starve outside of its towering and gilded walls?

THE TIME OF JESUS' BIRTH.†

THE death of Herod the Great is relied on with most certainty to fix the year of Christ's birth. Josephus, who gives a full account of Herod's death, mentions an eclipse of the moon which occurred shortly before he died, (Ant. 17: 6, 4) This eclipse is the only one alluded to by Josephus, and fixes with absolute certainty the time after which the birth of Jesus could not have occurred, since, according to Matt. 2: 1,6, Jesus was born while Herod was still living. The question to be determined would be the year of this eclipse. Astronomical calculations name an eclipse of the moon March 12 and 13, in the year of Rome 750, and no eclipse occurred the following year that was visible in Palestine. Josephus (Ant. 17: 8, 1), says that Herod died thirty-seven years after he was declared King by the Romans. In 714 he was proclaimed King, and this would bring his death, counting from Nisan to Nisan, as Josephus usually does, "in the year from 1st Nisan 750 to 1st Nisan 751, according to Jewish computation, at the age of seventy" (Andrews). Herod died shortly before the Passover of 750, then, according to the eclipse and the length of his reign. Gaspari contends for Jan. 24, 753, as the date of Herod's death, because there was a total eclipse of the moon Jan. 10. So he puts his death fourteen days later. Mr. Page argues for the eclipse that occurred July 17, 752, as the one preceding Herod's death. He thinks that this makes unnecessary the subtraction of two years from the reign of Tiberius, on the theory that Tiberius was contemporary ruler with Augustus for two years. But he finds difficulty in lengthening Herod's reign so long, and his theory has gained no great acceptance as yet.

Our present era makes the birth of Christ in the year of Rome 754, and is due to the Abbot Dionysius Exiguus in the sixth century. Hence it is clear that if Herod died in the early spring of 750, Jesus must have been born at least four years before 754, the common era, and likely in the year 749.

It has been inferred by some that Jesus was at least two or three years old when Herod slaughtered the infants at Bethlehem, Matt. 2: 16. Thus the year would be put two years further back to the end of 749 or beginning of 748. But this is not demanded by the "two years" of Matthew, for Herod would naturally extend the limit so as to be sure to include the child in the number slain, and a child just entering the second year would be called "two years" old by Jewish custom. No more definite note of time comes from this circumstance, save that the massacre probably took place some months before Herod's death, which fact would bring the Saviour's birth back some time into the year 749.

†From [illegible]

TYNDALE'S STRANGE CUSTOMER.*

THOUSANDS of copies of the Testament were seized in their various disguises, and were burned with solemn ceremony at the old cross of St. Paul's, as "a burnt-offering most pleasing to Almighty God;" and still other thousands supplied their place. Tyndale was but little discouraged at their efforts, for he knew the printing press could defy them all. "In burning the book," he says, "they did none other thing than I looked for; no more shall they do if they burn me also, if it be God's will that it should be so."

It was quite clear that they could not hinder the entrance of the book into England. And then a brilliant thought occurred to the Bishop of London. He sought out Augustine Pakington a merchant trading to Antwerp, and asked his opinion about the buying up of all the copies across the water.

"My lord," replied Pakington, who was a secret friend of Tyndale, "if it be your pleasure I could do in this matter probably more than any merchant in England; so if it be your lordship's pleasure to pay for them—for I must disburse money for them—I will insure you to have every book that remains unsold."

"Gentle Master Pakington," said the bishop, 'deemyng that he hadde God by the toe, whanne in truthe he hadde, as after he thought, the devyl by the fiste,' "do your diligence and get them for me, and I will gladly give you whatever they may cost, for the books are naughty, and I intend surely to destroy them all, and to burn them at Paul's Cross."

A few weeks later Pakington sought the translator, whose funds he know were at a low ebb.

"Master Tyndale," he said, "I have found you a good purchaser for your books."

"Who is he?" asked Tyndale.

"My lord of London."

"But if the bishop wants the books it must be only to burn them."

"Well," was the reply, "what of that? The bishop will burn them anyhow, and it is best that you should have the money for the enabling you to print others instead."

And so the bargain was made. "The bishop had the books, Pakington had the thanks, and Tyndale had the money."

THE GOOD OF BEING IN COLLEGE.†

College education gives a certain openness of mind and heart. Matthew Arnold said that a serious lack in the English nation was the lack of lucidity. Lucidity is an intellectual quality, but it has ethical and emotional affiliations. The college man has this quality more than most. Mr. Arnold also divided society into three classes: an upper class, which is materialized, a lower class, which is brutalized, and a middle class, which is vulgarized. From these three curses of being vulgarized, brutalized, materialized, the college tends to give freedom. And the method by which the college achieves this freedom I call a certain openness of mind and heart. This openness of mind and heart is akin to largeness of character; it is opposed to narrowness of any kind; it is freedom from the miserly spirit; it is a willingness to receive light; it is the appreciation of the best in men and things; it embodies sympathy; it is responsive to the best ideals and worthiest methods; it makes one liberal without looseness, and fosters the holding of opinions with firmness but without bigotry. The perils of the self-made man—and many self-made men have perished in making through these perils—are narrowness and hardness. They have bought their success at the cost of the largeness of their mental constitution and of the tenderness of their heart. Heavy price to pay—some would say too heavy, others that the success is worth the price. But the college man is seldom called upon to pay this price. He is able to win, keeping his intellectual vision large, his heart warm, and his energies strong, without any faculty suffering.

TREE PLANTING ON THE MESA.‡

The *mesa* was surrounded on three sides by spurs of the mountains, behind which rose the sublime summits of the Sierras into the cloud-

*From *How we got our Bible*, an answer to questions suggested by the late Revision, by J. Paterson Smyth, LL. B., B. D. An embodiment of a very interesting little volume, abounding in valuable information for the student; illustrated, pp. 127, cloth. James Pott & Co., New York, publishers.

†From *Workers' College Walls*, by Charles Franklin Thwing, President of Adelbert College and Western Reserve University. A delightful little book on the advantages of college training, pp. 124, cloth, price $1. Baker & Taylor Co., New York, publishers.

‡From *Under the Live Oaks*, a prize story by E. M. Bowman, a realistic picture of life on the Pacific Slope, illustrated, cloth, pp. 218, price $1. Thomas Whittaker, New York, publisher.

less sky. To the south the ground fell away almost precipitously, givine a view of the great valley with its varied hues melting into distance, and bounded by the silver line of ocean.

They went out together and watched the tree planting, and then the girls prepared the most festal meal which the resources of the house afforded, and at which Mr. Thornton, unbending to an extraordinary degree, became positively sociable, told some old-time stories, and encouraged Oliver in his alarming sayings.

When the planting was resumed, Mr. Burton proposed that each one of the family should set out a tree, to be called after his or her own name. Accordingly, the places were made ready, two for Mr. Burton, for the tree next to his own he set in memory of the dear lost mother of his children. Elaine's came next, and as she set it in its place, a momentary look of sadness passed over her bright face, remembering that while her tree would be growing with its fellows, she herself would have taken root in a distant home. Then came Chrissie's tree and the others.

By sundown a goodly number of orange and lemon trees stood bravely in the rich, brown earth, and already seemed to feel conscious that a career of honor and usefulness had opened before them on the *mesa*.

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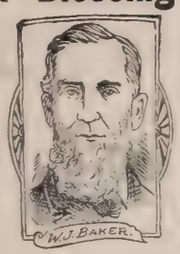

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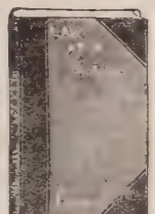

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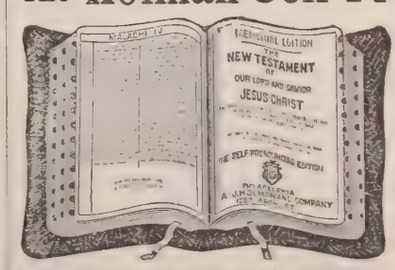
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Rev. T. B. Wood, a Methodist clergyman in Peru, writing to *The Gospel in all Lands*, says: "The year 1892 will be notable in the history of the republic of Ecuador for the beginning of the preaching in that "branch of the Vatican" (sucursal del Vaticano), as Penzotti calls it. He and Fernandez tried to introduce a quantity of Bibles, but were estopped in the custom-house. Nevertheless, they were allowed to take in a number of copies of the Scriptures along with their baggage, and these they sold publicly in the city of Guayaquil. They found there a Peruvian family named Castro with moral courage sufficient to open their house for services. At the first there was an audience of ten, all men. Other meetings followed, with increasing numbers, including both sexes. When the brethren came to leave the city they were accompanied at their embarkation by a group of friends who did not hesitate to show them notable marks of attachment and appreciation, and that publicly. No small excitement had spread through the city with news of the meetings. Doubtless a pretext would have been found for imprisoning them if they had remained long. As it was, the authorities knew they were soon to leave, as their books had been left in the custom-house for re-exportation.

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IN ANSWER

A HEARTFELT longing, yet undefined,
To dwell in a higher sphere,
Where harmony, love and peace combined
Soothe back each rising tear.

Then gently there steals a healing balm
Into this yearning heart;
It comes unasked with a quieting calm
In which earth can have no part.

And I know that God, in that tender love
Which marks e'en the sparrow's fall,
Has lent His sweet presence from above
To my soul's unconscious call.

GRACE H. SHARP.

'A PLAYRIGHT'S CONVERSION.

"Parsian literary society," says the Paris correspondent of the London *Daily News*, "is greatly exercised at present over a remarkable change through which one of their number, M. Albin Valabregue, has lately passed. His frinds, who generally belong to a brilliant but fast set, have noticed with astonishment his all but complete disappearance from their literary haunts and his evident distaste for certain of their frivolities. Their astonishment has grown into amazement on learning that the merry author of several scores of comedies and farces, as broad as the playreader would allow, is about to publish a book called "The Word of God." M. Valabregue, who was not particularly qualified for a theologian either by birth—he is a Jew—or by his education, which was that of Free Thought, has, to use his own words, "received the revelation of Christian mysteries in their sublime truth, not only in a state of wakefulness, but in a state of absolute calm and reason." The author of the *Premier Mari de France*, a farce of the most audacious description, which is having an extraordinary run at the Varietes, intends to show that the true God is Christ, and that never such another Word will enlighten this planet."

WHERE TWO SEAS MEET.

"Off Cape Horn," says Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, "we witnessed a singular sight. For some miles there was a narrow strip of water, where the great waves flew in broken spray and dashed high over the ship. On either side the sea was comparatively calm, whilst this boiled with fury, rolling and surging. Yet there was no rock about which the sea surged, nor was there any such fierce wind as to account for it. Overhead the air was thick with sea-fowl. Thousands of the birds dived into this troubled water. The smaller fish were, I suppose, flung up by the toss, and thus fell a prey to the birds. I asked, naturally, what was the reason of this strange sight, and found it was the point at which the tide met the strong current of the sea, and here they raged together. Within, the tide only ran, and it was calm. Without, the current prevailed, and there, too, was calm. On this troubled bit they met and neither prevailed. It is the picture of those who are at once too religious to belong to the world—too worldly to belong to religion; torn by both and satisfied by neither." Pastor Spurgeon used to say that men who try to hold with the hare and yet run with the hounds must not be surprised if the dogs bite them.

THE FOUNTAIN CRITICISED.

A certain man placed a fountain by the wayside, and he hung a cup near it by a little chain. He was told some time afterward that a great art critic had found much fault with his design as being lacking in the artistic quality, being in fact a blemish on the landscape. "But," he said, "do many persons drink at it?" Then they told him that thousands of people—men, women and children—slaked their thirst at the fountain. He smiled, and answered, that he was little troubled by the critic's observations, only that he hoped that on some sultry summer's day, the critic himself might fill the cup and be refreshed. Something like this the Bible has to undergo. Learned men complain of many things in it, point out that it is unscientific, although it does not profess to teach science, and point out other deficiencies in it; but it satisfies the spiritual thirst of millions and those are happiest who do not criticize it but drink of its living waters.

A TRAVELLER'S CONFESSION.

As remarks disparaging foreign mission work are often published by the daily press the wide publication of the following fact is but common justice: "Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, whose writings, especially her two volumes on *Unbeaten Tracks in Japan*, have interested a multitude of readers, has recently spoken of her change of views in regard to missionary work, of which she has seen so much. She has not merely passed through, but has lived in several lands where missionary work has been carried on, and has seen all sides of it, and her testimony is as clear as it is gratifying. She says: 'I am a convert to missions through seeing missions and the need of them. Some years ago I took no interest whatever in the condition of the heathen. I had heard much ridicule cast upon Christian missions, and perhaps had imbibed some of the unhallowed spirit. But the missionaries, by their lives and character and by the work they are doing wherever I have seen them, have produced in my mind such a change and such an enthusiasm, as I might almost express it, in favor of Christian missions, that I cannot go anywhere without speaking about them and trying to influence others in their favor who may be as indifferent as I was before I went among heathen countries."

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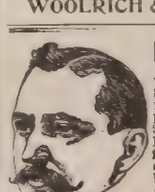

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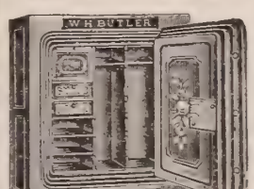

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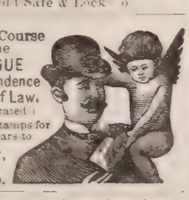

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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor. Offices, Bible House, New York. NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 22, 1893. PRICE, 5 CENTS. Annual Subscription, $1.50

A Missionary Martyr.

Harrison R. Thornton, a Gospel Pioneer, Murdered in Alaska—Mrs. Thornton's Touching Recital—The Close of a Brave, Consecrated Life.

HARDSHIPS and peril are the lot of the missionary, in whatosever part of the globe he finds his field of labor. Hundreds of noble, consecrated lives have been laid down for the work in Africa, in Polynesia, Australia and among the semi-savage peoples of Asia. In our own land, too, we have a record of martyrdom in the early days, and the roll of sacrifice is even yet incomplete. Late mails from Alaska bring intelligence of the death, at the hands of the Eskimo, of Harrison R. Thornton, a young missionary who, for some time past, had been stationed with his wife at Cape Prince of Wales, Alaska, where they had opened up a promising Gospel field. This event occurred on August 10th last, the crime having been committed by a native desperado named Titalk, aided by two other young Eskimos, who had been guilty of various depredations. All three murderers fled immediately after the deed of blood was finished, but the other natives, many of whom loved their missionary, pursued and killed two. Titalk, the leader of the trio, although wounded, suceeded in escaping to the mountains.

Mrs. Thornton, who has returned to her home in Auburn, Me., has furnished to the American Missionary Association, under whose auspices she and her husband labored, the details of Mr. Thornton's martyrdom. From her story it would appear that drink, the deadliest foe of missionary progress, was the cause of stirring up an otherwise peaceful and affectionate people to violence, which resulted in a series of attempts on the missionary's life. "We did not fear the people when they were sober, but feared from the whiskey, for when they were drunk they shot at us," she wrote afterward. "We feared the chief, Elignok, the one who shot at us last fall, but I think later in the summer we feared more from the three boys who broke into the schoolhouse several times. The leader, Titalk, is considered by all the natives in the village a desperado. He steals from the natives. He could hardly be considered a pupil, for he was expelled from the school on account of breaking into the schoolhouse. They had broken in several times recently. From the fact of their breaking into the schoolhouse and not being punished, we thought that the other natives would see that we were without protection. Then there was a quantity of whiskey brought over this year, and at last Mr. Thornton so felt the danger that he had decided we had better not stay for the winter. Everything was arranged for us to leave, and we had fastened up all we could, expecting that the steamer *Bear* would be up there about the 1st of September.

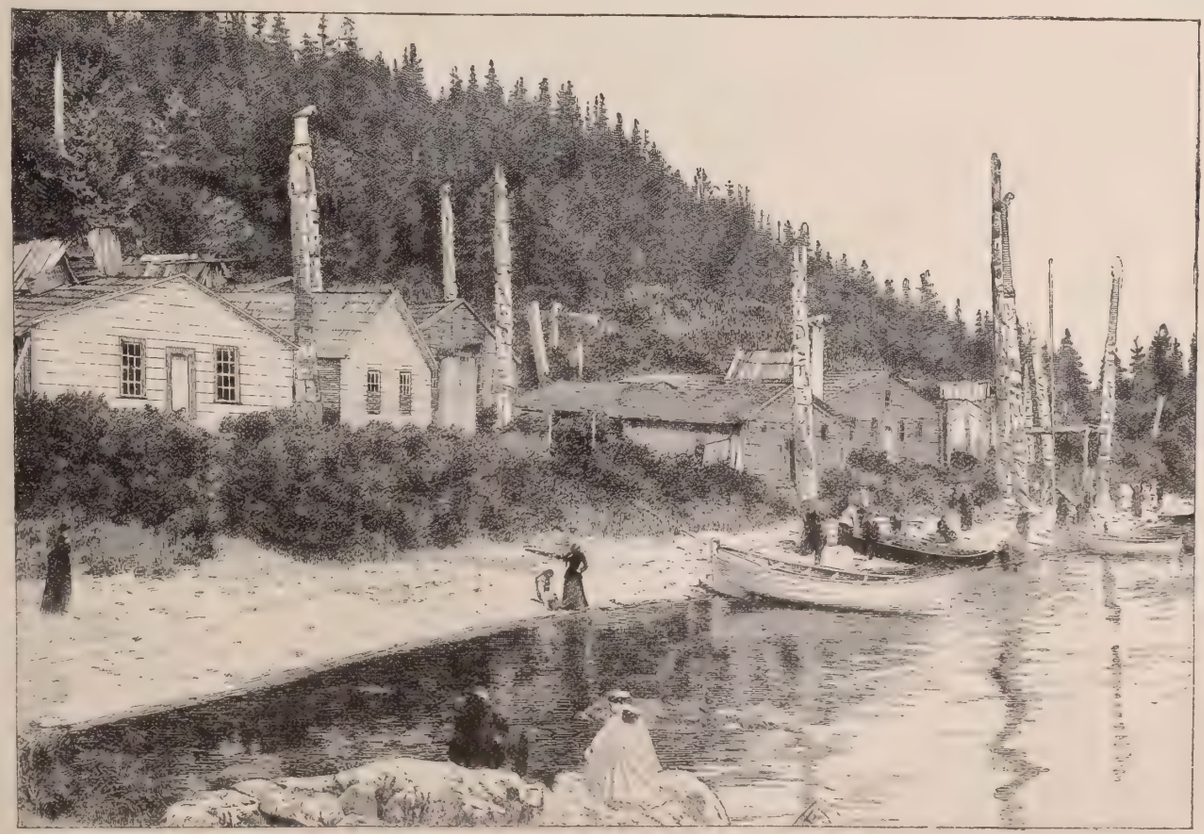
"On Saturday night, the 19th of August," Mrs Thornton's narrative continues, "about midnight, we were both of us awakened by a very loud rap. It was very, very dark. We thought that perhaps some one was sick and needed medicine, for the people were all very friendly and were in the habit of coming to us. Mr. Thornton felt sure that no one was going to harm us, and when he went out he said he might be gone a few minutes. Everything was quiet, and oh! the first thing I heard was an awful report. The hole in the door was the size of a door-knob, and the bullet had gone straight through. This was done with a whaling gun, but there was also a rifle shot in the door. The whaling gun was so close to the outside door that the door was burned. The shot came through and cut his body. How he ever did it, I do not know; but Mr. Thornton shut both doors as he came toward me. He said in quite a strong voice, 'I am shot.' Then I lighted a lamp, for it was dark. He was just inside the sitting-room door, unconscious, and covered with blood. He did not move; I do not think he suffered; he was not conscious; he could not speak. I stayed in the room and walked to and fro until daylight; then I looked through the hole in the door and saw the whaling gun, and lying down beside it, a shoulder gun. I opened the window, and looking out saw a boy halfway between our house and the next. I did not dare to go out, and I took the field-glass and looked out, and thought it was surely Titalk. When he was gone I went to one of the windows and shouted to Ipsenook, an Eskimo who lived two or three hundred yards from our house to come out."

MISSIONARIES AND ALASKAN NATIVES AT CAPE PRINCE OF WALES.
(Messrs. Thornton and Lopp are recognized by their white fur head coverings.)

This native was friendly. His wife came out and together they went over to the missionary's house, and lifted the body of the murdered missionary from the floor to a couch. Then Ipsenook went out and soon shooting was heard and Mrs. Thornton was presently asked to step out. When she did so, the natives showed her the bodies of Titalk's two associates, whom they had just slain. The vengeance that overtook these two murderers was swift indeed!

Ipsenook, his wife and daughter cared for Mrs. Thornton very kindly. She found an opportunity to send a letter by a trusty native to Captain Healy of the steamer *Bear*, telling him of the death of her husband and her own peril, and asking him to stop at Port Clarence and convey her to San Francisco. On the following day she set out for Port Clarence, in escort of some friendly natives. On the arrival of the *Bear*, Captain Healy sent them on shore and with the assistance of the natives, the body of the murdered missionary was laid

(Continued on page 755.)



THE VILLAGE OF KASA-AN, ALASKA, SHOWING THE ESKIMO "TOTEMS."

THE "IFS" OF THE BIBLE.

Rev. Dr. Talmage's Sermon, preached last Sunday at the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Text, Exodus 32: 32, *"If thou wilt forgive their sin—; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book."*

THERE is in our English language a small conjunction, which I propose, by God's help, to haul out of its present insignificancy and set upon the throne where it belongs, and that is the conjunction "If." Though made of only two letters it is the pivot on which everything turns. All time and all eternity are at its disposal. We slur it in our utterance, we ignore it in our appreciation, and none of us recognize it as the most tremendous word in all the vocabulary outside of those words which describe Deity. If! Why that word we take as a tramp among words now appearing here, now appearing there, but having no value of its own, when it really has a millionaire-dom of worlds, and in its train walk all planetary, stellar, lunar, solar destinies. If the boat of leaves, made water-tight, in which infant Moses sailed the Nile, had sunk, who would have led Israel out of Egypt? If the Red Sea had not parted for the escape of one host, and then come together for the submergence of another host, would the Book of Exodus ever have been written? If the ship on which Columbus sailed for America had gone down in an Atlantic cyclone, how much longer would it have taken for the discovery of this continent? If Grouchy had come up with reinforcements in time to give the French the victory at Waterloo, what would have been the fate of Europe? If the Spanish Armada had not been wrecked off the coast, how different would have been many chapters in English history. If the battle of Hastings, or the battle of Pultowa, or the battle of Valmy, or the battle of Metaurus, or the battle of Arbela, or the battle of Chalons, each one of which turned the world's destiny, had been decided the other way. If Shakespeare had never been born for the drama, or Handel had never been born for music, or Titian had never been born for painting, or Thorwaldsen had never been born for sculpture, or Edmund Burke had never been born for eloquence, or Socrates had never been born for philosophy, or Blackstone had never been born for the law, or Copernicus had never been born for astronomy, or Luther had never been born for the reformation! Oh, that conjunction "If!" How much has depended on it. The height of it, the depth of it, the length of it, the breadth of it, the immensity of it, the infinity of it, who can measure? It would swamp anything but Omnipotence. But I must confine myself to-day to the "Ifs" of the Bible, and in doing so I shall speak of the "If" of overpowering earnestness, the "If" of incredulity, the "If" of threat, the "If" of argumentation, the "If" of eternal significance, or so many of these "Ifs" as I can compass in the time that may be reasonably allotted to pulpit discourse.

First, the "If" of overpowering earnestness. My text gives it. The Israelites have been worshipping an idol, notwithstanding all that God had done for them, and now Moses offers the most vehement prayer of all history, and it turns upon an "If." "If thou wilt forgive their sins;—and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book." Oh, what an overwhelming "If?" It was as much as to say, "If thou wilt not pardon them, do not pardon me; if thou wilt not bring them to the Promised Land, let me never see the Promised Land; if they must perish let me perish with them; in that book where thou recordest their doom, record my doom; if they are shut out of heaven, let me be shut out of heaven; if they go down into darkness, let me go down into darkness." What vehemence and holy recklessness of prayer! Yet there are those here who, I have no doubt, have, in their all-absorbing desire to have others saved, risked the same prayer, for it is a risk. You must not make it, unless you are willing to balance your eternal salvation on such an "If." Yet there have been cases where a mother has been so anxious for the recovery of a wayward son that her prayer has swung and trembled and poised on an "If" like that of the text. "If not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book. Write his name in the Lamb's Book of Life, or turn to the page where my name was written ten or twenty or forty or sixty years ago and with the black ink of everlasting midnight erase my first name and my last name and all my name. If he is to go into shipwreck, let me be tossed amid the same breakers. If he cannot be a partner in my bliss, let me be a partner in his woe. I have for many years loved thee, O God! and it has been my expectation to sit with Christ and all the redeemed at the banquet of the skies, but I now give up my promised place at the feast, and my promised robe, and my promised crown and my promised throne, unless John, unless George, unless Henry, unless my darling son can share them with me. Heaven will be no heaven without him. O God, save my boy, or count me among the lost." That is a terrific prayer, and yet there is a young man sitting in the pew on the main floor, or in the lower gallery, or in the top gallery, who has already crushed such a prayer from his mother's heart. He hardly ever writes home, or, living at home, what does he care how much trouble he gives her? Her tears are no more to him than the rain that drops from the eaves of the house on a dark night. The fact that she does not sleep because watching for his return late at night does not choke his laughter or hasten his step forward. She has tried coaxing and kindness and self-sacrifice and all the ordinary prayers that mothers make for their children, and all have failed. She is coming toward the vivid and venturesome and terrific prayer of my text. She is going to lift her own eternity and set it upon that one "If," by which she expects to decide whether you will go up with her or she down with you. She may be this moment looking heavenward, and saying: "O Lord, reclaim him by thy grace," and then adding that heart-rending "If" of my text: "If not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book." After three years of absence a son wrote his mother in one of the New England whaling villages that he was coming home in a certain ship. Mother-like, she stood watching, and the ship was in the offing, but a fearful storm struck it and dashed the ship on the rocks that night. All that night the mother prayed for the safety of the son, and just at dawn there was a knock at the cottage door, and the son entered, crying out, "Mother, I knew you would pray me home!" If I would ask all those in this assemblage who have been prayed home to God by pious mothers to stand up, there would be scores that would stand, and if I should ask them to give testimony it would be the testimony of that New England son coming ashore from the split timbers of the whaling ship, 'My mother prayed me home!"

Another Bible "If" is the "If" of incredulity. Satan used it, when Christ, with his vitality depressed by forty days' abstinence from food, the tempter pointed to some stones, in color and shape like loaves of bread, and said: "If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread." That was appropriate, for Satan is the father of that "If" of incredulity. Peter used that same "If" when, standing on the wet and slippery deck of a fishing-smack of Lake Galilee, he saw Christ walking on the sea as though it were as solid as a pavement of basalt from the adjoining volcanic hills, and Peter cried out: "If it be Thou, let me come to Thee on the water." What a preposterous "If!" What human foot was ever so constructed as to walk on water? In what part of the earth did law of gravitation make exception to the rule that a man will sink to the elbows when he touches the wave of river or lake, and will sink still further unless he can swim? But here Peter looks out upon the form in the shape of a man defying the mightiest law of the universe, the law of gravitation, and standing erect on the top of the liquid. Yet the incredulous Peter cries out to the Lord, "If it be Thou." Alas! for that incredulous "If." It is working as powerfully in the latter part of this nineteenth Christian century as it did in the early part of the first Christian century. Though a small conjunction, it is the biggest block to-day in the way of the Gospel chariot. "If!" "If!" We have theological seminaries which spend most of their time and employ their learning and their genius in the manufacturing of "Ifs." With that weaponry is assailed the Pentateuch, and the miracles and the divinity of Jesus Christ. Almost everybody is chewing on an "If." When many a man bows for prayer, he puts his knee on an "If." The door through which people pass into infidelity and atheism and all immoralities has two door-posts, and the one is made up of the letter "I" and the other of the letter "F."

There are only four steps between strong faith and complete unbelief. First, surrender the idea of the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures, and adopt the idea that they were all generally supervised by the Lord. Second, surrender the idea that they were all generally supervised by the Lord, and adopt the theory that they were not all, but partly supervised by the Lord. Third, believe that they are the gradual evolution of the ages, and men wrote according to the wisdom of the times in which they lived. Fourth, believe that the Bible is a bad book and not only unworthy of credence but pernicious and debasing and cruel. Only four steps from the stout faith in which the martyrs died to the blatant caricature of Christianity as the greatest sham of the centuries. But the door to all that precipitation and horror is made out of an "If." The mother of unrests in the minds of Christian people and in those who regard sacred things is the "If" of incredulity. In 1879, in Scotland, I saw a letter which had been written many years ago by Thomas Carlyle to Thomas Chalmers. Carlyle, at the time of writing the letter, was a young man. The letter was not to be published until after the death of Carlyle. His death having taken place, the letter ought to be published. It was a letter in which Thomas Carlyle expresses the tortures of his own mind while relaxing his faith in Christianity, while, at the same time, he expresses his admiration for Dr. Chalmers, and in which Carlyle wishes that he had the same faith that the great Scotch minister evidently exercised. Nothing that Thomas Carlyle ever wrote in "Sartor Resartus," or the "French Revolution," or his "Life of Cromwell," or his immortal "Essays," had in it more wondrous power than that letter which bewailed his own doubts and extolled the strong faith of another. I made an exact copy of that letter, with the understanding it should not be published until after the death of Thos. Carlyle, but, returning to my hotel in Edinburgh, I felt uneasy lest somehow that letter should get out of my possession and be published before its time. So I took it back to the person by whose permission I had copied it. All reasons for its privacy having vanished, I wish it might be published.

Perhaps this sermon finding its way into a Scottish home may suggest its printing, for that letter shows more mightily than anything I have ever read the difference between the "I know" of Paul and the "I know" of Job and the "I know" of Thomas Chalmers and the "I know" of all those who hold with a firm grip the old Gospel on the one hand, and the unmooring, bestorming and torturing "If" of incredulity on the other. I like the positive faith of that sailor boy that Captain Judkins of the steamship "Scotia" picked up in a hurricane. "Go aloft!" said Captain Judkins to his mate, "and look out for wrecks." Before the mate had gone far up the ratlines, he shouted "A wreck! a wreck!" "Where away?" said Captain Judkins. "Off the port bow," was the answer. Life-boats were lowered, and forty men volunteered to put out across the angry sea for the wreck. They came back with a dozen ship-wrecked, and among them a boy of twelve years. "Who are you?" said Captain Judkins. The answer was: "I am a Scotch boy. My father and mother are dead and I am on my way to America." What have you here?" said Captain Judkins, as he opened the boy's jacket and took hold of a rope around the boy's body. "It is a rope," said the boy. "But what is that tied by this rope under your arm?" "That, sir, is my mother's Bible. She told me never to lose that." "Could you not have saved something else?" "Not and saved that." "Did you expect to go down?" "Yes, sir, but I meant to take my mother's Bible down with me." "Bravo!" said Captain Judkins, "I will take care of you." That boy demonstrated a certainty and a confidence that I like. Just in proportion as you have few "Ifs" of incredulity in your religion, will you find it a comfortable religion. My full and unquestioning faith in it is founded on the fact that it soothes and sustains in time of trouble. I do not believe that any man who ever lived had more blessings and prosperity than I have received from God and the world. But I have had trouble enough to allow me opportunity for finding out whether our religion is of any use in such exigency. I have had fourteen great bereavements, to say nothing of lesser bereavements, for I was the youngest of a large family. I have had as much persecution as comes to most people. I have had all kinds of trial, except severe and prolonged sickness, and I would have been dead long ago but for the consolatory power of our religion.

Another Bible "If," is the "If" of eternal significance. Solomon gives us that "If" twice in one sentence, when he says: "If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself; but if thou scornest, thou alone shalt bear it." Christ gives us that "If" when he says: "If thou hadst known in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace, but now they are hidden from thine eyes." Paul gives us that "If" when he says: "If they shall enter into my rest." All those "Ifs" and a score more that I might recall put the whole responsibility of our salvation on ourselves. Christ's willingness to pardon: No "If" about that. Christ's willingness to help: No "If" about that. Realms of glory awaiting the righteous: No "If" about that. The only "If" in all the case worth a moment's consideration, is the "If" that attaches itself to the question as to whether we will accept, whether we will repent, whether we will believe, whether we will rise forever. Oh, decide. Perhaps your arrival here to-day may decide. Stranger things than that have put to flight forever the "If" of uncertainty.

A few Sabbath nights ago in this church, a man, passing at the foot of the pulpit, said to me: "I am a miner from England," and then he pushed back his coat sleeve and said: "Do you see that scar on my arm?" I said, "Yes. You must have had an awful wound there some time." He said: "Yes, it nearly cost me my life. I was in a mine in England six hundred feet under ground and three miles from the shaft of the mine, and a rock fell on me, and my fellow-laborer pried off the rock, and I was bleeding to death, and he took a newspaper from around his luncheon and bound it around my wound, and then helped me over the three miles underground to the shaft, where I was lifted to the top, and when that newspaper was taken off my wound, I read on it something that saved my soul, and it was one of your sermons. Good-night," he said as he passed on, leaving me transfixed with grateful emotion.

And who knows but the words I now speak, blessed of God, may reach some wounded soul deep down in the black mine of sin, and that these words may be blessed to the staunching of the wound and the eternal life of the soul? Settle this matter instantly, positively and forever. Slay the last "If." Bury deep the last "if." How to do it? Fling body, mind and soul in a prayer as earnest as that of Moses in the text. Can you doubt the earnestness of this prayer of the text? It is so heavy with emotion that it breaks down in the middle. It was so earnest that the translators in the modern copies of the Bible were obliged to put a mark, a straight line, a dash, for an omission that will never be filled up. Such an abrupt pause, such a sudden snapping off of the sentence. You cannot parse my text. It is an offense to grammatical construction. But that dash put in by the type-setters is mightily suggestive. "If thou wilt forgive their sin (then comes the dash)—; "and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book." A prayer may have in style the gracefulness of an Addison, and the sublimity of a Milton, and the epigrammatic force of an Emerson, and yet be a failure, having a horizontal power but no perpendicular power, horizontal power reaching the ear of man, but no perpendicular power reaching the ear of God.

Between the first and the last sentences of my text there was a paroxysm of earnestness too mighty for words. It will take half of an eternity to tell of all the answers of earnest and faithful prayer. In his last journal, David Livingstone, in Africa, records the prayer so soon to be answered: "19 March—Birthday. My Jesus, my God, my Life, my All, I again dedicate my whole self to thee. Accept me, and grant O gracious Father that ere this year is gone, I may finish my task. In Jesus' name, I ask it. Amen." When the dusky servant looked into Livingston's tent and found him dead on his knees, he saw that the prayer had been answered.

There is only one kind of prayer in which you need to put the "If," and that is the prayer for temporal blessings. Pray for riches and they may engulf us, or for fame and it may bewitch us, or for worldly success of any sort and it may destroy us. Better say "If it be best," "If I can make proper use of it," "If Thou seest I need it." A wife, praying for the recovery of her husband from illness, stamped her foot and said with frightful emphasis, "I will not have him die; God shall not take him." Her prayer was answered, but a few years after, the community was shocked by the fact that he had in a moment of anger slain her. A mother, praying for a son's recovery from illness, told the Lord he had no right to take him, and the boy recovered, but plunged into all abominations and died a renegade. Better in all such prayers and all prayers pertaining to our temporal welfare, put an "If," saying, "If it be Thy will!" But praying for spiritual good and the salvation of our soul we need never insert an "If." Our spiritual welfare is sure to be for the best, and away with the "Ifs."

Abraham's prayer for the rescue of Sodom was a grand prayer in some respects but there were six "Ifs" in it, or "peradventures," which mean the same thing "Peradventure there may be fifty righteous in the city, peradventure forty-five, peradventure forty, peradventure thirty, peradventure twenty peradventure ten." Those six peradventures, those six "Ifs," killed the prayer and Sodom went down and went under. Nearly all the prayers that were answered had no "Ifs" in them. The prayer of Elijah that changed dry weather to wet weather. The prayer that changed Hezekiah from a sick man to a well man. Oh, rally your soul for a prayer with no "Ifs" in it. Say in substance, "Lord, thou hast promised pardon and I take it. Here are my wounds, heal them. Here are my chains of bondage, by the Gospel hammer strike them off. I am fleeing to the City of Refuge and I am sure this is the right way. Thanks be to God, I am free."

Once, by the law, my hopes were slain,
But now, in Christ, I live again.

With the Mosaic earnestness of my text and without its Mosaic "Ifs," let us cry out for God. Aye, if words fail us, let us take the suggestion of that printer's dash of the text, and with a wordless silence implore pardon and comfort and life and heaven. For this assemblage, all of whom I shall meet in the last judgment, I dare not offer the prayer of my text, and so I change it, and say: "Lord God, forgive our sins, and write our names in the book of thy loving remembrance, from which they shall never be blotted out."

A MISSIONARY MARTYR.

(*Continued from first page*)

to rest to await the resurrection. A simple cross of wood, with an inscription, marks the spot.

There was great mourning in the little Alaskan village, where the missionaries, through their loving labor, had endeared themselves to the hearts of the natives. It is not believed that the good work, so well begun there, will be abandoned, and doubtless, courageous and devoted men and women, will be found to carry it forward.

The American Missionary Society's station at Cape Prince of Wales was established in July 1890. It is located on the extreme western western point of the North American continent, forty-six miles from East Cape, Siberia, and 1000 miles north of Sitka, 3000 north of San Francisco, and just south of the Arctic circle. It is the largest mission station in Alaska. The natives live in underground houses, ill-ventilated and ill-lighted, and their food is almost exclusively flesh and fish. Many are wretchedly poor, vermin-infested and drunken. Every summer, nine-tenths of the natives go up to Kotzebue Sound to catch salmon and to attend a grand fair or fur-trading market to which thousands of the Eskimos of that section resort. Thus the Christianized Cape Prince of Wales natives become apostles to spread Christianity and civilization through that whole section of Alaska. They make frequent trading trips in summer to Siberia. The church of Russia (the Greek church) is doing nothing for the Siberian natives; and almost the only apparent means of saving the immortal souls of these countless Siberian and interior Alaskan Eskimos would seem to lie in the vigorous prosecution of the work at the station at Cape Prince of Wales.

THE LATE HARRISON R. THORNTON, MISSIONARY.
Martyred at Cape Prince of Wales, Alaska.

The work is threefold: religious, educational, and philanthropic. The late Mr. Harrison R. Thornton of Hampden, Sidney, Va., and Mr. W. T. Lopp of Valley City, Ind., were the workers selected by the American Missionary Association to open up the field. Mr. Thornton was last year united in marriage to Miss Neda Pratt while on a vacation in the East and he was accompanied on his return by his wife and Miss Ellen L. Kittredge, who, a few months after reaching Alaska, was married to Mr. Lopp. There were thus two Christian families as teachers and ensamples among the savages on the westernmost verge of the continent. They found that the Eskimos had no regularly systematized religion, although they believed vaguely in a future existence and in spirits, etc. During the first school year 304 were enrolled, the average attendance being 109 and during the last five months 156. This is the largest mission school in Alaska. The mission house is a substantial wooden building. The progress of the pupils during the first session amazed the missionaries. Almost the only discipline needed to secure order and obedience was exclusion from the schoolroom, a fact which shows the high value their pupils set upon the privileges of education. At one time the Eskimo boys and girls began to use the roof of the house as a toboggan slide, for they are as full of life and fun as American children; but a suspension of school for one day broke up the habit.

That the natives, under Christian influences, are kind and docile, has been proved in a thousand ways by their conduct toward the missionaries. The latter busied themselves in teaching, doctoring, hunting, repairing, reading and explaining. "Charley," and "Mary," two Christianized Eskimos from St. Michaels, were their cooks and housekeepers. They were totally secluded from the civilized world and communication with the rest of mankind was only possible at long intervals, a mail coming but once a year!

Trouble was experienced occasionally with the native "doctors" or "medicine men." "Our new school bell," wrote Mr. Lopp some time ago, "has not been received with universal favor. In October, a short time after we had put it on top of the house, Doctor Oomalig-zrock, after consulting the Toonwooks (spirits), informed me that the tone of the bell would keep foxes and seals away and requested me not to ring it." . . "Another of this class tried to convince the people by a series of trials that he was a big doctor. While seal-hunting, he pretended to shoot himself through the body with an express rifle. When he had recovered and found many still doubting, he had a man to shoot him twice in the presence of twenty or thirty people. Although blood flowed freely from his mouth they still doubted, saying that no one saw that the cartridge contained a ball. Later while hunting, he claimed to shoot himself with buckshot in the head, but the people still pronounced him a fraud. During the winter, a young 'medicine man' at Ke-gik-tuk pretended to make money, ammunition, whiskey, tobacco, etc. He also was doubted, and in a short time after pretending to do these miraculous things was shot dead, because he had threatened the lives of three or four men (i.e., according to Eskimo custom, 'in self-defense'). The power and influence of these spirits seems to be on the decline. Many of the people believe in them only when it is convenient."

The Eskimos, as a race, are not given to violence, yet when their passions are influenced by drink, they are capable of almost any crime. There are some among them, as in all countries, who are apparently worthless and renegade and the desperado, Titalk and his companions, apparently belonged to this class who live drunken, quarrelsome lives. Some time before the fatal attack on Mr. Thornton, several times last summer, the free use of liquor among the natives came very near to producing a series of tragedies. One native was shot and killed by another for a slight grudge, both being drunk. An intoxicated native on the beach fired at Mr. and Mrs. Thornton, but fortunately missed; another in the same maudlin state threatened them with a knife. Mr. Thornton would almost seem to have had a premonition of what afterward happened when he wrote, a few months ago: "When sober, the natives are friendly, but for the most part grateful for the benefits conferred upon them by the mission, but when drunk, a vague recollection of the Gilly affair in 1877, in which thirteen natives were killed by white men, might cause the death of some of us. The more they fall a prey to designing white men the more we feel they need us." Mr. Lopp had left Cape Prince of Wales and assumed charge of the government reindeer station at Port Clarence, where 180 domesticated deer had been introduced during the year for the benefit of the natives. For the present, therefore, the mission station at the former place is without a teacher; but the Lord, having established his Word by the hands and hearts of faithful servants there, will not permit it to suffer, and will in due time raise up a successor to the faithful missionary who has passed to his reward—a martyr for the truth in Alaska.

The portrait of Mr. Thornton on this page is engraved from a photograph in *The American Missionary*. On the first page, missionaries Thornton and Lopp, in winter clothing, are seen grouped with three natives, one a walrus hunter, with poised spear; another a "magic-maker," with native drum, and a third holding a spiked club, such as are used in securing game. The village of Kasa-an—a typical Alaskan Eskimo settlement—but much nearer to civilization than Cape Prince of Wales, is shown in another illustration, with its quaintly carved "totems," indicating that at no remote period the Alaskans were "nature worshippers," each "totem" representing the special deity of a clan or family.

Alaska is a field ripe for the Gospel. Dr. Sheldon Jackson, government superintendent of education in Alaska, mentions a typical case. Referring to the deserted mission on the island of St. Lawrence, midway between Alaska and Siberia, which island was nearly depopulated by whiskey some years ago, he writes: "The unoccupied mission building has been purchased by two believers in missions. It has stood empty for some years, with a small supply of coal still in it, and yet all is unmolested, in spite of the actual sufferings of the people for fuel. These poor people gather by hundreds around the building each year, when *The Bear* makes its annual visit, to see if a teacher has come, and every time are disappointed, and beg that one be sent next year.

GRATEFUL OBEDIENCE.

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 3 James 1: 16-27 Golden Text, John 27: 6. By Mrs. M. Baxter

DISOBEDIENCE is departure from God; obedience is return to and subjection to God; and this can only be as we know, and receive, and bow to the Word of God. "Be not deceived, my beloved brethren," says the apostle James; "Every good gift, and every perfect gift is from above and cometh down from the Father of lights with whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." "A man can receive nothing except it be given him from heaven." Everything which is spiritually received is received by direct contact with God." "The things of God knoweth no man but the Spirit of God." But we received not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God that we might know the things which are freely given to us by God." What is the priceless gift which cometh down from the Father of lights, which is given us from heaven, and which cannot be known but by the Spirit of God? In his last great prayer Jesus says of his own to his Father:

"I have Given them Thy Word."

It was the greatest gift he could bestow, it was "spirit" and "life." "Of his own will begat he us with or brought us forth by the Word of truth, that we might be a firstfruits of his creatures." Having been begotten again, not of corruptible seed but of incorruptible, through the Word of God, which liveth and abideth." Have we ever realized the inexpressible dignity of our being, our "new man" as being begotten and brought forth by the Word of God? Have we realized that just as surely as we have inherited from our earthly parents corruption and decay in our mortal nature, and all that we have of them has in it the elements of corruption;—just so surely, if we are born again of the incorruptible Word of God, we have in us, as that Word possesses us, elements of incorruption, eternal life, the power of an endless life? Do we see how unbecoming our position as so begotten of God it is to be occupied with things seen and temporal as final and powerful, rather than, as consistent with our heaven-born nature, things unseen and eternal? We live by the will of God: of his own will he begat us, and he tells us his wondrous, glorious purpose, to make us "firstfruits of his creatures." Just as Adam was a firstfruits of his first creation, so now he is seeking a firstfruits of his new creation; purchased from among men to be a firstfruits unto God and to the Lamb" (Rev. 15: 4), a people "in whose mouth is found no guile, who are without fault before the throne of God," who "follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth."

Where shall he find such a people? He is seeking them and has been seeking them since he came to earth the first time, and their number is gradually being filled up. "Wherefore, my beloved brethren, let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath, for the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God."

Swift to Hear!

This does not accord with the pride of the

to hear; ready to give out, slow to take in God

must wait for us until we have learned to

tent, meek and lowly in heart. And all

taught." "Wherefore putting away all

with meekness the engrafted Word which is able to save your soul." God would have us not only study his word, but give it authority over our lives. It is only real to us as we receive it, and we cannot receive it without obeying it. Just as far as it transforms us it glorifies God and convinces others that God is true. It is just impossible to understand a word of God's which we do not intend to put into practice. How many talk about the Lord's coming as a kind of theory or doctrine! The Daystar has not arisen in their hearts; his coming is no reality to them, or their whole life would take its color from this glorious expectation. Then how many discuss and try to understand divine healing! They cannot, unless they both yield up and trust their own bodies to the Lord. The most orthodox divines who write on justification can only mislead and puzzle others until they can testify: "I am justified, I have passed from death unto life." Let a drunkard who has been set free; let one who hast escaped the terrible power of some mastering sin by faith in Christ through his Word, explain that Word to others about the truth which makes us free. He has received the Word; it is his own, it has made him another man, he is a proof of its power. "If any man willeth to do his will, he shall know of the teaching whether it be of God, or whether I speak from myself." God puts a veil over his Word of truth so that profane eyes may not clearly see into it; and thus the wisdom of God "is to them that are perishing foolishness." Judged by man's standard, by his intellect, and his experience, it is foolishness, for it is

Outside of His Narrow Circle,

it is not subject to the laws which govern him; it is a thing of eternity, and he is a creature of time as far as his consciousness goes, he being a natural unrenewed, unconverted man. Thus the apostle says: "Be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves. In all the creation, God's Word has had room, manimate matter could not resist him, and his thought was carried out, bringing forth life, order, and beauty in the world. Where his Word finds no resistance, but intelligent and willing cooperation in his children, then God can bring about a new creation on quite another level, a reproduction of himself in his people—"the new man which after God hath been created in righteousness and holiness;" "the new man, which is being renewed unto knowledge after the image of him that created him. "We all with unveiled face, reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

It was God's first thought to make man in his own image, it is also his last thought, but with a deeper developement of glory unspeakable. He would make man not to be a mere picture of himself, but like him as being partaker of his very nature. The apostle Peter says: "He hath granted unto us his precious and exceeding great promises; that through these ye may become partakers of the Divine Nature, having escaped from the corruption that is in the world by lust." And Paul, writing to the Colossians, speaks of "the dispensation of God which was given unto youward, to fulfil the Word of God, even the mystery which hath been hid from all ages and generations; but now hath it been manifested to his saints, to whom God was pleased to make known what is the riches of the glory of this mystery among the Gentiles, which is Christ in you the hope of glory."

And to this wondrous possibility we are begotten by the word of God! Therefore "be ye

Doers of the Word

and not hearers only." As the Lord himself fulfilled the Scriptures in his own Person, we are called as his followers to fulfil the Scriptures also. He would have nothing unaccomplished which was written about him, and if we have the mind of Christ, we shall search the Scriptures diligently to discover and to accomplish all which we shall find written about us; we shall not fear to put God's promises to the proof; we shall not fear to obey him, whatsoever that obedience may cost us. For if anyone is a hearer of the Word and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a mirror. God's word is a mirror in which we are reflected and he is reflected. We must know him in the Scriptures that we may know ourselves, and we must know ourselves in the Scriptures that we may know him. But neither the one nor the other theoretically, for the man who is a hearer and not a doer is "like unto a man beholding his natural face in a mirror, for he beholdeth himself, and goeth away, and straightway forgets what manner of man he was."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

"TO VISIT THE FATHERLESS AND THE WIDOW."

SIX distinct lessons are taught in the twelve verses selected for the subject of the day. James was evidently a student and admirer of the Hebrew Wisdom literature, of which the Proverbs is the only specimen in our Bibles, though two other books of the same style are in the Apocrypha. He touches on an important subject, lets fall a weighty utterance or two, and proceeds to another subject, without stating the connection or association of ideas which existed in his own mind. Here, we have first the fact of human responsibility. No man is to hold God responsible for his weak and sinful condition. God is the giver of good gifts, and he is not variable. Then, he had a distinct purpose in the development of his people; they were to be the first fruits or specimen of what the whole creation would eventually become. Therefore they should be such people as James proceeds to describe. They should be teachable, swift to hear. They should not be vain talkers. Should not easily get angry. Should be receptive. Above all, they should be doers of the word. James has no respect for the idle man who is content with hearing and believing, and does no good. Finally, active benevolence and purity of mind and heart, he says, constitute pure religion. Probably he does not mean religion, as we understand the word, but rather worship, having in his mind the Pharisaic notion that fasting, paying tithes and praying regularly were undoubted proofs of religion being in the soul. James thinks that kindness, love, charity and purity are the true proofs. His ideal Christian will in those ways prove himself to be a son of God. Throughout his epistle he insists on this view that a man who is not doing good, has reason for doubting whether he is good, no matter how learned, or orthodox, or wealthy he may be.

Scholars differ in opinion as to the personality of the writer of the epistle. After much investigation and argument, the majority now believe that he was not James the Apostle, who was with Christ on the Mount of Transfiguration and in the Garden, but James the Just, one of the brothers of the Lord, who was an unbeliever until after the resurrection, when, like Paul, he was converted by a personal revelation. (See 1 Cor. 15: 7.) He became pastor of the Church in Jerusalem. Farrar, writing of him, says that he was a rigid observer of the Jewish ritual, and the Jews looked to him with reverence, knowing that the blood of David flowed in his veins. He was a regular worshipper in the Temple and his knees had grown hard with kneeling in prayer for his people. He was clad only in white linen, and the long locks of his Nazarite vow falling over his shoulders gave him a majestic appearance. He was an ascetic of stern sanctity of life, and if any one could have won the Jews to Christianity, it would have been he. Two traditions exist about his death, which took place about A. D. 62. One is that he was stoned; the other that he was flung from a gable of the Temple, and while prostrate but still living, was brained with a fuller's club. His epistle is believed to have been written about the year 59 to the believing Jews, who voluntarily or through persecution, had left their own land.

The Father of lights. In a lonely country district one rainy, windy night a family gathered around an open fire enjoying the warmth and light and comfort all the more because of the contrast with the discomfort out of doors. Late at night there was a knock at the door. Some of the family hesitated about opening it. It might be a robber or a tramp or some other unwelcome visitor. The knocking continued, and at last the master of the house cautiously opened the door a few inches. A miserable, rain-soaked, mud-bespattered boy stood there holding up a lantern, saying, "Please give a poor boy a light." Not much was given away in that house, but a light would cost nothing, and the candle in the boy's lantern was lighted and he went his way cheerfully and safely. Every one may in another sense "give a poor boy a light," to help him along his path in the world. A kind word, a gentle warning, an encouraging smile, or touch, may do it. One soul is lighted from another and the great original source of this light is the Father of Lights.

Be swift to hear. Prompt and implicit obedience to the revealed, will of God as soon as it is known and realized is a sign of a converted person. Too many argue about it and twist and turn it to see if it cannot be made to read as they would like. A great captain after a battle was talking over the events of the day with his officers, and he asked them who had done the best that day. Some spoke of one man who had fought bravely, and some another. "No," he said, "you are all mistaken. The best man in the field to-day was a soldier who was just lifting up his arm to strike an enemy, but when he heard the trumpet sound a retreat, checked himself and dropped his arm without striking the blow. That perfect and ready obedience to the will of the general is the noblest thing that can be done."

The implanted word. The only security for right conduct is the life that Christ gives implanted in the soul. "I once asked a French pastor," says Mackey, "how they got on with their Roman Catholic neighbors? He said: 'We have Roman Catholic priests who come to us and say, "We should like to enter your religion." I always reply to them: "That is not the thing at all, dear brother; the thing is for our religion to enter you."'"

The perfect law of liberty. The law of Christ is a law of love, but under it people do spontaneously more than they would do under a law of force. No law would ensure missionaries going abroad to preach the Gospel at the risk of their lives, of others going into filthy slums incurring danger of contracting loathsome diseases. They do it not of law but because they love to serve Christ and are under the law of liberty. And they accomplish more, for love begets love and obedience and sorrow for sin. Jeannie Hugo, the granddaughter, and the pet of the poet, having manifested a strong objection to learning the alphabet her mother, thinking to sharpen her energies, told her one day that until she had learned the first twelve letters she should have no dessert. The first thing the child did was to pour out her troubles to her grandpa, who was as usual, ready to listen, but on this occasion powerless to interfere. However, to lighten the privations of his little darling, he proposed to her that they should suffer together; he would touch no dessert as long as she had to abstain. And he kept his word.

Not a hearer that forgetteth, but a doer that worketh. (R. V.), a poor woman, who kept a small country store, went to hear a famous preacher. It was a great event for her, and she was loud in praise of the sermon. She was asked what the preacher had said, what the text was, and other questions, but was unable to answer. "You do not appear to remember much about it," said one. "Ah," said the woman, "I remembered something. I had two bushel measures, one to buy with and one to sell with. The first was a little too large and the other a little too small. I remembered enough of the sermon to burn them both and get one measure of the right size."

LITTLE WAIFS OF JERUSALEM.

Tenderly Cared for, Nourished and Nursed at the "Marienstift," or Children's Hospital —Twenty Years of Benevolent Work.

JUST about fifteen minutes' easy walk from the Damascus Gate of Jerusalem, in a northwesterly direction, on a ridge that almost overlooks the walls of the city, is the German Hospital for Children, which bears the appropriate name, "Marienstift," (Mary's Foundation.) This plain, unpretentious house, which seems quite humble by contrast with the imposing Russian buildings on the crest of the same ridge, has a most interesting history. Nearly a quarter of a century ago, it came to the attention of several philanthropically disposed persons in Jerusalem that the condition of a very large number of children, through parental neglect and from other causes, was one that deserved the practical sympathy of the benevolently inulined. Dr. Sandreczky, a leading physician, whose practice took him among all classes, had become impressed with the large numbers of these little ones who died through neglect, or who became blind or crippled or otherwise permanently disabled, either by reason of the poverty and misery of their surroundings, or through the hardships and severities to which they were subjected.

In the year of 1872, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin visited the Holy Land, and the project of establishing a Children's Hospital was then brought to their attention, with the result that, through their generosity, a grant of $2,000 was secured for the maintenance of such an institution. A building was selected and the work was quickly begun, the name of "Marienstift" being given to the place in recognition of the Grand Duchess, Mary, its august patroness. Children from six months old to twelve years were admitted for treatment, about thirty being taken in with their mothers and sheltered there. 248 in all received treatment in the first three years. All who have visited the East have remarked the great number of people afflicted with diseases of the eyes. In most cases, this is directly traceable to neglect in childhood. The majority of the inhabitants of Palestine are wretchedly poor and their children suffer from this impoverishment in the last degree. The bankrupt government does nothing to relieve its needy and distressed subjects. Thus, most of the people live in unhealthy rooms, or rather dens, destitute of light and air, full of dirt and vermin; their food is reduced to a pittance of bread, greens and fruits (boiled rice or wheat are of rare occurrence), and frequently the water in the cisterns is too foul for drinking, or too scanty for a thorough cleansing. There is, under such circumstances, little hope for a child's physical or moral welfare, and when it falls sick, if it does not die, it survives only to drag through life an enfeebled body, with shrunken limbs and eyes either wholly or partially blind. Such little ones are cruelly neglected by their parents, and it is to cases of this character that the "Marienstift," devotes special attention. Within its walls the natives who are admitted are made sharers in genuine Christian family-life, which produces an impression that will not be speedily obliterated. By the aid of suitable plays and little occupations, adequate to their age and strength, the convalescent children can spend their time, after dismissal, with better things than native children are wont to do. And as the children's minds are roused up in this way, their parents, too, seeing such kindness, disinterestedness, faithfulness and scrupulousnes, carry away with them an impression that will scarcely remain fruitless in after years.

Other kindly patrons became interested in the "Marienstift" and its beneficent work among the children of Jerusalem, many hundreds of whom had improved physically and morally under its treatment and training. The average number of patients per year has been 280 to 300, including a number of mothers. In addition to this, there were many outside patients. The creeds represented by the inmates of the "Marienstift" included Moslems, Jews, Protestants, Greeks and Catholics. A majority of the little sufferers and waifs came from the great city itself, but some were from Hebron, Gaza, Nazareth and Safed and even from the land of Moab. Sick children are brought to the hospital from Christian villages by missionary societies. A great variety of diseases is necessarily treated. It must not be imagined that medical work constitutes the sole duty of the hospital staff. School and general educational work are included wherever possible, and the Gospel of Jesus is explained to listening ears and eager hearts.

SICK CHILDREN, THEIR NURSES AND MOTHERS, at "THE MARIENSTIFT," JERUSALEM

The "Marienstift" has its patrons scattered all over the world—generous Christian men and women in almost every country in Europe, in America, India, and even New Zealand—and Medical Director Sandreczky having carefully preserved its purely undenominational character, has had the good fortune to secure for the institution the friendly cooperation of every Governor of Jerusalem for the last twenty years.

This year, more than at any previous period in its history, it needs means to increase the staff and thus extend the work. More free beds and cots are needed to meet the ever-increasing demands of the patients who grow more numerous every year. During the last summer several substantial improvements were made in the work and as its necessities have always been met in the past by the help of the Lord's generous people, they will doubtless continue to be similarly provided for in the future.

MISSIONARY PERILS IN CHINA.

In a letter to *The Church at Home and Abroad*, Rev. Charles A. Killie, a missionary at Ichowfu, China, relates the facts concerning an attack by a mob on two native Christians, missionary helpers, Dr. Lien and Mr. Wang, the latter a medical student. He says: "After being beaten almost to death, and their eyes almost gouged out, they were dragged off, bound, bleeding and barely alive, to the yamen where the other helpers were confined, and there these four, in a room with thirty or forty condemned criminals of the worst sort, spent the night preaching of Jesus and his love. At about 1.30 A. M. a petty official came with soldiers to search our premises for stolen children, which we were accused of having concealed here. After hearing our story he took his soldiers and went back to the yamen, positively refusing to allow me to accompany him to appeal for our men who were in prison. At daylight, in a pouring rain, I went on horseback to see the official, and secured the release of Messrs. Klang and Rah, whose only offense was that they had taken my card begging for assistance; but I was refused the privilege of speaking to the other two. A guard of soldiers was sent back with us, but nevertheless we were stoned while still in the yamen, a howling mob all the while shouting, Kill the devils! Kill the foreign devils! But God restrained their hands. In the afternoon Dr. Lien and Mr. Wang were released. The next evening the Chi Hien issued a proclamation which charged us with stealing or trying to steal children, and which was calculated to excite the people again. I started instantly for the yamen to try and suppress the proclamation, but found it already posted all over the city. The official at first tried to justify himself, but by alternate pleadings and threats, I at length got his promise to withdraw it and issue a milder one."

The ringleaders of the riot were afterwards arrested and punished.

WHEN WRITING TO THIS OFFICE

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York,

The Suffering Nestorians.

Moslem Hatred and Persecution Afflict them Sorely—Times of Trial for Christians.

THE fire of persecution against the Nestorians in Persia is still very fierce and the furnace is heated seven times hotter than ever. Mr. E. O. Eshoo, a student in the Divinity College, Toronto, and a native American, has forwarded to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD extracts from recent letters from friends in Armenia, relating to the terrible hardships of the Christians there. Letters of Dr. Y. Sayad, a native missionary, and Mr. Abraham Eshoo, a divinity student, narrate the following details of the cruel murder of Baron Aghajan:

"On the 16th of last August, after morning family worship, Baron Aghajan went to his shop. At ten o'clock, a Moslem woman went to him for the purpose of selling a piece of land, but he refused to buy. Then the woman, without a word of warning, left the shop and went away. In a few minutes, the story was reported in one of their mosques that a Christian had called a Moslem woman to his shop for immoral purposes. This false report was spread by a Sayad (descendant of the tribe of Mohammed.) In a short time a mob of Loaties, a number of ruffians, Dervishes and Mollahs, made a rush for the shop in the central part of the city, where Aghajan was chatting with his friends. He was seized and thrown down on the ground, struck and beaten and then dragged along the streets to the mosque. After this a Mollah put him in a room for a short time and said to the mob, 'the mosque is not the murdering-place.' The mob outside was divided into two parts, each one anxious to kill him for an offering to their prophet. The faithful martyr was in the room of the mosque, praying to the Lord for deliverance, while outside he could hear the noise of the cruel mob thirsting for his blood. Sayad took a stone and broke one of the windows. Entering through it, with his dagger in his hand, he said to poor Aghajan, 'if you accept the creed of Mohammed, you may live; if not, let me know quickly.' As he would not deny his Lord, the dagger was thrust with great force into his body.

"Aghajan leaped through the window into the yard of the mosque. Then everybody thrust daggers into his body, till he was literally cut to pieces. They cut off his right arm and tied a rope around his neck, and the other end around the neck of a dead dog. Then the naked, mutilated body of the Christian and that of the animal were dragged through the streets of the city, more than a mile, and thrown into a filthy pond before the city gate. Some friends tried to take the body away, but the mob would not allow them till a sum of money was given to the governor, when they were permitted to take the corpse away. My beloved friend left his house as happy as usual at ten o'clock and at noon was a mangled and mutilated corpse, done to death by a Moslem mob. He was only thirty-two years when he suffered martyrdom."

The Rev. Roobil Joseph writes: "It is impossible for me to describe the terrors and horrible condition of our people. Such treatment as we have received and are still receiving from Mohammedans has not been heard of for generations. Shortly after Aghajan's death another young man was shot in the street. I cannot write to you of all the abominations we suffer from the Mohammedans."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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OUR NEW SERIAL STORY.

In the issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of December 6th, will appear the opening chapters of Marion Harland's new and delightful story

"The Royal Road,"

which has been written expressly for our readers by this most famous of American authoresses of the present day. It is a story of the most intense interest from opening to close, and by far the best she has ever produced. Those who follow her through "The Royal Road" will find it a path of pleasantness, instruction entertainment and profit. Especially will it be attractive and helpful to the many thousands of earnest Christian families who are seeking "the better way," and whose sons and daughters are strengthened and ennobled by the study of pure and elevating literature.

We trust that none of our readers will miss this great pleasure in prospect.

THE BEST CHURCH LAMP.

I CARE not how many chandeliers there are in a church, how many brilliant lights there may be, the Word of God is the best church lamp. O, is there anything more beautiful than an audience gathered on the Sabbath for Christian worship! There may be no dazzle of theatric assemblage, there may be no glitter of foot-lights, there may be no allegoric images blossoming from pit to dome; but there is something in the place and in the occasion that makes it supernatural. In the light of this lamp I see your faces kindle with a great joy. Glorious church lamp, this Bible. Luther found it in the cloister at Erfurt, and he lifted it until the monasteries and cathedrals of Germany and Italy and France and England and the world saw its illumination. It shone under the trap-doors. It looked behind the curtains. It shone under the breat-plate of sacerdotal authority; and in the mosques of Turkey, and in the pagodas of India, and in the ice huts of Greenland, and in the mud hovels of Africa, and in the temples of China, God's regenerated children, in musical Tamil, and sweet Italian, and nasal Chinese, and harsh Choctaw, cried out: "Thy Word is a lamp." It throws its light on the pulpit, making a bulwark of truth; on the baptismal cup, until its waters glitter like the crystals of heaven. It strikes penitence into the prayers and gladness into the thanksgiving. It changes into a church John Bunyan's prison, and Covenanter's cave, and Calvin's castle, and Huss's stake, and McKail's scaffold of martyrdom. Zwinglius carried it into Switzerland, and John Wickliffe into England, and John Knox into Scotland, and Jehudi Ashman into Africa. I do not wonder that the stranger who sat one day beside me in a rail-car reading his Bible, after he had concluded his reading, closed it, and kissed it, and put it in his pocket. There have been times when you did the same. When all else failed you, it was so bright, so loving, it was so sympathetic a book that you, too, kissed it.

You know that the ancient Egyptians used to keep lights burning in the tombs of their dead. These lights were kept up for scores even hundreds of years. Friends would come from generation to generation and put oil in the lamps, and it was considered a disaster if those lamps went out. You and I will some day go down into the house of the dead. Some have looked upon it as an unknown land, and when they thought of it, their knees have knocked together and their hearts fainted. There were whole generations of men that had no comfort about death, no view of the eternal world, and whenever they brought their friends and put them into the dust, they said, without any alleviation: "This is horrid, this is horrid!" And it was. The grave is the deepest, ghastliest pit that ever a man looks in, unless the lamp of God's Word flashes into it. For whole ages men thought that the sepulchre was a den where a great monster gorged himself on human carcasses. "I will put an end to that," said Jesus of Nazareth; "I will with my own voice go down and make darkness flee;" and as he stepped out from the gate of heaven, all the graveyards of earth cried: "Come! Come!" And he came down, bringing a great many beautiful lights, and above this babe's grave he hung a light, and over this wife's grave he hung a light, and over this mother's tomb he hung a light, and all over the sleeping places of the Christian dead he hung a light.

Let this light gild all the graves of your dead. May this lamp be set in your parlors, in all your streets, in all your stores, in all your churches, in all your sepulchres.

DEAD POLITICIANS.

WE all ought to be vigilant about public affairs, and religiously exercise the right of suffrage; but before a man makes politics his regular business, he ought either to have so large a fortune that the emoluments of office would be no temptation, or he ought to have his integrity so fully tried in some other furnace, that he is sure to stand the political oven seven times heated.

I have buried professional politicians, and I tell you the most of them make a very hard funeral for a Christian minister to speak at. I always want at such a time an Episcopal prayer book, which, made for all cases, may not be taken as invidious or too assuming in any case. But it seems a gigantic incoherency to say over the dead body of a man who spent his life in purchasing votes and bulldozing caucuses and stuffing ballot-boxes and throwing open a free bar of vile whiskey to all applicants, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

THIS LIFE NOT ALL

HOW that old lesson takes on new emphasis! We get so used to living we hardly think of our own mortality until some startling event arouses us to think how swiftly the shuttle flies which shall finish the fabric of our earthly estate, and how soon the thread of life will be cut. There is something overwhelming in the passage of generation after generation off the stage to let other generations come on. Who are the merchants of New York to-day? Many of them children and grandchildren of the old merchants. Who are the ministers of religion in these pulpits? Nearly all of them new men, while their predecessors are gone out of service, and most of them gone out of the world. Who are the men in professional life? New doctors instead of old doctors, young lawyers instead of the old lawyers. Were it not for the light which the Gospel kindles over the next world, a wave of melancholy would drown the nations.

If this life were all and then obliteration, if this short journey ended in a gulf of nothingness, we might well sit down in despair, but with a theory that it is only the beginning and that departure is release and enlargement and coronation, the sadness is lessened if not entirely taken away. If religion is a fallacy, I do not want to find it out. I want to live and die under the glorious delusion. I want to go clear out of life under the hallucination. Rather than pay some lecturer fifty cents or a dollar to prove to me there is no hereafter, I would pay the last dollar I have, and the last coat, and the last shoe, not to believe in annihilation. But while this life is filled with doubts, and human friendship is doubtful, and health is doubtful, and worldly success is doubtful, God and Christ and the soul and heaven are everlasting certainties.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Ed. D. Reiter, Croton, Iowa. "In behalf of 'Subscriber, Chicago,' I would like to give my experience at conversion. Like 'Subscriber,' I expected to be thrilled through and through. My anguish before conversion was more I thought than I could stand; but at conversion, when I became willing to give up all for Christ, I was filled with utter peace and rest. I hardly knew myself, the load that fell off had been so heavy. I was so tired and the change was so restful and peaceful, nothing like the thrill I had expected; and yet I still know and feel his presence near. I am persuaded one never feels just as he expects, but just as Jesus sees best, and we must trust him for all, and not for a moment trust our own feelings in the matter."

Miss Bertie Brubaker, Somerset, Ind. What are the best books I can procure to aid in explaining the Bible—something that will help in study?

Jamieson, Fausett and Brown's Bible *Commentary* is probably the most suitable for your purpose. Write to Fleming H. Revell Co., publishers, New York.

George Anderson, Sacramento, Cal. Why did Christ describe John the Baptist as the greatest of all the prophets, and yet say that he was not so great as the least in the kingdom of God. (See Luke 7: 28)?

John had more light than any of the servants of God, who had preceded him. His message was clearer than even Isaiah's. Yet after Christ came with the crowning revelation, the humblest of those who had apprehended his meaning, was far in advance of John, and knew truths which John only dimly perceived.

M. B. French, Dayton, O., and others. When did Grace Darling die?

On October 25, 1842, Grace Horseley Darling, the heroine of the Longstone lighthouse died. The brave deed that won her fame was performed on the night of September 7, 1838, when she rescued the crew of the steamer *Forfarshire*. Her tombstone in Bamburg churchyard has this inscription: "Grace Horseley Darling, born November 20, 1815; steamship *Forfarshire* wrecked September 7, 1838; died October 25, 1842, aged 26 years."

W. S. Forsey, Fulch, Ont., and Reader, Ackermanville, Pa. When Paul wrote "Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death," was it his own experience which he voiced, or the experience of an unconverted man?

His own, unquestionably. He felt within himself a dual nature, one of spiritual the other natural or material, and that the natural body or "body of death" acted as a drag on the spiritual or eternal, retarding its development. This is the experience of every Christian in whose heart the process of spiritual evolution has already begun.

Rev. T. A. Humphreys, Johnstown, Pa. "From Manger to Throne" is just received. I consider it a great treasure, and should be very happy if every family in my church possessed it. Every leaf of it from Dr. Talmage sparkles with gems, and particularly so the divine-human subject of this book.

We might easily fill "Our Mail Bag," ten times over with just such cordially appreciative letters as this. "From Manger to Throne" is sent to old and new subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who forward $2 for a year's subscription. It is indeed a great treasure," as our Johnstown correspondent writes.

Subscriber, Leck Kill, Pa. Who is the woman or the city symbolized in Rev. 17: 1, 3, 5, 6?

The general opinion of Protestant commentators is that the Church of Rome is indicated. In Rev. 17: 9, the identification is confirmed as Rome is often spoken of as "the city of the seven hills." Being drunk, is supposed to allude to the blood spilled under the various persecutions. The allusion to her vicious character is supposed to refer to her alliance with antichristian, worldly sovereigns especially to Antichrist himself with whom she will be in league until he attains supreme power, when he will cast her off (See Rev. 17: 16).

John E. Anderson, West Boylston, Mass. How can light ever be darkness, as intimated by Christ? (Matt 6: 53.)

The sense in which he used the words is seen more clearly in the previous verse. It was the familiar illustration of blindness. A man who can see is like a blind man in the dark, but when light comes, he can see his way. But the blind man is no better off for the light. His darkness is much worse than the other, because it is in him, not simply around him. In strictly accurate words, the eye is not the light, any more than the window in a house is light, but it is quite common to speak of the lights of a house, meaning its windows. The people would understand the allusion, although they would not understand the spiritual lesson Christ intended to convey, if they were without spiritual perception, or, in other words, if the light within them was dark.

Reader, Lycoming, Pa. Where can I get the verses beginning "the parish priest of Austerity," etc. and what is their meaning?

The verses asked for are as follows:

The parish priest of Austerity
Climbed into the high church steeple,
To be near to God, that he might hand
His Word down to the people;
And every day in sermon script
He wrote what he thought came from heaven,
And dropped it down on the people's heads
Two times one day in seven.
In his age, God called him down to die,
And he cried from out the steeple,
"Where art thou, Lord?" and the Lord replied,
"Down here among my people."

It refers obviously to pastors who seclude themselves in their studies, and preach "over the heads" of their congregations, instead of being shepherds in the true sense, preaching the plain, simple Gospel, mingling with the flock, healing their sorrows and molding their lives.

M. H. Savage, Indian Industrial Training School, Perris, Cal. We want to make the holiday season an enjoyable one for the Indian children under my charge. My school is new (opened last February) and we have not as yet built up a circle of friends to aid us as is done in the older schools of this class. I have an unusually intelligent and interesting class of boys and girls—over 100 ranging in age from 6 to 18 years. I expect 120 here by Christmas. They are pleased with the same trifles that are enjoyed by white children of the same ages. I have no doubt that many of your readers would be glad to send suitable articles which they have on hand and for which they have no use, if they only knew of our needs in this respect. We prefer useful things such as small articles of wearing apparel, books, etc., that can be sent by mail. We can also use a quantity of pictures in making cheerful the walls of dining-room, sitting-rooms, etc. If individual donors desired, we could have pupils write letters of thanks which would be helpful all around. Government will not provide Christmas gifts and our teachers' salaries are so small they cannot meet even a small part of the demands upon them.

Here is a very excellent way opened whereby those of our readers, who are so disposed, may give much pleasure to the Indian children at the coming Christmas holiday. The most welcome gifts will be those that come by mail. Persons living near the Institute might easily send them by express. In all cases express charges should be prepaid. Gifts of clothing, books, and toys will be welcomed.

Pastor, Burnet, Tex. They are delusive, misleading and unscriptural.——Subscriber, Greenville, Ala. Address Woman's Exchange, cor. Sixth Ave. and Twenty-third St., New York City.——R. B. Ingram, Spring Lake, N. J. A good Concordance, Harmony of the Scriptures, Commentary and Helps are the best aids. These are found in compact form in the International Teachers' Bible which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD gives as a premium to each annual subscriber sending $2. We know of no self teaching system of music.——"Friend in Christ." There is no foundation for the story you mention.——Mrs. D. Thayer, Lakewood, N. Y. The fact of one church being nearer to you than another does not bind you to go to that church. It is not the question of convenience or accessibility but of the spiritual help derived that should decide the matter. If you feel that the more distant church is the more helpful to your soul, you should go there by all means, if possible.——Emily S. Strevker, New York. See No 43 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.——Isaac Sweeten, Philadelphia. He is a Supervisor, a political office. We do not know that he was ever the Superintendent of a Sunday School.——D. R., New York. Certainly not.——Ed. Hartley, Kennard, Ind. A somewhat similar version of the poem on "Books of the Bible," was published in No. 43 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. We do not know the name of the author.——Constant Reader, Rehoboth, Pa. No.——Amaziah Richmond, Elkborn, Wis. Thanks for your encouraging letter.——Clara F. Lane, Concord, N. H. Rev. B. Fay Mills' permanent address is Pawtucket, R. I.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

SPAIN'S FIGHT IN MOROCCO.

SPAIN is making a hard fight to maintain possession of her stronghold on the African coast. The fortress of Melilla, a picture of which appears on this page, has been in her hands for about three hundred years. Although the Sultan of Morocco, like his predecessors, acquiesces in the Spanish occupation of the citadel, the garrison is never safe from attack. The valorous and hardy tribes of the mountainous district to the north and west of the fortress are inveterate enemies of the Spaniards and would, if they were able, wrest Melilla from her and restore it to the Moorish domain. These tribes, who are called Riffians, maintain a harassing hostility to the garrison; and the Sultan of Morocco is either unable or unwilling to subdue them. They have been in the habit of stealthily approaching the walls of the fortress and shooting at the sentries or any Spanish soldiers who might be visible, and having done all the mischief they can, they retreat beyond the Spanish lines on to Moorish ground, where the Spaniards cannot pursue them without provoking a war with Morocco. About two months ago they surrounded the fortress in large numbers, and when the garrison sallied out to drive them away, the Riffians defeated them, killed Gen. Margallo, the Commander-in-chief of the Spanish forces, and drove them ignominously back behind the fortress walls. Intermittent fighting has been going on ever since. The Spaniards receiving reinforcements and supplies of food and ammunition by the sea, and the Riffians blockading the fortress on the landside. The Spaniards fire shells among them from the fortress and from their ships in the bay, but the Riffians have sheltered themselves in trenches near the walls and have held their position. During the whole period of their occupation the Spaniards have never succeeded in establishing friendly relations with the tribes around them. They have never explored the Riff country, nor done anything toward civilizing the wild races which inhabit it. If they left the citadel or were driven from it, there would be nothing of a moral or spiritual kind left to show that a Christian people had ever been there. Probably the present trouble would never have arisen had the Spaniards availed themselves in past times of their opportunities to bring the Riffians under Christian influence. It is with nations as with churches and families and individuals, the failure to do a manifest duty entails a penalty which is often bitter and humiliating. (Dan. 4: 27.)

Gold Mining by Boat.

An impression has long been prevalent that there was gold in the mud on the bars of Snake River in Idaho. The specimens extracted, however, were so small and fine that the miners concluded it would not pay to work it. Recently, one more persistent than the others, has anchored a boat about ten miles above Payette to test the possibility of working the bars profitably. He has provided a number of buckets attached to an endless chain, each bucket capable of holding about twenty pounds of dirt. These are fixed so that they will scoop up the sand and mud and deliver it to a hopper. A small engine suffices to supply motive power. The hopper is agitated by the engine and a stream of water carries away the refuse. The gold is caught by an application of quicksilver on copper plates. Three men are employed and about a hundred tons of gravel are handled daily. The net profit so far has been a hundred dollars a day and the miners expect that in some places still better results will be obtained. The work is hard and disagreeable, but they do not mind that if they can continue to get gold out of the mud. Similar patience and persistent effort has already been devoted to obtaining precious metal from the human refuse lying submerged in the slums of our great cities. There was like incredulity about such work paying when it was first commenced, but when such men as the late Jerry McAuley are produced, there is every encouragement to proceed. The reward is assured and eternal. (James 5: 20.)

A Deferred Wedding Fee.

A clergyman in a country town in Indiana says that the largest fee he ever received for performing the marriage ceremony was one hundred dollars, and it did not come until some years after the service was rendered. The bridegroom called on the minister one evening and told him of his desire to be married, but said he was too poor to pay any fee. As he seemed a hard-working, steady young man, the minister agreed to perform the ceremony gratuitously. The young man thanked him warmly and on the following evening presented himself with the bride and they were duly married. The affair had passed altogether from the clergyman's memory for several years, when one morning he was surprised on opening his mail to find a letter enclosing a hundred dollar bill. The writer reminded him of his kindness in marrying a penniless couple and informed him that he was the bridegroom on the occasion. As the marriage had proved a very happy one, he said, and he was now in a prosperous business, he desired to make the minister a payment for his services and the enclosed represented his idea of the proper sum. Whether the writer would have sent so large a fee, or any fee at all, if the marriage had proved unhappy, he did not say. It would be a curious speculation how much money ministers would receive for such services if payment were always delayed for a few years and made contingent on the happiness of the parties. There would, however, be no such uncertainty if they were paid in that way by those whom they have led into union with

THE FORT AND HARBOR OF MELILLA, MOROCCO.

Christ. None who enter into that union ever regret it. (Rom. 8: 38, 39).

The Loudest Noise on Record.

A scientific writer in a Boston journal says that on comparing the records of distances at which cannonading on a battlefield has been heard, he finds that the record is broken by a volcanic explosion which took place ten years ago. No thunder from the skies was ever accompanied with a roar of such vehemence as that which issued from the throat of the great volcano in Krakatoa, an islet lying in the straits of Sunda, between Sumatra and Java, August 27, 1883. The explosions succeeded each other so rapidly that a continuous roar seemed to issue from the island. The critical moment was now approaching, and the outbreak was preparing for a majestic culmination. Early in the morning a stupendous convulsion took place which far transcended any of the shocks which had preceded it. This supreme effort it was which raised the mightiest noise ever heard on the globe. At Carimon, Java, 355 miles away the reports were plainly heard. At Macassar, in Celebes, the explosions attracted the notice of everybody. Two steamers were hastily sent out to find out if some ship in distress was firing signal guns. The sounds had travelled from the Straits of Sunda, a distance of 969 miles. Experience has proved, however, that sound can travel a still longer distance without being loud at all. If a telephone wire connects two distant places, an ordinary voice at one place can be heard at the other. Scientific men of a past generation would have scoffed at the idea of such communication being possible, yet the same means existed in nature then as now, only it had not been discovered. If they knew all such secrets now, they would not scoff as they often do, at the miracles recorded in the Bible, nor ridicule the faith of Christians who believe that as in olden times, a prayer whispered on earth goes up to "God's holy dwelling-place," and is heard in heaven. (II Chron. 30: 27.)

A Variable Boundary Line.

An Ohio merchant who has been spending his summer in the north and made many friends among the farmers in sparsely settled districts, reports a scheme more ingenious than honest for evading customs duties, which he found to be flourishing there. He found an extensive district where the boundary line between the United States and Canada is marked by iron posts set at intervals of a mile. A large number of farmers and traders live near the line and a good deal of smuggling was done, until the customs officers made it unsafe. Very little smuggling now goes on, but it is, the visitor says, still very profitable to live near the line. During the greater part of the year the Canadian side of the line is most populous, but at certain intervals the American side has the largest number of citizens. The farmers do not move their farms nor the traders their stores, but they move the line of demarkation. Some enterprising man found that the iron posts were not clinched on the other side of the earth, and could therefore be shifted. A few posts stand during the greater part of the year a mile south of the farms, but when all is ready, a few men go out for a night's hunting, and the next morning the United States are larger by a strip of territory a mile or two wide. The posts show that the farms are not in Canada, as was supposed, but in the United States. After a season of trade, the farms are again found to be north of the boundary line. The people are merely trying to make the best of both countries as to their property, just as some others are trying to make the best of both worlds, as to their souls. Tricks of trade and worldly methods of doing business are in operation during the week, and Christian work on Sunday. Such men may deceive themselves and the world, but we are assured, "The Lord knoweth them that are his." (II Tim. 2: 19.)

A Swedish Heiress.

A romantic story appears in the Brooklyn, N. Y., daily papers. It appears that a Swedish girl came with her brother to this country two years ago. They settled in Brooklyn, the young man getting work in a store and the girl in domestic service. The young man caught cold one day last winter, was attacked by pneumonia and died. One of his friends was engaged to be married to the girl, but after her brother's death, his attentions diminished. She had left her position to nurse her brother and after the funeral expenses were paid all her savings were exhausted and she was in debt. Her lover frequently deplored her poverty and seemed to wish to cancel their engagement. Eventually, however, the wedding day was fixed, but there was still some reluctance manifested by the young man. On the very day set for the wedding he disappeared and the girl learned that he had deserted her to marry a widow who had a small fortune. The strange part of the story is that if he had fulfilled his engagement he would be a much richer man. An uncle of the girl who was very wealthy died a few weeks ago leaving all his property to her and her brother or to the survivor if either was dead. On Nov 11, she sailed for Sweden to take possession. Her recreant lover must feel deeply mortified, but no one will sympathize with him. He is not the first man who has tried to attain his end by dishonorable conduct and has afterward found that he would have succeeded better by doing right. There are many beside him to whom the words of the prophet apply: "Your sins have withholden good things from you." (Jer. 5: 25.)

BRIEF NOTES.

A correspondent in Baltimore, Md., writes us that a most interesting revival work is in progress in that city under the charge of Dr. William Coburn, the Evangelist.

The Gaekwar of Baroda has introuced compulsory education, such as will make the boys and girls moral and useful members of society. Boys must go to school from seven until twelve years of age, and girls until ten years old.

At the annual meeting of the Loyal Legion in Chicago, General Lucius Fairchild was elected commander-in-chief for the incoming year, and Rev. H. C. Trumbull, editor of the *Sunday School Times*, was re-elected Chaplain-in-chief.

Rev. Thomas Harrison commenced a series of services on November 15 in Embury M. E. Church, Herkimer street, Brooklyn. They will continue two weeks. Dr. W. W. Bowdish, the pastor of the church, is heartily cooperating with the famous evangelist and a large harvest of souls is confidently expected.

According to the Lutheran *Church Almanac*, for 1894, there are now in this country 60 Lutheran synods, 5,273 ministers, 9,013 congregations, and 1,294,488 communicants. The Lutherans maintain 2,640 parochial schools, with 139,386 pupils. The largest Lutheran branch is the Synodical Conference, which reports 441,129 members.

Major D. W. Whittle assisted Dr. A. C. Dixon on Sunday, November 12, in his Brooklyn campain. He had an enormous audience in the Grand Opera House. During the ensuing week he gave talks at the John Street M. E. Church, New York, every day at noon, and in the Hanson Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn, every evening.

Messrs. Hunter and Crossley, the Canadian Evangelists, commenced their long promised campaign in Brooklyn at the Janes M. E. Church, Reld Avenue, on November 5. The building was densely crowded and deep feeling was manifested at both services. The Evangelists have received applications this year for their services from over five hundred places.

Mr. R. C. Morgan, the English publisher for whom the late Sir Arthur Blackwood wrote the articles on the Revelation, some of which we have republished, says that there are few things in literature more pathetic than the appearance of those articles. They were written in pencil, and show by their caligraphy how the writer was suffering while he wrote. They were the last counsels and warnings of a dying man.

The American Female Guardian Society proposes to celebrate Thanksgiving by giving a Thanksgiving dinner to the 210 children under its care at the Home for the Friendless, 29 East 29th street, New York. Dr. John Hall and several other ministers have promised to attend and give addresses. The Society is managed almost exclusively by woman, and during the fifty-nine years of its existence has temporarily sheltered over 40,000 children and found permanent homes for thousands.

The services organized by Mr. D. L. Moody for the World's Fair campaign have been much blessed. The Chicago *Interior* says: "The final service continued several hours and elicted the deepest interest in the congregation that filled Central Music Hall to its fullest capacity. The evangelical campaign projected by Mr. Moody has been even more successful than anticipated, and its results have already been most marked, and will continue to be felt for years to come."

Dr. Sheldon Jackson, Government Superiendent of Education in Alaska, writes that the inhabitants of the Island of St. Lawrence, lying midway between Alaska and Siberia, earnestly desire a Christian teacher. A mission church was built on the island some years ago but for some reason it was abandoned. It has stood empty ever since. Every year when the *Bear* makes its annual visit to the island the people come to the shore to meet it and their first question is, "Have you brought us a teacher?" The Woman's Board of Missions of the Presbyterian Church hopes to send them one next year.

Mr. W. T. Stead, formerly editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who became famous some years ago by his bold and uncompromising exposure of aristocratic vice in London, preached in Chicago on November 12. He pleaded earnestly for better and purer government of cities.

The three doctors of the mission ship *Albert* treated 2,250 patients while on the recent cruise to Labrador. Two hospitals have been erected, and have been found extremely serviceable. The benefits of the mission are universally appreciated, and the services of the steamer next year are greatly needed.

CHAPTER XVII

THE MISSING WEDDING-GUEST

GUY did not escape scot-free from the effects of his cold bath. It is true that he was packed off at once to the nearest cottage to get dried, and to remain there till his clothes were fit to put on, but all the same the plunge into the ice cold water, which he had taken when he was very hot, and the inevitable cold he had felt before he had been able to rid himself of his damp garments, had produced a slight chill, and for the first time since his foreign residence and travel, he had a return of cough, and looked delicate again in the hectic fashion which was always suspicious in one of his temperament. However, the change between summer and winter made a world of difference to him. He took his slight indisposition very lightly, and found it very pleasant to enter into all the preparations for the projected wedding which were now being carried on with great vigor.

It might have been a week or ten days after his complete recovery that Mrs. Dangerfield spoke to him quietly one day, and asked him if he had thought over what she had asked of him once, and if he were ready to accede to the request. Guy answered brightly and readily that nothing would give him more pleasure, and asked how it was to be done.

"We must go to London about it," answered Mrs. Dangerfield quietly, "and I will get the deed drawn up there by a solicitor in whom I have full confidence, and one who is entirely to be trusted to hold his peace on the subject. I am going up in any case, as you know, to see after various matters in connection with the wedding. You can easily frame some excuse for accompanying me."

"And I do want to go to town on my own account," answered Guy, "I have never got Monk his wedding present yet. How long do you suppose we shall be there?"

"I think four or five days will be sufficient for all I have to do. You can please yourself as to whether you remain all that time yourself or not."

"Perhaps I shall run across to Paris," answered Guy. "If Fulk could go with me I believe I would: but he must stay for the tennis ties. Well, at any rate I shall be ready as soon as you are. We will get everything settled before the wedding."

Mrs. Dangerfield was very grateful to Guy—so grateful that the old sense of irritation and injury had almost passed away, notwithstanding the fact that there were still matters connected with this question of the inheritance which she was still keeping back, and in which her conscience had told her again and again she had played a very underhand part.

It aroused no great surprise to hear that Guy was to be her companion during her short stay in town. Since her seizure during Monk's illness her children had not thought it advisable for her to travel or be much alone, and as all the rest of the party were full of business, it seemed natural enough for Guy to volunteer to be their mother's companion, and he himself felt rather like a boy out on a holiday as he set forth as his aunt's cavalier.

During the days they waited in London for the preparation of the papers that Guy was to sign, he came and went unquestioned so far as his aunt was concerned. She had her own affairs to occupy her time, and Guy was always ready to accompany her if she wished, or to [illegible] ever, he was generally his own master, and it [illegible] his aunt asked anything beyond [illegible] would be back in time for dinner. It took longer than they expected to prepare [illegible] as the lawyers perceived difficulties imperceptible to the lay mind. Guy, however, [illegible] and when the business was done he meant to [illegible] Paris and get back a day [illegible]

That event fully occupied the attention of the family and dependents at the Park and still more at the Grange, where Joyce was the best loved of all the Conway family. All the [illegible] discussed again and again until her brother grew utterly weary of them and heartily wished the whole thing were over. One day, desiring to escape giving his opinions on questions which, with a man's impatience, he regarded as of no consequence, Norman slipped away and rode over to Fordringham to have a chat with Geoffrey Northesk, whose marriage with Cissy Dangerfield was too far in the distant future to be as yet considered in detail. Geoffrey was out visiting patients, but his sister Cicely was at home, so Norman sat down to talk to his old friend, who was, he had long thought, the nicest girl in the world.

"So I hear," he said, "that Geoffrey does not mean to quit these dear, old-fashioned rooms but is taking the whole house on lease."

"Yes," answered Cicely. "He will take possession next Christmas, and he hopes to get married the following spring or summer. We shall have had time to get everything into order for Cissy: and she is as fond of this old-fashioned house as I am."

"And you, Cicely," asked Norman, in a low voice, "what will you do then? Will you have to leave it yourself?"

"That is not quite settled. Cissy thinks now that she would like me to stay; but I do not think I shall do so. I have a great idea that married people are better alone. There is plenty of time to discuss all that. I have several vague plans of my own: but they can wait."

Cicely stopped abruptly for Norman had leaned forward in the dusk, and taken her hand in his. There was something in that close quivering pressure that sent an electric thrill through her. Her heart beat suddenly thick and fast, there was a strange singing in her ears. For a moment the silence was unbroken, and then Norman spoke in such low tones, that if he had not been very near she would hardly have heard the words.

"Make one more plan, Cicely—one more, better than all the rest. One plan in which I am not left out. Have you ever thought of me when you have been thinking of your future life?"

She lifted her calm sweet eyes to his. The pale saffron glow in the west seemed reflected in them, so clear and luminous was their glance. She did not speak, but she had not withdrawn her hand from his clasp.

"Cicely, do you need that I should tell you how I love you? Have you not known the hope that has been my guiding star almost through life?"

He leaned forward a little more. She saw his face clearing in the brightening moonlight, the clear eagle-like features tense with the emotion of the moment, the deep purpose in the eyes that gave a look of true nobility to the face. It seemed strange indeed for the calm, self-possessed Norman to be so deeply stirred. Cicely let him draw her more closely to himself, and only when her head was almost resting upon his shoulder did he hear the softly spoken words:

"I think I have loved you always, Norman. If you want me I cannot say you nay."

"My darling," said Norman very tenderly and earnestly, "God bless you always for those sweet words."

Lady Conway was not much pleased with the news when Norman told her. She was an ambitious woman, and had set her heart upon a grander match for her handsome son. She considered that a young baronet with a very comfortable income and a fair property of his own could pick and choose and go wooing where he would. She had been glad to see that Yolante's influence over him was but a passing fancy: yet if he was going to marry a country doctor's daughter in the end, he was but falling from the frying-pan into the fire. However, Norman was not the kind of son to be taken to task with impunity even by his mother. He had asked Cicely Northesk to be his wife, and she had accepted his hand, and there was obviously nothing to be gained by raising objections. So on the whole she received the news well, and Norman lived through the next days in a sort of paradise of his own, so foreign to one of his habitual calmness of mind, that he could hardly believe in his own identity.

At the Park, business and pleasure filled up each day to overflowing. Every one was busy. Guy had not returned, but was expected for the wedding.

On the last morning of Monk's bachelor life, he came down dressed for riding and announced to Fulk that he was going over to the Grange to make the last arrangements. "I dare say I shall lunch there," he said, "as they will be busy, and perhaps I can be useful in helping with the decorations and things. Later on I must ride on to Fordringham, and arrange for the feast to the tenants and bell-ringers and all that. Upton has contracted for everything, and I don't think he'll make any blunders, but one never knows. I'd rather see him again about it. So don't expect me before you see me. I dare say I shall dine in the town, and come back afterwards."

Fulk looked at him gravely. A strange presentment of coming evil had come into his mind and though he was unable to define it, he felt impelled to look after Monk and protect him if need arose. He said no more then, but when his brother mounted his horse to ride across to the Grange, he found Fulk prepared to accompany him.

"Hullo, old man, do you want to see Joyce, too?"

"No, but I'll have a chat with Norman, and ride with you to Fordringham afterwards. We shan't have so many more rides together. You don't object to company, I suppose?"

"Not a bit—I like it. But fancy your turning sentimental all in a moment, Fulk."

"Well, it's not altogether that either," answered Fulk with more gravity than the occasion seemed to demand. But I've an idea that you had better not be left alone to-day, Monk.'

Monk turned on his brother a glance of amused surprise. "What's in the wind now, old fellow?"

"I am worried about that Stapleton man," said Fulk. "He has been hanging around the house these two days, I am certain. He means no good, and if I am not very much mistaken he will try and do you an ill turn."

"Let him," answered Monk scornfully, "I'm not afraid of him."

"Possibly not: but for Joyce's sake it is your duty to be careful. You shall not ride about alone after dark at all events. You will have no cause for watchfulness after to-morrow. You will be far enough away from all danger: but to-day—"

"All right, Fulk, I'll not neglect your warning. I'll be prudence itself, and I'll either come home early, or you shall be my escort, if that will be any satisfaction to you."

"Thanks," answered Fulk briefly, "I confess that it will be a decided satisfaction," and after that they rode on in thoughtful silence till the Grange was reached.

Fulk stayed to lunch as well as his brother, and rode with Monk into the town later, and assisted at the interview with Upton the innkeeper and general factotum as to the final details for the approaching festivities.

Then Joyce appeared upon the scene, and insisted that Monk should return to dinner, and not ride about any longer in the heat. Monk laughed to scorn the idea of being tired, but Joyce could always get her own way with him. He left his horse in Upton's stable, with instructions that it should be sent to the Park on the following day, and then he and Joyce drove round to see Cicely, whilst Fulk stood ruminating as to whether he might go home with an easy mind.

As there really seemed nothing to detain him longer, Fulk rode home leisurely in the declining sun-light. He kept a close look out along the road, and as he neared a part where the trees grew thick, and it was more lonely than any other portion of the high-way, he saw a long recumbent figure stretched idly out upon the grass almost concealed by the thick underwood, and caught the gleam of a pair of fiery eyes which seemed to meet his with a sort of sombre triumph and malevolence.

That of course might be merely a trick of fancy, for the man was so hidden that he could not even be recognized: but Fulk felt a sense of exaltation and triumph in the thought that his brother had been hindered from passing alone along this lonely piece of road.

A few minutes after Fulk left Upton's inn another visitor entered. It was Guy, who had just come down from London for the wedding.

"Come in, sir," said Upton, who knew him well, "come in. The best parlor is empty, and we'll get you a dinner fit for a lord in no time, eh, Betty?"

"Eh, that we will," answered his worthy spouse, who had come bustling out to welcome Guy, who was a great favorite in the town. He was looking white and fagged enough to awaken their genuine commiseration: but he did not all at once respond to their friendly overtures save by a smile and gesture of thanks.

"I am not sure that I ought not be pushing on to the Park at once," he answered, speaking slowly, as if greatly fatigued, "I want to see my cousin with as little delay as possible."

"Now come ye in, come ye in," cried the motherly landlady, "ye'll miss none of his company by biding a bit here, and getting a good dinner into ye. Young Squire isn't at the Park. He was here this afternoon and meant to stay here and dine and do a bit of business in the town: but Miss Conway came by in her carriage, and carried him off to dine with her at the Grange. And there he'll be now. So you've time to get a good meal, and be home as soon as he is. And there's his horse in the stable all ready for you if you like to ride him back. He left him with us as he had changed his plans."

Guy stood still for a moment thinking, and then stepped inside the hospitable door.

"Well, I think in that case I will stay and have something to eat, for I've had a hard day's traveling, and I'm rather tired. And you can get the horse saddled by nine o'clock, and I shall be at the Park as soon as the Squire."

The good people of the house were mightily pleased at that, and bustled about in right good earnest over their guest's comfort. Guy was glad to lie down on the comfortable lounge in the cool parlor whilst his dinner was preparing, for he was tired to the verge of exhaustion, and would have found it hard work to get home but for this timely rest.

Upton himself brought in the meal, and stood chatting of all that was to happen on the morrow in honor of the young Squire's wedding as Guy set to work upon the good cheer before him. He was faint rather than hungry, but he found his appetite as he proceeded, and the landlord nodded his head to see the color come back into his wan cheek, and he pressed him to eat and drink, till he could do so no more.

"Now," said Guy, as he rose from the table, "will you let me have the horse brought round, I must not be lingering any longer. I want to get home as soon as I can."

Guy stood at the door in the soft night air until the big animal came up. There was no moon, but the stars were bright, and at midsummer the nights are seldom really dark. He knew every foot of the road, and the horse was even better acquainted with it than himself. They would find no difficulty in getting over the ground.

Bidding a friendly good-night to his host, Guy turned the horse into the direct road for the Park and put him into a steady trot. As they turned a corner and reached the familiar stretch of timber-shaded road that led up to the Park gates, the horse started at a brisk canter. Guy did not check him, the motion was too easy and pleasant. He gave him his head, and held him lightly.

There was a sudden check—and a terrible crash. What it was Guy never knew. He felt as if he were being hurled through the air, and then a myriad brilliant sparks danced before his eyes, after which came total blank and darkness.

Out from amid the black shadows of the trees sprang a dark figure, and the barrier across the road was rapidly pulled away, the wood and furze of which it had been composed being scattered and hidden in this place and that, till no one passing the spot could guess what had happened. The horse, stunned and cut about the head and legs, had slowly risen, and was standing quietly, trembling in every limb, snuffing about as if in search of his rider, who lay rigid and motionless in a ditch nigh at hand.

The evil genius of the place came up, his need of concealment over and laid his hand upon the he e's rein.

"You con. with me," he said, "you had best not find your way home to-night. You can do that in the morning. As for you, Mr. Monk Dangerfield—" turning and spurning with his foot the prostrate figure, which he had partially concealed by some of the furze, "I think if they do take the alarm they will be some time in finding you. I saw how you fell—you have broken that bull-neck of yours to a certainty." And suddenly raising his arm aloft the man—or maniac—uttered a wild cry of triumph. "It is done, it is done at last. We are avenged—and Guy Dangerfield shall enjoy his own at last."

(*To be Concluded.*)

In "The Christian Herald" of December 6, will appear the opening chapters of **MARION HARLAND'S new and delightful Serial Story, "THE ROYAL ROAD,"** *written especially for this journal. It should be read in every home in the land. This Great Story of the Christian Life is replete with interest and helpfulness for Young and Old.*

UNCLE JERRY.

BY REV. C. H. MEAD.

A WHITER or richer man than Uncle Jerry, could not be found in the State of North Carolina. A casual observer would probably have said, that a blacker or poorer man could not have been found anywhere; but as this estimate was based solely on the color of his skin and the emptiness of his pocket, it only proved that appearances are often deceptive. The skin is oftentimes the only white thing about some men, while Uncle Jerry had nothing black about him but his skin. Early in life he had plunged in a fountain that made him "whiter than snow," and ever after, the black skin could not hide the white man within it. Love reigned in his heart, coursed through his veins and shone out of his face; and the longer he lived, the whiter he became. He had no enemies, for every one who knew him was his friend. Even his neighbors' chicken roost or melon patch, could testify to his honesty. Yes, Uncle Jerry was white, all through, in spite of his black skin.

He was rich, too; very rich. For years he had been laying up treasure in a bank that had never broken, and one that had never failed to pay a large dividend. It was the Bank of Heaven, chartered by the King Eternal, and the King's Son had induced Uncle Jerry early in life to deposit his treasure in that bank. He had never regretted it, for every draft he had made on the bank had been honored, so that he was able to keep on hand a large supply of the bank's circulating medium, consisting of Faith, Hope and Charity. These he dispensed liberally as the supply was inexhaustible; in fact, the more he gave away, the more he had.

But I want you to see and hear him yourself, so you must consider this the year 1883, and enter his cabin with me. Appearances again are deceitful, for here is a cabin with but one room, a bare floor, scant furniture and poor at that, an empty cupboard, and an old bed in which you find an old man with a black skin, snow-white hair, and a rheumatism-crippled body and limbs. It is Uncle Jerry. His aged wife whom I met the night before over at the church, introduces me with the remark "Ole man, yer's de preacher man from de North, dat's come to see yer." The face of the old man lights up as he says:

"De Lord lub yer, honey, has yer come to see the old man?"

"Yes," I said. "I've come to see the old man."

"So you is from the North, is yer?"

"Yes, I am from the North."

"Well, I nebber see de North; de only thing I ebber see about the North is de north star. When I was in slavery, dey told me dar was liberty up dar in de North, so ebery night when the star could be seen, I used to go out in front of de cabin, git down on my knees, look at de star and den tell my Father in Hebben all about how we was in slavery and wanted to get up in de North whar dar was liberty. So I prayed for sixty years."

"Sixty years, Uncle Jerry; didn't you get tired waiting so long?"

"Oh no, honey, my Lord who told me to pray, also told me to wait, so I prayed and waited, but bless your heart, while I waited, I nebber let de Lord forget one single day. De answer came at last. My Father let me stay in the South, but he brought me liberty from de North."

Oh ye of little faith, how many of you have waited sixty years with a steady trust like that.

"Well, my poor brother, how are you getting along now?"

"Did yer call me yer poor brother? Why bless yer dear heart, I isn't poor, I'se rich."

"Rich," I said, "with a poor cabin like this?"

"Ah, honey, de cabin makes no difference. I'se rich."

"But you have got very little furniture, and very poor at that."

"It don't take furniture to make a man rich. I'se rich."

"But you don't look as if you had much money."

"No, I guess not. How much is dar, ole woman?"

She got out an old broken teacup, poured some coins in her lap and began counting. She had a hard time of it, as her arithmetic lessons had been sadly neglected in the days of slavery, but at last she said, "Dar's forty five cents, it I'se counted right."

"Is that all the money you have?"

"Dat's all," said the old man, "and the most ob dat we owes to de storekeeper, but honey, all de same, I'se rich."

"Well," I said, "with a small cabin, poor furniture, a scarcity of food, but little money, and you crippled with rheumatism, pray tell me where your riches come in?"

The old face fairly beamed as he answered: "Why honey, I'se got a rich Father. He's de king of de Universe. My treasure is in his bank. I'se libbin in my Father's kitchen now, but bye and bye, I'se gwine to move up in de king's parlor and I'd sooner begin in the kitchen and fotch up in de parlor, dan begin in de parlor and go down in de kitchen. Oh, my Father owns the universe, and I'm his child. He lubs me—I lub him. I lub everybody. So, honey, dat's how I'se rich." I could hardly see him for the tears that dimmed my eyes, but I drew my chair up closer to the bed, took his old, withered, diseased-twisted hand in mine, and as best I could, began singing:

My Father is rich in houses and lands,
He holdeth the wealth of the world in his hands.
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold,
His coffers are full, he has riches untold.
I'm a child of the King, a child of the King,
With Jesus my Saviour, I'm a child of the King.

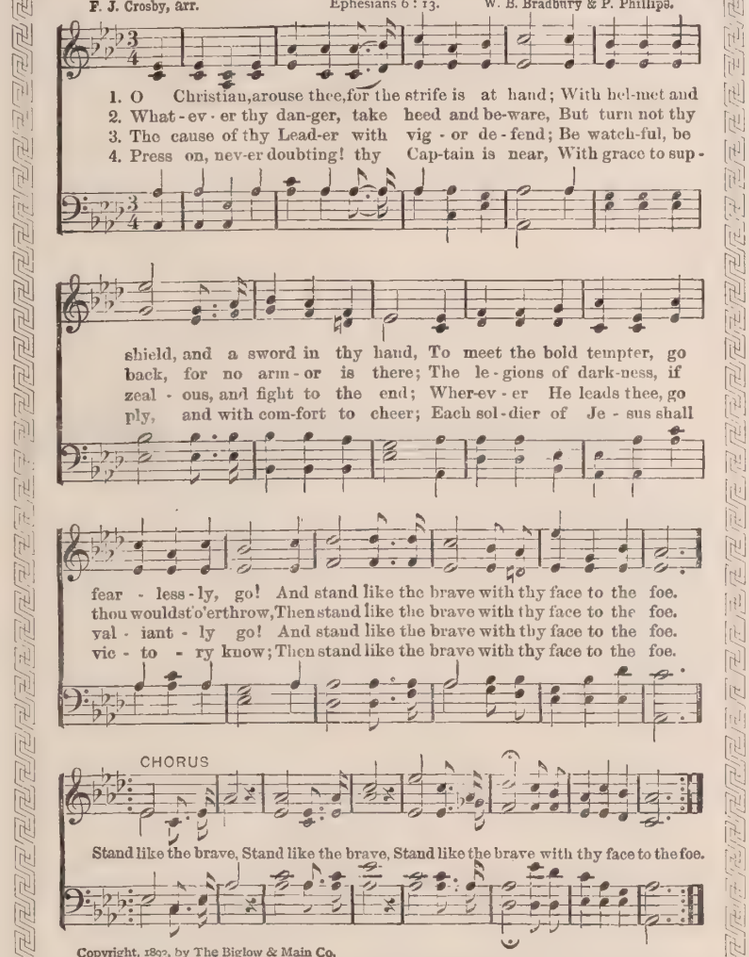
A hut or a hovel, what need I care,
They're building a mansion for me over there,
Though exiled from home, yet still I can sing,
All glory to God, I'm a child of the King.

The song nearly sent the old man from the kitchen, up into the King's parlor, into which, not many months after, he moved. I left that cabin, richer than when I went in, and I trust the reader is the richer for the visit, and will agree with me, that a black skin and an empty pocket, made Uncle Jerry none the less white and rich.

Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

Stand like the Brave!

F. J. Crosby, arr. Ephesians 6:13. W. B. Bradbury & P. Phillips.


1. O Christian, arouse thee, for the strife is at hand; With hel-met and
2. What-ev-er thy dan-ger, take heed and be-ware, But turn not thy
3. The cause of thy Lead-er with vig-or de-fend; Be watch-ful, be
4. Press on, nev-er doubting! thy Cap-tain is near, With grace to sup-
shield, and a sword in thy hand, To meet the bold tempter, go
back, for no arm-or is there; The le-gions of dark-ness, if
zeal-ous, and fight to the end; Wher-ev-er He leads thee, go
ply, and with com-fort to cheer; Each sol-dier of Je-sus shall
fear-less-ly, go! And stand like the brave with thy face to the foe.
thou wouldst o'erthrow, Then stand like the brave with thy face to the foe.
val-iant-ly go! And stand like the brave with thy face to the foe.
vic-to-ry know; Then stand like the brave with thy face to the foe.
CHORUS
Stand like the brave, Stand like the brave, Stand like the brave with thy face to the foe.

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THE MARYS OF THE BIBLE.

Written for The Christian Herald.

AMONG Judea's vine clad hills,
In olden times, long gone, there dwelt
The mother of our blessed Lord,
No tongue can tell the joy she felt:
Her name was Mary.—St. Luke 1: 39–47.

In Bethany two sisters lived
Who with the Saviour loved to meet,
But one especially desired
To sit with reverence at his feet:
Her name was Mary.—St. John 12: 3.

When Peter from the prison went,
Delivered by an angel's hand;
The house of one he quickly sought,
Who entertained a praying band:
Her name was Mary.—Acts 12: 12.

When on the Cross the Saviour hung,
Among the mourners gathered there,
The wife of Cleophas was one,
Who raised to heaven an earnest prayer:
Her name was Mary.—St. John 19: 25.

When on the third—the appointed morn,—
The Saviour from the tomb went free;
One who was last beside the Cross,
Was first the risen Lord to see:
Her name was Mary.—St. Mark 16: 9.

When up to heaven our Lord had gone,
And men went forth to preach the Word;
Among the workers there was one
Who labored daily for the Lord:
Her name was Mary. —"MARY R."

APOCALYPTIC SYMBOLISM.

The Clue to the Discovery of the Key to the Images and Symbols of the Apocalypse.

BY THE LATE SIR S. A. BLACKWOOD.*

THE Apocalypse must be a sealed book to us till the fact is clearly apprehended that it is mainly written in hieroglyphic language. To attempt to understand all its expressions literally is to stumble fatally at the very threshold. Nor, indeed, does anyone, or any school of expositors, thus interpret it. Nobody expects to see a real material Lamb in Heaven, a real red dragon with seven heads and ten horns, a real woman clothed with the sun and the moon, under her feet, that the stars of heaven will fall upon the earth, and so on. All admit that these and a number of other expressions in the book are symbols, signs, metaphors, figures, and are not to be understood in their literal sense.

The extent to which the language is used is, however, not so fully apprehended as it should be by many; and as to the exact meaning of the symbols, and their application to this or that fact in history—whether past, present, or future—opinions naturally differ. It is well, then, to consider the symbolic character of the Apocalypse, and in a general way the method by which it should be interpreted.

I.—The symbolic character of the Apocalypse is clearly announced in its very first verse. It is "the Revelation of Jesus Christ which God gave unto him"—and he sent and "signified it;" i. e. sign-ified it, or showed it by signs or symbols—"unto his servant John." It is then a disclosure of hidden things, of future events, by means of certain hieroglyphs, to which there is a key.

This was no new method of revelation on the part of the Most High. Though employed to a greater extent and in minuter detail in the Revelation than elsewhere, symbolism or parabolic language appears to have formed an almost constant means of communicating the mind and purposes of God to the children of men. What was the whole sacrificial system, what were the institutions of tabernacle and temple, but an enunciation in symbolic terms or types of the deepest spiritual truths connected with the character of God and the redemption of men? When he would make known future events to Abraham, to Joseph, to Pharaoh, to Nebuchadnezzar, to Daniel, or to disciples in the days of our Lord, we find him employing the smoking furnace and the burning lamp, the twelve stars, the great image, the four beasts, and all the figures of the parables. At all times that word was true, "I have used similitudes." The Book of the Revelation is but a continuation of the methods adopted in both patriarchal and Mosaic dispensations. And is it not evident that there was a twofold purpose in this? For one thing, the language of hieroglyph and symbol, of type and similitude, is one that is intelligible to all. People of every nation under heaven can understand "dumb show," or a pictorial expression of thought, without any effort or linguistic attainment. No knowledge of grammar or foreign tongue is needed to convey to the mind of North American Indian, or South Sea Islander, of Greenlander, or Chinese, the needs of human nature. The little child can apprehend the meaning of visible material objects before it can articulate or understand a single word. And so to the illiterate, the simple, the poor of this world, the ranks from which the majority of the people of God appear to be drawn, the language of signs is adopted. It is cosmopolitan in the highest degree.

For another thing, it is admirably fitted to conceal as well as to reveal. "Why speakest Thou unto them in parables?" asked the disciples of our Lord. "Because it is given unto you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but to them it is not given," was the solemn reply. The wisdom of this world may master the many tongues of the world; the little child in the kingdom of God can look at his Father's picture-book and learn its object lessons. To have foretold the future in other ways would, moreover, humanly speaking, have supplied a means for frustrating the prediction, or, at least, for attempts to frustrate it. But the concealment of the plans of God from the world was one of the methods by which he was pleased, silently and unknown to them, to work out his marvellous purposes.

When, therefore, he condescended to give to his servants in the churches a revelation of the things which were shortly to come to pass, and to map out the course of future history—so far as it concerned them to know it—from the time of his departure to that of his return, and even beyond, our Lord again "used similitudes."

(To be concluded.)

*From his article in the London *Christian*.

UNSPOTTED FROM THE WORLD.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week beginning Dec. 3 James 1: 27; Rom. 12: 1, 2.

AMONG the misconceptions of Christianity which have taken practical shape within the pale of the Church none are so alien to the spirit of its divine Founder as monasticism. The cloister is not the place for the follower of him who went about doing good. His prayer for his people was not that they should be taken out of the world, but that they should be kept from the evil. He wished them to be lights, to be helpers. They were to give out what they had received, to bless as they had been blessed. He was not oblivious of the danger to which they would be exposed in this path of duty. Moral contagion is deadly as is physical contagion. To come in contact with evil, to walk among snares and pitfalls, to tread earth's miry ways and to remain pure, was an infinitely more difficult matter than to be pure while living in retirement in an atmosphere of piety and spirituality. Yet in no other way could the church be the light of the world that Christ intended that it should be. His people must be exposed to the evil, or they could not do their appointed work. It was one evidence of his confidence in them and in what they would be through the power of the Holy Spirit that Christ bade them encounter the peril. He knew that, filled with the Spirit, they would be proof against temptation. This conviction is the key to the test that James applies. Pure religion is unspotted from the world. In the world but not of it. Untainted by its corruption, unsullied by its exhalations, undisturbed by its scorn. We too often forget that this test is applied. Mental, moral and spiritual purity is the best and truest evidence of religion in the soul. If it is absent, what is the natural inference? If the Christian acts on the world's maxims; if his business is conducted on the world's principles; if in dealing with him there is need that the business man be wideawake lest he be over-reached; if his employes are poorly paid and are treated as machines; in short, if selfishness is the spirit that dominates his life, the test proves his standing; he is not unspotted from the world. How many young men starting out in life with high ideals, have to look back on them after a few years as impracticable! They have discovered that they cannot retain them and win the world's prizes, too, and they have compromised here and there, until the spots on the robe have brought its hue to the worldly shade. The difficulty comes from the fact that we do not realize the enormous power that is put within our reach. The power which so filled the Lord that he could say the tempter has "nothing in me" is at our command. It renders the man whom it inhabits impregnable and the evil of the world finds no place to which it can attach itself, no unoccupied space in which it can lodge. The force of Christianity is more positive than negative. It is an active force so intent on doing good that temptation is driven far away, and is vanquished almost without a conflict.

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TWO BEAUTIFUL LIVES.

On this page are portraits of two ladies whose work for God and humanity will be had in everlasting remembrance. The elder of the two is Mrs. Robert Pearsall Smith and the younger, her daughter, Miss Alys W. P. Smith, who is the Secretary of the English section of the King's Daughters. No one could have been found so suitable for that responsible position. She had been identified with the Order in her American home almost from her childhood; and before the Order was established, she had been familiar with its principles, which were the principles that must rule in any household of which her saintly mother was the head. After her graduation, she followed her family to England and promptly entered the numerous activities with which her mother had become identified. Lady Henry Somerset found in her an energetic colleague in her temperance work, and the sisters of the West London Mission cordially welcomed her to their sisterhood. She also joined a movement for the administration of such industrial capital as can be conveniently managed socially, which has the promise of initiating a more extended experiment in Christian socialism. One who knows her better than any one else, writes: "I never knew the time, from her earliest childhood, when she was not a simple, trusting Christian; and every one, I think, rich and poor alike, would bear testimony to her Christ-like unselfishness and thoughtfulness for others." To such a nature the work of the King's Daughters is a natural and congenial service, and the members of the Order in England have done wisely in confiding to her experienced hands the administration of its secretarial department.

Her mother has long been famous in all religious circles in our land. Her services with tongue and pen have laid thousands of women and girls under eternal obligation to her. In Pennsylvania and New Jersey she is perhaps

MISS ALYS W. P. SMITH.
(*See English Section of Kings Daughters.*)

better loved than elsewhere, for the people of those States know her best. In the quaint old stone house at Germantown, Pa., where she lived so long, she has welcomed at one time or other hundreds of her sisters from near and distant cities, who longed to be for a few days under the charm of her personal influence and to have the benefit of her Christian counsel in some domestic difficulty, or in their public work for Christ. Thousands more made her acquaintance through the Bible Readings she conducted, and the name of Hannah Whitall Smith is one they will never forget. To the employes in her husband's glass factory in New Jersey she is endeared by many acts of kindness, and they regard their employer's Quaker wife as their dearest and wisest friend. To a still larger public she became known as Superintendent of the Evangelistic Department of the W. C. T. U. But it is through her pen that she has attained world-wide influence. Her initials, H. W. S., on a tract or leaflet ensure its careful reading and preservation by thousands, who know that what Hannah Whitall Smith writes is sure to be bright and helpful.

Eager hands translate these productions into German, Swedish, French, Italian and every civilized language and circulate them as the most useful aid to evangelical work. In all these lands, especially in our own, her famous book, *The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life*, has had a large circulation. Many are the homes it has brightened and many are the lives it has been used of God to transform. From it the worldling has learned where true happiness is to be found, and the Christian has learned how his religion ought to influence his life. By her life and by her writings she has proved that religion is not the dull and gloomy thing that many people think it.

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AN AUTHORITATIVE DECISION.

The project of establishing or maintaining a connection between the Epworth League and the Christian Endeavor Society is pronounced impracticable by the chief authority of the former organization. We presume that his decision will dispose of the idea throughout the whole Methodist Episcopal Church. It is matter for regret that the two powerful organizations which have the same object in common are debarred from acting in unison, but the situation must be accepted for the Bishop's decision is unequivocal. It was given in reply to a letter from a member of an Epworth League of Christian Endeavor, who wrote to Dr. Fitzgerald for his opinion. In the course of his reply the Bishop said: "The

MRS. HANNAH WHITALL SMITH.
(*Author of "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life."*)

Methodist Episcopal Church cannot accord to societies that recognize another jurisdiction or authority, and that act under another constitution, the same rights and privileges that it grants to societies that are organized under the authority of its own General Conference and operate under the constitution which that General Conference has enacted. In said constitution there is a provision under which any youung people's society may become an affiliated chapter of the Epworth League. This provision has been, by some persons, misunderstood. They seem to think that under it a society may be at one and the same time a chapter of the Epworth League and a chapter of the Christian Endeavor Society. In this they are mistaken. At the time the constitution was enacted there were (as there had been for many years preceding) in nearly all of our local churches, young people's societies that were under the control of the pastor and the quarterly conference; and the object of the provision referred to was that the status of those societies might not be disturbed, but that they might, if they so desired, without dissolving and reorganizing, become affiliated chapters of the Epworth League. That is, not having been born as children of the League, they might, by complying with specified conditions, be affiliated, adopted as children, by the League, and at once be placed upon a footing with the other children—or chapters. When a child receives adoption, is affiliated, its relations to its former parents cease. So with young people's societies organized in the Methodist Episcopal Church. When once affiliated, adopted by the Epworth League they must not, they cannot, recognize any other parentage."

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B. Y. P. U. NOTES.

At the recent Michigan Convention of Baptist Young People's Unions, President W. H. Merritt made a suggestion which deserves the attention of the Union in other States. The return from Headquarters to the State Union Treasury of five per cent. on the money paid for badges, etc., is generally placed to the general account; but as it is an outside contribution, extraneous to the ordinary sources of income, Mr. Merritt advises that it be returned to Headquarters, as a subscription to the Founding fund. Michigan has done this, and if every State will do likewise the addition to that fund will be considerable.——The Union is making rapid progress in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. At the recent Convention at Waterford, a large number of delegates attended from Brantford, Simcoe and other cities, and all reported earnest work, increased interest and growing numbers in their respective districts.——At the Convention of Massachusetts Unions, held lately at Cambridgeport, eighty-three towns and cities were represented by delegates. The Secretary said there were now eight Associational Unions in the State. There are still 130 Churches whose societies prefer to maintain their connection with the Christian Endeavor movement to joining the Baptist Union and seven others have compromised by changing their name to Baptist Union of Christian Endeavor. The new President of the Massachusetts State Union is Rev. J. K. Wilson of Taunton; Secretary, Rev. M. T. Johnson of Middleborough; and Treasurer, Mr. F. E. Crawford of Watertown.——At the beginning of this month the Founding fund had reached a total of $14,670.

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AMONG THE ORDERS.

The Broadway chapter of the Epworth League of Dayton, O., was organized three years ago by Rev. C. H. Haines with a charter membership of thirty, that has risen to a a membership of 174.

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In Iowa the number of Baptist Young People's Unions is 125 as reported at the recent convention. It is believed that there are fully one hundred more which have not sent reports.

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From four to five hundred delegates attended the annual convention of the Christian Endeavor Societies of Nebraska, recently held at Omaha. The meetings occupied three days and were of the most enthusiastic character.

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In proportion to population, there are more Young Men's Christian Associations in Scotland than in any other country except Holland and Switzerland. 235 Scottish Associations, numbering about 25,500 members, have reported to the Central Association this year.

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Miss Anna E. Bliss, a South African missionary, gives a list of nine Societies of Christian Endeavor of which she knows, that exist in Cape Colony. Three of these were formed as the result of a revival among the young people.

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A remarkable Y. M. C. A. gathering was held recently at Pine Ridge Agency, S. D. Of the large number who attended four hundred were accredited delegates. A business meeting was held in the Presbyterian Church at the Agency but the other meetings were held in the open air.

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The Young Women's Christian Associations in England are combing to raise a fund for sending missionaries to Thibet. Miss Annie R. Taylor, whose portrait appeared in this journal on November 8, is travelling through the country describing Thibet and its need.

✠

Lord Aberdeen, Canada's new governor-general, Lady Aberdeen and two of their children were present at the Quebec Provincial Convention of Christian Endeavor Societies. An address to children was given by Lord Aberdeen. Sunday observance, the liquor traffic and Christian patriotism were prominent topics.

✠

The Williston, Me., Society, the original Society of Christian Endeavor, has just received a beautiful banner from the original Society in Australia. Its affectionate greeting is worked in blue and scarlet velvet on a background of satin and is as follows: "Greetings to those that love us in the faith. From Prahan Congregational Y. P. S. C. E."

✠

At Phœnix, R. I., the Epworth League's department of mercy and help receives a voluntary monthly offering from about forty of the members on a systematic plan which enables them to carry on their work successfully. Jars of fruit and other needful articles are supplied to be used in ministering to the sick.

✠

Arrangements are being made for a large representaion of the Young Men's Christian Associations of America at the World's Conference to be held in London, June 1-7 next year. Any Association man desirous of attending is requested to communicate with Rev. George A. Hall, 40 East 23rd street, New York.

The Family and Home Circle

A Baby Potentate.

How the Four-Year-Old Son of the Emir of Afghanistan Entertains his Guests.

LONG ages of subserviency to royalty among the peoples of the Old World have produced certain conditions which appear anomalous to our Western eyes. The illustration on this page, which is reproduced from a sketch made by an artist of the London *Graphic*, shows an incident of not infrequent occurrence in Eastern royal courts. Little Prince Mohammed Omer, the youngest son of the Emir of Afghanistan, celebrated his fourth birthday on Sept. 15. His mother, Princess Halima, is very proud of her baby prince, who may some day be the ruler of the great province northwest of India which has for generations been a scene of strife and bloodshed.

On the Mohammedan New Year's Day (March 21) Dr. Gray the Surgeon-General to the Emir and Mr. Collins, a geologist now in that country, paid a visit of congratulation to the Sultana. They were received by the little Prince Omer, of whom Dr. Gray writes as follows: "He is a bright-eyed little fellow, with a fair skin and dark hair. He has a fine suite of rooms in the Erg Palace, furnished in European style; and he has also his Chamberlains, his Commander-in-Chief, his wives, servants, horses and signet. The rooms communicate with the harem, and the Sultana deputes him to receive and entertain those of the visitors who cannot enter the harem. The youngster received us with courteous dignity—an amusing imitation of the Emir's manner. He ordered tea to be brought, and proceeded to entertain us in the way that struck him as most suitable—he sent for his toys. They were clever mechanical ones from London and Paris, and he gave a demonstration of their working, solemnly watching our faces to see if we were amused. He asked if we would like some sweets; we assented, whereupon he called for pen and paper, and proceeded to write an order upon his storekeeper for a trayful. I need scarcely say the writing was understandable only by those who had heard the order given. When the sweets were brought he warned us not to eat them too fast, lest we should be ill. He rather wanted to join in, but his tutor hinted to him in a whisper that he had eaten enough already. There was a crowd of little slave-boys round him—Kaffirs and Hazaras and others, prisoners of war, whose parents had been concerned in some of the numerous risings. The Prince made me a present of one of them, telling me to choose the one one I liked best. Of course I made some excuse. We asked if the Prince spoke Afghani. The tutor said, 'No; he was learning.' But the Prince said he could, and he lisped out two or three words."

Hakim, the little prince's tutor, acted as interpreter during the reception. The young potentate took special pleasure in showing the visitors his ornaments and trinkets, which were mainly of German make. He then led them out to the palace gardens which overlook the Shah-bagh Valley and afford a clear view of the distant Hindu-Kush mountains. When the time arrived to withdraw, the little prince shook hands with his callers, saying: "Khushamadeh" ("You are welcome"), and they bowed themselves out.

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Christmas Images in Mexican Homes.

Our Mexican neighbors have some strange Christmas customs, not the least odd among them being the *jornada* or journey, in which several families usually participate and which Mrs. J. P. Lawyer, writing from Guanajuato, describes as follows:

"A group of images representing the Virgin Mary seated on a donkey, and Joseph leading or guiding it, on their way to Bethlehem, is bought by some person able to do so, and he, with a few invited friends, commences the festivities on the evening of the 16th of December. They all, save one family, go to the house of that one, carrying the images, and sing half an hour or more before the closed door there is opened. The image is carried in, placed upon a table, and surrounded by various kinds of ornaments. After the people are seated, a kind of large griddle cake, made of flour and fried in lard, with a syrup poured over it, also other kinds of food and wine (if the family living there can afford it) are passed around, more singing and music by an orchestra follow, and the entertainment is concluded by a dance. The images are left at this house until the next evening, when they are taken to the home of another family of this party, and the scene of the previous evening is repeated.

"Every evening the programme is the same until Christmas eve, when the group is taken to the home of the owner, where the image of a babe is added. Singing and music are kept up until the moment the clock strikes twelve, when the owner of the image and his wife bring forward the image of the babe and kiss it, all present following their example. The image is then placed upon what they call an altar, decorated with evergreen, tinsel and tissue paper ornaments, with a large tray of nice candies and other sweetmeats near. After all are quietly seated, the candies and sweetmeats are passed to the image of the babe, to that of the virgin and the friends present. Singing, instrumental music and dancing follow, as on the previous nights. The group of images remains in this house on the highly decorated altar in one corner or side of the room until February 2d, Candlemas day, so named from the great number of candles used in their special services on that day, commemorating the purification of the virgin, when they have another feast similar to the others, and the image of the babe is taken from the altar and put in its regular place in the house until the following year."

STATE RECEPTION BY A BABY PRINCE IN AFGHANISTAN.

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One Girl's Influence.

"A young girl went from home," writes Mr. Sangster, "to a large school where more than usual freedom of action and less than customary restraints were characteristics of the management. She found very little decided religious life there—an atmosphere, upon the whole, unfavorable to Christian culture. But she had given herself to the Lord for all that she was worth, and she could live nowhere without letting her light shine. In a very short time she found two or three congenial spirits, more timid than herself, but equally devoted. A little prayer meeting began to be held once a week in her room. On Sundays, in the afternoon, a few of the girls came together to study the Bible. Before the half year was over, the hallowed flame had swept from heart to heart, and there was a revival in that school."

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Listening that is Helpful.

Christian people should cultivate the habit of giving a candid and sympathetic hearing to what is said in the pulpit. You will make your preacher a better preacher thereby. He will take greater pains in preparation than ever, that he may deserve your attention. All can help in this way. The poorest can render more assistance than they think.

A poor widow was lamenting to Lyman Beecher that she could do nothing. He said: "You can do something. You always help me when I preach. She listened as if an angel spoke. She drank in his words as the thirsty ox drinks in water. The tearful eyes and quivering lip told of her appreciation and enjoyment.

Every preacher has in his heart thanked God a thousand times for such hearers. They help from the start. The speaker feels the current of their sympathy calling all his faculties into play, as the bursting buds feel the sweet influence of the spring.

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I would not wish to know the future,
Be it dark or bright,
But resting in the love Eternal,
Let me do the right.
And with my Lord it will be heaven,
Whether noon or night.

THE COVERT OF HIS WINGS

IN the covert of thy wings I will trust, [blast,
I will hide me there for shelter from the
With thy pinions overspread, blessed Lord,
I will calmly rest me, till the storm be past.

Though tempest, lowering from all around,
And the dark and ashen clouds are rent in air,
I'll nestle 'neath the covert of thy wings,
For no danger from without can reach me there.

Blest haven for the weary and opprest;
Booth of mercy for the pilgrim on his way;
Point us all, dear Father, toward its rest,
When our souls are overwhelmed by dismay.

In its calm and peaceful rest bid us stay,
Till the storms that wildly rage about us cease.
Till we reach the stormless realm of the King,
And we rest our souls in heaven's eternal peace. —REV. I. MENCH CHAMBERS.
Merchantville, N. J.

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REAL REST AND ITS VALUE.

THERE are many women who don't know the meaning of that simple word, Rest. The many cares devolving upon a woman are apt to make her mistake her vocation in this quality of necessary idleness. The thrifty woman is proud of her many achievements, and when the responsibility if not the actual doing of household labor, has a breathing spell, she catches up the darning-bag and goes to work latticing the holes restless little toes have made, or those made by the larger and more restless pedal appendages of her liege lord; or she will rip up an old skirt she means to make over for the coming season; or, again, she will go on with that dainty bit of lace work or embroidery which is delightfully wearying to the eyes. She will do anything rather than remain idle, idleness being the bane of the thrifty woman, and something she almost regards as a crime. She will even say that these things rest her, that she merely sits down and rocks and amuses herself. She never made a greater mistake in her life. Variety in labor is not the rest needed; the man who put out the idiotic maxim of "Do the next thing" must have had hopes of discovering perpetual motion applied to the animal called man. "The next thing" is often the worst thing to do, the time comes in every day of a busy woman's life when "the next thing" she does should be nothing, strictly nothing. Absolute supineness is the meaning of the rest we speak of. There is a couch conveniently at hand, and fifteen or twenty minutes spent upon it in the latter part of the day will do much for a woman if she permits her mind while thus lying to go as near to being a perfect vacuum as possible. More especially to housekeepers should this be addressed, for theirs is a life of tiresomeness of which few but themselves have any conception.

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Taking out the Tangles.

Lots of tangles in every life! Strong and eager and full of purpose as many of our young people are, these stirring days, there comes at times to the best of them an almost overpowering sense of weakness. Then it is that the wise ones turn for strength to the One whose hand is ever extended to give help. Not long since, says the *Union Gospel News*, two little lads were well-nigh in despair over a kite string that they had succeeded in getting into a seemingly hopeless tangle. "Let's give it up and take it to mother," cried one at last; "she can always get tangles out that are too much for us." And the skilled fingers of the parent patiently extricated the close-drawn knots. How illustrative that is of the way the heavenly Parent undoes the perplexities of daily life for those who seek his aid!

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"Only Loving."

Love is universal. A baby carriage stood in front of a small shop. In it slept a pretty dimpled baby. A drowsy puppy lay on the pillow, its black nose close to the baby's cheek. By the carriage stood a ragged little waif, dirty, and but half clad. She stroked in turn the baby and the puppy. A lady, passing by, noticed the strange picture,—the beautiful baby, the little dog, the ragged child. The baby's mother was in the shop. "Are you caring for these?" said the lady to the waif. A smile lit up the dirty little face. "No, please, ma'am, I'm only loving them."

BRINGING BACK THE KING.

A Recent Sermon by Dr. A. J. Gordon, Pastor of the Clarendon Street Baptist Church, Boston, Mass. II. Samuel 19: 10, *"Now, therefore, why speak ye not a word of bringing the King back?"*

DR. A. J. GORDON.

THE history of David furnishes a wonderful prophecy and prefigurement of that of David's son, Jesus Christ our Lord. By the rebellion of Absalom, King David had been driven into exile, and was wandering a homeless stranger. The son who had so wronged and dishonored him, had now been slain in battle; the nation was distracted and the people were at strife throughout all the tribes of Israel. In the midst of this confusion, and amid a multitude of counsels, one suggesting one thing and another another, the cry was heard: "Now, therefore, why speak ye not a word of bringing the king back?" And David, from sitting at the gate, rose up and sent word to the elders of Judah, saying: "Why are ye the last to bring the king back to his house? Ye are my brethren. Ye are my bone and my flesh. Wherefore, then, are ye the last to bring back the king?"

So spake David. Let us now turn to the story of the Son of David. When Jesus of Nazareth was born, this prophecy was spoken concerning him by the angel: "And the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David, and he shall reign over the house of Jacob forever." But his rebellious people rejected him and drove him away. Instead of a coronation, they gave him a crucifixion. And so far from being King of Israel, he has for nearly two thousand years been in exile from earth; seated on his Father's throne, indeed, but utterly denied the throne of Israel. And what is the state of things in his absence? War, misrule, anarchy and suffering—enough to make one swoon with heart-sickness, who stops to think of it all. And the world is full of expedients for bringing deliverance to the race. Moral reforms, social reforms, labor reforms, political reforms, church reforms—I do not disparage these in the least. They are significant symptoms of the world's unrest and of its irrepressible yearning for deliverance. But amid this universal striving after human amelioration, I take up this ancient question, "Now, therefore, why speak ye not a word of bringing back the King?" On the authority of all New Testament teaching, and in the light of nineteen centuries of history, I declare my conviction, that the only hope for the world is in the return of Jesus Christ to reign over the earth, to establish universal peace and to bring it into subjection to his authority. Upon this proposition I wish to speak at length:

I. *The return of our Lord in glory is the only hope of the Church.*

I do not say merely that it is her only Scriptural hope, which is perfectly true; but that it is her only hope as proved by her actual experience of nearly two thousand years of earthly pilgrimage. It is the dream of many that the whole world is to be speedily brought into subjection to Christ through the preaching of the Gospel. That the church is to witness for Christ in all the world is according to our Lord's prediction, and conforms to his distinct command. But that all nations are to be brought into obedience to the faith in this present age, is not stated in Scripture. Would that it might be so if such were God's will. But what signs of such a consummation are now visible? Nineteen hundred years are nearly completed since Jesus gave the great commission, and still we are confronted with the appalling fact that the great majority of [illegible] in the world. Of earth's fourteen hundred [illegible] practically unaffected by the Gospel: while of the less than four hundred millions who are nominally [illegible] great apostate systems—the Greek and the Roman Catholic Churches, which are Christian only in name, while heathen in fact. Then consider that of the Protestant and so-called [illegible] spiritual Christians is so small that a candid judgment must pronounce it still true, that the real church of God is only "a little flock" compared with the great multitudes who are outside the fold.

The golden age of missions is upon us, for which we give unspeakable praise to God; but is the golden age of universal righteousness and peace therefore rapidly emerging? Alas, we must confess that it is not. Dr. Johnston, an ardent promoter of the Gospel among the heathen, declares in his "Century of Missions" that in spite of the marvellous triumphs of Christianity in the last hundred years, the heathen conquests have outstripped the Christian, seventy to one; or in other words, that for every Christian won from the heathen by spiritual birth, seventy have been added to the heathen by natural birth. Noble army of converts gathered out of every kindred and tribe and nation, during the last century—three millions according to a common estimate! Yet Dr. Post of Syria, an eminent authority on the subject, declares that during this same missionary century, thirty millions have been added to the ranks of Islam. Thus while the conquests of missions elate us, such statistics as these, appall us; and they compel the question, "How long at such a rate will it take to bring all the world to Christ?" In seeking an answer to this question, why do so few make any mention of "bringing back the King?" The devout and thoughtful essayist, John Foster when confronted with these facts, replied: "At the rate of progress hitherto of genuine Christianity on the globe, thousands of years may pass before the millennium can arrive—an awful mystery in the divine government. But one cannot help indulging the hope, through resting on loose and arbitrary speculation, that there may come in some not very distant period, a mighty acceleration with unprecedented and astonishing events of the reforming process." There are some devout and thoughtful readers of the Word, who strongly look for just this "mighty acceleration," and they rest this hope not on any arbitrary speculation, but upon the more sure word of prophecy, which is to them a "light shining in a dark place." And yet this belief gives offence since it seems to imply that the Gospel is a failure, and that the world is not growing better but worse. We do not pause upon these questions, except to say that the Gospel has failed in no sense, since it has accomplished exactly what at the outset it was predicted to accomplish, viz: gathered out an elect people for Christ; and that the world is growing both better and worse. The brighter the light the deeper the shadow which it casts. As the light of Christian missions is kindling the whole horizon of the setting century with its glow, what do we discern? The tokens of the day-dawn of universal peace? No! Statesmen rather read the signs of a war of unprecedented fierceness yet before us. Instead of the swords being beaten into ploughshares, colossal armies are gathering for the fray; so that Major General Tyrrell estimates that the standing armies of Europe have so steadily increased of late, that whereas in the days of the Crimean war, the soldiers under arms, numbered three millions to-day they number more than twenty millions.

But you will ask, is there not a marked amelioration of society under the benign influences of education and scientific advancement which this century has witnessed? Alas, that here again such a distressing picture confronts us. Recently compiled statistics, which we have not heard disputed, declare that with the last decade, the number of murders in the United States has multiplied six times; while in the present year, not only does the ratio keep up, but such a carnival of violence has been witnessed, as to mark the last twelve months as the *annus mirabilis* of crime in the history of our country. And while we rejoice in the splendid victories which the Gospel has wrought in heathen lands, the evidences are too apparent to be questioned that Satan is outflanking the missionary army at every point. If within fifty years, the missions of Christian nations have won thirty thousand converts in China, the avarice of Christian nations has brought a hundred and fifty millions of souls in that great empire under the doom and damnation of the opium curse. Add to this the liquor traffic pushed into Africa by the people of so-called Christian England and America, and dogging the steps of the missionary at every point and slaying its hundreds where the Gospel saves one; then give one sickening glance at the system of licensed vice in India, and then pause and reflect. Cheer us with statistics, oh missionary enthusiast, and we will outdo you in rejoicing at the blessed results o the Gospel among the nations. But permit us, with the whole church of the first three centuries, and with thousands of the most devout and thoughtful of our time to cry, "O, King Immanuel, return!" The experience of eighteen centuries is sufficient to prove to us that no power can stop the march of crime till he shall take unto himself his great power and reign; that no final check will be put upon the sin and violence of this earth till at the descent of Christ from heaven, Satan is "bound and cast into the bottomless pit" (Rev xx, 1), and that there will be no disbanding of standing armies till he shall come who "maketh wars to cease unto the ends of the earth, who breaketh the bow and cutteth the spear in sunder, and who burneth the chariot in the fire."

II. *We must affirm with equal emphasis, that there is no hope for dispersed, afflicted and wandering Israel, till Jesus appears in glory "to turn away ungodliness from Jacob."*

If deliverance could come to the Jews by their own might or power, such deliverance ought to be close at hand. For the Hebrew nation has latterly risen into such astonishing pre-eminence, that it holds the purse-strings of the world. It has become an accepted saying that no nation of Europe can now go to war without the permission of the Jewish bankers; and that no political measure can ignore in the parliaments the influence of the Jewish editors who now hold the controlling voice in the press of the greatest nations. It would seem ar though Israel has money enough to buy back her ancient heritage, the Holy Land, and influence enough to change the unfriendly public opinion concerning her people if she would. But as a matter of fact, she is still under unspeakable affliction. Amid the light and tolerance of the last decade of this nineteenth century, a persecution has broken out against the Jews of Russia, surpassing in extent that instigated by the wicked Torquemada in Spain four hundred years ago. Ostracism, pillage, violence, plunder and death are now being visited upon the three millions of this nation dwelling in Russia, and the surrounding provinces, which probably surpass in cruelty any bloody drama of the century. If one would find occasion for tears and unutterable grief, let him read in "Darkest Russia," the story of what is now passing. There is no end to humanitarian schemes for relieving this vast suffering created by Russia's persecuting edicts. Jewish bankers are pouring out their funds; Jewish colonization societies are buying land and fostering emigration; Christians missions are extending the love and sympathy of the Gospel; and may God's richest blessing rest upon all these efforts.

But "why speak ye not a word of bringing the king back?" For it is painfully apparent that all other agents can do but little to mitigate this awful woe.

Joseph Rabinowitz, the most remarkable convert to Christ, as some believe, since Saul of Tarsus, declares that there is but one hope for Israel, and that is in the return of their Messiah, and the nation's acceptance of him, as their long expected king. So also speaks the word of God, from the bold sermon of Peter, when to the "Men of Israel," he said, "Repent ye therefore and be converted that your sins may be blotted out, that the times of refreshing may come from the presence of the Lord, and he may send Jesus who before was preached unto you, whom the heavens must receive until the times of restitution of all things," to the great discourse of Paul in the 11th of Romans, ending with the words "And so all Israel shall be saved, as it is written: There shall come out of Zion the Deliverer and shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob." A hymn which has come down to us from the 12th century embodies our true prayer and Israel's true hope.

Draw nigh, draw nigh, Immanuel
And ransom captive Israel
That mourns in lonely exile here
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice, Rejoice, Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O, Israel!

Blessed hope for the sons of Abraham as for the disciples of Christ!

Joseph is soon to be made known unto his brethren, who cruelly afflicted his soul, and when the recognition comes, all the house of Pharaoh shall hear the weeping. Well may we anticipate this event in the words of blessed Samuel Rutherford: "Oh, to see the sight, next to Christ's coming in the clouds the most joyful! Our elder brethren the Jews and Christ fall upon each other's necks and kiss each other. They have long been asunder. They will be kind to one another when they meet. O, day! O longed for and lovely dawn! Sweet Jesus, let me see that sight that will be as life from the dead Thee and thy ancient people in mutual

III. *It is remarkable that nature, animate and inanimate, should be represented in Scripture as longing for the Lord's return.*

It too feels the curse and consequences of sin and instinctively sighs for the coming of that great Deliverer who alone can lift that curse. "For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now, waiting for the adoption, to wit the redemption of the body." (Rom. 8: 22.) That is the resurrection that is to take place at Christ's coming, is longed for and waited for by suffering nature, as well as by suffering man.

Have we reflected how much the brute creation is now enduring from the consequences of man's sin? It were well for us to study this lesson sometimes from the teachings which are within easy reach.

If you see what you can witness every day, the horse lashed unmercifully under the hands of some brutal driver, stop and ponder the lesson which is taught you. It is on account of man's cruelty and hardness of heart that all this cruelty is endured. The poor brute has committed no sin, but has obeyed his master the best he knew how. Yet the teamster, whose temper has been inflamed by drink, rains his furious blows upon his beast; the reckless lad who enjoys the fun of swinging a whip, raises long stripes upon the back of the patient animal, and they that look on rarely protest against the injustice. It is an evidence of the love of the gospel that societies have sprung up "for the prevention of cruelty to animals." May God prosper their humane endeavors! But, alas! cruelty deepens as mercy brightens. The same age which has witnessed the rise of these societies for brute protection has witnessed the introduction of vivisection, or the dissection of living animals under the most awful tortures which scientific cruelty can invent. Any one can read the horrible details of this last achievement of nineteenth century progress who desires; the story of burning irons thrust through the brains of dogs, and the record of their actions under the process; the account of a spaniel's brain transfixed for a whole month with a sharp needle, and all the symptoms manifested during that time. These investigators desire to test the strength of natural affection in animals, and so they cut open a mother-dog in the sight of her little family, and while lying in exquisite torture they bring her puppies to her. The artless record is that "she immediately fell to licking and fondling them as well as she was able." If the operators had recorded a true verdict they would have declared that brute affection appeared in marked contrast with the tender mercies of men "without natural affection." It may be said, not irreverently, upon this subject that "if for six thousand years the animal creation has been pursuing the Via Dolorosa of its suffering on account of man's sin, in the Nineteenth Century it has reached its Golgotha under the vivisectionists crucifixion."

These illustrations are enough, although thousands might be cited, to verify the words of Scripture, that "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth together in pain until now." Well has one called attention to the fact that "all the sounds of nature are in the minor key—the bleating of the sheep, the lowing of the cattle, the moaning of the winds, the murmur of the waves. Nature feels the curse heavy on her heart, and so she gives utterance to a continued *miserere*."

All honor now to those who are striving to mitigate the woes of the animal creation by humane societies and outspoken protests. But why do none say a word about "bringing back the king?" Nature with a truer instinct than that of a sleeping and secularized church, seems to know no other remedy but the return of Christ, to wipe away creation's curse. Hence this beautiful saying in Rom. 8: 19: "For the earnest expectation of the creation, waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God." I wish I could put into language what is contained in the original of this text. Nature is represented as stretching forth the neck, as watching with strained attention towards a distant point in the heavens, from which the Deliverer is to come. It is creation calling by a graphic and eager attitude "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

I have often been impressed with the rebuke which the dumb animals administer to us, by their submission to the laws of their Creator. And I need not remind you how often God uses this rebuke against us; contrasting our slow obedience with that of the ox, which "knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib;" with the "stork in the heavens which knoweth his appointed times, and the turtle and the crane and the swallow the times of their coming." I have frequently taken the lesson to heart. As I have seen the unresisting submission of the poor horse to its driver's

abuse, I have said, "Oh, that I had like patience under injustice!" As I have seen the engine horses, at the first stroke of the fire-alarm, leap to their places and with eager eyes and dilated nostrils and outstretched necks, dash away to the rescue as though the salvation of the city depended on them, I have said, "Oh, that I may be found as instantly ready and as watchfully alert for my Master's call as these dumb creatures." Blessed hope which the Advent of Christ holds out even to the brute creation. As it is written, "The creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God."

4. *The slavery of man is not less deplorable than the oppression of the brute creation which is everywhere visible.*

The cathedrals of Europe, like the pyramids of Egypt, while splendid monuments of human greatness, are also sorrowful monuments of human oppression. Gaze upon these lofty piles and pictured windows and then think of the thousands of poor workmen who toiled year after year, for a few pennies a day, to rear these structures. And now the fashion has changed, and instead of colossal temples men are rearing colossal fortunes, and the builders of these also cry out because of the oppression of their task-masters. I do not here enter upon the controversy between the laborer and the capitalist. It is enough to say that it cannot be according to the divine order that a few men should hold millions upon millions of useless wealth, enabling them to revel in luxury and idleness, while myriads of their fellow men have to toil from morning to night for a bare subsistence. It is not strange that in these circumstances there should be unrest and a loud clamor for relief. And "labor reform" and "Christian socialism" are bringing forward their schemes for the amelioration of the workingman. But why do so few speak of "bringing back the King?" This is the only remedy which God has revealed to us. Read the fifth chapter of the Epistle of James. There you have an inspired picture of the contest between labor and capital. There is first the condemnation of the rich oppressors. "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for the miseries that shall come upon you. Ye have heaped treasure together in the last days." Startling words! Mammoth fortunes in the hands of a few are a sign of the end. And mark you, this sign has never been seen as it is now visible. How graphic the description! "Ye have lived in pleasure and been wanton. Ye have nourished your hearts as in a day of slaughter." And then you catch the sounds of the labor agitation. "Behold the hire of the laborers, who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth; and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth." And what does the Lord advise? Strikes—dynamite—revolution—anarchy? No! "Be patient therefore brethren unto the coming of the Lord." Bear your oppression, submit to your hardships. "Grudge not against another, brethren, lest ye be condemned. Behold the Judge standeth at the door" When he comes he will arbitrate justly between the oppressor and the oppressed, between the capitalist and the laborer. The only man good enough and righteous enough to be entrusted with authority over men will now take the reins of government into his hands. These things will be wonderfully reversed, as it is written in that grand Messianic Psalm, the 42nd, "All kings shall fall down before him; all nations shall serve him; for he shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also and him that hath no helper." This is the gospel of comfort for the laboring man which the Scriptures furnish. I can find no other. It may seem very remote and unpractical; but it is wonderful how God's message is always found to fit. Lord Shaftesbury, who was an earnest lay preacher as well as noble philanthropist, says, that in addressing the poor weavers of Spitalfields he thought he would use this Gospel of James to learn what effect it would have upon these overworked, weary and half-fed laborers. And so he expounded to them this message: "Be ye also patient; stablish your hearts; for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh." And as he told them of a King soon to come; one who himself had known poverty and hardship; one who had been a working-man, laboring at the carpenter's bench, one of our own flesh and blood, and able therefore to enter into sympathy with our every condition: as he set forth the blessed reign of this King, how he would right all wrongs, and end all oppression and reward all patient endurance, it was wonderful, he said, how it cheered and uplifted these poor laborers. And yet not wonderful. The gospel was made for man, and not man for the gospel. Preach it as God gave it to us, and we shall find that it fits into human hearts, as the key fits into the lock for which it was made.

V. Consider yet another theme to which our text applies. There is one sorrow which belongs alike to all—to the master and to the slave, to the rich and to the poor—the sorrow over the death of our beloved ones. There is one universal grief.

"There is no flock, however watched and tended
But one dead lamb is there:
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair."

What hope and comfort have we in the face of this sorrow? I hear funeral sermons and read newspaper obituaries, and study church-yard epitaphs, and I am often surprised at the feebleness of the consolation therein suggested. A delusive spiritualism tells us that our dead friends are hovering about us in invisible forms, sharing still our joys and sorrows; a new theology sets before us the doctrine of a naked immortality, and assures us that the soul has broken from its cage of flesh and blood, and soared away to regions unknown, and is done forever with the encumbrance of a body. But why, we have to ask again and again, does no one speak of "bringing back the King?" This is the one solitary hope of the gospel—the resurrection of the dead at the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ in glory. Mark you, I do not questios the present happiness and repose of our blessed dead. They are "absent from the body and present with the Lord." In some sheltered paradise beyond the reach of pain and sorrow "they rest from their labors and their works do follow them." But this is not all. They wait and watch while they rest. The event which Christ is henceforth expecting from His throne in glory; which the church should be watching for during her warfare on earth, the sainted dead are longing for in Paradise—the coming of the Prince of Life, to dethrone the King of Terrors and to swallow up death in victory. A false theology has obscured this hope, and set Christians to looking for death instead of looking for Christ, it has taught them to find the consummation of their happiness in the disembodied state, instead of waiting to be "clothed upon with our house which is from heaven." Thus in sermon and obituary and song, a present spiritual heaven is thrust into the place of a coming resurrection life. It is comparatively a rare thing to read an epitaph like that of the faithful London preacher: "Here lies the body of Charles Haddon Spurgeon, waiting for the appearing of his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." It was a Pauline and Scriptural theology which dictated that inscription. For ask what "words" they are to which the apostle refers when speaking to the bereaved, says, "Wherefore comfort one another with these words;" and then listen to the sublime answer: "For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we, which are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we be ever with the Lord." These are the words divinely appointed for our comfort. Not by a single suggestion would I dim your consolation concerning your departed, that they are enjoying blessed companionship with the Lord. But we should not forget that word of Scripture, "Not that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life." The disembodied state is an imperfect state, it is a state of rest, and not of full fruition; a state of expectancy, and not of complete felicity. "The end of God's ways is glorified corporeity." He will be satisfied with nothing short of a perfect recovery of that which has been lost through sin; a restoration of soul and body sundered by death; a remarrying of the glorified spirit with the glorified flesh, that God may once more gaze upon his perfect image, as he once saw it in an unfallen Paradise. Therefore, let those whose citizenship is on earth crown death, if by a strange infatuation they will do so. But not so with us. "For our citizenship is in heaven, from whence also we look for the Saviour the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change this body of humiliation, that it may be fashioned like unto the body of his glory, according to the working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself." (Phil. 3: 20-21).

If these things be so, let us by all appointed means and by all inspired prayers, help together to bring back our absent King. When sinful men rejected him and sent him from the earth, the Father gave him welcome to his throne saying: "Sit thou on my right hand until I make thy foes thy footstool." It is for us now, by making haste to preach the gospel among all nations and so completing his body and bride, the church, to hasten his return, when at the sound of the last trumpet there shall be heard great voices in the heavens saying, "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ, and he shall reign forever and ever."

SIAM AND THE GOSPEL.

A missionary, writing from Siam during the recent rupture with France, says: "We do not know what the French expect to do next. We do not fear for ourselves, but from the depths of our hearts we pray God to have mercy on this poor nation. We cannot but realize that it is one of the wicked and heathen nations of the world.

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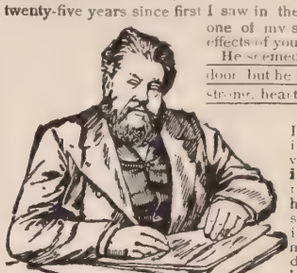

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A Battlefield Resurrection.*

THIS joyful ceremony over, the artillery, which had continued to play upon the British batteries, ceased their fire for the guns to cool and the dense smoke to roll off. The whole army crowded to the parapet and looked over into the field. What a scene was gradually disclosed to them! That gorgeous and imposing military array, the two columns of attack, the Highland phalanx, the distant reserve—all had vanished like an apparition. Far away down the plain the glass revealed a faint red line still receding. Nearer to the lines "we could see," says Nolte, "the British troops concealing themselves behind the shrubbery, or throwing themselves into the ditches and gullies. In some of the latter, indeed, they lay so thickly that they were only distinguishable in the distance by the white shoulder-belts, which formed a line along the top of their hiding-place."

Still nearer, the plain was covered and heaped with dead and wounded, as well as with those who had fallen paralyzed by fear alone. "I never had," Jackson would say, "so grand and awful an idea of the resurrection as on that day. After the smoke of the battle had cleared off somewhat I saw in the distance more than five hundred Britons emerging from the heaps of their dead comrades all over the plain, rising up, and still more distinctly visible as the field became clearer, coming forward and surrendering as prisoners of war to our soldiers. They had fallen at our first fire upon them without having received so much as a scratch, and lay prostrate as if dead until the close of the action."

The American army were appalled and silenced at the scene before them. The writhings of the wounded, their shrieks and groans, their convulsive and sudden tossing of limbs, were horrible to see and hear. Seven hundred killed, fourteen hundred wounded, five hundred prisoners, were the result of that twenty-five minutes' work. Jackson's loss was eight killed and thirteen wounded. Two men were killed at the left of the lines, two in the isolated redoubt, and four in the swamp pursuing the skirmishers.

COLLEGE ATHLETICS.†

SO intimate are the relations consisting of the athletic development of the preparatory school and that of the college or university, that neither can be independent of the other. The 'varsity captain looks for his future material among the athletes of the preparatory school, and the school captain studies the manner and method of the 'varsities for suggestions that will enable his team, crew or nine to wrest a victory from his rival school. I have endeavored to give as far as possible the detailed work in each sport, because, from the many inquiries that come from both school and college, it is easy to see that something like practical coaching may be acceptable, even though it be only in print. Of course, the member of the 'varsity will, if he looks through the book, find many things that are to him an old story, but I know that many of us that now have been through the mill, would have read most eagerly a description of how the 'varsity was trained, and when we were school-boys would have saved ourselves many an error by knowing more of the detail observed in such training. Many a man comes to college or enters the upper classes in a preparatory school fresh from home, with no experience of school or college life. Not infrequently such a man has in him a taste for athletics, which has but a small chance of development. He wants to go in for the sports, but hesitates to ask the detail from his fellows lest they think him stupid.

*In *General Jackson*, by James Parton, uniform with the "Great Commanders" series. pp. 342; cloth, price $1.50. D. Appleton & Co., New York, publishers.

†From *Walter Camp's Book of College Sports*, by Walter Camp. A manual for the guidance of students and others interested in athletics, illustrated; pp. 220. Price, postpaid, 1 cent. The Century Co., New York, publishers.

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Mental Development in the Child, by Prof. W. Preyer; translated from the German by H. W. Brown; continuation of the International Educational Series; pp. 170; cloth; price $1.

FROM CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK.

The One I Knew Best of All, by Frances Hodgson Burnett; a most delightful story of the memory of the moods of a child, which the author in her preface says ought to be "The Story of any Child with an Imagination." Pp. 325; cloth; illustrated; price $2.

Customs and Fashions in Old New England, by Alice Morse Earle; cloth; pp. 386; price $1.25. A pleasant and instructive historical and social volume.

Manual of Natural Theology, by George Park Fisher D.D., LL.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Yale University. Author of the *Manual of Christian Evidences*. Pp. 94; price 75 cents.

FROM THOMAS WHITTAKER, NEW YORK.

Working Together for Good, by the Rev. Llewellyn Caley; paper; pp. 42; price 10 cents.

The Harmony of the 53d Psalm, by Eloise E. Luqueer; paper; pp. 13; price 5 cents.

A Handbook for Sewing School Teachers; a revised and enlarged edition of the written instructions in use in Emmanuel Chapter Industrial School, New York. Pp. 128; price 35 cents.

FROM JAMES POTT & CO., NEW YORK.

The Programme of Christianity and the City without a Church; new addresses by Prof. Henry Drummond; paper; 35 cents each. *Tom, a Hero of Ten*; by C. W. Gregory; and *J. Cole*, by Emma Gellibrand; paper; 10 cents each. *Gentle Heart Stories* for boys and girls; paper; 10 cents each.

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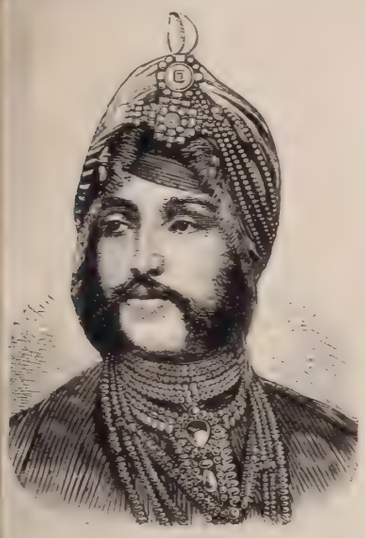
Death of Dhuleep Singh.

The Titled Ruler of the Punjaub and the Original Owner of the Great Koh-i-noor Diamond Dies in Paris.

A CAREER of great vicissitudes has just closed in the French capital. The Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, the titular head of the great Sikh race and the ruler of the Punjaub, died there in the fifty-fifth year of his age. He was the son of the great Runjeet Singh, the Lion of the Punjaub, who was near death when his child was born. He lived long enough, however, to designate his infant boy his heir and successor. But he had several other sons living who were not content to be passed over in favor of the new-born infant. They struggled for the inheritance and for five years the



DHULEEP SINGH.

Punjaub was the scene of disorder and bloodshed. Eventually the British interfered and with their help, Dhuleep Singh was proclaimed Maharajah (great king) of the Punjaub and his mother was made regent. No sooner was this woman placed in power, than she began a series of hostile acts against her English neighbors, to whom she and her son were indebted for their exalted positions. The horrors of the great Sikh war will never be forgotten. Treachery and nameless outrages exasperated the English to frenzy and eventually the country was seized and the Sikhs subdued. The Maharajah was then a boy only eleven years old. To leave the country under his control, guided by his treacherous mother, was to invite a repetition of the outrages and further bloodshed. Dhuleep was therefore sent to England to be educated and the affairs of the Punjaub were administered by a British Governor in the name of the Maharajah.

The young potentate won golden opinions in England by his devotion to study and his brilliant talents. He embraced Christianity, declaring that he did so from conviction, and for a time he led an exemplary life. He formed many high connections in England and seemed happy there. Meanwhile, the Punjaub enjoyed a period of quiet and prosperity to which it had long been a stranger. Eventually an agreement was made with the young Maharajah that he should receive a pension of $200,000 a year from the English Government and should in return renounce for himself and his heirs all claim on the Punjaub. From that time he commenced a life of dissipation which even his large income was insufficient to support. He became involved in enormous indebtedness and applied to the British Government for an increase of pension. He was bitterly annoyed and denounced them roundly. He renounced Christianity and tried to make his way back to the Punjaub and organize his people in an attempt to oust the British and restore him to the throne. He was prevented entering the Punjaub and he then went to Russia and offered his services to the Czar if he would undertake a war against England in India. Russia refused his application and he then settled in Paris where, on his expressing regret for his conduct, his pension was resumed. There he remained until his death. Dhuleep Singh was the owner of the famous Koh-i-noor diamond, which he presented to Queen Victoria and she now has it set in her crown.

MONEY RECEIVED.

Since our last acknowledgment the following sums have been received and applied to the various funds indicated below by the senders:

For the support of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD *Missionary of the American Sunday School Union:* C. C. Grubb, $5; Subscriber, Providence, R. I., 5; M D., Baltimore, Md., 20c., Sub., Akron, Ohio, 1; W. Stradtman, $1; Edward J. Wade, $1; A King's Daughter, Philadelphia, $1; G. F. Austin, $5; A Subr., Greeley, $1; Mrs. A. T. Metcalf, $1; B. Lewis, $1; S. S., Fairton, N. J., $1; R. W. Jones, $1; A. W. Mathewson, $6; Mrs. Mary Boggs, $1; D. J. Wagar, $2; Mrs. J. H. Marsh, $2; Mrs. E. Moore, .50; Etta M. Blanch, .30; Sarah J. Hayward, $1; Mrs. Mary Little, $3; G. C., Owen Sound, Can., $1; Mrs. Mary L. Meredith, $2; H. L. M. D., Philadelphia, $5; West Auburn SundaySchool, Pa., $6.50; Subr., Mineral Point, Wis., $1; Mrs. M. E. Wilhelm, .50; Mr. and Mrs. A. Lamkin, $2; Miss Sophie Heckman, $2; Wm. Reid, .25; Old Subr., Georgia, $25; Friends, Rardin, Ill., $1; Friend to Children, Leon, Ia., $5; Chicago Friend, $5; Friend, Sisterville, Va., $5. Previously acknowledged, $522.50; total to date, $623.75.

For the Bethesda Home for the Reclamation of Fallen Girls: R. W. Jones, $1; Imperfection, .50; A. R. A., West Va., $1; Mrs. M. E. Wilhelm, .50; Frances C. Pierce, $1. Previously acknowledged, $218.50; total to date. $222.50.

For the Permanent Lodging House for Homeless Women: For saving souls for Jesus' sake, $5; R, W. Jones, $1. Previously acknowledged, $441.55; total to date, $447.55.

For the Door of Hope: Mrs. R. E. Southard, .50; Olof Norling, Minn., .50.

For Miss De Broen's Belleville, Paris Mission: R. W. Jones, $1.

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For the Temporary Shelter for Fallen Girls: —Philadelphia, $2.

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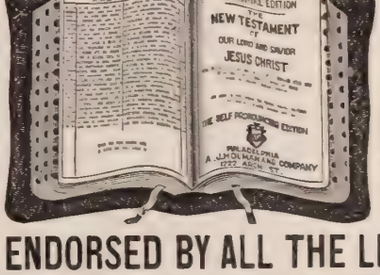

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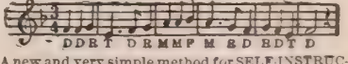

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VOLUME 16. NUMBER 48.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 29, 1893.

PRICE, 5 CENTS.
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• • • AGGRESSIVE EVANGELISM.

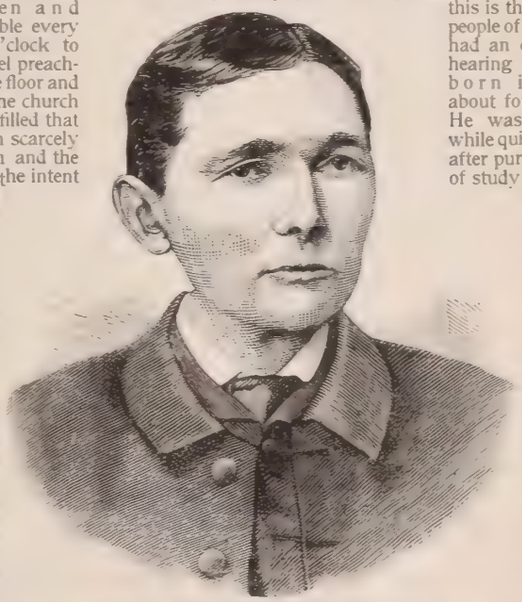
The Gospel Campaign in New York and Brooklyn Inaugurated by Rev. A. C. Dixon and Conducted by Evangelist R. G. Pearson and Major D. W. Whittle.

Entrance to John St. M. E. Church.

THE aggressive Christian movement initiated by Rev. A. C. Dixon in Brooklyn and New York a few weeks ago, as mentioned in our news columns at the time, has steadily grown in depth and power. There has been little excitement, but the work of grace has been very real. The simple Gospel has been preached with pointed personal application, and God has blessed the effort. In the Hanson Place Church, Brooklyn, of which Mr. Dixon is pastor, there has been a most impressive scene witnessed every evening. Men and women of all ages and conditions have earnestly sought the Saviour; and the intense eagerness to listen to the Gospel, which has been manifested since the meetings commenced, is an augury of a large ingathering of souls in the near future.

The time for such a campaign was well chosen. The world, with its business and pleasures, is not so bright to many people as it was a year or two ago. Thousands in the two cities have found that its prizes are illusory and that disappointments, losses and trials await those who live only for temporal things. In such times, the invitation of the Man of Sorrows, "Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy-laden and I will give you rest" falls upon ears prepared to respond to it. The sure promises of God and the eternal verities of the Gospel attract multitudes who have learned by sad experience the emptinesss of the things of time and sense. There was, also, an unusual opportunity for presenting the truth in vivid, forcible shape to the people. The evangelists whom Mr. Moody had gathered around him in Chicago were separating to go to their respective homes. They were fresh from contact with Mr. Moody's magnetic enthusiasm, and they had witnessed, during the marvellous Chicago campaign, some wonderful triumphs of the Holy Spirit's power over scepticism, ignorance and indifference. Mr. Dixon's invitation to some of them to come and labor in the Metropolitan cities was cordially accepted and they have brought their fresh and attractive methods of sowing the Gospel seed into this most difficult and discouraging field. The results have fully justified the hopes entertained of the effort. Among the numbers who have joyfully confessed Christ and declared their saving faith in him, are some who have lived practically heathen lives in the midst of Gospel privileges; but by far the larger number belong to the class hardest of all to move—those who are familiar with the Gospel, have heard it declared time and time again by eloquent lips, yet had previously resisted all appeals to come out from the world and ally themselves to Christ and his people.

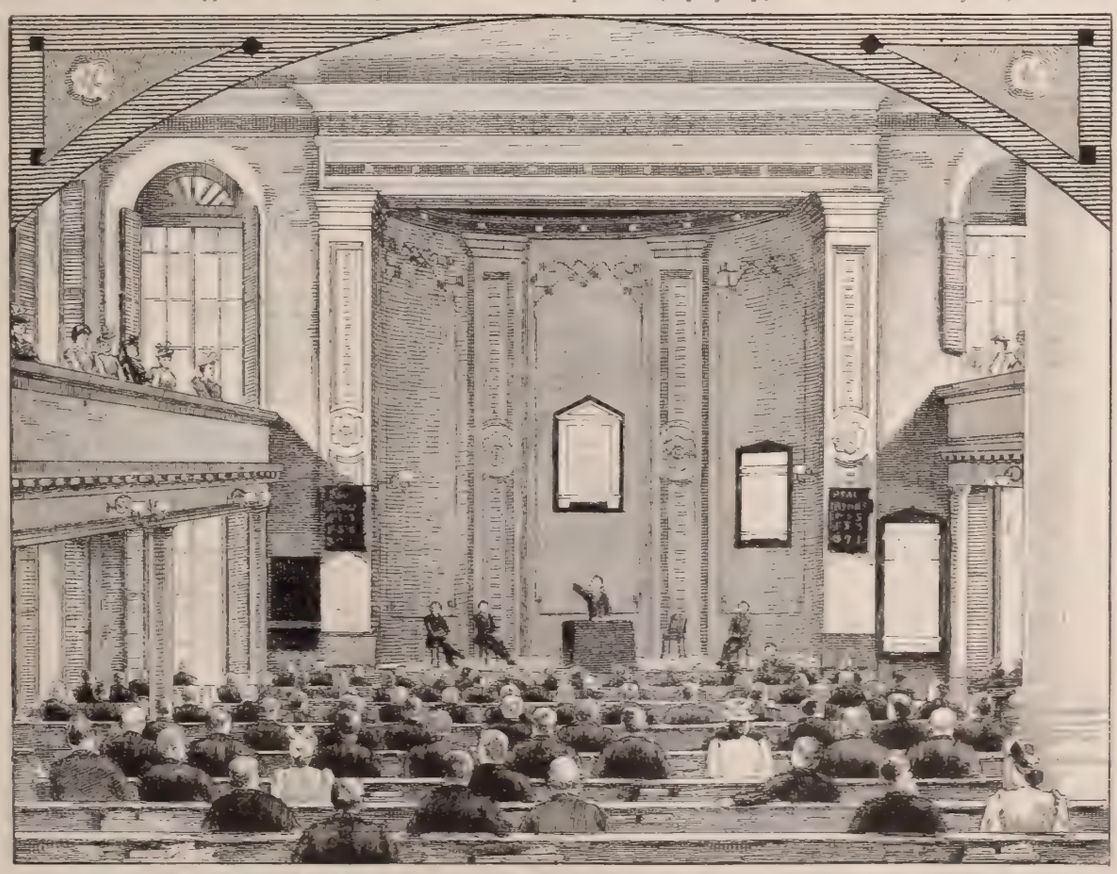
As a rule, they have been thoughtful, sensible people, not of the emotional kind, but of the class which furnishes the most useful and devoted members of our churches, men who once convinced, take their stand and hold fast to the end. The preaching of Major Whittle and Evangelist Pearson, the two leaders who up to this time have conducted the work, is specially adapted to move this class. Their sermons appeal, not as much to the emotions, as to the sober common sense of their hearers, convicting and convincing and teaching with singular cogency and penetrating power. In the mid-day meetings in the Old John St. M. E. Church in New York, the evangelists have had the assistance and support of Mr. Yatman, Mr. Thomas Harriman and other experienced workers, who have heartily co-operated in the delightful work and rejoiced in the manifest tokens of divine blessings. Within the hallowed walls of the old building, where in bygone years there have been so many glorious manifestations of the Holy Spirit's power, crowds of lawyers, business men and clerks assemble every day at one o'clock to hear the Gospel preached. Often, the floor and galleries of the church have been so filled that there has been scarcely standing room and the solemn hush, the intent gaze and the subdued sob, or whispered prayer, from some penitent soul showed how profound was the impression produced. If the souls of Philip Embury, Barbara Heck and the other old-time worthies, whose memorial tablets adorn the walls of the old sanctuary can see what is taking place there, day by day, a new note of thankfulness must be added to the song with which they praise Him whom they served on earth and now see face to face.



REV. R. G. PEARSON.
The Eloquent Southern Evangelist now Labouring in New York.

In the conduct of these meetings a prominent part has been taken by Evangelist R. G. Pearson, whose portrait appears on this page. Although well known in the South, this is the first time the people of the north have had an opportunity of hearing him. He was born in Mississippi about forty years ago. He was converted while quite young, and, after pursuing a course of study at the Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn., was graduated from that institution and ordained as a minister of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. In 1878 he was married to a most estimable Christian lady, who has proved a true help-meet to him in his work. He continued in the pastorate for several years, and at one time was associate pastor of the First Cumberland Presbyterian Church, of Nashville, Tenn. Ten years ago, after much prayer, Mr. Pearson decided to devote his whole time to evangelistic work. At first his energies were devoted to denominational revival work, but as invitations were received from other denominations union meetings were held and now he has permission from his presbytery to engage in general evangelistic work wherever the providence of God may lead him. During his evangelistic career he has been fully occupied and often has had more invitations than he could accept. He objects on principle to the ordinary mode of engagement and has always refused to stipulate for definite remuneration in entering upon an engagement. He has held meetings in every Southern state, and nearly all the large cities of the South. God has wonderfully owned his efforts for the salvation of souls, and the number of persons who have been converted in various cities have ranged from 300 to 1000. These ingatherings have proved permanent additions to the churches. In several places where union

Continued on page 777.



SCENE IN OLD JOHN STREET M. E. CHURCH DURING EVANGELIST PEARSON'S SERVICES.

The Tabernacle Pulpit

A HUNTING SCENE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday Morning in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Text: Genesis 49: 27: *"In the morning he shall devour the prey and at night he shall divide the spoil."*

A FEW nights ago eight hundred men encamped along the Long Island Railroad so as to be ready for the next morning which was the first "open day" for deer-hunting. Between sunrise and two o'clock in the afternoon of that day fifteen deer were shot. On the 20th of October our woods and forests resound with a shock of fire-arms, and are tracked of pointers and setters, because the quail are then a lawful prize for the sportsman. On a certain day in all England you can hear the crack of the sportsman's gun, because grouse hunting has begun; and every man that can afford the time and ammunition, and can draw a bead, starts for the fields. Xenophon grew eloquent in regard to the art of hunting. In the far East, people, elephant-mounted, chase the tiger. The American Indian darts his arrow at the buffalo until the frightened herd tumble over the rocks. European nobles are often found in the fox-chase and at the stag-hunt. Francis I. was called the father of hunting. Moses declares of Nimrod: "He was a mighty hunter before the Lord." Therefore, in all ages of the world, the imagery of my text ought to be suggestive, whether it means a wolf after a fox, or a man after a lion. Old Jacob, dying, is telling the fortunes of his children. He prophesies the devouring propensities of Benjamin and his descendants. With his dim old eyes he looks off and sees the hunters going out to the fields, ranging them all day, and at nightfall coming home, the game slung over the shoulder and reaching the door of the tent, the hunters begin to distribute the game, and one takes a coney, and another a rabbit, and another a roe. "In the morning he shall devour the prey, and at night he shall divide the spoil." Or it may be a reference to the habits of wild beasts that slay their prey, and then drag it back to the cave or lair, and divide it among the young.

I take my text, in the first place, as descriptive of those people who in the morning of their life give themselves up to hunting the world, but afterward, by the grace of God, in the evening of their life divide among themselves the spoils of Christian character. There are aged Christian men and women in this house who, if they gave testimony, would tell you that in the morning of their life they were after the world as intense as a hound after a hare, or as a falcon swoops upon a gazelle. They wanted the world's plaudits and the world's gains. They felt that if they could get this world they would have everything. Some of them started out for the pleasures of the world. They thought that the man who laughed loudest was happiest. They tried repartee, and conundrum, and burlesque, and madrigal. They thought they would like to be Tom Hoods, or Charles Lambs, or Edgar A. Poes. They mingled wine, and music, and the spectacular. They were worshippers of the harlequin, and the Merry Andrew, and the buffoon, and the jester. Life was to them foam, and bubble, and cachinnation, and roystering, and grimace. They were so full of glee they could hardly repress their mirth, even on solemn occasions, and they came near bursting out hilariously even at the burial, because there was something so dolorous in the tone or countenance of the undertaker. After awhile, misfortune struck them hard on the back. They found there was something they could not laugh at. Under their late hours their health gave way, or there was a death in the house. Of every green thing their soul was exfoliated. They found out that life was more than a joke. From the heart of God there blazed into their soul an earnestness they had never felt before. They awoke to their sinfulness and their immortality, and here they sit at sixty or seventy years of age, as appreciative of all innocent mirth as they ever were, but they are bent on a style of satisfaction which in early life they never hunted; the evening of their days brighter than the morning. In the morning they devoured the prey, but at night they divided the spoils.

Then there are others who started out for financial success. They see how limber the rim of a man's hat is when he bows down before some one transpicuous. They felt they would like to see how the world looked from the window of a four thousand dollar turn-out. They thought they would like to have the morning sunlight tangled in the head-gear of a dashing span. They wanted the bridges in the park to resound under the rataplan of their swift hoofs. They wanted a gilded baldrick, and so they started on the dollar hunt. They chased it up one street and chased it down another. They followed it when it burrowed in the cellar. They treed it in the roof. Wherever a dollar was expected to be, they were. They chased it across the ocean. They chased it across the land. They stopped not for the night. Hearing that dollar, even in the darkness, thrilled them as an Adirondack sportsman is thrilled at midnight by a loon's laugh. They chased that dollar to the money-vault. They chased it to the government treasury. They routed it from under the counter. All the hounds were out—all the pointers and the setters. They leaped the hedges for that dollar, and they cried: "Hark away! a dollar! a dollar!" And when at last they came upon it and had actually captured it, their excitement was like that of a falconer who has successfully flung his first hawk. In the morning of their life, oh, how they devoured the prey! But there came a better time to their soul. They found out that an immortal nature cannot live on bank stock. They took up a Northern Pacific bond, and there was a hole in it through which they could look into the uncertainty of all earthly treasures. They saw some Ralston, living at the rate of twenty-five thousand dollars a month, leaping from San Francisco wharf because he could not continue to live at the same ratio. They saw the wizen and paralytic bankers who had changed their souls into molten gold stamped with the image of the earth, earthy. They saw some great souls by avarice turned into *homunculi*, and they said to themselves: "I will seek after higher treasure."

From that time they did not care whether they walked or rode, if Christ walked with them; nor whether they lived in a mansion or in a hut, if they dwelt under the shadow of the Almighty; nor whether they were robed in French broadcloth or in homespun, if they had the robe of the Saviour's righteousness; nor if they were sandalled with morocco or calf-skin, if they were shod with the preparation of the Gospel. Now you see peace on their countenance. Now that man says: "What a fool I was to be enchanted with this world. Why, I have more satisfaction in five minutes in the service of God than I had in all the first years of my life while I was gain getting. I like this evening of my day a great deal better than I did the morning. In the morning I greedily devoured the prey; but now it is evening, and I am gloriously dividing the spoil."

My friends, this world is a poor thing to hunt. It is healthful to go out in the woods and hunt. It rekindles the lustre of the eye. It strikes the brown of the autumnal leaf into the cheek. It gives to the rheumatic limbs the strength to leap like a roe. Christopher North's pet gun, the muckle-mou'd-Meg, going off in the summer in the forests, had its echo in the winter-time in the eloquence that rang through the university halls of Edinburgh. It is healthy to go hunting in the fields; but I tell you that it is belittling and bedwarfing and belaming for a man to hunt this world. The hammer comes down on the gun-cap, and the barrel explodes and kills you instead of that which you are pursuing. When you turn out to hunt the world, the world turns out to hunt you; and as many a sportsman aiming his gun at a panther's heart has gone down under the striped claws, so, while you have been attempting to devour this world, the world has been devouring you. So it was with Lord Byron. So it was with Coleridge. So it was with Catherine of Russia. Henry II. went out hunting for this world, and its lances struck through his heart. Francis I. aimed at the world, but the assassin's dagger put an end to his ambition and his life with one stroke. Mary Queen of Scots wrote on the window of her castle:

> From the top of all my trust
> Mishap hath laid me in the dust.

The Queen Dowager of Navarre was offered for her wedding day a costly and beautiful pair of gloves, and she put them on; but they were poisoned gloves, and they took her life. Better a bare hand of cold privation than a warm and poisoned glove of ruinous success. "Oh," says some young man in the audience, "I believe what you are preaching. I am going to do that very thing. In the morning of my life I am going to devour the prey, and in the evening I shall divide the spoils of Christian character. I only want a little while to sow my wild oats, and then I will be good." Young man, did you ever take the census of all the old people? How many old people are there in your house? One, two, or none? How many in a vast assemblage like this? Only here and there a gray head, like the patches of snow here and there in the fields on a late April day. The fact is that the tides of the years are so strong, that men go down under them before they get to be sixty, before they get to be fifty, before they get to be forty, before they get to be thirty; and if you, my young brother, resolve now that you will spend the morning of your days in devouring the prey, the probability is that you will never divide the spoils in the evening hour. He who postpones until old age the religion of Jesus Christ, postpones it forever. Where are the men who, thirty years ago, resolved to become Christians in old age, putting it off a certain number of years? They never got to be old. The railroad collision, or the steam-boat explosion, or the slip on the ice, or the falling ladder, or the sudden cold put an end to their opportunities. They have never had an opportunity since, and never will have an opportunity again. They locked the door of heaven against their soul, and they threw away the keys. They chased the world, and they died in the chase. The wounded tiger turned on them. They failed to take the game they pursued. Mounted on a swift courser, they leaped the hedge, but the courser fell on them and crushed them. Proposing to barter their soul for the world, they lost both and got neither.

While this is an encouragement to old people who are still unpardoned, it is no encouragement to the young who are putting off the day of grace. This doctrine that the old may be repentant is to be taken cautiously. It is medicine that kills or cures. The same medicine, given to different patients, in one case it saves life, and in the other it destroys it. This possibility of repentance at the close of life may cure the old man while it kills the young. Be cautious in taking it.

Again: my subject is descriptive of those who come to a sudden and a radical change. You have noticed how short a time it is from morning to night—only seven or eight hours. You know that the day has a very brief life. Its heart beats twenty-four times, and then it is dead. How quick this transition in the character of these Benjamites! "In the morning they shall devour the prey, and at night they shall divide the spoils." Is it possible that there shall be such a transformation in any of our characters? Yes, a man may be at seven o'clock in the morning an all-devouring worldling, and at seven o'clock at night he may be a peaceful, distributive Christian. Conversion is instantaneous. A man passes into the kingdom of God quicker than down the sky runs zig-zag lightning. A man may be anxious about his soul for a great many years; that does not make him a Christian. A man may pray a great while; that does not make him a Christian. A man may resolve on the reformation of his character, and have that resolution going on a great while; that does not make him a Christian. But the very instant when he flings his soul on the mercy of Jesus Christ, that instant is lustration, emancipation, resurrection. Up to that point he is going in the wrong direction; after that point he is going in the right direction. Before that moment he is a child of sin; after that moment he is a child of God. Before that moment devouring the prey; after that moment dividing the spoil. Five minutes is as good as five years. My hearer, you know very well that the best things you have done you have done in a flash. You made up your mind in an instant to buy, or to sell, or to invest, or to stop, or to start. If you had missed that one chance, you would have missed it forever. Now just as precipitate, and quick, and spontaneous will be the ransom of your soul. Some morning you were making a calculation. You got on the track of some financial or social game. With your pen or pencil you were pursuing it. That very morning you were devouring the prey; but that very night you were in a different mood. You found that all heaven was offered you. You wondered how you could get it for yourself and for your family. You wondered what resources it would give you now and hereafter. You are dividing peace, and comfort, and satisfaction, and Christian reward in your soul. You are dividing the spoil.

One Sabbath night, at the close of the service, I said to some persons: "When did you first become serious about your soul?" And they told me: "To-night." And I said to others: "When did you give your heart to God?" And they said: "To-night." And I said to still others: "When did you resolve to serve the Lord all the days of your life?" And they said: "To-night." I saw by the gayety of their apparel that when the grace of God struck them they were devouring the prey; but I saw also, in the flood of joyful tears, and in the kindling raptures on their brow, and in their exhilarant and transporting utterances, that they were dividing the spoil. If you have been in this building when the lights are struck at night, you know that with one touch of electricity they are all blazed. Oh, I would to God that the darkness of your souls might be broken up, and that by one quick, overwhelming, instantaneous flash of illumination, you might be brought into the light and the liberty of the sons of God!

You see that religion is a different thing from what some of you people supposed. You thought it was decadence; you thought religion was maceration; you thought it was highway robbery; that it struck one down and left him half dead; that it plucked out the eyes; that it plucked out the plumes of the soul; that it broke the wing and crushed

he beak as it came clawing with its black alons through the air. No, that is not religion. What is religion? It is dividing the poils. It is taking a defenceless soul and anoplying it for eternal conquest. It is the istribution of prizes by the king's hand, very medal stamped with a coronation. It s an exhilaration, an expansion. It is imaradisation. It is enthronement. Religion akes a man master of earth, of death, and ell. It goes forth to gather the medals of ictory won by Prince Emanuel, and the iadems of heaven, and the glories of realms errestrial, and celestial, and then, after rangng all worlds for everything that is resplenent, it divides the spoil. What was it that ames Turner, the famous English evangest was doing when in his dying moments e said: "Christ is all! Christ is all!" Vhy, he was entering into light; he was ounding the Cape of Good Hope; he was ividing the spoil. What was the aged Christian Quakeress doing when at eighty ears of age she arose in the meeting one ay and said: "The time of my departure s come. My grave clothes are falling off?" She was dividing the spoil.

She longed with wings to fly away,
And mix with that eternal day.

What is Daniel now doing, the lion tamer? nd Elijah who was drawn by the flaming oursers? and Paul, the rattling of whose hains made kings quake? and all the other ictims of flood, and fire, and wreck, and guillotine—where are they? Dividing the spoil.

Ten thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light.

'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin;
Lift high your golden gates,
And let the victors in.

Oh, what a grand thing it is to be a Christian! We begin now to divide the spoil, but the distribution will not be completed to all eternity. There is a poverty-struck soul, there is a business-despoiled soul, there is a sin-struck soul, there is a bereaved soul—why do you not come and get the spoils of Christian character, the comfort, the joy, the peace, the salvation that I am sent to offer you in my Master's name? Though your knees knock together in weakness, though your hand tremble in fear, though your eyes rain tears of uncontrollable weeping—come and get the spoils. Rest for all the weary. Pardon for all the guilty. Labor for all the bestormed. Life for all the dead. I verily believe that there are some who have come in here, downcast because the world is against them, and because they feel God is against them, who will go away saying:

I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

Though you came in children of the world, you may go away heirs of heaven. Though this very autumnal morning you were devouring the prey, now, all worlds witnessing, you may divide the spoil.

NOT THE MIRROR'S FAULT.

In a box of articles sent to an African mission station were a number of small hand-mirrors. These took the people's fancy, and their fame was carried far beyond the station. The knowledge of this wonderful thing came to a princess of a distant tribe. She had never beheld her dusky countenance, except in a placid lake, and she longed to behold all her charms, for being a princess, she was told by everybody that she was most beautiful, whereas she was one of the plainest women in the whole tribe. She sent for one of these mirrors, and when she got possession of it she took herself off to her own place, that she might have a good long look at her beauty. When she beheld herself as she was, she was so disgusted with her plainness that with one blow of her royal hand she dashed the glass to pieces. She ordered the missionaries off her territory, and published an edict forbidding looking-glasses being brought into the country. Perhaps a similar cause may account for the opposition of some people to the Bible. It shows them how sinful and wicked they are.

His Work for Christ Ended.

Rev. Charles F. Deems of New York and His Long Career of Usefulness in the Church of the Strangers.

FEW churches in New York are better known than the Church of the Strangers and the name of Rev. Charles F. Deems, its pastor, is familiar throughout the nation. Six months ago, Dr. Deems suffered a paralytic stroke from which he never recovered. On Saturday, Nov. 18, the close of his long Christian life came and the faithful servant of God entered into the reward of his labors. Dr. Deems was born in Baltimore, Md., in 1820, his father being a Methodist clergyman. Converted while still a mere boy, he chose the ministerial profession, and at fifteen years of age was sent to Dickinson College, Pa., where he graduated in 1836. Two years later, the young student, now twenty-one, was appointed Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in the University of North Carolina, which position he occupied for five years, afterwards becoming Professor of Natural Science in Randolph Macon College, Va. In 1860 Dr. Deems visited Europe for six months, and on his return organized a school in Wilson county, N. C. During the five years previous to 1865, he was Presiding Elder of the Wilmington and Newbern District in that State.

Full of the desire to work for the Lord in a broader field, he came to New York, and with the assistance of friends, hired a small chapel temporarily, where he began to preach. His first sermon on July 22d, 1866, was preached to an audience of fifteen persons; but so marked were his ability and earnestness, that he soon became widely known. His audiences were composed of many persons of different denominations, and from this fact, the name of "The Strangers' Home" was adopted. Declining many tempting offers from colleges and other quarters, he stuck to his work on the lines he had laid out, and soon found himself with a large flock, but still without a regular church organization.

THE LATE CHARLES F. DEEMS, D.D.

In January 1868, thirty-two persons enrolled themselves under his ministry, and then was organized the "Church of the Strangers." Every year augmented the membership of the new church, and almost every Protestant denomination was represented on its rolls. Still, there were many difficulties; but as the work expanded, the courageous and devoted pastor found encouragement in his efforts. In 1869, the old "Commodore," Cornelius Vanderbilt, who had attended the services frequently, purchased the Mercer St. Presbyterian Church and generously presented it to Dr. Deems for the use of the congregation. This munificent gift came at a time when it was doubly valuable, and at once put the church on a substantial footing. Dr. Deems' acquaintance with Commodore Vanderbilt had begun in 1866, when he was living and preaching in Mobile, Ala. A Southern lady, who afterward became the wife of the Commodore, attended these services, and it was largely through her influence that Mr. Vanderbilt, several years later, was moved to interest himself personally in the organization of the new church in New York.

In his book, entitled, *A Romance of Providence*, Dr. Deems tells how the Commodore catechised him carefully about his preaching, past history and expectations for the future. Fifty thousand dollars were needed at that moment for the purchase of the Mercer street property, and towards this large sum, the clergyman had just eighty cents! The old Commodore extracted this confession from him. The pastor had resolved never to appeal for the money, believing that if God wanted him to stay in New York and do the work to which his heart inclined, the money would come. Looking him straight in the eye, Mr. Vanderbilt said:

"I will give you the church."

"Commodore Vanderbilt, you don't know me," said the clergyman; "there is not any man in America rich enough to have me for a chaplain."

The railroad king, who was accustomed to be solicited for money, was astonished to find one man who could refuse $50,000.

"Me have a chaplain!" he cried, "the Lord knows I have got as little use for a chaplain as any one man you ever saw. I want to give you this church and give it to you only. Now, will you take it?"

"Commodore," replied Dr. Deems, extending his hand, "if you give me that church for the Lord Jesus Christ, I will most thankfully accept it," and upon that basis the gift was received.

The great trust thus imposed was most faithfully kept. The opening services of the Church of the Strangers occupied several days and many eminent divines took part, including Rev. Drs. Moran, from North Carolina, Munsey of Baltimore, Bacon of New Haven, Marshall, DeWitt, Prentiss, Booth, Schaff, Armitage, Prime, Mingins, and others. The Church became an Evangelical land-mark in New York. In all departments of Christian work it has thriven, and the ministry of Dr. Deems under God's blessing, was made the means of bringing many souls to Christ. In addition to his regular pastoral duties, Dr. Deems found time for considerable literary work. *The Home Altar*, *What Now*, *Weights and Wings*, and many other volumes of a religious character from his pen, have been helpful to thousands of readers in leading them to the new life.

Dr. Deems' greatest ambition was to die in harness. He endeavored, during his whole career, to follow the leading of Providence, and his history shows that his trust in the Divine Master was abundantly justified. The portrait of the distinguished clergyman given on this page is from a photograph by Davis Garber, 747 Broadway, N. Y., the very last ever taken before Dr. Deems' fatal attack.

The funeral services, which were conducted by Rev. H. M. Hodson, who has lately been supplying the pulpit in the "Church of the Strangers," was very largely attended, and Cornelius Vanderbilt was one of the pall-bearers. The remains were interred in the old Moravian Cemetery at New Dorp, Staten Island, in a plot which the late Commodore Vanderbilt gave to Dr. Deems twenty years ago.

WHEN WRITING TO THIS OFFICE

In order to secure the promptest attention for your communications, please bear in mind that the business of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is divided into the following three departments, and that communications intended for anyone of these departments should never contain matters of interest to any other department:

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AGGRESSIVE EVANGELISM.

Continued from first page.

meetings have been held, business houses, banks, and saloons have voluntarily closed, and sometimes the courts have adjourned so as to afford the employes an opportunity to listen to Mr. Pearson's presentation of the gospel. In some Southern cities the services have been held in the "cotton compresses," as the large cotton warehouses are called. These vast buildings will seat in many instances 4000 people, and nightly have they been crowded for weeks together, the only attraction being the preaching of the gospel by Mr. Pearson.

An incident which occurred at Rock Hill, S. C., will be long remembered in that locality. Mr. Pearson had been holding services for several days in a large tent, and the audiences had grown from day to day until they numbered between two and three thousand persons. The work was still growing when a circus visited the town, and there were many predictions that the counter-attraction would draw off all the evangelist's hearers. The circus people made a parade and fixed the hour for the first performance at the same time as the Gospel service. To the astonishment of all and the disgust of the circus people, the attendance at the circus was a meagre three hundred persons, while the Gospel tent was crowded as usual. The Gospel had evidently taken a stronger hold on the people than had been realized, and the circus people were not slow to appreciate the fact. They pulled up stakes the same night and departed.

During the World's Fair Campaign Mr. Moody sent for Mr. Pearson to be one of his co-workers. He was led to do this, as the result of his travels in the South, where, as he himself stated in the Haymarket in Chicago, he had continually come across Mr. Pearson's lasting foot-prints in Y. M. C. A. halls and Gospel missions erected as a result of his work. "I heard of Evangelist Pearson everywhere," said Mr. Moody, "but against him not one word either personally or as to his methods, but found him held in loving memory in every place he had visited, even after the lapse of years." Mr. Pearson is the author of a book entitled "Truth Applied," which passed through three editions in ninety days, and has had a large sale in the South and Southwest, and has been adopted by one theological seminary as a text book on practical preaching. As to his present work at the Hanson Place Baptist Church of Brooklyn, Paster A. C. Dixon says, "I have been in many revivals, but never in one which began with so many conversions. Verily the hand of the Lord is upon this preacher of his Word."

CROSS-BEARERS' READING CIRCLE.

Christians should be able to speak and pray intelligently concerning the missionary work in China, India, Africa and the whole world. Such missionary leaders as Brainerd, Carey, Morrison, Martyn and Mackay should be as familiar to Christians as the names of Washington and Grant. Many people perhaps have been wondering where they might find a comprehensive missionary reading course that would cover all fields. The Cross-Bearers' Missionary Reading Circle offers just such a course. It is modeled on the plan of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle. The course extends over three years and includes missionary history, biography, travel, philosophy, and current missionary literature. The reading requires one-half hour per day. At the end of each year examinations are given. The students are allowed reference to their books in examination, it being the intention that the main benefit shall be derived from the reading rather than from the examinations. Upon completion of the three years' course, certificates of graduation are given. The movement during its two years of existence has grown rapidly wherever it is known and it is heartily endorsed by leading men of all denominations. The regular course for 1893 and 1894 is a feast of good things. It is as follows: Autobiographical—"My Missionary Apprenticeship," Bishop J. M. Thoburn; "The Story of John G. Paton." Theological—"Doomed Religions," Rev. J. M. Reid, D. D. Prophetical—"The New Era," Rev. Josiah Strong, D.D. Periodical—"The Missionary Review of the World." The Secretary Rev. Z. M. Williams, St. Josephs, Missouri, will gladly furnish full information to all interested in the course.

THE HEAVENLY INHERITANCE.

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 10. I. Peter 1: 1-12. Golden Text, Col. 1:12. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE Epistles of Paul are all addressed to the churches or to the individuals to whom he writes. That of the Apostle James is addressed to "the twelve tribes which are of the Dispersion," while Peter writes to a smaller company, "to the elect, who are sojourners of the Dispersion," . . . according to the foreknowledge of God the Father unto obedience, and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ." What then, were they strangers to the blood of Jesus? This could not be, for he appeals to them to be holy on the very ground of their redemption: "Like as he which hath called you is holy, be ye yourselves also holy in all manner of living. . . . And if ye call on him as Father . . . pass the time of your sojourning here in fear . . . knowing that ye were redeemed, not with corruptible things, with silver and gold, from your vain manner of life handed down from your fathers, but with precious blood, as of a Lamb without blemish and without spot, even the blood of Christ."

But, in the foreknowledge of God, there are children of his who in sanctification of the Spirit are chosen, "elect unto obedience," whose meat and drink it is to do the will of God,"

Children of Obedience,

who know the continual sprinkling of the blood of Christ, the cleansing, continually going on, in deeper and deeper depths of their being. These are his true Levites, who have no part nor inheritance among their brethren; the Lord is their portion and their inheritance; they ask, they desire no other. Once Peter said: "We have left all and followed thee, what shall we have therefore!" Now he asks this question no more; he is satisfied, he has found his citizenship in heaven, he looks for nothing more on earth, he is what he calls others to be—a pilgrim and a stranger upon earth, his eyes are fixed on things which are above, from whence he looks for a Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall fashion anew the body of our humiliation, that it may be conformed to the body of his agony, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself." The apostle puts into a few words a vast truth, and brings it down to practical life. Blesssed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who according to his great mercy begat us again unto a living hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, unto an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." God is a God of eternity; he begets children with hopes which are eternal

A "Living Hope"

has its anchor in Christ's conquest of death! God's elect are generated unto this living hope, it cannot be put on or adopted, it is part of the eternal life which God gave him authority to give to those whom the Father has given to him. And the proof whether a child of God has this hope in time is that "he purifieth himself anew as he is pure (I. John 3:3); it is the instinct of this life of God within him that he cannot suffer, cannot tolerate anything in him which is not like Christ; he is "elect unto obedience and sprinkling." Such a one never justifies himself, he purifies himself, it is never his object to appear right but to be pure before his eyes which are as a flame of fire. Because he is called to an inheritance which is incorruptible, all which is corruptible, all which is of the flesh, and of his own self-life becomes intolerable to him, he has seen the Lord, and all which is not like him is dust and ashes. All which has within it the elements of corruption has lost its charm for him, he has seen from afar the glory of the incorruptible, and all his heart has gone before him into the land of his inheritance. The old desire he had to be appreciated and understood, the old pain that he could not fill a larger sphere, be more recognized as useful and necessary, the old gratification in the consciousness of being of use—all these corruptible things have lost their power; like John the Baptist, he says with a joy which has reached its fulness, "He must increase, but I must decrease," (John 3:31), and the elements of incorruption, the breath of the world where all adore our God, is in these few but pregnant words.

Begotten again unto an inheritance! It is a birthright, not a gift, it is that which the life of God within entitles to. "Heirs of God. and joint heirs with Christ," is no figure of speech. An inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you who are kept by the power of God through faith unto a salvation ready to be revealed in the last time. What is this? Salvation from everlasting punishment or death is known to us from the moment we believe; this is already revealed. What then is the

"Salvation Ready to be Revealed

in the last time?" Paul, writing to the Romans, speaks of an "earnest expectation" of the whole creation which groans and travails in pain, and he adds: "We ourselves, who have the firstfruits of the Spirit, groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body. "And in connection with this he says: "For by hope were we saved, but hope that is seen is not hope, for who hopeth for that which he seeth? But if we hope for that which we see not, then do we with patience wait for it. We do see and possess salvation from condemnation and from sin. Is not then "the redemption of our body the salvation ready to be revealed in the last time; when "we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye at the last trump? Is not Christ's final conquest of death, "the last enemy," the real pledge to us of the incorruptible, the undefiled, that which fadeth not away? and is not therefore the coming of our Lord the one living hope on which our expectations are to be centred?

There are many children of God whose anticipation in looking forward to a heavenly inheritance is a purely personal one; they do not see how sin and death, with all their accompaniments of misery, shame, sorrow, sickness which touch all mankind, can only be conquered when the Master comes. It is not, for such as understood the Master, a question of "What shall I have therefore?" but rather our intense cry, coming out of the consciousness of how terribly degenerate is the Christianity of the day; "Hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; Thy will be done." When once the Daystar has arisen in the heart of one of God's children, and he not only has turned to God from idols to serve the living and the true God, but also to wait for his Son from heaven, he begins to understand, as never before, how really God himself, and not some mere state of enjoyment, is their inheritance.

"Wherein ye greatly rejoice." When the servant enters into the joy of his Lord, when his joy is in us, then our joy is full. A joy which seeks its own gratification is corruptible, it is never full, but a joy which asks nothing for itself, but only that he, the Lord, may have his way, can be full even in the midst of trial. "Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a while, if need be, ye have been put to grief by manifold temptations, [or trials] that the proof of your faith, being more precious than of gold that perisheth though it is proved by fire, might be found unto praise and glory, and honor,

At the Revelation of Jesus Christ."

O how much the holy men whom God used to write the New Testament looked forward to the revelation of Jesus Christ! It was always the goal to which they looked; their service was in view of this; they could suspend all judgment until he comes; in their eyes it was the motive for real purification and sanctification. When he shall be revealed we shall see him, and shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is, but it is only the anointed eyes that ever can see him as he is, and only such as do thus see him shall be "like him." "They beholding as in a glass the glory of God are changed into the same image from glory to glory. Those who do not study the glass of God's Word, but study other men and their own experiences, do not become like him; they do not see him as he is. But it is just those who, by the grace of God, have their eyes thus opened that are also the most tried. But God never wastes his dispensations. There is a special aid in view in everything which tries his chosen ones. "That the proof of your faith." All real faith is put to the proof. Just as every bridge which is built must be put to a strain, and every steam engine, every gun must be proved before it can be passed and guaranteed, so every child of God must be proved before God can guarantee him.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday Schol Teachers.

AN ORIENTAL REFINER.

A Message of hope and consolation to a people, in sore need of both, is this first epistle of Peter. It was written about the year 67 when Nero was devastating the Church of Christ; and his representatives in all the provinces of the empire were following the imperial example. Farrar thinks it almost certain that Peter was in Rome when he wrote the epistle. Peter dates it from Babylon, but Rome was spoken of under the title of Babylon by John in the Revelation, and Peter may have used that name as a matter of precaution. There was at this time, however, a colony of Jews living among the ruins of ancient Babylon, and it is possible that Peter wrote from there. A special importance attaches to the epistle, because the evidence that it was really the work of Peter is conclusive, and we have an opportunity in reading it of seeing what he thought of Christianity thirty-three or thirty-four years after the death of Christ. It must have been strongly reassuring to these Christians, belonging to the churches Paul had founded, who had heard Paul disparaged as one who had never seen the Lord and might be in error, to read Peter's endorsement of the Gospel Paul had preached to them, and his exhortations to remain firm in it. The verses on which the lesson for the day is based, form the key-note to the epistle. Peter cheers and encourages the Christians under persecution. He bids them remember their exalted privileges. They knew things that the angels desired to look into, and which the prophets had searched for diligently, when they were writing things they did not understand. He tells them that they are kept, or as the Revised Version has it, guarded, by the power of God; that this trial of their faith is more precious in the sight of God than gold, which will eventually perish, though it has resisted even fire. Finally he points them to their reward, an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled that will never pass away. Peter's conception of Christianity is not of a system of ceremonies, nor even as a system of doctrines, but as a living hope. It is not a dead hope with no power in the soul, but an active, vigorous hope, supporting men under trial and persecution. It is a hope on which they may live and endure trial and suffering. With such a living hope in their hearts they may patiently and cheerfully bear their many present afflictions and hold out to the end. Such is Peter's message, and it must have been welcome to those whom he addressed, as it has been to many since that time.

An inheritance . . . that fadeth not away. The phenomenon of a mirage has often been described. The traveller in the desert oppressed by the monotony of sand and sky and suffering thirst, suddenly sees in the distance a lake surrounded by shade trees. He pres ses forward gladly to reach the place but h never reaches it. It does not exist save it the atmospheric conditions and it soon fade away. "From a certain village in Illinois," says a Chicago journal, "a city was see apparently elevated above all intervening ob jects, and near at hand. Even small object in its various streets could be distinctly ob served. Some spectators recognized it a a city about twelve miles distant; other thought it was some other city, but every one knew it was only a reflection. In a few moments the mirage dissolved in air, an nothing remained." At present, worldly peo ple believe that the Christian whose treasur is in heaven is trusting in a city like that but the time is coming when it will be foun that the heavenly city is the one that fadet not away and the worldly cities have van ished like the mirage.

The trial of your faith. It is the storms an tempests and troubles of life that try th faith. If a man suffers loss and still believe in God and loves and praises him, there i no doubt of his faith being real and strong but if he begins to doubt, when troubl comes upon him and gives up his confidence we may be sure that long before the tria came, his faith was feeble. Travellers tell u of a tree in tropical countries the inner part of which are sometimes eaten out by ants while the bark and leaves remain apparently as fresh as ever; and it is not until the tor nado comes and sweeps it down that its weakness is discovered. But the storm did not make the tree weak; it only revealed how weak it was, and its feebleness was the result of the gnawing of insects through a long course of time. In a like manner, if we let our characters be honeycombed by constant neglect of common duty, or by daily indulgence in secret sin, or by habitual yielding to some temptation, we cannot expect anything else than ruin when the testing hour shall come.

More precious than gold. We are told of one of the late Roman emperors, that when he came to the throne he threatened to dismiss from his service every Christian who would not renounce his faith, and then, from the few men who preferred the dismissal of the emperor to the denial of Christ, he chose his most trusted ministers, and kept them all his life. And God has a process not unlike that in his dealings with us. "I seem," said a preacher, "to hear the edict about you, "We will try him, tempt him, put him in the furnace, thrust him out, as it were, into all temptation, and when he is tried he shall have the crown of life.'"

Whom having not seen ye love. A widow was living with her little girl in France. She was on a visit there when her husband died in Chicago and the shock of hearing of his death prostrated her, and for a time she was so ill that she knew no one and was bereft of reason. She recovered, but was too weak to bear the voyage home. Another trouble came upon her. She believed her husband to have been wealthy, but he had suffered reverses in business of which he had not told her, and when his estate was settled there was nothing left for her support. In the emergency, her unmarried brother wrote her not to worry as he would provide for her and would make her daughter his heiress. The widow was greatly relieved on her daughter's account, but for herself she felt that life was scarcely worth living under the combined troubles. She was weary and dispirited and soon died. Her daughter was in a French school, and her uncle decided that she had better stay there and finish her education. He wrote to her frequently, advising her, encouraging her and sending her money. Her every want was provided for and in her every difficulty she appealed to her uncle and received his help and sympathy. She had never seen him but it is not surprising that she should love him; no man could have been a better friend to her. The Christian has similar but infinitely greater reason for loving his Lord whom one day he will see face to face.

The sufferings and the glories that should follow them. A well-known writer says: Glory is attained only through suffering. When gardeners want to bring a rose to richer flowering, they deprive it for a season of light and moisture. Silent and dark it stands, dropping one fading leaf after another, and seeming to go patiently down to death. But when every leaf is dropped, and the plant stands stripped to the uttermost, a new life is even then working in the buds, from which shall spring a tenderer foliage and a brighter wealth of flowers. So, often in celestial gardening, every leaf of earthly joy must drop before a new and divine bloom visits the soul.

Died for Africa's Sake.

Mrs. Richard's of the Mashonaland Mission Succumbs to Fever at Inhambane.

MITTIE BEBOUT RICHARDS.

RECENT letters from Africa bring the sad intelligence that Mrs. Mittie Bebout Richards, wife of Rev. E. H. Richards, Superintendent of Bishop Taylor's Mashonaland Mission, died of African fever at Inhambane, on Sunday, September 17. Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will readily recall Mr. and Mrs. Richards as the missionaries whose explorations and adventures in King Umzila's country were fully described in these columns in April last. In a letter to Dr. S. J. Bebout, of Norwalk, Ct., the only sister of the dead missionary, Mr. Richards gives the affecting details of the sad event. On Sept. 13, he was taken down with the fever, and his wife, during the next two days, was ministering to him incessantly. On Friday night she had a violent chill, but on Saturday her fever seemed to abate, although she was very weak. Her husband, who was now better, spoke comfortingly to the invalid, but the end was evidently near. She looked up at him and then muttered in prayer: "Dear Jesus, thy will be done; thy will be done." Those were the last intelligent words she ever spoke; shortly after, coma supervened and the faithful worker passed away peacefully to her rest on Sunday afternoon. She was buried in the little cemetery at Inhambane, the mission boys, whom she had taught in life, lovingly bearing her to her resting-place.

Mrs. Richards had been a missionary in Africa for ten years, four of which she had spent in Natal and nearly six in Inhambane. She was born in Ashland county, O., and received her preparatory education at an academy near her home. She learned to love the Saviour when quite young, and united with the church when about sixteen years of age. She entered Oberlin College in 1873. During her first year in college, she decided to devote her life to mission work, and during the rest of her college course, studied with special reference to preparing herself for this work. She graduated in 1877. In 1881 she was married to Rev. E. A. Richards, who was her class-mate in Oberlin College. In September, 1880, she, with her husband, started for Africa.

When Mr. and Mrs. Richards first left America, they expected to go up at once into the interior of Africa and establish a mission in Umzila's country. Mr. Pinkerton, from Natal, started some months ahead of them to explore and get permission of the king to go into his country, but this brave young missionary lost his life before he reached Umzila's country. The following year, Mr. Richards started on the same trip, explored the same country, received permission for the missionaries to go into it, but lay sick for a long time unable to return home. When finally he did return, it was decided to abandon the establishment of the mission in the interior and to start a new mission on the coast at Inhambane, some 600 miles north of the already established stations. Four missionaries volunteered to take up this work, two of whom were Mr. and Mrs. Richards. They found that two new languages must be learned, as neither Zulu nor English could be used there; the officials at the coast speaking Portuguese and the natives the Tonga language, which latter had never yet been reduced to writing. They found it difficult, at first, to get a start in the new language; but by patiently watching and listening, and trying to talk with the natives, they finally succeeded, and wrote the first spelling-book and dictionary the Tonga language had ever known, and then prepared charts and readers, and other school-books as they needed them in their teaching, and Gospel hymns, so that the natives could sing them in their own language. Thus book by book they worked together, until they had translated the whole of the New Testament into the Tonga language.

Mrs. Richards loved these people and put her best energies into the work for them, often having eight to twelve little ones in her home, and teaching the larger ones in the school, trying to show them what a Christian life and home should be. She visited and talked with the women in their huts, spoke to assemblies in the open air, and ministered to their sick. This constant, unceasing exertion, in a tropical climate, gradually wore her out, until she was no longer able to battle with the fever. She was sent to Natal, but grew worse until she was very low.

Hoping almost against hope, she started for America. The voyage was a great help to her and she gained rapidly after reaching this country. For two years previous to last Spring, she and her husband had been in the United States recuperating after their trying labors in the tropics. They left this country for Salisbury, Mashonaland, intending to found a mission there; but on arriving at Inhambane, they found that the war between the Matabeles and the South African Company had made their project temporarily impossible. Besides the railroad was not half completed, from the same cause. They accordingly resolved to stop at Inhambane, the scene of their former labors, and work for Christ. Mrs. Richards again got together a large number of pupils and established a school, while she and her husband were also active in general mission work and in translations. With a single exception, they were the only missionaries in a territory with 3,000,000 population. She also visited the women in their kraals and cared for many sick and suffering, who came to her daily, for she was their only physician. In the midst of this busy life, ministering to the physical, as well as the moral needs of this people, whom she had learned to love and to whose uplifting she had consecrated her life, she was stricken down with the fatal fever, just three months after reaching Inhambane. Up to the moment of her prostration, she attended to a multitude of duties, such as only a missionary's wife can understand. On the day before her illness, she carried food to a native woman, whom she believed to be more sick than herself. Two days later, this valiant Christian teacher died in harness—a fitting close to a beautiful, self-sacrificing, Christian life.

A Negro Prince's Welcome.

Missionary Snyder tells how the Missionaries at Luebo on Congo were received. A Realistic Glimpse of Mission Life.

READERS of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be greatly interested in the following letter from Rev. D. W. Snyder, a missionary on the Congo, which has kindly been sent to us by his sister, Mrs. DuBois, of Whiteport, N. Y.

LUEBO, CONGO FREE STATE, June 23, 1893. —Our Mission is situated about a mile from the river and about 200 feet above it. A beautiful path leads up to the Mission through the woods. A broad avenue, 150 yards long, leads from the entrance of the grounds up to the centre square, which will contain the mission house, with a missionary's home on each side. The Mission house will contain within its wall the barter goods, the treasurer's office and the living rooms of the treasurer and family.

Now, a moment given to the missionaries. These are the Rev. W. H. Sheppard, who at this writing is in America, and who is, as you know, a colored man from the United States; Mr. and Mrs. Adamson, Scotch-English, and Mr. and Mrs. Rowbotham, the writer and his wife. We must not omit Mr. Ockels who, we hope, is now nearing Matadi, and for whom we look to come on the next boat.

We have, at the present time, seventy-four natives belonging to the Mission. This includes twenty-seven children under fifteen years old. It would not be interesting to give their names, but one or two have become so identified with the Mission since the time of Mr. Lapsley, that their names will always be of interest. I refer to Ngululu and Ntombe.

A SCENE AT STANLEY POOL, CONGO FREE STATE.

At half-past six A. M. the gong rings and all our natives assemble in the chapel, which is under Mr. A's verandah. The roll is called, a song is sung, the Lord's Prayer recited in unison, another song, a prayer and the benediction. All sick are reported to Nganga Buke (the doctor, who at present is the writer).

The rest of our people go to Mr. Rowbotham, who gives out the day's work. Every day there are two sesions of schooling, over which the ladies preside. Prayer meeting Wednesday and Sunday evenings, and general worship at the village Sundays.

The staple medium of exchange is the cowrie—a shell about the size of a hazel nut, brought from India, I think; 100 of these are of about 5c's value here. Next comes fine wire, either brass, iron or copper, one fathom of which is worth about ten cowries and will buy an egg. Next come small beads, two thimblefuls of which are equal to ten cowries and will buy an egg, while about six thimblefuls will buy a fair-sized hen. You will see, by this, that the native looks upon a chicken as being of only three times the value of the egg she lays. Then cloth is used as a medium of exchange, eight yards of unbleached muslin being equal to about 4,000 cowries. All these prices are based on what these articles are worth, plus the transport from England. A boy or girl can be bought for eight yards of unbleached muslin. And a man or woman for double the amount.

The nearest village to us, where we hope to do most of our work, is among the Bekete—a tribe under the dominion of King Lukenga. They are lazy and do little else than drink mulafo, scold their wives and smoke tobacco. The women do all the work. They live on manioc (cassava) and Indian corn, goats, chickens and eggs. What trading they do is in rubber and ivory. Elephants roam in this part of Africa. Palm oil is not gathered, as the distance from the coast makes the transport cost more than the oil is worth: but when the railroad is completed, then the palm oil industry, with others, will open up. Still, I think the success of Congoland will rest upon the supply of rubber. Should that fail, it would hardly pay to come so far for the other articles.

Corn grows here and does exceedingly well. Vegetables will do as well as they do in Florida. The native subsists on cornmeal, chumbie (a flour or paste made from manioc), bananas, plantains, palm oil and palm-nuts. A quantity of pea-nuts too are consumed yearly. Fish are scarce and command a good price. Wild game, for eating, is scarce. What can be used consists of wild pigeons, guinea hens, parrots and monkeys. I have not tried the last named so cannot speak of their merits or demerits. We went out to shoot a monkey the other day, but could not get close enough to him. He had come within a short distance of the house, but retreated as fast as we advanced. He was as large as a five-year old boy, and had a white spot on his head that gave him the appearance of wearing a cap. We are free from snakes, I think, as not one has been seen since our arrival.

There are fairly good blacksmiths, weavers, carvers and mat-makers among the people. They make beautiful cloth, woven from thread made from the bud of the palm-tree and dyed in colors and woven to a pattern; the design is oriental, but where did they get it? Their carving is oriental, too.

On Monday we had a visit from King Lukenga's son. His cloth was trimmed with cowries and beads, while over each shoulder were ten strings of cowries and his legs, from the foot almost up to the knee, were covered with cowries. He must have had at least 10,000 cowries on his person, besides the beads and bangles. His body was stained a turkey red by using a dye made from cane-wood. He was attended by about ten subjects and brought us half a dozen fowls as a present ("macebish"), and of course expected from us a present of greater value. We gave him one piece, eight yards of unbleached muslin, and a few beads, and the "palaver" was finished. Then Mr. Adamson took his picture. The clock was a great wonder to him and called forth a hearty "m'lengala!" (good), but when Mrs. Snyder played a tune on the organ for him, his astonishment was still greater. He has told Mr. Adamson that his (the Prince's) heart is the same as Mr. Adamson's, which means that the Prince loves Mr. A. like his own brother. He has invited him to go and visit Lukenga.

My work with the sick will keep me here for the present. I hope to send another by the next boat, which leaves next October. We are away from civilization and get letters only twice a year. D. W. SNYDER.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. de Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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SAFETY IN TRAVEL.

SO long as we keep the law of capital punishment by which, if a man takes the life of his fellow, the offender is put to death, it seems to me that those who slay many lives by neglect or carelessness ought to suffer as much as those who, by knife or pistol, take only one life. There is no justice in the arrangement by which he who does the less damage suffers more than he who inflicts the greater. But Coroners' juries render the verdict, a few editorials indignantly express the public sentiment, and the guilty soon slides out into society, and the only punishment he feels is the temporary loss of occupation. The practical question comes up, whether our great railroad companies are only made for the financial advantage of the stockholders, or whether sometimes the safety and convenience of the public ought to be taken into consideration.

But it is well to gratefully remember that notwithstanding all the accidents of modern travel, there is less life lost than by older modes of intercommunication. More perished by overturned stage coach and frightened horse than now by steamer or rail-train in proportion to the number of people who now travel. With millions of people in motion, it is nothing but a kind Providence which keeps the number of casualties so moderate. The typical American in one place wants to be in some other place, and he wants to get there at the rate of sixty miles an hour. By telegraphy, travel has been reduced to mathematical accuracy, and we are not to allow here and there the wickedness of engineer or conductor, or railroad directors, to make us forget that there has been no day like this, when journeying was so safe, so swift or so luxurious.

FIGURES THAT LIE.

ALL statistics fail to give full accounts of the moral and religious condition of communities. A vast number of positively religious people do not attend church. The statement may seem startling, but you will admit the facts as I explain them. First, there are tens of thousands of mothers in America who must tarry at home with their young children—their first duty to their household. Their religion is of as high a type as those who are always in the temple. Then there is a large number of Christian invalids kept within their doors, and living, perhaps, nearer to God in their homes than those Christians who are regular in church attendance. Then there are the aged, faithful in attendance on church service when they could get there; now hindered by infirmity and decrepitude.

Then there are tens of thousands of business men so tired out by Saturday night that on Sunday they sleep over. Their fatigue amounts to positive illness. They take the entire Sabbath for physical recuperation at home, and I should be very slow to doubt their Christian character on that account. In other words, there are hundreds of thousands of Christian people who appear in no statistics of church attendance. The real condition of the Church of God in this country and in all countries is far more encouraging than the hard statistics would seem to indicate. Look over the newspapers this season and see the reports of the ecclesiastical bodies, and realize that the most grandly organized movement in the world is the Church of God. Infidelity is not organized, atheism is not organized, bad literature is not organized; but here comes the Church of God with a complete organization which embraces and is going to conquer the whole world.

A SEDATIVE.

WHAT sublime rest in the thought that the roll of the centuries does not age the Omnipotent! In the nineteenth century, as in the first, in the dying groan of the world, as he was in the opening chant of creation, Master of all worlds and all centuries, from everlasting to everlasting, God the first, God the last, and this God our Father, this God our Friend, this God our shelter, this God our eternal home. If I had an idea that any man, or any party of men, had control of this world, I would not sleep nights for trepidation. Jehovah governs, so I have not a particle of fear. He will work out of the darkest gloom radiant consummations. Trust him for all. Eternity is his lifetime. The noonday sun is only a spark struck from his anvil. The ocean is a drop from the overflowing cup of his joy. All the ages of time are only a section of his forever. Why, then, should you fret about this, and worry about that, and wonder about the other thing? The Lord reigneth, let the earth be glad. There come times in our life when we seem hedged in and we do not know which way to turn. Patiently wait for the way to clear. No crisis of events can ever surprise the Lord. In his hand confide your health, your family, your business, your body, your mind, your soul.

USELESS DIVISION.

UNLESS you have investigated for yourself, you have no idea into what a multitude of fragments the Church is split. The Baptists divided into, first, regular; second, Campbellites; third, Dunkers; fourth, Free Will; fifth, Anti-Mission; sixth, Winnebrennarian; seventh, Seventh Day; eighth, Six-Principle; ninth, General; tenth, Mennonites. The Methodist Church is divided into, first, Methodist Episcopal Church, north; second, Methodist Episcopal Church, south; third, African Methodist Episcopal Church; fourth, Methodist Episcopal Zion Church; fifth, Colored Methodist Church; sixth, African Methodist Church; seventh, Union American Methodist Episcopal Church; eighth, Congregational Methodists; ninth, Primitive Methodists; tenth, Independent Methodists; eleventh, Free Methodists; twelfth, Welsh Calvinistic Methodists; thirteenth, Wesleyan Methodist Connection; fourteenth, Methodist Evangelical Association; fifteenth, Methodist Protestant; sixteenth, United Brethren in Christ. The Adventists are divided into: First, Second Adventists; second, Seventh Day Adventists; third, Evangelical Adventists; fourth, Non-Resurrection Adventists; fifth, Age to Come Adventists. The Quakers are divided into: First, Orthodox; second, Hicksite; third, Wilbur, or Friends on Original Principle; fourth, Kingsites; fifth, Lambornites; sixth, Progressives. The Presbyterians are divided into the Northern Presbyterians, Southern Presbyterians, Cumberland Presbyterians, United Presbyterians, Reformed Presbyterians, Associate Reformed Presbyterians and many other denominations more in number than I have mentioned are more or less absurdly cut up into a great ecclesiastical hash, with enough salt of real grace to keep it, and enough pepper of biting controversy to spice it, but, nevertheless, hash. With some it is a question of robes; with some, a question of days; with some, a question about non-essentials, so small that the theologian has to get his dictionary to find them. The mere recital of their names shows the necessity that something be done for their combination. If this world is ever taken for God, and its sins overthrown, it will be by forgetfulness of unimportant differences and the marching of all the hosts of God in solid column to attack. The sixteen kinds of Methodists will come under one wing, the ten kinds of Baptists must come under another wing, and the seven kinds of Presbyterians under still another wing. After all the branches of each denomination have united, then the great denominations nearest akin will unite, and this absorption shall go on until there shall be one great millennial Church, divided only for convenience into geographical sections, and as of old it was the Church of Laodicea, and the Church of Philadelphia, and the Church of Thyatira, so it shall be the Church of America, and the Church of Africa, and the Church of Australia. Of that world-wide Church there will be only one article of creed—Christ first, Christ last, and Christ forever.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

A great wrong has been done me. My sermon on "Christian Citizenship; or, The Christian at the Ballot Box," which I preached and published about twenty years ago and which may be found in one of the volumes of my sermons published at the time by Harper & Bros., and which I again delivered recently by request, has been re-published in compressed form in Maynard, Merrill & Co.'s "Practical Reader," pages 185, 186 and 187, and there credited to Wendell Phillips. From letters recently received from all parts of the country, it is evident that this publication by Maynard, Merrill & Co. puts me under the charge of plagiarism, a charge that I will not abide. The article quoted is mine, and I do not believe that Wendell Phillips ever delivered it.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

S. E. Madison, Hartland, Kansas. What six Protestant denominations have the largest membership?

These, in order named: Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Lutheran, Disciples of Christ and Congregational.

J. P. Liebman, Albany, N. Y. I remember, about a year or two ago, reading in an advertisement, that you had a few maps of Palestine left. I think it was a large map you advertised, but forgot the size. Will you please say how large the map is and what you ask for it?

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S colored map of Palestine, approved by Dr. Talmage as eminently accurate. Is just 36 inches long by 28 wide and is beautifully printed on bond paper. We have 84 left, which we will send to purchasers by mail at 25 cts. each.

F. G. Jackson, East Jefferson, Me. 1. Is the premium *From Manger to Throne*, given to old subscribers who renew? 2. Can you tell where one can purchase tracts?

1. Yes, the opportunity to secure a copy of *From Manger to Throne* is open to all subscribers, old as well as new. We cannot overlook our old subscribers. In renewing your subscription, send $2, which entitles you to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for a year and also to a copy of *From Manger to Throne*. 2. Write to J. E. Jewett, bookseller, Bible House, N. Y.

Mrs. S. Alexander, Cortland, N. Y. How many saw Christ when he ascended to heaven? Is there any record that tells about it, besides the Bible?

He visibly passed from earth to heaven in presence of his disciples only, as recorded in Mark 16: 19; Luke 24: 50, 51; Acts 1: 1–11. Many books have been written on the subject of the Ascension, and it is fully treated in Neander's *Life of Christ*, as also in the later lives of the Saviour by Geikie and Edersheim. Probably a hundred famous monographs have been written and published on the same subject.

M. M. Philadelphia, Pa. Cannot THE CHRISTIAN HERALD supply a simple prayer suitable for an occasion to draw together a little church in the wilderness. One of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, for which I subscribe, is wanted for such a case. They have a service, selected which I hope may be followed by a church. They have no THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and two good sermons and sweet hymns, but they have no prayer, and I do not suppose there are men among them who would offer a prayer. I have tried to induce the lady in charge to take up this part of her duty, but it would be a great help if she could have a prayer such as I suggest.

Our correspondent's suggestion is not a new one, for we have already had, from different quarters, a number of somewhat similar requests. We do not agree with her, however, that a prayer so prepared would meet the special needs of such a congregation or of an individual. The only prayer that meets the universal need of man is that taught by the Saviour to his disciples. Even the beautiful prayer-service of the Protestant Episcopal Church—probably the finest in the English language—does not meet the needs of the heart and the repetition grows mechanical. The leader in such a service as our correspondent mentions should find it both a duty and a pleasure to pray, even if the prayer be limited to a few simple halting utterances, right from her heart. Let her lay the wants of her little flock before the Lord and urge others to pray also, and the hesitancy she now experiences will soon disappear. There can be no spiritual life in a church that is without prayer.

Emma L. Trowbridge, Cross River, N. Y., writes:

I received my *From Manger to Throne* Monday afternoon. I am delighted with it! My cousins, near Tarrytown, have one for which they paid $3.75. I always wanted to have one of my own, but didn't feel as if I could afford to pay so much. Most truly do I thank you for it. The paper, too, I think very much of.

E. and W. Cheney, Cleveland, O. Two young men, both under 17 years, desire to study, one to become a missionary and the other a minister. Financial circumstances do not permit them to go to college. How shall they realize their ambition?

Many colleges have an endowment provision for the reception of students situated as our correspondents are. Write to the pastor of your own denomination inquiring whether he will grant you a certificate of recommendation to the denominational college. This would in any event be necessary to secure your admittance. For information regarding missionary training, write to Rev. A. B. Simpson, 692 8th ave., New York.

Mrs. Isabella Pearce, Clarksburg, Mo. Was Lazarus, the brother of Mary and Martha, whom Christ raised from the dead, the same Lazarus who lay at the rich man's gate, full of sores?

No; Lazarus of Bethany, the brother of Mary and Martha and the friend of Jesus, was a real person; while Lazarus mentioned in Luke 16: 19–31, existed only in the parable. He was a type, and not a living individual, just as the unjust steward, the prodigal son, and the woman with the piece of silver were types, chosen for the purpose of the spiritual instruction and edification of those to whom the Saviour spoke.

Reader, Lonacoming, Ind. 1. When does a man become a drunkard? 2. Was the wine which Christ made fermented or unfermented?

1. The definition of the word by Webster is "one who habitually drinks to excess." A man who is overtaken by temptation and becomes intoxicated for the first time, would not be correctly described as a drunkard, but he is in serious danger of becoming one. 2. The process of fermentation requires time and the narrative indicates that in this case the wine was drunk immediately after it was made. There is no means of knowing whether it was intoxicating or not; but from Christ's character we should infer that it was not.

Constant Reader, Stratford, Ont., has forwarded a copy of a beautiful hymn composed by Rev. Mr. Hart, an English minister, many years ago, entitled: "Gethsemane." It is too long for publication in our columns, but we will forward it to the subscriber who inquired for it, if he will send us his address. Constant Reader adds:

I also send the last verse of a very quaint hymn by the same writer, which, if you publish, may (as it is easily memorized) prove, as it has done, a veritable song in the darkness to many weary ones:

This God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend:
His love is as great as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.
'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose spirit shall guide us safe home:
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

The letter of "Subscriber, Chicago," has attracted a good deal of attention, and "The Mail-Bag" has received a number of letters this week from other readers on the subject. Harry Cott of Staunton, Va., writes:

A Christian friend of mine has loaned me a copy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of Nov. 8, and in looking down "Our Mail-Bag," I read the experience of "Subscriber, Chicago." The all-absorbing query of that soul is as to whether it has passed from death unto life. What it needs is to have God's way of salvation clearly set before it—something that the person's experience proves has never been done. "Subscriber" should go to Revell's or the Evangelical Publishing House, Chicago, and procure a little tract or book, setting forth *God's Way of Salvation*. This is from one who, I assure you, counts no importunities by this request, but only to have troubled souls brought into joy and peace.

"Reader," Indianapolis, writes:

"Subscriber" seems to be in darkness regarding her spiritual welfare. I will suggest a book for her to read which has been a great benefit to those who have read it: *The Christian Secret of a Happy Life*, by H. W. S., author of *Abiding in Christ*.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE JAPANESE CALAMITY.

FROM San Francisco comes the news which was brought to that port by the steamer *China*, of a double disaster in Japan. A typhoon of extraordinary violence on the Western coast, followed by high floods in the Southern and Middle provinces worked fearful havoc to life and property. Forty-four fishing boats were wrecked at Oita alone; and at Tanowia the loss of shipping was enormous,and in nearly every instance the crews perished with their vessel. The visitation on land was similarly fatal. At Futakata-gun in Hyogo-ken wind and flood combined to tear away a large section of a mountain, which rolling down into a valley completely annihilated two villages. The Tsurusakigaiva River burst its banks and carried many houses with their inmates out to sea. At the city of Toyama eighty houses were carried away and more than a thousand ruined by the water. When the *China* left Japan, the appalling account was not complete, but at that time it was known that the number of deaths exceeded fifteen hundred, about six hundred vessels had been wrecked and nearly four thousand houses demolished. The places which have suffered most severely are the small fishing villages near the coasts and on the banks of the rivers, where the houses are lightly built and incapable of resisting the combined forces of wind and water. The picture on this page represents a scene in such a village. It is from a photograph taken in the Island of Yezo, the most northerly and least civilized of the Japanese Islands. The Yezo men are especially interesting from the fact that they are believed to be descendants of the aborigines of Japan. They differ in appearance from the ordinary Japanese especially in the thickness of hair and beard. They have been among the sufferers by the recent calamities. One can have no feeling but pity for such people as they must live near their work and are too poor to build more substantial houses. The same excuse cannot be made for those people whose conduct Christ compared to these foolish builders. Their habitations fall, too, when "the floods come and the winds beat" on them, and those builders lose more than their property. (Matt. 7: 27).

A SCENE IN YEZO, JAPAN, RECENTLY DEVASTATED BY TYPHOONS AND FLOODS.

A Heroic Rescuer.

The thrilling experience of two geologists is described by a Boston journal. It states that two men, uncle and nephew, were exploring some rocks overhanging the sea. As they rounded a projecting angle,the rock on which the younger man stood gave way. With remarkable presence of mind he grasped the ledge with one hand and extended the other to his uncle, who caught it and held it firmly. The elder man had not more than about six inches of standing ground and all his strength was insufficient to draw his nephew up. He struggled for about five minutes, but without result. Looking sheer down he saw a jagged rock projecting, on which, if his nephew dropped, he would fall and be dashed to pieces. Below that rock, the cliff was hollow and there was nothing to break the fall into the water. A man springing from the ledge might clear the rocks and fall unhurt into the sea. But the young man hanging by his hands could not spring. The uncle's mind was quickly made up. "Loose the rock, Tom," he said. It seemed to the young man like givingup his one slender hope of life, but he obeyed. The uncle, holding his nephew's wrist with a tight clutch in both hands, gathered all his strength and gave a mighty leap forward. The two men,linked together,turned a somersault as they descended, but they cleared the projecting rock and struck the water at a deep place and slowly and painfully swam ashore. The young man could have given no greater proof of his faith in his uncle than by letting go the rock. It is such faith—the faith that lets go all dependence on good works, on church-attendance and all else and depending solely on Christ, that is the sinner's way to salvation. (Rom. 4: 5).

A Buzzard's Mistake.

The western correspondent of a Boston journal relates a curious experience of an intoxicated man. He says that a man who had been drinking heavily was sleeping off the effects of his debauch in a fence-corner of a vacant lot, when a buzzard in search of food caught sight of him and alighted to take an observation. The man lay motionless, and the bird drew nearer. At length, apparently satisfied that the man was dead, and consequently his lawful prey, the buzzard took a vigorous peck at the drunkard's nose. The man was roused instantly, and putting his hand to his bleeding nose, he looked around for his assailant. The bird was only a short distance away, and the drunkard readily understood the situation. "Look here, you buzzard," he said, "you're a mite too previous, don' cher know? I objec' to be eat up shust now. I hain't dead." The indignation of the man was natural,but when he declared that he was not dead, he failed to realize a spiritual fact. He and others who are living in sin and self-indulgence cannot be said to be really alive. All in them that raises them above the level of the beast is dead. (1 Tim. 5:6).

Mistaken in the Place.

An amusing experience recently befell the President of Mount Holyoke College. She is an enthusiastic advocate of temperance, and is often invited to deliver addresses on the subject, which are always able and effective. Not long ago she accepted an invitation to attend a temperance meeting at Springfield and was rather confused by conflicting directions as to the place where the conference was to be held. At length, she walked into a large room and a large crowd and settled herself comfortably, looking about her with smiles of satisfaction that so many men were interested in the cause of prohibition and were present to discuss it. Then it dawned upon her as equally strange and not so gratifying that her own sex was sparsely represented. She felt a vague distrust, and leaned over to a neighbor: "This is the Methodist Church, isn't it?" she inquired. "No Ma'am," was the bland answer, "it's the Police Court." The lady naturally beat a hasty retreat from so uncongenial a place. Her message, however, was being taught there but by a sterner teacher: and the class who learn it in such places is composed of men who might never have gone there if they had learned the lesson earlier. (Prov. 28: 14).

French Law in New York.

An exciting scene was witnessed in the French Consulate in New York on November 15. A lawsuit is pending in Paris in which several citizens of New York are interested, and the French courts have appointed Vicomte d'Abzac, the French Consul here, a commissioner to take the testimony of the American witnesses. At the hearing, a New York lawyer representing the defendant in the action, who is an American citizen, presented himself and notified the consul of his position in relation to the case. The consul received him courteously, but informed him that the French rules of procedure would be observed. When the first witness took the stand, the consul said, "Now make your deposition; tell us all you know about the case." The lawyer thereupon interposed on the ground that the request was too general, and the witness should be asked specific questions. She was, he said, a witness for his client, and he was entitled to examine her. The consul, however, refused to allow him to do so, and the witness went on to tell her story in her own way, the consul putting a question occasionally to elicit the full details. The proceedings exasperated the lawyer, as his own witness was damaging his case by her volubility, and he again vigorously protested. The consul, however, assured him that the procedure was in strict accordance with French law; to which the lawyer replied that French law did not apply in New York,and he had no respect for it. It was the consul's turn to get angry now, and he ordered the lawyer out of court and summoned a policeman to enforce the order. The hearing consequently went on in the lawyer's absence, the consul insisting that the consulate was French soil, on which French law was supreme. The Christian sometimes forgets that a similar principle applies to him in his business and worldly concerns. Methods and practices which the law of the land permits he must not adopt if they are contrary to the laws of the heavenly kingdom of which he is a subject. (Eph. 5: 3, 4.)

A Novel Motor-power.

An ingenious method of assisting street-cars up a steep grade is in operation at Seattle, Wash. The cars are run on the level by electricity in the ordinary way, but when the grade is reached, a coupling bar on the car attaches it to a steel cable on the other end of which running in a conduit are two counter-weights aggregating six tons. The weights are at the top of the hill when the car is at the bottom and as they descend they put sufficient force on the cable to draw the car up. The car in descending is again attached to the cable and its momentum draws the counter-weights up the hill again ready for the use of the next ascending car. Automatic ranches and air-cushions made of iron pipes,perfect the mechanism, which is found to work admirably without the help of horses or steam-power. By this ingenious application of a natural law the cars provide their own motive power. This is one of the natural laws that do *not* apply in the spiritual world. No one who takes the downward course there helps another to rise; on the contrary, he is apt to drag others down with him. (Eccles 9: 18).

BRIEF NOTES.

The American Board appears to have adopted Civil Service Reform rules. The position so long and ably occupied by Dr. C. H. Daniells as New York representative of the Board, is to be filled now that Dr. Daniells has gone to Boston to succeed Dr. Alden,by Dr. C. C. Creegan who has been Field Secretary of the Board for six years.

The Congregational Church at Carsonville, Mich., has been blessed with a remarkable revival. Special services have been held there and at an outlying station three miles distant, and in both places the results have been notable. Many backsliders have been restored and a large number of the young people have been added to the church.

Dr. L. W. Munhall is meeting with much success in his work at Lima, O. It has been found necessary to hold services simultaneously in the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches, both of which are crowded nightly. At a meeting limited to persons under conviction of sin and desiring spiritual guidance, over two hundred persons were present, and Dr. Munhall, Mr. Birch and several ministers of the city dealt with them personally. The number of conversions is likely to be large.

The Rev. Edward A. Lawrence, D.D., of Baltimore, died November 10th. He had been very prominent of late in city missionary work in that city, living himself in the poorer quarter that he might gain easier access to the people.

The many friend of the Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D., will grieve to learn that he is dead. He passed away peacefully on the night of Nov. 18, at the house of his daughter in New York. His portrait and a sketch of his life appear on another page.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey will commence their next season's campaign by a series of services at Providence, R. I. The report that they are going to Europe is unauthorized and incorrect. They received an urgent invitation from a large number of English ministers, but decided not to accept it for the present. They will probably go to England to labor in the fall of next year.

Rev. M. S. Rees of Elmira, N. Y., is conducting union evangelistic meetings at Littleton, N. H. Four churches are uniting in the movement and there is a general interest through the town. The leading business men close their stores every evening at an early hour to allow their employes an opportunity of attending. Next Sunday Mr. Rees begins union services at Rochester, N. Y.

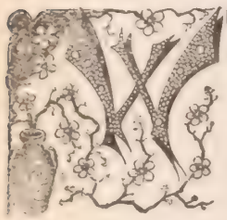
The revival services conducted by Rev. Thomas Harrison in Embury M. E. church, Brooklyn, of which Dr. W. W Bowdish is pastor, are increasing in interest and power. The church is crowded at each service and many have professed conversion. On November 19 sixty persons made profession of faith. The converts are of all ages, from fifteen to seventy years. Mr. Harris announces a Jubilee Service on December 3.

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

BURNING HEARTS.

Preached last Sunday morning, Nov. 26, 1893, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D. D.

Text: Luke 24: 32: "And they said one to another, "Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the scriptures?"



E find two disciples in deep sorrow leaving Jerusalem and going toward Emmaus, a small town situated between seven and eight miles from Jerusalem. This journey was undertaken, it would seeem, between midday and the early evening. It was the day of our Lord's glorious resurrection. The name of one of the disciples was Cleopas; the name of the other we cannot discover. Probably we never shall know it; but it is enough for us to know that it is graven on the palms of Jehovah's hands; enough for us to know that perhaps we shall one day learn it when the Lord shall write up his people. Some have supposed that it was Simon; others that it was Luke himself, but it is useless to speculate on a matter which the Holy Spirit has not revealed.

As these men walked in their sadness, they talked with great earnestness; and one seemed to be talking and arguing with more hope than the other. The original language which describes their conversation suggests the earnestness of their spirit, and the vigor of the argumentation in which they indulged. It is easy for us to imagine what the subjects of their conversation would be; easy to suppose that they were discussing the great events connected with our Lord's arrest, trial, condemnation and crucifixion. We know, too, that vague rumors concerning his resurrection were current in the city before they left; indeed it is strange that they could leave the city until they had either verified or falsified those reports. There certainly was much of which they might speak regarding the wondrous events which had happened in Jerusalem during the past few days, and thus sadly do they walk and talk.

The Three Travelers.

A stranger overtakes them and participates in their conversation; we know, although they did not, that this stranger is none other than the august Person of whom they were speaking and reasoning. To them he seemed to be an ordinary traveler on that frequented highway. There is nothing peculiar at the outset in his dress, manner, or speech to suggest that he is the Son of God and the Redeemer of men. Their eyes, we are told, were holden that they should not know him. The disciples frequently failed to recognize our Lord during the forty days between his resurrection and his ascension; on that very morning Mary Magdalene failed to recognize her Lord and Master. Perhaps this result was partly due to the exercise of some strange power over the vision of the disciples; and perhaps it was partly due to a change in the appearance of the Lord himself; it would seem as if his body were already assuming some of the characteristics of its subsequent full glorification. It is certain that some alteration had taken place in his appearance, an alteration which was sufficient to throw doubt over his identity, until his disciples gave him their more careful consideration. It is evident that the two disciples journeying toward Emmaus did not know at once who was their companion, and thus for a time the blessed Lord walked with [illegible] was not unlike our own. How often the divine Lord walks with us in our daily life, in our severe trials and in our blessed experiences, when for a time we do not recognize [illegible] him not! How often have we prayed that we might find him, when in reality he was by our side! Too often, like Mary in the garden, we look at him through a veil of tears, and fail to recognize his presence; too often, like the disciples in the fourth watch of the night, we fail to know him when he comes to us walking over the foaming billows!

But though unrecognized by them, Christ's heart is drawn out in tender sympathy and in great love toward these sad travelers toward Emmaus. His words recall them to themselves and enable them to think clearly of what has passed in Jerusalem. Let us look for a little time at these three travelers. The two men, so far as we know, had performed no remarkable services for Jesus; perhaps one of them may have occupied a position of relationship; but the Lord did not draw near to them on that account. If relationship were to be

The Cause of His Appearance,

he would have manifested himself especially to his mother during his resurrection life; but her name does not once appear in the entire record of this period. After he committed her to the care of John while himself hung on the cross, he seemed to drop the claims of early relationship. Had these travelers been Peter or John, Christ's approach to them would not have been surprising; but they were not apostles, and they were not of prominence among the seventy disciples. But our Lord's first words to them may explain the reason of his approach. He certainly did not need to ask them for information, for he knew what was in man; but he questioned them that he might gain ready access to their sorrowful hearts. In their surprise they seemed scarcely to know how to answer him; they think he must be a stranger in Jerusalem, not to know the wonderful things that have come to pass there in the last few days. Wonderful traveler! This stranger is the Lord of life and glory! That morning he left Joseph's tomb in triumph, leaving death and hell in captivity. On that journey he opens to the travelers the scriptures and soon their hearts burn within them.

He remains to the evening meal; in the breaking of bread in the humble home he is recognized, and back to the city hasten the joyous disciples. Never was a journey so short; and even before they start they ask in the words of the text, "Did not our hearts burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?"

My theme this morning is "Burning Hearts in Christian Work." Burning hearts are necessary to the highest success in Christian service; burning hearts can be secured; burning hearts will be sure to manifest themselves in speech and action.

In the first place, glowing hearts, hearts glowing with love to Christ, and love for the souls of men, are one of the great needs of the hour. Why have Christians so little

Power in Christian Service?

Why move the wheels of God's chariot slowly? Why are there not thousands converted in a day? Why should one sermon on the day of Pentecost convert three thousand, while in our day it takes almost three thousand sermons to convert one soul? Certainly one answer to this question is that the hearts of so many professors of religion are cold in Christian service; and as a result the power of the Church is largely latent. It has been well said that a powerless Christian ought to be as great a misnomer as a forceless thunderbolt, Christians need burning hearts to give them earnest desires to work for Jesus. There are thousands in good and regular standing in our churches, who have no sense of personal responsibility for the conversion of their friends and neighbors. There are thousands who have never put forth personal efforts to secure the conversion of even one soul. It has not entered into their minds that membership in a church implies the existence of such desires, and the making of such efforts; and still they stand well in the church, and could at any time receive a letter to another church certifying to the integrity of their character, and the regularity of their standing.

It is worth much to be impelled by the sense of duty to seek the salvation of those with whom we are in contact; but it is better to be drawn sweetly by the cross of divine human love. Those who have a desire to work for Jesus will always find a field of labor; opportunities abound did we but desire to do our duty. We ought to have a passion for souls; no man can enjoy the love of God fully, except he shares it generously. There is

Nothing Selfish in True Religion:

the more a man gives away the more he has, and the less he gives away the less he keeps for himself. Matthew Henry said: "I would think it a greater happiness to gain one soul to Christ, than mountains of silver and gold to myself." This is the spirit which ought to dwell in the hearts of all Christian believers, if they had a full realization of the wondrous love of God, of the value of a human soul, and of the danger to which it is exposed, they would rather be the means of its salvation, than to possess the greatest of earth's treasures for themselves.

The desire of John Knox when he cried out, "Oh, God! give me Scotland or I die," ought to be the controlling element in the lives of all Christians. The love of Christ in the heart burns up the cross of selfishness, melts the coldness of worldliness, and quickens the deadness of indifference in every true believer; this love will manifest itself in their words, acts, tones and looks. The prayer of the Christian ought to be, "Oh, God! give us hearts on fire with divine love."

We need burning hearts to give us power in working for Christ. It is not merely what a man speaks or does, but the spirit in which he speaks and acts, that gives him power with men. It is the man behind the words which gives them irresistible force, which throws them out with projectile power. It was said that every word of some of Webster's great speeches weighed pounds. We know that it was not simply the needle guns of the Germans, but the intelligence of the soldiers behind the guns which wrought such havoc among the French in the Franco-Prussian war; it was the schools of Germany which annihilated the soldiers of France. Richard Sheridan was accustomed to say, "I often go to hear Rowland Hill because his ideas come red-hot from the heart." Dr. John M. Mason, when asked for an explanation of the remarkable power of Dr. Chalmers, replied, after taking time for careful consideration, "His blood earnestness." The Chinese convert was quite right when he said, "We want

Men with Red-Hot Hearts

to tell us of the love of Christ." If our words are to move men like an electric battery, we must be saturated with the love of the Lord Jesus. If that love be in our hearts, it will make our words mighty over the hearts of others; if we be constrained by Christ's love, men will take knowledge of us that we have been with the Lord, and they will yield to the power of his truth incarnated in our lives, and preached by our glowing words. This life will give us unspeakable joy in our work, and that joy of the Lord will be our strength in manifesting a true Christian character, and in declaring by our words and acts the glorious Gospel of the blessed God.

How may burning hearts be secured? It is certain that one element of preparation for securing them is sadness because of their absence. Why did Christ go to these diciples? We have already seen that his visit was not due to any great service which they had performed, neither was it because of near relationship. They had not occupied a prominent position in his service up to this time; they were not apostles, and they were not even of the seventy. Still our Lord gave them more time than he ever gave, so far as the record goes, to any disciples during his resurrection life. Doubtless their sadness had its influence in drawing "the Man of sorrows" to their side. During this first resurrection day he had already appeared to Mary as she wept at the tomb, in her

Lonely Grief;

he had already appeared to Peter, who poured forth, as we well may believe, his tears of penitence, and now he joins himself to these two disappointed and almost broken-hearted disciples. The grief of Mary was that of a grateful and loving heart robbed of the object of its devotion; the grief of Peter was that of a heart smitten with a sense of ingratitude, cowardice and open betrayal. But the grief of the two disciples was that of men disappointed in their hopes, and sunk in despondency because of their disappointment. Grief ever touches the heart of the Son of God. Longing for him draws him to our side; grieving because of his absence helps greatly to secure his presence. Do we long to-day for his companionship as we walk life's dusty highway? That very longing he understands and will speedily meet by his blessed presence.

There are subtle laws, but little understood as yet, by which thinking of and longing for the absent, move upon them by processes which we cannot understand; there is here a great realm of mystery acted upon by laws which sometime we shall understand. Facts abundantly warrant us in affirming that earnest thought of one absent, tends to influence the thoughts and desires of the one thus considered. Now if these things be true among men, how much more possible and true they are in our relation to him who knows the thoughts and desires of every soul! Are you grieving because of the absence of your Lord? That grieving he understands, to it he will promptly respond, and he will crown your life with his own gracious presence. Are you disappointed? Are your hopes blasted? Is your sadness deep to-day? Then know that to you, as to the disciples on the stormy Galilean sea, Jesus will come walking over the crested billows of your grief; to you, as to the two disciples on the way to Emmaus, Jesus will come making his presence known, and causing your hearts to burn with holy joy and to glow with heavenly love.

Where to Look.

We see also that studying the Bible to find Jesus brings Jesus near. This narrative greatly helps us at this point; doubtless these disciples were studying carefully the events which had occurred during the past few days; doubtless they were trying to find some relation between these events and the facts of revelation. There was very much about which they might well reason and dispute; the questions would justify and the narrative implies vigorous disputation. How could their Master yield to the power of his enemies, and be shamefully crucified? How could they reconcile his repeated claims to divinity and his manifestations of almighty power with his submission to his enemies?

Various sayings of his now return to preplex their mind, and to suggest mysterious and confused notions concerning his character and mission. They had also heard just before leaving Jerusalem that certain women had found the sepulchre empty, and had seen angels who had declared that he was not dead but alive. Could he really be alive? I have often wondered that they could leave the city without fuller information, while such rumors were in the air; but it is certain that they did not really believe in his resurrection. All his prophecies on that point had preplexed their minds. Now, however, he draws near as their great Enlightener; he unfolds to them the scriptures concerning himself. Wonderful moment!

Marvellous Teacher!

Never before had they seen the Old Testament prophecy in the light of this hour. Jesus showed them how he himself was the subject of these prophecies. There are men now who tell us that the Old Testament is obsolete.

Not so did Christ teach. He began at Moses and all the prophets and expounded to the disciples the scriptures concerning himself. He rebuked them because of their slowness of heart, because of their ignorance of the true meaning of their own scriptures. They needed his rebuke, and they found that he wounded them, but to give them divine healing and assured comfort. He who searches the scriptures, and does not find Christ in them does not search and teach as did the Christ himself.

We cannot suppose that they had a copy of the Old Testament scriptures with them; but they knew the leading passages by heart. Perhaps Christ showed them the meaning of such a prophecy as that of Moses raising up a prophet like unto himself; such prophecy as that of Isaiah when he saw the glory of the suffering and triumphant Messiah; and such as that of Daniel speaking of the Messiah who should be cut off for the sins of the people. These, and similiar prophecies, he may have unfolded to their dull minds. There is a long line of such prophecy; there is a golden thread of Messianic truth running through the warp and woof of the Old Testament; there is a crimson cord let down from every window of this ancient and inspired prophecy. Everywhere we see the Paschal lamb, the smitten rock, the serpent of brass and the blood-sprinkled mercy seat. O critics, are not ye fools and slow of heart

not to believe the glorious things which the prophets have spoken? Ought ye not to see that Christ must have suffered on the cross that he might enter into the glory? Do ye not know that the cross is

"The great world's altar stairs
That slope through darkness up to God."

It is true also that beseeching Christ to tarry secures his abiding in our hearts and homes. Soon the travelers reach the village to which they were going; and the illustrous stranger makes as if he would go further. Is he guilty of attempted imposition? Who will dare so affirm? He is entirely sincere; he certainly will go further if they do not beseech him to remain.

Jesus is ever Passing by

and he will not stay but constantly go beyond us if we do not detain him; he stands at the door of our hearts and knocks, and except we open he will pass on. It is toward evening and he turns in to make himself the guest in this lowly home. O blessed visitor! O holy guest! Let our prayer now be, "Come in, come in, Thou blessed son of God!" Let that prayer often ascend in holy song,

"Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!"

He did come in to abide! The evening meal is spread; he lifts his hands in blessing, and now the disciples are filled with holy joy because of their rapturous recognition. Something in his manner of blessing and breaking the bread, caused their eyes to open, and they knew him. It has been suggested that when he lifted his hands in blessing, they saw in his palms the print of the nails; but perhaps it was only his manner of breaking and giving the bread which recalled to their minds some former peculiarity of manner and tone which assured them that it was indeed the Lord. Do we have a welcome in our homes, a place at our tables, and a throne in our hearts for thee, blessed Christ?

How are burning hearts manifested? The narrative helps us at this point also. These disciples went back to the city; they had not expected so to do; but they cannot remain in Emmaus with this glorious knowledge in their hearts. Never was a journey so short and so joyous. They left Jerusalem not to return; they now hasten back; with flying feet they run to tell

Their Thrilling Story.

Religion makes the Christian's duties easy and joyous; when the love of God is in the heart the yoke of duty is easy and the burden of service is light. When they reached Jerusalem they became preachers; they hastened to the upper room where the other disciples were gathered. All had heard the reports of the women, of Mary Magdalene, and of Peter; and these disciples now add their testimony to that of the other witnesses to the resurrection. They could say with Jeremiah, "His word was in mine heart as a burning fire, shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay." They could say with the Psalmist, "My heart was hot within me; while I was musing the fire burned; then spake I with my tongue." Once more they were rewarded by a sight of the risen Lord; soon he is in the midst of them, and soon his "peace be unto you" falls upon their wondering and joyous hearts.

If the love of God be in our hearts, we cannot but speak what we have seen and felt; we will arise like these disciples the same hour, even though it be night, and will hasten to tell our glad siory; and we shall experience something of their blissful enthusiasm; and we, like them, shall be rewarded with another sight of the Lord.

Do you wish for burning hearts in Christ's service? Then bring your cold hearts now to Jesus. The way to drive out cold is to let in heat; the way to banish darkness is to admit light. O men and women, long for the presence of the Lord; study his Word to find him; pray him to come in and to tarry with you. Then the mysterious stranger will meet you by the way and cause your hearts to burn within you; and then when you have hastened to tell another of the joy that you have found, once more the Christ will meet you, and his sweet benediction as heaven's choicest blessing will fall upon your souls.

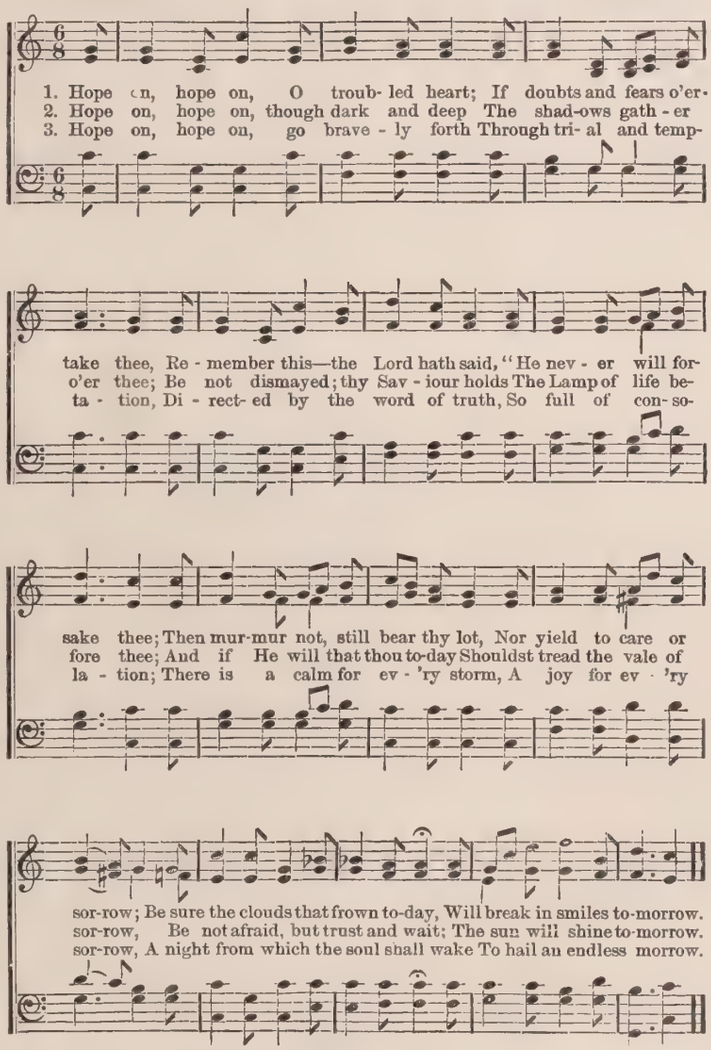
The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people

Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

Hope On.

"Happy is he whose hope is in the Lord."—Ps. 146: 5.

ROBERT BRUCE. J. H. BURKE.


1. Hope on, hope on, O troub- led heart; If doubts and fears o'er-
2. Hope on, hope on, though dark and deep The shad-ows gath - er
3. Hope on, hope on, go brave - ly forth Through tri- al and temp-
take thee, Re - member this—the Lord hath said, "He nev - er will for-
o'er thee; Be not dismayed; thy Sav - iour holds The Lamp of life be-
ta - tion, Di - rect- ed by the word of truth, So full of con- so-
sake thee; Then mur-mur not, still bear thy lot, Nor yield to care or
fore thee; And if He will that thou to-day Shouldst tread the vale of
la - tion; There is a calm for ev - 'ry storm, A joy for ev - 'ry
sor-row; Be sure the clouds that frown to-day, Will break in smiles to-morrow.
sor-row, Be not afraid, but trust and wait; The sun will shine to-morrow.
sor-row, A night from which the soul shall wake To hail an endless morrow.

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INDIVIDUALITY.

(Every one shall give account of himself to God.)

I laid me down by night and slept, and lo,
A heavenly visitant in garments white,
Toward my couch with stately mien approached,
His presence filled the darkened room with light.

"Come, child of earth, before the Maker stand,
The King of kings would audience hold with thee;
Fear not to leave the narrow halls of Time,
Beyond the mansions of eternity."

I rose, and with my guide was quickly borne
On rapid wings beyond this vale of tears:
Sweet strains of music filled the enchanted air,
Soothing my heart and calming all my fears.

When, lo! there burst before my wondering gaze,
A countless multitude from every land,
Assembled all before the great white throne,
From Polar seas and India's burning strand.

The King, in glorious majesty, surveyed
The motley throng arraigned before his bar,
His eyes like coals of liquid fire, ablaze
With justice shone like unto dazzling star.

When, suddenly, the great roll-call I heard,
And, one by one, to judgment slowly came,
Each soul before the great tribunal stood,
Reponsive to his own familiar name.

"But must I answer?" I obey the call,
"Will no one stand and plead my guilty case?"
"Ah, no, for substitution now is past
And thou must stand alone before his face."

With pleading eyes my sovereign's face I scanned,
Could I of comfort catch one fitful gleam?
Oh, can it be? He whispered, "All is well!"
Trembling I woke—and lo, 'twas but a dream.

AMELIA LAMBRICK.

Melbourne, Australia.

APOCALYPTIC SYMBOLISM.

The Basis of Discovery of the Key to the Images and Symbols of the Apocalypse.

BY THE LATE SIR S. A. BLACKWOOD.*

Continued from page 761.

THE book of the Revelation is not to be construed literally. Its figurative or allegorical form must be apprehended if its prophetic teachings are to be understood.

Can we find a key which will unlock the mysterious terms and open to us "the things which have been kept secret from the foundation of the world?" I believe we can. Such a key is given to us, first in those symbolic prophecies of the Old Testament, which all admit to have been fulfilled, and then in the explanations vouchsafed by the Divine Author of the Apocalypse itself.

First, in the Old Testament. It is astonishing to notice how almost every symbol which is made use of in the Revelation has been already employed by the prophets of former days, and either interpreted by them, or explained by the accomplishment of their predictions. Thus, to take a few instances, we know that the sun and moon and stars of Genesis 37 denoted the heads of Israel, the powers that rule—that their obscuration or fall figured the overthrow of a dynasty, state, or kingdom—e. g., Is. 13:1—10, the fall of Babylon; Ez. 32:2, 7, 8, 11, the destruction of Egypt by Babylon—that the overflowing of a river meant the irruption of a mighty nation over neighboring territories (Is. 8:7, 8); that the four wild beasts of Dan. 7 represented four kings or kingdoms which were to arise (verses 17-23; that the locusts of Joel 1, prefigured the nations which were to lay Israel waste; that "the sea and waves roaring" described the tumultuous uprising of peoples and nations (Ps. 65:7; Is. 5:30, 17:12, 60:5; Jer. 6:23, 51:52, 55). Space will not admit of further instances; but the line of study will amply repay the diligent searcher after truth. The Old Testament key will fit many a ward in the Apocalyptic lock.

But, secondly, the Giver of the Revelation, who hath the key of David, has himself placed it in our hands. He has not, it is true, explained every symbol; but he has given explanations of no less than thirteen as a sufficient indication of the way in which his servants are to interpret the remaining ones. They are the following:—

1. The seven stars are the angels of the seven churches (ch. 1:20).
2. The seven candlesticks are the seven churches (ch. 1:20).
3. The two witnesses are two candlesticks or churches (ch. 11:4).
4. The dragon, or serpent, is the devil (ch. 12:9).
5. The three frogs are demoniacal spirits (ch. 16:14).
6. The seven heads of the beast are seven mountains (ch. 17:9).
7. The seven heads are also seven kings, or powers (ch. 17:10).
8. The beast is one of those powers (ch. 17:11).
9. The ten horns are ten kings or powers (ch. 17:12).
10. The many waters are nations (ch. 17:15).
11. The woman is a city exercising paramount authority (ch. 17:18).
12. The lake of fire is the second death (ch. 20:14).
13. The New Jerusalem is the Bride, the Lamb's wife (ch. 21:9, 10).

Here, then, we have a Divine solution of the enigma, not, indeed, sufficient to disclose all its import to the world at large, but enough to guide the servants of God in their humble and prayerful search into the meaning of the apocalyptic imagery and to show them the lines on which their inquiries should proceed. The key is in their hands.

I can hardly conclude this paper better than by appending the following extract from Sir Isaac Newton's "Observations on the Prophecies," wherein he gives a general indication of the way in which the symbols of the prophetic word should be interpreted: "When a beast or man is put for a kingdom, his parts and qualities are put for the analogous parts and qualities of the kingdom; as the head of a beast, for the great men who precede and govern; the eyes for men of understanding and policy; a new dignity is signified by a new name; moral or civil qualifications, by garments; honor and glory, by splendid apparel; royal dignity, by purple or scarlet, or by a crown; a Council of a kingdom, by its image," etc.

*From his article in the London *Christian*

KEPT BY THE POWER OF GOD.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week beginning Dec. 10. I. Peter 1:1-5; John 17: 11-15.

NO declaration could be more encouraging to a timid Christian than the one the apostle makes in assuring him that he is kept by the power of God. It is as if a blind man hearing the sound of swiftly approaching wheels, and not knowing whether at any moment he may be hurled to the ground and crushed, were told by some friendly voice that between the place where he is standing and the road where the vehicles are, there is a strong fence. Another illustration once comforted a Christian sufferer who was much distressed by apprehensions of the future. As he lay on his couch one summer morning he saw a butterfly fluttering in his room near the window. It flew about as if in terror and tried to make its escape, but, the window being closed, it could not. The observer saw that the cause of the butterfly's terror was a bird outside the window who darted now and again at the butterfly, but was prevented catching it by the glass. Neither creature seemed to understand that the glass prevented the butterfly being caught, but the man, who watched them both, knew that the butterfly was quite safe and that its terror was needless. He thought that probably the angels watching him and men like him, might have the same feeling, knowing well that the enemy of souls could never touch one who was kept by the power of God. Without this revelation, there is abundant reason for fear. Every one who knows his own heart, is conscious of its weakness, its tendency to evil and its liability to yield under pressure of temptation. It may not yield now, but at some future time, it may prove a traitor. As he reads of Peter's fall, of the trials of persecution which have befallen other men, he feels that he is not of the stuff of which martyrs are made and wonders if he will be able to bear such trials as may fall to his lot. To the young Christian, especially, whose life is all before him, there thoughts are often the cause of disquietude. Dreading above all things disloyalty to Christ, he fears that in some moment of weakness or under the pressure of some sudden temptation he may fall. To all such men there is infinite encouragement in this assurance that they will be kept, or guarded, by the power of God. Relying on that almighty power, what reason is there for apprehension? The real ground for fear consists in the temptation not to rely upon it. Those who are safe are those that depend on that power; those who are in slippery places are they who are trusting to their own power. If is he who thinketh he standeth, who is liable to fall. God does not guard those who prefer to walk alone. When a man is self-confident, is sure of himself, feels as Peter did, that though all men should deny Christ, yet would not he, the way to shame has already been entered. But to the faithful, trusting, consecrated soul who looks to God day by day for the strength and guidance that he needs, no harm can come, for he is guarded by the power of God.

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THE FINEST Y. M. C. A. BUILDING IN THE WORLD.

Chicago is now able to boast that it possesses the finest Young Men's Christian Association building in the world. It has cost [illegible] and is in every respect the most [illegible] that has ever been erected. After five [illegible] toiling, the Association enters into the reward of its labors and takes possession of its stately home. It is thirteen stories in height and stands on the corner of La Salle Street and Arcade Court. Eight of the floors are reserved for Association work and the other five are, for the present, rented out as offices but will probably be eventually reclaimed by the Association as its numbers grow. There are already 2,335 members and doubtless there will be a large accession as the advantages which the new building enables the Association to offer become known. It is proposed to make it a means of mental and technical education of first class character besides aiding young men in spiritual growth and development. In addition to the ordinary benefits of a Y.M.C.A. in Bible classes, reading room, gymnasium and library there are to be classes in which competent teachers will give instruction in drawing, type-writing, shorthand, physiology, elocution, mathematics, book-keeping, singing, engineering and the French, German, Spanish and Latin languages. Other departments are to be added if there is a demand for them. The building also contains in addition to the usual auditorium, officers' rooms and the class rooms for the studies above mentioned, a restaurant, barber's shop, a storeroom for bicycles, and a photographic dark room. In short every legitimate want that a young man can have in business, or amusement is met so far as it could be foreseen by the managers and directors. Beside this gigantic building which will be the centre and headquarters of Association work in Chicago, there are seven branches in various parts of the city which are all in prosperous condition. It is very gratifying to learn that in a city, where young men are surrounded with so many temptations to evil courses, so well arranged and efficient an organization exists under religious auspices, to counteract the attractions of sin. Great credit is due to Mr. John V. Farwell, Jr., the President of the Association for his munificient gifts which with many other liberal donations from other public spirited Christian citizens have enabled the Association to secure so thorough an equipment for its work.

THE NEW Y. M. C. A. BUILDING IN CHICAGO.

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ADVICE TO THE B. Y. P. U.

Several important suggestions to the Baptist Young People's Unions were made at the recent New York State Convention by the Rev. F. L. Anderson of Rochester, who gave an exhaustive address on the principles, advantages, and defects of the organization. One topic that he discussed has already become a source of perplexity in many local unions. It is that of arranging for both the prayer meeting and the Christian Culture Courses. On this subject Mr. Anderson said: "If the young people intend to meet but once a week, and that for a prayer meeting, it is somewhat difficult to find a time for the Christian Culture Courses. If the young people change their prayer meeting into a class for Christian instruction, neither they nor the church can look for prayer-meeting results. It seems that it is only by meeting twice a week that the educational scheme of B. Y. B. U. can be worked. The leaders of the movement suggest home reading, home study, but practical educators know that such study, without a teacher, lacking the inspiration of a class, is usually only a very little better than nothing. Why, then, not carry B. Y. P. U. into the Snnday School? Why not, in this time of change of Sunday School methods, have classes formed to take up the Christian culture courses? But if, on consideration, this will not do, the only other alternative seems to be a forty-five minute session at the close of the weekly prayer meeting, a plan successfully carried out by some churches."

After discussing the burning question of fraternal relations Mr. Anderson said: Our conclusion is that in almost all our societies the Y. P. S. C. E. organization should be retained with all its rich interdenominational fellowships and all its approved machinery, but that to this should be added the culture courses and the associational, State, and national affiliations of the B. Y. P. U.

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DIRECTIONS FOR KING'S DAUGHTERS.

In view of the probability of there being during the winter many families in which there will be urgent need, owing to the wage-earners being unemployed, the Central Council of King's Daughters is urging on members of the Order, an organized system for charitable relief. The following list of practical directions has been issued to the Circles throughout the country:

1st. Let the Circles existing in the many cities and towns unite to work among the poor.

2d. Choose some central bureau at which applications for help may be made.

3d. Let each member of the Order engaged in charity work visit, investigate, and report to the Relief Committee of the United Circles upon the family she has visited.

4th. The Relief Committee should meet daily at regular hours, so that help to the needy need not be delayed.

5th. Let Circles engaged in making garments for distribution unite in storing garments, to be held ready to meet the demands of the Relief Committees of their town Union of Circles.

6th. Circles existing where there are none of the dependent poor, will do good by sending their contributions to the Tenement House Committee, 70 Madison Street, New York City.

7th. Individual members are earnestly requested to offer their services as "friendly visitors" to the Societies of Organized Charity in the large cities. Those in New York City are requested to send their names and addresses to Kate Bond, 230 West Fifty-ninth street.

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C. E. CONVENTION IN NEW S. WALES.

The visit of President F. E. Clark to the Southern Hemisphere gave an impetus to Christian Endeavor work in the Colonies that will not soon lose its force. The United Society has just received a report of a convention of the societies of New South Wales which, when the report left, had just been held at Sydney. "The meeting," says the writer, "was most enthusiastic, and evidently the power and presence of the Spirit was realized. The secretary, Mr. George Gray, reported an increase in the number of societies and members, during the year, of nearly two hundred per cent. Last year there were forty-eight Young People's societies and five Junior societies, with a total membership of 1,650. This year there were 124 Young People's societies and twenty-four Junior societies, a total of 148, with a membership of 4,400. The committee, in preparing the programme, had striven to weave the thought of 'loyalty' through the convention, and following the president's address three masterly speeches were given on 'Loyalty to Christ,' by Rev. John Walker (Presbyterian); 'Loyalty to the Church,' by Rev. Geo. Campbell (Congregationalist); and 'Loyalty to the Brethren,' by Rev. F. Duesbury (Methodist). At the consecration service loving and enthusiastic greetings were received from the other Colonies,—and as heartily responded to. Resolutions were carried with enthusiasm, reaffirming the Endeavor principles, and then came the roll-call. Society after society was called, until the one hundred and twenty-four were gone over, and each reaffirmed their consecration 'for Christ and the church.'"

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AMONG THE ORDERS.

The Christian Endeavor Society of Hope Baptist Church, New York, has undertaken to hold services of song in the Blind Asylum regularly through the winter.

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The number of Christian Endeavor Societies throughout the world enrolled prior to November 1 was 28,071, with an aggregate membership of 1,684,260. The societies in the United States were 24,577.

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Bishop Hill, of Western Equatorial Africa, and his colored coadjutor, Bishop Olnwole, are making a tour of the Y. M. C. Associations in England to urge the claims of that field on young Christian workers.

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At the recent Christian Endeavor Convention of Minnesota, 635 societies reported, of which the largest number are connected with Congregational churches. During the year no less than 760 associate members had joined the church and passed into the active list.

✠

Eminent speakers are already being engaged for the Jubilee of Young Men's Christian Associations to be held in London next June. Promises to attend and take part in the meetings have come from the Bishop of Ripon, the Dean of Norwich, and Prof. Webb-Peploe.

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The local union of Christian Endeavor at Wilmington, Del., has decided to form an association to furnish coffee and sandwiches to needy men in the city on Sunday mornings. Evangelistic services are to be conducted at the same time when these breakfasts are given.

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President Clark, of the Christian Endeavor Society, proposes that the Societies unite in a grand effort to raise $250,000 for missions during the coming year. This money will be given through the denominational boards to which the Societies respectively belong, to be used by them, as they see fit, in extending God's kingdom. Each Society will simply report the amount raised to the United Society and hand the money to its own board.

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The recent Biennial Conference of Young Women's Christian Associations at Buffalo, N. Y., showed a gratifying extension of the movement. One hundred and ten delegates accepted the invitation of the local association. It was decided to hold the next conference in Brooklyn, N. Y. The following officers of the International Board were elected: President, Mrs. C. R. Springer, St. Louis, Mo.; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. C. N. Judson, Brooklyn and Miss M. A. Stimson, New York; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. John Duncan, Louisville, Ky.; Recording Secretary, Miss M. E. True, Chicago; Treasurer, Mrs. Levi T. Scofield, Cleveland.

Young Mothers

should early learn the necessity of keeping on hand a supply of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk for nursing babies as well as for general cooking. It has stood the test for 30 years. As a food for infants it has no equal.

Early Thanksgivings.

How they were Celebrated in New England Two and a Half Centuries ago.

THE first New England Thanksgiving was not observed by either Plymouth Pilgrim or Boston Puritan. "Gyving God thanks" for safe arrival and many other liberal blessings was first heard on New England shores from the lips of the Popham colonists at Mohegan, in the Thanksgiving service of the Church of England. Thus writes Alice Morse Earle, in her delightful book on *Customs and Fashions in Old New England*.* Days set apart for thanksgiving were known in Europe before the Reformation, and were in frequent use by Protestants afterward, especially in the Church of England, where they were a fixed custom long before they were in England. One wonders that the Puritans, hating so fiercely the customs and set days of the Established Church, should so quickly have appointed a Thanksgiving Day. But the first New England Thanksgiving was not a day of religious observance, it was a day of recreation. Those who fancy all Puritans, and especially all Pilgrims, to have been sour, morose, and gloomy men, should read this account of the first Thanksgiving week (not day) in Plymouth. It was written on December 11, 1621, by Edward Winslow to a friend in England:

> Our harvest being gotten in, our governor sent foure men on fowling that we might, after a special manner, rejoice together after we had gathered the fruits of our labors. They four killed as much fowl as, with a little help beside, served the company almost a week. At which times among other recreations, we exercised our arms, many of the Indians coming amongst us, and among the rest their greatest king, Massasoyt with some ninety men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted, and they went out and killed five deer which they brought and bestowed on our governor, and upon the captains and others.

As Governor Bradford specified that during that autumn "beside water foule there was great store of wild turkies," one can have the satisfaction of feeling sure that at that first Pilgrim Thanksgiving, our forefathers and foremothers had turkeys. Thus fared the Pilgrims better at their Thanksgiving than did their English brothers, for turkeys were far from plentiful in England at that date. Though there were but fifty-five English to eat the Pilgrim Thanksgiving feast, there were "partakers in plenty," and the ninety sociable Indian visitors did not come empty-handed, but joined fraternally in provision for the feast, and probably also in the games.

In 1630, on February 22d, as Miss Earle relates in her book, the first public Thanksgiving was held in Boston by the Bay Colony, in gratitude for the safe arrival of food-bearing and friend-bringing ships. On November 4, 1631, Winthrop wrote again: "We kept Thanksgiving day in Boston." From that time till 1684 there were at least twenty-two public Thanksgiving days appointed in Massachusetts—about one in two years; but it was not a regular biennial festival. In 1675, a time of deep gloom through the many and widely separated attacks from the fierce savages, there was no public Thanksgiving celebrated in either Massachusetts or Connecticut. It is difficult to state when the feast became a fixed annual observance in New England. In the year 1742, there were two Thanksgiving Days.

Rhode Islanders paid little heed in early days to Thanksgiving—at any rate, to days set by the Massachusetts authorities. Governor Andros savagely prosecuted more than one Rhode Islander who calmly worked all day long on the day appointed for giving thanks. In Boston, William Veazie was set in the pillory in the market-place for ploughing on the Thanksgiving Day of June 18, 1696. Connecticut people, though just as pious and as prosperous as the Bay colonists, do not appear to have been as grateful, and had considerable trouble at times to "pick vppon a'day" for Thanksgiving; and the festival was not regularly observed there till 1716.

Many funny stories are told of the early Thanksgiving Days, such as the town of Colchester calmly ignoring the governor's appointed day and observing their own festival a week later, in order to allow time for the arrival, by sloop from New York, of a hogshead of molasses for pies. Another is recounted of a farmer losing his cask of Thanksgiving molasses out of his cart as he reached the top of a steep hill, and of its rolling swiftly down till split in twain by its fall. His helpless discomfiture and his wife's acidity of temper and diet are comically told. There is in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society a broadside announcing a Thanksgiving for victory in King Philip's War; and during the following year, 1677, the first regular Thanksgiving proclamation was printed.

The picture on this page representing the first Thanksgiving celebrated by the Pilgrims in 1621, furnishes an excellent idea of the rude surroundings and hearty hospitality of the colonists. Their feast was held in an unpainted log meeting house, built with clay filled in between the chinks and a straw-thatched roof and wooden floor. It was not until after the third Thanksgiving, however, that the custom was fairly established and the day came to be hailed as the great national festival.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING, PLYMOUTH, 1621.

The Pilgrims had King Massasoit and many of his Indians as guests.

*Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, price $1.25.

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In Middle Life.

You who are in middle life need counsel and admonition probably quite as much as the young. You are the youth whom your friends assured fifteen or twenty years ago of power and fruition; is it not worth while to ask if you have found either or both? Are you satisfied with your aims and work this present year as representing life's best fruitage? Are you bending your matured powers to the accomplishment of ends so worthy that the products of your labor shall outlast these fleeting days of time, and live on through the ages of eternity? How much are you worth—no, not in stocks and bonds, but in powers and pleasures, to your church-to your community, to your growing children? Your season of full power is necessarily short. Make the most it you can.

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Princess and Needle-girl.

Just before last Christmas, the Princess of Wales saw a delicate-looking young girl standing waiting in the hall of Marlbourgh House. She had brought some little garments for children, which the princess had ordered. The princess took the girl, who was quite ignorant of who her conductor was, into her own room, examined the garments, and praising the neatness of the work, asked who did them. The girl replied that she had made them. She had an invalid mother to support, and she hoped by becoming an expert that she might be able to save enough to purchase a machine of her own and earn bread for her mother. The princess ordered a basket to be brought, with refreshments, asked the girl's address, and gave her the basket to take home. On Christmas morning what was the girl's astonishment to receive a handsome new sewing-machine, with a paper attached to it bearing the words, "A Christmas gift from Alexandra." It was a graceful gift and showed that kind hearts can be found in palaces as well as in the humbler abodes of the peope.

GRANDMOTHER'S BIBLE.

SO you've brought me this costly Bible,
With its covers so grand and gay;
You thought I must need a new one,
On my eighty-first birthday, you say;
Yes, mine is a worn-out volume;
Grown ragged and yellow with age,
With finger-prints thick on the margin—
But there's never a missing page.

Your gift is a beauty, my darling,
With its wonderful clasps of gold.
Put it carefully into the drawer;
I shall keep it till death; but the old—
Just leave it close by on the table,
And then you may bring me a light,
And I'll read a sweet psalm from its pages
To think of, if wakeful to-night.

A GRANDMOTHER'S COUNSEL.

THERE are few letters more beautiful than that written by the saintly Quakeress, Mrs. Margaret Morris, to her grand-daughter on the eve of the latter's marriage. We make these extracts from it, which are peculiarly interesting and profitable reading for young people:

"As the man who has chosen thee for the companion of his life, has given the best proof of his regard that a man can give, and as thou hast accepted his offer, I find no objection to him; but keep in mind, that it will depend much on thyself to secure his esteem and confidence, by prudent and circumspect behavior, both to him and his friends and relations, who are worthy of thy regard; study his temper, and do not suffer thyself to dispute with him on trivial matters: rather give up thy own will than provoke him to make harsh replies; scrupulously avoid every occasion that may arise or tend toward wrangling in thy home life.

"In regard to the article of expense, I trust prudence will direct thee not to go beyond thy husband's means of supplying thee. Practice frugality, which is a virtue, and avoid parsimony, which is as far from a virtue as extravagance is from economy. As neither thyself nor he are what the world calls rich, (though you have enough to begin with, and, if carefully managed, I hope, under the blessings of heaven, it will enable you to live comfortably, and that you will have something for the poor, who I hope, will not be forgotten by you), I entreat thee, my dear, not to aim at living in a high style; be content to live in a plain, frugal manner, agreeable to the way in which thou hast been brought up.

"In regard to thy conduct to servants, treat them kindly, rather as humble friends dependent on thee than as menials, who have no ties of love or gratitude to bind them. Maintain thy own dignity as head of a family without becoming too familiar with thy servants; this may be done without haughtiness, pride or indecorous language.

"I do entreat thee not to launch out into extravagance in dress; it shows a weak and vain mind to be continually changing one's dress as the fashions change."

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CHAPTER XVIII.

CONFESSION AND FORGIVENESS.

NEVER sun shone fairer on a mid-summer morning than on the day of Monk's wedding. At the Park they were early astir, for the wedding was fixed for half-past ten. Yolante and Cissy were both to be bridesmaids together with Geraldine Wyndham and Cicely Northesk. So they started early for the Grange and nothing save Guy's absence threw any cloud on the day's festivities.

Humphrey Dangerfield was the only one of the party who was not going to be present at the wedding. Although he had thrown off a great many invalid habits he was still unable to bear fatigue and excitement and as plenty remained to be done at the Park he decided to remain at home so that his mother might go with a mind undisturbed.

And so it was to Humphrey that a frightened servant bore the news that the Squire's horse had come home in a terrible state and that one of the hostlers who had gone to Fordingham to make inquiries, had come back with the news that Mr. Guy was lying not two miles away by the roadside looking like dead.

It was indeed a terrible piece of news, but Humphrey's presnce of mind did not desert him. When he found out that Guy was already being transported home, he summoned the old housekeeper, who luckily was not gone to the wedding, and bade her prepare his former rooms, which were the coolest and quietest in the house.

Hardly had all this been accomplished before the conveyance borrowed for the purpose from a house near to the place where the accident had happened, drove up to the door with its ghastly burden.

Humphrey looked at the clock in the tower and saw that the hands indicated a few minutes after half-past ten. Beckoning to a groom who stood by—a sharp lad, who was to be trusted, he said, "You ride across to the church where the wedding is going on, and stay quiet until the ceremony is over—which it will be just about by the time you get there. When the party goes to the vestry to write the names, you just go quietly to Mr. Fulk, and tell him that Mr. Guy has come home, and has come home ill, and that I want him and Mr. Northesk here immediately. Don't say anything about an accident, or let the bride and bridegroom hear anything to upset them. Leave Mr. Fulk to find a reason for going away, and as there will be plenty of carriages about you will have no difficulty in getting back quick. If there is any delay, put Mr. Northesk on the horse and ask him to ride as hard as he can."

The groom nodded, and was off to the stable-yard like a flash. The next minute he was to be seen cutting straight across the park in the direction of the nearest gate. Humphrey breathed a sigh of relief, and then slowly mounted the stairs in the wake of the men who were carrying their helpless burden.

Guy had just sunk into a heavy slumber when the rapid beat of horses' hoofs up the drive told that the groom had accomplished his errand. Humphrey looked out to see Fulk and Geoffrey galloping up to the house together, the former mounted on a rough steed, plainly borrowed from some farmer, and within two minutes they were in the room itself. Guy woke up at the sound of their entrance, and greeted them with a smile.

"He's had an accident, and has broken his arm, and so far as we can tell has been lying in a ditch all night," said Humphrey to the two friends in a low tone.

Geoffrey examined Guy intently, not putting any questions, but feeling his limbs, counting his pulse, and listening to his breathing. The patient had sunk into a sort of torpor that looked like sleep, and the setting of the arm only partially aroused him, and made him ask a few questions as to how it could have happened. Geoffrey would not let him talk, and he sank into torpor again.

"I should be sorry to form a precipitate opinion," Geoffrey said in response to Fulk's inquiring look, "but to-day there is no time to wait for a consultation. My father will be here shortly, and we will hear what he says. But my own opinion is that there is mischief to the spine as well. And what the effects of the exposure alone may be with one of his constitution no one can tell till a few days have passed."

This was Geoffrey's way of breaking the sad news. He knew that his own opinion was only too well founded. There was really never any hope from the first. The violent fall had resulted in spinal injury and internal strain beyond the power of surgeon's skill to set right, and the long exposure brought on those pulmonary symptoms to which Guy was but too prone, and towards which he had such a strongly inherited tendency.

But the danger was not immediate. He might live many months yet, and enjoy a very fair amount of comfort before the final summons came. There was little acute suffering, and Guy's elastic temperament and natural buoyancy of disposition did not desert him now. His room was a sort of centre and gathering place for the whole family, and he was always pleased to see visitors, and to hear everything that was going on. He was greatly interested in the news of Norman's sudden engagement, which, however, did not seem as sudden to him as it had done to many others,and he received the affianced couple with warm congratulations when they came to see him, and gave to Norman the superfluous yet gratifying intelligence that he had won a treasure for himself.

"I ought to know—and to know better than you," he said with his vivid smile, for I have had opportunities of watching her that you have not. I didn't live in that old house by the river for nothing all those months."

For some weeks Mrs. Dangerfield went about much as usual, utterly declining to take a serious view of Guy's state, cheerful in his presence, solicitous for his comfort, sending excellent accounts of him to Monk and Joyce, and busying herself over her own plans, and the removal to town which had now been definitely settled upon. One of her most pressing anxieties of the present was whether Guy would be fit to move in time for Monk and Joyce to take possession of their own house, and it was on putting some such question as this to Yolante that the truth to which she had so sedulously closed her eyes was forced resolutely upon her.

"Mother, mother,how can you speak so? Are you quite blind? or is it you will not see? Do you not know that he is dying—not actually at this moment, but slowly fading out of life? They all know it, and have known it from the first—the doctors and Fulk, and everyone, I think, with eyes in their head. He knows it himself I am certain. O mother, mother, mother, will you let him die without telling him the truth, and getting his forgiveness?"

Mrs. Dangerfield started to her feet, and the colour faded from her face. Since that attack the previous autumn she had never quite recovered her self-control. "Dying—Guy dying—Yolante you do not mean it. It is not true. Dying—and for Monk's sake. I will not believe it—I will not."

"It is true, mother, it is only too true. Guy will never be better again. It is only the question of a few weeks, or possibly months. And it might come almost any time. Mother, if you do not believe me ask those who know. But it is all true—too true. O mother, mother, have pity on me and on yourself. If he dies without knowing all, if we never beg his forgiveness whilst he lives, I shall never know a moment's peace in years to come."

Yolante was actually on her knees before her mother, but she need not have feared repulse at this moment. Mrs. Dangerfield was agitated almost beyond the power of speech, but there was no longer any wish for concealment in her heart.

"We will go to him, Yolante, we will go to him to-night—together. He shall know the whole truth at last. Perhaps he will be able to forgive us ere he dies. At least he shall know that all is his, and that by his grandfather's wish and deed, by no mere freak of chance,as he has always believed."

It was late that same night that Mrs. Dangerfield and her daughter sought the quiet room where the patient lay. The window was open to the broad and peaceful moonlight that flooded the apartment, and Guy lay looking out upon the world of ebony and silver with a strangely peaceful smile upon his face. He was generally left alone at nights as he required little attention, and an electric bell close at hand would bring Fulk to his side in a minute. He was fond of solitude as well as of company,and though he slept but fitfully the nights were seldom long to him.

"Yolante—Aunt Clare," he said, greeting them with surprise,"is anything the matter? Is it not very late?"

"It is late," said Mrs. Dangerfield in a strange muffled voice, "but we wanted to see you when you were alone, and some things are said more easily in the dark than in the light. O, Guy, Guy, we have come to speak, and now I know not how to begin. But believe me I have been punished for my sin. How bitter the punishment has been no one but myself can ever know."

Greatly surprised Guy raised himself slightly and looked earnestly at his aunt with questioning eyes. She could not bear that clear, luminous gaze. She sank shuddering into a chair beside the bed, covering her face with her hands. Yolante was on her knees at the bedside. She was the calmer outwardly of the two.

"Tell him, Yolante—tell him all. I cannot do it—I cannot."

Yolante had nerved herself for this, and hers was the impetuous nature that finds relief in speech. She told the whole story, her mother suffering nothing to be left out. She told it clearly and concisely, and with the graphic energy inspired by the tense state of her mind. And Guy lay and listened, his calm face changing very little, his eyes fixed on the moon-lit world without, a faint shadowy smile hovering sometimes over his lips. Presently as the narrative drew to a close, he put out his hand, and took that of his aunt.

"I wish you had told me," he said softly, "I never wanted the property—I should have hated to displace Monk. Dear Aunt Clare, you saved me a great deal of perplexity, and Monk too. Of course in one way I am very sorry. It can never be right to do evil that good may come, and I am so sorry that it made a sort of cloud between us. I felt that there was one, when I could not understand why it was. But I am not sorry for anything else—indeed I am not."

Yolante was sobbing convulsively. It was seldom indeed that she gave way, but she had done so under the strain of deep remorse.

"O, Guy, Guy, and to think how I have hated you, and tried to injure you, and you all the time have loved Monk better than any of us—and I was jealous because I thought you stood in his path—or might do so if you had the chance."

Guy smiled, and touched Yolante's head with his hand. "Don't cry," he said, almost as if they were still children together. "I'm only so sorry it has been such a weight and a nightmare to you. Of course I know it was all for Monk's sake—do you think I should be angry at anything done for him? I wish you had told me."

"And can you really forgive?"

"It does not seem as if there was anything to forgive, but if there is of course I do a thousand times over. Do I not owe everything to you? Have I had anyone else to love all these years? We have been like brothers and sisters always. There ought never to be any need of forgiveness."

O, Guy, Guy—"

Yolante could bear no more. She rose quickly, bent over Guy with one passionate kiss, and hurried from the room, her mother following after a few brief words which brought the kindling smile into Guy's face.

* * * * * * *

Just one scene more and I have done.

The place is still Guy's quiet room. The day is the last of the old year.

One look in Guy's face would be enough to tell an experienced eye that he had not many days to live, that the silver cord was almost loosened and the golden bowl broken. He had changed very much since we saw him last, and though he still lay upon his couch by the sitting-room fire and those about him hardly realised that he was so soon to leave them, he knew it well himself. He had got beyond the reach of doubts and fears now. Nothing could touch him, or shake the calm that had enfolded him. He hardly knew how the hours went by, and whether it were night or day: but he realised that this was the last day of the last year he should ever spend on earth, and he would not move from where he lay in the pleasant fire-lit room: but said he would watch the old year out and the new one in with Monk and Joyce beside him: and it was in that quiet hour, the last of the dying year, that the whole story of the Dangerfield inheritance was told in its entirety to the young husband and wife who reigned over its broad acres.

It was calmly told, for Mrs. Dangerfield had rehearsed the scene too many times to be unnerved at the last: and it was even calmlylistened to,for there was that in Guy's face that checked any outbreak either of grief or indignation. Monk's face only grew very grave and set, and Joyce quivered with excitement and drew very near to Guy's side as the strange narrative proceeded: but he lay still, never interrupting by a word or sign, with a dreamy smile in his eyes, and when Monk leaned over him at last, and said in a low, hoarse voice,

"O Guy, Guy, if I had only known. Why did you keep it from me?" he looked up with the old lighting of the eyes and said, "I could not bear the thought of taking your place. It has been so much happier for us all as it has been. Dear old Monk, you must be glad too. You know it was my doing all along—I mean the keeping of the secret, and you must never blame anybody else for it. I cannot tell you how wretched it would have made me if I had been compelled to take your place. I have always been the younger brother, and have been so happy all my life. And whatever had been before, this would have been the end of it, and it has been so much better to have avoided all confusion. Say that you are not angry with us. It was the only secret I ever kept from you."

They all knew for whom he was really pleading, and Monk turned round and put his arm about the drooping form of his mother. She clung to him and whispered some words they could not hear: but the deep-toned answer was distinctly audible.

"Between mother and son there can be no question of forgiveness—at least not from son towards mother."

There was a moment of deep silence whilst Monk turned to Guy, and took both his hands in one firm, close clasp. No words passed between the two, and none were needed. The deep love of a lifetime—the love that was beyond that of brothers, needed no help from feeble words in which to express itself. And the long, solemn silence was broken by the full tones of the tower clock as it pealed forth the hour of midnight. And then through the clear, frosty air came the pealing of the bells from the church, ringing out their message of joy and welcome as the new born year stole silently in the wake of the one which had been just closed.

Guy lifted his head and pointed to the

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window with a smile, and Monk understanding the unspoken request walked forward and threw it open for a moment. Joyce followed him, and his mother stood not far behind and clear through the star-lit night rang out the sweet chime.

Guy had closed his eyes. The happy smile was still on his face with which he had greeted the New Year's bells, his eyes fixed upon Monk's face.

"He is asleep," said Joyce, noting the deep repose of the expression; but Monk started, and drew nearer.

But Joyce was right. Guy was asleep—only the sleep was one from which he would never awake till the years have ceased their long cycle, and the great day of Eternity is breaking over the vanishing hills of time. Guy had entered into his inheritance—the inheritance that fadeth not away.

THE END.

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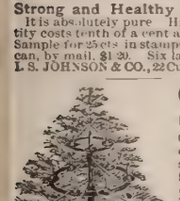

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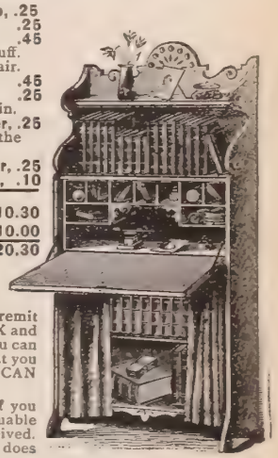

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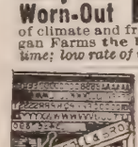

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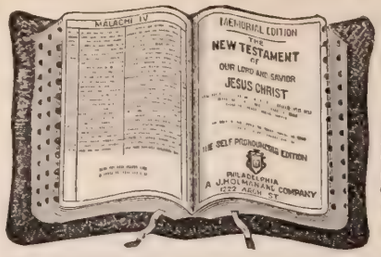

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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 6, 1893.

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A Ferry Over the Jordan.

The Associations of the Famous River of Palestine, its Fords, and its Miracles.

TRAVELLERS speak of the Jordan as an insignificant river and the epithet is deserved, if size alone be the measure of significance. Compared with the great rivers of this and other lands, the one river of Palestine is only a small stream. From its source at the base of hoary Hermon, where it is born of perpetual snows, to its mouth at the Dead Sea, is only two hundred miles and in a straight line is only one hundred and thirty-six miles. Its ordinary width averages not more than a hundred and twenty feet, save when in the spring of the year it is swollen and rises to the level of the rocky channel through which it flows. No important city ever stood on its banks; it is not navigable and it falls into a stagnant sea which has no port. Yet, no river on earth is so rich in hallowed associations. Its name is familiar to thousands who have scarcely heard of the Rhine, the Tiber, the Thames, or the Mississippi. The cause is not far to seek. Connected with its waters and in its immediate neighborhood occurred events of world-wide interest and its name is inseparably associated with those of the inspired men whom God appointed to reveal his will to the whole world. It formed the eastern boundary of the Promised Land and the crossing of it has more than once been more momentous to the world than was Cæsar's crossing of the Rubicon. The passage has become the type of the great change, which is dreaded by every man who has not the assurance of a welcome and an eternal inheritance in the heavenly Canaan.

The illustration on this page is a reproduction of a photograph taken near Hajlah, the ancient Bethabara. A caravan is crossing the river in a kared, the primitive flat-bottomed boat of the country. Its motor power is furnished by a rope seen in the picture. The principle is the same as that of the cable-cars with us. An endless rope, long enough to reach across the river, passes over a pulley-wheel affixed to the spiles seen on the right of the picture. The kared is attached to the rope by a grip, and when its load is on board, men standing on the bank opposite to the one where the spiles are, pull on the rope and so draw it across. Formerly, a few miles higher up the river, a noble bridge of Roman workmanship once spanned it two miles below the Lake of Gennesaret, but it is now in ruins. Only one bridge now remains, a quaint structure of one large pointed arch flanked by a double tier of smaller arches which support the roadway on each side. There are several places on the river between the lake and the Dead Sea where sand banks render it fordable and doubtless these are the places where the Jordan has most frequently been crossed in ancient times. Abraham must have crossed the river so, when in obedience to the divine command he left his home in Ur of the Chaldees to go into the land of Canaan. Later, when he separated from Lot and gave his nephew the choice of a region for settlement, Lot chose the plain of the Jordan, then "well-watered everywhere," but now a dry sterile district, bearing the marks of the fire of God which destroyed the two vicious cities. Jacob crossed the Jordan when he fled by his mother's advice to escape Esau. In that night of awful suspense, when he knew that the morning would bring him face to face with his injured and exasperated brother, at the head of four hundred men, he recalled how some twenty years before, with only his staff he had "crossed this Jordan." That night of wrestling and prayer was passed near the Jordan, on the banks of the little tributary river Jabbok which rises to the east of it. Jacob sent his cattle and family over the stream and remained alone to pray. It was to the fords of the Jordan that the men of Jericho went in pursuit of the spies (Jos. 2:7) and it was at the fords that Ehud and later, Gideon, slaughtered the enemies of their nation.

The southern fords which are nearer Jerusalem were probably those used by David when he crossed the river to fight the Syrians (II. Samuel 10: 17.) He crossed it again under more mournful circumstances, as he fled from Absalom; and the unnatural son crossed it when he followed his father in pursuit. After the battle when David returned in triumph a ferry-boat was provided for his household (II. Samuel 19: 18.) Another crossing is formally chronicled as a feat worthy of permanent record (I. Chron. 12: 15), indicating that the passage was not unattended with danger. Three times was the crossing of the river an occasion for miraculous interposition. When the Israelites under Joshua crossed near Jericho, we are told (Josh. 3: 16) that the waters from above stood on a heap, while below they continued to run, leaving the passage dry. Again on the last day of Elijah's life on earth we are told (II. Kings 2: 8) that Jordan was again crossed through a miraculous power, as he and Elisha went eastward toward Jericho. A little later, and probably at the same spot, Elisha learned by the like miracle that his prayer for the spirit of Elijah had been granted as the waters separated at the stroke of the mantle in his hands, as they had done when it was in the hands of Elijah. It was in Jordan, too, that Naaman experienced his miraculous healing of his leprosy, after he had overcome his repugnance to bathing in a stream so much inferior to the rivers of his own country. In New Testament history the supreme interest connected with the Jordan is the baptism of Jesus. No one can now tell the exact spot where it took place, but close study leads to the belief that it was at the place already famous as the scene of the three miracles. In commemoration of the event Christian pilgrims from all lands annually visit the Jordan and bathe about Easter time in large numbers at the spot.

A CARAVAN CROSSING THE RIVER JORDAN NEAR BETHABARA.

(From a photograph secured by Dr. Talmage in the Holy Land.)

The Tabernacle Pulpit

THE MISSION OF THE FROST.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday Morning in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Text: Job 37: 10: *"By the breath of God frost is given."*

NOTHING is more embarrassing to an organist or pianist than to put his finger on a key of the instrument and have it make no response. Though all the other keys are in full play, that one silence destroys the music. So in the great cathedral of nature if one part fails to praise the Lord the harmony is halted and lost. While fire and hail, snow and vapor, respond to the touch of inspiration, if the frost made no utterance, the orchestral rendering would be hopelessly damaged and the harmony forever incomplete. I am more glad than I can tell that the white key of the frost sounds forth as mightily as any of the other keys, and when David touches it in the Psalms, it sounds forth the words: "He scattereth the hoar frost like ashes," and when Job touches it in my text, it resounds with the words: "By the breath of God frost is given."

As no one seems disposed to discuss the mission of Frost, depending on Divine help, I undertake it. This is the first Sabbath of winter. The leaves are down. The warmth has gone out of the air. The birds have made their winged march southward. The landscape has been scarred by the autumnal equinox. The huskers have rifled the corn shocks. The night sky has shown the usual meteoric restlessness of November. Three seasons of the year are past and the fourth, and last, has entered. Another element now comes in to bless and adorn and instruct the world. It is the frost. The palaces of this king are far up in the Arctic. Their walls are glittering congelation. Windsor Castles and Tuilleries and Winter Palaces and Kenilworths and Alhambras of ice. Temples with pendant chandeliers of ice. Thrones of iceberg, on which eternal silence reigns. Theatres on whose stage eternal cold dramatizes eternal winter. Pillars of ice. Arches of ice. Crowns of ice. Chariots of ice. Sepulchres of ice. Mountains of ice. Dominions of ice. Eternal frigidity! From those hard, white, burnished portals King Frost descends, and waves his silvery sceptre over our temperate zone. You will soon hear his heel on the skating pond. You already feel his breath in the night wind. By most considered an enemy coming here to benumb and hinder and slay, I shall show you that the frost is a friend, with benediction Divinely pronounced, and charged and surcharged with lessons potent, beneficent and tremendous. The Bible seven times alludes to the frost, and we must not ignore it. "By the breath of God frost is given."

First, I think of Frost as a painter. He begins his work on the leaves and continues it on the window-panes. With palette covered with all manner of colors in his left hand, and pencil of crystal in his right hand, he sits down before humblest bush in the latter part of September, and begins the sketching of the leaves. Now he puts upon the foliage a faint pallor, and then a touch of brown, and then a hue of orange, and last a flame of fire. The beech and ash and oak are turned first into sunrises and then into sunsets of vividness and splendor. All the leaves are penciled one by one, but sometimes a whole forest in the course of a few days shows great velocity of work. Weenix, the Dutch painter, could make in a summer day three portraits of life size, but the frost in ten days can paint ten mountains in life size. It makes the last days of an autumnal wood the days of its chiefest glory. Luxembourgs in the Adirondacks. Louvres in the Sierra Nevadas. Vaticans in the White Mountains. The work of other painters you must see in the right light to fully appreciate, but the paintings of the Frost in all lights are enchanting, and from the time when the curtain of the morning lifts to the time when the curtain of the night drops. Michael Angelo put upon one ceiling his representation of the Last Judgment, but the Frost represents universal conflagration upon three thousand miles of stretched-out grandeur. Leonardo da Vinci put upon a few feet of canvas our Lord's "Last Supper" for all ages to admire, but the Frost puts the gleaming chalices of the imperial glories of the Last Supper of the dying year on the heights and lengths and breadths of the Alleghanies. When Titian first gazed upon a sketch of Correggio he was wrought up into such ecstasy that he cried out: "If I were not Titian I would be Correggio," and so great and overpowering are the autumnal scenes of our American forests that one force of nature might well exclaim to another: "If I were not the sunlight I would be the frost." Rugendas, the German painter, suffering from weakness in his right hand, laboriously learned to paint with his left hand, but the Frost paints with both hands, and has in them more skill than all the Rembrandts and Rubens and Wests and Poussins and Albert Durers and Paul Veroneses and Claudes gathered in one long art gallery.

But the door of that great museum of autumnal coloring is now closed for a twelvemonth, and another spectacle, just as wonderful, is about to open. I put you on the alert, and ask you to put your children on the alert. Tired of working on the leaves, the frost will soon turn to the window panes. You will soon waken on a cold morning and find that the windows of your home have during the night been adorned with curves, with coronets, with exquisiteness, with pomp, with almost supernatural spectacle. Then you will appreciate what my text says, as it declares, "By the breath of God frost is given." You will see on the window pane, traced there by the frost, whole gardens of beauty, ferns, orchids, daffodils, heliotropes, china asters, fountains, statues, hounds on the chase, roebucks plunging into the stream, battle scenes with dying and dead, catafalques of kings, triumphal processions, and as the morning sun breaks through you will see cities on fire, and bombardment with bursting shell, and illuminations as for some great victory, coronations, and angels on the wing. All night long, while you were sleeping, the frost was working, and you ought not let the warmth obliterate the scene until you have admired it, studied it, absorbed it, set it up in your memory for perpetual refreshment, and realized the force and magnitude and intensity of my text: "By the breath of God frost is given." Oh, what a God we have! What resources are implied by the fact that he is able to do that by the finger of the frost fifty times in one winter and on a hundred thousand window panes for thousands of winters. The great art galleries of Venice and Naples and Dresden are carefully guarded, and governments protect them, for, once lost, they can never be reproduced, but God sets up in the Royal Galleries of the Frost pictures such as no human art could ever produce, hundreds of thousands of them, only for four or five hours, and then rubs them out, making the place clear for a display just as magnificent the next morning. No one but a God could afford to do that. It would bankrupt everything but infinity and omnipotence.

Standing here between the closed doors of the pictured woods and the opening doors of the transfigured window glass, I want to cure my folly and your folly of longing for glorious things in the distance, while we neglect appreciation of glorious things close by. "O, if I could only go and see the factories of lace at Brussels," says some one. Why, within twenty feet of where you awaken some December morning, you will see richer lace interwoven for your window panes by Divine fingers. "O, if I could see the factories of silk at Lyons," says some one. Why, without leaving your home, on the north side of your own house on Christmas morning you may see where the Lord has spun silken threads about your windows this way and that. Embroideries such as no one but God can work. Alas, for this glorification of the distant and this belittling of the close-by! This crossing of oceans and paying a high admission in expenses to look at that which is not half as well done as something we can see by crossing our own room, and free of charge. This praising of Raphaels hundreds of years gone, when the greater Raphael, the Frost, will soon be busy at the entrances to your own home.

Next I speak of the Frost as a physician. Standing at the gates of New York harbor autumn before last, the frost drove back the cholera saying, "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther." From Memphis and New Orleans and Jacksonville, he smote the fever plague till it reeled back and departed. The Frost is a physician that doctors cities, nations and continents. He medicines the world. Quinine for malaria, antifebrile for typhoids, sulphonal for sleeplessness, antispasmodic for disturbed nerves, but in all thereapeutics there is no remedy like the small pellets prepared by the cold, and no physician so skillful or so mighty as the frost. Scotland has had great physicians, but her greatest doctors have been the Abernethies and Abercrombies that have come down over the Highlands horsed on the north wind. England has had her great physicians, but her greatest doctors have been the Andrew Clarkes and the Mackenzies who appeared the first night the fields of England were rimed with white. America has had its great physicians, but her greatest doctors have been the Willard Parkers and Valentine Motts who landed from bleak skies while our fingers were benumbed and our ears tingled with the cold. O, it is high time that you add another line to your liturgy. It is high time that you make an addendum to your prayers. It is high time that you enlarge the catalogue of your blessings. Thank God for frost! It is the best of all germicides. It is the only hope in bacteriology. It is the medicament of continents. It is the salvation of our temperate zone. It is the best tonic that God ever gave the human race. It is the only strong stimulant which has no reaction. The best commentary on it I had while walking near here one cool morning with my brother John, who spent the most of his life as a missionary in China, and in that part of it where there are no frosts. He said there was a tingling gladness in his nerves indescribable, and an almost intoxication of delight from the fact that it was the first time for years he had felt the sensation of frost. We complain of it, we scold it, we frown upon it, when we ought to be stirred by it to gratitude, and hoist it on a doxology.

But I must go further and speak of the Frost as a jeweler. As the snow is frozen rain, so the frost is frozen dew. God transforms it from a liquid into a crystal. It is the dew glorified. In the 38th chapter of that inspired drama, the Book of Job, God says to the inspired dramatist, with ecstatic interrogation: "The hoary frost of heaven, who hath gendered it?" God there asks Job if he knows the parentage of the frost. He enquires about its pedigree. He suggests that Job study up the frost's genealogical line. A minute before God had asked about the parentage of a rain-drop in words that years ago gave me a suggestive text for a sermon: "Hath the rain a father?" But now the Lord Almighty is catechising Job about the frost. He practically says: "Do you know its father? Do you know its mother? In what cradle of the leaves did the wind rock it? 'The hoary frost of heaven, who hath gendered it?'" He is a stupid Christian who thinks so much of the printed and bound Bible that he neglects the Old Testament of the fields, nor reads the wisdom and kindness and beauty of God written in blossoms on the orchard, in sparkles on the lake, in stars on the sky, in frost on the meadows. The greatest jeweler of all the earth is the frost. There is nothing more wonderful in all crystallography. Some morning in December a whole continent is found besprent with diamonds, the result of one night's work by this jeweler. Do you make the depreciatory remark that the frost is impermanent and will last only two or three hours? What of that? We go into London Tower and look at the Crown jewels of England, but we are in a procession that the guards keep moving on, and five minutes or less are your only opportunity of looking at those Crown jewels, but at the Crown jewels bestarred of the frost in parks and fields, you may stand to look deliberately and for hours, and no one to tell you to move on.

O, these regalias and diadems of beauty flung out of heaven! Kings and queens on celebrative days have come riding through the streets, throwing handfuls of silver and gold among the people, but the Queen of the Winter Morning is the only queen rich enough to throw pearls, and the King of Frost the only king rich enough to throw opals and sapphires and diamonds. Homer describes a necklace of amber given to Penelope, but the frost necklaces a continent. The carcanet of precious stones given to Harmonia had pinions of orange jasper and white moonstone and Indian agate, but it was a misfortune to anyone who owned or inherited it, and its history, generation after generation, was a history of disaster: but the regalia of frost is the good fortune of every morning that owns it. The imperial household of Louis XVI. could not afford the diamond necklace which had been ordered for Queen Marie Antoinette, and it was stolen and taken apart and lost, but the necklace that the frost puts on the wintry morning, though made of as many brilliants as the withered grass blades, is easily afforded by Divine opulence, and is never lost, but after its use in the coronation of the fields is taken back to heaven. O, men and women, accustomed to go into ecstasy when in foreign travel you come upon the historical gems of nations, whether the jewel be called "The Mountain of Glory," or the "Sea of Light," or "The Crown of the Moon," or "The Eye of Allah," or "The Star of Sarawak," or "The Koh-i-noor," I implead you study the jewels strewn all round your wintry home, and realize that "By the breath of God frost is given."

But I go a step further and speak of the Frost as an Evangelist, and a text of Scripture is not of much use to me unless I I can find the Gospel in it. The Israelites in the wilderness breakfasted on something that looked like frozen dew. The manna fell on the dew, and the dew evaporated and left a pulverized material, white, and looking like frost, but it was manna, and of that they ate. So now this morning, mixed with the frozen dew of my text, there is manna on which we may breakfast our souls. You say the frost kills. Yes, it kills some things, but we have already seen that it gives health and life to others. This Gospel is the savor of life unto life or of death unto death. As the frost is mighty, the Gospel is mighty. As the frost descends from heaven, the Gospel descends from heaven. By the breath of God frost is given. By the breath of God the Gospel is given. As the frost purifies, so the grace of God purifies. As the frost bestars the earth, so grace bejewels the soul. As the

frost prepares for food many things that otherwise would be inedible, so the frost of trial ripens and prepares food for the soul. In the tight grip of the frost the hard shells of walnut and chestnut and hickory open. and the luxuries of the woods come into our laps or upon our tables: so the frost of trial takes many a hard and prickly shell and crushes it until that which stung the soul now feeds it. There are passages of Scripture that once were enigmas, puzzles, riddles, and impossible for you to understand, but the frosts of trouble after a while exposed the full meaning to your soul. You said, "I do not see why David keeps rolling over in his Psalms the story of how he was pursued and persecuted." He describes himself as surrounded by bees. He says: "They compassed me about like bees; yea, they compassed me about like bees." You think what an exaggerating thing for him to exclaim, "Out of the depths of hell have I cried unto thee, O Lord." And there is so much of that style of lamentation in his writings you think he overdoes it, but after a while the frost comes upon you in the shape of persecution, and you are stuck with this censure and stuck with that defamation, and stuck with some falsehood, and lies in swarms are buzzing, buzzing about your ears, and at last you understand what David meant when he said: "They compassed me about like bees; yea, they compassed me about like bees," and you go down under nervous prostration, and feel that you are as far down as David when he cried, "Out of the depths of hell." What opened all those chapters that hitherto had no appropriateness? Frosts! For a long while the Bible seemed lop-sided and a disproportionate amount of it given up to the consolatory. Why, page after page and chapter after chapter and book after book in the Bible taken up with alleviations, with pacifications, with condolences. The Book seems like an apothecary store with one-half of the shelves occupied with balsams. Why such a superfluity of balsams? But after awhile the membraneous croup carries off your child, or your health gives way under the grippe, or your property is swept off by a bad investment, or perhaps all three troubles come at once—bankruptcy, sickness and bereavement. Now the consolatory parts of the Bible do not seem to be disproportionate. You want something off almost all the shelves of that sacred Dispensary. What has uncovered and exposed to you the usefulness of so much of the Bible that was before hidden? The frosts have been fulfilling their mission.

Put down all the promises of the Bible on a table for study, and put on one side the table a man who has never had any trouble, or very little of it, but pile upon the table beside him all encyclopaedias and all dictionaries and all archaeologies and all commentaries, and on the other side of the table put a man who has had trial upon trial, disaster upon disaster, and let him begin the study of the promises without lexicon, without commentary, without any book to explain or help, and this latter man will understand far more of the height and depth and length and breadth of those promises than the learned exegete opposite almost submerged in sacred literature. The one has the advantage over the other, because he has felt the Mission of the Frosts. O, take the consolation of this theme, ye, to whom life is a struggle and a disappointment and a gauntlet and a pang. That is a beautiful proverb among the Hebrews which says: "When the tale of bricks is doubled, then Moses comes."

Mild doses of medicine will do for mild sickness, but violent pains need strong doses, and so I stand over you and count out some drops that will alleviate your worst troubles if you will only take the medicine, and here it is: "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Thank God for frosts. What helped make Milton the greatest of poets? The frost of blindness. What helped make Washington the greatest of generals? The frosts of Valley Forge. What made it appropriate for one passing John Bunyan's grave to exclaim "Sleep on, thou prince of dreamers?" The frosts of imprisonment. The greatest college from which we can graduate is the College of Frosts. Especial trial fits for especial work. Just now watch, and you will see that trouble is preparative and educational. That is the grindstone on which battle-axes are sharpened. I have always noticed in my own case that when the Lord had some especial work for me to do, it was preceded by especial attack upon me. This is so proverbial in my own house that if for something I say or do I get poured upon me a volley of censure and anathema, my wife always asks, "I wonder what new opportunity of usefulness is about to open? Something good and grand is surely coming!"

What is true in my case, is true on a larger or smaller scale in the history of every man and woman who wants to serve the Lord. Without complaint take the hard knocks. You will see after awhile, though you may not appreciate it now, that by the breath of a good and loving God frost is given. Let the corners of your mouth so long drawn down in complaint be drawn up in smiles of content.

For many years, poets and essayists have celebrated the grace and swiftness of the Arabian horses. The most wonderful exhibition of horsemanship that I ever witnessed was just outside of the city of Jerusalem—an Arab steed mounted by an Arab. Do you know where these Arab horses got their fleetness and poetry of motion? Long centuries ago, Mohammed, with thirty thousand cavalry on the march, could find for them not a drop of water for three days. Coming to the top of a hill a river was in sight. With wild dash the thirty thousand horses started for the stream. A minute after an armed host was seen advancing, and at Mohammed's command one hundred bugles blew for the horses to fall in line, but all the thirty thousand continued the wild gallop to the river, except five, and they, almost dead with thirst, wheeled into line of battle. Nothing in human bravery and self-sacrifice excels that bravery and self-sacrifice of those five Arabian war horses. Those five splendid steeds Mohammed chose for his own use, and from those five came that race of Arabian horses for ages the glory of the equestrian world. And let me say that, in this great war of truth against error, of holiness against sin, and heaven against hell, the best war horses are descended from those who, under pang and self-denial and trouble, answered the Gospel trumpet and wheeled into line. Out of great tribulation, out of great fires, out of great frosts, they came. And let me say it will not take long for God to make up to you in the next world for all you have suffered in this. As you enter heaven he may say: "Give this man one of those towered and colonnaded palaces on that ridge of gold overlooking the Sea of Glass. Give this woman a home among those amaranthine blooms and between those fountains tossing in the everlasting sunlight. Give her a couch canopied with rainbows to pay her for all the fatigues of wifehood. and motherhood, and housekeeping, from which she had no rest for forty years. Cupbearers of heaven, give these newly-arrived souls from earth the costliest beverages and roll to their door the grandest chariots, and hang on their walls the sweetest harps that ever thrummed to fingers seraphic. Give to them rapture on rapture, celebration on celebration, jubilee on jubilee, heaven on heaven. They had a hard time on earth earning a livelihood, or nursing sick children, or waiting on querulous old age, or battling falsehoods, that were told about them, or were compelled to work after they got short-breathed and rheumatic and dim-sighted. Chamberlains of heaven! Keepers ot the King's robes! Banqueters of eternal royalty! Make up to them a hundred-fold, a thousand-fold, a million-fold for all they suffered from swaddling clothes to shroud, and let all those, who, whether on the hills, or in the temples, or on the thrones, or on jasper wall, were helped and sanctified and prepared for this heavenly realm by the Mission of the Frosts stand up and wave their sceptres!" And I looked, and, behold, nine-tenths of the ransomed rose to their feet, and nine-tenths of the sceptres swayed to and fro in the light of the sun that never sets, and then I understood, far better than I ever did before, that trouble comes for beneficent purpose, and that on the coldest nights the Aurora is brightest in the Northern heavens, and that "By the breath of God frost is given."

MONEY RECEIVED.

Since our last acknowledgment the following sums have been received and applied to the various funds indicated below by the senders:

For THE CHRISTIAN HERALD *Sunday School Missionary in the Southwest:* A. E. Wampole, Easton, $5; J. D. McCullough, Lester, Iowa, $10; Mrs. O. Jewett, Stafford, Conn., $3; ——, Orange Valley, N. J., $5; Sarah E. Hardenburgh, Troy, N. Y., $1; Miss Mamie Tanner, Limaburg, Ky., .50; Arthur H. Koch, Sharpsburg, Pa., $1; ——, East Shelburne, Mass., $2; John Kittel, Westport, S. Dakota, $1; Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Finfrock, Greenville, O., $1; J. B., Wawarsing, N. Y., $1; Connie of Can., $1; Friend, Strong, Me., .50; B. MacAlpine, North Hillsdale, N. Y., $2; An Interested One, Fayette, Iowa, $1; Mrs. A. M. Brown, Linwood, N. Y., $2; Harlow Loveland, Middlefield, Mass., $1; Money Creek Union Sunday School of Lowanda, Ill., $1.50; Hattie C. Park, $1. Total, $40.50. Previously acknowledged, $623.75; total to date, $664.25.

For the Bethesda Home for the Reclamation of Fallen Girls: Sarah E. Hardenburgh, Troy, N. Y., $1; John Boston, Williamsburg, Kansas. $5; Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Finfrock, Greenville, Ohio, $1; Friend, Strong, Me., .50; Mrs. H. Long, Chillicothe, O., .50. Total, $8. Previously acknowledged, $222.50; total to date, $230.50.

For Foreign Missions: J. D. McCullough, Lester, Iowa, $75.

For the Destitute in the Gulf States: Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Finfrock, Greenvile, O., $3.

For the Door of Hope: John Boston, Williamsburg, Kans., $5; Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Finfrock, Greenville, O., $1.

For the Permanent Lodging House for Homeless Women: John Boston, Williamsburg, Kans., $5; Mr. and Mrs. Finfrock, Greenville, O., $1; Friend, Strong, Me., .50; Mrs. A. M. Brown, Linwood, N. Y., $1; Anonymous $1,000. Previously acknowledged, $447.55; total to date, $1,455.05.

IDOLATRY OF THE HEART.

WHAT though thou hast not raised thine eye
The glorious sun to praise,
Nor marked the silver moon on high
With adorations gaze,
Though thou in superstitious rite
Hast never taken part;
Still may there be the gloom of night,
And idols in thy heart.

If thou in gold hast put thy trust,
And loved the shining pelf,
Then, a mean slave to sordid dust,
Thou hast betrayed thyself,
And made an idol doubtlessly
Enshrined within thy soul—
Mammon has been set up in thee
And holds thee in control.

Art thou a mother? E'en thy child
May be a curse to thee!
And all the mother's love beguiled
A stumbling block may be;
If but that gentle babe, thy bliss,
Take more than lawful part
Of what is due to Heaven: It is
An idol in thy heart.

Or be it pleasure that prevails,
With all a syren's smiles,
To lead them on through flowery vales
With soft, seductive wiles,
That is thy idol, and thy bane;
Forsake the witching sin,
And turn to him whose love should reign
First and supreme within.

Talk not of pagan deities—
Of gods of wood and stone!
Full many a passion worse than these
Their willing votaries own.
Ambition, power, whatever tells,
Without all the Tempter's art
Dethrones the Infinite and dwells
An idol in your heart.

—W. H. R.

Marion Harland in Palestine.

Her Eastern Experiences Already Begun—Her Itinerary in the Holy Land—She will also Visit Egypt.

"MARION HARLAND" (Mrs. M. V. Terhune).
Now Traveling in Palestine for "The Christian Herald."

WHEN this number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD reaches the hands of its readers, Marion Harland, who lately sailed from these shores bound for the East, will be already in Palestine. The famous author, whose exclusive letters from the East to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will delight our readers in the coming months, made but a short stay in England. She proceeded to Paris in the first week of November, and left the French capital about the 13th inst., for Marseilles, at which port she took the P. & O. steamer for Port Said; the cholera quarantine at Naples preventing her from sailing at that port for Brindisi, as she had intended. Ample time has now elapsed to permit of her arrival in the Holy City, in the regular course of travel.

Assuming, therefore, that our traveler, after reaching the ancient port of Jaffa, has proceeded to Jerusalem, and there rested in the Grand Hotel in Jerusalem from the fatigues of the overland and Mediterranean journey, she will now enter on the real work of her Oriental tour. Her itinerary in Palestine will, to a considerable extent, be decided by circumstances as they arise.

She will visit among other notable places, Hebron, where the Tomb of Abraham is the object of central interest to the pilgrims of every nation under the sun; Cana of Galilee, the scene of the first of our Saviour's miracles; Bethany, the home of Mary, Martha and Lazarus; Nain, the village in which dwelt the widow whose son was miraculously restored to life; Damascus, the oldest city in the world, which was a commercial metropolis even in patriarchal days, and which is even yet of surpassing interest, with its mosques, its harems, its rich bazars and rare manufactures; Tiberias, the most Jewish city in existence, with its peculiar people and unique customs and ceremonials; Carmel, with its Druse villages; Mar Saba, the oldest Christian convent on the globe; Nazareth, where Christ passed his youthful days while on earth, and worked at the carpenter's trade, besides many other places which need not be named in detail.

Marion Harland will spend Christmas week at Bethlehem, the scene of the Nativity. Her plans for the four months' stay in Palestine include such a variety of travel and experience as has never fallen to the lot of any American woman heretofore, and her letters, instinct with the modern life and color, as well as the sacred memories of the East, will possess an attractiveness which no book of travels heretofore published has even been able to give. Each letter will be published in the next issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD following its arrival, and as the series will begin almost immediately, we would urge our readers not to miss a single letter.

On concluding her wanderings in Palestine, it is Marion Harland's purpose to return to Alexandria and thence make a journey through Upper Egypt before returning home. The portrait on this page is reproduced from a photograph taken shortly before her departure for the East.

THE GLORIFIED SAVIOUR.

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 17. Rev. 1: 9-20. Golden Text, Phil. 3: 9. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

JUST as Daniel was specially prepared and educated by God to be the prophet of the last days of the Jews, so was the Apostle John prepared and educated to be the prophet of the last days to the Church of Christ. Daniel had all the advantages of education and of intercourse with cultured people that was possible in his day, while John was but a fisherman and a fisherman's son. But the vision of the Lord, in his glory reduced them to a level; its effect was the same in both. Daniel testifies: "I was left alone and saw this great vision, and there remained no strength in me: for my comeliness was burned in me into corruption and I retained no strength" (Dan. 10: 8); the Apostle John says: "When I saw him, I fell at his feet as dead." (Rev. 1: 17).

John was, if we may venture to make comparisons, the most advanced of all the twelve apostles in

The Knowledge of God Himself.

He begins his Gospel, not with a genealogy like Matthew, or with a narration like Mark and Luke, but in the past eternity of God the Son. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." (John 1: 1). He begins his first Epistle, not with his own name, as Paul did, and Peter, James and Jude, but again with the eternal being of his Lord. "That which was from the beginning, which we have learned, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled of the Word of life." (1. John 1: 1). The divinity of Christ was ever his theme. He passed over and left to others the narration of the circumstances of his birth and childhood, he tells very little of his miracles and his healing power, but dwells with great circumstantiality on his two greatest miracles, the healing of the man born blind (John 9), and the raising of Lazarus (John 11), because these proclaimed unquestionably his divine power. As an evangelist we see little of John in the Acts of the Apostles, he appears rather as the companion of Peter, perhaps his praying helper. But once having taken up his position in the bosom of his Lord, he never really left it, and one cannot read his Gospel and Epistles with eyes anointed by the Holy Ghost, without seeing how the heart of his Lord throbs in all the writings of John, and that it was not his works, but himself that had conquered this Apostle, and made him meet to be the instrument which should convey his last revealed message to his Church before he comes again.

John's education in a divine school had taught him his nothingness. In his Gospel, in his Epistles, he never once mentions his own name, and when in this Book of Revelation he does speak of himself, it is as of one who is in no way remarkable. It is not "I, John, who have lain on the Master's bosom," or "I, John, who am privileged to see further into the future than any other man who has lived on earth." No it is "I, John, who also am

Your Brother and Companion

in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ." He claimed no prerogative which every true member of the Church of Christ might not also claim; he placed himself on a level with them all. But it was a level of self-emptiness which many of the churches of this day would hardly relish. John was a prisoner and an exile, unable to preach any longer, his movements restrained, his usefulness cut off, yet like Paul, he was "the prisoner of the Lord," and while he calls himself the companion of every tried Christian he adds "and in the kingdom." "He hath made us unto our God kings and priests," or (R.V.) "a kingdom, priests unto his God and Father" (R.V.) and, incarcerated as he was, John knew the power of his divine and eternal royalty "in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ." Patience in suffering with him and for him and patience in waiting for his appearing.

He next speaks of his present circumstances, no word as to how or what he suffered, but only for what cause; "for the Word of God and for the testimony of Jesus Christ." How little his persecutors knew that in exiling this faithful witness for the Lord and in hindering his testimony by word of mouth, they were working into the plans of God, to have John go alone with him that he might reveal to him "things which must shortly come to pass."

"I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and I heard." It is easy to pray in the flesh, but we must be in the Spirit to hear God. "I heard behind me a great voice as of a trumpet." To some the voice of God is so indistinct they can hardly distinguish it from other sounds. John had a practiced ear; no sound was so distinct to him as his Master's voice. "Saying: What thou seest write in a book, and send unto the seven churches which are in Asia." What! should he be the interpreter of the Lord to all the churches? What an honor! But John cannot be uplifted by it—he is in the presence of One who outshines all others. Instead of contemplating himself, and glorying in being the man favored, the instinct of John is to look upon his Lord.

"I Turned to See the Voice

which spake with me," and being turned I saw seven golden candlesticks (the seven churches, verse 20); and in the midst of the candlesticks one like unto the Son of man. It was a Scriptural vision; the Lord had said: "Lo I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world" [or age] and here is the Son of man in his glory, not occupied with the mighty universe which he created, but walking in the midst of his churches which he is preparing for himself!

He was clothed with a garment down to the foot and girded with a golden girdle. It was the same vision as that of Dan. 10; the same garment, the same girdle, the same eyes, the same feet, the same voice. Daniel was to seal his vision till the time of the end. (Dan. 12: 4, 9); John was not to seal his vision (Rev. 22: 10) "for the time is at hand." John had seen a glimpse of Jesus on the Mount of Transfiguration when his face did shine as the sun and his garments became white as the light; but he did not see all which was given him to see now. Then it was only his face and his raiment which could be seen, now his eyes, his hands, his feet shone with glory. Dare we draw nigh and contemplate Jesus and his glorified members? For we are members of his body, of his flesh and his bones?" Dare we believe that just as really as our hands and feet are part of us, so we, as his members are part of him and are being prepared on earth to shine as members of his glorified body above.

God is Light.

All shone, feet, hands, girdle. His feet like brass, as if it had been refined in a furnace" (R. V.) just as Malachi, 3: 2, 3. And he had in his right hand seven stars (verse 20, seven messages or angels of the churches), and out of his mouth proceeded a sharp two-edged sword, the very two-edged sword which was at the gate of the Garden of Eden, and which "turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life" (Gen. 3: 24.), the very same which pierces even to the dividing of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and which is a discoverer of the thoughts and intents of the heart (Heb. 4: 12.), and his voice was as the sound of many waters, his word the sharpest, his voice the strongest, and his countenance as the sun shineth in his strength! Thus the glorified Saviour appeared to John. O how we understand his words; "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all" (1. John, 1: 5.). O how we understand that only "sons of light and of day" can await his coming without being taken by surprise (1. Thes. 5: 4, 5.)

But O how little this glory of Christ conveys to such as are not being purified by the discipline of the Holy Spirit! How strange and imaginative it may seem to those whose eyes are holden! But those to whom the Lord reveals himself in his word as the coming One, and who yield to him feel like falling at his feet as dead. In such blinding light, O how the defects and the shortcomings come out. O how everything which is not like Christ comes to light, and one is as slain before him!

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

THE ISLE OF PATMOS.

CHRISTIANity was in dire stress at the time John gave this Book of Revelation to the churches. It was about the year 68 or 69. Nero was just finishing his fiendish cruelties to the Christians and was slinking out of life by suicide. The horrors of the past few years were only the prelude to others that were to come, and this book was written with the object of strengthening the churches and individual Christians by the prospects of final triumph. For some time there were doubts whether the Apostle John was really its author. Its style is so radically different from the Gospel which bears his name that there was a general belief among scholars that the two books could not have been written by the same man. It is now, however, believed by the great majority of critics that the Revelation was certainly the work of John. It was the record of visions which he saw while in Patmos, a desolate island of the Ægean Sea. We are not told in the New Testament how John came to be there at that time. We infer from the ninth verse of this first chapter that his residence there was not voluntary, but whether he was driven there by the force of persecution, or was held there a prisoner by the Emperor, there is no evidence to show. He was, he says, the companion of the persecuted churches in tribulation, which seems to imply suffering of some kind, and there is a tradition that he was in banishment at Patmos, and was compelled to work in the mines. He appears to have been released and to have gone to Ephesus, where after Paul's departure and death he continued to labor until he had outlived all the apostles. There are various traditions about the time and manner of his death, but none of them can be relied upon as authentic.

Companion with you in tribulation and kingdom. The two go together. John was showing the persecuted Christians his sympathy with them by reminding them of the glory they would enjoy together. Swinnock tells the story of a man whose sympathy with a condemned Christian cost him his life. The sufferer was a physician named Ursinus who being led out to die for the Gospel began to waver. Vitalis, a godly man stepped to him and, though he knew it would cost him his life, encouraged him, saying, "What! have you been so industrious heretofore to preserve men's bodies, and will you now shrink at the saving of your own soul? Be courageous!" For which faithful counsel he was condemned, and suffered death on the same scaffold as the man he had encouraged.

I heard behind me a great voice. This book of the Revelation is called "The revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave unto him." Thus, Christ was still in heaven, as he had been on earth, continuing to reveal God to the world. Bruce, in his work of travels in Abyssinia, relates that in a certain eastern court the king himself is never seen. When the decrees have been promulgated, he sits on a throne behind a lattice window, which is heavily curtained, and on the steps of the throne there stands one of high rank, who is called the "voice," or "the word," through which the king speaks and makes the proclamation More perfectly is Christ the word or voice of God.

One like the Son of Man. John knew Jesus well. It was not likely that the image of his Master would ever fade from his memory. Therefore, when he saw Jesus in glory, he would recognize him even there. There is an ancient legend, which tells how Satan tried to impose on a pious monk by appearing to him in a form much like that pictured of Christ. The wicked one was radiant with royal robes, and crowned with a jewelled diadem, and said, "I am Christ—I am descending on the earth—and I desire first to manifest myself to thee." The saint kept silence, and looked on the apparition; and then said, "I will not believe that Christ is come to me except I see him in that state and form in which he suffered; where are the marks of the nails? Show me the marks of the wounds and the cross." The false apparition vanished.

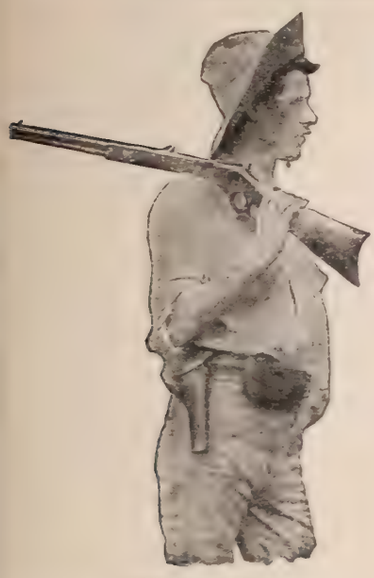
I fell at his feet as one dead. John was overcome by the majesty and glory of Jesus. Once before, John had similarly been overcome (Matt. 17: 6) by the glory of his Master. One evening, Charles Lamb, the brilliant essayist, was entertaining a party of literary friends. The conversation turned on the characteristics of great men and one of the party asked what would be their emotions if they could receive a visit from one of those great masters. "What," he asked, "would you do if Dante were to walk in?" Some made one suggestion, some another, but none of them could think of an appropriate way of receiving the man who had breathed the still pure air of the Mount of the Purgatorio, whose mind had tried to contemplate the mysteries of the unseen world, from that bewildering eminence. "Suppose," said another, "Shakespeare were to come?" "Ah," said Lamb, his face brightening, "how I should fling my arms up! How we should welcome that king of thoughtful men!" "And suppose said another, with reverent manner, Christ were to enter?" Lamb's whole face and manner changed in an instant. "Of course," he said in a tone of solemnity, "we should fall on our knees."

I am alive for evermore. In a time of deep depression, Luther retired to his study to gain strength. His enemies thought they had triumphed over him. Even Melancthon thought that the brave undaunted fighter was beaten. His own gentle spirit quailed under the repeated defeats. To him the cause of the Reformation seemed lost. He shut himself in his house and gave way to his grief in a torrent of tears. They somewhat relieved his depression, and at night he crept out in the darkness to find Luther, that they might lament in company. He made his way to his friend's study, and there sat Luther motionless at his writing-table in the dark. He had not risen or moved since he entered, and had not noticed that the sun had set. He stirred when Melancthon's voice aroused him and he called for lights. When lights were brought Melancthon saw, written on the table with a piece of white chalk "*vivit*," "*vivit*" [he lives, he lives]. In his abstraction Luther had written the word again and again when he entered his study, cheering himself with the one thought that had hope in it. The servants of Christ may die, but he lives on. Human lights may go out, but the divine light still shines. "I am alive forevermore."

The Living One. When the news of Lincoln's assassination came to New York, an excited crowd stood in front of the Federal building in Wall street. There were some desperate men there and some who were eager for revenge. Speaker after speaker tried to calm the passions of the mob, but to little purpose. The tide of anger and fierce indignation rose higher. None could tell when any moment it might burst all bounds and fire and bloodshed might ravage the city. In that crisis, the name of a newspaper of Southern sympathies was uttered by some mischievous person and the cry was raised "To the ———— office." A rush was made, but it was promptly halted by a loud, firm voice proceeding from a tall speaker at the front: "The Lord reigneth. Clouds and darkness are round about him; righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne. Fellow citizens, God lives, and the government at Washington still survives." General Garfield was the speaker and as the crowd turned to look at him, he began pleading with them and urging them to faith and trust in God. His words soothed the passionate, frenzied multitude and his calm confidence in the future, based on the living God, was contagious. The crowd separated peaceably and the riot that seemed impending was averted.

ACROSS SOUTH CENTRAL AFRICA.

Dr. James Johnston's Missionary Journey from Benguella to the Mouth of the Zambesi—Experiences Among Strange Peoples.



DR. JAMES JOHNSTON.

AFRICAN exploration has charms for the scientist, the geographer, the trader and, last but not least, the missionary, such as no other part of the world can offer. The latest notable book on this subject is one entitled: "Reality vs. Romance in South Central Africa,"* which contains the record of a most remarkable journey across the Dark Continent from Benguella, on the west coast through Bihe, Barotse, the Kalihara Desert, Mashonaland, Garenganze, Nyasa, and the Shire Highlands to the mouth of the Zambesi on the East Coast. Dr. James Johnston, the writer of the book, is a medical missionary, whose effective Gospel work in the West Indies has already been fully described in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. His object in undertaking a trans-continental journey, as he explains, was for the purpose of learning and disseminating the exact truth concerning the yet practically unknown parts of Africa about which earlier travelers had given conflicting accounts. He had also a second and more important object in view, viz: to survey the field with reference to its availability for missionary effort. His record presents the exact truth in detail, regarding that part of Africa which he traversed during a journey of 4,500 miles mostly on foot, occupying a period of twenty months. It is worthy of note that amid all his wanderings, Dr. Johnston never once found himself prompted to fire a shot in anger, or against a human enemy, although he went among the fiercest tribes. His only companions were a company of colored men from Jamaica, W. I., trained converts, who had been specially selected for the work, and whom he hoped to employ for the christianization and civilization of the interior tribes. This was an experiment that had engaged his attention for a long time, and one that could only be tested by actual experience.

Many of Dr. Johnston's observations on the peoples and customs of Africa have the charm of novelty. He says of the native in his unevangelized state: "if he calls for missionaries at all it is because he expects them to bring him cloth, beads, guns and gun-powder; but he is not particularly anxious for the Gospel for he is ignorant of its import and meaning and in his heathen condition wants nothing that does not add to his sensual gratification. Anything else he must be taught, and this means slow, uphill and often discouraging work." Family ties, he declares, are in most cases, less than nominal. "For that matter they think nothing of selling one another when it suits them . . . When the slave traffic on the East and West coasts is put down, by far the worst form of slavery will still remain untouched, as it exists today among the tribes of the distant interior."

Although Dr. Johnston and his caravan were well armed, his long journey was not without peril. Lions and other wild animals frequently crossed their path, and occasionally it was necessary to make something approaching a demonstration to impress hostile natives. The latter, however, were on the whole eminently peaceful in their attitude toward the traveler. Petty kings and headmen were encountered, and concerning some of these the traveler has interesting stories to tell. One, king Cipi, whom they met at Okambokokwengi, had his face and body streaked all over with white clay, as a protection against the evil spirits which the white man might bring around him. He would approach no nearer than twenty yards to the spot where Dr. Johnston was seated, and when the latter rose from his chair, the monarch jumped, dropped his blanket, and would have bolted, had not the dense crowd of subjects behind him prevented it.

At Cisamba, Dr. Johnston found the Rev. W. T. Currie, whose Gospel work among the Biheans has been described in previous issues of this journal. He spent a month there pleasantly and profitably, visiting the villages and surrounding districts and aiding in the medical work of the mission. While there he saw the natives harvesting their annual crop of caterpillars, which they dry in the sun, stew and eat as a relish with their cornmeal.

"I had intended going through the Katanga country and striking east to the lakes," Dr. Johnston writes: "purposing to visit, so far as my limited time would allow, those parts of South Central Africa of most interest to the friends of missions. But as there is only one sfation on this route, viz.: the Brethren Mission at Garenganze, and having met two of their party just returned from that country, who had been five months on the road, seeing but little worthy of note by the way, traversing for weeks together vast plains of burning white sand, I felt that to me it would mean five months wasted. So I decided to steer a course farther south, in the direction of the Barotse Valley, visit the French Evangelical Mission on the Zambesi, from thence pushing on to Nyasa as the way might open up. In the meantime, I set to work in earnest to acquire what I could of the Umbundu language, as an interpreter to accompany me was not to be had. Thus a further delay of several weeks was unavoidable. Within a few days, through the aid of Mr. Currie, a number of headmen from the surrounding villages were brought together and commissioned to collect carriers as speedily as possible."

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KING LEWANIKA IN WAR DRESS

In the Marotsi country, Dr. Johnston, after undergoing the usual preliminaries, was presented to King Lewanika, who received him graciously. Of this visit he writes:

"I went to see Lewanika, whom I found sitting in his lekhothla or courtyard, in the center of the town, with a crowd of people kneeling in semicircles, near or far according to their rank. I was graciously received, and could not but feel that I was face to face with a real African king, compared with whom the many I had seen were but insignificant. Lewanika was plainly dressed in English clothes, and sat on an ordinary cane-bottom chair; his manner was affable and free. In front of him were his band of drummers and *marimba* players. Each company of men, as they assembled at the evening council, while still at some distance began clapping their hands in unison; and before taking their places raised their hands above their heads and shouted the royal salutation, 'Yo, sho, yo, sho; yo, sho?' After kneeling, they continue clapping, and bow their faces to the earth three times. To all this pomp and ceremony, with which the Marotsi have for ages surrounded the sovereign, Lewanika paid no attention (although I understand he is not indifferent to it,) but kept up a long conversation with me through an interpreter. He could not quite understand why I had come so far simply to see the country and the people, for he said, 'All the white men who come here either want ivory and skins, or liberty to hunt in my territory.'

"The mode of salutation among the Marotsi is peculiar. They approach a superior clapping the hands and repeating the word 'lumela;' but to equals they observe three different grades, according to the degree of friendship or relationship existing between them. Those having a slight acquaintance with each other will on meeting lay down their spears or whatever load they may be carrying, and, seizing each other by both hands, elevate them to about the level of their eyes, lowering and raising them three times, silently gazing into each other's face, and conclude the ceremony by squatting down and passing the snuff-box. The second mode of greeting applies to individuals between whom a close friendship exists; the same dumb show is performed, but in this case the parties kneel. The third form is observed only by near relations, and differs from the second in that each with his right hand seizes the left hand of the other, palm upward, on which he impresses a prolonged kiss, or kisses, according to the warmth of their attachment.

"In the evening, with much pomp and ceremony, preceded by his band of drums and marimbas, his majesty comes out to the lekhothla, where hundreds and sometimes thousands of his subjects are gathered, and kneeling in their usual semicircles round the spot where the royal mat is spread. A second chair is placed by that of the king and the white guest is invited to sit with him whim while court is being held. The business on hand is perhaps a case of witchcraft, poisoning, or cattle-stealing; or it may be to receive some of the many

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MAROTSI SALUTATIONS.

*Reality vs. Romance in South Central Africa, by James Johnston, M.D., an account of a journey across the continent from Benguella on the West Coast to the mouth of the Zambesi on the East Coast: cloth covers with [illegible] page [illegible] illustrations from photographs [illegible] the author; [illegible] pages. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and Chicago, Publishers.

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"PASSING AWAY."

HOW could we keep our spirits up if this poor world we live now were all? The workmen have already begun to sweep up the Fall leaves, and in a few weeks all that now attracts the eye in the forest will have perished. And so it is with all earthly beauty and earthly association. Those with whom we mingle must be scattered into other circles or with ourselves must be gone. We have learned again and again that he who builds on earth his spiritual structure builds on a very poor foundation. "Passing away" is written on the forest. "Passing away" is written on all earthly emoluments and attainments. But not so with our future residence. Let the world perish, let its beauty be gone, holding Christ we hold an eternal possession. May God grant that the beauty of flower and fading leaf may be to our souls prophetic, inspiring and grandly elevating. And as out of the burning bush that Moses saw there came lessons for him, so may every bush now burning with Autumnal glory speak its emphatic lessons to our souls!

THE OLD RELIGION.

OUR modern religion has not enough backbone to stand alone. It must lean against the gate of the university or it flops right over. The old religion can stand alone and defiant of all assailment. It made no apologies and it offered no compromise to sin. We need, in order to get back to the old religion, which cannot be improved by human adulteration, to cultivate faith in the supernatural, not the supernaturalism which tries to look through the seance of the spiritualistic trickster into the next world, but the supernatural of Bible times, when iron swam and the foot walked water, and the dead wakened at the Christly call.

A man who does not believe in the supernatural is not a Christian and has not learned the first element of the Christian life. How well I remember the scene when in special services a gentleman of large culture, scholastic and critical to the last degree, came to the front seats, and when I asked if he was desirous of talking about his soul, he said: "By no means, I simply come up here as a matter of domestic courtesy; I wish you would talk with my wife, she is anxious to find the way of salvation." I talked with her on the subject of her soul's welfare, and after awhile the husband beckoned to me and said: "Why, there is something supernatural about this." I said: "Of course, it is all supernatural or it is nothing at all." "Why," he said, "my wife was not a Christian an hour ago, now she is a Christian." Sure enough she had, by the power of the Holy Ghost, been introduced into the light of the Gospel. I said to him: "Do you not feel some of this supernatural power in your own heart?" "No, sir," Some ten or fifteen minutes more of the religious service, some informal service passed by, and I saw his head bowed. I knew that the supernatural influence had seized upon his soul. After awhile I came to him. He looked up in my face and said: "I have found it too; I have given my heart to the Lord; I cannot tell you what a change there has been in my feelings in regard to Christ and the Christian religion. I am a Christian. I have but one great desire in this matter, and that is to profess faith before the world, if you will receive me." The one great distinctive quality of the Christian religion is that it is supernatural, and all this modern attempt to take the supernatural out of the miracles and the supernatural out of the life of Christ is a stab straight at the heart of God. Unadulterated Christianity is going to save this world and save it sooner than some of you have any idea.

UNHEALTHY DIET.

ADULTERATION of food is the subject ever and anon before the country. It seems that those of us who thought we had a respectable diet have been eating and drinking things that may not be mentioned. Honest, old-fashioned butter has melted and run out of the world, and instead thereof we have trichinosis in all styles served up morning, noon and night. All the ailments of the brute creation set before us in raw shape, or done up in puddings and pies and gravies. The wonders and mysteries and incomprehensibilities of hotel hash eclipsed by this blissful oleomargarine. Even the candies that we bring home to our children are under chemical analysis found to be crystallized disease. Lozenges of red lead and sweetened death. Coffees and teas, the innocuous beverages of millions, are so depraved that we feel like saying with Charles Lamb, when an unseemly mixture was placed before him, "If this be coffee, give me tea, and and if this be tea, give me coffee." Even the medicines, to which we appeal in dire distress, through apothecarial admixture, fail us and kill when they ought to cure. Alas! for the alum in the bread, and the chalk in the milk, and the glass in the sugar, and the Venetian red in the cocoa, and the heaven-knows-what in the syrup!

What we want is to organize a movement by which purchases shall be made at the suspected grocery stores and apothecary shops, some of each style of edibles and medicines, and that they be skilfully analyzed and the results published with the percentage of adulteration, the name of the store, and the number of the street. Let that be done in all our cities, and this iniquity will be stopped in a twelvemonth. In 1851, Mr. Wakely, in London, undertook the work, and though it threw the city into a fit of protest and indignation, the evil was for some time preceptibly abated. The ghastliness of American diet to which millions of people are subjected, may account for much of the sudden death and otherwise unaccountable insanity and the increasing suicide.

It is amazing that there is any good health left after the systemized and almost universal poisoning process. Let us agitate the subject in pulpit and printing-press and by legal vigilance, by so much as we care for our own health and the health of the people. But what is worse, adulteration has got into religion and the Bread of Life has been evilly tinctured, and the Milk of the Word watered. Free grace is the divine provision for the human family. In our time we mix it all up. A little grace will do with a decoction of humanitarianism and a few grains of spiritualism, and a liberal sprinkling of worldly philosophy, and a decided coloring of art, making it vermillion or ultra-marine, and then we take the tongs of the altar and stir it up and stir it down, and mix it in and mix it out, until much of the religion of this day is deception and death, instead of life.

Spiritual adulteration is the curse of the church of Jesus Christ in our day. There will never be any improvement on the old gospel. Everything added weakens its original power. What the world wants is Bible pathology and bible thereapeutics and Bible pharmacy in order to cure its disorders, and not the world's quackery. What it wants to feed its spiritual hunger is not the cake of human confection, which may please the taste, while it gives no brawn to spiritual character, but the strong meat of the Word and the bread of which, if a man eat, he shall never hunger. Away with the adulteration of food and medicine from your groceries and drug stores, and away with spiritual adulteration from the churches and theological seminaries. If we should all go back to primitive Christianity, the progress of the gospel, which is rapid now, would be a hundredfold accelerated. We want less of these modern admixtures, less of the gospel Darwinian, and more of the gospel Pauline.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Rev. C. E. Goodsmith, Lancaster, Ont. In answer to your correspondent, Mrs. M. L. Hudson, Silverwhite, Mo., about the origin of the lines, "The hut where a Gypsy boy lay," I may say that many years ago I personally heard from the lips of Rev. Samuel Chinn, then missionary to the hop pickers in England, that he was the individual in question. When in England, he was a personal friend of my own, but I presume that he has now gone to his reward in heaven.

Constant Reader, Richmond, Va. Where can I obtain information in regard to the workings of the American Protective Association, its literature, etc.?

Write to editor, *American Citizen*, 7 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass.

G. E. Dunham, St. Joseph, Mo. What is the meaning of Matt. 24: 19?

That in the troubles that were impending as Christ had been predicting, when sudden flight and great hardship and danger must be borne, the lot of those women would be more grievous than that of others.

C. T. Ella, Newburgh, N. Y. What is the meaning of Jeremiah 48:10?

The revised version gives the word "negligently" instead of "deceitfully." Probably the prophet had the conduct of Saul (I. Samuel 15:9-19) in his mind when he wrote. He was predicting the utter extermination of Israel's ancient enemy.

J. J. Glen, Philadelphia; Mrs. Bearse, Worcester, Mass. and many others, have sent us the full text of Adelaide H. Procter's poem, "One by One," in response to the request of T. P. H., of Burlington, Va. ——Garlin S. Schiller, Starke, Fla. 1. Each believes itself right, and all are entitled to respect and confidence where the principles and practice of their followers are in accord with Christ's teachings. 2. Write to the American Bible Society, Bible House, New York. 3. We cannot inform you.

Clara, Fairmount, Ore. When does sanctification take place? I have always thought that it takes place at conversion, but a Methodist minister here urges converted people to seek it.

It begins at conversion and continues through life. A common illustration, which, however, is not altogether accurate, is that of a man in prison under sentence of death and also afflicted with disease. He needs both pardon and healing. Pardon corresponds to justification, which takes place at conversion, and is a completed act. Healing corresponds to sanctification, which may be a slow or rapid process, according to the subject. If he yields to the spirit's power, he makes rapid progress; if he resists it and clings to the world, the process is a slow and often a painful one.

H. S. Overmiller, Kinely, Pa. 1. Is there any explanation of the apparent contradiction in the two stories of Paul's conversion in Acts 9:7 and 22:9? 2. Did Jesus celebrate the Passover in the same way as the Jews? 3. What is meant by the Lord's Day in Rev. 1:10?

1. It is probable that the men with Paul heard a noise, but not an articulate voice, that is, could not distinguish the words. In John 12:29 there is another mention of a voice from heaven and in that case the people thought it was thunder. 2. As no mention is made of any difference, it is safe to conclude that Christ celebrated it as the Jews did. It was observed every year and he would not be likely to omit it. 3. It is supposed to have been the first day of the week which we call Sunday. Some have suggested that it may mean the day of Judgment with reference to the contents of the book, but the general opinion among Biblical scholars is that Sunday is to be understood.

William I. Nicholls, Hazleton, Pa. Is a minister of the Gospel justified in performing the marriage ceremony when one or both of the parties have been legally divorced?

If the cause of the divorce was that mentioned by our Lord (Matt. 5:32) he is justified in performing the ceremony. If the ground of the divorce was voluntary and protracted absence, especially if the absenting partner stayed away because the other was a Christian, it has been held by some divines that the validity of the divorce may be admitted and the minister may perform the ceremony, and they base their opinion on Paul's teaching (1. Cor. 7:15). This, however, is by no means an undisputed interpretation. If the divorce has been obtained on any other ground than these two, it is unscriptural and a conscientious minister will not regard the divorced persons as being free to marry again.

Mr. Walter E. Lee, writes from Honolulu, Hawaii, to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

"I have been assisting Brother Francis Penzotti in Peru, when he arrived in Callao, Peru. Dr. Talmage's sermons used to help us greatly. After our pastor, the Rev. Richard Barton, returned to the States in 1886, we were left alone, yet not alone. We still kept up the meetings in English, and when Brother Penzotti arrived we started a meeting in Spanish, which was prospering when I left for Hawaii in 1890. I have been doing what I could for the Master since I arrived here. I was in this island in 1882 when there were no free liquors here. The natives then were prosperous. Now they can't buy "poi" and some have to eat flour "poi." Please let me know the address of Rev. Francis Penzotti, also that of E. E. Olcott, who was in Peru in 1886. It was he pointed me to Jesus. I want to write to him.

Mr. Penzotti's address is 119 Calle Colon, Callao, Peru, and Mr. Olcott's, 38 W. 30th st., New York.

M. C., Winchester, Md. Was Pharaoh drowned in the Red Sea? I have heard that his mummy has been found.

The body of Menephtah has been found, and it has always been supposed by the majority of Egyptologists that he was the Pharaoh whose army was destroyed in the Red Sea. It is certain that he was the son and successor of Rameses II., whose reign and character correspond in many details to those of the Pharaoh of the oppression. Also it has been found out from the hieroglyphs that Menephtah had a son of great promise, who reigned with him and died mysteriously when a young man, as would have been the case at the slaying of the firstborn (Ex. 12:29) if Menephtah was the Pharaoh of the Exodus. There are also other points of identification. Menephtah was a coward. More than once in his history, on the eve of a battle, he professed to have had a vision commanding him not to go into the battle, and he stayed out of it to avoid personal danger. It is supposed that he avoided going into the sea after the Israelites on that or some similar pretext, and so saved his life.

Reader, Ontario. 1. Is it possible for any soul to be saved if God by his foreknowledge knows that it will be lost? 2. Will a man who has led a moral life, but has not accepted Christ, suffer the same doom as a murderer, thief, etc.? 3. Had the Lord any brothers or were those spoken of in the New Testament only his cousins?

1. It is not possible: but as no soul can tell what God foresees, it is its duty to accept the offers of the Gospel. Anyone complying with the conditions of those offers will be saved. No one need concern himself about God's foreknowledge when a plain duty is before him. 2. Very little is revealed to us in the Bible about the condition of the lost and there is no other source of information. Exclusion from heaven will be the great calamity in both cases. What the degrees of punishment may be is not revealed. 3. The question has long been in dispute. The natural inference from Matt. 13: 55, 56, is that the four men named were really the brothers of Christ. (They were not the Apostles of those names.) On the other hand, Jerome, Augustine and other early Fathers who lived near Christ's time, held that they were the sons of Mary's sister, mentioned in John 19: 25, and so, Christ's cousins. Their reasons for so believing do not appear strong ones. The New Testament writers distinguished the two degrees of relationship, as you may see in Acts 23: 16.

Lillian L. Cobban, Dalton, Mass. The pronunciation is as though they were written *Blootsher* and *Yonsumber*, with accent on first syllable in both cases. ——Mrs. Dr. J. A. Carby, South Riverside, Cal. Write to the National Temperance Society, 58 Reade street, New York.——Miss E. M. Dougal, Newark, N. J. Send back numbers to Rev. O. J. Nave, Military Post, Fort Niobrara, Neb.——Brooklyn Youth, Brooklyn, N. Y. 1. The International Teachers' Bible, which is sent to every subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD forwarding $2. 2. See the second chapter of Acts. ——E. E. McC., Buena Vista, Pa. Write either to Harpers or Scribners, publishers, New York.——B. P. L. We do not know the poem referred to in your letter.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE BRAZILIAN REVOLUTION.

THE prediction that the Peixoto government in Brazil would be overthrown before the end of November has been falsified by events. Fighting has been going on in a desultory way through the month and Rio Janeiro has never known from day to day when the bombardment might be renewed with redoubled energy. Admiral Mello has, however, concentrated his efforts on the forts, but without silencing them. On the contrary a shot from the Fort of St. John has sent the *Javary*, his most powerful vessel to the bottom, with all on board. Details of this catastrophe have not arrived at the time of writing and there is considerable curiosity as to the way in which it occurred, as the forts had no guns capable of penetrating the *Javary's* armor. Her machinery was disabled and she had to be towed about the harbor, but her fire was most destructive, as she was armed with heavy guns and could vary her points of attack. It is conjectured that she must have met with some accident that changed the centre of gravity and the vessel turned over, as the *Victoria* did. Mello's situation is further complicated by the sailing of the Government's new vessel *El Cid* from New York under its new name of *Nictheroy*. She has a dynamite gun on board and will prove a formidable accession to the Government's forces. Mello has proclaimed a provisional Government, with Captain Frederico Lorenzo as President. The headquarters of this Government are at Desterro. A picture of the modest building in which the executive is lodged, appears on this page. It was reported recently that Mello had proclaimed the Empire, with Prince Pierre, a grandson of Dom Pedro, at its head. That rumor has how been denied, but for a time it caused considerable excitement among the adherents of the old empire, who are weary of this fratricidal conflict, dislike both parties and would be glad to see a stable government re-established. War vessels representing Germany, France, England, the United States and other nations are at the scene of conflict, but are powerless to stop the fearful waste of life and disturbance of peaceful pursuits. International precedent and mutual jealousies restrain them from interfering. It is a pity that it is so, for in a case like this, in which the combatants on each side are fellow-countrymen, the power which brought them from hatred to amity would surely be worthy of the Saviour's benediction, "Blessed are the peacemakers." (Matt. 5: 9.)

Preferred Criminal Friends.

An effort to secure a pardon for a criminal who is serving out a sentence in one of the jails of Pennsylvania has been thwarted by the man himself. He comes of an eminently respectable family and his father was a useful clergyman. In the war he served with credit and attained the rank of lieutenant. After his discharge, at the end of the conflict, he fell into idle, dissolute ways and committed a crime to obtain funds for dissipation. He was detected and served a term in prison. Since that time he has consorted with criminals and has often been in prison. Some time ago, an old friend of the family determined to make an effort to reclaim him. He induced a business acquaintance to promise the man employment in his office, and arranged in other ways for the criminal to have opportunities of redeeming his past. Influential persons were interested in his case and made an appeal to the Governor. Finally, a pardon was assured if the man would express contrition and promise amendment. The gentleman who had achieved this result went to the prison to get the convict's signature to the petition. To his amazement the man declined to sign. He said he had no desire to return to respectable society. He had become used to criminals and their ways and preferred to end his days among them. The man was evidently sincere, so all the time and trouble that had been spent on his case was wasted. His frank confession teaches a lesson to young people who think that after they have seen the world, and sowed their wild oats, they will repent and be reconciled to God. It is a perilous experiment. The more probable result is that they will be enmeshed in their sinful associations, and not only, like this man decide to end their days in sin, but will begin eternity in the same way, under the awful sentence. "He that is filthy, let him be filthy still." (Rev. 22:10-11.)

A Knotty Question.

A dispute involving the possession of a large fortune is shortly to come before the courts. It arises out of the loss of two lives in the recent appalling disaster at Battle Creek, Mich. Two of the victims were husband and wife, both of whom had considerable independent estates. They had no children, and the claimants for their property are distant relatives. According to the terms of the husband's will his property would, at his death, pass absolutely to his wife if she survived him, and the wife had also made a will making her husband her heir. If there had been any considerable interval between the deaths of the two, the personal relatives of the survivor, in the event of no later will being made, would inherit the combined estate, to the exclusion of the relatives of the one who died first. The question to be decided is whether it is probable that one died before the other, and, if so, which of the two. Or if they died simultaneously, which set of relatives is entitled to inherit. Apparently the decision of the court will be based on probabilities. If, before it is pronounced, some survivor of the accident were suddenly to appear in court and say that he could declare positively which died first, how eagerly the litigants would listen to his evidence, for it would make one side or the other rich. They would not display the languid interest that is seen in many hearers of the Gospel who, when they are told of the death of Christ and of the eternal riches which it insured to all believers, listen as if it did not concern them. (Rom. 2:4.)

An Automatic Detector.

Successful use appears to be made of a novel automatic device lately introduced on some of the German railways for ascertaining and definitely indicating defects existing in the track. The principle of the apparatus, as explained, is based on the fact that every low point, or other similar defect, on the line of the track causes a shock of greater or less intensity in a car passing over it. The arrangement of the apparatus in the inspection car is such that, if the shock exceeds a certain degree of intensity, a squirting device is brought into operation, and from which either a red or a blue liquid is sprayed over the roadbed, making stripes from one foot to seven feet long and about two inches wide—the track sections requiring any attention being thus very plainly marked. Such an apparatus, it is said, locates defects not ordinarily detected by a track walker, and affords timely evidence of imperfections in the roadbed. It is, of course, assumed that when the defect is thus marked it will be promptly remedied, and not be allowed to get worse and worse until some train is thrown off the track. Unhappily we are not so careful to prevent moral and spiritual catastrophes, or saloons, gambling dens and other vicious resorts would have been removed long ago. (Romans 14: 13.)

Cats in a Church Spire.

A Boston journal says that a singular discovery was made at Brighton a few days ago by some workmen who were employed in tearing down the spire of the old church of that town. They began by removing the heavy wire screen that has enclosed the belfry since the far-away time when the church was built. When the screen fell, the workmen were astonished to see three cats in the place which was supposed to be empty, save for the bells. The cats were evidently terrified by the sight of human beings. They sprang with extraordinary agility from rafter to rafter, up into the peak of the spire. How they came there no one knows, but they must have been in the strange refuge for many years. It is now recalled that at intervals strange noises have been heard in the spire, which by the superstitious were attributed to a supernatural cause, and by others to the creaking of the vane. The most mysterious part of the discovery is how the animals could have lived. It is supposed that they must have preyed on the sparrows and swallows that settled on the spire, but they could not get access to water. The people who thought that the noises in the spire had a supernatural origin will probably be less disposed in future to entertain superstitious ideas. It may be hoped, however, that they will not go to the other extreme, which just now is too common in our churches, of attributing to natural causes, the origin of all things which is really supernatural. (Heb. 1: 10, 11.)

THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE BRAZILIAN REVOLUTIONISTS AT DESTERRO.

A Human Ladder.

At a tenement house fire in New York on November 24 a number of persons escaped a horrible death by the presence of mind and physical strength of two sympathetic rescuers. The building was six stories high with fire-escapes in the rear. A neighbor saw smoke issuing from it and notified the policeman on the beat. He turned in an alarm and then ran to arouse the tenants. The front door was locked, but the policeman clambered over a rear wall and there saw a sad sight. The fire-escapes were crowded with excited people, and behind them, the windows illuminated by the blaze within, showed how near they were to death. Ladders led down from one fire-escape to another, but it was useless for the inmates of the higher floors to descend, as the lowest fire-escape was crowded and there was no ladder from it to the ground. The policeman searched for a ladder, and at last found one, but it was too short to reach the lowest fire-escape by four or five feet. The flames were bursting out from the upper windows and no time could be lost. Singling out a strong man from among the spectators, the policeman spoke to him and the man nodded assent. In a moment the upper end of the ladder rested against the fire-escape and the foot was planted on the man's shoulders. He braced himself firmly and the policeman held the ladder in place while the menaced people poured down it, until the last one reached the ground in safety. The same kind of effort is needed for the salvation of souls. Our fine church buildings, our organs and systems of mission work will all fail to reach the people if there is no human element in the ladder. There must be humanity full of love and self-sacrifice engaged in the work if souls are to be won. (I.Cor. 13:1-3.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Scriptures in whole or in part have been printed in 354 languages or dialects. The American Bible Society has aided in translating, printing or distributing in ninety-five of them.

A man who declared in New York last week that he did not believe in God, heaven or hell, was excused from jury duty. Judge Truax endorsed the man's summons with the words: "Excused on the ground that he is not mentally qualified to act as a juror."

The Children's Aid Society has recently established one of its schools in Rivington street, New York, in the very centre of the Hebrew population. Nearly all of the four hundred children in attendance are from families of Russian refugees. Many of them speak no English, but learn with amazing facility.

The annual report of the Convention of Christian Workers at Boston in 1892, has been adopted as a text-book of Applied Christianity in Chicago Theological Seminary. Prof. Graham Taylor says that his students can have no better means of learning the application of Christianity to the needs of the world in the present day, than these reports of evangelistic efforts.

The Asia Minor Exploration Fund of England, calls for a fund for the purpose of exploring the site of Lystra and discovering the Temple of Jupiter, where worship was offered to Paul and Barnabas. Professor J. B. S. Sterrett discovered the site of Lystra recently.

The report of the Governor of Oklahoma shows a population of 151,304. The number of churches in the territory are: six Episcopal, 165 Methodist, 25 Baptist, 24 Congregational, 25 Catholic and 24 Presbyterian. There are also three Epworth Leagues and fifty Christian Endeavor Societies.

At the Central Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, a missionary service was held on Nov. 19. Two members of the Volunteer Missionary band of Union Theological Seminary spoke on the needs of the foreign field and aroused the sympathies of the church so thoroughly that it was proposed to take up a collection there and then although it had not been intended to have a collection. The sum of $905. was put in the boxes.

The Christian aid to Employment Society in New York is in pressing need of help. The number of unemployed persons who are trying to get work and apply to the Society is far greater than the number of positions on its books. Some of these are gentlewomen who are facing the cold world for the first time and are in bitter need. The Society would be glad to give them temporary relief in food and clothing until it can find work for them, but its funds are exhausted. Any gifts sent for this purpose to the Treasurer of the Society, 50 Bible House, New York, will be very gratefully received and distributed.

A meeting of Brooklyn ministers of various denominations was held a few days ago in the hall of the Y. M. C. A., to organize plans for conducting and extending the revival work commenced by Dr. A. C. Dixon and Evangelist Pearson. A committee was appointed to take charge of the work. The following ministers have consented to serve: Revs. A. C. Dixon, J. O. Wilson, J. M. Farrar, R. E. McClelland, G.W.Hutington and J. F. Carson. Services will be commenced in a large number of churches on Jan. 1. An effort will be made to secure the assistance of Mr. D. L. Moody. Mr. Henry Varley is now in the city taking an active part in the movement.

THE PILGRIM'S PLACE AND PROMISE.

A Sermon Preached in Clarendon Street Baptist Church, Boston, by Dr. A. J. Gordon. *"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it unto you: come thou with us and we will do thee good; for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel."* Num. 10: 29.

HAT a gracious invitation and promise of Moses to his kinsman! A genuine Gospel call, though made long before the time of Christ! It was met with the same refusal which the message often receives to-day, and then it was reiterated with fresh and strong inducement. "If thou wilt go with us yea it shall be that what goodness the Lord shall do to us, the same will he do to thee." Let us make this message our message and consider:

1. Our destination. "We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, 'I will give it you." Not a word is said about the locality, the scenery or the occupation of this place. It is a most singular style of description to put upon the Gospel guideboards—"a place of which the Lord said, I will give it you." But in the New Testament, I find it characterized in precisely the same language. For Jesus says: "I go to prepare a place for you." That is all.

And yet how much is involved in these descriptions: "I will give it you." "I go to prepare a place for you." A gift is supposed to benefit the giver. When Cæsar bestowed a very sumptuous present upon one of his subordinates, the recipient said, "Sire, I am unworthy of such a gift." And Cæsar replied: "It is not the question what you are worthy to receive, but what the Emperor is worthy to give." And be sure the Lord will give his people something

Worthy of Himself:

a real, tangible, recognizable place; not some attenuated heaven where shadowy forms flit to and fro in a shadowy land, a dream-realm of ghosts, whose inhabitants know each other only by a kind of glorified mind-reading. "We shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is," says the scripture. And he is what he was on earth, a man with a real face and hands and eyes and feet; only glorified with ineffable brightness; one who can still say: "Handle me and see that it is I; a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have." This being so, our habitation must correspond. I believe that heaven is a real defined place, not an infinite everywhere, a real locality with material conditions and surroundings adapted to a material body only transformed and glorified.

Observe therefore some of the descriptions which are given of it. "There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God." That is good news for you, if you are a hard-worked Christian who often get so tired that you ache in every bone and muscle in the Lord's service. But just put it down in your religious note-book that there remains no rest for those who never get tired; just as there is no "well-done" awaiting those who have never been employed in well-doing. "I go to prepare a place for you." But we must be prepared for that place which he has gone to prepare. And the best fitness you can acquire for that place is that you get so weary in patient life-long toil for your Master that when you get through it can truly be said of you, "He rests from his labors." And you cannot rest from your labors unless you have labored; "and his works do follow him," and your works cannot follow you unless you have worked. This is my first description of "that place of which the Lord hath said, 'I will give it you.'"

A Place of Deliverance.

But it is also a place of deliverance. "Let not your heart be troubled. I go to prepare a place for you." Mark the connection of thought. He did not say "This is the best world that was ever made: things are growing better and better; there is ten times more happiness than sorrow on the earth. Only live in the sunny side of the house; and keep your window curtains lifted, and you will be all right." No such optimistic vaporing as this. "In the world ye shall have tribulation." "Let not your heart be troubled, I go to prepare a place for you" in another world. The Scripture says that Christ came "to deliver us from the present evil world." Sin, sorrow, disappointment and death are real facts, so real that it took the tremendous anguish of the cross to overcome them. And our Lord came into this world and put himself beneath these things, in order that he might lead us out of them. Hence the significant words: "I go to prepare;" and from henceforth we are to look along the upward track of light which he left behind him, awaiting his summons to come after him saying triumphantly: "For our citizenship is in heaven from whence we look for the Saviour the Lord Jesus Christ." Our hope and succor are not in assimilating ourselves to present conditions or in transforming those conditions, but in following the Lord in the upward path of glory. St. Cuthbert was once driven upon the coast of Fife by a terrific snow-storm, and to his disheartened comrades he said: "The storm bars our way over the sea; the snow has closed our path upon the land but the

The Way to Heaven

lies open." Heroic and most scriptural utterance! Since our Lord ascended into Paradise, he has "opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers." And he has never allowed the way thither to become blocked and never will. Therefore note the concluding words of the promise: "If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself." No soul is left alone to climb the "*scala sancta*" of heaven, the holy ladder on which the angels ascend and descend. Our forerunner Jesus has passed within the veil and he will come forth again and fetch us thither with him, that where he is we may be also.

And the chief glory of Paradise is that we shall see him, and all blessing and glory in their relation to him. "Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty: they shall behold the land that is very far off," or as the words stand correctly translated in the margin of my Bible, "the land of far distances." I do not know that heaven is far off; but I do know that from it I can see afar off. And this to me is a most significant thought concerning it. The happiest and most exalted moments I ever know in this life are those when I stand on some high out-look of my New Hampshire home, and gaze off upon the blue hills in the distance, and see those hills rising, range upon range, as though they were the very portals of Beulah-land. There is something indescribable in these mountain-top experiences, and they never fail to lift me out of myself and bring me nearer to God.

Life's Panorama.

"I shall see the King in his beauty and the land of far distances." Yes, all the pathway of my life, now stretching away behind me! each dangerous turn in the road,—and how I was mercifully protected in passing it; each fortunate juncture and how I was brought to it, the whole landscape of my history from the cradle to the crown, now lying like a panorama at my feet. My earthly life is now like a dissected map. I can see the parts lying disconnected here and there; but in glory I shall see it put together, part fitting into part, and all making up one wondrous whole. I shall now see how it all stands related to my glorified Lord, into whose face I am gazing. I shall see the King in his beauty, and all standing in blessed relationship to him, he, the author and finisher of my faith; he the architect and builder of my life; he, the origin and end of all my ways, though I knew it not. What reason will there be for praise when I stand with the Lamb upon Mount Zion, in company with those who have been redeemed from among men. For, in the glorified Christ, all contradictions shall vanish; all mysteries be explained; all things be seen to have worked together for good to them that loved God, and were the "called, according to his purpose." Therefore, I consider it to be the greatest promise of the future: "they shall see his face." For when we see him we shall see all in him and him in all.

Companionship.

2. Our traveling companions. "Come thou with us and we will do thee good." It is the instinct of true piety to seek companionship in the heavenly journey. If one is perfectly contented to go to heaven alone, it is the best evidence that he is not going there at all. "See that man," said Dr. Guthrie, alluding sarcastically to a selfish Christian, "his religion is just the size of his coffin, exactly large enough for himself, and no larger." If there is one thing which you ought to be zealously emulous for, it is that your Christianity should be like a carriage, in which there is always room for more, and from which you should always be reaching out to urge others to come in with you. It is the peculiarity of the church to be ever inviting. "The Spirit and the Bride say come" is the description which our Lord gives of the church. And I would that we might all so imbibe and master this characteristic that, whether at home or abroad, this word "come" should be always on our lips. The love of Christ and the love of man, conspire at this point. If you love Christ, how can you but long to give him those whom he has purchased at the price of his bleeding

Toil on Calvary.

If you love your fellow-men, how can you but long to bring them to Christ? Let me press the question upon you. Do you feel this longing? Do you have it concerning the heathen? Do you have it concerning your neighbors? Do you have it concerning your own family? How unnatural it is if you do not? Do you remember that touching conversation between Judah and his brother Joseph in Egypt? When it was proposed to leave Benjamin behind as a hostage, Judah broke out, pathetically, "How shall I go up to my father and the lad be not with me?" Have you set your face heavenward, and have you a confident title to a mansion in glory? But, my brother, the only valid assurance that you shall have a home with Christ hereafter is that you have the heart of Christ now. He, our Divine Lord, knew that in a little while he should return to his Father, whence he came; but little place did this anticipation have in his thoughts, compared with his solicitude to bring others there with him! His heart was occupied in seeking and saving that which was lost; he yearned for the cross, because by that cross he could bring many souls into glory, His question was not how can I get back to the glories of heaven, but "How can I bring the lost, ruined and suffering children of men into that glory?" All the sorrow of Gethsemane; and all the agony of Calvary were an answer to this question. This, my brother, is the plainest token of Christ-likeness; not merely that you are ready to lose all to win heaven for yourself, but to lose all to

Bring others to Heaven.

But now observe: If you are to succeed in bringing souls to heaven with you, it must be distinctly seen that you are journeying that way yourself. A Christian cannot look in one direction, and live in another, without utterly neutralizing his influence. Your profession and your conduct must both point the same way if you expect men to go that way. For the invitation is not only "come," but "come with us." Suppose you were to go to the Eastern depot to-morrow morning and buy a ticket for Portland, and go to a train headed for Portland, and get into a car marked for Portland and take your seat. I come along and you see me and raise the car-window and call out to me saying, "Come, go with me to New York." I should be likely to say in reply, "Why, my friend, don't you see that you are not going to New York yourself and how can you invite me with you?" You smile at the absurdity of the suggestion. But it is the literal translation of a constant fact. There are professed Christians all about us whom God has commissioned to cry "come." But they are not going themselves and therefore they get no one to follow them. They have become earthly-minded and hence they can do nothing to make their hearers heavenly-minded. O God save me from this paradox of apostacy, trying

To Beckon Men

to heaven while I am beckoning them towards earth by my love of self, or love of evil, or love of money. And there are Christians all about us who are exhorting men to repentance, who have practically repented of their own repentance and gone back upon it. They have their baggage all marked and checked for a worldly station, which station is named "wealth," or "ease," or "good society," or "high position," and then they say to the unconverted: "Come with us and we will do you good." And men won't come with you because they are just discerning enough to see that you are on the same line as themselves. You remember that it is told in Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress that when Christian and Hopeful told Atheist that they were "going to Mount Zion", Atheist" fell into very great laughter." Nor are we told why. Perhaps because he saw that they had bought their ticket for the Slough of Despond instead of Mount Zion and was chuckling to think of their discomfiture when they should reach their destination and find what a mistake they had made. Ah! my hearers, whither are you going? This is the question, and not what are you saying and professing. Are you sure that your destination is heavenward? Like pilgrims of old going up to Jerusalem, are you singing your song of degrees saying, "We go from strength to strength till every one of us appeareth in Zion before God." Is your path" the path of the just that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." If so, you may invite others to enter that path.

3. Our inducements. "And we will do you good."

This is the Christian's business. And if he is to succeed he must be always at it. The world's maxim is "get all you can"; Christ's rule is "give all you can." The world says, "Gain all the good in your power"; Christ says: "Do all the good in your power." And so in that grand summing up of the epistle to the Hebrews it is written, "But to do good and communicate, forget not: for with such sacrifices God is well pleased." "Sacrifices!" "I thought sacrifices had been abolished," you say. Not abolished, but transformed; made memorial instead of expiatory. We say Christ died that we might not die. More truly should we state the case were we to declare that he died that we might die, He died for sin that we might die to sin; he bore the cross for us that we might

Bear the Cross

with him, and for our fellow-men. His crucifixion has ceased indeed, since "by one offering he hath perfected forever them that are sanctified"; but only that we might prolong it among lost and sinning men forever." You will tell me that I make the Christian life sombre and serious by dwelling so much on the duty of self sacrifice. I tell you, on the contrary, that if there is any life on earth that is supremely happy and filled with divine radiance, it is the life in which doing good to others is the supreme business. Oh, men and women who hear my voice, do not misunderstand us. We do invite you to go with us, not because we expect to profit by you; to get you into our church to count you up as our converts, or to get you to pay money into our treasury. We sound out the word, once more: "Whosoever will, let him come and take the water of life freely." But we want you to come, that we may do you good; that we may give you joy for your sorrow; healing for your hurts; riches for your poverty; peace for your conflict, and at last glory for the misery and condemnation of your sins. Come then with us! Exchange your "pleasures of sin for a season" for the pleasures at God's right hand, which are "forevermore." Come, then, with us!

A HEATHEN'S TRANSFORMATION.

From Banza Manteke, on the Congo where the Baptist Missionary Society has a station, the Rev. H, Richards writes a remarkable narrative of the change of a heathen brawler into an earnest preacher. He says: "Just as I began this letter I was interrupted by two men, one an evangelist, and the other a strong, vigorous man of about thirty years, converted about four months ago. They were just going off two days' journey to preach the gospel to a people that have sent time after time for some one to come and tell them the good news. The name of the younger man is Choma Nloka, who was almost demon-like in his opposition to the gospel, and tried all he could to draw and entice the weak Christians away from the truth. He was a great malafu (palm-wine man), a leader at the makinu (heathen dances), etc. One of our evangelists got hold of him, and his whole life was changed. It is a wonderful story, but time fails to tell it. I do not remember any one who developed so rapidly. He began preaching at once, and has been the means of bringing many hard sinners to Christ. Naturally influential and intelligent, he has learned to read, and is a power for good. One day he brought a gang of heathen men into the meeting. After I had done preaching, he stood up and addressed the gang he had brought in, and exhorted them to believe in Jesus. "You see all these people," said he; "we were all like you, but now we are saved and happy, and know that the word of God is true, and that heathenism is a lie" He is now on his way to preach two days off. He has never received a cent for his work and has relinquished a great many sources of income.

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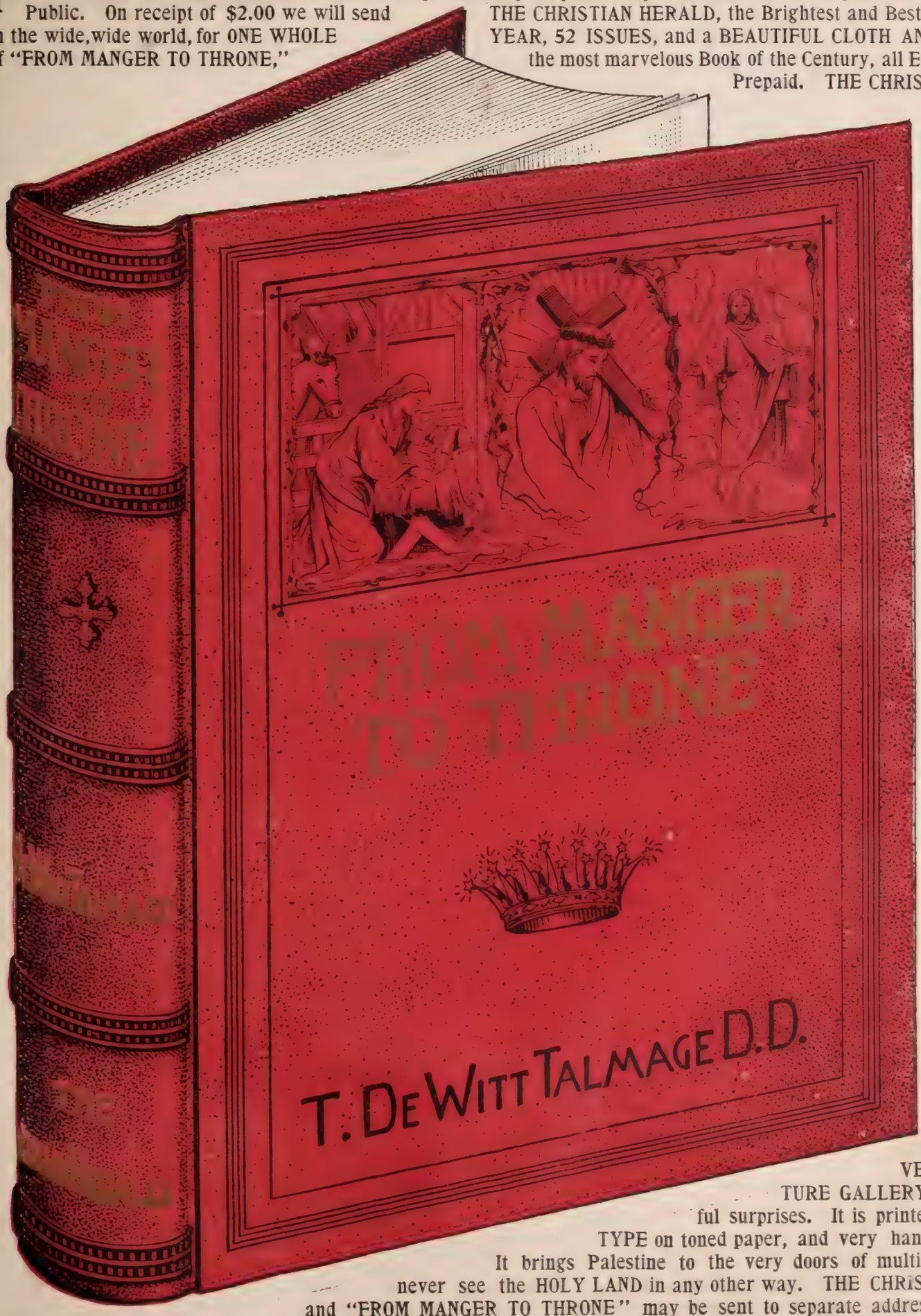

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EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Dr. Talmage Tells How and Where He Wrote

"From Manger to Throne."

"IN my American home, on the Atlantic, on the Mediterranean, on camel's back, on mule's back, on horseback, under chandelier, by dim candle in tent, on Lake Galilee, in convent, at Bethel where Jacob's pillow was stuffed with dreams and the angels of the ladder landed, at the brook Elah, from which little David picked up the ammunition of five smooth stones, four more than were needed for crushing like an egg-shell the skull of Goliath, in the valley of Ajalon, over which, at Joshua's command, Astronomy halted, on the plain of Esdraelon, the battle-field of ages, its long red flowers suggestive of the blood dashed to the bits of the horses' bridles, amid the shattered masonry of Jericho, in Jerusalem that overshadows all other cities in reminiscence, at Cana where plain water became festal beverage, on Calvary whose aslant and ruptured rocks still show the effects of the earthquake at the awful hemorrhage of the five wounds that purchased the world's rescue, and with my hand mittened from the storm, or wet from the Jordan, or bared to the sun, or gliding over smooth table, this book has been written.

* * * Not a word of Latin or Greek in all the book, unless it be translated. We tell the story in Anglo-Saxon, the language in which John Bunyan dreamed and William Shakespeare dramatized, and Longfellow romanced, and John Milton sang, and George Whitefield thundered. * *

* * * Blessed to me was the hour when my mother taught me how to frame the first sentence out of it, and my last word on earth shall be a draught upon its inexhaustible treasury." T. De Witt Talmage

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The Christian Herald For 1894.

A BRIGHT ARRAY OF ORIGINAL FEATURES.

Notwithstanding the marvelous improvement in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD during the past few years, greater and still more delightful surprises are in store, as the following list of Attractions demonstrates:

MARION HARLAND, who has just completed a new serial story, the opening chapter of which appears in the present issue, is now on her way through Palestine, with a view to studying and describing in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD exclusively the home-life of the people who now live within the sacred precincts of the Holy Land, very much after the fashion that prevailed during the years of our Saviour's ministry on earth. These articles will be profusely illustrated, and the subjects will instantly commend themselves to the attention of every Christian man and woman. What a treat it will be to read these articles from the pen of our ever popular MARION HARLAND!

T. DeWitt Talmage

Marion Harland

* * * * * *

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A. J. Gordon

* * * * * * * * * *

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Sankey

* * * * * * *

DR. TALMAGE'S vigorous editorials and his latest sermons, carefully revised by himself, will be retained as the standard feature of the paper.

* * * * * * *

REV. C. H. MEAD, whose quaint anecdotes and realistic sketches of life and character overflow with his own irresistible humor, and delight all by the moral lessons they teach, will continue to entertain our readers at frequent intervals.

* * * * * * * *

DR. A. J. GORDON, of Boston, the eminent Baptist divine, who has been justly called "The Prince of Preachers," than whom the Baptist Church possesses no more brilliant or effective preacher, and DR. R. S. MACARTHUR, the eloquent Pastor of Calvary Church, of New York, will break the Bread of Life from week to week to the half million readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Ira D. Sankey

* * * * * * * * *

In addition to these features, unique expositions of the Sunday School Lessons, stories of missionary life at home and abroad, numberless choice anecdotes, charming short stories, delightful poetry, and a series of beautiful half-tone engravings will enliven our columns, and help to set a bountiful table at which all may eat and be nourished.

C. H. Mead

* * * * * * *

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T. DeWitt Talmage

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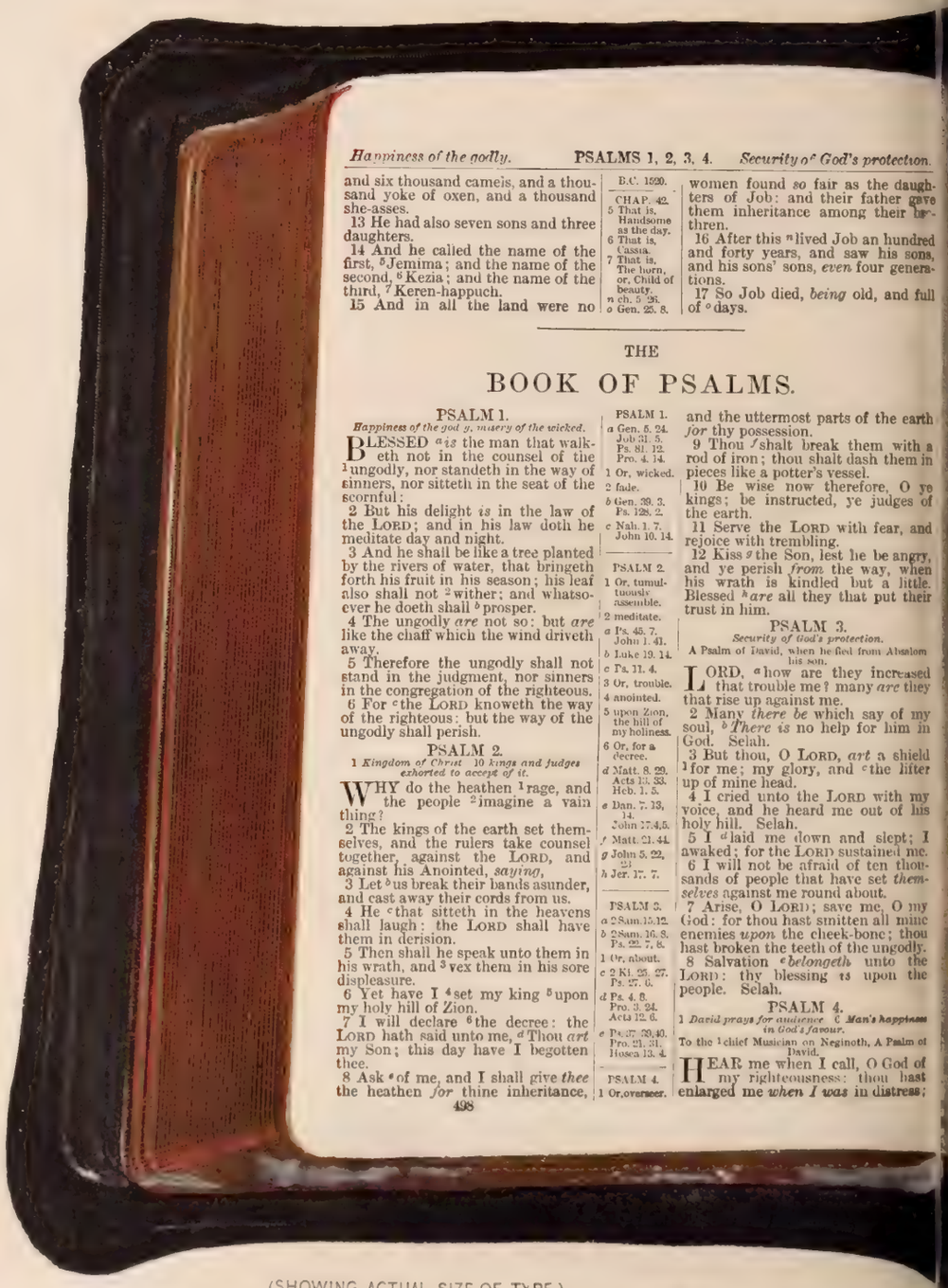

Happiness of the godly. PSALMS 1, 2, 3, 4. *Security of God's protection.*

and six thousand camels, and a thousand yoke of oxen, and a thousand she-asses.
13 He had also seven sons and three daughters.
14 And he called the name of the first, [5]Jemima; and the name of the second, [6]Kezia; and the name of the third, [7]Keren-happuch.
15 And in all the land were no women found *so* fair as the daughters of Job: and their father gave them inheritance among their brethren.
16 After this [n]lived Job an hundred and forty years, and saw his sons, and his sons' sons, *even* four generations.
17 So Job died, *being* old, and full of [o]days.

B.C. 1520.
CHAP. 42.
5 That is, Handsome as the day.
6 That is, Cassia.
7 That is, The horn, or, Child of beauty.
n ch. 5. 26.
o Gen. 25. 8.

THE

BOOK OF PSALMS.

PSALM 1.

Happiness of the godly, misery of the wicked.

BLESSED [a]*is* the man that walketh not in the counsel of the [1]ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful:
2 But his delight *is* in the law of the LORD; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.
3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not [2]wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall [b]prosper.
4 The ungodly *are* not so: but *are* like the chaff which the wind driveth away.
5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.
6 For [c]the LORD knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

PSALM 1.
a Gen. 5. 24. Job 31. 5. Ps. 81. 12. Pro. 4. 14.
1 Or, wicked.
2 fade.
b Gen. 39. 3. Ps. 128. 2.
c Nah. 1. 7. John 10. 14.

PSALM 2.

1 *Kingdom of Christ* 10 *kings and judges exhorted to accept of it.*

WHY do the heathen [1]rage, and the people [2]imagine a vain thing?
2 The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the LORD, and against his Anointed, *saying,*
3 Let [b]us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us.
4 He [c]that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the LORD shall have them in derision.
5 Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath, and [3]vex them in his sore displeasure.
6 Yet have I [4]set my king [5]upon my holy hill of Zion.
7 I will declare [6]the decree: the LORD hath said unto me, [d]Thou *art* my Son; this day have I begotten thee.
8 Ask [e]of me, and I shall give *thee* the heathen *for* thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth *for* thy possession.
9 Thou [f]shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.
10 Be wise now therefore, O ye kings; be instructed, ye judges of the earth.
11 Serve the LORD with fear, and rejoice with trembling.
12 Kiss [g]the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish *from* the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed [h]*are* all they that put their trust in him.

PSALM 2.
1 Or, tumultuously assemble.
2 meditate.
a Ps. 45. 7. John 1. 41.
b Luke 19. 14.
c Ps. 11. 4.
3 Or, trouble.
4 anointed.
5 upon Zion, the hill of my holiness.
6 Or, for a decree.
d Matt. 8. 29. Acts 13. 33. Heb. 1. 5.
e Dan. 7. 13, 14. John 17. 4, 5.
f Matt. 21. 44.
g John 5. 22, 23.
h Jer. 17. 7.

PSALM 3.

Security of God's protection.

A Psalm of David, when he fled from Absalom his son.

LORD, [a]how are they increased that trouble me? many *are* they that rise up against me.
2 Many *there be* which say of my soul, [b]*There is* no help for him in God. Selah.
3 But thou, O LORD, *art* a shield [1]for me; my glory, and [c]the lifter up of mine head.
4 I cried unto the LORD with my voice, and he heard me out of his holy hill. Selah.
5 I [d]laid me down and slept; I awaked; for the LORD sustained me.
6 I will not be afraid of ten thousands of people that have set *themselves* against me round about.
7 Arise, O LORD; save me, O my God: for thou hast smitten all mine enemies *upon* the cheek-bone; thou hast broken the teeth of the ungodly.
8 Salvation [e]*belongeth* unto the LORD: thy blessing *is* upon thy people. Selah.

PSALM 3.
a 2 Sam. 15. 12.
b 2 Sam. 16. 8. Ps. 22. 7, 8.
1 Or, about.
c 2 Ki. 25. 27. Ps. 27. 6.
d Ps. 4. 8. Pro. 3. 24. Acts 12. 6.
e Ps. 37. 39, 40. Pro. 21. 31. Hosea 13. 4.

PSALM 4.

1 *David prays for audience* 6 *Man's happiness in God's favour.*

To the [1]chief Musician on Neginoth, A Psalm of David.

HEAR me when I call, O God of my righteousness: thou hast enlarged me *when I was* in distress;

PSALM 4.
1 Or, overseer.

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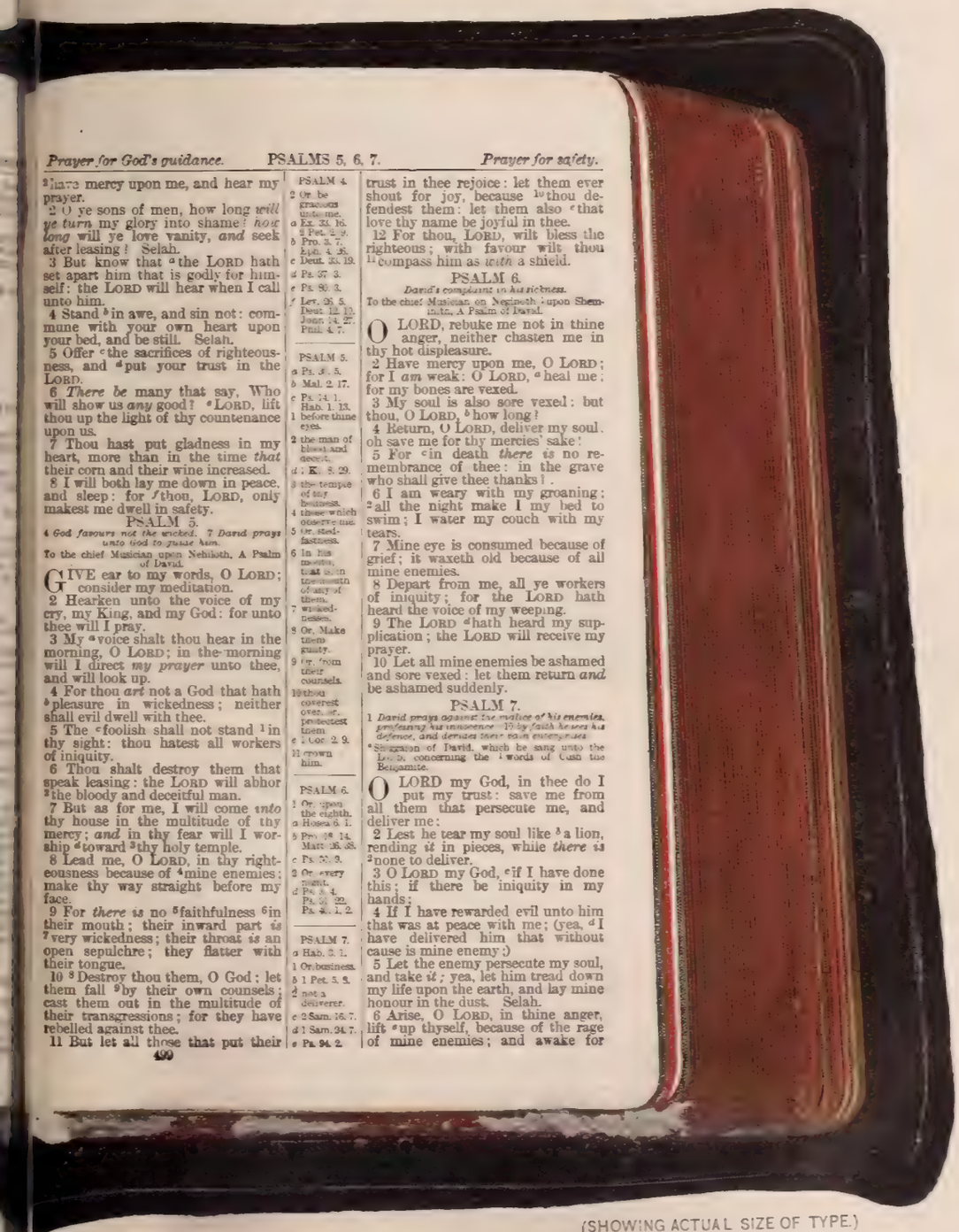

Prayer for God's guidance. PSALMS 5, 6, 7. *Prayer for safety.*

[2]hare mercy upon me, and hear my prayer.
2 O ye sons of men, how long *will ye turn* my glory into shame? *how long* will ye love vanity, *and* seek after leasing? Selah.
3 But know that [a]the LORD hath set apart him that is godly for himself: the LORD will hear when I call unto him.
4 Stand [b]in awe, and sin not: commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still. Selah.
5 Offer [c]the sacrifices of righteousness, and [d]put your trust in the LORD.
6 *There be* many that say, Who will show us *any* good? [e]LORD, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us.
7 Thou hast put gladness in my heart, more than in the time *that* their corn and their wine increased.
8 I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for [f]thou, LORD, only makest me dwell in safety.

PSALM 5.

4 God favours not the wicked. 7 David prays unto God to guide him.

To the chief Musician upon Nehiloth. A Psalm of David.

GIVE ear to my words, O LORD; consider my meditation.
2 Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King, and my God: for unto thee will I pray.
3 My [a]voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O LORD; in the morning will I direct *my prayer* unto thee, and will look up.
4 For thou *art* not a God that hath [b]pleasure in wickedness; neither shall evil dwell with thee.
5 The [c]foolish shall not stand [1]in thy sight: thou hatest all workers of iniquity.
6 Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing: the LORD will abhor [2]the bloody and deceitful man.
7 But as for me, I will come *into* thy house in the multitude of thy mercy; *and* in thy fear will I worship [d]toward [3]thy holy temple.
8 Lead me, O LORD, in thy righteousness because of [4]mine enemies; make thy way straight before my face.
9 For *there is* no [5]faithfulness [6]in their mouth; their inward part *is* [7]very wickedness; their throat *is* an open sepulchre; they flatter with their tongue.
10 [8]Destroy thou them, O God; let them fall [9]by their own counsels; cast them out in the multitude of their transgressions; for they have rebelled against thee.
11 But let all those that put their trust in thee rejoice: let them ever shout for joy, because [10]thou defendest them: let them also [e]that love thy name be joyful in thee.
12 For thou, LORD, wilt bless the righteous; with favour wilt thou [11]compass him as *with* a shield.

PSALM 6.

David's complaint in his sickness.

To the chief Musician on Neginoth upon Sheminith, A Psalm of David.

O LORD, rebuke me not in thine anger, neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure.
2 Have mercy upon me, O LORD; for I *am* weak: O LORD, [a]heal me; for my bones are vexed.
3 My soul is also sore vexed: but thou, O LORD, [b]how long?
4 Return, O LORD, deliver my soul: oh save me for thy mercies' sake:
5 For [c]in death *there is* no remembrance of thee: in the grave who shall give thee thanks?
6 I am weary with my groaning; [2]all the night make I my bed to swim; I water my couch with my tears.
7 Mine eye is consumed because of grief; it waxeth old because of all mine enemies.
8 Depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity; for the LORD hath heard the voice of my weeping.
9 The LORD [d]hath heard my supplication; the LORD will receive my prayer.
10 Let all mine enemies be ashamed and sore vexed: let them return *and* be ashamed suddenly.

PSALM 7.

1 David prays against the malice of his enemies, professing his innocence. 10 By faith he sees his defence, and derides their rash enterprises.

[a]Shiggaion of David, which he sang unto the LORD, concerning the [1]words of Cush the Benjamite.

O LORD my God, in thee do I put my trust: save me from all them that persecute me, and deliver me:
2 Lest he tear my soul like [b]a lion, rending *it* in pieces, while *there is* [2]none to deliver.
3 O LORD my God, [c]if I have done this; if there be iniquity in my hands;
4 If I have rewarded evil unto him that was at peace with me; (yea, [d]I have delivered him that without cause is mine enemy:)
5 Let the enemy persecute my soul, and take *it*; yea, let him tread down my life upon the earth, and lay mine honour in the dust. Selah.
6 Arise, O LORD, in thine anger, lift [e]up thyself, because of the rage of mine enemies; and awake for

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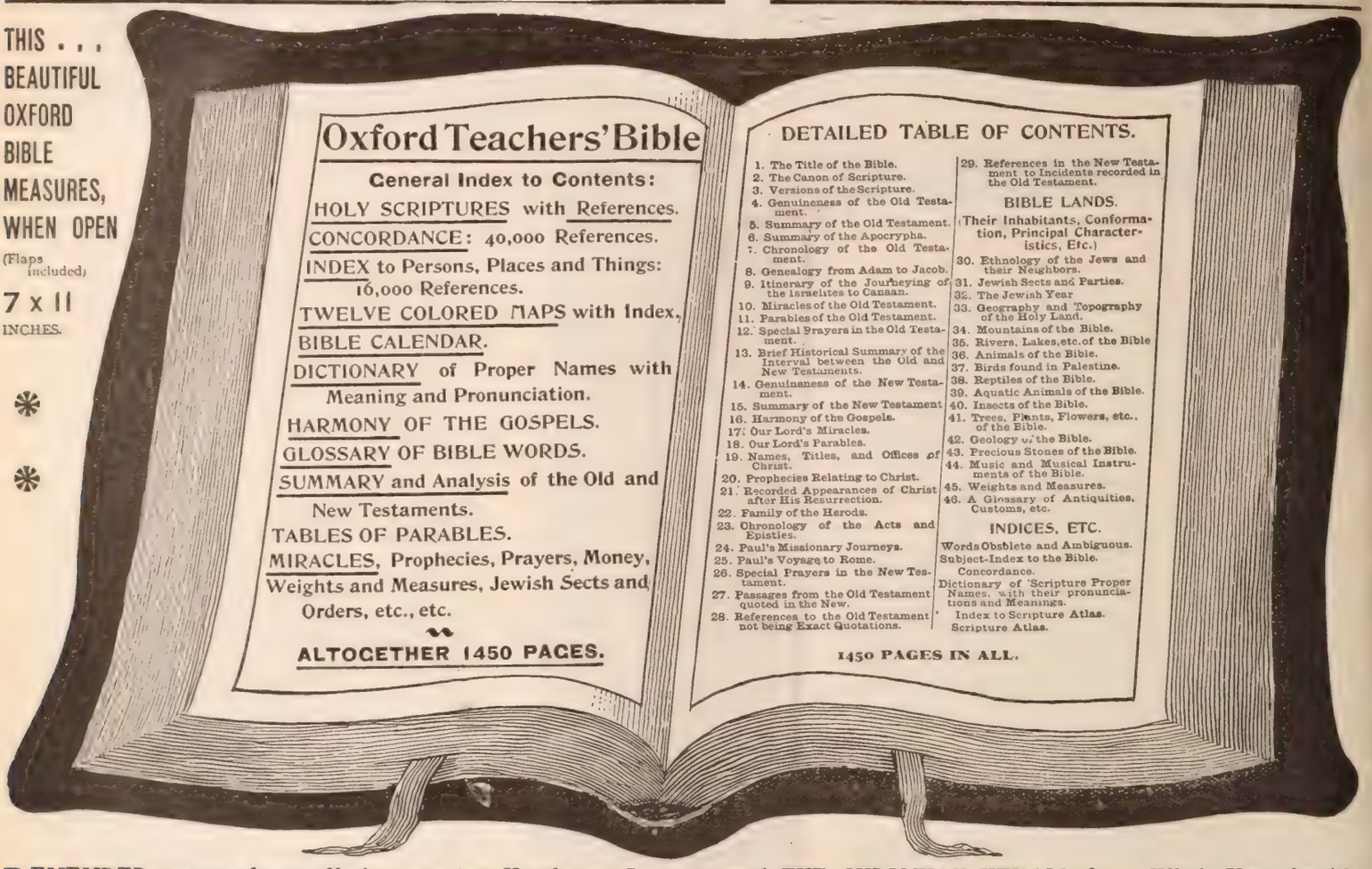
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Happiness of the godly PSALMS 1, 2, 3, 4. *Security of God's protection.*

and six thousand camels, and a thousand yoke of oxen, and a thousand she asses.

13 He had also seven sons and three daughters.

14 And he called the name of the first, [5]Jemima, and the name of the second, [6]Kezia, and the name of the third, [7]Keren-happuch.

15 And in all the land were no women found so fair as the daughters of Job: and their father gave them inheritance among their brethren.

16 After this [n]lived Job an hundred and forty years, and saw his sons, and his sons' sons, *even* four generations.

17 So Job died, *being* old, and full [o]of days.

THE

BOOK OF PSALMS.

PSALM 1.

Happiness of the godly, misery of the wicked.

BLESSED [a]*is* the man that walketh not in the counsel of the [1]ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight *is* in the law of the LORD; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not [2]wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall [b]prosper.

4 The ungodly *are* not so: but *are* like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For [c]the LORD knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

PSALM 2.

1 Kingdom of Christ. 10 Kings and judges exhorted to accept of it.

WHY do the heathen [1]rage, and the people [2]imagine a vain thing?

2 The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the LORD, and against his Anointed, *saying*,

3 Let [b]us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us.

4 He [c]that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the LORD shall have them in derision.

5 Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath, and [3]vex them in his sore displeasure.

6 Yet have I [4]set my king [5]upon my holy hill of Zion.

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8 Ask [e]of me, and I shall give *thee* the heathen *for* thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth *for* thy possession.

9 Thou [f]shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.

10 Be wise now therefore, O *ye* kings; be instructed, *ye* judges of the earth.

11 Serve the LORD with fear, and rejoice with trembling.

12 Kiss [7]the Son, lest he be angry, and *ye* perish *from* the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed [h]*are* all they that put their trust in him.

PSALM 3.

Security of God's protection.

A Psalm of David, when he fled from Absalom his son.

LORD, [a]how are they increased that trouble me! many *are* they that rise up against me.

2 Many *there be* which say of my soul, [b]*There is* no help for him in God. Selah.

3 But thou, O LORD, *art* a shield [1]for me; my glory, and [c]the lifter up of mine head.

4 I cried unto the LORD with my voice, and he heard me out of his holy hill. Selah.

5 I [d]laid me down and slept; I awaked; for the LORD sustained me.

6 I will not be afraid of ten thousands of people that have set *themselves* against me round about.

7 Arise, O LORD; save me, O my God: for thou hast smitten all mine enemies *upon* the cheek-bone; thou hast broken the teeth of the ungodly.

8 Salvation [e]*belongeth* unto the LORD: thy blessing *is* upon thy people. Selah.

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1 David prays for audience. 6 Man's happiness in God's favour.

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4 God favours not the wicked. 7 David prays unto God to guide him.

To the chief Musician upon Nehiloth, A Psalm of David.

GIVE ear to my words, O LORD, consider my meditation.

2 Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King, and my God: for unto thee will I pray.

3 My [a]voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O LORD; in the morning will I direct *my prayer* unto thee, and will look up.

4 For thou *art* not a God that hath [b]pleasure in wickedness; neither shall evil dwell with thee.

5 The [c]foolish shall not stand [1]in thy sight: thou hatest all workers of iniquity.

6 Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing: the LORD will abhor [2]the bloody and deceitful man.

7 But as for me, I will come *into* thy house in the multitude of thy mercy: *and* in thy fear will I worship [d]toward [3]thy holy temple.

8 Lead me, O LORD, in thy righteousness because of [4]mine enemies; make thy way straight before my face.

9 For *there is* no [5]faithfulness [6]in their mouth; their inward part *is* [7]very wickedness; their throat *is an* open sepulchre; they flatter with their tongue.

10 [8]Destroy thou them, O God; let them fall [9]by their own counsels; cast them out in the multitude of their transgressions; for they have rebelled against thee.

11 But let all those that put their trust in thee rejoice: let them ever shout for joy, because [10]thou defendest them: let them also [e]that love thy name be joyful in thee.

12 For thou, LORD, wilt bless the righteous; with favour wilt thou [11]compass him *as with* a shield.

PSALM 6.

David's complaint in his sickness.

To the chief Musician on Neginoth upon Sheminith, A Psalm of David.

O LORD, rebuke me not in thine anger, neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure.

2 Have mercy upon me, O LORD; for I *am* weak: O LORD, [a]heal me, for my bones are vexed.

3 My soul is also sore vexed: but thou, O LORD, [b]how long?

4 Return, O LORD, deliver my soul: oh save me for thy mercies' sake!

5 For [c]in death *there is* no remembrance of thee: in the grave who shall give thee thanks?

6 I am weary with my groaning; [2]all the night make I my bed to swim, I water my couch with my tears.

7 Mine eye is consumed because of grief; it waxeth old because of all mine enemies.

8 Depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity; for the LORD hath heard the voice of my weeping.

9 The LORD [d]hath heard my supplication, the LORD will receive my prayer.

10 Let all mine enemies be ashamed and sore vexed: let them return *and* be ashamed suddenly.

PSALM 7.

1 David prays against the malice of his enemies, professing his innocence. 10 by faith he sees his defence, and derides their vain enterprises.

[a]Shiggaion of David, which he sang unto the LORD, concerning the [1]words of Cush the Benjamite.

O LORD my God, in thee do I put my trust: save me from all them that persecute me, and deliver me;

2 Lest he tear my soul like [b]a lion, rending *it* in pieces, while *there is* [2]none to deliver.

3 O LORD my God, [c]if I have done this; if there be iniquity in my hands;

4 If I have rewarded evil unto him that was at peace with me; (yea, [d]I have delivered him that without cause is mine enemy:)

5 Let the enemy persecute my soul, and take *it*; yea, let him tread down my life upon the earth, and lay mine honour in the dust. Selah.

6 Arise, O LORD, in thine anger, lift [e]up thyself, because of the rage of mine enemies: and awake for

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Delighted with the Premiums.

What Some of Our Subscribers Say of "From Manger to Throne," and the Teachers' Bible.

EVERY mail brings to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD scores of letters from both new and old subscribers, expressing their delight with the premiums they have received. Extracts from a few of these appreciative communications received this week, are given below:

STERLING, ILLS.—"Manger to Throne" just received. It is a gem of beauty, a treasury of instruction, and the most elegant premium I ever saw. WM. W. DAVIS, Supt. Luth. S.-School.

MOULTON, IA.—THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and book ("From Manger to Throne") received. Many, many thanks! Hardly feel right in taking so much for so little. I will try and give others a chance to secure such a prize also. M. C. ALEXANDER.

RIDGEFIELD, N. J.—Your magnificent premium is received. I could say no more in a volume than I can say in one sentence. I know of nothing that can be compared with "From Manger to Throne;" either for the general get-up, or type, or printing, or matter, or, above all, for authorship. REV. FERRER MARTYN.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The premium, "From Manger to Throne," came promptly to hand. I have naught but the highest praise to offer you for this magnificent gift. It far exceeded my anticipations. I am more than delighted. I am satisfied that when THE CHRISTIAN HERALD does anything of this kind it does it handsomely. G. CARLETON SMITH.

MALDEN, N. Y.—I am very much pleased with the paper and perfectly delighted with the book, so much so that if I could not get another I would not take five dollars for mine. MRS. S. E. SLATER.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.—I am just in receipt of premium book "From Manger to Throne," and desire to express my thanks for same and also my admiration of it. It is a gem of a book and is certainly an unparalleled premium. FRED H. CARL.

MECHANICSBURG, PA.—I am astonished that you can give such a marvelous premium as this. I am reading it with the greatest delight. Many thanks to you and the good Doctor for making this excellent work so accessible to the public. W. K. FOSTER.

ASPEN, COL.—"From Manger to Throne" is a storehouse of interesting and suggestive information concerning Bible scenes and incidents, written in the peculiar style of the well-known and widely-read author. The wonder to us is how can you afford to give it. The book alone is worth more than the price for both. REV. A. W. GRAVES.

WASHINGTON, D.C.—To say that I am pleased with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the International Bible, and Dr. Talmage's "From Manger to Throne" but faintly expresses my feelings. I am delighted, and regard you as a benefactor of the human race. I have already procured two additional subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and hope to procure more. I hope there is no probability of your impoverishing yourself by your great liberality. Z. C. ROBBINS.

HARRISBURG, PA.—We are all highly pleased with the amount and variety of the Premium Bible, as well as with the durable and handsome style in which it is gotten up, and marvel at the cheapness of the same. EBEN ALLISON.

DEPOSIT, PA.— I have been a dependent invalid forty years. I have read much, and yet in all my reading, I have never met the like of Dr. Talmage. Such an imagination, such power of description! It is truly marvellous and ravishing. "From Manger to Throne" is a vivid, flashing, enthralling panorama of beauty. It is next to seeing the localities and objects with our own eyes. If I were a millionaire I would scatter a hundred thousand copies and more throughout the land. Both matter and manner are irresistibly fascinating. It is hard to lay the book aside when once we begin to read it, even when dim, weak eyes and aching head compel. Wonderful book, wonderful records, wonderful world, wonderful God. C. H. BALSBAUGH.

GRANVILLE, O.—My beautiful Bible came yesterday, and I am perfectly delighted with it. It is a perfect gem. I have already displayed it to many admiring friends. MRS. SILAS NOBLE.

Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

Close by the Jaffa Gate.

"Watch therefore: for ye know not hour your Lord doth come."—Mat. 24:42.

* * * W. H. DOANE.

1. Close by the Jaf - fa gate, For Him I watch and wait, Who
2. Close by the Jaf - fa gate, For Him I watch and wait, Who
3. Close by the Jaf - fa gate, Still let me watch and wait, Till
4. Close by the Jaf - fa gate, Not long I'll watch and wait, For
once in tri-umph entered there, Je - ru - sa - lem so fair.
bids me now look up and see, The home prepared for me.
He shall come and set me free, And I at home shall be.
soon I know my Lord will come, And I shall then go home.
REFRAIN.
Close by the Jaf - fa gate, Close by the Jaf - fa gate, From
morn till eve I'll watch and wait, Till He my Lord a-mong the blest Shall
call, shall call, Shall call His wea - ry child to rest.
Shall call, shall call,

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From SUNNY-SIDE SONGS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS, by per of the Publishers

SONS OF GOD.

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God etc."—I. John, 3:2.

"BELOVED!" Can it be
That we beloved are—
We, who once captive, led by sin,
Wandered from God, afar?

We, who, like others, once,
Children of wrath, were known,
Are now brought nigh, by precious blood—
The blood of Christ alone.

Now we're the sons of God.
Yet doth it not appear,
Nor can we tell, what we shall be
When Christ to earth draws near.

"As through a glass," while here
We darkly all things see;
But as he is, when he shall come,
We'll see and like him be.

We'll see him; oh, what joy!
There needs no added word:
From sin and doubt we shall be free.
We shall be like our Lord.

THE BIBLE.

HOLY Bible! Lamp Divine,
Gleam upon this path of mine;
Lest, while treading life's dark vale,
I should lose the guiding trail,
Made by weary, wounded feet
Going Calvary's Cross to meet.

Holy Bible! Precious Word,
Gird the Spirit's mighty Sword,
May I wield with fearless hand,
Passing through unfriendly land;
All my foes put thou to flight,
Crown me victor in the fight.

Holy Bible! Compass, Chart,
On life's trackless sea thou art;
Marking ev'ry reef and shoal,
That might wreck my storm-toss'd soul;
Then, when ends the voyage drear,
Safe to Port my vessel steer.

J. VAN TASSELL.

Brighton Heights, S. I.

THE KINGDOM AND THE CHURCH.

The Difference Between Two Expressions a Clue to Prophetic Problems.

BY DR. MAC WILLIAM SAID.*

FROM the nature and character of the Church, and the nature of the dispensation throughout which the Church passes, and during which the Church is being gathered out to the name of the Lord Jesus Christ [illegible] we are justified in believing that the Church will be taken away before the great tribulation, described in Matt. 24 and other passages, begins. In the fourth Chapter of Luke we read that our Lord entered the synagogue of Nazareth and opened the book and read: "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor, he hath sent me to heal the broken hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives and the recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord; and he closed the book." Now this is a quotation from the sixty-first chapter of Isaiah. I want you to notice when our Lord unrolled the book of the prophet Isaiah that he stopped in the middle of a sentence. Notice what immediately follows—"And the day of vengeance of our God."

Now, why did our Lord stop in the middle of this sentence? Because he was speaking to them of that that more immediately concerned his work during the first Advent; and, when he stops in the middle of a sentence, you have got that which in the order of prophecy refers to his First Advent.

When our Lord came the first time he came, in the first instance, to deal with the Jewish people, to give them the kingdom. Our Lord's first advent was as the "Anointed One" of God. According to all the prophets, Christ was to come and restore Jerusalem, and to reign; and by him should all the nations of the earth be blessed. And Christ came and declared himself the "One," the "Christ of God," whom it was the duty of the Jewish nation to receive.

The whole of that which he first declared was in connection with the things of the Kingdom; and John the Baptist, who was his forerunner, proclaimed the kingdom; you will also find that Israel was expecting to have its proper place among the nations of the earth, and that the Messiah would come, restore the kingdom, and reign over them; and, when the Lord Jesus Christ first came, his forerunner proclaimed this kingdom, and when our Saviour sent out the twelve, it was in order that they should proclaim the kingdom. And so you see there is a very great distinction between what is ordinarily called the Gospel of the Kingdom and the Gospel of the Grace of God. The Lord Jesus Christ proclaimed the Gospel of the kingdom, and you will find him throughout the whole of the Gospels declaring the things of the kingdom. But when it became manifest to himself and his disciples that he was to be rejected, he began to speak in dark hints of a new thing; and that new thing was the calling out and the building up of the church, which is to be "The Church of God" throughout all eternity. And so we have a distinct company being gathered out of all classes, Jew or Gentile, being gathered out of the heathen world. But during the whole of the period that the church is being gathered out there is an armistice; God's judgments will not fall upon the nations until he has taken away his own. You have to remember that this is the day of grace during which God is proclaiming to all men only the gospel of peace. He is reaching forth his hands declaring the grace of God during this dispensation; and that is God's great purpose in these days in which we are living.

You will find that when the acceptable year of the Lord ceases, that the day of vengeance of the Lord begins: the one immediately follows the other. When the last Jew or Gentile has been added to the church of God right out of this present state of things, then God's judgments will commence, but we are to be caught up into the air to meet the Lord on his return for the next part of the work. When the first moment of this day of vengeance comes, remember this, God's day of grace in order to gather out a people in the name of Jesus Christ, is passd away. There will be no addition to this church of God, for at the close of the day of Grace, the time for building up the church will have finished.

* From his Paper in the November number of the *Prophetic News* which also contains articles on "the Alliance of France and Russia;" and Addresses at the Brethren's Prophetic Conference in London.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week beginning Dec. 17. Rev. 1: 5; John 15: 9-13.

ONE of Shakespeare's characters describing the sad death-bed scene of another, said that the dying man was continually talking of God, and added, "I, to comfort him, bade him not think of God." That has been the disposition for ages of all who have not known him. The thought of God as a Being of stern, inflexible justice, harsh, despotic, unsympathizing, has kept thousands from approaching him. It was the mission of Jesus to make him known as he really is. Already, those who had listened to the prophets knew that God was Almighty, Omniscient, Omnipresent, Righteous; but it remained for Christ to tell them he is Love. "After this manner pray ye, Our Father." And lest the conception of God should fail to take root in the minds of men Jesus gave us the measures contained in one of the passages of the Topic for the day: "*As* the Father hath loved me I have loved you; love one another *as* I have loved you." Thus love reaches from the highest to the lowest, and is to control all, in the strongest of all relations. And, as to its depth and intensity the gauge is furnished! "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." What love that is we can realize or ourselves. Cases are on record of men dying that another might live; and we wonder and admire such devotion. The Russian servant who stayed to do battle with the wolves while his master made good his escape; the father who answered to his son's name when the jailer in the French revolution was calling the roll of the condemned; the workman in the Welsh mine who bade his companion go up in the mine-elevator while he remained behind expecting to be blown to pieces in the impending explosion; are incidents that have been told again and again thrilling every hearer with admiration of the heroes. Many a man knows what it is to live for some one, to give toil and time and practice self-denial that his wife and children may be happy and be protected from privation. Some there are who believe that they could die if need were, if by dying they could help these loved ones. But it is the very acme and summit of devotion. Life is very dear and we cling to it. To voluntarily surrender it implies a motive stronger than any other that we are capable of feeling. This is the pledge of love that Christ has given the world. So we get a measure of our duty. As Christ loved us, so must we love. Is human nature capable of it? The question brings us to the secret of the power. The indwelling Christ, the spirit of Christ within, the very incarnation of Christ, as he was the incarnation of the Deity is the source of such love as we are expected to feel and show. "If Christ be in you," is the Apostolic suggestionr Then indeed all things are possible. What a transformed world this would be if that conception were realized! Wars would cease. Competition, the most Satanic product of our age would pass out of existence. Strikes would no longer be known. Oppression of all kinds would vanish. Poverty would no longer embitter life. Light and life and liberty would renovate the world if men would love one another as Christ loved them. As we dwell on the picture we pray with all our heart and soul, Thy kingdom come!

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TO AID THE YOUNG WOMEN OF THE WEST.

The Young Women's Christian Association of Oakland, Cal., and the many visitors who go there in search of health for the restoration of their health have reason to be grateful for the devotion, sagacity, and energy of a band of Christian ladies in that city. These ladies have organized in a quiet, unostentatious way an association which [illegible] regularly incorporated Young Women's Christian Association, owning its own home, a picture of which appears on this page. The association organized, as all enterprises for the benefit of the people are apt to do, in the Church. Some sixteen years ago, a number of ladies held a meeting in the lecture room of the First Congregational Church to consider what could be done to help the young women of the city in their material, moral, and spiritual interests. The outcome of the meeting was the organization of the "Ladies Evangelical Philanthropical Society." A year's experience and an acquaintance with the Y.W. C. A. methods in operation in San Francisco led to a change in name and system, the object being the same as before. Several departments of work were already in existence, and these were extended. Sewing school, Helping Hand, Sheltering Home, Industrial, and City Missionary Committees were organized, and the society became the Young Women's Christian Association of Oakland.

The First Congregational Church continued its hospitality, a room in Tenth Street and another in Twenty-second Street were added to the quarters of the association, and in all three places the work of teaching and help was efficiently conducted. There was no question about its being appreciated. Young women soon perceived how valuable was the help afforded and how blessed were the results of the religious efforts made on their behalf. Those who came to learn shorthand, typewriting, dressmaking, or cooking found their way into the Bible classes and the devotional meetings, and learned, as the Apostle said, that "Godliness was profitable having the promise of the life that now is as well as of that which is to come." Ladies connected with other churches came to the help of the ladies of the Congregational church, and the Presbyterian, Methodist, Episcopal, and Baptist churches each furnished a contingent. The chief difficulty came from the widely scattered centres of work, and the idea of erecting a building which would accommodate them all was conceived and cherished.

It was not until 1889 that the idea took definite shape. One of the ladies who had given time and labor to the work and had seen how it had helped the girls, protecting them from temptation and giving them spiritual training, came into possession of a legacy and determined to devote it to the Association as a nucleus for a building fund. Encouraged by this foundation, the ladies set vigorously to work, and after months of toil and effort, the handsome building of which we give a picture here, has been built and furnished. The achievement is one of which the ladies have reason to be proud. It is well arranged with accommodations for physical culture classes, and for every department of the Association's work. The site cost $3,581; the building, $13,305, and $425 has so far been spent in furnishing. The work has been slow, for the ladies were determined to avoid debt and they have adhered to their determination. The President, Mrs. P. D. Browne, the Secretaries, Mrs. E. Wolfenden, Mrs. J. R. Scupham and Miss C. J. Bacon, aided by their colleagues, in various capacities, have labored during the past four years as if their own interests were involved, fully satisfied if they could see the enterprise they loved properly equipped for its work of helping their young sisters to become happier and more useful in their respective spheres.

So much has been already accomplished, and the Association is in so efficient a condition for still more beneficent work, that the effort the Association is now making to obtain funds for educational apparatus and the finishing of the furnishing deserves active sympathy and encouragement. The proverb which says that God helps those who help themselves, may or may not be true, but it is certain that the Christian public helps none more willingly or cheerfully than those who like these Oakland ladies have given freely of their money, time and labor to the cause whose claims they advocate. We most sincerely hope that the lack of the apparatus and other matters that is now restricting their work will be speedily met and the very small sum need to complete the equipment of this excellent institution will soon be in the treasurer's hands.

THE NEW BUILDING OF THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION OF OAKLAND, CAL.

✠

AMONG THE ORDERS.

A Young Woman's Christian Association has been organized at Peoria, Ill. Mrs. J. V. Farwell, Jr., President of the International Committee officiated at the inaugural ceremonies.

✠

Mr. E. W. McGavin, who went out from the Sydney Young Men's Christian Association for mission work in India, is doing good work among British soldiers at Poona, while learning the Marathi language.

✠

Baltimore, Boston, Washington, Saratoga and Denver are all striving to secure the international Christian Endeavor convention of 1896. The convention goes to San Francisco in 1895, to Cleveland next year.

✠

The State Secretary of the B. Y. P. U. of Minnesota has issued a card asking the prayers of the Unions throughout the country for the safety and success of its party of twelve missionaries who sailed from San Francisco on Nov. 21 for Western China.

✠

Extensive preparation are being made for the annual convention of the B. Y. P. U. of the Chicago Association, which will be held in the Memorial Baptist Church, Oakwood Boulevard, Tuesday evening, December 12. Two sessions will be held and entertainment will be provided for out-of-town delegations.

✠

The contributions toward endowing a King's Daughters' bed in the New York Infirmary for Women and Children, so far received at headquarters amount to $153. In order to secure the endowment of the bed in perpetuity it is necessary that pledges be received from the Circles aggregating $500 a year for five years.

✠

Statistics of the Bedford Branch Y. M. C. A. of Brooklyn, recently prepared, show a membership of 574, being a net increase of twenty-four for the year. The enrollment in the educational classes is 113, being an increase of thirty-five. Two Bible training classes have been organized with a membership of twenty-two.

✠

The care of the street lamps at Eyota, Minn., has been undertaken by the ladies of the Christian Endeavor Societies. They volunteered to peform the work when it was proposed by the local authorities to license saloons in order to raise the funds necessary to pay some one to attend to the lamps. As the Christian Endeavorers do the work gratuitously there is no need to raise money by licensing a saloon.

✠

An English Christian Endeavor Society has the following pledge: "We covenant with the Lord, and with those who enter with us into the fellowship of this consecration, that we will devote a proportionate part of our income, not less than one-tenth, to benevolent and religious purposes, and this we do in his name, who hath loved us and hath given himself for us, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

✠

The first annual convention of the Virginia B. Y. P. U. was held at Roanoke in the First Baptist Church. Eighteen Unions were represented. The following officers were elected for the year: President, Ernest M. Long, of Richmond; Vice-Presidents, Rev. W. W. Landrum, D.D., of Richmond, W. H. Thorns, of Norfolk, J. C. Moss, of Lynchburg; Secretary, J. G. Pollard, of Richmond; Treasurer, A. A. Johnson, of Roanoke.

✠

A missionary at Pasumalai, South India, writes to the *Golden Rule:* "You will be interested to know that I have recently organized eleven Y. P. S. C. E.'s among my village congregations, and they are flourishing and doing much good to the congregations themselves, and to the heathen around. One of the chief features of each society is that all the members go out every week to preach the gospel to the heathen, and they do it with enthusiasm, too. And yet most of them are recently out of heathenism themselves; not one-half of them can read, and not one of them earns on an average more than five cents a day."

The Christian Herald's Thanksgiving

FEEDING HUNGRY HUNDREDS.

Succoring the Destitute and the Outcast —A Day Among "God's Poor."

IT was a real family Thanksgiving. Not one of those gatherings at which the guests assemble at tables that groan with the richest of viands, and where mirth and revelry rule the hour. No; for, strangely enough, this Thanksgiving, while it brought smiles, also brought not a few tears along with them. Its guests—and there were hundreds of them—wore no showy garments or brilliant gowns, and among them all there was not even a single jewel, unless one counted as such the glistening tear-drops that fell here and there from eyes shining with gratitude. Among those who were bidden to this Thanksgiving feast were the blind, the halt, the waifs, the homeless, the widows and orphans, the out-of-work, the poor stranger—in a word, the hungry and destitute wherever they could be found in street, alley, highway and byway. Not the lazy idle nor the professional tramp, but the deserving poor of two great cities. These were the guests at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Thanksgiving.

* * *

It was the second of our family Thanksgivings of the kind. That of last year, when several hundred poverty-stricken homes were temporarily brightened, had furnished an experience that was turned to good purpose in arranging for this new emergency. Within the radius of two miles on each side of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offices in the Bible House there is a vast tenement population—especially on the east side. To the 600,000 poor in New York, the past season has been a terribly trying one, and the approach of winter finds thousands in a condition of want and suffering which it would be hard to exaggerate. To them, Thanksgiving has no joyous side. They have no share in the abundance of the rich man's table, and the sounds of mirth and frolic in cozy homes jar painfully upon their ears. Of all classes in the world, the honest poor, who, though enforced idleness or misfortune, have come to penury, are most to be pitied!

* * *

East and West, throughout the city, in tenement alley and slums, in cellars and garrets, the guests were sought out, only the most needy being chosen. And after much planning and purchasing, and a world of detail that need merely be referred to here, the arrangements were completed. First of all were the hunger-stricken refugee, Russian-Jewish families of the East Side, whose gaunt faces, hollow eyes and sunken cheeks made Essex, Norfolk, Grand, Attorney, Stanton, Rivington and adjacent streets seem like a haunt of human spectres. A thousand large loaves of fresh, wholesome bread found their way to the tables of 500 of the neediest families. When THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S bread-wagons went through those East-Side streets and the people swarmed about them on every side, it was no easy task to select the deserving; but a Christian gentleman, who had kindly volunteered to take charge of the distribution and who is thoroughly familiar with the entire district, proved equal to the emergency and the most deserving families were supplied with at least one staple ingredient of the Thanksgiving time.

THANKSGIVING AT THE WATER STREET MISSION.

AT THE BETHESDA HOME, BROOKLYN.

* * *

On the West Side, there is almost an equal amount of suffering, although of a different sort. Here the poor are not so demonstrative, and hide away from the public eye as much as possible. To search out the most urgent cases, where whole families were in absolute want, was the work of several days. In many homes not only food but clothing was wanting—table and wardrobe equally bare. It was thought best to supplement the gift of food with such articles as were most needed. Accordingly, sundry pairs of stout shoes, warm winter gloves and a few strong, durable suits of clothing for boys, with warm wraps for the mothers, took the place of the scanty apologies for garments they had previously worn.

* * *

Of course, that good old Christian, Mrs. Bella Cooke, who kindly aided THE CHRISTIAN HERALD with her counsels last Thanksgiving season, was not forgotten. Hundreds of "God's poor" look to her for help and comfort every year, and a number of these, whose names and addresses she gave, were this year supplied with a substantial dinner of juicy, corn-fed turkey. There were still other cases with peculiar needs. Invalids, whose slender purses could not afford even food enough for the children, were cheered with some jelly or other delicate trifle, in addition to something more substantial for the hale and hungry members of the household. In not a few tenement houses, where an ice-like chill pervaded the rooms, a gift of half a ton of coal infused warmth and a degree of cheerfulness. There were others—alas, that it should be so at the time of universal Thanksgiving! who had been threatened with dispossession from their humble quarters. Hundreds of such cases occur in New York in the hard winter months. But those in question were accompanied by unusual hardship. The last bond that kept the home together was threatened when the notices of dispossession were served, and before the dawn of Thanksgiving morning little piles of wretchedly poor, worn-out furniture on the sidewalk would have told the story of a group of shattered homes, with the almshouse as the destination of the parents and the children doomed to a pauper refuge. The payment of the rent to the landlord in those cases was a comparative trifle—at least, so it might seem to many; but to those stricken unfortunates it was like a gift from heaven itself, bringing new life and hope. It gave them back their homes, poor though they were, and made Thanksgiving in their hearts.

* * *

Thanksgiving evening showed another side to the picture and in some respects a brighter one. Down in the vilest part of Water street—where the late Jerry McAuley worked so long and faithfully for the Master among the outcasts—is the Water Street Mission. At the invitation of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 150 persons were entertained at a Thanksgiving supper that evening and the occasion was one to be remembered. It was a plain, substantial meal, simple in all its details, but to the partakers, who were accustomed to the "hard side" of existence, and to whom every meal is a doubtful problem, it was a regal repast. Mr. S. H. Hadley, superintendent of the mission, presided with Mr. Franklin Smith as assistant. Charles Bernard, a convert and one of the most devoted members of the mission, had charge of the tables, which were loaded with great piles of meat and chicken sandwiches and bowls of steaming coffee. After a blessing had been asked by Mr. Hadley and the signal had been given to the waiters, the edibles vanished as if by magic. No Thanksgiving meal was more thoroughly enjoyed anywhere that day than that simple supper to the waifs and strays of poor fallen humanity in the Water Street Mission.

* * *

While these guests from the highways and byways were thus pleasantly engaged, similar scenes were taking place in the Home for the Friendless at 29 East Twenty-ninth street, where 220 children and forty adults sat down at 5 o'clock to supper. After a blessing had been asked by Rev. Geo. W. Mooney, Mrs. Rutgers, the matron, and Mrs. Leith, the housekeeper, placed an abundant and tempting meal before them, plain but wholesome, with plenty of everything, including fresh milk for the children, and cakes, oranges and apples, which seemed to give them especial delight. At the Margaret Strachan Home for friendless and fallen women, at 103 and 105 West Twenty-seventh street, forty-two guests, women and children sat down at 1 o'clock to share THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Thanksgiving, the Superintendent, Miss Maria Sibthorpe, presiding at the tables.

* * *

Over in Brooklyn, the inmates of the Bethesda Home for the Reclamation of Fallen Girls, twenty-five in number ate their CHRISTIAN HERALD Thanksgiving dinner. Mrs. Halvorson, the superintendent in charge, Rev. Chandler A. Oakes, the Assistant Pastor of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, presided and invoked a blessing from the Giver of all good things.

THANKSGIVING WITH THE SICK.

We might tell also of individual cases where the Thanksgiving meal, unobtrusively supplied, was eaten in the privacy of humble homes; of widowed mothers, sick fathers whose hearts were gladdened by the gift of a turkey for the family whom they could no longer feed themselves; of the half-naked and barefooted tots who were made proud and happy possessors of stout shoes, of stockings and winter coats. In every instance the sparkle of gratitude in the eyes and the ready thanks that came to the lips showed how needed was the gift.

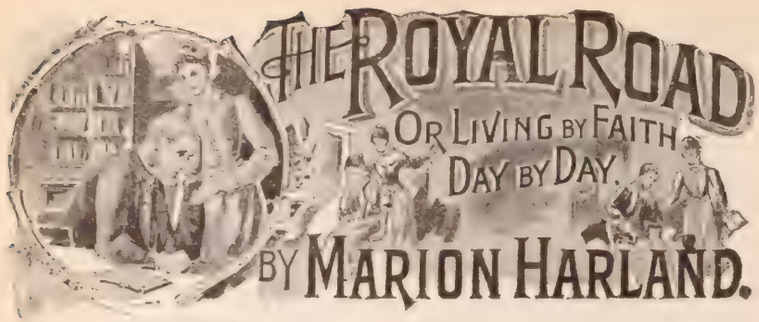
* * *

Such was the CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Family Thanksgiving. It was, to be sure, a rather large party, embracing altogether probably 1000 families, each with its little group of dependents—in all probably less than five thousand persons; yet it was an exceedingly pleasant and harmonious party. And if the experience has left in these bowed hearts and barren homes the grateful recollection of a day well spent and the conviction that, after all, God does not permit his poor to be forgotten, it will not have been undertaken in vain.

* * *

THE THANKSGIVING BREAD WAGON.

Ps. 10. 14 and 72: 12. The poor committeth himself unto thee: thou art the helper of the fatherless. . . . For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also, and him that hath no helper.



CHAPTER I.

Hast thou, my Master, aught for me to do
[illegible]
Hast thou a word of love to some poor soul
That I may say?
For see! this world that thou hast made so fair
Within its heart is sad,
Thousands are lonely, thousands sigh and weep;
But few are glad.

—*Elizabeth Prentiss.*

MENDEBRAS Avenue is not in a fashionable quarter of Brooklyn. It is, however, unquestionably respectable. Many of the houses are of wood—evidences of a time, not many years back, when the district was one of numerous villages which have been overtaken and run down by the hurrying city. Such neighborhoods have a bewildered look and a general air of being ill-at-ease. So might stand and gape a group of country children surprised by a bevy of city cousins and invited to take part in their games.

The region about Mendebras avenue was especially confounded when the municipality raced up to it and swallowed it. Against its will, it was sliced into six blocks one way, and ten the other. There were once gardens there, and orchards, and commons, where carpets were beaten spring and fall, and the boys played ball on Saturdays. Before the march of improvement, brick houses in twos and threes and fours were wedged into the gardens; streets and avenues (Brooklyn is affluent in avenues) trampled the orchards out of sight and memory; each vacant lot was filled with tall rows of houses, some thinly-faced with brown stone, others of pressed brick in front, cheap brick in the rear. In certain streets most of these houses had several door-bells apiece. There were Nottingham lace curtains at the front windows, and the various tints of the Holland shades testified to the diverse tastes of the families occupying the several floors. The trees lining the sidewalks were generally poplars, a good deal the worse for years and wear, and supercilious young maples.

Trees were leafless, and the vines, clinging to the porches of the "old residents," leafless sticks, one November night when the street-lamps struggled conscientiously with a tawny fog that would bleach into rain as soon as it grew a little heavier. Right in the middle of a block, with a pair of new brown stone fronts crowding it on one side, and a time-blackened cottage giving it elbow-room, on the other, was the Jeremy Taylor Memorial Church. It belonged to the days when the district was a township, and had once stood in the centre of its own court. Middle-aged people could recollect the fine elms that shaded the western windows, now darkened by the cataract of the dead wall of the brown stone front. There were then tombstones in the quadrangle behind it, and the bell in the square tower rang out resonantly across green and garden.

It had rung twice on this evening, at seven and again at eight o'clock, it being prayer-meeting night.

The Jeremy Taylor people, as they called themselves—life being too brief in a fast-growing city for saying three words when two would do—were regular in attendance upon church ordinances. They said, complacently, that there were fewer "itching ears" among them than in the majority of Brooklyn congregations. A goodly number of them were from New England and "calculated" upon going to church as regularly as upon crossing the Ferry in the morning and coming home to supper at night. One pastor had folded and fed them for twenty-five years. He was "getting along" now—rising fifty years of age, but they craved nothing younger and livelier. They knew his ways and he knew theirs. Blessed is the people who is in such a case, and thrice-blessed the pastor.

The chapel was behind the church, an oblong room, plainly furnished with cushionless settees, a platform and desk, one arm-chair and a melodeon. The minister was of medium height, spare in build and wore eye-glasses. His coat was buttoned across a narrow chest, and, as many New York and Brooklyn preachers have a habit of doing, he cleared his throat of the catarrh-breeding fog frequently while speaking. Seventy-three people were present—a gratifying attendance for a wet night.

The pastor's wife was at the melodeon; in the ntervals of prayer and addresses, a gas-burner back of the pulpit hissed and blew alternately; the subsiding hum of the city was like the far-off roll of sullen surf. The air of the chapel, hot with furnace-breath, was yet humid, oppressing lungs and spirits. In a distant corner, a brother had succumbed to it, and snored intermittently, but under his breath, as befitted place and occasion.

The text of the lecture following the preliminary exercises was:

"Before faith came, we were kept under the law, shut up into the faith which should afterwards be revealed."

The Rev. William C. Barnes constructed his discourses, major and minor, upon models received into a good and honest mind more than thirty years ago in Princeton Seminary, making liberal use of the stock ecclesiastical phrases which orthodox Bible students are supposed to comprehend. The men before him to-night belonged, one and all, to the mighty middle-class of the community. Every man of them worked for a living, and, without exception, worked hard. Back of each sedate visage were experiences in the battle of everyday life that would have astonished the owner's right and left-hand neighbor, had he revealed them. Their faces were criss-crossed by lines which were as truly scars as if made by a branding-iron. The women's faces were tired and discontented, or tired and resigned. Under one or the other of these types may be classed most of the countenances of native-born United States women. Of the fifty in the chapel that raw November night, perhaps forty "did their own work," and probably thirty-nine did it well. These are the true yoke-fellows who fill the settees at prayer-meetings, and seldom get leisure for other evening engagements. These are likewise they who do not drowse during the services, even when the lecture is upon Justification by Faith, The Perseverance of the Saints, or Reprobation. They are, as a body, too weary to do much thinking, and familiar platitudes glide, like bland warm oil, over rasped nerves. It does them good always to go to church, they will tell you with significance imperfectly comprehended by themselves. The House of God is to their soul the gate of heaven, be the ministrations of his earthly servants what they may. Gleams of light, sweet airs and snatches of celestial melody escape to them through gracious crevices in the blessed portals. There are calming influences in the voice of prayer, and refreshment in the dear old hymns.

Dr. Barnes was also tired to-night. He had made six pastoral calls in the afternoon, and in the morning gone to Cypress Hills cemetery behind the hearse of an utter stranger whose first cousin had, ten years ago, attended "the Jeremy Taylor" when she went anywhere. He had, according to his custom when he had an evening service, eaten no supper, spending the hour given by his family to that meal, in his study "thinking up" his lecture. When tired, he was didactic. Jaded memory did not go a field now for apt illustrations, and imagination dozed as stupidly as the brother in the distant corner. There was not the rise of an inch to the mile in the commonplaces of his comparison of the "Old, called the Mosaic Dispensation" with the "New, otherwise the Christian." He cited passages relative to the Law from the New Testament, until a hearer unversed in such matters might have inferred that every apostle was a member of the legal profession; he dwelt upon the impracticability of living up to the strict letter of the law, "rubbing it in," to steal a slang phrase, as if every tried and tempted parishioner had not had the terrible truth burned into his soul by a thousand failures; he described Faith in neat formulas learned from professors and note-books, and exhorted the impenitent—all within the sound of his voice being church-members in good and regular standing—to choose the better part, and begin the study and practice of saving faith before the judgment of the Law overtook them.

The Rev. William C. Barnes was a good man, sincere in belief and faithful in teaching, to the best of his ability. But he had conducted a prayer-meeting once a week for over a quarter of a century; and human nature is very human, mortal flesh very weak when weary.

The prayers, of which there were four besides the pastor's, were in the same key. To those who "offered" them, these services were likewise an oft-told tale. Had they ever heard the anecdote, each had he dared and had he been blest with a sense of humor, would have plagiarized the man who was so eloquent in public prayer that an admirer listened at his chamber-door one night in the hope of being edified by his secret devotions:

"Dear Lord!" sighed the disciple, as his head sank into his pillow—"Thou knowest how weary I am. Thou knowest, also, that *we are on the same old terms!*"

"There still remain three minutes before we close these exercises; said the leader's patient tones. "I hope the brethren will occupy the time."

It was obviously an economic, and not a devotional instinct, that drew the fourth brother to his feet to enunciate a prim ascription of praise, a confession of sins many and heinous; a thanksgiving for mercies received, and a supplication for a continuance of Divine favor. Men of his age and religious training, consciously or unconsciously, adopt the formula of devotion prescribed by an eminent teacher of "pastoral theology," wherein the monosyllable, ACTS, is indicated as a sacred combination for the lock of the Divine Treasure-chamber.

With an involuntary sigh, the patient pastor arose to announce the closing hymn. The time had been honestly occupied, but in nothing that had been uttered in prayer or exhortation had anybody followed his lead. They had danced dutifully, but not to the tune he had piped. For any reference that been made to the "line of his remarks," he might as well have preached like the old English clergyman of *The Spectator*, from "Adam; Seth; Enoch."

A sense of incongruity between the words, "We will conclude our services," and the perfunctory character of the exercises from beginning to end, had something to do with the sigh, and the undertone of pathos in which he read one stanza of the hymn he had selected:

I need Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord!
No other voice like Thine
Can peace afford.

The melodeon stirred and spoke feelingly under the skilful touch of the minister's wife. She was the daughter of a wealthy man, had cultivated her musical talent in former days and never allowed the accomplishment to lapse into desuetude. The somnolent brother in the dim corner also stirred, and, mightily refreshed by his sojourn upon the Mount of Privilege, stood with the rest, with the over-acted aspect of, wide-awakeativeness which imposes upon no one the belief that Eutychus has found edification behind the drawn curtains of his eyes. Mrs. Barnes raised the tune with voice as with hand, nearly all of the little congregation singing with spirit, if not with understanding.

At the second verse, a new voice arose with startling effect, from a seat near the door. Dr. Barnes, supplying a light and original tenor to his wife's fine, true soprano, faltered on a high note in momentary surprise and glanced over his glasses towards the quarter whence the sound proceeded. Several other heads were turned in the same direction.

A woman of thirty-five or thereabouts, dressed in mourning, that, without being new or fashionable, did not detract from the impression of refinement conveyed by her face and carriage, stood there, removed from the rest of the audience by the width of two empty settees. Her hands, clapsed loosely upon one another, lay upon the back of the seat before her; her face was upraised slightly, her eyes were wide, and fixed upon a point above the pastor's head. It was plain that she was removed in thought, no less than in body from human companionship; her voice was full and rich, with that indescribable vibrant quality we call "carrying well," but it was the passionate fervor of appeal, the cry of the soul in every note that went to the listener's ear and heart:

I need Thee every hour!
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.

It rose and swelled in the chorus like the call of grieving earth to a pitying heaven:

I need Thee, O I *need* Thee!
Every hour I need Thee!
O, bless me now, my Saviour!
I come to Thee.

With the thrilling echo still calling to the depths of his soul, the pastor bowed his head to pronounce the benediction. When he raised it, the back seat was empty.

Two of the deacons were waiting for him in the vestibule when he came out. After a word of greeting, he inquired, with a professional interest, if either of them had noticed a lady dressed in black who sat in the last seat of the chapel, quite close to the door.

"She has a remarkably fine voice, as I observed in the singing of the last hymn. But my attention was first drawn to her by her manner of listening to the lecture. I do not think she lost one word of it," he subjoined, with the frank vanity which, although not confined to men of his calling, is seldom so outspoken in other professions. "She has an intelligent face and one that seemed strangely familiar to me. I have probably seen her in some other church when I have exchanged pulpits with some of my New York or Brooklyn brethren. Should she come to us again, we must look her up. We cannot be too attentive to the stranger within our gates."

Neither of the deacons had noticed the stranger until they were singing the last hymn, and neither had any idea who she was. Both agreed with Dr. Barnes that she had a wonderful voice, and one thought she "sang like a professional."

When they turned up the street, and Dr. and Mrs. Barnes down, the latter had something to say.

"I saw that woman when she came into the chapel." Belonging to a more modern and less formal school than her husband, she said "woman" instead of "lady." Being one of the laity, she had no flattering delusions upon another point. "But I don't agree with you in thinking that she listened attentively to the lecture. She kept her eyes on you, yet it looked to me more like the polite trick of a well-bred person, accustomed to appear interested in a speaker, than real hearing and thinking of what one hears. She has an eager, intense face, and, unless I am greatly mistaken in her physiognomy, she is intensely miserable. I never saw a sadder gaze. Her mourning is not new, so her trouble must be of some other kind. I don't believe, moreover, that she is in the habit of attending prayer-meetings regularly. She just happened into ours, in passing. She did not come in until after the second hymn, and dropped into the first seat she came to. There was a *hunted* look about her that struck me at once, and, combined with the impression that I had seen her before, made me uneasy. It set me to thinking of stories I have read of women meditating suicide who stole into churches on the way to the river. I was glad that you gave out that last hymn, and her way of singing it confirmed me in the idea that it was just the word in season for her."

"Upon my word, Annie, you seem to have made more use of your eyes than of your ears during service." Dr. Barnes had an excellent disposition and was loyally fond of his bright help-meet, but one or two things in this speech grated upon his ear. "While I make no pretensions to being an entertaining preacher, it is within the range of possibility that this stranger, who, I am convinced, has heard me somewhere before, may have followed my humble remarks with more attention than you imagine probable."

"My dear William! I assure you—"

"I have the floor, I believe, my love!" with a vexed little laugh and a show of extreme politeness: "I was about to question if it is consistent with Christian charity of thought,—as practised by *men* at least,—to jump to the conclusion that every woman who comes late to prayer-meeting and has the bad taste to listen intently to what is said and look solemn after a searching, practical discourse, must, of necessity, be an abandoned creature bent upon self-murder."

Sensible Mrs. Barnes, a clergyman's wife of over a score of years' standing, recalling to mind that her spouse had had a trying day and was still fasting, quickened her pace a little, and glanced up solicitously.

(To be continued).

"HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS."

BY REV. C. H. MEAD.

"BLACK yer boots, mister. Shine 'em up—only a nickel." Such were the cries that greeted me from half a dozen boot-blacks as I came through the ferry gates with my boots loaded down with New Jersey mud. Never did barnacles stick to the bottom of a vessel more tenaciously, or politician hold on to office with a tighter grip, than did that mud cling to my boots. And never did flies scent a barrel of sugar more quickly than that horde of boot-blacks discovered my mud-laden extremities. They swooped down upon me with their piercing cries, until many of my fellow-passengers gazed on my boots with looks that seemed to rebuke me for my temerity in daring to bring such a large amount of soil to add to the already over-stocked supply of the city. My very boots seemed to plead with me to let one of those boys relieve them of the load that weighed them down. But, behold my dilemma—six persistent, lusty, vociferous boys clamoring for one job, while I, as arbiter, must deal out elation to one boy, and dejection to the other five.

"JOE."

"Silence! Fall into line for inspection!" Behold my brigade, standing in line, and no two of them alike in size, feature or dress. All looked eager, and five of them looked at my boots and pointed their index fingers at the same objects. The sixth boy held up his head in a manly way and looked me in the eye. I looked him over and was affected in two ways. His clothes touched my funny bone and made me laugh before I knew it. If those pants had been made for that boy, then since that time had there been a great growth in that boy or a great shrinkage in the pants. But, if the pants were several sizes too small and fit him too little, the coat was several sizes too large and fit him too much, so that his garments gave him the appearance of being a small child from his waist down, and an old man from his waist up. The laugh that came as my sense of humor was touched, instantly ceased as I saw the flush that came to the boy's face. The other five boys wanted to get at my boots, but this one had got at my heart, and I made up my mind he should get at my boots as well, and straightway made known my decision. This at once brought forth a volley of jibes and jeers, and cutting remarks. "Oh, 'His Royal Highness' gets the job, and he will be prouder and meaner than ever, he will. Say, mister, he's too proud to live, he is. He thinks he owns the earth, he does."

The flush deepened on the boy's face, and I drove his assailants away ere I let him begin his work.

"Now, my boy, take your time, and you shall have extra pay for the job; pardon me for laughing at you; don't mind those boys, but tell me why they call you 'His Royal Highness?'"

He gazed up in my face a moment with a hungry look, and I said, "you can trust me."

"Well, sir, they thinks I'm proud and stuck-up, 'cause I won't pitch pennies and play 'craps' with 'em, and they says I'm stingy and trying to own the earth, 'cause I won't chew tobacco and drink beer, or buy the stuff for 'em. They says my father must be a king, for I wears such fashionable clothes, and puts on so many airs, but that I run away from home 'cause I wanted to boss my father and be king myself. So they calls me 'His Royal Highness.'"

There was a tremble in his voice as he paused a moment, and then he continued:

"If I ever had a father, I never seen him, and if I ever had a mother, I wish someone would tell me who she was. How can a feller be proud and stuck-up who ain't got no father, and no mother, and no name only Joe? They calls me stingy 'cause I'm saving all the money I can, but I ain't saving it for myself—I'm saving it for Jessie."

"Is Jessie your sister?" I asked.

"No, sir; I ain't got no relatives."

"Perhaps, then, she is your sweetheart," I said.

Again he looked up in my face and said very earnestly, "Did you ever know a boot-black without any name to have an angel for a sweetheart?"

His eyes were full of tears, and I made no answer, though I might have told him I had found a boot-black who had a big, warm heart even if he had no sweetheart. Very abruptly he said:

"You came over on the boat; what kind of a land is it over across the river?"

"It is very pleasant in the country," I replied.

"Is it a land of pure delight, where saints immortal reign?"

"I TAKES HER A FLOWER EVERY NIGHT."

Having just come from New Jersey where the infamous race track, and the more infamous rum-traffic legalized by law, would sink the whole state in the Atlantic Ocean, if it were not that it had a life preserver in Ocean Grove, I was hardly prepared to vouch for it being that kind of a land.

"Why do you ask that?" I said.

"Because I hear Jessie sing about it so much, and when I asked her about it, she said it's a land where there's green fields, and flowers that don't wither, and rivers of delight, and where the sun always shines, and she wants to go there so much. I has'nt told anybody about it before, but I eats as little as I can and gets along with these clothes what made you laugh at me, and I'm saving up my money to take Jessie to that land of pure delight just as soon as I gets enough. Does yer know where that land is?"

"I think I do, my boy, but you haven't told me yet who Jessie is."

"Jessie's an angel, but she's sick. She lives up in a room in the tenement, and I lives in the garret near by. She ain't got no father, and her mother don't get much work, for she can't go out to work and take care of Jessie, too. She cries a good deal when Jessie don't see her, 'cause she thinks she is going to lose Jessie, but over in that land of pure delight, Jessie says nobody is sick, and everybody who goes there gets well right away, and, oh sir, I wants to take Jessie there just as soon as I can. I takes her a flower every night, and then I just sits and looks at her face, until my heart gets warmer and warmer, and do yer think I could come out of such a place and then swear, and drink, and chew tobacco, and pitch pennies, and tell lies? I tells Jessie how the boys calls me 'His Royal Highness,' and she tells me I musn't mind it, and I musn't get mad, but just attend to my work. And—and—and, oh sir, I wanted to tell somebody all this, for I always tries to look bright when I goes in to see Jessie, and not let her know I am fretting about anything; but I does want to take Jessie to the land where flowers always bloom and people are always well. That's so little for me to do after all the good that's come to me from knowing Jessie. But, I begs yer pardon for keeping yer so long, and I thanks yer for letting me tell yer about Jessie."

Ah, the boys named him better than they knew, for here was a prince in truth, and despite his rags "His Royal Highness" was a more befitting name than Joe.

"Where does Jessie live, my boy?"

"Oh, sir, yer isn't going to take Jessie to that land of pure delight, and spoil all my pleasure. I does want to do it myself. Yer won't be so mean as that, after listening to what I've been telling yer, will yer?"

"Not I, my boy, not I. Just let me go and see Jessie and her mother, and whatever I can do for them, I'll do it through you."

A little persuasion, and then "His Royal Highness" and I made our way to the tenement and began climbing the stairs. We had gone up five flights and were mounting the sixth, when the boy stopped suddenly and motioned for me to listen. The voice of a woman reached my ear—a voice with deep grief in every tone—saying, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble." A pause—then a sob—and the voice wailing rather than singing:

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, Oh leave me, not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of thy wing.

The boy grasped my hand a moment—gasped out "that's Jessie's mother, something's happened"—and then bounded up the stairs and into the room. I followed him and found sure enough something had happened, for Jessie had gone to the land of pure delight, and the mother stood weeping beside her dead. On the face of Jessie lingered a smile, for she was well at last. In her hand was a pure white rosebud, the last flower Joe had carried to her the evening before. Her last message to him was that she had gone to the land of pure delight, and for him to be sure and follow her there.

I draw the curtain over the boy's grief. His savings bought the coffin in which Jessie was laid under the green sod. Where "His Royal Highness" is, must for the present remain a secret between Joe and myself. His face and his feet are turned toward the land of pure delight. His heart is there already. You have his story, and it may help you to remember that some paupers wear fine linen and broadcloth, while here and there a prince is to be found clothed in rags.

CHRIST.

(Written for The Christian Herald.)

IN the opening of the dawning
Find ye him the shepherds sought?
Is the glory of the morning
With his image interwrought?

Does the halo from the manger
Fill the world from pole to pole?
Does the humble, earth-born stranger,
Find a home within your soul?

Then, the Saviour, meek and lowly,
Is this morning born again;
Then the God-man, pure and holy,
Is indeed the Christ of men!

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Across South Central Africa.

Continued from page 789.

bands of natives belonging to distant tribes as far north as Bangweolo and south to Lake Ngami, but who occupy land supposed to be within Lewanika's dominions, and by these delegates send the annual tribute he claims. In this way the opportunity was afforded me of seeing representatives of several tribes that were but little known to the civilized world. This over, the king returns to his wattle-and-daub palace in state, and I to my hut. Would that it were to spend a quiet night! But not while ancestral worship is the religion, if religion it may be called, of the Marotsi nation, can be expected other than 'a sound of revelry by night,' their theory being that, although their ancestors have departed this life, their spirits still haunt the scenes of their earthly career, potent to wreak vengeance on those who may have incurred their displeasure."

Dr. Johnston gives this gloomy picture of the Livingstonia mission: "I went ashore to see the Livingstonia mission station, where a native teacher is in charge, and I am informed, doing a good work among the children of the district. He is a quiet, sensible, unassuming man. There are several large buildings composing the mission premises. These are the results of the early labors of white missionaries, who were one after another cut off by fever, four or five during as many years, including the lamented Dr. William Black, the position of whose grave is indicated by a bronze medallion and tablet. This was sufficient warning not to persist in occupying the stations by Europeans; for though planted in a lovely spot, environed by granite mountains, clad to the summit with small trees, it is but a few feet above the level of the lake, hence a very hot-bed of malarial exhalations. The survivors decided to transfer the mission center to Bandawe."

Regarding the Batokas, Mangwatos, Bushmen, Makalakas, Matabeles, and Mashonas, the traveler records some interesting facts. The glittering stories of the great wealth and agricultural riches of Mashonaland he declares to be exaggerations.

Much of the volume is devoted to criticism of mission methods. Concerning voluntary missionaries, of whom there are many in Africa, Dr. Johnston writes: "Not every one who may choose to volunteer need expect to succeed. If his labors have been unsuccessful at home, they will be more so here where the hindrances are infinitely greater. Special fitness or adaptability is required of a man who would be a pioneer of missions in Africa. We cannot see with those who advocate the sending out of young, unmarried ladies to Central Africa, except to well established stations, their position being so misunderstood by the natives."

Concerning some of Dr. Johnston's criticisms of mission work at certain stations, it may be remarked that they cannot be regarded as important. It is not reasonable that a person who has never before been in Africa, should be in a position to pass final judgment upon the work and motives of men who have devoted years of consecrated effort to the African field, knowing its perils and hardships and yet daring all for the sake of Him whom they serve. It is not unlikely that many of the missionaries have received similar impressions to those experienced by Jr. Johnston, on first entering the field, but patience and experience have shown them the danger as well as the injustice of a too hasty judgment. At the same time, it is unquestionable that he has opened up a subject of vital consequence to missions in general and to African missions in particular, when he declares that the time has arrived for a "full, free and dispassionate discussion" of these matters. His chief points are: 1. That there should be no misrepresentation or exaggeration about missionary results; 2. that a "few object lessons in toil and suffering" cannot convert the world; 3. that missionaries everywhere ought to be paid and not be compelled to waste valuable time in the mere fight for subsistence; 4. that theories in mission work should give place to the methods approved by absolute experience; 5. that medical knowledge is a distinct advantage in the work. In the closing chapters of his book he indicates a number of fields for mission work which seemed to him to be needy and promising. He outlines a method which if adopted in the establishment of stations, he believes would result in practical benefit as well as in saving the lives of missionaries who would inevitably be sacrificed under other conditions. Dr. Johnston's book will be read with general interest and no little profit by actual and intending missionaries, as well as by their supporters at home.

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"MR. CONGREVE ON CONSUMPTION, &c., &c."

"Our attention has been called to a pamphlet on the treatment of this terrible malady, and on asthma and diseases of the lungs in general, by Mr. Geo. Thos. Congreve, of Coombe Lodge, Peckham—a Christian gentleman, well known to most of our leading ministers, *Mr. Spurgeon* among the rest, who at a recent meeting spoke very highly of him, stating that many members of his Church and students of his College had consulted him with remarkable success. One instance in Mr. Congreve's work deserving special notice is that of Rev. James Smith, formerly of the College, and pastor of Redhill Church, and now of York Road Church, Leeds, who was restored after the case had been pronounced hopeless. Other extraordinary cases are related by Mr. Spurgeon's first student (Rev. T. W. Medhurst, of Portsmouth), and many more from ministers too numerous to mention.

"The author has studied the subject for many years both at the London hospitals and with his father, and in a private sphere of observation, enlarging year by year. We are glad to hear of his continued success, and confidently recommend a perusal of the work, that the afflicted may judge for themselves.

"The fatality of Consumption in this country has been strange and fearful. We know not anything more painful in the annals of disease than the premature and rapid decline of the young, who, having for twenty years, more or less, enjoyed health and vigor, are smitten down like a fragile flower, the mental powers remaining for the most part unimpaired. The author truly says in his opening chapter:—

> "'The flower in ripened bloom unmatched
> Must fall the earliest prey;
> Though by no hand untimely snatched,
> The leaves must droop away;
> And yet it were a greater grief
> To watch it with'ring leaf by leaf,
> Than see it plucked to-day.'

"'How many a fond parent's hopes have been blasted by this cruel malady, who can tell? How many a lovely girl bursting into beauty, the object of a father's delight and a mother's care, has drooped away—withering like a flower, leaf by leaf, not plucked by untimely hand, but wasted by an influence unsuspected because unseen. There has been a bright flush on the cheek, boding no good, remarked only by the professional eye. There has been a languishing into outward loveliness, while there has been death and decay within. Unconscious of the danger of that *slight* cough and *very trifling* pain, they have allowed the foe to pursue his secret march, until the mischief done is past all hope of remedy by common means.'

[Here the reviewer continues with a further quotation from the introductory chapter, which need not be inserted here.]

"Mr. Congreve's work proceeds to trace the 'Causes of disease, forebodings of danger, the sad reality, the first and second stages, then the last or closing scene,' of which Kirke White, the Christian poet, himself a victim, writes:—

> "'Gently, *most gently*, on thy victims head,
> Consumption, lay thine hand. Let me decay
> Like the expiring lamp.'

"Then rapidly sketching out and disposing of various 'Fallacies of Treatment,' he shows by incontrovertible argument that this terrible malady is 'curable' by judicious treatment and proper auxiliary means, when the lungs are not wholly wasted, and that no case should be abandoned in hopeless despair. To this are added valuable chapters on 'Diet, Air, Exercise, &c., &c.'

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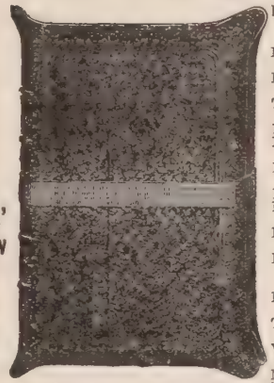

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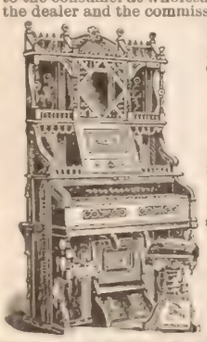

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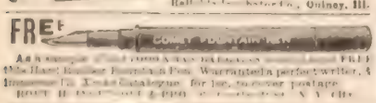

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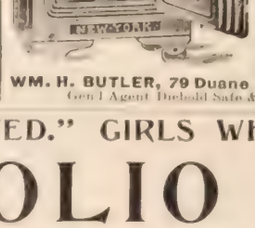

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VOLUME 16.

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THE RAGGED SCHOOLS OF LONDON.

John Pounds, the Portsmouth Cobbler, and his Work among the Waifs—How it has borne fruit in a Great Benevolent and Educational System.

A LITTLE more than fifty years ago, rough but kind-hearted John Pounds, a crippled cobbler of Portsmouth, England, might have been seen in his shop long before daylight. He had particular work to do before taking up his awls and last and lapstone for the day's work for the old man was a bit of a philanthropist. All the stray and homeless boys around knew the sunny face and kindly-spoken cobbler, and they liked to eat a hot breakfast in his shop and listen to the merry music of the song-birds that hung about in the willow cages.

Then Pounds had a wealth of stories to tell—stories such as the lads loved to hear; tales of the helpful sort, that made them all feel better for the hearing. And they would sit beside the lame cobbler by the hour, listening while he talked or reading to him while his strong, quick fingers were busy with his work. Not all of them could read, it is true; but old John Pounds helped the stumblers along as they picked out the words with difficulty, and even explained the meaning.

When the cobbler took a holiday—a rare treat for him—he took the boys with him on his rambles. Those were red-letter days! He would charm them with his chat, and he seemed to know everything, for Pounds had been an omnivorous reader, and was both botanist and naturalist. Besides, he had an idea that boys should eat as well as learn, and on every such excursion, he took along a well-filled lunch bag with sandwiches, apples and nuts, to the intense enjoyment of the lads, to whom a substantial meal was a luxury indeed. Pound's lunch-bag was a source of wonder and delight.

By-and-by, the idea grew in the cobbler's mind that some organized effort was needed to help the children, if they were to be saved from ignorant and vicious lives. He did what he could, but he was painfully conscious of the inadequacy of his efforts. It was like stopping a river with straws. He felt that something was due from society to those waifs, and that society must be made to know it. Accordingly with what little help he could muster he started what was really the first Ragged School in existence. Children of both sexes attended—lost little ones, for whom nobody seemed to care—and he took them into his shop, fed them, warmed them, taught them and gave them almost a parent's love.

After a time, others came to his help, but up to the day of his death on January 1, 1839, John Pounds may be said to have stood almost alone in the great battle for the ragged children. His death, and the public interest in his work which that event aroused, led to one of the greatest philanthropic movements of the present century — the formation of the Ragged School Union.

Although London probably holds the largest number of poor of any city, it is equally true that the "drift children" of that great metropolis are better cared for than those of most other large centres of population. Five years after the death of John Pounds, the Ragged School Union was founded in London by Lord Shaftesbury and a number of other earnest Christian men, who had the interest of the waifs at heart. The Ragged School Union now numbers 204 institutions or missions, scattered throughout London and its suburbs. The spiritual work of the Union embraces 241 Sunday Schools, 245 Bible Classes, 214 Prayer-meetings and Children's Services, and it has, besides, 21 Free Day Schools, 74 Night Schools and 90 Industrial Classes in which both boys and girls are taught to use their hands and heads, 71 Penny Banks, 141 Libraries, 41 Boys' and Girls' Institutes and Recreation Classes, 68 Mens' and Boys' Clubs and Gymnasiums, eight Foundling Homes and nine Shoe Black Brigades, besides forty-two Clothing Clubs, for supplying the poor with garments, and a large number of Men's Clubs of various kinds. Its benevolent work includes a great variety of agencies, chiefly carried on in the winter months, when work is dull and sickness abundant. This work consists of relieving the distressed and clothing the naked.

MR. JOHN KIRK.
Secretary, Ragged School Union, London, England.

Every winter, between 50,000 and 75,000 meals are provided to poor families through the Union's direct agencies, and over half a million individuals are fed in the year through the schools. In the same time, many thousands of garments, pairs of shoes and blankets are distributed among the needy poor. To accomplish this work requires the services of a very large number of persons, and it is therefore not surprising to learn that the Union has among its workers 4095 voluntary teachers and aids, seventy-three pay teachers and several hundred helpers who co-operate in making clothing, collecting funds, giving meals, lectures, concerts, etc. This army of loving workers is recruited from every rank of society, the highest and the humblest, all striving harmoniously to save and train the 50,000 poor children who come annually under their care.

In a thousand different ways, the Ragged School Union does a wonderful work among the children of the poor, and through the children, among the adults also. It has been the means, to a certain extent, of cleansing the old-time rookeries, and the present generation is reaping the benefit of the social reformation begun fifty years ago by the old Portsmouth cobbler. The Ragged Schools no longer meet in cellars, basements, or bare-looking, uncomfortable rooms, but in comfortable and attractive quarters. The Ragged School Union is the ally of the School Board and the friend of social purity, good government and religion. The late Lord Shaftesbury estimated that the Union had been instrumental in saving 300,000 young persons from lapsing into crime! Its branches and affiliated or-

Continued on page 811.

HOMELESS GIRL-WAIFS OF THE LONDON STREETS.
Inmates of the London Ragged School Union's Home at Copperfield Road

The Tabernacle Pulpit

UNHORSED.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday Morning at Birmingham, Ala.

Text: Acts 9: 3-5, *"As he journeyed, he came near Damascus: and suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven; and he fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? And he said, Who art thou Lord? And the Lord said: I am Jesus whom thou persecutest."*

THE Damascus of Bible times still stands, with a population of one hundred and thirty-five thousand. It was a gay city of white and glistering architecture, its minarets and crescents and domes playing with the light of the morning sun; embowered in groves of olive, and citron, and orange, and pomegranate; a famous river plunging its brightness into the scene; a city by the ancients styled "a pearl surrounded by emeralds."

A group of horsemen are advancing upon that city. Let the Christians of the place hide, for that cavalcade coming over the hills is made up of persecutors; their leader small and unattractive in some respects, as leaders sometimes are insignificant in person: witness the Duke of Wellington and Dr. Archibald Alexander. But there is something very intent in the eye of this man of the text, and the horse he rides is lathered with the foam of a long and quick travel of one hundred and thirty-five miles. He urges on his steed, for those Christians must be captured and silenced, and that religion of the cross must be annihilated. Suddenly the horses shy off, and plunge until the riders are precipitated. Freed from the riders, the horses bound snorting away. You know that dumb animals, at the sight of an eclipse, or an earthquake, or anything like a supernatural appearance, sometimes become very uncontrollable. A new sun had been kindled in the heavens, putting out the glare of the ordinary sun. Christ with the glories of heaven wrapped about him, looked out from a cloud and the splendor was insufferable, and no wonder the horses sprang and the equestrians dropped. Dust-covered and bruised, Saul attempts to get up, shading his eyes with his hands from the severe lustre of the heavens, but unsuccessfully, for he is struck stone blind as he cries out, "Who art thou, Lord?" and Jesus answered him, "I am the one you have been chasing. He that whips and scourges those Damascene Christians, whips and scourges me. It is not their back that is bleeding; it is mine. It is not their heart that is breaking; it is mine. I am Jesus whom thou persecutest."

From that wild, exciting, and overwhelming scene there rises up the greatest preacher of all the ages—Paul, in whose behalf prisons were rocked down, before whom soldiers turned pale, into whose hand Mediterranean sea-captains put control of their storm-wrecking craft, and whose epistles are the avant courier of a resurrection-day.

I learn from this scene that a worldly fall sometimes precedes a spiritual uplifting. A man does not get much sympathy by falling off a horse. People say he ought not to have got into the saddle if he could not ride. Those of us who were brought up in the country remember well how the workmen laughed when [illegible] suddenly lost our ride. When in a Grand Review a general toppled from the stirrups it became a national merriment. Here is Paul [illegible] with government documents in his pocket, a graduate of a most famous school in which the celebrated Dr. Gamaliel had been a professor, perhaps having already attained two of the three titles of the school—Rab, the first; Rabbi, the second; and on his way to Rabbak, the third and highest title. I know from his temperament that his horse was ahead of the other horses. But without time to think of what posture he should take, or without consideration for his dignity, he is tumbled into the dust. And yet that was the best ride Paul ever took. Out of that violent fall he arose into the apostleship. So it has been in all ages and so it is now.

You will never be worth much for God and the Church until you lose your fortune, or have your reputation upset, or in some way, somehow, are thrown and humiliated. You must go down before you go up. Joseph finds his path to the Egyptian court through the pit into which his brothers threw him. Daniel would never have walked amidst the bronzed lions that adorned the Babylonish throne if he had not first walked amidst the real lions of the cave. And Paul marshals all the generations of Christendom by falling flat on his face on the road to Damascus. Men who have been always prospered may be efficient servants of the world, but will be of no advantage to Christ. You may ride majestically seated on your charger, rein in hand, foot in stirrup, but you will never be worth anything spiritually until you fall off. They who graduate from the school of Christ with the highest honors have on their diploma the seal of a lion's muddy paw, or the plash of an angry wave, or the drop of a stray tear, or the brown scorch of a persecuting fire. In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand there is no moral or spiritual elevation until there has been a thorough worldly upsetting.

THE HOUSE OF ANANIAS IN DAMASCUS.
Where Paul was taken after his conversion

Again, I learn from the subject that the religion of Christ is not a pusillanimous thing. People in this day try to make us believe that Christianity is something for men of small calibre, for women with no capacity to reason, for children in the infant class under six years of age, but not for stalwart men. Look at this man of the text! Do you not think that the religion that could capture such a man as that must have some power in it? He was a logician, he was a metaphysician, he was an all-conquering orator, he was a poet of the highest type. He had a nature that could swamp the leading men of his own day, and, hurled against the Sanhedrim, he made it tremble. He learned all he could get in the school of his native village; then he had gone to a higher school, and there mastered the Greek and the Hebrew, and perfected himself in *belles-lettres*, until in after years he astonished the Cretans, and the Corinthians, and the Athenians, by quotations from their own authors. I have never found anything in Carlyle, or Goethe, or Herbert Spencer, that could compare in strength or beauty with Paul's Epistles. I do not think there is anything in the writings of Sir William Hamilton that shows such mental discipline as you find in Paul's argument about justification and the resurrection. I have not found anything in Milton finer in the way of imagination than I can find in Paul's illustrations drawn from the amphitheatre. There was nothing in Robert Emmet pleading for his life, or in Edmund Burke arraigning Warren Hastings in Westminster Hall, that compared with the scene in the court-room, when before robed officials Paul bowed and began his speech, saying, "I think myself happy, King Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day." I repeat, that a religion that can capture a man like that must have some power in it. It is time you stopped talking as though all the brain of the world were opposed to Christianity. Where Paul leads, we can afford to follow. I am glad to know that Christ has in the different ages of the world had in his discipleship a Mozart and a Handel in music; a Raphael and a Reynolds in painting; an Angelo and a Canova in sculpture; a Rush and a Harvey in medicine, a Grotius and a Washington in statesmanship; a Blackstone, a Marshall, and a Kent in law; and the time will come when the religion of Christ will conquer all the observatories and universities, and Philosophy will through her telescope behold the morning star of Jesus, and in her laboratory see "that all things work together for good," and with her geological hammer discover the "Rock of Ages." Oh, instead of cowering and shivering when the sceptic stands before you and talks of religion as though it were a pusillanimous thing—instead of that, take your New Testament from your pocket and show him the picture of the intellectual giant of all the ages, prostrated on the road to Damascus while his horse is flying wildly away; then ask your sceptic what it was that frightened the one and threw the other? Oh no, it is no weak Gospel. It is a glorious Gospel. It is an all-conquering Gospel. It is an omnipotent Gospel. It is the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation.

Again, I learn from the text a man cannot become a Christian until he is unhorsed. The trouble is, we want to ride into the kingdom of God, just as the knight rode into castle gate on palfrey, beautifully caparisoned. We want to come into the kingdom of God in fine style. No kneeling down at the altar, no sitting on "anxious seats," no crying over sin, no begging at the door of God's mercy. Clear the road, and let us come in all prancing in the pride of our soul. No, we will never get into heaven that way. We must dismount. There is no knight-errantry in religion, no fringed trappings of repentance, but an utter prostration before God, a going down in the dust, with the cry, "Unclean, unclean!"—a bewailing of the soul, like David from the belly of hell—a going down in the dust, until Christ shall by his grace lift us up as he lifted Paul. Oh, proud-hearted hearer, you must get off that horse. May a light from the throne of God brighter than the sun throw you! Come down into the dust and cry for pardon, and life, and heaven.

Again, I learn from this scene of the text that the grace of God can overcome the persecutor. Christ and Paul were boys at the same time in different villages, and Paul's antipathy to Christ was increasing. He hated everything about Christ. He was going down then with writs in his pockets to have Christ's disciples arrested. He was not going as a sheriff goes, to arrest a man against whom he had no spite, but Paul was going down to arrest those people because he was glad to arrest them. The Bible says, "He breathed out slaughter." He wanted them captured, and he wanted them butchered. I hear the click, and clash, and clatter of the hoofs of the galloping steeds on the way to Damascus. Oh! do you think that proud man on horseback can ever become a Christian? Yes! there is a voice from heaven like a thunder-clap uttering two words, the second word the same as the first, but uttered with more emphasis, so that the proud equestrian may have no doubt as to who is meant, "Saul! Saul!" That man was saved, and he was a persecutor; and so God can by his grace overcome any persecutor. The days of sword and fire for Christians seem to have gone by. The bayonets of Napoleon I. pried open the "Inquisition" and let the rotting wretches out. The ancient dungeons around Rome are to-day mere curiosities for the travelers. The Coliseum, where wild beasts used to suck up the life of the martyrs while the emperor watched and Lolia Paulina sat with emerald adornments worth sixty million sesterces, clapping her hands as the Christians died under the paw and the tooth of the lion—that Coliseum is a ruin now. The scene of the Smithfield fires is a hay-market. The day of fire and sword for Christians seems to have gone by; but has the day of persecution ceased? No. Are you not caricatured for your religion? In proportion as you try to serve God and be faithful to him, are you not sometimes maltreated? That woman finds it hard to be a Christian, as her husband talks and jeers while she is trying to say her prayers or read the Bible. That daughter finds it hard to be a Christian with the whole family arrayed against her—father, mother, brother, and sister making her the target of ridicule. That young man finds it hard to be a Christian in the shop, or factory or store, when his comrades jeer at him because he will not go to the gambling-hell or other places of iniquity. Oh no, the days of persecution have not ceased, and will not until the end of the world. But, oh! you persecuted ones, is it not time that you began to pray for your persecutors? They are no prouder, no fiercer, no more set in their way than was this persecutor of the text. He fell. They will fall if Christ from the heavens grandly and gloriously look out on them. God can by his grace make a Renan believe in the divinity of Jesus, and a Tyndall in the worth of prayer. Robert Newton stamped the ship's deck in derisive indignation at Christianity only a little while before he became a Christian. "Out of my house," said a father to his daughter, "if you will keep praying;" yet before many months passed, the father knelt at the same altar with the child. And the Lord Jesus Christ is willing to look out from heaven upon that derisive opponent of the Christian religion, and address him not in glittering generalities, but calling him by name. "John! George! Henry!—Saul! Saul! why persecutest thou me?"

Again, I learn from this subject that there is hope for the worst offenders. It was par-

ticularly outrageous that Saul should have gone to Damascus on that errand. Jesus Christ had been dead only three years, and the story of his kindness and his generosity and his love filled all the air. It was not an old story as it is now. It was a new story. Jesus had only three summers ago been in these very places, and Saul every day in Jerusalem must have met people who knew Christ, people with good eyesight whom Jesus had cured of blindness, people who were dead, and who had been resurrected by the Saviour, and people who could tell Paul all the particulars of the crucifixion—just how Jesus looked in the last hour—just how the heavens grew black in the face at the torture. He heard that recited every day by people who were acquainted with all the circumstances, and yet in the fresh memory of that scene he goes to persecute Christ's disciples, impatient at the time it takes to feed the horses at the inn, not pulling at the snaffle, but riding with loose rein faster and faster. Oh, he was the chief of sinners! No outbreak of modesty when he said that. He was a murderer. He stood by when Stephen died, and helped in the execution of that good man. When the rabble wanted to be unimpeded in their work of destroying Stephen, and wanted to take off their coats, but did not dare to lay them down lest they be stolen, Paul said, "I'll take care of the coats," and they put them down at the feet of Paul, and he watched the coats, and he watched the horrid mangling of glorious Stephen. Is it a wonder that when he fell from the horse he did not break his neck—that his foot did not catch somewhere in the trappings of the saddle, and he was not dragged and kicked to death? He deserved to die miserably, wretchedly, and forever, notwithstanding all his metaphysics, and his eloquence, and his logic. He was the chief of sinners. He said what was true when he said that. And yet the grace of God saved him, and so it will you. If there is any man in this house who thinks he is too bad to be saved, and says, "I have wandered very grievously from God, I do not believe there is any hope for me," I tell you the story of this man in the text who was brought to Jesus Christ in spite of his sins and opposition. There may be some here who are as stoutly opposed to Christ as Paul was. There may be some here who are captive of their sins as much so as the young man who said in regard to his dissipating habits, "I will keep on with them. I know I am breaking my mother's heart, and I know I am killing myself, and I know that when I die I shall go to hell, but it is now too late to stop."

The steed on which you ride may be swifter, and stronger, and higher-mettled than that on which the Cilician persecutor rode, but Christ can catch it by the bridle, and hurl it back and hurl it down. There is mercy for you who say you are too bad to be saved. You say you have put off the matter so long. Paul had neglected it a great while. You say that the sin you have committed has been amidst the most aggravating circumstances. That was so with Paul's. You say you have exasperated Christ and coaxed your own ruin. So did Paul. And yet he sits to-day on one of the highest of the heavenly thrones; and there is mercy for you, and good days for you, and gladness for you, if you will only take the same Christ which first threw him down and then raised him up. It seems to me as if I can see Paul to-day rising up from the highway to Damascus and brushing off the dust from his cloak and wiping the sweat of excitement from his brow, as he turns to us and all the ages, saying, "This a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."

Once more: I learn from this subject that there is a tremendous reality in religion. If it had been a mere optical delusion on the road to Damascus, was not Paul just the man to find it out? If it had been a sham and pretense, would he not have pricked the bubble? He was a man of facts and arguments, of the most gigantic intellectual nature, and not a man of hallucinations. And when I see him fall from the saddle, blinded and overwhelmed, I say there must have been something it it. And, my dear brother, you will find that there is something in religion somewhere. The only question is, where?

There was a man who rode from Stamford to London, ninety-five miles in five hours, on horseback. Very swift. There was a woman of Newmarket who rode on horseback a thousand miles in a thousand hours. Very swift. But there are those here, ay, all of us are speeding on at tenfold that velocity, at a thousand-fold that rate, toward eternity. May Almighty God, from the opening heavens, flash upon your soul this hour the question of your eternal destiny, and oh that Jesus, would this hour overcome you with his pardoning mercy, as he stands here with the pathos of a broken heart and sobs into your ear, "I have come for thee. I come with my back raw from the beating. I come with my feet mangled with the nails. I come with my brow aching from the twisted bramble. I come with my heart bursting for your woes. I can stand it no longer. I am Jesus whom thou persecutest."

"ROB ROY" HOME, RAMSGATE.

THE HOLIDAY HOME, BOGNOR, ENGLAND.

"A LITTLE WHILE."

"A little while, and ye shall not see me: and again a little while and ye shall see me." John 16: 17.

"A LITTLE while," the Master says,
"I needs must go away,
A little while; yes, many days,
Then comes the crowning day.

Have faith in God, believe in Me,
'A little while' at most,
Then where I am, there you shall be,
With the redeemed host.

Remember well my promised word,
Lest sin your hearts beguile,
While I your Brother, Friend and Lord
Be gone 'a little while.'"

"A little while" and sin no more
Shall o'er the earth prevail,
But everywhere, from shore to shore,
Brother will brother hail.

"A little while," o'er land and sea,
Will go the glad refrain,
Blessing, honor and power be
To him who once was slain.

"A little while," and oh! the joy
Of those whom Christ will own,
Of those who'll have the sweet employ
To stand before his throne.

Cheriton, Va. —REV. H. PETTY.

The Ragged Schools of London.

Continued from first page.

ganizations are rapidly multiplying. Among them are nine Holiday Homes situated at Bognor, Folkstone, East Grinstead, Brenchley, Thursley, Caterham, Chislehurst, Bushey and Windsor. They are open for weak, pining little ones, found in any Ragged School, in need of a change to country or seaside to save their lives or restore their strength.

Over five thousand sick children are sent to the Holiday Homes every year, while fifteen thousand are taken for a briefer annual outing. Two of these Holiday Homes—that at Bognor and the "Rob Roy" Memorial Home at Ramsgate, are shown in the illustration accompanying this article. The Bognor Home, known as the "Arthur's Home," is one of the most commodious buildings ever erected in Great Britain for work of this character. A model of the Home was prepared at the request of Baroness Burdett-Coutts and sent to the Chicago Exposition. The "Rob Roy" Home was named in memory of the late Mr. John MacGregor, the founder of the Ragged School Shoeblack Brigades, and who was closely identified with the early history of the movement. The Ragged School moreover, has been the power that has originated a host of other noble philanthropies, including Homes for the Destitute, Rescue Homes and Retreats, Children's Missions and Institutes, etc. It is, in its own peculiar way, doing the work of a Young Men's Christian Association among the youth of the lowest station in Great Britain, and it acts as a bond of union for all worthy enterprises of the kind, not only in London but throughout the British dominions, including Canada. What the American Sunday School Union has accomplished among the poor children in hundreds of obscure localities in the United States, the Ragged School Union has done among the destitute and drifting juvenile population of the great cities of Her Majesty's dominions. Among its patrons are Queen Victoria, the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Kinnaird, Lord Selborne, Lord Reay, late Governor of Bombay, the Duchess of Teck, Lady Jeune, the late Earl Cairns, the Duke of Sussex, and many others of position and influence. Not the least interesting item of the work of a single department of the Union—the London Needlework Guild—is the fact that in a single year forty-two thousand garments were made and distributed by this Guild, of which the Duchess of Teck is President. The Needlework Guild was started by Lady Diana Wolverton, an estimable Christian gentlewoman. The four great funds of the Ragged School Union: the General Fund, the Holiday Homes Fund, Shaftesbury Fund and Benevolent Fund are generously supported by the rich and titled class as well as by the leaders in the great business world of England, and the entire resources of the Union are derived from voluntary contributions from all classes alike. The administration of the Union's revenues as well as its general affairs has for a number of years past been skilfully conducted by Mr. John Kirk, the General Secretary, whose headquarters are at Exeter Hall, London. Mr. Kirk's portrait appears on the first page. On the same page is an illustration representing a typical group of "drift-children" rescued from the slums and alleys of London and now under training in one of the many Homes of the Ragged School Union. These girls, most of them orphans and homeless, are examples of the many thousands of arabs of the streets who have been saved from vicious and wretched lives, trained in habits of intelligent industry and led to become useful Christian women through the instrumentality of the Ragged School Union, just as thousands have been saved and transformed through the efforts of the Five Points Mission in New York and kindred institutions in different American cities.

The industrial work of the Union has opened up a wide field of usefulness. The week night schools number 57, giving an average attendance of 2,475 scholars in attendance and 4,241 on the books. The ordinary week night school has given place in measure to industrial work, the gymnasium, the singing class, or the club, and the numbers are more than compensated for by the Industrial Classes which are reported in 116 schools with 4,756 members. The forms of industry are varied and include carpentering, cooking, sewing, boot mending, wood chopping, basket making, flower making, cutting out and dress making, fretwork, etc.

John Pounds builded better than he knew. Within half a century after the old Portsmouth cobbler began his efforts in his workshop among the poor boys of his neighborhood, the seed he planted has borne fruit a hundred thousand-fold all over England.

HIS WANT AND HIS NEED.

In a recent sermon by Rev. T. M. Morris, President of the Baptist Union, he said that some years ago, there was a young man in the town where he then had a charge who was leading an exceedingly wild, dissolute life; but instead of finding pleasure in it, his conscience so troubled him that he became wretched and miserable, until at last he determined to end his life by throwing himself in the river. One Sunday he was on his way to carry out his resolution but thought he would go to church once more to hear something that would prepare him for the great change of worlds. Mr. Morris's church was the first he came to and he went in. Mr. Morris was preaching on Jonah, and almost the first remark this man heard on entering was that God could raise man from the lowest depths. The words struck him as most applicable to his case, and when he left the meeting, instead of going to the river as he had intended, he went home. The next morning he called on Mr. Morris and told his story, asking him if God could raise him from the depths to which he had fallen. He was assured that he could, and after some conversation he left, professing to take Christ as his Saviour, and his after life showed that it was no empty profession, for Mr. Morris knew him as an earnest, active Christian till the time of his death.

"HIS LIFE IS HIS MONUMENT."

Such is the epitaph on the Quincy granite monument recently erected in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., over the grave of him familiarly known as Uncle John Vassar. It is fifteen years since the great soul-winner exchanged his loved employment upon the earth for his crown in heaven. It is believed few men have ever lived and labored for the souls of men whose crown will be found more thickly studded with stars. Many who read the announcement of the completion of a monument to his memory will feel that nothing more appropriate could be placed upon the stone. Both for him and for others there can be no higher praise. To be influential in leading thousands upon thousands to Jesus Christ—can there be a loftier ambition? "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." Daniel 12:3.

THE BIRTH OF JESUS.

S.S. Lesson for Dec. 24. Matt. 2: 1-11. Golden Text, Matt. 1: 21. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

MEN are speculating now about the second coming of our Lord as in the days of Herod, the King of Judea, they speculated about his first coming. There was then plenty of book knowledge on the subject; the scribes and the chief priests were well up in the doctrine, but it was not a personal matter with them, they did not make room in their life for him of whom they read, and about whose coming they spoke as of something afar off and outside of themselves. They were proud of, and content with their knowledge and a reputation for piety and learning from their fellow men; certificates of honor and merit from the colleges of learning where they had graduated, were sufficient to win for them the position in the world which they coveted; and as to the future, they left it, as men do now, in a vague uncertainty.

What then must have been the astonishment of these self-satisfied theologians when suddenly there broke into their midst men as wise, or wiser than they, who had travelled immense distances with

One Supreme Object

in view, to find, and see for themselves him about whom his professed worshippers were so indifferent! Men, perhaps from different countries, but with the same distinct, imperative inquiry: "Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him." They were sure of their affair; they did not ask: "Is he born?" They knew it already by divine revelation. While learned men of Jerusalem had discussed the doctrine, the wise men from the east had come to headquarters, and listened to their God; and with all the certainty which cannot admit of a doubt, they, Gentiles, come to the metropolis of Judea, and say: "Your expected King is born: where is he? From heaven itself we have been directed to your city: 'we have seen his star in the east' and we are come to do him homage: where is he that we may worship him?"

Nothing disconcerts unspiritual men so much as reality in others. They can stand any amount of argument, they can be at home in disputation: talking and working they can understand, eloquence and devotedness, anything which distinguishes man. But real contact with the living God angers them. An awakened soul is in their eyes either a fool or a hypocrite. No "star" of heaven has arisen on their horizon: they are "of the earth, earthy." They have no need of God's light from heaven. Their own experience, the opinions of other men, the books which they have studied about God, make up the sum of religion to them. But God himself is as yet, unknown to them.

The result of the startling question of the Magi was that "Herod the king was troubled and all Jerusalem with him." A calamity had befallen them, something out of the ordinary! It was what they had not sought, nor planned, nor desired, and it put them out of their way. It was foretold by God's word; holy men of old had sought and searched diligently in the Scriptures about it; those who were reckoned among the pious by the generality were looking for it; but to the Jews in general it was a calamity, and to a worldly set meaning that God had come nigh unto them! It is so to-day. Of all things men of the world dread to have God brought nigh unto them. They love to worship Him as long as he is the God of heaven and has his dwelling beyond the stars. But they don't want to have him long on earth interfering with their ways, pondering their life, investigating, restraining, judging, bringing things to light. Men would rather do without God if they could, they want to be their own masters, and to be a law to themselves, instead of obeying the law of God.

If it was an unexpected interruption in the life of Jerusalem when the wise men came into the city with their irrepressible inquiry after the new-born King, and if astonishment seized upon the people—surely the astonishment of the wise men must have been greater still when they found the very reigning King of Judea to be ignorant of the existence of him whom they came to seek. What, could a matter of such intense importance to them be a matter of indifference to the very people among whom He came? Could the birth of the Messiah which had been announced from heaven itself to them be unknown and disregarded by the Jews themselves?

Herod called together the theologians (chief priests and scribes) and inquired of them where the Christ should be born (R.V.)

They Knew the Letter

of the Word, and where to look for the information; and they produced the prophecy of Micah 5: 2 to prove that Jesus should be born in Bethlehem. Oh how Bible knowledge condemns when it is not lived out! If the chief priests and scribes had not known where Christ should be born, if the wise men had never come with their stirring question, the leaders of Jewish thought would not have been so guilty. Their sin was of the same nature as that to which the Lord refers when he says: "If I had not come and spoken unto them, they had not had sin, but they have no excuse for their sin." (John 15: 22.) They saw the king call the wise men to a private conference, they witnessed their departure to seek the Messiah, they saw how earnest they were and yet themselves sought him not! They had no room in their lives for Jesus; the very fact that the tidings of his advent were a trouble and not a joy to them, spoke for itself that they did not want him. The Son of God was in their eyes an unwelcome intruder; "He came unto his own and his own received him not." (John 1: 11.) What a revelation of utter hollowness and unreality! The only reason for the existence of priests and scribes was to keep up the intercourse between God and man, and yet when God came near to them and fulfilled the very scriptures which they taught, there was nothing in his coming to attract them; they were more at home with the unbelieving and ungodly Herod, no wonder the next generation chose Barrabas before him!

Christ is Coming Again.

Oh, the unrest, the terror which his coming would inspire if he should come to-day! What about the haunts of speculators? What about the gambling dens? What about the awful immorality, the levity and frivolity of multitudes among the unsaved? What about the false professors in the churches? Would Christ's coming be to them sudden destruction, (1. Thes. 5: 3), or sudden glory? Would it not be looked upon as a terrible calamity, were he to come again to-day? Would it not be, as at his first coming, the exception, and not the rule, that his coming inspired joy? The Daystar has indeed arisen in the hearts of some (II. Pet. 1: 19), but oh how few! Some there are who have all in their lives in readiness for his return, some there are whose citizenship is in heaven from whence they look for a Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. Like the wise men and the shepherds of old, they have taken pains to find him in his own Word and in his own Person. He is no Stranger to them, they have seen his Star, it has brought heaven's morning into their lives; they are transformed; they are children of the coming day and all they do and say bears upon the coming of their Lord.

The wise men left the presence of the king and found again a surer Guide; God did not abandon them to Herod. They had faithfully borne their testimony before the king, they had passed unhurt through the severe test of the atmosphere of indifference in Jerusalem; and now the star reappeared, and they were at home with light from heaven. "When they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy." Oh, the relief it is to get out of an earthly atmosphere into a heavenly! Let us remember our missionary brethren who must breathe, day by day, the heavy air of idolatry and sin! The guidance of the wise men now was sure, and now nothing stumbled them. The lowly circumstances of Mary, the stable where the young child lay—no form nor comeliness, no beauty that they should desire him—all this was no hindrance to their faith: they were under the leading of light from heaven, they walked by faith, and they knew they were not deceived.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

MODERN BETHLEHEM.

EACH of the four biographies of Christ has its special characteristics and its distinct purpose. Matthew presents him as the King of the Jews, the Messiah predicted by the prophets. He shows that he was hailed as a King at his birth and at his death. The visit of the wise men described in the lesson was a tribute to his royalty. We are not informe din the New Testament who they were, nor how many there were of them, nor whence they came. There are many traditions about them, but they are worthless. It may, however, be inferred that they came either from Persia or Chaldœa, where the magi formed a separate class. Probably, too, they were astronomers, as men who knew nothing of the science would not be likely to detect a new star, or a meteor, as it doubtless was. The central thought of the lesson is of the seekers after Christ being divinely led. They followed the heavenly light and were guided to him. Herod and the scribes had more exact and specific information, but they were not seeking Christ to worship him and they did not find him. It has been so ever since. Mere knowledge does not bring anyone to Christ; there must be a desire to worship him and own him as the King. Also, Christ is still a test of character, as he was then. When he is near, either by his Spirit, or in his people, the wise rejoice, but bad men are troubled. Another point is that the wise men recognized him in spite of his unkingly surroundings and worshipped him and offered gifts. Christ still appreciates such homage. He has not taken to himself his power to reign, but those who recognize him as their King now and voluntarily serve him, obey him and honor him will be specially honored by him in the day of his glory.

When Jesus was born. It is important to remember that Jesus lived before this time. He came to this earth and was born a little child that he might save the world. It is related of the Moravians that when they heard of the horrors of West Indian slavery and of the misery of the slaves who had not the hope of heaven to cheer them in their suffering, that they resolved on a heroic self-sacrifice. Two of them gave up their liberty and went to a West Indian plantation and became slaves that they might tell the slaves of Christ and how they might become free in him. There was no other way of preaching the Gospel to them and the two Moravian heroes gave their liberty and submitted to cruelty and hardship that the other slaves might hear the good news. So Christ gave up heaven where he was loved and worshipped and became a child that the world might be saved.

Who is he? Dr. J. M. Reid relates that some years ago four Indians of the Flathead tribe, living on the Pacific coast, crossed the Rocky Mountains, and traversing three thousand miles of intervening wilderness appeared at St. Louis. They had been sent by their nation to inquire about the white man's God and the book that revealed him, of both of which they had heard from a trapper and hunter who had witnessed some of their pagan rites and told them that they were wrong in their worship, and that far to the East the white man had a book that revealed the true God. Two of the Indians, worn out with the long journey, died in St. Louis. The zeal of these Indians aroused so much interest that a mission was at once organized to send the Gospel beyond the Rocky Mountains.

We saw his star . . . and are come to worship him. Many others may have seen the star, but only the wise came to worship. Probably their friends thought them foolish in leaving their homes for such a purpose on such slight intimation. It is so now. Many hear the Gospel but few seek its blessings for themselves. Before Columbus set out to seek the New World people had often wondered where the strange woods and fruits came from that drifted occasionally from the West and some thought there might be land there. Columbus was the one to test the suspicion by practical experiment. In arguing with an infidel, Mr. Guthrie once used this heroic voyage as an illustration. He said, "Columbus was ridiculed as we Christians are, but we have grounds for our faith as he had. His countrymen ridiculed him as you do us. They thought him mad to leave his land and his pleasant home to launch on a sea which keel had never ploughed, in search of a land man had never seen. But he launched his bark on the deep, and with strange stars above him, strange seas around him, storms without and mutinies within, no man of all the crew hoping but himself, with a courage nothing could daunt, and a perseverance nothing could exhaust, that remarkable man stood by the helm, and kept the prow of his bark onward and westward till lights gleamed on San Salvador's shore, and as the day broke, the joyful cry, 'Land,' rang from the mast-head, and faith was crowned with success, and patience had her perfect work."

When they were come into the house, they saw the child. The house was but a barn and the mother and babe were among cattle. We often wonder why some one in the inn did not make room for them under the circumstances. It is still more wonderful that when Christ knocks at the door of the heart for admission it is so often closed against him as the doors of homes and inns were closed against him at his birth. The reason is that people will not incommode themselves by receiving him. One day, writes Cicero in his treatise on old age, an aged Athenian, came into the forum, but not one of his fellow citizens in that immense crowd would incommode himself to make room for him. As, however, he approached the ambassadors from Lacedæmon, who had their own special seat, they all rose to receive him into their midst. The whole assembly burst into applause, whereupon somebody said, "The Athenians know what is good, but they will not practice it."

A German author relates that a wealthy nobleman, while out hunting, was lost in a swamp. Covered with mud, he appealed for help at one cottage after another, but at each was repulsed. At length one poor widow took him into her humble home and cared for him. A few days afterwards a court-carriage stopped at her door, and the man she had befriended, alighted. He came to give her a prettily furnished cottage and money enough to last during her lifetime. When he asked her how she came to welcome him when all the others refused, she said: "I thought of him, who, for my sake, had not where to lay his head; for his sake I opened my door." Christ will reward those who confess him now.

Opened their treasures and offered him gifts. The gift Christ most desires of any one is their heart. "Son," he says, "give me thine heart." That is to say he desires the best love of every one of his followers. Too often the heart is on the world or on pleasure or money, instead of being given to Christ. A famous Italian painter has illustrated the fact in a picture which hangs in one of the art galleries of Rome. It represents a sick man stretched on his bed, and his physicians come to visit him. They have examined their patient, and ascertained his malady to be that his heart is gone—it has already disappeared. From a pulpit nearby, St. Anthony of Padua, is preaching on the text, "For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." He announces where the sick man's heart will be found; and the clue he furnishes is followed up in another compartment of the picture by a group of the sick man's friends, who open his strong box, and stand amazed at discovering the missing organ reposing among the gold pieces. It is as true as though it were a literal fact, that the heart may be enticed from its rightful place to lie among earthly treasures.

Familiar Talks From Afar.

The Dominant Sex—How Woman Rules in Society, Business and Home Life in England and On the Continent.

BEGUILED by the warmth and cheer of the reading room of my cosy and surprisingly home-like hotel, I have brought my paper and pen to a table near the window. The rain falls without in fitful showers, but the respite from sight-seeing is welcome. Fogs and storms so generally prevail in "Sunny France" from the middle of October to the latter part of January, that we have considered ourselves peculiarly favored by the fine, clear weather of the past fortnight. The wet day has kept others in-doors beside myself. A group of English-speaking travelers are chatting in subdued, well-bred tones on the other side of the room; three are English, and at least one is an American, I presently decide, and by the time I have written six lines, the half-ear that is lent to them—in spite of my determination to think of nothing except the unseen audience I am holding converse with—takes in the tenor of the discussion.

"American women are in the lead in all benevolent and educational enterprises," remarks an Englishwoman politely. "Their independence of thought and action used to startle us. Now it merely surprises those who have not kept pace with the growth of your great country. You do everything upon a gigantic scale, and seem to be satisfied with nothing you have done. In the matter of feminine influence, you are especially daring. Where will you stop?"

"Not until they have reduced husbands, fathers and sons to the position of serfs!" strikes in bass tones, lighter, by the way, than those of the average American man. This peculiarity impresses every traveler from our "gigantic" land. The Irish voice, as is well known, is inferior in quality and resonance to the American, but one expects rotund, sonorous tones from John Bull. We have learned to recognize the full chest-notes and free delivery of each word that characterizes the speech of our educated countrymen, and to listen for it when many are talking, with pride and pleasure. The Frenchman chatters. There is an odd effect of clashing syllables in his rapid articulation. The Englishman pitches his voice too high and does not open his mouth fully.

We have quietly received the strictures of foreigners upon our nasal drawl until we have overlooked the truth that our best classes speak purer English and more agreeably than the English themselves.

But to this particular specimen who shares the habit of his countrymen of commenting freely upon the manners and customs of America, or "the States,"—as they persist in calling it—without fear of wounding citizens of that country, or favor to those of the gentler sex whom they may be addressing.

"The attitude of American women of this day and generation is subversive of the natural and divine order of things," he continues. "They dominate men in all ranks of society; they are pushing them aside in business walks; in the pulpit; at the bar; as medical practitioners, as editors and authors. I cannot but regard this aspect of national, social, and domestic affairs with serious concern."

"Yet American husbands have an international reputation as the best in the world," says the polite Englishwoman, whose remark provoked the free expression of British sentiment.

"Because they are dragooned into good behavior!" is the blunt response. "They are dominated by their wives, until they have grown obsequiously obedient—actually almost servile."

The fifth member of the party, all of whom are strangers to me, speaks now for the first time. Her voice is well modulated, her words are aptly chosen; her accent, and manner of lengthening out certain vowels betray her nationality. As she speaks, her face flushes slightly, but her tone is civil.

"That would or might imply that American men are deficient in spirit, that, as a class they are not courageous?"

The white-haired English squire (for such I take him to be), bows slightly.

"The inference is yours, madam, not mine."

It is however natural, is it not?"

"I should not have asserted it, but since you ask, I cannot deny it."

"Yet," speaking very slowly, and not looking at him, but as one who is making up her own mind—"the history of nations furnishes us with at least two instances when their bravery was adequate to the occasion."

The dead silence following the home-thrust is broken at last, by the remark from one of the party that the "weather is more like London than Paris."

I have had my quiet laugh out to myself, and recalled all my senses to the consideration of a subject brought forcibly to me by this international episode.

As in the matter of voices and manner of speaking referred to just now, we have let pass slurs upon our national characteristics, in ignorance, indifference, or modesty, until they are accepted as the statement of established truths. The assumption of the aggressive disposition of the American woman and the prominence she claims in business life, as in the management of home and husband, is a fallacy we have been strangely backward in contradicting. We have made so much noise over the enlargement of our sphere, and entered so triumphantly the new avenues opened to our feet, that we have overlooked the fact of the occupation of these to a yet larger extent by our sisters on this side of the salt-sea waves.

For one woman who keeps a shop in the United States, there are forty women shopkeepers in England. For every hotel and tavern landlady over there, one hundred stand behind bars and bully guests, and make out bills with unmasculine regard to "extras," in the great little island of Britain. While in England we made a specialty of old-fashioned hostelries, such as Dickens writes of, and Scott has made classic. We slept at Black Bulls, and lunched at White Lions and dined at Red Horses, and were charged within a quarter-inch of our lives at the far-famed Warwick Arms, wherein, as we were told the "H'Earl of Leicester's men" used to drink and gamble, in proof whereof the "hotel" sports the Warwick coat-of-arms to this day. In every instance it was a woman who made a bargain with us (and invariably got the best of us), who drew up and recited our bills, and ordered obsequious waiters to the right and left, with good-natured arrogance, or viragoish sharpness. At Butt's Hotel in London, an old, highly-respectable and expensive family-resort, we were welcomed by a smiling housekeeper in black silk and tulle, who was the only responsible manager with whom we dealt.

At Drury Lane and the Globe theatres—perhaps at others—there are, I am told, none but women-ushers, who seat audiences and thrust in business-like style programmes upon every new arrival, demanding (and getting) six-pence for each. In a majority of churches in town and country, women are "pew-openers"—or, as we would name them, ushers. These last-mentioned officials bear a surprising resemblance to one another, all wearing mourning garments—more or less rusty—and many what Dickens has taught us to recognize as "mortified black bonnets." To a non-aggressive traveler from the New World, the situation was not without a dash of the comic, when a distinguished preacher checked himself in the reading of the first hymn of the service, at a tap upon his gowned shoulder from the prim, bonneted functionary who tripped up the pulpit-stairs to bring him a "notice." At many railway-stations, you buy your ticket from women; postage-stamps and postal orders are as often dealt out by a woman as a man, and in haberdashery, millinery, china, shoe and boot shops as many girl clerks are employed as young men. A woman shows you Shakespeare's birth-place, and an old woman takes you over Anne Hathaway's cottage; the porter's wife unlocks for you the door of the "Jerusalem chamber" in Westminster Abbey, and tells you that Henry IV. died there; that there the Bible was first translated into English and there sat the immortal Assembly that drafted the shorter Catechism. Women keep lodge and turnpike-gates, and a woman holds the keys of State, and sits in the seat of Edward the Confessor and Richard Cœur de Lion.

Across the Channel where the Salic Law forbids any woman to become reigning sovereign, she is, if possible, more dominant in every other sphere than even in England. It is Madame who rules house, shop, hotel, market and *salon*, without a pretense of subordination to any lord and master. Hotel-clerks are often women, and the typewriter so nearly invariably that the exception is notable, if he be a man. The ruling spirit of wine-shop and eating house is not the man whose name may appear upon the sign above the door, but the blackeyed, sometimes smiling, sometimes austere matron, who conducts sales, directs attendants and deals, after her fashion, with complainants. Should Monsieur be gathered prematurely to his fathers, Madame conducts the business at the old stand, and sometimes advertises the fact upon the tomb-stones.

Going further into the heart of the continent, you find women acting as hotel-porters, and I once saw at Strasbourg a just wedded couple on their way to their new home, the bride carrying her trunk upon a pair of stalwart shoulders, while the groom bore the bridal bouquet.

So far from leading her sex in a war of independence against man as a tyrant, bent stubbornly upon maintaining a distinct individual existence, the American woman of moderate means is better cared-for, protected and cherished than her sisters in any other country that the sun shines on.

We sail to-morrow from Marseilles for the East, where within a fortnight I hope to take up in successive "talks," the story of what domestic life is in Palestine in this, our day, as seen by the eyes of a woman from the fresher—now the happier world—where all that pertains to the Holy Land is invested with devout interest. When my feet tread the hills that knew the pleasure of our Lord's infancy in childhood, in youth, and during the brief ministry of the Man of Sorrows to a dying race, I shall in spirit have with me the many who will, in turn, bear an eager part in my journeyings and researches.

MARION HARLAND.

Paris, November 19, 1893.

CHRISTIANIZED INDIANS OF OREGON.

OREGON INDIAN CONVERTS.

ONE of the most thrilling chapters o missionary experience in Northf America is that which relates to the efforts to spread the Gospel among the Indians of Oregon. From 1835 to 1847 there were thirteen missionaries sent by the American Board to labor among these people, and considerable progress had been made among them when suddenly a hostile feeling was developed, culminating in the massacre of 1847, which compelled the discontinuance of all missionary effort in that quarter for a time. But the seed planted had taken root, and when the opportunity came, other workers went to the field and again the Gospel message was scattered amoug the Indians of Oregon. The various Protestant missionary organizations, the American Sunday School Union, and such civilizing and Christianizing agencies as the Carlisle Indian School and the Hampton Institute of Hampton, Va., have each contributed in their various ways toward evangelizing the Indians, but for many years the Oregons have been a practically neglected people. In the public documents of the Hampton Institute a number of interesting cases of the effect of spiritual and intellectual training on the Indians are recorded, Cherokees, Arickarees, Sioux, Mandans, Arapahoes, Cheyennes, Gros Ventses, Crows being among the tribes mentioned, but strangely enough the Oregon Indians are practically unrepresented in the training schools and institutes.

There is a brighter day at hand for this neglected people, and it is expected that the missionary work among them, which has lain so long idle, will now be carried forward energetically to the saving of many souls.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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CHEER UP.

LET us bless God that we were born where we were born and live now. I would not have lived in any other country if I had the choice. This is the greatest of all times to live in. The world is tuning its strings for the great orchestra which shall celebrate the coming in of brighter eras. You cannot make me believe that so many new churches and so many new universities and so many new Christian printing presses and so many thousands of good men and women, enlisted body, mind and soul for God and the world's salvation, are going to end in a miserable Bull Run defeat, with scattered canteens and torn knapsacks and disgraced banners and unwheeled ammunition wagons. If God be for us, who can be against us? In his name long ago we set up our banners, and we propose to keep them floating until the world is won for Christ and there be nothing to despoil or hurt in all God's holy mount. Do you not notice the world is getting ready for some great event? Has it not struck you, in reading the history of the last ten years, that the world is getting ready for some great event? Before Christ's first coming the nations were in expectancy. There were signs in the sky and movements in the earth and crises among nations, which gave premonition. So now among the thoughtful people there is a looking for the arrival of some stupendous event. There is not a nation of Europe or Asia that is not looking for some great change. Earthquakes all around the planet. God said that the greatest events of his Kingdom would be ushered in with earthquake, and he says again and again, "There will be a great earthquake." Hurricanes and deluges and geographical transformations in all parts of the world. It would be just like God to step out from this swaying and shivering scenery of events to offer some new deliverance, to pronounce some new benediction, to set up some new throne of righteousness. Within a few years, a new world has appeared in the constellation of the Swan. Astronomers had never seen it before. The fact was it was created probably within a few years. I do not suppose that God wore out his creative hand when he made this world. I suppose God is as strong now as he ever was, and if he could make that new world, I think he can make a new heaven and a new earth in which dwelleth righteousness. He declared he would make all things new, and he is able to keep his promise. Appreciation of the brilliant peroration of the world's history is the secret of cheerful Christian work. Show [illegible] ruin, and I will show you a man absolutely useless, either for church or state. You see men and women toiling amid all opposition and all discouraging circumstances, yet with smiling face and illumined countenance. How do they keep up? they know it is only a question of time when the right will conquer. They know they are only in a party of skirmishers sent out in advance of the great armies that are after a while to move in solid brigade under the Lord of Hosts. What if the skirmishers are now and then driven back? They only return to headquarters and soon start again for the front. All the armies of Xerxes and Baldwin the First and Napoleon and Grant and Lee would not be a corporal's guard compared with the armies of the church militant when they get orders to march for the last campaign. Enough for us the honor of being under Christ, our Captain. Though our post be humble and we have only to swab a gun or play a fife or shoe a cavalry horse, or hold a stirrup while some colonel mounts, let us do our work with faithful hands and cheerful heart; and though many of the epauletted and bestarred of the service may not appreciate us, I am sure the General will recognize us as he rides along the victorious line at the last and waves his sword towards us, crying, "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the Tree of Life which is in the midst of the paradise of God." In that day we will be breveted.

MONDAY NEWSPAPERS.

WE rejoice at the enlarged space which the secular journals of this country are giving to religious discussions, and by the publication of extracts of sermons on Monday are becoming the heralds of the Gospel. I notice also that some clergymen have severely criticised this sermonic reporting. They say that the Monday synopsis of their discourses does them injustice, that the pastors are represented as saying things they never said, that isolated sentences are taken out of their connection, and that, upon the whole, sermonic reporting in secular journals is damaging to the pulpit and Christianity. So far from being the cause of complaint, it ought to be a matter of thanksgiving to God that in this country the secular press has become the means of Gospel proclamation. In England all this work is left to the religious weeklies. The London Times and the lesser lights rarely make mention of sermon or Christian exhortation. Suppose all the sermons reported in our secular presses were dull and useless, the text would be there, and who can tell what the publication of twenty Scripture texts per week among the millions accosted by the American printing press might do for the World's evangelization? Ministers must not be nervous about mistakes in reportorial accounts. There is no perfection in this world, not even in the pulpit.

The general rule is that if a sermon have anything useful about it, the community comes to get that fact, though the phraseology in print may be a little twisted. The simple fact is, that some people do not understand the work of reporters. Their critics do not realize that the men who write in front of the pulpit have their mission as certainly as the man who stands in the pulpit. A pastor ought not to say anything on Sabbath that he would be ashamed to see in print the next morning. If the Gospel preached is not fit for the fifty thousand readers, then it is not fit for the five hundred auditors.

LIVE WITHIN YOUR MEANS.

AMONG the multitudes of resolutions to be formed for the new year there is no better one than a resolve to pay as you go. It seems passing strange that the payments of debts should be inculcated upon professing Christians, and yet is there any evil habit to which Christian men are more addicted than that of incurring debt which they cannot discharge at maturity? And the causes of this condition of things are many and multiform. Sometimes it is the result of a weak desire to live in a style beyond one's means. Oftentimes it is the result of thoughtlessness, or a general unwillingness to systematize one's expenditures. Often it proceeds from a free-heartedness and a desire to do for others, especially for the family, more than one's circumstances admit; and not infrequently it is owing to a spirit of extravagance which is a legitimate inheritance from father to son. But whatever the cause may be, as a general rule debt can be avoided and much happiness saved. To do this, above all firmly resolve to live within your means, however limited they may be; make no promises which you have not a reasonable certainty of keeping; be firm in applying whatever money you may have on hand to the liquidation of some debt in whole or in part, and above all, avoid, so far as possible, contracting a future obligation wherewith to pay a present one. And in your purchases: when you want that for which you cannot pay at the time, wait till you can before procuring it, and when you do get it, you will enjoy it all the more for the sacrifice which it has cost. There is a true nobility in denying yourself that which you cannot afford, which will increase your own self-respect, and raise you in the estimation of your friends.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

W. C. Cheers, Murfreesboro, Tenn. How were people saved before the coming of Christ?

By obedience and faith in the appointed sacrifices as typifying the sacrifice of the Great Deliverer who was to come. The eleventh chapter of Hebrews shows how faith was exercised by many illustrious saints.

Mrs. H. E. Nelson, San Francisco. Many would like to know what Scriptural authority Dr. Talmage has for his statement that the man does not live who does not commit sin.

There are many statements in the Bible which support the statement. The most direct is that in 1. John 1: 8. "If we say we have no sin we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us."

J. P. Benson, Plainfield, N. J. What was the early or original religion of Egypt?

The primitive religion of Egypt was undoubtedly ancestor worship, which gradually developed into a more comprehensive form. The oldest form of prayer extant which is dated about 3766 B.C., shows that the Egyptians prayed to Anubis or Osiris. The belief in a supreme deity, over all other gods, was characteristic of their religion from the first.

S. D. Davis, Vienna, S. C. 1. Did the Apostle Paul die a natural death? 2. When Peter on the Day of Pentecost told his hearers to be baptized for the remission of sins, did he mean that their sins would be removed by baptism?

1. The tradition is that he was beheaded and it is probably true. He would escape crucifixion by his Roman citizenship. 2. Baptism at that time was an act so momentous, as publicly connecting a man with the proscribed church, that it implied the existence of saving faith. Peter called upon them to thus publicly confess Christ.

Reader, Gainsville, Mo. Is a Christian in a fit condition to take the Sacrament if he is avoiding the company of former friends, who have done him injury, but is not talking against them, nor wishing them harm?

If he has forgiven the injury, has no malice in his heart and has taken care that his former friends know of his attitude toward them, there is no reason why he should not go to the Lord's Table with a clear conscience. He is not required to restore the former intimate relations if they have become uncongenial.

Sister in Christ, Clay Lake, O. 1. Where is the Garden of Eden? 2. Why did Christ refuse (Matt. 8: 22) to allow the man to bury his father? 3. Do you understand II Peter 3. 10-13 to teach that the world will be burned?

1. No one knows. Various theories have been advanced, but none worthy of credence. 2. The funerals of those days were ceremonies which one setting out on the Christian life as a disciple of Christ could not attend without detriment. 3. Peter's expression about a new earth in the thirteenth verse might mean that the earth would be purified by fire rather than absolutely destroyed.

X. Y. Z., California. 1. Please explain why the Evangelical churches object to a simple game of cards, any more than dominoes, chess and other similar games. We mean, of course, where such games are simply played for amusement, without betting or other objectionable accompaniments. 2. Why is it considered wrong for professors of religion to attend a theatre to see a strictly moral play, whom it is not considered wrong to have one of Shakespeare's plays read by some noted elocutionist? 3. Do you think it right to have dancing where only invited or a select set of friends meet?

The same answer will apply to all three inquiries. Card-playing, theatre-going and dancing are condemned not because they are in themselves necessarily sinful, but for the reason that they open the sluice-gates to a flood of temptations and sinful indulgences. Their associations, even in the least objectionable form, are opposed to spiritual growth and progress. No one has ever been helped in the Christian life by these amusements, but, on the other hand, thousands upon thousands who have trodden the downward path date their first mis-step on the day they first indulged in card-playing, dancing or theatre-going. Apart from all other considerations, and even though we ourselves may be proof against the allurements of such dissipations, regard for the moral welfare of others and especially of the young, should make to avoid giving an example that might lead them into sin.

Subscriber, Washington, D. C. 1. Is it true that the Roman Catholic Church has original manuscripts of any of the books of the Old or New Testament? 2. Is the Apocrypha inspired?

1. It is not true. The Romish Church does not make any such claim. The oldest copy it possesses is the one in the library of the Vatican, which appears to have been written about the year 300 A.D. Certainly not earlier. The original writings would probably crumble into dust in a century if, as is likely, they were written on sheets of papyrus. Fac-similes of the Vatican Bible are in many libraries. 2. From the sixteenth century to the present time, Protestant scholars have been unanimous in regarding it as uninspired.

O. B. Gates, Forest Grove, Ore. Why do Baptists refuse to admit Christians who have been baptized by sprinkling to the Lord's Table? Do they regard them as unsaved?

Possibly some Baptists may so regard them. The majority, however, do not. They look upon them as Christians who are not literally obeying the divine command and refuse fellowship with them on that ground. Other denominations contend that sprinkling is Scriptural baptism and that infant baptism is an act of dedication.

Charles Abbott, McKeesport, Pa. 1. The Constitution does not acknowledge the supremacy of God. Is it right for a church member to become a citizen and vote? Can he rightly swear allegiance to that which does not acknowledge Christ? 2. Is it a sin to change our views in church matters and leave to join another church, or are we supposed to adhere to our first views and consider our first obligations taken in joining the church?

1. It is part of a Christian's duty to conform to the laws of the land except where they conflict with his duty toward his Maker. As the Constitution is the highest law of the land and guarantees religious liberty, he ought to live according to its principles and share its full privileges, including the right of suffrage, the proper exercise of which enables him to work for God and morality by upholding pure government and securing the enactment of just and righteous laws. Hence we believe that citizenship is compatible with the Christian profession. 2. No; the change may be a result of temperament or preference. If a person after due consideration, concludes that his horizon of spiritual usefulness will be enlarged by changing his church allegiance, he has a perfect right to do so. Although the essentials may be identical in Christian churches, there is a wide difference in working methods and the individual must choose those best suited to his needs.

Mrs. W. J. Foster, Pictou, Ont. The only one we know of is Bancroft's History of the Fair, now being published in Chicago.——J. A. Malum, Eustis, Fla. They are repudiated by orthodox Christians as a whole.——Inquirer. We cannot undertake to endorse any of the so-called "Portrait Companies."——Old Subscriber, North Ontario, Cal. 1. Write to Rev. H. B. Hartzler, Northfield, Mass., about preparation for practical Christian work. 2. Such books are to be avoided. 3. No; it is not necessary to effective Christian work that a man should undertake to challenge the arguments of infidelity. The Christian's armor is faith while that of the infidel is mere human fallible logic, reasoning from a material basis and disdaining all that the believer holds essential.——W. H. Johnson, Red Bank, N. J. Yes; all three are open nights.——Mrs. G. M. Doolittle, Bowdine, N. Y. It is not practicable.——J. O. Drawbaugh, York, Pa. There can be no objection. It is already done regularly in many places West and South.——Rosa M. Douglas, Stafford, Genessee Co., N. Y., writes to ask if any reader can supply her with the following back numbers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Jan. 22 and Feb. 10, 1892, April 6 and May 3, 1893.——G. E. Whitney, Long Pine, Neb. 1. If your questions are of a suitable character, we will endeavor to answer them. 2. Dr. Talmage edits no publication except THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.——Criss Nickelson, The Dalles, Ore. Appletons is one of the best we believe.——John H. Ripley, St. Clairsville, O. Dr. Talmage has preached no sermon on that subject.——D. C. Leiter, Harrisburg, O. By forwarding $2 for your renewal of subscription you will receive a copy of *From Manger to Throne*. Christians should not permit themselves to be deluded by so-called spiritualistic characters. Their "manifestations" are simply clever impositions. Any sensation they excite will soon die out.——Mrs. A. D. Haines, Waynesville, O. A similar question has already been repeatedly answered in "The Mail Bag."——E. E. B., Kidder, Mo. Write to Mrs. Isabella Charles Davis, 158 West 23d st., N. Y.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE SPANISH FORT IN AFRICA.

SPAIN has at length taken measures adequate to the task of defending the beleagured garrison at Mellila. The reinforcements which have been sent out are deemed sufficient to cope with any force that the Riff tribes can send against the place. The Riffians did not wait for their arrival, but retreated with all haste to their mountain fastnesses whither it would be dangerous for the Spaniards to follow them. The small fort and town are now crowded to a degree dangerous to the health of the soldiers and people. The fortress does not cover more than fifteen acres. Its walls are strongly built and rise to a height of sixty and in some parts a hundred feet above the sea. The picture on this page of a corner in the fortifications shows the character of the citadel and the surrounding country. It is built on the mediæval model with portcullis, subterranean passages, dark casements and dungeons cut in the solid rock. Behind the walls is the town of Mellila, a dull, gloomy collection of houses, with streets so narrow that a panier-laden donkey can scarcely pass through them. The Spaniards have built an outer wall to protect the town, enclosing an area of about twenty acres, and beyond this are six detached forts of the circular pattern, on which are mounted the guns of longest range. It would appear that the citadel must be impregnable to the Riffians, although a bombardment by heavy artillery would quickly reduce it. It seems probable that no attack will be made by the tribes while the garrison is as large as at present, but the Riffians will wait only until the fresh troops are withdrawn before renewing their hostilities. By some means of communication unknown to the Spaniards, the enemy is kept informed of the state of affairs within the fortress and can thus choose the most favorable time for an attack. The price of Spanish possession will therefore be the maintenance of a strong garrison and the most constant vigilance. It is a trying position with foes on all sides and traitors within. Such a position the Christian occupies throughout his life in the world. His adversary is strong and watchful and ever ready to take him off his guard. He can never afford to neglect the Apostolic injunction, "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith—quit you, like men—be strong." (1. Cor. 16: 13.)

INSIDE THE SPANISH FORTIFICATIONS AT MELLILA.

Did not Want Advice.

A young man of wealth and position passed a night in a station-house, recently, as the result of his own persistence. For some months past the New York police have been awrre that a resort of vicious character existed in Twenty-sixth street. It was kept by a man who formerly conducted a similar resort down-town which had been raided and closed. He waa more cautious in his new quarters and took such thorough precautions about the admission of his patrons that the police could not obtain evidence against him. A few nights ago some policemen who were newcomers in the precinct were instructed to dress in civilian clothes and make an effort to get in. They did so and were successful. A policeman was then stationed outside the door to prevent the escape of any of the inmates, while his colleagues made arrests. While this duty was in progress, a young man, well known in the city, walked up to the door and was about to enter, when the policeman said, "You had better not go in there, young man. You had better go home." The young man did not recognize the officer, as he was without his uniform, and assured him that he did not need advice. He knew the character of the place, as he was a regular visitor, and insisted on going in. As it was "regular visitors," that were precisely the persons most wanted by the police, the officer allowed him to pass, and he was no sooner inside than he was arrested and marched off with the other prisoners. He wished then that he had heeded the friendly warning of the policeman. Such a wish many will feel one day who now turn a deaf ear to the warnings of the pulpit and of Christian friends, and insist on "walking in their own way." (Prov. 29: 1.)

Buried in Ruins.

Injuries which are likely to result fatally were received by the tenant of a house in Hoboken, N. J., recently. He had occupied a room on the first floor of the building for many years and lived alone. Some months ago he was notified that the house had been sold and the new owner intended to tear it down and rebuild it. The tenant was much annoyed and declared that he would not leave. A second notice was given him on November 1, and he was informed that the demolition would be begun before the end of the month. The man, however, persisted in remaining. Even when the men came to begin the work he would not leave and forbade them interfering with his home. As all persuasion failed he was put out by force and the men supposed that he had gone away. It appears that he returned and secretly re-entered his room. There he calmly set about preparing his breakfast. While he was so occupied, the men, unaware of his return, were busy on the roof. In a short time the chimney and part of the roof fell and the obstinate tenant was buried in the ruins. It was some time before he could attract attention, and when his cries were heard there was a difficulty in extricating him. It was then found that several of his ribs were broken and he was severely cut and bruised. He was taken to the hospital and his injuries treated, but he is not likely to recover. Many who wonder at the man's clinging to his home in spite of the warning that it would be demolished, are acting as he did themselves. Every man who sets his affections on this world and lives for it only, does so in spite of explicit warnings that it will be destroyed. (II. Pet. 3: 10-13.)

Perils in Tropical Fruits.

An importer of tropical fruits in New York has been giving to a reporter the results of his experience with tarantulas, scorpions and other disagreeable and dangerous immigrants from the South. He said that scarcely a cargo of bananas, or Jamaica oranges arrives without one or more of these creatures being among them. The tarantulas are the most common. They hide in the bunches of bananas near the stalk and fall out when the fruit is handled. "Our men," said the importer, "are always alarmed when one appears, and I do not wonder at it. They are most repulsive objects and I cannot resist shuddering when I see one. They are like an ordinary spider in shape, but much larger. I have seen many as large as my fist. Its legs are thick and strong, all bone and muscle and it glides over the floor so fast that the eye can scarcely follow it. Occasionally our men are bitten, for the tarantula when disturbed generally rushes straight at the disturber. We used to be much alarmed and would send the man in an ambulance to the hospital, but we have found that all that needs to be done is to wash the injured part with ammonia and bind it up in laudanum. The man suffers a good deal but is in no danger of death. It appears that the men never grow careless in handling the fruits, and it is a fact that a man from the tropics can always be identified by the cautious manner in which he lifts a board, or a box, or a bunch of bananas. The same caution would be wise in other matters. There are many amusements and pleasures in life, apparently harmeless, behind which spiritual danger lurks. Extreme vigilance and care must be used by those who indulge in them, lest they suffer injury. (Eccles. 11: 7-9).

Bound for the South Pole.

An attempt to penetrate the mysterious region of the Antarctic Circle is to be made by Dr. F. A. Cook, of Brooklyn, N. Y. He has had some experience of the difficulties to be encountered, having accompanied Lieut. Peary on his former expedition to the Arctic. Dr. Cook was the ethnologist of the party on that occasion. He believes that with proper equipment and with the experience which he gained with Lieut. Peary, it will be possible to reach the South Pole more easily than the North Pole. He proposes to sail from New York for the Island of Louis Phillippe in the extreme South. There he will leave a life boat with provisions. Thence he will steer due South and wait for an opening in the ice-pack. He hopes speedily to reach land, and will lay his steamer up in some well protected natural harbor, which he believes he can easily find. He expects to remain there during the Antarctic winter and complete his preparation for a tour of exploration in the following spring. When the sun appears after the long darkness, he will set out southward, proceeding as far as possible with his steamer. If, however, his progress is barred by the ice, he will use sledges. He intends taking sufficient dogs with him for the purpose. By one or the other means he hopes to reach the Pole. Should he, however, be prevented, he will retreat at the end of three months. He thinks that if his vessel is crushed by the ice, he will still be able to reach the Island of Louis Philippe, and, with the life-boat left there in preparation for such an emergency, make the voyage to the Falkland Islands. Dr. Cook knows that he is running great risks in taking this journey into an utterly unknown region; hence the careful preparation he is making to insure his safety. Would that the same careful preparation were made by every man for that passage which all must make beyond the grave, which must end in disaster for every one who enters upon it unprepared! (Luke 13: 5.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Some of the merchants of St. Paul, Minn., have given notice that they will not employ persons who frequent pool or gambling rooms.

The British Museum has received from Egypt the mummies of four persons who died during the days of the Hebrew Bondage in Egypt.

Evangelist H. O. Mills has been traveling in his Gospel Wagon through Michigan. He made a stay at Holly and held meetings in which the Methodist, Presbyterian and Baptist churches joined.

The Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D., has commenced a series of revival services in Detroit, Mich. The preliminary work under the care of Dr. Radcliffe was efficiently carried out, and Dr. Chapman entered upon his work with the hearty indorsement of all the churches.

A Fifth Anniversary of the American Sabbath Union will be held in Rev. Dr. D. J. Burrell's church, New York, this week. The Anniversary Sermon was preached by Dr. Burrell on Sunday, Dec. 10th. The Headquarters of the Union are at 203 Broadway, New York. Rev. J. H. Knowles, D.D., is its secretary. The Union will gladly aid in organizing local unions in the various cities.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's meetings at Lima, O., have stirred the whole neighborhood. The *Daily Republican-Gazette* says that both church members and outsiders have been moved as never before. The meetings for men only were attended by over a thousand men and boys, and they rose in a body when the preacher asked those to stand up who had determined to lead a new life. It has been necessary to hold four meetings simultaneously to accommodate the crowds, there being no one audience room in the city capable of holding them. The press expects that the results of the services in the city will be deep and permanent.

Evangelist Norman Plass has been holding a twelve days' evangelistic meeting at Strongville, Ohio. More than sixty cards were signed, a majority of them by men, and many remarkable conversions have taken place.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Walton, who have labored successfully in the South African Mission field for several years in conjunction with Dr. Andrew Murray, are in New York for a period of rest and recuperation. They have a deeply interesting story to tell of Christian work at the Diamond Mines and in other difficult spheres in Southern Africa. Pastors who may desire to hear them can address them at this office.

The Russian Stundists are quitting the country in considerable numbers. A recent report says that the families of men who have taken any leading part in the movement, are voluntarily leaving their homes, selling all they possess, to settle either in some remote part of the Empire or else in the neighboring country of Rumania. There seems to be a widespread notion among these wretched brethren that a terrible day of persecution is about to break on them, and they are seeking a shelter.

Sir Andrew Clark, the famous English physician, who died recently, was a strong temperance man. Speaking of the results of intoxicants as he had witnessed them in his professional career, he said: "When I think of all this, I am disposed to rush to the opposite extreme, to give up my profession, to give up everything, and to go forth upon a holy crusade, preaching to all men—beware of this enemy of the race."

A German farmer living in Benton Co., Mo., while digging a ditch a few days ago on his farm found a medal of Wesley Chapel, John street, New York, the first Methodist Church in America. It is made of lead and antimony and is two inches in diameter. On one side is a likeness of John Wesley and on the other a representation of Wesley Chapel and the inscription "Dedicated by Philip Embury, October 30, 1768."

The cornerstone of a new mission building was laid on November 29 in New York at Sixtieth street and First Avenue. It will contain a chapel, a day nursery, a kindergarten and a reading-room. The cost of the building, amounting to $65,000, has been paid by Mr. Isaac H. Brokaw who desires thus to build a memorial for his son who lost his life two years ago at Long Branch while trying to rescue a drowning girl.

We are glad to learn from Mr. C. F. Cutter, the leader of the Fulton St. Prayer Meeting that many requests for prayer and and some striking testimonies of answers to prayer are sent to him from readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. He asks us to assure them that they are all faithfully noticed and complied with. He also sends the gratifying intelligence that two other cities have adopted the daily noon prayer meeting on the Fulton St. model. One of these is Salt Lake City, Utah, and the other a city in Georgia.

The first lady physician ever admitted to practice in Turkey is Miss Mary P. Eddy, daughter of Rev. W. W. Eddy, D.D., for more than forty years a missionary of the Presbyterian Board. Miss Eddy graduated last year from the New York Medical College. She went to Constantinople armed with letters from Secretary of State Gresham, professors of the college and prominent men and applied to the Sultan's government for a license. She was refused on the ground that women physicians were not allowed to practice in the Turkish dominions. Judge Terrell, our minister at Constantinople, has, however, induced the Sultan to make an exception in her case and she has received her diploma. She will commence work in Syria.

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

STRENGTH IN THE WOOD.

Preached last Sunday morning, Dec. 10, 1893, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D. D.

Text: I. Sam. 23: 16, *"And Jonathan Saul's son arose, and went to David into the*

THE world has repeatedly heard of the devoted attachment between Damon and Pythias. These two Syracusans were disciples of Pythagoras, and are justly celebrated for their loyal friendship and unfailing fidelity. Their friendship was so unwavering and unselfish that the tyrant pardoned Pythias and desired to be a partner in so noble a relationship. In the Bible we have several charming illustrations of a friendship equally sincere and beautiful. The world will never forget the idyllic simplicity and gentle pathos of the story of Ruth, the Moabitish woman, and of Naomi, her afflicted mother-in-law. The friendship between Paul the aged and Timothy the youthful disciple, has touched all hearts and has become classical and immortal. But nowhere, either in sacred or secular story, can we find a friendship more generous and unselfish, and more reciprocal than that between David and Jonathan. This friendship has often been admired and imitated, but it has never been surpassed, and seldom if ever equalled. Fiction never painted a picture so beautiful as these facts suggest and complete on the page of sacred history. The pen of inspiration has limned the portraits of these

Heroic Men,

devoted friends and leaders of armies. The terms in which their friendship is described are as rhetorically beautiful as they are tenderly instructive. David says, "thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women," and Jonathan, as expressive of his highest ambition, says "thou shalt be king in Israel and I shall be next unto thee." Nothing in Hebrew poetry is more beautiful and touching than David's lament over Jonathan; nothing of an elegiac character in any of the poets is more perfect as a whole or more marked in its parts by striking images and tender thoughts. While any literature lasts, this elegy will remain as one of the noblest tributes which affection has ever produced. Tennyson's "In Memoriam," some of whose parts are melancholy as the moan of the ocean, is surpassed by this ancient Hebrew dirge. The text selected for this morning is a fine illustration of this noble friendship. Both in itself and in its setting it is worthy of our careful thought.

We notice, in the first place, the instrument of the strengthening which David received. Jonathan, the son of Saul, was the strengthener. He was in the fullest sense a brave and manly man. His name signifies a gift of God; it is the same in meaning as Theodore, which is simply its Greek form. As the eldest son of Saul, and the heir apparent to the throne, which David was divinely appointed to occupy, the relation between the two was peculiarly delicate; but to David in all his trials Jonathan was truly a gift of God. During the early part of Saul's reign the war with the Philistines gave Jonathan many opportunities of displaying his chivalrous

Valor on the Field,

and his princely qualities toward David. At [illegible] performed wonderful exploits, [illegible] by his armor-bearer, in [illegible] the garrison. His brav[illegible] is not surpassed by the [illegible] of any country, [illegible] knightly and chivalrous period. Romance nowhere, and his[illegible] valor or unwaverl[illegible] here on the part [illegible]. True friend[illegible] bravery. The fri[illegible] in their great trials fine[illegible]

Their friendship, so sacred in itself, was made all the sweeter by the adversity which both experienced. Their friendship conformed to the definition given by Pythagoras:

Friendship, one soul in two bodies.

Jonathan was also a loving man. The friendship between him and David is among the first instances found in the Bible of that passionate attachment which we find later in days of romance and history. No jealousy between these men marred the harmony of their constant devotion. Each found in the other that which neither found in his own family. Each was valiant and heroic in himself, and so each knew how to appreciate similar gifts in the other.

The Romantic Friendship.

Nothing can be more beautiful than the manner in which their friendship began. David bravely met, valiantly challenged and heroically conquered the boastful Goliath; and in that act of victory over the huge barbarian he completely won the heart of the noble Jonathan. Unselfish valor knows how rightly to esteem unselfish valor. From that day the heart of Jonathan was David's and the heart of David was Jonathan's. Jonathan enthusiastically admired the noble gifts of David, and he was willing ever after to risk his own life to preserve his friend from harm. That victory was in many respects the turning-point in David's life; but in no respect was it more important to him than because of the place which it secured for him on the throne of Jonathan's heart. Jonathan was as capable as he was valiant. Not more masterful was his father with the spear than was Jonathan with the bow; and the bow is always associated with his name and his deeds of war. In his first appearance he is closely associated with Saul as his companion; and the entire narrative shows the deep attachment which existed between father and son. The strength of this attachment is shown by the tragic effect on Saul when he determined to fulfil his vow, even "if it be Jonathan, my son." Jonathan is spoken of as

"Strong as a Lion

and swift as an eagle." He was at home in climbing on his hands and feet up the face of cliffs, or in any other adventurous undertaking in war. But in nothing does his noble career so resplendently shine as in his friendship toward David. We read that "the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul."

This early affection was repeatedly confirmed by solemn compacts. The first of these confirmations was when Jonathan gave David his sword, his girdle, his bow, and his mantle as a pledge of his unalterable affection. His friendship was again shown when his father's insane rage flashed out against David. Jonathan interceded with Saul for David's life and was unsuccessful; but soon Saul's madness returned. David was obliged to flee; and by the stone of Ezel the second covenant was made; a covenant which was binding upon the posterity of both. Here we see Jonathan's love for his father as well as for his friend, his bitter disappointment at his father's unchanging wrath, and his love for and familiarity with the sports of archery. Tenderly these lovers part to meet only once more. Far away in the forest of Ziph, as we see in connection with the text, Saul's wrath still pursued David. Jonathan is filled with anxiety for the life of his friend; and he cannot longer forbear coming to him secretly in the wood. Tenderly does he give him encouragement and comfort in this trying hour. For the third time the covenant of affection between them is renewed; then they part never again to meet. We know nothing of the life of Jonathan until we hear the clash of arms and the groans of the dying in that awful battle of Gilboa. Our hearts grow sad and our eyes become moist as we learn that in the battle Jonathan with his two brothers and his father fell fighting the enemies of their country. O fatal Gilboa, O insane Saul, O heroic and beloved Jonathan! We stand a moment before the dead bodies of fathers and brothers; and there see

Jonathan Buried

at Jabesh Gilead. Later we learn that his remains were removed with those of his father to Zelah in Benjamin. We draw near to David as he learns the news of Jonathan's death; and we hear once more the sad and eloquent strains of his matchless elegy. As the years pass we see David showing kindness to the son of Jonathan for his father's sake.

Jonathan as the strengthener of David was truly a generous friend. He was the king's son, but David was only a shepherd boy, As heir apparent to the throne David's promotion would defeat his legitimate ambitions and his natural aspirations. One of the noblest characteristics of John the Baptist was that he joyfully decreased that Jesus Christ might gloriously increase. No evidence of his divine nobility could be greater than his willingness to take a secondary place; and this characteristic we find beautifully illustrated in Jonathan. He occupied a most delicate position standing between David and the throne. He well knew that God was to give that throne to the young shepherd of Bethlehem, but in the intensity of his affection he loved to think of David as

His Master and King.

His brightest dreams suggested nothing more beautiful for himself than that he should be next to David in friendship while David reigned over Israel. Indeed it appears that he cared more for the honor of being next to David than for occupying any other place of influence in the kingdom. His position was delicate also as mediator between his father and his friend; but he was loyal and loving to both. The early affection toward his father continued to the very last. Twice Saul would have sacrificed Jonathan notwithstanding his great affection for him. Such a man as Jonathan is a friend in adversity. Well might David prize his visit now in his trying position in the lonely forest. Happy are we in business relations, in family affections, and in church friendships when we may have a friend like Jonathan to strengthen our hand in God. May God help us to prize such friends; may God help us in our measure to be such friends to others in their time of need.

We notice, in the second place, the place of strengthening—"in the wilderness." David was in the woods. The wisest and best of men sometimes get into the woods. Then, if ever, they need true friends. David was the anointed of God; he was appointed to a glorious destiny. Yet he had trials numerous and severe. It has been well said that God had only one Son without sin, but he did not have even one son without sorrow.

David's Sorrows

were conducive to his growth in grace, and to his matchless power over men in this day. But for his sorrows he had never sung his peerless songs, Out of his deepest griefs came his noblest psalms. Out of Bunyan's prison came his Pilgrim to walk forevermore through all the nations of the earth. Christ himself was never more the object of God's complacent love than when he bowed in the garden and hung on the cross. The manifold sorrows of the apostle Paul gave him his manifold forms of wisdom and of endearing influence. A rugged wilderness is often the place of noblest inspiration. David's foes were now bitter and powerful. After the songs of the women, who immortalized his triumphs, came the jealousy of Saul. Armed men encircled David's home. He was forced to fly. We have seen him with Jonathan at the cairn of Ezel; we now see him an outcast; we see him in the cave of Adullam; and we see him in the forest of Hareth. Thousands are after him to take his like. They watch for his footprints on the hills; they hunt him as a partridge. His friends are few; his enemies are many. The pursuit was hot; the prospect was dark. Delivered from the hand of Saul at Keilah, he is soon a fugitive in the rugged wilderness of Ziph; and the Ziphites are ready to betray him to Saul. Here once more is the riddle of religious experience. Marvelous is it that the noblest souls are often the deepest sufferers. The heroes and heroines of faith are evermore the sons and daughters of trial. If ever we need Jonathans it is when we are in the wilderness. David's faith must at times have wavered during these fearful experiences; and doubtless the thoughts of these times are reflected in many of his psalms. Here we see the mysteries of God's providences and the contradictory experiences of human life. It must at times have seemed to David as if the old prophet Samuel had been deceived, or was a deceiver; it must have seemed at times as if God had utterly forgotten him. With the tenderness of a true friend Jonathan turned his thoughts away from Saul to God, away from the sorrows of his trying life to the peace which comes from God as

The Everlasting Refuge.

Blessed are those friends who strengthen our hand in God! Times will come to all of us when heart and flesh will fail; times when the sun will not shine by day nor the moon and stars by night. We must all have our experiences with David in the woods. We must have our trials with David's Son and Lord in Gethemane and on Calvary. Let us not lose our hope. To us as to David will come some noble Jonathan; to us as to Jesus will come angels to strengthened us. To us will come Jesus himself, with his never-failing promise and ever-blessed presence.

We notice, in the third place, the manner of the strengthening. Jonathan's very presence was a source of strength. He came at the risk of his life to help his friend. He came in the spirit of him who was the gift of God, the divine Jonathan. His presence alone cheered David like the light, and his words soothed him like notes from his own tuneful harp. There is often wonderful power to help in a warm grasp of the hand. A sympathetic word or look may speak volumes. We ought more and more to perform personal ministries for God and souls. We too much do our

Work at Long Range;

we too often want our staff laid upon the suffering ones when we ought ourselves to go with our living, loving presence. "Fear not," was the keynote of Jonathan's address. He can assure David of divine preservation from threatening danger; he can point him to the divine purpose, which plainly declared that he should be king; and he can renew his covenant with David, pledging him faithful service and unchanging love. Next to the guidance and plesence of God are the counsel and affection of true friends. Touching was this last interview between David and Jonathan. Thrice blessed are we when we can be Jonathans to some troubled and sorrowful David. But most of all did Jonathan strengthen David's hand in God. Beautiful is his personal friendship; more blessed is the divine presence. Saul cannot hurt him whom God anoints. It was the Father's good pleasure to give David the kingdom, and no insane Saul can effectually thwart the divine purpose. Better that Jonathan lift David's thoughts directly to God, than that he should tell him of the levying troops, the massing of armies, or the shouts of victory on battlefields. David now had God's promise regarding his elevation to the throne. Blessed are they who rest on God's promise!

The Type.

Precious lessons are suggested by this narrative. 1. Jonathan was the mediator between Saul and David; but he failed to secure a reconciliation. But Christ, our Jonathan, is the true and successful mediator between sinful men and a holy God. He is the blessed Davsman. He brings us into sweet harmony and loving communion with God. 2. Jonathan, though a loving friend, had to take leave of David in the woods; he could not remain with his friend. But Christ never leaves those who trust him. He sticketh closer than a brother. Christ is the friend at all times, and a brother born for adversity. Never were David and Jonathan to meet again. Death was to break their companionship; but Jesus is the friend from whom we need never be severed. He comes to us in the wood, and abides with us until he brings us into a wealthy place. 3. Jonathan endangered his life for David; but Christ gave his life for you and me. O, what a friend we have in Jesus! Let us go to him now in our weakness, helplessness and sinfulness. Wandering in the wilderness of sin we can lay our hands in his. He will strengthen us in God, and when all our wanderings in the wilderness of this life are over, he will present us to his Father and ours amid the songs of saints and the shouts of angels. Blessed Jesus, thou art our true, our divine Jonathan!

Pleased Beyond Expression!

Delighted Subscribers Express their Appreciation of "From Manger to Throne" and the Teachers' Bible.

THE few extracts given below, from letters written by subscribers who have received their premiums, are but drops in the ocean of grateful testimonials that has flowed in upon us this week, from cities, towns and villages in every State of the Union:

RUTLAND, VT.:—*From Manger to Throne* is received. My husband is very much interested after reading it. I have already been inspired with new enthusiasm in the Master's work. MRS. E. R. BENNETT.

ALBEMARLE, N.C.:—*Manger to Throne* I consider the most unique and superb premium I have ever seen given with any paper. The book alone is worth more than $2, and taken with such a valuable paper as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, I consider it nothing less than a gift and highly appreciate it. C. M. BIVINS.

BOLTON, CONN.:—Pleased and more—I'm amazed! Had I dreamed of receiving such a beautiful book, I should never dared to have sent for it.
MRS. THOS. L. BROWN.

RHINEBECK, N. Y.:—I must acknowledge the beautiful Teachers' Bible, so full of instructive information, so different from any I've ever had. Bible came to my door free of cost, as your advertisement said. CATHARINE S. MYARS.

LYNCHBURG, VA:—THE CHRISTIAN HERALD with its magnificent premium to hand. I am sure, if people have read THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, with its continued stories, and now with the promise of the letters of Marion Harland in the Holy Land, they would need no premium to induce them to subscribe or renew subscription, and when they see *From Manger to Throne*, they will feel they have THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for nothing. MRS. W. E. PUTNAM.

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, O.:—*From Manger to Throne* is far beyond my expectation. I never read anything that brought those dear old stories, so close to me and clothed them with such interest as your book. To one like me, who has no books, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is a library in itself.
JOHN H. RIPLEY.

PATERBON, N. J.:—*From Manger to Throne* is received and we are more than delighted with it. Certainly no one can see and read it without wanting one.
MARY M. WATSON.

ONEIDA, S. D.:—Your grand premium *From Manger to Throne*, is received in good order. I am much pleased to be the possessor of this great work, which I could have gotten in no other way. I had seen it before, in the hands of agents, but its price ($5), put it beyond my means.
MRS. M. J. PEARSE.

BRIDGETON, N. J.:—*From Manger to Throne* is all you declare it to be; being handsomely printed and bound, and elegantly illustrated by hundreds of engravings, some of which are in the highest style of art. Every Christian in the land should possess the ably edited CHRISTIAN HERALD, and I believe there is no Christian paper throughout the world so evangelical and calculated to do so much good.
ROBERT B. POTTER.

ONTARIO, O.:—I have received *From Manger to Throne*, and am perfectly delighted with it. Were my mother here, that I could read it to her, who so much desired to see his book, descriptive of his travels through the Holy Land, I would rejoice; but she has crossed that Jordan—never to return.
MRS. W. P. WESTON.

JOLIET, ILL.:—This morning after Thanksgiving, with the thermometer ranging anyway from below zero, the expressman rings my door-bell and hands me your treasure *From Manger to Throne* for treasure it is, coming as it does—warming my heart and filling me with delight. It far exceeds my expectations and implants within me the desire that all in whom I am interested might be sharers in my delight. MARTHA B. THORNTON.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.:—*From Manger to Throne* is most interesting—written in attractive style, printed on extra quality of paper, with clear, good sized type and delightful to handle. With an excellent picture, photographed from life, on nearly every page, and taken very recently, showing just how the places look to-day, and bringing the scenes of Christ's daily life distinctly before you. It is far beyond my expectations, and is worth many times its cost.
ROBT. R. CORSON.

Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

Go Ye and Gather.

"Every man shall recieve his own reward according to his own labor."—1 Cor. 3:8.

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES. W. H. DOANE.

1. Day by day the Lord to you is say-ing, Go ye forth and
2. Day by day the Lord will sure-ly help you, Trust-ing Him you
3. Haste ye now, and glean a-mong the reap-ers, Work for Him who
gath-er in the grain, Go and work while yet the sun is shin-ing,
can-not toil in vain; Go ye forth, His gracious word o-bey-ing,
gave His life for you; Day by day be faithful in His serv-ice,
REFRAIN.
Go and glean o'er hill and plain.
Bring to Him your sheaves of grain.
He your strength will still renew.
Go ye and gath-er,
Quickly go and gath-er in the grain,
gath-er in the grain, Pre-cious gold-en grain; Go
Quick-ly
ye and gath-er O-ver hill and plain
go and gath-er in the grain.

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From SUNNY-SIDE SONGS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS, by per. of the Publishers.

MARY WASHINGTON NAME FUND.

BEFORE this reaches the eyes of those who have kindly interested themselves in the project of raising a suitable monument to the memory of MARY, THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON, the graceful obelisk bearing her name and erected by her countrywomen, will mark the spot where she was laid to rest in 1789. It is with sincerest gratitude to the hundreds of good and patriotic women who have aided in the enterprise, that the managers of the Memorial Association witness the result of years of patient work and hope. The response to their appeal for the removal of what they considered a national disgrace—the ruined, unfinished pile above the grave of a good woman who gave a great man to the world and a father to our country—emboldens them to ask further contributions to defray every expense attendant upon the erection of the monument. It should be entirely free from encumbrance, and when this is accomplished, the grounds should be put in order, and the memorial suitably enclosed and cared for in time to come. Unless a fund is raised for this purpose, the new stone will soon be defaced by relic-hunters and the throng of silly sight-seers whose propensity to leave their autographs in all high and holy places cannot be repressed by general rules forbidding such desecration.

Now that the monument is built, it must be kept clean and whole. I therefore call the attention of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to the suggestion made some months ago, in these columns that every woman bearing the honored name of "Mary," who reads this paper, should forward to me, in stamps, if convenient, the sum of twenty-five cents, or more, to help on this noble undertaking.

There have been received since the last acknowledgment was made, the following contributions:

In memory of "Little Mary," from Newark, N. J., 50c; Mary E. F., Talmage, Neb., 25c; Mary A. H., Ravenswood, West Virginia, 25c; Mary L. H., Oakdale, L. I., 25c; two mothers by the name of "Mary," 50c. Total, $1.75. MARION HARLAND.

THE WAR IN HEAVEN.

The Meaning of the Imagery in the Vision of Angelic Conflict.

BY THE LATE SIR S. A. BLACKWOOD.*

THE words "in heaven," used in Rev. 12: 1 and 3 need a word or two of explanation. The Apostle says: "There appeared a great wonder [margin, sign] in heaven." "And then appeared another wonder in heaven." Primarily, the term must be regarded as describing that which the Seer actually beheld as they appeared moving on the heaven, the firmament, or what we should call the sky, stretched above that part of the earth where the predicted events were to take place; and it was in or against this background of sky, or heaven, that the great signs appeared. The portents which the Apostle witnesses are there seen in shadowy and awe-inspiring forms. Such a use of the expression is by no means uncommon among us, as when we speak of "the political horizon," "the gathering clouds," etc.

But while the expression describes the outward appearance exhibited in the vision, we must not fail to notice that, in the second place, it had a symbolical meaning. Depicting, together with the heavenly bodies, the sun, moon and stars, the place of power and authority, and the rulers of this world. When, therefore, it was "in heaven" that the Seer beheld both the sunclothed woman, and the great red dragon with the seven heads, the meaning would be that in some way or other the two bodies or systems represented by these symbols would, for a time at least, be occupying, and that concurrently, positions of power in the political firmament,

It is that last and fiercest contest for supremacy between the powers of Paganism and Christianity that the Seer is now called to behold. The shadowy forms of angelic hosts are seen filling the regions of the air. Against the dazzling myriads of the elect angels, which excel in strength, led by the Archangel himself, contend the dragon and his angels. The imagery is in keeping with Old Testament representations and phraseology.

Eighteen hundred years before the angels of God had met Jacob as he went on his way, and when he saw them he said, "That is God's host, and he called the name of that place Mahanaim" (or, the two hosts). Six hundred years later, in the prophetic song of triumph in which Deborah and Barak the son of Abinoam celebrated the victory of Israel over the kings of Canaan, the belief in superhuman intervention was expressed as the words rang out, "They fought from heaven; the stars in their courses fought against Sisera." To Daniel it was revealed that the destinies of Israel and the fate of empires were the subject of strife between principalities and powers in heavenly places; for the glorious Revealer of Mysteries declared that the prince of the kingdom of Persia had withstood him one-and-twenty days, and that at a certain time Michael, the great prince which stood for the defence of the children of Daniel's people, should arise on their behalf.

The meaning of the terrific visionary conflict waged in mid-heaven between the angels who are sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation, and the prince of the power of the air, the leader of wicked spirits in heavenly places, could hardly fail to be understood by him who witnessed the marvellous scene. And it was no doubt with intense joy that he beheld the issue of the supernatural combat, the hosts of darkness vanquished, their place "not found any more in heaven," and that he heard the loud voice saying in heaven, "Now is come salvation, and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of his Christ."

No less than five times does the seer describe the overthrow of the Satanic powers: "The great dragon was cast out." "He was cast out into the earth." "His angels were cast out with him." "The accuser of our brethren is cast down." "The dragon saw that he was cast unto the earth."

"And then he records the secret of the victory, the threefold means whereby they who had waged the conflict on earth, of which the "airy pageant" was the symbolic representation, had vanquished the great adversary, the accuser of the brethren.

"They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death."

*From his article in the London *Christian*.

GIFTS TO CHRIST.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week beginning Dec. 24. Matt. 2: 11; Ps. 40: 6-8.

THE impulse to offer gifts or sacrifices in approaching the Deity is universal. Missionaries and explorers find it among savages to this day and wherever we find traces of extinct races we perceive that they had their sacrificial systems. In the ancient civilizations, too, the sacrifice had a conspicuous place. Left to himself, man conceives of a Being whose wrath must be dreaded and whose favor is to be desired and who can be propitiated by gift, or sacrifice. A few there have been, of deeper spiritual insight, who declared that God took no delight in burnt offerings and would not be pleased with thousands of rams, nor ten thousand rivers of oil, but required of man only that he do justly, love mercy and walk humbly with his God. These were the men whose ears, as the Psalmist says, had been opened to heavenly intimations. But these messengers were little heeded and to this day and among ourselves, there are still people who appear to believe it is possible to compound by gifts of money with the Almighty for infractions of his law. Mistaken as these are, gift and sacrifice hold their place in all true worship. As the Christian is bound to holiness and purity of life more stringently now that he is not under the law, so greater sacrifices are due from him than the law ever required. His position is that of the redeemed slave, who owes himself and all he has to his Redeemer. He is bought with a price and belongs wholly to the Being whose blood was shed for his ransom. In taking upon him the name of Christian, or Christ's man, he acknowledges his obligations both as to person and property. He belongs to Christ and holds himself at his Lord's disposal. If he rightly estimates his obligations he feels bound to render service in some form. The protestations of love and gratitude, which he utters in hymn and prayer, will not satisfy his conscience, he will long to prove them by act and life. As a man will grudge nothing that is needed by a dearly loved brother or friend, so the Christian will delight in proving his love for his Lord. No law is needed in his case, he labors and gives "in his name" and "for Christ's sake." And opportunities surround him on every hand. Calls for service come from far and near. Wherever, either in his own city, or some distant land, there are souls in darkness there is opportunity. He may speak the word of light himself, or he may toil that others, who go to speak it, may be supported. His needy brethren, to whom he is bound in the bond of a common love of Christ, are his special charge, left to his care by the explicit words of his Lord. His gifts to them are gifts to Christ. His whole life is a service and all he is and has is consecrated to God. Nothing less is required of him and in proportion as he lives up to his obligations, is he blessed and enjoys the favor of his Lord.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

[illegible] steadily down to work on the reading course and in their departments of aggressive work. There is much concern at headquarters over the number who are adopting the Bay View course of reading in preference to that prescribed by the board. The utmost liberty is allowed in this matter, but the chapters are admonished that loyalty to the church and the board is appreciated. The fact that the Bay View course is better from an interdenominational point of view is not altogether an advantage in the league which was founded with the express purpose of fostering denominational spirit. An enthusiastic convention was held recently at Neneveh, Pa. It continued two days and attracted friends from all parts of the Washing, Pa., District. Among the speakers were Rev. W. J. R. Moore, Rev. O. J. Watson, and Rev. John J. Hill of Washington, Pa. There are now twenty-four chapters of the league in the Dayton, O., District, with an aggregate membership of 1,800. An effort is being made to endow a bed to bear the name of the League in Christ's Hospital. An excellent practice which is found to promote fraternal relations has been adopted on the suggestion of the local chapter at Sandy Hill, N. Y. It is a quarterly union meeting of the league with the three Christian Endeavor Societies of the village. These meetings are much enjoyed, as they are always harmonious and suggestive. The Swedish Emmanuel church in Brooklyn, N.Y., has an energetic chapter in connection with it. It has a membership of 100, and all are thoroughly in earnest. Last year, in addition to raising $308 for general purposes, it did an extensive work among the sick poor and raised a sum of money to supply the parsonage throughout with new carpets.

REV. LEANDER S. KEYSER,
Indiana Vice-President of the Christian Endeavor Union.

ALFRED E. HUTTON, M.P.,
President of the English C. E. National Council.

REV. J. W. COWAN,
Organizer of the First Junior C. E. Society.

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THREE PROMINENT CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS.

Among the friends and advocates of the great organization which has with a rapidity unparalleled in the history of the Christian Church spread from city to city and from land to land the three eminent men whose portraits appear on this page occupy a high place. Their earnestness and zeal in the cause of Christ found in the broad principles of the Christian Endeavor movement an agency of far-reaching power and each in his own sphere has labored for its extension and development.

Mr. Alfred E. Hutton is the President of the British Council of the Society. He is a Member of Parliament and a philanthropist. Although only twenty-eight years old he has achieved a national reputation as a friend and benefactor of the working men. He is a successful business man whose manufactory in Yorkshire is one of the largest in the woolen industry. He was educated at the famous Congregational school at Mill-hill and at Trinity College, Cambridge. After his graduation, he entered actively into Christian work in his native town of Eccleshill. His days were devoted to business, but in the evenings some work at the Young Men's Christian Association or among the poor, found him occupation and on Sundays, mission work and the superintendence of a large Sunday School claimed his energies. Three year ago he secured the property of an old church which he opened as "The Working Men's Free Assembly Rooms," and organized a series of entertainments there which have been a great benefit to the neighborhood. The artisans now manage it themselves and have turned it to practical account in many ways. On Sunday and week days all the year round the building is thronged and the religious and social life of the town has been greatly helped by the institution. At the Parliamentary election last year Mr. Hutton was enthusiastically elected as member for Morley and is proving himself a wise and far-sighted legislator. As an evidence of his religious character it is worthy of notice that during the excitement of the political campaign he was never once absent from his place in the Sunday School or any other of his Church engagements. At the recent Convention of Christian Endeavor Societies he was chosen President of the National Council.

Rev. Leander S. Keyser is already well-known to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Three serial stories from his pen have appeared in its columns and we rejoice to know that they were the means of doing much good. One of them under the title of "The Only Way Out," was blessed to the conversion of several sceptics, who are now laboring successfully for Christ. His other stories, "The Epochs of a Life" and "Why he Wavered" have, also, had a beneficial influence. Mr. Keyser is the Lutheran Vice-President of the Ohio Christian Endeavor Union. He is pastor of the Third Lutheran Church of Springfield, O. He is thirty-six years of age and is a native of Tuscarawas County, Ohio. He became a school teacher at the age of sixteen, and afterward studied at Kalamazoo College, Michigan, and Indiana State University. During his college course he was noted for his avowed scepticism, but after his graduation he came under the influence of a pious uncle who succeeded in leading him to Christ. Mr. Keyser determined to give his life to the ministry and went to Wertenberg College at Springfield, O., for a theological course. His first settlement was at La Grange, Ind., from which place after a successful pastorate he removed to Elkhart, Ind., where he was greatly blessed. In his new pastorate at Springfield, O., he early availed himself of the Christian Endeavor movement, and has introduced it to other churches of his denomination.

Rev. J. R. Cowan enjoys the distinction of having organized the first Junior Society of Christian Endeavor. In the Congregational Church of Tabor, Iowa, of which he is still pastor, Mr. Cowan held a meeting of children in March, 1884, and explained to them the principles of Christian Endeavor. A Young People's Society already existed in the church which Mr. Cowan organized early in the history of the movement, and it had done good service. He believed that the children also would be benefited, and the meeting was the practical outcome of his faith. The pledge was taken by three boys and seven girls, the first to sign being Raymond G. Brooks, who is now a student in Yale Divinity School. Although Mr. Cowan's experiment was looked upon a little doubtfully at first, experience has proved its value and the number of Junior Societies has grown with phenomenal rapidity. Mr. Cowan is an earnest believer in Christian Endeavor methods and principles and one of the most devoted and energetic friends of the Society.

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AMONG THE ORDERS.

At the close of November the Founding fund of the B. Y. P. U. A. amounted to $14,941.

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Mr. D. L. Moody has written to the headquarters of the B. Y. P. U. thanking the organization for the support it rendered him during the World's Fair Evangelistic Campaign.

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The Duchess of Bedford is unable to continue to hold the office of President of the English section of King's Daughters, but she remains in cordial sympathy with the Order.

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At the recent prize distribution in Manchester, Eng., the mayor stated that last session 1,300 young men employed in the warehouses and places of business, benefited by the Y. M. C. A. classes in that city alone.

✻

The Mizpah Circle of King's Daughters in Brooklyn, N.Y., has opened an Industrial School for the Blind. Any Circle desiring to aid in the work may address contributions to Miss Carrie Boehmer, 691 Myrtle Ave., Brooklyn.

✻

A thriving Epworth League has been organized at Chuddarghat, India. It has forty-five members, and has the prospect of large accessions. Its social meetings attract large numbers of native Christians and visiting Americans and Europeans.

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An Associated Union of Baptist Young People's Unions has been organized at Pittsburg, Pa. Mr. Clarles A. Edsall, the President of the State Union took an active part in the organization and Dr. Frank L. Wilkins attended to give it his Secretarial benediction.

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Two circles of King's Daughters at New Haven, Conn., have during the past year raised, in addition to their ordinary work, a sum sufficient to pay the mortgage on the home of an aged blind member of the Order, and to provide clothing and other necessities for her and daughter.

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At the Annual Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of California, held at Stockton, 164 delegates representing twenty-three Associations were present. Mr. D. Edward Collins of Oakland was elected President of the State Executive Committee.

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At Langholm (Dumfries), the first Scotch country town to take up the Y. P. S. C. E., the work has gone on successfully, and has proved itself to be a great spiritual blessing to many. Societies have recently been commenced in connection with the Free, North United Presbyterian and Evangelical Union Churches.

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Christian Endeavorers of the Second Congregational Church of Oakland, Cal., have inaugurated, under the leadership of their pastor, a course of study in history and Christian evidences and in denominational history and doctrine. They will hold meetings every week to recite.

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The proceedings of the Indianapolis Convention of Baptist Young People's Unions have been printed in an attractive volume of 128 pages, and issued by the Union, 122 Wabash Avenue, Chicago. The book is beautifully illustrated with pictures of the Convention Hall and other public buildings, and portraits of the speakers and officers of the Union.

A Day with the Destitute.

What a Lady City Missionary found to do among the New York Tenements—Famishing Families Relieved.

IT has been truly said that one half the world scarcely knows how the other half lives. Practical charity—the sort that goes out among the poor and destitute, and learns their true condition, instead of informing itself at second-hand from printed reports—is unfortunately beyond the power of a majority of the philanthropically disposed, who thus miss many valuable and touching object-lessons in kindness. Although in every large American city there are now many well-organized and faithfully conducted charitable bodies, whose chief task is to succor the needy and the deserving poor, there are thousands upon thousands of households whose members suffer on in silence, rather than permit themselves to be classed as "charity folks." It is to these, no less deserving than the regular proteges of charity organizations, that the occasional aid afforded privately comes with the warmest welcome.

Miss Jennie Gilmour, a lady who has been engaged in missionary and religious work for many years, at the suggestion of the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, undertook to search out some of the more needy and deserving among those hidden cases of destitution, on the east side of New York City. Her experience is so full of pathetic interest that we give it from her own lips:

"I started out on the day before Thanksgiving," she said, "and although I have had considerable experience in Christian work of this character, I was surprised at the extent of the misery and destitution I saw. To tell of even half the places I visited would make too long a story, so I will relate only a few. In one room on the second floor in the rear of a tenement, I found a family of eight, almost starving for lack of food. The husband was out of work. A block off, in another tenement, was a widow with five children famishing and half-clad. At another place, a mother lay with a broken limb in the dingy rear room of a tenement, the home neglected and the little ones hungry. On leaving this wretched room, I found, not far distant, several most pitiful cases, where the parents, either through sickness or misfortune, were unable to provide for their children. In one hovel, where a sick husband, his wife and five small children herded, the only bread-winner was the mother, who sold papers for a living! On visiting Washington Market, I found the dealers there kindly disposed when I stated that I desired to make some purchases for these poor families. At a liberal reduction I bought turkey, chicken, cranberries, vegetables and flour enough to supply all, and to drive away the wolf of hunger from these wretched homes for a day at least.

"Next I went to a grocery store and bought jellies, preserves, grapes and crackers for two sick mothers who lived in East 28th and 29th streets. The next hour or more was occupied in charity of another sort. I had found two families—one in 43rd st., and the other in 25th street,—who were bitterly bewailing their misfortune in being threatened with eviction by their landlords. What that means, at the opening of winter, to families with little children none too warmly clad, can be readily appreciated by anyone whose heart has a spark of sympathy in it. I paid their rent—$8 apiece—and the restoration of their homes made them happy indeed.

"Then there were some who needed other things more than food. On East 22nd and East 28th, near 2nd Avenue, were two households sitting in rooms that had an arctic chill—and in which I, though warmly wrapped, could not repress a shiver. They had had no fire for days and nothing to buy fuel with. Would they like a bushel of coal? 'Oh!' they said with a faint smile, 'that wasn't to be thought of.' I called on a nearby dealer and they each got half a ton that afternoon. It will warm the babies for a week or two at least, poor things! Then there were three families where the younger element appeared to have almost given up wearing clothes—at least what they did wear was the thinnest apology. They had something to eat and as the clothing question seemed the most pressing, I arranged for warm garments of plain, strong goods and for stout shoes for those that needed them the worst.

"These people," Miss Gilmour added, "were only a few of thousands similarly situated, who endure privations that the busy, prosperous, well-fed and well-housed portion of mankind have no idea of. My day's duty ended only after the sum entrusted to me as almoner for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD had been expended and darkness had set in. I could not but admire the patient fortitude I witnessed, even where the suffering was the sharpest and the misery most apparent."

On the same day, a number of the philanthropic organizations of the East Side distributed among the poor in their respective neighborhoods, bread supplied by the proprietor of this journal, the only condition being that it should be given to the really needy and no other. The Industrial School at No. 91 Rivington street distributed three hundred loaves, the Church of Sea and Land, Henry street, three hundred, the Industrial School, No. 125 Lewis street, one hundred and fifty, the Hebrew Sheltering House, No. 210 Madison street, one hundred and fifty, The King's Daughters of Hope Chapel, No. 77 Madison street, twenty-five, and seventy-five loaves were apportioned among individual distributors. Every loaf was placed where most needed.

The present winter, for various reasons, is an unusually hard one among the poor all over the country. Among the readers of this journal there are thousands of men and women of pure and elevated Christian character, who take a deep interest in relief work. To those who can give the time to the work, we would say: Look around in your own neighborhood and search out the really needy. Remember that even a loaf of bread is a welcome gift to those who are without food, and that your smallest effort, if put forth in the name of him who fed the hungry, and who commanded his disciples to do so also, will return to you with a multiplied blessing.

GIRL LIFE IN JAPAN—A SERVANT MAID AT THE WELL.

Little Courtesies.

The little courtesies of life, the "thank yous," the "pleases," tell in brightening it, as do the small considerations shown in everyday affairs. How true it is that virtues can be cultivated by perseverance, courage and the higher strength! Pleasantness, namely, the power of saying bright, cheery things, is a virtue.

For every evil under the sun
[illegible]
If no remedy, try not to mind it.

THE ORPHAN.

I HEAR the soft winds sighing
Through every bush and tree,
Where parents dear are lying,
Away from love and me.
Tears from my eyes are starting,
And sorrow shades my brow;
Sad was the hour of parting—
I am an orphan now.

My heart is very lonely,
My spirit drear and sad;
'Twas their dear presence only
That made my spirit glad.
From morning until even,
Care rests upon my brow,
They're gone from me to Heaven—
I am an orphan now.

They're living with the Saviour,
In that bright land so fair,
Their sorrows o'er forever,
Sin never enters there,
And soon, oh joy! they'll meet me
With crowns upon their brow,
They're happy with the angels,
And I'm an orphan now.

—MARY E. WATERS.

* * *

GIRLHOOD IN JAPAN.

YOUTH in Japan is not by any means the perfunctory period some writers have described. It is true that in that far-away country, life is slow and tranquil by contrast with our western ways, but it certainly loses nothing of its attractiveness on that account, if indeed it does not gain in those qualities that go to make up the pure, sincere, steadfast character.

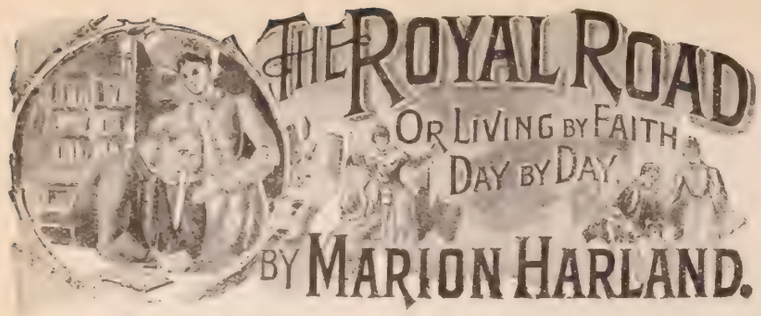
Here is a picture, presented by a writer in the "Japan Evangelist" of the daily routine of a young girl in the average household: "Early in the morning, before the household is stirring, she is up and at her tasks. With the sun to greet her with his first golden rays, she is at the well drawing water. Hers is a strong arm. She carries a good honest bucket whose bottom is made to hold water. The bucket comes up full to the brim. The water is clear and sparkling, reflecting the bright eyes, rosy cheeks and glossy black hair of the girl who works so cheerfully. On her way back to the house, she will stop, it may be, to arrange a few flowers in a pot near the entrance; for she is in sympathy with many a choice plant. She is essentially a woman. The children learn to love her and seek her early in the kitchen at her morning work. The master and mistress trust her. The place of her service becomes her home. She is not a mere slave. She may occasionally visit her friends and relatives. She has her joys and sorrows, her hopes and disappointments, her loves and hates in her little world. Drawing water for the kitchen, the teapot, the wash and the bath-house, is one of the tasks at which we most frequently see her; and it is the one that brings up pleasant recollections. . . . .

"The first thing I heard on waking was the familiar sound of some one drawing water. There at the well was the young girl. I soon won her sympathy. She ran in and called her master. He came out and it is not an exaggeration to say that for the next two days I was treated like a welcome guest in that mountain home. The best room and the best bed were put at my disposal. The children soon overcame their timidity in the presence of the foreigner and took great pains to please him with flowers gathered from the garden and the mountains. Father and mother both entertained me with quaint and interesting pictures—drawings handed down as heirlooms from generation to generation. In return I told them of my former life and home beyond the seas. The girl went by jinrikisha to Tokyo and entered one of the larger Girls' Schools. She is now an honored member of Christian society. Once a year she sends me, as a token of her gratitude, a bunch of morning-glories."

* * *

Do Something.

You cannot set the world right, or the times, wrote Phillips Brooks; but you can do something for the truth; and all you can do will certainly tell, if the work you do is for the Master, who gives you your share, and so the burden of responsibility is lifted off. This assurance makes peace, satisfaction and purpose possible, even in the partial work done upon earth. Go to the man who is carving a stone for a building; ask him where is that stone going, to what part of the temple; and how is he going to get it into place, and what does he do? He points you to the builder's plans. This is one stone of many. So when men ask how your achievement is going into God's plan, point to your Master, who keeps the plans.



CHAPTER I. (Continued.)

"WAS that a drop of rain upon my nose?" Mrs. Barnes cried, blithely. "You were sensible in not wearing your new hat to-night, and I foolish in venturing out in one which I cannot afford to have spoiled, but I do not care to pay too dearly for the lesson."

A favorite supper-dish kept warm over hot water until he had finished the day's labors, and a cup of fresh black coffee made by his wife's deft hands after they got home, did their part toward restoring the good man to his wonted serenity and banishing the now unwelcome image of the intelligent stranger who after all, might have simulated rapt attention to a plain talk prepared for the more spiritually-minded of his own flock, who would compose his audience on a wet night.

The more imaginative wife did not dismiss the subject so easily from her silent thoughts.

"That woman's face haunts me," she soliloquized over her mending-basket, when her husband had withdrawn to his study, renewed in body and spirit. "I could not keep my eyes from wandering to her while William was speaking. And the voice too, I could be sure went with it in my mind. Poor, dear William!" here she smiled in affectionate amusement,—"It was thoughtless in me to rub his fur the wrong way by my inconsiderate talk. I never dreamed of intimating that she was a bad woman. There was not a sign of that sort of thing about her except the misery in a face I seem to recollect as happy and smiling."

Half an hour afterward she tapped at her husband's study door. Gentle birth and breeding had made her punctilious in the practice of the smallest courtesies of life.

She said, "I beg your pardon," when she failed to catch the hurried or mumbled speech of a servant, and never entered the door of a member of her family without knocking. She was a comely body, with perfect teeth, expressive brown eyes and the clear brunette complexion was like Olivia's —"ingrain." Just now her face was youthful under the flush and flash of excitement.

"William, dear! I am positive that I know that woman!" was her introductory outburst, as the opening door revealed the reverend student bending over his desk.

He looked up with labored mildness.

"What woman, my love?"

"Excuse me! What a blunderer I am! The stranger at the chapel this evening. And so will you be when I remind you that you were at her wedding eighteen—almost nineteen years ago. Don't you recollect Alice Lanier, who married that handsome, fascinating, shiftless Ernest Paull? She and I were dear friends at school, and until we were both of us married. I declare I have no patience with myself for not recognizing her at once to-night. Yet she is so sadly changed that I never thought of my old friend. I saw the notice of her father's death two or three years ago, and ought to have written to her. There is no doubt of that. But you know how selfishly we let such opportunities slip by, and I had lost her address, and other matters crowded upon me,—and so I didn't do the decent and kind thing. The last I heard of her, she [illegible] away up town, near the High Bridge somewhere,—and New York is such a howling wilderness. There must be some[illegible] absorption in one's selfish interests as to leave no time and thought for others, no matter how dearly we loved them once. I was very fond of Alice. She was one of the [illegible] charming women I ever knew. It hurts me to the quick of my heart to compare her face as I saw it an hour ago, with what it was [illegible]"

She had run herself down at last, and sat [illegible] availed himself of the gap to insert some judicial questions.

"'Shiftless' and 'fascinating,' did you call her husband? What else do you know of him? Were you acquainted with him before their marriage?"

"Very slightly. I never saw him after the wedding. You may recollect—and you probably don't,—that we could not attend the reception given to them at her brother's, Mr. Roger Lanier's, on their return from a year abroad—their bridal tour. Elizabeth was just six weeks old and I could not leave her."

"Woman's chronology!" interpolated Dr. Barnes, indulgent of the weakness. "That fixed the date of the marriage in your mind."

She nodded decidedly, coloring as she laughed.

"Of course it did! Some poet has made a calendar of the flowers. The mother's way of reckoning time is prettier and more poetical too, to my mind, to say nothing of its infallibility. Never dispute a date determined by a baby's age. I wonder if poor Alice has living children. I cannot describe to you with what a shock I identified as my gay-spirited, prosperous school-fellow the stranger in mourning that was almost shabby, and with such a woe-worn face. I felt as if I had seen a ghost. What could have brought her to our chapel? or, to Brooklyn at all? and out alone on such a disagreeble night,—and in Mendebras Avenue, of all places in Brooklyn? There is a mystery about the whole affair. Then, the way in which she broke out in that last hymn! Her voice sings in my ears yet. William, I cannot forgive myself for not recognizing her then and there. The conviction is so strong upon me that she is in some trouble."

"My blessed child! how you run on! Even if the to-you-mysterious stranger be your old acquaintance—which, mark you, I do not admit as a certainty—the incident is simple and unremarkable. For aught you know, she may be living in Brooklyn and have felt some curiosity to hear the husband of her former friend preach, granting that nothing else led her to attend divine service. It is clear that she did not recognize you, or she would have waited to speak to you. Eighteen years have changed you as well as herself. For the better—allow me to say —" the genuine affection that underlay the thin crust of conceit fostered by parish adulation, breaking through in an appreciative gleam, as he surveyed the matron who was ten years his junior and looked fully fifteen years younger. "But time exacts tribute of us all. The comeliness of forty-five is not the bloom of twenty."

For once the wife was unmindful of the conjugal compliment. Her elbow on the arm of her chair, her cheek on her hand, she was gazing into the past.

"Maybe she shrank from meeting me!" she said, thoughtfully. "Times have evidently altered for the worse with her. She was always proud. She came of old Huguenot stock, and they thought a great deal of family honor. There were three sisters, one lives in San Francisco, another in England. Both are older than Alice. The only living brother, Roger Lanier, was especially fond of her. He was one of the best, yet proudest men I ever saw—a model of business integrity. I see his name in the papers now and then, in connection with benevolent and religous enterprises. He is very rich, I imagine. I shouldn't think he would let Alice suffer for want of money."

"It is highly improbable," said Dr. Barnes, dryly, glancing at his manuscript. It was Friday night and his first sermon for Sunday was unfinished. "Perhaps she is a widow."

"Oh, I think not! It is more likely that he has been unsuccessful in business. She was not in widow's weeds. You asked what I know about Ernest Paull. He was a banker, or a broker, or something that sounded rich, and promised to make him richer. Papa thought him visionary and unstable, I recollect, and only 'hoped my friend had chosen wisely.' You know what that means when a man like Papa says it. But"—starting briskly up and apologetically—"I won't detain you any longer. I could not help rushing in like a whirlwind the instant the truth broke in upon me. You won't sit up late, will you, darling?"

As she passed into the hall the monotonous drip of rain upon the skylight overhead caught her ear, and she drew herself together with a shrug of conscious comfort as a bird tucks his head under his wing when "the north winds do blow." Home and family warmth were blessings worth being thankful for on a stormy night. She went down-stairs to lock up the house for the night. William would not think of it for hours to come. Instead of closing the front parlor shutter, she lowered the gas, raised the window and looked out into the street, moved by an impulse she could not define. It was in English phrase, "a nasty night," the sidewalks and round paving stones shining greasily under the street-gas, the rain falling in hair-like streams, close and steady, Without being bitterly cold, the air made her flesh crawl. The pastor's wife was not, it is superfluous to remark, a rich woman, but her nest was cosy, her life, albeit not exempt from the trials incident to the changes and chances of clerical existence, was sheltered and honorable. Her William had his ways like other men, but love had piloted her among the reefs, whirlpools and shallows of these for twenty-two years, and she no longer feared or was annoyed by them. She had perfect trust in his sterling virtues, in the sincerity of his piety and in his love for herself. Experience had taught her the marvellous art of supplementing her partner's deficiencies without letting him suspect that she did him this good turn, and,—a more marvellous thing still—without lowering her own respect for him.

All this passed so rapidly through her brain that she could hardly have traced the links of the chain of reverie. Thoughts of the three children given into arms that opened in rapturous gratitude to receive them as God's choicest earthly gifts; of troops of friends, tried and true; of opportunities for serving the Master, and her kind—overflowed her heart with a sudden glow and rush.

"Dear life! sweet life! full life!" she breathed inarticulately, tears warming eyelids already chilled by the misting rain.

A woman's figure passed between her and the street-lamp nearest the minister's house. It was wrapped in a long black cloak, glistening with rime; the eves looked straight forward; the yellow light struck across a face that was haggard and rigid.

"Alice!" called Mrs. Barnes, tentatively.

The apparition was so unexpected that she could scarcely credit the fidelity of her own eyes. She might, also, she reasoned swiftly, be mistaken in fancying that the woman was the same she had seen in the chapel. Much thinking upon the incident might have heated her imagination. She could have believed that the figure already quite beyond her window, faltered and glanced from right to left. Mrs. Barnes leaned over the sill, and repeated the cautious call in wooing intonations:

"Alice! Alice!"

Then she ran to the front door and opened it. The street, as far as she could see up and down, was empty of any living presence. The dimmed lamps and the close web of rain had the night all to themselves.

CHAPTER II.

"The bar-lesson of our task-house here . . . that we have to strive against the grievous things of life while hope remains, as if they were evil, and then when the stroke has fallen, to accept them from the hand of God, and doubt not they were good."—*Martineau.*

Alice Paull had gone out that evening because she could not stay in the house. She had never tried to delude herself by giving the title of "home" to the two-and-a-half story frame house with a "high" stoop on the humble avenue with the high-sounding name, into which she had removed with her family last April, yet it was all the home they had. Neighbors and neighborhood they had none. One can, if so disposed, as easily live in Brooklyn six months, or six years, without knowing so much as the names of the people next-door to her, as in the bigger city across the river. It is a common error to suppose that this sort of indifferentism is confined to the rich and worldly.

Without guessing at the truth, the Paulls were the more effectually isolated by the impression created by the household stuff transported from the vans to the two-and-a-half story house. Every article of furniture, however ingeniously muffled up, was detected and criticised by the denizens over the way, and on either side of what figured in the real estate agents' advertisement, as "that desirable cottage residence, at 363 Mendrebas avenue, between Post and Pillar streets, and combining all the advantages of town and country." There was not too much furniture for a small house, but the pieces were too large for the rooms and altogether too handsome for the vicinity—decided the spectators, standing well back in their upper chambers, not to be seen through the windows. Mrs. Gaze, at 364, settled in her mind at a glance, that the big carved buffet must be set in the back parlor. "It couldn't never no way at all, be shoved into the basement dining-room, without they tore the front of the house out." Mrs. Pryor, at 365, "wondered the new folks next door hadn't traded off that big grand piano for a small upright." She "admired to see things suitable, and that lumbering elephant of a thing would take up the front parlor."

The crowning offence was a billiard-table, to admit which a basement window had to be taken bodily from the casings. It set the stamp of disreputableness upon the whole establishment in the estimation of the steady-goers thereabouts. Such appurtenances might do for the private residences of rich New Yorkers who tampered with all sorts of soul-destructive playthings, but it was not what Mendebras avenue, where so many people owned their houses, was used to.

The Paulls kept but one "girl," Scotch by birth, fifty years old, and an inveterate stay-in-doors, except on Sunday, when she went a mile-and-a-half, clear to Williamsburgh, to attend a Scotch Presbyterian Church. Thus much was gleaned by a boy who went down on a street-car with her one Sunday morning, and saw where she got off. She did all the marketing, bringing her purchases home in a covered basket, and taking in the ice at the basement door with her own hands, never allowing a strange foot to cross the threshold, and resisting all neighborly blandishments looking towards chats over the back fence, and while sweeping the side-walk. Yet, the tale somehow got about, that the new folks ate in the back parlor, the billiard-table being devoted to the purpose for which it was made. Mrs. Keeneyse, at 365, had "hoped that it was a second-hand affair bought cheap and meant to be used for a dining-table. As it was, she hadn't a word more to say, except that times had changed and Mendebras avenue was no exception to the rule."

When the weather grew warmer, the secret of the novel scandal was soon out at the open windows. More than one passer-by on summer nights was reported to have been misled as to the respectability of the neighborhood by hearing the click of the ivory balls, and men's voices in merry conversation in the front basement.

The family-proper consisted, as was soon ascertained, of father and mother, a lad of seventeen or thereabouts, a girl somewhat younger, two boys of ten and eight, and a little girl of six. Eight souls, all told, counting in the immortal part of the Scotch "girl" —and a close fit for No. 363. True, the father who must have been a splendid figure of a man when young, was away from home for weeks at a time. They did say that he traveled for a New York concern—silk, some thought, and others, straw goods. All the family except Mrs. Paull and the Scotch girl were away in July and August. Somebody —nobody could specify who—had said that they had swell relations who owned "places" at Newport or somewhere else, and took a sight of notice of the children. The oldest boy was off at boarding-school, or, maybe, college, and the biggest girl, she went away early Monday morning and came home on Friday night, so she was most likely in a school in New York. Twice, on very stormy Fridays, she had been brought home in a bang-up private carriage.

Taking all these drawbacks into consideration, the Paulls went ill with the setting in which some reverse of fortune had placed them. The sturdy, honest pride of their neighbors did not revolt at the almost certainty that the new people had once been wealthy, and in circles of which they—the Mendebras Avenueites—knew nothing except by hearsay. Nor would the bang-up brougham have held them back from "neighboring" with the pale woman in black who was rarely seen beyond her doors by daylight, but who had been met a mile away after dark, more than once, walking fast and noticing nobody.

To be continued.

AN AMERICAN HERO'S YOUTH.*

HIS father was one of the most prosperous men in the colony and abundantly able, had he so chosen, to give his son a thorough education and send him either to Harvard, Yale, or King's College, (Rhode Island College, afterward Brown University, was not fully established till he was thirty years old.) But his father did not so choose; such a course would have seemed to him most sinful. He employed an itinerant teacher in the long winter evenings to teach his eight boys to read, write, and cipher. Having mastered these, the Holy Scriptures and the writings of George Fox and Robert Barclay were considered as affording all knowledge that was needful or useful. Against this programme, Nathaniel, the younger, instinctively rebelled. At the age of fourteen he made the acquaintance of a young man named Giles, who was passing his college vacation in the village of East Greenwich, a short distance from his father's home. The result of his conversations with Giles about college and books led him to ask of his father better means of study; and after much hesitation his father so far yielded as to allow him to study geometry and a little Latin under a teacher named Maxwell, in East Greenwich. This taste of knowledge suggested to the lad that he devise means within his own control for procuring books, and accordingly he made toy anchors and other toys of iron. The next time the sloop took her load of wares from the forge and the mill to Newport, he went in it, and promptly sold his toys for cash. With this he proceeded to the bookstore and remarked that he wanted to "buy a book." The bookseller sharply asked, "what book?" And the boy, abashed, was unable to reply. But it happened that in the bookstore at the same time was the Rev. Ezra Styles, then pastor of the Second Church in Newport, and afterward for many years President of Yale College. He was much interested in a lad who showed such a positive but ill-defined desire for knowledge, and at once began to give him welcome advice about the choice of books. Through this kindly assistance young Nathaniel became acquainted with *Locke on the Understanding* and Watt's *Elements of Logic*, which, in connection with Euclid, formed strong, wholesome food for an acquiring and eager mind of fifteen. In his trips to Newport, he also formed the acquaintance of Lindley Murray, the future grammarian, who, although younger than himself, was being well educated and anxious to talk about books and studies. In his nineteenth year, the death of his two stepbrothers led to a lawsuit concerning the disposition of their property, of so complicated a nature that it was sent to England on appeal. His father instructed him to collect evidence and confer with the lawyers, and this induced him to purchase Jacob's *Law Dictionary* and diligently study it. A little later he purchased an Oxford edition of Blackstone, in four quarto volumes; then the *Dictionary of Arts and Sciences*, in four volumes. Further additions to his stock were made from time to time, but it was not until he moved to Coventry and built his own house, that he could fully gratify his taste for books. Then he had a library of two hundred and fifty volumes, well chosen and solid books, which had cost him no little hard-earned money and which he thoroughly studied, reading many of them over and over again—English and Roman History, Vattel and Hume, translations of Homer, Cæsar, and Horace, Butler's Analogy, Plutarch's Lives, Turenne's Memoirs, Ferguson's History of Civil Society, the Spectator, Pope, Swift, and Sterne, and others equally good.

In these days of circulating libraries and countless novels, magazines and newspapers, we are apt to forget that a good education can be obtained from a library of one hundred well-selected volumes, especially if they be obtained only by persistent effort and the sacrifice of time and money. Then they are appreciated, are pored over and thought out and read and re-read, stored away in the memory with an enduring lodgment that no easy gained and lightly-read book can secure. Such a library did Nathan. Greene slowly accumulate and ardently devour, although to the close of his life he felt conscious of the defects of his early education.

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Plant unfading faith in this weak heart of mine;
Inspire me with courage to walk in the road
That leads, through life's maze, to the mansions of God.

Come help me to stand when the tempest is near,
Thy arm of love 'round me, my journey shall cheer,
Shall help me pass safe o'er each dangerous way,
Through the gloom and the night to Eternity's day.

Oh come to me Jesus, be always my guest,
Come, blessed Redeemer, come honor the feast;
Oh, abide with me ever, not alone for awhile,
With joy will I greet thee, and live in thy smile.

I know how unworthy I am to be thine,
My Saviour almighty, allwise, and divine,
My Jesus, Redeemer, thy love, like the sun,
Warms the poor and the needy, of whom I am one.

I wait now thy coming, I pray not delay,
Thy presence can chase every shadow away,
I hunger, I thirst, thy communion to share,
To know thee completely, thine image to bear.

—FRANCIS P. GRIFFITH, M. D.
LaGrange, Ind.

CHRISTIANITY KNOWS NO COLOR.

A SOUTHERN lady writing from Edisto, S. C., where there is much suffering among those rendered destitute by the recent floods tells the following interesting incidents:

"A friend once said to my father: 'How is it that I never see you refuse to give a beggar, come as many as will to your door? Don't you know that many are unworthy? I saw you give a man money just a few moments ago, which I know will be spent for drink.' He replied: 'I would never refuse one unless I know most positively that he was an impostor or unworthy; for in so doing I might turn away one unworthy object and dozens of worthy and needy ones.' This remark made such an impression upon me, even as a little child, that all through life I have tried to act upon that principle. God's promises are numerous and positive to his people who are willing to help their fellow-creatures in days of suffering and calamity. Now, people have often responded nobly to the suffering of the South, and I feel assured that some are still ready and willing to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. It grieves me to see these suffer; they come to me constantly for aid, but I am helpless. Some of these are my old family servants, who never knew what hard work or want meant. I was always a kind and humane owner, employed a physician and nurse for my people, visiting them myself in their houses, making their nourishment with my own hands. Besides this, I employed a minister for them and I have read God's holy Word to many a dying one. I have lived among them for nearly sixty years.

"Not very long after the war, a woman whom I had raised from childhood, had suffered from a long and severe illness. She was a great Christian, and I made it my duty to minister to her spiritual as well as temporal wants, each day took her nourishment, and in my basket I took my Bible. She had but one child—a daughter—and I think I can see the expression of that dying face now, when she asked me to come near to her bed. 'Miss,' she said, 'there is but one thing that worries me, and that is leaving my little helpless child. If you will only promise to take her and bring her up as you did me. I will die satisfied for I have long since made my peace with God. Remember if you grant this request of a poor dying sinner, God will protect and bless you and yours.' I took the child home and did for her as if she were my own, and she remained with me until I saw her married, and she is now the mother of a large family, and she often brings her little children to me and tells them she knew no other mother."

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PAUL'S FOUR ANCHORS.*

THO' night be dark, yet God, my God
Is here and in command:
And sure am I when morning breaks
I shall be at the land.
And since I know that darkness is
To him as sunniest ray,
I'll cast the anchor Patience out
And wish, but wait for day.

Fierce drives the storm; but wind and waves
Within his hand are held.
And trusting to Omnipotence,
My fears are sweetly quelled.
If wrecked, I'm in his faithful grasp;
I'll trust him! tho' he slay!
So letting go the anchor Faith,
I'll wish, but wait for day.

Still seem the moments dreary, long,
I'll rest upon the Lord.
I'll muse on his Eternal years
And feast upon his Word.
His promises so rich, so great,
Are my support and stay.
I'll drop the anchor Hope ahead,
And wish and wait for day.

Oh, wisdom infinite! Oh, light
And love supreme, divine!
How can I feel one fluttering doubt
In such a hand as thine?
I'll lean on thee, my best beloved!
My heart on thy heart lay.
And casting out the anchor Love,
I'll wish and wait for day.

*[illegible] suggested Paul. They helped to encourage the [illegible] in the ministry of the Gospel. W. H. ROBERT.
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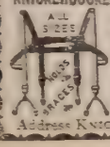

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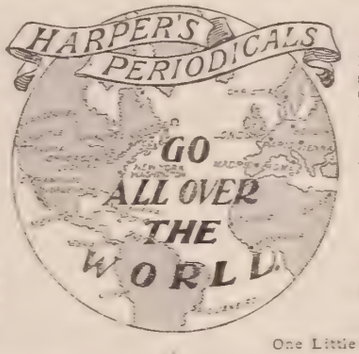

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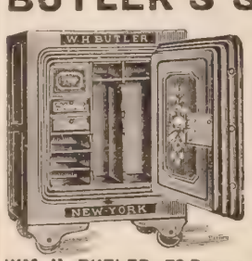

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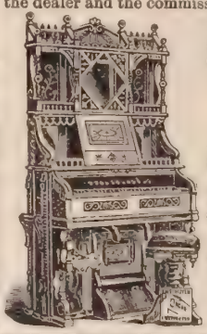

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THE SONG OF THE STAR.

A CHRISTMAS STORY, BY REV. C. H. MEAD.

"JOSIE'S FACE WAS ILLUMINED."

"OH, boys; you can count me out on that—all I can get goes to my mother and sisters for Christmas."

The speaker was a manly little newsboy, with good features, a clean face and bright eyes. His clothes looked neat, though they were adorned with numerous patches.

"But see here, Will. Christmas only comes once a year, and why shouldn't we fellers have our banquet as well as the silk-stockings? What would they know about things going on in the world anyway, if we newsboys didn't supply 'em with papers? All in favor of having a banquet, hold up yer hands?"

Up went a score of hands—some dirty, some clean and some speckled, but Will's hand remained down. "See here, Will, what's the reason you won't stay by us?"

The boy hesitated a moment and then said: "Boy's, its mighty close times up at our house; fried chicken and pound cake don't come our way, turkeys roost too high for us, and, and—well boys, if you must know it, about the only good thing we kids have up there, is our mother's love. See these patches! My mother put them on. See these stockings! My mother has been mending this same pair of stockings for more than a year, and she washes and irons them after I've gone to bed at night. Every stitch of mother's needle and thread is a stitch of love, and one night not long ago, I opened my eyes and saw my mother's tears dropping on the sleeve of my coat at the same time she was putting the patch on this elbow. I tell you, boys, the best thing I've got in the world is my mother and the best Christmas gift I ever had is my mother's love. If I had a million dollars, I'd give them all to my mother in return for her love. No, no, boys; no banquet for me, as long as I know my mother is starving herself, that we children may have more to eat."

"Well," replied one of the boys, "if I had a mother like that, maybe I'd feel the same way; but all we get at our house is a good licking from a drunken mother, and I'm going in for a square meal at Christmas, if I never has another."

The boys, gathered on the sidewalk by one of the parks, were suddenly startled by a cry "look out there!" and the next moment a runaway horse dashed into their midst; little Will was knocked over, and was soon carried into a neighboring drug store, all unconscious of what had happened. It was soon discovered that his arm was broken, and his body bruised in a number of places. The moment he regained consciousness and found what had occurred, he said:

"Take me to my mother; she will take care of me somehow, though this isn't exactly the kind of a Christmas gift I meant she should have. Say, boys, one of you go up to our house, and tell her easy about this; don't burst in sudden and scare her, but tell her it isn't dangerous, and—well just tell her I love her."

The boys wiped their eyes and one of them said, "this busts up our banquet, fellers; I'll go and tell Will's mother, and, say, fellers, shan't I tell her we will give our banquet money to help her out at Christmas?"

A hearty "you bet we will," was the response, as big Tom sped away to carry the news to Will's mother, while kind hands helped carry the injured boy to his home. It was a poor home into which he was borne, but everything was as neat and tidy as could be. A woman stood at the door, and it needed but one glance to know that she was the mother of Will. Poverty and hunger had failed to rob her of her beauty, and there was an air of refinement about her that told of better days and happier surroundings.

"Christmas hasn't come yet, mother," said Will, "but I have, Don't you worry; I'll come out of this all right, and we will have a good Christmas yet."

The mother kissed him tenderly as she said, "No, I will not worry, so long as I have God, and you, and Josie, and Maggie and Tot. When Christmas comes round, Will, it will be a good day whatever it brings."

"It will bring yer heaps of things, Mrs. Sandford," blurted out big Tom, "for we fellers has given up havin' a banquet, and are going to bring yer something that Will can't bring now. Don't yer worry a bit," and here the rough fellow burst into tears, and rushed out of the house.

A few more days, and then Christmas Eve came round, and a bright night it was. Will lay sleeping on the bed, his mother near by, pretending to read, but in reality using the dear old Bible as a shield to hide the tears that trickled down her cheeks. The mother was thinking, and thinking fast, too. It was only a little over thirteen years since her father had closed the door in her face and told her never to return. The man she loved was not the fashionable fop her father had selected for her, as a husband and secretly she had given her hand to the man to whom long before she had given her heart. All went well, until three years ago, when her husband died suddenly, and she found herself with no means and four children to take care of. Too proud to apply to her father for help, she struggled on as best she could, leaning hard on the God whom her mother had taught her to love.

"CHRISTMAS MORNING FOUND THEM IN A HOME OF PLENTY."

Her children were a comfort to her, for they had inherited the natural goodness of both their parents. Her tears now fell fast, for as she thought, she also listened to the voices of her two youngest children who were standing over by the window together.

"Say, Maggie, does yer see dat bright star up dere? I wonder if dat is de star what de shepherds seen! If it is, it seems to be looking right down at us. Maybe Jesus is in dat star, and if he is, he won't forget us, will he?"

Continued on page 827

The Tabernacle Pulpit

THE PREY TAKEN.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., Founded on the Text: Isa. 33: 23.

"Then the lame take the prey."

THE utter demolition of the Assyrian host was here predicted. Not only robust men should go forth and gather the spoils of conquest, but even men crippled of arm and crippled of foot should go out and capture much that was valuable. Their physical disadvantages should not hinder their great enrichment. So it has been in the past, so it is now, so it will be in the future. So it is in all departments. Men laboring under seemingly great disadvantages, and amid the most unfavorable circumstances, yet making grand achievements, getting great blessing for themselves, great blessing for the world, great blessing for the church, and so "the lame take the prey."

Do you know that the three great poets of the world were totally blind? Homer, Ossian, John Milton. Do you know that Mr. Prescott, who wrote that enchanting book, "The Conquest of Mexico," never saw Mexico, could not even see the paper on which he was writing? A framework across the sheet, between which, up and down, went the pen immortal. Do you know that Gambassio, the sculptor, could not see the marble before him, or the chisel with which he cut it into shapes bewitching? Do you know that Alexander Pope, whose poems will last as long as the English language, was so much of an invalid that he had to be sewed up every morning in rough canvas, in order to stand on his feet at all?

Do you know that Stuart, the celebrated painter, did much of his wonderful work under the shadow of the dungeon where he had been unjustly imprisoned for debt? Do you know that Demosthenes by almost superhuman exertion, first had to conquer the lisp of his own speech before he conquered assemblages with his eloquence? Do you know that Bacon struggled all through innumerable sicknesses, and that Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott went limping on club-foot through all their life, and that many of the great poets and painters and orators and historians and heroes of the world had something to keep them back, and pull them down, and impede their way, and cripple their physical or their intellectual movement, and yet that they pushed on and pushed up until they reached the spoils of worldly success, and amid the huzza of nations and centuries, "the lame took the prey"?

You know that a vast multitude of these men started under the disadvantage of obscure parentage. Columbus, the son of the weaver. Ferguson, the astronomer, the son of the shepherd. America the prey of the one; worlds on worlds the prey of the other. But what is true in secular directions is more true in spiritual and religious directions, and I proceed to prove it.

There are in all communities many invalids. They never know a well day. They adhere to their occupations, but they go panting along the streets with exhaustions, and at eventime they lie down on the lounge with achings beyond all medicaments. They have tried all prescriptions, they have gone through all the cures which were proclaimed infallible, and they have come now to surrender to perpetual ailments. They consider they are among many disadvantages; and when they see those who are buoyant in health pass by, they almost envy their robust frames and easy respiration.

But I have noticed among that invalid class those who have the greatest knowledge of the Bible, who are in nearest intimacy with Jesus Christ, who have the most glowing experiences of the truth, who have had the most remarkable answers to prayer, and who have most exhilarant anticipations of Heaven. The temptations which weary us who are in robust health they have conquered.

Many who are alert and athletic and swarthy, loiter in the way—the lame take the prey. Robert Hall an invalid, Edward Payson an invalid, Richard Baxter an invalid, Samuel Rutherford an invalid. This morning, when you want to call to mind those who are most Christlike, you think of some darkened room in your father's house from which there went forth an influence potent for eternity.

A step farther: Through raised letters the art of printing has been brought to the attention of the blind.

You take up the Bible for the blind, and you close your eyes, and you run your fingers over the raised letters, and you say: "Why, I never could get any information in this way. What a slow, lumbrous way of reading! God help the blind!"

And yet, I find among that class of persons, among the blind, the deaf and the dumb, the most thorough acquaintance with God's Word. Shut out from all other sources of information, no sooner does their hand touch the raised letter than they gather a prayer. Without eyes, they look off upon the kingdom of God's love. Without hearing, they catch the minstrelsy of the skies. Dumb, yet with pencil, or with irradiated countenance, they declare the glory of God.

A large audience assembled in New York at the anniversary of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and one of the visitors with chalk on the blackboard wrote this question to the pupils: "Do you not find it very hard to be deaf and dumb?" And one of the pupils took the chalk and wrote on the blackboard this sublime sentence in answer: "When the song of the angels shall burst upon our enraptured ears, we will scarce regret that our ears were never marred with earthly sounds." Oh! the brightest eyes in heaven will be those that never saw on earth. The ears most alert in heaven will be those that in this world heard neither voice of friend, nor thrum of harp, nor carol of bird, nor doxology of congregations.

A lad who had been blind from infancy was cured. The oculist operated upon the lad, and then put a very heavy bandage over the eyes, and after a few weeks had gone by, the bandage was removed, and the mother said to her child. "Willie, can you see?" He said, "Oh! mamma, is this heaven?" The contrast between the darkness before and the brightness afterward was overwhelming. And I tell you the glories of heaven will be a thousandfold brighter for those who never saw anything on earth. While many with good vision closed their eyes in eternal night, and many who had a good, artistic, and cultured ear went down into eternal discord, these afflicted ones cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he made their sorrows their advantage, and so "the lame took the prey."

In the seventh century there was a legend of St. Modobert. It was said that his mother was blind, and one day while looking at his mother he felt so sympathetic for her blindness that he rushed forward and kissed her blind eyes, and, the legend says, her vision came immediately. That was only a legend, but it is a truth, a glorious truth, that the kiss of God's eternal love has brought to many a blind eye eternal illumination.

A step farther: There are those in all communities who toil mightily for a livelihood. They have scant wages. Perhaps they are diseased, or have physical infirmities, so they are hindered from doing a continuous day's work. A city missionary finds them up the dark alley, with no fire, with thin clothing, with very coarse bread. They never ride in the street car; they cannot afford the five cents. They never see any pictures save those in the show-window on the street, from which they are often jostled, and looked at by some one who seems to say in the look, "Move on! what are you doing here looking at pictures?"

Yet many of them live on mountains of transfiguration. At their rough table he who fed the five thousand breaks the bread. They talk often of the good times that are coming. This world has no charm for them, but heaven entrances their spirit. They often divide their scant crust with some forlorn wretch who knocks at their door at night, and on the blast of the night wind, as the door opens to let them in, is heard the voice of him who said, "I was hungry and he fed me." No cohort of heaven will be too bright to transport them. By God's help they have vanquished the Assyrian host. They have divided among them the spoils. Lame, lame, yet they took the prey.

I was riding along the country road one day, and I saw a man on crutches. I overtook him. He was very old. He was going very slowly. At that rate, it would have taken him two hours to go a mile. I said, "Wouldn't you like to ride?" He said, "Thank you, I would. God bless you." When he sat beside me, he said, "You see, I am very lame and very old, but the Lord has been a good Lord to me. I have buried all my children. The Lord gave them and the Lord had a right to take them away. Blessed be his name! I was very sick, and I had no money, and my neighbors came in and took care of me, and I wanted nothing. I suffer a great deal with pain, but then I have so many mercies left. The Lord has been a good Lord to me. "And before we had got far, I was in doubt whether I was giving him a ride, or he was giving me a ride! He said, "Now, if you please, I'll get out here. Just help me down on my crutches, if you please. God bless you. Thank you, sir, Good morning. Good morning. You have been feet to the lame, sir, you have. Good morning."

Swarthy men had gone the road that day. I do not know where they came out, but every hobble of that old man was toward the shining gate. With his old crutch he had struck down many a Sennacherib of temptation which has mastered you and me. Lame, so fearfully lame, so awfully lame; but he took the prey.

A step farther: There are in all communities many orphans. During our last war and in the years immediately following, how many children at the north and south we heard say, "Oh! my father was killed in the war." Have you ever noticed—I fear you have not—how well those children have turned out? Starting under the greatest disadvantage, no orphan asylum could do for them what their father would have done had he lived. The skirmisher sat one night by the light of fagots, in the swamp, writing a letter home, when a sharpshooter's bullet ended the letter which was never folded never posted and never read. Those children came up under great disadvantage. No father to fight their way for them. Perhaps there was in the old family Bible an old yellow letter, pasted fast, which told the story of that father's long march, and how he suffered in the hospital; but they looked still further on in the Bible, and they came to the story of how God is the Father of the fatherless, and the widow's portion, and they soon took their father's place in that household. They battled the way for their mother. They came on up, and many of them have already, in the years since the war, taken positions in church and state North and South. While many of those who suffered nothing during those times have had sons go out into lives of indolence and vagabondage, these who started under so many disadvantages because they were so early bereft, these are the lame who took the prey.

A step farther: There are those who would like to do good. They say, "Oh! if I only had wealth, or if I had eloquence, or if I had high social position, how much I would accomplish for God and the Church!" I stand here to-day to tell you that you have great opportunities for usefulness.

Who built the Pyramids? The king who ordered them built? No; the plain workmen who added stone after stone and stone after stone. Who built the dikes of Holland? The government that ordered the enterprise? No; the plain workmen who carried the earth and rung their trowel on the wall. Who are those who have built these vast cities? The capitalists? No; the carpenters, the masons, the plumbers, the plasterers, the tinners, the roofers, dependent on a day's wages for a livelihood. And so in the great work of assuaging human suffering and enlightening human ignorance and halting human iniquity. In that great work, the chief part is to be done by ordinary men, with ordinary speech, in an ordinary manner, and by ordinary means.

The trouble is that in the army of Christ we all want to be captains and colonels and brigadier-generals. We are not willing to march with the rank and file and do duty with the private soldier. We want to belong to the reserve corps, and read about the battle while warming ourselves at the camp fires, or on furlough at home, our feet upon an ottoman, we sagging back into an arm-chair.

As you go down the street, you see an excavation and four or five men are working, and perhaps twenty or thirty leaning on the rail looking over at them. That is the way it is in the church of God to-day; where you find one Christian hard at work, three are fifty men watching the job.

Oh! my friends, why do you not go to work and preach the Gospel? You say, "I have no pulpit." You have. It may be the carpenter's bench, it may be the mason's wall. The robe in which you are to proclaim this Gospel may be a shoemaker's apron, But woe unto you if you preach not this Gospel somewhere, somehow! If this world is ever brought to Christ, it will be through the unanimous and long-continued efforts of men who, waiting for no special endowment, consecrate to God what they have. Among the most useless people in the world are men with ten talents, while many a one with only two talents, or no talent at all, is doing a great work, and so "the lame take the prey."

There are thousands of ministers of whom you have never heard—in log cabins at the West, in mission chapels at the East—who are warring against the legions of darkness, successfully warring. Tract-distributors, month by month undermining the citadels of sin. You do not know their going or their coming; but the foot-falls of their ministry are heard in the palaces of heaven. Who are the workers in our Sabbath-schools throughout this land to-day? Men celebrated, men brilliant, men of vast estate? For the most part, not that at all.

I have noticed that the chief characteristic of the most of those who are successful in the work is that they know their Bibles, are earnest in prayer, are anxious for the salvation of the young, and Sabbath by Sabbath are willing to sit down unobserved and tell of Christ and the resurrection. These are the humble workers who are recruiting the great army of Christian youth—not by might, not by power, not by profound argument, not by brilliant antithesis, but by the

blessing of God on plain talk, and humble story, and silent tear, and anxious look. "The lame take the prey."

Oh! this work of saving the youth of our country—how few appreciate what it is! This generation tramping on to the grave—we will soon all be gone. What of the next?

An engineer on a locomotive going across the western prairies day after day, saw a little child come out in front of a cabin and wave to him; so he got in the habit of waving back to the little child, and it was the day's joy to him to see this little one come out in front of the cabin door and wave to him, while he answered back. One day the train was belated and it came on to the dusk of the evening. As the engineer stood at his post he saw by the headlight that little girl on the track, wondering why the train did not come, looking for the train, knowing nothing of her peril. A great horror seized upon the engineer. He reversed the engine. He gave it in charge of the other man on board, and then he climbed over the engine, and he came down on the cowcatcher. He said, though he had reversed the engine, it seemed as though it were going at lightning speed, faster and faster, though it was really slowing up, and with almost supernatural clutch he caught that child by the hair and lifted it up, and when the train stopped and the passengers gathered around to see what was the matter, there the old engineer lay, fainted dead away, the little child alive and in his swarthy arms." "Oh!" you say, "that was well done." But I want you to exercise some kindness and some appreciation toward those in community who are snatching the little ones from under the wheels of temptation and sin—snatching them from under thundering rail-trains of eternal disaster. You appreciate what the engineer did; why can you not appreciate the grander work done by Sabbath-school teachers and Christian workers?

One step farther: There are a great many people discouraged about getting to Heaven. At my desk in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office, I am in daily receipt of numerous letters from people brought up in good families, and who had Christian parentage; but who frankly tell me that they are astray, a thousand miles from the right track, and fear their case is hopeless. My brothers, it is to you I want to preach this morning. God sent me here to-day to preach this, and he sent you here to hear this: "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, who will have mercy, and unto our God, who will abundantly pardon." Though you may have been the worst sinner, you may become the best saint, and in the great day of judgment it will be found that "where sin abounded, grace does much more abound," and while the spoils of an everlasting kingdom are being awarded for your pursuit, it will be found that the lame took the prey. Blessed be God that we are, this Sabbath, one week nearer the obliteration of all the inequalities of this life and all its disquietudes. Years ago, on a boat on the North River, the pilot gave a very sharp ring to the bell for the boat to slow up. The engineer attended to the machinery, and then he came up with some alarm on deck to see what was the matter. He saw it was a moonlight night and there were no obstacles in the way. He went to the pilot and said, "Why did you ring the bell in that way? Why do you want to stop? there's nothing the matter?" And the pilot said to him, "There is a mist gathering on the river; don't you see that? and there is night gathering darker and darker and I can't see the way." Then the engineer looking around and seeing it was a bright moonlight, looked into the face of the pilot, and saw that he was dying, and then that he was dead. God grant that when our last moment comes we may be found at our post doing our whole duty; and when the mists of the river of death gather on our eyelids, may the good Pilot take the wheel from our hands and guide us into the calm harbor of eternal rest!

Drop the anchor, furl the sail,
I am safe within the vail.

THE SONG OF THE STAR.

Continued from first page.

And Tot looked at Maggie as the latter said: "Jesus loved little children, Tot, when he was on the earth, and I guess he loves them yet. That's a very bright star—it must be the one that was seen by the shepherds at Bethlehem."

"I think so, too," said Tot, "and may be Josie will hear some of dem 'good tidings' while she is out. Oh! Maggie, Jesus must love Mother; she is so good, and I think he has sent that star to tell us to look out for good news."

And where was Josie all this time? The mother thought she had gone into a neighbor's, where she frequently went, and so felt no anxiety.

Out in the streets of the big city, side by side walked plenty and poverty, wealth and wretchedness, happiness and hunger, gladness and grief. Some carried bundles in their arms, while others carried burdens in their hearts. Over all, the good God watched, and down upon all the bright star shone. But what is that? Suddenly on one of the streets the people stopped and listened. On the steps of a stoop leading up to a lighted mansion stood a little girl, who looked like a bright angel from heaven. Far above, over head, shone the bright star that Maggie and Tot had seen; it was their star and it was her star, for Josie, too, had discovered it, and somehow felt that the star that had brought "good tidings of great joy" to the shepherds on Bethlehem's plains, had come again to bring once more "good tidings." She had mounted the steps to get nearer the star, and then, all unconscious of the people, in a rich, sweet voice, she sang: —

I think, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men;
How he called little children, as lambs to his fold;
I should like to have been with him then.

I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me; [said,
That I might have seen his kind look, when he
"Let the little ones come unto me."

As she sang, her gaze was fixed on the star, and even her hands were lifted towards it. The people looked at her; an angel had appeared in their midst—her face, her voice, her upturned eyes, her uplifted hands, held them spell-bound, until someone looking up in the direction she pointed, cried out: "See that star!" Heavenward went the gaze of the multitude, and once more there seemed to come to them a voice, saying: "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." The face of Josie was illumined and even the multitude that had gathered, failed to alarm her. The star with its "good tidings" was over her head and in her heart as well. "Who are you, my child?" said a gentleman who had come up on the steps where she stood. "Please sir I am Josie Sandford." The gentleman gave a start and said, "Sandford, Josie Sandford? Pray where do you live, Josie?" She told him, and in response to other questions, told of mother, brother and sisters.

"Oh, sir; do you see the star? I am sure it has some 'good tidings' for us at our house, and I must hurry home and tell mother all about it. Good-bye."

Away sped the child until she reached her home, and then entering the room quietly, she went up to her mother and said: "Have you seen the star, mother?" Maggie and Tot cried out, "We've seen it; come, mother and look quick." The mother went quietly to the window, and there beheld a star of wonderful brightness, and as she gazed, her face took on a new light and into her heart came a great peace. The sleeping boy was awakened by the voices, and he, too, made his way to the window and looked at the star. "At evening time it shall be light."

It had come, and—something else had come, too, for steps were heard on the stairs followed by a knock on the door, on opening which, in came a company of newsboys headed by big Tom. They bore bundles and baskets, provisions and poultry, sunshine and sugar, toys and turnips, good-will and grapes, cheer and celery, and things that no one but those who had lacked for them, would ever have thought of. Big Tom was the spokesman for the happy company.

"If yer please, Mrs. Sandford," he said, "there's our banquet. We wasn't going to come until to-morrow morning, but when we got the things all together, we just couldn't wait any longer, so we've brought 'em to-night, and if it isn't too soon, ma'am, we wishes you, and Will, and Josie, and Maggie, and Tot a 'Merry Christmas,' doesn't we, boys?"

"Indeed we does!" responded the boys. The faces of that mother and her children were a sight to behold. Smiles and tears greeted the boys, and the mother and her three girls had a kiss for each of them. Then Tot said: "I knowed it, I knowed it! De star had Jesus in it, and I knowed he see Maggie and me looking up at it."

"Well, boys," said Mrs. Sandford, "you shall have your banquet, for I want you all to take Christmas dinner with us to-morrow."

"Yes, boys, you shall all take dinner with Mrs. Sandford and her children to-morrow, but it must be at the home of her parents and not here," said a gentleman who had not been noticed as he stood in the hallway.

Mrs. Sandford started as the owner of the voice entered the room, and little Josie sprang towards him at the same moment. She resembled her mother and was her namesake as well. The gentleman stretched out his arms towards Mrs. Sandford as he said to her:

"Josie, can you forgive me for the harshness with which I drove you years ago from my door? God only knows how I have suffered, and for years, I have hunted high and low for you, and have advertised time and again. But all was in vain, until to-night I saw your face and heard your voice once more, as my grandchild, Josie, stood singing on the steps and gazing at the star. In her I found you again, and oh, how your mother and I have prayed for this time to come."

Long before he had finished, the daughter was in her father's arms once more, and the children were clinging to their new-found grand-parent. The newsboys looked on in wonder, and suddenly little Tot ran to the window and then cried out—"Oh, Grandpa, the star is here yet, and it shines brighter than before," and she threw a kiss up to the star.

Christmas morning came and found them all in a home of plenty. A chair that had long stood vacant at that table, was once more filled, and near it were four other chairs for the new-found grandchildren. Was it a 'Merry Christmas," did you inquire? Just ask those newsboys who came at two o'clock if they ever had such a banquet before or since, or whether they ever saw a home in which the "Star of Bethlehem" shone with greater splendor. And over the earth the star still shines, and will continue to shine until all mankind shall yet have a "Merry Christmas."

THE "REST FOR CONVALESCENTS," WHITE PLAINS N Y.

HOMES FOR THE WORN-OUT.

This is an age of practical Christian charity. One of the many institutions of a helpful nature to be found in the vicinity of New York is the Rest for Convalescents, recently opened at White Plains. "The Rest" is a shelter for worthy Protestant women, who may be discharged from hospitals or otherwise, and who come properly recommended. They are at liberty to spend two weeks or more at the Rest while gathering strength to begin the battle of life anew.

The home is beautifully situated near White Plains, Westchester County, N.Y. It is conducted by a Board of Managers consisting of a number of ladies active in Presbyterian church circles, including Miss Kennedy, Miss Parrish, Mrs. John P. Duncan, Mrs. Howard Duffield, Mrs. Brayton Ball, Miss Butler, Miss Halsted, Mrs. Alexander Maitland, Mrs. Wetmore, Mrs. Alethea Platt, Mrs. Townsend and Mrs. McCoubrey. The Rest, together with its beautiful grounds—the whole valued at $35,000—was the gift of Miss Kennedy to the work in which she has now assumed the duties of First Directress. For some years past, her attention had been called to the fact that such an institution was greatly needed. It was her custom, every Saturday, to visit at the House of Industry, 120 West Sixteenth Street, New York, where she used to meet about fifty tired-out women, who frequently expressed a wish to have a place to which they could go and rest. For such, the Rest is open summer and winter. It was opened in June, 1893, and during the past summer over 100 women were cared for and returned to their daily life and work, greatly improved and strengthened, their hearts cheered by the knowledge that God has raised up real friends and helpers for worn workers like themselves.

There are rooms for about thirty-five inmates and although the Rest is under Presbyterian auspices, Protestants of any denomination are welcomed. The only requisites for admission are evidence of good character and a certificate from a physician. A plain, substantial table is provided and family worship is held regularly every day, all who are able being expected to attend. Those who are not in need of charity and are able to pay a nominal charge for board, do so. All find the Rest a delightful place for mental and physical recuperation and a source of spiritual blessing as well.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people

KNOWING THE TIME.

S.S.Lesson for Dec. 31. Rom.13: 11-14. Golden Text, 1John 2: 18. By Mrs. M. Baxter.*

THE new year! What will it bring forth? "Little children,it is the last hour," wrote the aged apostle (1.John 2: 18, R.V.) to whom was confided the revelation of Jesus Christ. An unready church,which has not recognized her calling, and so hath not brought forth the bride, the Lamb's wife, she hath made herself ready (Rev.19: 7), a powerless christianity, which has not produced "the manifestation of the sons" of God for which the earnest expectation of the creation waits,—accounts for a delay which seems to give the lie to the apostle's words. But we see around us a general movement, a kind of intuition on every hand, that a crisis is approaching. Political men expect it in politics, they see the tension and the strain always on the increase, public questions become more and more difficult and involved, and man's remedies only lead into deeper and deeper confusion. Real or supposed wrongs are met by men on human lines, and often the remedy turns out more disastrous than the wrong; the few may benefit, but the many suffer more. Family, social, church life is in the same state of disintegration; there are elements at work which do not, and cannot combine—all approaches a crisis, and there is a general feeling of uneasiness in "looking for those things which are coming on the earth." What does it all mean? We have no hesitation in saying that the one solution is:

"The Coming of the Lord

draweth nigh," and the times of the Gentiles which close with the end of this dispensation are nearly run out. "Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles till the times of the Gentiles shall be fulfilled." (Luke 21: 25). The apostle Paul says: "I would not, brethren, have you ignorant of this mystery, lest ye be wise in your own conceits, that a hardening in part hath befallen Israel until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in." (Rom. 11: 25). None can deny that the Jews are appearing upon the scene in the present day in a most remarkable manner. The attention of the world has been directed to them by their persecutions in Russia. It is they who hold the purse strings of the world; they exercise influence in all the cabinets of Europe; they speak every language in the known world; their trades are everywhere; and then their numbers are doubled in little more than one generation; their country, sterile and desolate for eighteen hundred years, is visited now with renewed fertility where it is being cultivated, and in the "Jewish Chronicle," (Sept. 15, 1893), one of their leading organs, a Jewish scheme for the colonization of the Holy Land is already advocated. When the Most High gave to the nations their inheritance, when he separated the children of men, he set the bounds of the peoples according to the number of the children of Israel. We cannot be independent of God's chosen

God has Made them His Sign

set them in the midst of the peoples as testimony, with unmistakable physiognomy, with characteristics which are known in every land, with an irrepressibility of pres-

God, not man, "set the bounds of the peoples," and God himself scattered the Jews. Let us not forget that almost the whole Bible was written by Jews for Jews, and it is only by their fall that "salvation is come unto the Gentiles for to provoke them to jealousy," for "God hath not cast away

To know the time and to consider in the light of God's word, the hour in which we live and what hangs upon it, becomes us in entering upon 1894. Now that the Jews, which, for so many ages have been "a people scattered and peeled" are coming again to the front, we have the surest indication that the end of the Gentiles is at hand, and that our calling as a Gentile Church is almost at an end. It is high time to wake out of sleep, for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed. "The night is far spent, the day is at hand." Before the morning breaks the morning star appears. "I am the bright and

The Morning Star,"

says our coming Lord, and his promise given only "to him that overcometh" and keepeth his work unto the end, is: "I will give him the Morning Star" (Rev. 2: 26-39); he shall know the time, the Day star shall arise in his heart, and it is such overcomers that he, who himself shall rule the nations with a rod of iron, will associate with him in his government: "To him will I give authority over the nations, and he shall break them with a rod of iron, as the vessels of the potter are broken to shivers."

In all parts of the world at the present time, there is to be found a people, very few in number belonging to all nations, all denominations of Christians, of all grades of society, and all degrees of education, who not only are looking for the coming of the Lord,but who are rightly to be described as overcomers. Others are easily depressed under a little test, they are in the very heat of the furnace, but the smell of fire is not upon them, only the presence of Jesus is manifest; others may lose heart under bereavement, losses, etc., they hold all they have in trust for the coming Lord, and it can be no loss to them to surrender to him what has long been his own. They are misunderstood, but they accept this as their portion,the world knoweth them not because it knew him not, they have taken him for better, for worse; with joy they own: It is enough for the disciple to be as his Master and the servant as his Lord, they would not have another portion,they have hearkened, considered, inclined their ear; they have left their own people and their father's house, counting the cost; Having surrendered their own name and reputation, they have come under the shelter and protection of his; they are "a people for his name," the Daystar has arisen in their hearts. It is these who know the time, whose eyes are opened to see the intensity of the days in which we live. These are not afraid when they see that all the foundations are out of course, and that one cannot put confidence in anything earthly, they have learned to look up while the hearts of others are "failing them for fear," because they know that their redemption draweth nigh. Surely it is these of whom David prophesies: "Thy people are freewill offerings. In the day of thy power from the womb of the morning (when the Morning Star appears), thy youth are to thee as the dew." As the break of morning causes the dew,so the very nearness of Christ the Morning Star, developes this ready, waiting,heavenly people. While the Jews are

An Earthly People,

called to inherit earthly blessings, the "people for his name," are called to be a divine, a heavenly people. The promise to the one is: "The Lord thy God shall set thee on high above all the nations of the earth;" and then all manner of temporal blessings follow, while to the other "His divine power hath given unto us all things that pertain unto life and godliness, through the knowledge of him that hath called us to glory and virtue, whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises, that by them ye might be partakers of the Divine Nature, having escaped the corruption which is in the world throught lust." The future portion of the Jew is power and prosperity on earth; the call of the overcomer is to overcome even as he overcame, and to sit down with him upon his throne as he sat down with his Father upon his throne. Like the Levite of old the overcomer has no portion or inheritance among his brethren; the Lord is his inheritance.

But the time in which we may learn, and rise up to our high vocation is fast slipping away from us. The Church of Christ, the converted throughout the world, are, by no means,"strangers and pilgrims" down here, they accept what the Master rejected, honor among men; they resist what their Master did not resist, wrongs and injuries; they have quite enough hold upon their possessions down here to say what the first Christians could not say, that what they possess is their own; and consequently when they lose it they think they are to be pitied. The coming of the Lord has not divorced them from their hold on this present evil world, they still have a name in it, a place in it, a treasure in it; they are still at home down here, they have the portion of the Jew, not that of the citizen of heaven; and, by that very fact, it is evident that the Daystar has not arisen in their hearts.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

SYSTEMATIC teaching requires that Review Sunday should be devoted to the purpose for which it was set apart; otherwise the results of the study of the separate lessons may be effaced. Much may be gained by showing the relation of one lesson to another and the place an entire group occupies in the Christian system. This week the survey may take in a wider field. The lesson of December 17th, completed the seven years' course, in which the International Committee has covered the whole Bible from Genesis to Revelation. During the past seven years, teacher and scholars have dipped into the history, poetry, prophecy, gospel and doctrine of the Bible and it will be well to take stock of the results of these studies. Better than at any other time the teacher may present a sketch of the gradual and progressive development of God's revelation of himself and his will to the human race, showing how men of high spiritual development, in successive ages, groping after God and seeking answers to the questions which man has always been asking, have been granted insight into the divine mysteries. The progress should be traced from the faint and rudimentary glimmerings of the truth granted to Moses and the patriarchs, through the line of poets and prophets, to the full light when Christ came and could say, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." In short, the Bible, as the revelation of God to the world, imparted by many men of many minds, all drawing inspiration from the same source, and all aiming at the object of raising humanity Godward may well be the subject of the day's consideration.

Bible writers. One was a shepherd, two were fishermen, one a tax-collector and so on. Not the kind of men one would have expected to be employed for the purpose. The test, however, is that of experience. Mr. Beecher speaking of this peculiarity illustrated it by supposing that a great admiral wanted a chart of some difficult harbor. Robert Small offers him one that he had made with the point of a burned stick when he was a slave. The admiral rejects it with contempt. "But," says Small, "it is correct; I have been a pilot in that harbor and I know it is right. Here is a shallow place, here is an obstruction, here is a headland, here are the rocks, this way is a safe passage, deep water and clear sailing." The admiral looks at it again and he orders a cutter manned and soundings taken. He finds it is all as Small had put it and he says: "This is a good chart if a negro did make it. It is true; that is why it is good." That is why we prize the Bible. It shows the way of safety.

The Bible Message. Two gentlemen were riding together, when one asked the other, "Do you read the Bible?" "Yes." was the answer, but with the sad ending, "I get no good from it." "How is that?" was the next question. "Because," he said, "I feel that I do not love God." "That was the case with me," said the other. "I did not love God; but I kept on reading because the book told me how much God loved me and I soon began to love him."

How to understand the Bible. Spurgeon used to say the Bible was like a beautiful cavern. When you enter a cavern you inquire for a guide, who comes with his lighted flambeau. He conducts you down a considerable depth, and you find yourself in the midst of the cave. He leads you through different chambers. Here he points you to a little stream rushing from amid the rocks, and indicates its progress. The Bible is a grand series of caverns. It is our glory to have so great and wise a conductor as the Holy Spirit. He is a light shining in the midst of us to guide us.

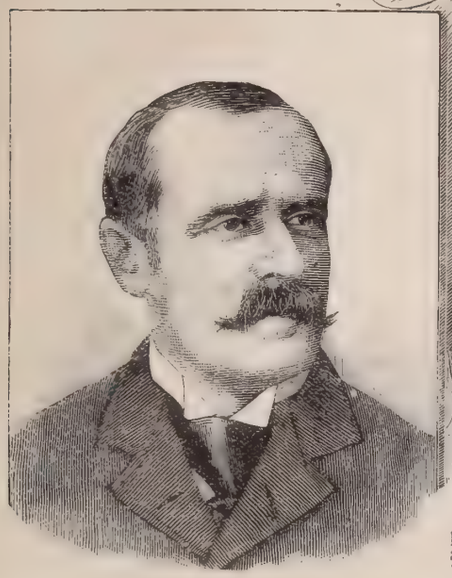
Bible guidance. Caughey tells of a poor and illiterate young man who went to a large city where he was thrown much in the company of infidels. They ridiculed the Bible and him for studying it. They propounded many objections to the book which he was unable to answer. They proved to their own satisfaction that the Bible was a bad and useless book and the young man kept silence. Being asked if he would not give it up, he refused. "No," said he, "I know that if it is not true, as you say, I shall be a much better man for living according to its teaching and so it will be better for me in this life. And if it should be true, as I believe, it will be better for me in the next life. So I am going to stick by the Bible; for whether true or not I stand to benefit by it, in this life surely and the next probably." "You will be disappointed about the next life," persisted his tormentors, "for there is no life after this." The young man considered for a moment and for the first time gained a point in the dispute by saying, "How can I be disappointed, if, as you say, I shall not exist?"

A Blank Bible. The eminent scholar, Dr. Rogers, gives a vivid account of a remarkable dream. He thought after attending a meeting at which the Bible was ridiculed as an obsolete, antiquated, useless book, he went home and to bed. The next morning, on opening his Bible, he found to his consternation, that the pages were all blank. On going on the street, he met people complaining of the same strange event. It was evident that God, angry at his Word being despised, had withdrawn it from the world. There were many consultations as to what should he done. Everyone wanted the book restored. It was suggested that as scarcely a book existed which did not contain one or more quotations from the Bible, it might be possible to restore the entire book from isolated quotations. But alas! it was discovered that every text,every phrase which had been quoted, whether in books of theology,poetry or fiction,had been effaced.There was a blank space on every line where a quotation had once stood. It was with trembling hand that some tried to write down some passage that they remembered. They feared that the writing would fade out as soon as it was written. But, to their great joy, the writing remained. They then perceived that God left them at liberty to reconstruct the Bible, if they could,from their own memories. This discovery led to a search for Bible students. At length a great movement was organized to bring together students of all denominations, to see how much of the Bible could be reconstructed from their recollection. The dreamer was amused to see how each remembered the proof texts of his own creed. A miser contributed a missing passage from Proverbs about worldly prudence. A Quaker reminded the meeting of the passage about there being a time to keep silence; many remembered that there is a time to hate. Few remembered passages condemning their own faults, but every one kindly remembered those condemning the faults of their neighbors. Good progress was made the first day, but all mourned over the lost book and had doubts of the accuracy of the new one. The dreamer was awakened by the summer morning sun streaming through his window. He leaped from his bed to the table on which his Bible lay, and opened it with trembling hands. The words were still there, the old book was still intact. He kissed it lovingly and throwing himself on his knees thanked God that his dream had been only a dream.

THE GOSPEL IN CAPE COLONY.

The Multiform Work Among Europeans, Hindoos, Mohammedans, Jews, Kaffirs and Zulus Carried on by the Cape General Mission.

A DEEPLY interesting and significant story of Gospel work is related by Mr. Spencer Walton, the Director of the Cape General Mission in Southern Africa, who is now on a brief visit to New York. The Mission is the outcome of an effort



MR. SPENCER WALTON.

MRS. SPENCER WALTON.

initiated by Rev. Andrew Murray, of Wellington, Cape Colony, to reach the heterogeneous peoples who have gathered in Cape Colony and the tribes on its borders. How manifold and varied this work is, only those who have lived in the Colony can fully realize. There are first the Colonists, who are chiefly of English birth or descent; then there are the soldiers, sailors and mounted police, which the English Government maintains there for the defence of the Colony and the preservation of order; in addition, there is the horde of men of diverse nationalities whom the discovery of gold and diamonds has attracted, among whom there are five thousand Jews. Added to these are the dark races in and around the Colony, among which there are seventeen thousand Malays. They are rigid Mohammedans, but are open to Christian influences. They are the descendants of the slaves brought thither by the early Dutch settlers. At Kimberley, are the diamond mines where about thirty races, including Zulus and Kaffirs are represented among the miners. At Johannesburg, in the Transvaal, where the gold miners are, there is a still stranger collection of peoples, including Europeans, whose need of the Gospel is as great as that of the natives. At Pretoria, in the Transvaal, there is an Asiatic ingredient added to the singular medley. There is a coolie settlement outside the town, where Hindoos and Mohammedans in search of gold and precious stones, are living in squalid misery. Still farther in the Transvaal, in the neighborhood of Vryheid and Nachtmaal, are the kraals of the Zulus, standing in startling contrast to the farmhouses of the Dutch Boers. Farther east, on the borders of Gazaland, is Swaziland, the natives of which are still sunk in heathenism. Very unlike are the conditions of these various races, differing from each other in temperament, in their proclivities and in their education. From the English outcast whose vice and prodigality have driven him from a home of refinement and culture into the South African army or the mining camp, to the Zulu with his superstitious rites and ceremonies is a long step, but the brave and devoted men and women of the mission, under the leadership of Mr. Spencer Walton, are giving with utmost confidence to all, the same unfailing panacea for all human sorrow and misery—the Gospel which is still, as it was in Paul's day, to all who believe, the power of God and the wisdom of God.

The Rev. Andrew Murray, who is the author of "The Children for Christ, Abide in Christ" and other works well known and widely circulated in this country, was not the kind of man to remain unmoved amid such need as existed in and around the colony. He worked hard with such help as he colony afforded to give the Gospel to the people, but the means were awfully inadequate to the work. Twelve years ago he visited England, earnestly desiring to enlist laborers for his far-off harvest-field, but with little practical result. The Macedonian cry he then uttered had, however, not been unheard. To some earnest workers it appealed strongly, but for the time the way was not plain. Mr. Spencer Walton, whose portrait, with that of his devoted wife, appears on this page, was among the number. He was at that time engaged in business and devoting his evenings and Sundays to evangelistic work in London and the neighborhood. In 1888, however, a great religious convention was held at Wakefield, at which many who were present consecrated themselves afresh to Christ's service. There was much searching of heart, and passionate longing to spend and be spent in the cause of Christ. The result was a seeking of new opportunities for service and a resolve, if God opened the way, to enter upon them, trusting him to provide the means of support. Among those thus moved by the Holy Spirit were some who, six years before, had heard Andrew Murray's urgent appeal for help. They now determined to respond and after waiting on God in prayer for guidance, the Cape General Mission was organized with Rev. Andrew Murray as President and Mr. Spencer Walton as Director. A home committe was formed, on an economical basis. The members and officers undertook to transact the business and correspondence at their own homes and thus the expense of general offices in London with their attendant staff was avoided. Mr. Walton had previously visited Capetown and held evangelistic services. The result justified the hope that God would own and bless the effort put forth. There had been a most blessed and successful revival in Capetown. The largest buildings in the city had proved too small to accommodate the eager seekers and the movement had spread through the colony. Mr. Walton, on his return, told the story of the work in several London churches, among others in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, at a meeting over which the late Pastor Spurgeon presided. Mr. Spurgeon rejoiced at the news, gave the mission his hearty commendation, and proved to the day of his death a sincere, practical friend of the work. After a short tour through England, explaining and describing the necessities and the prospects of the new mission field, Mr. Walton returned to the Colony with six consecrated helpers who had volunteered for service in that land. During the four years that have since elapsed, two of the little band have died in harness, one abandoned the work and the remaining four have struggled on. Their reports of success, of new opportunities that were opening reached the mother country, and aroused new interest. Other earnest Christians volunteered and went out to recruit the depleted band, until now there are fifty laborers in the field and eight more are preparing to join them.

Among the tangible results of the work are two Soldiers' Homes, one at Capetown and the other at Wynburg, where the soldiers find comfort, religious teaching, friendly counsel and a better resort than the canteen or the local saloons, where previously they had passed the hours when they were off duty. Another institution, founded by the mission, which has been much appreciated and much blessed, is a Sailors' Rest conducted on similar principles to the Soldiers' Homes. A large Hall has also been erected, in which religious services are held on Sunday evenings. A Deaconesses Home and a training school for nurses have been established and mission stations secured for the work among the natives.

The success that has attended every department of the Mission's work is remarkable. One of the most hopeful of far-reaching results is that in the "Compounds" at the Diamond mines. As many as seven thousand natives are usually gathered in these compounds. They belong, as we have said, to many races and come from their distant kraals to work a few months at the mines. To avoid subjecting them to temptations to drink and gamble and steal the precious stones, they are kept close prisoners during their term of service in a space surrounded by a high stockade roofed over with wire netting. These spaces adjoin the mines and are called "compounds." The netting roof is put there to prevent their inserting a diamond in an orange or some other fruit and tossing it over the stockade to a confederate outside. A picture taken from one of Mr. Walton's photographs of a group of miners in a compound appears on this page. The compounds are kept scrupulously clean, with all conveniences for cooking and other necessaries. A hospital for the sick connects with them. The missionary is freely admitted to the compounds and holds services on Sunday, when work at the mines is suspended. Some of the people refuse to attend preferring to engage in games, or to lie around and smoke, but a large number listen to the missionary and several genuine conversions have taken place. When the men leave the compounds at the end of their term of service, to carry their wages to their distant kraals, not a few of them take with them the precious knowledge of Christ and a Bible in their own language which they can read to their people at home.

The mission has secured the services of Titus, a Zulu exangelist, for its work among men of that race. His head-quarters are at the house of a friendly Dutch farmer who is a Christian man, in thorough sympaihy with the Mission's work and ever ready to help Titus in reaching his people. In Swaziland the work is slow; the people are indifferent, but sixty thousand are living there in heathenism and the mission is hoping and praying that the good seed will soon begin to bear fruit. At Johannesburg four missionaries are laboring and a hall has been built in which services are regularly held and much good has been done. At Pretoria also the most encouraging prospects are in sight. When Mr. Murray and Mr. Walton visited the place some two years ago and described the work they were about to begin they were warmly welcomed and excellent buildings at nominal rent were placed at their disposal for meetings and residences for missionaries. In Basutoland also three stations have been established each with convenient quarters for the work.

A SCENE IN A COMPOUND AT THE DIAMOND MINES, NEAR KIMBERLEY, SOUTH AFRICA.
From a photograph secured by Mr. Spencer Walton

Although the Cape General Mission is undenominational, it cheerfully gives assistance to denominational Missionary effort in fields adjacent to its own. An instance of this fraternal spirit is seen in Pondoland, which is one of the most benighted districts of Southern Africa. On a recent visit to the country Mr. Walton found the Wesleyan Missionaries lamenting the inadequacy of their force, and with the consent of the General Council he offered them assistance. Four of the General Mission's best workers went into Pondoland and commenced work under the direction of the Wesleyan Society. After a year's training at the station they will occupy two stations on the river St. John.

The mission's income has been furnished thus far by freewill offerings from Christian people. No appeal for funds has been made. The needs of the time are laid before God in prayer and the funds have come. The new opening in Pondoland, an extention of the work in Swaziland and the mission station at Transkei involving a total expenditure of about $3,000 are now the burden of prayers. The missionaries believe that God would not have opened these doors to them if he did not intend to provide the means.

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. de Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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Christmas

IT was a winter month that God chose for his Son's nativity. Had it been the month of May—that is the season of blossoms. Had he been born in the month of June—that is the season of roses. Had he been born in the month of July—that is the season of great harvests. Had he been born in the month of September—that is the season of ripe orchards. Had he been born in the month of October—that is the season of upholstered forests. But he was born in a winter month.

It was in closing December that he was born, to show that this is a Christ for people in sharp blast, for people under clouded sky, for people with frosted hopes, for people with thermometer below zero. That is the reason he is so often found among the destitute. You can find him on any night coming off the moors. You can see him any night coming through the dark lanes of the city. You can see him putting his hand under the fainting head in the pauper's cabin. He remembers how the wind whistled around the caravansary in Bethlehem that December night, and he is in sympathy with all those who in their poverty hear the shutters clatter on a cold night. He was born among the sheep, and the cattle, and the horses, and the camels, in order that he might be an alleviating influence to the whole animal creation. Hath the Christ who said, "Behold the fowls of the air," himself never beheld the outrages heaped upon the brute creation which cannot articulate its grief? This Christ came not only to lift the human race out of its trouble, but to lift out of pang and hardship the animal creation. The first bleat of the lamb of God heard amid the tired flocks of the Bethlehem shepherds.

We want a December Christ, not a Christ for fair weather, but a Christ for dark days clouded with sickness, and chilling with disappointment, and suffocating with bereavement, and terrific with wide-open graves. Not a spring-time Christ, not a summer Christ, not an autumnal Christ, This suffering and struggling world needs to be hushed, and soothed, and rocked, and lullabied in the arms of sympathetic Omnipotence. No mother ever with more tenderness put her foot on the rocker of the cradle of a sick child than Christ comes down to us, to this invalid world, and he rocks it into placidity and quietness as he says: "My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you."

MARTYRS OF TOIL.

THE editorial and reportorial staffs of enterprising newspapers have again and again been the coffin of editors and reporters and compositors. So, while we rejoice in the fact that we get all the news, let us be fully appreciative of the toils and exposures by which they are gathered. But all occupations have toils enough. Multitudes make a failure of life under the delusion that if they can get at something else it will be easier. They cross over and find as many disadvantages or worriments in the new occupation as in the old. Then they cross to something else and they spend most of their life on the ferry between vocations. Our young people might as well know first as last that success in any calling demands drudgery, sacrifice, tug and push. If you find yourself in the wrong business, of course, leave it; but do not leave it because your present duties are onerous and exhausting. We are all under the old curse,"by the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread." But by cheerful application to duty we may turn that which was a grinding anathema into a beautiful benediction, so that the people who work the hardest are generally the happiest. But a mechanic whose work blisters his hands would like to have the work of a student. He becomes a student and now he has just as many blisters as he had then, but they are on the brain. The weaver's foot gets tired swinging the shuttle and he becomes a an artist, and now the pressure is on the eye and the hand. Harnessed we must be to a load, and the collar sometimes will gall and the girth oppress and the buckles will cut. But patience, all ye men of business, all ye members of professions, all ye disciples of mechanism. Not long shall be the strain. Life seems long at the start; it does not seem so long at the last. The day seems long at the sunrise; not so long at noon; very short at the sunset. At twenty-five years of age life seems almost interminable; at fifty years of age it is a handbreadth; at seventy it is a tale that is told. We shall all soon be through with it. You will soon sell your last bill of goods, make your last prescription for the sick, make the last attorney's plea, rear the last wall,bind the last book,set up the last "em" of type,travel your last journey,speak your last word. Then, if you are Christians, will come the saint's everlasting rest—not the rest of eternal sluggards, not the rest of immortal stolidity, not the rest of celestial donothings, not a hanging about the temples and palaces of heaven in unending loaferdom; but the rest of all our transformed faculties in full play without lassitude or limit or fatigue.

A MEAN STREAK.

THE jealousies of men toward those engaged in the same kind of work are often made evident. So many people are disposed to take honors bestowed on others as indignities heaped upon themselves. Praise of others is taken as dispraise of them. The meanest things in our world are its envies and jealousies. Their common table fare is reputations roasted, reputations fried, reputations scolloped, reputations canned. The wall of a home, the communion table of a church, the slab of a graveyard, are no defense. Ministers pursuing ministers, lawyers pursuing lawyers, doctors pursuing doctors, merchants pursuing merchants, Arctic explorers pursuing Arctic explorers. How seldom it is you find men in an occupation or profession speaking well of others in the same occupation or profession. When we find exceptions to the rule, as we often do, how refreshing to head and heart. Surely the world is large enough for all, and if we find in our souls anything like this despicable passion of which I speak, let us turn against it our indignation, and ask Almighty God to help us crush the cobra. It used to seem to me that Solomon had got the wrong word and needed a milder substantive than the one he employed when he said in his proverbs, "Jealousy is the rage of a man." As I have seen the battle of life go on and hundreds of men and women persecuted and driven to the wall, and belied merely because they had more virtue or more brain, or more beauty, or more success than others,the attack more and more virulent and persistent and vehement as the years go on, the dagger struck at them between the iron wicket of the sepulchre even after they had gone down into their winding sheets, and showing itself months and years after their decease, I have said, "Solomon was right." Had he chosen a softer word he would have chosen the wrong word: "Jealousy is the rage of a man."

OUR MAIL-BAG.

J. L. Laclede, Montreal. What is the duty on THE CHRISTIAN HERALD premiums to Canadian subscribers?

We have just concluded an arrangement whereby we prepay the duty and deliver our premiums free to subscribers in all parts of Canada.

Miss Susan M. Sturges, Mansfield, O.: Can you tell me where the Christmas song for children which begins as follows, can be found:

> Welcome, welcome is this Christmas morn,
> For we love the day our King was born,
> And we are going, led by his hand,
> Up to the Christmas land.

Possibly some of our readers can supply the information.

E. H. Dumeston, Union, Iowa. It was stated by a keeper of ostriches at the World's Fair that the ostrich hatches its eggs as other fowls do. How does that affect the statement in Job 39: 13-17?

The nest of the ostrich is a hollow scooped in the sand, but the ostrich does not lay all her eggs in the nest. Several are always outside left carelessly or by design where they may be destroyed by a beast or the foot of a passer-by. The general expressions in Job are confirmed by the Arab saying current to this day, "Stupid as an ostrich."

M. S. Buckley, Fort Smith, Ark. Did Christ organize his Church or was it organized by the Apostles after his ascension?

Christ's conception of his people was as a kingdom, although twice in the Gospel of Matthew (16: 18; and 18: 17), he is represented as using the word "church." Clearly, he did no organizing work. That was done later by the Apostles and their successors. There idea apparently was of a company of saved believers who should keep alive the doctrines of Christianity and propagate the Gospel until Christ should come again and set up his kingdom on the earth.

Mrs. Lou Haas, Mount Vernon, Ind.: What does the word *hell* mean in the Greek and Hebrew languages?

Hell is derived from the Saxon word "helan," (the "covered or invisible place,") the habitation of those who have gone to the world of spirits. The Hebrew terms are "Sheol," ("state of the dead," or disembodied spirits) used in the Old Testament, and "Gehenna," (the place of the infernal regions) used in the New Testament, and still used literally in the same sense by Mohammedans. The Greek is "Hades" (the invisible place or region).

Mrs. C. C. Robinson, Wilton, N. J.: Does posture in prayer add anything to or detract from our devotion? In some churches all stand, in others all sit, in others all kneel. Some who are very sick think that, in order to pray, they must get upon their knees. Can we not pray with as true devotion sitting or walking or reclining?

Mere formal posture is immaterial. The Lord regards the sincerity of the heart alone. There is, however, a natural attitude of reverence which the individual unconsciously assumes—the head bowed and the hands folded in appeal when addressing Deity. This reverential attitude may be assumed whether standing, sitting, or kneeling. We should think that no one, capable of uttering a prayer, could assume any other than an attitude of devout supplication, yet a soldier may pray acceptably on the battlefield, a sailor in the rigging, a worker at his machine.

J. H., Hot Springs, Ark. What is your advice concerning a young man whom the church calls to preach, but who, through fear and timidity, feels his incapability to perform the duties?

Many men who have become famous orators, were at the outset of their career afflicted with nervousness—the result of a condition similar to that described by our correspondent. The celebrated John B. Gough, one of the finest platform speakers of modern times,used to say that his timidity at first was such that he was almost disposed to abandon the attempt to speak in public. In the life of John Knox, the great Scottish divine, it is related that he was greatly retarded, while a young man, from public preaching, by timidity and a sense of unworthiness. In a great spiritual crisis, a minister who knew Knox's failing, as well as his sincerity, called upon him to stand up and then delivered a powerful exhortation, denouncing the sin of holding back the message of the Gospel which he was divinely charged to deliver. After that event Knox never hesitated to preach. The young man referred to by our correspondent must summon courage to take the decisive step and speak out for Christ. He will be astonished to find how quickly his timidity will disappear.

Subscriber, Martinsburg, Pa. Ought a regularly ordained minister of the Gospel, or his ordained elders and deacons, to engage in so-called innocent games?

There are,as Paul remarked,many things that are lawful, but not expedient. It would certainly detract from the influence of a pastor to be found indulging in certain frivolous amusements which,however innocent in themselves, are undignified for one of his eminent calling. But it should be remembered that preachers, like other folks, need exercise to keep body healthy and mind clear, and to be fitted for the best service. It would be well for congregations to remember this.

Subscriber, Hillsboro, Oreg. 1. On what passage of the Bible do pædo-baptists rely for their authority to baptize by sprinkling? 2. Why did Christ eat the Passover with the disciples only? 3. Where can I get a book treating of the different modes of baptism and the basis for them?

1. On such passages as compare the baptism of water with the baptism of the Holy Spirit, as Acts 1: 5; Mark 1: 9. Also on passages referring to sprinkling for cleansing,as Isa. 52: 15; Ezek. 36: 25, and on such passages as Christ's remark to Peter. (John 13: 10.) 2. He would naturally wish to eat it with his nearest friends. The meal was usually eaten by small groups, not by large companies together. 3. Any good encyclopedia gives them, M'Clintock & Strong's Biblical Encyclopedia does so fully on both sides.

Fannie W. Ball, Irvington, N. J. Is it known positively who were the authors of the books of Samuel, Kings, Ecclesiastes, Daniel, Malachi and Hebrews?

At this date it is impossible to obtain absolute proof of authorship in the case of any of the books mentioned. There have been many disputes among Biblical scholars on the subject. Many, perhaps a majority, think that Daniel and Malachi wrote the books that bear their names,and that Samuel probably commenced the books of Samuel and Kings, which were continued after his death by the national chroniclers of the time and were finally completed and edited by Ezra. It is improbable that Solomon wrote Ecclesiastes, as the book contains words and phrases not in use in his time. The word "son" in the first verse would, according to Jewish custom, apply to any descendant of "David, king in Jerusalem." The literary style of the Epistle to the Hebrews is so different from the style of Paul's epistles,that it is generally ascribed to some author now unknown,although some scholars think Paul may have written it.

J. D., Cowan, Tenn. 1. What is usury? 2. Can a man who is employed on a railroad and has to work Sundays be a consistent Christian if he is really desirous of avoiding Sunday work, but is obliged to do it to earn a livelihood?

1. A simple and general definition is, charging a higher rate of interest for a loan than would be charged if the borrower were not in urgent need. If the lender takes advantage of the borrower's necessity to exact a rate higher than the legal one, he is taking usury. Whether the terms of a loan are or are not usury does not depend on the rate charged, as there are circumstance which justify a higher rate,as when the lender suffers inconvenience or loss in lending the money, or the borrower expects to make a large profit through the loan, and offers a proportion of the profit to the lender. 2. The man's own conscience must be his guide in the matter. The Apostle Paul wrote, "let no man judge you in respect of the Sabbath." We think, however,that a man who desires to lead a consistent Christian life will make strenuous efforts to earn a living in some way where he is not required to work on Sundays,even if he has to make a sacrifice of income to do so.

S. E. Sheerer, Enfield, Conn.: We regret that we cannot advise you.——Wm. Demworth, Suffield, Conn.: 1, 2 and 3, write to J. E. Jewett, bookseller, Bible House, N. Y. 4. Presbyterian.——William Carson, Pittsburg, Pa.: We have not the information. Apply to some secular newspaper.——G. N. Borden, San Marco, Tex.: Write to the Rev. A. F. Schauffler, United Charities Building, New York City.——E. T. Parmely: Drop the "c" and pronounce all the other letters.——Mrs. E. Copeland, Strawberry Point, Iowa: Yes; the International Teachers' Bible is given to old or new subscribers forwarding $2 for one year's subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD with premium.——Subscriber, New York. The price of the book is $5.——Jennie Ellison, Reading Centre, N. Y. Such things are wholly out of place in a church edifice which ought to be preserved for purposes of worship alone.——Mrs. N. B. Taggart, Norfolk, Va. J. W. Johnson asks concerning the poem: "Columbus was a sailor brave." The author was the late Samuel G. Goodrich, better known as "Peter Parley," and it can be found in his *Tales of America*.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE ENGLISH COAL STRIKE.

SELDOM has a struggle between capital and labor entailed suffering so dire and widespread as that which has reigned for four months in the coal districts of England. It has now been happily settled by the friendly intervention of the Government, and on this page we give a picture of the final scene, when Lord Roseberry read to the assembled representatives of the opposing interests the terms of settlement. Early in August last, the mine-owners gave notice that they would reduce wages by one quarter from the standard scale of 1888,on which there had been a gradual advance of forty per cent. The miners refused to submit,and as both sides were determined, the mines were closed and three hundred thousand men were out of work. From that time until the end of November, the suffering of the men and their families almost passes description. Nothing but the liberality of the English people saved large numbers from dying of starvation. Other classes suffered with them. Many of the store-keepers who supplied them with food and clothing have been absolutely ruined,and all have suffered heavy loss. The price of coal during the cessation of mining, went up to eleven dollars a ton,and the poorer classes all through the country,were unable to buy it. All industries were paralyzed,especially the iron trade,and the works had to be closed. The number of men thrown out of employment, directly and indirectly by the strike was over a million, and the direct loss to the mine-owners and their employees was over sixty million dollars. There appeared no prospect of an end of the struggle in November, and the calamity was becoming one of national concern. The heartless mine-owners still insisted on the sweeping reduction in wages, and the men were as determined as ever not to work at starvation rates. In the emergency, Mr. Gladstone wrote to the representatives of both parties and asked them to appoint delegates to meet in conference. He suggested Lord Rosebery as the chairman, as both parties had a high respect for him. The invitation was accepted and in one day a settlement was effected. The mine-owners agreed to pay the old rate of wages for two months, if the men would go back to work at once and during that period a Board of Conciliation should agree on a proper rate of wages for the future. It may be hoped that when the end of the two months arrives, there will be no renewal of the struggle which has caused so much loss and suffering. Both sides have reason to dread further conflict and possibly the pressure of the people, who have suffered indirectly, may restrain the mine-owners in persisting in their greedy and cruel policy. The whole country has learned more clearly than ever before the truth of the Apostolic warning that the wrong-doing of any class is the concern of all. No man liveth to himself and no one dieth to himself. (Rom. 14: 7).

Swallowed by the Sea.

A press dispatch from Galveston, Texas, states that the sea is making extensive inroads in that city. The part affected reaches from Fiftieth St. on the west to First St. on the east. It is said that the value of the property already swept away aggregates $100,000. The erosion is attributed by the United States engineers, to the extension of the south jetty far out into the Gulf,which has diverted the coast current from its former course. In one place the land has been eaten away for more than fifty yards inland, and at another the waters have forced themselves more than two hundred yards inland, sweeping away sand to the depth of five feet, and threatening the destruction of the electric car track. It is the opinion of experienced engineers that the erosion will not be remedied unless a sea-wall is constructed from Fiftieth Street to connect with the south jetty, at least a mile from shore. So far twenty houses have been tumbled into the sea and at least fifteen blocks of valuable building property swept away. A man would be thought very foolish who spent his money in erecting a valuable house on the threatened land. Yet, those who give their time to wordly pursuits and set their affections on worldly things are acting quite as foolishly with the risk of infinitely greater loss. (Prov. 23: 5.)

A Test for Mixed Goods.

Dealers in dry goods are indebted to a discovery of a chemist from Germany for a simple means of ascertaining whether a fabric purporting to be all wool or all silk contains any mixture of cotton, flax or other vegetable product. A piece of the stuff to be examined, say about three inches square, is, after careful cleaning, plunged into strong sulphuric acid, water being afterward added, and the whole boiled. In about five minutes the fluid is poured into a clean vessel and made strongly alkaline by saturation with caustic soda, then adding a few drops of dissolved orchil. If the color of the orchil is precipitated there is vegetable mixture and less than one per cent. is sufficient to cause this result. In testing goods alleged to be silk the sample is plunged into hydrochloric acid, the fibre of silk being very soluble in such acid. Wool and cotton, however, are not affected by the acid and if any part of the fabric remains after the application of the acid, it is certain that the remains must be cotton or wool. We are taught in God's word that an analogous process takes place as to character; but in that case the result is the reverse of that in the fabric. When trial has done its appointed work on the Christian it is the gold and not the dross that is left. (Job 23: 10.)

How a Ship was Lost.

The treasury department received through the custom house of New London a few days ago, the report of a wreck. It was that of a three masted schooner which ran ashore on the coast of Long Island during the recent storm. Her captain assigns a strange cause for the wreck. He says that he had no suspicion that his compass was not working accurately until the storm broke upon him. He went to the wheel himself and carefully followed his chart believing that he would ride the storm safely. He was astonished when the man at the lookout reported the breakers ahead. He knew then that he had been deceived by his compass, and on examining it closely he found that a steel spike projected almost imperceptibly from its side. The speck of steel caused the needle to deflect and to that fact he attributed the loss of his ship. Many a human wreck has resulted from an analogous cause. The conscience with which God endowed man to be his guide, is often deflected from the right course by some strong propensity, or some sinful desire and does not do its duty. (Titus 1: 15.)

A Lost Parentage.

A remarkable story has been elicited by inquiries as to the parentage of a child in the Government school for Indians at Pierre, S. D. The mother of the child turns out to be a white woman. It appears that in the year 1849 a marauding band of Sioux attacked a caravan on the southern border of Wyoming. The men in the caravan made a brave resistance which exasperated the Sioux, who were intent on robbery. The Indians outnumbered the whites, but the latter maintained the fight till nightfall and then made good their retreat into a gulch. Before day break the next morning the Sioux gained a position commanding the gulch and killed, as they supposed, every person in the caravan. When they looted the wagons after dawn they found several women in them who were all dead, but with one of them there was a little girl of two years old alive and unhurt. The Sioux took her away with them and she was reared by a squaw. She grew up in ignorance of her race, and did not know of the massacre until she had attained womanhood, and was married to an Indian. Among the booty of the caravan which was preserved were several letters and articles which might have furnished clues to the woman's parentage, but she took no interest in them. Recently offers were made to her for an investigation with a view of finding her relatives, but she declined them. She had lived an Indian life for over forty years, she said, and did not desire any other life. The same indifference is often encountered by Christian workers who try to lead the captives of Satan to realize that they may become the sons of God and induce them to live after the spirit and not after the flesh. (Rom. 8:14-17.)

THE ENGLISH COAL STRIKE—LORD ROSEBERY READING THE TERMS OF SETTLEMENT.

Amateur Repairs.

The experience of a New York man in trying to save a little money is quoted by a daily journal as an an amusing illustration of foolish economy. The man said to a reporter: "In my own room at home, I had for a long time a chair that I was accustomed to sit in daily. In the course of time this chair began to get a little rickety, but I didn't want to spend the money that it would have cost to have it repaired, and so I drove in a couple of nails where they seemed to be needed and let it go at that. These held it for a while, and when they began to work loose I used to give them a gentle whack now and then with a hammer, but the chair kept on getting more and more rickety, and finally it got so that I had to drive the nails in ever day before I sat down in it. I suppose I must have forgotten them the other day, for when I sat down the old chair collapsed altogether, beyond the possibility of repair. I am now convinced that it would have been truer economy to have had it repaired in the regular way by a man who makes a business of it, instead of tinkering at it myself." The same conviction would save many people from disappointment if they would apply it to their spiritual concerns. Mere moral reformation is never efficacious. The only sure way of beginning a new life is to take the heart to Christ and claim his promise to renew it wholly. (Ezek. 11: 19, 20.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Arrangements have been for the present made to ship all Premiums to "Christian Herald" subscribers Immediately on receipt of subscription, thus assuring the prompt arrival of the Premiums for those who wish to use them as Holiday presents.

Services have been commenced in Providence, R. I., preparatory to the Moody campaign, which will begin on the first day of the new year.

Questions are being asked about the week of prayer. It always follows the first Sunday in January which brings it in 1894 later than usual. It will be January 7-14.

The Brotherhood of St. Andrew has added a new philanthropic agency to its departments in Chicago by opening a wood-yard, lodging house and restaurant for needy men.

Rev. A. H. Bradford, D. D., of Montclair, N. J., has been elected President of the American Institue of Christian Philosophy in succession to the late Dr. C. F. Deems.

Subscribers in Canada will be glad to learn that they have no customs duty or express charges to pay on the premiums of the Christian Herald. Arrangements have been made by which all charges are prepaid by us at this end of the line.

Tello D'Apery, to whom some of our readers sent contributions last Christmas for his Christmas tree and to help clothe and shoe his barefoot boy friends, would be glad of help of the same kind this year. His address now is 59 West 24th street, New York. During the past year he has furnished shoes and stockings to over four thousand children.

Commissioner Hubbell of the New York Board of Education is organizing an Anti-Cigarette League among the boys of the public schools of the city. He was so horrified by the result of his investigations as to the extent and effects of the habit, that he initiated the movement and is pressing it with all his energy. He gives short talks to the boys and induces them to sign a pledge promising to abandon the habit of smoking cigarettes.

Dr. L.W. Munhall has been holding very successful services at Kingston, N.Y. The Wurtz Street Presbyterian Church has been crowded daily at three services and more than six hundred persons made profession of faith. On Tuesday, Dec. 5, seventy-five houses of business were closed voluntarily to give the employees an opportunity of attending the meetings.

The annual report of the Central Union Mission of Washington, D. C. has been issued. The record of work done shows that the Mission still maintains its position as the model Mission of the country. Its income last year was $4,335,all of which was expended in its work by the Gospel Wagon, and the eight branch missions established in various parts of the city. More than four thousand hungry men were fed during the year. At the Gospel meetings no less than 924 professed conversion.

Pastors interested in Foreign Missionary work will be glad to learn that popular lectures on Persia and the Caucasus are being delivered by Rev. P. Z. Easton, the eminent missionary, whose long and devoted labors in those regions have made his name famous throughout Christendom. Mr. Easton who was arrested more than once for preaching, has a thrilling story to tell. One of his lectures has a special interest for American audiences as it shows what has been done in modern Persia by the alliance of the twin evils which are now threatening society in this country—pantheism in religion and anarchism in social life. Mr. Easton's address until he returns to Persia,is 12 Perry St., N. Y.

Gipsy Smith has been holding large meetings in Glasgow Free Churches. All through the week the building was quite full. An average of nearly thirty persons nightly remained to the inquiry meeting, a large proportion of whom made profession of faith.

Mrs. Charlotte Draper (Sister Charlotte), who has opened a home for homeless and destitute women at 213 West 24th st., New York, will be glad to receive contributions of money, clothing, coal, or provisions before Christmas day that she may appropriately celebrate the season by clothing and feeding as many of the poor women as possible.

Rev. W. J. Judd of Denver, Colo., who is now in New York on a visit reports a remarkable revival of religious interest throughout Colorado and other western states. In Denver Christian effort is being much blessed especially at the missions. Mr. Uzell and Dean Peck are greatly cheered by the number of the converts.

Mr. Charles A. Dana, writing of his recent tour in Palestine in *McClure's Magazine*, says that he was informed by a Jewish Rabbi that the completion of the railroad from Jaffa to Jerusalem was regarded by the Jews as an augury of their speedy return to their own land. The Hebrew word translated "swift beasts" in Isa. 66:20, the Rabbi said, means literally a swaying furnace, an epithet which would naturally be applied to a locomotive by one who saw it in prophetic vision.

Extraordinary success has attended the special Evangelistic meetings at Detroit, Mich., conducted by Dr. Chapman and Peter Billhorn. At the close of the first week, the *Free Press* said that the attendance and the interest aroused had been phenomenal. Three meeting a day were being held and no building in the city was large enough to hold the crowds which came. On Wednesday, December 6th, Dr. Chapman announced meetings for business people and hundred of places of business, including several saloons, closed at three o'clock and their employees filled the Auditorium at the afternoon and evening services.

HEAVEN'S BEGINNING.

A Sermon delivered by Rev. J. B. Hawthorne, D.D., at the First Baptist Church, Atlanta, Ga. Text: John 14: 3, *"If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself: that where I am ye may be also."*

THESE were the comforting words which Jesus spoke to his disciples just before his crucifixion. To those who had journeyed with him through the years of his earthly ministry, and who had received his saving grace and experienced the blessedness of the closest communion with him, he was the dearest object in the universe. The thought of separation from him was almost unendurable. It extinguished their fondest hopes and filled their hearts with the loneliest anguish. As his presence had made their highest joy, the loss of it would make their bitterest grief. Knowing this, loving them with the tenderest affection, and moved with the profoundest pity for their sorrow, he assured them that he would provide for the gratification of their supreme desire. "I will come again and receive you unto myself: that where I am ye may be also."

An impressive feature of divine revelation is the lack of particularity in reference to the future state. It gives us only the outlines of the great unseen. It assures us that another and an endless state of being will succeed the present. It teaches us that on the threshold of that other life there is a judgment, and that in that judgment there is a separation of the righteous from the wicked, the former going away into everlasting blessedness, and the latter into everlasting punishment. It tells us that the presence and love of Christ will make the eternal felicity of one class, and the absence of it the eternal wretchedness of the other. These are the eternal verities which revelation has placed beyond the realm of doubt and speculation. These are the outlines of the world to come. As to what lies between them we are at liberty to exercise our reason and imagination.

Men who not only believe heaven to be a reality, but cherish the hope that it will be their final and eternal home, can scarcely avoid discussing many questions about it upon which revelation is silent. They desire to know where heaven is. Is it one of the larger planets of our solar system? Is it in the dim far-off Milky Way? Or is it the great central orb of the universe? They desire to know what heaven is. What does it look like? What object within the range of mortal ken does it resemble? What shall we do in heaven; what undertakings shall engage our enlarged and unfettered faculties? What will come in to satisfy our desire and need of activity when we are forever beyond the realm of earthly pursuits? With whom shall we keep company there? What language shall we speak? What music shall we sing? What raiment shall we wear? How much of what we know and feel and enjoy in this life can we carry over into that other life? We cannot take our houses and lands and money. Our sensuous pleasures, our social distinctions and our political offices and honors must be left behind. But may we carry with us the innocent loves and pure friendships which we cherish here? Will the genius and knowledge and skill of the painter, and of the musician, and of the poet, and of the orator be transferred to the next life and the next world?

The absence of light upon these subjects does not distress the intelligent Christian. Having Christ as his everlasting portion and Companion, he is confident that no element of blessedness will be left out of his heavenly inheritance. If we have received Christ as our Saviour; if we have seen him as our substitute under divine law, bearing our sins in his own body on the tree, if we have felt the transforming power of his grace making us new creatures in him; if we have received the spirit of adoption, and as loving, confiding children lean on his breast, look up into his sweet benignant face and bask in his smile; we realize that heaven is simply to be with him forever. "Where I am there ye may be also." We are with him here and now, but in the next life we shall be with him in a deeper and larger sense. There we shall have a clearer sight of him, a closer communion with him, and a more perfect knowledge of every attribute of his being, and of every element of his history and work, than it is possible for us to have in this life, where, even in our moments of highest exaltation and rapture, we see only "through a glass darkly."

There is much in our hymnology that will mislead if we are not intelligent readers of the Bible. We sing of "going to Heaven when we die," as if it were a foreign realm and in no way connected with the present world and the present life—as if it were a distant port to which we set sail after the journey of this life is over. All this is misconception. Heaven is simply the unfolding and enlargement of the life which we now have in Christ. The new and everlasting life begins with regeneration, repentance and faith. Heaven is that part of it which comes after death. That will be the best part of it, because then it will be a life of absolute harmony and communion with Christ. Unfettered by flesh and freed from sin, there will be nothing to dim the soul's vision of Him whom it loves supremely, and nothing to prevent the most intimate and perfect fellowship with him.

The point I wish to emphasize is, that the heavenly life is a continuation of the present Christian life. It is a life begun not in the next world, but in this world. Jesus said, "The kingdom of Heaven is within you." It is within us in the seed form. After death we shall have that kingdom within us in full development.

When you sing, "I want to go to Heaven when I die," you give expression to a desire for which there is no warrant in the Word of God. If you want Heaven, you must find it before you die. "Going to Heaven" is simply going to Christ. All that constitutes Heaven is in him. To know him is to have eternal life. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." That life is a present possession. The present enjoyment of it is imperfect, only because immeasurable difficulties render present communion with Christ imperfect. We taste Heaven now as we see Jesus "through a glass darkly." After death, when we "see him as he is," and "face to face," we shall have Heaven in all of its ineffable fullness and glory.

I am quite familiar with the objections that have been urged against this view. It is claimed that we confine celestial enjoyments to a comparatively narrow range when we say that Heaven is simply to be with Christ, and love him, and praise him. Mr. Beecher was quite rebellious at the idea that Heaven is a place where God, in the person of Christ, sits upon a visible throne, and requires his myriads of saints and angels to spend eternity singing songs and blowing trumpets to his praise. He thought there would be a very wearisome monotony in such a service. The Scriptures do not support any such view of Heaven; and I do not know of any intelligent Christian who holds to the conception which Mr. Beecher so vigorously repudiated.

The Bible does not teach that the solitary occupation of the redeemed in heaven will be singing songs and blowing trumpets to the praise of God. The man who believes that it does is a crazy literalist. In revealing to us the realities of the future life, the inspired writers were compelled to use imagery—figures of speech. In no other way could they give us an idea of supersensuous and divine things. Their pictorial representations of the future state of the redeemed were meant to teach us that the worship of God there, as here, is the highest and most satisfying act of the human soul.

Where is it that our souls are in closest touch with God? Where is it that we are the most conscious of the divinity within us? Where is it that our spiritual faculties experience the best illumination and the highest and sweetest exaltation? Where is it that "Heaven comes down the soul to greet, and glory crowns the mercy-seat?" It is where we worship God "in spirit and in truth." It is in the secret chamber of prayer, where we speak to God, and God speaks to us in the still small voice of his spirit. It is also in his holy temple where every faculty of the soul is lifted up and enraptured by the inspirations of sacred music, and the consecrated spot on which we stand is transformed into a Mount of Transfiguration. Now, think of these blessed experiences multiplied and intensified a thousand fold, and you will at least approximate a right conception of the sublimity and the satisfying rapture of heavenly worship. But in that better life, we shall do more than speak and sing God's praise.

Death will not destroy our identity. We shall be the same beings in the next world that we are in this. We shall have the same intellectual and spiritual faculties; and when these faculties are exalted and expanded, as they doubtless will be after they cease to be fettered by their earthly environment, we shall engage in loftier and more diversified employments than have ever occupied us here. Complete absorption of a man's faculties in the service of Christ in this life does not restrict his energies or render his movements monotonous. Whose faculties were more thoroughly concentrated and riveted upon a single object than William Carey's—the consecrated cobbler—when he undertook the work of converting India to the faith of the Gospel? Of all the men who have lived in the nineteenth century, I know not one whose life was less restricted and less monotonous than Carey's.

There is nothing that so quickens, expands and exalts a man's mind, and nothing that gives such amplitude, variety and power to his life as the inspiration of that grandest affection called "the love of Christ." Now if there is such range and variety of activity to be found in the service of Christ on earth, how much vaster the range and greater the variety in the same service continued in heaven, where the field is infinitely broader and grander, and every object, from the beauty of the crystal sea to the majestic glory which crowns the Saviour's brow, fires the redeemed soul with the loftiest aspirations.

The novice in Bible study is apt to be confused by the variety of the imagery which is employed to set before us the felicity of the celestial world. He is apt to be confused especially by the fact that the images used for this purpose, "if taken in a natural sense, are quite incompatible with each other." In the one place heaven is pictured as a great city with high walls. In another place it is an open country with trees and streams of water—a country resembling the land which God gave to the ancient Israelites.

In one place heaven is set before us as a world where there is no more sea; and in another it is a great sea of glass. In one place it is a house of many apartments; and in another it is a mountain covered with innumerable worshippers. But, if you will read carefully, you will find that this truth stands out in each picture—that Christ is the central figure, the culminating glory, and the source of all blessedness in heaven.

There are no discords and divisions in heaven. Why? Because Christ is love, and all beings there take their law and temper from him. Nothing that defileth or maketh a lie can enter heaven. Why? Because he is the gate-keeper and he is pure and true. In heaven there will be no sickness, no care and sorrow for anything, no blighted hopes, no disappointment, no anxious forelooking, no fear, no wounded affections, no heart-aches, no remorse, no unsatisfied longing. Why? Because Christ is there, and "in his presence there is fulness of joy." We have enough in having him. We shall be satisfied when we awake in his likeness.

This view of the subject disposes of all such questions as, "How can I be happy in heaven, if I take with me there the memory of my own wrong-doings, and of the cares and struggles and griefs of loved ones left behind me?" or, "How can I be happy there and know that an impassable gulf separates me forever from my father, or my mother, or my wife, or my child?" All such problems will dissolve and disappear in the ineffable light of Christ's visible presence. To have Christ as our everlasting portion, is to have every element of happiness.—everything that is comprehended in the word, heaven.

This doctrine makes large room for the differing notions that men have about heaven, and their differing degrees of sensibility to the next world. I find some Christians who have such constant and blessed fellowship with Jesus here, and who are so busy with the Christian duties of this life, that they are but little inclined to think about heaven. The most godly, active, humble, self-denying Christian that I know to-day, is a woman, who, during an intimate acquaintance of many years, has scarcely spoken to me about what is to come after death. She so enjoys the Master here, and mind and hands and heart are so constantly and earnestly engaged in his work in this lower world, that she has but little opportunity or inclination to think of what her state will be in the world above. Other true and faithful Christians derive most of their comfort and happiness, and most of their inspiration for duty, from thinking of the glory that shall be revealed to them when mortality is swallowed up of life, and their feet tread the crystal pavement of the Eternal City.

Some of God's people cling to one aspect of the heavenly state and some to another. What feature is most pleasing, inspiring and comforting to us is determined largely by our present temperament, condition, and environment. If a believer is having a life-long struggle with poverty, it will be a sweet consolation to him to think of an eternal residence in a country of plenty, and where he will never again have to grapple with such questions as "What shall I eat? What shall I drink? and wherewithal shall I be clothed?" A Christian woman, wasting away under a long and painful illness, pointed with skeleton hand to the sky and said, "There I shall be well."

Southey was wont to speak of Heaven as the home of sanctified genius, where gifted spirits hold exalted fellowship. He longed to see and converse with Shakespeare, Dante and Chaucer. The ruling aspiration of John Foster was to explore the secrets of the spiritual universe. His sublime soul was restive under the limitations of the present life. It was like a courser panting to leap the barrier; like an eagle dragging at its chain, beating the bars of its prison and longing to soar above the clouds. He thought of Heaven as a place that will give free and ample scope to his truth-seeking and wonder-loving spirit. Take the Christian to whom home and family are very dear, and who when far away in a strange land or on a troubled sea, is accustomed to sit alone in the twilight and sing, "Home! home! sweet, sweet home! Be it never so humble, there's no place like home," and you will find that his fondest conception of Heaven is that it is for those who have been exiles, strangers and pilgrims here, a home of infinite rest.

God has planted in my own breast an almost boundless admiration for heroism—especially moral heroism. My favorite study has been the biographies of heroes. In selecting men to be my companions, I look first for courage, courage to know and speak and act the truth. In a world of trimmers, and time-servers, and place-seekers, and moral cowards, my heart bounds with ecstatic joy when I find a man who holds himself immeasurably above the dastardly principle that "we must do in Rome what Romans do." Having this intense admiration for courage and this passionate fondness for brave men, it is a feast to my soul to think of Heaven as the gathering place of God's heroes. And no intelligent Christian can read the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, and John's description of the glorified martyrs, without admitting that this conception is true. I want to see brave old Noah, who for more than a hundred years withstood the ridicule of the whole world. I want to see Moses, who had the sublime courage to step down from the wealth and splendor and power of a prince—an heir apparent to the throne of Egypt—and identify himself with the afflicted and enslaved people of God. I want to see those apostles, who, when sentenced to be whipped, and threatened with death, stood before the court which condemned them and said, "We will obey God rather than men." I want to see Paul, whom neither bonds, nor imprisonments, nor stripes, nor the fury of mobs, nor the wrath of kings could conquer. I want to see Polycarp, who could not be constrained even by the torture of flames to deny Christ. I want to see Martin Luther, who faced the wicked vengeance of Papal Rome without a tremor. I want to see the old Bedford Baptist, John Bunyan, who would lie in jail "'till moss grew over his eyebrows before he would surrender his right to preach the Gospel without the license of the king."

Neither man nor angel could depict the rapture that will fill my soul, if through God's mercy I shall be permitted to sit down in the Kingdom of Heaven and look into the faces of such men. But my admiration for these heroes will not blind me to the fact that it was Christ in them that made them brave and faithful unto death. They were conquerors through him, and all the glory of their achievements will merge into the imperishable glory that encircles his brow. In that best abode Christ is all and in all; without his presence nothing there could render us happy. It is the light radiating from his face that makes all the beauty and all the bliss of Heaven. Blessed Saviour! Giver of all good! Thou art of all thy gifts, thyself the crown.

All Praise the Premiums.

More Letters from Delighted Subscribers who have Received "From Manger to Throne," and the Teachers' Bible.

OUR mails are again freighted with letters of thanks from the thousands of subscribers who have received premiums during the past week. We have space only for a few:

NEW YORK CITY: The premiums are indeed unparalleled, and far beyond [illegible]

FLEMINGTON, N. J.: *From Manger to Throne* is a splendid work which ought to be in every family. [illegible]

MILLEDGEVILLE, GA.: The Teachers' Bible is a beautiful book. May all its promised blessings descend upon the donor. MRS. S. W. CASE.

KINGSTON, ONT.: Very many thanks for your beautiful Bible. I am more than pleased, and hope [illegible] *Throne.* MRS. CLARK HAMILTON.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.: *From Manger to Throne* is all that I anticipated, and more. The descriptions of the Holy Land are so vivid, that one can almost imagine themselves there. MRS. MAXFIELD.

LITTLE NECK, L. I.: I am charmed with the book *From Manger to Throne*, the most interesting life of the dear Saviour I have ever read. Thanks for the gift. MRS. SYLVESTER POTTER.

MONSON, MASS.: The book *From Manger to Throne* is certainly a grand premium and will prove a valuable help to any who may be fortunate as to receive one. MRS. W. H. PEASE.

TORONTO: I am exceedingly well pleased with the Premium Bible, and all my friends like it very well. Please accept my thanks for your liberal dealings. W. G. MILNE.

WASHINGTON, D. C.: I received your premium *From Manger to Throne* and am charmed with the book and appreciate your kindness in offering so beautiful a premium. MARY F. MCCAFFREY

RIVERSIDE, CAL.: The International Teachers' Bible is at hand. I think the Bible alone is worth fully double the amount paid for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. MRS. A. M. [illegible]

ELIZABETH, N. J.: Your very valuable premium, "From Manger to Throne," came in perfect order. The book alone is fully worth the entire cost of paper and all. MRS. E. H. ROPES.

PORT PENN, DEL.: The beautiful Teachers' Bibles were received and I am delighted with them. I know that the friends for whom I intend them for Xmas presents will be as much pleased as I am. M. D. EATON.

JACKSON, TENN.: The beautiful book *From Manger to Throne* has been received and I am delighted with it. I have been taking your valuable paper fifteen years and could not do without it. MRS. [illegible]

DELAWARE, O.: I received your premium *From Manger to Throne* a few days ago, and to say that I am pleased is putting it mildly. I shall read it as well as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, with much joy and profit. MAXWELL C. OTTS.

NEW LONDON, CONN.: I am more than pleased. *From Manger to Throne* is delightful and I consider your paper superior to any Christian paper that comes under my observation. LILLIAN [illegible]

PHILADELPHIA, PA.: I am certainly delighted with the Teachers' Bible. It far exceeds my expectations. I intend it for a Christmas present for my son. He has been wishing for just such a one. MRS. M. J. WEAVER.

EYOTA, MINN.: I received *From Manger to Throne* and I am well pleased. We had a Thanksgiving party and the book and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD were on the centre table and were admired by all. MISS. ELLEN [illegible]

STRATHROY, ONT.: My beautiful Premium, *From Manger to Throne*, has come to hand, in good order and I thank you very much. It is a lovely book. I could not help being pleased. [illegible]

ST. ALBANS BAY, VT.: Your premium book, *From Manger to Throne*, is more than you claim for it. Beautiful in finish, lovely in design and altogether a charming book. I do not see how you can afford such a premium. N. D. HAYDEN.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.: Accept many thanks for your truly wonderful book, *From Manger to Throne*, which is read with pleasure, and, we trust, with profit. Who can follow Jesus and not profit thereby? MRS. H. PARKES.

BROOKLYN CITY MISSION AND TRACT SOCIETY: Your marvelous premium to hand for which please accept my thanks. I cannot understand how you can give so much with one year's subscription. I am delighted with both Bible and book. GEORGE LE LECHEUR, Gen. Sup't.

MANCHESTER, N.H.: I praise the Lord with my whole being for that beautiful Teachers' Bible. It is just what I have felt the need of having for a long time. It is such clear type and everything combined. MRS. JAMES KENNARD.

WALPOLE, MASS.: The nice Bible Premium you sent was a splendid present, emphatically so, and I wish to heartily thank you for it. The paper we like very much, and I trust its companionship will inspire us all here through the ensuing year to more true living and nobler action. W. J. BALDWIN.

NEWTON, MASS.: For your beautiful book, entitled *From Manger to Throne*, accept my hearty thanks. I am very much pleased with it, and consider it a gift "out and out," for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is worth to me all I paid for the whole. MRS. L. C. ALLEN.

CEAM LAKE, MICH.: I am both thankful and grateful to Dr. Talmage for *Manger to Throne* and also the Oxford Bible I received a year ago. It leads me to ask: How much good does Mr. Talmage expect to do in this world? I shall be sure to tell my friends about the book and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. MRS. H. M. ANDERSON.

MIDDLEBURY, CONN.: I thank you most heartily and sincerely for the beautiful Teachers' Bible sent my mother in return for her renewal of subscription of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. We are greatly pleased with it and appreciate your generous kindness. EMMA A. [illegible]

BOSTON, MASS.: Your truly beautiful premium *From Manger to Throne* more than realized my highest anticipations. My wife shares with me the pleasure and profit derived from its careful study and perusal during these long winter evenings and joins with me in thanking you sincerely for your superb present. CHARLES D. INGERSOLL.

SOUTH MICH., ONT. CAN.: *From Manger to Throne* received. We are highly pleased with it and will show it to our friends; which will doubtless be the means of extending the circulation of your most valuable paper THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, besides disposing of several of these beautiful books. F. S. FORSEY.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.: Have just received *From Manger to Throne* and can say it was a pleasant surprise in every way to us all. Enclosed please find two dollars, to send THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and the book to my sister, Mrs. S. B. Fanning, Jamesport, L. I. Please accept thanks for *promptness.* J. A. SAYRE.

RHINELANDER INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, NEW YORK: I have received the beautiful premium *From Manger to Throne* with which I am more than delighted; as it is so arranged that one can enjoy it for a few minutes or hours, equally well. This fact, I think, will insure its being read more frequently and thoroughly. MISS MARGT. F. PASCAL, Principal.

RICO, COLO.: We—that is myself and family—received *From Manger to Throne* a few days ago. It is certainly the most remarkable premium ever given free in the whole range of newspaper premiums. We feel that we have secured a valuable book, and have been presented with the year's subscription to a most excellent and desirable Christian family newspaper. F. A. MORIARTY.

ATLANTA, GA.: *From Manger to Throne* came safely to hand by express, all charges pre-paid, last evening. It certainly is a beautiful and valuable book and makes a wonderfully liberal premium. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which has been coming to me weekly for several years, is undoubtedly one of the brightest and most helpful religious papers published in the United States.—JNO. S. COOK.

CLARKSBURG, PA.: When I saw your magnanimous offer of *From Manger to Throne*, I was not like the lady writing for the "Mail-Pag" who was afraid it did not mean her. I presumed it meant me, and so it did, and now please accept my most heartfelt thanks, for it is with great gratitude for such a grand gift that I write. I intend to take it to our S.S. Superintendent and have him explain and tell its merits and how it can be obtained in connection with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. MRS. SARAH H. ELLIOTT.

OUR SERVICE of SONG
Take my Voice and let me Sing Ever only for my King
Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.
Where is the King?
FANNY J. CROSBY.
B. C. UNSELD.
1. Where is the King, the new-born King, Whom angels proclaim'd to-day?
2. Where is the King, the promised King, In years of the past fore-told?
3. Sweet-ly there comes a still small voice, And gen-tly we hear it say:
We un-to Him our gifts would bring, But how can we find the way?
Where is the Babe of Beth-le-hem? For Him we would now be-hold.
Ye shall be-hold the new-born King, And faith shall direct your way.
CHORUS.
Star ev-er bright, grant us thy light, Star ev-er
bright and fair, Star ev-er bright and fair; O-pen your eyes
where the Sav-iour lies, And stay while we wor-ship there.....
worship there
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From CHRISTMAS ANNUAL No. 24, by per.

THE BLESSED HOPE.

The Apostolic Expectation of Blessing at the Second Advent of Christ.

BY REV. [illegible]

THE Apostolic writers deal with this subject each according to the particular constitution of his mind. The differences in the character of James, Peter, John and Paul cause them to read the blessed hope from different points of view. But to each of the four it was, as we shall see, the great central event to which they looked as the supreme culmination and the most potent motive.

The Epistle of James brings before us the great doctrine of submission as one great portion of sanctification, and he speaks of this submission as only possible when the coming of the Lord is held in view; and this submission has a twofold sense—submission to the law and submission to suffering.

Turning to Peter's Epistles, we find him the man of action. His leading idea seems to have been devotion to the person of our Lord. It is quite true that holiness is the grand point, but the particular point of holiness emphasized is that of service toward Christ as Lord. Peter finds in holiness the great field for active service, and looks forward to the full realization of this at the coming of the Lord Jesus. We are called to active service, and to the endurance of suffering and tribulation, on account of existing evil around us. Peter rejoices not only in service for Christ, but also in suffering for and fighting for his Lord and he continually reminds his readers of the day of Christ's coming as an encouragement to valor.

Then the character of John's Epistles indicates that his leading thought was the satisfaction he had found in his Saviour. He lived and died with the one idea that Christ is all in all. In his Gospel he sets forth how that Jesus, who is the Son of God, lived and died that we might become the sons of God. We as sons of God find in him endless satisfaction. In connection with this entire satisfaction in Christ, and the glorious doctrine of our unification with him, our union and communion with him, we are reminded that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.

Now the Epistles of Paul set before us not only final redemption, but on account of the peculiar breadth of view of the writer, guided and used by the Holy Ghost, we have in his epistles all the peculiar aspects referred to in other epistles. Take one epistle alone (1.Thess.) and there we find all these aspects presented. In the first chapter we have his leading idea of conversion—turned to God from idols, to wait for his Son from Heaven. In the next chapter you find submission inculcated. In the third chapter we have Peter's view of holiness and activity in service. In the fourth chapter we have the full satisfaction of the believer to whom Christ is all in all; the chapter concluding with a description of the coming Lord. In the fifth chapter, verse 23, we find the full and finally completed redemption for which we wait until the coming of the Lord.

So we find in one Epistle those varied aspects; if in one we so find them, may we not expect that in other Epistles they will be found? And so it is. In Rom. 8, 1 Cor. 15, Phil. 3, we have the coming as affecting the individual believer, and in Eph. 5 as specially concerning the Church. Now the second Advent is the most practical of all subjects, and I believe nothing can so stir a man to conform himself to God's will as the consideration of the coming of Christ; and nothing will stir him more vigorously to activity in doing and daring, suffering and serving, for his Lord and Master. In the eternal life of a believer, what can more deeply fill up our satisfaction with Christ, knowing that he is coming who is our beloved, who is longing for us more eagerly than we can long for him?

Thus the four strikingly contrasted characters are as one in drawing from this hope their stimulus and courage, and from Peter, John and James no less than from the broad field of the Apostle Paul; we are urged to dwell on that time when this poor sin-stricken world shall welcome its Lord, when the groaning creation shall cease its groans, and we cry, O Lord, how long, how long, until we see this grand, complete and final deliverance which thou shall manifest at thy appearing. Surely, as we look at this grand consummation of all our hopes, our intense longing shall burst forth in the eager cry, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning Dec. 31. Ps. 115: 11-18; 73: 23, 24.

MILE-STONES in the journey of of life serve their most useful purpose when they suggest a review of the past. A scathing censure of a certain royal house was that its members forgot nothing and learned nothing. They remembered their punishments and the people who had inflicted them, but they never perceived their own mistakes and wrong-doing. Of such men there is no hope of growth or improvement. To every sincere, honest, humble man, his past is full of lessons. His defeats ought to be teachers as powerful as his victories. The sorrow and suffering he has endured, the very sins into which he has fallen,speak to him words of wise and precious counsel. He has suffered uselessly if he has learned nothing in the dark valley through which he has passed. As he stands for a brief hour at the passage from one year to another, he has an opportunity of gathering the lessons of his experience together and putting them to their fit uses. In such a survey the Christian's central, predominating thought will be of divine guidance. He has been led. God has held him by his right hand. How the consciousness of such a fact transforms our view of life! The path by which we have come no longer seems haphazard, the product of circumstances,or even the result of our own choice. To those who have trusted God, guidance has been given. The subtle influence, of which they have been unconscious, has been working, leading them by the way. Sometimes the path has been up-hill, or over rocky ground, and strength has been developed by the difficulties. Sometimes it has led by places where work was waiting to be done,and gratification has come from the doing of it, or sorrow for the missing of the opportunity. Times there have been when in self-confidence we have loosed the divine hand and have turned aside into some pleasant road, only to stumble and fall and to seek in humiliation and sorrow for the guiding hand to lead us once more. With the consciousness of such leading, life becomes a glorious past and a still more glorious possibility. Reminiscence is a record of God's dealing, the present is a time of divinely appointed duty and the future has no terrors, no apprehension. "I am continually with thee," is a basis for unshaken confidence,whatever may be our place or circumstances. And this path has no end. The grave is but a place where the outer garment is thrown off, before entering the region in which it is no longer needed. The path is leading thence to "the shining tablelands." What they are in detail we know not, but the same guidance is continued and experience bids us trust it unfalteringly. In the future hidden beyond the vail, there may be much that is strange, but we need not fear while our right hand is still held by him who has held it in life. At the very verge of the tomb we look [illegible] that God has done, he will continue to do.

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A CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CHRISTMAS.

More families this year than usual would welcome some addition to the resources for [illegible] Christmas. At holiday times any straitness of the finances there may be is felt painfully. Past celebrations are recalled and the poverty of the present is fully realized. It may be in the power of some Christian Endeavor Societies to send a ray of sunshine into such homes. Even if the gift be small it will give pleasure if it is accompanied by the message that "As you [illegible] we wish to recognize the bond and do a brother's part. Accept the gift for Christ's sake and in his name." The family to which such a gift and such a message goes will not feel that they are lonely or forgotten by Christ's people and givers and receivers alike will be the happier. Beside this there is the promise Christ gave of his blessing on just such gifts. (Matt. 10: 42.)

The practical method of doing such work is sometimes not very well managed. To any who are in difficulty about it the following plan which the Endeavor Herald says was tried in Societies at Peterboro' Canada, and worked well, may serve as a guide: A union relief committee was formed by the appointment of two from each Society. Each Society obtained the names of all the poor in its congregation, such names being placed on the collection plate by request from the pastor. Special collections for this relief work were taken up in each Society, and special contributions were solicited from friends in the country. The day before Christmas as large a number of Endeavorers as possible got together at a central place sorted out the provisions, packed them in baskets, addressed them, and put on the cards Scripture texts. The baskets were sent out that afternoon.

The Building of the Young Men's Christian Association at Omaha, Neb.

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TWO B. Y. P. U. CONVENTIONS.

Important Conventions of Baptist Young People's Unions have been held in Rhode Island and Oregon. The former was held at Pawtucket and was the first ever held in Rhode Island. Mr. J. W, Baker, President of the local Union, gave the address of welcome, to which Mr. F. T. Guild, Vice-President of the State Union, responded. Among the speakers on the programme were Rev: Whitman L. Wood and George E. Nichols, of Pawtucket; Rev. J. V. Osterhout, of Providence and Rev. J. K. Wilson of the Massachusetts Union. The following officers were elected: President, John L. Alger; Vice-Presidents, W. A. Austin, J. W. Baker, and Rev. J. S. Russell; Secretary, E. K. Andrews; Assistant Secretary, Miss Hattie S. Magoon; Treasurer. W. Howard Peffer. At the evening session President E. B. Andrews, of Brown University, addressed the delegates and was followed by Rev. Alex. Blackburn, of Cambridge, Mass. The attendance and the spirit manifested indicates that the B. Y. P. U. has taken firm hold in Rhode Island.

The Oregon Committee assembled at Pendleton and surprised every one by the number of delegates in attendance. It was announced among other interesting facts that Oregon had the distinction of containing the largest Junior Society of the Union. It is in connection with Rev. G. Parker's church at Oregon City and numbers 280 members. Dr. J. O. Burroughs, Prof. W. L. German and Mr. O. P. Coshow were among the prominent speakers. An earnest address on consecration by Mr. Gilman Parker led to so deep an interest that the meeting became like a revival service, and Mr. Parker remained after the Convention to hold evangelistic services among the young people.

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THE Y. M. C. A. AT OMAHA, NEB.

On this page we give a picture of the fine building occupied by the Young Men's Christian Association of Omaha,Neb. This is one of the most successful of Western Associations, as it has a membership of 565, with more than half of them on the active list. It was organized twenty-five years ago, and has made phenomenal progress. Its building is centrally located on the corner of Sixteenth and Douglas streets, and is in all respects a home to be proud of. Its cost was $115,000 in addition to the lot,which is worth $5,000. It contains gymnasium, baths, library, reading-room, class-rooms in which six branches of secular study are pursued, and over a hundred students avail themselves of the opportunities. The religious meetings and Bible classes are also largely attended. A boys' auxiliary is connected with the Association.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

Missouri has now one hundred and fifty chapters of the Epworth Leage which have registered and complied with all the conditions of enrollment. The organization and enthusiastic spirit of the League in that State are excellent.—In St. Louis, Mo., the Marvin League has almost entire charge of the Sunday School with six hundred pupils and League methods are adopted for looking up absentees and new scholars.—The St. Louis "Christian Advocate" says that a diplomatic pastor, who found that his Sunday evening service was poorly attended, although at the League Prayer Meeting before the service the members mustered in force, asked the League if it would kindly take charge of the musical part of the evening service. The League accepted and from that time the evening congregations were large. The pastor thinks his plan was a better one than upbraiding members of the League for not waiting for the evening service.—At the recent Convention of the League of the Newark, N. J., district the Secretary reported that four new additions raised the number of chapters to forty. The suggestion was made and approved that the office of Corresponding Secretary should be permanent instead of being filled annually as that and other offices have been. The object is to facilitate correspondence with other Leagues and prevent letters going astray.—The Leagues of the South-west Kansas Conference held a three days' Convention at Wichita recently. General Secretary Schell cheered the young people by his presence and encouraging words. Three hundred delegates were present.—During the past three months twenty-five German chapters have been enrolled.—The idea of the Epworth Guards has struck the popular taste in the churches. Iowa and Illinois report efficient companies already.

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AMONG THE ORDERS.

The B.Y.P.U. of Tabor, Iowa, is enlivened by some vigorous debates on the relations of Theology and Science. Several professors of Tabor College have taken part in them.

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The Young Men's Christian Associations of Ireland are a most energetic and progressive body. The Cork Association has a beautiful new building almost ready for occupancy.

※

The Young Women's Christian Association of Belfast, Ireland, is sending a lady missionary to Morocco who will be supported by the Association. It already supports two ladies in China and one in Ceylon,who are doing valuable work.

※

The Central Y. M. C. A. of Liverpool, England, has set a good example by opening its auditorium every Saturday evening and providing a bright and cheerful entertainment free. Every young man in the city has heard of "The Pleasant Saturday Evening," at the Association, and its rooms are crowded by young and old. Many a wife and mother has been pleasantly surprised by receiving intact the wages which formerly were sadly depleted by the evening's amusement in saloon or theatre.

※

The Christian Endeavor Constitution is now published in six languages — English, French, German, Swedish, Norwegian and Danish.

※

Christian Endeavor Societies desiring to celebrate Christian Endeavor day (Feb. 2), can obtain a suggestive order of exercises from the United Society, 646 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

※

The only Young Men's Christian Association in America for Japanese young men exclusively is that in San Francisco.This organization has passed its seventh birthday and is in a very flourishing condition.

※

Several of the active members of the Geneva, Switzerland,Y.M. C.A., have organized an Evangelistic campaign into the villages and rural districts.

※

The B. Y. P. U. is taking another step in advance in Illinois. A Union for the State of Swedish Baptist young people was effected in the First Swedish Church, Chicago, recently. Mr. C. E.Oberg,of the Second Swedish Church, Chicago, was chosen president, and with him are associated a number of earnest workers among the Swedish Baptists.

※

The Young Women's Christian Association, of Toledo, O., celebrates next week its third anniversary. In that short time the membership has grown from a mere handful to over six hundred, and is still increasing. Beside its spiritual work, it has educational classes under efficient teachers.

※

The Young Men's Christian Associations of Indiana have held a great Convention at Marion. President Coulter of Lake Forest University and Dr. William Bryan of Indiana University,were among the speakers. The convention occupied four days and showed that Association work was making progress in the State.

※

The Epworth League Chapters of Detroit, Mich., have arranged a system of fraternal visitation. Each Chapter appoints two of its members as a delegation to visit other Chapters of the city. Their duties cover three months, during which they will visit every Chapter. In this way mutual suggestion will be afforded, and each Chapter will be benefited.

※

In North-western Missouri the B.Y.P.U, is making rapid progress. At a recent Convention at St. Joseph there was a very large attendance and several eminent ministers assisted in making the convention a profitable occasion.

PILGRIMS ON THE MARCH TO BETHLEHEM.

THE QUIET HOUSE.

O MOTHERS, worn and weary
With cares which never cease,
With never time for pleasure,
With days that have no peace;
With little hands to hinder
And feeble steps to guard,
With tasks that lie unfinished—
Deem not your lot too hard.

I know a house where childish things
Are hidden out of sight;
Where never a sound of little feet
Is heard from morn till night;
No tiny hands that fast undo,
That pull things all awry,
No baby hurts to pity
As the quiet days go by.

And she—the sad-eyed mother—
What would she give to-day
To feel your cares and burdens,
To walk your weary way!
Ah! happiest on all this earth,
Could she again but see
The rooms all strewn with playthings,
The children 'round her knee!

—ALMA PENDEXTER HAYDEN.

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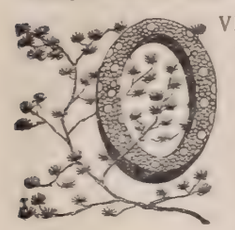
CHRISTMAS THE WORLD OVER.

How the Sacred Festival is Observed in Many Lands—The Week in Bethlehem.



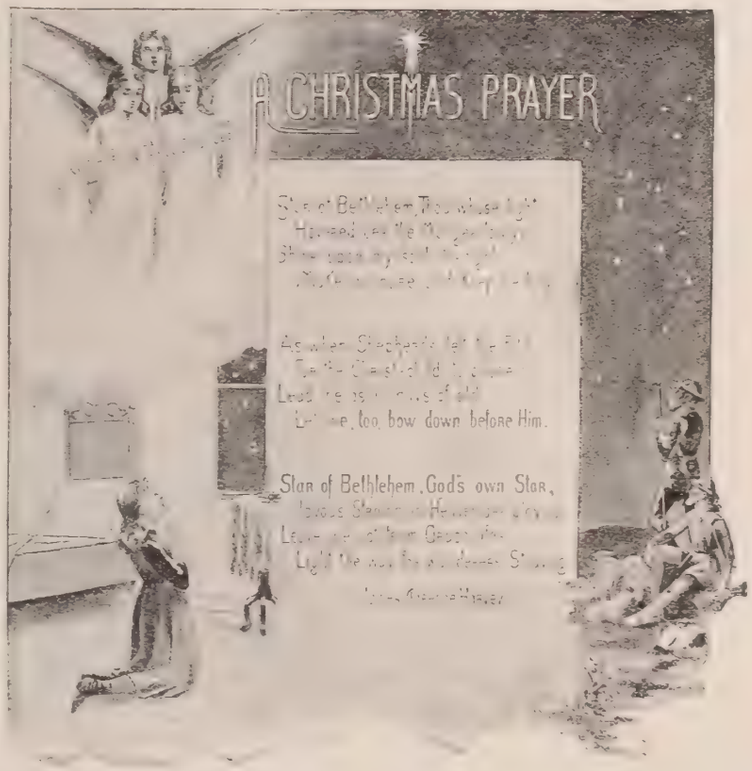
VER all the world, at this festive season are heard the ringing of sweet Christmas bells, and the glad song that tells the story of the Babe of Bethlehem. In the City of David, a host of pilgrims from every land under the sun has gathered, to worship at the Manger-shrine, and to gaze with awe and reverent love upon the scene of the Nativity. The ancient church—the oldest probably in the world—which contains the Grotto of the Manger, is crowded with worshipers morning and evening during the week, and sweet hymns ascend to heaven from before its altars. There Greek, Armenian, Copt and Latin, representatives of the most ancient forms of the Christian faith, worship together harmoniously beside the Cradle of Christ.

During the Christmas week, the road from Jerusalem to Bethlehem is crowded with pilgrims of every nationality. Caravans (such as that shown in our illustration on this page), come from Egypt, from Damascus and other points, and there is a ceaseless stream of travel from the Jaffa Gate of Jerusalem along the highway toward Bethlehem. There the travelers find shelter, either in tents or at the various convents, which are hospitably open. In Jerusalem, too, the anniversary of the Saviour's birth is celebrated by the various Christian denominations by special services in the churches; but the principal observance throughout all Syria is that which takes place at the Manger-Shrine in the little white-walled city of Bethlehem.

There are many beautiful customs connected with the Christmas season in other lands, of which the children of the East are totally ignorant. No Santa Claus brightens the dreams of the little ones of Syria, and no baby stockings are hung up over-night for him to fill. Few Eastern children ever saw a Christmas tree, unless, indeed, they luckily happened to get a glimpse of one that had been set up by some family who had imported the pretty custom from abroad. Thus, by a singular anomaly, the anniversary of Jesus' birth is less generally remembered in Palestine than in many other lands. In Russia, every family, except the very poorest, has its traditional tree, and all the villages are "en fete." It is a season for the betrothal of young people, the giving of presents and pretty processions of children in fanciful costumes. In France, the celebration begins at midnight on Christmas Eve, and is especially enthusiastic in the villages and rural districts. In England, the Yule-tide is the merriest time of the whole year, and feasting, present-giving and entertainment are the rule everywhere. In the country homes of the "gentry," the yule-log roars on the hearth, and the rollicking games that have been indulged every Christmas for centuries, are revived for the benefit of the young folks.

Yule (so-called from the old Saxon word "uile," the name of the festival), is the crown of the year in other countries of Europe as well as Victoria's little island domain. Spain, Italy, Austria and Germany each celebrate after their own national fashion, and the Greek Church in Russia and the Latin in Southern Europe then perform their most splendid and impressive rites. In Rome, Madrid and Vienna, the Jubilee absorbs the energies of the entire population, and the churches are crowded to the doors. In our own land, the anniversary has become almost universal, and in Mexico it is a season of religious and social celebration in which rich and poor participate.

To Germany the civilized world is indebted for one of the most enjoyable of Christmas delights, the Christmas tree. This custom was little known in England before the present century. It has a pagan origin and behind the quaint figure of Kris Kringle, with his tree laden with gifts and glittering with lanterns, is the more ancient toy pine tree, hung with "oscilla," which boys and girls in ancient Rome looked for on the sixth and seventh days of the Saturnalia. A wide gulf is fixed between the Puritanic days, when Christmas was frowned upon as a remnant of evil superstition, and to-day, when nothing is too rare or good for the making of our homes bright, and our sanctuaries beautiful in honor of the Author of the Christian feast. Wherever civilized man is found, there, in one form or another, we find also the tokens of adoration and gratitude at Christmas.



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Each may do "Something."

You life may be cast in humble lines, and you may not be brilliant in prayer or exhortation; yet you may, if you will, do some service, however simple, for the Master's sake. A beautiful story is told in connection with the work of the Countess of Huntingdon among the colliers in the English Black Country. Finding that many of these poor miners had never heard of Christ, she sent out preachers to hold meetings among them in the open air. Whitefield, Venn, the Wesleys, were among her helpers. In a cabin on her estate there was a crippled blind girl, named Eliza Poulard, who heard of this great work. She was carried to the castle, and asked to see Lady Huntingdon. "Can I help?" she inquired, humbly. "I never have done anything for God." The servants would have driven her away, but the countess interfered. "She is lame and blind, and scared at her own voice," they said. "God calls his own messengers," replied the countess. "Carry her to the meeting to-night at the mines."

Eliza had learned many hymns, and her voice was a most touching one. When she sang to the colliers of Christ upon the cross, the women cried out and the men wept. No words of the preachers were as powerful as the song of the poor cripple. They carried her from one place to another, and many people were converted. When Lady Huntingdon told her of the souls she had influenced for good, her poor face grew beautiful. "Who would have thought He would have chosen me," she said.

Not all of God's chosen instruments are eminent and gifted. A word in season, a kind deed, an arm to help, a simple song may touch the heart, where eloquence and persuasion have failed.

***

Bird-Love for Their Benefactors.

At this season when, owing to snow and frost, the birds have a rather hard time of it securing food for the nest, our young friends, especially those who dwell in the country, can make some very pleasant acquaintances among the feathered tribes by providing for their wants from the superabundance of the home table. Two ladies had a somewhat remarkable experience with a robin which they had treated kindly. Whenever they walked out, the robin would accompany them, though it was observed one sister was a greater favorite than the other. If this lady went out, the robin would accompany her at once. The sisters after a time went to live elsewhere, and were in great grief at leaving the bird behind, but he would not allow himself to be caught. On the way to their new home, they were surprised to see the robin flying along by the carriage. He accompanied them all the way, and the next morning was pecking as usual at their window. He took up his abode in the neighborhood, and continued till he died, attending upon them in their walks.

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Ruskin's Idea of Childhood.

When John Ruskin on one occasion was addressing an assembly of men at Camberwell, he told them if they wanted to be perfect workmen they must become like child-like. And he gave them four marks of right childhood. To be modest is the first note of right childhood, according to this good and wise man. To be faithful is the second; there is nothing better than to be a trusty and trustworthy child. To be loving is the third; and it must be love that shows itself in real kindness and helpfulness. To be cheerful is the fourth and last essential; and the humble, trustful, loving child will be full of God's own cheer.

***

Home Hospitality.

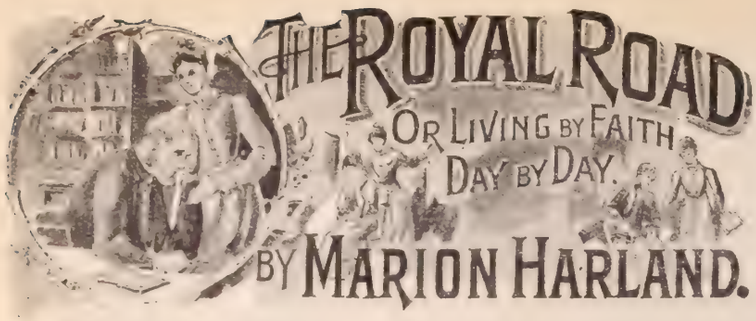
It is frequently stated that good old-fashioned hospitality is on the decline. Families more and more shut their family life carefully from the world, and few are privileged to enter the inner circles of the home. This cannot be helped, and perhaps should not even be deprecated. The effect of civilization and of culture is always to promote and emphasize the individuality of persons and of families, and to make repugnant the promiscuous companionship of the crowd or of strangers. A change has also come over those who should be guests. It is a common thing for lecturers, writers and distinguished people who travel, to instruct their agents to say they prefer stopping at hotels.

There is in many homes too little elasticity in home life; things are too much fixed in certain routines, and comparatively few hostesses understand the art of making a guest comfortable.

***

Parents and Daughters.

The poorest girls in the world are those who have never been taught to work. There are thousands of them. They have been taught to despise labor, and depend upon others for a living, and are perfectly helpless. The most forlorn and miserable women belong to this class. It belongs to parents to protect their daughters from this deplorable condition. They do them a great wrong if they neglect it. Every daughter ought to be taught to earn her own living. The rich are very likely to become poor, and the poor rich. The good Lord, whose Son worked with his own hands intended that none should be idle.



CHAPTER II. (Continued.)

BROOKLYN is the safest place on the globe for unescorted women by day, or by night, and this Mrs. Paull carried herself so like a lady-born who minded her own business and let otherpeoples' business alone, that she would not be insulted even in New York. But—and the "but" was deep, and broad, and long, and high—there was the billiard-table in the front basement, and a something everybody felt and nobody succeeded in defining, in the general air and tone of the household that deterred sober housekeepers and householders from making advances to the strangers in their midst. And, finally, the new folks did not appear to have any regular church connection. When the father spent Sunday at home, he sat near the front windows, looking like a picture, or a nobleman on the stage, in a black velvet smoking-jacket and read the thirty-two pages of the paper while church-goers trooped by, to and from their various places of worship. In the summer months when Mrs. Paull and Elspeth held the fort, they went to church somewhere every Sunday, without fail. Since the children got back the mother usually accompanied them, presumably to some place of worship on Sunday forenoon, but they went, sometimes up-street, sometimes down,—a circumstance that pointed to spiritual tramphood.

In Brooklyn, a church home;—to wit a pew, the rent of which is paid promptly, and participation in Sunday-School or parish-work, together with a kindly desire to do good and to communicate to one's fellow-Christians—constitutes a passport to the hearts and homes of "regular residents." It may be a primitive state of society in cosmopolitan eyes, but it is apostolic — and Christ-like. The household of faith is not an empty phrase; the band holding together the communion of saints is strong and of pure gold.

Thus stood affairs with the Paulls in their immediate neighborhood on the evening of the twenty-second of November, the Friday preceding Thanksgiving week.

Within doors, Scotch Elspeth, sitting over her tea in the kitchen, heard her mistress's step in the lower hall, and arose mechanically as Mrs. Paull entered. The fifty,year-old girl had "gentle-folk ways" in such matters. Unless deprived of the use of her lower limbs, she would as soon have thought of standing on her head as of remaining seated when receiving orders from an employer. The entrance of the latter was to her like the drill-sergeant's "Attention!" to rank and file.

Mrs. Paull was dressed for walking. She was never florid; to-night her very lips were colorless;—there were livid semi-circles under her eyes which were dull and deep; but her voice was even, and she spoke, as always, pleasantly to the elderly servant.

"Elspeth, I have put the children to bed, amd am going out for a long walk. My head aches badly, and the walk may do me good."

"It's very damp, ma'am."

Elspeth had been an American for forty years without ridding her tongue of the North Country "burr." She was, secretly, vain of her excellent English, firmly persuaded in her own mind that nobody would ever guess her nationality from her speech, whereas she betrayed it in feature, voice and accent to the least observant. When excited, she lapsed into the vernacular. On this occasion she did not quite say "verra," but they suggested the broader vowel, and she rolled a pair of r's.

"I never take cold, you know, and I have my waterproof. Please leave the kitchen-door open that you may hear the children should they awake."

"I will, ma'am. Do not give yesel' ony uneasiness aboot them. They'll likely not stir till ye get back."

"Thank you! I hope they will not be t[illegible]."

The domestic never betrayed inquisitiveness, however eccentric might seem the behavior of any member of the household. Her scorn of gossip extended to her self-communings, yet she shook her iron-gray head at the clang of the closing front door, and poured out a third cup of tea with an audible sigh.

Mr. Lanier, Mrs. Paull's brother, and a trustee under their father's will of her portion of the patrimonial estate, had spent a long time with his sister that afternoon. He looked grave and preoccupied when Elspeth admitted him, and to her eyes Mrs. Paull had worn an unnatural aspect ever since. True, she made talk with the three children over their evening meal, only cautioning Tom not to laugh too loudly, for "Mamma had a headache." She chatted cheerfully with them on the way up to bed, too, and would make Elspeth go down to supper while she undressed Gladys with her own hands.

"But she's aye one to keep hersel' to hersel'," reflected the discreet Scotch girl.

She almost deserved the name when she took service with Mr. Lanier twenty-five years before. At "Miss Alice's" marriage she had asked to be allowed to go with her to her new home as chambermaid and seamstress, and had followed her young lady's fortunes faithfully ever since. Until after the birth of Tom, the third child, she had had assistants in the housework, sometimes three or four fellow-servants. Then began the gradual decline in the apparent prosperity of the wedded pair. There was a bad crash about the time Gladys was born, five years ago, a crash so loud that the world heard it. Ernest Paull's business career for fifteen years had been a descending scale; one year a hitch, another a break; a third a drag, with wheels that creaked dryly. His father-in-law had set him up in divers businesses of various degrees of promise, once and again, and as everybody knew, although not from him or his son, had lost heavily from hitch and crash, having furnished the oil for the creaking wheels.

At his death, two years prior to the date of our first chapter, he had left his daughter Alice twenty-five thousand dollars in real estate and stocks, but so tied up by legal knots that she could not touch the interest without the consent of her trustees and her father's executors, while the principal was strictly entailed upon her children. The purport of the testament was unmistakable. Mr. Lanier, Sr., did not mean that his son-in-law should profit directly by any more of his money.

Elspeth had assuredly never been told what were the provisions of the will, or why they should be particularly obnoxious to "Miss Alice's" husband, but a pretty accurate knowledge of the state of family politics had filtered into her mind. Mr. Paull had broken out several times when she was within ear-shot into caustic gibes relative to his wife as a property-holder, and himself as her pensioner, and, whereas, up to the senior Lanier's decease, Ernest had maintained apparently friendly relations with his brother-in-law, it was yet more apparent now that the relations between the two men were strained to the point of parting.

Once, while removing the dishes from the table, the discreet hand-maiden had heard the master of the house say in reply to a question from Edwin, the youngest boy:

"'Why don't I stay at home like other little children's fathers?' Because, my son, this is not my home any more. It is mamma's house, and everything in it belongs to her. She holds the purse-strings, and your Uncle Roger tells her just how much money she can have to support you and your brothers and sisters. If you were older, you would understand that the interest of twenty-five thousand dollars at four-and-a-half per cent, —(your uncle doesn't believe in a higher rate than that) won't lodge, feed and clothe eight people. Especially, when one of the eight has been brought up as the daughter of one millionaire and the sister of another. Poor papa having spent all the money he has made in the last twenty years, upon his wife and children, must scuffle for himself for the rest of his life."

His wife's eyes had blazed indignantly at him from a deathly-white face, as he said it, but not a word escaped her.

The scene was one of many that made Elspeth return thanks morning and night that she "belonged to nae mon, gentle or simple, but could gang her ain gait wi' nane to say, 'Why do ye sae!'" Her mistress' economies would have enlightened her partially as to the financial stress that had overtaken the family, had none of these streamlets of information trickled into her ears. The faithful creature had to be taken into confidence so far as to be made to comprehend that Mr. Paull had had heavy losses, and that, since the children must be educated, there was little to spare for luxurious comforts, nothing for superfluities. She knew what Marie, the elder daughter and her mother's intimate associate, did not seem to notice—that Mrs. Paull had not bought one new article for herself since she put on black for her father, that napkins and table-cloths, sheets, and even towels, were darned as long as the old threads would bear the new, and that the children's underclothes, frocks and jackets were mute miracles of the mother's skill in repairing and making over.

Mr. Paull's costume showed no sign of thoughtful thrift. To be well dressed was a part of the stock-in-trade of a "man on the road." He had traveled for several houses in the last five years, his handsome face and pleasing address going further in recommending him to employers and customers than anybody but himself suspected. If he ever reckoned up his assets, he put these down at double their real value. He had no trouble in getting a position. Keeping it was another thing. In the "dull season," he found recreation at the Rangeley Lakes, Les Chenaux, or the Adirondacks. As a crack shot and expert fly-fisherman, he had what he would have described as "a national reputation," and was welcome wherever sportsmen congregated. The air of these resorts and the society found there were absolutely necessary for building up his health and spirits to sustain the hardships of the next winter's campaign.

As he informed his wife, he made barely enough to meet his few personal expenses and to pay the rent of a house in which his family could live. He had no home, and never expected to have one until his wife should buy a six-feet-two lot for him in Greenwood. There was an insurance of ten thousand dollars upon his worthless life, he would add, jocularly. Without alluding to the fact that Mrs. Paull paid the yearly premium upon it, he liked to jest upon the profit she would derive from his death. Perhaps she might prevail upon her trustee to spare her a few dollars for a slate headstone. Or, one of marbleized iron would make more show for less money. As to lettering, there would be no sense in wasting her wealth in epitaphical lies. "Here lies a failure!" would cover the whole ground, and unite truth and pathos.

He was sentimentally fond of his children, particularly of his pretty daughter, Marie, whose resemblance to himself was delicious flattery. Had he spent more time with them, he would have vitiated the mother's wholesome influence, As it was, with all the love and respect they bore her, they were inclined to pity him as the victim of circumstances, and Marie to wonder that mamma did not sell houses or stocks, or make some other effort to enable them all to live together the year round. When a hint of this veiled feeling transpired, Alice Paull held her peace. What was there that she could say?

She had never uncovered the grinning skeleton in the closet of her heart even to the brother, who was her confidant in all else, or so much as confessed to him that her husband had a fault.

He had visited her on this afternoon upon a painful errand, and as a man of sense and feeling, had done it without cruel delays. So-called preparation for bad news is but so many additional turns of the rack-screw.

Ernest Paull had gone abroad that morning, leaving a letter to be delivered to Roger Lanier after he had sailed. It commissioned him to break the truth to his sister. Mr. Paull had speculated with money collected by him for his late employers, and lost it. Since he had no private resources on which to draw for reparation of the misfortune, he had but one resort—flight.

Where he obtained funds for the voyage and the proposed sojourn in a foreign land, he did not see fit to specify. The date of his return was, in the circumstances, so remote and uncertain that his wife would act wisely in basing no calculations upon the event. She must shape her future course according to her own judgment and her brother's advice. This would be the easier, inasmuch as these had been the rule of her faith and practice for many months. Her husband, since his severe pecuniary losses set in, had been such an insignificant factor in her existence that his withdrawal from the scene of action would not affect her seriously, except so far as it wounded the Lanier pride. For himself, he had found this same pride an expensive—he might say a ruinous—luxury for a poor man.

Her marriage—before her judgment was matured by the influence of heredity and advice—to one whom she had chosen to treat as a cipher on the wrong side of the unit representing her potent personality—was the fatal blunder of her life. "I forbear to add, of mine also, conscious as I am that that would count for little in her opinion and that of her counsellors. My heart is wrung to bleeding by the thought of leaving my children (God bless and keep them forever.) Had I been permitted to exercise the sacred privilege, I would have proved myself more to them than a father in name only. As man and husband, I will not interfere with their mother's management of them. Sometimes I dream that in the days to come, when she sees reflected in their innocent faces the lineaments of the unhappy being whom she once believed that she loved; whose misfortune, not whose fault, it has been to forfeit that affection—she may so far compromise with her stern sense of rectitude as to let them speak of the exile, now and then, and affectionately. I cannot bear to think that my darlings will forget me utterly. I know that she will refrain from poisoning their minds again me. In this I trust to her magnanimity.

"This is the sum of my requests to your sister, Mr. Lanier. Knowing as I do, how severe are her ideas upon certain subjects, how relentless her prejudices against every form of speculation; that she esteems all games and operations in which chance has a part, as inventions of the Enemy of souls, I comprehend fully what degree of charity will be used in computing the iniquity of this, my latest and heaviest disaster."

Such was the letter placed in Alice Paull's hands by her brother with the simple preface; "My dear sister, I am the bearer of disagreeable news. It is all written here in your husband's hand. May our Heavenly Father grant you strength to bear it and to live for your children."

She read the four closely-written pages through, down to the signature, and turned back to the letter-head to see that it bore the date—"Fifth Avenue Hotel, Thursday morning, November the twenty-first, 188–," and letting her hand with the letter fall in her lap, looked down at it as at a horror that had changed her to stone.

"He is a thorough villain—a hypocritical villain!" said Roger Lanier in wrath the deeper for his enforced self-control. "He knew every word he has written concerning you to be a lie, deliberately planned to wound in the tenderest sensibilities the best, most patient, most heroic wife that was ever bestowed upon one so utterly unworthy of her."

She turned the letter over in stunned bewilderment, seeming to study it for further light.

"I have not been patient, brother, I have tried to do right, but I am not naturally amiable, as you know. Perhaps I have never understood him; never made allowances for the temperament and education that were so unlike mine."

"You have ruined your life for his sake!"

"I gave it to him when I married him—that and everything else I had or hoped to have—'for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer.'"

The low, hopeless tones, the dry eyes, worst of all, the wan, lightless smile that went with the words, cut the listener to the heart. He burst out with an impatient ejaculation.

"Alice! I cannot, I will not have you blame yourself. You shall not attempt to excuse him. Have I not seen the several steps of your disillusion, yet was obliged to hold my tongue? Ernest Paull has proved himself a specious, utterly selfish braggart, unstable in principle, in action—in everything but evil. You cannot conceal this from yourself. Why try to make me think that you do?"

To be continued.

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Sincerely yours,
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If he wrought no miracles, as some say he did not, then he must have drawn the multitudes, that followed him so often, by his power as a speaker. We do not wish to detract anything from Christ's divine glory, but we are sincere and honest when we declare that, unless Christ is studied as an orator, much of the truth he has taught will not only fail to impress, but can hardly be truly comprehended.

It is exceedingly strange that nothing has been written on the subject of Christ as an orator, when our Lord himself claims that his mission was to speak to mankind. The prophet Isaiah speaks of Christ's mission in terms which clearly indicate its oratorical nature, "The spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and the fear of the Lord, and shall make him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord: and he shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips shall he destroy the wicked." What higher equipment could be given a speaker than these gifts, wisdom, understanding, counsel, knowledge; or in what terms could his mission be more clearly indicated? Even the very acts of his life were to be oratorical He was not to judge the world with the sword, nor with the authority of a divine power, but, "He shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips will he slay the wicked." Could there be a more striking description of the mighty power of oratory than these words convey? By no weapon of war, by no exertion of material or supernatural forces was Christ to subdue the world, but by the gentle yet powerful implements of eloquence, the mouth and the breath.

*[illegible] Orator or Why Can't [illegible] Ways. By Rev. J. A. [illegible] D. Paper, 25 cts. Young Presbyterian Co., Boston publishers.

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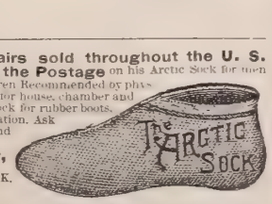

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CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 16. NUMBER 52.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 27, 1893.

PRICE, 5 CENTS.
Annual Subscription, $1.50.

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THE APOSTLES' FOUNTAIN.

A Famous Spring in Palestine, with many Sacred Associations A Land of Fountains and Living Streams.

PASSING through strange lands, there is nothing in nature that gladdens the eye of the traveler so much as a spring of clear, sparkling water, gushing forth from the rocky hillside, or bubbling up in crystal wavelets from the earth at his feet. In all tropical countries, where the rainfall is scanty and streams often run dry, a living spring is held as almost priceless, and greatly enhances the value of the ground in the neighborhood. When such a spring is found in the desert or in any arid, desolate region, through which travelers have to pass, it is hailed as a boon from our kind Father, who supplies the wants of his children and comes to their relief in utmost need.

Such a spring is the "Fountain of the Apostles," (shown in our illustration) which is situated almost midway between Jerusalem and Jericho. The distance between these cities is rather more than fifteen miles through a wilderness, and travelers would faint and die by the way, were it not for this refreshing well, whose waters cool and revive them and their beasts, while the shade cast by the hillside affords a grateful resting-place in the hottest hours of the day when the fierce Syrian sun beats down with a relentless and withering glare. "The Apostles' Fountain," as the natives tell, received its name from the fact that the apostles, in their many journeyings between the two cities, made the spot a familiar rendezvous. It is about six or seven miles distant from Jerusalem. For many generations, the Judean shepherds and their flocks have assembled at the fountain to pass the noontide hour. Its clear stream of living water issues from the heart of the rocky cliff and is caught in the stone basin, from which it is conveyed into a trough for the use of animals. The waste forms a pool which waters the dry valley below. Some Sultan or other Moslem potentate has shown his appreciation of this famous spring by placing a tablet in the rock, immediately over the basin, and bearing an inscription in Arabic. Such inscriptions are found in many places throughout the East.

Palestine is a hilly country and abounds in water-springs and fountains. Its landscapes are dotted with wells whose names have been historic through many generations; yet, as a rule, its springs are short-lived, though remarkable for their abundance and beauty. Their importance can readily be gathered in the large number of topographical names which have the prefix "en" or "ain," as it is found in words like "Engedi," ("Spring of the Gazelle"). Some of the fountains of Palestine, are of great size, and it is to be noted that all the perennial rivers and streams in that country have their sources in fountains rather than in surface water, the Jordan rising from the fountains at Dan and Banias, and the Abana from those at Fijeh and Zebedany. In every valley and wood, the pleasant murmur of running water is heard and the foliage that overhangs those cooling streams is always green, luxuriant and beautiful.

"THE FOUNTAIN OF THE APOSTLES," ON THE ROAD TO JERICHO.
From a photograph secured by Dr. Talmage in the Holy Land.

Almost all the cities of the Holy Land are still supplied with water from fountains. Tyre walled in her abundant natural springs to protect them and to raise the water to a sufficient height. Damascus was supplied in like manner from the great fountain at Fijeh, and enjoyed the finest water supply of any city in the East. Near Solomon's Pools was a fountain whose waters were conveyed by a great acqueduct ten miles long, to Jerusalem, and that city, while depending largely upon its water cisterns, yet valued its springs very highly. These springs were, to a great extent, the result of volcanic agencies in earlier times.

In the Bible, the fountain is the symbol of physical refreshment and spiritual blessing, being a type of the free and abundant comforts which the Lord bestows upon his people. There are many of these wells or fountains that are very dear to all who hold the sacred record of Scripture in veneration, among them being the fountain of Nazareth, at which Mary may often have come with the other women of the village to draw water; Jacob's well on the slope of Gerizim near Sychar, where the Saviour asked for a drink; the "well by the gate" at Bethlehem of whose cooling waters David longed for a draught, when sore pressed by his foes; the well of Elisha near Jericho; "Philip's Fountain," on the highway to Gaza, where the eunuch was baptized, and the wells of Beersheba, in the wilderness, which recall the wanderings of Hagar.

Public fountains in Palestine are usually excavated from the solid limestone rock, as in the case of the "Apostles' Fountain." A few steps lead to the basin of stone, into which the stream pours its crystalline invitation to all who are athirst. One of the ancient gates of Jerusalem, the Fountain-Gate ("Sha ar h-A Yin"), which was in the first or oldest city wall, opened on the Valley of Hinnom, adjoining the Pool of Siloam, from which it derived its name. What the fountain is to the valleys and rocky uplands of Palestine, the wells are to the level plains. Many of these wells are over a hundred feet deep, and water is drawn either by the usual wooden vessel, on a rope attached to a wheel and pulley, by a "shadoof" (a long, slender pole which is raised or depressed at will), or by an ox or an ass working a primitive windlass. It is not improbable that some of the wells still in existence, were in use in the days of the patriarchs.

The Tabernacle Pulpit

CHRIST, THE STAR.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday in the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

Text: Rev. 22: 16, *"I am the bright and the morning star."*

THIS is Christmas Eve. Our attention and the attention of the world is drawn to the star that pointed down to the caravansary whereChrist was born. But do not let us forget that Christ himself was a star. To that luminous fact my text calls us. It seems as if the natural world were anxious to make up for the damage it did our race in furnishing the forbidden fruit. If that fruit wrought death among the nations, now all the natural products shall become a symbol of blessing. The showering down of the wealth of the orchard will make us think of him whom Solomon describes as the apple tree among the trees of the wood; and the flowers of tangled glen and cultured parterre shall be the dew-glinted garland for the brow of the Lord Jesus. Yea, even the night shall be taxed, and its brightest star shall be set as a gem in the coronet of our holy religion.

Have you ever seen the morning star advantageously? If it was on your way home from a night's carousal, you saw none of its beauty. If you merely turned over on your pillow in the darkness, glancing out of the window, you know nothing about the cheerful influence of that star. But there are many in this house to-night, who in great passes of their life, some of them far out at sea, have gazed at that star and been thrilled through with indescribable gladness. That star comes trembling as though with the perils of the darkness, and yet bright with the anticipation of the day. It seems emotional with all tenderness, its eyes filled with the tears of many sorrows. It is the gem on the hand of the morning thrust up to signal its coming. Other stars are dim, like holy candles in a cathedral, or silver beads counted in superstitious litany; but this is a living star, a speaking star, an historic star, an evangelistic star—bright, and brilliant, and triumphant symbol of the great Redeemer. The telegraphic operator puts his finger on the silver key of the electric instrument, and the tidings fly across the continent; and so it seems to me that the finger of inspiration is placed upon this silver point in the heavens, and it thrills through all the earth: "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. Behold I am the bright and morning star." The meaning of my text is this: as the morning star precedes and promises the coming of the day, so Christ heralds the natural and spiritual dawn.

In the first place, Christ heralded the coming of the creation. There was a time when there was no order, no sound of beauty. No wing stirred. No word was uttered. No light sped. As far as God could look up, as far down, as far out, there was nothing. Immeasurable solitude. Heighth and depth, and length, and breadth of nothingness. Did Christ then exist? Oh, yes. "By him were all things made that are made; things in heaven and things in earth, and things under the earth." Yes, he antedated the creation. He led forth Arcturus and his sons He shone before the first morning. His voice was heard in the concert when the morning stars serenaded the advent of our infant earth, when, wrapped in swaddling clothes of light, it lay in the arms of the great Jehovah. He saw the first fountain laid. He saw the first light kindled. That hand which was afterward crushed upon the cross was thrust into chaos, and it brought out one world and swung it in that orbit; and brought out another world and swung it in another orbit; and brought out all the worlds, and swung them in their particular orbits. They came like sheep at the call of a shepherd. They knew his voice, and he called them all by their names. Oh, it is an interesting thought to me to know that Christ had something to do with the creation. I see now why it was so easy for him to change water into wine; he first created the water. I see now why it was so easy for him to cure the maniac; he first created the intellect. I see now why it was so easy for him to hush the tempest; he sank Gennesaret. I see now why it was so easy for him to swing fish into Simon's net; he made the fish. I see now why it was so easy for him to give sight to the blind man; he created the optic nerve. I see now why it was so easy for him to raise Lazarus from the dead; he created the body of Lazarus, and the rock that shut him in. Some suppose that Christ came a stranger to Bethlehem. Oh, no. He created the shepherds, and the flocks they watched, and the hills on which they pastured, and the heavens that overarched their heads,and the angels that chanted the chorus on that Christmas night. That hand, which was afterward nailed to the cross, was an omnipotent and creative hand, and the whole universe was poised on the tip of one of his fingers. Before the world was, Christ was. All the worlds came trooping up out of the darkness, and he greeted them, as a father greets his children, with a "good-morning," or a "good-night." Hail, Lord Jesus, morning star of the first creation.

Again, Christ heralds the dawn of comfort in a Christian soul. Sometimes we come to passes in life where all kinds of tribulations meet us. You are building up some great enterprise. You have built the foundation—the wall—you are just about to put on the capstone, when everything is demolished. You have a harp all strung for sweetest accord,and some great agony crushes it. There is a little voice hushed in the household. Blue eye closed Color dashed out of the cheek. The foot still. Instead of the quick feet in the hall, the heavy tread of those who march to the grave. Oh, what are people to do amid all these sorrows? Some sit down and mourn. Some bite their lip until the blood comes. Some wring their pale hands. Some fall on their faces. Some lie on their backs helpless, and look up into what seems to them an unpitying heaven. Some pull their hair down over their eyes, and look through with a fiend's glare. Some with both hands press their hot brain, and want to die, and cry: "O God! O God!" Long night, bitter night, stupendous night of the world's suffering! Some know not which way to turn. But not so the Christian man. He looks up toward the heavens. He sees a bright appearance in the heavens. Can it be only a flashing meteor? Can it be only a falling star? Can it be only a delusion? Nay, nay. The longer he looks, the more distinct it becomes, until, after a while,he cries out: "A star! a morning star! a star of comfort! a star of grace! a star of peace! the Star of the Redeemer!" Peace for all trouble. Balm for all wounds. Life for all dead. Now Jesus, the great heart-healer, comes into our home. Peace! Peace that passeth all understanding. We look up through our tears. We are comforted! It is the morning star of the Redeemer. "Who broke off that flower?" said one servant in the garden to another. "Who broke off that flower?" and the other servant said, "The master." Nothing more was said, for if the master had not a right to break off a flower to wear over his heart or to set in the vase in the mansion, who has a right to touch the flower? And when Christ comes down into our garden to gather lilies, shall we fight him back? Shall we talk as though he had no right to come? If any one in all the universe has a right to what is beautiful in our homes,then our Master has, and he will take it, and he will wear it over his heart, or he will set it in the vase of the palace eternal. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Peace,troubled soul! I put the balm on your wounded heart to-night. The morning star, the morning star of the Redeemer.

Again, Christ heralds the dawn of millennial glory. It is night in China,night in India, night in Siberia, night for the vast majority of the world's population. But it seems to me there are some intimations of the morning. All Spain is to be brought under the influence of the Gospel. What is that light I see breaking over the top of the Pyrenees? The morning! Yea,all Italy shall receive the Gospel. She shall have her schools, and her colleges, and her churches; her vast population shall surrender themselves to Christ. What is that light I see breaking over the top of the Alps? The morning. All India shall come to God. Her idols shall be cast down. Her Juggernauts shall be broken. Her temples of iniquity shall be demolished. What is that light I see breaking over the top of the Himalayas? The morning. The empurpled clouds shall gild the path of the conquering day. The Hottentot will come out of his mud hovel to look at the dawn; the Chinaman will come up on the granite cliffs, the Norwegian will get up on the rocks, and all the beach of heaven will be crowded with celestial inhabitants come out to see the sun rise over the ocean of the world's agony. They shall come from the east, and from the west,from the north, and from the south,and sit down in the kingdom of God. These sweltered under tropical suns. These shivered under Icelandic temperature. These plucked the vineyards in Italy. These packed the tea boxes in China. These were aborigines lifting up their dusky faces in the dawn. And the wind shall waft it, and every mountain shall become a transfiguration, and the sea will become the walking place of him who trod the wave cliffs of stormy Tiberias, and the song of joy shall rise toward heaven, and the great sky will become a sounding-board which shall strike back the shout of salvation to the earth until it rebounds again to the throne of the Almighty, and the morning star of Christian hope will become the full sunburst of millennial glory.

Again, Christ heralds the dawn of heaven upon every Christian's dying pillow. I suppose you have noticed that the characteristics of people in their healthy days are very apt to be their characteristics in their dying days. The dying words of ambitious Napoleon were: "Head of the army." The dying words of poetic Lord Byron were: "I must sleep now." The dying words of affectionate Lord Nelson were: "Kiss me, Hardy." The dying words of Voltaire were. as he saw one whom he supposed to be Jesus in the room: "Crush that wretch." But I have noticed that the dying words of Christians always mean peace. Generally the pain is all gone, and there is great quietude through the room. As one of these brothers told me of his mother in the last moment: "She looked up, and said, pointing to some supernatural being that seemed to be in the room, 'Look at that bright form. Why,they have come for me now.'"

The lattice is turned so that that the light is very pleasant. It is peace all around. You ask yourself, "Why, can this be a dying room? It is so different from anything I ever expected." And you walk the floor, and you look out of the window. and you come back and look at your watch,and you look at the face of the patient again, and there is no change, except that the face is becoming more radiant, more illuminated. The wave of death seems coming up higher and higher, until it has touched the ankle, then it comes on up until it touches the knee, and then it comes on up until it reaches the girdle, and then it comes on up until it reaches the lip, and the soul is about to be floated away into glory, and you roll back the patient's sleeve, and you put your finger on the pulse, and it is getting weaker and weaker,and the pulse stops, and you hardly know whether the life has gone or not. Indeed, you cannot tell when she goes away, she goes away so calmly. Perhaps it is four o'clock in the morning, and you have the bed wheeled around to the window, and the dying one looks out into the night sky, and she sees something that attracts her attention, and you wonder what it is.

Why, it is a star! It is a star that out of its silver rim is pouring a supernatural light into that dying experience. And you say, "What is it that you are looking at?" She says, "It is a star." You say, "What star is it that seems so well to please you?" "Oh," she says, "that is the morning star—Jesus!" I would like to have my death-bed under that evangelistic star—I would like to have my eye on that star, so I could be assured of the morning. Then the dash of the surf of the sea of death would only be the billowing up of the promise, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." All other lights will fail—the light that falls from the scroll of fame, the light that flashes from the gem in the beautiful apparel, the light that flames from the burning lamps of a banquet—but this light burns on and burns on. Paul kept his eye on that morning star, until he could say, "I am now ready to be offered and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course. I have kept the faith." Edward Payson kept his eye on that star until he could say, "The breezes of heaven fan me." Dr. Goodwin kept his eye on that evangelistic star until he could say, "I am swallowed up in God." John Tennant kept his eye on that evangelistic star until he could say, "Welcome, sweet Lord Jesus—welcome eternity." No other star ever pointed a mariner into so safe a harbor. No other star ever sunk its silvered anchor into the waters. No other star ever pierced such accumulated cloud, or beckoned with such a holy lustre.

With lanterns and torches, and a guide, we went down in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. You may walk fourteen miles and see no sunlight. It is a stupendous place. Some places the roof of the cave a hundred feet high. The grottoes filled with weird echoes, cascades falling from invisible height to invisible depth. Stalagmites rising up from the floor of the cave—stalactites descending from the roof of the cave, joining each other, and making pillars of the Almighty's sculpturing. There are rosettes of amethyst in halls of gypsum. As the guide carries his lantern ahead of you, the shadows have an appearance supernatural and spectral. The darkness is fearful. Two people, getting lost from their guide only for a few hours, years ago, were demented, and for years sat in their insanity. You feel like holding your breath as you walk across the bridges that seem to span the bottomless abyss. The guide throws his calcium light down into the caverns, and the light rolls and tosses from rock to rock, and from depth to depth, making at every plunge a new revelation of the awful power that could have made such a place as that.

A sense of suffocation comes upon you as you think that you are two hundred and fifty feet in a straight line from the sunlit surface of the earth. The guide, after awhile, takes you into what is called the "Star Chamber," and then he says to you: "Sit here," and then he takes the lantern and goes down under the rocks, and it gets darker and darker, until the night is so thick that the hand an inch from the eye is unobservable. And then by kindling one of the lanterns, and placing it in a cleft of the rock, there is a reflection cast on the dome of the cave, and there are stars coming out in constellations—a brilliant night heavens—and you involuntarily exclaim: "Beautiful! beautiful!" Then he takes the lantern down in other depths of the cavern, and wanders on, and wanders off, until he comes up from behind the rocks gradually, and it seems like the dawn of the morning and it gets brighter and brighter. The guide is a skilled ventriloquist, and he imitates the voices of the morning, and soon the gloom is all gone, and you stand congratulating yourself over the wonderful spectacle. Well, there are a great many people who look down into the grave as a great cavern. They think it is a thousand miles subterraneous, and all the echoes seem to be the voices of despair, and the cascades seem to be the falling tears that always fall, and the gloom of earth seems coming up in stalagmite, and the gloom of the eternal world seems descending in the stalactite, making pillars of indescribable horror. The grave is no such place at that to me, thank God. Our divine guide takes us down into the great caverns, and we have the lamp to our feet and the light to our path, and all the echoes in the rifts of the rock are anthems, and all the falling waters are fountains of salvation, and, after awhile, we look up, and behold! the cavern of the tomb has become a King's star-chamber. And, while, we are looking at the pomp of it, an everlasting morning begins to rise, and all the tears of earth crystallize into stalagmite, rising up in a pillar on the one side, and all the glories of heaven seem to be descending in stalactite, making a pillar on the other side, and you push against the gate that swings between the two pillars, and, as the gate flashes open, you find it is one of the twelve gates which are twelve pearls. Blessed be God that through this Gospel the mammoth cave of the sepulchre has become the illumined Star Chamber of the King!

I would God that if my sermon to-day does not lead you to Christ, that before morning, looking out of the window, the astronomy of the night heavens might lead you to the feet of Jesus.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But [illegible] the Saviour speaks—
Is the Star of Bethlehem.

MONEY RECEIVED.

Since our last acknowledgment the following sums have been received and applied to the various funds indicated below by the senders:

For THE CHRISTIAN HERALD *Sunday School Missionary in the Southwest:* Miss L. C. Nelson, 50c.; Mrs. H. R. Leeds, 50c.; Mrs. Catharine Lockwood, Bloomfield, N. J., $1; Mrs. Elien A. Cockefair, $1; Miss Elizabeth Edgson, $1; Gospel Children's Missionary Society, of Superior, Ia., $6.50; John A. Scott, $1; Elizabeth Hunter, $4; J. B. Worth, $2; In His Name, Lake Mills, Wis., $2; Mrs. Mary MacDonald, $5; R. W. Deveren, $2; In His Name, South Trenton, N. Y., $5; Mrs. E. Van Fossen, $1; Mrs. H. M. Seeler, 50c.; Invalid, Maine, $5. Total, $38. Previously acknowledged, $664.25. Grand total, $702.25.

For the Bethesda Home for the Reclamation of Fallen Girls: In His Name, South Trenton, N.Y., $1; G. C., Owen Sound, $1.

For the Door of Hope: G. C., of Owensound, $1; Mrs. I. M. Stewart, $1; J. P., Haydenville, $1.

For the Permanent Lodging House for Homeless Women: G. C., Owen Sound, $1.

Miss DeBroen's Bellevue, Paris, Mission: In His Name, South Trenton, N. Y., $2.50; C., $3.75.

For the Destitute in the Gulf States: Jens C. Buck, Yorktown, Tex., $5.

For any Good Work: Wm. Fitch, Washington, D. C., $6.

Aunt Hannah.

BY REV. C. H. MEAD.

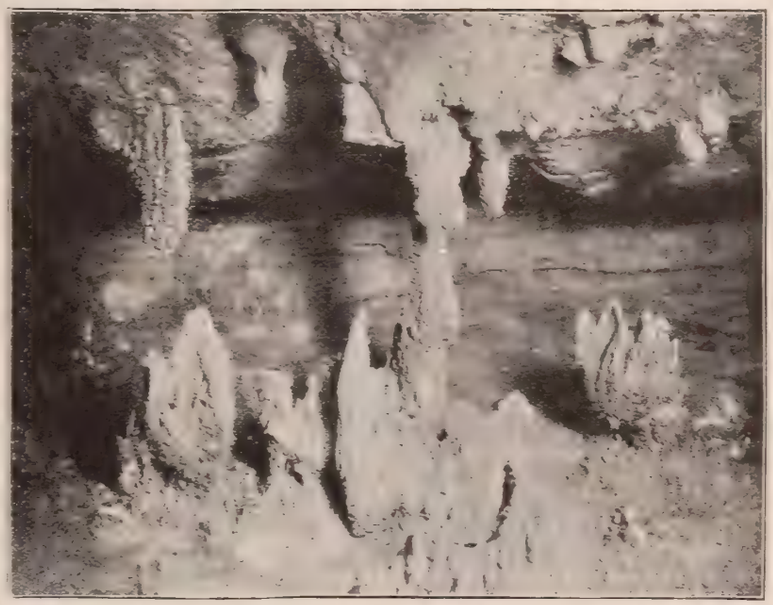
OWING to the illness of Rev. Henry Hopeful, pastor of Harmony Church, the Rev. Darius Doleful, D.D., will preach on next Sunday morning at the usual hour. There will be no preaching in the evening, but the Young People's Society will hold its regular meeting at 6:30 in the Lecture-room."

Sabbath morning came, and with its came the pastor's substitute. He was well named, for never was seen a more doleful face and walk, nor heard a more doleful voice. His sermon was shadow and no sunshine, all gloom and no gleam, all midnight and no mid-day, all fear and no faith, all tremble and no triumph, all groping and no glory. He paved the road to heaven with trials, curbed it with tribulations, crooked it with temptations, hedged it with briars, and overshadowed it with sorrows. He closed with the following words to the young people:

"Remember each day, you are on the way to the grave, and laughter ill becomes any one who may die any day. In the midst of funerals, no one of you should be cheerful; it will be time enough to laugh and be cheerful when you get to heaven. It is a very solemn thing to live, and only religion makes life endurable. I commend to you a religion that has made me what I am, and what it has done for me it can do for each of this company of young people I see here this morning. Let us pray." The close of the sermon found the congregation much nearer the North Pole than the Cape of Good Hope; old and young shivered, and the church seemed to be filled with fog. A look of disgust was seen on Father Trustful's wrinkled face, and dear old mother Brightside looked daggers at the D.D. who had brought them anything but "good tidings of great joy." But the fog disappeared, the frost melted and the faces of the young people brightened, when Uncle Caleb Cheerful arose and said: "The young people of the church are requested to meet at my home this evening instead of the Lecture-room, as Aunt Hannah has a large consignment of sunshine she wishes to bestow upon her children. Come wearing your brightest smiles, and prepared to sing your gladdest songs of praise."

The doleful benediction could not dissipate the effect of Uncle Caleb's announcement, and it was plain to be seen the young people's meeting would be well attended that evening. No one was better known, or better loved in the community than Aunt Hannah. Early in her married life, her hip had been broken by a runaway accident, and since then she had been a cripple. Her fractured limb she called her "means of grace," and certainly that or something else, had developed a most wonderful Christian character. No one ever heard her complain, but all who knew her had heard her rejoice. Her face was a sunbeam, and her voice was sunshine set to music.

The house was well lighted that evening as the young people flocked in, and Aunt Hannah seated in her easy chair, greeted each with a bright smile and a cheery word. The house soon rang with soulful song, and never did the Ninety-first Psalm bring a greater benediction than it did that night, as Aunt Hannah read it with her tuneful voice. Tears filled many eyes, but they were tears of joy. She spoke of the love of God—a love that fire cannot burn, water cannot drown, winds cannot blow away, sorrow cannot crush, and death cannot kill. Her eyes gleamed and her voice shone—and in her, they had the embodiment of Divine love in a human soul. Earth and heaven met in that house that night, and the very angels must have bent low to hear the words of testimony that fell from scores of young lips. Aunt Hannah's advice for them to "get good, be good, do good," thrilled them through and through. Midnight, shadow, darkness, gloom—none of these things were there, but light, love, hope—God. Aunt Hannah could not go out to visit the sick, comfort the afflicted, cheer the desolate, seek the lost, but they could and they would. "Look up—Lift up" was the motto of these young people; they had a big look up that evening and that meant a big lift up. That dear saint with the love-lit face was more than Aunt Hannah to them now—she was a benediction and an inspiration. "In His Name" who had made her what she was, they resolved to go forth and "Lend a hand." The world was to feel the thrill of a new touch from young hands and hearts set on fire by love. Sorrow, death, funerals, and graves, could not overshadow the noon-tide glory that had come to them in that hallowed place on that Sabbath evening. The cheerful ending shut out the doleful beginning of that day, and Rev. Darius Doleful, D.D., passed away as a dismal dream, while Aunt Hannah Cheerful remained as a God-given reality.



A GROTTO IN THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

"FROM MANGER TO THRONE."

OH! dreary path through a sin-cursed land,
For one so gentle and true;
Through poverty's den and desert sand,
And ways where the wild thorn grew:
Where eyes from pitiless hearts looked on,
Seeing the Manger but not the Throne.

Who shall go over those blood-stained ways,
Though ages have gone since then,
And drop no tear for the tale of days
That never can come again:
When the sweet Christ-heart for the old world bled,
And heaven's glory on earth was shed.

Heroes of time have left the throne.
And perished in dust at last:
But He began where no rank was known,
And upward through sorrow passed:
Wondrous achievement, Satan defied,
Mankind redeemed, and God satisfied.

From Manger to Throne with earth lights few,
And darkness sometimes above,
Who shall measure what Christ went through
To finish that march of love:
And who will follow the path he trod,
Now it is light, and it leads to God?

Woodbridge, N. J. WM. LYLE.

The Gospel in Ceylon.

Mary and Margaret Leitch write of the Progress of their Medical Mission.

READERS of this journal will doubtless remember the history published some time ago in our columns of the excellent Christian work among the Tamils now being done by Misses Mary and Margaret Leitch. Since their return to their field of labor at Chavakacheri, in the northern province of Ceylon, these devoted ladies have been successful in establishing a Medical Mission with general headquarters at Manippay. They now write as follows:

"We believe the Medical Mission Agency will be the best possible means toward overcoming opposition to the Gospel here, the missionaries going to the people in the times of their greatest need, and preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ not by words alone, but by a loving, benevolent, Christ-like ministry performed in his name and for his sake. Dr. and Mrs. Scott, who recently went to Ceylon to take charge of this particular work, have treated about eight hundred different cases in the first two and a half months since their arrival. It might interest you to hear of a few of these cases in detail.

"One man named Arumugam, who came for treatment, when he heard of the power of Jesus Christ as a present Saviour, took off the silver charm from his arm and broke it in two, and gave it to be sold for old silver. He now attends the Christian Church in the village where he lives. In the case of another man, named Kanthar, an operation was performed by Dr. Scott, removing one of his eyeballs which had been for a long time diseased, and had been causing him great pain. While in the hospital this patient heard of Christ and declared his belief in him and his determination from this time forward to live as a Christian and to educate and bring up his children as Christians. His wife is friendly to Christianity.

"Another case treated was that of a girl named Veyalalchi, who was severely injured by the fall of a heavy well sweep. She was brought to the hospital insensible. About ten women and fifteen men of her relatives and acquaintances came with her, greatly distressed at her condition. While they were waiting to to see if the treatment given by the doctor would prove helpful, the Catechist, Mr. Fitch, read and explained to them the narrative of the raising of Jairus's daughter, and prayed earnestly to the same ever-present loving Saviour for the recovery of this child. The relatives were much comforted, and now that the child has made a good recovery, they are much impressed by this cure and deeply grateful to the doctors for the kinkness shown and help given.

"A Brahmin, from one of the Hindu temples, lately came to the hospital for treatment. At first when the Catechist was reading aloud to him from the Bible, he was unwilling to listen, and declared that he was not a sinner. But when the first chapter of Romans was read and explained, he confessed that though not outwardly, yet in his heart he was sinful. He has now accepted a copy of the New Testament, and has read nineteen chapters with interest, and says that he will read the whole book through. His wife is with him, and listens attentively to the reading and conversations.

"Several young men, connected with the Hindu Society formed to oppose Christianity are now coming to the dispensary as patients. They confess that the sinful lives they have been leading have destroyed their health and happiness. One of these young men, a teacher in the Hindu High School, was brought to Dr. Scott in chains, having lost his reason. He is now sane and greatly benefited by the treatment. Many are hearing day by day in song and story the glad tidings of him who came to seek and to save that which was lost."

THE BIBLE IN JAPAN.

In 1859 there was not a convert in Japan. In 1884 there were nearly 7,000. In [illegible] there were no copies of the Bible, but in 1883 57,593 parts of the Bible and 20,368 Bibles or Testaments were distributed. There were two weekly papers with a circulation of 2,700 each in 1884. In 1886 there were about 100 Evangelical churches in Japan, 20 of which were self-supporting, and 10 others of which received no foreign aid. There were also schools and colleges and a number of seminaries. In 1892 there were about 200 churches in Japan.

THE FIRST ADAM.

S.S. Lesson for Jan. 7. Gen. 1: 26-2:3. Golden Text, Gen. 1: 27. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

"IN the beginning God created." These inspired words bar the past, there is no getting behind them farther than: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him, and without him was not anything made that was made." (John 1: 1-3). Christ is God, and God created. Christ is the Word, and "by the word of the Lord were the heavens made, and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth. . . For he spake, and it was done; he commanded and it stood fast." "He is before all things and by him all things consist."

Thus, whatever may be the theories of modern science about the origin of man, we have God's word for it that man is no exception to the rest of the creation. In the beginning of man, as of the vegetable and animal, God created. He is the one universal Source. "In him was life." Yet there was a great and marked distinction between God's creation of the lower orders of being and of man, his master work. The Holy Trinity must needs hold a special council before man was created:

"Let us make Man

in our image after our likeness." All else in the wonders of God's creation was to be separate from God; now he would take upon himself the responsibility of bringing into existence a being which should represent him, which should answer to him, which should possess possibilities of communion and even oneness with him. In a significant passage after the Psalmist has described the powerlessness of idols, "They have mouths, but they speak not; eyes have they, but they see not; they have ears but they hear not; noses have they, but they smell not; they have hands, but they handle not; neither speak they through their throat"—he adds: "They that make them are like unto them and so is every one that trusteth in them." The idol-maker and the idol-worshipper are helpless, useless, senseless as the idols of their making; and God would have his worshippers like him. They make their gods, and so degrade themselves to their level: our God makes us to exalt us to his level. And though indeed Jeremiah says: "There is none like unto thee, O Lord," yet God's purpose to make man like himself has never been abandoned: "I know that whatever God doeth, it shall be forever." Frustrated in a measure, and for a time, through the fall, and through the sin of man, yet God's purpose comes out again in Redemption, and he who first created man in his own image after his likeness, now makes all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose; for whom he foreknew he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son. (Rom. 8: 28, 29.)

As with Israel, "God hath not cast off his people whom he foreknew." They are not all Israel which are of Israel; but there is

A Remnant

according to the election of grace. "Israel hath not obtained that which he seeketh for, but the election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded." So it is with God's creation of man. There were Jews and many of them, who did not prize their calling; they chose idols; as a people they departed from the Lord; and he, leaving them to their idolatry went on with his purposes accomplishing in the elect remnant who responded to him that which the people as a nation re- [illegible] created him: Jesus the express image of the person of God the Father has been despised and rejected by man, he has seen no beauty in him to desire him. His coming again is treated by the majority of men with scorn and ridicule; he is not wanted in the world which he created. The King of the Jews was unwelcomed by man at his birth, cast out and crucified by the creatures whom he came to save. But the general rejection of Christ did not prevent his dealing with a remnant, whom he is most surely conforming to his mage according to the working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself.

"And let them have dominion." The likeness to God was to be not only a representation like a picture or a statue, which, as a thing dead and powerless in itself, only serves its purpose to bring to memory something else which has life and power. The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and then breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and man became a living soul. He imparted his own life to man—in him was life, and he gave of his dominion to man. As he is infinitely man's Superior, so he constituted man the superior in the whole creation; he authorized man to represent him and reign for him, by virtue of his creation in the image of God, he invested man with regal power: "Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands: thou hast put all things under his feet." (Ps. 8: 5, 6.) And in redemption he makes us a kingdom of priests unto God. It is just in measure as man is like God that he has

Real Dominion,

and man becomes like God as he contemplates him. We all with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, R. V. with unveiled face reflecting as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, "are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the spirit of the Lord," or R.V. are "transformed into the same image from glory to glory, even as from the Lord the Spirit." Reflecting or beholding! We cannot behold in a mirror without being reflected, we cannot be reflected full face without beholding. A man who lives always full face towards God turns by this reflection God's face, reflected in him towards the world. Dominion has always been God's thought for man, but since the fall, dominion comes through submission as death comes through life. As Jesus, the last Adam must die, and make a way through death to everlasting life for man, so Jesus, the last Adam, must take his Father's yoke upon him, and become "meek and lowly of heart," that he might re-establish man's dominion in his own Person, and make the way for us to be meek and lowly in heart, and having overcome as he overcame to sit with him upon his throne, as he is set down with his Father upon his throne.

It is good to be taken back to our origin, and reminded how and for what we were created. And it is good to remember how all creation was made out of nothing, "things which are seen were not made of things which do appear." "In the beginning God created" is all we can ever know about it. And even so in his wondrous work on those whom he is conforming to the image of his Son, our God must first reduce to nothing that he may create, "created anew in Christ Jesus unto good works;" "the new man which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness:" created, not developed; created, not improved. Are we willing to be

Reduced to Nothing

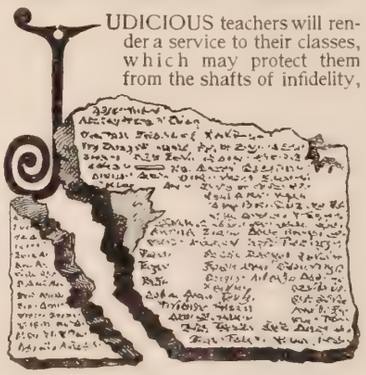
that we may be created anew? Are we willing to be conscious of our unimportance, of our uselessness in ourselves, of our utter failure to have dominion by any power or gift of our nature? Are we willing for others to see in us the fall of the first Adam, to be in our own person a witness that all flesh is as grass, and all the goodliness thereof as the flower of grass?

"So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him male and female created he them, and God blessed them and said unto them: Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it, and have dominion." In all God's creation there was to be the power of reproduction, life was to bring forth life, the herb was to yield seed, the fruit tree to bring forth fruit whose seed was in itself, for further fruitfulness. And so with man: "Be fruitful and multiply;" the first Adam and the last Adam; for "he shall see his seed." Life always seeks for room to reproduce itself: it is the instinct of spiritual life to reproduce itself, to seek other souls; when this instinct is wanting, the true life is wanting.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

JUDICIOUS teachers will render a service to their classes, which may protect them from the shafts of infidelity,



TABLET GIVING ACCOUNT OF THE CREATION.

by pointing out the difference that exists between science and religion. The important difference is that while man can gain scientific knowledge by observation, experiment and reason, he cannot, unaided, attain certainty in religious truth. For religion, he needs a revelation and God has given it to him in the Bible. The object of the book is to reveal God to men and teach them how to live so as to please him. The Bible was not given to teach science and men misunderstand its purpose when they go to it for scientific knowledge. If this fact is realized, the teacher will have less difficulty in dealing with the questions which will probably be put to him about the lesson of the day. If the Bible had been given to teach science, these early chapters of Genesis would have been filled with histories of the long process by which the world was fitted for the habitation of the human race. Science has a great deal to say about these processes and it has not, even at this late day, arrived at absolute certainty in regard of them. The Bible has nothing to say of them. It tells us all that it is necessary to its purpose. It says God created the world and the sun and the stars. Science does no more than tell us how he made them. It admits that back of all the processes, the traces of which it finds written in the rocks, there must have been in the beginning some potent life-giving force. It cannot tell what that force was, but the Bible tells us that it was God: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." It was this fact that we needed to know. We might have inferred it, but certainty on this point was given at the opening of the Bible story, that we might understand all that was to follow. The conception of the successive acts of creation, described in the first two chapters of Genesis, was current in the early years of human history. Tablets have been found in Assyria and Egypt which formed part of national libraries, which when deciphered contain accounts largely parallel to the Biblical narrative. A picture of one of these tablets, now in the British Museum, is given on this page. They appear to have been written on soft clay, with a sharp pointed instrument, and afterward baked, to render the writing permanent. They differ from the Biblical narrative chiefly in ascribing the creation to many Gods. In teaching the lesson of the day, it will be wise to follow the example of the Bible writers and, avoiding scientific questions, deal with the supreme fact that God made man. As an eminent writer has said, the statement is one that taxes our faith. When we see a drunkard, or a vicious man, or a fierce murderer, we are more disposed to think that the devil made man. But we are assured that God made him and in his own image. But what is God's image? Not our outward form, for God is a spirit. Then it must be the spirit which is in God's image. And we find that it is so. There are traits of nobility, of aspiration after better things, of discontent with mere animal life, which convince us that the Bible statement is true; and when man allows the spiritual nature within him to rule in his being, when God's Spirit restores the lost powers and he becomes a new creature in Christ, then we see God in him and realize that God made him. He is capable of so much good, that only God could have made him.

In our image. To live in sin is to deface and debase the image of God. It does dishonor to him as well as injures the sinner. It is related of Theodoric, king of the Goths, that he saw a base coin in circulation and at once seized it and taking it away, he summoned his chief officers before him and demanded of them an accounting. He asked indignantly why such a coin as the one he produced had been issued. He was informed that the finances of the nation were crippled and that it had not been possible to obtain enough silver for the coinage. "Then," said he, "stop coining, I will not have my image on debased coin. You disgrace your king."

God blessed them. There is the secret of the Godlike in man. It is God in him. That so many fallen, sinful, ignorant men become after their conversion noble, amiable, courageous, and useful, is because God has made them his instruments. He often chooses for the purpose some who seem unfit for his use, passing by the learned and cultivated, and choosing the humble and childlike. It is related of Paganini, the greatest of violinists, that he was announced to play before an august assemblage. His enemies had disparaged him, declaring that he yas not so great a musician as people supposed. Just before he went into the presence of the audience they took away his favorite instrument, a well-seasoned perfect Cremona violin. Paganini was convulsed with rage. It was a plot, a scheme to ruin him. Gradually he became calm, and taking a common violin from one of the men in the orchestra, began to play his exquisite music. He was heard to mutter, "they shall see that the music is not in the violin; the music is in me."

It was very good and the evening and the morning were the sixth day. How long these days were we are not told. In another part of the Bible we are told that "a thousand years are with the Lord as one day." It may be that the days were much longer than that. They were as long as God needed them to be for his work. At their termination God surveyed it and pronounced it very good. It is so in human work. The best work and the most is done in six day periods. It has been proved repeatedly that in countries where the Lord's day is observed the average weekly production of the men surpasses in quantity and quality that of the men in countries where it is not observed. Each man will turn out more and better work in six days in the one case, than his rival does in seven days in the other case.

He rested on the seventh day. God, who made man, knew that periodical rest was necessary to his well-being and he fixed the law of seven day periods. Attempts have been made, notably at the time of the French Revolution, to change the length of the periods. The French decided that every week should have ten days, as being more convenient for decimal calculation, but the change failed because it was contrary to the laws of nature which are the laws of God. An effort was being made in a certain city by some politicians, who posed as the friends of the workingmen, to have the museums and places of amusement opened on Sunday. They said the workingmen could not go there on week-days, and it was unjust that the places should be closed on the only day they could go. Petitions were drawn up and sent to factories and shops to be signed. The result disappointed the organizers of the movement. Large numbers refused to sign. In one of the printing houses the foreman went as a deputation to his employer and asked if the men were required to sign. "No," said the employer. "I suppose they will wish to do so, but they may do as they like." The man replied: "No, they object to sign. They think that these places cannot be opened without men being required to attend to them and that is not fair. Also they think that a movement of this kind will end in all workingmen being required to work on Sunday, too. They cannot afford to run the risk of that, for Sunday rest is necessary to life."

WELCOMED BACK TO GABOON.

Missionary Nassau Begins the Third Decade of his Gospel Work in Africa—An Earnest Native Inquirer.

SEVERAL months ago, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD published a sketch of the remarkable Gospel work of Rev. Robt. Hamill Nassau, an American missionary and physician, who has spent over twenty years of his life among the native tribes of the West Coast of Africa. Dr. Nassau was then in this country on his vacation. Since his return to Africa, he has written to Rev. I. H. Polhemus and the fellow-workers of the church in Orange, N. J., which supports his missionary work in Africa, a letter from which we are privileged to make the following extracts:

We parted on July 2nd I sailed from Philadelphia July 12th, reached Liverpool July 24th, visited relatives in England during three weeks, sailed from Liverpool August 16th, stopping at Los Palmas, Grand Canary, at Freetown, Sierra Leone, at four points on the Liberian coast, at Accra, at Lagas, at Old Calabar, at Rio Del Rey, at Fernando Po., at Victoria, at Cameroon, at Batanga at Bata, Elobi, and finally here on September 22nd.

I was welcomed by two fellow-missionaries, Mr. E. A. Ford and Rev. W. S. Bannerman, and his two-year boy, Harold. The approach of steamers up the Gaboon Bay (or estuary) is observed an hour before they actually reach their anchorage. I was expected on that steamer "Cameroon," so the mission boat was rowed along-side promptly on the dropping of the anchor, it having left shore as soon as the steamer had been sighted. I did not know Mr. Ford; he had joined the mission while I was in America. He is a lay missionary, having charge of the mission finances. Mr. Bannerman was my successor at Talaguga two and one-half years ago. But the two Ogove Stations, Kangwe and Talaguga, having since been transferred to the care of the French Protestant Society, he had just come from the Ogove, on his way to take charge of the vacant station. Angoni, on the Nkama River (an affluent of the Gaboon, generally misspelled "Como.") His little Harold had been born after I went to America. I looked with tender interest on the child, as I now look eagerly on any white child, for the sake of my little daughter Mary, and especially because Harold was the second white child to be born at Talaguga. Like my own little girl, who spoke the native language freely as her native tongue before she learned English, Harold was talking a mixture of Bantu, French and English.

The name of our mission house in this Gaboon settlement is Baraka. Besides Mr. Ford and myself, there are here a widow lady, the senior member of our mission, Mrs. Ogden, and a Swiss gentleman, Mr. Presset, teacher of the school. He speaks French, as that language is required to be taught; but he speaks also English and the native Mpongwe. We three board with Mrs. Ogden.

On the Monday after my arrival (September 25), Mr. and Mrs. B. were going to their new station Angoni, seventy miles up the river, An English trading firm, Hatton & Cookson, have a small steamer, the "Move," (a German name), on which we were given passage. This vessel does not ply regularly; it goes only as the trading firm requires for the collection of native trade produce from its up-river sub-station. Hereafter in my letters I will use the word we commonly use here, "Factory," meaning trading-house. It is the word used all along this coast. It means the same as "Agency" in the Hudson Bay fur trade. But, because an "agent" is a "factor," his dwelling or shop is called a "factory." Do not misunderstand me then in the future when I speak of a "factory." There are no manufacturers here.

We left about 10 A.M. On the way passed Parrot Island, where in the breeding months of February and March, there are hundreds of the African grey, red-tailed and red-winged parrots. You rarely see them in America. All the parrots you see in America come from Brazil. There are none of these grey and red parrots in Brazil, I think. On my visits to America, I have always brought some of these parrots as gifts to my friends; but I try first to find out whether they like parrots. For my own part, I do not like them; they are so noisy. Same way, monkeys can easily be obtained here; but I would not, for my own part, own one.

Another island on the way was Konig Island, a name remaining from the Dutch occupation of this region almost one hundred years ago, when slaves were exported. On that island are the remains of an old earth-work and cannon used in the slave-trading days. Further up the river, we passed an extension of the French Roman Catholic Mission, at a place called Dongila. The Roman Catholics have two large schools for boys and girls here at this Gaboon settlement (which the French call "Libreville," so, if in future, I speak of Libreville, you will know that I mean Gaboon). Dongila is their extension, some fifteen miles up the river. We have a licentiate teacher, Iguwi, at Ovendo Point, some five miles up the river. And, formerly, there was a mission station, Nengenenge, some sixty miles up; but the little island on which it was built was low, muddy and surrounded by the unhealthy mangrove tree swamps. It was removed more than a dozen years ago, ten miles farther up, by Rev. A. W. Marling, to a Fang town called Fula, and he named his house Angoni, which means in the Fang dialect, "Peace" or "Friendship," because those cannibal Fangs, like mine at Talaguga, on the Ogowe River, were always quarreling and fighting.

The Gaboon Estuary ends at Negenenge; it is the head of the bay, like Bay-Head on your East Jersey coast. Into it flow several small streams The largest two are the Bakwe and the Nkama (or Como). It is ten miles up the latter that we were to go to Angoni. But the Nkama being narrow, the steamer lay at Negenenge all night, waiting for daylight. When, next morning, I had aided Mr. and Mrs. Bannerman and little Harold ashore to their new home, the steamer bore me away, down the river to the mouth of another affluent, the Rembeve, and up it to a town Agonjo, where formerly we had a native Bible-reader. As the steamer was to lie there all night, and as the sleeping accommodations on it were very poor, (as the vessel does not profess to carry passengers, and consequently cannot be blamed for having no place for them), I went ashore to pass the night in a comfortable native house, belonging to a native trader. The trade is in ivory, india rubber, gum and bamboo-palm fibre (for making brooms in England.) My long residence in Africa has made my name known, even where I have not myself been. The man showed me to his best room, with civilized bed and bedding, kerosene light, etc. One of his assistants, who could read, having been taught here at Gaboon. He was a young man, not a professing Christian, and his wife was an inquirer, enrolled on the list of catechumens of this church—of course, at once, she was one of the "lambs" after whom I was to look.

I conversed with her and gave her pastoral advice. I do not know why I did not offer to pray with her; but, for not doing so, I felt justly rebuked by her (not that she at all intended it), in the following incident: It seemed a very unlikely place for a prayer-meeting. Indeed, there were only those four persons in the house. So, being tired, I proposed going to bed, and did not, as is my usual custom, call together the household for family prayer. This young inquirer, Ogandaga by name, took up the lamp to lead me to my room. She set it on the table. I bade her good night, after she had hospitably examined the pillows and covers, to see that there were no centipedes or scorpions there. I supposed she was leaving the room and sat down, beginning to take off my shoes and stockings. She remained, fussing about the table. Presently I observed that her fussing was only a getting up of courage to say, "Shan't we have prayer together?" Verily, I was rebuked! Slipping into my shoes and coat, I stepped with her out again into the sitting-room, and she passed out-doors, returning in a few minutes with some ten persons. Of course, then, I had a fifteen minute prayer-meeting with those heathens, reading from a portion of the native Scripture which her husband possessed. She cannot read. So, again I bade them good night, and again she carried the lamp for me, and again I began to disrobe, and again the bashful face looked up, saying, "But—about—my catechism?" And she placed in my hands her copy of a little question book, which we have compiled for the instruction of inquirers. Again my heart smote me, and again I returned to the sitting-room, and I spent a solid hour asking the now happy and satisfied Ogandaga, the hundred questions of this little book. Her husband, though not a Christian, had helped her to learn them, and she answered most of them with little prompting from me. Thus, many who have been in our schools, and who have not professed conversion, are assisting in spreading the truth.

I returned with the steamer on the Thursday night, September 28. I held session meeting with the three native elders on Friday, from 2 P.M. to 5 P.M. We held preparatory service at 3 P.M. of Saturday, September 30, and on Saturday afternoon I preached in Mpongwe, on John 21: 22, "Follow thou me." An excommunicated woman was restored, one suspended woman was restored, the wife of one of the elders was baptized and received to the table, her baby girl Ngwanji, and another baby, infant boy of another member, were baptized, and some fifty of us sat down to the table.

"BUT-ABOUT-MY-CATECHISM?" SAID THE WOMAN.

I think this letter must close here. Descriptions of our Sabbath services, of our weekly meetings, and of a communion Sabbath will find a place in future letter.

ROBERT HAMILL NASSAU.

A FREE GIFT OF OLIVE WOOD.

To any one of our readers who will send us the names and full addresses of twenty-five church officers, church members, or Sunday School workers, no two being of the same family, we will send a beautiful section of Olive-Wood cut from the Mount of Olives, polished by native workmen in Jerusalem and bearing on its face in English and Hebrew characters, the name of the Holy City.

His Work Greatly Blessed.

Our Sunday School Missionary's Journal of an Extended Tour in the Southwest.

FROM THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School missionary in the Southwest, Rev. Geo. W. Sharp, comes the following most interesting record of a tour among the schools and churches which he has planted in his extensive territory during the past three years:

KIRKSVILLE, Mo., Nov. 16, 1893.

EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

Obedient to calls, I have been visiting many country schools and churches to see how they are doing. Early in the Spring, I made several tours into a distant part of my field, seeking mainly to organize new schools, and along the route reviving and reorganizing feeble ones. But serious and protracted illness in my family forced me to return home frequently. And soon came the panic in money matters. Never have I known such a stringency in this part of the state. It has been a monetary paralysis, depressing every material and business interest, not excepting the Sunday Schools. Many Schools failed to supply themselves with necessary current literature. Calls came to me from many parts to visit weak and discouraged schools.

The following notes, in the form of a journal will bring the work clearly before your readers, omitting dates for brevity's sake. The initials refer to school houses, except where churches are named. The notes are given as illustrations, not the entire report of recent tours:

M. Z. House well filled to hear the address; the school had been meeting [illegible]. God bless it. Word to many.

P. R. School prospering: an aged woman spoke thus to the school: "I have wanted to stand before you and tell the good this school is doing. It is what led to see where I stood as a sinner. I am now a Christian, am old and ready for the grave. I intend to serve the Lord the rest of my days." Blessed be God, these schools reach, not the young only, but the aged as well! There have been many conversions, and a great change for the better, in this neighborhood since I first visited them.

U. B. Church, school small but fairly prosperous: addressed them at night. We were blessed: three arose for prayer—a married woman, a young lady and a boy.

R. R. Attendance and attention good, and much interest; two young men asked prayer, one especially prominent and influential. But of an irreligious family. They have a beautiful new school house, far better than the old one.

U. T. Church, the house just finished, near two school houses where I organized schools several years ago in very needy districts; one hundred dollars was lacking to pay the church house; out of debt to-day, which I helped to raise by an appeal, after which the house was dedicated. The superintendents of the two schools I had organized were present and contributed to the new church. One of them said: "The school you organized at G. R. had a revival for eight years. I remember I told you the day before that I would not be superintendent. You told me to pray over that." The next day Sunday he accepted the position, with the above result.

At S. J. Church, a beautiful frame instead of a poor old school house when I was there before. It was a joyful sight to see so many interesting young people; here, as at other places many promised to meet me in heaven. Next day visited and prayed with an aged and afflicted Christian; at night at B., good attendance and interest, precious meeting, school prosperous. Day following back at S. J. Church, attended Sunday School and preached in the A. M.; a lovely sight to see so many aged men and women and young people, so neat and agreeable in appearance and manner; received the names of about thirty interested about their souls.

At H., Sunday night, good attendance and interest; much infidelity here. At the urgent request of an aged disciple of 77 years, left an appointment for Tuesday night.

At F. Monday night, a poor house with broken window lights, chilly; there was a dance at a farm house near by, but the audience filled our house so that numbers stood through the service and the organization of a prosperous school. Tuesday night back to H., and preached to large audiences.

At every place, I believe the Holy Spirit directed and blessed the Word, and very manirestly and powerfully at many. The course pursued with inquirers at different places was to instruct them publicly in a body, and privately, as far as I could, praying with them, and finally furnishing Scripture references and Gospel tracts.

I am very thankful to the donors who are so kindly helping this work, and for the kind letters and cards received, and though, through pressure of work, I have not always been able to answer these, I want to assure every writer that all encouraging words are read, as far as received, with sincere gratitude.

GEO. W. SHARP.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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WORSE THAN PUGILISM.

AGAIN and again all decent people have been shocked at the reports of prize-fights, but these encounters do not seem to me so objectionable as war on a large scale. It is a bad thing to have one jaw broken and a few drops of blood shed; but is not that less distressing than to break a thousand jaws and cover miles of territory with the signs of carnage? If the world must fight, I prefer the fight on a small scale. Why not, instead of a Zulu War, in which thousands of Englishmen and Zulus are put to death, compel a Disraeli, after he has instituted the war, to go forth to meet a responsible Zulu and have two battered and bruised men instead of ten thousand? Instead of France and Germany turning their empires into cemeteries and covering Europe with bereavement, have a champion Frenchman and a champion German some day go out like these gladiators and decide the contest? That would be a great economy of bones and a great economy of blood and a great economy of tears and a great economy of heartaches and a great economy of sepulchres. Besides that, a fight with fists develops more courage than a conflict in which the usual weaponry of international strife is employed. A man may be a successful general without much personal courage, for he can stand in a tower two miles from the fight and give orders, or may sit in a stone house incognito, smoking his cigar, and receiving messages from a battle-field three miles away, where hundreds of private soldiers are being sacrificed. There is not so much exposure in a contest in which Dahlgren guns and howitzers and "swamp angels" and all weapons of long range are engaged as when two men with nothing but their own fists come close up and pound each other's faces into a jelly, obliterating the image in which God made them. Beside that, in the last style of combat there are no bereavements; at any rate, there can be only two deaths, and what is that to an Austerlitz, or a Sedan, or a Gettysburg, leaving twenty or forty thousand homes in widowhood and orphanage? Mind you, I do not advocate pugilism; but I abhor it far less than war, whose epics never cease to sing, and whose drums never cease to roll, by as much as two mutilated men are less horrifying than thirty thousand stacked up corpses.

I [illegible] the good Lord hasten it—when all individual quarrels will be settled by arbitration, and an international difference will be settled by treaty; but until then, I am in favor of compelling those who get up wars to do their own fighting. If in this country some great Northern man and some great Southern man shall by angry agitation bring on a war between two sections, let those two men be compelled to be the champions, and meet on the banks of the Potomac, and have it out in eight or ten rounds of patriotic pugilism, and if they should both expire under the bruising, the loss would not be much. How many lives and how much suffering would have been saved if Napoleon and Wellington in Franco-English war, and Moltke and McMahon in Franco-German war, had fought out the battle alone. You say that in some cases the physical disparity might be too great. Then let the nations of the earth choose two champions sufficiently athletic. But it would not depend on physical stature. A small man in the right is stronger than a large man in the wrong. You remember David and Goliah. While the world has made advances in arts of peace, I doubt whether it has made any advance beyond the old style of championship in war. The trouble is that those who get up the wars usually stay at home and make money out of the Government contracts, while the farmers and the mechanics, who had nothing to do in creating the trouble, have to leave their plows and their workbenches and go forth to suffer. In the prize-fight two men are the ruffians. In the strife between nations two Governments are the desperadoes. The music written in staffs and clefs of light above Bethlehem on the first Christmas night needs more thorough rehearsal by all nations. The only difference between a war with fists and a war with cannon and sabre and explosion of powder mine is that the last is the more destructive and the more wicked. The only war to be cherished is the war of argument, the war of facts, the war of mind against mind—that uplifts, that irradiates, that is the friend of civilization and Christianity; that kind of conflict meets the approval of the God who says in the Bible, "Come, let us reason together."

HONEST FAILURE.

WHEN a man fails in business he is always blamed, always misrepresented, always pursued, always made miserable, unless he has the Eternal God to fall back upon. You suppose yourself to be a man of integrity and a Christian. You have that idea of yourself. I have the same idea in regard to you. But you fail to-morrow in business, and I will prove from some who now pretend to be your friends that you are a defaulter, a hypocrite, an unmitigated scoundrel—in a word, that you ought to be either imprisoned or hung. You get going down hill and I will find fifty people glad to help you in the descent and act as cheerful pallbearers and gravediggers at your financial obsequies. That which I hear against men when they are unfortunate makes no impression on my mind. The atmosphere gets malarialized with an infernalism which rejoices in the overthrow of a financier, and the higher he is up the greater the happiness of some people when he comes down. There is one healthful Christian mood in which at such times you and I ought to stand, and that is of intense, enlarged, prayerful Christian sympathy. Put the best phase on every man's misfortune you can. Do not call it a rascality when it may have been only a mistake. Divide up among many the condemnation which you were tempted to put upon one or two or three.

HUMBLE INSTRUMENTS.

CHRIST sympathizes with our poor efforts at doing good. Our work often does not seem to amount to much. We teach a class, or distribute a bundle of tracts, or preach a sermon, and we say, "Oh, if I had done it some other way!" Christ will make no record of our bungling way, if we did the best we could. He will make record of our intention and the earnestness of our attempt. We cannot get the attention of our class, or we break down in the exhortation, or our sermon falls dead, and we go home disgusted, and sorry we tried to speak, and feel Christ is afar off. Why, he is nearer than if we had succeeded, for he knows that we need sympathy, and is touched with our infirmity. It is comforting to know that it is not the learned and the great and the eloquent that Christ seems to stand closest by. A big gun may make a stunning noise, but it may burst before it accomplishes anything, while many an humble rifle may decide the contest. Christ made salve out of spittle to cure a blind man, and the humblest instrumentality may, under God, cure the blindness of the soul. Blessed be God for the comfort of his Gospel.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Mrs. O. M. Landis, Ellis, Kan. Can people be considered Christians who know they have driven a soul from God and make no effort to regain that soul or try to win it back to Christ or the Church?

We cannot conceive of such a course as you describe being followed by genuine Christians. See I. John 2: 9, 10, 11; Prov. 28: 10; Gal. 6: 1-5; James 5: 16, 19, 20.

G. W. Goodzman, Beaver, Iowa. Was Judas baptized and were the other disciples baptized before Christ instituted the Lord's Supper?

All who were John the Baptist's disciples before becoming Christ's disciples, like Andrew and his unnamed companion, would surely have been baptized by John the Baptist, but the fact is not recorded, save incidentally, as in John 3: 36.

"Christian," Ansonia, Conn. I am prompted by your answers to other subscribers on the subject of divorce to ask your opinion of the right course under the following circumstances: In the case of a wife forsaking her husband (who is a Christian), and obtaining a divorce from him by perjured testimony, after the husband has honestly tried to be reconciled—in such a case is the husband bound under Scriptural obligations to remain unmarried, the divorce being absolute?

In our opinion, he is not so bound, by any Scriptural obligations. The nearest approach to direction in such a condition as that you describe is in I. Cor. 7: 15, and the Apostle says the wronged partner "is not in bondage in such cases," by which he probably meant that all obligation had ceased.

E. Martin, Chambersburg, Pa. Are there different grades in heaven? I have asked this question of a Christian teacher and he said there were as there are here and that the poor would be the lower grade there as they are here. Is that so?

The few indications we have in the Bible to guide us as to the conditions of life after death imply that there will be degrees of glory. In Revelation you will find different orders mentioned. There are similar intimations in I. Cor. 15: 41 and in I. Cor. 3: 14, 15 and Luke 19: 16-19. Poverty certainly will not be the basis of classification. The idea is emphatically negatived (James 2: 1-5), and in the parable of the rich man and Lazarus (Luke 16: 19-25). Those who will be most honored will be those who have most faithfully followed and served Christ in their respective situations in life.

E. V. Shook, Lima, O. Are you correct in stating as you did in a recent editorial that the Campbellite Church is a branch of the Baptists, when as you are aware, Alexander Campbell was a Presbyterian?

The editorial did not attempt to classify the churches formally and accurately. Its object was to show that even churches near akin in their chief doctrines and mode of church government were separated by minor differences. Thus, the Campbellite Church being like the Baptists in insisting on immersion as the only valid mode of baptism was not united with them, as we should have expected, but is separate on other grounds. As they were formerly connected with the Baptists, but were excluded in 1827, it was not inappropriate to speak of the church as a branch of the Baptists.

Reader, Johnstown, Pa. Is it right for a woman to take the place of a man and superintend a church as a minister, having regard to Paul's prohibition (1. Cor. 14: 34), and to the fact that Christ appointed men to preach his Gospel?

The condition of women in that land in the time of Christ and his apostles would account for his appointing only men to preach. Women were treated as inferior beings, and it would have been considered immodest and scandalous for them to speak in public. There was still more cogent reason for Paul's prohibition, in the condition of society of Corinth. Whether the prohibition applies to the church of this day is a disputed question. To us, it does not seem a question of right or wrong, as you suggest, but of expediency and good taste. Intrinsically there can be nothing wrong in a woman being pastor of a church if she is spiritually and intellectually qualified.

Emma Pierson, Harton, Ia. At what time of the year was Christ born? A preacher told us last Sabbath that it was very cold in Palestine at this time of the year, and there was not a sheep to be found on the plains.

The month and day of the Saviour's birth cannot be determined, save approximately, the data being insufficient. The winter observance of Christmas is not of divine appointment, nor even of New Testament origin. For the first three centuries there was no special celebration of the nativity, and the Christmas festival, as we now know it, is of comparatively recent origin, having been adopted as a substitute for the heathen Saturnalia, which was celebrated in the winter, thus turning a pagan festival to Christian use. As to the actual season at which Christ was born, commentators are divided. It is not at all uncommon, however, to find shepherds armed with cudgels, out in the fields in winter, watching the sheepfolds and guarding them against depredations by wild beasts.

Subscriber, Shelter Island, N. Y. Did Jesus really increase in wisdom as stated in Luke 2: 52?

The statement is explicit and there is no reason for doubting it. Jesus was subject to human conditions and limitations so far as the divine nature could be subjected. We read of his being weary, of his being hungry and thirsty and we are assured that he was tempted in all points like as we are, which all show that in his physical nature he was human. Doubtless he would be educated like other boys, and probably his consciousness of divinity would be gradual, not complete until the forty days in the desert. His questioning the doctors in the Temple (Luke 2: 46) would be not catechizing them but to obtain information?

P. T. Glass, Kerrville, Tex. We learn from Gibbon, the historian, that the Roman Empire was overrun and destroyed by Goths, Huns and Vandals. Were they of Caucasian origin? It seems that they came originally from High Asia, and settled between the Caspian and Black Seas, and made their descent upon Rome from that country. Were the Aryans of Caucasian stock? What gave character to the Caucasian race?

The Vandals and Goths were of Aryan stock, while the Huns were probably of Finnish or Turanian extraction. The Aryan family, which extends from India to Europe, embraces many races and a variety of languages. Most of these races are included in the Caucasian branch of the human race, which embraced all the inhabitants of Europe (except the Finns), Persians, Assyrians, Arabians, Jews, Egyptians, Abyssinians, Moors, and the people of Asia Minor and the Caucasus. The distinguishing characteristics of the Caucasian are the enterprising, artistic, inventive, courageous, liberty-loving temperament, which finds its highest modern illustration in the European peoples.

A. H. Halona, Ia. 1. Can one be converted away from church and prayers, by praying and asking God to forgive? 2. Is it possible to live a Christian life without belonging to the Church? 3. By so living and yet not baptized, can one be saved? 4. Will God hear and answer the prayers of one who is striving to live right, yet not a member of the Church, and not baptized, as quickly as he will one who is a church member and baptized? 5. Please explain John 20: 23?

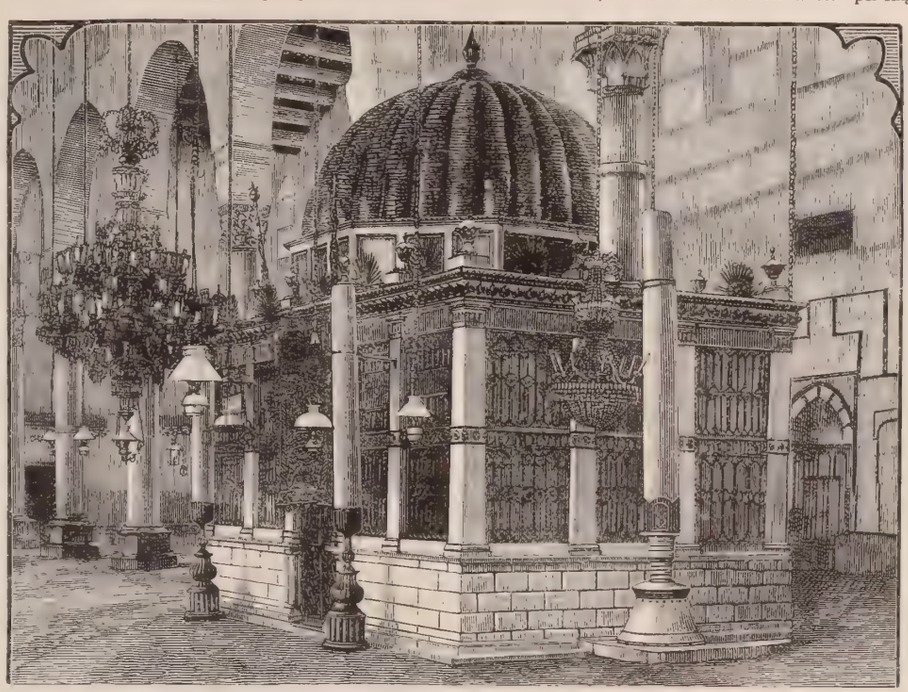
1. One can be converted away from church if he sincerely repents of sin and exercises faith in Christ. Many have been so converted. 2. That, too, is possible under certain circumstances, as in sickness, or when the person is living far away from a church. But a man who holds aloof from church-membership wilfully, deprives himself of one of the best aids to spiritual growth and fails to obey Christ's command to confess him before men. 3. As Christ enjoined baptism, the believer will earnestly desire to obey him in that particular. If he has the opportunity and fails to avail himself of it, we should doubt whether his conversion is genuine and therefore whether he will be saved, seeing that he wilfully disobeys his Lord. 4. God may answer his prayers, for his love and patience are infinite; but a man who is living in disobedience, has no ground for expecting an answer. 5. The Apostles were authorized to assure any man who complied with the conditions of the Gospel, that his sins were forgiven.

Reader, Brookville, Pa. We believe he can.—John F. Rice, Mineral Point, O. We know of none.—H. L. S., St. Louis, Mo. Josephus' *Antiquities of the Jews* will supply the history you want. You can procure it through a bookseller.—Mrs. M. Rutledge, Fort Madison, Ia. 1. We have no light on this point save that afforded by the Bible. 2. He doubtless meant exactly what he said.—James Baldwin, Princeton, Ont. Write to Rev. H. B. Hartzler, Northfield Institute, Northfield, Mass.—Mrs. R. C. Davis, Bergh Hills, O. No.—J. O. Jamieson, Zena, Ore. We have sent you the poem "Gethsemane." We cannot inform you about the others you mention.—William H. Morgan, Providence, R. I. Write to Rev. A. B. Simpson, 692 Eighth Ave. N. Y. City.—Reader, Durham, Ont., Can. The act itself is not sinful, but the associations and circumstances may make it so. Of these you must be the judge. If they are detrimental to your spiritual nature, they should be given up.—J. Wilbur Neel, Romney, W. Va. Any reputable practitioner will give you the information you ask.—Mrs. Sylvia F. Town, Waltham, Mass. Write to J. F. Jewett, bookseller, Bible House, N. Y.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

ISLAM'S GREAT TEMPLE BURNT.

FIRE has destroyed the famous mosque of Damascus, one of the most interesting relics of antiquity in the world. Some repairs were being made to the roof of it and the workmen were busy with their tools and furnaces. In the noon hour they lay around smoking and one of them accidentally started a fire with the ashes of his pipe. The flames spread rapidly, the means at hand for extinguishing it were inadequate, and in a very short time the mosque, a hundred shops and fifteen private houses were smouldering ruins. The building was a very ancient one. It is generally believed to have been the House of Rimmon where Naaman worshipped with the king of Syria (II. Kings 5: 18.) It was regarded as an ancient edifice in the fourth century, when the Emperor Arcadius transformed it from a heathen temple into a Christian church, ransacking the world for beautiful columns and sculptures with which to beautify it. When the Mohammedans captured Damascus, the church become a Mohammedan mosque and the Khalif brought 1,200 artists from Europe to aid in embellishing it. The lower walls were covered with rare marbles and rich mosaics and the ceilings inlaid with pure gold. Six hnndred gold lamps gave light to the interior and shed their lustre on a profusion of gold and gems of marvellous splendor. By a remarkable oversight, an inscription in Greek characters over the principal arch was left untouched and, until the destruction of the building a few weeks ago, it remained there. It read, "Thy kingdom, O, Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations"—a strange sight in a Mohammedan Mosque! Beneath the mosque, in a cave, was a richly jewelled casket, said to have held the head of John the Baptist. The Mohammedans had a tradition that his head would one day be miraculously joined with the body and restored to life, when he, with Christ and Mohammed, would sit on the great minaret of the mosque to judge the world. That tradition they will now have to abandon, for the mosque is completely destroyed. What conclusion they draw from the calamity we do not know, but it would be well if it were the lesson of the inscription on the arch of the burned mosque, that while the most stable and substantial things on earth pass away, the kingdom of Christ is eternal, and, as he told the Pharisees, "that kingdom is within you." (Luke 17: 21.)



SHRINE OF JOHN THE BAPTIST IN THE GRAND MOSQUE, DAMASCUS, LATELY DESTROYED BY FIRE.

An Unconscious Husband.

An extraordinary suit for divorce has been commenced in the Superior Court of New York. A wealthy lumberman from Portland, Oreg., is the plaintiff. A few weeks ago one of his friends returned from a visit to New York, and in conversation with him expressed sympathy in his matrimonial trouble. The lumberman declared that he did not need sympathy as he was not married. His friend, however, assured him that he had seen in New York a woman who claimed to be his wife, and having doubts as to her credibility, he had investigated the matter and had seen the certificate of marriage, which took place a year ago. The lumberman considered for a few minutes and then remembered that he had visited the city in December 1892 and spent a week in dissipation. He immediately set out for New York and instructed a legal firm to make inquiries. They soon discoved that he had been legally married, although he did not know the name of his wife, nor had held any communication with her since their marriage. As he could not remember anything of the circumstances, he concludes that he must have been intoxicated when the ceremony was performed. He, therefore, instructed his lawyers to commence suit for divorce. He was informed that unless he did so, the law would take no account of the absence of matrimonial relations, but would recognize the validity of the ceremony and give the woman all her rights as his wife. Some people seem to imagine that the same principle holds in religion and that although they are not living as Christians, they are saved because of their baptism or confirmation, or a public declaration made during the excitement of a revival meeting The Apostle Paul warned all such that no ceremonies were of any avail, without the faith that works by love. (Gal. 5: 6).

A Summons from the Czar.

A young farmer in Oregon was disagreeably reminded of his nationality last week. He came to this country from Russia six years ago and obtained employment on a farm in Kansas. He was then sixteen years old. On attaining his majority, he took out naturalization papers and removed to Oregon where he secured a farm. He has worked hard and has good prospects of success. Last week, an official document reached him from the Russian Consulate at San Francisco. It reminded him that he had to put in an appearance this year in his native province of Saratow to do service in the army. It also warned him that as the year was near its end he would do well to hasten his departure in order to avoid the consequences of violating the military laws of the Empire. The young man knew the rigor of those laws and was struck with consternation at the threat contained in the notice. He was advised to submit his case to the District Attorney. That official informed him that he need not return to Russia unless he wished to do so and that although the Czar's goverment had given surprising proof of its vigilance and persistence in keeping track of his movements for six years, it could do him no mischief. The laws of the United States were sufficient to protect their adopted citizens and the Czar could not enforce his claim on his services. Christ gives the same assurance to timid believers who fear that Satan will regain control over them and have them for his own. (John 10: 28.)

Worthless Apparatus.

A startling disclosure was made a few days ago by the captain of a wrecked vessel. In a letter of grateful acknowledgment to the life-saving crews and all who had aided in rescuing him and his crew from drowning, Captain W. M. Randall makes a statement which ought to lead to a thorough investigation. Captain Randall's vessel was wrecked on November 25th off the coast of Long Island. The upper spars were above the water and the captain and his wife and crew climbed into the rigging. They could be plainly seen from the shore, but it was impossible for any boat to reach them. They remained there in the bitter cold and drenched with the waves for twenty-six hours, until a wrecking steamer arrived and took them off. While they were in the rigging the life-saving crews fired the life-line projectiles to them repeatedly, but without avail. The captain tells the reason of the failure. The life-lines parted from the projectiles. Seven times the bolt passed over the ship, and in any one case if the rope had held, the crew could have made it fast and come ashore, but in each instance it parted from the projectile before reaching the ship. The captain says, that he could see the men of the life-saving station working nobly, but all their efforts were thwarted by the defective condition of the apparatus supplied to them by the Government. This trouble is never experienced by Christian workers who go out to save souls. They may say with confidence that they are "not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ for it is the power of God unto salvation." (Rom. 1:16.)

A Pitiless Landlord.

A sad sight was witnessed on East Broadway, New York, during the storm of December 13. A man whose face bore traces of recent sickness, stood out in the snow on the sidewalk, with two children and a few dilapidated articles of fnrniture. He had a sad story to tell. He had been sick and had lost his situation. His rent was a month in arrear, and that morning the landlord had told him that before noon he must quit the single room that he and his family occupied. His wife was ill in bed, and the man pleaded for a few days in which to get the money for the rent together. His plea was refused, and he then begged for a few hours, but was told that he must be out by noon. Everything of value that he possessed, even to the blankets from the sick woman's bed, had already been sold to pay for medicine for himself and his wife, but he took the one table and chair they had, and set out to get as much as he could for them. No one would buy so dilapidated a chair, so the man brought it back, with thirty-six cents, for which he had sold the table. He offered the money and everything in the room to the landlord if he would allow them to stay until his wife was able to move, but the offer was refused. The woman rose and dressed, and the landlord's men took the bed apart and carried it and the other things to the sidewalk. The sick woman fainted as she went down the stairs, and a woman, who occupied a room in the house, took pity on her and sheltered her and her infant, which was only a few days old. The man went down to the sidewalk with the other two children and stood there desolate amid his wretched belongings. It was a bitterly cold day, and the passers-by, seeing his condition, were moved to pity, which finally took shape in a subscription for his benefit. Before night it reached a sum sufficient to enable him to rent a shelter for his family. The landlord was acting strictly within his legal rights, but he must have forgotten that the divine law, to which he is also amenable, was broken by his harsh conduct. In this time of prevalent distress it is well for everyone to remember that mercy and kindness and relief of the poor are not optional, but are duties enjoined of God, which cannot be evaded without provoking his anger. (Prov. 21: 23.)

BRIEF NOTES.

A home for working girls where they will be prepared for missionary work has been opened at 360 West 50th st., New York. It is called Hepsibar House and is under the charge of a board of which Miss Margaret Thorne is president.

Gipsy Smith has been holding large meetings in Glasgow in Whitevale Free Church. All through the week the building was quite full. An average of nearly thirty persons nightly remained to the inquiry meeting, a large proportion of whom made profession of faith.

Evangelist Arthur Crane is holding union services under the auspices of the International Evangelistic Association in the West Twenty-fifth Street Baptist Church, New York. On December 18 an all-day meeting was held.

Evangelist Charles Minor, the converted English comedian, has been holding meetings at the Y. M. C. A., of Trenton, N. J., and in the State prison in that city. He is now conducting meetings at St. Luke's M. E. Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. His address is 203 Wilson street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Professor D. B. Towner, the famous Gospel singer, associated with Mr. Moody and other Evangelists, has accepted the office of Musical Director of the Bible Institute of Chicago, of which Dr. Torrey is principal. There are upwards of three hundred students in the Institute.

The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions reports the receipts for November $57,570 as against $49,458 for the preceding year, and for seven months $239,089 against $206,424.

The Rev. Dr. J. J. Moore, senior Bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church and the oldest bishop of any denomination in America, died at Greensboro, N C., December 9th, at the age of ninety. He had held the office of bishop nearly twenty-six years, his labors covering every State in the Union.

The "New York Heraid" publishes a dispatch from Shamokin, Pa., which states that a man named Simpkins of that town, who was remarkable for his profanity, was suddenly stricken dumb sometime ago, after uttering an awful imprecation. On December 13 he attended a revival service at the Methodist Church and went to the altar, where, to the surprise of all, his tongue was loosed and he spoke plainly.

The Treasurer of the American Board reports the receipts for the month of November as $52,477.71, and for the three months of the financial year $134,431.67. This is a gain for the last month over the corresponding month of 1892 of over $16,000, and for the three months of about $22,500. The gain has been chiefly in donations, amounting to $21,323. The Broadway Tabernacle, New York, alone, gave five thousand dollars. The increased income is mainly due to the change of the Board's policy as to the endorsement of Mr. Noyes in Japan.

The priest of a considerable town in France, Nanteuil, having attended meetings on the McAll Mission Boat, the *Bon Messenger*, was so much struck by the character of the singing as a means of awaking interest in the preacher's message, that he afterward called upon Captain and Mrs. Prin (who manage the boat and conduct the meetings), with the request for a copy of the hymn book that he might use it in his own church.

Three services are to be held every day in Brooklyn during the week of prayer. The first will be at noon at Association Hall; the second at three o'clock at Lafayette Presbyterian Church, and the third at eight o'clock in several churches as may be found necessary. The services are under the charge of a committee of which Dr. Gregg is chairman.

Major George A. Hilton, commences a series of services at Pittsburg, Pa., on Dec. 31. His meetings at West Newton, Pa., were densely crowded and overflow meetings had to be held. Several churches united in the work and services were held in the various church buildings every day and at night in the large hall. On December 8 for the first time on a week day in the history of the town, all business places closed and the employees went to church. All the churches have received accessions.

Rev. B. Fay Mills suggests that homeless and destitute men might be allowed to sleep in the churches during the cold nights of the winter. During his stay in Chicago recently, he heard that one night six hundred men slept on the stone floors of the corridors of the City Hall. He mentioned the fact in a sermon, and a collection was taken up to feed such men, and that night the church doors were opened to the men and they each received a sandwich, the cost being defrayed by the collection taken up in the church service.

The Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist churches of Rondout, N. Y., have been engaged in evangelistic work under the leadership of D. W. Munhall for two weeks. On December 10th, in the afternoon, the Opera House was crowded with young men. Fully three hundred of them arose for prayers, and one hundred and thirty-three professed conversion. At the same hour a meeting for women only was conducted by Mr. Birch, Mr. Munhall's associate, which filled the Presbyterian church. At night two churches were necessary to accommodate the crowds.

THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

OWNING GOD AND OWNED BY HIM.

Preached last Sunday morning, Dec. 24, 1893, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D. D.

Text: Malachi 3: 16-18. "*Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name,*" etc.

THERE has been much discussion as to whether the name Malachi is an actual name of a prophet, or simply the name of an office or mission. Some make the name identical with "my messenger," or "my angel;" but the correspondence between the name and Malachi's errand as the messenger of Jehovah, does not prove the name to be fictitious. It has been pointed out that this correspondence between names and calling is a frequent characteristic of Hebrew names. True, nothing is said of the parentage or birthplace of the prophet; but Dr. Hackett has shown that this omission is not peculiar to Malachi, for of the sixteen prophets, whose writings are preserved in the canon, the fathers of only eight are named. It is, therefore, far more natural for us to understand the name as that of a man rather than of an office.

Those who are competent to speak on the subject, say that the style of the prophet's language is that of the reasoner rather than that of the poet. Instead of the fiery poetical eloquence of Isaiah, Malachi gives us the calm and almost artificial discourse of the experienced orator. His language is clear and finished, and he introduces new lines of thought with much skill. He does not deal in the ancient dramatic manner of some prophets, but in a dialogue between God and the people. Their half-mocking questions he answers with scorn. He writes as one aware that he is the last of the sacred bards. In connection with the text we have fine examples of the prophet's style; we have a short, pertinent statement or question; then the unbelieving answer of the people; and then, finally, his triumphant refutation. Let us notice, in the 16th verse

The Characteristics of the Time.

The word "then" suggests there were special reasons in the circumstances of the time which gave peculiar significance to the conduct of the godly. The verses which precede describe these characteristics. It was a time when evil abounded, and when evil doers were bold and defiant. Perhaps it is always so. There will ever be husks with the corn, tares with the wheat and false professors of the faith with the true.

These verses show us that God was angry with the sinners in Zion: these men endeavored to ridicule and falsify religion; they misrepresented God; they despised his commands. God carefully observes them and brings a severe indictment against their conduct. He charges them with having spoken stout words against him, words born of a defiant and ungodly spirit. But their moral perceptions were so blunted that they had no sense of their guilt; in assumed or real amazement they ask, "What have we spoken so much against thee?" They made light of their sin. They said it is in vain to serve God; and they asked, "what profit is it that we have kept his ordinances?" This is a spirit of unbelief and infidelity which manifests itself in varying forms in every age.

Now at that time, says Malachi,—a time when men were bold and bad, when God was despised and defied, when religion was ridiculed, and the religious mocked—a time when even the priests were guilty of marrying foreign wives; even at this time there were those who cleaved unto God with earnestness, affection and devotion. To the godly the spirit and conduct of these profligates and rebels were hateful.

We notice now the characteristics of God's people as here described. "They feared the Lord." This is a fundamental characteristic of true Christians: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; it is the root of true religion. Although it was a great time of wickedness, there were those who reverenced the majesty of God, and submitted to his authority. The conduct of these is brought out in striking contrast with that of those referred to in the previous verses. While one class was rushing into all manner of evil, the other class was earnestly worshipping God. God has never left himself without a witness; in every age some noble souls have been found faithful to truth and to God. In dens and caves, at the stake, amid fagot and flame, always God has his witnesses who are willing to be faithful even unto death.

This fear, at least in the beginning of the Christian life, does not exclude fear in the lower uses of the word. God has planted fear in the soul as truly as hope or love; not to fear when there is good cause, is as foolish as to fear when there is no cause. God appeals to this element; it is in the case of some men the only part of the nature which will respond; and men must be taken where they are found.

The Heart has Many Doors:

over one is written fear, over another hope, over another love, Christ knocks at all; some persons open one, others another door and he enters. But the Christian comes up out of this religion of fear; he serves God finally not for fear of punishment or hope of reward. This fear when perfected is not that of the crouching slave but rather that of the glad son. This fear is a mighty power. It drives out all other fear; for the man who truly fears God, fears none beside.

"They spake often to one another." The rebels and infidels spoken of in the previous verses, encouraged one another in evil; but the saints were helping one another in good. By mutual exhortation they strengthened one another's hands in the Lord; they kept up the communion of saints. Their hearts were full, and out of the abundance of the heart their mouths spake; the fire burned within, and neither its light nor its heat could be long hidden. The apostles could not if they would conceal the fact that they had been with Jesus. Their holy speech betrayed them. Christ's love in the soul will reveal itself in the tone of the voice, in the glance of the eye, the grasp of the hand. A man who has learned the love of God learns to love those who love God. He knows that the best friends for him to have are those who are God's friends; and those whose names he prefers to write among his choicest companions, are those whose names are written in the Lamb's book of Life. Here is illustrated the great law of gravitation. The Apostles on a certain occasion having been arrested, upon being dismissed went to their own company. The expressive language of the record in Acts 4: 23 is: "And being let go, they went unto their own company." It must ever be so. The law of

Moral Gravitation

is as certain as that of physical gravitation; like seeks like. Bring one hundred young men from the country to the city and let them go on some corner. Some go at once to a saloon, some to a church. They are under this law. So at death some will be banished from God; some will go directly to God. God is not arbitrary in his eternal allotments.

It was so with these godly men in the text. If iniquity abounded, they must see to it that love and grace did much more abound. They must be strictly loyal, or openly and determinedly disloyal. Oh, men and women, who fear God, speak often to one another, in the home, in the office and store, and on the street; learn to speak always and everywhere the fitting word one to another for your own good and for God's glory. Let it be said of us, as of these, "Then they that feared the Lord, spake often to one another."

God noticed the acts and heard the words of his faithful witnesses; "the Lord hearkened and heard." He not only heard the words of their mouths, but he noticed the meditations of their hearts. Oh! you have thought at times that there was no eye to see you and no ear to hear, that the heavens were brass, and the earth iron. Take fresh courage! You are not alone in the fierce struggle. Think of thy Lord in that terrible conflict in the wilderness. Remember that he was tempted, and that he suffered being tempted, and remember that because of that experience he is now a faithful and merciful High Priest. God sees and hears in secret and he will reward openly. Often in our sorrows and tears we do not see him, and do not know him even when we do see him, neither did Mary at the tomb; neither did the disciples on the way to Emmaus. There is a solemn thought in this truth; God heard your horrible oath; your abominable lie; your impure joke—"all things are naked and open unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do."

The Book of Remembrance.

"A book of remembrance was written before him." God does not require to keep a journal; but, of course, this language is spoken after the manner of men. Ancient kings had books in which they recorded the names of those who had done great deeds; and at given times these books were opened and read to the king and the people. Rewards were given according to the records which were written in the book. As God has bottles for the tears, so he has books for the sighs of his mourners, the deeds of his workers, the alms of his givers, and the prayers of his suppliants. You never spoke a good word for or of God that is not written in the book of God.

"And that thought upon his name." God had found a home in their souls; they meditated on his word and his works. Upon all the revelations which he has made of himself in his works, his words and his providences, they meditated with joy. It is a sweet thought that when through timidity we cannot speak of God, God notes our thought. An invariable characteristic of true piety is the disposition to think about God; the mind of all God's children naturally turn to God. It is an evidence that a man is converted, that during intervals in business in the day-time, and in wakeful hours at night the mind naturally and lovingly dwells on God. This was the experience of the psalmist. A Christian has joy in such meditations; but the sinner has no such tendency; the thought of God is painful to him; he does not desire to have it suggested, and when suggested he turns away from it and avoids it as something painful. To these godly people of whom the text speaks, God's name was sacred. God's name is God himself in the fullness of his power, goodness, justice, truth and love. God's name in all the glory of its full manifestation to us, is Christ; Jesus said that "he that hath seen me has seen the Father."

Solitary Meditation.

What an inexhaustible subject of contemplation God is! Much as we have learned, there is much more to learn. High as we may have risen, there are loftier heights yet unattained. Eternity will be our school for this study, but even eternity will not exhaust the lesson. Meditation, earnest and inteligent thought of God, is one of the needs of our Christian life today. Ours is a bustling and active life; our religious work partakes of the intense activities of our age. The cry is, "Work, work, work." The young Christian is exhorted to "work for Jesus." This is right; but the well-balanced Christian life must have in it also the element of meditation. Christ must be in all our thoughts. The noblest life is not found in the busy scenes of the market-place. Solitariness has its dangers; it also has its advantages. In solitude the murderer lays his plans, and the suicide reaches his determination; but in solitude also the noblest projects for God and man are matured. When the soul is alone with God, hid with him in his pavilion, then its grandest powers are called into exercise; then it feels the throbs of God's heart and catches the inspiration of his infinite and immortal life. Every truly noble life will consist of its hemispheres of solitude and activity; it will have its communion with God when it receives its divine supplies, and its times of communication with men when it gives out what it has received. God gives us a further promise respecting his saints: "They shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels." Soon the Jewish church and nation, as such, were to be cut off; but there would be a remnant among the people who believed the Word of God, and waited for the consolation of Israel. This remnant would welcome the Messiah and be received into the Christian church. They should be a peculiar people to God; they should not perish with those who believed not. In the day when God's fierce anger was revealed against the nation and the city of the Jews, this remnant by heeding the words of Christ, was saved. But the words have a wider meaning; they apply to all the true people of God and the distinction which he would put between them and the world. The saints are

God's Jewels;

they are God's treasure, his "segullah." God rejoices in his redeemed. They are a royal diadem in his hands. They are his chosen treasures; and beside them all else is dross. There is a day coming when God shall make up his jewels. Now they are scattered; now they are mingled with the rubbish of the world. But he shall send forth his angels to gather the elect from the four winds of heaven. Those who now own God as theirs, he will then own as his.

Thus shall it be seen that there is a distinction between those who serve God and those who serve him not. These rebels represented God as making no difference, they said it is vain to serve him; that God cares not; that he makes no distinction. Evil men say so to-day, and good men sometimes fall into the same example of unbelief. Trials come to all Christians; they even seem at times to have more than their share; we are often tempted still to call the proud happy, and the despisers prosperous. Wait a little, God says, and men shall see their error; the matter will yet be set right. Wrong shall yet be crucified, and right glorified. "Then shall he return and discern betwen the righteous and the wicked, between him that serveth God and him that serveth him not." Ye shall return to your senses. Ye shall change your mind. Sin is blindness; men under its influence cannot see. Sin is madness; men cannot reason when sin controls them. Primarily this line of reasoning refers to the difference between believing Jews and those who persisted in their unbelief in the earliest day and also at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans. Those who believed Christ's word escaped when the saw Jerusalem compassed with armies, and those who believed not perished. But

The Full Accomplishment

of these truths will be at the day of judgment. Some will be with the sheep on the right hand; and others with the goats on the left. The one class will be crying to the rocks and the mountains to fall upon them and to hide them from him who sits on the throne; the other class will be rejoicing in finding in the judge their dearest friend and Saviour.

In God's sight all men are either righteous or wicked. It is hard now always to distinguish them. The righteous often appear worse than they are; the wicked often better. God does not here and now smile on the good or frown on the bad; but at this bar the distinction will be easy enough. All disguises will then be removed, and every man will appear in his true character. Every man's work will be tried and what sort it is will appear. The difference between the two classes will then be marked, awful and eternal. The righteous will be received into the kingdom of glory, and the wicked cast out forever. Then it will be seen that the truly wise are those who took up their cross and followed Christ through evil as well as good report.

The abuses of the Mosaic system led to the idea that prosperity or adversity in this life was the proof of God's favor or disfavor. The moral of the book of Job, that sublime poem of antiquity, is a noble protest against the abuse of this principle. The argument of the magnificent colloquies of Job and his comforters contradicts these narrow conclusions. Not always are rewards given to the good here, nor punishment to the evil. But the day is coming when every wrong will be righted; when every groan will be music and every tear a jewel. Hasten the day, O Christ, gather thine elect from the four winds of heaven; put the wheat into thy barn, even though the chaff must be burned with unquenchable fire!

O, King Jesus, let us be diamonds in the crown of thy glory! May we know that they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever! May we blessedly experience the promise, "And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels!"

More Christmas Gladness.

The Beautiful Premiums Everywhere Welcomed with Delight—Kind words from Subscribers.

OUR friends have this week again fairly deluged us with letters expressive of their unbounded satisfaction with the premiums *From Manger to Throne* and the Teachers' Bible. Here are a few that speak for themselves:

BERLIN, ONT.: *From Manger to Throne* is the most valuable Christmas present I ever received. EDWIN S. SCHNEIDER.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.: *From Manger to Throne* came through "Uncle Sam's" hands in perfect shape and is a joy in our sunny little home on the Pacific Coast. MRS. F. E. OLDS.

INDIANAPOLIS., IND.: Any one who could not appreciate your wonderful offer as we have received it can't appreciate that which will remain in our home "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." H. C. KEELEY, *State Evangelist of Indiana.*

WALTHAM, MASS.: The Teachers' Bible is a treasure and I am delighted with it. I show it to my friends, and they think it is a wonderful premium offer. MRS. S. E. TOWN.

NORRISTOWN, PA: I have received *From Manger to Throne* and my heart is glad. If I get no other present this Christmas, this will satisfy me. I think it grand. I don't know what I should do without THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. MRS. MARTHA BROOKS.

BLOOMING PRAIRIE, MINN.: I am charmed with *From Manger to Throne.* I feel under a personal obligation to Dr. Talmage for such a premium. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is a paper I can fearlessly recommend to any person. A. COLQUHOUN.

CARBONDALE, ILL.: *From Manger to Throne* is an ornament to any library, and should be in every household. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD I greatly prize. It is a paper I cannot do without, and I shall do all that I can to introduce it into other homes. MRS. P. S. ACKERMAN.

JERSEY CITY: My beautiful Teachers' Bible received. Am perfectly delighted with it. I can hardly see how you can give such a marvellous premium as this. Many thanks to you and the good Doctor for offering this beautiful Bible at such reasonable terms that every one can receive one. MILTON W. SHIVE.

NEW ORLEANS: Your premiums, Bible and *From Manger to Throne*, received to-day, and I am delighted with them. If this new Bible gives as much pleasure and profit as the one I bought some years ago, it will be a double bargain for me. A. W. CREEVY.

SOUTH CHICAGO, ILL.: *From Manger to Throne* came to hand this morning in excellent shape. I am not surprised at your munificence as I have done business with you before; but friends to whom I have shown the book are astonished at your generous business methods. HARRY GREY.

VALLEY VIEW, PA.: I prize THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, whose sentiments are as precious as jewels, whose words are as rare as diamonds and whose language is as sparkling as gems. It is the means of redeeming many souls. It begets biblical knowledge in the mind. I cannot do without THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which I love as my true friend. RILEY O. SCHEIB.

BALTIMORE, MD.: *From Manger to Throne*, reading and illustrative matter far exceeds my expectation, and the size of the print is good so that even mother finds no trouble in reading. We would not, upon any account, be without THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in our home. Everybody looks for it, and every Sunday night my father, who does not attend church on account of his hearing, is eager to peruse its contents. GEORGE H. WHITEHOUSE.

AUBURN, NEB.: *From Manger to Throne* came the long distance from New York to Nebraska in good order, not a mar nor rub and not one cent to pay for expressage. I know not where your profit is in sending such a premium with your paper, but hope the circulation of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be doubled this year, and that you will have your reward when the labors of this life are done. H. D. SNYDER.

COHOES, N. Y.: That beautiful book *From Manger to Throne*, came Monday the 11th. "Pleased," would not express it; we are perfectly delighted, and will take great pleasure in showing it to everybody we know. We are three sisters—two are Sunday School teachers and hope to get much help from both book and paper. The next thing we want is one of those nice Teachers' Bibles. MARGARET MCGAFFIN.

OSWEGO, N. Y.: Your beautiful book *From Manger to Throne* is all it is represented to be; and it is a generous present to your subscribers; as the amount above the price of the paper cannot more than pay the expense of packing and express charges. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is the very best paper I know of. I like it so well that it has been a great self-denial to send it away to others, as I have nearly always done, wishing to share the good things with my friends. MARY RAMIE.

NEW YORK: Through the kindness of a brother in the ministry I have received THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and the beautiful premium *From Manger to Throne.* This I have very carefully examined and compared it with other books on the same subject. Its modern testimony, and the recent developments in the Holy Land, will, I am sure, quicken the thoughts of many, on the life of our Saviour, and make them the more precious. It is an accession to my library which I could not well do without. REV. J. S. GORTON.

DALLAS, TEX.: I supposed, when, a year ago, I received the Oxford Bible, that you only gave such costly premiums to increase your subscription list; since I am sure that those who receive THE CHRISTIAN HERALD once will continue to do so, premium or no premium. But here you are again adding surprise to surprise. Now, I have decided not to be astonished at the HERALD any more. It has decided to be unique in its dealings with its readers, and it will do so regardless of cost. For of course the $2. I sent will not really pay for the HERALD for a year and this delightful volume, *From Manger to Throne*, to make no mention of the prepaid express charges upon a large and handsomely bound volume coming all the way from New York to Texas. I am more than pleased. MRS. ANNIE D. BRADLEY.

Associate Editress, *Christian Courier.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.: *From Manger to Throne* came and I am delighted with it. You did not say one word too much in its praise. I have the Olive Wood and it has been much admired. MRS. J. L. FLOWERS.

DUBUQUE, IA.: *From Manger to Throne* is a very fine premium book and one that will adorn any centre-table in the land. The type, paper and photos are all excellent. Wishing you the compliments of the season. T. S. ADDINSELL.

EDENWOOD PARK, FORDHAM, N. Y.: I cannot adequately express my thanks to you for the premium *From Manger to Throne.* THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was a great help to me in the past year. Without your paper I would be very lonesome; it is a friend who every week encourages and brightens every home its reaches. ELMER W. FLEAGLE.

MASSAPEQUA, ME.: *From Manger to Throne* reached me in due time. I scarcely can frame words to express my delight in possessing so great a treasure as this grand volume. Upon opening it, and looking over its contents, I exclaim, "Thank God that it is through his goodness that I am the happy owner of so grand a work!" My prayer is that it may be the means in the world of drawing multitudes to seek that holy city, Mount Zion, whose maker and builder is God. MRS. R. C. VOORIS.

POPLAR GROVE, ILL.: With *From Manger to Throne* I am pleased more than I can tell. It doesn't only enrich our library, but the mind is enriched also. Furthermore I think THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is worth two dollars, and I consider the book as a gift. F. S. SPENCER.

NEW MARKET, KY.: I have deferred giving you my opinion concerning the merits of either *From Manger to Throne* or THE CHRISTIAN HERALD until I had given them a careful perusal, as I am too puritanical to pay a compliment composed of empty words. *From Manger to Throne* I have read with deep interest, and I can assure you that I do appreciate the work very highly; you will please accept thanks for the beautiful gift. We found a most welcome surprise in your book. We are also delighted with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Yesterday when the December number came we almost forgot our manners in our anxiety to be the first to enjoy its contents. MRS. MAGGIE E. MILTON.

NEW YORK: I positively cannot be profuse enough to describe my ecstacy and gratification, not to say wonderment, at your magnificent Premium given me in renewing my subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The exquisite International Teachers' Emerald Bible more than meets my most sanguine expectations. I have now in contemplation securing your *From Manger to Throne. How do you do it* for the price? Have just received a pleasant epistle from our friend, Marion Harland, (Mrs. M. V. Terhune, now travelling in the interest of your paper), from abroad en-route to the Holy Land. It is dated at Paris, November 15th, and says: "Please accept my grateful acknowledgments for your graceful note and for the card bearing your 'Bon Voyage,' and the four-leaved clover. I accept both as favorable auguries." She has the best wishes for a pleasant sojourn on the continent and a safe and early passage home, from all the HERALD's readers. WILTON N. ANDERSON.

ESMONT, VA.: More than pleased with the marvellous premium, the noble work of Dr. Talmage. I have for years derived benefi and spiritual wealth from your glorious CHRISTIAN HERALD of The Kingdom of Christ.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for a year,
Is worth the price *alone*:—
But here's a PREMIUM!—Good and dear:—
"FROM MANGER TO A THRONE!"

* * *

This HERALD wears a costly robe:—
It has a pleasant face:—
Is bound to travel o'er the globe,
To scatter bliss and grace.—PILGRIM WILLIAMS.

Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

Sing with a Tuneful Spirit.

F. J. Crosby. Proverbs. 29:6. Wm. F. Sherwin.

1. Sing with a tune-ful spir - it, Sing with a cheer-ful lay,
2. Sing when the heart is troubled, Sing when the hours are long,
3. Sing in the vale of shad - ows, Sing in the hour of death,
Praise to thy great Cre - a - tor, While on the pil-grim way;
Sing when the storm-clouds gath-er; Sweet is the voice of song;
And when the eyes are clos - ing, Sing with the lat-est breath;
Sing when the birds are wak - ing, Sing with the morning light;
Sing when the sky is dark - est, Sing when the thunders roll;
Sing till the heart's deep longings Cease on the oth-er shore;
Rit. p
Sing in the noon-tide's gold-en beam, Sing in the hush of night.
Sing of the land where rest re-mains, Rest for the wea-ry soul.
Then with the countless numbers there, Sing on for-ev-er more.

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THE COMING REGENERATION.

The Restoration of Israel the Beginning of Universal Blessedness.

BY REV. W. WILLIAMS.

THE casting away of Israel, mentioned by the Apostle in Rom. 11: 15, and its effect upon the Gentile world, are matters of history and experience; it remains for us to inquire what the receiving of them shall be, and the effect upon the same peoples, both which are yet only subjects of prophecy and objects of hope.

It is manifest that the "receiving" of Israel must be the restoring of them to all that which they lost at their "casting away;" for the two words are evidently contrasted with one another; so that whatever is implied as having been done by the one, just so much must be implied as being to be undone by the other. Having therefore seen what was lost at the casting away, we shall have no difficulty in understanding at once what will be restored at the receiving.

They lost their position as God's visible people; they lost the privilege of having the Lord known as their God. And this, then, will be restored to them again. It will be accompanied with true conversion of heart: they will be invested with the reality of those privileges which, at any former time, Israel, as a whole, have only outwardly enjoyed. For it is written in (Jer. 31: 33), "After those days, saith the Lord, I will put my law in their inward parts and write it in their hearts: and I will be their God, and they shall be my people." At that time, therefore, the nation will be reinstated in the full enjoyment of their own land; for their obedience being secured, the inheritance will be no longer withheld. (It is not intended to be asserted, that the Jews will not occupy their own land before their conversion to Jesus; it may, or may not, be so; that is not the question before us. But there can be no doubt, that that restoration which is the subject of promise, and contains in it so many blessings, is inseparably connected with their obedience, and cannot take place apart from it.)

What, then, shall be the effect of this upon the Gentile world?" Even "life from the dead." Let us observe here, by the way, how wonderful in wisdom, love, and grace, is the whole plan of Divine procedure in this matter. The Lord first casts away Israel and takes up the Gentiles, in order that he may thereby bring Israel to repentance? but when this is accomplished, and Israel is received again, it will not be to the casting away back of the Gentiles to what they were before, but to the increase of their good; for, as St. Paul reasons before, "If the fall of them be the riches of the world, and the diminishing of them the riches of the Gentiles, how much more their fulness." Thus the Jew and the Gentile are made to be the cause of blessing to one another: the reconciling of the Gentiles issues in the receiving of Israel, and the receiving of Israel issues in life from the dead to the Gentiles.

But to return; what, then, is the nature of this blessing, this "life of the dead," of which the apostle speaks? It is not the resurrection of the body which is here intended. This "life from the dead," can only refer to that quickening of the soul from the death of trespasses and sins whereby men become new creatures, and live unto God. The condition of the Gentiles since their reconciling has been altogether like unto the condition of Israel before their casting away. But as when Israel is received again it will be with the true circumcision, which "is that of the heart, in the spirit, but not in the letter." (Rom. 2: 20); so will it be followed by the true baptism of the Gentile word, baptism not by water only, but of the Spirit, whereby men shall be fitted to form a constituent part of the kingdom of Christ and of God.. (John 3: 5.)

At that day, therefore, the majority among the Gentiles shall be the true servants of Christ. They are now the few who are in spirit and in truth that which they are in profession—the people of God. The multitude answer to the description of the Church at Sardis, "Thou hast a name that thou livest and art dead." But then they will be the few to whom such language can be applied, while the many will "yield themselves unto God, as those that are alive from the dead, and their members as instruments of righteousnes unto God." (Rom. 6: 13.)

In that day, therefore, will be fulfilled the promise for which the church has so long waited in anxious expectation: "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

BEGINNINGS.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning Jan. 7, 1894. John 1: 1-17.

BEGINNING a new year is the popular occasion for all kinds of personal reform, and the making of good resolutions, and the setting out on new lines. The old page blurred and blotted and showing marks of attempted erasures, is turned,and the clean page is open for a new record. The old page was new once and there is a sad consciousness in looking over it, of the bright hopes and firm resolves with which it was begun. Some, there are, who are so oppressed by the memory, and by the memories of the beginnings of many such years, with their disappointing sequence, that they are disposed to make no further effort, and determine to make no vow,lest as in the other years, they should vow and not pay. The condition of all such is deplorable, for it has in it the omen of further decadence. It implies a relaxation of effort and an abandonment of high ideals. It implies, too, a lack of manliness and true courage. Although the new year is merely an imaginary line, no more sacred than any other time, it constitutes. by custom, a passage into a new era, and so forms an appropriate time for review and a look ahead. To everyone the past is more or less unsatisfactory. He is a weak and craven creature who is not impelled to resolve that the future shall be better than the past. The only way in which it can be made better is through a searching scrutiny of the past for the causes of failure. Human nature is weak and its weakness must be realized. The brute in man is continually struggling for supremacy. Its demands are loud, fierce, and persistent. The spirit yields its right to rule and permits the usurper to direct the life in which it should be merely the instrument and servant. This discovery any man may make for himself. The analysis of every failure will prove it to him. That fact ascertained, the remedy must be sought. "If any man live after the flesh he shall die." We know by experience that it is so. The man dies and the brute lives on. The remedy is revealed, and it thrills with hope and new courage. God is always on the side of the spirit in man.So much is he the ally of the spirit, in the struggle with the brute, that he places the resources of omnipotence at the command of the spirit. They who live after the spirit can claim divine help in unlimited degree. This is what Christ meant when he said that all things were possible to him that believeth. The conviction that the promise of God in this matter will be fulfilled, once possessing the mind of any man is the beginning of new hope, new effort and a new life. The use of the conviction may be tentative at first, but it becomes stronger by every victory and it leads to heights undreamed of. What shall he do to be saved from the brute that is dragging him down? He must believe. With belief in his heart the road to victory lies open before him. He begins a life which reaches on into eternity and ever on to infinity. The beginning of that life dwarfs into insignificance all other beginnings.

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THE Y. W. C. A. OF TOLEDO, O.

An excellent work is being done in Toledo, Ohio, by the Young Women's Christian Association. Although the birthday it is celebrating this week is only its third,it has a membership of over six hundred and its organization is thorough in all its branches. The pictures on this page of the two rooms will show the homelike arrangements which are made for the comfort of the members. They are two of the rooms in the large three story and basement brick house on Madison Street, in which the Association does its work. This is the third home it has had. At its first organization it was supposed that one room would be sufficient; but the room speedily proved inadequate for the numbers who came to enjoy the advantages offered. Two rooms in another building were secured, and these were thought to be ample, but the membership quadrupled in a year and more space had to be secured. The Association then moved into its present quarters which seemed too large for it a year ago, but are now already crowded. One of its rooms is devoted to a restaurant where meals are supplied at phenomenally low prices. Others are used as class-rooms, library, reading-room, auditorium and offices. The Association has no space for a gymnasium, but has effected an arrangement by which its members use a gymnasium in an adjacent street and receive physical instruction there. Three Bible-classes are held each week, with which the devotional meetings are combined. The educational classes cover studies in Stenography, Typewriting, French, German, Music, Millinery, Dressmaking, and several other branches. An extra fee to cover expenses of teaching is required for these,but the fee for a full membership in the Association is only one dollar a year.

PARLOR AND LIBRARY IN THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, TOLEDO, O.

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A NOBLE JUNIOR SOCIETY.

Our friend Mr. John J. Barret of Louisville, Ky., sends us the following encouraging account of the work of a Junior Society of Christian Endeavor in a country village: "It is connected with the Presbyterian Church of Anchorage, Ky. Taking the suggestion from the accounts given in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of the good work done by Gospel cars, the Society last July bought a large wagon and a double set of harness costing $111.65. This has been paid excepting $28.65. This balance is yet not in sight but God will send it in some way. A pair of horses have been borrowed for Sunday afternoons and the Society numbering about forty has gone under the leadership of the Elders of the Church to out-of-the-way farm houses and held services. Few of the members are over fourteen, yet they have read the Bible, sung Gospel and other hymns and repeated the Lord's prayer. These with an address by the pastor or an Elder have constituted the services. We think the meetings have been blessed, for those we visited have given us heartfelt thanks; some have begun attendance at church, two have returned to our church, and a Society with a membership of fifteen at the beginning has been started in an adjoining village. Is this not a good record for children the majority of whom are inmates of an Orphan's Home? We ask your and your readers' prayers for our future work. May other country Societies try our plan."

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KING'S DAUGHTERS IN GEORGIA.

Citizens of the State of Georgia have reason for congratulation on the possession of so energetic and devoted a band of ladies as the King's Daughters of that section. The report which the State Secretary, Miss Kate B. Anderson, sends to the "Silver Cross" shows how effective is the workthe Order is doing in both philanthropy and religion. One of the circles besides visiting the sick and suffering and relieving the poor,and doing a great deal of church work, contributed $25 to the poor fund of the church and sent a large box of clothing to the Thornwell Orphan Asylum. Committees visit the sick and destitute monthly, carrying flowers and delicacies, besides more substantial relief. They also contributed $50 to aid in discharging a church debt, also clothing and fuel to the poor in quantities. On their roll call there are twenty-three members—all zealous workers—relieving a large amount of suffering. They have an initiation service, which is very impressive. Another circle supports an aged Christian invalid and not long ago adopted a baby, practically orphaned, who is to be supported and educated by the circle. Another circle pays the rent of a number of needy persons who are poor and sick. Two day nurseries have been established and are supported by the King's Daughters. When a large number of workmen were thrown out of employment, the King's Daughters supported the needy until public subscriptions could be secured. Each circle has its appointed district and the circles whose sphere includes jails and other public institutions receive help from the other circles. Prayer meetings are regularly held in stores, factories and homes,and ingenious and very charming methods are adopted for reaching strangers and non-church-goers.

✠

AMONG THE ORDERS.

For Mr. Moody's evangelistic meetings in Chicago the Christian Endeavor Societies contributed $1,834.74.

✻

An Associational Union of B.Y.P.U. has been formed in the Clarion Association of Pennsylvania. Organization was perfected at a meeting held at New Bethlehem, Pa.

✻

The Second Presbyterian Church of Nashville, Tenn., is without a pastor, but the Endeavorers have taken charge of the services, are having good, spiritual meetings, and are doing all they can to carry on the church work.

✻

An effort is on foot in Poona, Bombay Presidency, India, to provide the Y.M.C.A. with a suitable building of its own in which to carry on its excellent work. Mr. Robert McCann, missionary secretary from England, is assisting the project.

✻

The central branch of the Young Women's Christian Association in Sydney, Australia holds every Friday social meetings for special classes (as, for example, the employees of a particular house of business or hotel). These efforts have proved singularly useful.

✻

The Christian Endeavor Society of Brighton Road Church, Dublin, Ireland, has now an active roll of thirty-four members and ten associates. Besides the Prayer meeting, Look-out, and Social Committees, there has lately been added a Music Committee, Hospital-visiting Department, a Library, and a Question Box.

✻

California has denominational Endeavor secretaries, and one of these sends out to all secretaries of the denomination a list of questions calling for reports as to work done, gifts made, new methods tried, experiences that would benefit other societies and openings for new societies.

✻

The Women's Christian Association of Philadelphia is furnishing its bed-rooms as fast as donations for the purpose are received. The furniture of a double bedded room costs $75 and for one with a single bed $50. It has 104 of the latter still unfurnished. Pledges have been received for all the former in the new building. The rooms will be occupied as soon as they are furnished

✻

To avoid the difficulty which has arisen from the use of various forms of badges by members of the Y.M.C.A's, the international badge has been adopted by the English National Council as the only official badge for the United Kingdom. Improved designs are in process of execution with a view to its being more generally worn, particularly in view of the forthcoming International Conference to be held in London in June next.

✻

The "Iowa Endeavorer" gives an interesting account of the formation of a Christian Endeavor Society in Franklin township, Green County, Ia., in a rural district where there is no church. It originated in the unsupported efforts of one young girl, who got together a society of eleven members, which has now increased to thirty-seven. Nine of their associate members have accepted Christ, and become active. They meet from house to house, having an average attendance of about forty.

IT PAYS.

IT pays to wear a smiling face
And laugh our troubles down,
For all our little trials wait
Our laughter or our frown.
Beneath the magic of a smile
Our doubts will fade away,
As melts the frost in early Spring
Beneath the sunny ray.

It pays to help a worthy cause,
By making it our own;
To give the current of our lives
A true and noble tone.
It pays to comfort heavy hearts
Oppressed with dull despair,
And leave in sorrow-darkened lives
One gleam of brightness there.

A Midwinter Exposition.

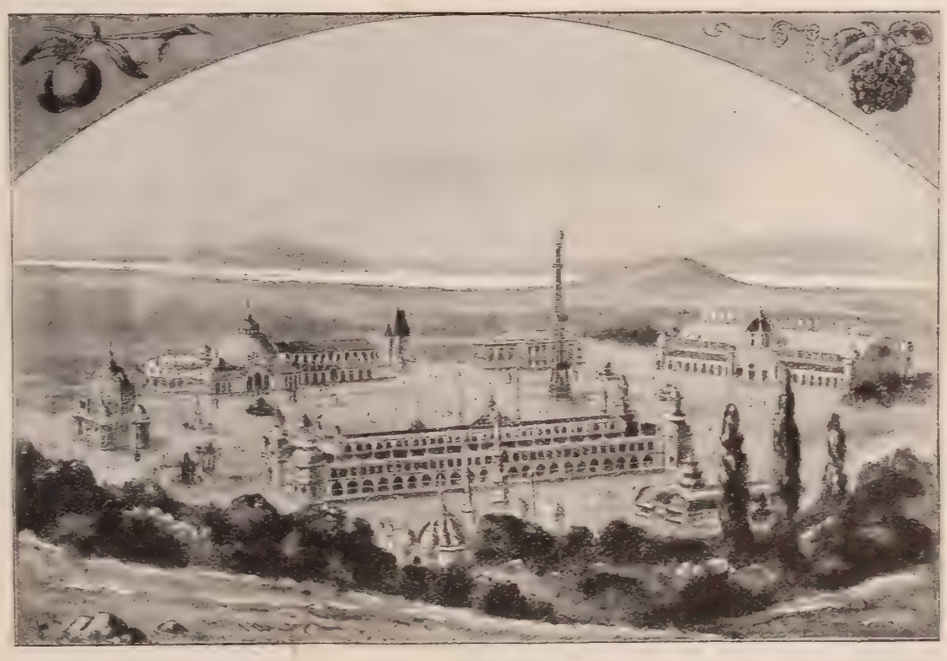
California's Fair a Marvel of Enterprise —How the Preparations go on.

HALF the population of the Pacific Slope and all of California are just now enthusiastic over the preparations for the Midwinter Exposition which is to be held in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco. The Midwinter Fair, while it will not be on the same gigantic scale of magnificence as the White Exposition of Chicago, will yet be something of which the Far West may well be proud. It will not only represent the farming, fruit-growing, mining, and other industries of the State of California, but will take a much wider range, and include those of all the Pacific States, not a few States East of the Rockies and even some foreign countries. In consequence of the unexpected and numerous applications from outside quarters, the Fair promises to be a success, especially in the number and variety of exhibits. Buildings have sprung up on all sides in Golden Gate Park, beautiful in design and attractive in exterior, the interiors of which will, when finished, afford a rich display. Almost all the counties in the State are working energetically to make the Exposition a success, and are forwarding extensive exhibits. One of the finest features will be the citrus fair, which will attract many thousands of visitors. South America, Alaska, Japan, China, the Orient generally and the isles of the Pacific will be fitly represented, the close commercial relations of California with those parts of the world affording superior facilities for such a purpose.

There is no more attractive city in America than San Francisco, whose suburban parks and romantic drives, owing to climatic advantages, are far more beautiful than those of the average Northern or Western city. Winter in California is June-like, and the transition from arctic gales and snow-drifts to a land of perennial fruits and flowers is a pleasant one for visitors.

Golden Gate Park, where the Fair is located, is a beautifully situated recreation ground, lying immediately back of the city and over-looking the broad Pacific where its waters enter the Golden Gate. It contains nearly 1200 acres, and has many handsome drives and bridle-paths. Probably one-fourth of the Park is under cultivation, being tastefully laid out in ornamental gardens. There are playgrounds, streams, miniature lakes and waterfalls, music-stands, conservatory, deer park, and a buffalo range, an aviary, and numerous other attractions, the aviary being one of the finest in the country. It is this beautiful retreat that the graceful Fair buildings, shown in our illustration, have been erected, the whole covering less than 160 acres or a little more than one-eighth of the entire area of the Park. Among the buildings already erected or in course of construction are exposition halls for Manufactures and Liberal Arts, Mechanics, Agriculture and Horticulture, Fine Arts, Administration, Electric Stage, Hunting Hall, Mining Camp and Hall, besides a variety of kiosks, an arena for wild animals, a Hawaiian village, Scenic Railway, Sioux, Esquimaux, Tamil, Japanese, Egyptian, Italian and other villages. One of the most interesting and characteristic features will be a gold mine in actual operation, illustrating all the various processes. A Southern California farm, with the intricacies of irrigation will also be reproduced and every prominent phase of California animal and vegetable life, including the wild animals and reptiles of the desert, will be portrayed. To the student of nature, it will afford a wider field for investigation than even the Chicago Exposition. While the Midwinter Fair does not claim in any degree to be the rival of Chicago, still it will be a very extensive and altogether a memorable exposition.

California is preparing to welcome her guests in hospitable fashion, and an effort will be made on all sides to make the Midwinter Exposition, whether successful in a financial sense or not, a credit to the industry, intelligence, patriotism, and progress of the Golden State. A pleasant feature in the programme is a proposed daily prayer service on the grounds, after the manner of the services held during the Chicago Fair. This recognition of the Divine Father and Ruler in guiding the affairs of men and States, will be regarded with genuine satisfaction by Christians everywhere.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER EXPOSITION.

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Be True to Yourself.

I wish I could spend a fortnight in a world where folks dared to be true to themselves, writes Martha Everts Holden, where the conformist was shelved with last year's calendars, and a man studied out his own route to heaven and had the courage to walk in it. I would like to dwell with individuals and not with packs of human cards shuffled together in sets. Life is something better than a sheep-path aimlessly skirting the hills. It is a growth upward through the infinite blue into heaven. It is the spreading of many and various branches. If you are a willow, don't attempt to be a pine, and if the Lord make you to grow like an elm don't pattern yourself after a scrub oak. The rebuke "what will people say?" should never be applied to the waywardness of a child. Teach it rather to ask: "How will my own self-respect stand this test?" Such training will evolve more development than a candle-mold or a yard-stick.

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The Voice of the Soul.

In a recent article in *Current Topics*, Prof. Drummond furnishes this beautiful illustration: "God's voice is continually speaking to all of us, but we do not know it. We think something else is God. We look up there for God as if there were any 'up there.' The wise man knows that there is no such place as 'up there,' because what is 'up there' to-day will be down there to-night. God is a spirit. The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth. You have heard of Helen Kellar, the deaf and dumb girl. Until she was seven years of age, her mind was an absolute blank, but strange avenues by the skill of those celebrated Boston teachers of the deaf and dumb, were opened into this dark soul and through those avenues a great deal of knowledge of life and of the world were poured into the girl's mind. But nobody said anything to her about religion, and after a year or two, they thought it was time she was told something about God, and they took her to Phillips Brooks and they told him to put into her some elementary lessons about God. And he sat down beside the child and talked to her for a long time, and the child listened, and he told her about who God was and how he made the world and made her, and how his name was Love, and how he lived in people and spoke to them and urged them to do good,—that was God. The child looked up and said, 'Mr. Brooks, I knew all that before, but I did not know his name.' We have all felt these pressures, these motions, these voices of the soul. Perhaps we did not know that that was God.

We should recognize in these impulses and pressures the actual activities of God, for they are the direct influencing of our spirit by his Spirit, and all that is necessary for growth is to yield ourselves to these impulses."

HE CAME TO SAVE.

THERE'S a joy for every sorrow,
There a cure for every pain,
There's a sweet for every bitter,
And for every loss a gain.
There is light beyond the darkness,
There is hope beyond the grave,
If we only will remember
That Lord Jesus came to save.

'Tis the sun that throws the shadow,
'Tis the cloud that gives the rain:
But the sun and weeping rain-drops
Bring us fields of golden grain.
When we reach that distant river,
We shall safely cross the wave,
If we only will remember
That Lord Jesus came to save.

THE CLOSE OF LIFE.

THE sun is slowly setting
Behind the tower of stone;
The twilight shadows gather,
The day is almost done.

The glorious sky above us—
The beauty of the world—
Is all spread out before us,
Like banner wide unfurled.

And yet the shades are deepened,
The leaves all brown and sere,
Tell of the changing seasons—
The Winter that is here.

At last when steps are feeble,
And eyes are growing dim,
We have that precious promise
That we shall "live with Him." B.F

THE CHILDREN'S QUEST.

TWO little waifs stood near one of entrances to the World's Fair, (says a writer in the "Ram's Horn,") with startled eyes and mouths opened wide with wonder and watched the surging crowds. They were hand in hand, little, slim, dirty hands, and every feature bespoke want and misery. The bleak autumn winds swept down the street and seemed to chill the shivering children as they stood there all desolate, among that great, hurrying, happy throng. A big policeman noticed them and asked what they wanted there. The elder one raised his large pleading eyes to him and said:

"A boy told us this was the 'great White City' and we want to go in."

"You have no money to go in there, child," the policeman said, "what do you want in there?"

The little four-year-old girl nudged the boy and whispered: "You tell, Jimmie."

"No, you tell." Then as she twisted her slender fingers over and over each other nervously she looked down and said:

"Ma's dead and she must be in there. She said she was going to that Beautiful City, and that me and Jimmie must go there too, and we thought this must be the place, we have walked so far. O, please sir, won't you let us in?"

The kind policeman told them of that far-off city where their mother had gone and as he saw the look of hopeless despair spread over the little face, he turned to brush away a tear that had stolen down his bronzed cheek and softly said, "Yes, children, you may go in," and with bowed head turned and walked away. In his heart he felt that the pure, innocent faith of these children was something that might well teach us older children the lesson of patient faith. For many of us, the journey to the end of life is a long, wearisome and trying one; but we have our Father's Word and the promise of Jesus, that, by keeping close to the Saviour's side, our feet shall at last find the inviting gates of the Beautiful City that stand wide open for all who love him and labor faithfully for him.

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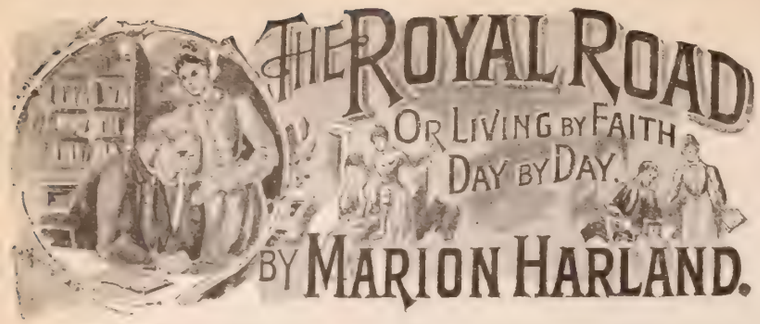
A Queen's Family Album.

In connection with the recent announcement of the birth of Queen Victoria's seventeenth grandchild, it is said that purely family occurrences of this kind are kept written up from day to day in a vast album. This is systematically examined, in order that the interchange of affectionate messages, which is a tradition with the royal family, may not be overlooked. In her own childhood the queen was very punctilious in recognizing the birthday anniversary and other such festival days in the life of her uncle George IV., and she still possesses under lock and key at Windsor the last birthday present she made to him.



CHAPER II Continued.

MRS. PAULL raised her eyes, blank and miserable, to his face.

"Must the children hear of this? He is their father, Roger. He loves them and they love him. Or, is it inevitable that the story should be made public?"

"We will do our best to hush it up. I have seen the men to whom he owes the money. There will be no prosecution."

She took him up on the instant.

"Because you have made good their loss!"

"Hush! That is neither here nor there. His name is the same as yours and your children's. My chief concern is your comfort and happiness. This man must be a stranger to you from this time forth."

"I am his wife, Roger!"

He started up, strode to the window and remained there, his head bent, his fingers knotted behind his back, seeming to stare into the little yard where Elspeth was stretching dish-towels upon the line. Her stuff skirt was folded back above her knees, he observed, and pinned so tightly he wondered that she could walk. There were eight towels, and three were patched: Elspeth had a blue cotton handkerchief tied about her head like a turban.

His sister joined him there, laying a timid hand upon his cheek, her voice breaking as he drew her head to his breast. He stroked back her hair as he would his own little daughter's were he compelled to deny her petition; his brow and lips were unbent.

"Roger, dear, don't be displeased with me! I think my heart is breaking with the sorrow and the shame of it all. And what he says is bitter! bitter! But he is my husband, and, as he reminds me, my children's father. I vowed to forsake all others and hold to him,—to love, honor and obey. Nothing can release me from that obligation."

"Except—except—" the blood flooding his forehead darkly—"Alice!—sweet sister! believe me that I would not tell you if I could help it—I made it my business before coming here to see his employers,and others who were yet better conversant with his life of late. I have long suspected that he had other claims upon his means than you know of. He has not gone abroad alone. I saw the entry in his own handwriting in the office where he bought his tickets. He registered 'Paul Morgan and wife, Cincinnati.'"

She dropped back as if struck by a bullet. He brother caught her and carried her to a sofa. She had not swooned. Insensibility is a boon seldom granted to women of her mould. There was a minute of voiceless gasping; her hands, groping convulsively as in the dark, found and fastened upon one of her brother's. She raised it to her lips and pressed it there before she said, hollowly:

"If you can come over to-morrow to see me—we will talk of what it will be best to do. Or—shall I go to you?"

This he would not allow. He would call soon after breakfast. His time—his means—all that he had or could do—were at her service.

Then he asked—for he knew her as few [illegible]

"You would like to be alone, now?"

"Don't think me ungrateful—but it would be better—perhaps. Thank you for understanding me."

She had spoken truly in telling Elspeth, three hours after this interview, that her "head ached."

CHAPTER III.

[illegible]

With meekness, like thy saintly ones, to bow,

That man does not live—he has never [illegible] mys-

tery of a woman's "constitutional headache." The foe who never omits an opportunity to spring upon his prey and has all seasons for his very own. Sometimes he is provoked to attack by a fast; sometimes by a feast; often by insomnia, and occasionally by too-sound slumber. Now, he creeps by almost imperceptible inches to the acme of torture; again, leaps, fell and furious from his lair as the sleeper awakes at morning to the horrors of demoniacal possession. With one victim the agonies of nansea augment the pains in the head; with another, one lobe of the brain throbs with mad anguish, and the other is dull and heavy as lead. A third cannot lift her head from the pillow without the agonized conviction that a ball of hot metal, pulsing as in a boiling kettle, rolls from one side of her cranium to the other.

There is the headache that assails the base of the brain and the adjacent cords of the neck, and still another form which lodges in the temples, and one variety, the seat of which is the frontal bone and the eye-balls, making light intolerable and sight a torment. No more excruciating form is, or can be experienced than that induced by mental pain—a sudden shock to nerve-centres and sensibilities. Then the frightened blood retreats to the citadel-brain, and will not be lured or compelled back to the clammy extremities; shivers run over the surface of the body, and the congesting pores alternately contract and gape, reducing the skin, now to freezing coldness, anon, to the dry heat of fever. Delirium is a not infrequent accompaniment of the last-named phase of this plague of feminine flesh; an insane disposition to talk! talk! talk! until exhaustion, or stupor intervenes, or the wild longing to escape from the place of torture, to find surcease from suffering in the wilderness, in the woods, in the sea—anywhere,—be it in the grave itself, so long as unconsciousness follows flight.

Once in a while, one reads in the daily prints of an unfortunate—sometimes the loving and beloved mother of a respectable family—who leaps from an upper window while suffering from nervous headache, or, wandering away from her bed in the dead of night, is found after days of anxious search, in the river or at the bottom of the well. Or, a healthy, happy woman complains of intense pains in the head, and after some hours of agony,dies in convulsions.

Ah, dear friends! much of tragedy lurks in the jests passed upon the all-convenient headache of the novel heroine and the every-day woman of real life.

"Synonymous with heartache?" Aye! and oftentimes the synonym of the death-throe of heart and brain.

Elspeth was used to her mistress' headaches, and played the skilled nurse when the "constitutional" malady routed the gallant will and laid the wrecked woman low. She was used, too, to seeing her set off upon the long, lonely tramps, as often as not in the evening after the children were safely folded,—walks from which the sufferer would return languid and tremulous, but able at last to sleep off the duller ache that had superseded keener pangs. She surmised—this shrewd and reserved servitor—that a business talk had brought on the attack. Had she had an inkling of the real condition of the thoroughbred who quitted her kitchen with a level chin and firm tread, she would have barricaded the front door, as a countrywoman of hers had done hundreds of years before, with her living bone and flesh.

The humid chill of the outer air was grateful to the pedestrian's hot forehead. She halted at the foot of her porch steps to draw in great breaths of it. The gloom of the ill-lighted streets where gas fought feebly with the falling fog,was welcome to eyes strained with staring into a future peopled with dreads.

She had loved her husband through indifference and open neglect and active unkindness; had served him as a dog his master, after she knew there was nothing to be gained by fidelity of service. Years ago—after long striving, at first sanguine,—finally desperate—she had resigned all hope of winning him to a higher manhood; had tried to accept him as he was and must ever remain, and to make the very best of the poor remnant of her happy dream of their united lives. Only he, whom she besought without ceasing, to give her grace, wisdom and patience, knew with what ingenuity she had endeavored to cloak Ernest's faults, and to make home attractive to the unsuccessful man sour with discontent, and at war with fortune.

The billiard-table was put into their New York house against her wishes. But when it was a fixture and her husband's solace in moodiness and petulance, she became his pupil, and learned to play a better game than most of the boon companions he liked—and she dreaded—to see about him. She made it convenient to be much in the room when billiards were played, and in her presence there was none of the betting she was confident ran high at other times. She detested all games of cards, as her father had before her, but Ernest encountered nowhere else so clever an opponent at backgammon and chess. Music was his most innocent recreation, and she devoted to her piano-practice whole hours of the day which she knew she must make up by toiling late into the night over her needle. His fastidious ear must not be offended by slovenly execution or false notes when he took it into his head to ask for a musical evening.

Love in such natures as this woman's is of a hardier growth than respect. Her stubborn fealty to her husband never allowed her to confess in her inmost thoughts that she despised him. She was too honest to pretend, in thought, or in prayer that she had honored him for the last ten years.

She could have told the day and hour when respect died an unnatural death. Ernest Paull was the treasurer of a charitable society connected with the church to which he and his wife belonged, and he had appropriated to purposes of his own funds held by him in trust for the organization. He had used the money for necessary expenses, he stated briefly to his wife. A woman of her breeding and tastes entailed upon her husband the obligation to live beyond his income. He dragged a lengthening chain of debt, and expected to do this while he lived—but this five or six hundred dollars—maybe it had mounted up to a thousand by this time—must be made up in some way, and speedily, or he was ruined. To be sure, there was the river, or a pistol-shot, or prussic acid, as an alternative, but there might be a disagreeable degree of publicity connected with that expedient. All this he uttered airily between the puffs of his cigar, eyeing her quizzically—as if curious as to the effect of the communication upon her mind.

With strange composure that ought to have warned him of volcanic changes going on beneath the placid surface, she insisted upon knowing the exact amount of the defalcation.

"An ugly word to ears polite, my love!" interrupted her husband.

"The thing is uglier. Tell me the whole truth, Ernest. Of course, I must get the money if you cannot."

"From your father, I suppose?" looking up from the row of figures he was at work upon.

"To whom else can I apply? I shall not tell him why I want it."

"Naturally not!" with a faint sneer. "While you are tapping the parental pocket you may as well ask for two thousand as one. There are other liabilities."

"Will three thousand cover everything?"

He assured her eagerly and seriously that it would—and more. In fact it would set him straight with the world. When she went to her father with her request, she stipulated that the money should be a loan to her personally, to be deducted from whatever portion he might have intended to leave her, should she survive him. In endorsing the cheque that put the whole amount into Ernest's hands, she frankly told him of the condition named by herself. A glare she had never seen there before flamed up in his handsome eyes.

"The woman who could do such a thing as that when her husband is the dupe of her sharp practice, is false to her marriage vows—and capable of any depth of degradation," he said with incisive coolness. "After this, nothing you do can surprise me."

But he took the money.

The straight sheet of November fog was, to her heated fancy, the canvas upon which memory projected this and a succession of scenes, similar, and yet more revolting. This man, calling himself a gentleman, and controlled in bodily exercise by the traditions of his class, had never lifted his hand against his wife, or failed in external demonstration of the deference due from his sex to hers. He would not, for example, have lowered himself in his own eyes by passing out of a door in advance of her, or by sitting while she stood; he would not have helped himself to an easy-chair when there was none for her, or kissed her with his hat on, or failed to raise it if he met or parted with her on the street. His manner to his wife was cited as an example for other and less attentive husbands by their enviously admiring spouses. In society he was "simply and altogether charming." Society, reasoning after the superficial style peculiar to itself, inferred that he must be yet more charming in the bosom of his family.

An exclamation of intensest self-disgust passed her lips. A boy, loitering homeward with a parcel that looked like a loaf of bread under his arm, turned to look at her:

"Eh! what say?"

Getting no reply, he stared hard at her and strolled on, rattling a stick against the palings and whistling a familiar hymn-tune. Brought back by the interruption to her actual environment, Alice Paull became aware that many voices near by were singing the same air:

Even Me! Even Me!
Let some droppings fall on Me!

She had never, to her present recollection noticed until now the plain church wedged in between its neighbors on the right hand and on the left, and standing further back from the street than either of them, as if trying to make more room for itself. The singing was in a building at the rear. She turned in at the gate and walked down the narrow brick walk,—an insatiate soul-thirst gaining upon her.

The familiar melody was the murmur and cool-sounding ripple of a forest-rill to the traveler upon the scorching highway. A wizened little sexton, with thin white hair, pushed open the inner door for her silently, and motioned her an empty seat. The singing ceased as she sank wearily upon the settee—which was the last in the house and leaned her head against the wall behind her. Every limb ached, and every nerve was a tense chord upon which pain smote fitfully—always with force.

This was the house of God—the courts in which David,in his hour of fever and thirst, longed to be a doorkeeper.

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee; send thee help out of Zion and strengthen thee out of the sanctuary!"

The words must mean something,or they would not be in the Bible. If she were not in perishing need of help and strength,where in all the universe of the all-pitiful Father was there a wretch who was in extremity great enough to entitle her to claim the promised succor?

Pass me not, O gracious Father?
Sinful though my heart may be.

Was that the way the hymn ran? Was there no balm for sorrow as for sin? These looked like good and sincere people—above suspicion as to respectability. She was in the right place on that back seat.

"And then begin with shame to take the lowest place."

Grant one poor sinner more a place,
Among thy saints O, God of grace!

Not even that belonged to her of right. She had never rented a pew in Brooklyn. Severe economies,bound upon her by circumstances unsuspected by the world outside of her home, had debarred her from that privilege. She had told Ernest one Sunday on her return from church, that she felt like a religious poacher. He was in a merry,kindly mood that day, or she would not have broached a subject fraught with humiliation of spirit to herself. She came of church-going people, who held as part of religion the obligation to support the public ordinances of the church. When she married Ernest Paull he was superintendent of a Sunday School and a deacon. He resigned both of these offices when he "went on the road." In four years he had not darkened the door of a church, and family-worship was omitted when he was at home. In his absence, she gathered the little ones about her morning and night for Bible-reading and prayers.

[illegible]

THE BOOK SHELF

THE DOLL IN LITERATURE.*

IT was not until literature, in the form of story, romance, tragedy and adventure had quickened her imagination, that the figure of the doll loomed up in the character of an absorbing interest, but once having appeared it never retired from the scene until advancing years forced the curtain to fall upon the exciting scenes of which it was always the heroine.

That was the truth of the matter—it was not a doll, but a heroine.

And some imagination was required to make it one. The doll of that day was not the dimpled, star-eyed creature of to-day, who can stand on her own firm little feet, whose plump legs and arms can be placed in any position, whose attitudes may be made to express emotions in accordance with the Delsarte system, and who has parted lips and pearly teeth, and indulges in features. Not at all.

The natural advantages of a doll of that period confined themselves to size, hair, which was sewn on a little black skull-cap—if it was not plastered on with mucilage—and eyes which could be jerked open if one pulled a wire which stuck out of her side. The most expensive and magnificent doll you could have was merely a big wax one, whose hair could be combed and whose eyes would open and shut. Otherwise they were all the same. Only the face and neck were of wax, and features were not studied by the manufacturers. All the faces were exactly the same shape, or rather the same shapelessness. Expression and outline would have been considered wanton waste of material. To-day, dolls have cheeks and noses, and lips and brows, they look smiling or pensive, childlike or sophisticated. At that time no doll was guilty of looking at all. In the middle of her smooth, round face was a blunt excrescence which was called a nose, beneath it was a line of red paint which was meant for a mouth, on each side of it was a tight-looking black or blue glass eye as totally devoid of expression and as far removed from any resemblance to a real eye as the combined talents of ages of doll manufacturers could make it.

How an imagination, of the most fervid sort, could transform this thing into a creature resembling human, one cannot explain. But nature is very good—sometimes—to little children. One day, in a squalid London street, I drove by a dirty mite sitting upon a step, cuddling warmly a little bundle of hay tied round the middle with a string. It was her baby. It probably was lily fair and had eyes as blue as heaven, and cooed and kissed her again—but grown-up people could not see.

WASHINGTON AND THE ARMY.†

While at Valley Forge, there occurred that episode in American history known as "Conway's Cabal," a conspiracy to ruin the reputation of Washington and to make Gates the commander-in-chief of the armies. The conspirators labored in secret by means of forged and anonymous letters and slanderous reports, to weaken the public confidence in Washington as a leader. Failing to effect their object by these means, (for he was every day rising higher in public esteem), it was determined to abridge his influence and extend that of Gates, by creating a new board of war, with the latter as president. This was affected late in November, 1877. The board was invested with large powers and, by delegated authority, assumed the control of the military affairs, which properly belonged to the province of the commander-in-chief. Congress intended to make Gates the master-spirit of the war; for, by a resolution, that body instructed their general of his appointment to an office, "upon the right execution of which the success of the American cause does eminently depend," and that it was the "intention of Congress to continue his rank as major-general in the army, and that he officiate at the board, or in the field, as occasion may require." His partisans in Congress hastened to assure him that he would soon be virtually commander-in-chief.

About the middle of October, Washington wrote a letter to Richard Henry Lee, in which he spoke plainly concerning Brigadier-General Conway, a French officer of Irish lineage, who, it was rumored, was about to be appointed by the Congress a major-general in the continental army. In his letter, the general stated: "It will be as unfortunate a measure as ever was adopted. I may add, and I think with truth, that it will give a fatal blow to the existence of the army. Upon so interesting a subject I must speak plainly. The duty I owe my country, the ardent desire I have to promote its true interests, and justice to individuals require this of me. General Conway's merit, then, as an officer and his importance in the army, exist more in his own imagination than in reality; for it is a maxim with him to leave no service untold, nor to want anything which is to be obtained by importunity. His promotion to major-general could not but prove disastrous, from the fact that he is the youngest brigadier in the army, and his exaltation over all the eldest would create dangerous dissatisfaction. In a word, the service is so difficult, and every necessary so expensive, that almost all of our officers are tired out. Do not, therefore, afford them good pretexts for retiring. No day passes over my head without applications for leave to resign. Within the last six days, I am certain twenty commissions at least have been tendered to me. I have undergone more than most men are aware of, to harmonize so many discordant parts; but it will be impossible for me to be of any further service if such insuperable difficulties are thrown in my way."

SPEECH AND INTELLECT.*

The whole development and perfecting of the child's will is manifested most plainly in the learning of speech. Here the error of the old theory, that the intellect has its origin in language is demonstrated beyond denial. Just the reverse of that is true. Only he who has already much intellect, more than any brute has, can learn to speak; for articulate speech requires two things: above all, hearing and understanding of what is spoken (or, in the case of one born deaf, the preceiving of what is spoken through the sense of sight or of touch); next, the expression of one's own ideas by means of quite definite co-ordinated muscular movements, together with the employment of breathing, and in the great majority of nations, of exhalation exclusively.

Taken altogether, it has been found that speech is a higher development of pantomime. By means of a great number of gestures and an extremely subtly developed play of feature, uninstructed deaf mutes understand each other at this day, just as in primeval times without doubt, did primeval men who were ignorant of speech. And what we know in general of the most ancient languages shows so great an agreement in regard to the most important characteristics of the language of the children at the present time, that we may say the human race as a whole has behind it a course of development in this matter similar to that which every normal child goes through in learning to speak. Nor can it be doubted that the formation of complex ideas, of higher concepts, therefore, which is favored in such an extraordinary degree by the acquirement of speech, in the case of the child, was advanced and completed in like manner in the case of the primitive man, and continues to be thus advanced and completed in the savage of the present day. It is not the knowledge of words that begets intellect and facilitates thinking; it is abundance of ideas, and hence of thoughts which grow out of the combination and separation of the ideas generated by sensations and preceptions. These ideas, however, must first be sharply separated from one another before they become available for abstractions of a higher sort and for new combinations; and the complete, sharp separation is made possible only by means of exact designation, and thus by knowledge of words, consequently by language.

* *From the One I Knew the Best of All:* a memory of the mind of a child: the latest and most delightful story of Frances Hodgson Burnett: illustrated by Reginald B. Birch; cloth; pp. 325; price $2.00; Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers, New York.

† From *Independence, a Story of the Revolution:* by John R. Musick, uniform with the Columbian series; the story of the Revolution told in a novel and attractive form; cloth; illustrated; price, $1.50. Funk & Wagnalls, New York, publishers.

*From *Mental Development in the Child*, by W. Preyer, Prof. of Physiology in Jena. (International Education Series.) Translated from the German by H. W. Brown, pp. 170; cloth; price $1. D. Appleton & Company, New York, publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR, AT EDWARDSVILLE, ILL.

The New Birth, a Plea for a Consecrated Church Membership, by Sarah Bartlett Hoskins. Pp. 253; cloth. An interesting little volume, Helpful to those who are Striving for a Higher Life.

FROM A. C. ARMSTRONG & SON, NEW YORK.

The Boy Jesus and other Sermons, by Rev William M. Taylor, D.D., LL.D. A collection of very able Discourses on the Life and Character of Christ. Cloth; pp. 301; price $1.75.

FROM CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK.

Nilsy's Christmas, by Jacob A. Riis, author of *The Children of the Poor*, etc. A Delightful little Story of the Experiences of a Waif during the Christmas Season. Pp. 52; board covers; price 50 cents.

FROM THE NORTH PUBLISHING CO., BOSTON.

None Such; There will yet be Thousands, by Emory J. Haynes; a story of remarkable interest, being a study of the American millionaire and what great good may be done with vast wealth. Pp. 331, cloth binding, price $1.25.

FROM FORDS, HOWARD & HULBERT, 47 EAST TENTH ST., NEW YORK.

The Sistine Madonna: A Christmas Meditation by Rev. Armory H. Bradford, the popular Congregational minister of Montclair, N. J. Author of *Spirit and Life, Old Wine, New Bottles*, etc. Pp. 41; Japan paper cover; 35c.

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

Europe, Seen through a Boy's Eyes, by Tello d'Apery, illustrated with half tone engravings. This little volume by a boy-editor is one which boys and girls everywhere will read with interest. Pp. 215, vellum and gold binding.

FROM LITTLE, BROWN & CO., BOSTON.

The Oregon Trail; Sketches of Prairie and Rocky Mountain Life, by Francis Parkman; illustrated by Remington; the fourth edition in book form of a series of sketches which first appeared in a magazine. Pp. 381, cloth binding.

FROM CHARLES H. KERR & CO., CHICAGO.

A String of Amber Beads; by Martha Everts Holden, a pleasant little book for home reading. Pp. 139, paper covers, price 50c.

FROM FUNK & WAGNALLS, NEW YORK, LONDON AND TORONTO.

Sustained Honor; a story of the war of 1812; by John R. Musick (uniform with the series of Columbian Historical novels), illustrated; pp. 451; cloth covers, $1.50.

From Things to God, by Rev. David H. Greer, D.D. A volume of sermons, on timely topics; pp. 278, cloth binding, price $1.50.

FROM E. P. DUTTON & CO., NEW YORK.

Times and Seasons: a Calendar for 1894. A beautiful example of Artistic Lithography; printed in Bavaria; illustrated; price $1.75.

FROM MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK AND LONDON

Biblical Essays, by the late J. B. Lightfoot, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D., Lord Bisnop of Durham. Dealing chiefly with subjects affected by the Higher Criticism. Pp. 458; price $3.

Marion Darche: a story without comment, by F. Marion Crawford. Author of *Saracinesca, A Roman Singer*, etc. Pp. 309; price $1.

A Roman Singer, by F. Marion Crawford. Pp. 354; price $1.

Twilight Dreams, by Rev. W. B. Carpenter, D.D., D.C.L., Bishop of Ripon. A series of delightful and helpful studies in the spiritual life. Pp. 225, price $1, cloth binding.

Stories for Children; a new uniform edition of Mrs. Molesworth's works for Juveniles. This set comprises ten volumes, including the following: *Tell Me a Story* and *Her Baby; Carrots* and *A Christmas Child; Grandmother Dear* and *Two Little Waifs; The Cuckoo Clock*, and *The Tapestry Room, Christmas Tree Land* and *The Christmas Posy; Us* and *The Rectory Children; The Children of the Castle; Little Miss Peggy* and *Nurse Heatherdale's Story, Rosy and the Girls*, and *I and Mary*. Uniform cloth binding; large type; illustrated by Leslie Brooke; price $1 per volume.

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR, LANCASTER, PA.

Domestic Economy or How to Make Hard Times Good and Good Times Better, by I. H. Mayer, M.D. Pp. 283.

FROM W. A. WILDE & CO., BOSTON

Select Notes on the International Lessons for 1894 by Rev F. N. Peloubet, D.D., and M. Peloubet. Of all the helps to the teacher published anywhere, this is the best, both as to useful information and suggestion. Whether the teacher has the senior Bible Class, an intermediate or an infant class, this volume is invaluable. Pp. 352, with illustrations; price $1.25.

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Japan's First Convert.

Murata Wakasanokami's Brave Declaration for Christ, in the face of Fierce Persecution.

NOW that the religion of Jesus has obtained a secure foothold, and has many thousands of faithful adherents in Japan, the older among the converts look back, with a thrill of recollection, to the early days when the adoption of the Christian faith was attended with the greatest personal danger. Enshrined in the memories of the Christians of Japan is the name of Murata Wakasanokami, the first convert to Christianity in the empire of the Mikado. Murata was born in 1815. Destined to be "a foundation stone" for the edifice of Protestantism in Japan, he came into the world under the shadow of the awful persecution of the Christians in the seventeenth century. Nearly two hundred years had elapsed since the edicts prohibiting the "evil sect" were first promulgated and published prominently all over the empire and since the new order that as long as the sun should shine no foreigners should enter Japan or natives leave it; and these dangerous prohibitions were still in force when Murata was born.

He was a son or Nabeshima Magorokuro, a relative of the Daimyo, or Prince, of Saga-Hizen, Kiushiu. When he was a boy, he became the heir of the Murata family; and when a man, was appointed a minister of the Daimyo and a soldier. When English and French men-of-war anchored at Nagasaki in 1855, the Shogun commanded the two Daimyos of Saga and Fukuoko to guard the port. Wakasa was the commander of the Saga men. One day, when he was patrolling the port, he found a strange book in the water and told one of his men to pick it up.

Neither he nor they whom he met and questioned knew what book it was or what its contents were. So after he returned home, his growing curiosity prompted him to seek an explanation; and to accomplish his burning desire to know what the book was, he sent one of his men, Eguchi Baitei, to Nagasaki, ostensibly to study medicine, but, in fact, the new book. Baitei entered more or less into the spirit of his master's curiosity. He soon learned from the Dutch that the book was the Holy Bible. He caught its general idea, and reported all he had heard and learned to his master. Afterward Wakasa heard that a Chinese version was published at Shanghai. He secretly sent a man there and bought a copy. Henceforth, he, together with his brother and some friends, earnestly studied the Scriptures day and night. When [illegible] went to Nagasaki in 1862, to get aid in understanding the Bible, he unexpectedly met the Rev Dr. Verbeck, a missionary of the Reformed Church in America, and he asked him many questions. Dr. Verbeck kindly taught Wakasa and others through this channel. This Bible class lasted almost three years. These eager pupils came to understand Christianity more fully. They grew in faith and determined to be baptized. Wakasa had to state their [illegible] to the Daimyo, for it was a [illegible] the edict against the "evil sect;" [illegible]

MURATA WAKASANOKAMI.
The First Protestant Believer in Japan.

that it might be better to do so after baptism. At last, Wakasa, Ayabe and Motono declared their determination to Dr. Verbeck, professed their faith in Christ, were baptized, and partook of the Lord's Supper. This took place on the 20th day of May, 1866. Wakasa was then fifty-one years old.

When these fervent Christians on their return reported to the Daimyo what they had done, he, seeing the firmness of their faith, left them unquestioned. The Imperial Government on hearing of Wakasa's conversion commanded the Prince to punish him, and he burned some of Wakasa's books.

Wakasa-no-Kami's last years were spent calmly, he having retired to a villa in Kubota, in rural quietude. It is said that in those days he was engaged in translating the Bible from Chinese into Japanese. He was 60 years old when he died. Two years before his death the first Protestant Church was organized at Yokohama. His memory is deeply cherished by Christians still living, who, in earlier days, felt the power of his earnest personality. An authentic portrait of this eminent Christian is published on this page.

I HEARD THE ANGELS SING.

ALONE at night I seemed to hear
The song of angels sounding near;
The starry night was fair and clear,
It seemed to bring the heavens anear,
Oh joy? I heard the angels sing!

I seemed to see each starry crown;
I seemed to see them stand around,
The great White Throne on high,
And then, oh joy! I heard them sing,
I heard them shout before their King,
Hosannas, loud and long.
And when they sang of God their King,
They seemed to make the welkin ring,
So loud and clear the song.

Anon, they sang so soft and low,
Of him who loved us mortals so—
Oh joy, they sang of heaven!
The heaven I hope some day to see;
Oh joy, they sang of heaven for me,
To whom was pardon given.

And then their snow-white wings they spread,
And far above me, overhead,
They circled round and round;
Now faint and sweeter grew their notes,
As though they came from skylarks' throats,
Far from from the solid ground.

And now, whene'er an angel sings,
I care not for these earthly things
That oft my heart have riven;
O'erburdened with this worldly care,
My soul looks up, with yearnings rare
To catch some strain of heaven;
For I, oh joy! have heard them sing
I saw the angels on the wing;
I heard them sing of heaven.

Denver, Col. —MRS. M. B. de GUISSON.

The Priest-Kings of Egypt.

More Archaeological Discoveries Which Confirm the Bible History.

SCIENCE is constantly administering rebukes to scepticism and infidelity. Almost every great archaeological find in the present century has been more or less confirmatory of sacred history. The telegraphic news of discoveries of monuments and tombs of priests in Egypt, writes George Ebers, the greatest student of Egyptology, is now fully verified. Remarkably enough, the newly found relics of antiquity were discovered near the mummy repository of Der el-Bahri (Thebes) from which the bodies of the kings, the most valuable specimens in the Boulak Museum, were brought to light in 1881. Among these mummies, thousands of years old, were the remains of the most famous Pharaohs of the new empire, and beside them, all that was left of the rich king named Rhampsinitos. The monuments have rendered us fairly well acquainted with his personality and have taught us that he once enriched Egypt's priesthood with unprecedented generosity. When we also learn that Ramses III. gave to the priest and temples 113,433 slaves, 514 vineyards and gardens, 514,668 head of cattle, 6,000,000 bushels of grain and precious metals of many millions value, as well as that the predecessors of this ruler placed at the disposal of the priests of Amon, the highest god of Thebes, the lion's share of plunder of war, besides large quantities of other wealth, we must consider it only natural that the property and the power of the hierarchy eventually surpassed the property and power of the worldly sovereign.

The priests of Amon, did, in fact, succeed in usurping the sovereignty after the spendthrift Ramses III. had been followed on the throne by a line of incapable descendants, and in the tomb of Der el-bahri were found remains of the priest kings who constituted part of the twenty-first dynasty. Monuments reveal also that the priests of Amon, before they usurped the sceptre, had gained immense influence in military and civil life at large. The monuments even tell us how and in what length of time the prelates swung themselves upward from one dignity to the next, till they eventually grasped the honors of the head priest of the god Amon. There were, moreover, priestesses of Amon, and in the days of the new empire which we are considering, very many of them. The head priests of Amon were buried with great pomp, but that their collected bodies should be found in one tomb, was a great surprise, especially in view of former discoveries of many individual tombs.

The cavity in which the royal mummies were found is in the projection of the bare limestone mountain that separates Der el-Bahri from the valley of the tombs of the kings. The entrance is high above the level ground and the interior is rough. Inscriptions on the coffin of Seti I. and on mummy wrappings teach that the bodies of famous old Pharoahs among the priest kings of the twenty-first dynasty were collected from their individual resting-places and laid to rest in this cavity in the mountain. This was done to protect the mummies from the disturbing hand of the robber. Although the floor of the vaults had been untrodden for three thousand years, there were found injured sarcophagi and the battered remains of gilded faces.

One hundred and eighty mummies in handsome threefold coffins with the remains of the priest kings of the twenty-first dynasty and the priests of Amon, have been brought to light. Fifty Osiris statuettes have been found and ten of them are known to contain papyri. Students of Scripture will be eager to learn what the upper stories of this wonderful cavern contain and what papyrus rolls are lodged around the mummies of the priests of Amon. Who knows what surprises the inexhaustible ruins of Egypt have in store for us in the vicinity of Der el-Bahri?

"THE COMFORTER ABIDES."

DEARER this promise we have heard
Than any one besides
Which comes to us from God's own Word—
"The Comforter abides."

What 'though temptation round us roll
And evil e'er betides,
We have a refuge for the soul—
"The Comforter abides."

The one that goes to him in need
And in his love confides,
Will find he is a friend indeed—
"The Comforter abides."

—F. S. SHEPARD.

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BRAZIL'S IMPERIAL PRETENDER.

AFFAIRS in the Brazilian Republic are still in a very disturbed condition and there is no immediate prospect of a termination of the fractricidal war that has now harassed the country for many months. Admiral Mello, the insurgent leader, lately withdrew from the harbor of Rio Janeiro to take active command of the rebel forces in the South, and Admiral de Gama took his place as director of operations before Rio. It is still undecided whether the chances of ultimate triumph rest with Peixoto's forces or the insurgents. There is a well-defined feeling that the insurrectionary movement is really a bold stroke for the restoration of the Empire, and this feeling has been strengthened by the admission of Admiral Gama of his imperial

DOM PEDRO D'ALCANTARA.

preferences. Should the insurrectionists succeed in ousting the Peixoto government, their candidate would, it is believed, be none other than Dom Pedro d' Alcantara Louis Philippe, the eldest son of the Count d' Eu. Comtesse d' Eu, who claims to be the legal heir of the Brazilian throne, is decidedly unpopular and would readily waive her own claims in favor of her son. It was said that as soon as the prospects of the revolution were sufficiently bright to warrant such a step, the young Count would secretly leave Europe for Rio, and hold himself in readiness for an emergency that might call him, on the briefest notice, to assume supreme command of affairs. The Prince, who is now eighteen years old, has been educated in Portugal, France and Austria. In 1889, he accompanied his grandfather, Dom Pedro, into exile. His portrait is given on this page.

A BRAVE CAPTAIN'S SACRIFICE.

DURING the recent Atlantic gales, many vessels were wrecked off the European coasts, among them being the steamer *Cyprian*, commanded by Captain Strachan and bound from Liverpool for Mediterranean ports. She struck a rock near Nevin on the Welsh coast. One after another, those who had life-belts dropped over the vessel's side into the water. Two firemen alone stood paralyzed; they looked hopelessly at the sea, and going down below were never seen again. Meanwhile the captain, who was himself prepared with a life-belt, caught sight of a poor little pale-faced stowaway, who had hidden himself in the vessel before starting from England. Without hesitation Captain Strachan unbuckled the life-belt from his waist and lashed it ship-shape upon the little stowaway, bidding him save himself if it were the mercy of Providence that this should be so. "I can swim," said the captain; "take the belt." Over the side went the stowaway, lifted upon the surf like a cork; over the side went the captain, trusting, like a good, brave fellow that he was, to his strength, but enfeebled with long watching and anxiety. But swimming was impossible in snch a sea. The boatswain, struggling for his own life, caught at the captain, and both were drowned, while the little stowaway, with the captain's belt about his waist, was flung upon the Welsh coast, battered about but alive, to tell the story of his kind friend's heroism. Yet what was the self-forgetting heroism of Captain Strachan, noble as it was, compared with that of Christ, who gave his life for our deliverance. The universal feeling of admiration for such bravery as Captain Strachan's shows how marvellous is the ingratitude of thousands who refuse to recognize and render thanks to God for the infinitely vaster sacrifice of Christ who "Died the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God."

THE HAND OF GOD.

IN all the stars that radiant burn,
And shine athwart the gloom of night,
Obedient to the voice that spake,
And out of darkness called the light,
Is seen the hand of God.

Whichever way I turn my eyes,
Searching to find out wisdom's ways,
In heaven alone or earth beneath,
The soul adores in songs of praise,
And sees the hand of God.

On mountain-top, in valley deep,
Where swelling rivers rise and flow;
On lofty peak, whose towering height,
Concealed beneath eternal snow,
Appears the hand of God.

Amid earth's tumults, noise and strife,
Its conflicts fierce and shadows dim,
Where good and evil intermix,
All, all proclaim the power of Him—
The one Almighty God.

—W. H. CLARK.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

Up to thirty years ago, there was but a handful of evangelical Christians in Russia. Slowly, and then more rapidly, the Stundist congregations have grown until now two hundred and fifty thousand of these evangelical Christians are scattered over southern and southwestern Russia. The history of the Russian Molochans, who are found in the east and southeast of the country, is much like that of the Stundists, save that it dates back a century and a half. Some estimate the number of Russian evangelical Christians by the millions. Probably there are at least 500,000, though many times that number are in sympathy with them. Nothing has done so much toward the spread of this movement as the wide sale of the Bible. Less than a century ago the Bible was exceedingly scarce, but now every year the British and Foreign Bible Society alone sells half a million copies, and during the past eighty years has put in circulation nine million volumes. The Bible is transforming the Russians, and bringing them from darkness into light.

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THIRD INTERVIEW,

By the Special Commissioner,

With REV. W. R. CAPEL, Bournemouth, late Vicar of Bickenhill, near Birmingham.

It was a real pleasure to me to meet the gentleman above named. It was a day in early November when I called at his residence, Cairnryan, Poole-road, Bournemouth—an ideal day for the time of year—and I, who had just come away from London fogs, duly appreciated the great and welcome change.

I found Mr. Capel most genial, and ready to afford me every information, and willing to tell me all about his complaint and how he was cured.

In answer to your initial question Mr. Capel said:

"Even as a young man I was always delicate, and was sent to Madeira. I was told that I should never reach eighteen, then that I could not live till twenty; but here I am at sixty-three, and I expect to be able to last a little longer."

If appearances go for anything, Mr. Capel is very likely to prove correct.

"What was it you suffered from, Mr. Capel?" I asked.

"From bronchitis and asthma, inherited from my mother. She died of asthma. At the time my wife first applied to Mr. Congreve, in 1887, I suffered a great deal, the attacks being both frequent and severe. I have already described the symptomes—the night cough, thick expectoration, soreness of the chest, and difficulty of breathing. The first winter after commencing the treatment recommended by Dr. Congreve I was much better—in fact, I was entirely free from any attack of asthmatic-bronchitis. I certainly caught a cold once, but with the aid of the medicine I was soon all right again."

"And I suppose I may take it, Mr. Capel, that you are still keeping well?"

"I have just had another attack of bronchitis, caused by catching a frightful cold through going out in very bad weather. When I came home I knew I was in for it, so I just took some of the medicine, and that put me right."

"You are certainly very enthusiastic about Mr. Congreve's Balsam," I remarked.

"It is the best medicine I have ever had. I have recommended it over and over again. I have proved it to be a splendid remedy. I don't think that I ever mentioned before that once when I was staying in Brighton I missed the assistant at a shop at which I dealt. On asking for him I was told that he was done for—there was no hope of his recovery. Some time after, on passing down Western-road, I found this very man about to start in business. I went into the shop and spoke to him, and he told me that he had been restored by Mr. Congreve's medicine."

"I believe you have been applied to with reference to another case?"

"A clergymen wrote and asked me if the testimonial I had given was genuine, as he was anxious to persuade a young farmer in his parish to try it. I assured him it was the best thing he could do, and was much gratified to hear from the same clergyman, some months later, that the young man, who was the only son and support of his widowed mother, had quite recovered; in fact, the week before my correspondent wrote me, the patient had walked eighteen miles, and was none the worse for it."

"I am sure I am much obliged to you for so kindly speaking in favor of the treatment."

"I am only too glad to do anything to make it known. I consider myself much indebted to Mr. Congreve."

Before I said "Good-morning," the Rev. W. R. Capel told me that a doctor, a near neighbor of his, was recommending Mr. Congreve's treatment to a Major-general whom he knew, which latter fact, I consider, speaks volumes for the liberality and good sense of the medical gentleman referred to.

NOTE.—Mr. Capel's own case was published (in the weekly papers only) in June, 1890.

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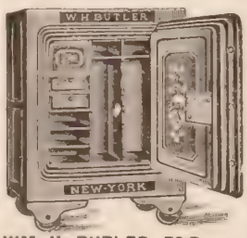

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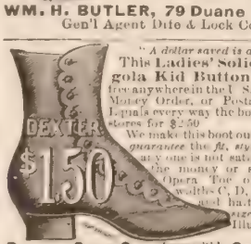

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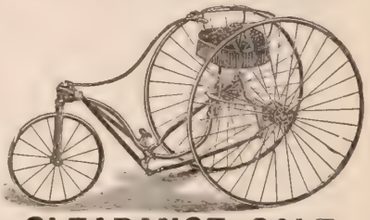

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